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# HARP OF ÆOLUS:

FUGITIVE POEMS,

BY

THOMAS PENTECOST.

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“ Again it speaks;—but shrill and swift the tones  
In wild disorder strike upon the ear:  
Pale Phrensy listens,—kindred wildness owns,  
And starts appalled the well-known sounds to hear.”

*ÆOLUS'S HARP, by Mrs. Opie.*

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## TO THE READER.

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THE predilection the author of these lines possessed in his boyhood for poetry lay wholly dormant from that time till he had nearly arrived at the age of sixty, when he commenced the present little volume, now put forth at the request, and for the amusement, of his friends, by whose desire it is his portrait accompanies the work. Further, the author begs to say, that these fragments were never submitted to any learned reviser of poetry, but given direct from his own pen; whatever censure, therefore, the contents of this little volume may undergo, must necessarily fall on the writer, and him only; nor would he, by seeking assistance, be the means of procuring for others any part of the responsibility attendant upon an author's first appearance.

Yours obediently.

Uckfield, Sussex.

## AUTHOR'S REQUEST.

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To learn the art—"may not he say inspir'd?"—  
To picture thoughts! e'en tho' no classic, fir'd,  
The author here (influenc'd not by pay)  
Press'd on! lone, sad, oft cheerless in the way,  
Corrected what he'd penn'd 'mid many cares,  
If strong in hope, at times a thousand fears.  
Then gentle be the critic's heart, whose eye  
May scan my page! tho' faults he may descry;  
With blows, if given, give healing for the bruise!  
Correction's good, but oh! crush not the muse!

SEPT. 3, 1855.



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 ERRATUM.

Read, instead of the last three lines of *The Nuptial Spell*, page 232, the lines here inserted:—

A poor frail sinner,  
High on the stairs, with fears aghast,  
The de'il would skin her!

## HARP OF ÆOLUS.

OH! HARRY, STAY!

OR THE PHANTOM FIGHT<sup>1</sup>.

Too true, too true—her Harry fell,  
Of Harry's courage all could tell;  
First on the Frenchman's deck he stood,  
And fought them ankle deep in blood:—  
But oh! when Mary heard the tale—  
    Frantic—soon her senses fled,  
And now she wanders sad and pale—  
    And asks of all if Harry's dead!—  
    Nor waits reply, but answers aye,  
    Too true, too true—I bade him stay!

<sup>1</sup> A French frigate menacingly nearing the British shore, Harry mans a privateer and gives battle—falls in the fight. While Mary—to whom he had lately been married—on hearing of the death of Harry, is bereft of her reason, and wanders by the sea-shore, under the delusion that she still sees the fight.

Oh! sad—oh! unpropitious day—  
 He left me! yes—I bade him stay—  
 He fled, he fled to meet the foe;  
 I saw his 'kerchief wave adieu—  
 A last adieu—alas, he fell!

O, how his vessel clave the seas—  
 I watch'd her on the heaving swell  
 Scud light and fastly 'fore the breeze.

Stay, stay—I see them yet—I'm right—  
 They're heaving to—the fight—the fight!

Hark—the contest!—sure and slow  
 They near each other—bow to bow  
 I see them lash'd—the battle raves—  
 The gun now booms across the waves—  
 I see their canvas cut away—

They board—they board—the splinter'd mast  
 'Tis falling—Hark! the wild hurrah!

'Tis victory's shout now rends the blast—  
 The prize they're towing fast to shore:—  
 But oh!—my Harry lives no more!

Thus Mary, cold, 'mid drifting rain  
 And bleaching winds, sad and insane  
 She comes and points far o'er the spray,  
 And frantic calls—Oh! Harry, stay!  
 Tho' storm and tempest round her roar

Attent to view the seeming sight;  
 High on the wind-lash'd foaming shore  
 She wildly calls—"the fight—the fight;"

Nor's known to cease—or night or day—  
Her piteous cry—Oh! Harry, stay!

