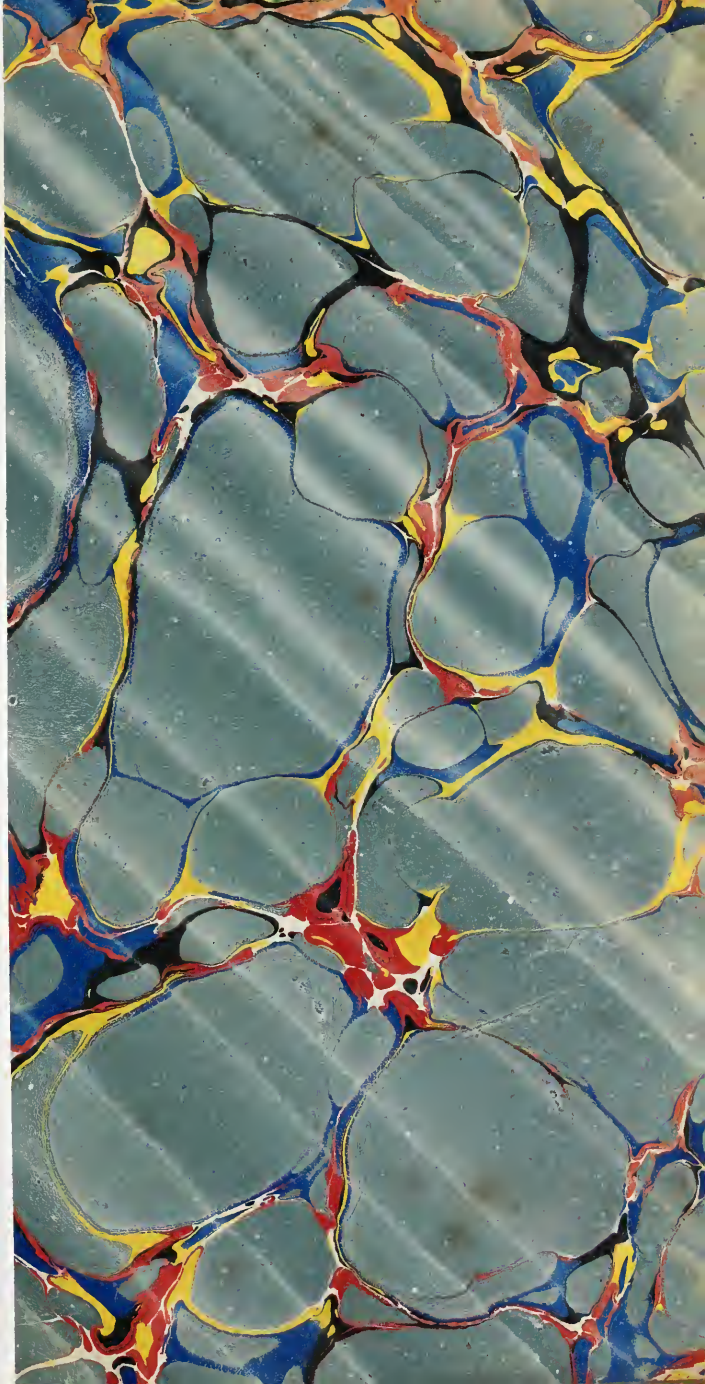






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THE POETICAL ALBUM:

OR

REGISTER OF MODERN FUGITIVE POETRY.

Edited By

ALARIC A. WATTS.



LONDON

PUBLISHED BY HURST, CHANCE & CO

. 1839





THE POETICAL ALBUM;

AND

REGISTER

OR

*Modern Fugitive Poetry.*

EDITED

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

See I have culled the flowers that promised best,  
And where not sure—perplexed, but pleased—I guessed  
At such as seemed the fairest.

BYRON.

SECOND SERIES.

LONDON:  
HURST, CHANCE, AND CO.  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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1829.

LONDON:

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TO

MRS. HEMANS,

THIS VOLUME,

CONTAINING SEVERAL OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTIONS  
OF HER OWN DISTINGUISHED PEN,

Is Enscribed,

AS A MARK OF ESTEEM FOR HER CHARACTER, AND ADMIRATION  
OF HER GENIUS,

BY HER OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

1334339



## PREFACE.

---

THE present Volume, which is intended to complete the POETICAL ALBUM, will not, it is hoped, be found inferior, in the interest and variety of its contents, to its predecessor; the success of which has been greater than could have been anticipated, considering how many books of the same class have made their appearance during the last few years.

In collecting into one focus a large body of Poetry, extracted, for the most part, from sources of a temporary or fugitive character, the Editor desires to assume no other merit than that of having diligently examined a great number of works, and extracted from them such productions as seemed best calculated to exhibit the description of poetical talent by which they are distinguished, or as appeared worthy of being circulated in a more permanent form than that of a Newspaper or a Magazine. In pursuance of this object, however,



care has been taken to refer every Poem, the source of which could be ascertained, to its proper origin ; a duty which would seem to have been studiously neglected by the Editors of all similar publications. Many Poems, which have excited little or no attention in the pages in which they were originally published, are here re-printed in a collected form ; and, whilst they will satisfy the poetical reader of the wealth of the various sources from which they have been derived, will present him with a concentration of their sweets, in a more popular and portable form.

In many instances the pages of Periodicals long since discontinued, or of books comparatively neglected or unknown, have been laid under contribution. Several unpublished Poems have also been interspersed throughout the work ; and if the Editor has superadded a few of his own *vers de société*, he has been actuated less by any undue notion of their value, than by a desire to satisfy his readers that he knows enough of the “gentle craft” to enable him to appreciate the merits of those writers of whose productions he has availed himself.

It may be proper to add, that some of the Poems in the present Volume have been re-published by their Authors, in their collected works ; in such cases, however, reference has been made to the Journals in which they first appeared.

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THE  
POETICAL ALBUM.

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THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

BY THE REV. C. C. COLTON.

HER royal nest the Russian eagle fires,  
And to the wild recess—revenged—retires;  
Her talons unexpended lightnings arm,  
And high resentments all her courage warm.  
Tempt not, thou fiend of France! her arduous track;  
Ambition spurs thee on—defeat shall goad thee back.  
False friends in rear, in front a stubborn foe,  
Thy caterer, famine,—and thy couch the snow:  
Then view that fiery cope with ghastly smile,  
’T is thy ambition’s grand funereal pile.

Blaze on, ye gilded domes, and turrets high,  
And like a furnace glow, thou trembling sky!  
Be lakes of fire the tyrant’s sole domain,  
And let that fiend o’er flames and ruins reign;  
Doomed like the Rebel Angel, to be shown  
A fiery dungeon, where he hoped a throne.  
Blaze on! thou costliest, proudest sacrifice,  
E’er lit by patriot hands, or fanned by patriot’s sighs.



By stubborn constancy of soul, a rock  
 That firmly meets but to return the shock,—  
 By all that power inflicts, or slavery bears—  
 By all that freedom prompts, or valour dares—  
 By all that bids the bright historic page  
 Of Greece and Rome inspire each after age—  
 By all of great, that must our wonder raise  
 In direst, worst extremities,—we praise  
 A deed that animates, exalts, inflames  
 A world in arms—from Tanais to the Thames!  
 Hail! nobly-daring, wisely-desperate deed:  
 Moscow is PARIS, should the Gaul succeed!

Then perish temple, palace, fort, or tower  
 That screens a foeman in this 'vengeful hour;  
 Let self-devotion rule this righteous cause,  
 And triumph o'er affections, customs, laws;  
 With Roman daring be the flag unfurled—  
 Themselves they conquered first, and then the world;  
 Be this the dirge o'er Moscow's mighty grave,  
 She stood to foster, but she fell to save!  
 Her flames like Judah's guardian pillar rose  
 To shield her children, to confound her foes;  
 That mighty beacon must not blaze in vain,  
 It rouses earth, and flashes o'er the main.

The sacrifice is made, the deed is done:  
 Russia! thy woes are finished, Gaul's begun!  
 Soon to return—retire! There is a time  
 When earthly virtue must not cope with crime.  
 Husband thy strength, let not a life be lost,  
 One patriot's life is worth the Gallic host;  
 Unbend awhile thy bow, more strongly still  
 To force thy shaft, and all thy quivers fill;  
 Crouched like the tiger, prescient of the prey,  
 Collect thy might, augmented by delay;  
 Still as the calm, when on her siren breast  
 The slumbering earthquake and the whirlwind rest.

To courage, strength—to strength, cool wisdom bring ;  
 Nurse every nerve, and plume thy ruffled wing ;  
 Firm, but composed,—prepared, but tranquil prove,  
 As the dread eagle at the throne of Jove !  
 Each arm provide, and engine of the war,  
 Till Rout and Havoc answer—Here we are !  
 And Valour, steeled by virtuous energy,  
 To just Revenge shall utter—Come with me !  
 From pine-ploughed Baltic, to that ice-bound coast,  
 Where Desolation lives, and life is lost,  
 Bid all thy Centaur-Sons around thee close,  
 Suckled in storms, and cradled on the snows,  
 Hard as that sea of stone, that belts their strand  
 With marble wave, more solid than the land ;  
 Men fiercer than their skies, inured to toil,  
 And as the grave tenacious of the spoil, —  
 Thronged as the locust, as the lion brave,  
 Fleet as the pard that hies her young to save ;  
 Tell them their king, their father takes the field,  
 A host his presence—and his cause a shield !  
 Nor strike the blow, till all thy northern hive  
 Concentring thick, for death or glory strive ;  
 Then round the Invader swarm, his death-fraught cloud,  
 While the white desert girds him like a shroud,—  
 Full on his front and rear, the battle-tide  
 With arm of lightning, hoof of thunder guide ;  
 Soon shall the Gaul his transient triumph rue —  
 Fierce burns the victim, and the altar too !

Now sinks the blood-red sun, eclipsed by light,  
 And yields his throne to far more brilliant night.  
 Roused by the flames, the blast, with rushing sound,  
 Both fed and fanned the ruin that it found.  
 Long stood each stately tower, and column high,  
 And saw the molten gulf beneath them lie ;  
 Long reared their heads the aspiring flames above,  
 As stood the Giants when they warred with Jove,—  
 Conquered at length, with hideous crash they fall,  
 And one o'erwhelming havoc covers all.

Nor Ætna, nor Vesuvius, though combined  
 In horrid league, and chafed by every wind  
 That from the hoarse Æolian cave is driven,  
 Could with such wreck astound both earth and heaven.  
 Rage, Elements! wreck, ravage all ye can,  
 Ye are not half so fierce as man to man!

Wide and more wide, self-warned, without command,  
 Gaul's awe-struck files their circling wings expand;  
 Through many a stage of horrors had they past—  
 The climax this, the direst and the last;  
 Albeit unused o'er others' griefs to moan,  
 Soon shall they purchase feeling from their own.  
 From flank to centre, and from rear to van,  
 The billowing, crackling conflagration ran,—  
 Wraps earth in sulphurous wave, and now the skies  
 With tall colossal magnitude defies,—  
 Extends her base, while sword and spear retire,  
 Weak as the bulrush to the lava's ire.  
 Long had that circle, belted wide and far  
 By burnished helm, and bristling steel of war,  
 Presented hideous to the Gallic host  
 One blazing sea, one adamantine coast!  
 High o'er their head the bickering radiance towers,  
 Or falls from clouds of smoke in scorching showers:  
 Beneath their crimson concave long they stood  
 Like bordering pines, when lightning fires the wood,  
 And as they hemmed that grim horizon in,  
 Each read in each the terrors of the scene.  
 Some feared—accusing conscience waked the fear,—  
 The DAY of wrath and retribution near,  
 Deemed that they heard that thundrous Voice proclaim,  
 "Thou Moon to blood be turned, thou Earth to flame!"

Red-robed Destruction far and wide extends  
 Her thousand arms, and summons all her fiends  
 To glut their fill, a gaunt and ghastly brood!  
 Their food is carnage, and their drink is blood;

Their music, woe : nor did that feast of hell  
 Fit concert want,—the conquerors' savage yell—  
 Their groans and shrieks whom sickness, age, or wound,  
 Or changeless, fearless love in fatal durance bound.

While valour sternly sighs, while beauty weeps;  
 And vengeance, soon to wake like Sampson, sleeps,  
 Shrouded in flame, the Imperial City low  
 Like Dagon's temple falls—but falls to crush the foe!

Tyrant! think not SHE unavenged shall burn;  
 Thou too hast much to suffer, much to learn:  
 That thirst of power the Danube but inflamed,  
 By Neva's cooler current may be tamed.  
 Triumph a little space by craft and crime,  
 Two foes thou canst not conquer—Truth, and Time.  
 Resistless pair! they doom thy power to fade,  
 Lost in the ruins that itself hath made!  
 Or, damned to fame, like Babylon to scowl  
 O'er wastes where serpents hiss, hyænas howl.

Forge then the links of martial law, that *bind*,  
*Enslave, imbrute, and mechanise* the mind;  
 Indite thy conscript code with iron pen,  
 That cancels crime, demoralizes men;  
 Thy false and fatal aid to virtue lend,  
 And start a Washington, a Nero end;  
 And vainly strive to strangle in his youth  
 Freedom, the Herculean son of Light and Truth.  
 Stepfather foul!—thou to his infant bed  
 Didst steal, and drop a changeling in his stead.  
 —Yes, yes,—I see thee turn thy vaunting gaze,  
 Where files reflect to files the o'erpowering blaze;  
 Rather, like Xerxes, o'er those numbers sigh,  
 Braver than his, but sooner doomed to die.  
 Here—*number* only courts that death it cloys!  
 Here—*might* is weakness, and *herself* destroys!  
 Lead then thy southern myriads locked in steel,  
 Lead on! too soon their nerveless arm shall feel

Those magazines impregnable of snow,  
That kill without a wound, o'erwhelm without a foe!

I see thee,—'t is the bard's prophetic eye,  
Blindly presumptuous Chief,—I see thee fly!  
While breathing skeletons, and bloodless dead,  
Point to the thirsting foe the track you tread.  
To seize was easy, and to march was plain;  
Hard to retreat, and harder to retain.  
Reft of thy trappings, pomp, and glittering gear,  
Dearth in thy van,—destruction in thy rear,—  
Like foiled Darius, doomed too late to know  
The stern enigmas of a Scythian foe,—  
Thy standard torn, while 'vengeful scorpions sting  
The Imperial bird, and cramp his flagging wing,—  
The days are numbered of thy motley host,  
Freedom's vain fear, Oppression's vainer boast.

And lo! the Beresyna opens wide  
His yawning mouth, his wintry weltering tide!  
Expectant of his mighty meal, he flows  
In silent ambush through his trackless snows:  
There shall thy way-worn ranks despairing stand,  
Like trooping spectres on the Stygian strand,  
And curse their fate and thee,—and conquest sown  
With retribution deep, in vain repentance moan!

Thy Veteran worn by wounds, and years, and toils,  
Pilgrim of honour in all suns and soils!  
By thy ambition foully tempted forth  
To fight the frozen rigours of the north,  
Above complaint, indignant at his wrongs,  
Curses the morsel that his life prolongs,  
Unpierced, unconquered sinks; yet breathes a sigh,—  
For he had hoped a soldier's death to die.  
Was it for this that fatal hour he braved,  
When o'er the Cross the conquering Crescent waved?  
Was it for this he ploughed the Western main,  
To weld the struggling Negro's broken chain,—

Faced his relentless hate, to frenzy fired ;  
 Stung by past wrongs, by present hopes inspired,—  
 Then hurried home to lend his treacherous aid,  
 And stain more deeply still the warrior's blade,  
 When spoiled Iberia, roused to deeds sublime,  
 Made vengeance virtue — clemency a crime ;  
 And 'scaped he these, to fall without a foe ?  
 The wolf his sepulchre ? his shroud the snow !

'T is morn !—but lo, the warrior-steed in vain  
 The trumpet summons from the bloodless plain ;  
 Ne'er was he known till now to stand aloof,  
 Still midst the slain was found his crimson hoof ;  
 And struggling still to join that well-known sound,  
 He dies, ignobly dies, without a wound !  
 Oft had he hailed the battle from afar,  
 And pawed to meet the rushing wreck of war !  
 With reinless neck the danger oft had braved,  
 And crushed the foe—his wounded rider saved ;  
 Oft had the rattling spear and sword assailed  
 His generous heart, and had as often failed :  
 That heart no more life's frozen current thaws,  
 Brave, guiltless champion, in a guilty cause !  
 One northern night more hideous work hath done,  
 Than whole campaigns beneath a southern sun.

Spoiled Child of Fortune ! could the murdered Turk,  
 Or wronged Iberian view thy ghastly work,  
 They'd sheathe the 'vengeful blade, and clearly see  
 France needs no deadlier, direr curse than thee.  
 War hath fed war !—such was thy dread behest,  
 Now view the iron fragments of the feast.  
 O, if to cause and witness others' grief  
 Unmoved, be firmness—thou art Stoa's Chief !  
 Thy fell *recorded* boast, all Zeno said  
 Outdoes—“ *I wear my heart within my head !*”—  
 Caught in the Northern net, what darest thou dare ?  
 Snatch might from madness ? courage from despair ?  
 If courage lend *thy* breast a transient ray,  
 'T is the storm's lightning—not the beam of day :

When on thine hopes the cloud of battle lowers,  
 And frowns the vengeance of insulted powers ;  
 When victory trembles in the doubtful scale,  
 And Death deals thick and fast his iron hail ;  
 When all is staked, and the dread hazard known,  
 A rising scaffold, and a falling throne !  
 Then, can thy dastard soul some semblance wear  
 Of manhood's stamp—when fear hath conquered fear !

Canst *thou* be brave ? whose dying prospects show  
 A scene of all that's horrible in woe !  
 On whose ambition, long by carnage nursed,  
 Death stamps the greatest change—the last, the worst !  
 Death !—to thy view most terrible of things,  
 Dreadful in all he takes and all he brings !  
 —But, King of Terrors ! ere thou seize thy prey,  
 Point with a lingering dart to Moscow's fatal day ;  
 Shake with that scene his agonizing frame,  
 And on the wreck of nations write his name !  
 O, when will conquerors from example learn,  
 Or truth from aught but self-experience earn ?  
 How many Catos must be wept again !  
 How many Cæsars sacrificed in vain !  
 While Europe dozed—too aged to be taught—  
 The historic lesson young Columbia caught,  
 Enraptured hung o'er that inspiring theme,  
 Conned it by wood, by mountain, and by stream,  
 Till every Grecian, Roman name, the morn  
 Of Freedom hailed,—and Washington was born !

I see thee reddened at that mighty name,  
 That fills the herd of conquerors with shame :  
 But ere we part, Napoleon ! deign to hear  
 The bodings of thy future dark career ;  
 Fate to the poet trusts her iron leaf,  
 Fraught with thy ruin—read it and be brief,—  
 Then to thy senate flee, to tell the tale  
 Of Russia's full revenge, Gaul's deep indignant wail.  
 —It is thy doom false greatness to pursue,  
 Rejecting, and rejected by, the true ;



A stirling name, *thrice* proffered, to refuse ;  
 And highest means pervert to lowest views ;  
 Till Fate and Fortune—finding that thou 'rt still  
 Untaught by all their good and all their ill,  
 Expelled, recalled, reconquered—all in vain,—  
 Shall sink thee to thy nothingness again.  
 Though times, occasions, chances, foes and friends,  
 Urged thee to purest fame, by purest ends,  
 In this alone be great—to have withstood  
 Such varied, vast temptations to be good !  
 As hood-winked falcons boldest pierce the skies,  
 The ambition that is blindest highest flies ;  
 And thine still waked by night, still dreamed by day,  
 To rule o'er kings, as these o'er subjects sway ;  
 Nor dared thy mitred Mentor set thee right,  
 Thou art not Philip's son—nor he the Stagyrte !

And lo, thy dread, thy hate ! the Queen of Isles,  
 Frowns at thy guilt, and at thy menace smiles ;  
 Free of her treasure, freer of her blood,  
 She summons all the brave, the great, the good.  
 But ill befits her praise my partial line,  
 Enough for me to boast—that land is mine.—

And last, to fix thy fate and seal thy doom,  
 Her bugle note shall Scotia stern resume,  
 Shall grasp her Highland brand, her plaided bonnet plume :  
 From hill and dale, from hamlet, heath, and wood,  
 She pours her dark, resistless battle-flood.  
 Breathe there a race, that from the approving hand  
 Of Nature, more deserve, or less demand ?  
 So skilled to wake the lyre, or wield the sword ;  
 To achieve great actions, or achieved—record ;  
 Victorious in the conflict as the truce,—  
 Triumphant in a Burns as in a Bruce !  
 Where'er the bay, where'er the laurel grows,  
 Their wild notes warble, and their life-blood flows.  
 There, Truth courts access, and would ALL engage,  
 Lavish as youth—experienced as age ;

Proud Science there, with purest Nature twined,  
In firmest thralldom holds the freest mind ;  
While Courage rears his limbs of giant form,  
Rocked by the blast, and strengthened by the storm !  
Rome fell ;—and Freedom to her craggy glen  
Transferred that title proud—The Nurse of Men !  
By deeds of hazard high, and bold emprise,  
Trained like their native eagle for the skies,—  
Untamed by toil, unconquered till their slain ;  
Walls in their trenches—whirlwinds on the plain,  
This meed accept from Albion's grateful breath,  
Brothers in arms ! in victory ! in death !—  
Such are thy foes, Napoleon, when Time  
Wakes Vengeance, sure concomitant of crime.  
Fixed, like Prometheus, to thy rock, o'erpowered  
By force, by vulture-conscience slow devoured ;  
With godlike power, but fiendlike rage, no more  
To drench the world—thy reeking stage—in gore ;  
Fit but o'er Shame to triumph, and to rule ;  
And proved in all things—but in danger—cool ;  
That found'st a nation melted to thy will,  
And Freedom's place didst with thine image fill ;  
Skilled not to govern, but obey the storm,  
To catch the tame occasion, not to form ;  
Victorious only when success pursued,  
But when thou followed'st her, as quick subdued :  
The first to challenge, as the first to run ;  
Whom Death and Glory both consent to shun—  
Live ! that thy body and thy soul may be  
Foes that can't part, and friends that can't agree.—  
Live ! to be numbered with that common herd,  
Who life's base boon unto *themselves* preferred,—  
Live ! till each dazzled fool hath understood  
That nothing can be great that is not good.  
And when remorse, for blood in torrents spilt,  
Shall sting—to madness—conscious, sleepless guilt,  
May deep contrition this black hope repel,—  
Snatch me, thou future, from this present, hell !

Give me the mind that, bent on highest aim,  
 Deems virtue's rugged path sole path to fame ;  
 Great things with small compares, in scale sublime,  
 And death with life ! eternity with time !  
 Man's whole existence weighs, sifts nature's laws,  
 And views results in the embryo of their cause ;  
 Prepared to meet, with corresponding deeds,  
 Events, as yet imprisoned in their seeds ;  
 Kens in his acorn hid, the king of trees,  
 And freedom's germ in foul oppression sees ;  
 Precedes the march of time—to ponder fate,  
 And execute, while others meditate ;  
 That, deaf to present praise, the servile knee  
 Rebukes, and says to glory—*Follow me !*

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CANZONET.

BY DELTA.

COME, beloved ! the evening star  
 O'er the mountain top is glowing ;  
 List ! the black-cap's note afar,  
 Music on the ear bestowing.  
 With a hushed and stilly sound,  
 O'er its bed the stream is pouring,  
 And the stirless woods profound,  
 Seem the rising moon adoring.

COME, beloved ! the pleasant hour  
 Only wants thy smile to bless it ;  
 These woods, these walks, this leafy bower,  
 And my lone bosom, all confess it.  
 Sweeter smells the flower by far,  
 When thy foot is flitting o'er it ;  
 Brighter glows the evening star,  
 When thine eye, love ! glows before it.

## KIRKSTALL ABBEY REVISITED.

The echoes of thy vaults are eloquent!  
The stones have voices, and the walls do live;  
It is the house of Memory! —

MATURIN.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

LONG years have passed since last I strayed,  
In boyhood, through thy roofless aisle,  
And watched the mists of eve o'ershade  
Day's latest, loveliest smile; —  
And saw the bright, broad, moving moon  
Sail up the sapphire skies of June!

The air around was breathing balm,  
The aspen scarcely seemed to sway,  
And, as a sleeping infant calm,  
The river streamed away, —  
Devious as Error, deep as Love,  
And blue and bright as heaven above!

Steeped in a flood of golden light, —  
Type of that hour of deep repose, —  
In wan, wild beauty on my sight,  
Thy time-worn tower arose, —  
Brightening above the wreck of years,  
Like FAITH amid a world of fears!

I climbed its dark and dizzy stair,  
And gained its ivy-mantled brow;  
But broken — ruined — who may dare  
Ascend that pathway now?  
Life was an upward journey then; —  
When shall my spirit mount again?

The steps in youth I loved to tread,  
Have sunk beneath the foot of Time;  
Like them, the daring hopes that led  
Me, once, to heights sublime,  
Ambition's dazzling dreams, are o'er,  
And I may scale those heights no more!

And years have fled, and now I stand  
Once more by thy deserted fane,  
Nerveless alike in heart and hand!  
How changed by grief and pain,  
Since last I loitered here, and deemed  
Life was the fairy thing it seemed!

And gazing on thy crumbling walls,  
What visions meet my mental eye!  
For every stone of thine recalls  
Some trace of years gone by,—  
Some cherished bliss, too frail to last,  
Some hope decayed,—or passion past!

Ay, thoughts come thronging on my soul,  
Of sunny youth's delightful morn;  
When free from sorrow's dark control,  
By pining cares unworn,—  
Dreaming of Fame and Fortune's smile,  
I lingered in thy ruined aisle!

How many a wild and withering woe  
Hath seared my trusting heart since then!  
What clouds of blight, consuming slow  
The springs that life sustain,—  
Have o'er my world-vexed spirit past,  
Sweet Kirkstall, since I saw thee last!

How bright is every scene beheld  
In youth and hope's unclouded hours!  
How darkly—youth and hope dispelled—  
The loveliest prospect lours:

Thou wert a splendid vision then ;—  
When wilt thou seem so bright again ?

Yet still thy turrets drink the light  
Of summer evening's softest ray,  
And ivy garlands, green and bright,  
Still mantle thy decay ;  
And calm and beauteous, as of old,  
Thy wandering river glides in gold !

But life's gay morn of ecstasy,  
That made thee seem so more than fair,—  
The aspirations wild and high,  
The soul to nobly dare,—  
Oh where are they, stern ruin, say ?—  
Thou dost but echo—WHERE ARE THEY ?

Farewell !— Be still to other hearts  
What thou wert long ago to mine ;  
And when the blissful dream departs,  
Do thou a beacon shine,  
To guide the mourner through his tears,  
To the blest scenes of happier years.

Farewell !— I ask no richer boon,  
Than that my parting hour may be  
Bright as the evening skies of June !  
Thus— thus to fade like thee,  
With heavenly FAITH'S soul-cheering ray  
To gild with glory my decay !

*Literary Souvenir.*

## THE VILLAGE DISPENSARY.

THE hour is come, the Leech is in his chair,  
Throw wide the doors, and bid the first come in,  
It is Dispensary-day! the narrow hall  
Is thronged, as was Bethesda's strand of yore,  
With sufferers of every kind and ailment;  
Young, old, lame, blind, female and male, all met,  
Prescient of succour, brooding o'er their woes,  
And conning how they best may paint their pains!  
With skilful air and aspect sharp, the Leech  
Takes up his pen, turns o'er his book, and studies.  
The first approaches with an awkward bow,  
Letter in hand of printed warranty,  
Signed by Subscriber, setting forth name, age,  
And each *et cetera*. 'How now, Goodman Roger!  
And is it you? Why, what ails you, old heart?'  
'Pains in the back, an' please you.' 'Is it so?  
You have a family—a large one?' 'Yes!'  
'And used to labour?' 'Ay, from morn till night.'  
'Fond of strong beer, too?' 'Mainly—drink three quarts.'  
'Marry! I wonder not then at your pains;  
But take you this; an' it stir not your ribs,  
Why then there is no virtue left in rhubarb.  
Begone! and see me our next public day.  
Come—for the next.—Who's here? Eh! damsel Alice,  
And not well yet?' 'No, Sir; my old complaints,—  
Tremblings, heart-burnings, want of sleep at night,  
Failure of appetite, and loss of spirits.'  
'Turn round your face; why, ay, thou lookest pale;  
Hast thou a sweetheart?' 'La, Sir!' 'Nay, confess it.'  
'There's Harry—' 'Ay! he keeps your company,  
Does he not?' 'Yes.' 'Then marry, and be well!  
Eh! more? Come, mother, tell me *your* complaint;  
Illness, no doubt.' 'I've had the Poticar.'  
'Ay, and grew worse.' 'He gave me store of drugs,  
And when my gold was gone—' 'He sent you here.'  
'Just so.' 'It is their customary wont;

They deluge you with drugs to drain your purse ;  
 They find you ailing, and they make you ill,  
 Then all their study is to keep you so ;  
 Until your veins and stores be emptied out ;  
 Bloodless your body,—penniless your pocket,—  
 Which wrought, they send you for our gratis aid,  
 And leave us to undo what they have done.  
 So will it ever be, while they have sufferance  
 To act the Leech's part, who are his servants.  
 They needs must "vend their drugs," and make occasion  
 For their expenditure,—'tis their only gain.  
 Why do not our grave lawgivers ordain  
 These traders to their place ;—their gallipots,  
 Their drugs, their philtres, and their pharmacy?  
 Nor let them traffic thus with life and health ;  
 Marring their practice who could else mar them.  
 Begone ! Take no more physic, make good meals,  
 Keep yourself warm, live temperately ; duly  
 Avoid the "Poticar,"—then soon you'll want  
 No aid but what the cupboard can afford.  
 Shut to the doors, I'll hear no more to day ;  
 Throw physic to the dogs,—for I am sick on't !

*Literary Magnet.*

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#### GORDALE.

THESE are thy fragments, thus in chaos strewn,  
 Magnificent though ruined world ! nor power  
 Less than divine hath through the mountains hewn  
 The hideous chasm, or poised yon craggy tower,  
 O'erhanging, yet immoveable : whose brow  
 Far overhead bedims the noontide hour,  
 Making a sepulchre of all below.  
 An awe is on the place : a presence here  
 Incumbent broods, to which all creatures bow.  
 He comes ! he comes ! not riding on the sphere—  
 Not in the fire, the earthquake, or the wind—  
 But in the still small voice, the conscious fear,  
 The trembling hope, the deep transported mind :—  
 Such is His presence, in such temple shrined !



## THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

It is currently believed in Scotland, and on the Borders, that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch away the drinking-cup, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Eden-hall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized, at such a banquet, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave. The fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

“ If that glass either break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall !”

From this prophecy the goblet took the name it bears—the *Luck of Eden-hall*.

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

ON Eden's wild, romantic bowers  
The summer moonbeams sweetly fall,  
And tint with yellow light the towers,  
The stately towers of Eden-hall.

There, lonely in the deepening night,  
A lady at her lattice sits,  
And trims her taper's wavering light,  
And tunes her idle lute by fits.

But little can her idle lute  
Beguile the weary moments now ;  
And little seems the lay to suit  
Her wistful eye, and anxious brow :

For, as the chord her finger sweeps,  
Ofttimes she checks her simple song,  
To chide the forward chance that keeps  
Lord Musgrave from her arms so long :

And listens, as the wind sweeps by,  
His steed's familiar step to hear :—  
“ Peace, beating heart ! 'twas but the cry  
And foot-fall of the distant deer.”

In, lady, to thy bower ! fast weep  
The chill dews on thy cheek so pale ;  
Thy cherished hero lies asleep,  
Asleep in distant Russendale !

The noon was sultry, long the chase,  
And when the wild stag stood at bay,  
BURBEK reflected from its face  
The purple lights of dying day.

Through many a dale must Musgrave hie,  
Up many a hill his courser strain,  
Ere he behold, with gladsome eye,  
His verdant bowers and halls again.

But twilight deepens,—o'er the wolds  
The yellow moonbeam rising plays,  
And now the haunted forest holds  
The wanderer in its bosky maze.

No ready vassal rides in sight ;  
He blows his bugle, but the call  
Roused echo mocks ; farewell, to-night,  
The homefelt joys of Eden-hall !

His steed he to an alder ties,  
His limbs he on the green-sward flings ;  
And, tired and languid, to his eyes  
Woos sorceress-Slumber's balmy wings.

A prayer, a sigh, in murmurs faint,  
He whispers to the passing air ;—  
The Ave to his patron saint,  
The sigh was to his lady fair.

'T was well that in that Elfin wood  
He breathed the supplicating charm,  
Which binds the Guardians of the good  
To shield from all unearthly harm.

Scarce had the night's pale Lady staid  
Her chariot o'er the' accustomed oak,  
Than murmurs in the mystic shade  
The slumberer from his trance awoke.

Stiff stood his courser's mane with dread,  
His crouching greyhound whined with fear ;  
And quaked the wild-fern 'round his head,  
As though some passing ghost were near.

Yet calmly shone the moonshine pale  
On glade and hillock, flower and tree ;  
And sweet the gurgling nightingale  
Poured forth her music, wild and free.

Sudden her notes fall hushed ; and near  
Flutes breathe, horns warble, bridles ring —  
And in gay cavalcade, appear  
The Fairies round their Fairy King.

Twelve hundred Elfin knights and more  
Were there, in silk and steel arrayed ;  
And each a ruby helmet wore,  
And each a diamond lance displayed.

And pursuivants with wands of gold,  
And minstrels scarfed and laurelled fair,  
Heralds with blazoned flags unrolled,  
And trumpet-tuning dwarfs were there.

Behind, twelve hundred ladies coy,  
On milk-white steeds, brought up their Queen,  
Their kerchiefs of the crimson soy,  
Their kirtles all of Lincoln-green.

Some wore, in fanciful costume,  
A sapphire or a topaz crown ;  
And some a hern's or peacock's plume,  
Which their own tercel-gents struck down :

And some wore masks, and some wore hoods,  
 Some turbans rich, some ouches rare ;  
 And some sweet woodbine from the woods,  
 To bind their undulating hair.

With all gay tints the darksome shade  
 Grew florid as they passed along,  
 And not a sound their bridles made  
 But tuned itself to Elfin song.

Their steeds they quit ;—the knights advance,  
 And in quaint order, one by one,  
 Each leads his lady forth to dance,—  
 The timbrels sound—the charm's begun.

Where'er they trip, where'er they tread,  
 A daisy or a bluebell springs,  
 And not a dew-drop shines o'erhead,  
 But falls within their charmed rings.

“ The dance lead up, the dance lead down,  
 The dance lead round our favourite tree ;  
 If now one lady wears a frown,  
 A false and froward shrew is she !

“ There's not a smile we Fays let fall  
 But swells the tide of human bliss ;  
 And if good luck attends our call,  
 'T is due on such sweet night as this :

“ The dance lead up, the dance lead down,  
 The dance lead round our favourite tree ;  
 If now even Oberon wears a frown,  
 A false and froward churl is he !”

Thus sing the Fays ;—Lord Musgrave hears  
 Their shrill sweet song, and eager eyes  
 The radiant show, despite the fears  
 That to his bounding bosom rise.

But soft ! the minstrelsy declines ;  
The morris ceases, sound the shaums ;  
And quick, whilst many a taper shines,  
The heralds rank their airy swarms.

Titania waves her crystal wand,  
And underneath the green-wood bower,  
Tables, and urns, and goblets stand,  
Metheglin, nectar, fruit, and flower.

“ To banquet, ho ! ” the seneschals  
Bid the brisk tribes, that, thick as bees  
At sound of cymbals, to their calls  
Consort beneath the leafy trees.

Titania by her king, each knight  
Beside his ladye love ; the page  
Behind his scutcheoned lord,— a bright  
Equipment on a brilliant stage !

The monarch sits ;—all helms are doffed,  
Plumes, scarfs, and mantles cast aside,  
And to the sound of music soft,  
They ply their cups with mickle pride.

Or sparkling mead, or spangling dew,  
Or livelier hippocras they sip ;  
And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,  
Refresh each elf’s luxurious lip.

With “ nod, and beck, and wreathed smile, ”  
They heap their jewelled patines high ;  
Nor want there mirthful airs the while  
To crown the festive revelry.

A minstrel dwarf, in silk arrayed,  
Lay on a mossy bank, o’er which  
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,  
The violet spread its perfume rich ;

And whilst a page at Oberon's knee  
 Presented high the wassail-cup,  
 This lay the little bard with glee  
 From harp of ivory offered up :

“ Health to our Sovereign ! fill, brave boy,  
 Yon glorious goblet to the brim !  
 There's joy — in every drop there's joy  
 That laughs within its charmed rim !

“ 'T was wrought within a wizard's mould,  
 When signs and spells had happiest power ;—  
 Health to our king by wood and wold !  
 Health to our queen in hall and bower !”

They rise — the myriads rise, and shrill  
 The wild wood echoes to their brawl,—  
 “ Health to our king by wold and rill !  
 Health to our queen in bower and hall !”

A sudden thought fires Musgrave's brain,—  
 So help him all the Powers of Light !—  
 He rushes to the festal train,  
 And snatches up that goblet bright !

With three brave bounds the lawn he crossed,  
 The fourth it seats him on his steed ;  
 “ Now, Luath ! or thy lord is lost —  
 Stretch to the stream with lightning speed !”

'T is uproar all around, behind,—  
 Leaps to his selle each screaming Fay,  
 “ The charmed cup is fairly tined,  
 Stretch to the strife, — away ! away !”

As in a whirlwind forth they swept,  
 The green turf trembling as they passed ;  
 But, forward still good Musgrave kept, —  
 The shallow stream approaching fast.

A thousand quivers round him rained  
 Their shafts or ere he reached the shore ;  
 But when the farther bank was gained,  
 This song the passing whirlwind bore :

“ Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight !  
 But if yon goblet break or fall,  
 Farewell thy vantage in the fight !  
 Farewell the luck of Eden-hall ! ”

The forest cleared, he winds his horn,—  
 Rock, wood, and wave, return the din ;  
 And soon, as though by Echo borne,  
 His gallant Squires come pricking in.—

'Tis dusk of day ;— in Eden's towers  
 A mother o'er her infant bends,  
 And lists, amid the whispering bowers,  
 The sound that from the stream ascends.

It comes in murmurs up the stairs,  
 A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,  
 And charms away the lady's cares,  
 And bids the mother's heart rejoice.

“ Sleep sweetly, babe ! ” 't was heard to say ;  
 “ But if the goblet break or fall,  
 Farewell thy vantage in the fray !  
 Farewell the luck of Eden-hall ! ”—

Though years on years have taken flight,  
 Good-fortune's still the Musgrave's thrall ;  
 Hail to his vantage in the fight !  
 All hail the LUCK OF EDEN-HALL !

*Literary Souvenir.*

## DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

Mostrommi Pombra d'una breve notte  
Allora quel che'l lungo corso, e 'l lume  
Di mille giorni non m'avea mostrato.

*Aminta. Atto I. Sc. 1.*

DEATH rode;—the moon-deserted stars on high,  
Like radiant tears upon the gloomy brow  
Of sorrowful Night, hung dim and tremblingly,

As if their little lamps not long could glow;  
And when the Pale Steed on the earth alighted,  
They faded all as with a smile of woe:

And air had been a chaos dark and blighted,  
But for the pure rays of one lovely gem,  
Heaven's solitary child, which seemed excited

By some superior fire, nor died with them—  
Surviving all its sisters, but was left  
Sole grace of Night's dishonoured diadem!

At every bound, that giant courser cleft  
The reeling earth with adamantine hoof;—  
And, as of all her solid heart bereft,

The earth's dark surface seemed a boundless roof,  
Crowning vacuity;—for every tread  
Of that gigantic steed did ring aloof

With overpowering echo, deep and dread—  
That valour's fearless self had learned to fear,  
And at the terrors of that sound had fled.

His mane, like plumes upon a pall-clad bier,  
Flowed on the murky air; from either eye  
Flashed a red radiance in his stern career,

The only light that bade the darkness fly,  
Save the mild beams, whose bright and argent source,  
Was the unconquered star that would not die.



He wore no ruling curb, that pallid Horse  
Swayed by the guiding thong—what need of reins  
Upon a trackless and unbounded course?

And never eagle swept the ærial plains,  
Or dolphin dashed along the yielding wave,  
Or tiger leaped to prey, 'mid hunger's pains,

So swiftly as that steed his pathway clave  
Through every barrier, o'er the dying land,  
To make Death lord of Earth—and earth one grave.

Death! the gaunt rider at whose mute command  
Earth's glories into chaos were returning:  
He grasped a sword within his mouldering hand,

And for all infinite destruction yearning,  
Before the eyes of his exulting steed—  
In the intensity of fury burning,

He waved the weapon, and thence drew the sced  
Of fire, which grew on either edge, until  
It did the fierceness of its source exceed,

And streamed a meteor in Death's hand, to kill  
The living, and the life of this creation,  
And Earth's appalling destiny fulfil.

With that broad flame, in its red coruscation,  
He lashed her bosom—and thence widely burst  
One wild and universal conflagration.

The human silence, by the darkness nursed,  
Broke its long trance at that awakening fire;  
And shrieks of agony from lips accurst,

Arose convulsively, and wailings dire:—  
The darkness of the past was Paradise  
To that hot element's destroying ire!

Of wave and forest, that inflamed abyss  
 Ingulphed the dwellers, with encircling swoop ;  
 And all forms human that survived till this.

A pale, emaciate, and despairing troop  
 Sped to the summit of the loftiest rock,  
 As shipwrecked seamen, on their vessel's poop,

When all beside hath sunk, tumultuous flock  
 For yet a breath of life ;—but vainly tried—  
 For still the fires arose with ten-fold shock.

Servant and lord were there—but Power had died ;  
 And Beauty moved not, where she once was chief,—  
 No tone commanding left the lips of Pride ;

But ever, ever did Despair and Grief  
 Beat heavy on all hearts, with leaden hands ;  
 Till to the fear of death, was death relief.

And many rushed, in strange, disordered bands,  
 Amid the world of fire ;—none cried “ Come back !”  
 With the dear accent that despair withstands :

Till on the peak, which, barren all and black,  
 Still towered aloft, did one pale lover lie,  
 Left with the loved one he would not forsake.

She seemed to view him with a spirit's eye,  
 Full of the immortality of love ;—  
 And woman's faithful heart was last to die !

The earth lay tombed in fire—but still above,  
 That solitary star, unscathed, was gleaming,  
 And with its silver light the red flames clove ;

A token of some future glory seeming,  
 Amid the present's fiery desolation ;  
 As when the elements with storms are teeming,

And winter o'er the land holds tyrant station,  
Some branch of green proclaims a new-born spring,  
Will robe the young earth in its decoration.

Death, on his pallid Horse, rode triumphing—  
Fit rider for such steed—through flaming space ;  
When, swifter than the lightning's swiftest wing,

From the high star's pre-eminence of place,  
A bright bolt, shot in thunder—and both rider  
And steed fell powerless in their giant race !

And when that courser, and his grim bestrider  
Annihilation found—the tranquil star  
Seemed as descending, for its disk grew wider,

And a perennial morning dawued afar,  
Where beauty, light, and life, and love were rising,—  
No death could conquer, and no sorrow mar :

Aperient dews descended, as baptising  
A new creation with their crystal rain ;  
And light, the universal space comprising,

The thronging clouds which did therein remain—  
The gloomy pilgrims of the morning air—  
Dissolved in lustre, till the eye in vain

Had looked to heaven, to view the bright star there ;—  
Its orb, expanded to infinity,  
Was heaven : sweet sounds, and visions fair,

And beings lovelier than the loveliest sky,  
Were born eternal—and the voice of mirth,  
And smile of joy, grew eloquent on high.

And spirits, which once wore the clay of earth,  
Clothed in the glory of etherial wings,  
Rose to a second, and diviner birth—  
And quaffed of life, at life's undying springs.

*Literary Magnet.*

## CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and reproached himself bitterly for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

TORCHES were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,  
Where a king lay stately on his bier, in the church of Fontevraud.

Banners of battle o'er him hung, and warriors slept beneath,  
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death a strong and ruddy glare,  
Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath, yet it fell still  
brightest there ;

As if each deeply-furrowed trace of earthly years to show,—  
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,  
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept, sang mass for the  
parted soul ;

And solemn were the strains they poured through the stillness  
of the night,

With the cross above, and the crown and sword, and the silent  
king in sight.—

There was heard a heavy clang, as of steel-girt men the tread,  
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang with a sounding  
thrill of dread ;

And the holy chant was hushed awhile, as, by the torches' flame,  
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle, with a mail-clad leader  
came.

He came with haughty look, an eagle-glance and clear,  
But his proud heart through his breastplate shook, when he stood  
beside the bier !

He stood there still, with a drooping brow, and clasped hands  
o'er it raised ;  
For his father lay before him low—it was Cœur-de-Lion gazed !

And silently he strove with the workings of his breast ;  
But there's more in late repentant love than steel may keep  
suppressed !  
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,—men held their  
breath in awe,  
For his face was seen by his warrior train, and he recked not  
that they saw.

He looked upon the dead, and sorrow seemed to lie,  
A weight of sorrow, even like lead, pale on the fast-shut eye.  
He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek, and the heavy hand of  
clay,  
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—gave his soul's passion  
way.

“ Oh, father ! is it vain, this late remorse and deep ?  
Speak to me, father ! once again !—I weep—behold, I weep !  
Alas ! my guilty pride and ire ! were but this work undone,  
I would give England's crown, my sire, to hear thee bless thy son !

“ Speak to me :—mighty grief ere now the dust hath stirred ;  
Hear me, but hear me !—father, chief, my king ! I *must* be  
heard !—  
Hushed, hushed !—how is it that I call, and that thou answerest  
not ?  
When was it thus ?—woe, woe for all the love my soul forgot !

“ Thy silver hairs I see—so still, so sadly bright !  
And, father, father ! but for me they had not been so white !  
I bore thee down, high heart, at last ; no longer couldst thou  
strive ;—  
Oh ! for one moment of the past, to kneel and say ‘ forgive !’

“ Thou wert the noblest king, on a royal throne e'er seen,  
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring, of all, the stateliest mien ;

And thou didst prove, where spears are proved, in war the bravest heart—

Oh! ever the renowned and loved thou wert—and *there* thou art!

“Thou that my boyhood’s guide didst take fond joy to be!—  
The times I’ve sported at thy side, and climbed thy parent knee!

And there before the blessed shrine, my sire, I see thee lie,—  
How will that sad still face of thine look on me till I die!”

*New Monthly Magazine.*

### TO A SKY-LARK.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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

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

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

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF  
ISMAEL FITZADAM.

It was a harp just fit to pour  
Its music to the wind and wave ;—  
He had a right to tell their fame,  
Who stood himself amid the brave.

The first time that I read his strain  
There was a tempest on the sky,  
And sulphurous clouds, and thunder crash,  
Were like dark ships, and battle cry.

I had forgot my woman's fears  
In thinking on my country's fame,  
Till almost I could dream I saw  
Her colours float o'er blood and flame.

Died the high song, as dies the voice  
Of the proud trumpet on the wind ;  
And died the tempest too, and left  
A gentle twilight-hour behind.

Then paused I o'er some sad, wild notes,  
Sweet as the spring-bird's lay withal ;  
Telling of hopes, and feelings past,  
Like stars that darkened in their fall.

Hopes, perishing from too much light,  
" Exhausted by their own excess ;"  
Affections, trusted till they turned,  
Like Marah's wave, to bitterness.

And is this, then, the curse that clings  
To minstrel hope, to minstrel feeling?  
Is this the cloud that destiny  
Flings o'er the spirit's high revealing?

It is—it is! tread on thy way,  
Be base, be grovelling, soulless, cold,  
Look not up from the sullen path  
That leads to this world's idol—gold!

And close thy hand, and close thy heart,  
And be thy very soul of clay,  
And thou wilt be the thing the crowd  
Will worship, cringe to, and obey.

But look thou upon Nature's face,  
As the young poet loves to look;  
And lean thou where the willow leans,  
O'er the low murmur of the brook:

Or worship thou the midnight sky,  
In silence, at its moon-lit hour;  
Or let a single tear confess  
The silent spell of music's power:

Or love, or feel, or let thy soul  
Be for one moment pure or free;  
Then shrink away at once from life,—  
Its path will be no path for thee!

Pour forth thy fervid soul in song—  
There are some that may praise thy lays;  
But of all earth's dim vanities,  
The very earthliest is praise.

Praise! light and dew of the sweet leaves,  
Around the poet's temples hung,  
How turned to gall, and how profaned  
By envious or by idle tongue!

Given by vapid fools, who laud  
Only if others do the same;  
Forgotten even while the breath  
Is on the air that bears your name.



And He! what was his fate—the bard!  
He of the Desert Harp, whose song  
Flowed freely, wildly as the wind  
That bere him and his harp along?

That fate which waits the gifted one,  
To pine, each finer impulse checked;  
At length to sink and die beneath  
The shade and silence of neglect.

And this, the polished age, that springs  
The Phœnix from dark years gone by,  
That blames and mourns the past, yet leaves  
Her warrior and her bard to die.

To die in poverty and pride;  
The light of hope and genius past;  
Each feeling wrung, until the heart  
Could bear no more, so broke at last.

Thus withering amid the wreck  
Of sweet hopes, high imaginings,  
What can the minstrel do but die,  
Cursing his too beloved strings!

*Literary Gazette.*

L. E. L.

## THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

### AN IRISH TRADITION.

From the foot of Inchidony Island, in the bay of Clonakilty, an elevated tract of sandy ground juts out into the sea, and terminates in a bank of soft verdure, which forms a striking contrast to the little desert behind it, and the black solitary rock immediately under it. Tradition relates, that the Virgin Mary having wandered one evening to this sequestered spot, was there discovered praying, by the crew of a vessel which was then coming to anchor in the Bay. Instead of sympathising with her in her piety, the sailors were so inconsiderate as to turn her into ridicule, and even add to their ill-timed jeers some very impertinent remarks upon her beauty. The result may readily be anticipated—a storm arose, and the vessel having struck upon the black rock of Inchidony, went down with all her crew; not one of whom was ever afterwards heard of!

THE evening star rose beautifully above the fading day,  
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin went to pray;  
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,  
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was the brightest of  
them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appeared,  
And her crew all crowded to the deck, as to the land she neared;  
To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,  
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below, in pride and glory  
shone.

The Captain saw "Our Lady" first, as he stood upon the prow,  
And marked the whiteness of her robe, the radiance of her  
brow;—  
Her arms were folded gracefully, upon her stainless breast,  
And her eyes looked up among the stars, to Him her soul loved  
best.

He bade his sailors look on her, and hailed her with a cheer,  
And on the kneeling Virgin straight, they gazed with laugh and  
jeer;—  
They madly vowed a form so fair they ne'er had seen before,  
And cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them from the  
shore.

The ocean from its bosom then shook off its moonlight sheen,  
 And its wrathful billows fiercely rose to vindicate their Queen;  
 A cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,  
 And the scoffing crew beheld no more the Lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leaped about,  
 And rushing with its watery war, the tempest gave a shout;  
 That fated bark from a mountain wave came down with direful  
 shock,  
 And her timbers flew like scattered spray, on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew, one shriek rose wild and  
 high,  
 But the angry surge swept over them, and hushed that maddening  
 cry;—  
 With a hoarse, exulting murmur, the tempest died away,  
 And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant waters  
 lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunore,  
 Full many a mangled corse was seen on Inchidony's shore;  
 And even now the fisher points to where those scoffers sank,  
 And still proclaims that hillock green, THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

J. C. C.

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FROM THE ARABIC OF TOGRAI.

THOU sleep'st, while the eyes of the planets are watching,  
 Regardless of love and of me!  
 I sleep, but my dreams, at thy lineaments catching,  
 Present me with nothing but thee!

Thou art changed, while the colour of night changes not,  
 Like the fading allurements of day;  
 I am changed, for all beauty to me seems a blot,  
 While the joy of my heart is away.

## THE SISTERS.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

They grew together  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition;  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

*Shakspeare.*

I SAW them when their bud of life  
Was slowly opening into flower,  
Before a cloud of care or strife  
Had burst above their natal bower;  
Ere this world's blight had marred a grace  
That mantled o'er each sparkling face.

What were they then? Two twinkling stars,—  
The youngest of an April sky,—  
Far, far from earth, and earth-born jars,  
Together shining peacefully:  
Now borrowing, now dispensing light,  
Radiant as hope, and calm as bright!

What were they then? Two limpid streams,  
Through life's green vale in beauty gliding,  
Mingling like half-forgotten dreams;—  
Now, 'neath the gloom of willows hiding;—  
Now, dancing o'er the turf away,  
In playful waves and glittering spray.

I see them, as I saw them then,  
With careless brows, and laughing eyes;—  
They flash upon my soul again,  
With all their infant witcheries;—  
Two gladsome spirits, sent on earth,  
As envoys from the Muse of mirth!

Such Fancy's dreams ;—but never more  
 May Fancy with such dreams be fed ;  
 Those buds have withered to their core,  
 Before their leaves had time to spread !—  
 Those stars are fallen from on high,  
 Those twin bright streams for ever dry

Whilst Spring was gladdening all the skies,  
 Mid blooming flowers and sunny weather,  
 Death came to them in gentlest guise,  
 And smote them, in his love, together :  
 In concert thus they lived and died,  
 And now lie slumbering side by side !

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### STONEHENGE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES HOYLE.

MYSTERIOUS pile ! what necromantic lore  
 Invoked thee into light ? Moons wax and wane,  
 The Roman, and the Saxon, and the Dane,  
 Have wandered where the Druid long of yore  
 Purpled thy circles with unhallowed gore :  
 The castle sinks, the palace, and the fane,  
 While thou canst hear in mockery and disdain  
 The storms of twice ten hundred winters roar.  
 Yet vaunt not, giant wonder ! let the ground  
 Tremble, and thou art dust. The stars shall fall  
 From heaven : and heaven itself be as a dream,  
 That flies, and is forgotten. Angels all,  
 Eternal ages, regions without bound,  
 Proclaim ye one sole strength—the Ineffable-Supreme !

## A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

OH when I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
    My mates were blithe and kind!  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
    To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
    A top a joyous thing;—  
But now those past delights I drop,  
My head, alas! is all my top,  
    And careful thoughts the string!

By marbles—once my bag was stored,  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
    With Theseus for a taw!  
My playful horse has slipt his string,  
Forgotten all his capering,  
    And harnessed to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!  
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
    My pleasure from the sky.  
'T was papered o'er with studious themes,  
The tasks I wrote,—my present dreams  
    Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all, and dead;  
My dumps are made of more than lead;  
    My flights soon find a fall;  
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,  
Joy never cometh with a whoop,  
    And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;—  
I am a shuttlecock myself  
The world knocks to and fro;—  
My archery is all unlearned,  
And grief against myself has turned  
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;  
My authorship's an endless task,  
My head's ne'er out of school:  
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,  
I have too many foes to fight,  
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake  
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,  
It makes me shrink and sigh:  
On this I will not dwell and hang,  
The changeling would not feel a pang  
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue, or so serene  
As then; no leaves look half so green  
As clothed the playground tree!  
All things I loved are altered so,  
Nor does it ease my heart to know  
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,  
The trowsers made of corduroy,  
Well inked with black or red;  
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill,—  
It only let the sunshine still  
Repose upon my head!

Oh, for the ribbon round the neck!  
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck  
My book and collar both!

How can this formal man be styled  
 Merely an Alexandrine child,  
 A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!  
 And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue  
 That washed my sweet meals down;  
 The master even!—and that small Turk  
 That fagg'd me!—worse is now my work—  
 A fag for all the town!

Oh, for the lessons learned by heart!  
 Ay, though the very birch's smart  
 Should mark those hours again;  
 I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned  
 Beneath the stroke, and even find  
 Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed,  
 The Fairy Tales in school-time read  
 By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!  
 The angel form that always walked  
 In all my dreams, and looked and talked  
 Exactly like Miss Brown!

The *omne bene*—Christmas come!  
 The prize of merit, won for home—  
 Merit had prizes then!  
 But now I write for days and days,  
 For fame—a deal of empty praise,  
 Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach!—  
 The joyous shout, the loud approach,  
 The winding horns like rams!  
 The meeting sweet that made me thrill,  
 The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,  
 No "satis" to the "jams!"



Oh when I was a tiny boy  
 My days and nights were full of joy,  
 My mates were blithe and kind!—  
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
 And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
 To cast a look behind!

*Literary Souvenir.*

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THE FAIR REAPER.

BY R. P. GILLIES, ESQ.

SHE scarcely seemed of mortal birth,  
 But like a visionary form,  
 That came to bless our lowly earth;—  
 Unmindful of the storm,  
 She stood, and oft her golden hair  
 Did float in the perturbed air.

Her voice was soothing to my heart,  
 And could celestial joy dispense;—  
 For still it sweetly seemed to impart,  
 ‘No storms will injure innocence,’  
 As, bending o’er the golden grain,  
 She sung the wildly plaintive strain.

Thus, while to mark the moonlight pale,  
 I seek the crystal streams,  
 Her beauteous form is seen to sail  
 In fancy’s airy dreams,  
 And hovers in the silvery ray,  
 The guardian spirit of my way!

1 TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS AT ATHENS.\*

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

THOU art not silent! — oracles are thine  
Which the wind utters, and the spirit hears,  
Lingering, 'mid ruined fane and broken shrine,  
O'er many a tale and trace of other years!  
Bright as an ark, o'er all the flood of tears  
That warps thy cradle-land — thine earthly love —  
Where hours of hope, 'mid centuries of fears,  
Have gleamed, like lightnings through the gloom above,  
Stands, roofless to the sky, thy house, Olympian Jove!

Thy columned aisles with whispers of the past  
Are vocal! — and, along thine ivied walls,  
While Elian echoes murmur in the blast,  
And wild flowers hang, like victor-coronals,  
In vain the turbaned tyrant rears his halls,  
And plants the symbol of his faith and slaughters! —  
Now, even now, the beam of promise falls  
Bright upon Hellas, as her own bright daughters,  
And a Greek Ararat is rising o'er the waters!

