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LAYS OF 1855.



LAYS OF 1855.

BY  
TWO STUDENTS  
OF  
BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

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## PREFACE.

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IN these times, when literature is so abundant, and new works are almost daily brought before the notice of the public, it might appear presumptuous to expect that a volume like the present would meet with a favourable reception. Yet the Authors hope some allowance will be made for their engaging in an undertaking, which, from its character, is certainly in accordance with the spirit of the age, when so many are submitting their thoughts to the criticisms of a world already over stocked with literary productions. Care has been taken to publish those poems which may afford the greatest diversity of subjects to the reader, and yet answer to the title of "Lays of 1855." A few have already appeared in the BRIGHTON COLLEGE MAGAZINE. But not to weary the reader at the outset with a long and tedious preface, we would merely add our warmest thanks to those who have so readily come forward to aid us in this our undertaking with their kind assistance, and, in conclusion, to send it forth in the words of the Latin poet,—

Parve, [nec invideo], sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.

Brighton, Jan. 1, 1856.



## CONTENTS.

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	Page.
OPENING ADDRESS . . . . .	1
THE PASSAGE OF THE OLD YEAR . . . . .	2
TIME . . . . .	14
THE EROAD . . . . .	21
A SUMMER EVENING'S STROLL . . . . .	54
HOME . . . . .	58
ODE TO A ROCKET . . . . .	62
A CHRISTMAS CAROL . . . . .	65
CLOUD-LAND . . . . .	67
SADNESS AND MIRTH . . . . .	80
WARNINGS FROM NATURE . . . . .	91
THE DELAWARE'S LAMENT . . . . .	93
TRUTH . . . . .	96
ON A DAISY . . . . .	139
ON THE 31ST OF MAY, 1855 . . . . .	141
SEASIDE VOICES . . . . .	143
FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE READER . . . . .	146





## LAYS OF 1855.

---

### OPENING ADDRESS.

---

Lightly, lightly blow, ye Zephyrs,  
Eddying o'er the placid deep,  
Whirling mimic waves of crystal  
In a sportive circle sweep,  
Softly calling "Ocean, Ocean, wake from sleep."

Fly, O ship, to distant regions,  
Roll a track of foam behind,  
Away, away, nor fear the tempest,  
Spread the canvass to the wind ;  
Ent'ring in at many a harbour  
Rest and safety may'st thou find.

THE

PASSAGE OF THE OLD YEAR.

---

I.

Sing ye a requiem to the parting year,  
Ye piping winds; with wither'd leaves and sere  
Bestrew my tomb; ye clouds that sailing high  
In forms fantastic deck the wintry sky,  
Look for a moment down with pitying eye,  
And o'er my ashes drop the kindly tear.  
And all ye gloomy spirits that await,  
Fast gathering round my form, the close of day,  
On rapid wings to bear me far away  
Unto the Past's irrevocable gate —  
A moment stop, and hearken to my lay.

## II.

I once was young and fresh as yonder boy  
Who cometh on, replete with life and joy :  
I once was young and fresh as he is now,  
Care had not touched me with his iron plough,  
Nor Time had left a stain upon my brow,  
And even life appeared a pleasing toy.  
Yes, I remember how the leafless trees  
Were clothed with frost on that eventful night,  
Which from the boughs like gems of purest white  
Dropp'd down before the momentary breeze,  
Woke by my swift descending car of light.

## III.

'Twas silence deep, when at the lightning's pace  
I urged my fiery coursers on their race.  
Each mighty orb approaching nearer grew  
Larger and larger yet, as I swept through ;  
Whilst system after system swelled anew,  
Countless throughout the dark abyss of space,  
Then passed away to glittering points again  
Left far behind ; and oft my chariot round,  
A comet with its tresses all unbound,  
More awful than the wildest hurricane,  
Would flame along its course with whirring sound.

## IV.

In number more than mortal tongue could say,  
Gigantic globes pursued their solemn play,  
In order and majestic harmony,  
Farther than mind can grasp, or eye can see,  
A vast a measureless infinity ;  
'Midst whom I darted on my winding way  
Dreading lest some huge world should overwhelm  
My fragile bark beneath its plunging force,  
Hurl'd forward from a great Almighty Source,  
As when the careful pilot at the helm  
'Mongst towering icebergs guides the vessel's course.

## V.

At length Orion glimmered in the rear ;  
And rose the Earth before me, round and clear,  
Swelling and swelling as I drew more nigh,  
Until it burst in grandeur through the sky,  
Mountains and dales, and oceans rolling by,  
And isles and continents in full career,  
And all its bulk immense : whilst many a cloud  
And eddyng vapour foam'd across the scene,  
With moonlit gaps expanding wide between  
Where snow-capp'd ranges pierced the wat'ry shroud,  
Or fertile valleys spread their bosoms green.

## VI.

'Then starting forth with noise and clamour shrill  
'That all around diffus'd a noxious chill,  
Four dusky sprites whose wings incessant strook  
The frighted ether on my vision broke,  
Like pillars dim they seemed of lurid smoke  
On which the glow of fire is ling'ring still ;  
The moon's calm rays to them no beauty gave,  
But only more distinctly hideous made  
Their hideous forms ; a black sepulchral shade  
Was stretch'd below, and o'er their heads a wave  
Of dark green flame in sickly lustre play'd.

## VII.

Beside a hearse of ebony they sped  
By spectre horses drawn, whose echoing tread  
Rattled and rang along the vault of heaven  
As when the sombre tempest-cloud is riven,  
And headlong down the thunderbolt is driven,  
Through wind, and hail, and water, blazing red.  
Each bore a shadowy rider on his back ;  
From out each mouth with many a twisted fold  
Of smouldering mist in densest volumes rolled,  
And pouring downwards marked the mournful track  
Where passed, a pallid corpse, the Year grown old.

## VIII.

Away, away, they bore him to his tomb,  
A train yet gloomier than the midnight gloom ;  
His glassy eyes were fix'd ; his head was bare,  
Thick clots of gore defiled his silver'd hair  
Thin scattered round his brow ; the frosty air  
Blew stiff'ning o'er his cheeks devoid of bloom.  
His hands were clench'd in agony of death ;  
His gaping mouth, his withered limbs, and form  
Livid and gash'd, still pouring lifeblood warm,  
Declar'd how hard had been his parting breath,  
How wildly fierce the last relentless storm.

## IX.

Whilst I beheld, my heart within me fail'd,  
My limbs and joints relax'd, my spirit quail'd,  
My nerveless hands refus'd to hold the rein,  
Back leapt the curdled blood through ev'ry vein ;  
But, quick re-gathering strength, I rose again,  
And thus the sad procession loudly hail'd,  
“ Whom bring ye, sable Powers, along this road ?  
“ Say, what your names ? and whither do ye go,  
“ To homes above, or down to hell below ?  
“ What spot created holds your dread abode,  
“ The realms of pleasure, or the realms of woe ?”

## X.

I spoke ; before the whisp'ring echoes died  
The chargers paused ; the guardians ceased to glide,  
In silence poising on their pinions vast,  
Methought they spread and spread, until at last  
A funeral shroud of rustling wings was cast  
Athwart the moon and stars, outstretching wide.  
A darkness, thick, appalling, tangible.  
Then came a voice which through me seem'd to creep,  
From ev'ry quarter rising, hoarse and deep,  
Like crackling blasts which lofty cedars quell,  
And hurl the shatter'd pine-trees o'er the steep :—

## XI.

“ Hark ! if thou wilt our titles know ; we are  
“ Confusion, Famine, Pestilence, and War,  
“ Four brethren stern ; our dwelling place is earth,  
“ Where Pestilence and Famine had their birth,  
“ The youngest born, who send with wanton mirth  
“ An armed host the joys of life to mar,  
“ To crush the hearts of men beneath their feet ;  
“ They laugh—when bitter pangs the body rend,  
“ When sufferings stedfast resolution bend,  
“ When from besieged cities, and the heat  
“ Of stifling Lazar houses yells ascend.

## XII.

“ But long ere kindling rays of light had warm’d  
“ Primeval night, or Adam had been form’d  
“ Sprang I and dire Confusion into life ;  
“ What time the very seat of God was rife  
“ With battle-din and spiritual strife,  
“ When impious troops of rebel angels storm’d,  
“ By Satan led, Jehovah’s starry throne ;  
“ But soon expell’d from Heaven’s empyreal dome,  
“ He fell to reeking seas of brimstone foam ;  
“ We, toss’d in space year after year alone,  
“ At length yon ruined planet made our home.

## XIII.

“ There have we lived, there have we reigned supreme,  
“ There have we plann’d full many a deep-laid scheme,  
“ Beguiling monarchs with the treach’rous name,  
“ And sound delusive of the Phantom Fame ;  
“ Uprousing nations,—raising high the flame  
“ Of slaughter’d victims ; whilst the transient gleam  
“ Of fascinating Glory caught their eyes,  
“ And charm’d their captive souls without release ;  
“ Save when at times a fond, a strange caprice.  
“ Amid the storms uprear’d its passing dyes,  
“ The frenzied dream of madden’d spirits—Peace.



## XIV.

“ Death bound himself in solemn league to slay  
“ The blinded dupes our wiles had lur’d away,  
“ And brought to aid us these assistants twain ;  
“ Then had we raged resistless as the main,  
“ Then had the world become a heap of slain,  
“ But God the Judge would oft our wrath allay,  
“ And turn to impotence our boasted might :  
“ Yet how of late, our fetters broken, we  
“ In threefold fury rose is known to thee,—  
“ What whitening bones were seen on Alma’s height,—  
“ What rotting corpses strew’d the Euxine sea.

## XV.

“ Brothers, depart, your present journey o’er,  
“ The frost-pil’d caves along the Arctic shore  
“ Where hoary winter ever rules to seek,  
“ For His decrees are strong, but ye are weak.  
“ We now return on ev’ry tribe to wreak  
“ Our wildest vengeance : streams of human gore  
“ Shall bathe th’ unspotted chariot-wheels of Time,  
“ And stain the new-born year ; from pole to pole  
“ To blight the maiden’s hopes shall muskets roll,  
“ A cloud of woe shall mar his opening prime,  
“ The cannonade his dying knell shall toll.”

## XVI.

Thus ceas'd the spirit's inly thrilling tone ;  
A moment's space methought I stood alone,  
Then quick aside the covering veil was dash'd,  
In undulating waves the air was lash'd,  
The folding wings like mighty thunders crash'd,  
And all was still ; the moon serenely shone,  
With joy I hailed each bright returning star,  
Still moving on by one unalter'd law  
Immutably decreed ; yet horrid awe  
Came o'er me, as the distant speck afar  
Of solid blackness less'ning fast I saw.

## XVII.

But lo ! on either side arose a form,  
Like pictur'd fiends that ride the snowy storm,  
And shriek along the wind they urg'd their race  
Before my eager steeds, and I could trace  
Confusion stamped upon one ghastly face,  
And on the other War, A sick'ning qualm  
Thrill'd through me ; yet I mark'd a union strange  
Betwixt the two, as though some thread was twin'd  
Invisible, which seem'd their wills to bind,  
And join'd their thoughts ; apart they could not range,  
A wondrous double shape, a common mind.

## XVIII.

With me they went—but come, thou boist'rous gale  
 To finish now the melancholy tale ;  
 How widely thy polluted arms unfurl'd  
 The battle-standards o'er a ravaged world ;  
 How whizzing high the deathful bombs were hurled,  
 How singing bullets patter'd thick as hail ;  
 How mothers watch'd th' expected vessel rise,  
 And trembling prayed the wished-for news to know,  
 And clung to doubt in fear of certain woe ;  
 How sisters upward rais'd their tearful eyes  
 To gain the rest they could not find below.

## XIX.

Proclaim ! how oft by ceaseless labour spent  
 The noble brave to death unflinching went.  
 Their only light the red, destructive glare  
 Of bursting shells whose scatter'd fragments tare  
 The blood-stain'd turf, and fill'd the murky air  
 With dust, and fire, and limbs, and bodies rent :  
 Proclaim, proclaim ! how oft to swell the strife,  
 Cold breathing icy death from out the North,  
 The savage tempest howl'd resistless forth,  
 And chill'd the unprotected springs of life,  
 Jehovah's shaft to execute his wrath.

## XX.

Go ye, who boast of war, go ye to wield  
The soldier's sabre in the tented field ;  
Go share his hardships ; view the scene around,  
Mark well the headless trunk, the fresh-turned mound.  
The charge, the groan, the agonizing wound,  
The fever'd couch, the face by torture seal'd :  
Then come, behold the desolated hearth,  
The orphan's bitter cries, the widow's tears,  
The blasted love of youth, the father's fears ;  
Again return to mourn your heartless mirth,  
And sue to God for Peace in future years.

## XXI.

What heard ye not the doubling volleys peal ?  
Are human breasts of adamant or steel ?  
Th' Incarnate Lord of Love shed tears divine  
For all the ills that threaten'd Jacob's line,  
The fallen temple and the plunder'd shrine,  
And felt the griefs His chosen race would feel.  
Yet man for man no pity bears away ;  
But when the breezes waft the martial dirge,  
When troops of sufferers load the boiling surge  
When weeds of sorrow thron'g the public way  
He blindly glories in th' Almighty's scourge.

## XXII.

Will ye not cease to blot creation's crown,  
And trample man, her richest jewel, down ?  
Will ye not cease to swell the mount of Sin,  
To quench the holier thoughts which rise within  
By fleeting dreams, and passion's useless din ?  
Will ye not cease his heaven-born soul to drown  
In tides of wordly thought, to bind the weight  
Still firmer round his neck, and lower press  
The mind that else would soar for happiness,  
To deem to be a curse his highest state,  
And count his greatest curse a state of bliss ?

## XXIII.

Be wise,—but see, my last remaining hour  
Has caught the sounds from yonder ivied tower,  
As warning trumpeters the band of notes,  
A slow, a sad procession past me floats,  
Who marching utter with melodious throats  
“Farewell, Farewell ;” and, like a summer flower,  
Hearing she fades and sinks her drooping head.  
Hark ! Hark ! they steal along the blue concave,  
Sure messengers of Age's ebbing wave,  
“Farewell,” they say, “th' appointed days have fled,  
And thou with us must journey to the grave.”

## TIME.

---

Who art thou, swift, but noiseless in thy step ?  
From year to year unchangeably the same,  
Since first impelled by the Almighty's hand  
This globe upon its annual journey rolled  
Around the sun, with all its pond'rous mass  
Of wide-spread continents, and stormy seas.  
Were all the potentates of earth combin'd,  
Their mighty armaments and countless hosts  
Would not avail to make thee quicker move,  
Or for an instant linger on thy course.  
Who art thou solemn and mysterious power ?  
Unheeded in the busy light of day,  
With all its tumults and engrossing care ;  
But in the tranquil night time, when each sound

Has died away in sleep, and no rude noise  
Disturbs the calm solemnity of thought,  
Methinks I see thee marching on thy way,  
A robe of ages o'er thy shoulders thrown,  
With many spoils of conquer'd states adorn'd ;  
From ancient Egypt, and from Nineveh,  
On whose grass-covered palaces and walls  
The Arab shepherd feeds his bleating flock ;  
From Cræsus' wealthy realm, from Babylon,  
From polish'd Greece, and from voluptuous Rome ;  
Grasping thy staff before whose magic touch  
Proud cities crumble into dust, whose walls  
Long bade defiance to the arms of man ;  
And from victorious nations who had waved  
Their conquering standards over half the world,  
The dear-bought power escapes, their glory fades,  
Again they sink to insignificance.  
Say, mighty Conquerer of all, from whom  
Did'st thou receive thy strength ? my finite mind  
Is far too limited to probe thy depths,  
Or penetrate thy solemn mysteries ;  
From whence thine origin, or what thine end  
Will be, if end thou hast : thy hoary hairs  
Bespeak thine age, but still thou journeyest on  
With even space and undiminish'd speed.

---

Mortal, when first the great Creator form'd  
This wondrous world from nothing, forth I sprung  
From the broad bosom of Eternity,  
And stood in all the vigour of my youth  
Before His throne ; within my hands he plac'd  
This staff and sent me to controul the world,  
And all His high commands to execute.  
That beauteous order then existed not,  
Which now pervades the earth, but still it hung  
Suspended in the airy realms of space  
A huge chaotic mass ; no verdure clothed  
The mountains, and no barriers confin'd  
The rolling waves of ocean, sea and land  
Were intermixt ; no cheering rays of light  
Dispers'd the dismal gloom which ever hung  
Over the surface of the mighty deep.  
No busy sounds of animation then  
The solemn silence broke ; but all was still,  
Save when at times by strange convulsion torn  
The solid earth heav'd from her inmost depths,  
Shook with appalling throes, and opening wide  
From many a dark and gloomy chasm belch'd  
Unwonted fires, and foul sulphureous smoke.  
Pile upon pile were heap'd the lofty hills ;  
And all the billows of the troubled sea  
Bursting from their accustom'd channels swept  
Across the land in fury unrestrain'd,  
Grinding the rocks to powder with a roar



More hideous far than when from Etna's height,  
Or from Vesuvius' fiery summit spout  
The ruddy flames; and in a fearful stream  
Wave upon wave the fiery lava pours,  
Rolling resistless o'er the peaceful town,  
The fruitful vineyards, and the fertile fields.  
Whilst, shining through the murky air, is seen  
The lightnings flash, along the quivering earth  
A hollow and mysterious rumbling sounds.  
Thus fled year after year, age after age,  
Unnumber'd and unnotic'd; for no sun  
Proclaim'd the fleeting seasons as they pass'd,  
But soon that day, th' eventful day drew near  
When all should alter, and Confusion's reign  
Should terminate, and Chaos be no more.  
Jehovah spake the word, and suddenly  
There came a wondrous change, the light shone forth:  
Retiring from the lands the surges foam'd  
And chaf'd in vain against their rocky shores,  
Impotent to resist his stern decree;  
"Thus far, no further, shalt thou go, and here  
"Shall thy proud waves be stay'd." The glorious sun  
Began his rule by day; the kindly moon  
And glittering stars relieved the gloom of night.  
On all the barren rocks a pleasing robe  
Of grass and flowers was spread; and woods arose  
Fresh with their varied foliage, from whose boughs  
The birds exulting in their new-born life

Warbled a full-toned melody of song :  
Or eager to essay their powers of flight,  
Flutter'd on joyous wing from tree to tree.  
Fishes innumerable fill'd the sea,  
Forth starting into life, the bulky whale,  
The dolphin, and the swiftly darting shark.  
Some dripping from the briny wave upsprang,  
And on their scaly pinions cleft the air.  
To heaven the hum of living creatures rose ;  
The earth below, the firmament above,  
Were still no longer, but from every side  
The cheering sounds of animation broke,  
And far away that fearful stillness fled  
Which had for ages brooded o'er the deep.  
Then last, but greatest, of his Maker's works  
Came man, a creature lovely to behold,  
Created in the image of his God ;  
The reason and intelligence that beam'd  
From his expressive eye, his form erect,  
His mien commanding, and melodious voice  
Proclaim'd him God's vicegerent here on earth.  
Fearless he view'd the tiger in his lair ;  
Or strok'd the princely lion's shaggy mane,  
And heard the valley echo with his roar,  
For conscious of no guilt he felt no fear.  
Since then well nigh six thousand years are flown,  
And all is alter'd ; from his first estate  
By Satan's craft your great forefather fell :

His fall brought sickness, misery, and death  
To all his guilty seed ; the very ground  
Was cursèd for their sake ; and enmity,  
And cruel appetite for blood, came down,  
To vex the spirits both of man and beast.  
How ruin'd now has he become, how chang'd  
From that fair being who at first came forth  
Spotless from his Creator's hands, when God  
Beheld his work and saw that "it was good."  
By stormy passions rack'd and torn, his soul  
Inflames with bitter hate, and seeks to quench  
Its anger in his fellow creature's blood.  
Wreck of himself ! alas, how sad the thought  
Of what he is, and what he might have been.  
Through all those changes and vicissitudes,  
And mighty revolutions which have oft  
Shaken the world, I held my onward course  
Alone unchanged ; and restless as it is  
In every age controll'd the will of man—  
Nations by long success presumptuous grown ;  
Kings, who forgetful of their Sovereign Lord,  
Boasted themselves as Gods, and deemed their name  
And rule would last for ever, fell at length  
Slowly but surely 'neath my powerful hand.  
Where are those palaces and glittering halls,  
Those mausoleums rich with many a gem,  
Which, thinking to perpetuate their fame,  
Your fathers built ? Where are the massive walls

Of Babylon, which once amazed the world ?  
Where are the works which Grecian art produced ?  
All, all are gone ! and with a heedless step  
The traveller treads upon the ground where once  
Illustrious cities in their grandeur stood ;  
Ignorant that he stamps beneath his feet  
Dust that was mingled of his parent's bones.  
Nothing has ever yet, or ever will  
Be raised by mortal labour to remain  
Uninjured by the ravages of Time.  
Yet think not my dominion lasts for aye ;  
Dost thou not see the world is growing old ?  
My hair is hoary, and I feel this robe  
Press heavier on my shoulders year by year ;  
Though 'till the final dissolution comes  
My strength shall never fail. The nations shake ;  
Princes are tott'ring on their thrones of State.  
The day is coming, is approaching fast,  
When at the trump of God the dead shall wake,  
And " Time shall be no more," but shall be merged  
In one vast Ocean of Eternity.