1852.

## POOR FAN OF THE GLEN.

POOR Fanny the maniac that dwells by the glen,  
'Neath the old castle turret does nightly attend  
To hail the gaunt shadows moon-thrown on the  
wall;—

As they pass, with wild gesture how Fanny does  
call:—

At the head of the glen—on the point of a rock—  
With her hair all dishevell'd, as wanders  
her eye—

Suspended in ether, all danger to mock,  
She sings to the winds—and she beckons  
the sky.

Pathetic her plaint! far the valleys among,  
From the point of the rock's heard to echo her  
song

While her accent is touching, the air is pro-  
found,  
E'en the earth—and the heavens—the rocks—  
and the glen—

With the old castle turret that shakes with  
the wind—

All's heard to respond with a deep hollow  
sound!

At intervals, solemnly sweet is the tone  
 Of her voice as she sings—as she beckons the  
     moon,

Her eyes are upcast far above from the glen—  
 Her arms are uplifted—her fingers extend—

When, inverting her head with an horrific  
     scream,

As her 'kerchief is rent, and her bosom laid  
     bare,

She is heard to exclaim, as she grows more  
     serene,

“Oh! my troubles, my troubles—I'm wither'd  
     with care!

Oh! ye spirits whose shadows now play on yon  
     wall—

As ye glide past yon turret, oh! list to my call—  
     Do help me to die—oh! ye shades be my  
     friend!”

As she beckons below, still uplooks to the sky,  
 Cries, “Ye stars be my friend; oh! assist me  
     to die!”

Thus lives in wild phrenzy poor Fan of the glen.

FEB. 11, 1851.

## THE BARRICADE.

AND all was calm—and all around serene—  
 Nor sign of tumult was there to be seen;  
 The streets—their usual passers, nor were more—  
 Nor aught to tell the coming storm before



A sudden burst!—and all's convuls'd—the drains,  
The streets, unpav'd; and soon confusion reigns.  
“On to the fight!” a thousand voices cry—  
To barricade, ten thousand seen to fly.

Young Juan and his Janet a-wooing were—  
And at the fatal moment standing near:—  
Young Juan softly press'd his Janet's hand—  
Embrac'd the maid, and fled to join the band;  
While no entreaty from the lovely fair  
Could hinder Juan the battle in to share:—  
Nor Janet from her lover would be stay'd—  
But close pursu'd him to the barricade—  
The riband seiz'd—with which her waist was  
bound—  
And soon the streamer grac'd his temples  
round!

Her bosom heav'd as Juan fought the foe!  
Amid the fiercest contest, toe to toe;  
To quench his thirst, and wipe his oozing brow,  
His Janet sprang like lightning to and fro.  
Fir'd by Juan's zeal, the lovely girl  
Was by his side, and fighting when he fell:  
“Adieu! fair Janet, adieu!—revenge the dead—  
Thy Juan dies!” yet, ere his soul had fled  
A moment to recline on Janet's breast,  
Who gently fann'd his spirit to its rest,  
Embrac'd the lifeless clay, then took her stand  
In front the barricade—while in her hand

She held and wav'd a 'kerchief high in air—  
 A moment's pause! the next a bursting cheer  
 And Janet fell pierc'd thro'—the heroic maid  
 Died with her Juan, defending the barricade.

MARCH 22, 1852.

THE FATAL FIGHT<sup>2</sup>.

ERE yet the tinge of western skies  
 Had ceas'd their blush of crimson dyes,  
 Above the eastern mountains steep  
 Is seen the pale round moon to peep;  
 While, as she climbs the forest trees,  
 Soon stiffly blows a northern breeze  
 That whistles through the forest brake,  
 And heaves on high the quiet lake—  
 Lashing its rocky barrier's head—  
 On which the red-deer herding fed.

But hark! the dingle 'neath yon height  
 Now echoes back the fatal fight;—  
 Two stately bucks seen to engage,  
 Whose bosoms, fir'd by jealous rage  
 Desperate! each a madden'd foe—  
 Contending for the favourite doe.

