

UC-NRLF



QB 166 347

POETICAL  
WORKS  
OF  
CHARLES LAMB  
ILLUSTRATED

YC159494



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA

GIFT OF

Marvin MacLean





Edna McGraw.



Ch<sup>s</sup> Lamb



# POETICAL WORKS

OF

## CHARLES LAMB.



Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my Childhood.

Page 21

PHILADELPHIA

PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.

THE HISTORY OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
CHARLES LAMB.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.  
1858.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

953

L218

1858

## CONTENTS.

---

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE THREE FRIENDS . . . . .	Page 9
TO CHARLES LLOYD, AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR . . .	17
HESTER . . . . .	19
THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES . . . . .	21
TO A RIVER IN WHICH A CHILD WAS DROWNED . . .	22
HELEN . . . . .	23
A VISION OF REPENTANCE . . . . .	24
DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND CHILD . . . .	28
QUEEN ORIANA'S DREAM . . . . .	29
A BALLAD.—NOTING THE DIFFERENCE OF RICH AND POOR, IN THE WAYS OF A RICH NOBLE'S PALACE AND A POOR WORKHOUSE . . . . .	30
HYPOCHONDRIACUS . . . . .	32
A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO . . . . .	34
LINES SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF TWO FEMALES BY LEONARDO DA VINCI . . . . .	40
LINES ON THE SAME PICTURE BEING REMOVED TO MAKE PLACE FOR A PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY TITIAN . . .	41
TO T. L. H., A CHILD . . . . .	41

1\*

(5)

BALLAD, FROM THE GERMAN . . . . .	43
DAVID IN THE CAVE OF ADULLAM . . . . .	44
SALOME . . . . .	45
LINES ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS . . . . .	48
ON THE SAME . . . . .	49
ANGEL HELP . . . . .	50
ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN . . . . .	51
THE CHRISTENING . . . . .	54
THE YOUNG CATECHIST . . . . .	55
TO A YOUNG FRIEND, ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH- DAY . . . . .	56
SHE IS GOING . . . . .	58

## SONNETS.

I. TO MISS KELLY . . . . .	59
II. ON THE SIGHT OF SWANS IN KENSINGTON GAR- DEN . . . . .	59
III. "WAS IT SOME SWEET DEVICE" . . . . .	60
IV. "METHINKS HOW DAINTY SWEET IT WERE" . . . . .	61
V. "WHEN LAST I ROVED" . . . . .	61
VI. THE FAMILY NAME . . . . .	62
VII. "IF FROM MY LIPS" . . . . .	62
VIII. "A TIMID GRACE" . . . . .	63
IX. TO JOHN LAMB, ESQ., OF THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE . . . . .	64
X. "O! I COULD LAUGH" . . . . .	64
XI. "WE WERE TWO PRETTY BABES" . . . . .	65
HARMONY IN UNLIKENESS . . . . .	66
WRITTEN AT CAMBRIDGE . . . . .	66
TO A CELEBRATED FEMALE PERFORMER IN THE "BLIND BOY" . . . . .	67

CONTENTS.

vii

WORK . . . . .	68
LEISURE . . . . .	68
TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ. . . . .	69
THE GIPSY'S MALISON . . . . .	70

BLANK VERSE.

CHILDHOOD . . . . .	72
THE GRANDAME . . . . .	72
FANCY EMPLOYED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS . . . . .	74
COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT . . . . .	75
THE SABBATH BELLS . . . . .	77

ALBUM VERSES, ETC.

IN THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF MRS. SERGEANT W——	78
TO DORA W——, ON BEING ASKED BY HER FATHER TO WRITE IN HER ALBUM . . . . .	79
IN THE ALBUM OF A CLERGYMAN'S LADY . . . . .	80
IN THE ALBUM OF EDITH S—— . . . . .	80
IN THE ALBUM OF ROTHIA Q—— . . . . .	81
IN THE ALBUM OF CATHERINE ORKNEY . . . . .	82
IN THE ALBUM OF LUCY BARTON . . . . .	83
IN THE ALBUM OF MRS. JANE TOWERS . . . . .	84
IN THE ALBUM OF MISS —— . . . . .	85
IN MY OWN ALBUM . . . . .	86

COMMENDATORY VERSES, ETC.

TO J. S. KNOWLES, ESQ., ON HIS TRAGEDY OF VIR- GINIUS . . . . .	88
TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS, PUBLISHED UNDER THE NAME OF BARRY CORNWALL . . . . .	89
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EVERY-DAY BOOK" . . . . .	90

TO T. STOTHARD, ESQ., ON HIS ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POEMS OF MR. ROGERS . . . . .	91
TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE . . . . .	92
THE SELF-ENCHANTED . . . . .	95
TO LOUISA M——, WHOM I USED TO CALL “MONKEY”	95

TRANSLATIONS (FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE).

I. THE BALLAD SINGERS . . . . .	97
II. TO DAVID COOK, OF THE PARISH OF ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, WATCHMAN . . . . .	100
III. ON A SEPULCHRAL STATUE OF AN INFANT SLEEPING . . . . .	102
IV. EPITAPH ON A DOG . . . . .	102
V. THE RIVAL BELLS . . . . .	104
VI. NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA . . . . .	104
VII. THE HOUSEKEEPER . . . . .	105
VIII. ON A DEAF AND DUMB ARTIST . . . . .	106
IX. THE FEMALE ORATORS . . . . .	107
PINDARIC ODE TO THE TREAD-MILL . . . . .	108
GOING OR GONE . . . . .	112
FREE THOUGHTS ON SEVERAL EMINENT COMPOSERS . . . . .	116

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

SUBJECT	DESIGNER	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF CHARLES LAMB . . . . .	WAGEMAN . . . . .	Frontispiece
THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES . . . . .	SCHMOLZE . . . . .	Title
WHO ART THOU FAIR ONE . . . . .	DEVEREUX . . . . .	41
CHILDHOOD . . . . .	SCHMOLZE . . . . .	72
TILE SABBATH BELLS . . . . .	SCHMOLZE . . . . .	77





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
CHARLES LAMB.

---

THE THREE FRIENDS.

THREE young maids in friendship met,  
Mary, Martha, Margaret.  
Margaret was tall and fair,  
Martha shorter by a hair ;  
If the first excelled in feature,  
The other's grace and ease were greater ;  
Mary, though to rival loth,  
In their best gifts equalled both.  
They a due proportion kept ;  
Martha mourned if Margaret wept ;  
Margaret joyed when any good  
She of Martha understood ;

And in sympathy for either  
Mary was outdone by neither.  
Thus far, for a happy space,  
All three ran an equal race,  
A most constant friendship proving,  
Equally beloved and loving ;  
All their wishes, joys, the same ;  
Sisters only not in name.

Fortune upon each one smiled,  
As upon a favourite child ;  
Well to do and well to see  
Were the parents of all three ;  
Till on Martha's father crosses  
Brought a flood of worldly losses,  
And his fortunes rich and great  
Changed at once to low estate ;  
Under which o'erwhelming blow  
Martha's mother was laid low ;  
She a hapless orphan left,  
Of maternal care bereft,  
Trouble following trouble fast,  
Lay in a sick bed at last.

In the depth of her affliction  
Martha now received conviction,  
That a true and faithful friend  
Can the surest comfort lend.

Night and day, with friendship tried,  
Ever constant by her side  
Was her gentle Mary found,  
With a love that knew no bound ;  
And the solace she imparted  
Saved her dying broken-hearted.

In this scene of earthly things  
Not one good unmixed springs.  
That which had to Martha proved  
A sweet consolation, moved  
Different feelings of regret  
In the mind of Margaret.  
She, whose love was not less dear,  
Nor affection less sincere  
To her friend, was, by occasion  
Of more distant habitation,  
Fewer visits forced to pay her ;  
When no other cause did stay her ;  
And her Mary living nearer,  
Margaret began to fear her,  
Lest her visits day by day  
Martha's heart should steal away.  
That whole heart she ill could spare her,  
Where till now she'd been a sharer.  
From this cause with grief she pined,  
Till at length her health declined.

All her cheerful spirits flew,  
Fast as Martha's gathered new;  
And her sickness waxed sore,  
Just when Martha felt no more.

Mary, who had quick suspicion  
Of her altered friend's condition,  
Seeing Martha's convalescence  
Less demanded now her presence,  
With a goodness, built on reason,  
Changed her measures with the season;  
Turned her steps from Martha's door,  
Went where she was wanted more;  
All her care and thoughts were set  
Now to tend on Margaret.  
Mary living 'twixt the two,  
From her home could oftener go,  
Either of her friends to see,  
Then they could together be.

Truth explained is to suspicion  
Evermore the best physician.  
Soon her visits had the effect;  
All that Margaret did suspect,  
From her fancy vanished clean;  
She was soon what she had been,  
And the colour she did lack  
To her faded cheek came back.

Wounds which love had made her feel,  
Love alone had power to heal.

Martha, who the frequent visit  
Now had lost, and sore did miss it,  
With impatience waxed cross,  
Counted Margaret's gain her loss :  
All that Mary did confer  
On her friend, thought due to her.  
In her girlish bosom rise  
Little foolish jealousies,  
Which into such rancour wrought,  
She one day for Margaret sought ;  
Finding her by chance alone,  
She began, with reasons shown,  
To insinuate a fear  
Whether Mary was sincere ;  
Wished that Margaret would take heed  
Whence her actions did proceed.  
For herself, she'd long been minded  
Not with outsides to be blinded ;  
All that pity and compassion  
She believed was affectation ;  
In her heart she doubted whether  
Mary cared a pin for either.  
She could keep whole weeks at distance,  
And not know of their existence,



While all things remained the same ;  
But, when some misfortune came,  
Then she made a great parade  
Of her sympathy and aid,—  
Not that she did really grieve,  
It was only *make-believe*,  
And she cared for nothing, so  
She might her fine feelings show  
And her credit, on her part,  
For a soft and tender heart.

With such speeches, smoothly made,  
She found methods to persuade  
Margaret (who being sore  
From the doubts she'd felt before,  
Was prepared for mistrust)  
To believe her reasons just ;  
Quite destroyed that comfort glad,  
Which in Mary late she had ;  
Made her, in experience' spite,  
Think her friend a hypocrite,  
And resolve, with cruel scoff,  
To renounce and cast her off.

See how good turns are rewarded !  
She of both is now discarded, .



Who to both had been so late  
Their support in low estate,  
All their comfort, and their stay—  
Now of both is cast away.  
But the league her presence cherished,  
Losing its best prop, soon perished ;  
She, that was a link to either,  
To keep them and it together,  
Being gone, the two (no wonder)  
That were left, soon fell asunder ;—  
Some civilities were kept,  
But the heart of friendship slept ;  
Love with hollow forms was fed,  
But the life of love lay dead :—  
A cold intercourse they held,  
After Mary was expelled.

Two long years did intervene  
Since they'd either of them seen,  
Or, by letter, any word  
Of their old companion heard,—  
When, upon a day once walking,  
Of indifferent matters talking,  
They a female figure met ;  
Martha said to Margaret,  
“That young maid in face does carry  
A resemblance strong of Mary.”

Margaret, at nearer sight,  
Owned her observation right ;  
But they did not far proceed  
Ere they knew 'twas she indeed.  
She—but, ah ! how changed they view her  
From that person which they knew her !  
Her fine face disease had scarred,  
And its matchless beauty marred :—  
But enough was left to trace  
Mary's sweetness—Mary's grace.  
When her eye did first behold them,  
How they blushed !—but, when she told them,  
How on a sick bed she lay  
Months, while they had kept away,  
And had no inquiries made  
If she were alive or dead ;—  
How, for want of a true friend,  
She was brought near to her end,  
And was like so to have died,  
With no friend at her bed-side ;—  
How the constant irritation,  
Caused by fruitless expectation  
Of their coming, had extended  
The illness, when she might have mended,—  
Then, O then, how did reflection  
Come on them with recollection !