Thou art not silent! — when the southern fair,  
Ionia's moon, looks down upon thy breast,  
Smiling, as pity smiles above despair,  
Soft as young beauty, soothing age to rest,  
Sings the night-spirit in thy weedy crest;  
And she, the minstrel of the moonlight hours!  
Breathes, like some lone one sighing to be blest,  
Her lay — half hope, half sorrow — from the flowers,  
And hoots the prophet-owl, amid his tangled bowers!

\* The temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, was commenced by Pisistratus, on a scale of great magnificence, but never completed.

And round thine altar's mouldering stones are born  
Mysterious harpings, wild as ever crept  
From him who waked Aurora every morn,  
And sad as those he sung her till she slept!  
A thousand, and a thousand years have swept  
O'er thee, who wert a moral from thy spring—  
A wreck in youth!—nor vainly hast thou kept  
Thy lyre! Olympia's soul is on the wing,  
And a new Iphitus has waked beneath its string!

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## THE HOROLOGE.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

ONCE, by the dusk light of an ancient hall,  
I saw a Horologe. Its minutes fell  
Upon the roused ear, with a drowsy knell,  
That he who passed attended to the call.  
I looked: and lo! five antics over all.  
One moved, and four were motionless. The one  
Was scythed and bald-head Time; and he moved on,  
Sweep after sweep—and each a minute's fall.  
—The four were kings.—Sceptres they bore, and globes,  
And ermined crowns. Before that old Man dim  
They stood, but not in joy. At sight of Time,  
They had stiffened into statues in their robes;  
Fear-petrified. Let no man envy him  
Who smiles at that grave Homily sublime!

## THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

MORN on the waters!—and, purple and bright,  
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;  
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;  
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale ;  
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,  
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along.  
See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,  
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :  
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
Over the waters,—away, and away !  
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
Passing away, like a dream of the heart !  
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
Music around her, and sunshine on high—  
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !  
Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,  
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,  
Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !  
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,  
Seems not to the ship like an island of rest ?  
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !  
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,  
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within ?  
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—  
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing

Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
 Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?  
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'T is thus with our life: while it passes along,  
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!  
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
 With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;  
 All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,  
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:—  
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;  
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
 Like heart-broken exiles lie burning below;  
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,  
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er!

*Literary Souvenir.*

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### SNOWDON.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

LORD of the dreary Avon, rear sublime  
 Thy cloud-encircled head, where late I hung  
 In rapture, while the legendary chime  
 Of viewless harps from every valley rung;  
 Peopling that unimaginable hour  
 Of fancy, with the carols that were sung  
 For battle, when against the storm of power  
 And conquest, long the bards and warriors stood  
 For Cambria, and the amaranthine flower  
 Of liberty was watered with their blood.  
 High strains—but now to a diviner string  
 Awake ye glens; be vocal, rock and flood;  
 Shake, Snowdon, to thy base; while angels sing  
 The Sire, the Spirit, the Redeemer King!

## THE HEAD OF MEMNON.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

IN Egypt's centre, when the world was young,  
My statue soared aloft,—a man-shaped tower,  
O'er hundred-gated Thebes, by Homer sung,  
And built by Apis' and Osiris' power.

When the sun's infant eye more brightly blazed,  
I marked the labours of unwearied Time;  
And saw, by patient centuries up-raised,  
Stupendous temples, obelisks sublime!

Hewn from the rooted rock, some mightier mound,  
Some new colossus more enormous springs,  
So vast, so firm, that, as I gazed around,  
I thought them, like myself, eternal things.

Then did I mark in sacerdotal state,  
Psammis the king, whose alabaster tomb,  
(Such the inscrutable decrees of fate),  
Now floats athwart the sea to share my doom.

O Thebes, I cried, thou wonder of the world!  
Still shalt thou soar, its everlasting boast;  
When lo! the Persian standards were unfurled,  
And fierce Cambyses led the invading host.

Where from the East a cloud of dust proceeds,  
A thousand bannered suns at once appear;  
Nought else was seen;—but sound of neighing steeds,  
And faint barbaric music met mine ear.

Onward they march, and foremost I descried  
A cuirassed Grecian band, in phalanx dense,  
Around them thronged, in oriental pride,  
Commingled tribes—a wild magnificence.

Dogs, cats, and monkeys in their van they show,  
 Which Egypt's children worship and obey;  
 They fear to strike a sacrilegious blow,  
 And fall—a pious, unresisting prey.

Then, Havoc leaguings with infuriate Zeal,  
 Palaces, temples, cities are o'erthrown;  
 Apis is stabbed!—Cambyses thrusts the steel,  
 And shuddering Egypt heaved a general groan!

The firm Memnonium mocked their feeble power,  
 Flames round its granite columns hissed in vain,—  
 The head of Isis frowning o'er each tower,  
 Looked down with indestructible disdain.

Mine was a deeper and more quick disgrace:—  
 Beneath my shade a wondering army flocked,  
 With force combined, they wrenched me from my base,  
 And earth beneath the dread concussion rocked.

Nile from his banks receded with affright,  
 The startled Sphinx long trembled at the sound;  
 While from each pyramid's astounded height,  
 The loosened stones slid rattling to the ground.

I watched, as in the dust supine I lay,  
 The fall of Thebes,—as I had marked its fame,—  
 Till crumbling down, as ages rolled away,  
 Its site a lonely wilderness became!

The throngs that choaked its hundred gates of yore;  
 Its fleets, its armies, were no longer seen;  
 Its priesthood's pomp,—its Pharaoh's were no more,—  
 All—all were gone—as if they ne'er had been!

Deep was the silence now, unless some vast  
 And time-worn fragment thundered to its base;  
 Whose sullen echoes, o'er the desert cast,  
 Died in the distant solitude of space.

Or haply, in the palaces of kings,  
Some stray jackal sate howling on the throne :  
Or, on the temple's holiest altar, springs  
Some gaunt hyæna, laughing all alone.

Nature o'erwhelms the relics left by time ;—  
By slow degrees entombing all the land ;  
She buries every monument sublime,  
Beneath a mighty winding-sheet of sand.

Vain is each monarch's unremitting pains,  
Who in the rock his place of burial delves ;  
Behold! their proudest palaces and fanes  
Are subterraneous sepulchres themselves.

Twenty-three centuries unmoved I lay,  
And saw the tide of sand around me rise ;  
Quickly it threatened to engulf its prey,  
And close in everlasting night mine eyes.

Snatched in this crisis from my yawning grave,  
Belzoni rolled me to the banks of Nile,  
And slowly heaving o'er the western wave,  
This massy fragment reached the imperial isle.

In London, now with face erect I gaze  
On England's pallid sons, whose eyes upcast,  
View my colossal features with amaze,  
And deeply ponder on my glories past.

But who my future destiny shall guess ?  
Saint Paul's may lie—like Memnon's temple—low ;  
London, like Thebes, may be a wilderness,  
And Thames, like Nile, through silent ruins flow.

Then haply may my travels be renewed :—  
Some Transatlantic hand may break my rest,  
And bear me from Augusta's solitude,  
To some new seat of empire in the west.



Mortal! since human grandeur ends in dust,  
 And proudest piles must crumble to decay;  
 Build up the tower of thy final trust  
 In those blest realms—where nought shall pass away!

*London Magazine.*

### SERENADE FROM THE SPANISH.

BY J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

WHILE my lady sleepeth,  
 The dark blue heaven is bright,  
 Soft the moonbeam creepeth  
 Round her bower all night.  
 Thou gentle, gentle breeze,  
 While my lady slumbers,  
 Waft lightly through the trees  
 Echoes of my numbers,  
 Her dreaming ear to please.

Should ye breathing numbers  
 That for her I weave,  
 Should ye break her slumbers,  
 All my soul would grieve.  
 Rise on the gentle breeze,  
 And gain her lattice' height,  
 O'er yon poplar trees,  
 But be your echoes light  
 As hum of distant bees.

All the stars are glowing  
 In the gorgeous sky,  
 In the stream scarce flowing  
 Mimic lustres lie:—  
 Blow, gentle, gentle breeze,  
 But bring no cloud to hide  
 Their dear resplendences;  
 Nor chase from Zara's side  
 Dreams bright and pure as these.

IRREGULAR ODE, ON THE DEATH OF  
LORD BYRON.

BY THE REV. C. C. COLTON.

WE mourn thy wreck ;—that mighty mind  
Did whirlwind passions whelm,  
While wisdom wavered, half inclined  
To quit the dangerous helm ;—  
Thou wast an argosy of cost,  
Equipped, enriched in vain,  
Of gods the work—of men the boast,  
Glory thy port,—and doomed to gain  
That splendid haven, only to be lost !

Lost, even when Greece, with conquest blest,  
Thy gallant bearing hailed ;—  
Then sighs from valour's mailed breast,  
And tears of beauty failed ;  
Oh ! hadst thou in the battle died,  
Triumphant even in death,  
The patriot's as the poet's pride,  
While *both* Minerva's twined thy wreath,  
Then had thy full career malice and fate defied !

What architect, with choice design,  
—Of Rome or Athens styled—  
Ere left a monument like thine ?—  
And all from *ruins* piled !  
A prouder motto marks thy stone  
Than Archimedes' tomb ;  
He asked a fulcrum—thou demandedst none,  
But—reckless of past, present, and to come—  
Didst on thyself depend, to shake the world—*alone* !

Thine eye to all extremes and ends  
And opposites could turn,  
And, like the congelated lens,  
Could sparkle, freeze, or burn ;—

But in thy mind's abyss profound,  
 As in some limbo vast,  
 More shapes and monsters did abound,  
 To set the wondering world aghast,  
 Than wave-worn Noah fed, or starry Tuscan found!

Was love thy lay,—Cithæra reined  
 Her car, and owned the spell!  
 Was hate thy theme,—that murky fiend  
 For hotter earth left hell!  
 The palaced crown, the cloistered cowl,  
 Moved but thy spleen or mirth;  
 Thy smile was deadlier than thy scowl,  
 In guise unearthly didst thou roam the earth,  
 Screened in Thalia's mask,—to drug the tragic bowl!

Lord of thine own imperial sky,  
 In virgin "pride of place,"  
 Thou soared'st where others could not fly,  
 And hardly dared to gaze!—  
 The Condor, thus, his pennoned vane  
 O'er Cotopaxa spreads,  
 But—should he ken the prey, or scent the slain,—  
 Nor chilling height nor burning depth he dreads,  
 From Ande's crystal crag, to Lima's sultry plain!

Like Lucan's, early was thy tomb,  
 And more than Bion's mourned;—  
 For, still, such lights themselves consume,  
 The brightest, briefest burned:—  
 But from thy blazing shield recoiled  
 Pale Envy's bolt of lead;  
 She, but to work thy triumphs, toiled,  
 And, muttering coward curses, fled;—  
 Thee, thine own strength alone—like matchless Milo,—foiled.

We prize thee, that thou didst not fear  
 What stoutest hearts might rack,

And didst the diamond genius wear,  
 That tempts—yet foils—the attack.  
 We *mourn* thee, that thou wouldst not find,  
 While prisoned in thy clay,  
 —Since such there were,—some kindred mind,—  
 For friendship lasts through life's long day,  
 And doth, with surer chain than love or beauty, bind!

We *blame* thee, that with baleful light  
 Thou didst astound the world,  
 —A comet, plunging from its height,  
 And into chaos hurled!—  
 Accorded king of anarch power,  
 And talent misapplied;  
 That hid thy God, in evil hour,  
 Or shewed Him only to deride,  
 And, o'er the gifted blaze of thine own brightness, lour!

Thy fierce volcanic breast, o'ercast  
 With Hecla's frosty cloak,  
 All earth with fire impure could blast,  
 And darken heaven with smoke:  
 O'er ocean, continent, and isle,  
 The conflagration ran;—  
 Thou, from thy throne of ice, the while,  
 Didst the red ruin calmly scan,  
 And tuned Apollo's harp—with Nero's ghastly smile!

What now avails that muse of fire,—  
 Her nothing of a name!  
 Thy master hand and matchless lyre,  
 What have they gained—but fame!  
 Fame—Fancy's child—by Folly fed,  
 On breath of meanest things,—  
 A phantom, wooed in virtue's stead,  
 That envy to the living brings,  
 And silent, solemn mockery to the dead!

Ne'er, since the deep-toned Theban sung  
 Unto the listening Nine,—

Hath classic hill or valley rung  
With harmony like thine!  
Who now shall wake thy widowed lyre!  
—There breathes but *one*, who dares  
To that Herculean task aspire;  
But—less than thou—for fame *he* cares,  
And scorns both hope and fear—ambition and desire!

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## STANZAS.

BY LORD BYRON.

I HEARD thy fate without a tear,  
Thy loss with scarce a sigh;  
And yet thou wert surpassing dear—  
Too loved of all to die.  
I know not what hath seared mine eye;  
The tears refuse to start!  
But every drop its lids deny  
Falls dreary on my heart.

Yes! deep and heavy—one by one,  
They sink, and turn to care;  
As caverned waters wear the stone,  
Yet dropping, harden there.—  
They cannot petrify more fast  
Than feelings sunk remain,  
Which, coldly fixed, regard the past,  
But never melt again.

## THE NAMELESS SPRING.

THE mountain breeze profusely flings  
A balmy welcome from its wings,  
Rich in a pure, celestial wealth,  
The elastic happiness of health!  
The rivulet, chafed, or gushing clear,  
Salutes me with a friendly cheer;  
Inviting, as to Fancy seems,  
A verse to consecrate its streams.  
For God hath to the Muses given,  
A gift no other powers attain;  
To stamp the eternity of heaven  
On earthly things that grace their strain.  
Even I, the least of all their train,  
In happy mood, and happier hour,  
May, with a fire ne'er lit in vain,  
Convey the bright, immortal dower;  
Fulfilling all this lovely Spring's desire,  
Whose music hath awoke my slumbering lyre.

Scamander's princely waters still  
Descend in song from Ida's hill,  
Clearing the heroic plain,—although  
His urn was shattered long ago.  
The array divine of warrior kings,  
Drink still from Simois' sacred springs.  
Gleams still Eurotas' gelid tide,  
Emblem of Spartan trick and pride.  
Still ancient Tiber bursts along,  
In yellow whirlpools to the sea,—  
God of a people fierce and strong,  
And free,—in right of Virtue free!  
Is there a lip that touches thee—  
Dear flood! and owns a tyrant's sway?  
A living fire that draught should be,  
To melt his craven heart away!  
Streams where a poet sings, or patriot bleeds,  
Instinct with spirit flow, and generous deeds.

Sweet, nameless Spring! heroic themes  
 Suit ill thy modest, shrinking streams.  
 Thy waves a quiet cave have won,  
 This tall rock guards thee from the sun.  
 Thou see'st the steer or steed alone,  
 Refresh them from thy cup of stone.  
 Hear'st shepherd's reed, or lover's plaint,  
 (Vexing thy shrubs with carvings quaint).  
 Nor other sights or sounds prevail,  
 For thou, shy fountain, hast retired,  
 Far up this rough, untrodden vale,  
 As half ashamed to be admired.  
 And I, an idler undesired,  
 Seem to disturb thy quiet cell,  
 With songs by OTHER TIMES inspired,  
 And murmurs of the classic shell.  
 Bear me, meek Fount! a lone, forgotten thing,  
 Beneath these rocks, like thee to muse and sing.

Yet, let not pensiveness intrude,  
 This is a blameless solitude.  
 These savage rocks enormous piled,  
 In their long prospect o'er the wild,  
 See no wild-wasting, cruel drove  
 Of disciplined destroyers move.  
 Fair as from nature's hand they came,  
 Mountains and vales remain the same.  
 No deed of wrath, no dire offence  
 Of human passion, bold and wrong,  
 Hath scared the meek-eyed genius hence,  
 Who prompts and loves my simple song.—  
 Admit me, Genii, that among  
 These grots and secret fountains dwell,  
 Into your philosophic throng,—  
 Calm spirits, whom I love so well!  
 And let my soul resign proud reason's state,  
 And, passive, on each heavenly impulse wait.

To poets humbly thus resigned,  
 The great earth shews her inmost mind:

And speaks—in tones more sweet, more mild,  
 Than woman's music to her child,  
 Her wondrous being's mysteries,  
 Baring her deep heart to their eyes.  
 There play the springs whence ebb and flow,  
 All human joy, all human woe.  
 Knowledge divine! thy cheering ray,  
 Descending to the simple mind,  
 Purges all doubt and grief away,  
 Nor leaves one angry wish behind.  
 All creatures, then, of every kind,  
 Partake our sympathy and love,  
 Seen guided to the goal assigned  
 By HIM, dread power!—all powers above!  
 Spirits of hills and streams!—my teachers be,  
 If this high wisdom be foredoomed to me!

*Literary Magnet.*

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DOVEDALE.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

AWAY with every lighter thought! the ground  
 Is consecrate; a barrier fixed between;  
 And leaving all as all had never been,  
 My pilgrimage rests here, beyond the bound  
 Of habitation, in the dale profound,  
 Where Dove, by rock and cavern glides serene,  
 Through solitude, where nought of life is seen,—  
 Through silence, that forbids all earthly sound.  
 Vain world, pursue me if thou canst! retire,  
 Ye bosom foes! Ambition's maddening spell,  
 The drugs of hate, the foul-fermenting leaven  
 Of avarice, the sorceries of desire,  
 The hand of blood, the tongue on fire of hell,—  
 Retire—and leave me to myself and heaven!

*Literary Souvenir.*



## THE RETURN OF FRANCIS THE FIRST FROM CAPTIVITY.

BY MISS M. J. JEWSBURY.

The restoration of Francis the First to his liberty, took place beside the little river Andaye, which divides the kingdoms of France and Spain. The moment his Spanish escort drew up on one side of the river, an equal number of French troops appeared on the opposite bank, and immediately afterwards Francis leaped into the boat which awaited him, and reached the French shore. He then mounted his horse and galloped off at full speed, waving his hand over his head, and crying aloud with a joyful voice, "I am yet a King!"

O glorious is that morning sky!  
And gloriously beneath,  
Those vine-clad hills and valleys lie,  
Fair France's living wreath!  
As yet that sky, ere dimmed by night,  
Shall canopy a fairer sight,  
And France exultant see,  
More glorious than her vine-clad hills,  
Or cloudless skies, or sunny rills,  
Her captive king set free!

And yet amid the landscape fair,  
Glides Andaye like a dream;  
And the single bark at anchor there,  
Seems sleeping on the stream.  
Far as the roving eye may sweep,  
Broods stirless beauty—quiet, deep,  
On river, vale, and hill;  
While low, sweet sounds that murmur there,  
Seem as they rise to melt in air,  
And make repose more still.

But hark!—a tumult on the plain!  
Plumes, banners, floating gay;  
And the gathering of a gallant train  
On the banks of fair Andaye!

Yet calmly flows its silver tide,  
 Unconscious that on either side  
     A hostile realm is known ;  
 Unconscious that its waves detain  
 The hope of France,—the prize of Spain,—  
     King Francis from his throne !

Many a day, in dark Madrid,  
     Hath he borne the captive's thrall,  
 And often longed his head were hid  
     Beneath a funeral pall ;  
 But now he views, with raptured glance,  
 His own bright realm, his darling France,  
     In glorious hues expand !  
 Now, o'er the stream, with eager prow,  
 His bark speeds swiftly on,—and now  
     The monarch leaps to land !

Glad shouts arise ! and warrior vows—  
     Vows for a king to share ;  
 And helms are doffed from stately brows,  
     And knees are bending there ;—  
 Each knight and noble waves his brand,  
 And swears by Heaven and his own right-hand,  
     “ Revenge ! and hate to Spain ! ”  
 But joy alone is in the glance  
 Of him who treads the turf of France—  
     A king—a king again !

And now he mounts his gallant steed,  
     His plume waves on the wind—  
 And he flashes on with lightning speed,  
     While his train sweeps fast behind !  
 Helm, brand, and banner gleam around,  
 And victor shout, and trumpet sound,  
     Far o'er the landscape ring !  
 But heard through all is the monarch's cry,  
 And echo peals it to the sky,—  
     “ A king—yet, yet a king ! ”

## SONG.

“HERE’S TO THEE, MY SCOTTISH LASSIE.”

BY JOHN MOULTRIE, ESQ.

HERE’S to thee, my Scottish lassie! here’s a hearty health to thee,  
For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm  
and free;

For all thine artless elegance, and all thy native grace,  
For the music of thy mirthful voice, and the sunshine of thy face;  
For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet sweet as speech  
can be,

Here’s a health, my Scottish lassie! here’s a hearty health to thee!

Here’s to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my glow of youth  
is o’er;

And I, as once I felt and dreamed, must feel and dream no more;  
Though the world, with all its frosts and storms, has chilled my  
soul at last,

And genius, with the foodful looks of youthful friendship past;  
Though my path is dark and lonely, now, o’er this world’s dreary  
sea,—

Here’s a health, my Scottish lassie! here’s a hearty health to thee!

Here’s to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though I know that not for  
me

Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm  
and free;

Though thou, with cold and careless looks, wilt often pass me by,  
Unconscious of my swelling heart, and of my wistful eye;  
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love, nor waste one thought  
on me,—

Here’s a health, my Scottish lassie! here’s a hearty health to thee!

Here’s to thee, my Scottish lassie! when I meet thee in the throng  
Of merry youths and maidens, dancing lightsofely along,  
I’ll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing on thy form,  
As it flashes through the baser crowd, like lightning through a  
storm;

And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share thy looks of glee,  
And for once, my Scottish lassie! dance a giddy dance with thee.

Here 's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—I shall think of thee at even,  
When I see its first and fairest star come smiling up through  
Heaven;

I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice, in every wind that  
grieves,

As it whirls from the abandoned oak, its withered autumn leaves;  
In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness of the sea,  
I shall think, my Scottish lassie! I shall often think of thee.

Here 's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—in my sad and lonely hours,  
The thought of thee comes o'er me, like the breath of distant  
flowers;—

Like the music that enchants mine ear, the sights that bless mine  
eye,

Like the verdure of the meadow, like the azure of the sky,  
Like the rainbow in the evening, like the blossoms on the tree,  
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie! is the lonely thought of thee.

Here 's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my muse must soon  
be dumb,

(For graver thoughts and duties, with my graver years, are come),  
Though my soul must burst the bonds of earth, and learn to soar  
on high,

And to look on this world's follies with a calm and sober eye;  
Though the merry wine must seldom flow, the revel cease for me,—  
Still to thee, my Scottish lassie! still I'll drink a health to thee.

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a parting health to thee;  
May thine be still a cloudless lot, though it be far from me!  
May still thy laughing eye be bright, and open still thy brow,  
Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free, thy heart as light as now!  
And, whatsoe'er my after fate, my dearest toast shall be,—  
Still a health, my Scottish lassie! still a hearty health to thee!

*Friendship's Offering.*

## THE SHADOW.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

UPON yon dial-stone  
Behold the shade of Time,  
For ever circling on and on,  
In silence more sublime  
Than if the thunders of the spheres  
Pealed forth its march to mortal ears.

It metes us hour by hour,  
Doles out our little span,  
Reveals a Presence and a Power,  
Felt and confessed by man ;—  
The drop of moments, day by day,  
That rocks of ages wear away.

Wov'n by a hand unseen,  
Upon that stone survey  
A robe of dark, sepulchral green,  
The mantle of decay,—  
The fold of chill Oblivion's pall,  
That falleth with yon shadow's fall.

Day is the time for toil ;  
Night balm the weary breast ;  
Stars have their vigils, seas awhile  
Will sink to peaceful rest :  
But round and round the shadow creeps  
Of that which slumbers not—nor sleeps !

Effacing all that's fair,—  
Hushing the voice of mirth  
Into the silence of despair  
Around the lonesome hearth,—  
And training ivy garlands green  
O'er the once gay and social scene.

In beauty fading fast,  
 Its silent trace appears,—  
 And—where, a phantom of the past,  
 Dim in the mists of years,—  
 Gleams Tadmor o'er Oblivion's waves,  
 Like wrecks above their ocean graves.—

Before the ceaseless shade,  
 That round the world doth sail—  
 Its towers and temples bow the head—  
 The pyramids look pale :  
 The festal halls grow hushed and cold,  
 The everlasting hills wax old.

Coeval with the sun  
 Its silent course began—  
 And still its phantom race shall run,  
 Till worlds with age grow wan ;  
 Till Darkness spread her funeral pall,  
 And one vast shadow circle all.

*Literary Souvenir.*

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### WINDERMERE.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

LAUNCH, and row northward to yon gulf profound  
 Of mountain piled on mountain : evening grey  
 Is glooming on the majesty around ;  
 Lake, meadow, rock, and woodland ; while the ray  
 Of latest crimson lingers where on high  
 Peak after peak unfold their long display,  
 In hues still darkening, till we scarce espy  
 Amid the silence and the deep serene,  
 Their huge tempestuous outline on the sky.  
 What then?—and hast thou nothing heard or seen  
 But the dun twilight o'er the landscape spread ?  
 Are there not voices in each valley green ?  
 Peal not Hosannas from each mountain head?—  
 Awake!—or thou art not asleep, but dead !

## TO THE RIVER RHONE.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

RUSH on, rush on, heaven-tinted Rhone,  
Ye deep blue waves rush on, rush on ;  
O'er many a weary league I've past,  
To gaze upon thy face at last ;  
And many a league must traverse still,  
By spreading main, and soaring hill,  
Ere aught the enraptured eye shall see  
So bright, so blue — save heaven and thee !

Child of the Alps ! loveliest of all  
The streams that down their steep sides fall ;  
The heaven, so near thy nursing place,  
Has left its brightness on thy face,  
And earth, exulting in her guest,  
Gathering her noblest and her best  
Of lake, mead, mountain, wood, has thrown  
All o'er thy path, majestic Rhone !

Sweet summer's eve ! how oft I've gazed  
On all the magic thou hast raised !  
I've seen thee on Plinlimmon's steep,  
Treasures of gold and purple heap ;  
I've seen thee, when Augusta's spires  
Seemed columns of heaven-kindled fires ;  
I've seen thy long, long lines of glory  
Fall o'er the ocean deep and hoary !

But where the mountain-born, the Rhone,  
Darts with the lightning's swiftness on ;  
And where the everlasting Alps  
Lift to the sky their snowy scalps ;  
And where, upon Lake Lemman's breast,  
Heaven's azure hues more heavenly rest,  
As, when the prophet's mantle fell,  
'T was hallowed with a double spell ;

There — there — thou spread'st thy loveliest dyes ;  
The mountains mingle with the skies ;  
The blushing vines, and waving corn,  
Seem children of the sun, new born !  
The soul, caught upon wings of love,  
Communes with happier souls above ;  
Burst is the separating girth,  
And earth is heaven, and heaven is earth !

Sweet stream ! born 'midst the eternal hills,—  
The brightest of a thousand rills !  
Heaven still reflected in thy face,  
What course soe'er thy swift waves trace ;  
And still to the unfathomed sea  
Speeding ; methinks I read in thee,  
And thy blue waters, as they roll,  
An emblem of the human soul.—

Like thee, a thing whose source is found  
Far, far above terrestrial ground ;  
Like thee, it should not, while on earth,  
Lose all the splendour of its birth ;  
But ever bear upon its breast  
Celestial images imprest ;  
Till mingled with the illimitable sea,  
The swelling ocean of eternity !

*Hommage aux Dames.*



## THE RETURN.

“ I came to the place of my birth and cried, ‘ The friends of my youth, where are they?’ and an echo made answer, ‘ Where are they?’ ”

THE friends with whom in youth I roved these woodland shades  
among,  
Have ceased their kindly sympathies,—the birds have ceased  
their song ;—  
Stern ruin sheds around the spot her melancholy hue!  
She withers all she looks upon—and I am withered too!

For me no more yon merry bells shall peal their evening chime ;  
Or village minstrels on the green attune their rustic rhyme ;—  
The church that rose so stately once is falling to decay ;  
The shepherd and his peaceful flock have long since passed away.

Some aged stragglers wander still these solitudes among—  
I dare not listen to their voice,—it murmurs like the song  
Of waves that dash upon the coast of Time for evermore,  
And tell of tides that have gone by—of sunshine that is o'er!

Where once my mother's cottage stood, with fence of liveliest  
green,  
A darksome marsh disperses now its vapours o'er the scene ;  
Rude winter showers its drifting snows around the aged thorn,  
And withered is the yew that marked the spot where I was born.

The hamlet friends that once were mine are cold beneath the sod,  
Or bowed to earth in agony, by Care's envenomed rod ;—  
The blight of utter solitude has rifled this sweet scene,  
And nought but mouldering stones remain to tell of what has  
been.

The cheerful children I have known adorn these meadows gay  
Have sobered into manhood,—have dreamed their youth away ;  
And darkly dawns the morning sun that brings their hour of  
waking,—  
Their sleep is o'er—their spirit now has no relief but breaking.

Hark! 't is the raven's voice I hear from yonder ivied tower,  
 Where many a time I've whiled away the solitary hour;  
 It whispers to my aching heart the dismal tale of truth:  
 "Thy friends are dead, and fled for aye, the visions of thy youth."

But slowly sinks the evening sun,—sad reveries, away!  
 Fain would my fancy still prolong each gleam of parting day;  
 Fain would I view my boyhood's haunts by eve's decreasing light;  
 It may not be—the sun has set—and all around is night!

Farewell, ye scenes to memory dear—Time warns me to depart;  
 I dare not speak—conflicting griefs are busy at my heart;  
 To other eyes thy shades may still all bright and beauteous be;  
 But never more can they be bright and beautiful to me!

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#### THE SECRET.

IN a young lady's heart once a secret was lurking;  
 It tossed and it tumbled, it longed to get out:  
 The lips half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,  
 And the tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt.

But Honour looked gruff on the subject, and gave it  
 In charge to the teeth, so enchantingly white—  
 Should the captive attempt an elopement, to save it  
 By giving the lips an admonishing bite.

'T was said, and 't was settled, and Honour departed;  
 Tongue quivered and trembled, but dared not rebel;  
 When right to its tip, Secret suddenly started,  
 And, half in a whisper, escaped from its cell.

Quoth the teeth, in a pet, we'll be even for this;  
 And they bit very smartly above and beneath;  
 But the lips at that instant were bribed with a kiss,  
 And they popt out the Secret, in spite of the teeth.

TO THE PICTURE OF A DEAD GIRL,  
ON FIRST SEEING IT.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

'THE same—and oh! how beautiful!—the same  
As memory meets thee through the mist of years!—  
Love's roses on thy cheek, and feeling's flame  
Lighting an eye unchanged in all—but tears!  
Upon thy severed lips the very smile  
Remembered well, the sunlight of my youth;  
But gone the shadow that would steal, the while,  
To mar its brightness, and to mock its truth!—  
Once more I see thee, as I saw thee last,  
The lost restored,—the vision of the past!

How like to what thou wert—and art not now!  
Yet oh, how more resembling what thou art;  
There dwells no cloud upon that pictured brow,  
As sorrow sits no longer in thy heart;  
Gone where its very wishes are at rest,  
And all its throbbings hushed, and achings healed;—  
I gaze, till half I deem thee to my breast,  
In thine immortal loveliness, revealed;  
And see thee, as in some permitted dream,  
There where thou *art* what here thou dost but *seem*!

I loved thee passing well;—thou wert a beam  
Of pleasant beauty on this stormy sea,  
With just so much of mirth as might redeem  
Man from the musings of his misery;  
Yet ever pensive,—like a thing from home!  
Lovely and lonely as a single star!  
But kind and true to me, as thou hadst come  
From thine own element—so very far,  
Only to be a cynosure to eyes  
Now sickening at the sunshine of the skies!

It were a crime to weep!—'t is none to kneel,  
 As now I kneel, before this type of thee,  
 And worship her, who taught my soul to feel  
 Such worship is no vain idolatry :—  
 Thou wert my spirit's spirit—and thou *art*,  
 Though this be all of thee time hath not reft,  
 Save the old thoughts that hang about the heart,  
 Like withered leaves that many storms have left ;  
 I turn from living looks—the cold, the dull,  
 To any trace of thee—the lost, the beautiful !

Broken, and bowed, and wasted with regret,  
 I gaze and weep—why *do* I weep alone !  
 I would not—would not if I could—forget,  
 But I am *all* remembrance—it hath grown  
 My very being!—Will she never speak?  
 The lips are parted, and the braided hair  
 Seemed as it waved upon her brightening cheek,  
 And smile, and every thing—but breath—are there!  
 Oh, for the voice that I have stayed to hear,  
 Only in dreams,—so many a lonely year !

It will not be ;—away, bright cheat, away!  
 Cold, far too cold to love!—thy look grows strange ;  
 I want the thousand thoughts that used to play,  
 Like lights and shadowings, in chequered change :  
 That smile!—I *know* thou art not like her now,—  
 Within her land—where'er it be—of light,  
 She smiles not while a cloud is on my brow :—  
 When will it pass away—this heavy night !  
 Oh ! will the cool, clear morning never come,  
 And light me to her, in her spirit's home !

*Friendship's Offering.*

## THE DECISION OF THE FLOWER.

'T is a history  
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale.  
SOUTHEY'S THALABA.

THERE is a flower, a purple flower,  
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,  
O'er which Love has breathed a power and spell  
The truth of whispering Hope to tell.  
Lightly the maiden's cheek has prest  
The pillow of her dreaming rest,  
Yet a crimson blush is over it spread  
As her lover's lip had lighted its red.  
Yes, sleep before her eyes has brought  
The image of her waking thought,—  
That one thought hidden from all the world,  
Like the last sweet hue in the rose-bud curled.  
The dew is yet on the grass and leaves,  
The silver veil which the morning weaves  
To throw o'er the roses, those brides which the sun  
Must woo and win ere the day be done.  
She braided back her beautiful hair  
O'er a brow like Italian marble fair.  
She is gone to the fields where the corn uprears  
Like an Eastern army its golden spears.  
The lark flew up as she passed along,  
And poured from a cloud his sunny song;  
And many bright insects were on wing,  
Or lay on the blossoms glistening;  
And with scarlet poppies around like a bower,  
Found the maiden her mystic flower.  
"Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell  
If my lover loves me, and loves me well;  
So may the fall of the morning dew  
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.  
Now I number the leaves for my lot,  
He loves not—he loves me—he loves me not!"

He loves me,—yes, thou last leaf, yes,  
 I'll pluck thee not, for that last sweet guess!  
 He loves me,"—"YES!" a dear voice sighed:—  
 And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

*Literary Souvenir.*

L. E. L.

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FIDELITY.

(FROM THE SPANISH).

ONE eve of beauty, when the sun  
 Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,  
 To gold converting, one by one,  
 The ripples of the mighty river;  
 Beside me on the bank was seated  
 A Seville girl with auburn hair,  
 And eyes that might the world have cheated,  
 A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,  
 Just as the loving sun was going,  
 With such a soft, small, shining hand,  
 I could have sworn 't was silver flowing.  
 Her words were three, and not one more,  
 What could Diana's motto be?  
 The Syren wrote upon the shore—  
 'Death, not Inconstancy!'

And then her two large languid eyes  
 So turned on mine, that, devil take me!  
 I set the air on fire with sighs,  
 And was the fool she chose to make me.  
 Saint Francis would have been deceived  
 With such an eye and such a hand:  
 But one week more, and I believed  
 As much the woman as the sand.

*Literary Souvenir.*

## I THINK OF THEE!

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

In alto poggio, in vall' im' e palastre :  
Liberò Spirito, od a' suoi membri afflisso  
Pommi con Fama oscura ò non illustre  
Sara qual fui ; vivro com' io son visso  
Continuando il mio sospir trillustre.

PETRARCA.

I think of thee, I think of thee,  
And all that thou hast borne for me ;—  
In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,  
I think of thee—I think of thee !

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,  
And all around is desolate,  
I pour on life's tempestuous sea  
The oil of peace, with thoughts of thee !

When Fortune frowns, and Hope deceives me,  
And summer friendship veers and leaves me,  
A Timon from the world I flee,—  
My wreck of wealth—sweet dreams of thee !

Or, if I join the careless crowd,  
Where laughter peals, and mirth grows loud,  
Even in my hours of revelry  
I think of thee—I think of thee !

I think of thee,—I think and sigh  
O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by ;—  
And mourn the stern, severe decree  
That hath but left me—thoughts of thee !

In youth's gay hours, 'mid Pleasure's bowers,  
When all was sunshine, mirth, and flowers,  
We met—I bent the adoring knee,  
And told a tender tale to thee !

'T was summer eve,—the heavens above—  
Earth, ocean, air, were full of love;—  
Nature around kept jubilee,  
When first I breathed that tale to thee!

The crystal arch that hung on high  
Was blue as thy delicious eye;—  
The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,  
Seemed emblems of repose and thee!

I spoke of hope,—I spoke of fear;—  
Thy answer was a blush and tear;—  
But this was *eloquence* to me,  
And more than I had asked of thee!

I looked into thy dewy eye,  
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh,—  
I clasped thy hand, and vowed to be  
The soul of love and truth to thee!

That scene and hour have past; yet still  
Remains a deep impassioned thrill,—  
A sun-set glow on memory,  
Which kindles at a thought of thee!

We loved:—how wildly, and how well,  
'T were worse than idle now to tell!  
From love and life alike *thou*'rt free,  
And *I* am left—to think of thee!

Though years—long years—have darkly sped  
Since thou wert numbered with the dead,  
In fancy oft thy form I see,—  
In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee!

Thy beauty—helplessness—and youth,—  
Thy hapless fate—untiring truth,—  
Are spells that often touch the key  
Of sweet but mournful thoughts of thee!



The bitter frown of friends estranged ;—  
 The chilling straits of fortunes changed ;—  
 All this, and more, thou 'st borne for me :  
 Then how can I be false to thee ?

I never will !—I 'll think of thee  
 Till fades the power of memory !—  
 In weal or woe,—in gloom or glee,—  
 I 'LL THINK OF THEE !—I 'LL THINK OF THEE !

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SONG.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

He said my brow was fair, 'tis true ;—  
 He said mine eye had stol'n its blue  
 From yon ethereal vault above !  
 Yet still—he never spake of love.

He said my step was light, I own ;—  
 He said my voice had won its tone  
 From some wild linnet of the grove !  
 Yet still—he never spake of love.

He said my cheek looked pale with thought ;  
 He said my gentle looks had caught  
 Their modest softness from the dove !  
 Yet still—he never spake of love.

He said, that bright with hopes divine  
 The heart should be to blend with mine ;  
 Fixed where no stormy passions move !  
 Yet still—he never spake of love.

He said -- but wherefore should I tell  
 Those whispered words I loved so well ?  
 Could I reject—could I reprove—  
 While still he never *spake* of love ?

## THE FIELD OF GILBOA.

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

THE sun of the morning looked forth from his throne,  
And beamed on the face of the dead and the dying;  
For the yell of the strife, like the thunder, had flown,  
And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.

And there lay the husband that lately was prest  
To the beautiful cheek that was tearless and ruddy;  
But the claws of the eagle were fixed in his breast,  
And the beak of the vulture was busy and bloody.

And there lay the son of the widowed and sad,  
Who yesterday went from her dwelling for ever;  
Now the wolf of the hills a sweet carnival had  
On the delicate limb that had ceased not to quiver!

And there came the daughter, the delicate child,  
To hold up the head that was breathless and hoary;  
And there came the maiden, all frantic and wild,  
To kiss the loved lips that were gasping and gory.

And there came the consort that struggled in vain  
To stem the red tide, of a spouse that bereft her;  
And there came the mother that sunk 'mid the slain,  
To weep o'er the last human stay that was left her!

Oh! bloody Gilboa! a curse ever lie  
Where the king and his people were slaughtered together;  
May the dew and the rain leave thy herbage to die,  
Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests to wither!

*Constable's Magazine.*

## BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

BY ALEXANDER RODGERS.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,  
Behave yoursel' before folk,  
And dinna be sae rude to me,  
As kiss me sae before folk.  
It wouldna' give me meikle pain,  
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,  
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane ;  
But gudesake ! no before folk.  
Behave yoursel' before folk,  
Behave yoursel' before folk —  
Whate'er you do when out o' view,  
Be cautious aye before folk !

Consider, lad, how folks will crack,  
And what a great affair they 'll mak'  
O' naething but a simple smack,  
That 's gi'en or ta'en before folk.  
Behave yoursel' before folk,  
Behave yoursel' before folk —  
Nor gi'e the tongue o' old and young  
Occasion to come o'er folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free  
As ony modest lass should be ;  
But yet it doesna' do to see  
Sic freedom used before folk.  
Behave yoursel' before folk,  
Behave yoursel' before folk —  
I'll ne'er submit again to it ;  
So mind you that—before folk !

Ye tell me that my face is fair :  
It may be sae—I dinna care —  
But ne'er again gar't blush so sair  
As ye hae done before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,—  
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,  
 But aye be douce before folk !

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet :  
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;—  
 At ony rate, it 's hardly meet  
     To prie their sweets before folk.  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk—  
 Gin that 's the case, there 's time and place,  
 But surely no before folk !

But gin ye really do insist  
 That I should suffer to be kissed,  
 Gae get a license frae the priest,  
     And mak' me yours before folk !  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk—  
 And when we 're ane, baith flesh and bane,  
 Ye may tak' ten—before folk !

## THE HEBREW MOTHER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,  
When a young mother, with her First-born, thence  
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vowed  
Unto the Temple-service. By the hand  
She led him; and her silent soul, the while,  
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye  
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think  
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,  
To bring before her God!

So passed they on,  
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves  
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,  
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,  
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue  
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;  
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep  
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch  
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,  
As at a red flower's heart: and where a fount  
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,  
Making its banks green gems along the wild,  
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave  
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,  
And softly parting clusters of jet curls  
To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reached,  
The earth's One Sanctuary; and rapture hushed  
Her bosom, as before her, through the day  
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped  
In light like floating gold.— But when that hour  
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy  
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye  
Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,  
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm  
Clung, even as ivy clings; the deep spring-tide

Of nature then swelled high; and o'er her child  
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds  
Of weeping and sad song.—“Alas!” she cried,

“Alas! my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,  
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,  
And now fond thoughts arise,  
And silver cords again to earth have won me,  
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—  
How shall I hence depart?—

“How the lone paths retrace, were thou wert playing  
So late along the mountains at my side?  
And I, in joyous pride,  
By every place of flowers my course delaying,  
Wove, even as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,  
Beholding thee so fair!

“And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!  
Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
Turned from its door away,  
While, through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,  
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,  
Went like a singing rill?

“Under the palm-trees thou no more shall meet me,  
When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water-urn!  
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,  
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake!

“And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,  
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?  
Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,  
To fold my neck; and lift up, in thy fear,  
A cry which none shall hear?

“What have I said, my child?—will He not hear thee  
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?

Will he not guard thy rest,  
 And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
 Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?  
 Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee,  
 A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!  
 And, precious as thou art,  
 And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,  
 My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!  
 And thou shalt be His child!

"Therefore, farewell!—I go! my soul may fail me,  
 As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,  
 Yearning for thy sweet looks!  
 But thou, my First-born! droop not, nor bewail me,  
 Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
 The Rock of Strength—farewell!"

*The Amulet.*

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SONNET.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE.

LONE cot! most placidly in thy green nest  
 Thou cowerest, like the white bird of the wood;  
 Birds and high trees are all thy neighbourhood,  
 And silence is the joy thou lovest best.  
 I've seen thee, in the mantling evening drest,  
 Wear thy wan beauty so—that oh! I would  
 Never abandon that delightful mood  
 In which I found thee in thy radiant nest.

Thou wert to me a dream of days to come;  
 The fairy spirit of a visioned spot,  
 Where hope and love might build themselves a home,  
 And bid long farewell to a worldly lot.  
 The dream was idle as the ocean foam—  
 Yet still it *was* my dream, thou lonely cot!

J. H. R.

## EVENING.

BY MISS M. J. JEWSEBURY.

Ask ye the hour I love the best?—  
The hour of silence and of rest!  
Oh! meet me in some sylvan bower,  
When day throws off his robes of power,  
And, sinking in the regal west,  
A king—but still a king at rest,  
Reclines behind the “dark hill’s side,”  
Or hides beneath the waters wide,  
From vain pursuit and mortal ken,  
The flashing of his diadem!  
Then lift thine eyes—and if there be  
The spell abroad so sweet to me,  
The heavens will be of silver hue,  
The air be soft and silent too;  
And flowers seem listening on the stem,  
To streams that whisper unto them!  
And every leaf will tremble there,  
If only *breathed on* by the air!  
And stars will steal upon the view,  
Like happy spirits, shining through  
*Their* heaven, and this world’s veil of blue;  
Rejoicing to behold again  
The dwellings of the sons of men.

If there be sounds—they will but be  
Like crystal droppings from a tree,  
Or far-off greenwood melody.  
Then will the maiden moon be seen,  
In chastened lustre o’er the green;  
Casting a tender, trembling gaze,  
On every object ’neath her rays!  
A holy paleness on the tower;  
A tint more lovely on the flower;  
A dimpled light on “waters flowing;  
On vale and hill, a radiance glowing;



Till all around her seem to be  
"Sleeping in bright tranquillity."  
If in thine eye the placid tear,  
Unbidden, yet unchecked, appear,—  
If thought, thy leading star, bring on  
Thy friends far distant, one by one,  
While memory sings, in syren strain,  
Of dreams thou ne'er must dream again;—  
Behold the hour I love the best:—  
The hour of silence and of rest.

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## THE FAMILY PICTURE.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE HUNT, BART.

WITH work in hand, perchance some fairy cap,  
To deck the little stranger yet to come;  
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—  
The eldest studious, with a book or map—  
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,  
Conning some tale—while, with no gentle tap,  
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,  
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.  
So sits the mother! with her fondest smile  
Regarding her sweet little ones the while.  
And he, the happy man! to whom belong  
These treasures, feels their living charm beguile  
All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng  
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving tongue!

## THE GRAVE OF KÖRNER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 26th August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword Song." He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses, composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory beneath this tree, is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a *lyre and sword*, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his Works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines:—"Vergiss die treuen Tödten nicht."—*Forget not the faithful dead.*—See Downes' Letters from Mecklenburgh, and Körner's Prosaische Aufsätze, &c. Von C. A. Tiedge.

GREEN wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest!  
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,  
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,  
'Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!  
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,  
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, bard! rest soldier!—By the father's hand  
Here shall the child of after years be led,  
With his wreath-offering silently to stand  
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead!  
Soldier and bard!—for thou thy path hast trod  
With freedom and with God!

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite,  
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,  
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight  
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee,  
And the deep guns, with rolling peals, gave token  
That Lyre and Sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed  
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying;

The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,  
 When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.  
 Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!  
 She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her,  
 To whom the wide earth held that only spot,  
*She* loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,  
 And in your early deaths divided not!  
 Thou hast thine oak—thy trophy,—what hath she?  
 Her own blest place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made  
 The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,  
 Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,  
 And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!  
 Ye were but two!—and when that spirit passed,  
 Woe for the one,—the last!

Woe, yet not long!—She lingered but to trace  
 Thine image from the image in her breast;  
 Once, once again to see that buried face  
 But smile upon her, ere she went to rest!  
 Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,  
 It answered hers no more!

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,  
 The home too lonely whence thy step had fled;  
 What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?  
 Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!  
 Softly she perished—be the flower deplored  
 Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—So let those trust  
 That meet for moments but to part for years;  
 That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,  
 That love where love is but a fount of tears!  
 Brother! sweet sister!—peace around ye dwell!  
 Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

*Literary Souvenir.*

## ANGEL VISITS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

No more of talk, where God or angel guest  
With man, as with his friend, familiar used  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast.

MILTON.

ARE ye for ever to your skies departed?  
Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?  
Ye whose bright wings a seldom splendour darted  
Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore?  
Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,  
And ye—our faded earth beholds you not!

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,  
Man wandered from his Paradise away;  
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,  
Came down, high guests! in many a later day,  
And with the Patriarchs under vine or oak,  
Midst noontide calm or hush of evening spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending,  
Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,  
That saw your hosts ascending and descending,  
On those bright steps between the earth and sky:  
Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's trace,  
And worshipped, awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's Brook ye passed, such radiance wearing  
As mortal vision might but ill endure;  
Along the stream the living chariot bearing,  
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure! \*  
And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,  
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive-mount, by night appearing,  
Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done!—

\* Ezekiel, chap. 1.

Whose was the voice that came, divinely cheering,  
Fraught with the breath of God to aid his Son?—  
Haply of those that on the moonlit plains  
Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours!—your heavenly dwelling  
Ye left, and by the' unsealed sepulchral stone  
In glorious raiment sat; the weepers telling,  
That He they sought had triumphed, and was gone!  
Now have ye left us for the brighter shore,  
Your presence lights the lonely groves no more!

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,  
With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet?  
Though the fresh glory of those days be over,  
When, midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps met?  
Are ye not near when Faith and Hope rise high,  
When love, by strength, o'ermasters agony?

Are ye not near, when sorrow unrepining,  
Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave?  
When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,  
Lead on the march of death, serenely brave?  
Dreams!—but a deeper thought our souls may fill—  
One, one is near—a spirit holier still!

*Amulet.*

## A GRANDSIRE'S TALE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THE tale I tell was told me long ago ;  
Yet mirthful ones, since heard, have passed away,  
While this still wakens memory's fondest glow,  
And feelings fresh as those of yesterday :  
'T was told me by a man whose hairs were grey,  
Whose brow bore token of the lapse of years,  
Yet o'er his heart affection's gentle sway  
Maintained that lingering spell which age endears,  
And while he told his tale his eyes were dim with tears.

But not with tears of sorrow ;—for the eye  
Is often wet with joy and gratitude ;  
And well his faltering voice, and tear, and sigh,  
Declared a heart by thankfulness subdued :  
Brief feelings of regret might there intrude,  
Like clouds which shade awhile the moon's fair light ;  
But meek submission soon her power renewed,  
And patient smiles, by tears but made more bright,  
Confessed that God's decree was wise, and good and right.

It was a winter's evening ;—clear, but still :  
Bright was the fire, and bright the silvery beam  
Of the fair moon shone on the window-sill  
And parlour floor ;—the softly mingled gleam  
Of fire and moonlight suited well a theme  
Of pensive converse, unallied to gloom ;  
Ours varied like the subjects of a dream ;  
And turned, at last, upon the silent tomb,  
Earth's goal for hoary age, and beauty's smiling bloom.

We talked of life's last hour,—the varied forms  
And features it assumes ;—how some men die,  
As sets the sun when dark clouds threaten storms  
And starless night ; others whose evening sky  
Resembles those which to the outward eye

Seem full of promise :—and with softened tone,  
 At seasons checked by no ungrateful sigh,  
 The death of one sweet grandchild of his own  
 Was by that hoary man most tenderly made known.

She was, he said, a fair and lovely child  
 As ever parent could desire to see,  
 Or seeing, fondly love ; of manners mild,  
 Affections gentle,—even in her glee,  
 Her very mirth from levity was free ;  
 But her more common mood of mind was one  
 Thoughtful beyond her early age, for she  
 In ten brief years her little course had run,—  
 Many more brief have known, but brighter surely none.

Though some might deem her pensive, if not sad ;  
 Yet those who knew her better, best could tell  
 How calmly happy, and how meekly glad  
 Her quiet heart in its own depths did dwell :  
 Like to the waters of some crystal well,  
 In which the stars of heaven at noon are seen,  
 Fancy might deem on her young spirit fell  
 Glimpses of light more glorious and serene  
 Than that of life's brief day, so heavenly was her mien.

But, though no boisterous playmate, her fond smile  
 Had sweetness in it passing that of mirth ;  
 Loving and kind, her thoughts, words, deeds, the while  
 Betrayed of childish sympathies no dearth :  
 She loved the wild flowers scattered over earth,  
 Bright insects sporting in the light of day,  
 Blithe songsters giving joyous music birth  
 In groves impervious to the noontide ray ;—  
 All these she loved as much as those who seemed more gay.

Yet more she loved the word, the smile, she look,  
 Of those who reared her with religious care ;  
 With fearful joy she coned that holy Book,  
 At whose unfolded page full many a prayer,  
 In which her weal immortal had its share, .

Recurred to memory ; for she had been trained,  
 Young as she was, her early cross to bear ;  
 And taught to love, with fervency unfeigned,  
 The record of His life whose death salvation gained.

I dare not linger, like my ancient friend,  
 On every charm and grace of this fair maid ;  
 For in his narrative the story's end  
 Was long with fond prolixity delayed ;  
 Though 'rightly fancy had its close portrayed  
 Before I heard it. Who but might have guessed  
 That one so ripe for heaven would early fade  
 In this brief state of trouble and unrest,  
 Yet only wither here to bloom in life more blest.

My theme is one of joy, and not of grief ;  
 I would not loiter o'er such flower's decay,  
 Nor stop to paint it, slowly, leaf by leaf,  
 Fading, and sinking towards its parent clay :  
 She sank, as sinks the glorious orb of day,  
 His glories brightening at his journey's close ;  
 Yet with that chastened, soft and gentle ray,  
 In which no dazzling splendour fiercely glows,  
 But on whose mellowed light our eyes with joy repose.

Her strength was failing, but it seemed to sink  
 So calmly, tenderly, it woke no fear ;  
 'T was like a rippling wave on ocean's brink,  
 Which breaks in dying music on the ear,  
 And placid beauty on the eye ;— no tear,  
 Except of quiet joy, in hers was known ;  
 Though some there were around her justly dear,  
 Her love for whom in every look was shown,  
 Yet more and more she sought and loved to be alone.

One summer morn they missed her :— she had been,  
 As usual, to the garden arbour brought,  
 After their morning meal ; her placid mien  
 Had worn no seeming shade of graver thought ;  
 Her voice, her smile, with cheerfulness was fraught ;



And she was left amid that peaceful scene  
 A little space ;—but when she there was sought,  
 In her secluded oratory green,  
 Their arbour's sweetest flower had left its leafy screen!

They found her in her chamber, by the bed  
 Whence she had risen, and on the bed-side chair,  
 Before her, was an open Bible spread ;  
 Herself upon her knees ;—with tender care  
 They stole on her devotions, when the air  
 Of her meek countenance the truth made known :  
 The child had died! died in the act of prayer!  
 And her pure spirit, without sigh or groan,  
 To heaven and endless joy from earth and grief had flown.

*Literary Souvenir.*

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## WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED ON A DAY IN FEBRUARY.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

ALL nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—  
 The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—  
 And *Winter* slumbering in the open air,  
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!  
 And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,  
 Have traced the forest whence streams of nectar flow.  
 Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may—  
 For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!  
 With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:  
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?  
*Work without hope* draws nectar in a sieve,  
 And *hope* without an *object* cannot live.

## HART'S WELL,

NEAR FARNSFIELD, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE ; WITHIN THE ANCIENT  
BOUNDARIES OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

BY MARY HOWITT.

FOUNT of this lonely nook,  
Hardly may heaven look  
Through the green covert of thy leafy trees ;  
And in thy lucent wave,  
Green ferns and mosses lave,  
Dimpling thy stream as sways the passing breeze.

Beneath a classic sky  
Thy hidden purity  
To nymph or goddess had been consecrate ;  
King, warrior, bard divine,  
Had mingled at thy shrine,  
Bearing rich gifts, thee to propitiate.

Then, from thy twilight dim,  
Pæan and votive hymn,  
In the still moonlight had come pealing out ;  
Then odours sweet been shed,  
From flower-gifts garlanded,  
And solemn rite been here, and festive shout.

And marvel 't is thy spring,  
So purely bubbling,  
Never was sainted, ne'er had cross or sign ;  
Strange, that beside thy well  
No holy hermit's cell,  
Blessing thy waters, made this nook a shrine !

Fount of the forest ! no—  
Thy waters' crystal flow

Ne'er had a legend—traveller never came,  
 Childhood, nor crippled age,  
 On wearying pilgrimage  
 From distant regions, guided by thy name.

As now, 'mong mosses green,  
 Dim in thy leafy screen,  
 Ages ago thy sylvan fount was flowing;  
 The squirrel on the tree,  
 The birds' blithe melody,  
 And drooping forms around thy margin growing.

Even then thy cool retreat  
 Lured the tired peasant's feet;  
 Here gentle creatures shunned the noonday beam;  
 And, from the hunter's dart,  
 Here fled the wounded hart,  
 And bathed his antlered forehead in thy stream.

Pure fount! there need not be  
 Proud rites' solemnity,  
 Priest, altar, hymn, nor legend, to recall  
 The soul to thought of Heaven,  
 'T is by thy silence given,  
 Thy dimness, and thy waters' tinkling fall.

There is a spell of grace  
 Around this quiet place,  
 That lures the spirit to a better mood;  
 Whence? but that man's weak arm  
 Hath not dissolved the charm  
 Which Nature forms in her calm solitude.

*Literary Magnet.*

## THE SWORD SONG.

FROM KÖRNER.

BY CYRUS REDDING, ESQ.

THOU sword upon my belted vest,  
Why glitters thus thy polished crest,  
Kindling high ardours in my breast,  
From thy bright beams?—Hurrah!

A horseman brave supports my blade,  
Proud for a freeman to be made—  
For him I shine, for him I wade  
Through blood and death.—Hurrah!

Yes, my good sword, behold me free,  
In fond affection bound to thee,  
As though thou wert betrothed to me,  
A first dear bride.—Hurrah!

Soldier of Freedom, I am thine!  
For thee alone my beams shall shine—  
When, soldier, shall I call thee mine  
Joined in the field?—Hurrah!

When the shrill trumpet's summons flies,  
When red guns flash upon the skies,  
Then will our bridal sun arise,  
And join our hands.—Hurrah!

O welcome union! haste away,  
Ye tardy moments of delay!  
I long, my bridegroom, for the day  
To wear thy wreath.—Hurrah!

Why restless in thy scabbard, why,  
Thou iron child of destiny?  
So wild, as if the battle-cry  
Thou heardest now.—Hurrah!

Impatient in my dread reserve,  
Restless in battle-fields to serve,  
I burn our freedom to preserve  
    Thus with bright gleams.—Hurrah!

Rest, but a little longer rest,  
In a short space thou shalt be blest,  
Within my ardent grasp comprest,  
    Ready for fight.—Hurrah!