<sup>2</sup> On reading, in the Illustrated News of May 7, 1853, an account of Landseer's two pictures—Night, and Morning—exhibiting at the Royal Academy, London.

Stroke after stroke (with death-like sound)  
Their antlers meet; with fearful bound  
And fatal aim is made their dash,  
While far and fast is heard the crash.

Inflam'd by love, for murder rife,  
The rivals freely stake their life:  
Courageous, each (well nerved and strung)  
Maintains the contest fierce and long—  
Till nature fails, at last gives way,  
And antler to antler they lifeless lay.

Oh! fatal love's inspiring glow,  
That laid e'en both the lovers low.  
Long waited on the mountain's side  
The maiden doe; the conqueror's bride  
Had conqueror been—but lover? no;  
No conqueror comes to claim the doe.

But oh! how sad the dawning day,  
That tells to her the fatal fray;—  
The fox to feast seen fast to file,  
The eagle hastes to share the spoil;  
The doe surveys, (ere yet they fed)  
With one last look, the havoc spread,  
And turns and weeps, and mourns the dead.

MAY 7, 1853.

## I WATCH'D HIM FAR AT SEA.

WHEN last I saw my dear lov'd Will,  
 A smarter lad there ne'er could be,  
 We parted on the beacon hill,  
 And there I watch'd him far at sea.  
 Ah! dear, dear Will! that time—that place—  
 Was then—is now still dear to me,  
 Where last so sweet we did embrace,  
 That time I watch'd thee far at sea.

Four months are pass'd and worn away  
 Since last we parted on the hill;  
 Still there I go, nor cease a day,  
 And kneel, and pray for thee, dear Will.  
 That little flower, "forget me not,"  
 (Plac'd in my bosom 'twas by thee,)  
 I've planted on the very spot  
 I waiting watch'd thee far at sea.

Still here I spend my silent hour,  
 And sit and guard it on the hill;  
 While, as I watch this little flower,  
 'Tis water'd by my tear, dear Will:  
 I breathe and sigh upon its leaf,  
 And watch its growth on bended knee,  
 To this sweet flower I tell my grief,  
 And cast a glance far out at sea.

## EMIGRANT'S RETURN,

OR BOATMAN'S SONG.

HAIL happy land! to thee once more  
 The boatman soon will float us;—Hark!  
 The welcome shout from friends ashore,  
 The boatman mans his little barque,  
 Which fastly through the water laves,  
 High o'er the breakers borne along—  
 While as she rides the glist'ning waves  
 How cheerily's heard the boatman's song.

Hush! let's hear a boatman's theme—  
 And thus he sang:—"My Susan, she!  
 My lov'd, my pledg'd, was but sixteen  
 When last we cross'd the river Dee:  
 O that sweet time! my dipping oar  
 Fell in my hand so light, so free,  
 She witch'd my heart and pierc'd its core—  
 That time we cross'd the river Dee.

"A month is yet and Susan's mine,  
 O fairy time! (my heart now swells),  
 The hour is fix'd, and that is nine,  
 On May-day next:—the merry, merry bells,

How they will ring and I shall row,  
 My oar again will fall so free,  
 My heart has never ceased to glow  
 Since last we cross'd the river Dee."

His song was stay'd,—his boat was near,—  
 His oar was resting o'er the lee—  
 We saw him wipe a tender tear  
 At the last phrase, "the river Dee;"  
 And soon we hail'd him to our bow  
 With hearts all light for home; and he!  
 With pliant stroke how he did row,  
 And sweetly sang the river Dee.

DEC. 8, 1851.

---

## WELLINGTON!

OR THE HERO'S NO MORE.

WEEP, oh ye sons of  
 Britannia, oh weep!  
 For your hero who fought on  
 The field with the brave,  
 And who never yet yielded:  
 Oh brothers! oh weep!  
 For the soldier that's sunk to  
 Repose in his grave.