L. F.

# THE EROAD,

OR

## A DAY-DREAM,

IN

### TERZA RIMA.

A POEM IN TWO CANTOS.

---

Τοῦ καλλινάου τ' ἀπὸ Κηφισοῦ ῥοας  
Τὰν Κύπριν κλήζουσιν ἀφυσσαμέναν  
χώρας καταπνεῦσαι μετρίας ἀνέμων  
ἠδ' ὑπνόους αὔρας ἄελ δ' ἐπι βαλλομέναν  
χαίταισιν εὐώδη ῥοδέων πλόκον ἀνθέων  
Τῆ σοφίᾳ παρέδρους πέμπειν ἔρωτας  
παντοίας ἀρετᾶς ξυνέργους. Eur. Med. 835—845.

## APOLOGUE TO THE READER.

[*In the form of Longfellow's "Gaspar Becerra."*]

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Lonely sat the youth deep musing  
On the various turns of thought,  
Each its kindly aid refusing  
Seem'd his anxious will to thwart.

Till by defeat dishearten'd, goaded,  
Sleep his eyelids gently clasped,  
And those thoughts that evil boded,  
Substance in his vision grasped.

Then a spirit cried, "Arise,  
And thine anger first revoke,  
Form the thought that in thee lies,"  
And the pseudo-poet woke,—

Woke, and from the metal glowing  
Struck upon the anvil, Thought,  
Shaped a poem onward growing,  
Which he saw was empty, nought!

Yet it grew increasing longer,  
Whilst the mind supplied it food,  
Till the flames upstarting stronger  
Burned, yet left no genial good.

Then give it, Reader, no refusal,  
Strange and worthless tho' it seem  
Deign to grant it some perusal,  
As the subject of a Dream!

# THE EROA D.

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## ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION to the Poem—War must change to Peace, Malice to Love—Invocation of the Goddess' approval—The Maiden's dream—The curtain—The wood—The melody of birds and insects invite entrance—The fair one's bliss—Rencontre with Eros—Description of Eros and train—The Maiden's address—Love's answer and dismissal of her train—She relates her history—The first man—Eve—The first conquest—Love and Innocence—Their two-fold efforts in man—Refusal of ancient nations to court Eros—Her treatment in Rome, in Greece—First appearance among the Saxon race—The age of Chivalry—Growth of nations—England the chief abode of Eros in preference to other lands—Conclusion of her history—The Maiden's thanks—Repetition of her previous request—That request granted—Description of the powers of Love in man—Love's promised protection to the real lover—Abnegation of the existence, or assistance of the Roman Cupid—The false and true lover—The perjury of the former condemned, the good faith of the latter justified—Fulfilment of Eros' last compromise—Her song—The Maiden's emotion—The phantasmagoria—Recall of the attendants—Eros' last words and departure—Appearance of Innocence—Fulfilment of Vision.

## CANTO I.

I sing of Love. I who have oft times sung  
Of martial deeds, of War, War's iron tongue,  
When from its brazen cavities arise  
The blasts of Discord's clarion to the skies,

Which deep vibrating, Heaven and earth now rend  
 With fearful crash ; while with their thunders blend  
 Battles with slaughter rife, fields steep'd in gore,  
 The stern results, the 'accompaniments of War !—  
 Such scenes ensanguin'd I would glad pass by,  
 Tho' robed in all their dear-bought majesty,  
 Bought with the lives of fallen heroes dead,  
 Gone to their last long-home, their spirits fled,  
 Still lingering to catch the martial shout  
 Of squadrons charging on the closed phalanx,  
 Or in their turn to see the flaming rout,  
 The waving columns of both friends and foes  
 That hand to hand discharging murd'rous blows  
 Advance, recoil ; while 'midst their serried ranks,  
 Each to the others death inciting, close,  
 With daggers drawn stalk Hatred and Revenge.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis past, and gladly would I seek to change  
 War strains for Peace, and sing in turn of Love ;  
 Yet I but dare what men have dared before  
 In ditties short, uncompromising small,  
 Above such misnomers I fain would soar,  
 And forth the powers of my muse to call ;  
 Then may the Goddess list'ning me approve !

A maiden fair, may be of Dian's train,  
 Or may be Vesta's, yet no matter here,  
 [It happened lately in the closing year,]



Lov'd by a youth, and he no rustic swain,  
Nor scented offshoot of high pedigree,  
Still doubted this his passion, if sincere.  
The leaves of Autumn were then falling fast,  
When on a lucky day;—the time was eve,  
And Phœbus long the zenith mid had past  
Of Heaven's expansive vault; wearied with life,  
Its busy hum, its world-engrossing strife,  
The fair one for a time some short reprieve  
Desired to gain, and to the sofa's ease  
Withdrew according, in soft sleep to please  
Each faculty; soon from the shackle free  
Of envious thought, and from dull cares exempt,  
She fell asleep, and launch'd upon the sea  
Of Dreamy-land; 'twas thus entranced she dreamt:  
“ A curtain many-folded fell on earth,  
The scene behind eclipsing from her sight,  
England dividing; for in native worth,  
In Albion's blissful realm she stood; and light  
Fantastic circled her with many a hue  
Of colours varied; still to her wond'ring ken  
The herbage in the course of nature grew  
Uninjur'd by this novel light; till then  
Upward some force divine the curtain drew:—  
Upstarting 'fore her vision were display'd  
Mountains and vallies, hills and many a glen,  
Blended harmonious; in the leafy glade  
The streamlet wound its silvery course, anon

Reflecting back the rays of mid-day sun  
In sheet of gold; but brighter far was seen  
Bespangled still all o'er with dewy sheen  
A wood in verdant tissue gilded, wide  
It stretched, covering a vast expanse of ground,  
And placid lay a crystal lake beside.  
The lily blossom with its petals white  
Of Innocence an emblem, based on Might  
Peer'd from the waves; and from its tiny cell  
The violet peep'd; and wild flow'rs thickly strew'd  
The grass bespeckled; from his prickly shell  
The tall Acanthus rear'd his helmet rude;  
Droop'd the Anemone in the lowly dell,  
Upon the fern the moss-rose shed her blood.  
From many a golden tree the joyous sound  
Of birds gay plumaged filled the list'ning air,  
The bullfinch warbled from the neighb'ring peak,  
And casting furtive glances seem'd to eye  
The tinselled lizard, bright with many a dye,  
Darting his fork'd tongue as she glided by.  
And shrill the cuckoo's notes and nightingale's  
Re-echoed far and nigh thro' distant vales;  
Here the proud pheasant tower'd his gilded crest,  
The peacock here display'd his painted vest,  
Whilst all around the busy, tremulous hum  
Of insects gorgeous seem'd to whisper, "Come!"  
Nor did the maid refuse, but eager pass'd  
The barrier; first slowly, then in haste,

Fearing to lose a pageant so sublime,  
The ground enchanted, 'midst the fragrant thyme  
And flow'ring shrubs, the verdant path she trod.  
Then turned she, quitting the soft velvet sod  
The mazes of the wood to thread, when lo !  
A vision wond'rous as the first did shew  
Itself,—full in her path she sudden saw  
A nymph, the Dryad of the place, before  
Her stand, erect within a crystal car  
Of stalactite, inwrought with purple spar,  
And drawn by leopards twain, with garlands deck'd  
Whose speed no reins, but mandates gentle check'd  
The wheels of beryl were, swift shooting forth  
In whirling circles flames, and fiery froth :  
Around her path a bright effulgence shone,  
Her train encycling with a radiant zone,  
The ground empurpling deep ; attir'd she was  
In flowing drapery of transparent gauze,  
Fine woven from the webs of Merlin's loom  
By fairy art, in texture how divine !  
Of roseate tint ; a wreathen chaplet bound  
With gold, entwin'd with eglantine  
Her flowing hair adorn'd, and marble brow :  
In hand a lyre she held, which notes did throw  
Of harmony enraptur'd, wondrous sound !  
And on her shoulders azure wings slow fann'd  
In undulating motion the 'air trepann'd.  
An elfish train form'd guard, to each of whom

Assign'd were robes of like ethereal hue,  
 Wings too they own'd, were arm'd the merry crew  
 With harps, and some with golden nets and darts,  
 By which they strike or capture human hearts.  
 Thus then they sudden met, [the hour was noon]  
 The Goddess and the maid; 'twixt them eftsoon  
 Acquaintance ripened, words began to take  
 The place of silence; by an hawthorn brake  
 With blossoms crown'd, girt by the budding wood,  
 While at their feet a silvery streamlet took  
 Its eddying course swift to the larger brook,  
 And thickly clust'ring on its silver beach  
 The woods depended in a silent reach,—  
 As 'neath a willow's shelter then they stood,  
 The dialogue succeeding here ensued;—  
 The maiden who on love had pondered erst,  
 Foreswore stern silence, and according first  
 Her blithe companion in these words address:—

“ Impassion'd Goddess! fabled Queen of youth,  
     Of sober'd and old age the pleasant guide,  
     Tho' jocund now, e'en in the sphere of truth,  
 Stern Goddess! dare we not thy powers deride!  
     Who art thou then? by what mysterious pow'r  
     Dost thou the heart of man for ever sway?  
 What magic influence, that in one short hour,  
     It prone succumbs, and learns thy will to'obey?  
     What potent art? that man in roughest form

Is moulded to a figure not his own,  
     That suddenly subdues the raging storm  
     Of anger, oft hurls reason from her throne?  
 What silent force the channels doth subvert  
     Of ev'ry passion into mercy's streams,  
     By softness and persuasion self begirt?  
 Till from his fiery eye there gently beams  
     An halo bright, that shone not there before,  
     And lips can scarce the needful utt'rance give  
 Of his heart's dictates, 'till he learn to'adore  
     Her whom he loves, to die, if not to live.  
     Again, what fairy charm encircles thee?  
 That youthful still with brow as radiant,  
     With step as light, and heart as pure and free,  
     As when before thy shrine a suppliant  
 The first man knelt; and tho' with care-worn Time  
     Thou hast for ages kept an even pace,  
     He agèd is with storms of many a clime,  
 Whilst thou art fresh and comely in thy dress,  
     Like fair Aurora shedding beams at morn,  
     Or Phœbus reddening ere the second dawn.  
 But Goddess, come, relate at my behest,  
 Thy first appearance, and thy last conquest."

E R O S.

"Fair mortal! thou dost wish in vain to'explore  
     Regions unknown to man's secluded view,  
     To penetrate our mysteries, and more,

To probe their depth, and scan their vastness too.

'Tis not permitted! nor mayest thou indulge

In airy flights and self-wrought fantasies ;

These solemn mysteries may I not divulge,

By far too infinite for mortal eyes,

For links they form in the great chain of life

To shelter man from its invidious strife.

Yet will I tell, without surpassing bounds,

My life as traced on History's clear page,

Omitting nought that to the praise redounds

Of The Creator, His most just adage !

No parents own I, but from earth I sprang

Full robed Minerva-like, and silent stood

With all the virtues, that Creation sang,

Or man could count, before the seat of God.

Pure is mine origin, pure too mine aim,

Virtue herself mine herald is on earth,

Beauty my halo soft, Eros my name,

My panoply is Truth in sterling worth.

Now sisters twain have I, both gently sprung

Yet owning systems diverse ; from her seat

The younger wanders with her prattling tongue,

Instilling into youth her doctrines sweet.

The love of child to parent, and the sense

That it is loved in turn from her begot

Hold not, tho' first, the chief preeminence,

A higher and a nobler knowing not :

For sweet it is to weave the silvery dreams  
     Of childhood's love into my garland fair,  
     A fragrance stronger than it ofttimes seems,  
 From anger free, unmock'd too by despair,  
     Sith harsh and angry tones are sorry gleams  
     Of language, that a mother's heart should wear.  
 But sweeter 'tis to watch the plant matur'd  
     Ripen beneath the genial rays of love,  
     Assume a stronger form, to fate inur'd,  
 No mere sophistry which the fancy wove.  
     Of this anon.—My elder sister lives,  
     Retir'd a-wearied with her labour lost,  
 Or crown'd, as with a restless world she strives  
     Affection's bark from wind or tempest tost  
     On waves of Fate to save, and views of Hope  
 The anchor firmly fix'd on Time's deep sands,  
     Till slack'ning inch by inch Life's measur'd rope  
     Slips cable length, and bursts its carnal bands.  
 The man of years can boast a temper'd mind  
     And to the circle can that love dispense,  
     Thus the philanthropist with vain mankind  
 Imparts his love unselfish, heaven-born sense!  
     But such narration space of time prevents  
     Thou understandest these ; but can'st not *cun*\*  
 Mine own mysterious pow'r, that thro' its bars  
     Glow luminous with radiance as the sun  
     Reflecting lustre on the feebler stars.

\* *Cun*—to know, or learn perfectly, to understand.

Yet 'ere I now proceed, I would dismiss  
 These my attendants, who may mar our bliss ;  
 For 'tis not right that they my words should hear,  
 To echo back in some unhallow'd ear.

[Turning to her attendants she sings.

Elfins nimble, dwarfish sprites,  
 Ye who are Love's satellites,  
 Fleshless denizens of air,  
 Quick, avaunt ! for none may dare  
 To intrude my presence here,  
 Fly, then ! and approach not near,  
 I would fain be left alone,  
 With this mortal, till I've done :  
 Go, beware my mandates stern,  
 Only think ye to return,  
 When ye hear this triple note  
 On the wafting breezes float ;  
 Quickly fly to other scenes,  
 Since no danger intervenes :  
 Seek to gain some victim fresh  
 By the arrow, or the mesh,  
 Yet in manner by me taught  
 With germ of innocence unwrought :  
 Then away, in pastimes gay  
 Flit across the sky,  
 Ever free and merrily,  
 Hie, away, Hie !

[Exit attendants.

“ But do thou fair one on this mossy bank  
 Compose thyself ; for here no herbage rank  
 Poisons the spot, but all is cheerful, fair,  
 Flow'rets innoxious scent the balmy air,



With fragrance undiminish'd ; Nature smiles  
 To think how woman frail with Love beguiles  
 In childish innocence the waning hour ;  
 Then 'neath the shelter of this peaceful bow'r,  
 As for a time my sweet lyre I refuse,  
 List to my hist'ry, and attend, O Muse !  
 With voice how beautiful, and in different strain,  
 The Goddess thus commenced her tale again :—

“ When man first trod this earth on Eden's soil,  
 A lonely monarch in his wide domain,  
 No sorrow knew he, and of basest toil  
 Unconscious, used he far and wide to reign ;  
 Fearless he wandered thro' the forest gloom ;  
 From guilt exempt he knew not what was Fear,  
 Nor shrank he from the blast of the Simoom,  
 One thought was uppermost,—that God was near ;  
 Till by the wisdom of that potent God,  
 An helpmate meet from man's own element  
 Created was, with talents rare endow'd,  
 And arts alluring, yet full competent  
 To cope with man's superior intellect,  
 Whilst ev'ry grace and beauty rare combin'd  
 Her outward form adorned ; still was she subject  
 To him and to the dictates of his mind.  
 Such then is woman, man's fair guerdon here,  
 Than aught more precious, and to him more dear.

'Twas then with Innocence our blithesome way  
 We wended to that spot of Faery-land,  
 'Mid perfumed flow'rs and shrubs the road it lay,  
 Gifts thickly shower'd by a Gen'rous Hand.  
 At length we reach'd that home of dear delights,  
 Would we had spent there our remaining days!  
 But sin hurled man from off the dizzied heights,  
 That vaunting pride had set up 'fore his gaze.  
 Ah! little thought they, when they saw that tree,  
 How crush'd their hopes, and what their end would be!  
 'Twas then, with breath intact, I wandered o'er  
 That scene of bliss and pleasure unrestrain'd,  
 With them unseen I cull'd the flow'rets, for  
 The face of Nature had no curses stain'd.  
 Soon in their hearts a deeper chord I struck,  
 Than that which hitherto had fill'd their breasts,  
 A deeper form their keen emotions took,  
 A form as holy from its hallow'd tests,  
 As that is false which has in latter years  
 So oft defiled the track of Time with tears,  
 The false emotion of an hidden fire,  
 Deceptive to the sense, a thorny briar.  
 Thus then they loved, and might have lov'd in ruth,\*  
 The happy bridegroom, and the happier bride,  
 Had they not wander'd from the path of Truth,  
 And Virtue first rejected for their guide.  
 Then came the Fall;—and from that moment fled

\* *Ruth*—tenderness.