All that she had done for them,  
How it did their fault condemn !

But sweet Mary, still the same,  
Kindly eased them of their shame ;  
Spoke to them with accents bland,  
Took them friendly by the hand ;  
Bound them both with promise fast,  
Not to speak of troubles past ;  
Made them on the spot declare  
A new league of friendship there ;  
Which, without a word of strife,  
Lasted thenceforth long as life.  
Martha now and Margaret  
Strove who most should pay the debt  
Which they owed her, nor did vary  
Ever after from their Mary.

---

TO CHARLES LLOYD.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

ALONE, obscure, without a friend,  
A cheerless, solitary thing,  
Why seeks, my Lloyd, the stranger out ?  
What offering can the stranger bring ?

Of social scenes, home-bred delights,  
That him in aught compensate may  
For Stowey's pleasant winter nights,  
For loves and friendships far away?

In brief oblivion to forego  
Friends, such as thine, so justly dear,  
And be awhile with me content  
To stay, a kindly loiterer, here :

For this a gleam of random joy  
Hath flushed my unaccustomed cheek ;  
And, with an o'ercharged bursting heart,  
I feel the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh ! sweet are all the Muses' lays,  
And sweet the charm of matin bird ;  
'Twas long since these estranged ears  
The sweeter voice of friend had heard.

The voice hath spoke ; the pleasant sounds  
In memory's ear in after time  
Shall live, to sometimes rouse a tear,  
And sometimes prompt an honest rhyme.

For, when the transient charm is fled,  
And when the little week is o'er,

To cheerless, friendless, solitude  
When I return, as heretofore ;

Long, long, within my aching heart  
The grateful sense shall cherish'd be ;  
I'll think-less meanly of myself,  
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me.

---

## HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed,  
-And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flushed her spirit.



I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
    She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool,  
But she was trained in Nature's school,  
    Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,  
    Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
    Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
    A sweet fore-warning?

## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—



How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

---

TO A RIVER IN WHICH A CHILD WAS  
DROWNED.

SMILING river, smiling river,  
On thy bosom sunbeams play ;  
Though they're fleeting, and retreating,  
Thou hast more deceit than they.

In thy channel, in thy channel,  
Choked with ooze and gravelly stones,  
Deep immersed, and unheard,  
Lies young Edward's corse : his bones

Ever whitening, ever whitening,  
As thy waves against them dash ;  
What thy torrent, in the current,  
Swallowed, now it helps to wash.

As if senseless, as if senseless  
Things had feeling in this case ;

What so blindly, and unkindly,  
It destroyed, it now does grace.

---

## HELEN.

HIGH-BORN Helen, round your dwelling  
These twenty years I've paced in vain :  
Haughty beauty, thy lover's duty  
Hath been to glory in his pain.

High-born Helen, proudly telling  
Stories of thy cold disdain ;  
I starve, I die, now you comply,  
And I no longer can complain.

These twenty years I've lived on tears,  
Dwelling for ever on a frown ;  
On sighs I've fed, your scorn my bread ;  
I perish now you kind are grown.

Can I, who loved my beloved  
But for the scorn "was in her eye,"  
Can I be moved for my beloved,  
When she "returns me sigh for sigh?"

In stately pride, by my bed-side,  
High-born Helen's portrait's hung ;  
Deaf to my praise, my mournful lays  
Are nightly to the portrait sung.

To that I weep, nor ever sleep,  
Complaining all night long to her—  
*Helen, grown old, no longer cold,*  
*Said, "You to all men I prefer."*

---

#### A VISION OF REPENTANCE.

I SAW a famous fountain, in my dream,  
Where shady pathways to a valley led ;  
A weeping willow lay upon that stream,  
And all around the fountain brink was spread  
Wide-branching trees, with dark green leaf rich clad,  
Forming a doubtful twilight—desolate and sad.

The place was such, that whoso entered in,  
Disrobed was of every earthly thought,  
And straight became as one that knew not sin,  
Or to the world's first innocence was brought ;  
Enseemed it now, he stood on holy ground,  
In sweet and tender melancholy wrapt around.

A most strange calm stole o'er my soothed sprite ;  
Long time I stood, and longer had I staid,  
When lo ! I saw, saw by the sweet moonlight,  
Which came in silence o'er that silent shade,  
Where, near the fountain, SOMETHING like DESPAIR  
Made, of that weeping willow, garlands for her hair.

And eke with painful fingers she inwove  
Many an uncouth stem of savage thorn—  
“ The willow garland, *that* was for her love,  
And *these* her bleeding temples would adorn.”  
With sighs her heart nigh burst, salt tears fast fell,  
As mournfully she bended o'er that sacred well.

To whom when I addressed myself to speak,  
She lifted up her eyes, and nothing said :  
The delicate red came mantling o'er her cheek,  
And gathering up her loose attire, she fled  
To the dark covert of that woody shade,  
And in her goings seemed a timid gentle maid.

Revolving in my mind what this should mean,  
And why that lovely lady plained so ;  
Perplexed in thought at that mysterious scene,  
And doubting if 'twere best to stay or go,  
I cast mine eyes in wistful gaze around,  
'When from the shades came slow a small and plain-  
tive sound.

“PSYCHE am I, who love to dwell  
 In these brown shades, this woody dell,  
 Where never busy mortal came,  
 Till now, to pry upon my shame.

At thy feet what thou dost see  
 The waters of repentance be,  
 Which, night and day, I must augment  
 With tears, like a true penitent,

If haply so my day of grace  
 Be not yet past; and this lone place,  
 O'er-shadowy, dark, excludeth hence  
 All thoughts but grief and penitence.”

*“ Why dost thou weep, thou gentle maid!  
 And wherefore in this barren shade  
 Thy hidden thoughts with sorrow feed?  
 Can thing so fair repentance need?”*

“O! I have done a deed of shame,  
 And tainted is my virgin fame,  
 And stained the beauteous maiden white  
 In which my bridal robes were dight.”

*“ And who the promised spouse? declare:  
 And what those bridal garments were.”*



“ Severe and saintly righteousness  
Composed the clear white bridal dress ;  
JESUS, the Son of Heaven’s high King,  
Bought with his blood the marriage ring.

A wretched sinful creature, I  
Deemed lightly of that sacred tie,  
Gave to a treacherous WORLD my heart,  
And played the foolish wanton’s part.  
Soon to these murky shades I came,  
To hide from the sun’s light my shame.  
And still I haunt this woody dell,  
And bathe me in that healing well,  
Whose waters clear have influence  
From sin’s foul stains the soul to cleanse ;  
And night and day, I them augment,  
With tears, like a true penitent,  
Until, due expiation made,  
And fit atonement fully paid,  
The Lord and Bridegroom me present,  
Where in sweet strains of high consent,  
God’s throne before the Seraphim  
Shall chant the ecstatic marriage hymn.”

“ Now Christ restore thee soon ”—I said,  
And thenceforth all my dream was fled.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND  
CHILD.

CHILD.

“O LADY, lay your costly robes aside,  
No longer may you glory in your pride.”

MOTHER.

Wherefore to-day art singing in mine ear  
Sad songs were made so long ago, my dear ?  
This day I am to be a bride, you know,  
Why sing sad songs, were made so long ago ?

CHILD.

O mother, lay your costly robes aside,  
For you may never be another's bride.  
*That* line I learned not in the old sad song.

MOTHER.

I pray thee, pretty one, now hold thy tongue,  
Play with the bride-maids ; and be glad, my boy,  
For thou shalt be a second father's joy.

CHILD.

One father fondled me upon his knee.  
One father is enough, alone, for me.



## QUEEN ORIANA'S DREAM.

ON a bank with roses shaded,  
Whose sweet scent the violets aided—  
Violets whose breath alone  
Yields but feeble smell or none,  
(Sweeter bed Jove ne'er reposed on  
When his eyes Olympus closed on,)  
While o'er head six slaves did hold  
Canopy of cloth o' gold,  
And two more did music keep,  
Which might Juno lull to sleep,  
Oriana, who was queen  
To the mighty Tamerlane,  
That was lord of all the land  
Between Thrace and Samarchand,  
While the noon-tide fervour beamed,  
Mused herself to sleep, and *dreamed*.

Thus far, in magnificent strain,  
A young poet soothed his vein,  
But he had nor prose nor numbers  
To express a princess' slumbers.  
Youthful Richard had strange fancies,  
Was deep versed in old romances,  
And could talk whole hours upon  
The Great Cham and Prester John—

Tell the field in which the Sophi  
 From the Tartar won a trophy—  
 What he read with such delight of,  
 Thought he could as easily write of—  
 But his over-young invention  
 Kept not pace with brave intention.  
 Twenty suns did rise and set,  
 And he could no further get;  
 But, unable to proceed,  
 Made a virtue out of need,  
 And, his labours wiselier deemed of,  
 Did omit *what the queen dreamed of.*

---

### A BALLAD.

NOTING THE DIFFERENCE OF RICH AND POOR, IN THE  
 WAYS OF A RICH NOBLE'S PALACE AND A POOR WORK-  
 HOUSE.

*To the Tune of the "Old and Young Courtier."*

IN a costly palace Youth goes clad in gold;  
 In a wretched workhouse Age's limbs are cold;  
 There they sit, the old men by a shivering fire,  
 Still close and closer cowering, warmth is their de-  
 sire.

In a costly palace, when the brave gallants dine,  
They have store of good venison, with old canary  
    wine.

With singing and music to heighten the cheer ;  
Coarse bits, with grudging, are the pauper's best fare.

In a costly palace Youth is still carest  
By a train of attendants which laugh at my young  
    Lord's jest ;

In a wretched workhouse the contrary prevails ;  
Does Age begin to prattle ?—no man hearkeneth to  
    his tales.

In a costly palace if the child with a pin  
Do but chance to prick a finger, straight the doctor  
    is called in ;

In a wretched workhouse men are left to perish  
For want of proper cordials, which their old age  
    might cherish.

In a costly palace Youth enjoys his lust ;  
In a wretched workhouse Age, in corners thrust,  
Thinks upon the former days, when he was well to do,  
Had children to stand by him, both friends and kins-  
    men too.

In a costly palace Youth his temples hides  
With a new-devised peruke that reaches to his sides ;

In a wretched workhouse Age's crown is bare,  
 With a few thin locks just to fence out the cold air.

In peace, as in war, 'tis our young gallants' pride,  
 To walk, each one i' the streets, with a rapier by his  
     side,

That none to do them injury may have pretence ;  
 Wretched Age, in poverty, must brook offence.

---

### HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

By myself walking,  
 To myself talking,  
 When as I ruminate  
 On my untoward fate,  
 Scarcely seem I  
 Alone sufficiently,  
 Black thoughts continually  
 Crowding my privacy ;  
 They come unbidden,  
 Like foes at a wedding,  
 Thrusting their faces  
 In better guests' places,  
 Peevish and malcontent,  
 Clownish, impertinent,  
 Dashing the merriment ;

So in like fashions  
 Dim cogitations  
 Follow and haunt me,  
 Striving to daunt me,  
 In my heart festering,  
 In my ears whispering,  
 "Thy friends are treacherous,  
 Thy foes are dangerous,  
 Thy dreams ominous."