Hark! the isles from afar, to  
The uttermost shore,  
Respond to this echo,  
The hero's no more!

Yea, the dark walls of Walmer  
Enclose now the all  
That remain of the chief once  
Renown'd in the fight:  
England wept (tho' he fell not  
In battle), his fall;  
And his name must exist as  
The sun for its light.

While the isles from afar, to  
The uttermost shore,  
Shall laud the brave hero that  
Lives now no more.

Tho' his star is now set, it  
Shall brighter reflect,  
Like a meteor that sweeps to  
The farthestmost skies;  
So his name shall go forth, and  
Shall bear its effect,  
To yet nations unborn shall  
His glories arise.

Nor cease shall the isles to  
The uttermost shore,  
Still to echo his fame, tho'  
He lives now no more.

THE BALTIC FLEET<sup>3</sup>.

AWAKE, British muse, to  
     The echo of war,  
 To the heaving the anchor,  
     And the shout of the tar :  
 'Tis Napier, the brave admiral,  
     The staunchest of the staunch,  
 Who, to teach the proud Russian,  
     Gives order to launch.  
     Hark ! a shout from the Fairy,  
         The 'kerchiefs now wave ;  
 'Tis our Queen that salutes him,  
         The bravest of the brave.

A wonder to nations,  
     The pride of the seas,  
 Is the fleet that's now hoisting  
     Their sails to the breeze ;  
 With bull-dogs well mann'd, for  
     The Baltic they steer,  
 Where long they'll have cause to  
     Remember Napier.

<sup>3</sup> The fleet for the Baltic sailed from Portsmouth harbour, Saturday, March 11th, 1854, commanded by Admiral Napier,—when our Queen Victoria was there to bid him adieu.



He'll shatter and batter  
The forts of the foe,  
Their proud ships he'll scatter,  
Or take them in tow.

He'll learn them behaviour  
To tars of his stamp;  
Their ramparts he'll beat down,  
Their vessels he'll swamp:  
While he laughs at resistance,  
And shakes his fat side,  
He'll teach them respect for  
The power they've defied.  
Then shout, lads, success to  
The tars ne'er were beat,  
The rare old fat admiral,  
Napier, and the fleet.

Shout, shout lads still louder,  
Huzza for the brave,  
Napier and his Jack tars,  
The pride of the wave;  
The wonder and dread of  
Our foes far and near,  
Is the fleet of our Queen, and  
The gallant Napier.  
Hark! a shout from the Fairy,  
The 'kerchiefs now wave;  
'Tis our Queen that salutes him,  
The bravest of the brave.

## STAUNCH TAR.

OII fate, aye, how cruel!  
 To take my poor tar  
 From the arms of his Lucy,  
 To fight in the war:  
 But aye, my dear William,  
 Those days of our love,  
 You can call them to mind on  
 The topsail above.  
 O for thee, my dear William,  
 My heart I feel beat;  
 Tho' my person's ashore, still  
 My soul's with the fleet.

O Lucy! while reefing  
 There at the mast-head,  
 Or I'm casting the line, as  
 I heave in the lead,  
 Of thee, my dear Lucy,  
 I'll sing to the breeze,  
 Will offer oblations  
 For thee on my knees.  
 O Lucy! dear Lucy!  
 Your William still sings,  
 True love shall be Lucy's,  
 My heart is my king's.

O yes, my dear William!  
 Thy thoughts let them flee,  
 On the wings of the wind send  
 Them wafting to me;  
 When they breathe on my heart,  
 William, how that will burn;  
 My poor soul will respond when  
 The winds shall return;  
 And the prayer that I'll send on  
 The low, wavy breeze,  
 For thy safety, dear William,  
 I'll ask on my knees.