Then let me not too long await—  
I love the gory field of fate,  
Where Death's rich roses blow elate  
    In bloody bloom.—Hurrah!

Then out, and from thy bondage fly,  
Thou treasure of the freeman's eye!  
Come, to the scene of slaughter hie,  
    Our nuptial home.—Hurrah!

Thus be our glorious marriage tie,—  
Wedded beneath heaven's canopy;  
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky  
    Glitters my bride.—Hurrah!

Then, forth for the immortal strife,  
Thou German soldier's new-made wife!  
Glow not each heart with tenfold life  
    Embracing thee?—Hurrah!

While in thy scabbard at my side,  
I seldom gazed on thee, my bride—  
Our hands now joined, we'll ne'er divide;  
    Ever in sight.—Hurrah!

Thee sparkling to my lips I press,  
And thus my ardent vows profess—  
O cursed be he beyond redress  
    Who parts us now!—Hurrah!

“ Come joy into thy polished eyes,  
Let thy bright glances flashing rise—  
Our marriage day dawns in the skies,  
My Bride of Steel.—Hurrah !”

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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LINES WRITTEN AT THE HOT-WELLS, BRISTOL.

BY LORD PALMERSTON.

WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguish brings  
His dearest earthly treasure to these springs ;  
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe distress and pain,  
Shall court these salutary springs in vain ;  
Condemned, like me, to hear the faint reply,  
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,  
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,  
And watch in dumb despair the shortening breath ;  
If chance should bring him to this humble line,  
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.  
Ordained to love the partner of my breast,  
Whose virtue warned me, and whose beauty blessed ;  
Framed every tie that binds the heart to prove,  
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love ;  
But yet remembering that the parting sigh  
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,  
The starting tear I checked—I kissed the rod,  
And not to earth resigned her—but to God.

TO THE POET WORDSWORTH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

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

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

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

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews  
Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground,  
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse  
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around,  
From its own glow of hope, and courage high,  
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy!—Thou art even as one  
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,  
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,  
Sees where the springs of living waters lie!  
Thou mov'st through nature's realm, and touched by thee,  
Clear healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer free.

## STANZAS.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window, where the sun  
Came peeping in, at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily cups—  
Those flowers made of light ;  
The lilacs, where the robins built,  
And where my brother set  
The labernum, on his birth-day,—  
*The tree* is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air would rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
—My spirit flew in feathers, then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees, dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender spires  
Were close against the sky !  
It was a childish ignorance,—  
But now 't is little joy  
To know I 'm further off from heaven,  
Than when I was a boy !

*Friendship's Offering.*



## THE STATUE OF THE DYING GLADIATOR.

BY E. CHINNERY, ESQ.

WILL then no pitying sword its succour lend  
The Gladiator's mortal throes to end!  
To free the' unconquered mind, whose generous power  
Triumphs o'er nature in her saddest hour!

Bowed low, and full of death, his head declines,  
Yet o'er his brow indignant valour shines;  
Still glares his closing eye with angry light,  
Now glares, now darkens, with approaching night.

Think not with terror heaves that sinewy breast,—  
'T is vengeance visible, and pain suppress;  
Calm in despair, in agony sedate,  
His proud soul wrestles with o'ermastering fate;  
That pang the conflict ends!—he falls not yet,  
Seems every nerve for one last effort set,  
At once by death, death's lingering power to brave,  
He will not sink, but plunge into the grave;  
Exhaust his mighty heart in one last sigh,  
And rally life's whole energy to die!

Unfeared is now that cord which oft ensnared  
The baffled rival whom his falchion spared;  
Those clarions mute, which on the murderous stage  
Roused him to deeds of more than martial rage;  
Once poised by peerless might, once dear to fame,  
The shield which could not guard, supports his frame;  
His fixed eye dwells upon the faithless blade,  
As if in silent agony he prayed:—  
“ Oh might I yet, by one avenging blow,  
Not shun my fate, but share it with my foe!”  
Vain hope! the streams of life-blood fast descend,  
That giant arm's upbearing strength must bend;

Yet shall he scorn, procumbent, to betray  
 One dastard sign of anguish or dismay;  
 With one weak plaint to shame his parting breath,  
 In pangs sublime, magnificent in death!

But his were deeds unchronicled; his tomb  
 No patriot wreathes adorn, to cheer his doom;  
 No soothing thoughts arise of duties done,  
 Of trophied conquests for his country won;  
 And he, whose sculptured form gave deathless fame  
 To Ctesilas—he dies without a name!

Haply to grace some Cæsar's pageant pride  
 The hero-slave or hireling champion died;  
 When Rome, degenerate Rome, for barbarous shows  
 Bartered her virtue, glory, and repose;  
 Sold all that freemen prize as great and good,  
 For pomp of death, and theatres of blood!

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### NEWSTEAD WOODS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

How pleasantly the sun, this summer day,  
 Shines through the covert of these leafy woods,  
 Where quiet, like a gentle spirit, broods  
 Unstartled, save by the continuous lay  
 Of birds, the stirring west-wind, and the play  
 Of a small pebbly stream. The columbine  
 Shines in its dark blue lustre, and the twine  
 Of rose and honeysuckle bowers the way.  
 Long of these arching trees, this softened sky,  
 My memory's tablet will a trace retain.  
 How 'mong the sylvan knolls a bard might lie,  
 And cast aside the world's corroding chain—  
 A monarch in the world of poetry,  
 Endenized in fancy's free domain!

## A WOMAN'S FAREWELL.

THE waves are all at rest on yon river's shining breast,  
And in evening's sweet light sleep the towers of Thoulouse ;  
The bright-haired god of day ere long will pass away,  
And twilight be shedding her shadows and dews.

'T is now that silent hour when love hath deepest power  
To stir the soft heart with its dreams of delight ;—  
When even the sickening thrill of hope delayed still,  
And the sunbeams of feeling grow golden and bright.

How can I then but choose at such an hour to muse  
With fondest regret on the days that have flown ;  
For all seems wildly changed since hand in hand we ranged  
By the green, winding banks of the gleaming Garonne !

What darkly-chequered years, what passionate hopes and fears,  
Have solaced and seared our young bosoms since then ;  
What clouds of care and blight, what visions of delight,  
Have chilled them and thrilled them again and again !

Yet believe me, love, in this,—though in moments of bliss  
Every pulse of thy heart found a response in mine ;  
When the storm upon us came, I may merit thy blame,  
But so sweet was our sadness I could not repine.

Forgive me if I deemed Fate kinder than she seemed,  
If I smiled at the world and its fiercest alarms ;  
If I inly blest the grief that bade thee seek relief  
In the cherishing shelter and pale of my arms.

Was loss of wealth severe, when a fond one was near  
To soothe thee and make thee a Cræsus in love ?  
Or vexations all must bear, worth a thought or a care  
Which a kiss — and thou 'st owned it — a kiss could remove ?

What are life's petty ills, its hectics or its chills,  
Do they trench on affection, or wither its flowers!  
No: in hearts with feeling warm, love's the bow of the storm,  
Which grows deeper and brighter the faster it showers.

Though keen and bitter woes have troubled our repose,  
There's a wilder one, dearest, in store for us yet:  
Oh, what a thrill intense drinks up each vital sense,  
When I turn to the bodings I fain would forget!

Why did we ever part? Sorrow had not a dart  
In her quiver I could not have smiled at beside:  
Even the fiat of my doom, though it spake of the tomb,  
I could calmly have bowed to with thee by my side.

Some have said that passion's storm will oft thy soul deform,  
But to *me* thou hast ever been gentle and calm:  
Some have said hate oft hath wrung bitter accents from thy tongue,  
But to *me* have thy words been as music and balm.

Let them rail, let them rail! those who credit their tale  
Cannot know thee so deeply and dearly as I.  
'Then our foes we'll forgive, since their efforts to rive  
Affection's firm chain, hath drawn closer the tie.

Thus will it ever be, on the world's troubled sea,  
When two fond ones are cleaving in concert their way,  
Though clouds sometimes may hide them, and tempests divide,  
They'll be nearer than e'er when the rack drives away!

In life's unclouded spring, as on Pleasure's light wing,  
'Mid its bowers of enchantment we carelessly roved;  
With feelings, hopes, and fears, far too deep for our years,  
In that sun-burst of gladness we met and we loved!

Thou wert then at that age when the stormy passions rage  
More fiercely the wilder earth's wise ones reprove;  
Pride and gentleness combined, in thy young heart were shrined,  
The softness and fire of the eagle and dove!

Though Fortune was unkind, to thy merits ever blind,  
Still thy spirit could unstooping her malice endure :  
And what though thou wert thrown on this wide world alone,  
Did *I* love thee less for being friendless and poor ?

In the casket of thy soul, beyond Fortune's control,  
There were gems of more value than gauds of this earth ;  
And for rank thou could'st vie with the highest of the high,  
For thy heart sure was princely, whate'er was thy birth.

Feelings lofty and refined, golden gifts of the mind,  
Were the rank and the riches most precious to me ;  
And, but that words are weak, and the heart may not speak,  
I would tell what a treasure I met with in thee.

What is wealth, what is wealth, could it purchase me health ?  
Or procure for us moments more blissful than those  
We together oft have past, whenever fate's chilling blast  
Could not ruffle our own little world of repose ?

Surely not, surely not ! Life's light ills were forgot ;  
Then protected by thee, on thy bosom I hung ;  
And though tempests raged above, they were harmless to love,  
For the wilder the ruin, the closer we clung !

But the sun has looked his last, and the day is fading fast,  
And night's shades are overwhelming my heart and my song ;  
Fare thee well !— a long farewell !— I have broken the spell  
Which has bound me to earth and its witcheries so long !

## THE TOMB OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY L. E. L.

Ay, moralize on Love, and deem  
Its life but as an April gleam,—  
A thing of sunshine and of showers,  
Of dying leaves and falling flowers.  
Who would not bear the darkest sphere  
That such a rainbow comes to cheer?  
Ay, turn and wail above the tomb,  
Where sleep the wreck of youth and bloom;  
And deem it quite enough to say,—  
Thus Beauty, and thus Love decay.  
But must I look upon this spot  
With feelings thy cold heart has not;  
Those gentle thoughts that consecrate,  
Even while they weep, the Lover's fate.  
I thought upon the star-lit hour,  
When leant the maid 'mid leaf and flower,  
And blushed and smiled the tale to hear,  
Poured from her dark-eyed cavalier;  
And yet, I too must moralize,  
Albeit with gentler sympathies,  
Of all my own fond heart can tell  
Of love's despair, and love's farewell,—  
Its many miseries;—its tears  
Like lava, not like dew;—its fears,  
That make hope painful;—then its trust,  
So often trampled in the dust;—  
Neglected, blighted, and betrayed,  
A sorrow and a mockery made!  
Then change and adverse fortune, all  
That binds and keeps sweet Love in thrall.  
Oh, surely, surely, it were best  
To be just for one moment blessed;  
Just gaze upon one worshipped eye,  
Just know yourself beloved, and die!

*Literary Souvenir.*

## THE WOOD.

COME to the fading wood,  
Ye youth! of forehead fair, and ringlets bright;  
See how the leaf falls stealing to the ground,  
    Killed by the north-wind rude,  
That through the boughs prolongs its melancholy sound.

Come thoughtful to the wood,  
Beauty! with downy cheek and sparkling eye!  
The bloom that mounts thy lip with this compare:  
    Lo, where yon arbour stood,  
It lent a kiss as sweet, a blush almost as fair!

Come to the dripping wood,  
Love! shield thy quiver 'neath thy golden wing:  
Hear rain-drops trickling from the withered spray!  
    'T is Nature's saddest mood,  
She weeps, that thy dear smile so soon must pass away.

Come to the pensive wood,  
Come, Pride! and doff thy spangled scarf awhile;  
'T will tell thee there 's an autumn to thy joys,  
    Nor canst thou curb the flood  
Time's wave oblivious pours to drown thy worthless toys!

Come to the warning wood,  
Pleasure! oh, hide thy tabor 'midst its leaves;  
Their whispers say, thy summer song is short  
    As that of feathered brood,  
Who, having chanted, fly 'mid milder skies to sport.

Come to the faithless wood,  
Wealth! I would shew thee how thy pleasures flee,  
And lesson teach to tame thy haughty brow;  
    Oh, be it understood—  
Gold is Potosi's dust—a gilded shade art thou!

Come to the rifled wood,  
 Pale Poverty! and breathe thy fruitless plaint,  
 No more the gaudy spring, for others made,  
 Shall on thy griefs intrude;—  
 Here thou may'st weep secure, stretched in the chilling shade.

Come, Sorrow! to the wood,  
 And with its joyless boughs congenial sigh,—  
 Ere spring shall bid them their attire resume,  
 O'er many a wretch shall close the turfy tomb.  
 Life! thou'rt a vapour-cloud!  
 Aye shrouding deep in damp autumnal gloom  
 The swelling heart, that pants for purer worlds to come!

*Baltimore Gazette.*

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### THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,  
 Or streams that deepen as they run;  
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
 Nor moments between sighs and tears,—  
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
 Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,—  
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows  
 To sober joys and soften woes,  
 Can make my heart or fancy flee  
 One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
 In maiden bloom and matron wit;—  
 Fair, gentle as when first I sued  
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood;  
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
 As when, beneath Arbigland tree,



We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon  
 Set on the sea an hour too soon ;  
 Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,  
 When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
 Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet ;  
 And time and care and birth-time woes  
 Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose ;  
 To thee and thoughts of thee belong  
 All that charms me of tale or song ;  
 When words come down like dews unsought,  
 With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,  
 And Fancy in her heaven flies free —  
 They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old  
 To silver than some give to gold,  
 'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
 What things should deck our humble bower !  
 'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,  
 The golden fruit from Fortune's tree ;  
 And sweeter still to choose and twine  
 A garland for these locks of thine, —  
 A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
 While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,  
 Grave moments of sedater thought, —  
 When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
 One gleam of her inconstant light ;  
 And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
 Shines like the rainbow through the shower :  
 O then I see, while seated nigh,  
 A mother's heart shine in thine eye ;  
 And proud resolve, and purpose meek,  
 Speak of thee more than words can speak —  
 I think the wedded wife of mine  
 The best of all that's not divine !

*Literary Souvenir.*

## I 'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

You think I have a merry heart  
Because my songs are gay,  
But, oh! they all were taught to me,  
By friends now far away :

The bird will breathe her silver note  
Though bondage binds her wing;—  
But *is* her song a happy one?  
I 'm saddest when I sing!

I heard them first in that sweet home  
I never more shall see,  
And now each song of joy has got  
A mournful turn for me :

Alas! 't is vain in winter time  
To mock the songs of spring,  
Each note recalls some withered leaf—  
I 'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love,  
My harp remains alone ;  
Its faithful voice still seems to be  
An echo to my own :

My tears when I bend over it  
*Will* fall upon its string,  
Yet those who hear me, little think  
I 'm saddest when I sing!

## THE HOLIDAY.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON.

It is a morn of June :—from east to west  
The ships are steerless on the Channel's breast ;  
And o'er the rocks that fringe isle, reef, and bay,  
Light rolling now the murmuring surges play ;  
In music breaking where of late the roar  
Atlantic, burst around the groaning shore :  
For Ocean here his billow flings on high,  
If the spring-breeze but sportively pass by ;  
But lists to Summer's breathings—wooded and won  
By the warm kisses of the conquering sun.

It is a morn of June :— the gentle Spring  
Has flown ; but shook such freshness from her wing  
O'er field and grove, that Summer's matron day  
Wears thy rich virgin hues, delicious May ;  
And there are strains from bush, and brake, and bower,  
Raptured as those which bless the vernal hour.  
All earth is vocal ; and the heavens reply,—  
A thousand voices wander through the sky ;  
For there the lark—the master-minstrel sings,  
And upward—upward soars on fearless wings ;  
Till earth recal him to her verdant breast,  
And love direct the lyrist to his nest.

O, sweet is such a morn to him who loves  
The heaven's clear song—the harmonies of groves ;—  
Who blessed by leisure, strays in woodlands green,  
And wanders oft through all the breathing scene ;—  
'Mid leafy luxuries who takes his rest,  
Or bathes his brow in breezes of the west ;  
On mountain, moorland, seeks Hygeian gales,  
Or dwells with silence in the fragrant vales.  
All lovely sounds are with him ; lark and bee,  
Linnet and thrush, unite their melody :

And waterfall, and streams that down the hills  
Melodious rush, and voices of the rills.  
He, as he hears of birds the summer mirth  
And all the impassioned poetry of earth,  
Looks at the bright, blue dawn—a dawn like this,  
Feels at each lightsome step increasing bliss ;  
And as he winds his flower-fringed path along,  
Delighted wakes his own full-hearted song.

What are *his* joys to *mine* ? The groves are green,  
And fair the flowers ; and there are ever seen  
By him the mountain's breast, the hills, the woods,  
Grass waving fields, and bright and wandering floods ;  
The lays of birds are ever on his ear,  
Music and sylvan beauty crown his year ;—  
But if to *him* the rural reign have power  
To fill with joy the swift-revolving hour,  
What rapture must be *mine*, so seldom given,  
To feel the beam and drink the gale of heaven !  
For O ! I love thee, Nature ; and my eye  
Has felt “ the witchery of the soft, blue sky ; ”  
Bear witness, glowing Summer, how I love  
Thy green world here, thy azure arch above !  
But seldom comes the hour that snaps my chain,  
'To me thou art all beautiful in vain !  
Bird, bee, and butterfly, are on the wing,  
Songs shake the woods, and streams are murmuring ;  
But far from them—the world's unwilling slave,  
My aching brow no genial breezes lave ;  
Few are the gladsome hours that come to cheer  
With flowers and songs my dull, unvarying year :  
Yet *when they come*, as now,—from loathed night  
The bird upsprings to hail the welcome light  
With soul less buoyant than I turn to thee,  
Prized for thy absence, sylvan Liberty !

## ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

BY J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

“ My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,  
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell.”—

'T was thus Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter,  
“ The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue  
water—

To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,  
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

“ My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,  
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;  
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,  
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.  
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the  
well,

Oh what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

“ My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,  
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,  
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,  
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—  
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—  
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

“ He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way;  
He'll think, a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;  
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,  
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl  
unloosed;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,  
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

“ He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;  
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—  
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,  
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.  
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless, luckless well,  
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

“ I'll tell the truth to Muça, and hope he will believe—  
 That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve ;  
 That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,  
 His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone ;  
 And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,  
 And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well !”

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THE TRUMPET.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land,  
 Light up the beacon-pyre !  
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,  
 And waved the sign of fire !  
 A hundred banners to the breeze  
 Their gorgeous folds have cast,  
 And, hark ! was that the sound of seas ?  
 A king to war went past !

The chief is arming in his hall,  
 The peasant by his hearth ;  
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,  
 And rises from the earth !  
 The mother on her first-born son  
 Looks with a boding eye ;—  
*They* come not back, though all be won,  
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound  
 The falchion to his side ;  
 E'en for the marriage altar crowned,  
 The lover quits his bride !  
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,  
 By *earthly* clarion spread !  
 How will it be when kingdoms hear  
 The blast that wakes the dead ?

*The Amulet.*

## THE MILL.

A MORAVIAN TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

### PART I.

How idly by yon ruined Mill,  
A silent stream, a voiceless rill,  
The scanty currents steal;  
And yet those broad embankments show  
What weight of waves once dashed below,  
To turn its shattered wheel.  
Conducted by the hand of man,  
Blue, dark, and deep, of old they ran:  
What envious chance their course has led  
Back to their useless native bed?

And why, too, moulders to decay  
Yon arch, where wandering lichens stray,  
Through which the waters seem  
In pride to bear their own away,  
And claim their borrowed stream?  
Is it for bard or painter's eyes  
That here romantic nature tries  
To spurn at art's restraint?  
Inviting me to moralize,  
Or Hobbima to paint?

Yes; paint it in the sun's broad beam,  
Come here to moralize by day,  
But shun to muse beside that stream,  
Or paint it in the moon's pale ray.  
Yes; dark and swift those waters glide,  
Below the pool is still.  
No stream can wash, no depth can hide,  
The guilt that mingles with the tide  
That laves the haunted Mill.

Time was when yonder wheel went round,  
With mirth and music in its sound,  
    To wealth and beauty's ear;  
For scarcely Olmutz walls contained  
A wealthier man than him who reigned  
    Lord and possessor here!  
And not Moravia's circle wide  
Could shew the rival fair who vied  
With Ebba's charms. How oft he smiled  
Complacent on that only child;  
Bade some assenting neighbour trace  
Her mother's beauty in that face;  
Told how that dark Slavonic eye  
Recalled his wife to memory,  
And how the heiress of the charms,  
Which once had blessed his youthful arms,  
Should be, when he too was no more,  
The heiress of his worldly store.

They say that spirits haunt the gloom  
Of that deserted roofless room—  
They say that spirits make their moan  
At midnight, round the old hearth-stone,  
Where once the father and his child  
The length of wintry nights beguiled.  
I can believe the sinful dead  
May haunt it now; but they had fled  
From Ebba's voice of old, when there  
She raised the hymn of evening prayer.

They were a goodly sight—the sire  
And that fair child, when round the fire  
The circle closed; but oft was found  
A third in that domestic round,  
And oft in that affecting rite  
    Another voice was raised—  
Another by that ruddy light  
    On Ebba's beauty gazed.



The tokens of successful war,  
The ribbon, medal, and the scar,  
Proclaimed that guest for one of those  
Who face, for pay, their country's foes.  
And in that belt so trimly hung,  
The cap from which the horsehair swung,  
And close green vest of gloomiest hue,  
Experienced eyes the Hulan knew.

Hearts oft obey the eye ; and these,  
I doubt not, Ebba's eye could please.  
Yet Ebba's was no heart to gain  
By tinsel shew and trappings vain.  
But men there are by nature bred  
Others to lead, by none be led :  
Where'er their lot is fixed, to rule,  
Senate or club, or realm, or school ;  
Wherever chance appoints their post,  
First of a squadron or a host.

To strength, which best can give redress,  
Defenceless woe complains :  
And woman's weakness clings no less  
To that which best sustains.  
And sweet to woman's ear, the praise  
Of that stern voice which man obeys.  
That voice most loud in danger's hour,  
Has whispers of prevailing power ;  
And Conrad's accents Ebba knew  
Most powerful when he stooped to sue.

Into that home, some service done  
For Ebba, first his entrance won :  
A comrade in the neighbouring town  
Made sober by his voice or frown,  
And Ebba, saved from insult rude,  
Returned him more than gratitude.

Released from duty and parade,  
Still to the Mill his footsteps strayed,

Nor Ebba only watched to hear  
 Those footsteps fall, the sound was dear  
 To Ebba's sire ; for none so well  
 As Conrad of those scenes could tell,  
 Which form the soldier's stormy life,  
 Like his, the scenes of martial strife.

'T were strange if Conrad had not sighed,  
 Or she such influence quite defied.  
 In two short months so well he sped,  
 That many a jealous rival fled,  
 And neighbours asked how that strange guest  
 Such power o'er child and sire possessed.

" 'T was strange, an officer indeed  
 Might claim to sue and to succeed ;  
 But he to boast such power to charm !  
 The corporal's mark upon his arm !  
 Why he, the lord of half the land,  
 Had almost sued for Ebba's hand :  
 Sprung of the ancient Dummckof race,  
 The Baron who so loved the chase.  
 He met with Conrad there one night,  
 And broke his meerschaum, out of spite ;  
 And Ebba, when she heard it, said,  
 She wished that it had been his head."

Such was their talk. But slander's din  
 No answering echo found within ;  
 The voice of calumny o'erstrained,  
 For Conrad's cause fresh influence gained :—  
 And when his blushing child betrayed  
 Her weakness and her love, and prayed,—  
 As dutious daughters often pray  
 In the first act of some new play,—  
 She almost moved the old man's heart  
 Of act the fifth to play the part ;  
 Last scene, when stubborn sires relent,  
 Bestow their blessing and consent.

But, ere that scene the old man closed,  
 Some obstacle he interposed.  
 'T was this : let Conrad but obtain  
 Discharge, and then his path was plain.  
 He asked no dowry for the bride,  
 His heiress could for both provide :  
 He asked not birth in one he knew  
 Removed above the vulgar crew ;  
 But while his aged limbs had life,  
 His Ebba was no soldier's wife.  
 Poor Ebba drooped ; but Conrad cried,  
 "Thanks for that word, I claim my bride !  
 This paper makes my bliss secure,  
 My pension and retreat are sure.  
 Read and believe ; no more I roam,  
 And Ebba leaves nor sire nor home."  
 'T was true. The sire consenting smiled  
 And blessed her, his affianced child.

They form an awful line in life,  
 Those words which couple man and wife.  
 Novel and drama seem agreed,  
 Though I, for one, dispute their creed,  
 Man's happiest hours those words precede.  
 The happiness that goes before  
 Is sure at least ; the other, more  
 Or less perhaps in its degree,  
 As chance decides. 'T is more for me :  
 At least, towards that misty shore  
 And doubtful harbour, Hope ne'er bore  
 A happier pair upon its tide,  
 Than Conrad and his promised bride.

Cold Austrian forms, with slow delay,  
 Deferred awhile the wished-for day.  
 It came at last. At earliest dawn  
 Conrad had heard the courier's horn ;  
 Snatched from his grasp with eager haste  
 The expected scroll, with joy had traced

The lines confirming his retreat,  
And rushed the morrow's bride to meet.

Sure in that spot of hallowed ground,  
By many a meeting known,  
With shadowing alders fenced around,  
And flowers of spring o'ergrown,  
His bride, his Ebba, would be found,  
Expecting and alone.  
No Ebba there to greet his view—  
No sign of footsteps on the dew—  
No trace upon the shore!—  
Is it a dream?—departed, fled—  
Buried or drowned, alive or dead,  
His bride was seen no more!  
All search on earth was vain. In Heaven,  
We trust, to that old man 't was given,  
To clasp his child again;  
For fast his mortal frame decayed,  
And death, in mercy soon allayed  
The fire in heart and brain.

And Conrad—him at close of day,  
By force his comrades dragged away  
From that vain search. When morn came round,  
He by the Mill again was found;  
And statue-like, with fixed eye,  
Gazed on the waters hurrying by  
The fragments of the scroll which bore  
The wished dismissal from his corps,  
Down the swift stream were floating white;  
He sat and tracked them out of sight;  
Then rose, and sped with hasty stride  
Back to his quarters, to his side  
The sabre girt, his gallant steed  
Resumed the task to train and feed:  
And in his station, half dismayed,  
His comrades saw him at parade.

## PART II.

IN far Moravia's farthest lands,  
 Lie quartered the Hulans' scattered bands.  
 The adjutant sits in the lonely room  
 Of the solitary inn.  
 He sits and writes in gloom,  
 By the wintry tempest's din.  
 "Now send me the trusty man who rides  
 On the right of his company,  
 I need him when matter of weight betides ;  
 Send Conrad hither to me."

Soon to that summons Conrad came ;  
 Like some dark portrait from its frame,  
 More than a form of flesh and blood—  
 Erect and motionless he stood.  
 It seemed as if the blasting stroke  
 Which on his youthful fortunes broke,  
 The toils of many a fierce campaign,  
 And ten long years of wasting pain,  
 In powerless rage had scored the brow,  
 Which all their influence could not bow.

"Now, spare not the spur, for this letter has need  
 Of a trusty rider and active steed ;  
 'T is for this I have chosen thy steed and thee,  
 He was bred and was broken in Hungary ;  
 Such steed and such rider will carry aright  
 This letter to Olmutz ere morning's light.  
 But the night is stormy, and much I doubt  
 The ford is swollen, the waters are out ;  
 Who rides to Olmutz, to-night must go  
 By the bridge and the Mill, where the dark waters flow."

O'er the tall Hulan's iron frame  
 A momentary shuddering came,

As when some firmly founded tower  
 Shakes to the heaving earthquake's power.  
 "And will not morning serve the need?  
 Up-rooted pines the path impede—  
 Collected snows my course will urge  
 Close to the unfenced torrent's verge:  
 And could I cross unharmed the hill,  
 I cannot, dare not, pass the Mill."

Reply unlooked for to command  
 From warlike lips, acts like the brand,  
 Which fires the mine's quiescent train:  
 Out broke the soldier's fierce disdain:—  
 Enough; not even Conrad met  
 Untamed that flow of oath or threat;—  
 Menace of death he knew to face,  
 But turned and blenched from sure disgrace.  
 A coward called—he heard that sound  
 But once, then wildly glared around—  
 With one instinctive grasp his blade  
 He clasped, relaxed it, and obeyed.

The adjutant sits in the lonely room  
 Of the solitary inn;  
 But he cannot slumber in its gloom,  
 For the tempest's furious din.  
 He thinks of the word he gave,  
 And the Hulan's strange reply;  
 And he wonders how one so brave,  
 Who had never feared to die—  
 Who at Asperne rode on his squadron's right,  
 Should tremble to ride on a stormy night—  
 Should pray like a woman to wait till morn:  
 And the grim old adjutant laughed in scorn!

Is it a sound of mortal strain  
 Which breaks on his listening ear,  
 Or the yell of the sable huntsman's train,  
 Who follow the skeleton deer?

'T is the scream of mortal pain,  
 Or of agonizing fear;  
 And it echoes again, again—  
 And the terrible sounds draw near!  
 Less shrill is the midnight blast,  
 As it sweeps o'er flood and fell;  
 And the charger's foot-tramps fall less fast  
 Than that oft-repeated yell.  
 Can the voice which whispered love of old  
 With such prevailing power,  
 Which rallied the flying, and led the bold,  
 In danger's bloodiest hour,—  
 Can it sound like the harrowing scream  
 Of the wretch who fears to die,  
 When he awakes from his dismal dream,  
 And the scaffold meets his eye?  
 'T is Conrad!—Steed and rider sink  
 Exhausted on the threshold's brink.  
 "She follows me, pale from her watery grave,  
 From her strangling fingers, oh! save me, save!  
 She clings, she chokes me, she thrills my brain  
 With the scream which she gave in her perishing pain.'  
 Thus raved he, till exhaustion's sleep  
 Closed o'er his senses, dull and deep.

'T is morn. By curious interest led,  
 His comrades close around his bed;  
 With fingers on that clay-cold hand,  
 The surgeon takes his silent stand;  
 And from a neighbouring convent there  
 The old Carthusian kneels in prayer.  
 He wakes—and draws that hand away,  
 Whose pulses speak of life's decay.  
 "These scars attest thy practised skill,  
 When it prolonged an unblest life,  
 And saved me from severer ill;  
 Thou know'st I shrunk not from the knife.  
 But mine are wounds which not thy steel  
 Nor hostile swords can give or heal."

He called the old Carthusian near—  
 “ Father, ’t is thine a tale to hear ;  
 Such tale as since its earliest time  
     Thy dark confessional ne’er heard,  
 Since kneeling there, repentant crime  
     First poured the sob and whispered word,  
 Body and soul at once to save,  
     Alike from hope and fear—  
 In hope of grace beyond the grave,  
     In dread of judgment here.  
 Secret and low, to thee alone  
 Is poured the penitential groan :  
 No hope above, no fear below,  
 Impede my tale, which all may know.”

Calm and distinct that tale began,  
 E’en from his youth the story ran :  
 And when with trembling voice he came  
 To her, to Ebba’s sainted name—  
 On those young hours of sunny light,  
 So soon involved in horror’s night,  
 His course awhile he seemed to stay,  
 Like Satan lingering to survey  
 The paradise of love and joy  
 It was his mission to destroy :—  
 Awhile his vampire wing delaying,  
 A moment from his purpose straying.  
 Awhile by memory thus subdued,  
 The dark narration he pursued :—  
 “ That morn I sought the appointed spot,  
 I said that Ebba met me not :  
 ’T was false—I found her there ; not I,  
 The fiend, within me forged the lie :  
 That fiend, which since our race begun  
 Has haunted us from sire to son.  
 In bridal pomp her neck was bound  
 With pearls, in many a goodly round.  
 Then woke the fiend’s resistless charm,  
 With strength from hell he nerved my arm



To tear those glistening rows away,  
 And I was spell-bound to obey.  
 She shrieked—I struck—with blow on blow,  
 Urged by the fiend, I laid her low.  
 The demon pointed to the stream.  
 I bore her—dragged her there: one scream,  
 Unheard by all but me, she gave,  
 And sunk—and sleeps beneath the wave!  
 Father, for many a lingering year  
 That ceaseless scream has thrilled my ear;  
 The tumult of the bustling camp,  
 The charging squadrons' hurrying tramp,  
 The batteries' roar, the trumpets' knell,  
 The volley and the exploding shell—  
 I heard them not, that dreadful call  
 Still piercing through, above them all.—  
 Father, beyond the Mill there stands,  
     Blasted and seared like me,  
 Made branchless by the lightning's brands,  
     A solitary tree.

'T was by the forked lightning's glare,  
 I dug my place of treasure there,  
 To hold those precious pearls, the whole  
 Vast price, for which I gave my soul.  
 Witness and wages of the deed:  
 For which this forfeit life must bleed.  
 My days are numbered: well I know  
 I soon must die the rabble's show;  
 But if a thousand years were flown  
 Before the scaffold claimed its own,  
 The fearful night but now gone by  
 Could never fade from memory's eye;  
 Their long oblivion could not hide  
 The horrors of that ghastly ride.

“She rose, she sprung!—look, father, here!

See how the fingers of the dead  
 The flesh of living man can sear.”

He slowly raised his languid head,

And round the sinewy neck 't was plain  
 Some strangling pressure's sable stain,  
 But served with surer aim to guide  
 The headsman's stroke by which he died.

No more: behind yon distant pines  
 Too fast the autumnal sun declines.  
 When evening's shades have closed around,  
     Let those remain who will,  
 Not mine to trespass on the ground  
 Where spectral sounds and sights abound.  
 Adieu! thou haunted Mill.

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LOVE.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

Wonderful passion!—clasping all, yet single!  
 When in warm youth the' impetuous pulses beat,  
 How all is changed in that emotion sweet;  
 How with the beautiful we seem to mingle,—  
 A brook, a flower, can make the senses tingle.  
 We thread the conscious paths with burning feet,  
 And our hearts throb to see each loved retreat,  
 By lonely stream, or grove, or dell, or dingle.  
 And there, through many a day, will passion live,  
 When that hath died from which its life it drew.  
 Yea, there are scenes which ever can revive  
 Feelings long past, breathing our youth anew,  
 And to disused eye-lids strangely give  
 Hot tears—else cold, as is the marble dew.

TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion !

Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn,  
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,  
Dear, though unwelcome to be born.

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing  
To Heaven, thy mother fain would dare ;  
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,  
And sighs suppress my broken prayer.

But spite of these, my mind unshaken,  
In parent pity turns to thee ;  
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,  
Thy days shall loved and guarded be.

And lest the injurious world upbraid thee,  
For mine or for thy father's ill,  
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,  
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And though to rank and place a stranger,  
Thy life an humble course must run,  
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,  
Which I, too late, have learned to shun.

Meantime, in the sequestered valleys,  
Here may'st thou rest in safe content,  
For innocence may smile at malice,  
And thou, O thou, art innocent !

Here too thy infant wants are given,  
Shelter and rest, and purest air,  
And milk as pure—but mercy, Heaven !  
My tears have dropt, and mingled there !

## ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE III.

BELLS toll for peasants, and we heed them not —  
But when the great, the good, the mighty die,  
Roused by the grandeur of their lofty lot,  
We pause to listen, and reflecting sigh!

We cannot grieve alike for youth and age :  
For thee, fair Scion of the royal tree,  
We wept in anguish ; time could scarce assuage.  
We wept—and oh! not only wept for thee,—

But thee, the age-worn Monarch of these realms,  
Thyself survivor of each dearest tie ;  
We mourn not with the sorrow that o'erwhelms,  
But with the silent tear of memory.

Thy sun was not eclipsed in sudden night,  
But ran its course, and slowly verging, set ;  
Preparing shades had long involved its light,  
And stole the poignant anguish of regret.

To spare worse pangs than ever madness proved,  
The darkened mind in mercy first was given ;  
That thou might'st never mourn the fondly loved,  
Nor know them lost on earth, till met in heaven!

O! what a rapturous change, from dark to light,  
From double darkness, of the soul and eye,  
For thee—whose days were quenched in deepest night!  
To thee—'t was death to live—'t is life to die!

Those darkened eyes no more obstruct the day,  
That mind no more spurns reason's blest control ;  
Far from her wretched tenement of clay,  
All eye—all reason—soars the happy soul!

As death drew near, O! did not angels stand,  
 And high communion with thy spirit hold?  
 Still sweetly whispering, 'join our kindred band,  
 Come where the gates of Heaven for thee unfold.'

Come where, beyond the portals of the grave,  
 The loved—the lost—to thy embraces press;  
 Come, where the Saviour who has died to save,  
 Lives—loves—and reigns eternally to bless!

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### THE PARTING SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I hear thee, O thou rustling stream! thou'rt from my native dell,  
 Thou'rt bearing thence a mournful sound—a murmur of fare-  
 well!

And fare *thee* well;—flow on, my stream! flow on thou bright and  
 free,

I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me.

But I have been a thing unloved, from childhood's loving years,  
 And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known my  
 tears;

The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have  
 known:

The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept alone!

I see thee once again, my home! thou'rt there amidst thy vines,  
 And clear upon thy gleaming roof, the light of summer shines.

It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through the  
 groves,

The hour that brings the sun from toil, the hour the mother loves!

The hour *the mother* loves!—for *me* beloved it hath not been;

Yet ever in its purple smile, *thou* smilest a blessed scene,—

Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through distant years will come,  
Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home?

Not as the dead!—no, not the dead! we speak of *them*—we  
keep

*Their* names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms  
deep;

We hallow even the lyre they touched, we love the lay they sung,  
We pass with softer steps the place *they* filled our band among!

But I depart, like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on earth  
No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth!

I go!—the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell,  
When mine is a forgotten voice.—Woods, mountains, home, fare-  
well!

And farewell, mother! I have borne in lonely silence long,  
But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong;  
And I will speak! though but the wind that wanders through the  
sky,

And but the dark deep-rustling pines, and rolling streams reply.  
Yes! I will speak! within my breast whate'er hath seemed to be,  
There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have gushed for  
thee!

Brightly it would have gushed, but thou—my mother! thou hast  
thrown

Back on the forests and the wilds what should have been thine  
own.

LINES WRITTEN ON A STARRY NIGHT.

YE distant, beautiful, and glowing stars,  
That thus have twinkled 'neath the wings of night  
So many countless years, all radiant still,  
But silent as the grave!—How many hearts,  
Yearning, like mine, to know your holy birth,  
Have questioned you in vain! ye shine, and shine,  
But answer not a word. Why is it thus?  
Why are your vast circumferences lessened  
By intervening cold and lifeless space?  
In the wide ocean's waves that roll between,  
The music of your motions too is lost;  
Or if some meditative holy ear  
Catch the sweet cadence flowing from above,  
It is so soft, so faint, so exquisite,  
It rather vibrates through the listening soul  
Than trembles on the ear! 'Tis heavenly sweet  
To see you gem the spacious firmament,  
Like fiery brilliants set in ebony!  
To gaze upon you, hung like beacons out  
Upon the margin of another world,  
Inviting us on high, is ecstasy!  
But yet ye are so distant, and your round  
And bright immenseness so diminutived,  
That a light sparrow's wing, nay, a frail leaf,  
While trembling to the passing breath of night,  
If interposed, can shut your brightness out,  
Eclipse you for a moment from our eyes!  
A leaf eclipse the world! But oh! 'tis thus  
Even in our world itself: the veriest trash,  
The hidden mischief of the secret earth,  
Ancestry, title, blood, if hurled between  
The gem of genius forming in the mine  
And the sun's fostering ray, will intercept  
The glorious, bright, and necessary fire,  
And let the jewel perish in the womb  
Of grand prolific Nature. But there are

Spirits of fire, that will shine out at last,  
And blaze, and kindle others. These delight  
In the lone musing hour to roam the earth ;  
To listen to the music of the trees ;  
Or if perchance the nightingale be near,  
Pouring her sweet and solitary song,  
They love to hear her lay. With such as these  
'T is sweet to hold communion. Though the world  
And fates of life forbid a closer tie,  
Yet we can gaze upon the selfsame stars  
As Byron in his Grecian skiff was wont  
To view at midnight, or which livelier Moore  
Translates into his soft and glowing song.  
Nay, more—those very stars in elder time,  
Sparkling with purer light in the clear sky  
Of Greece, perhaps were those that Homer saw,  
And deemed so beautiful, that even the gods  
Might dwell in them with pride. O holy Night !  
If thou canst wake so many luminous dreams,  
Call up such recollections ; bring the past,  
The present, and the future, into one  
Immortal feeling ; from thine influence  
Let me draw inspiration ; let me mount  
Thy mystic atmosphere ; and let the shapes  
Of heroes, gods, and poets, in the clouds  
Meet my impassioned gaze ! My soul is dark,  
And wild, and wayward ; and the silver moon  
Shooting her rays upon the misty deep,  
Or sleeping on the frowning battlement  
Of some time-stricken solitary tower  
That rises in the desert, seems more bright,  
And grand, and glorious, than the glaring sun  
Shining upon the open haunts of men.



## A PICTURE.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread  
Above the sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;  
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,  
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
So idly, that 'rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene  
Where musing Solitude might love to lift  
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;  
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,  
So cold, so bright, so still!

The orb of day,  
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field  
Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath  
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve  
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;  
And Vesper's image on the western main  
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:  
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,  
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar  
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;  
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom  
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,  
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;  
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave  
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare  
 That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke  
 Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched  
 In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow  
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!  
 Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals  
 In countless echoes through the mountains ring,  
 Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!  
 Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,  
 Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;  
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
 The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men  
 Inebriate with rage!— Loud and more loud  
 The discord grows; till pale Death shuts the scene,  
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws  
 His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men  
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,  
 In proud and vigorous health— of all the hearts  
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there—  
 How few survive, how few are beating now!  
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;  
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love  
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan  
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay  
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The grey morn  
 Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke  
 Before the icy wind slow rolls away,  
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
 Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,  
 Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path  
 Of the outsallying victors: far behind  
 Black ashes note where their proud city stood.  
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—  
 Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,  
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

## TO DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLÜCK.

METHINKS it were no pain to die  
On such an eve, when such a sky  
    O'ercanopies the west ;  
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,  
And, like an infant, fall asleep  
    On earth, my mother's breast.

There 's peace and welcome in yon sea  
Of endless blue tranquillity.  
    These clouds are living things ;  
I trace their veins of liquid gold,—  
I see them solemnly unfold  
    Their soft and fleecy wings :

These be the angels that convey  
Us weary children of a day,  
    Life's tedious nothing o'er,  
Where neither passions come, nor woes,  
To vex the genius of repose  
    On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway  
With startling dawn and dazzling day ;  
    But gloriously serene  
Are the interminable plains ;—  
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns  
    O'er the wide silent scene !

I cannot doff all human fear,—  
I know thy greeting is severe  
    To this poor shell of clay ;  
Yet come, O Death ! thy freezing kiss  
Emancipates ! thy rest is bliss !  
    I would I were away.

## THE MARINER'S DREAM.

BY W. DIMOND.

IN the slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,  
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;  
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,  
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind !

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
Of the pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;  
While memory each scene gaily covered with flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;—  
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall ;  
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;  
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear ;  
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,  
Joy quickens each pulse, all his hardships seem o'er ;  
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—  
' O God ! thou hast blessed me, I ask for no more !'

Ah ! whence is that flame which now glares on his eye ?  
Ah ! what is the sound which now bursts on his ears ?  
'T is the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky !  
'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the spheres !

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck,—  
Amazement confronts him with images dire ;—  
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck—  
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains, the billows tremendously swell—  
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save ;—  
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave !

Oh ! sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight !  
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss—  
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,  
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honied kiss ?

Oh, sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay ;  
Unblessed, and unhonoured, down deep in the main  
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,  
Or redeem thy lost form from the merciless surge—  
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,  
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge !

On a bed of sea-flowers thy pale limbs shall be laid,  
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;  
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,  
And each tribe of the deep haunt thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,  
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;  
Frail short-sighted mortals their doom must obey—  
Oh ! sailor boy ! sailor boy ! peace to thy soul !

## FIRST-LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Oh, long be my heart with such memories filled!  
Like the vase in which odours have once been distilled;  
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

MOORE.

FIRST love will with the heart remain  
When its hopes are all gone by;  
As frail rose-blossoms still retain  
Their fragrance when they die.  
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind  
With the shades from which they sprung;  
As summer leaves the stems behind  
On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary! I dare not call thee dear,  
I've lost that right so long;  
Yet once again I vex thine ear  
With memory's idle song:  
Had time and change not blotted out  
The love of former days,  
Thou wert the last that I should doubt  
Of pleasing with my praise.

When honied tokens from each tongue  
Told with what truth we loved,  
How rapturous to thy lips I clung,  
Whilst nought but smiles reproved!  
But now, methinks, if one kind word  
Were whispered in thine ear,  
Thou 'dst startle like an untamed bird,  
And blush with wilder fear!

How loth to part, how fond to meet,  
Had we two used to be!

At sunset with what eager feet  
I hastened on to thee!  
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met  
In spring, nay, wintry weather;  
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,  
Nor found us once together!

Thy face was so familiar grown,  
Thyself so often nigh,  
A moment's memory when alone  
Would bring thee to mine eye:  
But now, my very dreams forget  
That 'witching look to trace;  
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,  
It wears a stranger's face!

I felt a pride to name thy name,  
But now that pride hath flown;  
And burning blushes speak my shame  
That thus I love thee on!  
I felt I then thy heart did share,  
Nor urged a binding vow;  
But much I doubt if thou couldst spare  
One word of kindness now.

Oh! what is now my name to thee,  
Though once nought seemed so dear?  
Perhaps a jest in hours of glee,  
To please some idle ear.  
And yet, like counterfeits, with me  
Impressions linger on,  
Though all the gilded finery  
That passed for truth is gone!

Ere the world smiled upon my lays,  
A sweeter meed was mine;  
Thy blushing look of ready praise  
Was raised at every line.

But now methinks thy fervent love  
 Is changed to scorn severe ;  
 And songs that other hearts approve  
 Seem discord to thine ear.

When last thy gentle cheek I prest,  
 And heard thee feign adieu,  
 I little thought that seeming jest  
 Would prove a word so true !  
 A fate like this hath oft befell  
 Even loftier hopes than ours ;  
 Spring bids full many buds to swell,  
 That ne'er can grow to flowers !

*Literary Souvenir.*

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BOLTON ABBEY.

THIS is the loveliest scene in all the land ;—  
 Around me far a green enchantment lies,  
 Fed by the weeping of these April skies,  
 And touched by Fancy's fine, "all-charming wand."  
 Almost I expect to see a lightsome band  
 Come stealing through the hazel boughs, that cross  
 My path, or half asleep on bank of moss,  
 Some Satyr, with stretched arm and clenched hand.  
 It is a place *all* beauty. There, half hid  
 By yellowing ash and drooping aspens, run  
 The river waters swift to meet the sun ;  
 And in the distance, in its boiling might,  
 The fatal fall is seen, the thundering STRID ;—  
 And over all, the morning blue and bright !



TO THE MEMORY OF HOWARD,  
THE PHILANTHROPIST.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

WHY, when the souls we loved are fled,  
Plant we their turf with flowers,  
Their blossomed fragrance there to shed  
In sunshine and in showers?  
Why bid, when these have passed away,  
The laurel flourish o'er their clay,  
In winter's blighting hours,  
To spread a leaf, for ever green,—  
Ray of the life that once hath been!

It is that we would thence create  
Bright memory of the past;  
And give their imaged form a date  
Eternally to last.  
It is, to hallow—whilst regret  
Is busy with their actions yet—  
The sweetnesses they cast;  
To sanctify upon the earth  
The glory of departed worth.

Such, and so fair, in day's decline  
The hues which Nature gives;  
Yet—yet—though suns have ceased to shine,  
Her fair creation lives:  
With loved remembrances to fill  
The mind, and tender grief instil,  
Dim radiance still survives;  
And lovelier seems that lingering light,  
When blended with the shades of night.

Else, why when rifled stands the tower,  
The column overthrown,  
And, record of man's pride or power,  
Crumbles the storying stone;

Why does she give her ivy-vine  
 Their ruins livingly to twine,  
     If not to grant alone,  
 In the soliloquies of man,  
 To glory's shade an ampler span!

Still o'er thy temples and thy shrines,  
     Loved Greece! her spirit throws  
 Visions where'er the ivy twines,  
     Of beauty in repose:  
 Though all thy oracles be dumb,  
 Not voiceless shall those piles become,  
     Whilst there one wild-flower blows  
 To claim a fond—regretful sigh,  
 For triumphs passed, and times gone by.

Still, Egypt, tower thy sepulchres  
     Which hearse the thousand bones  
 Of those who grasped, in vanished years,  
     Thy diadems and thrones!  
 Still frowns, by shattering years unrent,  
 The Mosque, Mohammed's monument!  
     And still Pelides owns,  
 By monarchs crowned, by shepherds trod,  
 His Cenotaph—a grassy sod!

They were the mighty of the world,—  
     The demigods of earth;  
 Their breath the flag of blood unfurled,  
     And gave the battle birth;  
 They lived to trample on mankind,  
 And in their ravage leave behind  
     The impress of their worth:  
 And wizard rhyme, and hoary song,  
 Hallowed their deeds and hymned their wrong.

But thou, mild benefactor—thou,  
     To whom on earth were given

The sympathy for others' woe,  
 The charities of heaven ;—  
 Pity for grief, a fever-balm  
 Life's ills and agonies to calm ;—  
 To tell that thou hast striven,  
*Thou* hast thy records which surpass  
 Or storying stone, or sculptured brass!

*They* live not in the sepulchre  
 In which thy dust is hid,  
 Though there were kindlier hands to rear  
 Thy simple pyramid,  
 Than Egypt's mightiest could command—  
 A duteous tribe, a peasant band  
 Who mourned the rites they did—  
 Mourned that the cold turf should confine  
 A spirit kind and pure as thine !

*They* are existent in the clime  
 Thy pilgrim-steps have trod,  
 Where Justice tracks the feet of Crime,  
 And seals his doom with blood ;  
 The tower where criminals complain,  
 And fettered captives mourn in vain,  
 The pestilent abode,  
 Are thy memorials in the skies,  
 The portals of thy paradise.

Thine was an empire o'er distress,  
 Thy triumphs of the mind !  
 To burst the bonds of wretchedness,  
 The friend of human kind !  
 Thy name, through every future age,  
 By bard, philanthropist, and sage,  
 In glory shall be shrined !  
 Whilst other NIELDS and CLARKSONS show  
 That still thy mantle rests below.

I know not if there be a sense  
 More sweet, than to impart  
 Health to the haunts of pestilence,  
 Balm to the sufferer's smart,  
 And freedom to captivity!  
 The pitying tear, the sorrowing sigh,  
 Might grace an angel's heart ;  
 And e'en when sickness damped thy brow,  
 Such bliss was thine, and such wert thou !

Serene, unhurt, in wasted lands,  
 Amid the general doom,  
 Long stood'st thou as the traveller stands,  
 Where breathes the lone simoom ;  
 One minute, beautiful as brief,  
 Flowers bloom, trees wave the verdant leaf,  
 Another—all is gloom ;  
 He looks—the green, the blossomed bough  
 Is blasted into ashes now !

But deadlier than the simoom burns  
 The fire of Pestilence ;  
 His shadow into darkness turns  
 The passing of events :  
 Where points his finger, —lowers the storm ;  
 Where his eye fixes, —feeds the worm  
 On people and on prince !  
 Where treads his step—there glory lies ;—  
 Where breathes his breath,—there beauty dies !

And to the beautiful and young  
 Thy latest cares were given ;  
 How spake thy kind and pitying tongue  
 The messages of heaven !  
 Soothing her grief who, fair and frail,  
 Waned paler yet, and yet more pale,  
 Like lily-flowers at even :  
 Smit by the livid Plague, which cast  
 O'er thee his shadow as he passed !

As danger deeper grew and dark,  
 Her hopes could conscience bring ;  
 And faith, and mind's immortal spark,  
 Grew hourly brightening ;  
 One pang at parting—'t was the last—  
 Joy for the future!—for the past—  
 But thou art on the wing  
 To track the source from whence it came,  
 And mingle with thy parent flame !

The nodding hearse, the sable plume,  
 Those attributes of pride,  
 The artificial grief or gloom  
 Are pageants which but hide  
 Hearts, from the weight of anguish free :  
 But there were many wept for thee  
 Who wept for none beside,  
 And felt, thus left alone below,  
 The full desertedness of woe !

And many mourned that thou should'st lie  
 Where Dnieper rolls and raves,  
 Glad from barbaric realms to fly,  
 And blend with Pontic waves ;  
 A desert bleak—a barren shore,  
 Where Mercy never trod before—  
 A land whose sons were slaves ;  
 Crouching, and fettered to the soil  
 By feudal chains and thankless toil !

But oft, methinks, in future years,  
 To raise exalted thought,  
 And soften sternest eyes to tears,  
 Shall be thy glorious lot !  
 And oft the rugged Muscovite,—  
 As spring prepares the pious rite,—  
 Shall tread the holy spot,  
 And see her offered roses showered  
 Upon the grave of gentle HOWARD !

Those roses on their languid stalk  
 Will fade ere fades the day,  
 Winter may wither in his walk  
 The myrtle and the bay,  
 Which, mingled with the laurel's stem,  
 Her hands may plant; but not with them,  
 Shall memory pass away,  
 Or pity cease the heart to swell—  
 To THEE there can be no FAREWELL!

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### THE BREEZE FROM THE SHORE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Joy is upon the lonely seas  
 When Indian forests pour  
 Forth to the billow and the breeze  
 Their odours from the shore;  
 Joy, when the soft air's fanning sight  
 Bears on the breath of Araby.

Oh! welcome are the winds that tell  
 A wanderer of the deep,  
 Where far away the jasmynes dwell,  
 And where the myrrh-trees weep!  
 Blessed, on the sounding surge and foam,  
 Are tidings of the citron's home!

The sailor at the helm they meet,  
 And Hope his bosom stirs,  
 Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to greet  
 The fair earth's messengers,  
 That woo him, from the moaning main,  
 Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales  
Of many a flowering glade,  
And fount's bright gleam in island-vales  
Of golden-fruited shade ;  
Across his lone ship's wake they bring  
A vision and a glow of spring.

And, oh ! ye masters of the lay,  
Come not even thus your songs,  
That meet us on life's weary way,  
Amidst her toiling throngs ?  
Yes ! o'er the spirit thus they bear  
A current of celestial air.

Their power is from the brighter clime  
That in our birth hath part,  
Their tones are of the world, which time  
Seres not within the heart ;  
They tell us of the living light  
In its green places ever bright.

They call us, with a voice divine,  
Back to our early love,—  
Our vows of youth at many a shrine,  
Whence far and fast we rove :  
Welcome high thought, and holy strain,  
That make us truth's and heaven's again !

*Literary Souvenir.*

## THE PARSON'S VISITOR.

A LYRICAL BALLAD.

AN almost coldness autumn sky,  
Elastic freshness in the air,  
And yet the breeze but lazily  
Uplifts the gossamer,—

Uplifts that mazy roof, whereon  
A thousand shuttles have been piled ;  
O'er blade and stalk, o'er clod and stone,  
It spreads on every side.

Turn to the sun,—and it will shine,  
A fairy web of tapestry  
Lighted in one far-stretching line,  
Just like a moonlight sea.

Look back,—e'en there, their trammels slight  
The spinners have as thickly spun ;  
Yet they elude our prying sight,  
Save when they meet the sun.

Strange work, ye tiny artisans,  
Is this of yours, on dale and down !  
The nat'ralist scarce understands  
More of it than the clown.

Pardon that we your meshes sweep,  
For yon old elms our steps invite,  
Round which a troop of swallows keep  
A restless, graceful flight.

It is my chimney's full-fledged brood,  
With sooty head and corslet grey,  
And here they ply, for insect food,  
Their skill in falconry.



Feed on, glad birds, you will not long  
Scud round these meads in rapid ring ;  
A call is heard your sires among,  
For each to imp his wing.

The summons has arrived ; for flight  
Our summer visitors prepare :  
I saw a concave yesternight  
Assembled in the air,

Incessant twittering filled the sky,  
Just as the first star sparkled forth ;  
I knew it as their gathering-cry,  
Before they quit the North.

Twilight's grey vault was all astir  
With the black swarm that speckled it,  
Not long will they their voyage defer,  
Their clarions sound retreat.

Their privilege I envy not,  
Of living, wheresoe'er they roam,  
In summer sunshine,—since 't is bought  
At the expense of home !

Strangers ye are — itinerants —  
Pilgrims, that wend from feast to feast —  
An annual caravan, that haunts  
This pleasant stage for rest.

No wanderer I — me 't would not suit  
To have my sensibilities  
Scattered, where they would bear no fruit,  
'Neath ever-shifting skies ;

Plant-like, once fixed, I joy to spread  
The fibres of intense affection  
O'er one small circuit, where they feed  
On sight and recollection.

To-morrow comes,—the swallow race  
Reck not,—they leave these scenes behind,  
While I hope here through life to pass,  
And here a grave to find.

See, from these elms the bounds you trace  
Which girdle in my parsonage ;  
Own, friend,—that in a pleasant place  
Hath fall'n my heritage !

Unhasped, there swings my rustic gate ;  
Enter, and see what, in his wane,  
The ripening sun hath done of late  
Within my small domain.

My shrubs encroach upon my walks ;  
My flower-beds are a wilderness  
Of seeded husks and rampant stalks —  
A tangled, self-willed mass.

The vine, that wraps my wall, and craves  
For entrance at each casement nook,  
Has lost the deep green of its leaves,  
And wears a tarnished look ;

The clusters now more obvious are,  
Each venturing from its summer hold,  
Mark what a sunward tinge they bear —  
A flush of flamy gold.

Nor let me, thankless, fail to point  
That other vine, whose lowlier stems  
Are hung at every knot and joint  
With amethystine gems.

Live we not in a verdant bower ?  
That calm delight of Paradise,  
Which flowed from tending fruit and flower,  
My garden-plot supplies.