Fierce Anthropophagi,  
 Spectra, Diaboli,  
 What sacred St. Anthony,  
 Hobgoblins, Lemures,  
 Dreams of Antipodes,  
 Night-riding Incubi  
 Troubling the fantasy,  
 All dire illusions  
 Causing confusions ;  
 Figments heretical,  
 Scruples fantastical,  
 Doubts diabolical ;  
 Abaddon vexeth me,  
 Mahu perplexeth me,  
 Lucifer teareth me——

*Jesu ! Maria ! liberate nos ab his diris tentationibus  
 Inimici.*



## A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse  
 Straight confound my stammering verse,  
 If I can a passage see  
 In this word perplexity,  
 Or a fit expression find,  
 Or a language to my mind,  
 (Still the phrase is wide or scant)  
 To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!  
 Or in any terms relate  
 Half my love, or half my hate:  
 For I hate, yet love, thee so,  
 That, whichever thing I show,  
 The plain truth will seem to be,  
 A constrained hyperbole,  
 And the passion to proceed  
 More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,  
 Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;  
 Sorcerer, that makest us dote upon  
 Thy begrimed complexion,  
 And, for thy pernicious sake,  
 More and greater oaths to break  
 Than reclaimed lovers take



'Gainst women : thou thy siege dost lay  
Much too in the female way,  
While thou suckest the labouring breath  
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,  
That our worst foes cannot find us,  
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,  
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us ;  
While each man, through thy heightening steam,  
Does like a smoking Etna seem,  
And all about us does express  
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)  
A Sicilian fruitlessness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,  
That our best friends do not know us,  
And, for those allowed features,  
Due to reasonable creatures,  
Likenest us to fell Chimeras,  
Monsters that, who see us, fear us ;  
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,  
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow  
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,  
That but by reflex canst show  
What his deity can do,

As the false Egyptian spell  
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?  
Some few vapours thou mayest raise,  
The weak brain may serve to amaze,  
But to the reins and nobler heart  
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,  
The old world was sure forlorn  
Wanting thee, that aidest more  
The god's victories than before  
All his panthers, and the brawls  
Of his piping Bacchanals.  
These, as stale, we disallow,  
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou  
His true Indian conquest art;  
And, for ivy round his dart,  
The reformed god now weaves  
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

A scent to match thy rich perfume  
Chemic art did ne'er presume  
Through her quaint alembic strain,  
None so sovereign to the brain.  
Nature, that did in thee excel,  
Framed again no second smell.  
Roses, violets, but toys  
For the smaller sort of boys,

Or for greener damsels meant ;  
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind,  
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,  
Africa, that brags her foison,  
Breeds no such prodigious poison,  
Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
Hemlock, aconite ——

Nay, rather,  
Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;  
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.  
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee ;  
None e'er prospered who defamed thee ;  
Irony all, and feigned abuse,  
Such as perplexed lovers use,  
At a need, when, in despair  
To paint forth their fairest fair,  
Or in part but to express  
That exceeding comeliness  
Which their fancies doth so strike,  
They borrow language of dislike ;  
And, instead of Dearest Miss,  
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,  
And those forms of old admiring,  
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,

Basilisk, and all that's evil,  
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,  
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,  
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more ;  
Friendly Traitoress, loving Foe,—  
Not that she is truly so,  
But no other way they know  
A contentment to express,  
Borders so upon excess,  
That they do not rightly wot  
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part  
With what's nearest to their heart,  
While their sorrow's at the height,  
Lose discrimination quite,  
And their hasty wrath let fall,  
To appease their frantic gall  
On the darling thing whatever,  
Whence they feel it death to sever,  
Though it be, as they, perforce,  
Guiltless of the sad divorce,

For I must (nor let it grieve thee  
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.  
For thy sake, TOBACCO, I  
Would do anything but die,

And but seek to extend my days  
Long enough to sing thy praise.  
But, as she, who once hath been  
A king's consort, is a queen  
Ever after, nor will bate  
Any tittle of her state,  
Though a widow, or divorced,  
So I, from thy converse forced,  
The old name and style retain,  
A right Katherine of Spain;  
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys  
Of the blest Tobacco Boys:  
Where, though I, by sour physician,  
Am debarred the full fruition  
Of thy favours, I may catch  
Some collateral sweets, and snatch  
Sidelong odours, that give life  
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;  
And still live in the by-places  
And the suburbs of thy graces;  
And in thy borders take delight,  
An unconquered Canaanite.

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF TWO FEMALES BY LEONARDO  
DA VINCI.

THE lady Blanch, regardless of all her lover's fears,  
To the Urs'line convent hastens, and long the Abbess  
hears,

“O Blanch, my child, repent ye of the courtly life  
ye lead.”

Blanch looked on a rose-bud and little seemed to  
heed.

She looked on the rose-bud, she looked round, and  
thought

On all her heart had whispered, and all the Nun had  
taught.

“I am worshipped by lovers, and brightly shines my  
fame,

All Christendom resoundeth the noble Blanch's name.  
Nor shall I quickly wither like the rose-bud from the  
tree,

My queen-like graces shining when my beauty's  
gone from me.

But when the sculptured marble is raised o'er my  
head,

And the matchless Blanch lies lifeless among the  
noble dead,







*Who art thou, fair, one?*

This saintly lady Abbess hath made me justly fear,  
It nothing will avail me that I were worshipped  
here.”

---

## LINES

ON THE SAME PICTURE BEING REMOVED TO MAKE PLACE  
FOR A PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY TITIAN.

Who art thou, fair one, who usurpest the place  
Of Blanch, the lady of the matchless grace?  
Come, fair and pretty, tell to me,  
Who, in thy lifetime, thou mightest be.  
Thou pretty art and fair,  
But with the lady Blanch thou never must compare.  
No need for Blanch her history to tell;  
Whoever saw her face, they there did read it well.  
But when I look on thee, I only know  
There lived a pretty maid some hundred years ago.

---

TO T. L. H.

A CHILD.

MODEL of thy parent dear,  
Serious infant worth a fear:

In thy unfaltering visage well  
Picturing forth the son of TELL,  
When on his forehead, firm and good;  
Motionless mark, the apple stood ;  
Guileless traitor, rebel mild,  
Convict unconscious, culprit child !  
Gates that close with iron roar  
Have been to thee thy nursery door ;  
Chains that chink in cheerless cells  
Have been thy rattles and thy bells ;  
Walls contrived for giant sin  
Have hemmed thy faultless weakness in ;  
Near thy sinless bed black Guilt  
Her discordant house hath built,  
And filled it with her monstrous brood—  
Sights, by thee not understood—  
Sights of fear, and of distress,  
That pass a harmless infant's guess !

But the clouds, that overcast  
Thy young morning, may not last ;  
Soon shall arrive the rescuing hour  
That yields thee up to Nature's power ;  
Nature, that so late doth greet thee,  
Shall in o'erflowing measure meet thee.  
She shall recompense with cost  
For every lesson thou hast lost.

Then wandering up thy sire's loved hill,\*  
Thou shalt take thy airy fill  
Of health and pastime. *Birds shall sing  
For thy delight each May morning.*

'Mid new-yeaned lambkins thou shalt play,  
Hardly less a lamb than they.

Then thy prison's lengthened bound  
Shall be the horizon skirting round:  
And, while thou fillest thy lap with flowers,  
To make amends for wintry hours,  
The breeze, the sunshine, and the place,  
Shall from thy tender brow efface  
Each vestige of untimely care,  
That sour restraint had graven there;  
And on thy every look impress  
A more excelling childishness:

So shall be thy days beguiled,  
THORNTON HUNT, my favourite child.

---

## BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,  
And ever the forest maketh a moan;

\* Hampstead.

Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,  
Thus by herself she singeth alone,  
Weeping right plenteously.

“The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,  
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss ;  
To thy breast, holy one, take now thy little one,  
I have had earnest of all earth's bliss,  
Living right lovingly.”

---

#### DAVID IN THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

DAVID and his three captains bold  
Kept ambush once within a hold.  
It was in Adullam's cave,  
Nigh which no water they could have,  
Nor spring, nor running brook was near  
To quench the thirst that parched them there.  
Then David, king of Israel,  
Straight bethought him of a well,  
Which stood beside the city gate,  
At Bethlem ; where, before his state  
Of kingly dignity, he had  
Oft drunk his fill, a shepherd lad ;



But now his fierce Philistine foe  
Encamped before it he does know.  
Yet ne'er the less, with heat opprest,  
Those three bold captains he address ;  
And wished that one to him would bring  
Some water from his native spring.  
His valiant captains instantly  
To execute his will did fly.  
The mighty Three the ranks broke through  
Of armed foes, and water drew  
For David, their beloved king,  
At his own sweet native spring.  
Back through their armed foes they haste,  
With the hard-earned treasure graced.  
But when the good king David found  
What they had done, he on the ground  
The water poured. "Because," said he,  
"That it was at the jeopardy  
Of your three lives this thing ye did,  
That I should drink it, God forbid."

---

## SALOME.

ONCE on a charger there was laid,  
And brought before a royal maid,

As price of attitude and grace,  
A guiltless head, a holy face.

It was on Herod's natal day,  
Who o'er Judea's land held sway.  
He married his own brother's wife,  
Wicked Herodias. She the life  
Of John the Baptist long had sought,  
Because he openly had taught  
That she a life unlawful led,  
Having her husband's brother wed.

This was he, that saintly John,  
Who in the wilderness alone  
Abiding, did for clothing wear  
A garment made of camel's hair ;  
Honey and locusts were his food,  
And he was most severely good.  
He preached penitence and tears,  
And waking first the sinner's fears,  
Prepared a path, made smooth a way,  
For his diviner Master's day.

Herod kept in princely state  
His birth-day. On his throne he sate,  
After the feast, beholding her  
Who danced with grace peculiar ;

Fair Salome, who did excel  
All in that land for dancing well.  
The feastful monarch's heart was fired,  
And whatsoever thing she desired,  
Though half his kingdom it should be,  
He in his pleasure swore that he  
Would give the graceful Salome.  
The damsel was Herodias' daughter.  
She to the queen hastes, and besought her  
To teach her what great gift to name.  
Instructed by Herodias, came  
The damsel back ; to Herod said,  
" Give me John the Baptist's head ;  
And in a charger let it be  
Hither straightway brought to me."  
Herod her suit would fain deny,  
But for his oath's sake must comply.

When painters would by art express  
Beauty in unloveliness,  
Thee, Herodias' daughter, thee,  
They fittest subject take to be.  
They give thy form and features grace ;  
But ever in thy beauteous face  
They show a steadfast cruel gaze,  
An eye unpitying ; and amaze  
In all beholders deep they mark,  
That thou betrayest not one spark

Of feeling for the ruthless deed,  
That did thy praiseful dance succeed.  
For on the head they make you look,  
As if a sullen joy you took,  
A cruel triumph, wicked pride,  
That for your sport a saint had died.

---

## LINES

ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI,  
CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS.

WHILE young John runs to greet  
The greater Infant's feet,  
The Mother standing by, with trembling passion  
Of devout admiration,  
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and pretty adora-  
tion ;  
Nor knows as yet the full event  
Of those so low beginnings,  
From whence we date our winnings,  
But wonders at the intent  
Of those new rites, and what that strange child-wor-  
ship meant.  
But at her side  
An angel doth abide,

With such a perfect joy  
As no dim doubts alloy,  
An intuition,  
A glory, an amenity,  
Passing the dark condition  
Of blind humanity,  
As if he surely knew  
All the blest wonder should ensue,  
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,  
And had read all the sovran schemes and divine riddles there.

---

## ON THE SAME.

MATERNAL lady with the virgin grace,  
Heaven-born thy Jesus seemeth sure,  
And thou a virgin pure.  
Lady most perfect, when thy sinless face  
Men look upon, they wish to be  
A Catholic, Madonna fair, to worship thee.