Ay, Lucy! in port with  
 Our anchor made fast,  
 As each tar with his girl is  
 Enjoying his glass,  
 'Tis thee I will toast in  
 A bumper of wine,  
 Tho' my heart is my king's,  
 True love shall be thine.  
 O Lucy! my Lucy!  
 Of thee, my sweet love,  
 Will I sing as I'm reefing  
 The topsail above.

O William! dear William,  
 In ports off afar,  
 Some lass I much fear will  
 Seduce my poor tar;

Will steal from poor Lucy  
 Thy love, oh my care!  
 And I shall be left here  
 To drop the lone tear;  
 And to sigh to the breeze, in  
 Much sorrow to sing  
 Of the loss of my tar that's  
 So staunch to his king.

OCT. 22, 1850.

YOUNG RECRUIT,

OR MOTHER'S TEAR.

THE drums were beaten to enlist,  
 The merry fife was thrilling,  
 Young Harry, a poor widow's son,  
 Alas! he took the shilling.  
 The widow's grief—the widow's woe—  
 Oh! that poor mother's care,  
 A parting time, and he must go,  
 Bath'd with a mother's tear.

With ribands streaming far in rear,  
 She saw her Harry go,  
 As drums and shouts did rend the air,  
 Ah! that poor mother's woe!

Her Harry gone to fight the foe,  
    Oh! that poor mother's care!  
That dear lov'd child, she bless'd him so,  
And bath'd him with her tear.

Nor long but on the field to fight,  
    To prove his valour,—aye,  
Young Harry fought with all his might,  
    Forgetting not the day  
When first he heard the marching roll,  
    And left his mother dear,  
Who blest him with her heart and soul,  
And bath'd him with her tear.

But aye, the fight had ceas'd, and he  
    A purse of gold had won;  
And once more from a soldier free  
    Was he—the widow's son.  
Again the mother clasp'd her boy,  
    Pathetic was her prayer;  
She wept, but aye, she wept for joy!  
And bath'd him with her tear.

DEC. 15, 1851.

THE RASH RESOLVE<sup>1</sup>.

O WILLIAM, William! yet I'll go—  
 Whate'er the order saith,  
 Your Anna, William, leave you? no!  
 'Tis nought shall part but death.  
 I'll not be stay'd by orderlies,  
 Nor any stern decree;  
 Forgive me! William, if I'm rash,  
 Necessity's my plea.

Clad in the costume of thy corps,  
 With rifle neatly slung,  
 I'll pass on board the Vulcan, William,  
 Who shall know me?—none.  
 Then tell me not of climate keen,  
 Of Russia's daring foe,  
 Shall any thing prevent me?—William,  
 Stay me not! I'll go.

Fear not for me! my chastity  
 I trust to One above;  
 And none shall ever know my sex  
 But thee, the lad I love:

<sup>1</sup> The scene above described took place at the embarkation of the Rifle Brigade at Portsmouth, for the East, February 25th, 1854.

Tho' crowded in the narrow tent,  
 Far East to meet the foe,  
 Doubt not your Anna's honour!—William,  
 Stay me not! I'll go.

Think'st any, William, will upbraid?  
 They will not, dare not, no!  
 Tho' it be known in your brigade  
 Your Anna fought the foe:  
 And as for feats of bravery,  
 I'll pledge me to thee now—  
 I'll die, or shall a wreath be won  
 To grace your Anna's brow.

MARCH 4, 1854.

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BATTLE FIELD<sup>5</sup>.

JEM.

AMY, farewell, I leave you—now  
 The foe is on his way!  
 And honour must crown a soldier's brow,  
 Death or a glorious day!  
 Sigh not for me,—oh! wipe thy tear,  
 One parting kiss I'll seal;  
 I then entreat my Amy's prayer  
 When in the battle field.

<sup>5</sup> In the camp. Jem takes leave of his Amy ere he rushes to the battle, at Inkermann.

AMY.