—Such were the topics which obtained  
Place in our desultory talk,  
As, followed by a college friend,  
I led the homeward walk.

It was by merest accident  
That I had won him for a guest,  
For, when I met him, he was bent  
On travel to the West.

My saunter had conducted me  
Where the mail passes every day,—  
I saw him in it, and my plea  
Persuaded him to stay.

He still was dwelling lingeringly  
In Oxford's crowded solitude  
('T is such to yearning hearts), while I  
Had left the brotherhood ;

Long left the college, well content  
To take this pastoral benefice,  
And gained my Mary's frank consent  
An humble board to bless.

Studies severe, since we had met,  
Had wrought upon his every feature,  
Furrowing a polished brow,—and yet  
No book-worm he by nature.

Pure thoughts, quick feelings, homage high  
For Nature's every oracle,  
These had been his—and did not die  
In his monastic cell.

Such was the friend to whom my stock  
Of simple pleasures I produced,  
Nor feared to feel the numbing shock  
Of sympathy refused.

—Come, friend, examine all within,  
 There 's comfort in my little nest,  
 Nor wants there proof of genuine,  
     Although uncostly taste.

We lack no charm which music makes,  
 That chest-like frame of hidden strings  
 Beneath my Mary's fingers wakes  
     Responsive as she sings.

The walls betray my pencil's work ;  
 Yet with it Mary's needle may  
 Boast rivalry ; no tints can lurk  
     Unsubject to her sway.

See, by our hearth, her flowers endure  
 The winter through on rug and cushion ;  
 Yea, all the adapted furniture,  
     Her choice or execution.

And she,—this casket's single gem,—  
 Who brightens 'neath her husband's glance,  
 And, moon-like, radiates light on them,  
     Who share his countenance ;

She (all unweeting) will prevail,  
 In making you this truth confess,—  
 If woes the married state assail,  
     The single knows not bliss !

Hail, wedded love ! thy constant flame,  
 Like that of lamps of yore entombed,  
 Nor age's palsying hand can tame,  
     Nor is it self-consumed !

Look round, I call this room my own,  
 For see, my books display themselves ;  
 You 'll find some old acquaintance, known  
     Long since on college shelves.

This open window gives to view  
The bell-tower of my village church,  
Peering above that ancient yew,  
Which guards its cross-crowned porch.

Full to the south, the hallowed field  
Opens its bosom, while behind,  
A knot of elms, with leafy shield,  
Repels the northern wind.

There weekly am I circled round,  
By an attentive multitude,  
To whom, I trust that I am found  
A minister of good.

The cots pour out their various groups ;  
Grandsire and dame on staff's support,  
And strong-limbed youth, infants, and troops,  
But half-restrained from sport.

The old men stand erect, and look  
Intent upon the preacher's face,  
Loving to hear explained that book,  
Which speaks of faith and grace ;

While the young crowd that fill the aisle,  
Their prayers put up, their praises paid,  
Decorous sit, but wish the while  
The final blessing said.

I know their every joy and woe,  
How they are swayed by hope and fear ;  
Summoned or not, 't is mine to go,  
The death-bed's gloom to cheer.

Their children's guardian I ; a train  
On me await, their minds to store  
With love to God, and love to man,  
And other gospel lore.

Merely to fix the marriage-ties,  
 Is but prerogative of station;  
 I joy to think they highly prize,  
     My private approbation.

The doubtful swain oft comes to me,  
 With all his hopes and fears at strife,  
 His theme—not maiden's cruelty,  
     But of his means of life.

Trust me, this pastoral employ,  
 Though it hath toilsome, painful hours,  
 Oft harvests crops of richest joy,  
     And gathers wreaths of flowers.

—But hark! a voice that shouts amain,  
 “Father!” with childhood's eagerness;  
 My boy (a three years' imp) bursts in  
     To claim the accustomed kiss!

This done—his courage soon is laid—  
 He turns—the stranger is descried—  
 It drives him into ambushade,  
     His father's leg beside.

“Come forth, shy child!”—He'll not forsake  
 My coat-flap's deep intrenching screen,  
 Yet peeping thence, one dimpled cheek  
     And one bright eye are seen.

Not far behind, the mother speeds  
 In quest of this her truant boy;  
 Her husband seen,—how quick succeeds  
     The blush-rose hue of joy!

“Mary, you will, I know, rejoice,  
 My old, my long-tried friend to see;”  
 She welcomes him with hand and voice,  
     In matron modesty.

Her native grace and wish to please,  
Bid ceremony disappear ;  
And the shy colleger 's at ease,  
As she his sister were.

I saw conviction in him rise,  
That 't is not good to be alone,  
Where man's most sacred sympathies  
Are waste, or spent on one.

And ere he o'er my threshold crossed,  
He came my private ear to tell,  
That he would be no longer lost  
Within a monkish cell ;

He 'd rouse him from his lethargy ;  
That passion should not be repress,  
Which indolent timidity  
Was smothering in his breast.

For morbid fear had triumphed long,  
And hope had sickened in the strife ;  
The moody man had measured wrong  
The requisites of life.

Here now he saw, what bliss intense,  
From pure and mutual love was reaped ;  
Saw too, how small a competence  
Our temperate table heaped.

Nor luxury, nor gorgeousness,  
Was known within our homestead fence ;  
But we had all which suited us,—  
Plenty and elegance.

Like lot was at his option, yet  
He fancied it would not suffice,  
(From too fastidious estimate)  
For household decencies.

Wrong had he done the maid, whom he  
 Loved fondly—but with silent love ;  
 He would not, from her rank, that she  
 Should even one step remove.

Wrong had he done her,—yea, the excess  
 Of love his judgment had betrayed ;  
 For him, since larger sacrifice  
 She would have gladly made.

Yet he the young attachment checked,  
 Each smile by unresolve was blighted ;—  
 What could the maiden but suspect  
 Her passion unrequited.

It was not so —his inmost soul  
 Denies it—yea, his heart's deep core ;  
 The world's opinion held control  
 O'er him—it holds no more.

The altered notions, as I might,  
 I nursed, till Hope rose smiling over ;—  
 He came, a lone desponding wight ;  
 He went, a blithesome lover !

He in gay dreams the future spanned ;  
 The clouds were gone that gloomed his sun ;  
 And long ere this, hand pledged in hand,  
 The maid and he are one.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*



## TIVOLI.

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

SPIRIT! who lov'st to live unseen,  
By brook, or pathless dell,  
Where wild woods burst the rocks between,  
And floods, in streams of silver sheen,  
Gush from their flinty cell!

Or where the ivy weaves her woof,  
And climbs the crag alone,  
Haunts the cool grotto, daylight-proof,  
Where loitering drops that wear the roof  
Turn all beneath to stone.

Shield me from summer's blaze of day,  
From noon-tide's fiery gale,  
And as thy waters round me play,  
Beneath the o'ershadowing cavern lay,  
Till twilight spreads her veil.

Then guide me where the wandering moon  
Rests on Mæcenus' wall,  
And echoes at night's solemn noon,  
In Tivoli's soft shades attune  
The peaceful waterfall.

Again they float before my sight,  
The bower, the flood, the glade;  
Again on yon romantic height  
The Sybil's temple towers in light,  
Above the dark cascade.

Down the steep cliff I wind my way  
Along the dim retreat,  
And, 'mid the torrents' deafening bray,  
Dash from my brow the foam away,  
Where clashing cataracts meet.

And now I leave the rocks below,  
And issuing forth from night,  
View on the flakes that sun-ward flow,  
A thousand rainbows round me glow,  
And arch my way with light.

Again the myrtles o'er me breathe,  
Fresh flowers my path perfume,  
Round cliff and cave wild tendrils wreath,  
And from the groves that bend beneath,  
Low trail their purple bloom.

Thou grove, thou glade of Tivoli,  
Dark flood, and rivulet clear,  
That wind, where'er you wander by,  
A stream of beauty on the eye,  
Of music on the ear:—

And thou, that when the wandering moon  
Illumed the rocky dell,  
Did'st to my charmed ear attune  
The echoes of Night's solemn noon,  
Spirit unseen! farewell!

Farewell!—o'er many a realm I go,  
My natal isle to greet,  
Where summer sunbeams mildly glow,  
And sea-winds health and freshness blow  
O'er Freedom's hallowed seat.

Yet there, to thy romantic spot  
Shall Fancy oft retire,  
And hail the bower, the stream, the grot,  
Where Earth's sole Lord the world forgot,  
And Horace smote the lyre.

## THE LAST MAN.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The Sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality!  
I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time!  
I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall Creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The Earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!  
Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands;  
In plague and famine some!  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,  
As if a storm passed by;  
Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
"T is Mercy bids thee go,  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
The vassals of his will;—

Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
 Thou dim discrowned king of day :  
     For all those trophied arts  
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
 Healed not a passion or a pang  
     Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtains fall  
     Upon the stage of men,  
 Nor with thy rising beams recall  
     Life's tragedy again.  
 Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
     Of pain anew to writhe ;  
 Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
 Or mown in battle by the sword,  
     Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies  
     To watch the fading fire ;  
 Test of all sunless agonies,  
     Behold not me expire.  
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
 Their rounded grasp and gurgling breath  
     To see thou shalt not boast :  
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—  
 The majesty of Darkness shall  
     Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him  
     That gave its heavenly spark ;  
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
     When thou thyself art dark !  
 No ! it shall live again, and shine  
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
     By Him recalled to breath,  
 Who captive led Captivity,  
 Who robbed the grave of Victory,—  
     And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
     On Nature's awful waste,

To drink this last and bitter cup  
 Of grief that man shall taste—  
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
 On earth's sepulchral clod,  
 The darkening universe defy  
 To quench his immortality,  
 Or shake his trust in God!

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SONG.

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM.

OH, would I were among the bowers,  
 Thy waters, Witham! love to lave,  
 Where Botolph's far-distinguished towers  
 Look out upon the German wave.  
 There is a star upon that stream,  
 A flower upon those banks there blows,—  
 Heaven cannot boast a lovelier beam,  
 Nor earth possess a sweeter rose.

How blest were I, how more than blest,  
 To sit me down such scenes among,  
 And there, the cot's contented guest,  
 Divide my life 'twixt love and song;  
 To guard thee, sweet, and in thine ears  
 Plead passion, not perchance in vain—  
 The very vision costs me tears  
 Of mingled tenderness and pain.

Alas! how different is my lot—  
 To drag through being far from thee,  
 Far from that loved, Elysian spot,  
 Which Witham leaves in tears with me.  
 But pilgrim of whatever shore,  
 No fate from thee my heart shall tear;  
 And even when life itself's no more,  
 My spirit will be with thee there.

## THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM.

HIGH rolled the day—all smiling sheen,  
With beams and bowers of ever-green,  
Lay stretched in light the land ;  
Glowed to the sun's unclouded glow  
The billows' breast, whose heavings slow  
Came parleying towards the strand ;  
As if in reconciliation sweet,  
To clasp and kiss the dark rocks feet,  
And pardon and oblivion pray  
For rude assault of stormier day.

The signal " ready !" instant flies ;  
Ship answering ship with ardent breath,  
Rung out that prelude note of death,  
And " ready !" all the line replies.  
To quarters stood in lion-mood,  
The Christian rulers of the flood.  
Throbb'd every breast ;—each thought that came  
Was thought of duty, or of fame ;  
And reckless brow, and burning eye,  
Spoke careless choice to live or die.

The thrilling pause which battle knows,  
Ere havoc hails the earthquake close,—  
Such grim and deathly pause did pass,—  
One shot the Moslem sent ;—again,  
And hush ! forth-furnacing amain,  
Twice, thrice an hundred throats of brass,  
Like thunder-clap, and hurricane,  
Fling blazing fire, and shattering shower  
Round mole and rampart, mosque and tower ;  
Trembles the firm earth, based on rock,  
Beneath the huge projectile shock :

As Etna's self whirled high through air,  
Had poured his blazing entrails there,  
In floods of flame—such flame as rolled  
O'er Canaan's cities twain, of old ;—  
Leap from their seats the alarmed hills,  
With all their woods, and cliffs, and rills ;  
And the wide welkin, sea and shore,  
Remultiply the hollow roar.  
The battle deepens, heavier squall  
Envelopes man, and mast, and wall ;  
Like the tall palm beneath the axe,  
Staggers each battlement, and cracks ;  
Down, down, the loose stones whirling go,  
Crushing the Arab, screened below ;—  
Above, beneath, new thunders swell,  
While under cope of smoke and shell,  
The Moor, above his rampart's wreck,  
The Briton on his reeling deck,  
With equal daring, one and all,  
Cheer to the volley—cheering, fall !  
Encountering spheres of living fire  
From either host alternate driven,  
Through clouds careering high and higher,  
Clash, burst, and thunder in mid-heaven !  
And the red fragments mar the sight  
With forked hideousness of light.

## PARTED LOVE.

Thou wert too like a dream of heaven  
For earthly love to merit thee.

WE parted, and we knew it was for ever —

We knew it, yet we parted; then each thought  
And inmost feeling of our souls, which never

Had else been breathed in words, rushed forth and sought  
Their sweet home in each other's hearts, and there  
They lived and grew 'mid sadness and despair.

It was not with the bonds of common love

Our hearts were knit together; they had been  
Silent companions in those griefs which move

And purify the soul, and we had seen  
Each other's strength and truth of mind, and hence  
We loved with passion's holiest confidence.

And virtue was the great bond that united

Our guileless hopes in love's simplicity;  
And in those higher aims we meekly slighted

The shallow feelings and weak vanity  
Which the world calls affection, for our eyes  
Had not been caught with smiles, our hearts with sighs.

We parted (as our hearts had loved) in duty

To heaven and virtue, and we both resigned  
Our cherished trust;—I all her worth and beauty,

And she the untold devotion of my mind;  
We parted in mute anguish, but we bent  
Lowly to Him whose love is chastisement.

It was, perchance, her spirit had been goaded

With suffering past its bearing—that her frail  
But patient heart had been so deeply loaded

With sorrow, that its chords were forced to fail:  
Severed by more than distance, I was told  
Her heart amid its troubles had grown cold.



She rests in heaven, and I—I could not follow ;  
 My soul was crushed, not broken ;—and I live  
 To think of all her love ; and feel how hollow  
 Are the sick gladnesses the world can give.  
 I live in faith and holy calm to prove  
 My heart was not unworthy of such love.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

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THE SHIP.

ALONG, along, thou gallant Ship !—  
 She walks the ocean well ;  
 Her bowsprit in the flashing foam,  
 Her bow upon the swell.

Along, along, thou gallant Ship !—  
 She bravely rides the brine ;  
 Her sails bright as the floating swan  
 In noon's unclouded shine.

The breezes bear her bravely on  
 Over the waste of waves,  
 Art's triumph, to the furthest shore  
 That father Ocean laves.

The symbol of the great and free,  
 The blue heaven o'er her head ;—  
 Like the wild wing of Liberty,  
 Her sails exulting spread.

From clime to clime, from line to pole,  
 Far sweeps her reinless prow ;  
 A trackless thought, her course she steers  
 O'er plumbless gulfs below.

Along, along, thou gallant Ship ;—  
 Still fresh the breezes be  
 With which thou glidest along the foam,  
 A spirit of the sea !

*New Monthly Magazine.*

## GINEVRA.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WILD, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one  
Who staggers forth into the air and sun,  
From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,  
Bewildered, and incapable, and ever  
Fancying strange comments in her dizzy brain  
Of usual shapes, till the familiar train  
Of objects and of persons passed like things  
Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,—  
Ginevra from the nuptial altar went :  
The vows to which her lips had sworn assent  
Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,  
Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,  
Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,  
And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,  
And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight doth ;—  
And of the gold and jewels glittering there  
She scarce felt conscious,—but the weary glare  
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,  
Vexing the soul with gorgeous undelight.  
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud  
Was less serenely fair—her face was bowed,  
And as she passed, the diamonds in her hair  
Were mirrored in the polished marble stair  
Which led from the cathedral to the street ;  
And ever as she went her light fair feet  
Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging came,  
Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,  
Envyng the unenviable ; and others  
Making the joy which should have been another's

Their own by gentle sympathy ; and some  
 Sighing to think of an unhappy home :  
 Some few admiring what can ever lure  
 Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure  
 Of parents' smiles, for life's great cheat ; a thing  
 Bitter to taste—sweet in imagining !

But they are all dispersed—and lo ! she stands  
 Looking in idle grief on her white hands,  
 Alone within the garden now her own ;  
 And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,  
 The music of the merry marriage bells,  
 Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells ;—  
 Absorbed like one within a dream, who dreams  
 That he is dreaming, until slumber seems  
 A mockery of itself—when suddenly  
 Antonio stood before her, pale as she.  
 With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,  
 He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,  
 And said—“ Is this thy faith ? ” and then, as one  
 Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun  
 With light, like a harsh voice, which bids him rise  
 And look upon his day of life with eyes  
 Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,  
 Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore  
 To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling blood  
 Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued  
 Said—“ Friend, if earthly violence or ill,  
 Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will  
 Of parents, chance, or custom, time or change,  
 Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,  
 Or 'wildered looks, or words, or evil speech,  
 With all their stings envenomed can impeach  
 Our love,—we love not :—if the grave, which hides  
 The victim from the tyrant, and divides  
 The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart  
 Imperious inquisition to the heart  
 That is another's, could dissever ours,  
 We love not.”—“ What, do not the silent hours

Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed?  
 Is not that ring"—a pledge, he would have said,  
 Of broken vows; but she, with patient look,  
 The golden circle from her finger took,  
 And said—"Accept this token of my faith,  
 The pledge of vows to be absolved by death;  
 And I am dead, or shall be soon—my knell  
 Will mix its music with that merry bell:  
 Does not it sound as if they sweetly said,  
 'We toll a corpse out of the marriage bed?'  
 The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn,  
 Will serve unfaded for my bier—so soon  
 That even the dying violet will not die  
 Before Ginevra." The strong fantasy  
 Had made her accents weaker and more weak,  
 And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,  
 And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere  
 Round her, which chilled the burning noon with fear;  
 Making her but an image of the thought,  
 Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought  
 News of the terrors of the coming time.  
 Like an accuser branded with the crime  
 He would have cast on a beloved friend,  
 Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end  
 The pale betrayer—he then with vain repentance  
 Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence—  
 Antonio stood and would have spoken, when  
 The compound voice of women and of men  
 Was heard approaching; he retired, while she  
 Was led amid the admiring company  
 Back to the palace,—and her maidens soon  
 Changed her attire for the afternoon,  
 And left her at her own request to keep  
 An hour of quiet and rest:—like one asleep  
 With open eyes and folded hands she lay,  
 Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,  
 And in the lighted hall the guests are met;

The beautiful looked lovelier in the light  
Of love and admiration, and delight  
Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes,  
Kindling a momentary paradise.

This crowd is safer than the silent wood,  
Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude ;  
On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine  
Falls, and the dew of music more divine  
Tempers the deep emotions of the time,  
To spirits cradled in a sunny clime :—  
How many meet, who never yet have met,  
To part too soon, but never to forget.  
How many saw the beauty, power, and wit,  
Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet ;  
But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,  
As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,  
And unprophetic of the coming hours,  
The matin winds from the expanded flowers  
Seatter their hoarded incense, and awaken  
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken  
From every living heart which it possesses,  
Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,  
As if the future and the past were all  
Treasured i' the instant ;—so Gherardi's hall  
Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival,  
Till some one asked—“ Where is the Bride ?” And then  
A bride's-maid went,—and ere she came again  
A silence fell upon the guests—a pause  
Of expectation, as when beauty awes  
All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld,  
Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled ;—  
For whispers passed from mouth to ear, which drew  
The colour from the hearer's cheeks, and flew  
Louder and swifter round the company ;  
And then Gherardi entered with an eye  
Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd  
Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead! if it be death  
 To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath.  
 The marriage feast and its solemnity  
 Was turned to funeral pomp; the company  
 With heavy hearts and looks, broke up; and they  
 Who loved the dead, went weeping on their way!

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TO A POET'S INFANT CHILD.

THERE are, who will thine infant grace  
 Thy proudest dowry deem;  
 There are, will look upon thy face  
 And moralizing dream,  
 As of another atom piled,—  
 Or wave launched on the sea;  
 Away!—thou 'rt a *peculiar* child  
 To many and to me.

It is not for thine eye so clear,  
 Nor even thy beauteous brow,  
 Sweet infant, that I hold thee dear;  
 For many, fair as thou,  
 Have I beheld in stately bower,  
 Perchance in lowly cot,—  
 Not theirs a soul-retaining power;  
 I saw them, and forgot.

Bright nursling of a Poet's love,  
 To thee by birth belong  
 The Delphic shrine, the laurel grove,  
 The heritage of song;—

So rich art thou in natural grace,  
 So fair that home of thine,  
 Thou seemest of the fabled race,  
 Half earthly,—half divine!

Thou art not reared in low-born care,  
 'Mid things of sordid mould;  
 All glorious shapes, and visions rare,  
 Thine opening life unfold;—  
 The garlands for thy cradle culled,  
 To fairy-land belong,—  
 And the strains by which thy sleep is lulled,  
 To the demi-gods of song!

Then hallowed thus,—thus raised from earth,  
 Thou art no common child!  
 Let others vaunt of lordly birth,  
 By pompous phrase beguiled;  
 And others, of the sword and vest  
 Derived from warrior sire,—  
 Thine, boy, shall be a nobler crest,—  
 Thy father's Wreath and Lyre!

*Literary Souvenir.*

M. J. J.

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STANZAS.

THE dark weed looks over our desolate home,  
 Like a death-pall where honour is closed in the tomb;  
 And it seems as it whispered in sighs to the air,  
 All the tale of the woes that have planted it there!

The chill drop that falls from its cold clammy wreath,  
 How deep hath it worn in the stone underneath!  
 So the one ceaseless thought which these ruins impart  
 With the chill of despair hath sunk deep in the heart!

## OUR LADY'S WELL.\*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

FOUNT of the woods! thou art hid no more  
From heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore!  
For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,  
And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls;  
And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,  
As the boughs are swayed o'er thy silvery glass;  
And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,  
When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone;  
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain —  
Bright fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the vale! thou art sought no more  
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,  
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,  
And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.  
There is heard no Ave through thy bowers,  
Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water-flowers!  
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,  
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,  
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain —  
Bright fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the Virgin's ruined shrine!  
A voice that speaks of the past is thine!  
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh,  
With the notes that ring through the laughing sky;  
'Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,  
And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard!  
—Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,  
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?  
—"Tis that all on earth is of Time's domain —  
He hath made thee nature's own again!

\* A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin; and, according to Penant, much the resort of pilgrims.



Fount of the chapel with ages grey!  
 Thou art springing freshly amidst decay!  
 Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,  
 And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now!  
 Yet if at thine altar one holy thought  
 In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought;  
 If peace to the mourner hath here been given,  
 Or prayer, from a chastened heart, to Heaven,  
 Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall reign,  
 Who hath made thee nature's own again!

*New Monthly Magazine.*

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THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THEY lighted a taper at dead of night,  
 And chaunted their holiest hymn;  
 But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright—  
 Her eye was all sleepless and dim!  
 And the Lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,  
 When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,  
 When her curtain had shook of its own accord,  
 And the raven had flapped at her window-board,  
 To tell of her warrior's doom!

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray  
 For the soul of my knight so dear;  
 And call me a widow this wretched day,  
 Since the warning of God is here;  
 For nightmare rides on my strangled sleep:  
 The lord of my bosom is doomed to die;  
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep;  
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep  
 For Wallace of Elderslie!

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,  
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,  
That a trumpet of death on an English tower  
Had the dirge of her champion sung !  
When his dungeon-light looked dim and red  
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,  
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed ;  
No weeping there was when his bosom bled—  
And his heart was rent in twain !

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear  
Was true to that knight forlorn,  
And hosts of a thousand were scattered like deer,  
At the blast of the hunter's horn ;  
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field,  
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land ;  
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield—  
And the sword that seemed fit for archangel to wield  
Was light in his terrible hand !

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight  
For his long-loved country die,  
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight  
Than William of Elderslie !  
But the day of his glory shall never depart ;  
His head, unentombed, shall with glory be palmed ;  
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start ;  
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,  
A nobler was never embalmed !

ANNA'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

I wish I was where Anna lies,  
For I am sick of lingering here ;  
And every hour affection cries,  
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could ! for when she died  
I lost my all ; and life has proved  
Since that sad hour a dreary void,  
A waste unlovely, and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,  
Shall duly to her grave repair,  
And pluck the ragged moss away,  
And weeds that have no business there ?

And who with pious hands shall bring  
The flowers she cherished, snow-drops cold,  
And violets that unheeded spring,  
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould ?

And who, while memory loves to dwell  
Upon her name for ever dear,  
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,  
And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

*I did it ;* and would fate allow,  
Would visit still, would still deplore —  
But health and strength have left me now,  
And I, alas ! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid ! this simple strain,  
The last I offer at thy shrine ;  
Thy grave must then undecked remain,  
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft, persuasive look,  
 Thy voice that might with music vie,  
 Thy air, that every gazer took,  
 Thy matchless eloquence of eye ;

Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,  
 Thy courage, by no ills dismayed,  
 Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued,  
 Thy gay good-humour—can they fade ?

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye :  
 Cold turf, which I no more must view,  
 Dear name, which I no more must sigh,  
 A long, a last, a sad adieu !

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### AN EVENING SKETCH.

BY D. M. MOIR.

THE songsters of the groves have ceased their song,  
 All, save the blackcap, that, amid the boughs  
 Of yonder ash tree, from his mellow throat,  
 In adoration of the setting sun,  
 Chaunts forth his evening hymn.—'Tis twilight now ;  
 The sovereign sun behind his western hills  
 In glory hath declined. The mighty clouds,  
 Kissed by his warm effulgence, hang around  
 In all their congregated hues of pride,  
 Like pillars of some tabernacle grand,  
 Worthy his glowing presence ; while the sky  
 Illumined to its centre, glows intense,  
 Changing its sapphire majesty to gold.  
 How deep is the tranquillity ! the trees  
 Are slumbering through their multitude of boughs ;  
 Even to the leaflet on the frailest twig !

A twilight-gloom pervades the distant hills,—  
An azure softness mingling with the sky.  
The fisher now drags to the yellow shore  
His laden nets; and, in the sheltering cove,  
Beyond yon rocky point, his shallop moors,  
To tempt again the perilous deep at dawn.—  
The sea is waveless as a lake ingulfed  
'Mid sheltering hills; without a ripple spreads  
Its bosom, silent and immense;—the hues  
Of flickering day have from its surface died,  
Leaving it garbed in sunless majesty.  
With bosoming branches, round yon village hangs  
Its row of lofty elm trees; silently,  
Towering in spiral wreaths to the soft sky,  
The smoke from many a cheerful hearth ascends,  
Melting in ether.—As I gaze, behold  
The evening star illumines the blue south,  
Twinkling in loveliness. O, holy star!  
Thou bright dispenser of the twilight dews,  
Thou herald of night's glowing galaxy,  
And harbinger of social bliss! how oft,  
Amid the twilight of departed years,  
Resting beside the river's mirror pure,  
On trunk of massy oak, with eyes upturned  
To thee in admiration, have I sat,  
Dreaming sweet dreams, till earth-born turbulence  
Was all forgot; and thinking that in thee,  
Far from the rudeness of this jarring world,  
There might be realms of quiet happiness!

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## INVOCATION TO THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

BY JAMES HOGG.

No Muse was ever invoked by me,  
But a harp uncouth of olden key ;  
And with her have I ranged the border green,  
The Grampians stern, and the starry sheen ;  
With my grey plaid flapping around the strings,  
And my ragged coat with its waving wings.  
But aye, my heart beat quick and high,  
When an air of heaven in passing by  
Breathed on the mellow chords, and then  
I knew it was no earthly strain ;  
But a rapt note borne upon the wind  
From some blest land of unbodied kind ;  
But whence it flew, or whether it came  
From the sounding rock, or the solar beam,  
Or the seraph choir, as passing away  
O'er the bridge of the sky in the showery day,  
When the cloudy curtain pervaded the east,  
And the sunbeam kissed its watery breast ;  
In vain I looked to the cloud over head ;  
To the echoing mountain, dark and dread ;  
To the sun-fawn fleet, and aërial bow ;  
I knew not whence were the strains till now.

They were from thee, thou radiant dame,  
O'er Fancy's region that reign'st supreme !  
Thou lovely thing of beauty so bright,  
Of everlasting new delight ;  
Of foible, of freak, of gambol and glee ;  
    Of all that teases,  
    And all that pleases,  
All that we fret at, yet love to see.  
In petulance, pity, and passion refined,  
Thou emblem extreme of the female mind !

Thou seest thyself, and smil'st to see  
 A shepherd kneel on his sward to thee ;  
 But sure thou wilt come, with thy tuneful train,  
 To assist in his last and lingering strain.  
 O come from thy halls of the emerald bright,  
 Thy bowers of the green and the mellow light,  
 That shrink from the blaze of the summer noon,  
 And ope to the light of the modest moon ;  
 I long to hail the enchanting mien  
 Of my loved Muse, my Fairy Queen,  
 Her rokelay of green with its sparry hue,  
 Its warp of the moonbeam and weft of the dew ;  
 The smile where a thousand witcheries play,  
 And the eye that steals the soul away ;  
 The strains that tell they were never mundane,  
 And the bells of her palfrey's flowing mane ;  
 Ere now have I heard their tinklings light,  
 And seen my Queen at the noon of the night  
 Pass by with her train in the still moonlight.

Then she, who raised old Edmund's lay  
 Above the strains of the olden day ;  
 And waked the Bard of Avon's theme  
 To the visions of a midnight dream ;  
 And even the harp that rang abroad  
 O'er all the paradise of God,  
 And the sons of the morning with it drew,  
 By her was remodelled and strung anew.  
 Come thou to my bower deep in the dell,—  
 Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven and hell,—  
 That land of a thousand gilded domes,  
 The richest region that Fancy roams !

I have sought for thee in the blue harebell,  
 And deep in the foxglove's silken cell,  
 For I feared thou hadst drank of its potion deep,  
 And the breeze of this world had rocked thee asleep.  
 Then into the wild-rose I cast mine eye,  
 And trembled because the prickles were nigh,

And deemed the specks on the foliage green  
Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen ;  
Then gazing, wondered if blood could be  
In an immortal thing like thee !  
I have opened the woodbine's velvet vest,  
And sought in the lily's snowy breast ;  
At gloaming, lain on the dewy lea  
And looked to a twinkling star for thee,  
That nightly mounted the orient sheen,  
Streaming with purple, and glowing with green,  
And thought, as I eyed its changing sphere,  
My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.

Then would I sigh and turn me around,  
And lay my ear to the hollow ground,  
To the little air-springs of central birth,  
That bring low murmurs out of the earth ;  
And there would I listen in breathless way,  
Till I heard the worm creep through the clay,  
And the mole deep grubbing in darkness drear,  
That little blackamoor pioneer :  
Nought cheered me, on which the daylight shone,  
For the children of darkness moved alone ;  
Yet neither in field nor on flowery heath,  
In heaven above nor on earth beneath,  
In star, nor moon, nor midnight wind,  
His elvish Queen could her Minstrel find.

But now I have found thee, thou vagrant thing !  
Though where I may neither say nor sing ;  
But it was in a home so passing fair,  
That an angel of light might have lingered there ;  
It was in a place never wet by the dew,  
Where the sun never shone, and the wind never blew,  
Where the ruddy cheek of youth ne'er lay,  
And never was kissed by the breeze of day ;  
As sweet as the woodland airs of even,  
And pure as the star of the western heaven ;



As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,  
And soft as the down of the solan's breast.

Yes, now have I found thee, and thee will I keep,  
Though spirits yell on the midnight steep,  
Though the earth should quake when nature is still,  
And the thunders growl in the breast of the hill ;  
Though the moon should scowl through her pall of gray,  
And the stars fling blood on the Milky Way ;  
Since now I have found thee, I'll hold thee fast  
Till thou garnish my song,—it is the last :  
Then a maiden's gift that song shall be,  
And I'll call it a Queen for the sake of thee.

*Literary Souvenir.*

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## THE NORTH-WESTER.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

They were the first  
That ever burst  
Into that silent sea !

COLERIDGE.

'MID shouts that hailed her from the shore  
And bade her speed, the bark is gone,  
The dreary ocean to explore  
Whose waters sweep the frigid zoné ;—  
And bounding on before the gale,  
To bright eyes shining through their tears,  
'Twixt sea and sky, her snowy sail  
A lessening speck appears.

Behold her next, 'mid icy isles,  
Lone wending on her cheerless way ;

'Neath skies where summer scarcely smiles,  
 Whose light seems but the shade of day.  
 But while the waves she wanders o'er,  
 Around her form they sink to sleep;  
 The pulse of nature throbs no more—  
 She's chained within the deep!

Then Hope for ever took her flight;  
 Each face, as monumental stone,  
 Grew ghastly, in the fading light  
 In which their latest sun went down;  
 And ere its disk to darkness past,  
 And closed their unreturning day,  
 The seaman sought the dizzy mast  
 To catch its latest ray.

All other secrets of their fate  
 From darkness would the Muse redeem;  
 Unheard-of horrors to relate,  
 Which fancy scarce may dare to dream.  
 Thus much we only know—they died;  
 All else oblivion deeply veils,  
 And charnels of the waters wide,  
 That tell no babbling tales.

For them were wishes, longings, fears,  
 The sleepless night and ceaseless prayer,  
 Hope gleaming, rainbow-like, through tears,  
 And doubt that darkened to despair!  
 Suns, seasons, as they roll away,  
 No light upon the lost can shed,  
 Their tale a secret till the day  
 When seas give up their dead.

*Literary Souvenir.*

## ABJURATION.

BY MISS BOWLES.

THERE was a time—sweet time of youthful folly!—  
Fantastic woes I courted, feigned distress;  
Wooing the veiled phantom, Melancholy,  
With passion born, like Love, “in idleness.”

And like a lover, like a jealous lover,  
I hid mine idol with a miser’s art,  
(Lest vulgar eyes her sweetness should discover),  
Close in the inmost chambers of mine heart.

And there I sought her—oft in secret sought her,  
From merry mates withdrawn, and mirthful play,  
To wear away, by some deep stilly water,  
In greenwood lone, the livelong summer day,

Watching the flitting clouds, the fading flowers,  
The flying rack athwart the wavy grass;  
And murmuring oft, “Alack! this life of ours—  
Such are its joys—so swiftly doth it pass!”

And then, mine idle tears (ah, silly maiden!)  
Bedropt the liquid glass, like summer rain;—  
And sighs, as from a bosom sorrow-laden,  
Heaved the light heart, that knew no real pain.

And then, I loved to haunt lone burial-places,  
Pacing the church-yard earth with noiseless tread;—  
To pore in new-made graves for ghastly traces,  
Brown crumbling bones of the forgotten dead:

To think of passing bells—of death and dying—  
Methought ’t were sweet in early youth to die,  
So loved, lamented—in such sweet sleep lying,  
The white shroud all with flowers and rosemary

Strewed o'er by loving hands!—But then 't would grieve me  
 Too sore, forsooth! the scene my fancy drew;—  
 I could not bear the thought, to die and leave ye;  
 And I have lived, dear friends! to weep for you.

And I have lived to *prove* that fading flowers  
 Are life's best joys, and all we love and prize—  
 What chilling rains succeed the summer showers,  
 What bitter drops, wrung slow from elder eyes.

And I have lived to look on Death and dying,  
 To count the sinking pulse—the shortening breath,—  
 To watch the last faint life-streak flying—flying,—  
 To stoop—to start—to be alone with—Death.

And I have lived to wear the smile of gladness,  
 When all within was cheerless, dark, and cold—  
 When all earth's joys seemed mockery and madness,  
 And life more tedious than “a tale twice told.”

And now—and now, pale pining Melancholy!  
 No longer veiled for me your haggard brow  
 In pensive sweetness—such as youthful folly  
 Fondly conceited—I abjure ye now!

Away—avaunt! No longer now I call ye  
 “Divinest Melancholy! mild, meek maid!”  
 No longer may your siren spells enthral me,  
 A willing captive in your baleful shade.

Give me the voice of mirth, the sound of laughter—  
 The sparkling glance of Pleasure's roving eye.  
 The past *is* past.—Avaunt, thou dark Hereafter!  
 “Come, cat and drink—to-morrow we must die!”

So, in his desperate mood, the fool hath spoken—  
 The fool whose heart hath said, “there is no God.”  
 But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,  
 There 's balm in Gilcad yet. The very rod,

If we but kiss it, as the stroke descendeth,  
 Distilleth balm to allay the inflicted smart,  
 And "Peace that passeth understanding," blendeth  
 With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation —  
 No longer feigned distress—fantastic woe,—  
 I know my griefs,—but then my consolation—  
 My trust, and my immortal hopes I know.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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ON PARTING WITH MY BOOKS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Ye dear companions of my silent hours,  
 Whose pages oft before my eyes would strew  
 So many sweet and variegated flowers —  
 Dear Books, awhile, perhaps for aye, adieu!  
 The dark cloud of misfortune o'er me lours:  
 No more by winter's fire—in summer's bowers,  
 My toil-worn mind shall be refreshed by you:  
 We part! sad thought! and while the damp devours  
 Your leaves, and the worm slowly eats them through,  
 Dull Poverty and its attendant ills,  
 Wasting of health, vain toil, corroding care,  
 And the world's cold neglect, which surest kills,  
 Must be my bitter doom; yet I shall bear  
 Unmurmuring, for my good perchance these evils are.

*Literary Examiner.*

## THE CAPTIVE.

WAKE not the waters with thine oar,  
My gentle gondolier!  
The whispers of the wave and shore  
Still linger on my ear.  
Lonely the night, and dark its sleep,  
And few the stars that glow  
Within the mirror of the deep  
That lies outspread below.

But fix the mast, the sail unfurl,  
My gentle gondolier!  
The wind is soft—the calm waves curl—  
The sentry cannot hear.  
And in this light, our little sail  
May well escape his ken;  
And we shall meet, ere dawning pale,  
Our long-lost countrymen.

Long years the iron manacle,  
My gentle gondolier!  
Hath worn these limbs in death-damp ccell,  
Till they are stiff and sere.  
Yet little heed I strengthless limb,  
Or think of anguish past,  
So we escape while night is dim,  
And heaven is overcast.

“Hark! ’t is the wakeful sentry’s call!”  
Nay, nay, my gondolier!  
We ’re far from castle-moat and wall—  
The sentry cannot hear.  
’T is but the plunging sea-dog’s feat,  
Or wild bird on the cliff;—  
And lo! the wind is in our sheet,  
More swiftly sails our skiff.

More swiftly, and more swiftly yet,  
 My gentle gondolier!  
 The gale is fresh—our sail is set—  
 And morn will soon be here.  
 Oh! ne'er did Hope so ardently  
 In human heart expand,  
 As mine, to see thee ere I die,  
 My own—my own loved land!

*Literary Magnet.*

C. D. M.

### WOMAN'S PRAYER.

SHE bowed her head before the throne  
 Of heaven's eternal King;  
 The sun upon her forehead shone,  
 Like some communing thing;  
 In meekness and in love she stood,  
 Pale, lonely in her care;  
 But pure and strong is womanhood  
 In faithfulness and prayer.

The people of her father's land  
 Had left their fathers' path,  
 And God had raised his threat'ning hand  
 Against them in his wrath:  
 Her voice arose with theirs—the few,  
 Who still were faithful there;  
 And peace was given, and healing dew,  
 To woman's voice of prayer.

The king sat in his purple state  
 Apart, dominion-robed;  
 But there was darkness in his fate,  
 His sickening heart was probed;

And priest and peer their vows preferred  
 With quick and courtier care,  
 But whose on high was soonest heard?  
 Lone woman's trembling prayer!

Wild war was raging—proudly rose  
 The chieftains of the realm;  
 And thousands met their country's foes,  
 With spear and crested helm;  
 And thousands fell—and wrathful men  
 Raged in their mad despair;  
 What heard the God of battles then?  
 Meek woman's secret prayer!

O strong is woman in the power  
 Of loveliness and youth;  
 And rich in her heart's sacred dower  
 Of strong, unchanging truth:  
 But who may tell her spirit's might  
 Above what strength may dare,  
 When in life's troubles and its night,  
 Her heart is bowed in prayer!

*Literary Chronicle.*

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DIRGE.

SWEET be thy slumbers, child of woe!  
 At the yew-tree's foot, by the fountain's flow!—  
 May the firstling primrose blow,  
 Pallid snow-drop bloom;  
 And the blue-eyed violet grow,  
 By thy lonely tomb!

Duly there, at close of day,  
 Let woman's tears bedew the clay!  
 There let wren and ruddock stray,  
 And dark ivy creep—  
 Mixed with fern and mosses grey,  
 O'er thy last long sleep!

C. D. M.



THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

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

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

I saw him next alone ;—nor camp,  
Nor chief his steps attended,  
Nor banners blaze, nor coursers' tramp,  
With war-cries proudly blended :—  
He stood alone, whom Fortune high  
So lately seemed to deify,  
He, who with Heaven contended,  
Fled, like a fugitive and slave ;  
Behind, the foe,—before, the wave !

He stood,—fleet, army, treasure gone,  
Alone, and in despair !  
While wave and wind swept ruthless on,  
For *they* were monarchs there ;

And XERXES in a single bark,  
 Where late his thousand ships were dark,  
 Must all their fury dare ;—  
*Thy* glorious revenge was this,  
*Thy* trophy, deathless SALAMIS !

M. J. J.

## STANZAS.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

SLUMBER lie soft on thy beautiful eye !  
 Spirits whose smiles are—like thine—of the sky,  
 Play thee to sleep with their visionless strings,  
 Brighter than thou—*but* because they have wings !  
 —Fair as a being of heavenly birth,  
 But loving and loved as a child of the earth !

Why is that tear? Art thou gone, in thy dream,  
 To the valley far off, and the moon-lighted stream,  
 Where the sighing of flowers, and the nightingale's song,  
 Flung sweets on the wave, as it wanders along ?  
 Blest be the dreams that restores them to *thee*,  
 But *thou* art the bird and the roses to me !

And now, as I watch o'er thy slumbers, alone,  
 And hear thy low breathing, and *know* thee mine own,  
 And muse on the wishes that grew in that vale,  
 And the fancies we shaped from the river's low tale,  
 I blame not the fate that has taken the rest,  
 While it left to my bosom its dearest and best.

Slumber lie soft on thy beautiful eye !  
 Love be a rainbow to brighten thy sky !  
 Oh ! not for sunshine and hope would I part  
 With the shade time has flung over all—*but thy heart !*  
 Still art thou all which thou wert when a child,  
 Only more holy—and only less wild !

*Friendship's Offering.*

## TO AN EAGLE.

BY J. PERCIVAL.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,  
Thy home is high in heaven,  
Where wide the storms their banners fling,  
And the tempest-clouds are driven !  
Thy throne is on the mountain top,  
Thy fields, the boundless air ;  
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest, like a thing of light,  
Amid the noontide blaze :  
The midway sun is clear and bright —  
It cannot dim thy gaze.  
Thy pinions to the rushing blast  
O'er the bursting billow spread,  
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,  
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,  
And the waves are white below,  
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,  
They rush in an endless flow.  
Again, thou hast plumed thy wing for flight  
To lands beyond the sea,  
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,  
Art hurrying wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,  
And thou leavest them all behind ;  
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,  
Fleet as the tempest wind.  
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark,  
With a shrill and a boding scream,  
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,  
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,  
In thy imperial name,  
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare  
The dangerous path of fame.  
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings  
The Roman legions bore,  
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,  
Their pride to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,  
And their oath was on thee laid ;  
To thee the clarions raised their swell,  
And the dying warrior prayed.  
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,  
The image of pride and power,  
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years  
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,  
And the nations shook with dread ;  
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame,  
And piled with the mingled dead.  
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,  
With the low and crouching slave ;  
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,  
The coward and the brave !

And where was then thy fearless flight ?—  
“ O'er the dark mysterious sea,  
To the lands that caught the setting light,  
The cradle of Liberty.  
There, on the silent and lonely shore,  
For ages, I watched alone,  
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more,  
Where the glorious bird had flown.

“ But then came a bold and hardy few,  
And they breasted the unknown wave ;  
I caught afar the wandering crew,  
And I knew they were high and brave.

I wheeled around the welcome bark,  
 As it sought the desolate shore ;  
 And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,  
 My quivering pinions bore.

“ And now, that bold and hardy few  
 Are a nation wide and strong,  
 And danger and doubt I have led them through,  
 And they worship me in song ;  
 And over their bright and glancing arms,  
 On field, and lake, and sea,  
 With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,  
 I guide them to victory !”

*Atlantic Souvenir.*

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#### THE LOST STAR.

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

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

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

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

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

*Literary Souvenir.*

L. E. L.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER TO DIANA.

SINCE thou and the stars, my dear goddess, decree,  
That, old maid as I am, an old maid I must be,  
Oh! hear the petition I offer to thee,  
    For to bear it must be my endeavour;  
From the grief of my friendships, all dropping around,  
Till not one whom I loved in my youth can be found,  
From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,  
    Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the scorn of the young, or the flouts of the gay,  
From all the trite ridicule tattled away  
By the pert ones who know nothing better to say,  
    (Or a spirit to laugh at them give her);  
From repining at fancied neglected desert,  
Or vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,  
From finical niceness, or slatternly dirt,  
    Diana, thy servant deliver!

From over-solicitous guarding of pelf,  
From humour unchecked, that most pestilent elf,  
From every unsocial attention to self,  
    Or ridiculous whim whatsoever;  
From the vapourish freaks or methodical airs,  
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,  
From impertinent meddling in others' affairs,  
    Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the erring attachments of desolate souls,  
From the love of spadille and of matadore boles,  
Or of lapdogs, and parrots, and monkeys, and owls,  
    Be they ne'er so uncommon and clever;  
But chief from the love of all loveliness flown,  
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down,  
On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,  
    Diana, thy servant deliver!

From spleen at beholding the young more caressed,  
 From pettish asperity, tartly expressed,  
 From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,  
     From all, thy true servant deliver ;  
 Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot.  
 Let her sing, if at ease, and be patient if not ;  
 Be pleased when regarded, content when forgot,  
     Till fate her slight thread shall dissever !

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STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE REV. T. DALE.

O breathe no more that simple air,—  
 Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,  
 To me the only tale they tell  
     Is cold despair !  
 I heard it once from lips as fair,  
 I heard it in as sweet a tone,—  
 Now I am left on earth alone,  
     And she is—where ?

How have those well-known sounds renewed  
 The dreams of earlier, happier hours,  
 When life—a desert now—was strewed  
     With fairy flowers !—  
 Then all was bright, and fond, and fair,—  
 Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,  
 And heart and hope are with the dead,  
     For she is—where ?

Can I then love the air she loved ?  
 Can I then hear the melting strain  
 Which brings her to my soul again,  
     Calm and unmoved ?—  
 And thou to blame my tears forbear ;  
 For while I list, sweet maid ! to thee,  
 Remembrance whispers, “ such was she,”  
     And she is—where ?



## STANZAS.

Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest.

So prayed the Psalmist, to be free  
From mortal bonds and earthly thrall;  
And such, or soon or late, shall be  
Full oft the heart-breathed prayer of all;  
And we, when life's last sands we rove,  
With faltering foot and aching breast,  
Shall sigh for wings that waft the dove,  
To flee away and be at rest.

While hearts are young and hopes are high,  
A fairy scene doth life appear;  
Its sights are beauty to the eye,  
Its sounds are music to the ear;  
But soon it glides from youth to age,  
And of its joys no more possessed,  
We, like the captive of the cage,  
Would flee away and be at rest.

Is ours fair woman's angel smile,  
All bright and beautiful as day?  
So of her cheek and eye the while,  
Time steals the rose and dims the ray;  
She wanders to the spirit's land,  
And we, with speechless grief oppressed,  
As o'er the faded form we stand,  
Would gladly share her place of rest.

Beyond the hills—beyond the sea,—  
Oh! for the pinions of a dove;  
Oh! for the morning's wings to flee  
Away, and be with them we love:—  
When all is fled that's bright and fair,  
And life is but a wintry waste,  
This—this at last must be our prayer:—  
To flee away and be at rest!

*Literary Magnet.*

## YOUTH AND AGE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
Where HOPE chung feeding like a bee—  
Both were mine! LIFE went a maying  
With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,  
When I was young!

*When I was young!* ah, woeful *when!*  
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!  
This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body, that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er æry cliffs and glittering sands  
How lightly then it flashed along!  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide;  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide!  
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,  
When YOUTH and I lived in't together!

Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,  
Friendship is a sheltering tree,—  
O the joys, that came down shower-like,  
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,  
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? ah, mournful *ere*,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
'T is known that thou and I were one—  
I'll think it but a fond conceit;  
It cannot be that thou art gone!  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled;  
And thou wert aye a masker bold:  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe that thou art gone?

I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this altered size ;  
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
Life is but thought ! so think I will,  
That Youth and I are house-mates still !

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## A SKETCH.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I saw her in the morn of life—the summer of her years,  
Ere time had stole a charm away, or dimmed her smile with tears ;  
The blush of morn was on her cheek—the tender light of even  
Came mellowed from her azure eye, whose sphere reflected  
heaven.

I saw her once again, and still her form was young and fair,  
But blight was with her beauty blent—its silent trace was there ;  
Her cheek had lost its glowing tint—her eye its brightest ray,  
The change was o'er her charms, which says, the flower must fade  
away.

Oh, then her tender bloom might seem the shadow of the rose,  
Or dying gleam of sunset-skies, scarce tinging stainless snows ;  
And clustering round her brow serene her golden tresses lay,  
As sunbright clouds on summer lakes are hung at close of day.

Yet—yet once more I saw her face, and then she seemed to sleep  
In bright and beautiful repose,—but, ah ! too still and deep—  
Far, far too deep for lovely dreams, for youthful eyes too long,  
O'er which the morn may vainly break with all her light and  
song !

*Literary Magnet.*

## POESY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

SPIRIT of elder Time! immortal Song!—  
The high and the inspired have told thy worth;  
Thou shedd'st around us, like the night's bright throng,  
A ray of softness, gracefulness, and mirth:  
Thou art, and hast been, from thine earliest birth,  
A charm with man's affections intertwined;—  
A beauty and a glory upon earth;—  
A power and a creation of the mind,  
Which is itself divine—mysterious—undefined!

With the young minstrel, in his visioned moods,  
Thou art a 'visible presence;'—thy decree  
Throngs with majestic forms his solitudes;  
His feelings—thoughts—receive their life from thee:  
Spirit of Song! the melancholy sea  
Gives up its ancient secrets to thy hand;—  
Thou speak'st the language of eternity:  
Histories of long-lost years at thy command  
Sound on the thousand tongues and echoes of the land!

Thou sing'st the sweetness of the moon's first hour,  
When to the founts her loveliest tints are given;  
Thou sing'st of love—in court, in hall, or bower;  
Of those who with hard fate have nobly striven;  
Thou sing'st of war—of helms and corslets riven,  
Of the dread grandeur of the battle-field;  
Where flees the foe, by horse and horseman driven,  
Flash the sharp brands the victors madly wield,  
Red in the blood of all—that strive or basely yield.

Spirit of Verse! in deepest reverence  
I bow before thine ever-glorious shrine;  
Thee I have loved with passion most intense;  
And though I feel thy meeds can ne'er be mine,

Yet may I pour one low and gentle line,  
 A breath of song : I know it to be vain,  
 This cherished wish, a living wreath to twine ;  
 'T is not for me such honour to attain —  
 Some few may list, perhaps, and not condemn my strain.

*Literary Magnet.*

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TIME'S CHANGES.

I saw her once — so freshly fair,  
 That, like a blossom just unfolding,  
 She opened to life's cloudless air,  
 And Nature joyed to view its moulding :  
 Her smile, it haunts my memory yet —  
 Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing —  
 Her rosebud mouth — her eyes of jet —  
 Around on all their light bestowing :  
 Oh ! who could look on such a form,  
 So nobly free, so softly tender,  
 And darkly dream that earthly storm  
 Should dim such sweet, delicious splendour !  
 For in her mien, and in her face,  
 And in her young step's fairy lightness,  
 Nought could the 'raptured gazer trace  
 But beauty's glow, and pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice — an altered charm —  
 But still of magic richest, rarest,  
 Than girlhood's talisman less warm,  
 Though yet of earthly sights the fairest :  
 Close to her breast she held a child,  
 The very image of its mother ;  
 Which ever to her smiling smiled,  
 They seemed to live but in each other : —  
 But matron cares, or lurking woe,  
 Her thoughtless, sinless looks had banished,  
 And from her cheek the roseate glow  
 Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished ;

Within her eyes, upon her brow,  
 Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,  
 As if in dreams some visioned woe  
 Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree  
 In widow's garments had arrayed her  
 Yet beautiful she seemed to be  
 As even my reveries portrayed her :  
 The glow, the glance had passed away,  
 The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter ;  
 Still, though I noted pale decay,  
 The retrospect was scarcely bitter ;  
 For, in their place a calmness dwelt,  
 Serene, subduing, soothing, holy ;  
 In feeling which, the bosom felt  
 That every louder mirth is folly—  
 A pensiveness—which is not grief,  
 A stillness—as of sunset streaming—  
 A fairy glow on flower and leaf,  
 Till earth looks like a landscape, dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,  
 Beyond life's dim, uncertain river,  
 A glorious mould of fading clay,  
 From whence the spark had fled for ever !  
 I gazed—my heart was like to burst—  
 And, as I thought of years departed,  
 The years wherein I saw her first,  
 When she, a girl, was lightsome-hearted ;—  
 And, when I mused on later days,  
 As moved she in her matron duty,  
 A happy mother, in the blaze  
 Of ripened hope, and sunny beauty,—  
 I felt the chill—I turned aside—  
 Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,  
 And Being seemed a troubled tide,  
 Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me !

## A LUCID INTERVAL.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

OH! light is pleasant to the eye,  
And health comes rustling on the gale,  
Clouds are careering through the sky,  
Whose shadows mock them down the dale ;  
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems  
As I have met her in my dreams.

For I have been a prisoner long,  
In gloom and loneliness of mind,  
Deaf to the melody of song,  
To every form of beauty blind ;  
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,  
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

But now the blood, the blood returns  
With rapturous pulses through my veins ;  
My heart, new-born within me, burns,  
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains,  
Rekindled at the sun, my sight  
Tracks to the point an eagle's flight.

I long to climb those old grey rocks,  
Glide with yon river to the deep ;  
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,  
Free as the roe-buck, run and leap ;  
Then mount the lark's victorious wing,  
And from the depth of ether sing.

O earth! in maiden innocence,  
Too early fled thy golden time ;  
O earth! earth! earth! for man's offence,  
Doomed to dishonour in thy prime !  
Of how much glory then bereft !  
Yet, what a world of bliss was left !

The thorn—harsh emblem of the curse—  
Puts forth a paradise of flowers ;

Labour, man's punishment, is nurse  
 To haleyon joys at sunset hours :  
 Plague, famine, earthquake, want, disease,  
 Give birth to holiest charities.

And death himself, with all the woes  
 That hasten, yet prolong his stroke,—  
 Death brings with every pang repose,  
 With every sigh he solves a yoke ;  
 Yea, his cold sweats and moaning strife  
 Wring out the bitterness of life !

Life, life ! with all its burthens dear !  
 Friendship is sweet,—love sweeter still !  
 Who would forego a smile, a tear,  
 One generous hope, one chastening ill !  
 Home, kindred, country !—these are ties  
 Might keep an angel from the skies !

But these have angels never known,  
 Unvexed felicity their lot ;  
 Their sea of glass before the throne,  
 Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not :  
 Our tides, beneath the charming moon,  
 Are soon appeased,—are troubled soon.

Well, I will bear what all have borne,  
 Live my few years, and fill my place ;  
 O'er old and young affections mourn,  
 Rent one by one from my embrace,  
 Till suffering ends, and I have done  
 With all delights beneath the sun !

Whence came I ?—Memory cannot say ;  
 What am I ?—Knowledge will not show ;  
 Bound whither ?—Ah ! away, away,  
 Far as eternity can go :—  
 Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,  
 O God ! Thyself mine helper be !

*Prose. By a Poet.*



## TYRE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

IN thought, I saw the palace domes of Tyre ;  
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise ;  
All her proud people in their brave attire,  
Thronging her streets for sport or sacrifice.  
I saw the precious stones and spiceries ;  
The singing girl with flower-wreathed instrument ;  
And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's price.  
Forth from all lands all nations to her went,  
And kings to her on embassy were sent.  
I saw, with gilded prow and silken sail,  
Her ships that of the sea had government :  
Oh gallant ships ! 'gainst you what might prevail !  
She stood upon her rock, and in her pride  
Of strength and beauty, waste and woe defied.

I looked again — I saw a lonely shore,  
A rock amid the waters, and a waste  
Of matchless sand : — I heard the black seas roar,  
And winds that rose and fell with gusty haste.  
There was one scathed tree, by storm defaced,  
Round which the sea-birds wheeled with screaming cry.  
Ere long came on a traveller, slowly paced ;  
Now east, then west, he turned with curious eye,  
Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.  
Awhile he looked upon the sea, and then  
Upon a book, as if it might supply  
The things he lacked : — he read, and gazed again ;  
Yet, as if unbelief so on him wrought,  
He might not deem this shore the shore he sought.

Again I saw him come : — 't was eventide ; —  
The sun shone on the rock amid the sea ;  
The winds were hushed ; the quiet billows sighed  
With a low swell ; — the birds winged silently  
Their evening flight around the scathed tree :  
The fisher safely put into the bay,  
And pushed his boat ashore ; — then gathered he  
His nets, and hasting up the rocky way,

Spread them to catch the sun's warm evening ray.

I saw that stranger's eye gaze on the scene ;  
 "And this was Tyre !" said he ; "how has decay  
 Within her palaces a despot been !  
 Ruin and silence in his courts are met,  
 And on her city-rock the fisher spreads his net !"

*Literary Souvenir.*

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### CASABIANCA.

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of *L'Orient*, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned ; and the gallant youth perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

THE boy stood on the burning deck  
 Whence all but him had fled ;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.  
 Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm ;  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud though childlike form !