## ANGEL HELP.\*

THIS rare tablet doth include  
Poverty with Sanctitude.  
Past midnight this poor maid hath spun,  
And yet the work is not half done,  
Which must supply from earnings scant  
A feeble bed-rid parent's want.  
Her sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,  
And holy hands take up the task ;  
Unseen the rock and spindle ply,  
And do her earthly drudgery.  
Sleep, saintly poor one ! sleep, sleep on ;  
And, waking, find thy labours done.  
Perchance she knows it by her dreams ;  
Her eye hath caught the golden gleams,  
Angelic presence testifying,  
That round her everywhere are flying ;  
Ostents from which she may presume,  
That much of heaven is in the room.  
Skirting her own bright hair they run,  
And to the sunny add more sun :

\* Suggested by a drawing in the possession of Charles Aders, Esq., in which is represented the legend of a poor female saint: who, having spun past midnight, to maintain a bed-rid mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber an angel is tending a lily, the emblem of purity.



Now on that aged face they fix,  
Streaming from the Crucifix ;  
The flesh-clogged spirit disabusing,  
Death-disarming sleeps infusing,  
Prelibations, foretastes high,  
And equal thoughts to live or die.  
Gardener bright from Eden's bower,  
Tend with care that lily flower ;  
To its leaves and root infuse  
Heaven's sunshine, Heaven's dews.  
'Tis a type, and 'tis a pledge,  
Of a crowning privilege.  
Careful as that lily flower,  
This Maid must keep her precious dower ;  
Live a sainted Maid, or die  
Martyr to virginity.

---

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS  
BORN.

- I SAW where in the shroud did lurk  
• A curious frame of Nature's work.  
A floweret crushed in the bud,  
A nameless piece of Babyhood,

Was in her cradle-coffin lying ;  
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying :  
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb  
For darker closets of the tomb !  
She did but ope an eye, and put  
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut  
For the long dark : ne'er more to see  
Through glasses of mortality.  
Riddle of destiny, who can show  
What thy short visit meant, or know  
What thy errand here below ?  
Shall we say, that Nature blind  
Checked her hand, and changed her mind,  
Just when she had exactly wrought  
A finished pattern without fault ?  
Could she flag, or could she tire,  
Or lacked she the Promethean fire  
(With her nine moons' long workings sickened)  
That should thy little limbs have quickened ?  
Limbs so firm, they seemed to assure  
Life of health and days mature :  
Woman's self in miniature !  
Limbs so fair, they might supply  
(Themselves now but cold imagery)  
The sculptor to make Beauty by.  
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry,  
That babe, or mother, one must die ;

So in mercy left the stock,  
And cut the branch ; to save the shock  
Of young years widowed ; and the pain,  
When single state comes back again  
To the lone man who, 'reft of wife,  
Thenceforward drags a maimed life ?  
The economy of Heaven is dark ;  
And wisest clerks have missed the mark,  
Why Human Buds, like this, should fall,  
More brief than fly ephemeral,  
That has his day ; while shrivelled crones  
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones,  
And crabbed use the conscience sears  
In sinners of an hundred years.  
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,  
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.  
Rites, which custom does impose,  
Silver bells and baby clothes ;  
Coral redder than those lips,  
Which pale death did late eclipse ;  
Music framed for infants' glee,  
Whistle never tuned for thee ;  
Though thou wantest not, thou shalt have them,  
Loving hearts were they which gave them.  
Let not one be missing ; nurse,  
See them laid upon the hearse  
Of infant slain by doom perverse.

Why should kings and nobles have  
Pictured trophies to their grave ;  
And we, churls, to thee deny  
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,  
A more harmless vanity ?

---

### THE CHRISTENING.

ARRAYED—a half-angelic sight—  
In vests of pure Baptismal white,  
The Mother to the Font doth bring  
The little helpless nameless thing,  
With hushes soft and mild caressing,  
At once to get—a name and blessing.  
Close by the babe the Priest doth stand,  
The Cleansing Water at his hand,  
Which must assoil the soul within  
From every stain of Adam's sin.  
The Infant eyes the mystic scenes,  
Nor knows what all this wonder means ;  
And now he smiles, as if to say  
“ I am a Christian made this day ; ”  
Now frightened clings to Nurse's hold,  
Shrinking from the water cold,

Whose virtues, rightly understood,  
Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.  
Strange words—The World, the Flesh, the Devil—  
Poor Babe, what can it know of Evil?  
But we must silently adore  
Mysterious truths, and not explore.  
Enough for him, in after-times,  
When he shall read these artless rhymes,  
If, looking back upon this day  
With quiet conscience, he can say—  
“I have in part redeemed the pledge  
Of my Baptismal privilege;  
And more and more will strive to flee  
All which my Sponsors kind did then renounce for  
me.”

---

### THE YOUNG CATECHIST.\*

WHILE this tawny Ethiop prayeth,  
Painter, who is she that stayeth  
By, with skin of whitest lustre,  
Sunny locks, a shining cluster,  
Saint-like seeming to direct him  
To the Power that must protect him?

\* A picture by Henry Meyer, Esq.

Is she of the Heaven-born Three,  
 Meek Hope, strong Faith, sweet Charity;  
 Or some Cherub?

They you mention  
 Far transcend my weak invention.  
 'Tis a simple Christian child,  
 Missionary young and mild,  
 From her stock of Scriptural knowledge,  
 Bible-taught without a college,  
 Which by reading she could gather,  
 Teaches him to say OUR FATHER  
 To the common Parent, who  
 Colour not respects, nor hue.  
 White and black in Him have part,  
 Who looks not to the skin, but heart.

---

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH-DAY.

CROWN me a cheerful goblet, while I pray  
 A blessing on thy years, young Isola;  
 Young, but no more a child. How swift have flown  
 To me thy girlish times, a woman grown  
 Beneath my heedless eyes! in vain I rack  
 My fancy to believe the almanac



That speaks thee Twenty-One. Thou shouldst have  
still

Remained a child, and at thy sovereign will  
Gambolled about our house, as in times past.

Ungrateful Emma, to grow up so fast,  
Hastening to leave thy friends!—for which intent,  
Fond Runagate, be this thy punishment

After some thirty years, spent in such bliss  
As this earth can afford, where still we miss  
Something of joy entire, may'st thou grow old  
As we whom thou hast left! That wish was cold.

O far more aged and wrinkled, till folks say,  
Looking upon thee reverend in decay,  
“This Dame, for length of days, and virtues rare,  
With her respected Grandsire may compare.”

Grandchild of that respected Isola,  
Thou shouldst have had about thee on this day  
Kind looks of Parents, to congratulate  
Their Pride grown up to woman's grave estate.  
But they have died, and left thee, to advance  
Thy fortunes how thou mayest, and owe to chance  
The friends which nature grudged. And thou wilt find,  
Or make such, Emma, if I am not blind  
To thee and thy deservings. That last strain  
Had too much sorrow in it. Fill again  
Another cheerful goblet, while I say  
“Health, and twice health, to our lost Isola.”

## SHE IS GOING.

For their elder Sister's hair  
Martha does a wreath prepare  
Of bridal rose, ornate and gay ;  
To-morrow is the wedding-day.  
She is going.

Mary, youngest of the three,  
Laughing idler, full of glee,  
Arm in arm does fondly chain her,  
Thinking, poor trifler, to detain her—  
But she's going.

Vex not, maidens, nor regret  
Thus to part with Margaret.  
Charms like yours can never stay  
Long within doors ; and one day  
You'll be going.

## SONNETS.

### I.

#### TO MISS KELLY.

You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,  
That stoop their pride and female honour down  
To please that many-headed beast *the town*,  
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain;  
By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,  
You keep your native dignity of thought;  
The plaudits that attend you come unsought,  
As tributes due unto your natural vein.  
Your tears have passion in them, and a grace  
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow;  
Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot trace,  
That vanish and return we know not how—  
And please the better from a pensive face,  
A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

### II.

#### ON THE SIGHT OF SWANS IN KENSINGTON GARDEN.

QUEEN-BIRD that sittest on thy shining nest,  
And thy young cygnets without sorrow hatchest,

And thou, thou other royal bird, that watchest  
Lest the white mother wandering feet molest :  
Shrined are your offspring in a crystal cradle,  
Brighter than Helen's ere she yet had burst  
Her shelly prison. They shall be born at first  
Strong, active, graceful, perfect, swan-like able  
To tread the land or waters with security.  
Unlike poor human births, conceived in sin,  
In grief brought forth, both outwardly and in  
Confessing weakness, error, and impurity.  
Did heavenly creatures own succession's line,  
The births of heaven like to yours would shine.

## III.

WAS it some sweet device of Faery  
That mocked my steps with many a lonely glade,  
And fancied wanderings with a fair-haired maid ?  
Have these things been ? or what rare witchery,  
Impregning with delights the charmed air,  
Enlighted up the semblance of a smile  
In those fine eyes ? methought they spake the while  
Soft soothing things, which might enforce despair  
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by  
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade  
Still court the footsteps of the fair-haired maid ?  
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh ?  
While I forlorn do wander reckless where,  
And 'mid my wanderings meet no Anna there.

## IV.

METHINKS how dainty sweet it were, reclined  
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches high  
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,  
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind  
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed maid!  
Beloved! I were well content to play  
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,  
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade.  
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale  
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,  
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;  
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail  
In gentle sort, on those who practise not  
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

## V.

WHEN last I roved these winding wood-walks green,  
Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,  
Ofttimes would Anna seek the silent scene,  
Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.  
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade:  
Her image only in these pleasant ways  
Meets me self-wandering, where in happier days  
I held free converse with the fair-haired maid.  
I passed the little cottage which she loved,



The cottage which did once my all contain ;  
 It spake of days which ne'er must come again,  
 Spake to my heart, and much my heart was moved.  
 "Now fair befall thee, gentle maid!" said I,  
 And from the cottage turned me with a sigh.

## VI.

## THE FAMILY NAME.

WHAT reason first imposed thee, gentle name,  
 Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,  
 Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher ;  
 And I, a childless man, may end the same.  
 Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,  
 In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,  
 Received thee first amid the merry mocks  
 And arch allusions of his fellow swains.  
 Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,  
 With glory gotten on the heads abhorred  
 Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord  
 Took HIS meek title, in whose zeal he burned.  
 Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,  
 No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

## VII.

IF from my lips some angry accents fell,  
 Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,



'Twas but the error of a sickly mind  
And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well,  
And waters clear, of Reason; and for me  
Let this my verse the poor atonement be—  
My verse, which thou to praise wert ever inclined  
Too highly, and with a partial eye to see  
No blemish. Thou to me didst ever show  
Kindest affection; and would ofttimes lend  
An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,  
Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay  
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,  
Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

## VIII.

A TIMID grace sits trembling in her eye,  
As loath to meet the rudeness of men's sight,  
Yet shedding a delicious lunar light,  
That steeps in kind oblivious ecstasy  
The care-crazed mind, like some still melody:  
Speaking most plain the thoughts which do possess  
Her gentle sprite: peace, and meek quietness,  
And innocent loves, and maiden purity:  
A look whereof might heal the cruel smart  
Of changed friends, or fortune's wrongs unkind;  
Might to sweet deeds of mercy move the heart  
Of him who hates his brethren of mankind.  
Turned are those lights from me, who fondly yet  
Past joys, vain loves, and buried hopes regret.