I, slighted Love, and bashful Innocence,  
No longer one, our friendship being dead  
Singly we work, and tho' I take the lead  
In waking new affections, she cements  
Their future union, tends their present growth.  
I follow first, howe'er attendant near  
My sister comes; tho' single we, yet both  
Together issued on this world's wide sphere,  
Man's gallèd spirit and his sick'ning heart  
To mollify, his sorrowing mind to cheer,  
Or to suffuse some glow of magic art  
On blasted hopes; 'twas vain! for he repelled  
My simple comrade, and too me he spurned,  
Tampered with Love, but ah! the spirit quell'd  
The fault of insincerity he learned.  
For ages then I chiefly kept aloof  
From base mankind, and from barbarian hosts,  
They termed me Asterin, a frivolous ouphe,\*  
A being gossamer, who reviewed their coasts;  
Till in the stately courts of Ancient Rome,  
A glad asylum with a nation brave,  
In ev'ry manly heart a welcome home  
I ever found, such there this day I have.  
By many a bard my praises echoed were,  
And votaries were offered at my shrine  
Most costly, and upon mine altars fair

\* *Ouphe*—an elfin, fairy-sprite.

Were pour'd libations of the richest wine :

Thus cherish'd me Italia ; yet she seemed  
Dull when compar'd with soft but fiery Greece,  
There while I lived I ever was esteemed,  
Yet learnt I there my habits of caprice ;  
Still did he worship me th' impassion'd Greek,  
And gorgeous fanes erected to my name ;  
Each bard in glowing ardour sprang to seek  
Glory in praising my unbounded fame

Upon the harp ; the walls of mansions rung  
With songs they dedicated to my praise,  
In many a midnight revel were they sung,  
Till Hellas fell ;—my fate was forthwith flung  
Upon the world ; was open'd a new phase  
In my existence ; o'er the wide wide world,  
With 'scutcheon pure, and banneret unfurl'd,  
I sought to win due patrons to my cause,  
Wander'd thro' countries diverse, near, remote,  
'Midst nations govern'd by barbarian laws,  
Who heeded not my clarion's silvery note :  
Thro' Persia, Babylon, and Afric's land,  
Where Ismael's sun-burnt sons cross sandy seas,  
Where glow the painted looms of Samarcand,  
And teems the main with laden argosies  
Oft by Algerian pirates robb'd, their trade :  
And rich Potosi, where the silver ore  
The natives dig, I traversed ; where his shade

Huge Andes casts : from Delhi to Mysore :  
'Midst fabled bands who watch Atlanta's wave ;  
E'en 'neath the climate of the Frigid Zone  
I dwelt, where fur-clad tribes in glaciers lave,  
Whose hearts were like their countries,—cold as  
From Egypt's Nile-bedewèd soil and wards [stone!  
Where flamen priests to pray their votaries call,  
And, roving eastward, where the Tartar hordes  
From Obi's bank roam south to the Great Wall.  
The Pole, the olive Spaniard knew me once,  
And he who sips thy waves, O golden Rhine,  
And he the live-long years who daily hunts  
The grisly bear in groves of crested pine ;  
And Greenlanders who, in their skin-form'd punts,  
Behold the sun Heaven's pane incarnadine ;  
'Midst Oriental nations, in whose halls  
Of luxury the minions proudly sate,  
Gazing on painted tiles and sculptured walls  
Flung Virtue to the winds and storms of Fate :  
By Arno's stream that by rich Florence rolls ;  
In silken Asia for a time I dwelt,  
And where the Moslem his bright Crescent holds,  
And westward wander'd with the unshorn Celt.  
'Midst these I lived ; of all I vainly tried  
To curb their savage spirit and their pride ;  
But they repulsed me. On the Saxon soil  
Unheeded, disregarded, then I stood,  
Barbarians were they, rife for selfish broil,

Who only cared to deal in fields of blood,  
My arts disdain'd, while injur'd Innocence  
Scarce kept her snow-white garments undefiled ;  
And Virtue with her silent eloquence  
Gave solemn warning of this nation wild.  
Ah ! little thought I in this crisis dread,  
With patience and with fortitude tho' nerv'd,  
In Albion's land, in British bosoms bred,  
What blissful happiness was me reserved.  
But as Time fled, and nations polish'd grew,  
Their minds did from the darkling sphere emerge  
Of gross and blinded ignorance, 'till they knew  
Affection's force to which my charms converge.  
Follow'd an age of knightly dalliance,  
Manhood in iron panoply full arm'd  
Rode listless with his gage of stern defiance,  
In quest of dangers that his mind but charmed.  
The baron e'en forsook his proud demesne  
And feudal fief exchang'd for deeds of might,  
Issued, attended by a courtly train,  
And fair one's benison who had him bedight ;  
Full many a league he wandered, many a land,  
Her beauty and his prowess to uphold,  
Glorious he deem'd it, if with conquering hand  
In tourney on the course his foe was rolled.  
Each gallant youth a stalwart knight became,  
And urged to deeds of gallantry and love,  
Victor in fields of blood, 'till golden fame

Awarded gorgeous scarf, or lady's glove.  
It was an age of Chivalry,—and school'd  
To deeds of danger the proud Norman burned  
With ardour irresistible, tho' oft fool'd  
By whims capricious of his mistress spurn'd !  
I loved those days ; an epoch form'd they sweet  
In Albion's existence, whilst they lived ;  
Again, alas ! no more the knightly feat  
Of arms and Glory will be now revived ;  
All, all are gone !—not now the knight exists,  
Hush'd is the clash of brands and Warder's horn :  
Where are the canopied and royal lists,  
The pageant splendid on the tented lawn ?  
Where are the tales of Beauty and Romance,  
The streaming pennons and the broken lance ?  
Where are the tourney, jousts, and gallantries,  
The glitt'ring armour and the nodding plume ?  
And where the gorgeous scarfleets, fierce emprise ?  
Will Chivalry no more her lamp relume ?  
Ah, no ! I saw the painted vision pass  
In all its splendor, o'er the world away,  
As dew drops glist'ning on the morning grass,  
Dissolve in beams of sun-enlighten'd Day.  
The rolling years still quickly came and hid,  
And with them Wisdom, Culture, and anon  
The arts of War and Peace ; kings reigned and died,  
Great dynasties were crush'd, conflicts were won ;  
Then fill'd with slaughter, shudder'd the whole earth

At man's most impious deeds, and chang'd his mind  
 To War's antipodes, that soon gave birth  
     To pleasures vicious, luxury refin'd.  
     This in its turn wore off :—sober'd at length  
 By stern decay before his sight reveal'd,  
     The Briton rested for a time in peace,  
     Till War reclaiming his long rented lease,  
 Inquiet then essay'd his rusted strength  
     On Alma's heights and Inkermann's red field.  
 For tho' the Gallic race those shores anent\*  
     Inhabiting, to me due homage pay ;  
     Yet trivial, fickle, and inconstant they,  
 Now fav'ring me, and now on others bent.  
     But here a lasting rest I do enjoy ;  
     In England Old I find a welcome home,  
 No more do troublous scenes my peace annoy,  
     Abroad for ever have I ceased to roam :—  
     “ Here then brave Albion ! will I dwell for once  
 Honour'd by thee, respected by thy sons ! ”

Eros thus far, when quick the maiden spoke,  
 And thus the silence of the moment broke ;—  
 “ Oh ! let this nation's gratitude accrue  
 To thy fond name in tears of thankful dew,  
 Protect from sarcasms, and base calumnies  
 That do infringe this earth's moralities,

\* *Anent*, a Scotticism—over against ; lying opposite to.



Blasting an honest fame, and yet me thinks  
My noblest thanks must form but petty links  
In gratitude's dear chain : ill they repay  
The pleasant hour spent i' this spot to-day.  
Still would I fain that pow'r mysterious learn  
By which men's bosoms kindle first, then burn  
With magic glow unknown to them before,  
As not initiate in thy deep-based lore ;  
This tell me, and thy conquest ultimate,  
Which thou did'st promise kindly to relate,  
So shall earth's highest blessings thee attend,  
And Heaven my thoughts else obsolete befriend !"

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## CANTO II.

War and Love are strange compeers,  
War sheds blood, and Love sheds tears,  
War has swords, and Love has darts,  
War breaks heads, and Love breaks hearts.—

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Thus she, and quick the Goddess nymph replied,  
With acquiescent look, yet conscious pride,—  
“ When youth is fresh, deceitful thoughts that lurk  
    Within, I put to flight, in lieu, Faith, Hope,  
    And Charity engraft, which three do work  
Most ably, in their destin'd horoscope.  
    'Tis then my strength is needed to support  
    The half-form'd fabric with a giant force,  
With language soft, with soul expansive fraught,  
    Streams welling from affection's truest source :—  
    Next must this plant be nurtur'd, not in vain,  
    So from the stem there forthwith germinate  
The varied blossoms, steps to our great fane,  
    Ascending each he climbs with hope elate.

To wild Emotion's thrill, term'd "Love at sight,"  
 Untemper'd and unprov'd, the primary sense,  
 Succeeds a bashfulness, from which aright  
 Springs Courage, thence engend'ring confidence,  
 [For falt'ring accents do but ill express  
 The heart's best language, or its happiness.]  
 Words, motions of the lips, th' impatient glance,  
 The feelings of the heart too well bespeak ;  
 Soon whirling in the mazes of the dance,  
 He feels her warm breath fan his heated cheek,  
 Or while conversing i' the open air,  
 Or 'neath the shelter of some peaceful grove,  
 A mutual understanding rises clear,  
 Free, unrestrain'd, heart does to heart respond,  
 Affection to itself; the mask I donn'd  
 Of careless apathy is cast aside,  
 And in the moment of triumphant pride  
 I view him reach the last stage,—perfect Love !  
 But nations have ascribed to me beyond,  
 A vain assistant, to my arts unknown ;  
 Thus did the Romans boast a Cupid strange,  
 A beardless boy, and whom they called my son,  
 A god fictitious, who not e'en held range  
 Upon his own, much less on human hearts !  
 Him mock'd the Greeks, but me they Cypris hight,\*  
 On him bestow'd they bows and flaming darts,  
 His prey to strike, faint emblems of a Might,

\* *Hight*,—called, termed.

O'er which I ever hold a sway supreme,  
 While like the shadow of some passing dream  
 Departs his glory in oblivion's gleam.  
 Now lovers twain there are, the true, the false,  
 The one steps into th' atmosphere serene  
 Of Purity; the other shameless halts  
 Within the barrier and delusive sheen  
 Of Hollow-heartedness; the latter see!  
 In glowing colours of his guilt pourtray'd,  
 [The formers progress I have erst display'd,]  
 Then tremble maiden! as ye list, and flee  
 Such scenes, that cannot but the heart degrade.  
 Like as the eagle views his prey below  
 Perch'd on the rocky apex, fires his eye,  
 And leaps his heart, fill'd with a fiendish glow  
 Insatiate, until his victims die  
 Beneath his grasp; and as in reddening flow  
 Trickles the blood, they gasp their parting sigh.  
 Still as the glitt'ring snake of India's shores  
 He fascinates his victim, soon decoyed  
 By fair appearances, till she ignores  
 The thought—his passion is of truth devoid.  
 United they perchance a time in peace  
 Unconscious live each of the other's thoughts,  
 But in a quarrel their affections cease,  
 At variance they dwell in Discord's courts.  
 Call you this Love? 'tis folly this, 'tis sin,  
 A mockery of myself, and I abhor

Such perjur'd baseness, which the heart within  
 Wages a constant, undecaying war.  
 But I would have the real lover soar  
 Above this cramp'd ideal, unfetter'd o'er  
 This realm of dread delusion. I would have  
 Him live in love, as it began, most pure ;  
 Thus my assistance firm shall he ensure,  
 And shall hereafter carry to the grave  
 The mark of true esteem, the best reward  
 My lasting blessings can to man afford !  
 But mark the shades of eve are gathering fast,  
 Part of my tale remaining still untold ;  
 This hearing shall by thee be after class'd  
 As sampler of the mysteries I unfold ;  
 For from a vict'ry I had just hied back,  
 Encount'ring thee, if now thou dost desire  
 To gather somewhat from my latest track,  
 List to this ditty from my am'rous lyre."—  
 Changing her strain the Goddess then arose,  
 And swept the strings, that with the gentle blows  
 Sharp stricken echoed back in silvery twang  
 A cadence soft ; in ether floating rang  
 Her blended voice, as she responsive sang :—

## I.

Lives there a maiden fair and gay,  
 No rustic offspring, by my fay,  
 A comelier lass she dwells not nigh,  
 Who dances e'er so merrily,

Or joins in feats of pleasant mirth,  
 Tho' gifted with superior birth,  
 Or from the harp strings sweeps a note,  
 So rich, so mellow, and so mote,  
 Or strikes so sweetly the guitar,  
 I will be judge,—sole arbiter !  
 As she whose beauty now I praise,  
 Vying with the sun's bright rays,  
 When in meridian splendor he  
 Unveils his glorious majesty ;  
 Then bear with me, in song divine,  
 "The fairest maid of Albion's line."

## 2.

With love for her, I do aver,  
 A youth's emotions now I stir,  
 As calm within his conquer'd breast  
 I reign to give his passion zest,  
 Which free unbounded as the wind  
 Is less capricious, more refined ;  
 No offspring of a sudden thought,  
 Of fire bereft, with fancy fraught,  
 But love deep rooted, studied, tried,  
 Dashing vain, impious thoughts aside,  
 In vain essaying its pow'rs of flight,  
 Still to results repulsive dight,\*  
 Knowing full well he loves indign  
 "The fairest maid of Albion's line."

## 3.

With equal rank and modesty  
 Endow'd, a silent amnesty  
 With his affections holds the youth,  
 As tho' he doubting were forsooth

\* *Dight*—decked out, adorned, hence due.

'The prospect dubious to his ken ;  
 Short-sighted oft 'tis thus with men,  
 When loving they retire abash'd,  
 As from their lips the eup were dash'd :  
 Courteous, and affable, and kind,  
 These graces, tho' but few, combin'd  
 Might safe his other faults outweigh,  
 Possessing many a nobler trait  
 That from thy mind reflected shine,  
 " The fairest maid of Albion's line."

## 4.

Lone gazing on the distant ocean,  
 Full of love and deep devotion,  
 On thoughts intent he silent stands  
 Far on the shelving, sea-girt strands ;  
 Or wand'ring, solitary roaming,  
 At morn, at noon, and darksome gloaming,  
 And tho' th' aetherial vault he scans,  
 Its aid invoking for his plans,  
 Nought meets his sad, expectant eye,  
 But dim, delusive vacancy ;  
 Still in his breast doth hope revive,  
 It bids him triumph, bids him live,  
 Live, to learn the joys of love,  
 Live, a joyous life to prove,  
 Say ! can'st thou not my thoughts divine ?  
 " The fairest maid of Albion's line."

## 5.

The sequel learn ; that maid art *thou*,  
 Belov'd of one, of whom, I trow,  
 It might be said he never swerved  
 From Love's sweet path, but has reserved

That guileless love for thee alone,  
 That hath in purity outshone  
 Man's usual selfish element,  
 Still in relief has found no vent ;  
 For thou hast seen him once, nay twice,  
 With him conversed, who scorns caprice ;  
 Reject not, maiden, then, his suit,  
 Him spurn not, fair one, art thou mute  
 To my appeal ? O think again !  
 And let me waken some fresh strain  
 In feelings dormant thine, avaunt !  
 Ye adverse thoughts ! that vainly haunt  
 Her yielding breast ; in sweet refrain  
 Hark ! in response the Muses nine  
 Strike their lyres, and tresses twine,—  
 “ The fairest maid of Albion's line.”

## 6.

This item lastly learn ; its truth record,  
 Deep in the tablets of thy mem'ry stor'd ;  
 A moral 'tis, and one of high import,  
 With whose intensity man dares not sport ;—

“ A sense there is in every human heart,  
 Reflection radiant of a world above,  
 Earth's sweetest boon,—the sparkling ripples smooth,  
 The silvery foam dash'd from Life's rivulet pure,  
 The holy oil that feeds the flame of youth,  
 The incense precious glowing in the ewer,  
 The human soul,—and more, the potent cord  
 That binds Creation to its Sovereign Lord,  
 Centre to which the passions all incline,  
 Whence perfumes rich, with blessings rare, entwine  
 The orange leaves that shade with gentle press  
 The flowing cup of human happiness,



A feeling lasting, yet unask'd, unsought,  
 A language of itself, but free, unbought,  
 By heathen ancients term'd, "Fair Cupid's Art,"  
 But modern Christians rightly call it,—“LOVE.”

Fair Eros ceas'd, and echo plaintive rang  
 In sweet accordance to the words she sang ;  
 And as the last fell faintly on the breeze,  
 'Twas gently whisper'd 'midst the rustling trees,  
 And then back wafted on the list'ning ear  
 It sounded like the leaves of autumn sere ;  
 It found an echo in that maiden's heart,

Unfelt before, when felt, how wondrous sweet !

A fairy chord from skill'd Harmonia's chart,  
 That oft the ravish'd hours seem to cheat.  
 This was not all ;—“ Would'st thou desire,” she cried,  
 “ That youth to see ?” “ Ah ! yes !” the maid replied ;  
 E'en as she spoke, in film of light descried  
 A phantom picture swift before her glide :—

A princely room deck'd to the rich degrees,  
 Furnish'd by art and well condition'd ease  
 In this our age ; curtains of Tyrian dyes  
 Conceal'd beneath their azure canopies  
 White marbled walls, emboss'd by Phidias' art ;  
 While silken fabrics fresh from th' Indian mart  
 Fell o'er dark ebon equipage, inlaid  
 In its interstices with ivory chaste,  
 Not by the dext'rous Indian compost-made,

But natural ; while was in the centre placed  
A couch, deep crimson hued, all glitt'ring o'er  
With diamonds pure and gold from Afric's shore ;  
On it she viewed herself recumbent lie

Asleep, and near her stand the selfsame youth  
So oft desired, she felt that loving eye  
Upon her fix'd ; approached he, slow, forsooth  
And on her snow-white bosom placed a rose,  
That seemed its fragrance sweet to gain or lose  
At every turn of thought ; a soft tear fell,  
Settling within the central ruby cell,  
And like a myriad pearl-drops glist'ning rare,  
Full loath to be disturb'd, still linger'd there.  
Yet did she waver, till in stooping low,  
One fond salute impress'd upon her brow :—  
The mirage fled ;—mingling with mist of eve,  
No trace, no pleasing record did it leave  
Of its existence ;—conquer'd was she now !  
Bending her head she wept ; Eros at last  
Had touched her heart, once proud ; tears gently chased,  
Coursing each other her fair cheeks adoun,  
Free, unrestrain'd, for feelings long time pent  
Her breast within, now found a ceaseless vent  
In weeping joy ; that manly form was known,  
His passion kenn'd, and in her turn she loved :  
Yet scarcely knew the cause—though felt approved,  
And likewise thro' her passive form a thrill  
Of deep emotion passed,—then all was still !