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
 Without his father's word ;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.  
 He called aloud :—"say, father ! say,  
 If yet my task is done ?"  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father !" once again he cried,  
 "If I may yet be gone !  
 And"—but the booming shots replied,  
 And fast the flames rolled on.  
 Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
 And in his waving hair,  
 And looked from that lone post of death  
 In still yet brave despair !

And shouted but once more aloud,  
"My father, must I stay?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way:  
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh! where was he?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea!  
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing which perished there,  
Was that young faithful heart!

*Monthly Magazine.*

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#### THE DROOPING WILLOW.

GREEN willow! over whom the perilous blast  
Is sweeping roughly, thou dost seem to me  
The patient image of humility,  
Waiting in meekness till the storm be passed,  
Assured an hour of peace will come at last:—  
That there will be for thee a calm bright day,  
When the dark clouds are gathered far away.  
How canst thou ever sorrow's emblem be?  
Rather I deem thy slight and fragile form,  
In mild endurance bending gracefully,  
Is like the wounded heart, which, 'mid the storm,  
Looks for the promised time which is to be,  
In pious confidence. Oh! thou should'st wave  
Thy branches o'er the lowly martyr's grave!

L. E. L.

## PUNCH AND JUDY.

I sing of Punch,—and therefore must I sing  
Of feats familiar, yet for ever new ;  
Of merry faces, gathered in a ring,  
The magic, oft admired, again to view ;  
While laughter, like a river from its spring,  
Throws o'er the spirit its refreshing dew ;  
And gushes on with unimpeded course,  
Exhaustless still from an exhaustless source.

What is that shrill, inimitable cry,  
With joyous shouts of idle urchins blended ?  
What that strange curtained box, well poised on high,  
With four long poles, by which its sides are ended ?  
What should it be, but Punch ?—who, passing by,  
Comes, like a conqueror from his wars, attended  
By music, far on London echoes borne,  
Drum, or Pandean pipe, or clanging horn.

Little it matters, where that sound is heard,  
Through this metropolis of Britain's isles ;  
Whether, where thousands are almost interred  
In smoky dens, and seldom sunshine smiles ;  
Or where gay splendour revels :—in a word,  
The parish of St. James, or of St. Giles,  
Starts up alike ; and every being round  
Finds in his heart an echo to that sound.

And sparkling eyes, from door and window greet  
The cavalcade, that moves with merry din,  
Or sudden stops in some gay square or street,  
Or in the learned fields of Lincoln's Inn.  
Behold ! the drama for no ear unmeet,  
Most loved and most repeated, doth begin ;  
For, tell me, when was *Ædipus*—*Othello*—  
The *Cid*—played half so oft as *Punchinello* ?

But who shall paint that drama?—'t would employ  
 Weeks, months, to go through all its operations;—  
 The extreme vicissitudes of grief and joy,  
 Embraces, quarrels, reconciliations—  
 Blows, which, were either mortal, must destroy—  
 Falls, faintings, dyings, revivifications—  
 Descents—and re-appearances—love—strife,  
 And all the strange epitome of life!

'T is done:—that stroke has slain the dame outright:—  
 Now lay her out,—and o'er breathless corse  
 An inquest hold;—while Punch—ah! wretched wight!  
 Weeps with full anguish of too late remorse.  
 But, lo! she wakes—she stirs—and, swift as light,  
 Attacks the mourner with a fury's force:—  
 And how they hug—now fight—now part—now meet—  
 While unextinguished laughter shakes the street!

Hark! how his head is knocked against the floor!  
 Look, how he writhes his body, as in pain!  
 And widowed Judy must, in turn, deplore  
 Her lord,—who, in his turn, shall rise again:  
 And now they roll and tumble o'er and o'er—  
 And now—but gaze thyself—for words are vain:—  
 Punch hast thou seen?—then thou anew wilt see,—  
 If not, life has some pleasure yet for thee.

Oh, Punch! no vulgar mountebank art thou,  
 That splits our ears at holiday or fair;  
 Thou dost not bring a frown upon the brow,  
 By pains inflicted upon dog or bear;  
 Nor stands a theatre in Britain now,  
 Fit the first honours from thy front to tear;  
 Nor gilded dome, nor stately structure, worth  
 Thine unelaborate and itinerant mirth.

With seas and mountains thou hast nought to do,  
 Or simple nature in her savage mood,  
 Or fields, or babbling brooks:—thee none can view  
 'Mid variegated scene of rock and wood;

Nor where the learned pedant doth eschew  
 His fellow men in bookish solitude ;  
 Thou hast not loved the monkish cell, nor played  
 With Amaryllis in the rural shade :

But where the stream of life flows fastest on,  
 Where boils the eddying vortex of the town,  
 There art thou seen ; while ever and anon  
 The pausing porter throws his burthen down ;  
 And even the grave and magisterial don,  
 Some man of high and orthodox renown,  
 Ashamed to stop, unwilling to advance,  
 Casts back a stealthy, longing, lingering glance !

Thou art the child of cities, and art found  
 A wandering orb, with hundred satellites ;—  
 Where streets and congregated men abound,  
 And listless gazers seek whate'er excites  
 Them most ; for no *ennui* dares haunt the ground,  
 Which thou hast charmed from all the gloomier sprites,  
 And, even in London, where thou dost appear,  
 Thou mak'st one carnival throughout the year !

*European Magazine.*

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#### A PERSIAN PRECEPT.

FORGIVE thy foes ;— nor that alone,  
 Their evil deeds with good repay,  
 Fill those with joy who leave thee none,  
 And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow  
 In meek forgiveness to its doom ;  
 And o'er the axe, at every blow,  
 Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

ADDRESS TO LORD BYRON, ON THE PUBLI-  
CATION OF CHILDE HAROLD.

BY GRANVILLE PENN, ESQ.

COLD is the breast, extinct the vital spark,  
That kindles not to flame at Harold's muse;  
The mental vision, too, how surely dark,  
Which, as the anxious wanderer it pursues,  
Sees not a noble heart, that fain would choose  
The course to heaven, could that course be found;  
And, since on earth it nothing fears to lose,  
Would joy to press that blest ethereal ground,  
Where peace, and truth, and life, and friends, and love abound.

I "deem not Harold's breast a breast of steel,"  
Steeled is the heart that could the thought receive,  
But warm, affectionate, and quick to feel,  
Eager in joy, yet not unwont to grieve;  
And sorely do I view his vessel leave —  
Like erring bark, of card and chart bereft —  
The shore to which his soul would love to cleave;  
Would, Harold, I could make thee know full oft,  
That bearing thus the helm, the land thou seek'st is left.

Is Harold "sate with worldly joy?"  
"Leaves he his home, his lands, without a sigh?"  
'Tis half the way to heaven! — oh! then employ  
That blessed freedom of thy soul, to fly  
To Him, who, ever gracious, ever nigh,  
Demands the heart that breaks the world's hard chain;  
If early freed, though by satiety,  
Vast is the privilege that man may gain; —  
Who early foils the foe, may well the prize obtain.

Thou lovest Nature with a filial zeal,  
Canst fly mankind to brood with her apart;  
Unutterable sure, that inward feel,  
When swells the soul, and heaves the labouring heart

With yearning throes, which nothing can impart  
 But Nature's majesty, remote from man!  
 In kindred raptures, I have borne my part;  
 The Pyrenean mountains loved to scan,  
 And from the crest of Alps peruse the mighty plan.

'T is ecstasy "to brood o'er flood and fell,"  
 "To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,"  
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;  
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
 With the wild flocks that never need a fold;  
 Alone o'er steeps, and foaming falls to lean;—  
 This is not solitude!—'t is but to hold  
 Converse with Nature's God, and see *His* stores unrolled.

Forget we not the Artist in the art,  
 Nor overlook the Giver in the grace;  
 Say, what is Nature, but that little part  
 Which man's imperfect vision can embrace  
 Of the stupendous whole, which fills all space;  
 The work of Him by whom all space is bound!  
 Shall Raphael's pencil Raphael's self efface?  
 Shall Handel's self be lost in Handel's sound?  
 Or, shall not Nature's God in Nature's works be found?

But Harold "through sin's labyrinth has run,"  
 Nor "made atonement when he did amiss;"  
 And does the memory of that evil done  
 Disturb his spirit, or obscure his bliss?  
 'T is just; 't is Harold's due—yet let not this  
 Press heavier on his heart than heaven ordains;  
 What mortal lives, not guilty nor remiss?  
 What breast that has not felt remorse's pains?  
 What human soul so pure, but marked by sin's sad stains?

And can this helpless thing, pollute, debased,  
 Its own disfigured nature e'er reform?  
 Say, can the sculptured marble, once defaced,  
 Restore its lineament, renew its form?



That can the sculptor's hand alone perform,  
 Else must the marred and mutilated stone  
 For ever lie imperfect and deform;—  
 So man may sin and wail, but not *atone*;  
 That restorative power belongs to God alone.

Yet is atonement made:—Creation's Lord  
 Deserts not thus the work his skill devised;  
 Man, not his creature only, but his ward,  
 Too dearly in his Maker's eye is prized,  
 Than thus to be abandoned and despised.  
*Atonement* is the Almighty's richest dole,  
 And ever in the mystic plan comprised,  
 To mend the foul defacements of the soul,  
 Restore God's likeness lost, and make the image whole.

Oh! “*if*, as holiest men have deemed there be,  
 A land of souls beyond death's sable shore,”  
 How would quick-hearted Harold burn to see  
 The much-loved objects of his life once more,  
 And Nature's new sublimities explore  
 In better worlds!—Ah! Harold, I conjure,  
 Speak not in *ifs*;—to him whom God hath taught,  
 If aught on earth, *that* blessed truth is sure;  
 All-gracious God, to quiet human thought,  
 Has pledged his sacred word, and demonstration brought.

Did Babylon, in truth, by Cyrus fall?  
 Is 't true that Persia stained the Grecian land?  
 Did Philip's son the Persian host enthrall?  
 Or Caesar's legions press the British strand?  
 Fell Palestine by Titus' sword and brand?—  
 Can Harold to such facts *his faith* entrust?  
 Then let him humbly learn, and understand;—  
 “Then Christ is risen from the dead!”—the first  
 Dear pledge of mortal frames yet mouldering in the dust.

But Harold “will not look beyond the tomb,”  
 And thinks “he may not hope for rest before;”

Fie! Harold, fie! unconscious of thy doom,  
 The nature of thy soul thou know'st not more;  
 Nor know'st thy lofty mind, which loves to soar;  
 Thy glowing spirit, and thy thoughts sublime,  
 Are foreign to this flat and naked shore,  
 And languish for their own celestial clime,  
 Far in the bounds of space,—beyond the bounds of time.

There must thou surely live—and of that life  
 Ages on ages shall no part exhaust:  
 But with renewed existence ever rife,  
 No more in dark uncertainty be tost,  
 When once the teeming barrier is crossed;  
 (The birth of mortals to immortal day)—  
 O let not then this precious hour be lost,  
 But humbly turn to Him who points the way  
 To ever-during youth, from infinite decay!

Such, such the prospect,—such the glorious boon,  
 The last great end in Heaven's supreme design;  
 Deem not thy cloud continuous, for soon  
 Must truth break in upon a soul like thine,  
 Yearning, unconscious, for the light divine;  
 Oh! hear the gracious word to thee addressed  
 By Him, thy Lord, almighty and benign—  
 “Come unto me, all ye by care oppressed!  
 Come to my open arms, and I will give you rest!”

Would thou hadst loved through Judah's courts to stray;  
 Would Sion Hill Parnassus' love might share;  
 What joy to hear thy muse's potent lay  
 The sacred honours of that land declare,  
 And all that holy scene engage her care;  
 Where poets harped ere Homer's shell was strung,  
 Where heavenly wisdom poured her treasures rare,  
 Long, long ere Athens woke to Solon's song,  
 And truth-inspired seers of after ages sung.

But, thanks for what we have; and for the more  
 Thy muse doth bid the listening ear attend,

Nor vainly bids those whom she charmed before ;  
 Oh ! let not then this humble verse offend,  
 Her skill can judge the speaking of a friend ;  
 Not zeal presumptuous prompts the cautious strain,  
 But Christian zeal, that would to all extend  
 The cloudless ray and steady calm that reign,  
 Where evangetic truths their empire due maintain.

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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give  
 That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,  
 To the wild thoughts that in a star-lit hour,  
 In a pale twilight, or a rosebud morn,  
 Glance o'er my spirit,—thoughts that are like light,  
 Or love, or hope, in their effects.

It spread beneath the summer sky,  
 A green turf, as just meet  
 For lilies and blue violets,  
 And moonlight fairies' feet.

And in the midst a rose tree grew,  
 Covered with buds and flowers,  
 A crimson cloud of breath and bloom,  
 Like that of evening hours.

I watched the beauty of that rose,  
 Its June-touched bloom, its love-sweet breath,  
 When suddenly, I marked how dark  
 Its shadow fell beneath.

Clings darkness to—I sadly thought—  
 The fair in form, the fresh in hue ?  
 Alas ! there 's not that thing on earth  
 So bright, but has its shadow too !

*Literary Gazette.*

## THE WALL-FLOWER.

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower !  
How beautiful it blooms !  
It gleams above the ruined tower,  
Like sunlight over tombs ;  
It sheds a halo of repose  
Around the wrecks of time ;—  
To beauty give the flaunting rose,  
The wall-flower is sublime.

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

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

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

In the season of the tulip cup,  
 When blossoms clothe the trees,  
 How sweet to throw the lattice up,  
 And scent thee on the breeze.  
 The butterfly is then abroad,  
 The bee is on the wing,  
 And on the hawthorn by the road  
 The linnets sit and sing.

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

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

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

## THE RED FISHERMAN.

BY W. M. PRAED, ESQ.

Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!

*Romeo and Juliet.* 1

THE abbot arose, and closed his book,  
And donned his sandal shoon,  
And wandered forth, alone, to look  
Upon the summer moon:  
A starlight sky was o'er his head,  
A quiet breeze around;  
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,  
And the waves a soothing sound:  
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught  
But love and calm delight;  
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought  
On his wrinkled brow that night.  
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,  
But he thought not of the reeds;  
He clasped his gilded rosary,  
But he did not tell the beads:  
If he looked to the heaven, 't was not to invoke  
The Spirit that dwelleth there;  
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke  
Had never the tone of prayer.  
A pious priest might the abbot seem,  
He had swayed the crozier well;  
But what was the theme of the abbot's dream,  
The abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,  
He traced the windings of the shore.—  
Oh, beauteous is that river still,  
As it winds by many a sloping hill,  
And many a dim o'er-arching grove,  
And many a flat and sunny cove,

And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades  
 The honey-suckle sweetly shades,  
 And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,  
 So gay they are with grass and flowers!  
 But the abbot was thinking of scenery,  
     About as much, in sooth,  
 As a lover thinks of constancy,  
     Or an advocate of truth.  
 He did not mark how the skies in wrath  
     Grew dark above his head;  
 He did not mark how the mossy path  
     Grew damp beneath his tread;  
 And nearer he came, and still more near,  
     To a pool, in whose recess  
 The water had slept for many a year,  
     Unchanged, and motionless;  
 From the river stream it spread away,  
     The space of half a rood;  
 The surface had the hue of clay,  
     And the scent of human blood;  
 The trees and the herbs that round it grew,  
     Were venomous and foul;  
 And the birds that through the bushes flew,  
     Were the vulture and the owl;  
 The water was as dark and rank  
     As ever a Company pumped;  
 And the perch that was netted and laid on the bank,  
     Grew rotten while it jumped:  
 And bold was he who thither came,  
     At midnight, man or boy;  
 For the place was cursed with an evil name,  
     And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The abbot was weary as abbot could be,  
 And he sate down to rest on the stump of a tree:  
 When suddenly rose a dismal tone,—  
 Was it a song, or was it a moan?  
     " Oh, ho! Oh, ho!  
     Above,—below!—  
 Lightly and brightly they glide and go:

The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,  
 The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping ;  
 Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,  
 Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy !”  
 In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,  
 He looked to the left, and he looked to the right,  
 And what was the vision close before him,  
 That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him ?  
 ’T was a sight to make the hair uprise,  
     And the life-blood colder run :  
 The startled priest struck both his thighs,  
     And the abbey clock struck one !

All alone, by the side of the pool,  
 A tall man sate on a three-legged stool,  
 Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,  
 And putting in order his reel and rod ;  
 Red were the rags his shoulders wore,  
 And a high red cap on his head he bore ;  
 His arms and his legs were long and bare ;  
 And two or three locks of long red hair  
 Were tossing about his scraggy neck,  
 Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.  
 It might be time, or it might be trouble,  
 Had bent that stout back nearly double ;  
 Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets  
 That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,  
 And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,  
 Till it hardly covered the bones within.  
 The line the abbot saw him throw,  
 Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago :  
 And the hands that worked his foreign vest,  
 Long ages ago had gone to their rest :  
 You would have sworn, as you looked on them,  
 He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 Minnow or gentle, worm or fly,—  
 It seemed not such to the abbot's eye :



Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,  
 And its shape was the shape of a diadem.  
 It was fastened a gleaming hook about,  
 By a chain within, and a chain without ;  
 The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,  
 And the water fizzed as it tumbled in !

From the bowels of the earth,  
 Strange and varied sounds had birth ;  
 Now the battle's bursting peal,  
 Neigh of steed, and clang of steel ;  
 Now an old man's hollow groan  
 Echoed from the dungeon stone ;  
 Now the weak and wailing cry  
 Of a stripling's agony !

Cold by this was the midnight air ;  
 But the abbot's blood ran colder,  
 When he saw a gasping knight lie there,  
 With a gash beneath his clotted hair,  
     And a hump upon his shoulder.  
 And the loyal churchman strove in vain,  
     To mutter a Pater Noster ;  
 For he who writhed in mortal pain,  
 Was camped that night on Bosworth plain,  
     The cruel Duke of Glo'ster !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 It was a haunch of princely size,  
 Filling with fragrance earth and skies.  
 The corpulent abbot knew full well,  
 The swelling form, and the steaming smell ;  
 Never a monk that wore a hood  
 Could better have guessed the very wood,  
 Where the noble hart had stood at bay,  
 Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee,  
 Of a revelling company ;

Sprightly story, wicked jest,  
 Rated servant, greeted guest,  
 Flow of wine, and flight of cork,  
 Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork :  
 But, where'er the board was spread,  
 Grace, I ween, was never said !  
 Pulling and tugging the fisherman sate ;  
     And the priest was ready to vomit,  
 When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,  
 With a belly as big as a brimming vat,  
     And a nose as red as a comet.  
 " A capital stew," the fisherman said,  
     " With cinnamon and sherry !"

And the abbot turned away his head,  
 For his brother was lying before him dead,  
     The mayor of St. Edmond's Bury !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 It was a bundle of beautiful things,  
 A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,  
 A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,  
 A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,  
 And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold  
 Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,  
 That the abbot fell on his face, and fainted,  
 And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,  
 Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,  
 And the breath of vernal gales,  
 And the voice of nightingales :  
 But the nightingales were mute,  
 Envious, when an unseen lute  
 Shaped the music of its chords,  
 Into passion's thrilling words.

" Smile, lady, smile !—I will not set,  
 Upon my brow, the coronet,

Till thou wilt gather roses white,  
 To wear around its gems of light.  
 Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see  
 Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,  
 Till those bewitching lips of thine,  
 Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.  
 Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win  
 A loveless throne through guilt and sin?  
 Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,  
 If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,  
 A lady wondrous fair;  
 But the rose of her lip had faded away,  
 And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,  
 And torn was her raven hair.  
 "Ah, ha!" said the fisher, in merry guise,  
 "Her gallant was hooked before;"  
 And the abbot heaved some piteous sighs,  
 For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,  
 The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 Many the cunning sportsman tried,  
 Many he flung with a frown aside;  
 A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,  
 A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,  
 Jewels of lustre, robes of price,  
 Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,  
 And golden cups of the brightest wine  
 That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.  
 There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,  
 As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!  
 From top to toe the abbot shook,  
 As the fisherman armed his golden hook;  
 And awfully were his features wrought  
 By some dark dream, or wakened thought.  
 Look how the fearful felon gazes  
 On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,

When the lips are cracked, and the jaws are dry,  
 With the thirst which only in death shall die :  
 Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,  
 As the swaling wherry settles down,  
 When peril has numbed the sense and will,  
 Though the hand and the foot may struggle still :  
 Wilder far was the abbot's glance,  
 Deeper far was the abbot's trance :  
 Fixed as a monument, still as air,  
 He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer ;  
 But he signed,—he knew not why or how,—  
 The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he stalked away with his iron box.  
     " Oh, ho ! Oh, ho !  
     The cock doth crow ;  
 It is time for the fisher to rise and go.  
 Fair luck to the abbot, fair luck to the shrine !  
 He hath knawed in twain my choicest line ;  
 Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,  
 The abbot will carry my hook in his mouth !"

The abbot had preached for many years,  
     With as clear articulation,  
 As ever was heard in the House of Peers,  
     Against Emancipation ;  
 His words had made battalions quake,  
     Had roused the zeal of martyrs ;  
 He kept the Court an hour awake,  
     And the king himself three-quarters :  
 But ever, from that hour, 't is said,  
     He stammered and he stuttered,  
 As if an axe went through his head,  
     With every word he uttered.  
 He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,  
     He stuttered, drunk or dry,  
 And none but he and the fisherman,  
     Could tell the reason why !

*Friendship's Offering.*

## AUTUMN.

BY JOHN KEATS.

SEASON of mist and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer hath o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amidst thy store !  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind ;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath, and all its twined flowers ;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
Or by a cyder press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too ;  
While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,  
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, born aloft,  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies !  
And full brown lambs bleat loud from hilly bourn ;  
Hedge crickets sing ; and now, with treble soft,  
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft ;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies !

## LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN THE "IRISH MELODIES."

ERIN! his heart of truth  
At length is wholly thine,  
Albeit, his careless youth  
Was spent 'mid "smiles and wine;"  
You watched his dawn of future fame,  
Through many a day of grief and shame,  
When cold apostate slaves withdrew the hand—  
You held the high Harp to his eye,  
And wept to see your lone hope lie  
So long in Pleasure's bower, fettered in flowery band.

The wizard hand that framed,  
Had waved its last farewell;  
The latest soul was tamed  
In death, that knew the spell.  
Each after-hand that vainly tried  
To waken notes of former pride,  
(Through lapse of mouldering ages dim),  
Backward, disgraced and baffled, fell—  
In silence slept the powerful spell,  
As if 't would sound for him, for *only* him!

Beneath his wondrous hand  
Awaked, delighted, free,  
Each string, from soft to grand,  
From love to liberty!  
Oh! there be hearts (nor they the worst),  
Enthusiast, fondest hopes have nursed,  
Heard his wild lays, and saw the while  
Chains, then first with blushes worn;  
Arms, in defiance tossed, and scorn,  
And eyes that darkly frowned, or lightened to a smile.

Whether, by lonely stream,  
Or 'mid the trembling leaves,  
Wanders my waking dream  
Of life, that smiles and grieves;—

Whether the young, vain hope, that led  
 To fancy's field be mute and dead,—  
 No print of mine, marking the lovely waste,—  
 My heart shall still frequent the sod,  
 By him, the sweetest minstrel, trod,  
 And bless the greener rings his fairy feet have traced.

*Examiner.*

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FRIENDS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

FRIEND after friend departs ;  
 Who hath not lost a friend ?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end !  
 Were this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying none were blest.  
 Beyond the flight of time,—  
 Beyond the reign of death,—  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath ;  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire !

There is a world above  
 Where parting is unknown !  
 A long eternity of love  
 Formed for the good alone ;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that glorious sphere !

Thus star by star declines  
 Till all are past away ;  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day :  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

*Literary Souvenir.*

## SOLITUDE. -

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

SPIRIT of the lonely scene,  
Desert shore, and distant sea!  
Where man's step hath never been,  
Or long hath ceased to be;—  
By thy ever saddening shrines  
Melancholy's vespers rise,—  
There, when daylight calm declines,  
She greets thine ear with sighs.

On the Pyramids sublime,  
Towering o'er a thousand graves,—  
Landmarks in the sea of Time,  
Long wasted by its waves:  
On the mystic, mouldering cone,  
Hooded in the night of eld,  
Thou hast fixed thine awful throne,  
And silent empire held.

Gleaming high on Greenland's coast,  
Where the polar star doth gem  
Mountain pinnacles of frost,  
Hoar Winter's diadem,  
List'st thou to the rending roar  
Of the ice upon the seas,  
And howl of monsters from the shore,  
Borne on the midnight breeze!

Or dost thou rather love to dwell  
Where the lordly lion roams,  
Whose awful voice, a nightly knell,  
Peals through Palmyra's domes?  
Or where majestic Babel lies  
Buried in-oblivious gloom,  
Whose tower hath crumbled from the skies  
Into a desert tomb!



From thy deep and dread repose,  
 'Midst primeval, starless Night,  
 Didst thou start when God arose  
 And said — " Let there be light !"  
 Spirit ! yet there comes a day  
 To restore thine ancient reign,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 And all be thine again !

*Literary Souvenir.*

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THE CYPRESS TREE.

A slender tree upon a height in lonely beauty towers,  
 So dark, as if it only drank the rushing thunder-showers ;  
 When birds were at their evening hymns, in thoughtful reverie,  
 I've marked the shadows deep and long from yonder cypress tree.

I've thought of Oriental tombs, of silent cities, where  
 In many a row the cypress stands, in token of despair !  
 And thought, beneath the evening star, how many a maiden crept  
 From life's discordant scene, and o'er the tomb in silence wept.

I've thought, thou lonely cypress tree, thou hermit of the grove,  
 How many a heart, alas ! is doomed forlorn on earth to rove ;  
 When all that charmed the morn of life, and cheered the youthful  
 mind,  
 Have like the sunbeams passed away, and left but clouds behind !

Thou wert a token unto me, thou stem with dreary leaf,  
 So desolate thou look'st, as earth were but a home of grief !  
 A few short years shall swiftly glide, and then thy boughs shall  
 wave,  
 When tempests beat, and breezes sigh, above my silent grave !

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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## STANZAS.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HEEBER.

IF thou wert by my side, my love!  
How fast would evening fail  
In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gaily would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning grey,  
When, on our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide;  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,  
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer,  
But miss thy kind approving eye,  
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on!—then on!—where duty leads,  
My course be onward still,  
O'er broad Indostan's sultry meads,  
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
 Nor wild Malwah detain,  
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits,  
 By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,  
 Across the dark blue sea ;  
 But ne'er were hearts so light and gay,  
 As then shall meet in thee !

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DOMESTIC LOVE.

DOMESTIC Love ! not in proud palace halls  
 Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;  
 Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,  
 That in the thickets of the woodbine hide ;  
 With hum of bees around, and from the side  
 Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,  
 Shining along through banks with harebells dyed ;  
 And many a bird to warble on the wing,  
 When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O, love of loves !—to thy white hand is given  
 Of earthly happiness the golden key !  
 Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,  
 When the babes cling around their father's knee ;  
 And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea  
 Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,  
 Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.  
 Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come,  
 And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume !

## AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON, ESQ.

THOUGH ages long have past,  
Since our fathers left their home,  
Their pilot in the blast,  
O'er untravelled seas to roam,  
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains?

While the language free and bold  
Which the bard of Avon sung,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of Heaven rung,  
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;  
While these with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
And from rock to rock repeat,  
Round our coast!

While the manners, while the arts,  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,  
Between, let ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;  
Yet still from either beach  
The voice of blood shall reach,—  
More audible than speech,  
*We are one!*

ODE TO A STEAM-BOAT.

BY T. DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

ON such an eve, perchance, as this,  
When not a zephyr skims the deep,  
And sea-birds rest upon the' abyss,  
Scarce by its heaving rocked to sleep,—  
On such an eve as this, perchance,  
Might Scylla eye the blue expanse.

The languid ocean scarce at all  
Amongst the sparkling pebbles hissing,—  
The lucid wavelets, as they fall,  
The sunny beach in whispers kissing,  
Leave not a furrow,—as they say  
Oft haps, when pleasure ebbs away.

Full many a broad, but delicate tint  
Is spread upon the liquid plain ;  
Hues, rich as aught from fancy's mint,  
Enamelled meads, or golden grain ;—  
Flowers sub-marine, or purple heath,  
Are mirrored from the world beneath.

One tiny star-beam, faintly trembling,  
Gems the still waters' tranquil breast ;  
Mark the dim sparklet, so resembling  
Its parent in the shadowing east ;—  
It seems—so pure, so bright the trace,—  
As sea and sky had changed their place.

Hushed is the loud tongue of the deep :—  
Yon glittering sail, far o'er the tide,  
Amid its course appears to sleep ;—  
We watch, but only know it glide  
Still on, by a bright track afar,  
Like genius, or a falling star !

Oh! such an eve is sorrow's balm,  
 Yon lake the poet's Hippocrene;  
 And who would ruffle such a calm,  
 Or cast a cloud o'er such a scene!  
 'Tis done;—and nature weeps thereat,  
 Thou boisterous progeny of Watt!

Wast thou a grampus,—nay, a whale,—  
 Or ork one sees in Ariosto;  
 Went'st thou by rudder, oar, or sail,  
 Still wouldst thou not so outrage gusto!  
 But when did gusto ever dream  
 Of seeing ships propelled by steam?

Now blazing like a dozen comets,  
 And rushing as if nought could bind thee,  
 The while thy strange internal vomits  
 A sooty train of smoke behind thee;  
 Tearing along the azure vast,  
 With a great chimney for a mast!

Satan, when scheming to betray us  
 He left of old his dark dominions,  
 And winged his murky way through chaos,  
 And waved o'er Paradise his pinions;  
 Whilst Death and Sin came at his back,  
 Would leave, methinks, just such a track!

Was there no quirk,—one can't tell how,—  
 No stiff-necked flaw,—no quiddit latent,  
 Thou worst of all sea monsters, thou!  
 That might have undermined thy patent,—  
 Or kept it in the' inventor's desk,—  
 Fell bane of all that's picturesque?

Should Neptune, in his turn, invade thee,  
 And at a pinch old Vulcan fail thee,  
 The sooty mechanist who made thee  
 May hold it duty to bewail thee;—  
 But I shall bring a garland votive,  
 Thou execrable locomotive!

He must be long-tongued, with a witness,  
 Whoe'er shall prove, to my poor notion,  
 It sorts with universal fitness  
 To make yon clear, pellucid ocean,  
 That holds not one polluted drop,  
 Bear on its breast a blacksmith's shop!

Philosophers may talk of science,  
 And mechanics of utility,—  
 In such I have but faint reliance :  
 To admire thee passeth my ability ;  
 My taste is left at double distance,  
 At the first *sea-quake* of thy pistons.

It may be orthodox, and wise,  
 And catholic, and transcendental,  
 To the useful still to sacrifice,  
 Without a sigh, the ornamental ;  
 But be it granted me, at least,  
 That I may never be the priest!

*Literary Souvenir.*

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#### THE VISION.

THERE is a blest voice in the Sabbath air,  
 Of souls rejoicing on their Maker's day,  
 And my dark spirit, on her mortal way,  
 In holy thought a moment hovers there ;  
 And well forgets this vain earth's gloom and glare,  
 Her shews of transient date, and guards, and play,  
 Beating her prison-house and bonds of clay,  
 She strives to mingle with the good and fair.  
 O, earthless visions! dear to my sad soul,  
 Pour your rich beams with more celestial fire,  
 And chase these shades of doubt and vain desire,  
 That o'er my spirit thus their darkness roll ;  
 And lead me, pure in heart, the path to God—  
 And I will drink the cup, and kiss the rod.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

## THE INCONSTANT'S APOLOGY.

BY THE LATE M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

Love, I've loved you passing well,  
Loved you long, and loved sincerely ;  
How I loved no tongue can tell,  
'T was so truly, 't was so dearly ;  
But my fond delirium o'er,  
Love, adieu ;— we 'll meet no more !

When I owned your beauty's sway,  
All my vows were gospel-true, love ;  
That I 'm changed, no doubt, you 'll say,  
And, believe me, so are *you*, love ;  
Bloom departing, youth removed,  
You 're no more the love I loved !

Can I still the casket prize,  
When the gem by Time is plundered ?  
Can the stalk delight mine eyes,  
Whence the rose for aye is sundered ?  
These possess no charms for me,  
And, alas ! are types of thee !

Parting lip and melting eye,  
Teeth of pearl, and cheeks of roses,  
Limbs that might with Paphia's vie,  
Bosom where delight reposes ;  
These the love I love must shew ;  
Say, can *you*, love ? No, love, no !

Now in Aura's blooming form,  
Charms once yours mine eyes discover ;  
Since my soul they still can warm,  
Wherefore call me faithless lover ?  
What *you* were, and *she* is now,  
Still obtains my fervent vow.



Still my heart remains the same ;  
 Still it doats on youth and beauty ;  
 Still (whate'er their owner's name)  
 'T is to them I pay my duty ;  
 And where'er their charms I see,  
 Still their charms have charms for me.

Chide no more then ; for I vow,  
 If my heart adores a new love,  
 'T is because she gives me now  
 Joys like those I shared with you, love !  
 Loving *her*, I still love you,  
 Hark ! she calls me !—Love, adieu !

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THE WORSHIPPER.

It was a shrine, a sunny shrine,  
 On it the statue stood of Love ;  
 Thrice beautiful, as morning's dream  
 Had brought the image from above.  
 There many an hour would Beauty kneel,  
 Adoring at the lovely shrine—  
 Haunting the statue with one prayer—  
 “ Would thou hadst life ! would thou wert mine ! ”  
 Wearied, at length, all-pitying heaven  
 No more the maiden's prayer denied ;  
 Life darkened in the statue's eye,  
 And warmed the veins, life's crimson tide ;  
 Breath, mortal breath, was on the lip,  
 And Beauty caught it to her breast ;  
 Alas ! the shape had changed to Grief—  
 Love ever does when once possessed !

## RETIREMENT.

A PICTURE IN THE BRITISH GALLERY, BY E. D. LEAHY.

It was a stream in Thessaly ;—the banks  
Were solitary, for the cypress trees  
Closed o'er the waters ; yet at times the wind  
Threw back the branches, and then a sunbeam  
Flung down a golden gift upon the wave,  
And shewed its treasures ; for the pebbles shone  
Like pearls and purple gems, fit emblems they  
For the delights that hope holds up to youth,  
False in their glittering, and when they lose  
The sparkle of the water and the sun,  
They are found valueless. It is not thus  
With pleasures, when the freshness and the gloss  
That young life threw o'er them has dried away!

One only flower grew in that lonely place,  
The lily, covered with its shadowy leaves,  
Even as some Eastern beauty with her veil ;  
And like the favourite urns of spring, its bells  
Held odours that the zephyrs dared not steal.  
And by the river was a maiden leant,  
With large dark eyes, whose melancholy light  
Seemed as born of deep thought, which had gone through  
Full many a stage of human wretchedness,—  
Had known the anxious misery of love,—  
The sickness of the hope which pines and dies  
From many disappointments,—and the waste  
Of feelings in the gay and lighted hall ;—  
But more, as knowledge grew more from report,  
Than its own sad experience ; for she loved  
The shelter of the quiet mountain valley,  
The shadow of the scented myrtle grove,  
And, more than all, the solitary bend,  
Hidden by cypresses, of her own river.—  
They called the nymph—RETIREMENT.

## GODIVA.

A TALE.

BY AN ETONIAN.

WHOE'ER has been at Coventry, must know  
    (Unless he's quite devoid of curiosity),  
That once a year it has a sort of show,  
    Conducted with much splendour and pomposity.  
I'll just describe it, if I can—but no,  
    It would exhaust the humour of a Fawcett; I  
Am a vile jester,—though I once was vain  
Of acting Fawcett's parts at Datchet-lane.

Ah! those were pleasant days, when you and I,  
    Dear Fred Golightly, trod those boards of yore;  
I often grieve to think that they're past by,  
    As *you* must—on a rainy after-four:  
Though now its fairly quashed, you wout deny  
    That that same stage was frequently a bore;  
It spoiled our cricket, which we're all so proud on,  
Nor let us beat the Kingsmen—as we've now done.

Oh! sweet is praise to youthful poet's ear,  
    When gently warbled by the lips he loves;  
'Tis sweet one's exercise read o'er to hear,  
    (Especially the week before Removes);  
But sweeter far, when actors first appear,  
    The loud collision of applauding gloves,  
The gleam of happy faces o'er them cast—  
Moments of triumph not to be surpast!

Oh! stolen joys, far sweeter for the stealing,  
    Oh! doubts and fears, and hopes of Eton, all  
Ye are departed! but a lingering feeling  
    Of your enchantments holds my heart in thrall.  
My eyes just now are fixed upon the ceiling—  
    I feel my cheek flush—hear my inkstand fall;

My soul is wandering through the distant groves  
Of that dear schoolboy dwelling which it loves.

But to my tale—I'm somewhat given to prating,  
I can't but own it; but my theme was fine,  
And all the feelings which I've been narrating  
Are worth enjoying—and they've *all* been mine?  
But I'll no longer keep the reader waiting;  
So, without wasting now another line,  
My poem I'll begin, as poets use,  
With a short invocation to my muse.

Spirit which art within me, if in truth  
Thou dost exist in my soul's depths, and I  
Have not mistaken the hot pulse of youth,  
And wandering thoughts, for dreams of poesy,  
Rise from thy lone recesses, rise and soothe  
Each meaner thought to aspirations high,  
Whelm me in musings of deep joy, and roll  
Thy radiant visions on my kindling soul!

If, when at morn I view the bright blue heaven,  
Thoughts are around me which not *all* have felt;  
If, in the dim and fading light of even,  
A poet's rapture on my soul hath dwelt;  
If to my wayward nature hath been given  
Dreams that absorb, and phantasies that melt,  
Sweet tears, and wild attachments—lend thy wings,  
Spirit, to bear me in my wanderings!

But these are boyish dreams,—Away, away,  
Ye fond enchantments of my foolish brain;—  
And yet, methinks, I would awhile delay,  
Ere my frail vessel tempts life's dangerous main.  
Still, dear delusions of my boyhood, stay!  
Still let me pour my weak, but harmless strain!  
In fancied draughts my thirst poetic slake,  
And never, never from that dream awake!

This is a very pretty invocation,  
 Though scarce adapted to my present style ;  
 I wrote it in a fit of inspiration,  
 The finest I've enjoyed a monstrous while ;  
 For most uncertain 's my imagination,  
 And 't is but seldom that my muse will smile.  
 Come, reader, we'll her present humour try ;  
 Draw up the curtain—the scene 's Coventry.

It is an ancient and a gallant town,  
 Nor all unknown to loftier lays than mine ;  
 It has of old seen deeds of high renown—  
 Its situation 's not extremely fine.  
 Its name it wishes to be handed down,  
 And still in England's annals longs to shine ;  
 And Mr. Cobbett wants to represent  
 This self-same Coventry in parliament.

But at the period when my tale commences,  
 There were no Cobbetts—'t was a barbarous age ;  
 The " Sovereign People " scarce were in their senses,  
 For Radical Reform was not the rage :  
 Though then Sir Francis \* might have found pretences  
 Just war against the government to wage ;  
 For king and nobles thought it no great crime  
 To be confounded tyrants at that time.

There was of yore an Earl of Coventry,  
 Famous for wine and war—one Leofric ;  
 A genuine Saxon—he'd a light blue eye,  
 His stature tall—his frame well built and thick :  
 His flaxen locks fell down luxuriantly  
 On his fine shoulders—and his glance was quick.  
 But though he really was a handsome earl,  
 He was at times a most uncommon churl.

He had fought well and often—miles around,  
 Chieftain and vassal trembled at his name ;

\* Wentworth—not Burdett.

He held some thousand acres of good ground,  
 To which his weapon formed his strongest claim;  
 His *legal* title was sometimes unsound—  
 And he was wedded to a matchless dame,  
 The fair and chaste Godiva—whom alone  
 He seemed to love, of all that was his own.

Well might he love her;—in that shape of lightness,  
 All woman's choicest beauties were combined;  
 Her long dark locks set off her bosom's whiteness,  
 In its calm heavings, warm, and chaste, and kind.  
 Her deep blue eyes shone with peculiar brightness,  
 When through them flashed the sunbeams of her mind,  
 When swiftly sparkled joys, or hopes, or fears,  
 Or sorrow bathed them in delicious tears.

Her's was the face we look on once and love,  
 Her voice was music's echo—like the strain  
 Of our own land, heard, when afar we rove,  
 With a deep sense of pleasure, mixed with pain:  
 And those who once had heard it, vainly strove  
 To lose its echoes lingering in the brain:  
 As for her figure—if you once had met it,  
 Believe me, sirs, you never could forget it.

She was the idol of her native land,  
 The comforter and friend of its distress;  
 Herself, unchastened by affliction's hand,  
 Felt for the woes of others not the less.  
 The serfs, who trembled at her lord's command,  
 Forbore to curse him for *her* loveliness.  
 They were a pair one often meets in life,—  
 A churlish husband with a charming wife.

It chanced, A. D. eight hundred and eighteen,  
 (I love to be correct in my chronology,  
 And all the tables which by chance I've seen  
 Concur in this date. When I was in college, I  
 Conducted once the famous Magazine,  
 The Etonian's predecessor. This apology

Will serve, I hope, among all folks discerning,  
For my correctness—both in taste and learning).

It chanced, A. D. eight hundred and eighteen,  
"T was a bad season: rain, and blight, and frost  
Destroyed the harvest, while the crops were green,—  
Wheat—barley—oats—and turnips, all were crost.  
The ruined peasants grew extremely lean,  
There's no computing what that year they lost:  
They looked just like so many half-starved weasels;  
The sheep all died—the pigs had got the measles.

Leofric's table suffered: he was ever  
(As Earls are sometimes) an enormous glutton.  
Venison he loved; but, though a dainty liver,  
He was a perfect Colleger at mutton.  
He now discovered that his table never  
A decent leg or shoulder could be put on;  
Dry was each withered joint, where fat was not,  
And sometimes tasted strongly of the rot.

There was a sad deficiency in greens,  
Parsnips and carrots nowhere could be found,  
The very horses scorned to eat the beans,  
The turnips were frost-bitten and unsound.  
In fact, the hungry peasants had no means  
To pay their rents:—the Earl looked grim, and frowned;  
And wisely judged it would be saving trouble,  
Like Harrow cricketers, to tax them double.\*

Whether this plan was likely to succeed,  
Is more than I can possibly divine;  
Physicians seldom think it right to bleed  
A patient dying of a deep decline.

\* "If any member refuse to pay a fine imposed by the Club, the fine shall be doubled."—*Rules of the Harrow Cricket Club, 1818.*

I recommend the same measure to the adoption of his Majesty of Clubs.

P. O'CONNOR.

The poor petitioned in this utmost need ;  
 Alas ! they found it was in vain to whine—  
 The hungry Earl refused to hear a word ;  
 (We know *petitions* are sometimes absurd).

“ He grieved,” he said, “ but ’t was n’t *his* look out,  
 If all his serfs and vassals starved together ;  
 The year had been a rainy one, no doubt,  
 But what of that ?—*he* didn’t make the weather.  
 They should have minded what they were about,  
 And not have sent such mutton—’t was like leather.  
 In short, unless they paid in their arrears,  
 He ’d beat their houses down about their ears.”

Then fell despair upon them :—home they went  
 With wild and gloomy aspects, and sat down  
 Each by his desolate hearth ; some, weeping, leant  
 Their heads on their clasped hands ; throughout the town  
 Went female shrieks and wailings ; all content,  
 Domestic joy, and peace, and hope were flown ;  
 And each looked round upon his family,  
 And said that nought was left them—but to die.

One had been lately wedded,—his young bride  
 Gazed, as he entered, on his frenzied eye,  
 And read her fate ; yet she essayed to hide  
 Her own forebodings of deep misery,  
 And strove to smile, and, seated by his side,  
 Used all her loved caresses cheeringly ;  
 And said those sorrows soon would be forgot,  
 And fondly whispered hope—where hope was not !

And then she spoke of their long mutual love,  
 Their youthful vows, and lately plighted troth,—  
 And then she said that there was One above  
 Who had protected—would protect them both.  
 Remorse might yet the Earl’s stern nature move,—  
 “ Herself,” she added, “ to despair was loth.”  
 But when she found her arts were vain, she crept  
 Into his bosom—hid her face—and wept.



It was a night of horror and despair!  
 Mothers were shrieking in distraction wild,  
 And fathers, with a fixed unconscious glare,  
 Gazed on the wan cheeks of each starving child!  
 A few were kneeling, wrapt in fervent prayer,  
 And these alone, in their devotion, smiled;  
 While *he*, the author of an earldom's woe—  
 Slept upon fair Godiva's breast of snow!

Alas! Godiva, that a heart like thine  
 Should by so stern a tyrant's head be prest!—  
 Short were his dreams, he woke at half-past nine,  
 Feeling a strange oppression at his chest;  
 And yet, that day he'd drank five quarts of wine,  
 Which one would fancy, must have made him rest.  
 Whether 't was conscience, or an indigestion,  
 Produced this night-mare, still remains a question.

Godiva was awake—she had not slept  
 For sad reflections on her country's woes,  
 And bitter floods of anguish had she wept,  
 Her grief was far too burning for repose:  
 As down her cheeks the tears in silence crept,  
 At last they trickled to her husband's nose;  
 Who in plain terms (he seldom used to flatter),  
 Demanded "what the devil was the matter."

Her tears fell faster, but she answered not,  
 In vain at first she strove her voice to find;  
 The courteous Saxon thought his wife had got  
 The toothache, and grew wonderfully kind.  
 But when Godiva gently told him what  
 So much afflicted not her *teeth*—but *mind*,  
 He scratched his head, and stared like one confounded,  
 Never was man so perfectly astounded!

He could not form, for his part, the least notion  
 Of what appeared so singular a whim,  
 He'd always fancied that his wife's devotion,  
 Thoughts, passions, wishes centred all in him,

Much was he puzzled by this strange emotion,—  
 How was it possible a dame so slim,  
 So elegant and tasty as his wife,  
 Could feel for wretches quite in humble life !

It was a problem which he could not solve,  
 'T was just what mathematics are to me,  
 A science which the longer I revolve,  
 The surer am I we shall ne'er agree :  
 And so I very prudently resolve  
 To give it up, and stick to poetry,  
 Which is, in fact, extremely pretty sport,  
 And I 'm inclined to fancy quite my forte !

My Simpson's Euclid, you 're a cursed bore,  
 Although, no doubt, a treasure in your way,  
 And those who doat on science may explore  
 Your problems—with what appetite they may.  
 I have no head for mathematic lore,  
 Therefore, my Simpson's Euclid, I must say  
 (Though I 'm desirous not to be uncivil),  
 I most devoutly wish you at the devil.

But oh ! the thousand joys of versifying !  
 One writes, and blots, and reads 'em o'er and o'er,  
 And, every time one reads 'em, can't help spying  
 A thousand beauties unobserved before ;  
 And then one fancies all the ladies crying—  
 Reviewers make some rhymesters rather sore ;  
 I, for my own part, am a careless dog,  
 And love to hear mine criticized—*incog*.

But poor Godiva—in her tears she lay,  
 'T was a sad pity that 't was in the night,  
 Because, had it but happened in the day,  
 Her weeping beauty had prevailed outright :  
 Even then she charmed her husband's rage away,  
 And nearly gained her purpose—though not quite ;  
 For, after all her eloquent persuasion,  
 He tried to cheat her by a mean evasion.

“My dear,” said he, “you’ve argued wondrous well,  
 I’m quite delighted with your long oration,  
 On all its beauties I forbear to dwell,  
 Enough that it hath met my approbation ;  
 So much so, that to-morrow you may tell  
 Fair Coventry, it’s free from all taxation,  
 If but these terms your approbation meet—  
 That you ride naked through the public street.”

Godiva started—well indeed she might,  
 She almost doubted her own ears’ veracity ;  
 My modest pen can scarce endure to write  
 A speech of such unparalleled audacity.  
 Leofric thought he had perplexed her quite,  
 And grinned immensely at his own sagacity ;  
 For which I hold him a consummate beast,  
 Deserving of the pillory at least!

Shame on the heartless churl!—could he repose  
 On that so lovely bosom, which, he knew,  
 For him, albeit the author of its woes,  
 Throbbled with affection, warm, and chaste, and true !  
 And could he thus its holy charms expose  
 Unveiled and blushing to the public view !  
 Ay, bid slaves gaze on beauties, which alone  
 (Though kings had sighed for) he might call his own !

And yet, I can’t but own that modern spouses  
 In his opinions seem to acquiesce ;  
 I’ve seen, in many fashionable houses,  
 The ladies waltzing in complete undress ;  
 A custom which no sort of feeling rouses  
 Amongst their husbands—and I must confess,  
 (Being unmarried) that I see no faults in  
 Ladies, young, lovely, and half-naked, waltzing.

I must say I enjoy it—’t is a pleasure  
 Good-natured fair ones grant to amorous swains ;  
 I like to whirl to that bewildering measure,  
 Which, “just like love”—or brandy, turns one’s brains ;

I like to view my partner's charms at leisure,  
 Till scarce a secret for the bride remains ;  
 While round her waist each wanton finger strays,  
 And counts the whalebones in her panting stays.

Let jealous husbands (if such still there be  
 In this *improving* age) cry out "For shame!"  
 Let Quakers say our manners are too free,  
 And gouty folks quadrilles and waltzes blame ;  
 I here protest I never will agree  
 In such reproaches—till I'm blind and lame.  
 Let maids of fifty prate of immorality,  
 I'm for the sexes' rational equality !

These are new doctrines : in Godiva's age  
 Husbands alone were privileged to kiss ;  
 I said before, Reform was not the rage,  
 So that such nonsense was not then amiss ;  
 And, though I've ransacked many an ancient page,  
 I find but one case similar to this,—  
 That of Candaules—handed down to us  
 By Barry Cornwall, and Herodotus.

Oh ! matrimonial love, which I so long  
 Have fondly painted to my fancy's eye,  
 In vain would I embody now in song  
 My young conceptions of thy purity.  
 Thou should'st be chaste, though ardent ; mild, though strong ;  
 Thou should'st be—hang it, it's in vain to try,—  
 Thou should'st be—all that in my heart's recess  
 I long have worshipped, but can ne'er express.

And thou, fair image, whatsoe'er thou art,  
 The loved creation of my boyish brain,  
 The destined partner of my cares and heart,  
 To share my pleasures, and to soothe my pain ;  
 Still of my dearest visions be a part,  
 In many a midnight dream appear again ;  
 Still let me clasp thee to my glowing breast,  
 Enjoy thy converse, and in sleep be blest.

And if not all a phantom of my thought,  
 And thou indeed hast being, may thy young  
 And sinless years be happy, and may nought  
 That tastes of sorrow in thy path be flung :  
 May purest lessons thy young heart be taught,  
 And each expanding thought to virtue strung ;  
 May'st thou have *some* accomplishments — *much* grace,  
 And lovely as thy spirit be — thy face.

I shall be quite enraptured if you sing,  
 So but your taste is pure as was the Attics' ;  
 I only beg you 'll take care not to fling  
 Your time away in learning mathematics ;  
 Nor to my arms a heavy portion bring  
 Of Chemistry — and Greek — and Hydrostatics ;  
 You may nurse pinks and tulips, if you 've got any,  
 But be no florist, love, — nor deal in Botany.

I mention this, because I know *some* ladies  
 Whose conversation is almost a bore ;  
 But I should laud them, as the poet's trade is,  
 So wont pursue this topic any more !  
 Return we to our tale, which, I'm afraid, is  
 Too long in telling — but it 's nearly o'er :  
 Godiva turned at last, with looks imploring,  
 And found her husband (like my reader) snoring.

Too well she knew to wake him would be vain,  
 She thought 't was best to let him slumber on,  
 Or else his humour might relapse again,  
 And all she had effected be undone.  
 She lay, and communed with her heart and brain, —  
 Her thoughts I know not ; but when morning shone,  
 She told her husband, with a steadfast eye,  
 She had revolved the matter — and would try.

Her speech on this occasion I'd recorded  
 In my foul copy, and we all agreed  
 That it was most astonishingly worded,  
 For one who never learnt to write or read ;

Yet scope for mirth it might have well afforded  
 To modern misses of our British breed ;  
 And grave Blue-stockings would, no doubt, have said,  
 " Godiva's *heart* was better than her *head*."

Had she at some snug boarding-school been placed,  
 Of modern growth, for female education,  
 She would have had a most uncommon taste,  
 And I might now have printed her oration.  
 Her native genius she would then have graced  
 With stores of *every sort of information*,  
 And had, at twelve years old, more *general knowledge*  
 Than boys of fifteen gain at Eton College.

She turned, and left his lordship sore perplexed,  
 He almost questioned if he were awake,  
 And knew not whether to feel pleased or vexed ;  
 Still less, what step it would be right to take.  
 He " wondered what the devil she 'd do next,  
 Who could so bold a resolution make ;"  
 And felt a sort of shame that he 'd consented,  
 And, for the first time in his life, repented.

But then, he felt he never could retract,  
 (At least he would not—which was much the same),  
 And if his wife thought proper thus to act,  
*He* couldn't help it—*he* was not to blame !  
 So that day, after breakfast, off he packed  
 A trumpeter (I quite forget his name)  
 To tell the people, in the market-place,  
 His wife's intention—and his own disgrace.

It was an idle morn in Coventry,  
 The people wandered through the gloomy mart ;  
 Labour with hope was o'er, and listlessly  
 Their footsteps traversed each unheeded part ;  
 Despair was yielding fast to apathy—  
 They were prepared to die,—and every heart  
 Its weight of woe had half forgot to feel,—  
 When in their ears shrill rung a trumpet-peal.

There was a sudden crowding round the space  
Whence the sound came—and then from man to man,  
Throughout the full and spacious market-place,  
A sudden, cold, electric shudder ran ;  
And each glanced quickly on his neighbour's face,  
As if the working of his thought to scan,—  
And then in every countenance were blent  
Joy, love, and anger, and astonishment.

A breathless pause succeeded,—then arose  
A low and gathering murmur in the crowd,  
Like the far peal that breaks the dread repose  
Cast by the shadow of a thunder-cloud :  
And fast and far that thrilling murmur flows  
On through the multitude—yet grows not loud,—  
Slowly it died,—and nought but trampling feet  
Of crowds dispersing sounded in the street.

Noon came, yet ne'er in Coventry had reigned,  
At deepest midnight, silence so profound ;  
In the wide streets no human form remained,  
It seemed as Death had swallowed all around ;  
It was like that enchanted city, feigned  
In Oriental Tales, where all were bound  
In magic slumbers, and transformed to stone—  
A story pretty generally known.

What were Godiva's thoughts at that dread hour  
In her lone chamber? Silent did she kneel,—  
Her deep blue eyes raised meekly to the Power  
Of Heaven, in dumb, yet eloquent appeal.  
Thus prayed the gentle lady in her bower,  
Till o'er her sorrows peace began to steal,  
And the calm rapture of the silent skies  
Had sunk into her spirit, through her eyes.

The lady rose from prayer, with cheek o'er-flushed,  
And eyes all radiant with celestial fire ;  
The anguished beatings of her heart were hushed,  
So calmly heaven-ward did her thoughts aspire.

A moment's pause—and then she deeply blushed,  
 As, trembling, she unclasped her rich attire,  
 And, shrinking from the sun-light, shone confest  
 The ripe and dazzling beauties of her breast.

And when her white and radiant limbs lay bare,  
 The fillet from her brow the dame unbound,  
 And let the traces of her raven hair  
 Flow down in wavy lightness to the ground,  
 Till half they veiled her limbs and bosom fair,  
 In dark and shadowy beauty floating round,  
 As clouds, in the still firmament of June,  
 Shade the pale splendours of the midnight moon.

But then her spirit fell, when thus alone  
 She stood in the deep silence of her bower ;  
 And felt that there she was beheld by none  
 Save one unknown, supreme, eternal Power.  
 She dared not raise her meek eyes, trembling one,  
 Again from earth ; she could have wished that hour  
 Rather in view of thousands to have stood,  
 Than in that still and awful solitude.

Away—away ! with wild and hurried pace,  
 Through many a long and echoing room she stole ;  
 No voice arrests her ear, no human face  
 Bursts on the dreary wildness of her soul.  
 All silent now is that proud dwelling place,—  
 On—on she presses, till she reach the goal ;  
 The portal past—she sees her palfrey stand,  
 Held by a weak and weeping maiden's hand.

Away, away !—the lady hath departed ;  
 The freedom of the land will soon be won :—  
 Rejoice, ye wronged, and spurned, and broken-hearted,  
 Rejoice !—for your deliverance is begun.  
 It's full five minutes since Godiva started,  
 She'll be among you before half-past one ;  
 Therefore, take care, both bachelors and spouses,  
 All but the blind, to keep within your houses.



Godiva passed, but all had disappeared,  
 Each in his dwelling's innermost recess;  
 One would have thought all mortal eyes had feared  
 To gaze upon her dazzling loveliness.  
 Sudden her palfrey stopped, and neighed and reared,  
 And pricked his ears—as if he would express  
 That there was something wicked in the wind;  
 Godiva trembled, and held fast behind.

And here I also must remark, that this is  
 With ladies very frequently the case,  
 And beg to hint to all equestrian misses,  
 That horses' backs are not their proper place.  
 A woman's forte is music—love—or kisses,  
 Not leaping gates, or galloping a race;  
 I used sometimes to ride with them of yore,  
 And always found them an infernal bore.

The steed grew quiet, and a piercing cry  
 Burst on Godiva's ear;—she started, and  
 Beheld a man, who, in a window high,  
 Shaded his dim eyes with his trembling hand!  
 He had been led by *curiosity*.  
 To see her pass, and there had ta'en his stand;  
 And as he gazed ('t is thus the story's read),  
 His eye-balls sunk and shrivelled in his head!

I know not, gentles, whether this be true,  
 If so, you'll own his punishment was just;  
 Poor wretch!—full dearly had he cause to rue  
 His prying temper, or unbridled lust.  
 No more could he his daily toil pursue—  
 He was a tinker—but his tools might rust;  
 He might dispose of all his stock of metal,  
 For ne'er, thence-forward, could he mend a kettle.