## IX.

TO JOHN LAMB, ESQ., OF THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

JOHN, you were figuring in the gay career  
Of blooming manhood with a young man's joy,  
When I was yet a little peevish boy—  
Though time has made the difference disappear  
Betwixt our ages, which *then* seemed so great—  
And still by rightful custom you retain  
Much of the old authoritative strain,  
And keep the elder brother up in state,  
O! you do well in this. 'Tis man's worst deed  
To let the "things that have been" run to waste,  
And in the unmeaning present sink the past:  
In whose dim glass even now I faintly read  
Old buried forms, and faces long ago,  
Which you, and I, and one more, only know.

## X.

O! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind,  
That, rushing on its way with careless sweep,  
Scatters the ocean waves. And I could weep  
Like to a child. For now to my raised mind  
On wings of winds comes wild-eyed Phantasy,  
And her rude visions give severe delight.  
O winged bark! how swift along the night  
Passed thy proud keel! nor shall I let go by

Lightly of that drear hour the memory,  
When wet and chilly on thy deck I stood,  
Unbonneted, and gazed upon the flood,  
Even till it seemed a pleasant thing to die,—  
To be resolved into the elemental wave,  
Or take my portion with the winds that rave.

## XI.

WE were two pretty babes, the youngest she,  
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,  
And INNOCENCE her name. The time has been,  
We two did love each other's company ;  
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.  
But when by show of seeming good beguiled,  
I left the garb and manners of a child,  
And my first love for man's society,  
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—  
My loved companion dropped a tear, and fled,  
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.  
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art—  
In what delicious Eden to be found—  
That I may seek thee the wide world around ?

## HARMONY IN UNLIKENESS.

By Enfield lanes, and Winchmore's verdant hill,  
Two lovely damsels cheer my lonely walk ;  
The fair Maria, as a vestal, still ;  
And Emma brown, exuberant in talk.  
With soft and Lady speech the first applies  
The mild correctives that to grace belong  
To her redundant friend, who her defies  
With jest, and mad discourse, and bursts of song.  
O differing Pair, yet sweetly thus agreeing,  
What music from your happy discord rises,  
While your companion hearing each, and seeing,  
Nor this, nor that, but both together, prizes ;  
This lesson teaching, which our souls may strike,  
That harmonies may be in things unlike !

---

## WRITTEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

I WAS not trained in Academic bowers,  
And to those learned streams I nothing owe  
Which copious from those twin fair founts do flow ;  
Mine have been anything but studious hours.  
Yet can I fancy, wandering mid thy towers,

Myself a nursling, Granta, of thy lap ;  
My brow seems tightening with the Doctor's cap,  
And I walk *gowned* ; feel unusual powers.  
Strange forms of logic clothe my admiring speech,  
Old Ramus' ghost is busy at my brain ;  
And my skull teems with notions infinite.  
Be still, ye reeds of Camus, while I teach  
Truths, which transcend the searching Schoolmen's  
    vein,  
And half had staggered that stout Stagirite !

---

TO A CELEBRATED FEMALE PERFORMER  
    IN THE "BLIND BOY."

RARE artist ! who with half thy tools, or none,  
Canst execute with ease thy curious art,  
And press thy powerful'st meanings on the heart,  
Unaided by the eye, expression's throne !  
While each blind sense, intelligential grown  
Beyond its sphere, performs the effect of sight ;  
Those orbs alone, wanting their proper might,  
All motionless and silent seem to moan  
The unseemly negligence of nature's hand,  
That left them so forlorn. What praise is thine,  
O mistress of the passions ; artist fine !



Who dost our souls against our sense command,  
Plucking the horror from a sightless face,  
Lending to blank deformity a grace.

---

### WORK.

Who first invented work, and bound the free  
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down  
To the ever-haunting importunity  
Of business in the green fields, and the town—  
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad,  
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?  
Who but the Being unblessed, alien from good,  
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad  
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,  
That round and round incalculably reel—  
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—  
In that red realm from which are no returnings;  
Where toiling, and turmoiling, ever and aye,  
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working-day.



## LEISURE.

THEY talk of time, and of time's galling yoke,  
That like a mill-stone on a man's mind doth press,  
Which only works and business can redress ;  
Of divine Leisure such foul lies are spoke,  
Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke.  
But might I, fed with silent meditation,  
Assoiled live from that fiend Occupation—  
*Improbus Labor*, which my spirits hath broke—  
I'd drink of time's rich cup, and never surfeit ;  
Fling in more days than went to make the gem  
That crowned the white top of Methusalem ;  
Yea, on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,  
Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,  
The heaven-sweet burthen of eternity.

DEUS NOBIS HÆC OTIA FECIT.

---

## TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

ROGERS, of all the men that I have known  
But slightly, who have died, your Brother's loss  
Touched me most sensibly. There came across  
My mind an image of the cordial tone

Of your fraternal meetings, where a guest  
 I more than once have sat ; and grieve to think,  
 That of that threefold cord one precious link  
 By Death's rude hand is severed from the rest.  
 Of our old gentry he appeared a stem—  
 A Magistrate who, while the evil-doer  
 He kept in terror, could respect the Poor,  
 And not for every trifle harass them,  
 As some, divine and laic, too oft do.  
 This man's a private loss, and public too.

---

### THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

“SUCK, baby, suck ! mother's love grows by giving ;  
 Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting ;  
 Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living  
 Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.

Kiss, baby, kiss ! mother's lips shine by kisses ;  
 Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings ;  
 Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses  
 Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

Hang, baby, hang ! mother's love loves such forces,  
Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging ;  
Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses  
Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging."

So sang a withered Beldam energetical,  
And banned the ungiving door with lips prophetical.

## BLANK VERSE.

### CHILDHOOD.

IN my poor mind it is most sweet to muse  
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought  
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;  
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,  
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,  
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand  
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled),  
Would throw away, and straight take up again,  
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn  
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,  
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

---

### THE GRANDAME.

ON the green hill top,  
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,  
And not distinguished from its neighbour-barn,



*Childhood.*





Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,  
The Grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely tells  
The name and date to the chance passenger.  
For lowly born was she, and long had eat,  
Well-earned, the bread of service:—hers was else  
A mountain spirit, one that entertained  
Scorn of base action, deed dishonourable,  
Or aught unseemly. I remember well  
Her reverend image; I remember, too,  
With what a zeal she served her master's house;  
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age  
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale  
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,  
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,  
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse  
Of births, of titles, and alliances;  
Of marriages, and intermarriages;  
Relationship remote, or near of kin;  
Of friends offended, family disgraced—  
Maiden high-born, but wayward, disobeying  
Parental strict injunction, and regardless  
Of unmixed blood, and ancestry remote,  
Stooping to wed with one of low degree.  
But these are not thy praises; and I wrong  
Thy honoured memory, recording chiefly  
Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,  
How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,

She served her *heavenly Master*. I have seen  
That reverend form bent down with age and pain,  
And rankling malady. Yet not for this  
Ceased she to praise her Maker, or withdrew  
Her trust in him, her faith, an humble hope—  
So meekly had she learned to bear her cross—  
For she had studied patience in the school  
Of Christ; much comfort she had thence derived,  
And was a follower of the NAZARENE.

---

#### FANCY EMPLOYED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

THE truant Fancy was a wanderer ever,  
A lone enthusiast maid. She loves to walk  
In the bright visions of empyreal light,  
By the green pastures, and the fragrant meads,  
Where the perpetual flowers of Eden blow;  
By crystal streams, and by the living waters,  
Along whose margin grows the wondrous tree  
Whose leaves shall heal the nations; underneath  
Whose holy shade a refuge shall be found  
From pain and want, and all the ills that wait  
On mortal life, from sin and death for ever.

## COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT.

FROM broken visions of perturbed rest  
I wake, and start, and fear to sleep again.  
How total a privation of all sounds,  
Sights, and familiar objects, man, bird, beast,  
Herb, tree, or flower, and prodigal light of heaven.  
'Twere some relief to catch the drowsy cry  
Of the mechanic watchman, or the noise  
Of revel reeling home from midnight cups.  
Those are the moanings of the dying man,  
Who lies in the upper chamber ; restless moans,  
And interrupted only by a cough  
Consumptive, torturing the wasted lungs.  
So in the bitterness of death he lies,  
And waits in anguish for the morning's light.  
What can that do for him, or what restore ?  
Short taste, faint sense, affecting notices,  
And little images of pleasures past,  
Of health, and active life—health not yet slain,  
Nor the other grace of life, a good name, sold  
For sin's black wages. On his tedious bed  
He writhes, and turns him from the accusing light,  
And finds no comfort in the sun, but says  
“ When night comes I shall get a little rest.”  
Some few groans more, death comes, and there an end.  
'Tis darkness and conjecture all beyond ;  
Weak Nature fears, though Charity must hope,

And Fancy, most licentious on such themes  
Where decent reverence well had kept her mute,  
Hath o'er-stocked hell with devils, and brought down  
By her enormous fablings and mad lies,  
Discredit on the gospel's serious truths  
And salutary fears. The man of parts,  
Poet, or prose declaimer, on his couch  
Lolling, like one indifferent, fabricates  
A heaven of gold, where he, and such as he,  
Their heads encompassed with crowns, their heels  
With fine wings garlanded, shall tread the stars  
Beneath their feet, heaven's pavement, far removed  
From damned spirits, and the torturing cries  
Of men, his brethren, fashioned of the earth,  
As he was, nourished with the self-same bread,  
Belike his kindred or companions once—  
Through everlasting ages now divorced,  
In chains and savage torments to repent  
Short years of folly on earth. Their groans unheard  
In heaven, the saint nor pity feels, nor care,  
For those thus sentenced—pity might disturb  
The delicate sense and most divine repose  
Of spirits angelical. Blessed be God,  
The measure of his judgments is not fixed  
By man's erroneous standard. He discerns  
No such inordinate difference and vast  
Betwixt the sinner and the saint, to doom







*Sabbath Bells*







Such disproportioned fates. Compared with him,  
 No man on earth is holy called ; they best  
 Stand in his sight approved, who at his feet  
 Their little crowns of virtue cast, and yield  
 To him of his own works the praise, his due.

---

### THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,  
 Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice  
 Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims  
 Tidings of good to Zion ; chiefly when  
 Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear  
 Of the contemplant, solitary man,  
 Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure  
 Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,  
 And oft again, hard matter, which eludes ;  
 And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired  
 Of controversy, where no end appears,  
 No clue to his research, the lonely man  
 Half wishes for society again.  
 Him, thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute.  
*Sudden!* his heart awakes, his ears drink in  
 The cheering music ; his relenting soul  
 Yearns after all the joys of social life,  
 And softens with the love of human kind.

# ALBUM VERSES.

WITH A FEW OTHERS.

---

IN THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF MRS.  
SERGEANT W——

HAD I a power, Lady, to my will,  
You should not want Hand Writings. I would fill  
Your leaves with Autographs—resplendent names  
Of Knights and Squires of old, and courtly Dames,  
Kings, Emperors, Popes. Next under these should  
stand

The hands of famous Lawyers—a grave band—  
Who in their Courts of Law or Equity  
Have best upheld Freedom and Property.  
These should moot cases in your book, and vie  
To show their reading and their Sergeantry.  
But I have none of these; nor can I send  
The notes by Bullen to her Tyrant penned  
In her authentic hand; nor in soft hours

Lines writ by Rosamund in Clifford's bowers.  
 The lack of curious Signatures I moan,  
 And want the courage to subscribe my own.

---

TO DORA W——,

ON BEING ASKED BY HER FATHER TO WRITE IN HER  
 ALBUM.