Oh! my Jem—my lad—my life—  
So long as booms the gun,  
(And trumpets bray, and thrills the fife,  
While rolls the signal drum,)  
Your Amy's prayer shall never cease,  
My prayer may be your shield,  
May bring you back to me in peace,  
With honours from the field.

JEM.

Ay, Amy, when there in the fray  
Combating toe to toe,  
Thy prayer shall brace my arm to slay  
With double might the foe.  
And should I fall before the foe,  
My life I'm call'd to yield,  
Shall soothe my ebbing spirit's throe  
When dying on the field.

AMY.

But know, my Jem, should'st thou be slain,  
Thy Amy (O my care!)  
Will seek thee on the battle plain,  
Thy fate that I may share:  
I'll seize the sword from thy cold hand,  
With all my might to wield,  
There, rush amid the battle's clang,  
Die with thee on the field.



## CHILD OF THE BRAVE.

(*Song.*)

A VOICE in the street 'tis—whose plaint!  
How touching!—the son of the brave  
Is the object so wan and so faint,  
Whose cry is, oh pity! oh save!  
I'm the child of a hero that bled,  
Who fell with the brave in the fight,  
And I wander and beg for my bread,  
While a stone is my pillow at night.

Long school'd to rebuff,—as I roam,  
I'm mock'd by the cold winter's blast,  
Unheeded, nor shelter, nor home,  
On the wide world, an orphan I'm cast.  
Oh! pity a boy that's bereft  
Of his parent, oh pity! oh save!  
'Tis the child of misfortune I'm left  
Lone to wander, the son of the brave.

DEC. 6, 1855.

THE ZOUAVE<sup>6</sup>.

(*For Music.*)

CLAD in his silk embroider'd vest  
The Zouave!—to meet the foe—  
He bares his neck, he bares his breast,  
Blithe as the mountain roe!  
The war-shout is his heart's delight,  
Still foremost in the move!  
Eager and first to hail the fight  
Is always seen the Zouave!

His features dark of swarthy hue  
Brighten as danger's near,  
With gait as light, with step as true,  
Bounds lither as the deer  
Thro' yawning rift, up dizzy height,  
Still foremost in the move!  
Eager and first to hail the fight  
Is always seen the Zouave!

AUG., 1855.

<sup>6</sup> The Algerian and African soldiers, in the battles of the Crimea, have always distinguished themselves.

## MY ISABELLA.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER AT THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

*(For Music.)*

O SWEET blithe themes! ye haunt me still,  
Where lurks the foe full dread,  
(Where, night and day, 'tis battle fray,  
The cold, cold ground my bed,)  
I chant to some once happy air  
(Love still endears to me)  
The ditties by the cottage girl  
Sung on the banks of Dee!

Ay, cruel, cruel fortune! sure  
Ye've fill'd my heart with care!  
I rue the day that stole me 'way,  
That forc'd me from my fair!  
But O my heart has never swerv'd!  
Life to my soul is she—  
My Isabella, the little girl  
That warbles 'side the Dee.

AUG. 10, 1855.

LUCRETIA <sup>7</sup>.

*Founded on an Incident which happened at the Fall of the south part  
of Sebastopol, in September, 1855.*

“BASE man, desist,” Lucretia cried,  
 “Assail my honour? a maiden’s pride?  
 Brute, count the cost—thy life or mine  
 The forfeit!—Wretch, think’st I’ll resign?”

Furious the fiend darts on his prey,  
 As stoutly still he’s kept at bay,  
 With all a woman’s might defied,  
 Till help implor’d was by her side!  
 A British soldier, kind, humane,  
 Sprang forward, bade the brute refrain—  
 “Or to the hilt my weapon feel—  
 Bedair will pin you with this steel:  
 Yes! tho’ e’en thou my colonel were,  
 Did he misuse that maiden there,

<sup>7</sup> At the fall of the south part of Sebastopol, hundreds of the allied soldiers made a rush to plunder; when finding a beautiful young female, daughter of one of the Russian generals, her honour would have been sacrificed to the lust of the plunderers, but for the heroic conduct of an English soldier, who threatened the life of any that should dare to molest her. The attachment of the female for her kind deliverer was so great, that she could not be induced to leave him more. Lucretia and Bedair are names adopted.