She raised her head, and met the Goddess' glance  
 Directed on her in her dreamy trance :  
 That look, that smile, and more that silvery voice,  
 She seemed to tread the streets of Paradise ;  
 But eve was shrouding fast each hill and plain  
 In sombre glow, hush'd were the whisp'ring trees.  
 When Love in haste recall'd her errant train,  
 In fairy notes quick wafted by the breeze :

*[Turning to the winds she sings.*

Elfins nimble, dwarfish sprites,  
 Ye who are Love's satellites,  
 Cease your amblings o'er the earth,  
 Cease your pleasure, cease your mirth,  
 Come, return to me at once,  
 And be ready i' the nonce.  
 While I on Parnassus sitting,  
 Hither thro' the ether flitting,  
 Come, then, Elfins, quickly, all !  
 Ready to obey my call ;  
 Ye who roam in sunny lands,  
 Where doth roll his golden sands  
 Pactolus of yellow hue,  
 Afric's deserts known to you,  
 Or who traverse in your haste  
 The barren steppes of Russia's waste,  
 Or who Greenland's desert wold,  
 Land of ice, of glaciers cold,  
 Where, engirt with lasting snow,  
 Dwells the fur-clad Esquimaux :  
 Hie, then, ye mine elfish minions,  
 Swiftly born on airy pinions,

Hither on your journey back,  
 Traverse Ocean's briny track ;  
 Then away ! ye may not stay,  
     Flit across the sky,  
 Ever free, now merrily,  
     Hie, hither, hie !

Thus she : and sharply did the trichord note,  
 The promis'd signal thro' the air vibrate,  
 Quick to her bidding flew from scenes remote  
 Her wing'd attendants, fresh commands to' await ;  
 Yet 'ere the Goddess to her chariot sprang,  
 These last words faint, but clear, from her lips rang,  
 For mutter'd were they by the silent grove ;—  
 “ Mortal, beware ! when next it may behove  
 To give thy judgment, tamper not with Love ! ”  
 She spake and on her lips the last seal placed,  
 Then vanished upwards in night's darksome waste ;—  
 When lo ! close in her wake a car behold !  
 By cygnets drawn, built of pure-beaten gold,  
 That seemed the gentle moon to rival far  
 Of lustre robb'd, of radiance, too, each star.  
 Within, there stood in aerial eminence  
 A female form, in vestments snow-white drest,  
 Encircled her an halo bright and chaste :  
 The fair one gazed enraptur'd, then aloud  
 She cried, “ Whom prithee doth yon light enshroud ? ”  
 A trumpet answered in a cadence proud,

With silvery strain caught by the woodland glens,  
Each hill, each valley, to the sound attends,  
While distant mountains echoed, "Innocence!"—

The maid awoke ; it had been but a dream,  
A selfish dream, and yet no vain ideal,  
Delusive, false, or one that leaves no gleam  
Of truth behind ; but true, substantial, real ;—  
For lo ! there bloom'd upon her heaving breast  
A blushing rose, the lover's simple test ;  
A dewdrop glisten'd in its petals pure,  
Of Love an emblem, sweet, untainted, sure,  
And, as up-turn'd it watched her quiv'ring face,  
It seem'd to urge its utter helplessness ;  
She heeded not ;—on one was fixed her eye  
Unconscious in its listless vacancy ;  
The living image of that picture dim,  
Yes, there he stood, in perfect manliness,  
Full robed ; while grace untutor'd circled him  
Still tim'rous to approach ; until at length  
Gaining with each deep impulse fresher strength,  
That doth the worth of passion but enhance,  
He stooped,—but touched her lips,—she met his glance,—  
With rapture eloquent her form was thrilled ;  
One word, the last response still hung in air,  
Trembling to catch his inmost thoughts laid bare,  
Tho' acquiescent yet it lingered there,  
Until she spoke,—the Vision was Fulfilled.

## A SUMMER'S EVENING STROLL.



When day with all it's cares and toils is past,  
And from the Eastern heaven hastens down  
Night's silent footstep, Oh ! how sweet to climb  
The solitary steep, to leave behind  
The busy street, and from the works of man  
Turn to the far more beauteous works of God.  
That glaring sun which on the crowded town  
Pour'd down it's rays is gone ; solemn, and soft,  
Refreshing to our wearied eyes creeps on  
By slow degrees the twilight ; in the west  
Still hangs a yellow tinge, and you may trace  
The purple outline of the distant hills  
Sharp yet distinct against the glowing sky.  
Borne by the fickle breezes float the clouds,  
Their fleecy forms suspended in mid air,  
Some pil'd like snowy mountains, some like wool,  
Some stretch'd as slender threads athwart the sky ;  
With various colours intermingling oft,  
Dark crimson, glittering gold, more pure, more rich,

Than earthly artist's brush could e'er depict :  
For they were painted by th' Almighty's hand,  
And can man equal that which God hath wrought,  
The creature rival his Creator's skill. [bark,

All sounds are hush'd ; save when the housedog's  
Or that low murmuring hum which from the town  
Arises oft, warns me that men are nigh,  
Still toiling after Wealth who aye cludes  
Their wistful grasp, and draws them further on,  
In vain pursuit through dark and slippery paths,  
Towards th' enchanted spot where towers supreme  
Her temple, guarded by a fatal spell,—  
Forgetfulness of aught but present good.  
Anon the tinkling of the sheep bell rings  
Across the grassy down, and with the touch  
Sad yet most pleasing, suddenly awake  
The slumb'ring chords of Memory ; thought on thought,  
Remembrances of days long since gone by,  
From every cranny of my bosom gush,  
From dark recesses, and deep hidden cells,  
Where all unheeded they have lain for years.  
O Memory ! most inestimable gift  
Bestow'd by Heaven on us, surpassing far  
The painter's or the statuary's art.  
They can indeed recall the outward form,  
And much-lov'd features of departed ones ;  
Thou can'st preserve their mind, by thee we seem

Once more to live and talk with those who now  
Lie in the silent tomb—oh no, not there,  
That were indeed a fearful, maddening thought ;  
They rest not in the grave, but far above  
This perishable world they soar'd on high,  
Hastening to reach that glorious company,  
Who ever with unwearied lips and tongues  
Before the throne of God adore the Lamb  
That lov'd and wash'd them in His precious blood.  
From thence, perchance, they view our stormy course  
With holy sympathy and perfect love,  
Which now unclogged by human weakness burns  
In brighter, clearer flame, than e'er it could  
Whilst in the midst of sin on earth below.

But now the last faint glow has died away ;  
Noiselessly one by one the stars come forth,  
And overspread the vault with twinkling points  
Innumerable, like spirits looking down  
With their pure gentle eyes on restless man,  
To soothe him as he toils along his way.  
And on the rippled sea the moon has mark'd  
Her path of liquid silver, such methinks  
As holy angels tread on when they come  
On messages of love and mercy sent,  
Unto the ransomed ones who trust in God.  
And hark ! the striking of the distant clock  
Falls slowly on mine ear with warning sound.



Telling me that the precious hour is past,  
And I must leave this quiet spot, once more  
To plunge into the busy scenes of life,  
And seek the combat which can never end,  
'Till Death shall strip us of mortality ;  
Shall open throw the lofty door to peace  
Eternal, full of glory, to the " rest  
That yet remaineth" for the sons of God,  
Those who are more than conquerors through their Lord,  
Who evermore shall wear the palm, the crown,  
Bought for them by His vict'ry o'er their foe,  
When Satan trembling viewed the empty grave  
That could not hold the Word Omnipotent.

L. F.

## HOME.



“ Why do ye flow so fast my tears,  
Whene'er the sound of home  
Upon my ears so sweetly falls  
As through the world I roam ?”

“ Why do ye flow so fast, my tears ?  
Why do ye flow so fast ?  
Why does that cherished word bring up  
Such an image of the past ?”

“ There is nought permanent on earth,  
And wood and stone decay,  
The strongest towers, the thickest walls  
At length must fall away.”

“ Then why adown my furrow'd cheeks,  
Why do ye trickle so ?  
For, “ thou must perish” is the law  
Of every thing below.”

“Nay, nay, 'tis not for this I weep ;  
But at that word forth start  
Feelings for many a long year pent,  
And chain'd within my heart.”

“I mourn not for my native scenes,  
For the house where I had birth ;  
For the silence of the spacious hall  
That used to ring with mirth.”

“It is not that the rooms I lov'd  
Are desolate and lone ;  
That the garden where I play'd in youth  
Is waste, and overthrown.”

“These still are in remembrance fresh  
And to me are very dear,  
Yet it is not for them I weep,  
My home they never were.”

“It is the thought of those, whose life  
Once animated all ;  
Who often gather'd round our hearth  
When the twilight 'gan to fall.”

“Their voices even now I hear,  
As with sweet domestic talk,  
We would lengthen out the sacred time  
Between the light and dark.”

“ Or on a summer’s evening sit  
In a circle on the grass,  
And fondly wish that the happy hour  
Would still more slowly pass.”

“ They were my home indeed ; in them,  
Each shady walk, each tree,  
Each favourite haunt, each glen is stamp’d  
On my heart indelibly.”

“ But we were separated soon,  
And one by one they died ;  
And I of all alone am left,  
As in a desert wide.”

“ I have no city in this world,  
But my home has flown with them  
To the glorious heaven, where now they live,  
To the New Jerusalem.”

“ Flow on my tears, I murmur not,  
Flow on in holy grief ;  
For God allows that man should mourn,  
And to sorrow gives relief.”

The old man sung : his hoary locks  
Were blowing in the gale ;  
The weight of years had bow’d his frame  
And his face was thin and pale.

He ceased ; as from his wither'd lips  
The last faint accents fell,  
That light flash'd in his eye, which marks  
A rapture none can tell.

He mutter'd " Home " and like one asleep  
Calm on the turf he lay ;  
For without a struggle, without a sigh  
Had his spirit pass'd away.

L. F.

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## ODE TO A ROCKET.



Child of the earth ! arise, arise  
 And through the night  
 Swift piercing to the starry skies,  
 A glow of light  
 Shake down on us below from off thy pinions bright.

Child of the earth ! how fair thy way,  
 As up thou fliest ;  
 A clear, illuminating ray,  
 Until thy highest  
 Thou reachest, and in one wild blaze of beauty diest.

Unswerving dost thou upward bound,  
 And hastenest straight,  
 Spurning with active foot the ground,  
 To seek the gate  
 Of Heaven amid the orbs impell'd by force innate.

A single thread of ruddy fire,  
 That seems to bind  
 The realms to which thou dost aspire,  
 With panting mind,  
 To earth which far beneath thy spirit leaves behind,

Thy lustre knows not, nor thy strength  
    A gradual wane,  
But, spent by eagerness at length,  
    Thou pour'st amain  
Thy choicest blessings last like drops of fiery rain.

Blue spiritual globes ! oh stay,  
    And yet unfold  
Fresh glories, as your transient way  
    Our eyes behold,  
Till nought is left to view except your path of gold.

Look down, ye countless hosts, that sail  
    In regions free  
From storm, or cloud, or misty gale,  
    And blush to see  
A moment's space eclips'd your sparkling majesty.

See ! how amid the dark profound,  
    Yon lovely beam,  
It's head with radiant tresses crowned,  
    Casts forth a stream  
Of flaming locks more rich than monarchs might bescem.

Bedeck'd with rarer gems than e'er  
    From India came,  
Or from the ancient regions where,  
    Unknown to fame,  
On jewell'd altars burnt the Aztec's ceaseless flame.

'Tis fled ; the enchanting vision fled ;  
 Our wistful gaze  
 Meets threefold darkness overspread  
 Where late thy rays  
 Disspell'd the gath'ring shades upon their airy ways.

'Tis gone ; but still with fond regret  
 We scan the gloom,  
 To watch perchance if ling'ring yet  
 Around thy tomb  
 A last remaining spark escapes the general doom

So when from out the throng upsprings  
 Some nobler soul,  
 And floods of brilliant radiance flings  
 Off wheels that roll  
 Above the astonish'd crowd in heedless uncontrol.

Amaz'd we view his rapid car  
 O'er all arise,  
 A glittering meteor soon afar,  
 He sweeps the skies,  
 And there with inward zeal worn out like thee he dies.

He dies ; and all again is dark,  
 Save where we find  
 Some scatter'd lights remain to mark  
 The ardent mind,  
 Which rushing onward left its tenement behind.



## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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Nought care I for Spring, on his childish wing  
Let Nature's fair herbage appear,  
Then with treach'rous blast, let her beauty be cast  
By his frolics wind-toss'd thro' the year ;  
An inconstant rogue, when earth is in vogue  
Of flow'rets and foliage gay,  
At her bounty he laughs, or sullenly chafes  
With wrath, as he flits away !

Let Summer forsooth full of brightness and youth  
Scatter flow'rs with lavish palm,  
I love not his smiles, nor his charming Idyls,  
On me they have lost all their charm.  
For tho' I might love in freedom to rove  
O'er mountain and woodland dell,  
To sit by the brook, in some shady nook,  
There are pleasures I love just as well !

To its Autumn goal, let the chariot roll  
Of Phœbus with axles bright,  
When the argent moon, with her kindest boon,  
Illumines the harvest night.  
Sits down Autumn wan, like a middle-aged man,  
From business fatiguing released,  
And, by his sad gear, the herbage doth sear,  
Nor petulous can be appeased.

But hail with delight! the old man in white,  
Old Christmas with all his sweets,  
Tho' with icicles crown'd, and in hoar-frost bound,  
Yet a welcome in each home he meets :  
Let his praises be sung by old and by young,  
Who much at his coming rejoice,  
Who long from afar for his snow-girdled car,  
And the tones of his gladsome voice ;  
Then quaff the rich wassail, each freeman and vassal,  
And as its dark wavelets ye pour,  
Unfurl each bright banner, and may peaceful winds fan her,  
" Les Trois Lions et le brave Tricolor !"

F. D. D.

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## CLOUD-LAND.



'Twas New Year's eve ; the dew-bespangled robe  
 Of twilight fast was dropping o'er the world,  
 And Nature, as an old man wearied out  
 With toil beyond his strength, sank slowly down,  
 Majestic to the last in calm repose.  
 Enwrapt in musing fit the shapes I viewed,  
 Which round the sun were gathering as he glow'd,  
 A pageant soon to flee, and shed on all  
 A mellowing glory. Everything was there,  
 Mountains with rugged summits tow'ring high,  
 And pierced with many a cavern ; wooded hills,  
 Fields, castles, villages, cathedral domes,  
 Church spires, and palaces, together thrown  
 In strange confusion. Even as I gazed,  
 And listen'd to the murmuring of the breeze  
 That stirr'd the wither'd leaves with gentle breath,  
 And soothing sound, a slumber fell on me.  
 Then by some power invisible upborne,  
 It seem'd that I was wafted far away ;

And soaring through the air, houses and woods,  
Meadows and streams were blended into one,  
Dwindling and dwindling till I reach'd the clouds.  
And boldly plunging in their wat'ry depths  
Earth vanished from my sight; when suddenly  
Before my eyes appear'd a wondrous scene,  
So exquisitely fair, that mortal pen,  
Or words most eloquent could not express  
One half the dazzling beauty that unveil'd  
On every side; below me, and above  
Lay sheets of rolling vapour, seas of foam,  
In which each drop a perfect prism shone,  
Adorn'd with rainbow tints; and waves of gold  
With silver tipp'd upon each other rush'd  
In beautiful disorder, ceaseless change,  
Mingling and intermingling in their dyes.  
Vast plains there were from whose expansive breasts  
Rose like volcanoes piles of snowy white,  
Their hollow summits burning with a fringe  
Of flame, from which no dusky smoke came forth  
To darken, or defile it's purity.  
Whilst sparkling off from many a lofty arch  
Fell radiant globes of light, and each a star,  
A vivid meteor flash, a ball of fire,  
A mimic comet trailing far behind  
A ruddy wake to mark it's downward road.

Methought that all was thickly cover'd o'er

By countless myriads of aerial forms,  
Diminutive in stature, and so light  
That e'en the ether scarcely was impress'd  
Beneath their joyous tread. No ornament  
Borrow'd from man they wore, for garbs like theirs  
No human-hand could weave, but Heaven herself  
In her own hues adorn'd them, as the sun  
Pour'd on their robes of mist his brightening beams.  
Upon each neck a chain of crystal drops  
Hung glittering, which in brilliancy surpass'd  
Golgonda's boasted diamonds, and was deck'd  
With richer colours than the pearl of Ind.  
Thousands and thousands of their azure wings  
Disturb'd the air, as quick in giddy rounds  
They whirl'd or form'd the complicated dance,  
And laugh'd and shouted in their merriment.  
But oh! that laughter, such a sound I ween  
Was never heard before, 'twas like the noise  
Of rain fast patt'ring on some woodland pool  
In liquid harmony, or as a brook  
Incessant gurgling down it's pebbly bed,  
So clear, so musical, so sweetly pure,  
It made my heart beat higher, and my soul  
With such unutterable gladness filled,  
That as entranced with thrilling ecstasy  
I bent to listen, tears flow'd down my checks.  
Some launching fleecy boats, away, away,  
Scudded from cloud to cloud, borne swiftly on

By favourable winds ; now white as wool,  
Now blushing crimson, and their sinuous course  
Through channels, gulphs, and islets steered with skill,  
Or when perchance a bold projecting point  
Their shallows wreck'd, right actively would work  
The little mariners, by dint of strength,  
To free the barks once more, and then would dart  
With loud redoubled cries of mirth to race  
Their active comrades, straining ev'ry nerve,  
And anxious to attain th' appointed goal,  
For wreaths, or bracelets twin'd with lily flowers.  
Some from the yielding element hew'd out  
Temples, and obelisks, and pyramids,  
Lab'ring with sportive toil, but soon again,  
Long ere the towering structure was complete  
Th' industrious architects, by idle whim,  
In the mere wantonness of life and joy,  
Dash'd them to pieces, only to rebuild.  
But ever from the dim horizon flock'd  
A host of their canoes, which troop on troop  
To join the annual assembly came,  
And full of weighty messages, the friends  
Their comrades greeted, as they hurried by.

One cloud there was that slowly sail'd along  
With stately motion, as a noble ship,  
Which when each polish'd mast, and slender spar,  
Are hid amidst the canvass stretch'd to catch

The first faint breezes, scarcely with her keel  
Furrows the ocean starting on her track,  
While smaller vessels plunging all around  
Pass and repass her oft, in brisk career.  
There on his throne I saw the fairy king,  
Within a chamber whose empurpled vault  
Excell'd the grotto of Antiparos.  
Resplendent with it's hanging stalactites  
And gorgeous roof, more than the orb of noon  
Outshines all mortal fires. The crested dome,  
Where matchless Nature had herself inwrought  
The ruby's red, the sapphire's glancing blue,  
The emerald's green, and scatter'd here and there  
Festoons inimitable, pendant leaves,  
And blossoms such as grow on heavenly soil,  
More gloriously was graced than festive halls  
Of royal palaces. The throne was form'd  
Of one huge amethyst ; the pavement smooth  
Was as the surface of a placid lake,  
When pictur'd in its glassy breast is seen  
The network of the overspreading boughs,  
Each quiv'ring spray, and flutt'ring bird that hops  
Across the slender sprigs ; e'en thus there seem'd  
To be a dome above, a dome below,  
An image so deceptive, that the troops  
Of wingèd beings which circled him appear'd  
To step on naught but air. The monarch bore  
A pink enamell'd halo for a crown :

His hand sustain'd a sceptre, at whose beck  
 The swift attendants ever went and came,  
 Hast'ning to execute his lov'd commands  
 With willing minds. He needed not the aid  
 Of perishable jewels, for he had  
 Such beauty in himself, that by some charm  
 My eyes were fix'd in rapture, and I stood  
 Amaz'd, and with excess of pleasure mute,  
 Deep drinking in the feast of loveliness.  
 They danced, and revelled to the distant noise  
 Of flowing waters and of rushing winds,  
 Strange accents singing, which my spirit learn'd  
 In vain to understand, until mine ears  
 Receiv'd unwonted strength, and then I heard.