AN Album is a Banquet : from the store,  
 In his intelligential Orchard growing,  
 Your Sire might heap your board to overflowing :  
 One shaking of the Tree—'twould ask no more  
 To set a Salad forth, more rich than that  
 Which Evelyn\* in his princely cookery fancied :  
 Or that more rare, by Eve's neat hands enhanced,  
 Where, a pleased guest, the Angelic Virtue sat.  
 But like the all-grasping Founder of the Feast,  
 Whom Nathan to the sinning king did tax,  
 From his less wealthy neighbours he exacts ;  
 Spares his own flock, and takes the poor man's beast.  
 Obedient to his bidding, lo, I am  
 A zealous, meek, *contributory* LAMB.

\* Acetaria, a Discourse of Sallets, by J. E., 1706.

IN THE ALBUM OF A CLERGYMAN'S  
LADY.

AN Album is a Garden, not for show  
Planted, but use ; where wholesome herbs should grow.  
A Cabinet of curious porcelain, where  
No fancy enters, but what's rich or rare.  
A Chapel, where mere ornamental things  
Are pure as crowns of saints, or angels' wings.  
A List of living friends ; a holier Room  
For names of some since mouldering in the tomb,  
Whose blooming memories life's cold laws survive ;  
And, dead elsewhere, they here yet speak and live.  
Such, and so tender, should an Album be ;  
And, Lady, such I wish this book to thee.

---

IN THE ALBUM OF EDITH S——.

IN Christian world MARY the garland wears !  
REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear ;  
Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear ;  
And the light Gaul by amorous NINON swears.  
Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines !  
What air of fragrance ROSAMUND throws round  
How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound !



Of MARTHAS, and of ABIGAILS, few lines  
 Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff  
 Should homely JOAN be fashioned. But can  
 You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN?  
 And is not CLARE for love excuse enough?  
 Yet, by my faith, in numbers, I profess,  
 These all, than Saxon EDITH, please me less.

---

IN THE ALBUM OF ROTH A Q——.

A PASSING glance was all I caught of thee,  
 In my own Enfield haunts at random roving,  
 Old friends of ours were with thee, faces loving;  
 Time short; and salutations cursory,  
 Though deep, and hearty. The familiar Name  
 Of you, yet unfamiliar, raised in me  
 Thoughts—what the daughter of that Man should be,  
 Who called our Wordsworth friend. My thoughts  
 did frame

A growing Maiden, who, from day to day  
 Advancing still in stature, and in grace,  
 Would all her lonely Father's griefs efface,  
 And his paternal cares with usury pay.  
 I still retain the phantom, as I can;  
 And call the gentle image—Quillinan.

## IN THE ALBUM OF CATHERINE ORKNEY.

CANADIA! boast no more the toils  
Of hunters for the furry spoils;  
Your whitest ermines are but foils  
    To brighter Catherine Orkney.

That such a flower should ever burst  
From climes with rigorous winter curst!  
We bless you, that so kindly nurst  
    This flower, this Catherine Orkney.

We envy not your proud display  
Of lake—wood—vast Niagara;  
Your greatest pride we've borne away.  
    How spared you Catherine Orkney?

That Wolfe on Heights of Abraham fell  
To your reproach no more we tell;  
Canadia, you repaid us well  
    With rearing Catherine Orkney.

O Britain, guard with tenderest care  
The charge allotted to your share;  
You've scarce a native maid so fair,  
    So good, as Catherine Orkney.

## IN THE ALBUM OF LUCY BARTON.

LITTLE Book, surnamed of *white*,  
Clean as yet, and fair to sight,  
Keep thy attribution right.

Never disproportioned scrawl ;  
Ugly blot, that's worse than all ;  
On thy maiden clearness fall !

In each letter, here designed,  
Let the reader emblem'd find  
Neatness of the owner's mind.

Gilded margins count a sin,  
Let thy leaves attraction win  
By the golden rules within ;

Sayings fetched from sages old ;  
Laws which Holy Writ unfold,  
Worthy to be graved in gold.

Lighter fancies not excluding ;  
Blameless wit, with nothing rude in,  
Sometimes mildly interluding

Amid strains of graver measure ;  
Virtue's self hath oft her pleasure  
In sweet Muses' groves of leisure.

Riddles dark, perplexing sense ;  
Darker meanings of offence ;  
What but *shades*—be banished hence.

Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,  
Candid meanings, best express  
Mind of quiet Quakeress.

---

#### IN THE ALBUM OF MRS. JANE TOWERS.

LADY UNKNOWN, who cravest from me Unknown  
The trifle of a verse these leaves to grace,  
How shall I find fit matter ? with what face  
Address a face that ne'er to me was shown ?  
Thy looks, tones, gesture, manners, and what not  
Conjecturing, I wander in the dark.  
I know thee only Sister to Charles Clarke !  
But at that name my cold muse waxes hot,  
And swears that thou art such a one as he,  
Warm, laughter-loving, with a touch of madness,  
Wild, glee-provoking, pouring oil of gladness  
From frank heart without guile. And, if thou be  
The pure reverse of this, and I mistake—  
Demure one, I will like thee for his sake.

## IN THE ALBUM OF MISS —.

## I.

SUCH goodness in your face doth shine,  
With modest look, without design,  
That I despair poor pen of mine  
    Can e'er express it.  
To give it words I feebly try ;  
My spirits fail me to supply  
Befitting language for't, and I  
    Can only bless it !

## II.

But stop, rash verse ! and don't abuse  
A bashful Maiden's ear with news  
Of her own virtues. She'll refuse  
    Praise sung so loudly.  
Of that same goodness you admire,  
The best part is, she don't aspire  
To praise—nor of herself desire  
    To think too proudly.

## IN MY OWN ALBUM.

FRESH clad from heaven in robes of white,  
A young probationer of light,  
Thou wert, my soul, an album bright.

A spotless leaf; but thought and care,  
And friend and foe, in foul or fair,  
Have "written strange 'defeatures'" there;

And Time with heaviest hand of all,  
Like that fierce writing on the wall,  
Hath stamped sad dates—he can't recall;

And error gilding worst designs—  
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—  
Betrays his path by crooked lines;

And vice hath left his ugly blot;  
And good resolves, a moment hot,  
Fairly began—but finished not;

And fruitless, late remorse doth trace—  
Like Hebrew lore a backward pace—  
Her irrecoverable race.



Disjointed numbers ; sense unknit ;  
Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit ;  
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook  
Upon this ink-blurred thing to look—  
Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book.

COMMENDATORY VERSES, ETC.

---

TO J. S. KNOWLES, ESQ.

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF VIRGINIUS.

TWELVE years ago I knew thee, Knowles, and then  
Esteemed you a perfect specimen  
Of those fine spirits warm-souled Ireland sends,  
To teach us colder English how a friend's  
Quick pulse should beat. I knew you brave, and  
plain,  
Strong-sensed, rough-witted, above fear or gain;  
But nothing further had the gift to espy.  
Sudden you re-appear. With wonder I  
Hear my old friend (turned Shakspeare) read a scene  
Only to *his* inferior in the clean  
Passes of pathos; with such fence-like art—  
Ere we can see the steel, 'tis in our heart.  
Almost without the aid language affords,  
Your piece seems wrought. That huffing medium,  
*words,*

(Which in the modern Tamburlaines quite sway  
Our shamed souls from their bias) in your play  
We scarce attend to. Hastier passion draws  
Our tears on credit; and we find the cause  
Some two hours after, spelling o'er again  
Those strange few words at ease, that wrought the  
pain.

Proceed, old friend; and, as the year returns,  
Still snatch some new old story from the urns  
Of long-dead virtue. We, that knew before  
Your worth, may admire, we cannot love you more.

---

## TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS,

PUBLISHED UNDER THE NAME OF BARRY CORNWALL.

LET hate, or grosser heats, their foulness mask  
Under the vizer of a borrowed name;  
Let things eschew the light deserving blame:  
No cause hast thou to blush for thy sweet task.  
"Marcian Colonna" is a dainty book;  
And thy "Sicilian Tale" may boldly pass;  
Thy "Dream" 'bove all, in which, as in a glass,  
On the great world's antique glories we may look.

No longer then, as "lowly substitute,  
 Factor, or PROCTER, for another's gains,"  
 Suffer the admiring world to be deceived ;  
 Lest thou thyself, by self of fame bereaved,  
 Lament too late the lost prize of thy pains,  
 And heavenly tunes piped through an alien flute.

---

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EVERY-DAY  
 BOOK."

I LIKE you, and your book, ingenuous Hone !  
 In whose capacious all-embracing leaves  
 The very narrow of tradition's shown ;  
 And all that history—much that fiction—weaves.

By every sort of taste your work is graced.  
 Vast stores of modern anecdote we find,  
 With good old story quaintly interlaced—  
 The theme as various as the reader's mind.

Rome's lie-fraught legends you so truly paint—  
 Yet kindly—that the half-turned Catholic  
 Scarcely forbears to smile at his own saint,  
 And cannot curse the candid heretic.

Rags, relics, witches, ghosts, fiends, crowd your page ;  
 Our fathers' mummeries we well-pleased behold,  
 And, proudly conscious of a purer age,  
 Forgive some fopperies in the times of old.

Verse-honouring Phœbus, Father of bright *Days*,  
 Must needs bestow on you both good and many,  
 Who, building trophies of his Children's praise,  
 Run their rich Zodiac through, not missing any.

Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend  
 Hone—

The title only errs, he bids me say :  
 For while such art, wit, reading, there are shown,  
 He swears, 'tis not a work of *every day*.

### TO T. STOTHARD, ESQ.

ON HIS ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POEMS OF MR. ROGERS.

CONSUMMATE Artist, whose undying name  
 With classic Rogers shall go down to fame,  
 Be this thy crowning work ! In my young days  
 How often have I, with a child's fond gaze,  
 Pored on the pictured wonders\* thou hadst done :  
 Clarissa mournful, and prim Grandison !

\* Illustrations of the British Novelists.

All Fielding's, Smollett's heroes, rose to view,  
I saw, and I believed the phantoms true.  
But, above all, that most romantic tale\*  
Did o'er my raw credulity prevail,  
Where Glums and Gawries wear mysterious things,  
That serve at once for jackets and for wings.  
Age, that enfeebles other men's designs,  
But heightens thine, and thy free draught refines.  
In several ways distinct you make us feel—  
*Graceful* as Raphael, as Watteau *genteel*.  
Your lights and shades, as Titianesque, we praise;  
And warmly wish you Titian's length of days.

---

### TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

WHAT makes a happy wedlock? What has fate  
Not given to thee in thy well-chosen mate?  
Good sense—good-humour;—these are trivial things,  
Dear M——, that each trite encomiast sings.  
But she hath these, and more. A mind exempt  
From every low-bred passion, where contempt,  
Nor envy, nor detraction, ever found  
A harbour yet; an understanding sound;

\* Peter Wilkins.



Just views of right and wrong ; perception full  
Of the deformed, and of the beautiful,  
In life and manners ; wit above her sex,  
Which, as a gem, her sprightly converse decks ;  
Exuberant fancies, prodigal of mirth,  
To gladden woodland walk, or winter hearth ;  
A noble nature, conqueror in the strife  
Of conflict with a hard discouraging life,  
Strengthening the veins of virtue, past the power  
Of those whose days have been one silken hour,  
Spoiled fortune's pampered offspring ; a keen sense  
Alike of benefit, and of offence,  
With reconcilment quick, that instant springs  
From the charged heart with nimble angel wings ;  
While grateful feelings, like a signet signed  
By a strong hand, seem burned into her mind.  
If these, dear friend, a dowry can confer  
Richer than land, thou hast them all in her ;  
And beauty, which some hold the chiefest boon,  
Is in thy bargain for a make-weight thrown.