Alas! poor Peeping Tom!—Godiva kept  
 And fed him.—Reader, now my tale is told;  
 I need not state how all the peasants wept,  
 And laughed, and blest their Countess—young and old

That night Godiva very soundly slept—  
 I grieve to add she caught a trifling cold;  
 Leofric's heart was so extremely full,  
 He roasted for the populace a bull.

There stood an ancient Cross at Coventry,  
 Pulled down, of late, by order of the Mayor,  
 Because 't was clear its downfall must be nigh,  
 And 't would be too expensive to repair;  
 It bore two figures carved—and you might spy  
 Beneath them 'graved, in letters large and fair,  
 "Godiva! Leofric, for love of thee,  
 Doth make henceforth fair Coventry toll free."

The tale 's believed by all the population,  
 And still a sham Godiva, every year,  
 Is carried by the Mayor and Corporation  
 In grand procession—and the mob get beer.  
 Gentles, I've spent my fit of inspiration,  
 Which being over, I must leave you here;  
 And for Godiva—hope you'll decent think her,  
 Laugh at her husband, and forgive the tinker.

*The Etonian.*

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### THE SEA CAVE.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

HARDLY we breathe, although the air be free.  
 How massively doth awful nature pile  
 The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,  
 Sacred to silence and the solemn sea!  
 How that clear pool lies sleeping tranquilly,  
 And under its glassed surface seems to smile,  
 With many hues, a mimic grove the while,  
 Of foliage submarine—shrub, flower, and tree!  
 Beautiful scene! and fitted to allure  
 The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid;  
 Who here, with her green tresses disarrayed,  
 'Mid the clear bath, unfearing and secure,  
 May sport, at noontide, in the caverned shade,  
 Cold as the shadow, as the waters pure.

## IVAN THE CZAR.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Ivan le Terrible, etant déjà devenu vieux, assiégeoit Novogorod. Les Boyards, le voyant affoibli, lui demandèrent s'il ne voulait pas donner le commandement de l'assaut à son fils. Sa fureur fut si grande a cette proposition, que rien ne put l'appaiser ; son fils se prosterna à ses pieds ; il le repoussa avec un coup d'une telle violence, que deux jours après le malheureux en mourut. Le père, alors au desespoir, devint indifférent à la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survécut que peu de mois a son fils.

DIX ANNEES D'EXIL, PAR MAD. DE STAEL.

HE sat in silence on the ground,  
The old and haughty Czar ;  
Lonely, though princes girt him round,  
And leaders of the war :  
He had cast his jewelled sabre,  
That many a field had won,  
To the earth beside his youthful dead,  
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,  
Was laid that form of clay,  
Where the light a stormy sunset shed,  
Through the rich tent made way :  
And a sad and solemn beauty  
On the pallid face came down,  
Which the lord of nations mutely watched  
In the dust with his renown.

Low tones at last of woe and fear  
From his full bosom broke ;—  
A mournful thing it was to hear  
How then the proud man spoke !  
The voice that through the combat  
Had shouted far and high,  
Came forth in strange, dull hollow sounds,  
Burthened with agony.

"There is no crimson on thy cheek,  
 And on thy lip no breath,  
 I call thee—and thou dost not speak—  
 They tell me this is Death!  
 And fearful things are whispering  
 That I the deed have done—  
 For the honour of thy father's name,  
 Look up, look up, my son!

"Well might I know death's hue and mien;  
 But on *thine* aspect, boy!  
 What, till this moment, have I seen,  
 Save pride and tameless joy?  
 Swiftest thou wert to battle,  
 And bravest there of all—  
 How could I think a warrior's frame  
 Thus like a flower should fall?

"I will not bear that still, cold look;—  
 Rise up, thou fierce and free!  
 Wake as the storm wakes!—I will brook  
 All, save this calm, from thee.  
 Lift brightly up and proudly,  
 Once more thy kindling eyes!  
 Hath my word lost its power on earth?  
 I say to thee, Arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well?  
 Thou didst not! and art gone,  
 In bitterness of thought, to dwell  
 Where man must dwell alone.  
 Come back, young fiery spirit!  
 If but one hour, to learn  
 The secrets of the folded heart,  
 That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first fair child  
 That in mine arms I pressed,—  
 Thou wert the bright one, that has smiled  
 Like summer on my breast!

I reared thee as an eagle,  
 To the chase thy steps I led,  
 I bore thee on my battle-horse—  
 I look upon thee—dead!

“Lay down my warlike banners here,  
 Never again to wave,  
 And bury my red sword and spear,  
 Chiefs! in my first-born’s grave!  
 And leave me!—I have conquered,  
 I have slain—my work is done:  
 Whom have I slain!—Ye answer not—  
*Thou too art mute, my son!*”

And thus his wild lament was poured  
 Through the dark resounding night;  
 And the battle knew no more his sword,  
 Nor the foaming steed his might.  
 He heard strange voices moaning  
 In every wind that sighed;  
 From the searching stars of Heaven he shrank—  
 Humbly the Conqueror died.

*Literary Souvenir.*

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## HOPE.

BY THE LATE HENRY NEELE.

HOPE still will mount; no timorous fears  
 Her purpose can beguile;  
 And if she weeps, those short-lived tears  
 Will brighten to a smile.

So the gay skylark soars and sings,  
 To hail the orb of day;  
 And even the dews that wet her wings,  
 Soon glitter in the ray.

## I CANNOT LOVE BUT ONE.

BY THE LATE LORD BYRON.

'T is done ! and shivering in the gale,  
The bark unfurls her snowy sail ;  
And whistling o'er the bending mast,  
Loud sings on high the freshening blast —  
And I must from this land be gone,  
Because I cannot love but one !

But could I be what I have been,  
And could I see what I have seen,—  
Could I repose upon the breast  
Which once my warmest wishes blest,  
I should not seek another zone,  
Because I cannot love but one !

'T is long since I beheld that eye  
Which gave me bliss or misery ;  
And I have striven, but in vain,  
Never to think of it again ;  
For though I fly from Albion,  
I still can only love but one !

As some lone bird without a mate,  
My weary heart is desolate ;  
I look around, and cannot trace  
One friendly smile or welcome face :  
And even in crowds I 'm still alone,  
Because I cannot love but one !

And I will cross the whitening foam,  
And I will seek a foreign home ;  
Till I forget a false, fair face,  
I ne'er shall find a resting place :  
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,  
But ever love, and love but one !

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth  
Still finds some hospitable hearth,

Where friendship's, or love's softer glow,  
May smile in joy, or soothe in woe;  
But friend or lover I have none,  
Because I cannot love but one!

I go! but wheresoe'er I flee  
There's not an eye will weep for me,  
There's not a kind, congenial heart  
Where I can claim the meanest part;  
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,  
Wilt sigh, although I love but one!

To think of every early scene—  
Of what we are, and what we've been—  
Would overwhelm some softer hearts with woe:  
But mine, alas! has stood the blow,  
Yet still beats on as it began,  
And never truly loves but one!

And who that dear, loved one may be  
Is not for vulgar eyes to see;—  
And why that love was early crost,  
Thou know'st the best—I feel the most:  
But few that dwell beneath the sun  
Have loved so long, and loved but one!

I've tried another's fetters, too,  
With charms, perchance, as fair to view;  
And I would fain have loved as well—  
But some unconquerable spell  
Forbade my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for aught but one!

'T would soothe to take one lingering view,  
And bless thee in my last adieu;  
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep  
For him who wanders o'er the deep,—  
Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,  
I love but thee—I love but one!

ANASTASIUS TO HIS CHILD ALEXIS.

BY THE REV. C. H. TOWNSEND.

SLEEP, oh! sleep, my dearest one,  
While I watch thy placid slumbers,  
And pour, in low and pensive tone,  
To lull thee, wild and plaintive numbers.  
If my tears thy pillows steep,  
Sleep—thou canst not see me weep!

Thy cheek is pillowed on my arm,  
As if secure that thee it shielded,  
And there a flush more deeply warm  
The pressure to its tint hath yielded:  
Thy hand, which mine did lately clasp,  
Dwells there, relaxing in its grasp.

I long to view thy beauteous face,  
To cheer me through the day's long toiling;  
I love its every change to trace,  
Shaded by thought—in pleasure smiling:  
Amid the world, with pride I see  
All eyes do homage unto thee!

But, oh! this hour is most—most dear,  
When even from the friendly stealing,  
I seek my only pleasures here,  
And fix on thee my every feeling;  
When thou dost seem all, all my own;  
To live—breathe—smile—for me alone!

And, oh! to guard thee thus from ill,  
No other joy can rank before it;  
When ev'n thy sleep seems conscious still  
How true a love is watching o'er it!  
Such perfect confidence is shewn  
In this defenceless hour alone.



Sleep,—thou canst not know the love,  
 Which passes all of outward shewing;  
 Much may my looks, words, actions prove,  
 But how much more untold is glowing!  
 And now, in silent loneliness,  
 It passes all I most express.

A tender sadness melts my soul,  
 And Memory, with her train attending,  
 Seems all her pages to unroll,  
 While Hope her airy dreams is blending.  
 My tears are sweet; yet see not thou,  
 Lest thou mistake their drops for woe.

I think of all I am the while,  
 Of guilt's dark hours, and life all blasted,  
 And thou the only thing to smile,  
 Upon the heart, so widely wasted:  
 Oh! what can tell the rush of thought,  
 With joy, grief, rapture, anguish, fraught!

But with a thrill of keener pain,  
 A shuddering dread has now o'ercome me,  
 That dries those kindly tears again,—  
 Oh! should the future tear thee from me!  
 Ah me, ah me! I hold thee now,—  
 Shall I ask ever—where art thou?

I cannot call thee back again,  
 Nor o'er again these joys be living,  
 And thousand worlds were pledged in vain,  
 To give what now this hour is giving;  
 But I shall writhe in fruitless woe,  
 With pangs which—no, I *do* not know.

Yet, wherefore thus perversely run  
 To boded ill from present pleasure?  
 I know not why; but lives there one  
 Who binds his life in *one* rich treasure,

Whom the wild thought has never crossed,  
 "What should I feel, were this but lost?"

Should he now wake, and see my face  
 So changed by passions, fiercely blending,  
 Would he not deem that in my place  
 Some fiend was o'er his pillow bending?  
 I speak too loud—he seems disturbed—  
 My wild emotion must be curbed.

Hark! his lips move; and gently frame,  
 In dreamy slumber, words half broken;  
 Ah! was not that?—it is my name,  
 Which by those cherub lips is spoken!  
 I feel a thrill of vivid joy,  
 To know that I his thoughts employ.

He feared, that, ere his eyes could close,  
 A weary vigil mine should number;  
 Dear innocent! he little knows  
 How quickly youth shakes hands with slumber:  
 E'en ere my voice had softened, thou  
 Wert in oblivion, deep as now.

Now gently I withdraw my arm,  
 Fearful thy quiet sleep of breaking;  
 Thou giv'st no token of alarm,  
 And pleased I see thee not awaking;  
 The taper shaded with my hand,  
 Gazing on thee awhile I stand.

How beautiful in his repose!  
 The long dark lash the white lid fringing,  
 The rich hair clustering on his brows,  
 And the blue vein his forehead tinging.  
 What childish innocence displayed,  
 E'en in that hand so careless laid!

When to my own near couch I steal,  
 I'll listen still to hear thee breathing,

'Till with that lullaby I feel  
 Sleep's dewy mantle o'er me wreathing!  
 How sweet the sound, how welcome, dear,  
 Which tells me what I love is near!

But first, ere I can calm recline,  
 In silent prayer I kneel beside thee,  
 And sue each blessing may be thine,  
 Long forfeited, or still denied me.  
 Now one last kiss with caution given,  
 And I resign my watch to Heaven.

---

SONG.

LEAVES quiver in the balmy air, the moon grows bright above,  
 Beauty is beaming every where,— 't is just the hour for love!  
 So calm, so silent, I could deem beneath yon arch of blue  
 Breathe none beside myself, dear love, the nightingale and you!

The mazy brook is whispering now, a soft tale to the flowers,  
 The night-breeze freshens on my brow, — how sweet these  
 moonlight hours!  
 And sweet the twilight path that guides my footsteps through the  
 dew,  
 Each eve, to this green dell, my love, the nightingale and you!

Now some seek halls of revelry, where flows the ruddy wine;  
 And merry may their banquet be,— a deeper joy is mine!  
 They choose companions many a one, I am content with two,—  
 The nightingale and you, my love! the nightingale and you!

*Literary Souvenir.*

## THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest !

BURNS.

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

I turned to many a withered hope,—to years of grief and pain,—  
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er my boding  
brain ;—

I thought of friends, grown worse than cold, of persecuting foes,—  
And I asked of heaven, if ills like these must mar thy youth's  
repose !

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

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

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

O the child in its hours of health and bloom, that is dear as thou wert then,  
 Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—in sickness and in pain;  
 And thus 't was thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was lost,  
 Ten times more precious to my soul—for all that thou hadst cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee day by day,  
 Pale, like the second bow of heaven, as gently waste away;  
 And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not breathe aloud,  
 Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's coming cloud.

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

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from me,  
 And murmured low of heaven's behests, and bliss attained by thee;—  
 She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so blest as thine,  
 Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as mine!

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

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,  
 With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine of thy brow,  
 They never can replace the bud our early fondness nursed;  
 They may be lovely and beloved, but not—like thee—the first!

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

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

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

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THINK OF ME.

THINK of me, and I'll tell thee when  
 The moment of that thought shall be;  
 When you sweet star is rising, then,  
 Oh then, beloved, think of me!  
 Yes, let thy memory on me rest,  
 When, pale and beautiful as now,  
 Yon planet sinks beneath the west,  
 With dewy light and silver brow.

When the blue arch of heaven is bright,  
 When not a shadow frowns above,  
 The beauty of its placid light  
 Will seem the emblem of our love.  
 When clouds are gathering on its way,  
 And the black storms around thee wait,  
 The darkness of its shrouded ray  
 Will seem the emblem of our fate.

L. E. L.

## THE EXILE.

BY MISS. BANNERMAN.

YE hills of my country, soft-fading in blue,  
Ye seats of my childhood, for ever adieu !  
Yet not for a brighter your skies I resign,  
When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine ;  
But sacred to me, is the roar of the wave  
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave,  
Where the blasts of the trumpet for battle combine,  
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguiled,  
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild ;  
For nature is nought to the eye of despair  
But the image of hopes that have vanished in air :  
Again, ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,  
Ye shall bloom to the morn, though ye bloom not for me ;  
Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the stream,  
Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew  
The bowers where the days of my happiness flew ;  
Where my soul found her partner, and thought to bestow  
The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe !  
Too faithful recorders of times that are past,  
The Eden of Love that was ever to last !  
Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,  
And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

To me ye are lost!—but your summits of green  
Shall charm through the distance of many a scene ;  
In woe, and in wandering, 'mid deserts, return  
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn !  
Ye hills of my country ! farewell ever-more,  
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged shore,  
I ask of the hovering gale if it come  
From the oak-towering woods on the mountains of home.

TO A DEAD EAGLE.

BY DELTA.

It is a desolate eve ;  
Dim, cheerless is the scene my path around ;—  
Patters the rain ; the breeze-stirred forests grieve ;  
And wails the stream with melancholy sound :  
While, at my feet, behold,  
With vigorous talons clenched, and bright eye shut,  
With proud curved beak, and wiry plumage bold,  
Thou liest, dead eagle of the desert ; but  
Preserving yet in look thy tameless mood,  
As if, though stilled by death, thy heart were unsubdued.

How cam'st thou to thy death ?  
Did lapsing years o'ercome, and leave thee weak,—  
Or whirlwinds, on thy heaven-descending path,  
Dash thee against the precipice's peak ?—  
'Mid rack and floating cloud  
Did scythe-winged lightning flash athwart thy brain,  
And drive thee, from thine elevation proud,  
Down whirling lifeless to the dim-seen plain ?—  
I know not—may not guess ; but here, alone,  
Lifeless thou liest, outstretched beside the desert stone.

A proud life hath been thine !  
High on the herbless rock thou 'wok'st to birth,  
And, gazing down, saw far beneath thee shine  
Outstretched, horizon-girt, the map-like earth.  
What rapture must have gushed  
Warm round thy heart, when first thy wings essayed,  
Adventurously, their heaven-ward flight, and rushed  
Up towards day's blazing eye-star, undismayed,—  
Above the space's vacancy unfurled,  
And, far receded down, the dim material world !

How fast—how far—how long  
Thine had it been from rack-veiled cyrie high  
To swoop, and still the wood-lark's lyric song,  
The leveret's gambols, and the lambkin's cry ?



The terror-stricken dove  
 Cowered down amid the oak-wood's central shade ;  
 While ferny glens below, and cliffs above,  
 To thy fierce shriek responsive echo made,  
 Carrying the wild alarm from vale to vale,  
 That thou, the forest king, wert out upon the gale !

When downward glens were dark,  
 And o'er moist earth glowed morning's rosy star,  
 High o'er the scarce-tinged clouds 't was thine to mark  
 The orient chariot of the sun afar :  
 And, oh ! how grand to soar  
 Beneath the full moon, on strong pinion driven ;  
 To pierce the regions of grey cloud-land o'er,  
 And drift amid the star-isled seas of heaven !  
 Even like a courier sent from earth to hold  
 With space-dissevered worlds, unawed communion bold.

Dead king-bird of the waste !  
 And is thy curbless span of freedom o'er ?  
 No more shall thine ascending form be traced ?  
 And shall the hunter of the hills no more  
 Hark to thy regal cry ?  
 While rising o'er the stream-girt vales, thy form,  
 Lessening, commingles with the azure sky,  
 Glimpsed 'mid the masses of the gathering storm,  
 As if it were thy proud resolve to see  
 Betwixt thee and dim earth the zig-zag lightnings flee !

A child of freedom thou !—  
 Thy birthright the tall cliff and sky beyond :  
 Thy feet are fetterless ; thy fearless brow  
 Ne'er, quailing, tyrant man's dominions owned.  
 But nature's general law  
 The slave and freeman must alike obey :  
 Pride reels ; and Power, that kept a world in awe,  
 The dreadful summons hears ;—and where are they ?—  
 Vanished like night-dreams from the sleeper's mind,  
 Dusk 'mid dissolving day, or thunder on the wind !

*Literary Souvenir.*

A LAMENT FOR CHIVALRY.

ALAS! the days of Chivalry are fled!  
The brilliant tournament exists no more!  
Our loves are cold and dull as ice or lead,  
And courting is a most enormous bore!

In those good "olden times," a "ladye bright"  
Might sit within her turret or her bower,  
While lovers sang and played without all night,  
And deemed themselves rewarded by a flower.

Yet, if one favoured swain would persevere,  
In despite of her haughty scorn and laugh,  
Perchance she threw him, with the closing year,  
An old odd glove, or else a worn-out scarf.

And he a thousand oaths of love would swear,  
As, in an ecstacy, he caught the prize;  
Then would he gallop off, the lord knows were,  
Telling another thousand monstrous lies;—

All picturing her matchless beauty, which  
He might discern, I ween, not much about,  
Seeing he could but see her 'cross the ditch,  
As she between the lattice bars peeped out.

Off then, away he 'd ride o'er sea and land,  
And dragons fell and mighty giants smite,  
With the tough spear he carried in his hand:  
And all to prove himself her own true knight.

Meanwhile, a thousand more, as wild as he,  
Were all employed about the self-same thing;  
And having ridden hard for each "ladye,"  
They all came back, and met within a ring:

Where all the men who were entitled "Syr"  
 Appeared with martial air and haughty frown,  
 Bearing "long poles, each other up to stir,"  
 And, in the stir up, thrust each other down.

And then they galloped round with dire intent,  
 Each knight resolved another's pride to humble;  
 And laughter rang around the tournament,  
 As oft as any of them had a tumble.

And when, perchance, some ill-starred wight might die,  
 The victim of a stout unlucky poke,  
 Mayhap some fair-one wiped one beauteous eye,—  
 The rest smiled calmly on the deadly joke.

Soon then the lady, whose grim stalwart swain  
 Had got the strongest horse and toughest pole,  
 Bedecked him kneeling with a golden chain,  
 And plighted troth before the motley whole.

Then trumpets sounded, bullocks whole were drest,  
 Priests with shorn heads and lengthy beards were seen;  
 'Mid clamorous shouts the happy pair were blest,  
 For Chivalry won Beauty's chosen queen.

And when fair daughters bloomed like beauteous flowers,  
 To bless the gallant knight and stately dame,  
 They shut them up within their lonely towers,  
 That squires might fight for them and win them fame.

But maidens now from hall and park are brought,  
 Like Covent-Garden flowers, in lots, to Town:  
 No more by prowess in the lists 't is sought—  
 Beauty's the purchase of the wealthiest clown!

Alas! the days of Chivalry are fled!  
 The brilliant tournament exists no more!  
 Men now are cold and dull as ice or lead,  
 And even courtship is a dreadful bore!

## THE COMPLAINT.

A BALLAD.

REST, rest, dear babe ! in balmy sleep reposing,  
No care, no sorrow moves thy tranquil breast ;  
Rest, till the dawn thy gentle eyes unclosing,  
Shall wake that smile in which alone I'm blest.

Hush thee, sweet babe ! let nought disturb thy slumbers,  
Thy mother fondly o'er thy cradle hung,  
Thus frames for thee the soothing favourite numbers,  
For thee her vigils thus beguiles with song.

Alas ! my child, for thee no father's bosom  
Throbs to soft sympathy and fond alarm ;  
No sheltering arm protects thy tender blossom,  
And screens its weakness from life's gathering storm.

In vain with tears and suppliant accents blended,  
His infant seeks its sacred rights to claim ;  
Though truth and honour for those claims contended,  
Honour and truth — to him — are but a name.

Vainly to him this faithful heart appealing,  
Which passion's tenderest, truest flame still warms,  
Urges those oft-pledged vows, each generous feeling,  
Though now forgot — which gave me to his arms.

How can he thus forego the soft relations,  
That bind with mutual ties his soul to me ?  
How can he lose those ever-dear sensations,  
Which swell to rapture as I gaze on thee ?

Oft o'er thy lovely form while pensive musing,  
His smile, his features, with delight I trace,  
Each painful thought in melting fondness losing,  
I clasp his image in my child's embrace.

O may that Power, who hears my sad lamenting,  
 And guards my nursling with a parent's eye,  
 Restore his heart, at nature's voice relenting,  
 To faith's firm bonds, and love's forgiving sigh!

Sleep on, dear babe! no thoughts like these oppress thee,  
 Mild innocence thy peaceful temples crowns;  
 No anxious doubts, no keen regrets distress thee,  
 No brooding care around thy cradle frowns.

Those tranquil looks suspend thy mother's anguish,  
 Those artless smiles her drooping heart sustain;  
 Victim of broken vows, though doomed to languish,  
 She lives in THEE to peace and hope again!

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### NAPOLEON AT THE KREMLIN.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

DEEPLY shadowed by the night,  
 On the platformed tower he stands;  
 And his lonely hour is bright  
 With the dream of conquered lands,  
 Where the chosen of his legions have striven!  
 Where his plumed host appears,  
 And its soaring eagle bears  
 Its boast of blood and tears  
 Unto heaven!

Hushed in silent midnight sleep  
 The city lies below;  
 And the watch-call hoarse and deep,  
 As he paceth to and fro,  
 Breaks sternly its mighty repose!

Lo! kindling one by one,  
 A thousand lights are shewn,—  
 Each meteor-like and lone  
 Brightly glows!

“ Say! hath the licensed hour,  
 With years of danger bought,—  
 Hath the wine-cup’s wanton power  
 To my hardy veterans taught  
 The excesses of corruption and shame?  
 Have they bade yon flames arise  
 To tell the crimson skies  
 That the stain of outrage lies  
 On our name?”

“ Or doth my warriors’ mirth  
 Yon fires in triumph raise,  
 To scare the shuddering earth  
 With the terrors of their blaze?  
 Like a flag of defiance unfurled,  
 Doth yon flood of radiance flow  
 From our camp?” “ Invader,—no!  
 ’T is a beacon-fire, whose glow  
 Cheers the world!”

“ Lo! its fury rageth higher,  
 Columned upward to the sky,  
 Like that pyramid of fire  
 Which shone, of old, on high,  
 To pilot the loved of the Lord!  
 Soldiers of Fame! come forth,—  
 Let the Empress of the North  
 Note your valour’s daring worth  
 At my word!”

“ Tear down each smoking wall  
 Of her city doomed to death,  
 Ere her towers unaided fall,  
 Lie bravely earthed beneath,  
 Where the bulwarks of her strength darkly nod!”

“ Invader ! stay thy hand,—  
 Those mighty flames are fanned  
 By the patriots of the land,  
 And their God !

“ Dreamedst thou with patient grief  
 They would look on, to see  
 The conqueror of their chief  
 Issue forth his proud decree,  
 To humble the city of their sires ?  
 Rather, let ruin come !  
 Let each altar-hallowed dome,  
 Let each loved, and peaceful home  
 Feed its fires !

“ Hark ! the gathering flames roar round  
 Like the ocean’s troubled bed !  
 With a fiery shower, the ground  
 And the stifling air are red ;—  
 Blazing fragments fall fast on the tower,  
 Where the stores of ordnance lie  
 Prompt for death.” “ Invader ! fly :  
 ’T is a nation’s rallying cry  
 Rules the hour !

“ The sulphurous smoke pours down  
 To mock the conqueror’s flight—  
 Flames gather like a crown  
 Round the Kremlin’s sacred height :—  
 Invader ! thy minions shall find  
 That before the blazing war  
 Of yon flames, that shed afar  
 Their glorious light—thy star  
 Hath declined !

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A knife, dear girl, cuts love, they say ;  
Mere modish love, perhaps it may :  
For any tool of any kind  
Can separate what ne'er was joined.  
The knife that cuts our love in two,  
Will have much tougher work to do :  
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit,  
Down to the vulgar size of merit !  
To level you with modern taste,  
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;  
And from your single beauty's store,  
Clip what would dizen out a score.  
The self-same blade from me must sever,  
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever ;  
All memory of endearments past,  
All hope of comforts long to last,  
All that makes fourteen years with you,  
A summer—and a short one too !  
All that affection feels and fears,  
When hours, without you, seem like years.  
Till that be done, (and I 'd as soon  
Believe this knife will chip the moon)  
Accept my present undeterred,  
And leave their proverbs to be heard.  
If in a kiss—delicious treat !—  
Your lips acknowledge its receipt ;  
Love, fond of such substantial fare,  
And proud to play the glutton there,  
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,  
Save only—*cut* and come again.



THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

SOOTHED by the self-same ditty, see  
The infant and the sire ;  
'That smiling on the nurse's knee,  
'This weeping by the fire ;

Where unobserved he finds a joy  
To list its plaintive tone,  
And silently his thoughts employ  
On sorrows all his own.

At once it comes, by memory's power,  
The loved habitual theme,  
Reserved for twilight's darkling hour,  
A voluntary dream !

And as with thoughts of former years  
His weakly eyes o'erflow,  
None wonder at an old man's tears,  
Or seek his grief to know.

Think not he doats because he weeps ;  
Conclusion, ah ! how wrong !  
Reason with grief joint empire keeps,  
Indissolubly strong ;

And oft in age a helpless pride  
With jealous weakness pines,  
(To second infancy allied)  
And every woe refines.

He ponders on his infant years,  
When first his race began,  
And, oh ! how wonderful appears  
The destiny of man !

How swift those lovely hours were past,  
 In darkness closed how soon!  
 As if a winter's night o'ercast  
 The brightest summer's noon.

His withered hand he holds to view,  
 With nerves once firmly strung,  
 And scarcely can believe it true  
 That ever he was young.

And as he thinks o'er all his ills,  
 Disease, neglect, and scorn,  
 Strange pity of himself he feels,  
 Thus aged and forlorn.

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SONG.

BY MISS MITFORD.

SWEET is the balmy evening hour,  
 And mild the glow-worm's light,  
 And soft the breeze that sweeps the flower  
 With pearly dew-drops bright.  
 I love to loiter on the hill,  
 And catch each trembling ray;—  
 Fair as they are, they mind me still  
 Of fairer things than they.

What is the breath of closing flowers  
 But Feeling's gentlest sigh?  
 What are the dew-drops' crystal showers  
 But tears from Pity's eye?  
 What are the glow-worms by the rill  
 But Fancy's flashes gay?  
 I love them, for they mind me still  
 Of one more dear than they.

## THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

BESIDE the parson's bower of yew,  
Why strays a troubled sprite,  
That peaks and pines, and dimly shines  
Through the curtains of the night?

Why steals along the pond of toads  
A gliding fire so blue,  
That lights a spot where grows no grass,  
Where falls no rain nor dew?

The vicar's daughter once was good,  
And gentle as the dove,  
And young and fair,—and many came  
To win the damsel's love.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,  
Beyond the winding stream,  
The windows of a stately house  
In the sheen of evening gleam :

There dwelt, 'mid riot, rout, and roar,  
A lord so frank and free,  
And oft with inward joy of heart,  
The maid beheld his glee,

Whether he met the dawning day,  
In hunting trim so fine,  
Or tapers, sparkling from his hall,  
Beshone the midnight wine.

He sent the maid his picture, girt  
With diamond, pearl, and gold ;  
And a silken scroll, with perfumes sweet,  
This gentle message told :

“ Let go thy sweethearts, one and all ;  
Shalt thou be basely wooed,  
That worthy art to gain the heart  
Of a youth of noble blood !

“ The tale I would to thee bewray,  
In secret must be said :  
At midnight hour I'll seek thy bower ;  
Fair girl, be not afraid.

“ And when the amorous nightingale  
Sings sweetly to his mate,  
I'll pipe my quail-call from the field :  
Be kind, nor make me wait.”

In cap and mantle dight he came,  
At eve, with lonely tread ;  
Unseen and silent as a mist,  
And hushed the dogs with bread.

And when the amorous nightingale  
Sang sweetly to his mate,  
She heard his quail-call in the field,  
And did not make him wait.

The words he whispered were so soft,  
They won her ear and heart ;  
How soon will she, who loves, believe !  
How deep a lover's art !

No lure, no soothing guise, he spared,  
To banish virtuous shame ;  
He called on holy God above,  
As the witness to his flame.

He clasped her to his breast, and swore  
To be for ever true :  
“ O yield thee to my wishful arms,  
Thy choice thou shalt not rue.”

And while she strove, he drew her on,  
And led her to the bower  
So still, so dim—and round about  
Sweet smelt the beans in flower.

There beat her heart, and heaved her breast,  
And pleaded every sense ;  
And there the glowing breath of lust  
Did blast her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began  
Their fallow blooms to shed,  
Her sparkling eyes their lustre lost ;  
Her cheeks, their roses fled ;

And when she saw the pods increase,  
The ruddier cherries stain,  
She felt her silken robe grow tight,  
Her waist new weight sustain.

And when the mowers went afield,  
The yellow corn to ted,  
She felt her burden stir within,  
And shook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hissed  
Along the stubble field,  
Then could the damsel's piteous plight  
No longer be concealed.

Her sire, a harsh and angry man,  
With furious voice reviled :  
“ Hence, from my sight ! I 'll none of thee—  
I harbour not thy child ! ”

And fast, amid her fluttering hair,  
With clenched fist he gripes,  
And seized a leathern thong, and lashed  
Her side with sounding stripes.

Her lily skin, so soft and white,  
 He ribs with bloody wales;  
 And thrusts her out, though black the night,  
 Though sleet and storm assails.

Up the harsh rock, on flinty paths,  
 The maiden had to roam;  
 On tottering feet she groped her way,  
 And sought her lover's home.

“ A mother thou hast made of me,  
 Before thou mad'st a wife :  
 For this, upon my tender breast,  
 These livid stripes are rife :

“ Behold !” and then with bitter sobs,  
 She sank upon the floor—  
 “ Make good the evil thou hast wrought ;  
 My injured name restore.”

“ Poor soul !—I'll have thee housed and nursed ;  
 Thy terrors I lament.  
 Stay here ; we 'll have some further talk—  
 The old one shall repent—”

“ I have no time to rest and wait ;  
 That saves not my good name,—  
 If thou with honest soul hast sworn,  
 O leave me not to shame ;

“ But at the holy altar be  
 Our union sanctified ;  
 Before the people and the priest,  
 Receive me for thy bride.”

“ Unequal matches must not blot  
 The honours of my line ;  
 Art thou of wealth or rank for me,  
 To harbour thee a mine ?

“ What ’s fit and fair I’ll do for thee ;  
Shalt yet retain my love —  
Shalt wed my huntsman, and we’ll then  
Our former transports prove.”

“ Thy wicked soul, hard-hearted man,  
May pangs in hell await !  
Sure if not suited for thy bride,  
I was not for thy mate.

“ Go, seek a spouse of nobler blood,  
Nor God’s just judgments dread—  
So shall, ere long, some base-born wretch  
Defile thy marriage-bed.

“ Then, traitor, feel how wretched they  
In hopeless shame immersed ;  
Then smite thy forehead on the wall,  
While horrid curses burst.

“ Roll thy dry eyes in wild despair —  
Unsoothed thy grinning woe ;  
Through thy pale temples fire the ball,  
And sink to fiends below.”

Collected, then she started up,  
And, through the hissing sleet,  
Through thorn and briar, through flood and mire,  
She fled with bleeding feet.

“ Where now,” she cried, “ my gracious God !  
What refuge have I left ?”  
Then reached the garden of her home,  
Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot she feebly crawled  
Beneath the bower unblest ;  
Where withering leaves, and gathering snow,  
Prepared her only rest.

There rending pains and darting throes  
 Assailed her shuddering frame ;  
 And from her womb a lovely boy,  
 With wail and weeping came.

Forth from her hair a silver pin  
 With hasty hand she drew,  
 And pressed against its tender heart,  
 And the sweet babe she slew.

Erst when the act of blood was done,  
 Her soul its guilt abhorred :  
 " My Jesus ! what has been my deed ?  
 Have mercy on me, Lord ! "

With bloody nails, beside the pond,  
 Its shallow grave she tore ;  
 " There rest in God,—there shame and want  
 Thou canst not suffer more ;

" Me vengeance waits. My poor, poor child,  
 Thy wound shall bleed afresh,  
 When ravens from the gallows tear  
 Thy mother's mouldering flesh ! "

Hard by the bower her gibbet stands,  
 Her skull is still to show ;  
 It seems to eye the barren grave,  
 Three spans in length below.

That is the spot where grows no grass,  
 Where falls no rain nor dew,  
 Whence steals along the pond of toads  
 A hovering fire so blue.

And nightly, when the ravens come,  
 Her ghost is seen to glide ;  
 Pursues, and tries to quench the flame  
 And pines the pool beside.

*The Bachelor's Wife.*



## MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

It is the summer of the fleeting year,  
On the brown sward the flowers are faint and few ;  
All songs are hushed ; and but the clear halloo  
And 'larum of the bird-boy reach the ear.  
Through the warm air floats far the lime's perfume,  
But wayside boughs have lost the rose's bloom.

The corn is golden on a thousand slopes,  
All crisply rustling to the living breeze ;  
And 'mid the billowy sound of summer trees  
I wander, pondering on departed hopes ;  
Nor hopes alone, but pleasant lives departed,—  
I walk alone—for I am lonely hearted.

What of those blest affections have I found,  
Which life should ripen like its summer corn ?  
Which has not from my feeble grasp been torn,  
Of all the love with which young life was crowned ?  
Hearts which if I should seek, I know not where  
To find their graves—yet have they long been there.

These fell away like leaves when life was new,  
Smit by that blight which to the fairest clings ;  
And though I have lived on through many springs,  
No greenness follows where those first buds grew.  
Still glows the heart, but glows without the power  
To give or gain the freshness of that hour.

Yet why should I be sad?—for nature spreads  
Her wealth before me daily ; from her heart,  
Doth joys, proud thoughts, sweet sympathies impart,  
Which I drink in as one who nothing dreads.  
Fearless that her's, like man's weak mind should fall,  
Her face should darken, or her pleasures pall.

Yet why should I be sad?—for I have found  
One true companion,—one dear soul is mine,

Whose converse still doth soothe, arouse, refine ;  
 And on my hearth there is a cheerful sound  
 Of lightsome feet, and tones that in my ears  
 Ring like the hopes and joys of other years.

Then, though the false depart, the weak descend,  
 Though lights which seemed immortal cease to burn,  
 Though it be mine with bitter tears to mourn  
 Life's sorest sight—a soul-debased friend ;  
 Firm is my faith in truth and virtue's lot,  
 Though thousands feign, and myriads feel them not.

*Literary Souvenir.*

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#### A WINTER PIECE.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,  
 And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow,  
 When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewildered in her way,  
 Pressed her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say:—

“ Oh ! cruel was my father, that shut his door on me !  
 And cruel was my mother that such a sight could see ;  
 And cruel is the wintry wind that chills my heart with cold ;  
 But crueller than all, the youth who left my love for gold !

“ Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast,—  
 Ah ! little thinks thy father how sadly we're distress !  
 For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,  
 He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

“ Cold, cold, my dearest jewel ! thy little life is gone !  
 Oh, let my tears revive thee ! so fast that trickle down ;  
 My tears that gush so warm, oh ! they freeze before they fall,  
 Ah ! wretched, wretched mother ! thou'rt now bereft of all.”

Then down she sank, despairing, upon the drifted snow,  
 And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe :  
 She kissed her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side,  
 Then cast her eyes to heaven, and bowed her head and died.

## THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ I hear thee speak of the better land,  
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;  
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?—  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?—  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle-boughs ?”  
—“ Not there, not there, my child !”

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?—  
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things !”  
—“ Not there, not there, my child !”

“ Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”  
—“ Not there, not there, my child !”

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,  
—It is there, it is there, my child !”

*Literary Souvenir.*

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE GRAVE OF AN  
ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM.

A lonely grave is thine, poor child!  
A lonely grave is thine;  
No mother's form, in anguish wild,  
May o'er thy clay recline,  
Beside this little spot of scorn  
No sister's love appear;  
The flowers that weep at prime of morn  
The only mourners here!

Nor dares a father's manlier part  
Here vent a father's care,  
Remorse would wring his conscious heart,  
And hush even nature there.  
Thy mother's step would turn away,  
Her cheek were dashed with shame—  
Orphaned by guilt, thy moment's stay  
Nor parent knew, nor name.

Oh, curse of guilt, all curse above!  
That "hardens a' within,"  
That sours a mother's milk of love  
With sorrow, scorn, and sin—  
For thee, lorn babe! no tender throe  
Might a parent's hope employ,  
Thy birth-hour was an hour of woe,  
Thy death a tale of joy!

Thrice blest, that to thy day of pain  
A date so brief was given;  
The light of earth scarce seen, till ta'en  
To see the light of heaven!  
Had riper periods o'er thee past,  
Reproach had galled thy way,  
And thou hadst died, perchance, at last,  
To grief and guilt a prey.

## SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

BY LADY DACRE.

### I.

If the lorn bird complain, or rustling sweep  
Soft summer airs o'er foliage waving slow,  
Or the hoarse brook come murmuring down the steep,  
Where on the enamelled bank I sit below,  
With thoughts of love that bid my numbers flow ;  
'T is then I see her, though in earth she sleep !  
*Her*, formed in Heaven ! I see, and hear, and know !  
Responsive sighing, weeping as I weep :  
" Alas ! " she pitying says, " ere yet the hour,  
Why hurry life away with swifter flight ?  
Why from thy eyes this flood of sorrow pour ?  
No longer mourn my fate ! through death my days  
Become eternal ! to eternal light  
These eyes which seemed in darkness closed, I raise ! "

### II.

The eyes, the face, the limbs of heavenly mould,  
So long the theme of my impassioned lay,  
Charms which so stole me from myself away,  
That strange to other men the course I hold :  
The crisped locks of pure and lucid gold ;  
The lightning of the angelic smile, whose ray  
To earth could all of Paradise convey,  
A little dust are now ! — to feeling cold !  
And yet I live ! — but that I live bewail ;  
Sunk the loved light that through the tempest led  
My shattered bark, bereft of mast and sail :  
Hushed be the song that breathed love's purest fire ;  
Lost is the theme on which my fancy fed,  
And turned to mourning my once tuneful lyre.

## III.

Not skies serene, with glittering stars inlaid,  
 Nor gallant ships o'er tranquil ocean dancing,  
 Nor gay careering knights in arms advancing,  
 Nor wild herds bounding through the forest glade,  
 Nor tidings new of happiness delayed,  
 Nor poesie, Love's witchery enchanting,  
 Nor lady's song beside clear fountain glancing,  
 In beauty's pride, with chastity arrayed ;  
 Nor aught of lovely, aught of gay in show,  
 Shall touch my heart, now cold within her tomb  
 Who was erewhile my life and light below !  
 So heavy — tedious — sad — my days unblest,  
 That I, with strong desire, invoke Death's gloom,  
 Her to behold, whom ne'er to have seen were blest !

## TO A FRIEND.

WITH THE FOREGOING TRANSLATIONS.

BY LADY DACRE.

THE brook, soft rippling on its pebbled way,  
 With many a winding fondly lingers long  
 In valleys low, stealing wild weeds among,  
 And pendent boughs that o'er its surface play ;

Its humble pride still to reflect the gay  
 And varied flowers that round its mirror throng ;  
 So I, erewhile, lone warbled my rude song,  
 Echoing Valclusa's sad melodious lay :

And as, lured forth along the unsheltered plain,  
 The little stream at length, with bolder course,  
 Bears tributary waters to the main ;

I, too, though late, to thee my offering bear,  
 Adventurous, won by Friendship's gentle force  
 From covert shades, the broader light to dare.

THE SWISS BEGGAR.

O I am not of this countrie,  
And much my heart is wrung,  
To wander in a foreign land,  
And beg in foreign tongue.

'T is all to gain a little sum  
To bear me o'er the sea ;  
And hither slowly I am come  
To ask your charity.

My home is in the Valteline, •  
Far inland from the main ;  
And every day I wish and pine  
To see it once again.

I cannot mend this little store ;  
My wishing is in vain ;  
And I shall ne'er behold it more,  
Ah never, ne'er again!

If you have ever been abroad,  
Bestow an alms on me !  
And think you speed me on my road  
My native land to see.

My cot still rises to my view,  
And will not let me stay ;  
But I am old, and alms are few,  
And sad is the delay !

And must I ever thus deplore  
My labour spent in vain ?  
And shall I ne'er behold it more ?  
Ah never, ne'er again !

Your country is a pleasant land,  
But oh, it is not mine !

I have not here a kindred band  
As in the Valteline.

When on my native hills I played,  
I breathed not English air ;  
I did not love an English maid,  
When love was all my care.

But I must die on England's strand,  
A prisoner on the main !  
And ne'er behold my native land,  
Ah never, ne'er again !

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#### THE PAINS OF MEMORY.

PLEASURES of Memory!—oh! supremely blest,  
And justly proud beyond a poet's praise,  
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast  
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!  
By me how envied! for to me,  
The herald still of misery,  
Memory makes her influence known  
By sighs and tears, and grief alone :  
I greet her as the fiend to whom belong  
The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

Alone, at midnight's haunted hour,  
When nature woos repose in vain,  
Remembrance wastes her penal power,  
The tyrant of the burning brain :  
She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,  
Of fair occasions gone for ever by ;  
Of hope too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,  
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die ;  
For what, except the instinctive fear  
Lest she survive, detains me here,  
When "all the life of life" is fled?—  
What, but the deep inherent dread,  
Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,  
And realize the hell that priests and beldames feign.



TO ROSA.

BY W. READ, ESQ.

ROSA! 't was one of those autumnal eves  
When Heaven vouchsafes to Earth her loveliest looks ;—  
The still wood's sun-touched wilderness of leaves,  
And cloud, and mountain-scalp, and castle took  
Their colour from the west—bright gold! the brook  
Rippled in gold ;—the great oak, branching o'er,  
Was golden barked ;—'t was gold the cygnet shook  
From her white wing ;—and Strangford's blue lake wore  
A belt of quivering gold from shore to placid shore.

Yet—yet the broad sun loitered on the gaze  
Dilated—slanting, ever as he went,  
Intenser glory from his throne of rays,  
Till, like some warrior-king, he won his tent,—  
A purple cloud that wrapped the Occident.  
Earth faded now, though heaven still was bright  
With hues that blushed until the young moon bent  
Her pointed crescent on the brow of night,  
Which wore a dusky smile beneath that chrysolite.

Such was the scene, sweet girl! we gazed upon,  
While thou recountedst o'er that tale of woe  
Which oft, in other lands, a setting sun  
Hath summoned like a talisman ;—although  
Gone hope, and griefs that bade the heart o'erflow,  
Be since forgot, and tears that fell in vain ;—  
And with it rose thine image, like the bow  
That bathes its colours in the summer-rain,  
Thou Iris of my heart, whose smiles wake hope again!

At length, one bright eve in a foreign bower,  
I snatched my lute that on a laurel tree  
Had idly hung—for, O! I knew the power  
Of slighted song was hovering over me,

And felt its pulse in every artery !  
 I snatched my lute, and to its preluding  
 Unrolled the pictured scroll of Memory ;  
 And found, 'mid many a far and favorite thing,  
 That unforgotten tale of love and sorrowing.

A spell was on me !—No ! I could not choose  
 But weave that simple story into song !  
 And if its wild and plaintive beauty lose  
 Much of the grace it borrowed from thy tongue,—  
 And if sometimes a careless hand be flung  
 Where passion listened for her holiest tone—  
 Star of my path ! forgive, forgive the wrong !  
 Whatever is of beauty is thine own :  
 Thy fair hand culled the flowers—I twined the wreath alone.  
*Literary Souvenir.*

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### THE LAUNCH OF THE NAUTILUS.

BY THE REV. E. BARNARD.

Up with thy thin transparent sail,  
 Thou tiny mariner !—The gale  
 Comes gently from the land, and brings  
 The odour of all lovely things  
 That Zephyr, in his wanton play,  
 Scatters in Spring's triumphant way ;—  
 Of primrose pale, and violet,  
 And young anemone, beset  
 By thousand spikes of every hue,  
 Purple and scarlet, white and blue :  
 And every breeze that sweeps the earth  
 Brings the sweet sounds of love and mirth ;  
 The shrilly pipe of things unseen  
 That pitter in the meadows green ;  
 The linnet's love-sick melody,  
 The laverock's carol loud and high ;  
 And mellowed, as from distance borne,  
 The music of the shepherd's horn.

Up, little Nautilus!—Thy day  
 Of life and joy is come:—away!  
 The ocean's flood, that gleams so bright  
 Beneath the morning's ruddy light,  
 With gentlest surge scarce ripples o'er  
 The lucid gems that pave the shore;  
 Each billow wears its little spray,  
 As maids wear wreaths on holiday;  
 And maid ne'er danced on velvet green  
 More blithely round the May's young queen,  
 Than thou shalt dance o'er yon bright sea  
 That woos thy prow so lovingly.  
 Then lift thy sail!—'T is shame to rest,  
 Here on the sand, thy pearly breast.  
 Away! thou first of mariners:—  
 Give to the wind all idle fears;  
 Thy freight demands no jealous care,—  
 Yet navies might be proud to bear  
 The wondrous wealth, the unbought spell,  
 That load thy ruby-cinctured shell.  
 A heart is there to nature true,  
 Which wrath nor envy ever knew,—  
 A heart that calls no creature foe,  
 And ne'er designed another's woe;—  
 A heart whose joy o'erflows its home,  
 Simply because sweet spring is come.  
 Up, beauteous Nautilus!—Away!  
 The idle muse that chides thy stay  
 Shall watch thee long, with anxious eye,  
 O'er thy bright course delighted fly;  
 And, when black storms deform the main,  
 Cry welcome to the sands again!  
 Heaven grant, that she through life's wild sea  
 May sail as innocent as thee;  
 And, homeward turned, like thee may find  
 Sure refuge from the wave and wind.

*Literary Souvenir.*

SONG.

SAY a kind farewell, my Mary !  
Here 's a kind farewell to thee !  
'T is the last time ever, Mary,  
Thou 'lt say farewell to me.  
I'll not depart in sorrow,  
Nor mourn upon the shore ;  
But I'll smile upon to morrow,  
And the sea-wave and its roar.

I dreamed a heart was mine,  
With its passion and its joy ;  
And oh ! the heart was thine,  
And I loved it as a boy.  
But all is over now, Mary,  
The dream and the delight ;  
And I'll bury all beside, Mary,  
In forgetfulness to night.

I'll sing the song that others sing ;  
I'll pass the jest with all ;  
And I will not tame my spirit's wing  
In banquet or in hall ;  
But I'll fill one cup alone, Mary,  
To drown thy maiden spell ;  
And I'll drain that cup to thee, Mary,  
For a health and a farewell !

When the snow-white sails are set,  
And the seaward gale is blowing,  
My eyes shall not be wet ;  
My tears shall not be flowing :  
But when England fades away, Mary,  
And I 'm lone upon the sea ;  
Oh ! I'll look towards England then, Mary,  
And sigh farewell to thee.

## THE LAMENT OF COLUMBUS.

Not mine the dreams,  
The vague chimeras of an earth-stained soul,  
O'er which the mists of error darkly roll ;  
For Heaven-sent beams  
Have chased the gloom that round my soul was flung,  
And pierced the clouds that o'er Creation's mysteries hung.

From my youth up  
For this high purpose was I set apart—  
An unbreathed thought, it lived within my heart ;  
And though life's cup  
Was filled with all earth's agonies, I quaffed  
Unmurmuring, for that hope could sweeten any draught.

There were who jeered,  
And laughed to scorn my visionary scheme ;  
They thought yon glorious sun's resplendent beam  
So brightly cheered  
And vivified alone the spot of earth  
Where they, like worms, had lived and grovelled from their  
birth.

But, called by God,  
From home and friends my willing steps I turned ;  
Led by the light that in my spirit burned,  
Strange lands I trod ;  
And lo ! new worlds uncurtained by my hand,  
Before the' admiring East in pristine beauty stand.

And what was given  
To recompense the many nameless toils  
That won my king a new-found empire's spoils ?  
The smile of heaven  
Blessed him who sought amid those Eden plains  
To plant the holy cross ; but man's reward was chains.

Forgot by all,  
 Amid a land of Savages, I wait  
 From cruel hostile hands my coming fate ;  
     Or else to fall  
 Beneath the grief that weighs upon my heart,  
 While unaneled, unblessed, my spirit must depart.

    How have I wept  
 In pity for my followers, when afar  
 O'er the wide sea with scarce a guiding star  
     Our course we kept ;  
 But night winds only o'er *my* grave shall sigh ;  
 For, bowed by cruel wrongs, on stranger shores, I die.

    No selfish hope  
 Of fame or honour led me here again  
 To tread this weary pilgrimage of pain —  
     He who must cope  
 With treachery and wrong, until the flame  
 Of pure ambition dies, has nought to do with fame.

    To serve my king  
 I came, with zeal unkindness could not chill ;  
 To glorify my God, whose holy will  
     Taught me to fling  
 The veil of error from before my eyes,  
 And teach mankind His power as shewn 'neath other skies.

    Weep for me, Earth !  
 Thou, whose bright wonders I have oft explored ;  
 Weep for me Heaven ! to whose proud heights has soared,  
     E'en from its birth,  
 My strong-winged spirit in its might alone ;  
 Lo ! he who gave new worlds now dies unwept, unknown.

## THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THRE is a voice of magic power  
To charm the old, delight the young—  
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,  
In every clime, in every tongue,  
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,  
In whispers low, in poet's lays,  
There lives not one who has not hung  
Enraptured on the voice of praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice,  
Lifts for a moment's space the eye ;  
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,  
And stays the step prepared to fly :  
'T is pleasure breathes that short, quick sigh,  
And flushes o'er that rosy face ;  
Whilst shame and infant modesty  
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek  
At that sweet voice still deeper glows ;  
Her quivering lips in vain would seek  
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose ;  
The charm her sweet confusion shows  
Oft springs from some low broken word :  
O praise ! to her how sweetly flows  
Thine accent from the loved one heard !

The hero, when a people's voice  
Proclaims their darling victor near,  
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,  
Their shouts of love, of praise to hear ?  
Yes ! fame to generous minds is dear ;—  
It pierces to their inmost core ;  
He weeps, who never shed a tear ;  
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

The poet, too—ah! well I deem,  
 Small is the need the tale to tell;  
 Who knows not that his thought, his dream,  
 On thee at noon, at midnight dwell?  
 Who knows not that thy magic spell  
 Can charm his every care away?  
 In memory cheer his gloomy cell;  
 In hope can lend a deathless ray?

'T is sweet to watch Affection's eye;  
 To mark the tear with love replete;  
 To feel the softly-breathing sigh,  
 When Friendship's lips the tones repeat;  
 But oh! a thousand times more sweet  
 The praise of those we love to hear!  
 Like balmy showers in summer heat,  
 It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,  
 By dwelling on his fair one's name;  
 The mother listens for the sound  
 Of her young warrior's growing fame.  
 Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame,  
 Of her soul's wedded partner riven,  
 Who cherishes the hallowed flame,  
 Parted on earth, to meet in heaven!—

That voice can quiet passion's mood;  
 Can humble merit raise on high;  
 And from the wise and from the good,  
 It breathes of immortality!  
 There is a lip, there is an eye,  
 Where most I love to see it shine,  
 To hear it speak, to feel it sigh—  
 My mother, need I say, 't is thine!

*Literary Panorama.*



## THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

OH! breathe not—breathe not—sure 't was something holy!  
Earth has no sounds like these—again it passes  
With a wild voice, that slowly rolls away,  
Leaving a silence not unmusical!  
And now again the wind-harp's frame hath felt  
The spirit—like the organ's richest peal  
Rolls the long murmur, and again it comes,  
That wild low wailing voice.—

These sounds to me

Bear record of strange feelings;—it was evening,  
And this same instrument lay on my window  
That the sighing breezes there might visit it;—  
I then did love to leave my lonely heart,  
Like this soft harp, the plaything of each impulse,  
The sport of every breath. I sate along,  
Listening for many minutes—the sounds ceased,  
Or, though unnoted by the idle ear,  
Were mingling with my thoughts—I thought of one,  
And she was of the Dead.—She stood before me  
With sweet sad brow, like the wan moon at midnight  
Smiling in silence on a world at rest—  
—I rushed away—I mingled with the mirth  
Of the noisy many,—it is strange, that night  
With a light heart, with light and lively words,  
I sported hours away; and yet there came  
At times wild feelings—words will not express them—  
But it seemed that a chill eye gazed upon my heart,  
That a wan cheek, with a sad smile, upbraided me;  
I felt that mirth was but a mockery,  
Yet I was mirthful:—

I lay down to sleep—

I did not sleep—I could not choose but listen,  
For o'er the wind-harp's strings the spirit came  
With that same sweet low voice. Yes! thou may'st smile,  
But I must think, my friend, as then I thought,

That the voice was hers whose early death I mourned,  
 That she it was who breathed those solemn notes  
 Which like a spell possessed the soul.—

I lay

Wakeful, the prey of many feverish feelings,  
 My thoughts were of the dead!—At length I slept,  
 If it indeed were sleep.—She stood before me  
 In beauty—the wan smile had passed away—  
 The eye was bright—I could not bear its brightness.  
 Till now I knew not death was terrible,  
 For seldom did I dwell upon the thought;  
 And if, in some wild moment, Fancy shaped  
 A world of the departed, 't was a scene  
 Most calm and cloudless, or if clouds at times  
 Stained the blue quiet of the still soft sky,  
 They did not dim its charms, but suited well  
 The stillness of the scene, like thoughts that move  
 Silently o'er the soul or linger there,  
 Shedding a tender twilight pensiveness!  
 This is an idle song!—I cannot tell  
 What charms were hers who died.—I cannot tell  
 What grief is theirs, whose spirits weep for her!  
 Oh! many were the agonies of prayer,  
 And many were the mockeries of hope;  
 And many a heart, that loved the weak delusion,  
 Looked forward for the rosy smiles of Health,  
 And many a rosy smile passed o'er that cheek  
 Which will not smile again;—and the soft tinge  
 That often flushed across that fading face,  
 And made the stranger smile with friends, would wake  
 A momentary hope;—even the calm tone  
 With which she spoke of Death, gave birth to thoughts,  
 Weak, trembling thoughts, that the lip uttered not!  
 And when she spoke with those, whom most she mourned  
 To leave, and when through clear calm tears the eye  
 Shone with unwonted light, oh! was there not  
 In its rich sparkle something that forbade  
 The fear of Death?—And when in life's last days  
 The same gay spirit, that in happier hours

Had characterized her countenance, still gleamed  
 On her wan features—when such playful words,  
 As once could scatter gladness on all hearts,  
 Still trembled from the lip, and o'er the souls  
 Of those who listened shed a deeper gloom.—  
 In hours of such most mournful gaiety,  
 Oh! was there not even then a lingering hope,  
 That flitted fearfully, like parent birds  
 Fast fluttering o'er their desolate nest?  
 Mourn not for her who died!—She lived, as saints  
 Might pray to live—she died as Christians die;—  
 There was no earthward struggle of the heart,  
 No shuddering terror—no reluctant sigh.—  
 They who beheld her dying, fear not Death!  
 Silently—silently the Spoiler came,  
 As sleep steals o'er the senses, unperceived,  
 And the last thoughts that soothed the waking soul  
 Mingle with our sweet dreams.—Mourn not for her!

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

LAST smile of the departing year,  
 Thy sister sweets are flown;  
 Thy pensive wreath is far more dear,  
 For blooming thus alone.

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,  
 Unnoticed might have passed;  
 But now thou com'st with softer claim,  
 The loveliest and the last!

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,  
 Emblem of hope's gay wing;  
 'T is thine to call past bloom to mind,  
 To promise future spring.

## THE SUICIDE.

BY ARTHUR BROOKE, ESQ.

He sleeps in peace at last,  
The storm of being o'er;  
Life's hateful struggle past,  
He rests to rise no more;  
And could the ceaseless round of Fate,  
Reviving things inanimate,  
The breath he scorned, restore,  
He'd curse the wayward fate that hurled  
Him back upon this worthless world!

Affliction's early chill  
His best emotions froze,  
*She* in the grave was still,  
Who lightened half his woes;  
In friends, to whom his heart was bared,  
And every inmost feeling shared,  
He met his deadliest foes.  
What though he joined the ways of men—  
Those wounds could never close again!