(FIRST FAIRY.)

The last gleams are flying,  
 The old year is dying,  
 And o'er him in sorrow the past Hours are crying;  
 With the shadows up-creeping  
 Comes the sound of their weeping,  
 The spirits are busy, we may not be sleeping.  
 By the tone of the wailing  
 I know he is failing,  
 His pulses beat feebler, his wan cheeks are paling,  
 And there is work to be done  
 When the day is gone,  
 Ere on earth has arisen to-morrow's sun.  
 We must wash his car  
 From the stains of war,  
 From the dust of battles in regions afar;



And go forth to meet  
The new year so fleet,  
Bestrewing his way with flow'rets sweet,  
For he comes pure, and mild,  
Like an innocent child,  
Who deems as himself the whole world undefiled.  
That done ; from our play  
No longer we'll stay,  
But leaving the earth we will fly far away ;  
Our joyous path trace  
Through the realms of space,  
And dance on the moon's round, silvery face,  
Then with trains of light,  
As meteors bright,  
Astonish the shepherds who watch the night,  
Or sitting astride  
On a sunbeam we'll ride,  
And out to old Saturn, and dark Neptune glide.  
We'll thread the ways  
Of the Pleiades maze,  
And bask in the Dog Star's scorching rays.  
But as soon as the morn  
Has begun to dawn,  
And the hoarfrost is scatter'd on meadow and lawn,  
In King Charles's wain  
We'll return again  
To keep guard over men, and to combat with Pain.  
For our enemy  
And foeman, he  
Will rejoice to gain a victory,  
Should we yield to him  
A conquest grin,  
But a moment's space in the gloaming dim,

Ere the loosen'd rill  
 Is heard on the hill,  
 Or the greedy frost has drunk his fill,  
 And from pond and creek  
 Has return'd to seek  
 On the mountain top his dwelling bleak.

(*Chorus*). Dance, dance, around our king,  
 Merrily, merrily, in a ring,  
 For we always have striven, and ever will,  
 To work for good, and not for ill.

(ALL)

The little bear  
 With pole and snare  
 We will hunt and chase through the northern air ;  
 And by night-winds blown  
 Up the spacious Zone,  
 We will sit and rest in Cassiope's throne,  
 Or the quiver and bow  
 From the Hunter slow  
 Bear stealthily off to our homes below :  
 Whilst Lyra sings  
 With her mellow strings,  
 When struck by the blows of our rustling wings,  
 And the Twin Stars frown,  
 As we carry down  
 To the sea the gems of the Ancient Crown.

(*Chorus*). Dance, dance, around our king,  
 Merrily, merrily, in a ring,  
 For we always have striven, and ever will,  
 To work for good, and not for ill.

## (SECOND FAIRY.)

As eve was approaching I espied a boy  
 Run to sport in the lanes, with shouts of joy :  
 His flaxen curls flow'd on his shoulders behind,  
 And his rosy face glowed in the pure, brisk wind.  
 To his merry tread the hard earth rang,  
 As I led him to where the clear icicles hang ;  
 Where the frost had sheath'd the trees with white,  
 And the leafless bushes looked cheering and bright,  
 And, oh, my heart bounded with mirth to see,  
 Whilst he plucked the frozen twigs in glee.  
 I guided him when, with footing nice,  
 He trusted himself on the slippery ice,  
 I brought him again to his fireside warm,  
 To his anxious mother, unscathed by harm.

(*Chorus*). Dance, dance, around our king,  
 Merrily, merrily, in a ring,  
 For we always have striven, and ever will,  
 To work for good, and not for ill.

## (THIRD FAIRY).

I spied a young maiden who walk'd alone  
 Mourning her lover dead,  
 And to see her chok'd and tearless woe  
 My inmost bosom bled.  
 I show'd her where he used to sit  
 Beneath the ivied oak,  
 And list to the cooing turtle dove,  
 Or the woodpecker's ceaseless stroke.  
 I whisper'd to her " He loves you still  
 In happier scenes than these,"  
 And I made her think that she heard once more  
 His voice upon the breeze :

She turned aside, and then was thaw'd  
 The ice of her frozen grief;  
 In chasten'd sorrow she bent her head,  
 And the warm tears gave relief.

(*Chorus*). Dance, dance, around our king,  
 Merrily, merrily, in a ring,  
 For we always have striven, and ever will,  
 To work for good, and not for ill.

(FOURTH FAIRY.)

Through the smoky strife I saw,  
 Pierc'd with wounds a soldier fall;  
 Whilst above the din of war  
 Rose a feeble, smother'd call.  
 Swift on wings of love I flew,  
 Bent to ease his parting breath;  
 Soothe his pain when closer drew,  
 Glorifying in the battle,—Death.

“Who,” he murmur'd faint, “will bear  
 “Tidings to my native shore?  
 “Who will tell my mother there,  
 “That she has a son no more?  
 “Tell her that no gloomy dread  
 “Marr'd the brightness of my peace;  
 “That my soul untroubled fled,  
 “Eager for a glad release.

“Give her this, my guide, my trust;  
 “Give her”—but his accents fail'd,  
 Bursting from the frame of dust,  
 Up to heaven his spirit sail'd.  
 Back to earth the body roll'd,  
 Open fell his blood-stained vest,  
 Showing where, within it's fold,  
 Lay the Bible, on his breast.

Hastily his comrade took,  
 Stooping down amid the fray,  
 From his heart the precious book,  
 Passport to Eternal Day.  
 Quickly, too, I bent my flight,  
 Through the sky's o'er-arching dome,  
 Onward, till my anxious sight  
 Caught his widow'd mother's home.

Soon arriv'd the mournful tale,  
 Bitter suff'ring dimmed her eye,  
 Fiercely swell'd Bereavement's gale,  
 Whilst Affliction eddied by.  
 Then I hover'd 'mid the storm,  
 Thoughts of joy and comfort brought,  
 And raising up her drooping form  
 Pointed to her son's support.

Token of his constant love,  
 There the volume met her gaze,  
 Sayings from the world above  
 Read she in that gory page.  
 " Yes" she said, " though not below,  
 " Yet shall I my lov'd one see,  
 " For 'tis writ,—' to him I go,  
 " But he cannot come to me.' "

(*Chorus.*) Dance, dance, around our king,  
 Merrily, merrily, in a ring,  
 For we always have striven, and ever will,  
 To work for good, and not for ill.

They paus'd, and all was still : the king of day  
 Stood waiting on the Ocean's farthest verge,

Before he dipp'd beneath the swelling waves  
 That seem'd to spread a couch of molten bronze,  
 O'erhung with rosy curtains, as the flakes  
 Of frothy vapour floated round the West,  
 Who sat array'd in borrow'd panoply  
 To watch his master as he hasten'd past,  
 And then again to sink in gathering shade,  
 Devoid and stripp'd of beauty not his own.  
 But soon I heard with melancholy notes  
 The song arise in cadence wild and low ;—

(FIFTH FAIRY).

He is passing,  
 He is passing,  
 Minute after minute chasing ;  
 Bells are pealing,  
 Clocks revealing,  
 How the last hour is quickly stealing.  
 Hark ! to that sound  
 Which rushes around,  
 In the heaven and on the ground ;  
 I shudder to hear,  
 A mysterious fear  
 Creeps over me, as it strikes mine ear.  
 It draws more nigh,  
 It has filled the sky,  
 Now with noise confused it is rolling by,  
 'Tis a muffled tread,—  
 See ! the sun has fled,—  
 Oh look ! brothers look ! the Old Year is—dead !

IS DEAD—IS DEAD—IS DEAD—the words were lost

In circling echo through the universe,  
From sun to moon, and back from moon to sun  
Reverberating loud. Each glimm'ring star  
Repeated them; Orion rang again,  
The Serpent shook and hurl'd them down to earth,  
Which, answering, mutter'd deep—IS DEAD—IS DEAD!  
Through me they swept like thunder; and there came  
Responsive murmurs from the bounds of space,  
Distinct, yet soft; most piercing, yet most still:  
A voice to strike the guilty soul with dread,  
And call the slumbering stings of conscience forth;  
Yet full of consolation to the mind  
That reverences, not dreads a holy God,—  
“Ye sons of men! another time has gone  
“From those which make the world's appointed days;  
“And nearer now draws on His cloud-wrapt car,  
“Before whose face the rocks and hills shall melt,  
“And all this massive planet be dissolv'd.  
“Another time has gone, but not its deeds,  
“For they remain before Jehovah's throne,  
“A faithful monument of life or death  
“To all the human race.” It ceased, and fix'd  
In momentary trance I lay, and then  
The vision fled, and I awoke to think  
In blended awe and sadness o'er the dream.

L. F.

SADNESS AND MIRTH :  
OR  
THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF LIFE.

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I stood upon the shelving strands,  
    It was on a summer eve,  
I watched the wavelets on the sands  
    Their form and fashion leave.

I saw the ebbing tide back roll,  
    And the moon shine from her bower,  
And heard the distant belfry toll  
    Solemnly the passing hour.

Cynthia I saw with silvery lip  
    Touch the wimpling waves of brine,  
And from her golden goblet sip  
    The emerald juice of Neptune's vine.



From the crest of each pure billow  
    Flashèd back the moon's pale beams,  
While asleep on coral pillow  
    Lay the nymphs enwrapt in dreams.

All was bathed in light and grandeur,  
    And anon, like midnight thief,  
The tremulant rays, still fearing danger,  
    Sketched the strand in bas-relief.

The ghastly sea-weed scatter'd o'er,  
    The shell that whisper'd to the gale,  
As it lay, the peaceful shore  
    Quivered in the sickly trail.

I saw the stars from casements shining  
    In the firmament's blue chart,  
They seem'd with magic spell divining  
    The hid secrets of my heart.

Then a feeling soft came o'er me,  
    One which I could not suppress,  
For appear'd to rise before me  
    Dreams of human happiness.

And I grasp'd the phantom vision,  
    But it glided into air,  
As it mocked my indecision,  
    And denied my earnest prayer.

But the Spirit of the Ocean

Thus my wand'ring thoughts address,  
His words so rapturous with emotion,  
Oft have haunted this sad breast :—

“ Mortal, thou strugglest with delusion,  
“ Thy thoughts lie in a troubled vein,  
“ A wind-voice in its sweet confusion,  
“ An echo I from Ocean's fane,

“ To soothe thy mind and teach it reason,  
“ Thus to point the way to Peace,  
“ And to shew thee in their season,  
“ Life's vicissitudes, caprice !

“ Mark ! the wavelets gently chasing,  
“ Scarcely ruffled by the breeze,  
“ Each the other's step replacing,  
“ As they ride the distant seas.

“ Lies the scene in beauty wrapt,  
“ Should I strike the tempest's keys,  
“ Lightning-clothèd, thunder-capt,  
“ Fierce would roll their symphonies ;

“ For at His word the tempest's thunder  
“ With the lightning shall be blent ;  
“ Rocks shall e'en be cleft asunder,  
“ Nature shall by storms be rent

“ And the furious whirlwind blending  
    “ With the hail shall landward hiss ;”—  
He spoke, and with the words descending,  
    Plunged beneath the dark abyss.—

Lo ! outstretched with darksome awning,  
    Veil'd the clouds the sky serene,  
As in prelude they gave warning  
    Of a wild, tempestuous scene.

Closer, more dense, the black mass thicken'd,  
    Pouring forth its floods of hail,  
Whilst the billows rode storm-quicken'd,  
    Driven by the boisterous gale.

Trembling at the bass vibration,  
    Shiver'd e'en the foaming surge,  
And the flash in revelation  
    Saw the coast writhe 'neath its scourge.

Mountain on mountain, piled aloft,  
    Tower'd the mass in curvèd bow,  
Then like the crested snake when scoff'd,  
    Darts his venom on the foe :

At one time hissing 'gainst the rocks,  
    That resisted yet their wrath,  
Or lifted by the equinox  
    Licked Heaven's surface with their froth :

And methought a goodly vessel  
 Strove athwart the hurricane ;  
 As with winds 'twas seen to wrestle,  
 Boom'd the minute gun in vain.

Lo ! once more the storm subsides,  
 Vanish'd is the rude alarm,  
 While again the swollen tides  
 Ran in channels smooth and calm.

And the ship her pathway wended,  
 Fearless since the danger past,  
 Yet the dang'rous flag depended,  
 Drooping from the quiv'ring mast.

Smiles were seen Heaven's face to gladden,  
 As her cloudy brow she clears,  
 But was left my mind to sadden,  
 Nature 'lone dissolved in tears.

Ask you of tears, what is their meaning ?  
 Whence an utterance can they find ?  
 Scatter'd grains, that, left from gleaning,  
 Point the harvest of the mind

What ? but silent harbingers  
 Of the heart's deep hidden sense,  
 Swift yet speechless messengers,  
 To declare its sentiments ;

Gentle whispers with their sighing,  
Are they from the troubled breast,  
Gentler echoes soft replying,  
Dewdrops from man's heart express'd ;  
Say you they are strange devices,  
Worthless pleas man finds for grief ?  
Ah ! they own a thousand voices,  
Angels they to give relief.  
Think not 'tis foolish to repine,  
'Tis a creed of fools alone,  
Man is nobler, more divine,  
When his heart is not of stone !

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Then at length Heaven closed her gate-head,  
Whence the watery mass had burst,  
And the scene, with darkness freighted,  
Tranquil grew and bright as erst.

Sweet that voice once more resounded  
In mine ears, like patt'ring rain,  
They, by the storm-din no more wounded,  
Strove to catch the sweet refrain,—

“ Listen, mortal, to this sequel !

“ To this lesson, Nature-taught,

“ All things, tho' diverse, yet are equal,

“ In His sight exists no—nought.

- “ Life is but that Ocean glorious,  
“ Glist’ning ’neath yon orb sublime,  
“ That, with efforts e’er laborious,  
“ Strikes anent the shores of Time.
- “ The ship thou sawest nobly battling,  
“ Is man’s soul ’midst dangers weird,  
“ And those guns with iron prattling  
“ Are the stings of conscience sear’d.
- “ The merry chimes that lately greeted  
“ The swift moments in their pass,\*  
“ Are the prologues oft repeated  
“ In Life’s semi-tragic farce.
- “ The youthful child his toy-boat launcheth,  
“ Full of hopes and fears the while,  
“ To the tiny billows chanceth  
“ What was fraught with anxious toil.
- “ Man, when young, elate with gladness,  
“ In the stream of Pleasure laves,  
“ For unmarr’d by this world’s sadness  
“ Gently flow the crystal waves.
- “ Ever restless, ever changing,  
“ Seeking for some fresh employ,  
“ Since no griefs his joys estranging,  
“ Tell him Life has no alloy.

\* *Pass*—for passage, transit.

“ Tell him falsely, what is falsehood !

“ Life is but a Pleasure-Fair,

“ That the soul from dangers wooed,

“ E'en may sport and revel there.

“ He may at the altar Pleasure

“ Immolate his vows in youth,

“ And may grasp *that* for his treasure,

“ Which is but a cobweb smooth.

“ But as Time on him his finger

“ Lays, he finds 'tis not a dream,

“ E'en the moments will not linger,

“ Joys too are not what they seem.

“ Soon the clouds of woe surround him,

“ And Affliction's tide sets in,

“ Whilst the shafts of sadness wound him,

“ 'Scaping not the general din.

“ In his days now plainly number'd,

“ He reviews his mis-spent life,

“ And beholds his soul long slumber'd

“ Wrapt in th' elemental strife.

“ Vainly does his conscience mutter

“ Warnings in its notes of woe,

“ Still his thoughts like pennons flutter

“ In the breeze that Sin's gales blow.

- " Snow-crown'd age may find the anger  
     " Of the tempest pass'd away,  
 " But remains a passive languor,  
     " Cowers his mind beneath its sway.
- " Ah! mortal, thou wert born to sorrow,  
     " Justice is Creation's law,  
 " Sadness now, and Mirth to-morrow,  
     " Life's enigma solved before.\*
- " Life is short, but joys are shorter,  
     " Pleasure is a Goddess bought,  
 " And Remorse, e'en Death escort her,  
     " Till the mind she treads, yields drought.
- " " *O! lay not up your hopes on earth,*  
     " " *Where the moth and rust corrode,*  
 " There is Sadness, there is Mirth,  
     " Listen to this episode.
- " In Life's garland, howe'er fair,  
 " Sadness and Mirth they are woven there!  
 " In sweet Nature's kindly tone,  
 " Girdled by Creation's zone;  
 " From the cradle to the grave,  
 " Leaping o'er Life's troubled wave;

\* *Solved before*—e.g., at the Fall, when the curse was pronounced upon our first parents with respect to the eating of the forbidden fruit.



“ In the early scenes of youth,  
“ Tho’ they flow so calm and smooth ;  
“ In man’s swift, successive ages,  
“ Thro’ Life’s drear and varied stages ;  
“ In the childish sport and play,  
“ Brighten’d by Affection’s ray ;  
“ In the prime of manhood’s years,  
“ Which a sadder aspect wears ;  
“ In the cup of youthful love,  
“ Where twin hearts in cadence move ;  
“ In the mazes of the world,  
“ Thro’ whose glitter he is whirled ;  
“ In the brilliant masquerade,  
“ Where Beauty reigns, and is obeyed ;  
“ In the more active scenes, where Vice  
“ And Falsehood lend their baneful voice ;  
“ In the drunken night’s debauch,  
“ In the revel at Death’s porch ;  
“ In the songs that oft resound  
“ From the room Silenus-crown’d ;  
“ In the worldling’s course thro’ life  
“ Mark’d by sin and moneyed strife ;  
“ E’en in the Christian’s path so bright,  
“ Hallow’d by its Heavenly light ;  
“ In the warrior’s hard-earn’d fame,  
“ Who maketh slaughter his sole aim ;  
“ Both in the poet’s and artist’s lore,  
“ In golden cups as in days of yore ;

“ When Greece and Rome at their zenith were,  
“ And the civilised world crouched not to Despair;  
“ In the homes of *this* earth, ay, everywhere,  
“ Sadness and Mirth they are mingled there !”

Ceased the voice, and left me buried  
    In the dreams those words had wrought,  
Sadly then I homeward hurried,  
    Tost upon the sea of Thought.

While with Sadness Mirth entwining,  
    *That* my mind appeared to shroud ;  
But said a voice, “ there is a lining,  
    “ A silver one to every cloud !”