[In a leaf of a quarto edition of the "Lives of the Saints, written in Spanish by the learned and reverend father, Alfonso Villegas, Divine, of the Order of St. Dominick, set forth in English by John Heigham, Anno 1630," bought at a Catholic book-shop in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, I found, carefully inserted, a painted flower, seemingly coeval with the book itself; and did not, for some time, discover that it opened in the middle, and was the cover to a very humble draught of a St. Anne, with the Virgin and Child; doubtless the performance of some poor but pious Catholic, whose meditations it assisted.]

O LIFT with reverent hand that tarnished flower,  
 That shrines beneath her modest canopy  
 Memorials dear to Romish piety;  
 Dim specks, rude shapes, of Saints! in fervent hour  
 The work perchance of some meek devotee,  
 Who, poor in worldly treasures to set forth  
 The sanctities she worshipped to their worth,  
 In this imperfect tracery might see  
 Hints, that all Heaven did to her sense-reveal.  
 Cheap gifts best fit poor givers. We are told  
 Of the lone mite, the cup of water cold,  
 That in their way approved the offerer's zeal.  
 True love shows costliest, where the means are scant;  
 And, in their reckoning, they *abound*, who *want*.

## THE SELF-ENCHANTED.

I HAD a sense in dreams of a beauty rare,  
 Whom Fate had spell-bound, and rooted there,  
 Stooping, like some enchanted theme,  
 Over the marge of that crystal stream,  
 Where the blooming Greek, to Echo blind,  
 With Self-love fond, had to waters pined,  
 Ages had waked, and ages slept,  
 And that bending posture still she kept :  
 For her eyes she may not turn away,  
 'Till a fairer object shall pass that way—  
 'Till an image more beauteous this world can show  
 Than her own which she sees in the mirror below.  
 Pore on, fair Creature ! for ever pore,  
 Nor dream to be disenchanted more :  
 For vain is expectance, and wish in vain,  
 'Till a new Narcissus can come again.

---

TO LOUISA M——,

WHOM I USED TO CALL "MONKEY."

LOUISA, serious grown and mild,  
 I knew you once a romping child,  
 Obstreperous much and very wild.

Then you would clamber up my knees,  
And strive with every art to tease,  
When every art of yours could please.  
Those things would scarce be proper now,  
But they are gone, I know not how,  
And woman's written on your brow.  
Time draws his finger o'er the scene ;  
But I cannot forget between  
The Thing to me you once have been :  
Each sportive sally, wild escape—  
The scoff, the banter, and the jape—  
And antics of my gamesome Ape.

# TRANSLATIONS.

FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE.

---

## I.

### THE BALLAD SINGERS.

WHERE seven fair Streets to one tall column\* draw,  
Two Nymphs have ta'en their stand, in hats of straw;  
Their yellower necks huge beads of amber grace,  
And by their trade they're of the Sirens' race;  
With cloak loose-pinned on each, that has been red,  
But long with dust and dirt discoloured  
Belies its hue; in mud behind, before,  
From heel to middle leg becrusted o'er.  
One a small infant at the breast does bear;  
And one in her right hand her tuneful ware,  
Which she would vend. Their station scarce is taken,  
When youths and maids flock round. His stall for-  
saken,

\* Seven Dials.

Forth comes a Son of Crispin, leathern-capt,  
Prepared to buy a ballad, if one apt  
To move his fancy offers. Crispin's sons  
Have, from uncounted time, with ale and buns,  
Cherished the gift of *Song*, which sorrow quells;  
And, working single in their low-rooft cells,  
Oft cheat the tedium of a winter's night  
With anthems warbled in the Muses' sight.  
Who now hath caught the alarm? the Servant Maid  
Hath heard a buzz at distance; and afraid  
To miss a note, with elbows red comes out.  
Leaving his forge to cool, Pyracmon stout  
Thrusts in his unwashed visage. *He* stands by,  
Who the hard trade of Portorage does ply  
With stooping shoulders. What cares he? he sees  
The assembled ring, nor heeds his tottering knees,  
But pricks his ears up with the hopes of song.  
So while the Bard of Rhodope his wrong  
Bewailed to Proserpine on Thracian strings,  
The tasks of gloomy Orcus lost their stings,  
And stone-vexed Sisyphus forgets his load.  
Hither and thither from the sevenfold road  
Some cart or wagon crosses, which divides  
The close-wedged audience; but, as when the tides  
To ploughing ships give way, the ship being past,  
'They re-unite, so these unite as fast.



The older Songstress hitherto hath spent  
Her elocution in the argument  
Of their great song in *prose*; to wit, the woes  
Which Maiden true to faithless Sailor owes—  
Ah! “*Wandering He!*”—which now in loftier *verse*  
Pathetic they alternately rehearse.  
All gaping wait the event. This Critic opes  
His right ear to the strain. The other hopes  
To catch it better with his left. Long trade  
It were to tell, how the deluded Maid  
A victim fell. And now right greedily  
All hands are stretching forth the songs to buy,  
That are so tragical; which She, and She,  
Deals out, and *sings the while*; nor can there be  
A breast so obdurate here, that will hold back  
His contribution from the gentle rack  
Of Music’s pleasing torture. Irus’ self,  
The staff-propped Beggar, his thin gotten pelf  
Brings out from pouch, where squalid farthings rest,  
And boldly claims his ballad with the best.  
An old Dame only lingers. To her purse  
The penny sticks. At length, with harmless curse,  
“Give me,” she cries. “I’ll paste it on my wall,  
While the wall lasts, to show what ills befall  
Fond hearts, seduced from Innocency’s way;  
How Maidens fall, and Mariners betray.”

## II.

## TO DAVID COOK,

OF THE PARISH OF ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER,  
WATCHMAN.

FOR much good-natured verse received from thee,  
A loving verse take in return from me.  
“ Good morrow to my masters,” is your cry ;  
And to our David “ twice as good,” say I.  
Not Peter's monitor, shrill Chanticleer,  
Crows the approach of dawn in notes more clear,  
Or tells the hours more faithfully. While night  
Fills half the world with shadows of affright,  
You with your lantern, partner of your round,  
Traverse the paths of Margaret's hallowed bound.  
The tales of ghosts which old wives' ears drink up,  
The drunkard reeling home from tavern cup,  
Nor prowling robber, your firm soul appall ;  
Armed with thy faithful staff, thou slightest them all.  
But if the market gardener chance to pass,  
Bringing to town his fruit or early grass,  
The gentle salesman you with candour greet,  
And with reiterated “ good mornings ” meet.  
Announcing your approach by formal bell,  
Of nightly weather you the changes tell ;  
Whether the moon shines, or her head doth steep  
In rain-portending clouds. When mortals sleep

In downy rest, you brave the snows and sleet  
Of winter ; and in alley, or in street,  
Relieve your midnight progress with a verse.  
What though fastidious Phœbus frown averse  
On your didactic strain—indulgent Night  
With caution hath sealed up both ears of Spite,  
And critics sleep while you in staves do sound  
The praise of long-dead Saints, whose Days abound  
In wintry months ; but Crispin chief proclaim ;  
Who stirs not at that Prince of Cobblers' name ?  
Profuse in loyalty some couplets shine,  
And wish long days to all the Brunswick line !  
To youths and virgins they chaste lessons read ;  
Teach wives and husbands how their lives to lead ;  
Maids to be cleanly, footmen free from vice ;  
How death at last all ranks doth equalize ;  
And, in conclusion, pray good years befall,  
With store of wealth, your “ worthy masters all.”  
For this and other tokens of good will,  
On boxing-day may store of shillings fill  
Your Christmas purse ; no householder give less,  
When at each door your blameless suit you press ;  
And what you wish to us (it is but reason)  
Receive in turn—the compliments o' the season !

## III.

ON A SEPULCHRAL STATUE OF AN  
INFANT SLEEPING.

BEAUTIFUL Infant, who dost keep  
Thy posture here, and sleep'st a marble sleep,  
May the repose unbroken be,  
Which the fine Artist's hand hath lent to thee,  
While thou enjoyest along with it  
That which no art, or craft, could ever hit,  
Or counterfeit to mortal sense,  
The heaven-infused sleep of innocence!

---

## IV.

## EPITAPH ON A DOG.

POOR Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,  
That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,  
His guide and guard; nor, while my service lasted,  
Had he occasion for that staff, with which  
He now goes picking out his path in fear  
Over the highways and crossings, but would plant  
Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,

A firm foot forward still, till he had reached  
His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide  
Of passers-by in thickest confluence flowed ;  
To whom with loud and passionate laments  
From morn to eve his dark estate he wailed.  
Nor wailed to all in vain ; some here and there,  
The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.  
I meantime at his feet obsequious slept ;  
Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear  
Pricked up at his least motion, to receive  
At his kind hand my customary crumbs,  
And common portion in his feast of scraps ;  
Or when night warned us homeward, tired and spent  
With our long day and tedious beggary.  
These were my manners, this my way of life,  
Till age and slow disease me overtook,  
And severed from my sightless master's side.  
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,  
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,  
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,  
Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,  
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,  
In long and lasting union to attest,  
The virtues of the Beggar and his dog.



## V.

## THE RIVAL BELLS.

A TUNEFUL challenge rings from either side  
 Of Thames' fair banks. Thy twice six Bells, St.  
 Bride,  
 Peal swift and shrill ; to which more slow reply  
 The deep-toned eight of Mary Overy.  
 Such harmony from the contention flows,  
 That the divided ear no preference knows ;  
 Betwixt them both departing Music's State,  
 While one exceeds in number, one in weight.

---

## VI.

## NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA.

GREAT Newton's self, to whom the world's in debt,  
 Owed to School Mistress sage his Alphabet ;  
 But quickly wiser than his Teacher grown,  
 Discovered properties to her unknown ;  
 Of A *plus* B, or *minus*, learned the use,  
 Known Quantities from unknown to educe ;  
 And made—no doubt to that old dame's surprise—  
 The Christ-Cross-Row his Ladder to the skies.



Yet, whatsoe'er Geometricians say,  
Her Lessons were his true PRINCIPIA!

---

## VII.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,  
Carries his house with him, where'er he goes;  
Peeps out—and if there comes a shower of rain,  
Retreats to his small domicile amain.  
Touch but a tip of him, a horn—'tis well—  
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.  
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay  
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.  
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites,  
And feasts, himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.  
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure  
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,  
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam—  
Knock when you will—he's sure to be at home.

## VIII.

## ON A DEAF AND DUMB ARTIST.\*

AND hath thy blameless life become  
A prey to the devouring tomb?  
A more mute silence hast thou known,  
A deafness deeper than thine own,  
While Time was? and no friendly Muse,  
That marked thy life, and knows thy dues,  
Repair with quickening verse the breach,  
And write thee into light and speech?  
The Power, that made the Tongue, restrained  
Thy lips from lies, and speeches feigned;  
Who made the Hearing, without wrong  
Did rescue thine from Siren's song.  
He let thee *see* the ways of men,  
Which thou with pencil, not with pen,  
Careful beholder, down didst note,  
And all their motley actions quote,  
Thyself unstained the while. From look  
Or gesture reading, more than *book*,  
In lettered pride thou took'st no part,  
Contented with the Silent Art,  
Thyself as silent. Might I be  
As speechless, deaf, and good, as He!

\* Benjamin Ferrers—Died A. D. 1732.