With fevered hand he caught  
At Joy's bewildering bowl,  
As if the demon Thought  
That preyed upon his soul,  
Steeped in the rich Lethean draught,  
Through midnight hours of riot quaffed,  
Its scorpions would controul;  
Still, still the fruitless cup was drained—  
While life was there that pang remained.

The brightest shapes of love  
Reclined upon his breast;  
To banish *one* he strove,  
In dalliance with the rest;  
But 't was in vain—with heart unmoved,  
Through all the paths of bliss he roved—  
A melancholy jest!

There Pleasure smiled, and Beauty shone,  
A ghastly, gazing man of stone.

His spirit darker grew ;  
He loathed the light of heaven ;  
The impious blade he drew—  
That stroke—his heart is riven !  
In sooth, it was a deed of fear,  
Yet think on what he suffered here ;  
And hope his faults forgiven ;  
Though o'er his cold and lonely bed  
No sigh was breathed, no tear was shed.

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STANZAS.

BY W. S. WALKER, ESQ.

Thou hast left us, dearest Spirit! and left us all alone,  
But thou thyself to glory and liberty art flown ;  
And the song that tells thy virtues, and mourns thy early doom,  
Should be gentle as thy happy death, and peaceful as thy tomb.

Thy place no longer knows thee beside the household hearth,  
We miss thee in our hour of woe, we miss thee in our mirth ;  
But the thought that thou wert one of us—that thou hast borne  
our name,  
Is more than we would part with, for fortune or for fame.

Thy dying gift of love—'t was a light and slender token,  
And thy parting words of comfort, were few and faintly spoken ;  
But memory must forsake us, and life itself decay,  
Ere those gifts shall lie forgotten, or those accents pass away.

Farewell, our best and fairest! a long, a proud farewell!  
May those who love thee follow, to the place where thou dost  
dwell—  
Like the lovely star that led from far the wanderers to their God,  
May'st thou guide us in the pathway which thy feet in beauty  
trod.

*The Etonian.*

## ON THE DEATH OF INEZ.

BY DELTA.

'T is midnight deep ; the full, round moon,  
As 't were a spectre, walks the sky ;  
The balmy breath of gentlest June  
Just stirs the stream that murmurs by :  
Above me frowns the solemn wood ;  
Nature, methinks, seems Solitude  
Embodied to the eye.

Yes, 't is a season and a scene,  
Inez, to think on thee : the day,  
With stir and strife, may come between  
Affection, and thy beauty's ray ;  
But feeling here assumes controul,  
And mourns my desolated soul  
That thou art rapt away !

Thou wert a rainbow to my sight,  
The storms of life before thee fled ;  
The glory and the guiding light,  
That onward cheered, and upward led ;  
From boyhood to this very hour,  
For me, and only me, thy flower  
Its fragrance seemed to shed.

Dark though the world for me might shew  
Its sordid faith, and selfish gloom,  
Yet, 'mid life's wilderness, to know  
For me that sweet flower shed its bloom,  
Was joy, was solace,—thou art gone—  
And hope forsook me, when the stone  
Sank darkly o'er thy tomb.

And art thou dead ? I dare not think  
That thus the solemn truth can be ;

And broken is the only link  
That chained youth's pleasant thoughts to me!  
Alas! that thou couldst know decay—  
That, sighing, I should live to say,  
“The cold grave holdeth thee!”

For me thou shon'st, as shines a star,  
Lonely, in clouds when heaven is lost;  
Thou wert my guiding light afar,  
When on Misfortune's billows tost:  
Now darkness hath obscured that light,  
And I am left, in rayless night,  
On Sorrow's lowering coast.

And art thou gone? I deemed thee some  
Immortal essence,—thou art gone!—  
I saw thee laid within the tomb,  
And I am left to mourn alone:  
Once to have loved, is to have loved  
Enough; and what with thee I proved,  
Again I'll seek in none.

Earth in thy sight was Faëry land;—  
Life was Elysium—thought was love,—  
When, long ago, hand clasped in hand,  
We roamed through Autumn's twilight grove;  
Or watched the broad, uprising moon  
Shed, as it were, a wizard noon,  
The blasted heath above.

Farewell!—and must I say, farewell?—  
No—thou wilt ever be to me  
A present thought; thy form shall dwell  
In love's most holy sanctuary;  
Thy voice shall mingle with my dreams,  
And haunt me, when the shot-star gleams  
Above the rippling sea.

Never revives the past again;  
But thou shalt be, in lonely hours,

To me earth's heaven,—the azure main,—  
 Soft music,—and the breath of flowers ;  
 My heart shall gain from thee its hues ;  
 And Memory give, though Truth refuse,  
 The bliss that once was ours !

*Literary Souvenir.*

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GRIEF.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

A sudden gloom came o'er me,  
 A gathering throng of fears  
 Shrouded the path before me,  
 And through the mist of tears  
 I saw the coming years.

'T is strange how transient sorrow  
 The mental sight deludes ;  
 To day the world is dark — to morrow  
 No saddening shade intrudes  
 To tinge our brighter moods.

I heard the low winds sighing  
 Above the cheerless earth,  
 And deemed the hope of dying  
 Was all that life was worth,  
 And scoffed at human mirth.

From that wild dream awaking,  
 And through the clouds of care  
 The spirit's sun-shine breaking,  
 I marvelled how despair  
 Could haunt a world so fair !



## ON A HEADLAND IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We ran up a small creek, near which was a headland, famous for a sanguinary battle, at some very remote period, far beyond the memory of man. We were told of fragments of huge bones that had once whitened all the ground there. We ourselves saw none, however; but turned up various fossils, which, for aught we knew to the contrary, might have belonged to some antediluvian giant or hero, who was cotemporary with the mammoth and leviathan.

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY, BY JUAN PABLOS GOMEZ.

VAGUE mystery hangs on all these desert places!

The fear which hath no name, hath wrought a spell!  
Strength, courage, wrath—have been, and left no traces!  
They came,—and fled;—but whither?—who can tell!

We know but that they *were*,—that once (in days  
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man),  
Stout spirits wandered o'er these capes and bays,  
And perished where these river-waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,  
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,  
White winter, and the sharp night winds, that boom  
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, 't is *said*, their proud unburied bones  
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore:  
Yet nought beside the rocks and worn sea stones  
Now answer to the great Pacific's roar!

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died:  
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,  
Because he made his tomb a place of pride;  
And thus the dead Metella earned a name.

But *these*,—they vanished as the lightnings die  
(Their mischiefs over) in the surging deep;  
And no one knoweth underneath the sky,  
What heroes perished here, nor where they sleep!

*Literary Souvenir.*

## THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

A slanting ray of evening light  
Shoots through the yellow pane ;  
It makes the faded crimson bright,  
And gilds the fringe again :  
The window's Gothic frame-work falls  
In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,  
How many a cloudless day,  
To rob the velvet of its hue,  
Has come and passed away !  
How many a setting sun hath made  
That curious lattice-work of shade !

Crumbled beneath the hillock green,  
The cunning hand must be,  
That carved this fretted door, I ween,  
Acorn, and fleur-de-lis ;  
And now the worm hath done her part  
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),  
When the first James was king,  
The courtly knight from yonder hall  
His train did hither bring ;  
All seated round in order due,  
With 'broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions decked with fringe,  
All reverently they knelt ;  
Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and hinge,  
In ancient English spelt,  
Each holding in a lily hand,  
Responsive to the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,  
The sunbeam long and lone,  
Illumes the characters awhile,  
Of their inscription-stone ;  
And there, in marble hard and cold,  
The knight with all his train behold :

Outstretched together are expressed  
He and my lady fair ;  
With hands uplifted on the breast,  
In attitude of prayer ;  
Long-visaged, clad in amour, he,—  
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order, as they died,  
Their numerous offspring bend,  
Devoutly kneeling side by side,  
As if they did intend  
For past omissions to atone,  
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim ;  
But generations new,  
In regular descent from him,  
Have filled the stately pew ;  
And in the same succession go  
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire,  
And his gay train appear ;  
Who duly to the Hall retire,  
A season every year :  
And fill the seats with belle and beau,  
As 't was so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread  
The hollow-sounding floor  
Of that dark house of kindred dead,  
Which shall, as heretofore,

In turn receive to silent rest,  
Another, and another guest ;

The feathered hearse and sable train,  
In all their wonted state,  
Shall wind along the village lane,  
And stand before the gate ;  
Brought many a distant country through,  
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,  
All to their dusty beds,  
Still shall the mellow evening ray  
Shine gaily o'er their heads :  
While other faces, fresh and new,  
Shall fill the squire's respected pew.

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### BALLACHULISH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES HOYLE.

SWEET paradise beneath the mountains rude,  
That sentinel Glen-Coe's terrific vale,  
Smile ever thus in peace and solitude ;  
Smooth be thy lake, and gentle be thy gale !  
Methinks good angels are abroad, and sing  
At morn or noon, at eve or moonlight pale,  
High hallelujahs to the' Omnific King  
Who bade thee in thine awful beauty show  
What primal Eden was, ere yet the sting  
Of sin and death had marred the bliss below.  
O, were the season ripe to quit the roar  
Of life, and all its turbulence of woe,  
Here would I wait my voyage to that shore  
Where sorrow, pain, and guilt shall be no more.

## DAVID'S LAMENT OVER HIS CHILD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

FAREWELL ! sweet pledge of guilty love,  
And speed thy flight to realms of bliss,—  
An angel, formed for worlds above,  
Thou couldst not bear the storms of this !  
Farewell, most loved and most deplored,  
I bend me to my Father's will ;  
Though my heart's blood were gladly poured,  
To hold thee here a captive still !

Guilt hath but found its fitting meed,—  
I, who the nuptial couch defiled,  
And bade a guiltless husband bleed,  
Must suffer in my guiltless child.  
Now know I why *my* love hath twined  
A bond so close around my heart,—  
'T was, that by suffering I might find  
The strength of that *I* tore apart.

I did but watch thine eye unclose  
To mark its lustre wane away ;  
I did but hail thy cheek's young rose  
To mourn it withering in decay.  
Then, thoughts of struggling prayer had birth  
Within my breast,—I prayed for thee ;  
But conscience chained my soul to earth,  
And even my prayers were agony !

Yet well it were that thou shouldst die,  
All young and beauteous as thou wert ;  
That stroke dissolved the only tie  
That bound to guilt's brief joys my heart.  
For, by the anguish thou hast felt,  
And by the pangs I felt and feel,  
The' obdurate soul was taught to melt,  
Which lawless love had seemed to steel.

The prophet's voice pronounced thy doom,—  
'T was mine to own the sentence just ;

To watch thee sinking to the tomb,  
 Yet, bend submissive in the dust.  
 But who shall tell the grief that swelled  
 Within a father's breast, to know  
 His hand the deadly shaft impelled,  
 Which laid his spotless offspring low!

I sinned, and thou hast suffered. *Thou!*—  
 Have not *I* suffered? When the dew  
 Of death was on thy gentle brow,  
 Was not mine cold with anguish too?  
 And, till I heard that all was o'er,  
 Was not a flame within my breast,  
 To which the pangs thy frame that tore  
 Had seemed a respite and a rest?

But now 'tis past:—I may not mourn,  
 For thou, beloved babe, art free;  
 And I may yet to thee return,  
 Though thou canst ne'er return to me.  
 Yes! we shall meet in realms more fair,  
 My sorrows healed, my sins forgiven,  
 And thy sweet smile awaits me there,  
 My welcome, at the gates of Heaven!

*Literary Souvenir.*

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TO T. MOORE, ESQ. ON THE BIRTH OF  
 HIS THIRD DAUGHTER.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON, ESQ.

I'M sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp on your joy,  
 Nor think my old strain of mythology stupid,  
 When I say that your wife had a right to a boy,  
 For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.

But since Fate the boon that you wished for refuses,  
 By granting three girls to your happy embraces,  
 She but meant while you wander abroad with the Muses,  
 Your wife shall be circled at home with the Graces!

## THE MAGDALEN.

BY THE REV. T. DALE.

THE cold hand of death presses harshly upon me,  
The last fearful conflict draws rapidly nigh ;  
But shame and disgrace lie more heavily on me,  
I wish not to live, while I tremble to die.  
Yet deem not, though friendless—degraded—forsaken,  
I write to upbraid thee in bitterness wild ;  
Reproaches are vain ; and I seek but to waken  
Thy latent remorse for my innocent child.

I once had a father, whose fond heart delighted  
To cherish, indulgent, the child of his love ;—  
Ah ! how was that partial indulgence requited !  
How weak did the thought of that tenderness prove !  
Yet still, though with curses indignant he spurns me,  
His heart may relent, ere my rest shall arrive ;  
For Hope whispers soft, 'mid the fever that burns me :  
Where God stoops to pardon, there man *must* forgive.

I once had a mother—I mean not to wound thee,  
Though conscience must startle appalled at her name ;  
Thou know'st with what virtue her confidence crowned thee,  
How she sank in despair at the breath of my shame.  
Alas ! she is fled—yet, in darkest dishonour,  
Her bosom was still firm and tender to me ;  
Her last feeble accents, when death was upon her,  
Spoke peace to her daughter, and pardon to thee !

And soon shall I follow, where anguish and weeping  
To silence are hushed in the rest of the tomb ;  
But the babe at my bosom unconsciously sleeping—  
He shared not my guilt—must he share in my doom !

I charge thee in death, by each once-cherished token  
 Of love,—by the young days when innocence smiled ;  
 By the woes thou hast wrought,—by the hearts thou hast  
     broken ;  
 By the God who shall judge thee—watch over my child !

*Literary Souvenir.*

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### THE BRIDAL DIRGE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THE bride is dead ! The bride is dead !  
     Cold and frail, and fair she lieth :  
 Wrapped is she in sullen lead ;  
 And a flower is at her head ;  
     And the breeze above her sigheth,  
 Thorough night and thorough day,  
 “ Fled away !—Fled away !”

Once,— but what can that avail,—  
     Once, she wore within her bosom,  
 Pity, which did never fail,  
 A hue that dashed the lily pale ;  
     And upon her cheek a blossom,  
 Such as yet was never known :—  
 All is past and overthrown !

Mourn ! the sweetest bride is dead,  
     And her knight is sick with sorrow,  
 That her bloom is ‘lapped in lead :’  
 Yet he hopeth, fancy-fed,  
     He may kiss his love to-morrow.  
 But the breezes— what say they !—  
 “ Fled away !—Fled away !”

*Literary Souvenir.*



TO FANNY B., AGED THREE YEARS.

BY J. H. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

Even so this happy creature of herself  
Is all sufficient; solitude to her  
Is blithe society.

WORDSWORTH.

As young and pretty as the bud  
Of the strawberry in the wood;  
As restless as the fawn that's there,  
Playing like a thing of air,—  
Chasing the wind, if there be any,—  
Like these thou art, my little Fanny!

I look on thee, and in thy face,  
The life is there of childish grace:  
I see the silent thought that breaks  
Into young smiles, as fancy wakes;  
And newly-winged intelligence,  
Trying its little flights from thence;  
I see a strife 'twixt health and beauty,  
Which shall the best achieve its duty;  
A gentle strife, for both contend,  
But both, like bees, their labours blend.  
Thy cheek by health is rounded well,  
By its hand invisible;  
But sweet and rosy hues there are,  
And you may trace young beauty there.  
Health made thy gentle lips to be  
So glad in their own company;  
So lavish of the cherry's dies,  
So like the leaf when autumn flies:—  
But beauty claims thy young blue eyes,  
And oh, thy little light, soft hair,  
Parted on thy forehead fair,  
Doth seem to take its own delight  
In leaning smooth and looking bright.  
Thy figure small, and tiny feet,  
Dotting the carpet round us, greet

Our hearts with joy, and feed the sense  
Of love for utter innocence.

These beauties, Fanny, are to thee,  
As yet, unknown society ;—  
And so, they 're a befitting dress  
For thy mental prettiness ;—  
For thy simple thoughts, that seem  
Fragments of a summer dream ;—  
For thy merry lips first sayings,  
For thy fancy's fairy strayings :  
Thou art wiser far than many  
That in years are richer, Fanny !

The best of wisdom dwells with thee,  
In thy white simplicity,—  
In thy young imaginings,  
Which float about on spotless wings ;  
In thy prattlings, kindly meant,  
And in thy beautiful content.  
Thine is the bloom of life, and we  
Are jarrers in society,—  
Opposers of each other's good,  
Despoilers of all neighbourhood ;  
Prone to pain, and serious folly,  
And framers of self melancholy.  
Thou dost wander light and free,  
In thine own heart's company ;  
Making mirth wherever chance  
May lead thee in thy mazy dance ;  
Like the linnet wild, that weaves  
Glad liberty amid the leaves :  
Little copyer of the lives  
Of thy playmate relatives,—  
Mocker of the elder ones,—  
How thy wayward fancy runs,  
By light from thine own laughing eyes,  
Its circle of sweet mimicries.

Oft in thy little face, I find  
The flitting shadows of the mind  
Pass and repass, as thou dost tease  
That mind with infant sophistries :—  
And then, when no conclusion 's near,  
Thou, like a true philosopher,  
Dost seek the joyous heart again,  
And leave at rest the little brain.

Fare thee well, I 've found in thee  
Blithe and sweet society ;  
Merriment in drooping pain ;  
Pictures given back again,  
Of the pranks of childishness,  
Ere I tasted of distress.  
Fare thee well ! may youth be slow  
To pass from thee, who wear'st it so ;  
For years are but the links of care,  
To one so innocent and fair.  
Around thee joy, within thee truth,  
Thou 'rt worthy of perpetual youth ;—  
Worthy of that delight which lies  
Within thy blue and pleasant eyes ;  
Worthy thy mother's fond caressing :—  
I owe thee, Fanny, many a blessing,  
For pranks of kindness and glee,  
And words of childish charity ;  
For pleasures generous, light, and many,—  
And therefore do I bless thee, Fanny !

*Examiner.*

## THE HARBELLS.

A DREAM OF HOME.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

AN utter wilderness of heaven and earth!  
Above—no dreamlike isles Elysian,  
In rest or motion on a blue abyss  
Of boundless beauty, felt to be profound  
As the pure silence of the ancient skies!  
No solitary cloud-ship sailing by,  
All by herself, with her un murmuring prow,  
Through tideless ether, ever and anon  
Brought brightlier out in all her bravery,  
By sudden splendours streaming from the sun,  
Enamoured of the pageant from afar!  
Nor yet innumerable fleet aerial,  
Varying its shape to every breath that blows,  
Unheard in that high clime by mortal ears,  
From wedge to crescent, voyaging the light,  
Like creatures in their native element  
Banded for pastime in meridian day!  
But all was dim; and soon the dimness grew  
Darker and darker, almost black as night,  
When, drowsily, at last the' eclipsed sun  
Shut his faint eye-lid, and a sudden awe  
Fell on me from the' obscured firmament.

Below—the sun-forsaken desert lay,  
Shorn of the coloured beams that beautify  
The naked rocks, till their old lichens burn  
Like rainbows, and the dusky heather moors  
Look up in crimson to the crimson clouds,  
Making one glory; soon the death of light  
Brought on the death of sound in streams and lochs,  
All hushed as frost; while the great cataract  
Kept falling in his forest sullenly,  
Like far-off thunder deadened by the hills.

An utter wilderness of heaven and earth !  
 No cottage smoke—no flitting bird—no bee  
 Humming—no roe astir within the brake—  
 No red-deer belling up among the cliffs—  
 Silent the eagle's eyry, as if the bird  
 Were preying far at sea—among the mist  
 Mute Echo listened, listened all in vain  
 In her dim cavern unresponsively,  
 To ghost-like whisperings and mysterious sighs  
 Coming and going through the solitude.

I felt a syncope of soul and sense !  
 Fancy her wings upfolded ; Memory  
 Lay in a swoon ; Imagination,  
 In the dull eye, and in the duller ear,  
 Imprisoned, lost at once her heavenly dower,  
 And worked no wonders ; like a burial-place  
 Was all the scene around, mere dreamless dust ;  
 And I stood there, 'mid strange evanishings  
 Of thoughts and feelings dearest to my heart,  
 With all their sweetest, fairest imagery,  
 Insensate almost as the very stone  
 On which I leant, deep sunken in the moss,  
 The black moss of that quaking wilderness.

Ofttimes to me the heart of solitude  
 Beats cheerily, with grandeur in the cheer,  
 With many-pulsed life. Were I a Thrall  
 In some stone dungeon-cell beneath the sea,  
 Rock-ribbed against the music of the tides,  
 My finer ear could catch the melodies  
 Of small waves breaking foamy on the shells,  
 The pale pink shells of silvery-sanded shores  
 Of far-off isles, where plumed heads are seen  
 Nodding in graceful dance through palmy groves ;  
 Or the dread diapason of the deep,  
 When ocean renders back unto the sky,  
 From the white tumult of some mid-sea cliff,  
 A more majestic thunder ; or escaped

In soul from the' iron bondage of my frame,  
 The wings of some glad dove would I then take ;  
 And, like that dove sole-sitting in a tree,  
 Enjoy the sylvan silence, by fair shapes  
 Haunted,—by Dryad, or, than Dryad far  
 Lovelier, some simple human shepherdess  
 Seeking lost lamb, or floweret in the woods ;  
 Or, in a bolder mood, the sounding plumes  
 Of the golden eagle I would borrow, fresh  
 With light and dew of morning, and aloft,  
 Soaring in glorious metamorphosis,  
 Make heaven and earth my own—as lightning quick  
 Mine eye—my wing far stronger than the storm.

Vain boast ! for in that desert's loneliness  
 My spirit, faithless to her sacred trust,  
 Forsook her stay upon the past, and fell  
 Into a mortal fit as blank as death !

In that dim trance, lo ! something at my feet,  
 That in its wavering bloom seemed beautiful !  
 The beauty indistinct of form, and hue,  
 And motion—for the vision gently moved  
 Like light on water—almost dazzling—bright,  
 Yet in its brightness tenderly subdued  
 Down into faint and melancholy smiles !  
 With startled spirit, even as one awakes  
 From dreamless sleep, soon as his face is touched  
 By the rayed fingers of the rosy morn,  
 I gazed and gazed ; and then the beauty grew,  
 Burnishing up by fine and fine degrees,  
 Into a happy Family of Flowers,  
 In their delight delighting all the desert,  
 Though narrow was their mossy nook of home,  
 The wild wide as the sea !

Nor grass nor herb,  
 Nought but their own fair selves were smiling there,  
 As if they all had sprouted suddenly,

Laden with full-blown blossoms, and with buds  
 Half-blown between, with stalks most delicate,  
 From the thin soil o'ergrown with yellow moss  
 That shared their beauty; or had fallen down,  
 Immortal flowers! from the pure coronal  
 Of seraph swimming through our lower skies,  
 One hour away from heaven!

A whispering wind,  
 Self-born amid the silence, like a thought,  
 A cheerful thought, not unembued with love,  
 Nor unallied to tears, almost a sigh,  
 Touched these sweet Harebells,—for I knew their names,  
 Even through the uncertain glimmer of their blue  
 And skiey beauty,—and a shower of pearls,  
 Shook from their petals, bathed the stalks as fine  
 As gossamer, and slipt along the leaves,  
 The tiny leaves almost invisible  
 Thus hid in dew, and as the dew expired,  
 Now greener than the green of emeralds.  
 Fancy, awakened by their loveliness,  
 Believed one moment that she heard a chime  
 From these blue bells, as from the magic reins  
 Of that green-armoured elfin chivalry,  
 That wont of old, beneath the moon and stars,  
 In many a glittering squadron, through the woods  
 And down the glens of Scotia to deploy,  
 In long succession, while the lady-fern  
 The cavalcade o'ershadowed, and the hind  
 Or shepherd lonely and belated, viewed  
 With beating heart, and with the holy sign  
 Across his bosom drawn unconsciously,  
 Ride by, the Fairy Queen and all her court!

But Fancy's dreams are transient in their flight,  
 As the thin thistle-down—those of the heart  
 Are in their nature permanent and pure,  
 As fragrance vested in the rose-bud's cell.  
 So, suddenly methought, those Harebells fair

All bended towards one central luminary,  
 The fairest of them all—the parent flower!  
 Like to young children, on some Sabbath eve,  
 Some deep-hushed hour of pious ecstasy,  
 Leaning with tearful faces towards one  
 By all beloved, the mother of them all;  
 And mute as images, when from the Book,  
 The Holy Book, spread open on her knees,  
 She reads some scriptural story steeped in woe—  
 Of Abel near his grassy altar killed  
 Even by his brother Cain—or Joseph sold  
 To slavery by his brethren;—can such guilt  
 Be born beneath the skies?—or Absalom  
 Rebelling 'gainst his father, and bemoaned  
 By the old man, “Would I had died for thee!  
 O Absalom! Absalom! my son! my son!”

The fine association filled my soul  
 With an access of love, that overflowed  
 My inmost being, like a flood of light  
 Poured all at once into a room that fronts  
 The East, when an impatient hand unbars  
 A little bolt, and of our clay-built walls  
 A window, to the windows of high heaven  
 Exposed, lets morning in through all the house,  
 Rejoicing in its tenant—the bright sun!

Still were the moorland Harebells beautiful  
 In their own mute insensate nature, breathing  
 Of God amid the wild; but from that shew  
 So exquisite of heavenly workmanship,  
 Emblems of beings far more exquisite  
 In the endowment of immortal souls,  
 I turned me round in gushing tenderness,  
 And, manifest before my eyes, lo! stood  
 Even the very flesh, no phantoms they,  
 My own dear family, my children blest,  
 And in the midst their mother—wife beloved!  
 The gentle one, whose gentle life they share,



Whose joy is oft like sadness, and her sadness  
Oft but a dim faint shadow of her joy!

What love—what bliss—may be concentrated  
In one uprising of the soul within us,  
During one single comprehensive moment,  
In time a point, and as a sunbeam fleet,—  
The swelling and the dying of a wave!  
Yet to the wondrous being who enjoys it,  
Like a long summer day, and deep and full  
Of mystery as the multitudinous sea.  
Unto the blessed phantoms, for indeed  
Phantoms they were, although I knew it not,  
Few were the tenderest words I did address  
In that my dear delusion! One I drew  
Close to my heart, within my folding arms,  
And with a father's prayer I kissed that head,  
So star-like, all the while her Christian name  
Murmuring, "my Mary!" and the child was blest!  
Soon was her place most lovingly supplied  
By my bright Margaret, and the phantom sang  
Without my bidding, the sad favourite air  
That I might almost wish to hear her sing  
Upon my death-bed, for 't is like a hymn,  
And breathes of something far beyond the grave!  
I felt a pressure on my knees; and lo!  
That merry elf, my rosy-cheeked Jane,  
Hung back her head with all its links of light,  
And laughed up in my face so joyously  
That in the sweet contagion of her glee  
I started, for an instant undeceived,  
At my own laughter in the wilderness.  
But wild, and likewise bold, as roes at play,  
Danced round me my two boys, then disappeared  
Behind a knoll, and then with shouts and springs  
Careering through the heather, breathless came  
Back to my feet, and laid them gently down,  
By pastime given into the arms of sleep.  
While, meekly standing, some small space apart,

That she might there more tranquilly enjoy  
 My joy, upon a sunny spot I saw  
 The Guardian Angel of my mortal life ;  
 And sure no sooner met our eyes than met  
 Our hearts ; but in that meeting broke the spell,  
 Beneath too strong a stir of happiness !  
 A vanishing ! and I was left alone  
 In the dark desert, while the Harebells smiled  
 Like disenchanted flowerets at my feet !

*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

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STANZAS.

BY THE HON. ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

DAYS of my youth ! ye have glided away ;  
 Hairs of my youth ! ye are frosted and grey ;  
 Eyes of my youth ! your keen sight is no more ;  
 Cheeks of my youth ! ye are furrowed all o'er ;  
 Strength of my youth ! all your vigour is gone ;  
 Thoughts of my youth ! your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth ! I wish not your recall ;  
 Hairs of my youth ! I'm content ye shall fall ;  
 Eyes of my youth ! ye much evil have seen ;  
 Cheeks of my youth ! bathed in tears have ye been ;  
 Thoughts of my youth ! ye have led me astray ;  
 Strength of my youth ! why lament your decay ?

Days of my age ! ye will shortly be past ;  
 Pains of my age ! but awhile can ye last ;  
 Joys of my age ! in true wisdom delight ;  
 Eyes of my age ! be religion your light ;  
 Thoughts of my age ! dread ye not the cold sod ;  
 Hopes of my age ! be ye fixed on your God.

## LOVE'S JUBILEE.

BY JAMES HOGG.

### FIRST SPIRIT.

LOVELY spirit, where dost thou fly,  
With such impatience in thine eye?—  
Behold the hues of the closing day  
Are mingled still with the gloaming gray;  
And thine own sweet star of the welkin sheen,  
The star of love, is but faintly seen!  
See how she hangs like a diamond dim  
By the walks of the holy Seraphim,  
While the fays in the middle vales of blue  
Have but half distilled their freight of dew.  
It is too early in the night  
For a spirit so lovely and so bright  
To be tracing the walks of this world beneath,  
Unhallowed by sin, and mildewed by death;  
Where madness and folly are ever rife,  
And snares that beleaguer mortal life.—  
I know thee well, sweet Spirit of Love,  
And I know thy mission from above;  
Thou comest with every grace refined,  
To endow the earthly virgin's mind;  
A record of her virtues to keep,  
And all her thoughts awake and asleep.  
Bright spirit, thou hast a charge of care!  
Come tarry with me in this woodland fair,  
I will teach thee more in one hour of joy  
Than all thou hast learned since thou left'st the sky.  
Come tarry with me, let the maidens be,  
Till the hour of dreaming and phantasy;  
And then will I seek with thee to share  
The task of fanning their foreheads fair,  
And scaring the little fays of sin  
That tickle the downy, dimpling chin;

That prank with the damask vein of the cheek,  
 And whisper words it were wrong to speak.  
 From all these foes thy wards shall be free,  
 If thou wilt go woo in the wood with me ;  
 Till yon twin stars hang balanced even,  
 Like ear-rings on the cheeks of heaven !

## SECOND SPIRIT.

And who art thou, that with shameless brow,  
 Darest here such license to avow ?  
 If aright I judge from what I've heard,  
 This courtesy might well be spared ;  
 For of all the spirits beneath the sun  
 Thou art the one I most would shun !  
 Art thou not he of guardian fame,  
 That watchest over the sex supreme ?  
 Say, spirit, was the charge not given  
 To thee, before the throne of heaven,  
 To guard the youth of this vale from sin,  
 From follies without and foibles within ?  
 If so, thou hast honour of thy trade !  
 A glorious guardian hast thou made !  
 To the dole and the danger of mine and me,—  
 My malison light on it and thee !  
 Go woo with thee!—by this heavenly mind,  
 I had rather go woo with a mortal hind !

## FIRST SPIRIT.

Sweet spirit ! sure thou could'st never opine  
 That my charge could be as pure as thine ?  
 Something for sex thou should'st allow ;  
 Yet have I done what spirit might do,  
 And more will I still, if thou wilt go rest  
 With me on the wild thyme's fragrant breast,  
 By form of an angel never prest !  
 I will spread thee a couch of the violet blue,  
 Of our own heaven's cerulean hue ;  
 The sweetest flowers shall round thee be strewed,  
 And I'll pillow thy head on the gossamer's shroud ;

And there, 'neath the green leaves closely furled,  
 I will cool thy cheek with the dew of the world ;  
 I will bind thy locks with the sweet wood-reef,  
 And fan thy brow with the wabron leaf ;  
 I will press thy heaving heart to mine,  
 And try to mix with our love divine  
 An earthly joy, a mortal bliss ;  
 I will woo thee and woo thee for a kiss,  
 As a thing above all gifts to prize,  
 And I'll swear 't is the odour of Paradise !  
 In earthly love, when ardent and chaste,  
 There 's a joy which angels scarce may taste :  
 Then come to the bower I have framed for thee ;  
 We 'll let the youth of the vale go free,  
 And this eve shall be LOVE'S JUBILEE !

## SECOND SPIRIT.

I will not, I dare not such hazard run,  
 My virgin race may be all undone.  
 The breeze is chill,—it is wearing late,  
 Away, thou guardian profligate !

## FIRST SPIRIT.

Sweet spirit ! why that quivering lip,  
 Which an angel of light might love to sip ?  
 And why doth thy radiance come and go,  
 Like the hues of thine own celestial bow ?  
 And why dost thou look to the ground and sigh,  
 And away from the green-wood turn thine eye ?  
 Are these the symptoms, may I divine,  
 Of an earthly love, and is it mine ?

## SECOND SPIRIT.

Ah, no ! it is something about my head,  
 Some qualm of languor or of dread.  
 That breeze is surely in a glow,  
 And yet it is chill—what shall I do ?  
 Wilt thou not go ?—ah ! haste away  
 Unto thy charge ; thou art worse than they.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

I will not, cannot leave thee so ;  
 I must woo thee whether thou wilt or no ;  
 Let us hide from the star-beam and the gale,—  
 Why dost thou tremble and look so pale ?

## SECOND SPIRIT.

Oh, my dear maidens of beauty so bright,  
 What will become of you all to-night !  
 For I fear me this eve of wizard spell,  
 May be by shade, by bower, and dell,  
 An eve to dream of—not to tell !

## FIRST SPIRIT.

I will charge the little elves of sin  
 To keep their silken cells within,—  
 In the night-flower's breast, the witch-bell blue,  
 Or wrapt in the daisy's silver flue ;  
 And not to warp, on any pretence,  
 The thoughts or the dreams of innocence.  
 There shall not one of them dare to sip  
 The dew of love from the fervid lip,  
 Till the sleeping virgin, pale and wan,  
 Shrink back, as if from the kiss of man.  
 There shall no elfin, unreprieved,  
 Take the dear form of the youth beloved ;  
 Or whisper of love within the ear  
 A word for maiden unmeet to hear.  
 From man's deep wiles thy sex I'll guard,  
 If a smile from thine eye be my reward ;  
 For all beside we must let them be,  
 And this eve shall be LOVE'S JUBILEE !

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The guardian angel of virgin fame,  
 In one sweet dale which I may not name,  
 Was won for that dear eve, to prove  
 The thrilling enjoyments of earthly love :

And if by matron the truth was said,  
 There was ne'er such an eve since the stars were made,  
 For young delight, and for moments bright,  
 And all that could virtuous love requite ;  
 For all was holy, and pure, and chaste,  
 As the angels that wooed in their home of rest.  
 The welkin glowed with a rosy blue,  
 And its star of love had a brighter hue ;  
 The green-wood strains with joy were rife,  
 And its breeze was a balm of heavenly life.  
 Ay, 't was an eve—by bower and dell—  
 An eve to dream of—not to tell :  
 For ever hallowed may it be,  
 That eve of LOVE'S HIGH JUBILEE !

*Literary Souvenir.*

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### TO THE CLOUDS.

BY JOHN CLARE.

O painted clouds ! sweet beauties of the sky !  
 How have I viewed your motion and your rest,  
 When like fleet hunters ye have left mine eye,  
 In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest ;  
 Or in your threatened thunder's grave black vest,  
 Like black deep waters slowly moving by,  
 Awfully striking the spectator's breast  
 With your Creator's dread sublimity,  
 As admiration mutely views your storms.  
 And I do love to see you idly lie,  
 Painted by heaven as various as your forms,  
 Pausing upon an eastern mountain high.

## THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

LONG, wild, and bloody was the day,  
The morn had shot its purple ray  
    On Harold's helm of gold ;  
The noon had seen it red with gore,  
At eve it lay on Hastings' shore,  
    In dust and slaughter rolled.

Night fell : yet still the trumpet rang,  
Still rose the axe and armour's clang,  
    Still twanged the British bow ;  
Still did their bands unbroken keep  
The march by hill and forest deep,  
    Like lions, stern and slow.

Beneath the torch and cresset's flame,  
Heavy and spent, the Norman came  
    From that scarce conquered field ;  
And came his haughty chivalry,  
With weary limb, and drooping eye,  
    And shattered helm and shield.

The tents were pitched, the feast was spread,  
Was crowned the monarch's feverish head ;  
    And lovely o'er the throng,  
As victor-boast and joyous roar  
Sank down like waves upon the shore,  
    Was heard the minstrel's song.

Sweet stole the Jongleur's ancient strain,  
"Of ladies' frowns, and lovers' pain,"  
    Till even the monarch smiled ;  
And every lord to some sweet name,  
His day-star on the path to fame,  
    The golden beaker filled.

The Jongleur paused, he backward flung  
The locks that o'er him darkly hung—  
    Then dashed his eager hand



Through the rich tumult of the wires,  
 'Till rushed the sounds, like living fires,  
     Among the warrior band.

“Woe to the lands!” the minstrel sang,  
 “That hear the Norman rider’s clang,  
     Their bloody doom is sealed;  
 With eye of flame, and voice of fear,  
 He comes, the breaker of the spear,  
     The scorner of the shield!

“Where lies, proud Greek! thy crescent vane?  
 Its silver light is on the wane—  
     Where, Venice, is thy barge?  
 Illustrious harlot of the deep!  
 No longer shall thy banner sweep  
     The Adria’s purple marge.

“Thou mother, queen of nations, Rome,  
 What arrow tore thy eagle’s plume,  
     Now proudest, last of all?  
 Health to the king!—his wreath is won,  
 The Norman sits on England’s throne,  
     The sovereign of the ball.”

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STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh when the lips we loved are cold, and fixed in silent death,  
 The tender tale that once they told parts not with parting breath;  
 A word—a tone survives its hour—an angel’s passing strain,  
 Once heard when dreams from heaven had power, and never  
     heard again!

From eyes that death hath closed, a gleam thrills softly o’er the  
     heart!  
 That joins with life its blessed beam, till life itself depart!  
 Then from its last exhaling fires it purely parts above,  
 And with the mounting soul aspires to light it up to love!

## A FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

BY MISS M. J. JEWSBURY.

Not in envy, ire, or grief,  
Bid I now the Muse farewell ;  
'T is no childish fancy brief,  
Lured away by newer spell ;  
As of earthly good the chief,  
I have sought her long and well.

Not in anger ;—inward joys  
Have been mine, and meed of praise,—  
Payment vast for idle toys,  
Fleeting, unsubstantial lays ;  
Sandy columns wind destroys,  
And that wind again can raise.

No,—nor yet in grief we part,—  
Never unto bard like me,  
Gave the Muse a broken heart ;  
'T is to nobler votaries, she  
Doth that awful gift impart,—  
Pledge of immortality !

Not in envy ;—though around,  
Like the stars, a radiant throng,  
In their several orbits found,  
I behold the sons of song,—  
Every brow with laurel bound,  
And a few as giants strong.

Not in envy ;—though I know  
Neither wreath nor radiance mine ;  
I will yet pay homage low,  
Pilgrim-like, at every shrine ;  
Seek where buds and blossoms grow,  
And for others garlands twine.

Never hath my Muse bereaved me,  
Song hath lightened hours of pain ;  
Never Poet yet deceived me,  
Truer friend I scarce could gain ;  
Ne'er among the things that grieved me,  
Ranked the minstrel lute and strain.

Yet I bid the art adieu,  
It may be, adieu for ever ;  
I abjure the Syren too,  
Vain, I own, my best endeavour ;  
Weak to grasp, though keen to view,  
Climbing alway—rising never.

Though I smite the rock of song,  
At my stroke no stream will flow,—  
At my spell no spirits strong  
Bidden come, or mastered go ;  
Nor the world of passion throng  
With its wild waves to and fro.

Farewell Muse!—vouchsafing never  
But dim glance and veiled brow ;  
Farewell Lute!—a rude toy ever,  
Broken, stringless, soon art thou ;  
Farewell Song!—thy last notes quiver,—  
Muse,—Lute,—Music,—farewell now !

*Literary Souvenir.*

## FIELD FLOWERS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you 't is true,  
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of broken blades breathing their balm ;  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,  
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June ;  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell :  
I thought it delightful your beauties to find  
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes ;  
What loved little islands, twice seen in the lakes,  
Can the wild water-lily restore.  
What landscape I read in the primrose's looks ;  
What pictures of pebbles and minnowy brooks,  
In the vetches that tangle the shore.

Earth's cultureless buds! to my heart ye were dear  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

WHY do I weep?—to leave the vine,  
Whose clusters o'er me bend?  
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!  
The flowers I loved to tend?  
A thousand thoughts of all things dear,  
Like shadows o'er me sweep,  
I leave my sunny childhood here,  
Oh! therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister—we have played  
Through many a joyous hour,  
Where the silvery green of the olive shade  
Hung dim o'er fount and bower!  
Yes! thou and I, by stream, by shore,  
In song, in prayer, in sleep,  
Have been as we may be no more—  
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father!—Eve's bright moon  
Must now light other feet,  
With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,  
Thy homeward steps to greet!  
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,  
Lay tones of love so deep,  
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,—  
I leave thee!—let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee!—on thy breast,  
Pouring out joy and woe,  
I have found that holy place of rest  
Still changeless—yet I go!  
Lips that have lulled me with your strain,  
Eyes that have watched my sleep;  
Will earth give love like yours again?—  
Sweet mother, let me weep!

*Morning Chronicle.*

## HOLYROOD.

THE moonlight fell like pity o'er the walls  
And broken arches, which the conqueror, Time,  
Had rode unto destruction; the grey moss  
A silver cloak, hung lightly o'er the ruins;  
And nothing came upon the soul but soft,  
Sad images. And this was once a palace,  
Where the rich viol answered to the lute,  
And maidens flung the flowers from their hair  
Till the halls swam with perfume: here the dance  
Kept time with light harps, and yet lighter feet;  
And here the beautiful Mary kept her court,  
Where sighs and smiles made her regality,  
And dreamed not of the long and many years  
When the heart was to waste itself away  
In hope, whose anxiousness was as a curse:  
Here, royal in her beauty and her power,  
The prison and the scaffold, could they be  
But things whose very name was not for her?  
And this, now fallen sanctuary, how oft  
Have hymns and incense made it holiness;  
How oft, perhaps, at the low midnight hour,  
Its once fair mistress may have stol'n to pour  
At its pure altar, thoughts which have no vent,  
But deep and silent prayer; when the heart finds  
That it may not suffice unto itself,  
But seeks communion with that other state,  
Whose mystery to it is as a shroud  
In which it may conceal its strife of thought,  
And find repose.

But it is utterly changed:  
No incense rises, save some chance wild-flower  
Breathes grateful to the air; no hymn is heard,  
No sound, but the bat's melancholy wings;  
And desolation breathes from all around.

And thus it is with links of destiny :  
Clay fastens on with gold—and none may tell  
What the chain's next unravelling will be.  
Alas, the mockeries in which fate delights !  
Alas, for time!—still more, alas, for change !

L. E. L.

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THE MOON.

THE moon is sailing o'er the sky,  
But lonely all, as if she pined  
For somewhat of companionship,  
And felt it was in vain she shined :

Earth is her mirror, and the stars  
Are as the court around her throne ;  
She is a beauty and a queen ;  
But what of this? she is alone.

Where are those who may share with thee  
Thy glorious royalty on high ?  
I cannot choose but pity thee,  
Thou lovely orphan of the sky.

I'd rather be the meanest flower  
That grows, my mother earth, on thee,  
So there were others of my kin,  
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death ;  
But with these better could I bear,  
Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,  
And be a solitary there.

*Literary Gazette.*

L. E. L.

## SONG.

BY THE REV. J. WOLFE.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee ;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be :  
It never through my mind had past,  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 't will smile again ;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain !  
But when I speak, thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou would'st stay even as thou art,  
All cold, and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been !  
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own,  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me ;  
And I perhaps may soothe this heart,  
In thinking too of thee :  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore !



## WOMAN.

BY THE REV. E. BARNARD.

On thou, by heaven ordained to be  
Arbitress of man's destiny !  
From thy sweet lip one tender sigh,  
One glance from thine approving eye,  
Can raise or bend him at thy will  
To virtue's noblest flight, or worst extremes of ill.

Be angel-minded, and despise  
Thy sex's little vanities ;  
And let not Passion's lawless tide  
Thy better purpose sweep aside :  
For woe awaits the evil hour,  
That lends to man's annoy thy heaven-entrusted power.

Woman ! 'tis thine to cleanse his heart  
From every gross unholy part :  
Thine, in domestic solitude,  
To win him to be wise and good :  
His pattern, friend, and guide to be—  
To give him back the heaven he forfeited for thee !

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## COMPARISON.

THOSE withered leaves along the cold ground spread,  
Did once the sweetest of all flowers compose ;  
And though full many a sun hath seen them shed,  
They still are odorous as the living rose.  
So breathes the memory of departed worth,  
When years have mourned it in the silent tomb ;  
There is a fragrance in the holy earth  
Where virtue sleeps, that time cannot consume.  
The good man dies, but with his parting breath  
Bequeaths the world a sweet that knows no death.

## THE SHIP'S RETURN.

BY MISS BENDER.

THOU com'st, fair bark, in gallant pride,  
Thy snow-white sails exulting spread ;  
Nor I the graceful triumph chide,  
For silent are the tears I shed.

Erewhile, when thou wert distant far,  
Wandering on ocean's pathless waste,  
I hailed thee as my pilot star,  
By thee my devious course was traced.

To thee, as to a hallowed shrine,  
My sighs, my prayers were all addressed ;  
Thy pride, thy honour seemed but mine,  
And in thy safety was my rest.

But now, though trophies deck thy brow,  
A mournful wreck alone I see ;  
For he who warmed each ardent vow,  
No more a welcome asks of me.

He should have lived!—for Fortune owed  
The kind redress, withheld too long,  
Whilst he life's dark and dreary road  
Had still beguiled with Hope's sweet song.

He should have lived!—in suffering schooled,  
But ne'er with fancied wrongs oppressed ;  
For nature still o'er sorrow ruled,  
And peace his guileless soul possessed.

Unskilled in caution's frigid lore,  
He scorned suspicion's gloomy sway ;  
Deceived, he trusted as before,  
And dreams illumed each passing day.

And still in Albion's happy isle,  
His little fairy home was placed ;  
Domestic love, affection's smile,  
Were all the joys he sighed to taste.

How blest, to strive with toil no more,  
To live for social cares alone,  
To soothe the ills that others bore,  
As none had ever soothed his own !

How fair the scene by fancy cast,  
Rich with affection's balmy breath,  
Ah dream ! the loveliest, as the last,  
That gilded the dark hour of death.

Even on his wandering soul it smiled,  
When flitting shades around him pressed,  
A transient gleam of joy beguiled  
His pangs—one moment he was blessed.

He saw the partner of his days,  
Hailed each loved friend with ancient claim,  
And with a tender, lingering gaze,  
Responded to the father's name.

And then he would a blessing breathe,  
A pledge of Christian faith impart,  
And with a dower of love bequeath,  
The latest counsels of his heart.

But then he saw the phantoms fade,  
He gazed on strangers, rude and cold ;  
His last fond look was hope betrayed,  
His parting sigh, a wish untold.

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave, my mother's grave !  
Oh ! dreamless is her slumber there,  
And drowsily the banners wave  
O'er her that was so chaste and fair ;  
Yea ! love is dead and memory faded !  
But when the dew is on the brake,  
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,  
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,  
Oh ! then she cometh back to me,  
In her cold beauty darkly shaded !

I cannot guess her face or form ;  
But what to me is form or face ?  
I do not ask the weary worm  
To give me back each buried grace  
Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses !  
I only feel that she is here,  
And that we meet, and that we part ;  
And that I drink within mine ear,  
And that I clasp around my heart,  
Her sweet, still voice, and soft caresses !

Not in the waking thought by day,  
Not in the sightless dream by night,  
Do the mild tones and glances play  
Of her who was my cradle's light !  
But in some twilight of calm weather,  
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,  
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,  
With all the quiet of a thought,  
And all the passion of a dream,  
Linked in a golden spell together !

## AYMER'S TOMB.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,  
A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light  
Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown  
From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,  
Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,  
Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoofs tread  
In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,  
As chieftains passed; and solemnly the swell  
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river  
Borne with the gale, and, with the leaves' low shiver,  
Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,  
Wore man's mute anguish sternly; but of *One*,  
Oh! who shall speak?—what words *his* brow unveil?—  
A father following to the grave his son!—  
That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,  
Through the wood-shadows moved the knightly train,  
With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low,—  
Fair even when found, amidst the bloody slain,  
Stretched by a broken lance. They reached the lone  
Baronial chapel, where the forest-gloom  
Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown  
Into high archways, as to vault the tomb.  
Stately they trod the hollow-ringing aisle,  
A strange, deep echo shuddered through the pile,  
Till crested heads, at last, in silence bent  
Round the De Couci's antique monument,  
When dust to dust was given: and Aymer slept  
Beneath the drooping banners of his line,  
Whose broidered folds the Syrian wind had swept  
Proudly and oft, o'er fields of Palestine:  
So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave  
Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave,  
And the pale image of a youth, arrayed  
As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid.

In slumber, on his shield. Then all was done,  
All still, around the dead. His name was heard,  
Perchance, when wine-cups flowed, and hearts were stirred  
By some old song, or tale of battle won  
Told round the hearth: but in his father's breast  
Manhood's high passions woke again, and pressed  
On to their mark; and in his friend's clear eye  
There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by;  
And, with the brethren of his fields, the feast  
Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased  
Mingled with their's. Even thus life's rushing tide  
Bears back affection from the grave's dark side!  
Alas, to think of this!—the heart's void place  
Filled up so soon—so like a summer-cloud  
All that we loved to pass, and leave no trace!—  
He lay forgotten in his early shroud—  
Forgotten?—not of all! The sunny smile  
Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,  
And the dark locks, whose breezy wavings threw  
A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew  
From the bright brow; and all the sweetness lying  
Amidst that eagle-eye's jet radiance deep,  
And all the music with that young voice dying,  
Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap  
As at a hunter's bugle,—these things lived  
Still in one breast, whose silent love survived  
The poms of kindred sorrow. Day by day,  
On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,  
Through the dim fane soft summer-odours breathing;  
And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,  
And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing  
In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing  
From pictured windows down. The violet there  
Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly;  
And the rose, image of all things fleet and fair,  
And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,  
'Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,  
As for an altar, wove the radiant band?  
Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells,  
That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,

To blush through every season? Blight and chill  
 Might touch the changing woods; but duly still,  
 For years, those gorgeous coronals renewed,  
 And, brightly clasping marble spear and helm,  
 Even in mid-winter filled the solitude  
 With a strange smile, a glow of sunshine's realm.  
 Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring  
 Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring  
 With a sad constancy!—

One spring-morn rose,  
 And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid,—  
 Oh! not as midst the vineyards, to repose—  
 From the fierce noon,—a dark-haired peasant maid.—  
 Who could reveal her story?—That still face  
 Had once been fair; for on the clear arched brow,  
 And the curved lip, there lingered yet such grace  
 As sculpture gives its dreams; and long and low  
 The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye—  
 For night was on its lids—fell mournfully!  
 But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair  
 Dimmed, the slight form all wasted, as by care.  
 Whence came that early blight?—*her* kindred's place  
 Was not amidst the high De Couci race;  
 Yet there her shrine had been!—she grasped a wreath—  
 The tomb's last garland!—This was love in death!

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#### AN EVENING MEDITATION.

I love to watch yon little western cloud,  
 So brightly coloured by the setting sun :  
 See, how it lessens, lost each glorious hue!  
 Touches the veil of twilight—and is gone !

Oh! grant my soul, kind heaven, a doom like this—  
 So soft, so mild, to quit these bonds of clay ;  
 To shine awhile in friendship's partial eye—  
 Then, like yon happy vapour, pass away !

## THE SCARF OF GOLD AND BLUE.

A BALLAD.

BY H. G. BELL, ESQ.

“ God speed thee, Eustace D’Argencourt,—be brave as thou art true,

And wear the scarf I’ve wov’n for thee—this scarf of gold and blue!”

He bent his knee, he kissed her hand, and fervently he swore,—  
That till his sword had lost its might, till life’s last pulse was o’er,  
That scarf should never leave his arm, in tournament or fight;  
That scarf should be his pride by day, his dream of joy by night:—  
Then bounded he upon his steed, and with one parting glance,  
Forth rode Sir Eustace D’Argencourt—the bravest knight in France!

Scarce had he ridden one short week—one short week and a day—  
When he saw twelve Spanish knights approach, all bent to cross  
his way;

And his squire said to his master bold, “ I pray thee turn thy steed,  
For little hope is left us now, save in our coursers’ speed.”

“ How!—Think’st thou, craven-hearted squire,” Sir D’Argencourt replied,

“ That from the lance of mortal foe I e’er could turn aside?

Twelve Spaniards are there in the field, and we are only two,  
But wear I not my lady’s scarf—her scarf of gold and blue!”

Then up rode Don Pedrillo, and tauntingly spake he,—

“ I envy thee thy fortune, Knight, whate’er thy name may be,  
For if thou’rt slain by my right hand, a happy death thou’lt die:”

Sir Eustace placed his lance in rest, but deigned him no reply;  
As thunder rides the lightning’s wings, so strode he his good steed,  
And soon beneath his charger’s feet he saw Pedrillo bleed.

Then up came Garcia Perez—Don Carlos by his side—

“ O! dearly shalt thou rue, Sir Knight, thy self-deceiving pride!”

Sir Eustace stroked his gallant barb, and with a sudden bound  
Hurled Garcia Perez from his seat, sore mangled, on the ground;



Then turning on Don Carlos, like a lion in his wrath,  
He stretched him with one desperate blow all stiff across his path.

Nine Spaniards still remained behind, but motionless they stood,  
And looked with silent wonder on that young knight's hardihood;  
"Come one—come all!" Sir Eustace cried, "I neither yield nor  
fly;

But for the Lady Isabel, or you or I must die."

Then the Count Alcaras recognised Sir Eustace D'Argencourt,  
His favoured rival in the love of Isabel D'Etours;—

And on he urged his dastard friends, and as a cloud they  
came—

"Base traitors!" shouted D'Argencourt, "how can ye fight, for  
shame!

Such odds were never seen before—nine armed men 'gainst one!  
God guard thee, Lady Isabel—my race of life is run!"

Yet fiercely did Sir Eustace fight, and fast flowed Spanish gore,  
Till the Count Alcaras came behind—he dared not come before—  
And stabbed that brave Knight in the back—a false, dishonest  
blow;—

Sir Eustace turned him round, and fixed one long gaze on his  
foe,

Then feeble fell his gallant arm, and clouds swam round his head,  
And the Spaniards raised a joyful shout, for they thought Sir  
Eustace dead.

They bound his arms behind his back, they tied him to a tree,  
And beside him stuck his broken lance, in graceless mockery;—

"And now, Sir Knight," Alcaras cried, "I'll wear this gewgaw  
too,—

Methinks I guess who wove this scarf—this scarf of gold and  
blue.

Away! my friends, there's little breath in proud Sir D'Argen-  
court,

Away! my friends, I'll win her yet—Fair Isabel D'Etours!"

Bright shines the sun upon the waves—the waves of blue  
Garonne,

But brighter shine those diamond eyes in the lists at Roussilon;

And trumpets bray, and banners stream, and chargers gallop  
round,

And noble hearts beat quick for praise, with many an aching  
bound;—

But who is she, who wins all looks—for whom all ride the ring—  
To gain a smile of whose dark eye were glory for a king?

Ha! did you mark her sudden blush—the paleness of the  
trance

That followed quick, as on that knight she bent her eager glance—

“It was the Count Alcaras!” for his Spanish crest she knew,

“But why wore he that plighted scarf”—that scarf of gold and  
blue?”

“I took it, lady,” boastingly, the crafty Spaniard said,

“From one I forced to yield beneath my more victorious blade;

He gave it me with right good will, his life was all he sought,

Too cheaply with the coward’s death so rich a prize I bought.”

“Now, by St. Louis! braggart base!” fair Isabel replied,

“I tell thee in thy craven teeth, that loudly thou hast lied!”

Then bared she straight her snow-white hand, and down she  
threw her glove,

“Oh! is there any knight who here, for honour or for love,

Will make the Count Alcaras his unhallowed falsehood rue,

And win me back that well-known scarf—that scarf of gold and  
blue!”

A hundred swords leaped forth at once to do her proud behest,

A hundred lords were at her feet, a hundred spears in rest;

But she has singled from them all that solitary Knight

Who wears his coal-black vizor down, nor yet has proved his  
might.

The heralds sound the onset, and they meet with deadly shock;—

The Count has fallen from his horse,—the Knight sits as a rock;—

But when he saw Alcaras down, he staid not on his steed,—

And when he saw Alcaras’ lance was shivered as a reed,

Away, without one word, the Knight that instant cast his own;—

And forth he drew his glittering sword, that as a sunbeam shone,

With one fierce blow he cleft the casque the Spaniard proudly wore,

And with the next struck off the arm on which the scarf he bore;

Then thrice he kissed that well-won scarf— that scarf of gold  
 and blue,  
 And raised his vizor as he knelt to her he found so true ;  
 O ! dearly was that scarf beloved by Sir Eustace D'Argencourt,  
 But dearer far the prize he won in Isabel D'Etours !

*Literary Souvenir.*

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BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

IT was not in the winter  
 Our loving lot was cast !  
 It was the time of roses,  
 We plucked them as we passed !

That churlish season never frowned  
 On early lovers yet !—  
 Oh no—the world was newly crowned  
 With flowers, when first we met.

'T was twilight, and I bade you go,  
 But still you held me fast ;—  
 It was the time of roses,—  
 We plucked them as we passed !

What else could peer my glowing cheek  
 That tears began to stud ?—  
 And when I asked the like of Love,  
 You snatched a damask bud,—

And oped it to the dainty core,  
 Still glowing to the last :—  
 It was the time of roses,  
 We plucked them as we passed !

## MY HOME.

BY THE REV. E. BARNARD.

YON old grey wall, whose gable high .  
    Lifts the Redeemer's sign,  
Whose tendrils green like tracery  
    O'er arch and mullion twine,—  
It is, in truth, a holy place ;  
For God himself hath deigned to grace  
    That humble Home of mine :  
And thoughts of Him are blended fair  
With every joy I've tasted there.