Then when I stood before the portal,  
    Gazing on the darken'd pane,  
Before me flash'd those words immortal,  
    Those whispers beauteous from the main. !

J. W. D.

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## WARNINGS FROM NATURE.



There is a voice which calls to man,  
    And warns him to be wise ;  
Above, below him, and around,  
    Oft does that voice arise.

Each flower that in the hedgerow blooms,  
    Each little bird that sings,  
To every one who passes by  
    A word of counsel brings.

The lily in the shady grove,  
    With her flowers of snowy hue,  
Shows him he should strive to live  
    Pure, and unspotted too.

The violet on the grassy bank,  
    And the yellow primrose gay,  
Cheering the weary traveller's sight,  
    As he plods along his way,

And the graceful wood anemone  
With one accord declare,  
“ Lift up, lift up, your hearts to Him  
“ Whose hand has set us there.”

Then let us not in proud disdain  
These humble voices spurn,  
Or deem ourselves too great, too wise,  
From the lowly flowers to learn.

Can we whose weakness is so great,  
Whose knowledge so confin'd,  
Whose days so quickly pass away,  
Nor leave a trace behind ;

Can we no deep instruction draw,  
No useful lessons take  
From works, which God Omnipotent  
Hath not despised to make ?

Will they not all in judgment rise,  
And haughty man condemn,  
For the wisdom which he might have gain'd,  
Had he but heeded them !

L. F.

## THE DELAWARE'S LAMENT.



Art thou fallen, O my brother ?  
 Shall I hear thy voice no more ?  
 Weep, ye echoes of the mountain,  
 Weep, ye echoes of the shore :

Who of late so loudly sounded,  
 As his shallop cleft the waves,  
 Speechless now, and mute with sorrow,  
 Sitting in your vocal caves.

Weep, ye monarchs of the forest,  
 Check thy flowing, crystal rill,  
 He no more shall taste thy waters  
 Bubbling on the thirsty hill.

Mourn for him, ye headlong rivers  
 Sweeping down the mountain side,  
 Ne'er again shall ye behold him  
 Stemming your impetuous tide.

Wither now, ye woodland bowers,  
Wither now each leafy glade ;  
Drop, oh ! drop, your faded blossoms,  
Cease, oh ! cease, your useless shade.

Fearless through the rustling brakewood,  
Wander on, ye timid deer ;  
He is dead at whom ye trembled,  
When his voice came hov'ring near.

Wolves, and wild beasts of the desert,  
Sing ye now a song of joy,  
He is dead whose certain arrow  
Never flew but to destroy.

Art thou fallen, O my brother ?  
Shall I see thy face no more ?  
Tell it, comrades, to the mountains,  
Tell it, mountains, to the shore :

Tell it, shore, to every billow ;  
Tell it, billows, to the gale ;  
Tell it, winds, till all Creation  
Utters forth a general wail.

Hark ! I hear the rocks complaining,  
Hark ! I hear the tall trees groan,  
Swelling floods, and trickling brooklet,  
Earth, and Heaven, and Ocean moan.

All with one united voice,  
All for instant vengeance cry ;  
See ! the hand of Night is clothing  
In a funeral garb the sky.

Forward ! forward ! to the battle,  
Ere the field is sunk in gloom ;  
With my brother let me perish,  
Let me share my brother's tomb !

L. F

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# TRUTH,

A POEM IN TWO PARTS.

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And what is TRUTH? the breath of God Himself,  
The halo that encycles Zion's towers,  
The angel pure who on Creation's morn  
The prologue chaunted to Redemption's law,  
The highest and the noblest strain that man,  
A grovelling worm, can utter, the small stream  
That winds with silvery melody around  
The Universe, the queen of every Virtue wrapt  
In man, his soul's transcendent rays,  
Centre to which his being gravitates,  
The fulcrum that supports the grandeur stern  
Of Nature, and to sum the measure up,  
For numbers cannot count her sterling worth,  
"Christ is 'the Truth,' and Truth the Word of God!"



## TRUTH.

## ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION to the Poem—Invocation of the Spirit of Truth—Man—His character—Innate principles of Right and Wrong—The Soul—The tree of Intellect—Repudiation of Truth in all ages by man—The Virtues—The world's panorama—Human vices—The steps from Truth to Falsehood—Guile—Deceit—The mimic arts employed by mankind—Prevarication—The accompaniments—The school boy—Truth betwixt parents and children—The parent's treatment of her child—Exaggeration—The courtesies of Life—Flattery—The Lie concealed beneath the mocking tone—The Nurse and her child—The youth—Avarice—The Jew—The Miser—His wretched life and more infamous end—Scandal—Her servile practices—Falsehood direct—The Universe has ever been stained by it—The Infidel—His accursed creed—Abnegation of God, Creation, the Word of God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost—The death bed of the Atheist—His futile entreaties for salvation—The warning his death should afford for his disciples—Hypocrisy—Perjury and Treachery, his intimate friends—The forger—The suicide—The unjust judge—The Lawyer—The divine—The various religious sects on earth—The Roman Catholic—His creed—His abominable practices—The Goddess Pleasure—Her fascinations, some of the world's pleasures—The ball-room—The race-course—Its frequenter—The Theatre—Pride—Vanity—Self-conceit—Fame—The warrior—The Artist—Poverty and Wealth—The Gamester—The Coxcomb—The Flirt—The blessings of the millennium—Truth once more acknowledged as the supreme Virtue—Conclusion.

SPIRIT OF TRUTH ETERNAL! thou to whom  
 The first man in his days of bliss on earth,  
 Untutored, owned unbought supremacy,  
 And at thy shrine immaculate his vows,

Once holy, offered ; and, while Virtue reigned,  
Became her willing subject, 'till, by sin  
Unscaled, his eyes the balance sure perceived,  
Where Justice poised the weights of Right and Wrong  
In equal scale, presenting to his choice ;  
Chusing the latter, soon he learned to mock  
Thy precepts and thy wisdom ; thou who hast  
From ages ante-mundane, full of Night,  
Through centuries primeval, step by step  
Down Time's gigantic stairway to this age  
Of Day enlightening, with fair Virtue passed,  
By man tho' tainted yet preserved intact,  
Still hovering o'er this globe replete with Art  
And all the signs that Wisdom hath set up  
To act as landmarks to the mortal soul,  
When wandering o'er Life's desert pilgrimage,  
Forlorn and needing but some guiding star  
To point the way to human happiness  
Oft disregarded for the barren wastes,  
And mountain unattainable 'neath which  
The curse of God lay pent ; O thou who art  
The one great firmament, in which  
The stars, the epochs in man's carnal life,  
Do travel in their daily course around  
The one great centre of omniscient light  
The Word of God and Virtue both combined,  
Both scorn'd, oft trampled on ; thee I invoke,  
Spirit immutable, Eternal Truth !

My lips direct, me teach, and gently now  
Upon my lyre place thou thy guiding hand!

In what strains suitable can I rehearse,  
Rolling my numbers o'er the sum of man,  
The hidden mysteries of that precious gem  
Reflected from thy crystal mirror, when  
It stands triumphant 'neath the throne of God?  
What better inchoation could I find,  
By which my brother man, misguided, wrecked,  
Like ship without a rudder, rudely tost  
On Life's deep stormy waves, may shelter gain  
In port of Peace, than by depicting first  
His character as known, unknown, as changed,  
Unchangeable, probing his inmost heart,  
Unprobed before, and lay it open, bared,  
And stripped of all its insignificance.  
What better strain adapted to her lyre  
Could Virtue strike, than by recounting next  
In man her various doctrines Heaven-instilled,  
That flowing in the Stream of Life become  
In this world's miry quicksands close involved,  
And bear upon their current to the grave,  
A mixture tainted that defiles the whole?  
Man, man endowed with reasoning and a mind,  
With talent, genius, and the other leaves,  
That growing on the tree of Intellect,  
Are watered by the holy dews of Truth,

And pruned by Jehovah's hand, still erred,  
Chusing to pluck the venomous fruit instead,  
That with its tinselled blossom glowed afar,  
Alluring to the taste his mind deceived,  
Which when once tasted left him wracked with pains,  
Him of his purchase senseless to apprise.  
Man ever did, doth now, and ever will  
The sterling value of this Truth reject  
For the mere glittering bauble that but gleams  
The moment, and then tarnish'd, dull appears,  
An empty shadow leaving in his grasp.

The several Virtues that at man's first birth  
Inherent are, expanding as his soul,  
Like the bright sun upon his early course  
Pours o'er the glebe a golden flood of light  
Subdued and soft, that with its radiant heat  
The flow'ring pistils warms, which scarce at first  
Venture to thrust their parti-coloured leaves  
In ruby cell enclosed; then boldly ope  
Their petals, when the sun its zenith full  
Hath passed. Thus, in the sacred morn of Life,  
Those virtues grow so fearless, they would seem  
As tho' not part and parcel of himself.  
Developed yet, his mind in course of Time  
Shows all the genial qualities arrayed  
Before the world; follows the anti-change;  
'Tis then spring up the poisonous weeds of earth,

its pomp, its pleasures, and in glowing hue  
The panorama floats before his gaze ;  
He looks ; then gradually admires in fine  
That master-piece, the Devil's own *chef d'œuvre*,  
Until, allured by false attractions, pays  
The stipulated sum, his soul,—content  
With his sad bargain plunging into Death.

Strange vices are there prevalent 'mongst men,  
In number and in order eight ; a step  
Each forming in the ladder that depends  
From Truth's empyrean into Falsehood's depths.  
And first of these, an old man in his sins,  
Comes Guile ; his art is universal, since  
Pervading every stage and every rank  
In man's existence, from the beardless youth,  
E'en to the hoary head of years, on whom  
If such, the monarch's blessing would not fall.  
Sprung from his loins a progeny of woe,  
Stalks forth Deceit, who, with his wily tongue  
Whispers the car of man, thus calmly fooled,  
Poisons his mind with doctrines rank and bad,  
Deceitful leading him to clothe his thoughts  
Beneath its surplice shadowy, impure ;  
'Till cramp'd and fetter'd by the galling chains  
Escape he knows not, and remains fast bound.  
Delusion fatal ; mockery of sin,  
Unhallowed practice, which the Word of God

Has oft denounced, and yet, O foolish soul,  
Thou harbourest its presence, baneful, cursed,  
'Till, as the ingrate serpent, it in wrath  
Its blackest venom on thine heart implants.  
A petty fault 'mong worldly men exists,  
'Mong woman-kind still more; too palpable  
E'er to remain unstigmatized; 'tis this.—  
A woman has been known, her heart estranged,  
Though placed within the sphere of pomp and wealth,  
And gifted with all blessings craved by man,  
In daily intercourse with Death to live,  
Unguarded from his shafts unerring winged.  
Her comrades to deceive she would essay,  
The world at large, by looks unnatural,  
Would strive to check of counterfeited Age  
His steps, his irresistless ravages  
In Pelian fashion, and would mimic arts  
Unlike sweet Nature use, loathsome withal.  
Such filthy mummery I do abhor,  
Disgraceful to the holy cross we bear,  
A mockery of Creation and her gifts.  
For thou might'st see her at the dead of night  
Before her gilded mirror sitting still,  
With fastened door to screen the sight of men  
But not of God from her unhallowed deeds.  
Then would she trembling seize each guilty tool  
Her countenance to sculpture smooth, erase  
The wrinkled furrows made by Time's deep plough,

And colour with a velvet touch and dye  
 Her parchèd cheek, her bosom, and her hair,  
 And with a self-bought smiie her form admire,  
 Freed from its chains, and in the brilliant room  
 Would e'en with youth spin out the ravished hour,  
 Listening to words of flattery, engrossed  
 In self so much, that e'en th' observant eye  
 Of those around she sees not, sternly fixed,  
 Herself the butt of Scandal's darts and jokes,  
 Till wakened to a sense of nothingness  
 Retires to mourn a sensual mind, a soul,  
 A blasted, withered fruit, a fig-tree cursed !

Appears upon the stage of Life one next,  
 Whose footsteps wavering from the path of Truth  
 Start oft-times like a broken bow, when launched  
 The arrow from the archer's powerful palm.  
 His tottering footsteps scarce support a frame  
 Palsied with fear, and quivering with affright,  
 His 'scutcheon is a quibble, and his arms  
 Deceit and Wrong ; his shield the motto bears,—  
 Prevarication : not the stripling tall,  
 Nor grey-haired sire can e'er shun his darts.  
 Yet oftener found in youth ;—the school boy who,  
 With satchel on his shoulder wends his way  
 To village school, and wish'd him home the while,  
 Midway reluctant loiters on the road,  
 In sport to wile away the weary hour :

Arriving late before the school-room door,  
 Behind the cowering forms he skulks, and seeks  
 By falsehood indirectly to avoid  
 The pedagogue's uplifted arm and rod.  
 Vain subterfuge! he little thought to' escape  
 A Day of future punishment condign!

Betwixt the parent and the child of years  
 Truth should subsist, and on a footing sure  
 Her golden fruit should realize from both.  
 Yet on the parent must this sole rely :  
 Of such twain have I seen, in character  
 Diverse, with minds opposed, wills antithetical.  
 Mark then, O Christian, each, and silent draw  
 A line of demarcation 'twixt the two.  
 A family behold! where hearts were loved,  
 Where sweet Affection's rays shone lustrous forth,  
 Unquenched on the altar, glowing warm,  
 Fed by the oil of Love, and fanned by Truth.  
 They loved their offspring, not in outward form  
 As many love, but with the heart sincere.  
 They spoke not once in wrath, harsh words knew not,  
 Nor foul invectives [shame on the parent's tongue,]  
 Nor blows, or menaces disgraced their hands  
 Or speech,—by actions kind they strove, and tones  
 Still kinder, thus “to bind with cords of love”  
 Those little hearts to theirs', and as the magnet strong  
 By force innate impelled the loadstone clasps,



As radii to yon orb's centripetal,  
Their hearts attract and they succeeded soon.  
How sweet to watch that circle by the hearth  
On Winter's eve, to see those tiny hands  
Placed trustingly within those elder palms,  
And with an upturned face, reflection fair  
Of the maternal mirror, silent gaze,  
With looks that spoke a rapturous eloquence,  
With ear attentive listen to the tale  
Of interest, now with anxious look  
That boded sorrow, or the merry laugh  
Would ring in silvery tones anon from glee,  
That e'en the angels, raptured at the sight,  
Their harps would strike in concert to the sound.  
And I have known, alas! the household where  
Fear reigned, and Love was banished from her realm.  
Those little hearts estrangèd grew, were seared,  
And stunted in their growth, neglected thus  
They ran a-seed, for ah! they took delight,  
Those parents in upbraiding, thwarting each  
And every thought or word expressed, would spurn,  
Ay, treat in icy form their blighted hopes,  
Thus crushing out their very soul to dust,  
Leaving a curse and not a blessing rich  
To weep, and stain the grass of Youth with blood.  
Yet in a stranger's presence 'lone they talked,  
And chatted friendly, smiled, e'en laughed anon  
In unrestrainèd mirth, but when they caught

The sound of heavy footsteps drawing near  
And saw that withering glance, relapsed the while  
To silence, as, with downcast eyes and breast  
That scarce withheld the heaving floods pent up  
Within, which menaced tempest, yet content  
In moistened drops to pour, they scanned athwart  
The floor that seemed to answer to their grief.  
No joyful season as the year rolled round  
Their stern existence gladdened, for no words  
Of kindly greeting welcomed Holy-days.  
Ah! secrets they possessed that should not be  
Hid from a mother's ear, they shunned her path,  
And crouched beneath the despot-father's rule.  
Call'st thou *this* "Love," O Christian parent, child  
Thyself in God's esteem? wilt trample ruthless down  
Those glitt'ring jewels fixed in His coronet,  
Unstained, pure dewdrops fresh from Heaven distilled?  
Wilt murder thus Affection's sweetest life,  
And quench the flame of love? wilt rob Life's wreath  
Of flowerets those entrusted to thy care?  
Thy spirit first remodel, then adore!  
Yet urge I not indulgence *the extreme* :  
A sin it is that leads to stern results,  
But seldom heeded by the parent who  
Complies with every whim and strange caprice  
Of petted infancy, with silly mind  
The wisdom of her vainer child applauds,  
And beauty praises that exists not there,

Or hard to be observed, and lends an ear  
To foolish falsehoods of some outrage false,  
And sees remorseless tortures practised on  
Some feebler object, like a Nero small,  
Restraining not his barb'rous will and thoughts.  
This is not Love, tho' seeming so forsooth,  
It is to heap coals burning on his head,  
To sheath a cruel dagger in his heart,  
To launch him on the Sea of Life, whereon  
To toss and stagger with no helm to guide  
His ship, with vain Society to war,  
Detested, mocked at by false-hearted friends.  
O spare thyself and him while yet a child :  
Else, as the seasons pass, the opening youth,  
Astricted in that converse which to him  
Should prove the source of knowledge, and of joy,  
Will learn to trifle with the edgèd tool  
Of conscience scared, and dally with his speech,  
And thereby practising th' infernal art,  
That art our minds which teacheth to depict  
In glowing tints, things not existing, lies,  
Or if existing are augmented, free  
To twice or thrice their bulk, until the thought  
Swells to a climax passing all restraint,  
Hunting the mind with phantoms foolish, vain.  
Or should, perchance, a fact of magnitude  
Be questioned, 'tis at once set down as nought,  
Or to miasmas melts incongruous.

Exaggeration this, a common fault,  
'Mong men, and none perhaps more cherish'd, lov'd.  
Thus in the daily courtesies of life,  
In conversation common-place of friends,  
And ceremonious compliment of phrase,  
Kind words tho' sounding high, and utter'd oft  
In all their oily sweetness, yet retain  
No vestige of the import they convey ;  
Kind looks, a visage radiant with smiles,  
But ill conceal a heart with malice filled,  
Where Egotism held sway unrestrained.  
Fair promises were made to be revoked,  
Or which, the miser with his grudging hand,  
Man's heart, ekes out in scanty offerings, mean,  
That ill suffice to weigh the measure down.  
E'en Flattery, the minion base of hell,  
In cringing smoothness that reviles herself,  
In many a circle finds a vacant chair,  
And leering on her victim soon seduced  
Doth charm its foolish image with her words  
That like the burning lake are bottomless.  
The Lie concealed beneath the sportive jest  
Is but the rusty iron, slightly oiled,  
That jars and grates upon the listening ear  
In harmony discordant, and ill-timed.  
'Tis but a lie, if ta'en in truest sense,  
Too oft indulg'd in by the feeble mind,  
Foibled and cramp'd for thought. When eve has hushed

The earth in rest, and dons her sable veil  
Of widowhood, mantling the polar sky,  
From pillar'd roof no tremulous sound ascends,  
Save the low wailing of the child whose nurse,  
By tales of sleepless spectres, seeks to fright  
Its living soul, that paralysed by fear,  
With blanchèd cheeks, and lips the colour fled,  
Lists to the lying words, 'till sleep at length  
In airy vision robes the ghastly tale,  
And lulls his haunted soul to cruel rest.  
The youth who with his comrade prates anon  
Of things he knows not, or inverts the while  
In heedless unconcern, a tone employs  
Of lying mockery, his friend deceived  
Learns to mistrust his words and cavils strange.  
'Tis all a lie, a fabrication false,  
A mocked reality at war with Truth,  
No vestige leaving of its faith behind  
To give it colour or a credence slight.