Full sure he'd prove my threat too true—  
 By heavens, I'd strike the monster thro'!  
 Stir—and thy life pays the offence;—  
 I'll guard the pass!—fly, maiden, hence!”

“Lucretia fly Bedair? aye, never  
 But with thy life, or mine, we sever,  
 Oh! might the strife of nations cease,  
 My land and thine might be at peace!  
 How much I love my land, Bedair,  
 My kind deliverer's fate I'll share!  
 Where thou dost go, there I will be—  
 Whate'er betide, I follow thee!”

Oct. 10, 1855.

## THE FAIRY FAY.

“COME, Jessy, come, let's find the fay;  
 Go hunt the meadows round,  
 Disport on every daisy mound:  
 Why dally, Jessy, aye?  
 How beautiful the moon's wan light  
 Shines on the mystic ring:  
 O, let us tread the dewy night—  
 With many a fairy fay and sprite  
 We'll join in revelling.

"The cricket pipes, the owlets play,  
 The airy folk advance,  
 Around the fungus whisk the dance,  
 Begun's their revelry.  
 Hark! 'tis their merry meeting, Jessy,  
 Do let's go to-night.  
 I love the pretty little elves;  
 May fay and fairy be ourselves;  
 I long to be a sprite."

"O William, tell me, what are elves?  
 The fay? and what's the fairy sprite?  
 And why they hold their fête this night?  
 Can they be like ourselves?  
 My mother call'd me, when a girl,  
 Her little fairy fay;  
 And did my mother tell me right,—  
 I am your fay—be you my sprite,  
 Let's dally not—away!"

"Away! I hear them, William; aye,  
 Their fête's begun:—the dormouse sings,  
 And fastly fill their mystic rings  
 With elve and fairy fay:  
 Then let us join the moonlit dance,  
 Where (whisking in the sheen)  
 We'll tread the spangl'd meadows light;  
 My William he shall be my sprite,  
 His Jess the fairy queen."

NO EASTERN POMP SHALL LURE  
MY LOVE.

THO' birds far east have flaming crest,  
 A sparkling wing, a spangl'd breast;  
 Whilst we can boast a Philomel ours  
 To consecrate our shady bowers,  
 Let Hindoo wave her gaudy plumes,  
 And waft awide her spicy fumes,  
     The Ganges roll 'neath scorching suns,  
     The Niger flow thro' black'ning woods,  
     Where high-swoll'n torrent headlong runs,  
     And cataracts pour their bursting floods  
 From many a steep down thund'ring hurl'd,  
 Thro' deserts cross the eastern world,  
 Where snorts the steed that's ne'er been curb'd,  
 And roams at large the panting herd.  
     I envy not Hindoostan's store,  
     But bless the power that cast my lot  
     Far from that eastern pompous shore,  
     In freedom's land, this sacred spot,  
 Where genius unconfin'd pursues,  
 And bards may woo the gentle muse;  
     Where live those sweet persuasive lores,  
     Effusive evidence of truth;  
     Where love's enlighten'd essence pours  
     Attemper'd joys of healthy growth;

Where beauty, sentiment, and art,  
 Embellish'd with elegance, combine  
 To dignify the human heart,  
 And closely round its vitals twine.  
 Give me my own dear native shades,  
 No eastern pomp shall lure my love:  
 Calm, in my native groves, the Naiads  
 I'll woo as sings the turtle-dove.

APRIL 13, 1852.

THE LOVELIEST OF ALL<sup>s</sup>.

As fann'd the south breeze o'er  
 The broad verdant down,  
 Soul-charm'd by its zephyr's soft sweet soothing  
 lull,  
 On a bed of sweet violets  
 I lay, where around  
 Bloom'd the ox-eye and little blue bell.