## IX.

## THE FEMALE ORATORS.

NIGH London's famous Bridge, a Gate more famed  
 Stands, or once stood, from old Belinus named,  
 So judged antiquity; and therein wrongs  
 A name, allusive strictly to *two Tongues*.\*  
 Her School hard by the Goddess Rhetoric opes,  
 And *gratis* deals to Oyster-wives' her Tropes.  
 With Nereid green, green Nereid disputes,  
 Replies, rejoins, confutes, and still confutes.  
 One her coarse sense by metaphors expounds,  
 And one in literalities abounds;  
 In mood and figure these keep up the din:  
 Words multiply, and every word tells in.  
 Her hundred throats here bawling Slander strains,  
 And unclothed Venus to her tongue gives reins  
 In terms, which Demosthenic force outgo,  
 And baldest jests of foul-mouthed Cicero.  
 Right in the midst great Atè keeps her stand,  
 And from her sovereign station taints the land.  
 Hence Pulpits rail; grave Senates learn to jar;  
 Quacks scold; and Billingsgate infects the Bar.

\* *Bilinguis* in the Latin.

## PINDARIC ODE TO THE TREAD-MILL.

## I.

INSPIRE my spirit, Spirit of De Foe,  
That sang the Pillory,  
In loftier strains to show  
A more sublime Machine  
Than that, where thou wert seen,  
With neck out-stretched and shoulders ill awry,  
Courting coarse plaudits from vile crowds below—  
A most unseemly show!

## II.

In such a place  
Who could expose thy face,  
Historiographer of deathless Crusoe?  
That paint'st the strife  
And all the naked ills of savage life,  
Far above Rousseau?  
Rather myself had stood  
In that ignoble wood,  
Bare to the mob, on holiday or high day.  
If nought else could atone  
For waggish libel,  
I swear on bible,  
I would have spared him for thy sake alone,  
Man Friday!

## III.

Our ancestors' were sour days,  
 Great Master of Romance!  
 A milder doom had fallen to thy chance  
 In our days:  
 Thy sole assignment  
 Some solitary confinement,  
 (Not worth thy care a carrot,)  
 Where in the world-hidden cell  
 Thou thy own Crusoe might have acted well,  
 Only without the parrot;  
 By sure experience taught to know,  
 Whether the qualms thou mak'st him feel were truly  
 such or no.

## IV.

But stay! methinks in statelier measure—  
 A more companionable pleasure—  
 I see thy steps the mighty Tread-Mill trace,  
 (The subject of my song,  
 Delayed however long,)  
 And some of thine own race,  
 To keep thee company, thou bring'st with thee along.  
 There with thee go,  
 Linked in like sentence,  
 With regulated pace and footing slow,



Each old acquaintance,  
 Rogue—harlot—thief—that live to future ages ;  
 Through many a laboured tome,  
 Rankly embalmed in thy too natural pages.  
 Faith, friend De Foe, thou art quite at home !  
 Not one of thy great offspring thou dost lack,  
 From pirate Singleton to pilfering Jack.  
 Here Flandrian Moll her brazen incest brags ;  
 Vice-stripped Roxana, penitent in rags,  
 There points to Amy, treading equal chimes,  
 The faithful handmaid to her faithless crimes.

## v.

Incompetent my song to raise  
 To its just height thy praise,  
 Great Mill !  
 That by thy motion proper  
 (No thanks to wind, or sail, or working rill),  
 Grinding that stubborn corn, the Human will,  
 Turn'st out men's consciences,  
 That were begrimed before, as clean and sweet  
 As flour from purest wheat,  
 Into thy hopper.  
 All reformation short of thee but nonsense is,  
 Or human, or divine.



## VI.

Compared with thee,  
What are the labours of that Jumping Sect,  
Which feeble laws connive at rather than respect ?  
Thou dost not bump,  
Or jump,  
But *walk* men into virtue ; betwixt crime  
And slow repentance giving breathing time,  
And leisure to be good ;  
Instructing with discretion demi-reps  
How to direct their steps.

## VII.

Thou best Philosopher made out of wood !  
Not that which framed the tub,  
Where sate the Cynic cub,  
With nothing in his bosom sympathetic ;  
But from those groves derived, I deem,  
Where Plato nursed his dream  
Of immortality ;  
Seeing that clearly  
Thy system all is merely  
Peripatetic.  
Thou to thy pupils dost such lessons give  
Of how to live



And poor Polly Perkin,  
Whose Dad was still firking  
The jolly ale firkin,  
She's gone to the Work-house ;

## III.

Fine Gardener, Ben Carter  
(In ten counties no smarter)  
Has ta'en his departure  
For Proserpine's orchards :  
And Lily, postilion,  
With cheeks of vermilion,  
Is one of a million  
That fill up the church-yards ;

## IV.

And, lusty as Dido,  
Fat Clemitson's widow  
Flits now a small shadow  
By Stygian hid ford ;  
And good Master Clapton  
Has thirty years napt on,  
The ground he has hapt on,  
Intombed by fair Widford ;

## V.

And gallant Tom Dockwra,  
 Of Nature's finest crockery,  
 Now but thin air and mockery,  
     Lurks by Avernus,  
 Whose honest grasp of hand  
 Still, while his life did stand,  
 At friend's or foe's command,  
     Almost did burn us.

## VI.

Roger de Coverley  
 Not more good man than he ;  
 Yet has he equally  
     Pushed for Cocytus,  
 With drivelling Worrall,  
 And wicked old Dorrell,  
 'Gainst whom I've a quarrel,  
     Whose end might affright us !—

## VII.

Kindly hearts have I known ;  
 Kindly hearts, they are flown ;  
 Here and there if but one  
     Linger yet uneffaced,

Imbecile tottering elves,  
 Soon to be wrecked on shelves,  
 These scarce are half themselves,  
     With age and care crazed.

## VIII.

But this day Fanny Hutton  
 Her last dress has put on ;  
 Her fine lessons forgotten,  
     She died, as the dunce died ;  
 And prim Betsy Chambers,  
 Decayed in her members,  
 No longer remembers  
     Things, as she once did ;

## IX.

And prudent Miss Wither  
 Not in jest now doth *wither*,  
 And soon must go—whither  
     Nor I well, nor you know ;  
 And flaunting Miss Waller,  
*That* soon must befall her,  
 Whence none can recall her,  
     Though proud once as Juno !

FREE THOUGHTS ON SEVERAL EMINENT  
COMPOSERS.

SOME cry up Haydn, some Mozart,  
Just as the whim bites ; for my part,  
I do not care a farthing candle  
For either of them, or for Handel.  
Cannot a man live free and easy,  
Without admiring Pergolesi ?  
Or through the world with comfort go  
That never heard of Doctor Blow ?  
So help me heaven, I hardly have ;  
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,  
Like other people, if you watch it,  
And know no more of stave or crotchet,  
Than did the primitive Peruvians ;  
Or those old ante-queer-diluvians  
That lived in the unwashed world with Jubal,  
Before that dirty blacksmith Tubal  
By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,  
Found out, to his great surprise, the gamut.  
I care no more for Cimarosa,  
Than he did for Salvator Rosa,  
Being no painter ; and bad luck  
Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck !  
Old Tycho Brahe, and modern Herschel,  
Had something in them ; but who's Purcel ?



The devil, with his foot so cloven,  
For ought I care, may take Beethoven ;  
And, if the bargain does not suit,  
I'll throw him Weber in to boot.  
There's not the splitting of a splinter  
To choose 'twixt him last named, and Winter.  
Of Doctor Pepusch old queen Dido  
Knew just as much, God knows, as I do.  
I would not go four miles to visit  
Sebastian Bach ; (or Batch, which is it ?)  
No more I would for Bononcini.  
As for Novello, or Rossini,  
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,  
Because they're living ; so I leave 'em.

THE END.















# 14 DAY USE

RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.

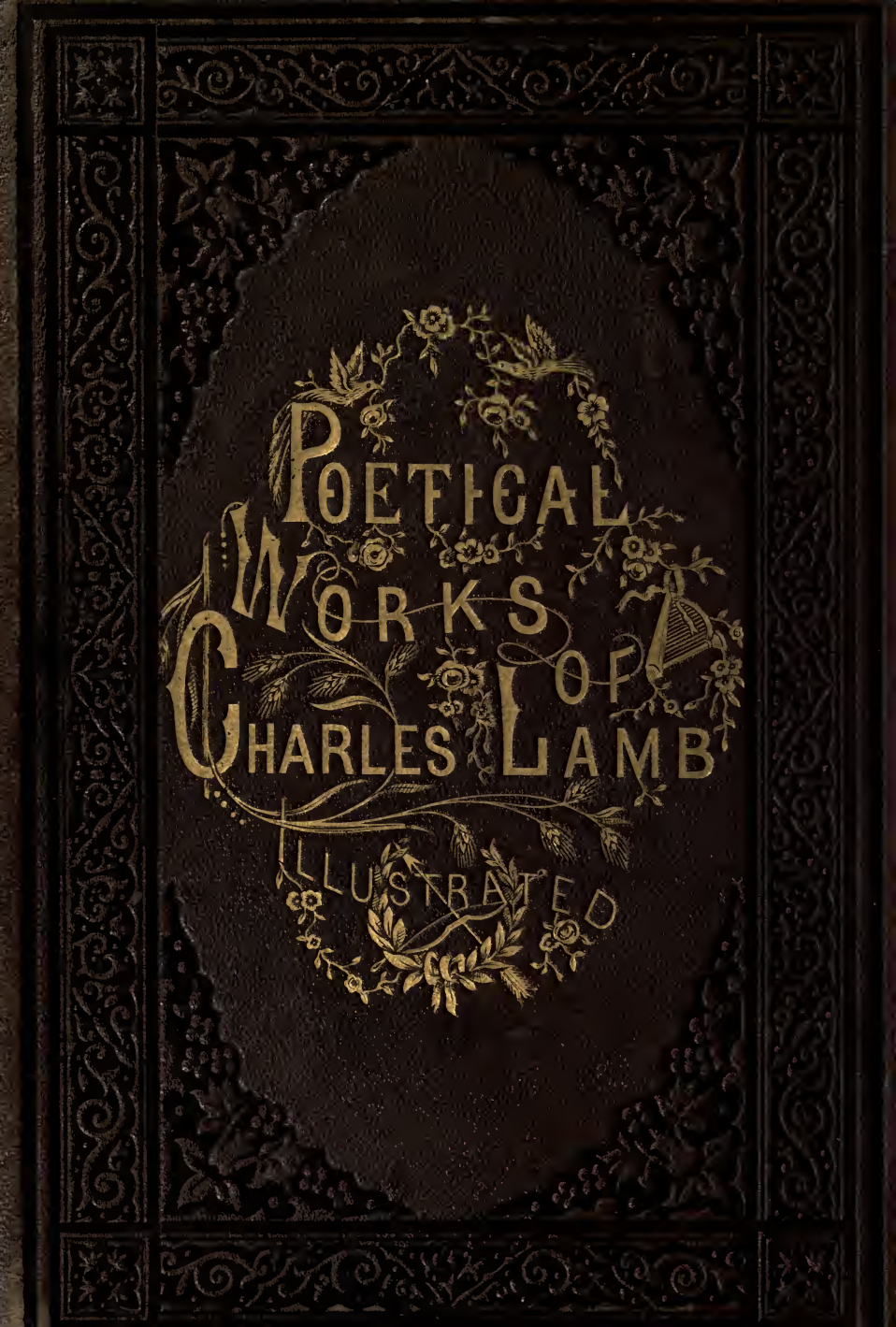
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

12 Dec '58 A H	RECEIVED
REC'D LD	MAY 4 '67 - 11 AM
JAN 12 1959	JUN 0 2003
3 MAR '61 TA <i>Penfield</i>	
APR 5 1961 86	
REC'D LD	
APR 5 1961	
MAY 2 1961 4 1	
<i>Guth</i> <i>overdue</i>	

LD 21A-50m-9.'58  
(6889s10)476B

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley

YC159494



POETICAL  
WORKS  
OF  
CHARLES LAMB  
ILLUSTRATED