To Truth next hateful, Avarice is found  
Among the sons of men; rarely, perchance,  
But when it is, fierce burn the bick'ring flames.  
The wandering Israelite now cursed of God,  
Where'er he went the curse of nations bore:  
Scoffed and maltreated by the rabble mob,  
Despised by all a wretched life he spent,  
His name became a by-word, every sin

Was him affixed, for Lucre was his god,  
Steeped to the lowest grade of infamy ;—  
Yet hurl not, tho' deserving it forsooth,  
A slander on that race contemned by man,  
But which Jehovah still doth call His own.  
The man who with a mind acquisitive  
Hunts, bleeds, and wanders o'er the spacious world  
To grasp the empty treasure of his dreams,  
That he might call his *own*, a yellow thing,  
A glittering, perishable, useless earth,  
That tasked the gainer's mind with ceaseless pangs,  
And wearied out with watchings day and night,  
To hold it sure—this was the Miser, fool !  
Ah ! you might view him when the midnight chimes  
Struck solemn o'er the souls of other men  
Wrapt in repose, beside his glimm'ring lamp,  
With fiendish chuckling gloating o'er his gold,  
With palsied fingers as he tells it o'er  
And o'er, until each trembling coin in fright  
With fearsome chink seems to elude his touch.  
Upon his forehead Penury was stamped ;  
His blood scarce curdled in his gnarlèd veins,  
Stagnant from age ; and Fever did her work  
Within his frame, and drank, ay, drained in draught,  
The very marrow from his fleshless bones.  
Hung on his loathsome carcase tattered rags  
Barely concealed a skin begrimed with filth,  
The tenement in which dwelt an immortal soul !

Just God! is 't in a sepulchre as this  
 That lustrous gem thou placest to illum  
 Man's nobler self? how wise are thy decrees!  
 Unkenned thy will! thine aims inscrutable!  
 And in the day-time when the beggar comes  
 To beg the trifling pittance from his store  
 Would foul invectives utter, and would drive  
 The sufferer with a lie unalmsed to Fate.  
 Illfated wretch! thy death was as thy life,  
 And *that* was sordid drudgery and sin;  
 Grasping thy chest of gold, thy guilty soul  
 To judgment wings its course, where at the bar  
 'Gainst thee each coin shall awful witness bear.

Another rankling weed that grows apace  
 Upon the heart's damp soil, is Scandal vile;  
 Its leaves are greenest when its roots do trail  
 Within a shallow mind that owns no earth;  
 Its sophistry debased, unchristian, mean,  
 Its aim malicious, and its sole design  
 To cast a stain upon its fellow-man,  
 And blast an honest reputation, both  
 Deserving ill perchance such censure foul.  
 Not e'en the friendly circle, and the hearts  
 That sit at night around the fireside hearths  
 Can flee the withering fury of its tongue,  
 In strange confusion mingling things and facts;  
 Passing from house to house, from friend to friend,

A torrent irresistible in the ear  
Pours, with malignant fever ever rife,  
Scorching the hearer's life-blood in his veins,  
And leaving him a blasted, toil-worn thing,  
The soul unfettered had, and thrown away.  
Thou Mortal, Christian, whosoe'er thou art,  
That boastest Christian virtues and a creed  
Divine! is 't thus thy friend and brother man  
With mark of shame thou brandest, and with mire  
Heedless his calling and his name befoul?  
Avaunt! and hold a parley with thine heart,  
Tear out the blackened poison from its cell,  
And casting trample it thy foot beneath.

The seventh step this; at length we shuddering touch  
The eighth, a frightful precipice, 'gainst which  
Rages and chafes the fiery lake beneath,  
Its restless billows tossing to and fro.  
A Falsehood, Lie, in glaring hue pourtrayed,  
The primal sin, in vestments hideous wrapt,  
With visage bold, unshrinking, undisguised,  
That with its tainted breath infects man's life,  
Destroys his heaven-born system, and thus stamps  
A malleable impression on his heart.  
Blackest of vices black, most monstrous sin,  
Satanic creed, dread progeny of Hell,  
The Universe once wounded by thy shafts,  
Her wheel immeasurable still rolls round,



Lashing the miry waters of Deceit,  
And flings the dark foam o'er the souls of men.

A character most vicious, most defiled,  
With sophistry most damned, whose flimsy webs  
He strives around his fellows' hearts to weave,  
Backed by assertions in themselves most false,  
Wanders the Sceptic o'er the world at large,  
Himself a mass incongruous of lies,  
His words a Falsehood, and his creed a Lie.  
This is his creed : an abnegation strange  
Of God himself, an error fearful, mad :  
Creation he affirms a zero, nought ;  
This World a chance anomaly, o'er which  
A beauteous being Nature cast a robe  
Of pleasing hues well sorted ; and the Sun,  
An orb of fiery splendor, hazard-fixed,  
Round which the moon and stars of lesser light  
Revolved, small casual globes, each singly worked,  
And regulated by the springs of Chance,  
An orrery, themselves thus forming, grand.  
Existence human was a natural fact,  
Its primal origin he refusèd e'en  
To credit, as a superstition vague,  
A fable anile, worthless, long-worn out,  
But handed down the annals of the age  
To credulous posterity, son to son,  
To be received, rejected, at their will ;

The Soul, the Passions, both the flux, reflux  
Of Intellect and Mind were poesies,  
That raised man's thoughts divine above the brute,  
The senseless herd : Death was a messenger  
Who closed and seal'd the brief of his long years ;  
All things, both living, dormant, every power  
Human existing to the idol Chance  
Ascribed, and worshipped at her empty fane,  
An unimaginable thing that fools  
Sought after ; and, in seeking, downward fell,  
Baffled and goaded by a stern Remorse.  
The Word of God, blest Book ! to him appeared  
[Pardon such blasphemies, Celestial Dove,]  
A book full stocked with lies, replete throughout  
With reasonings insane, unmeaning, void,  
A novel in two volumes, incomplete :  
The first with prophecies adorned, deduced  
From Pythian heads, with crotchets madly hatch'd  
From frenzied brains, with aphorisms debased,  
With senseless tales at which the reader scoffed,  
Forming diversion new : the second seemed  
A repetition frequent of the same,  
In which (just Heaven my tongue forgive, rebuke !)  
The hero was a novice, craven, weak,  
Who fought his battles with the arms of Peace,  
An outcast, by the herd reviled, and who  
With glory none to crown His name, at length  
Unpitied died an ignominious death !

No deeper slough exists, in which the soul  
Could flounder in its struggles to be freed,  
And which is dug by one soul to ensnare  
Its fellow soul, than Atheism, a well  
Filled to the brim with putrifying filth,  
Malaria noxious, foulsome, and whose stain  
No penance can oblivate, and which  
Its patron through the realms of space shall hurl,  
Deep in the lake that burneth evermore !  
Now mark the death-bed of the Infidel ;  
His life was warfare, and his death was Hell.  
It were enough to make a Pagan quake,  
And rend the Christian soul with agony  
To see that scene ; but yet it must be viewed.  
Fever oppressed, he tosses to and fro,  
And wracked with pains, by stings of conscience galled,  
The penal dogmas of his unbelief,  
Upon his couch : and, with disordered brain,  
Of Truth rejected raves ; in death, to God  
Despised in his life-time, he appeals,  
His Word, once scorned, invokes,—His Son reviled  
And trampled 'neath his foot before, reminds  
Of mercy merciless, and doctrines meek.  
In vain : that God but mocked at his affright,  
That Book, in pages mute, his sentence speaks ;  
That Son no longer merciful, replies,  
“ The Spirit who blasphemeth, he shall die ! ”—  
His visage tortured, by the glimm'ring wick

Revealed, would e'en the imps of Hell appal.  
His shrinking friends, aghast, all cower beneath  
That fiendish look, where they damnation read.  
His breast a chaos of conflicting storms,  
A hell itself, laborious heaves with pain :  
His glaring eye-balls start ; his wasted hands  
Clutch at the empty air that flies his grasp,  
And forward springing with a fearful yell  
Falls back a corse, and on his lips an oath.  
Dread Atheist lie within thy tomb, await  
The' archangel's trumpet and tribunal white,  
Warn thy disciples of this awful thing,  
" A creature unprepared to meet his God ! "

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## PART II.

Attune thy strings once more, O harp, and breathe,  
Spirit divine, soft whispers in mine ear,  
As I relate again man's carnal sins ;  
Affrighted cedars, ye of Zion bow,  
Bow down thy head, O son of man, and hear :—

Another vice, and in Jehovah's sight  
Less hateful scarce, it is,—Hypocrisy.  
Infernal fabric, carved, and sculptured o'er  
With trellis-work and figures delicate,  
All finely wrought, and traced by Falsehood's hand,  
Pleasing without, within a ruinous mass,  
With rubbish built, that yielded to the touch,  
And yet alluring to its dazzling halls,  
Halls rich with many a gem the wavering mind,  
That ere the threshold crossed in thunders wrapt  
Lies blasted, crushed beneath the falling mass.  
The holy man could recognize afar  
The hypocrite, tho' robed in many a form ;  
With visage sanctimonious and austere,  
Or crowned with smiles and witty pleasantries,  
With words that dipped in oil flowed gracefully,

In smell mellifluous, but gall in taste.  
E'en as he prayed he thought on Sin and Vice,  
Beside the death-bed of his kinsman, whiles  
He promised fair to use his wealth aright  
In equal distribution 'mongst his friends,  
Would schemes concert to rob them of it all.  
When called on with his right hand he would place  
A sixpence in the chest of Poverty,  
And with the left would draw a guinea forth.  
With cloak of ample foldings cast around  
His form, and on his lips an adder's sting ;  
These thinly veiled a hollow heart deep dyed  
In Sin's own hues, a quota of deceit,  
Was written in his eye—Deceit, the brand  
Of Falsehood hissed and spirted on his brow.  
With Perjury and Treachery allied  
He arm-in-arm stalked Life's long bye-ways through,  
A trio who with flattering words allured  
Their victim to the portals hot of Hell ;  
The former, who with looks like glaciers cold,  
And heart still colder, blacker, e'en than ink,  
The maiden injured by his impious acts,  
And of her virtue robbed, defenceless leaves  
Her guardian sole, her armour 'lone thro' life.  
Or crammed with all the heinous sins, that Guilt  
Could muster from this world's most vicious hosts,  
Would patrimony solve, and in despair  
Maddened and goaded, by one moment's deed

Upon the parchment stamp his forgery,  
Bannition dread thus gaining for himself.  
And for his soul damnation, if to meet  
The pistol-shot he bared his guilty breast.

No better was the Judge who calmly sat  
Upon the judgment seat, who calmer heard  
The prisoner's truthful pleading at the bar  
With look of feignèd justice, grave as Death,  
Who tranquil would the fearful sentence—"Death"  
Pronounce, whilst in one hand the Book he held,  
And in the other clenched the rich man's bribe!  
How solemn shall the Judge of Judges read  
Thy sentence from his throne of Justice, Truth!

The lawyer oft was one devoid of Truth,  
Who on his gold eternal welfare staked,  
A curious medley was he, wrought and sewn  
With parts disjunct, all patched and cobbled o'er,  
But still the rents disclosed his rottenness;  
For he would gibber, bandy words and terms  
With brazen-tongued effrontery, would stand  
In turn the shock of language foul unmoved,  
And placid hear the adverse arguments.  
Appeared he thus in Court; but at his desk  
At night, he sat, and rubbed his aching brow,  
Haggard with anxious trials, and would search  
His parchments through to find some petty flaw,

Which if not there would render one himself,  
The case to make more intricate at night,  
Still farther from solution than at morn.  
An horrid woof was Law, in which the threads  
Of man's existence were wove round and round,  
In strange Disorder, ravelled, mystified,  
A tangled mass devoid of harmony,  
Save at the fairy-touch of lawyer's wand.

Then Treachery, who with mining weapons works,  
And saps beneath the spotless walls of Faith,  
Or should the "filthy lucre" cross his palm  
Would e'en Salvation's camp desert, to trust  
His honour (now no longer such) to Death.  
There was no mortal spurned, abhorred on earth,  
More than the hypocrite, who shall anon  
His meed, his awful punishment obtain.  
Were tainted all men with his noisome breath,  
The preacher, [God forgive that many such  
Should be], too oft his holy creed forgot,  
And his vocation Christian, doctrines pure,  
And would, to earn a reputation false,  
As one of talent and a mind refined,  
Launch forth upon the sea of eloquence,  
Drain every drop, and yet would thirst for more ;  
Would hold Truth minor to the world's small praise,  
Provided he could hear his name pronounced,  
Repeated, lauded, by the fireside hearth.



Vain hope, delusive fame ; his Master, whom  
 On earth he did reject, to whom he swore  
 Eternal fealty, will subscribe him false,  
 And him surrender to his real lord,  
 Whose fief he was, upon his brow to' impress  
 The brand of his accursèd servitude.

Now varied sects and diverse filled the earth,  
 Each deeming other minor to itself,  
 And its creed paramount with Holiness ;  
 Affirmed each 'lone Religion's pathway trod,  
 And to this end the real Truth forgot,  
 And in forgetting were denied of God.  
 Of all who held this theory absurd,  
 The Romanist was rankest, and he served  
 The Devil, in the form of Anti-Christ ;  
 A minion pampered in his theft-gained wealth,  
 A scarlet monarch on his Papal throne.  
 Countries and kingdoms traversed he afar,  
 And " compassed sea and land one proselyte  
 To make," and win him to his cause, in halls  
 Full sumptuous decked, and village hearths he gained  
 Admittance ready, both the hearts of kings  
 And peasants' minds he sought alike to' ensnare ;  
 And, whilst he tyrannized o'er one, would stoop  
 To lick the dust from off the other's feet.  
 Of outward forms his creed consisted all :  
 No particle of Truth reposed within

His mind incarnate, body sensual ;  
Each word and act were oft antipodes  
To what he taught, his being whole conjured up ;  
Strange was his creed : he taught of Christ as one  
Inferior to his mother, who 'lone reigned,  
And o'er Heaven and its hosts bore sovereign sway ;  
Denied the Word of God and Holy Ghost :  
His prayer was in itself a mockery,  
A wooden cycle formed of tiny spheres,  
Which he would count, recount, and re-recount  
Within as short a space of time as tongue  
Or fingers swift could tell, with hurried words  
Concomitant, that vied with them in speed ;  
The beauteous fane, a pageantry sublime,  
With gold refulgent where the coloured dyes  
Of richest worth dazzled the gazing eye,  
Silver bespangled silks, and chaplets fair,  
An emblem of himself that faded soon,  
Fine chiselled images, and busts  
Of Christ embodied, carved with tortured Art ;  
A gorgeous altar, and the censor swing  
With incense burning, and that pleased his sense,—  
Encausted tiles, and floors mosaic-wrought  
With all the wealth of Coromandel's coasts,  
Walls blackened with the breath of devotees,  
And marble pavements worn by naked knees.  
These formed his worship, but, what stranger seems,  
To fellow-man he would, a sinful being

Worse than himself, his abject sins confess,  
Forgetful One alone his soul could save !  
System iniquitous, a Church abhorred,  
With cruelty replete, that fiercely ruled  
And drank the blood of martyrs, deeply drank,  
And stained its fouldome hands with holy blood ;  
Her priests are loathèd in the sight of God,  
In human shape Hypocrisy ne'er sat  
With bolder front ; his errand oft was false,  
For disaffection he would bring, and worse,  
Hatred and Malice in the fireside hearth,  
Would place an icy barrier 'twixt those hearts  
Once gladdened by the voice of love, would nerve  
The mother's heart to bring her son to death.  
Strict penances, tortures on his flesh,  
The self infliction to absolve his sins,  
Vigils austere, the shavèd head and cowl,  
And paternosters countless as the sand :  
He robbed the maiden of her virtue pure,  
He made the infant orphanless, and snatched  
The morsel from the widow's mouth and drove  
Her destitute upon the weary world,  
Whilst he enriched him with her hard-earned wealth,  
Inhuman monster, greedy of rapine.

A Goddess too there was who reigned on earth,  
To whom the kindred nations ever vie  
In paying homage ; with a beautous frame,

But when reflected in Truth's microscope  
A hideous visage showed, corrupt, besmeared  
With stinking wounds, born of her vicious sins,  
Yet by her fascinating smiles she drew  
A crowd of every class and rank 'mong men,  
Alluring on their minds infatuate.  
This form was Pleasure, but her name was Death,  
A phantom false that held out hopes of Hell,  
To all large promises she made, and showed  
The glittering pomp of earth before their view.  
The youth and sober man of thirty years,  
The festal halls with garlands budding deck'd,  
The pageant gorgeous, gold comparisoned,  
The troops of dancers on its marble floors,  
And all the gay appendages of life,  
Beauty, and Youth, and every pleasing grace  
The human form adorning, turned aside,  
Entered that scene, and joined the busy throng  
Of masqueraders, where dire passion stirred  
Within the youthful mind unhallowed thoughts,  
And with her barbèd menaces would snatch  
The germ of Innocence once nestled there,  
And strangely whispering in the ear would urge  
An intercourse familiar with a heart  
That owned not Virtue, nor her herald Truth.  
And many a one who dived within those depths  
Gleaned better thoughts picked on the field Remorse.  
O festive scene, the harbinger of ills

As well as joys to mortals, thou dost blast  
Full many a gentle flow'ret by thy breath,  
A mount dost raise volcanic in the breast  
Once pure and calm, and for an Eden fair  
Dost place a Paradise, but lost ! a Hell  
Incessant gorging where, the cank'ring worm  
His heart Promethean gnaws away unseen.

This one temptation was, behold again !  
A level spot where stunted herbage grew  
And closely shorn by Nature, made thus smooth,  
An' 'twere to form a veil 'neath which to screen  
Her face from this world's vice, but ah, the tide  
In reflux flowed upon her shrinking shores.  
Of Vice insatiate that wide prevailed  
Upon this earth, and that Creation rent  
With frightful chasms, man yet tasked his brain  
A scheme more vicious to devise, by which  
He might abuse the talents lent by God,  
Most wondrous loan ! and seeking thus to raise  
His fame among his fellow men depraved,  
And to this end the fairest spot he chose  
Whereon to set his stamp, for sprung from thence  
Vilest and most debased the Race-course stood.  
For in the morn, when Earth was radiant still  
With scented dewdrops glistening on the herbs,  
Behold the countless myriads fiercely swarm  
In cohorts gathering, as sweet Nature's gift

The grass, and God's, fair Virtue they do ruthless tread  
In common fate as they approach the scene.—  
For what? to see a cursèd pageant pass  
In shorter time than words or pen could tell,  
In swifter course than e'en the trickling sands  
Could run in the' hour-glass of domestic use?  
O strange Fanaticism, that dost bind mens' hearts  
With cart-ropes stronger than Sin's iron bands,  
How monstrous yet how cogent are thy laws!  
Soon, as the eager moment draweth nigh,  
Thou might'st perceive the passions, one by one,  
In regular gradation fill the face  
Of that vast host, now rife for villiany.  
The swindler, swearer, and the debauchee,  
The cheat, the liar, drunkard, and the thief,  
The harlot with her damnèd witchery,  
And shame-faced impudence in the open day,  
And all the basest minions that a Hell,  
To execute her wills on earth, could send,  
Were there, and by their presence Nature cursed.  
Watch now that son of Judas as he glides  
With footstep noiseless through that motley crowd,  
With eager, bloodshot eyes that forth protrude,  
And visage wine-stained, with a blotted book  
Crammed with the offspring of his moneyed thoughts,  
In which he strove to add fresh name on name  
As victims to propitiate his god;—  
He wagered on his gold a living soul!