The one best friend, whose modest worth  
    Even from my praises flies ;  
The babe, whose soul is budding forth  
    From her blue smiling eyes ;  
And prattling still, the sturdy boy,  
Who climbs my knee with heart of joy  
    To gain his little prize—  
Their looks of love how can I see,  
Nor think, great Sire of Love, on thee ?

Pride enters not yon peaceful room ;  
    But books and arts abound ;  
Nor there do vain Penates come  
    To reign—'t is holy ground !  
And duly, Lord, when evening brings  
Release from toil on balmy wings,  
    An household band is found  
To raise thy throne, and offer there  
The gift thou lov'st, domestic prayer.

Within, all studies end in thee ;  
    And when abroad I rove,  
There's not a herb, a flower, or tree,  
    That speaks not of thy love :

There's not a leaf, that whirled on high  
 Wanders along the stormy sky,  
     That hath not words to prove,—  
 How like would be my restless lot,  
 If grace divine upheld me not!

Oh! look upon yon glorious scene;  
     Wood, hill, and wave survey:  
 Mark every path where God hath been,  
     And own his wondrous way.  
 For me, I daily come to bless,  
 Dear landscape, all thy loveliness;  
     And dare not turn away,  
 Till I have said the Psalmist's line—  
 "These gracious works, dread Lord, are thine."

My Home! my Home! I've paused awhile  
     In many a stranger land,  
 And seen in all "boon nature" smile  
     Beneath her Maker's hand:  
 But never, since calm reason took  
 From Fancy's clutch, her rhyming book,  
     A joyful resting planned—  
 Till here the blessed scene I laid,  
 Here in mine own romantic shade.

My Home! my Home! oh, ever dear  
     Thy hallowed scenes shall be;  
 In joy or grief, in hope or fear,  
     My spirit clings to thee.  
 I deem my Home an emblem meet  
 Of that enduring last retreat,  
     From pain and passion free,  
 Where Peace shall fix her bright abode,  
 And yield her followers up to God.

## THE GREEK EXILE.

THIS is a fair and lovely spot,  
And cherished by a kindly hand;  
But oh! its loveliness is not  
Like that which clothes our father-land;  
For there the deserts wild and rude,  
Have spirits in their solitude!

The naked rock, the black defile,  
The stream that rolls in darkness by,  
The olive mount, the sea-girt isle,—  
Each have their record proud and high;  
“Go stranger, to thy fellows tell  
There patriots fought, there patriots fell!”

The poet's song doth mingle there,  
With all that nature's bounty yields;  
All that exists of grand or fair,  
Its snow-clad hills, its laughing fields;  
And I through this cold world must roam,  
An exile from that happy home.

Son of the Morning! what art thou?  
We are a nation of the dead,—  
The life, the spirit, vanished now,  
And darkness o'er our dwellings spread,—  
But monuments sublime are there,  
Which thou must gaze on, and despair.

And here the Athenian trumpet rang—  
And here was heard the Spartan flute—  
Till far and wide the battle clang  
Sounded above the horn and lute,  
As on they rushed,—and many a brand  
Was shivered for their father-land.

Alas! alas! 't is desolate,  
And all that thou canst now behold, ·  
Are relics mute, inanimate,—  
Faint tokens of the times of old :  
Whose seal and impress yet they bear—  
But whose renown we may not share.

Yet shall the fond remembrance trace  
The triumphs that our land hath known,  
The majesty that crowned a race  
Of heroes in the ages flown !  
And future days perchance shall bring  
Deeds worthy that the bard may sing.

The ruined fane, the broken stone  
That crumbles at thy touch, doth tell  
Of peopled towns, that now are lone,  
Or where their humble offspring dwell :  
Ay, cringing to the ground they go,  
And feel not, or belie their woe.

But go thou forth, my soul, beyond  
The view stretched out before thine eye,  
And fear thou not, nor e'er despond,  
But o'er the storm's deep thunder cry—  
“Hellas! the time—thy time—is come!  
Awake! arouse thee from the tomb!”

Yet visions of the night are mine,  
And day-dreams of the joy to be,  
That whisper with a voice divine,  
“Thy heart shall feel, thine eyes shall see  
A glory o'er the land arise,  
And Freedom's banner flout the skies!”

## A LAMENT FOR THE FAIRIES.

O who has not hearkened in days of his childhood,  
To tales that were told of the lost fairy land,—  
Whose denizens sported at night through the wild wood,  
Or chased the blue waves on the moon-lighted strand ;  
Nor sometimes been tempted to doubt whether knowledge  
Be worth the belief it has driven away ;—  
Whether all the lore gathered at school or at college,  
Hath pleased like the visions of fairies at play !

Fairy land was the dream of the world when awaking  
From her second long slumber of darkness and dread,  
When even superstition began to be taking  
Some tinges of beauty and light ere she fled :  
Then fancy delighted, first mingled her terrors,  
Of demons and ghosts, with the lovely and fair,  
And called to adorn her, this dearest of errors—  
Of fairies on earth, and of sylphs in the air.

But now the world's older—they say it is wiser,—  
I wish they could prove it is happier too ;  
But I fear that, as much as we think we despise her,  
We oft sigh for pleasures that ignorance knew.  
The fairies, alas ! are for ever gone from us,  
The joys of our childhood in age leave no trace,—  
But I cannot discover the raptures they promise  
Our wisdom shall bring us, have yet filled their place.

The shepherd has often ranged o'er mountains and valleys,  
A look at the elves in their gambols to steal ;  
And whene'er disappointed, has thought it their malice  
That would not themselves or their treasures reveal :—  
But tell me, ye sages, who smile at the story,  
Were ye never lured by as foolish a thought—  
Have ye never chased riches, or splendour, or glory,  
For pleasures they never would give you, if caught ?



We all are deceived by some phantom or other,  
 Like dreams of the Fairy-land, bright but untrue ;  
 And the fancy we smile to perceive in another,  
 Only altered in shape, is beguiling us too.  
 Do not frown at my moral—'t will give you assistance  
 To keep in your view the true sources of bliss ;  
 The joys that shall light up another existence,  
 The friendship and love that console us in this.

*Literary Magnet.*

ZARACH.

### THEY ARE NO MORE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

THEY are no more ! Oh, dull and drear,  
 Sound those bereaving, mournful words ;  
 Affliction finds no wilder tear,—  
 Memory no darker doom records :  
 Not in our homes, not by our side,  
 Move the bright beings we deplore ;  
 The hearts which love had sanctified,  
 They are no more !

O ! breathes there one that hath not known  
 The parting word—the dying look—  
 While in the soul grief walked alone,  
 And every pulse with anguish shook :  
 Some cherished one that blessed him there,  
 And past—as sunlight from the shore—  
 Woe ! woe ! the young—the loved—the fair—  
 They are no more !

The music of their lips hath fled,  
 Their grace and beauty passed away ;  
 Yet lives the presence of the dead  
 Within our souls, as light in day !  
 A fresher light shall burst the tomb,  
 And all the blessed lost restore ;  
 Unknown those words of wail and gloom.  
 They are no more !—

*Literary Magnet.*

## MAY-DAY.

A PAINTING BY LESLIE.

BEAUTIFUL and radiant May,  
Is not this thy festal day?  
Is not this spring revelry  
Held in honour, queen, of thee?  
'Tis a fair; the booths are gay,  
With green boughs and quaint display;  
Glasses, where the maiden's eye  
May her own sweet face espy;  
Ribbons for her braided hair;  
Beads to grace her bosom fair;  
From yon stand the juggler plays  
With the rustic crowd's amaze;  
There the morris-dancers stand,  
Glad bells ringing in each hand;  
Here the maypole rears its crest,  
With the rose and hawthorn drest;  
And beside are painted bands  
Of strange beasts from other lands.  
In the midst, like the young queen,  
Flower-crowned, of the rural green,  
Is a bright-checked girl—her eye  
Blue, like April's morning sky,  
With a blush, like that the rose  
To her moonlight minstrel shows;  
Laughing at her love the while,—  
Yet such softness in the smile,  
As the sweet coquette would hide  
Woman's love by woman's pride.  
Farewell, cities; who could bear  
All your smoke and all your care,  
All your pomp, when wooed away  
By the azure hours of May?  
Give me woodbine-scented bowers,  
Blue wreaths of the violet flowers,  
Clear sky, fresh air, sweet birds, and trees,  
Sights and sounds and scenes like these!

THE VOICE OF HOME.

TO THE PRODIGAL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

OH! when wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early loves?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer-birds are calling,  
Thy household porch around,  
And the merry waters falling,  
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,  
Midst the banks of moss and fern,  
Breathe of the sunny hours—  
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without a guide,  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,  
And the glory of thy spring,  
And to thee the leaves' light play  
Is a long-forgotten thing.—

But when wilt thou return?  
Sweet dews may freshen soon  
The flower, within whose urn  
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,  
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,  
Darkly may shadows lie—  
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again  
 To the gladness of the woods,  
 To the birds' triumphant strain,  
 . To the mountain solitudes!—

But when wilt thou return?  
 Along thine own free air,  
 There are young sweet voices borne—  
 Oh! should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board  
 There is kept a place for thee,  
 And by thy smile restored,  
 Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,  
 Thy coming step to greet,  
 A look of days gone by,  
 Tender, and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,  
 For thee kind bosoms yearn,  
 For thee fond tears are shed—  
 Oh! when wilt thou return?

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BALLAD.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

MARY, when the sun is down,  
 Steal unnoticed from the town,  
 Through the dew of daisied green,  
 Like a shadow dimly seen,  
 Unto where the lilied rill  
 Winds around the woody hill,—  
 Giving to thy lover's arms,  
 Truth, and youth, and sacred charms.

When the night doth darken eve,  
Thou thy bower mayst safely leave :—  
Thou canst have no dread of night,  
Having thoughts as pure as light !  
Vice may then not be a-bed,  
But the wicked have a dread  
Of a chaste-eyed maiden's frown,  
That keeps ruder passions down.

When the bat hath tired his wing,  
And the cricket ceased to sing,  
And the sad, sweet nightingale  
'Gins to tell her tender tale ;  
Steal thy path across the green,  
Like a shadow dimly seen,  
Or a late-returning dove  
Winging lonely to her love.

When the first star of the night  
Beams with rays of ruddy light,  
(Like the lashes of thine eyes  
Startling sleep, that sweetly lies  
As the bee upon his bed,  
Nestling by a blue-bell's head),  
Steal thy way through green and grove,  
Silent as the moon doth move.

When the dew is on our feet,  
Then the woodland walk is sweet ;  
When no eye but heaven's doth see,  
Then 't is sweet with thee to be :  
We have passed long hours alone,  
Overseen and heard by none ;  
And may wile a many more,  
Till our life, not love, be o'er.

TO MARY.

BY JOHN ROBY, ESQ.

WHEN first I knew thee, still too dear,  
I fondly loved thee too;  
Apparent worth, a heart sincere,  
Made me believe thee true.

Each cheering smile thy cheek had worn,  
Then lingered but for me;  
But now the mask's thrown off,—I scorn  
To waste one thought on thee.

Thine image once came o'er my heart  
Like sunshine 'mid the storm;  
But now its light must hence depart,  
That beam no more can warm.

No more thy smile around me plays,  
And darkness turns to light,—  
As soon might yon dull meteor-blaze  
Dispel the gloom of night.

That rosy smile, to others given,  
My heart esteems no more;  
Its hue, pure as the blush of heaven,  
No power can e'er restore.

It falls upon my withered breast,  
But cannot cheer it now;  
The fondest love we once confessed,  
Now leaves no quickening glow.

And yet as bright, as sunny still,  
Those smiles break o'er my soul;  
To make its darkness visible,—  
They 'round my bosom roll.

Passion's wild burst—the stormy brow,  
Their wrath I'd sooner brave,  
Than sunny smiles that mock my woe,  
Like flowers that deck the grave.

Oh, hadst thou still to me been true,  
 As once thy lips confessed,  
 No power had torn—as now I do—  
 Their image from my breast.

But thou art false—inconstant thou—  
 The rest I need not tell ;  
 Another's arms await me now—  
 For ever fare thee well !

*Literary Gazette.*

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“FORGET THEE!”

BY THE REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

“FORGET thee?”—If to dream by night, and muse on thee by  
 day ;  
 If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart can pay ;  
 If tears in absence, breathed for thee to heaven's protecting  
 power ;  
 If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an hour ;  
 If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot ;  
 If this thou call'st “forgetting,” thou, indeed, shalt be forgot !

“Forget thee?”—Bid the forest-birds forget their sweetest tune !  
 “Forget thee?”—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon ;  
 Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew ;  
 Thyself forget thine “own dear land,” and its mountains wild and  
 blue ;  
 Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot ;  
 When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot !

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free ;  
 For, God forbid, thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me ;  
 Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid not mine to rove,  
 But let it muse its humble faith, and uncomplaining love ;  
 If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,  
 Forget me then ; but ne'er believe, that thou canst be forgot !

*Friendship's Offering.*

## THE DISTANT SHIP.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE sea-bird's wing, o'er ocean's breast,  
Shoots like a glancing star,  
While the red radiance of the west  
Spreads kindling fast and far ;  
And yet that splendour wins thee not,—  
Thy still and thoughtful eye  
Dwells but on one dark, distant spot  
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee !— o'er the slumbering deep  
A solemn glory broods ;  
A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,  
And all the golden woods :  
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high  
Burn with the amber light ;—  
What spell, from that rich pageantry,  
Chains down thy gazing sight ?

A chastening thought of human cares,  
A feeling, linked to earth !  
Is not yon speck a bark, which bears  
The loved of many a hearth ?  
Oh ! do not hope, and grief, and fear,  
Crowd her frail world even now,  
And manhood's prayer, and woman's tear,  
Follow her venturous prow ?

Bright are the floating clouds above,  
The glittering seas below ;  
But we are bound by cords of love  
To kindred weal and woe !  
Therefore, amidst this wide array  
Of glorious things and fair,  
My soul is on that bark's lone way,  
For human hearts are there.

*Literary Souvenir.*



## THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

WE met not in the sylvan scene  
Where lovers wish to meet,  
Where skies are bright, and woods are green,  
And opening blossoms sweet ;  
But in the city's busy din,  
Where Mammon holds his reign,  
Sweet intercourse we sought to win  
'Mid traffic, toil, and gain :  
Above us was a murky sky,  
Around, a crowded space,  
Yet dear, my love, to thou and I,  
Was this—our Trysting-Place.

We dwelt not on the linnet's note,  
Or skylark's warbling lay ;  
We heard not murmuring zephyrs float  
Upon the dewy spray ;  
But sounds of discord met our ear,  
The taunt but ill repress,  
The miser's cold and cautious sneer,  
The spendthrift's reckless jest ;  
Yet while we heard each other's tone,  
And viewed each other's face,  
We seemed sequestered and alone  
In this—our Trysting-Place.

They err, who say Love only dwells  
'Mid sunshine, light, and flowers ;  
Alike to him are gloomy cells,  
Or gay and smiling bowers :  
Love wastes not on insensate things  
His sweet and magic art,  
No outward sign arrests his wings,  
His home is in the heart ;  
And, dearest, hearts like thine and mine  
With rapture must retrace,  
How often Love has deigned to smile  
On this our Trysting-Place.

## THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR.

SILENT and dark as the source of yon river,  
Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not to know,  
Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon quiver,  
Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

The lily flings o'er it its silver-white blossom,  
Like ivory barks which a fairy hath made ;  
The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,  
As though 't were enamoured itself of its shade.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour slumbers  
On the stream, as it loved the bright place of its rest,  
And its waves pass in song, as the sea shells' soft numbers  
Had given to those waters their sweetest and best.

The banks that surround it are flower-dropt and sunny ;  
There the first birth of violets' odour-showers weep—  
There the bee heaps his earliest treasure of honey,  
Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their prison,  
The waters fling gaily their spray to the sun ;  
Who can tell me from whence that glad river has risen ?  
Who can say whence it springs in its beauty ?—not one.

Oh, my heart, and my song, which is my heart's flowing,  
Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thine own ;  
'Mid those the chief praise on thy music bestowing,  
Who cares for the lips from whence issue the tone ?

Dark as its birth-place, so dark is my spirit,  
Whence yet the sweet waters of melody came :  
'T is the long after-course, not the source, will inherit  
The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

So ends Childe Harold his last Pilgrimage! —  
Above the Malian surge he stood, and cried  
“ Liberty!” and the shores, from age to age  
Renowned, and Sparta's woods and rocks, replied  
“ Liberty!” But a spectre, at his side,  
Stood mocking; — and its dart uplifting high,  
Smote him: — he sank to earth in life's fair pride:  
Sparta! thy rocks echoed another cry,  
And old Ilissus sighed — “ Die, generous exile, die!”

I will not ask sad Pity to deplore  
His wayward errors, who thus early died:  
Still less, Childe Harold, now thou art no more,  
Will I say aught of genius misapplied,  
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride: —  
But I will bid the' Arcadian cypress wave,  
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,  
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,  
That not one thought unkind be murmured o'er thy grave.

So ends Childe Harold his last Pilgrimage! —  
Ends in that region — in that land renowned,  
Whose mighty genius lives in Glory's page,  
And on the Muses' consecrated ground, —  
His pale cheek fading where his brows were bound  
With their unfading wreath! I will not call  
The nymphs from Pindus' piny shades profound;  
But strew some flowers upon thy sable pall,  
And follow to the grave a Briton's funeral.

Slow move the plumed hearse, the mourning train;  
I mark the long procession with a sigh,  
Silently passing to that village fane  
Where, Harold, thy forefathers mouldering lie; —  
Where sleeps that mother, who with tearful eye,  
Pondering the fortunes of thy onward road,  
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy;  
Who here, released from every human load,  
Receives her long-lost child to the same calm abode.

Bursting Death's silence—could that mother speak,  
 When first the earth is heaped upon thy head,  
 In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,  
 She thus might give the welcome of the dead :—  
 “ Here rest my son with me ; — the dream is fled ; —  
 The motley mask and the great coil are o'er :  
 Welcome to me, and to this wormy bed,  
 Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar  
 Of earth, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.

“ Here rest!—On all thy wanderings peace repose,  
 After the fever of thy toilsome way ;  
 No interruption this long silence knows ;  
 Here no vain phantoms lead the soul astray :  
 The earth-worm feeds on his unconscious prey ;  
 Here both shall sleep in peace, till earth and sea  
 Give up their dead ;—at that last awful day,  
 King, Lord, Almighty Judge ! remember me ;  
 And may Heaven's mercy rest, my erring child, on thee !”

*Literary Souvenir.*

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STANZAS.

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

I never looked a last adieu  
 To things familiar, but my heart  
 Shrank with a feeling, almost pain,  
 Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word “ Farewell !”  
 But with an utterance faint and broken ;  
 An earth-sick yearning for the time,  
 When it shall never more be spoken.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

I 'M NOT A LOVER NOW.

THERE was a time when I could feel  
All passion's hopes and fears;—  
And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal,  
By smiles, and sighs, and tears!  
The days are gone! no more, no more,  
The cruel fates allow;  
And, though I'm hardly twenty-four,—  
I'm not a lover now!  
Lady, the mist is on my sight;  
The chill is on my brow;  
My day is night, my bloom is blight;  
I'm not a lover now!

I never talk about the clouds,  
I laugh at girls and boys;  
I'm growing rather fond of crowds,  
And very fond of noise;  
I never wander forth alone  
Upon the mountain's brow;  
I weighed, last winter, sixteen stone!  
I'm not a lover now!

I never wish to raise a veil,  
I never raise a sigh;  
I never tell a tender tale,  
I never tell a lie;  
I cannot kneel as once I did;  
I've quite forgot my bow;  
I never do as I am bid,—  
I'm not a lover now!

I make strange blunders every day,  
If I would be gallant;  
Take smiles for wrinkles, black for grey,  
And nieces for their aunt:  
I fly from folly, though it flows  
From lips of loveliest glow;  
I don't object to length of nose,—  
I'm not a lover now!

The Muse's steed is very fleet,—  
 I'd rather ride my mare ;  
 The Poet hunts a quaint conceit,—  
 I'd rather hunt a hare ;  
 I've learnt to utter yours and you,  
 Instead of thine and thou ;  
 And, oh ! I can't endure a Blue !—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I find my Ovid very dry,  
 My Petrarch quite a pill ;  
 Cut Fancy for Philosophy,  
 Tom Moore for Mr. Mill :  
 And Belles may read, and Beaux may write,  
 I care not who or how ;  
 I burnt my Album Sunday night ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I don't encourage idle dreams  
 Of poison or of ropes ;  
 I cannot dine on airy schemes,  
 I cannot sup on hopes :  
 New milk, I own, is very fine,  
 Just foaming from the cow ;  
 But, yet, I want my pint of wine :—  
 I'm not a lover now !

When Laura sings young hearts away,  
 I'm deafer than the deep ;  
 When Leonora goes to play,  
 I sometimes go to sleep ;  
 When Mary draws her white gloves out,  
 I never dance, I vow ;  
 " Too hot to kick one's heels about !"  
 I'm not a lover now !

I'm busy now with state affairs,  
 I prate of Pitt and Fox ;  
 I ask the price of rail-road shares,  
 I watch the turns of stocks :

And this is life ! no verdure blooms  
 Upon the withered bough.  
 I save a fortune in perfumes ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I may be, yet, what others are,  
 A boudoir's babbling fool ;  
 The flattered star of Bench or Bar,  
 A party's chief or tool ;  
 Come shower or sunshine,—hope or fear,—  
 The palace or the plough,—  
 My heart and lute are broken here ;  
 I'm not a lover now !  
 Lady, the mist is on my sight,  
 The chill is on my brow ;  
 My day is night, my bloom is blight ;  
 I'm not a lover now !

*Friendship's Offering.*

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## THE HOUR OF PHANTASY.

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM.

THERE is an hour when all our past pursuits,  
 The dreams and passions of our early day,—  
 The unripe blessedness that dropped away  
 From our young tree of life,—like blasted fruits,  
 All rush upon the soul : some beauteous form  
 Of one we loved and lost ; or dying tone,  
 Haunting the heart with music that has flown,  
 Still lingers near us, with an awful charm !  
 I love that hour,—for it is deeply fraught  
 With images of things no more to be ;  
 Visions of hope, and pleasure madly sought,  
 And sweeter dreams of love and purity ;—  
 The poesy of heart, that smiled in pain,  
 And all my boyhood worshipped—but vain !

*Literary Souvenir.*

## THE WRECK.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Her sails are draggled in the brine,  
That gladdened late the skies ;  
And her pennon, that kissed the fair moonshine,  
Down many a fathom lies,

WILSON.

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

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

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

We saw the strong man, still and low,  
A crushed reed thrown aside !  
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,  
Not without strife he died !



And near him on the sea-weed lay,  
 Till then we had not wept,  
 But well our gushing hearts might say,  
 That *there a mother* slept;

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

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

Oh, human love! whose yearning heart  
 Through all things vainly true,  
 So stamps upon thy mortal part,  
 Its passionate adieu!  
 Surely thou hast another lot,  
 There is some home for thee,  
 Where thou shalt rest, remembering not  
 The moaning of the sea!

*Literary Souvenir.*

\* This circumstance is related of Mrs. Cargill, an actress of some celebrity, who was shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly, when returning from India.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS SOUTHEY.

BY MISS BOWLES.

'T is ever thus—'tis ever thus, when Hope has built a bower,  
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every thornless flower,  
To dwell therein securely, the self-deceivers trust,  
A whirlwind from the desert comes—and ' all is in the dust !'

'T is ever thus—'tis ever thus, that when the poor heart clings  
With all its finest tendrils—with all its flexile rings,—  
That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and so fast,  
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast.

'T is ever thus—'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss—  
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this ;—  
One moment round about us, their ' Angel lightnings'\* play,  
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all hath past away !

'T is ever thus—'tis ever thus, with sounds too sweet for earth—  
Seraphic sounds, that float away, borne heavenward in their birth ;  
The golden shell is broken—the silver chord is mute—  
The sweet bells all are silent, and hushed the lovely lute.

'T is ever thus—'tis ever thus, with all that 's best below—  
The dearest—noblest—loveliest—are always first to go ;  
The bird that sings the sweetest !—the pine that crowns the rock ;  
The glory of the garden !—' the flower of the flock !'

'T is ever thus—'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair—  
Too finely framed to 'bide the brunt, more earthly natures bear ;  
A little while they dwell with us—blest ministers of love—  
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home  
above.

*Literary Souvenir.*

\* Il lampeggiar del angelico rico.

## THE PRIESTESS OF VESTA.

THE God hath triumphed—what a sacrifice  
To Love, the conqueror!—through the silent ways  
Of the Eternal city, with dim eyes,  
The citizens move mournfully, and raise  
Looks of awed horror on each other's face ;  
And, as they pass, uplift their hands in grief,  
For some inexpiable thing, the trace  
Whereof left death—and words are few and brief ;  
And then they hasten, as they fain would shun  
The view of some deep deed of evil, done  
Against the heavens.—Hark ! on the moaning air,  
Floats a low murmur—now the listener's ear  
Hath caught the sound, and now, in trembling fear,  
He flies it, like the whisperings of Despair.—  
And still it travels on, with solemn tread—  
It comes, it comes, the sacrificial train,  
Bearing Love's hallowed victim, not with strain  
Of sweet-tongued instruments, and incense shed  
From burning censers, but with eyes that rain  
Showers of sad silent tears.—Lo ! at the head,  
Distinguished by the hoary crown which decks  
His reverend brow, walks the great Pontifex ;  
Then follow the dark priests, a solemn throng,  
With heads earth-bent and bare ; and tremblingly,  
Covered from every eye, they bear along  
The sacrifice to Love's divinity.—  
Last of the train, grief struck, and desolate,  
Are seen the forms of those, whom the sweet ties  
Of nature's love, and lovely sympathies,  
Bind to the victim—yet no bursting sigh  
Mars the dread pomp of sacrificial state.

Oh young and lovely ! beautiful and warm,  
In life's fresh summer—shaped in the bright mould  
Of that divinity whose votary  
Thou didst become, relinquishing the cold

Unlovely rites of Vesta's cell (which form  
 The heart to hardness), in the extremity  
 Of this thy mortal suffering, dost thou not,  
 Thy dreams of Love's delirium now forgot,  
 Dost thou not rue thy hallowed, broken vow?  
 And can the thought of him whose heart is thine,  
 Sweeten the pang of death, which even now  
 Creeps to thy soul? And wilt thou not repine,  
 And in thy heart's despair couple his name  
 With words of fear and anguish, when the thought  
 Of the unearthly ruin he hath wrought—  
 A living tomb, and yet a death of shame,  
 Famine and cold despair—comes over thee,  
 To crush thy spirit's strength? Will words of love,  
 Whose echoes now have ceased their melody,  
 Will they repay thee for thy muttered prayer,  
 And dark oracular sounds, which slowly move  
 From him who speaks thy sentence of despair?

Yes! passionate victim of the' all moving Power,—  
 Within the deep recesses of thy tomb  
 Love's torch shall light the dim and ghastly gloom;  
 And he sweet memories to thy soul shall bring,  
 Of long-lost hopes, and many a blissful hour  
 Of rapture—whence this mortal suffering!—

The sun hath fled, and it is night, deep night,  
 And silence o'er the earth's wide bounds is spread,  
 And darkness, awful as the deed of dread  
 Which the day saw, hath hid from human sight  
 The tomb which holds the living.—Hark! a low  
 Deep murmur rises mournfully below  
 Upon the night-wind!—Now the shade hath past  
 From the fair features of the moon, and lo!  
 She sheds her beams upon a figure, cast  
 In prostrate agony on the new-turned sod,  
 And he is muttering broken prayers to God,  
 For death to her, whose love had been his life.  
 For death, to close her spirit's lingering strife:—

And then deep madness o'er the mourner came—  
 With maniac force, he sought from out its bed  
 To tear the rock which closed the tomb, and claim  
 His victim—with that wrench his spirit fled.

*London Magazine.*

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STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY JAMES HOGG.

My sweet little cherub, how calm thou 'rt reposing ;  
 Thy suffering is over, thy mild eye is closing ;  
 This world hath proved to thee a step-dame unfriendly ;  
 But rest thee, my babe, there 's a spirit within thee.  
 A mystery thou art, though unblest and unshriven—  
 A thing of the earth, and a radiance of heaven ;  
 A flower of the one, thou art fading and dying—  
 A spark of the other, thou art mounting and flying.

Farewell my sweet baby, too early we sever ;  
 I may come to thee, but to me thou shalt never.  
 Some angel of mercy shall lead and restore thee,  
 A pure living flame, to the mansions of glory.  
 The moralist's boast may sound prouder and prouder,  
 The hypocrite's prayer rise louder and louder ;  
 But I'll trust my babe, in her trial of danger,  
 To the mercy of Him that was laid in the manger.

*Literary Souvenir.*

## YOUTH RENEWED.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

SPRING flowers, spring birds, spring breezes  
Are felt, and heard, and seen ;  
Light trembling transport seizes  
My heart,—with sighs between ;  
These old enchantments fill the mind  
With scenes and seasons left behind ;—  
Childhood, its smiles and tears,—  
Youth, with its flush of years,  
Its morning clouds and dewy prime,  
More exquisitely tinged by time !

Fancies again are springing,  
Like May-flowers in the vales ;  
While hopes long lost, are singing,  
From thorns, like nightingales ;  
And kindly spirits stir my blood,  
Like vernal airs that curl the flood :  
There falls to manhood's lot,  
A joy which youth has not,  
A dream more beautiful than truth,  
Returning spring,—renewing youth !

Thus sweetly to surrender  
The present for the past,  
In sprightly mood yet tender,  
Life's burthen down to cast,—  
This is to taste, from stage to stage,  
Youth, or the lees refined of age ;  
Like wine well kept and long,  
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong ;—  
A richer, purer, mellower draught  
With every annual cup is quaffed.

*Literary Souvenir.*

# THE LOVER'S FAREWELL TO HIS LYRE.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

My soul is calm, my bosom bright,  
With sunshine such as ne'er till now  
Rose to chase off the dreary night,  
That gathered round my moody brow ;  
O long-loved tears ! O cherished grief !  
O, dear frequented glooms that wore  
So sweet a guise ! your wild relief  
I need no more !

No tuneful fiction of the brain  
Wert thou to me, pale-eyed Despair !  
So long I bent beneath thy chain,  
Its weight at length seemed light to bear.  
But now thine adamantine mace  
Is broke, thy drear dominion o'er ;  
Good bye ! thy scorn of female grace  
I need no more !

Oft, very oft, when Memory stung  
My heart to agony, I flew  
To fiction's tales, and o'er them hung,  
Till Fancy half believed them true ;  
But Love now lends me sweeter themes  
And thoughts by far, whereon to pore ;  
Good-bye, Romance, thy charmed dreams  
I need no more !

Sweet summer flowers ! your cultured blooms  
Have many an hour my cares beguiled,  
Till, soothed by your divine perfumes,  
I've kissed your rosy cheeks, and smiled ;  
But now with Hope my bosom beats,  
To win a flower, all flowers before,  
Good-bye ! your tributary sweets  
I need no more !

And thou, my friend, from first to last,  
 Through good and ill, in weal and woe,  
 Brightener and soother of the past,  
 With all thy laurels round thee, go!  
 I've loved thee much; but now, my lyre,  
 What, if thy fascination 's o'er?  
 And what, if, late eclipsed, thy fire  
 I need no more?

Canst thou repine if dust devour  
 Thy strings, left motionless and mute,  
 When, touched by hands of dearer power,  
 My heart is grown the sweeter lute!  
 Thou 'st won me fame—thou 'st won me praise;  
 Take these: my aspirations soar  
 Loftier than this—thy trumpet lays  
 I need no more!

Did e'er thy voice, when most it tried,  
 Win me one sigh—I say not tear,  
 From her I loved! Go to! the pride  
 Of song has cost thy master dear.  
 If praise, if fame 's the only meed  
 Of all my love, of all thy lore,  
 Farewell! thy blandishments I need  
 No more, no more!

No! still, if still my lady's glance  
 Chide not the vision I pursue,  
 In such delighted chase, romance,  
 Flower, lute, and music, all adieu!  
 But come, young Joy, lead on the hour,  
 When love shall say, thy reign is o'er;  
 Good-bye, dear Hope, thy soothing power  
 I need no more!



## ARRIA.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY MISS M. J. JEWSEBURY.

“ It is not painful, Pætus.”

HER form—it is not of the sky,  
Nor yet her sex above ;  
Her eye—it is a woman's eye,  
And bright with woman's love ;—  
Nor look, nor tone revealeth aught  
Save woman's quietness of thought :  
And yet around her is a light  
Of inward majesty and might !

Her lord is fettered by her side,  
In soul and strength subdued ;  
Yet looks she on him with a pride  
Fonder than when she viewed  
His mailed form in the brightest hour  
Of victory, applause, and power !  
When Fortune beamed upon his brow,  
She loved not as she loveth now.

They tore him from his home ;—she rose  
A midnight sea to brave ;  
She stood beside him when his foes  
Were fiercer than the wave ;  
And now she is beside him here,  
A prisoner in a dungeon drear,  
Still calm as when before she strove ;  
Still strong in woman's strength—her love.

She loved as Roman matron should,  
Her hero's spotless name ;  
She would have calmly seen his blood  
Flow on the field of fame ;

But could not bear to have him die,  
 The sport of each plebeian eye ;  
 To see his stately neck bowed low,  
 Beneath the headsman's dastard blow.

She brought to him his own bright brand,  
 She bent a suppliant knee,  
 And bade him, by his own right hand,  
 Die, freeman 'mid the free.  
 In vain ;—the Roman fire was cold  
 Within the fallen warrior's mould :—  
 Then rose the wife and woman high,  
 And died—to teach *him* how to die !

*It is not painful, Pætus* :—Ay !  
 Such words could Arria say,  
 And view with an unaltered eye  
 Her life-blood ebb away.  
 Professor of a purer creed,  
 Nor scorn, nor yet condemn the deed,  
 Which proved—unaided from above—  
 The deep reality of love ;

Ages, since then, have swept along,—  
 Arria is but a name ;—  
 Yet still is woman's love as strong,—  
 Still woman's soul the same ;—  
 Still soothes the mother and the wife,  
 Her cherished ones, 'mid care and strife.  
*It is not painful, Pætus*—still  
 Is love's word in the hour of ill.

## CHANGES.

A child is playing on the green,  
With rosy cheek and radiant mien ;  
But sorrow comes—the smile's departed,—  
He weeps, as he were broken-hearted ;  
But see, ere yet his tears are dry,  
Again his laugh thrills wild and high :  
As lights and shades each other chase,  
So pain and joy flit o'er his face ;  
And nought shall have the power to keep  
His eyes, one moment, from their sleep ;—  
And such was I.

A youth sits with his burning glance  
Turned upwards to heaven's blue expanse :  
What is it o'er his pale cheek flushing ?  
What thought has set the life-blood gushing ?  
It is of many a deed sublime,  
That he will do in future time,—  
Of many a struggle to be past,  
Repaid by deathless fame at last :  
He thinks not of the moments gone,—  
He lives in fiery hope alone ;—  
And such was I.

Sunken those eyes, and worn that brow,  
Yet more of care, than years, they shew ;  
There 's something in that cheek revealing  
The bosom-wound, that knows no healing :  
He lives, and will live on, and smile,  
And thoughts he cannot lose, beguile ;  
He 'll shun no duty—break no tie,  
But *his* star's fallen from the sky.  
Oh! pitying heaven, the wretch forgive,  
That bears but wishes not to live ;—  
And such am I.

ZARACH.

## CHANTREY'S SLEEPING CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

Look at those sleeping children!—softly tread,  
Lest thou do mar their dream; and come not nigh  
Till their fond mother, with a kiss, shall cry  
“’Tis morn, awake! awake!” Ah! they are dead!—  
Yet folded in each others arms they lie—  
So still—oh, look! so still and smilingly—  
So breathing and so beautiful they seem,  
As if to die in youth were but to dream  
Of spring and flowers!—of flowers?—Yet nearer stand—  
There is a lily in one little hand,  
Broken, but not faded yet,  
As if its cup with tears was wet.  
So sleeps that child; not faded, though in death,—  
And seeming still to hear her sister’s breath,  
As when she first did lay her head to rest  
Gently on that sister’s breast,  
And kissed her ere she fell asleep!  
The’ archangel’s trump alone shall wake that slumber deep.  
“Take up those flowers that fell  
From the dead hand, and sigh a long farewell!  
Your spirit rests in bliss!  
Yet ere with parting prayers we say  
Farewell for ever! to the’ insensate clay,  
Poor maid, those pale lips we will kiss!”  
Ah! ’t is cold marble!—Artist, who hast wrought  
This work of nature, feeling, and of thought,—  
Thine, Chantrey, be the fame  
That joins to immortality thy name.  
—For these sweet children that so sculptured rest—  
A sister’s head upon a sister’s breast—  
Age after age shall pass away,  
Nor shall their beauty fade, their forms decay.  
For here is no corruption—the cold worm  
Can never prey upon that beauteous form:  
The smile of death that fades not, shall engage  
The deep affections of each distant age!

Mothers, till ruin the round world hath rent,  
 Shall gaze with tears upon the monument!  
 And fathers sigh, with half-suspended breath,  
 "How sweetly sleep the innocent in death!"

*Literary Souvenir.*

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WOMAN'S TRUTH.

My love is not of heavenly birth,  
 No—frail and mortal is her form;  
 Her smiles are not too sweet for earth,  
 Nor are her fondest looks too warm.

No blazing suns adorn her head,  
 Her mouth no glittering pearls can boast;  
 Though sweet her lips, they do not shed  
 The incense of Arabia's coast.

But there 's a calm domestic trace  
 Of love in every word and feature,  
 More dear to me than all the grace  
 Of all the goddesses in nature.

And many a sun has risen and set,  
 And many a storm has blown around us,  
 Since first our throbbing bosoms met,  
 And love and law together bound us.

And hopes have fall'n, and friends have changed,  
 And flowers that promised much been blighted;  
 Yet never were our hearts estranged  
 One moment from the faith we plighted.

Harp on, ye bards—soar to the skies,  
 Bring down the fairest stars that brighten  
 That beauteous world—each lady's eyes  
 May then Love's zig-zag path enlighten.

Go search in climes beneath the sun,  
Where Nature's sweetest flowers are blowing—  
Tell each "dear girl" you found not one  
To match the rose, her soft cheek shewing.

Should she, cold sceptic! doubt thee still,  
Up—up on Fancy's wings to heaven,  
Swear that even angel's harps are shrill,  
To the wild notes her lips have given.

Oh, woman, source of every bliss  
That heaven to this cold world dispenses,  
Can such romantic praise as this  
Charm thy soft heart, and chain thy senses!

Yes—hours in all our lives there are,  
From power and pride, to want's pale train,  
When thou canst seem—oh! lovelier far  
Than all young, dreaming poets feign.

It is not in thine hour of prime,  
When friends are fond, and hopes are springing,—  
It is not at the witching time,  
When Love his first wild strain is singing;—

But at the couch that mocks repose,  
Where some beloved form may languish,  
Hoping—yet dreading life's last close,  
With aching brow, and heart of anguish.

While in the ranks of health and glee,  
His fate may scarce one sigh awaken,  
O woman! then 't is thine to be  
Near—though by all the world forsaken!

## CLOVELLY.

'T is eve! 't is fading eve! how fair the scene,  
Tinged with the soft hues of the glowing west!  
Dim hills afar, and happy vales between,  
With the tall corn's deep furrow calmly blest!  
More near, the sea by eve's mild gale caressed,  
And groves of living green that fringe its tide,  
White sails that gleam on ocean's bounding breast,  
And the light fisher-barks, that homeward glide  
To seek Clovelly's shores of beauty and of pride!

And hark! the mingling sounds of earth and sea!  
The pastoral music of the bleating flock,  
Blent with the sea-bird's uncouth melody;  
The waves' deep murmur to the' unheeding rock;  
And ever and anon the' impatient shock  
Of some rude billow on the echoing shore.  
And hark! the rower's deep and well-known stroke!  
Glad hearts are there, and joyous hands once more  
Weary the whitening wave with their returning oar!

But turn where art with graceful hand hath twined  
The living wreath for Nature's placid brow,—  
Where the glad wanderer's joyous footsteps wind  
Mid rock, and glancing stream, and waving bough,—  
Where scarce the valley's leafy depths allow  
The lingering sunbeam in their shade to dwell:  
There might the Naiad breathe her softest vow,  
Or the grim Triton sound his wreathed shell,  
Lured from their azure home by scenes they love so well!

A softer beauty floats along the sky,  
And moonlight dwells upon the heaving wave:  
Far off the night-winds fade away and die,  
Or, murmuring, slumber in their ocean cave.  
Tall oaks, whose limbs the giant-storm might brave,  
Bend in rude fondness o'er the silvery sea;  
Nor can the mountain-ash forbear to lave  
Her blushing clusters, where the waters free  
Murmur around her feet such soothing melody!

Lovely Covelly ! in thy shades of rest, —  
 When timid Spring her pleasant task hath sped,  
 Or Summer pours, from her redundant breast,  
 Her fruits and flowers along the vale's deep bed ;  
 But most when Autumn's golden glories spread,  
 And half forgot rude Winter's withering rage —  
 What fairer path could woo the wanderer's tread,  
 Soothe wearied hope, or worn regret assuage ?

Lo ! for firm youth a bower ! a home for lapsing age !

*Oxford Literary Gazette.*

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BEN NEVIS.

BY THE REV. C. HOYLE.

WE climb, we pant, we pause ; again we climb :  
 Frown not, stern mountain ! nor around thee throw  
 Thy mist and storm, but look with cloudless brow  
 O'er all thy giant progeny sublime ;  
 While toiling up the' immeasurable height,  
 We climb, we pant, we pause : the thickening gloom  
 Hath palled us in the darkness of the tomb ;  
 And on the hard-won summit, sound nor sight  
 Salutes us, save the snow and chilling blast,  
 And all the guardian fiends of Winter's throne.  
 Such too is life — ten thousand perils past,  
 Our fame is vapour, and our mirth a groan.  
 But patience ; till the veil be rent away,  
 And on our vision flash celestial day.



## NOTES.

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### 1.—Page 24.

#### *Death on the Pale Horse.*

A fine imitation of the Terzetta Rima of Dante, from the pen of a young writer of the name of Wade. I am not acquainted with any other of his poems; but should his future productions realise the promise here held out, he can hardly fail of becoming favourably known to the public.

### 2.—Page 31.

#### *Lines suggested by the death of Ismael Fitzadam.*

These exquisitely beautiful lines, as honourable to the heart as to the genius of the accomplished writer, originated in the death of Mr. John Macken, of Enniskillen, the high-minded but ill-fated author of the "Harp of the Desert," "Lays on Land," and several poems, in this and the former volume of the Poetical Album, under the signature of Ismael Fitzadam. The following is an extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Macken to the Editor, a short time before his death: and most pathetically does it depict the miseries to which persons of genius and keen sensibility are not unfrequently exposed in their voyage through life.

"With respect of my *nom de guerre*, or *nom de mer*," says he, "I have no wish to be known by any other name. It was assumed

under the pressure of evil, as indicative of the destiny of a wandering and desolate man, and I have since found no reason to abandon it.

“ The history of the earlier years of my life, and previous to my *debut* as a rhymester, furnishes but little that could interest the sympathies of even a heart like yours. It may be sufficient to remark, that my taste for poetical composition displayed itself at a very early age, and was tenacious enough to maintain its ascendancy over my mind, in defiance of opposition, in despite of circumstances, and in the midst of avocations every way unpropitious to its developement. Mine has been, indeed, no scholastic life, passed in the ‘ cloistered shade of academic bowers.’ My literary opportunities were casual and infrequent, and snatched at hasty intervals. After various attempts in the periodical publications of the day, I at length ventured on a volume of verses, entitled, ‘ Stolen Moments.’ They were the productions of boyhood, and died upon their birth-day. My taste for poetry had early associated itself with themes of national glory, and I longed to select some such subject as ‘ Talavera,’ or ‘ Trafalgar.’ I had projected a ‘ Nelsoniad,’ intended to comprise the achievements and death of that great man. Before I could mature my plan, retarded as I was by a variety of accidental circumstances, the expedition against Algiers afforded me a subject of more recent interest, and one more commensurate with my leisure, *experience*, and capacity. This, therefore, I prosecuted with much diligence and good will; inspired by an ambitious desire to celebrate, in some way, the naval renown of old England. With my manuscript, which I was not long in completing, and a few pounds in my pocket, I started for London, dreaming of patronage all the way. Wholly a novice in literary matters, and a total stranger in the metropolis, I soon found that I had entered upon speculations, and had been indulging in prospects, more uncertain and fugitive than even the winds and waves. Mr. Murray’s situation, as bookseller to the Admiralty, directed me, in the first instance, to him; and I proposed, if he required it, to pay him in advance for the printing. After a good deal of delay, and a little of the *hauteur* of prosperous trade, he declined my proposition, informing me that his ‘ hands were just then too full.’ My chagrin evaporated in an epigram. I afterwards stumbled upon another bookseller, and having advanced him such a sum as reconciled him to the risk of printing

a small volume, consisting of about 130 pages, my object was effected. Thus my national tribute saw the light, unaided by a fashionable publisher, without a patron, and almost without a single announcement or advertisement. No sooner was it published, than I sent a copy, with a dutiful letter, to Lord Exmouth, who, I suppose, never opened either the one or the other, as he was never so far influenced, either by his taste or humanity, as to condescend to make the slightest inquiry after his volunteer Laureate. Depressed by this, and a thousand cankering disappointments, I grew every day more and more indifferent to the fate of my unfortunate volume, until all hope of acquiring either fame or profit as a poet, died within me. The disappointment of an author's first hopes has something of bitterness about it; and although, like Junius, I was the sole depository of my own secret, I felt mortified by the neglect of the critical press, and more especially of that portion of it for whose patronage of a national poem I conceived I had some right to look. From one party, my line of politics and religion led me to expect no favour; but from the liberality of the other, I confess I did anticipate something, because I shall not disguise that I felt that something was due to me. An acquaintance, under this impression, wrote to Mr. Croker, with the view of interesting him so far in my book, as to induce him to make some allusion to it in the Quarterly Review. From this gentleman's official connexion with the navy, and from the circumstance of his having written a poem on a similar subject himself, I conceived I had a double right to 'claim kindred there, and have my claims allowed.' The only notice, however, which this application procured for me, was a mutilated insertion of the title of my book in the ensuing number of the Quarterly; omitting just that part of it which had reference to the peculiar character of the poem.

"Thus baffled on all points, I went to Paris to economize and forget. After spending a few months there, I was induced to return to London, on an invitation to arrange, and superintend the publication of a work, which promised large remuneration; but which, in the sequel, ended as all my other undertakings had terminated, in disappointment and vexation. But for this proposal I should, most probably, have forgotten myself amidst the amiable follies of the French metropolis, until I had

received a hint from the last of the thirty-five napoleons, which had constituted my whole travelling stock on leaving London.

“ However, I was not entirely daunted by the failure of my second venture. The ceremony of the Coronation was now about to take place, and it struck me that it would afford an excellent groundwork for an historical and descriptive poem, in the stanza of Spenser. Full of this new, and, as it appeared to me, feasible plan, I set about arranging the topics ; and in the meantime, knowing no other person, I ventured to write once more to Lord Exmouth, then in town, to request that he would procure me a ticket of admission to Westminster Abbey, for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony. On this, however, as on the former occasion, he maintained the same dignified and contumelious indifference, declining all manner of reply. That his lordship should not have been found among the patrons of literature, will excite no great surprise in those who know any thing of his origin, and the limited opportunities which have been afforded him of cultivating a literary taste ; but every one must regret to find him thus deficient in the politeness, I might add humanity, we look for in an English gentleman. Here then was an end to my coronation scheme. I subsequently made several attempts to procure some permanent employment connected with the periodical press, but was unsuccessful in all. Had I been so fortunate as to have been acquainted with you then, this might not have been the case. Circumstances will speedily break the spirit down to the level of expedients, from which the philosophy of prosperous life would shrink with a feeling almost of horror. At this crisis, painful beyond all my powers of description even were I disposed to harrow up your feelings by the recital, an anonymous recommendation to the Editor of the Literary Gazette, raised a diversion in my favour, which led ultimately to the publication of my ‘ Lays on Land.’ I had experienced enough of the vicissitudes and vexations of literary adventure to be prepared for further disappointment. My constitution had suffered severely ; and I was compelled, finally, to leave London in 1821, for the restoration of my health, after a poetical campaign which had ended in defeat, if not in disgrace ; my expectations from authorship blown ‘ vagabond and prostrate.’ Thus, my dear Sir, you have all that can interest you of my little history.”

I lament to add, that whatever profits might have accrued from the sale of Mr. Macken's "Lays on Land," none ever reached the author. Mr. Warren, the bookseller, failed a very short time after its publication, and Mr. M. repaired to his friends at Enniskillen, where he died, in little more than two months from the date of his letter.

Whatever may have been the griefs to which his extremely sensitive temperament may have subjected him, he could not have been, as has been currently affirmed, in any pecuniary distress; for he had at the time of his decease a considerable sum of money in the hands of his friends, which would have been forwarded to him instantly, had he expressed a wish to receive it. Equally fallacious was the supposition, that he was a common sailor. On the contrary, he had received the advantage of a classical education at Trinity College, Dublin, and possessed all the refinement consequent upon high poetical talent and extensive scholastic attainments. He assumed the *sobriquet* of Ismael Fitzadam merely to conceal his identity from the public; but the correctness and propriety of his nautical allusions, and the fidelity of his account of the battle, would lead to the inference that he must have been present at the scenes he describes. The work to which he refers in his letter, was the *Huntingdon Peerage*, published with the name of Mr. Henry Nugent Bell, of title-finding notoriety. For the arrangement of this volume he was promised five hundred pounds, but had great difficulty in getting fifty.

### 3.—Page 34.

#### *The Virgin Mary's Bank.*

The production of a young Irish poet, Mr. J. Callanan, formerly a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and now a resident of Cork. Mr. C. is also the author of some spirited translations from the Irish, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, 1823.

### 4.—Page 42.

#### *Lines on the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens.*

Extracted from the letter-press to Mr. Williams' charming *Views in Greece*; decidedly the most interesting of the class of publications to which it belongs.

## 5.—Page 49.

*Serenade from the Spanish.*

These lines, and the exquisite ballad of Zara's Ear-rings (page 109), were first published in Blackwood's Magazine, but have since been included in a collection of Spanish Ballads (in 4to.), by the same author. It is to be regretted, that this volume, which contains some of the noblest specimens of the heroic ballad, has not been published in a cheaper and more popular form.

## 6.—Page 50.

*Irregular Ode on the Death of Lord Byron.*

Originally published in Paris, where the author has resided some years. It was afterwards reprinted in the Friendship's Offering, with an additional stanza, furnished to the Editor of that work by Mr. Colton.

## 7.—Page 59.

*Song.*

The author of this exquisitely beautiful poem has lately entered the church, and should accordingly have been designated the Rev. John Moultrie.

## 8.—Page 61.

*The Shadow.*

Since the greater part of this volume was printed, Mr. Malcolm has collected several of his fugitive poems, and published them under the title of "Scenes of War, and other Poems." Mr. M. is also the author of a very pleasing little volume of poems, under the title of "The Buccaneer, and other Poems."

## 9.—Page 63.

*To the River Rhone.*

From a small volume of the Annual class, entitled, “Homage aux Dames,” projected and edited by the late Mr. Henry Neele, and published by Mr. Lctts, of Cornhill.

## 10.—Page 67.

*To the Picture of a Dead Girl, on first seeing it.*

This charming poem, with several others from the same pen, which have appeared in the Literary Souvenir and Friendship’s Offering, have just been collected into a volume, entitled, “The Poetical Sketch-Book.”

## 11.—Page 71.

*I think of Thee.*

These lines have appeared in the late editions of a collection of juvenile poems, by their author, entitled, “Poetical Sketches.” A principal reason for introducing them in this work, is, that they have been printed in several similar collections so incorrectly as to be almost unintelligible.

## 12.—Page 75.

*Behave yoursel’ before Folk.*

The author of this very beautiful song, Alexander Rodgers, is a poor weaver of Glasgow, who has recently published a volume of very striking poems, entitled, “Peter Cornclips, and other Poems.”

## 13.—Page 107.

*The Holiday.*

This touching composition is from the pen of the tasteful author of “Dartmoor,” “The Banks of the Tamar,” and other beautiful poems ;

a man of modest worth, and of exalted talent, who, for want of a little of the patronage so lavishly bestowed upon many less deserving objects, is wearing away the last remnants of a feeble and flickering existence, in the toilsome occupation of a country schoolmaster. Sincerely do I agree with the amiable and intelligent editor of the *Eclectic Review*, "that the schoolmaster of Plymouth-dock, retiring after the worse than manual labour of the day, to solace himself with his books and his pen, is, to the full, as poetical a personage as the teacher of Gandercleugh. It is such men, after all, that are actuated by the genuine literary passion, the true spirit of authorship; and not our town poets, and well-dressed literati, who are making the most money and the most noise." The parallel, however, does not altogether hold good; for as Mr. Carrington, in a spirit of despondence which must touch every heart that is alive to the gentler impulses of our nature, himself observes, "The teacher of Gandercleugh possessed advantages which never fell to the lot of the writer of these pages. Engaged, like that far-famed personage, in the education of youth, his labours have seldom been relinquished until the close of our longest summer evenings; when, instead of retiring to the banks of a beautiful stream, he has almost uniformly been driven by business connected with his arduous profession, or by literary cares, to his solitary studies at home. There, depressed by the previous fatigues of the day, he has occasionally indulged in composition, and hence this volume, the production of many a pensive and abstracted hour."

Such is the fate of the real poet, unassisted by any of those adventitious expedients which the town pretender has so often recourse to. Thus languishes the man of modest worth and genius, whilst the metropolitan impostor, with his nineteen mock editions, and his impudent assumption of the name of some more deserving writer, contrives to secure for himself notoriety and impunity in the disposal of his spurious commodity.

14.—Page 111.

*The Mill.*

A few copies of this poem were printed, for private circulation, about two years ago.



15.—Page 129.

*A Picture.*

A fragment, from Mr. Shelley's poem of "Queen Mab."

16.—Page 131.

*To Death.*

A translation, or rather paraphrase, by Professor Wilson. Extracted from an interesting volume, published by Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, about three years ago, entitled "The Janus." This work was meant (had it met with sufficient encouragement) to have been continued annually. The excellence of its literature, however, does not seem to have been considered as an adequate compensation for the absence of the graphic illustrations usually appended to Annuals.

17.—Page 137.

*To the Memory of Howard the Philanthropist.*

This beautiful monody was originally published in the "Life of Howard," by James Baldwin Brown, Esq., Barrister, of the Middle Temple.

18.—Page 153.

*Tivoli.*

From a volume of poems, printed by Mr. Sotheby, for private circulation.

19.—Page 155.

*The Last Man.*

This noble poem appeared originally in the New Monthly Magazine. It has since been introduced into a new and complete edition of Mr. Campbell's Poems, published by Mr. Colburn.

20.—Page 169.

*The Dirge of Wallace.*

Published twenty years ago in the Morning Chronicle. I am pleased to find that Mr. Campbell has introduced these beautiful lines in the new edition of his Poetical Works.

21.—Page 171.

*Anna's Grave.*

Extracted from the Preface to the first edition of Mr. Gifford's Translation of Juvenal.

22.—Page 181.

*On Parting with my Books.*

From a threepenny publication, after the manner of the "Indicator," and under the same superintendence. Only one volume was published.

23.—Page 204.

*Punch and Judy.*

A fragment of a poem of some length, originally published in the European Magazine; and afterwards reprinted, with considerable additions and improvements, in the Monthly Magazine.

24.—Page 207.

*Address to Lord Byron.*

The history of this poem is interesting. Mr. Granville Penn is said to have left it in manuscript with Lord Byron's publisher, without name or address. His Lordship read it, made diligent inquiries after the gentleman from whom it had been received; and, having ascertained his identity, requested an interview. From that moment an intimacy was formed between the poet and his monitor which continued unimpaired up to the time of Lord Byron's departure from

England, when their opportunities of communicating with each other became infrequent.

25.—Page 235.

*Godiva.*

This admirable poem is attributed to the Rev. J. Moultrie; and is extracted from the *Etonian*. It was an especial favourite with the late Mr. Gifford, who was wont to express the highest admiration of the talents of its author. Certain it is, that Mr. Moultrie has written some of the most delightful poems in the whole range of modern literature. It is to be lamented, that he does not give us the many fugitive poems of which he is the author, in a collected form. They could not but be popular, for most of them are of transcendent beauty.

26.—Page 259.

*Song.*

The author of this sweet song, is the son of Mr. Haile, the bookseller, of Piccadilly. He has also published a very pleasing volume of poems, under the *sobriquet* of Percy Rolle.

27.—Page 275.

*The Vicar's Daughter.*

I am indebted for this striking Ballad to an amusing volume, edited by Mr. Galt, entitled "The Bachelor's Wife."

28.—Page 290.

*The Launch of the Nautilus.*

I cannot neglect the opportunity which the introduction of this poem into the *Poetical Album* affords me, of paying my tribute of esteem and admiration to the memory of its amiable and highly-gifted author, whose premature death, none who have enjoyed the pleasure of his correspondence, can lament more sincerely than myself. With the highest scholastic attainments, he possessed a refinement of taste and feeling, which would have enabled him to acquire and sustain a high

rank in modern literature, had he been spared to his friends and the world a few years longer. Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham (Mr. Barnard's father-in-law) has just printed a small volume of his Remains, including his beautiful Versions of some of the most pleasing of the poems of Flaminio, and a selection from his own sweet "*Vers de Societé.*"

29.—Page 291.

*The Lament of Columbus.*

From a volume of beautiful poetry, entitled "Guido, and other Poems, by Ianthe;" and attributed to a young married lady of the name of Embury, of New York.

30.—Page 316.

*The Harebells.*

From a new and interesting periodical, recently established in Edinburgh, under the title of the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," edited by Mr. H. G. Bell, and supported, apparently, by a great number of popular writers on both sides of the Tweed.

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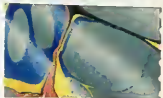
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