Hark ! to the shouts of fiendish yells that rush,  
 Vibrating in a diapason hoarse,  
 In ceaseless swell like billows ripe to break,  
 As foot to foot and step to step they fight  
 For every inch of ground, a nearer view  
 To gain, and hold their noisome breath to catch  
 The sound of coursers' footsteps as they cleave  
 The yielding turf, and as the goal is won  
 On this side ring the clam'rous tones of joy  
 With smiles concomitant, on that the noise  
 Of swearing and blaspheming heavenward rise.  
 Good, holy men retained themselves aloof,  
 And shuddered at such scenes of infamy,  
 And angels, as they struck their chords divine,  
 Turned pale and trembled as they ceased their songs,  
 Hearing the clamor knocking at Heaven's gates  
 That well nigh shook e'en Zion from her base.

The Theatre was thought by some to prove  
 A blessing, not a bane ; but sad Excess  
 Virtue forbade to walk with snow-white train,  
 Soiled from the mire upon it flung by Vice.  
 A stage there was, to mimic that of life,  
 And actors vain, pedantic, would essay  
 Their powers to picture men, not what he is,  
 But what they made him, fashioned to their taste.  
 Murder and Death were immaterial ;  
 And I have seen the paltry act where one

Was slain not once, nor twice, but oftentimes  
With heedless *nonchalance* ; or they would stain  
With language coarse and rude their hearts and tongues,  
And utter low-born jests full ill to solve,  
But satisfied their foul, degraded minds.  
Within the filthy, wine-besmeared walls,  
From which the stench of putrifying herbs  
And heat, and oaths tumultuous nightly rose,  
The Gamester sat beside his stool, and drank  
The burning liquid to assuage his thirst  
Still, still unslaked, and raised with palsied hand  
The dice-box, from whose hollow cavities  
The trembling inmates tolled his funeral dirge ;  
And as the squares upon the deal he cast  
Their upturned faces showed six points—towards Hell !  
Perdition and his soul he staked on gold,  
And swept the hoarded gains of patrimony ;  
And robbed and cheated, still unsatisfied.  
Such were, and many more the tempting baits  
That Pleasure flung on this world's muddy stream  
In cruel wantonness, and souls were hooked  
That heeded not Futurity, forgot  
Life was but Death, that Hinnom's valley yawns  
E'en 'neath the battlements of Zion fair !

Another Goddess led a headlong chase,  
And this was Fame, with spoils and trophies decked ;  
A laurel crown in her left palm she held,



And wavèd in her right a blood-red sword .  
She walked abroad, and sat in peace at home.  
The warrior, dazzled by the dress of War,  
His glittering accoutrements when young,  
When older by the glory he unfolds,  
In scenes of blood strives to obtain renown,  
Where War's auxiliaries and minions paid  
For paltry stipend slay their brother man ;  
But years roll on, and, like the ploughboy, who  
To snatch the rainbow from its arch essayed,  
Gains fruitless labour, stern Remorse and Death.

The Artist seeks to win her smiles at home,  
And night and day before his restless toil  
He sat, and probed his thoughts that swiftly fled  
His fancied vision, grasped each fugitive  
And vivid ray that flashed athwart his brain,  
That showed, when snatched, nought but a mirage dull.  
His sunken, fiery eye, unquenchable,  
His sallow cheek and drooping coffin hair,  
The feverish blood that ran within his veins  
And spectre-look betokened broken rest.  
He fared no better than the martial slave,  
And others are there whom I might narrate :  
The sculptor, poet, sage, of every class,  
Who reaped the bitterest fruits of labour lost,—  
But Time his finger lays upon my lips.

Three sisters drove one chariot on earth :  
These were Pride, Vanity, and Self-Conceit,  
In feathers gorgeous decked, of pleasing hues.  
The chariot was the heart, the coursers were  
The mental powers, obedient to their bit.  
Pride foremost held the whip, the primal sin  
That hurlèd Adam from his high estate,  
And plunged his race in depths of endless woe.  
A fascinating charm she had on man :  
He greeted her, her welcomed to his home,  
To hold sweet converse there ; then Vanity  
Ill-pleasèd, to her sister jerked the reins,  
Hastening to add her voice, while Self-Conceit  
Within the car alone triumphant rode.

The coxcomb was a painted fool, who robed  
In fine apparel, strutted thro' the world,  
And thought himself admired, loved by all.  
Poor fool ! none loved him better than himself ;  
He worshipped Egotism as his heartless god ;  
His words were meaningless, tho' uttered fine ;  
There dwelt no soundness in his mind or brain.  
The high flown dignity he assumed was false,  
And showed his littleness of character :  
By many a self-thought clever art he strove  
To ape the sage,—in aping he was fooled :  
He Mammon served in Satan's stolen guise.

Akin to him, the maiden too was shunned,  
A vicious sorceress, who used the words  
And wizard incantations born of Hell ;  
Who sought by fiendish arts mankind to taint,  
And to this end plied every charm her tongue,  
Or countenance possessed, to slander youth,  
Whom she corrupted by her treacherous wiles,  
With careless boldness, not astricted, free ;  
A serpent clothèd in a woman's form :  
The efforts of her tongue were ceaseless, till  
The heart once trapped and schoolèd to her whims  
Blighted she left and seared, distrusting all.  
Were harboured in her breast no virgin thoughts,  
She trifled, dallied, sported still with Truth,  
Yet laboured ever to support her name.

There was more Truth in Poverty than Wealth ;  
The poor man branded by his richer foe,  
Contemnèd by a cruel, heartless world,  
Stalked thro' its lanes and alleys in those rags  
That graced him better than the purple robe,  
Than all the' insignia of a monarch's thrall.  
Yet was there a dependence in that man,  
And he could see the lie, whene'er the rich  
The trifling alms refused he craved of them,  
Denying that the means were in their reach ;  
Or gave it with an air of dignity  
That showed the petty meanness of the gift.

O Poverty ! thou art a despot harsh,  
Distress and misery circle thee, and death ;  
Yet ofttimes crammed with all iniquity,  
Darkening the sun of holy Christian love.

A court of parasites the rich man held,  
In which he pleased as his sole delight,  
Who fawned upon him for a time, then stripped  
Him of his wealth, ill-used, misspent, accursed.  
Oft has the beggared orphan laid his head  
Upon the threshold of the wealthy dome,  
And wept from very hunger and the cold  
That chilled his form, and froze the hearts of men,  
Passing, repassing by his prostrate form.  
And I have seen the swarthy mendicant,  
The man of thirty years, bowed down with grief,  
Groaning in spirit as the rude blast swept,  
Opening the rents that showed his nakedness  
In fury fierce, chafing his numbèd limbs,  
And gazing wistful on the brightened pane  
Thro' which the stream of liquid light poured forth.  
Then as he saw the fitful forms glance swift,  
The happy forms that played in childish glee,  
And heard their merry notes ring silvery tunes  
In Christmas harmony, would clasp his brow  
That throbbled with fever, and with shivering groan,  
Upon the stones would lay him down to die.  
O hateful Egotism ! that bind'st the heart

With chains of iron, from the fettered child  
E'en to the agèd form that creeps along  
When aided by the staff, cursed is thy power,  
Worthy the arch-fiend who bestowed its birth !

Such are the sins that still this earth befoul,  
And all antipodes to Truth ; it seems  
As though the morals of this favoured land,  
According as it civilized grew, and nursed,  
And fostered by Jehovah, slowly waned.

There is but one empyrean to Truth  
And every Virtue, undivided, whole.  
Fashioned by God, partaking of His mind.  
The human Virtues are most precious gems,  
The wild flowers are they that spring up on earth,  
Uncultured, unadorned, save by the hand  
Of the Creator, unpruned, left to grow  
In all their native loveliness and grace,  
Pure, undefiled by mortal touch, so pure,  
That Nature's brightest offsprings shrink to vie  
With them, and weep to see them ravished, slain.  
Give me the wild flower to the pampered plant  
The offshoot of an hour, a worthless bud  
That forced by artificial agencies  
In growth, skulks shamed to face the open day,  
And screens its bashful face behind its leaves.

Who can compare the spotless Purity  
Of that which claims the grove for natal spot,  
And cringes not to own its priceless name,  
To that for which the wealthy gain is paid  
To traverse scenes, where Guilt holds court supreme ?

But we have overleapt our theme, retrace  
Thy wandering chords, mine harp, and briefly tell  
Truth's final conquest o'er the world, when Earth  
Shall shake the Devil's thralldom from her neck,  
And hail the blessed millennium realized.  
Spirit divine ! I feel thy softening breeze  
My hot cheeks fan, and murmur thro' mine hair,  
While wrapt in meditation sweet, how grand,  
How fearful grand shall rise the sun that day,  
The last time shed its beams upon the world !  
Methinks I view thee on that hallowed morn,  
Enthroned in glory on a seat of gold,  
Engirt with flames that waver round its base  
In sinuous course, and on thine head a crown,  
A halo glorious circling thee ; in hand  
The Word of God upholding, and aloft  
Wielding the sceptre white of Innocence.  
Redeemed around thee all the Virtues pure  
With those who honoured them, the holy, stand ;  
Sweet angels poised on golden pinions hover,  
Soft whispers breathing in thine hallowed ear,

As nations pass, repass, before thy throne,  
And men to be adjudged of all their deeds.  
Blessed morn, when high the sun of Righteousness  
Shall shine, and God, in glory manifest,  
These earthly tabernacles shall fill with light ;  
When all the Passions, Vices, that e'er stained  
With baneful influence mankind, shall crouch  
Beneath his wrathful sword, the Holy Ghost.  
Oh ! what a wondrous change shall be, when Sin  
And Satan, their dominion joint resolved,  
Earth shall hold Jubilee a thousand years !  
The old man Guile, who on his staff of lies  
Reclinèd erst shall lean on Candour's arm,  
And looking in his open face shall lose  
The cunning glance and smile he wore before.  
Prevarication and Deceit shall bow  
To pure Integrity, and lift her train :  
The tongue of Scandal shall speak gentle words,  
And imitate the tones of Kindness heard,  
Slander her too attentive ear shall lend.  
Words spoken mean as they were first pronounced,  
And promises be made to be performed,  
Friends shall be what they seemed to be, and shake  
Each other kindly with an honest hand.  
Enchained shall Love drag Insincerity ;  
Whilst "*all Iniquity shall stop her mouth :*"  
Hypocrisy shall lay aside for aye

His cloak of ample folds, and kneel to Truth.  
While Falsehood following in his wake shall peal  
The clarion notes of Truth, as herald her's.  
Discord, Confusion shall their banners furl,  
And flock in serried ranks to Order's host.  
Stern, dusty War shall wash his bloody hands,  
And lave his gashed brow in the lymph of Peace.  
Revenge shall wipe his reeking blade, and sheath  
It, as he touches Mercy's argent bow.  
The villain Treachery shall his oaths foreswear,  
And, quitting first his mining underground,  
Hold friendly converse with reclaimèd Faith.  
Lust shall pull down his ill-designèd dome,  
And kiss the spotless robe of Innocence,  
And, with her wedded, lead a chastened life.  
Justice shall crush out with an armèd heel  
The poison from the heart of Perfidy,  
A Hale shall trample on a Jeffries' throat ;  
While Perjury, a felon now no more,  
Forgiveness crave of her he wronged on earth ;  
Or guilt relinquished sit an honoured clerk  
Within the banking house of Honesty.  
Philosophy shall callous grow, and learn  
Perfection true, when she shall see her face ;  
E'en Wisdom shall learn sanctity, and more,  
Become a recluse in a convent harsh.  
His grasping hands shall Avarice withdraw,



Or, Charity ordaining, place his gold  
Within the offered plate of Poverty.  
Anger shall smooth her bronzed brow, and bid  
The wrinkled frowns dissolve to Gentleness.  
The Atheist and Deist shall redeemed live,  
And ope their door full twice or thrice the day  
To welcome Piety within their walls.  
Creation, now no more by Evil rent,  
With Nature as her consort shall sweep on  
To hear the judgment on this world pronounced.  
From North to South, and East to West, the tribes  
Of every race, and stamp, and class, and age,  
That people this great globe; the savage hosts,  
For bloodshed rife, who track each other down  
To plant the dagger in their fellows' breasts;  
The fur-clad tribes who watch the Polar Bear  
Circling the hyperborean ice and waves;  
The gentler hosts skilled in sweet Culture's arts,  
Who own a Bible and a God as theirs,  
And yet rejected this their wondrous gift;  
All, all shall flock and come, for ever blessed:  
And every man who pleads before her throne  
Shall be redeemed, and wear a lily wreath  
Upon his brow, the badge of Purity.  
Then echoing thro' the Universe shall ring  
The silvery voice of Truth, and Earth shall hear,  
And welcome first the sound that through the realms

Of space reverberating loud, deep down  
To depths unfathomed of Eternity,  
Whose breast expansive shall receive the cry  
In resonation bass ; mankind shall send  
So strong a cry of gratitude, that Hell  
Shall be appalled, and by one spirit stirred,  
Gladly shall step the nations all, and, saved,  
Shall bear upon their fronts the seal of "TRUTH!"

J. H. H.

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## ON A DAISY.



A little flower with disc of gold,  
And silvery rays I sing,  
The last in Autumn to depart,  
The first to bloom in Spring.

Patient of Winter's bitter cold,  
It's glittering stars are seen  
To sparkle on the sunny bank,  
And over the meadows green.

Not scented like the violet,  
Not clothed with brilliant hue,  
As the wild briar in the leafy hedge,  
Or as the hyacinth blue.

Not as the fox-glove in the wood  
Rearing it's purple bell,  
Not noticed for it's yellow cup,  
As the primrose in the dell.

Yet are there wonders in this flower,  
Which excel the skill of man,  
Worthy His hand who measures out  
The ocean with a span ;

Who made the massive orbs that shine  
So brightly in the sky ;  
Who spake—the sun, the moon appeared,  
The mountains rose on high.

Who made the lofty palm, the oak,  
And each wide spreading tree,  
Who also made each little plant,  
And each green leaf we see.

Oh ! trample it not beneath thy foot,  
But the lowly daisy spare,  
For thy boasted wisdom were impotent  
To construct a work so fair !

L. F.

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ON THE 31st OF MAY, 1855.

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Benumbed with cold and ghastly pale,  
Her long hair floating in the gale,  
    And dim her laughing eye,  
Summer is sitting on her throne,  
Whilst the chill North wind with many a moan  
    Comes howling by.

Appall'd her nymphs have fled away,  
No more in gentle breezes play  
    The Zephyrs on her cheek,  
But cowering to the storm she bends,  
As in pattering drops the rain descends,  
    And all is drear and bleak.

See ! how the rough blasts rudely beat,  
Threatening to tear her from her seat ;  
    See ! how the blossoms fly,  
Which once in beauteous wreaths were 'twined,  
Now blown before the piercing wind,  
    And scatter'd through the sky

Hark! does not that troubled sighing,  
And that wan cheek proclaim her dying;  
Surely she cannot live.  
Ye winds, have pity on her fate,  
Now, now, your cruel rage abate,  
A little respite give.

Back to your gloomy caverns haste,  
And thence when summer's day is past,  
Come forth again:  
But now her beauty cries—"Relent,  
"Has not your strength enough been spent  
In Winter's reign?"

L. F

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## SEASIDE VOICES.



When the shades of twilight falling  
Wrap the earth in quiet round,  
Softly to each other calling  
Voices from the ocean sound,

As their varied, unknown dirges  
In a low melodious roar,  
Sing the breezes to the surges,  
Sing the surges to the shore.

Tidings from far climes revealing,  
Till from out the rocks and caves,  
And along the shore came stealing,  
Whisper'd answers to the waves ;

Tidings from the bones that slumber  
In the bosom of the deep,  
Where 'mongst wrecks and gems past number,  
Strange and slimy monsters creep.

Tidings from the surf that flashes  
On the sunny coast of Spain ;  
Tidings from the blast that dashes  
Wildly o'er th' Atlantic main ;

From the distant field of glory,  
From the rivers pouring red,  
Many a sad and mournful story  
Of the dying and the dead.

Oft have I with vain endeavour  
Bent to catch the words they spoke,  
As in long succession ever  
Wave on wave drew near and broke.

And methought at times they mutter'd  
Shrieks of dark, despairing grief,  
Cries by shipwrecked sailors utter'd  
Round some distant coral reef.

Still with all was soothing blended ;  
Solemn comfort ev'ry where ;  
Comfort from the heavens descended,  
Flow'd in each light breath of air.

Comfort in the mighty ocean,  
Which, unwearied night or day,  
Quivering with a ceaseless motion,  
Like a fetter'd giant lay ;



Like a captive lion shaking,  
Even in his sleep with wrath,  
Scarcely smother'd, 'till on waking  
Bursts his savage fury forth ;

In the rocks with seaweed vested,  
Clustering round their mother earth,  
Lest the billows proudly crested,  
Harm her in their sportive mirth.

For I thought there is a Master  
Who controls their stormiest mood.  
When still faster yet, and faster  
Sweeps the wintery tempest rude.

Who controls them too, when lying,  
Calm in Summer's silvery night,  
Whilst, with accents gently dying,  
Curl the ripples in the light.

L. F.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE READER.

Furl aloft the flutt'ring banner,  
 Rightly fan her,  
 As the ship glides in the port,  
 Naxian breezes with your favour ;—  
 Calm thy troubled waves and save her.  
 Isle of Thought !  
 Steering home with cargo fraught.

Half veil'd by fears a Spirit came,  
 Unknown to men, but urged by Fame,  
 Grasping a letter'd store ;  
 He scatter'd it around his path ;  
 Engraved they read by the fireside hearth,—  
 “ Sed parce mihi, precor.”

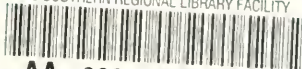
Hark ! the New-Year's bells are chiming,  
 As we cease our careless rhyming ;—  
 “ Lend us your ears,” kind reader to the last ;  
 Leave us not helpless in your eager haste ;  
 Enter behind the scenes, since Pleasure past,  
 The two lessees retire,—the curtains close ;—  
 The scenes are left for others to transpose !  
 Farewell !



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