I slept, and I dream'd,  
 My dream let me show—  
 A voice o'er the streamlet,—the brooklet below,

<sup>s</sup> Written on the author's awaking from a dream.



Distinctly I heard it  
 Say, "List to my call,  
 And I'll show you what's love and the loveliest of  
 all."

When, lo! seem'd I saw a  
 Sweet babe; as it lay  
 Its arms were uplifted, its heart leap'd with joy.  
 And I saw its fair mother  
 In ecstasies: aye,  
 How she chirp'd to her sweet little boy!

I awoke with these words  
 On my lips—"heavenly bliss!"  
 Sweet babe, its blithe crow to the call  
 Shall I ever forget it?  
 The mother's fond kiss?  
 O sweet love and the loveliest of all!

MAY, 1851.

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THE AGED PAIR.

OH envi'd calm! I've seen thy reign  
 In the ag'd couple, oft I've seen  
 The dimple on their features play,  
 Their silver locks so smoothly lay.  
 No sudden gust, or joy, or fear,  
 To throb the pulse; no anxious care:

Firm and submissive to what might fall,  
Nor ceas'd they on their God to call:  
Their cottage like themselves, profound  
Solemnity mark'd all around:  
Contentment in their wrinkled face—  
The smile that told a happy grace:  
The book of life as daily scann'd;  
The dame (with knitting in her hand)  
Sat 'tentive to the lesson heard,  
While he, the sage, explain'd the word;  
So dear to them the sacred page—  
Guide of their youth, their staff in age:

The year its circuit once more run,  
And death had here its work begun.  
Alone and pensive (still serene)  
The poor old man now oft is seen  
To wend his way, with moisten'd eyes,  
To where his once-lov'd partner lies:  
The tear is wip'd, his head is bare,  
His soul's employ'd in silent prayer:  
Leaning upon his staff in 'maze,  
He once more there recounts the days,  
The months, the years, the happy life  
He'd spent with her, a virtuous wife.  
Glanc'd at the spot, and with his eye  
To measure where himself must lie:  
Serene he views the grass-green sod,  
Then from the grave looks up to God,

Turns from the spot with one last look,  
 Returns and takes the sacred book,  
 And there his bright'ning features tell,  
 His heart 'twas whisper'd "All is well."

MARCH 24, 1852.

### NECESSITATED EMIGRANT.

OH, England! it rends my poor heart,  
 And still thou art dearer the more  
 As I think on the day we must part;—  
 Shall I ever return to thy shore?  
 To the land of my fathers, my youth,  
 To the home that affection hath bound  
 Like a spell to my heart? Of a truth,  
 From thy shore I'm by destiny frown'd.

With the wreck of my fortune I fly,  
 At the thought not a nerve but does shake,  
 And fast is the time growing nigh  
 When all that is dear to forsake.  
 My heart, cease thy panting, 'tis o'er!  
 My long-cherish'd hopes are denied;  
 Oh, England! tho' frown'd from thy shore,  
 May'st thou still be my boast and my pride!

To live by my labour I've tried,  
 And I've fail'd so to do; to be plain,  
 All my energy tho' I've employ'd,  
 For existence I've striven in vain.

Yet should fortune smile while I'm away,  
 For thee be my deepest concern;  
 Should it frown, for my country I'll pray,  
 Tho' denied be my wish'd-for return.

MARCH, 1853.

SWEET BETTY.

HARK! o'er the lea to the  
 Ploughman's sweet voice!  
 No doubt but his Betty is smiling to hear  
 That so happy is he,  
 The lov'd lad of her choice,  
 That his heart is so blithe, and his voice is so  
 clear.

How her soul is elated with  
 Prospects of bliss;  
 Not a zephyr but's hush'd thro' the bright leafy  
 trees—  
 As they ripple, sweet Betty  
 Bids them to be list  
 To the song o'er the valley, that's waft by the  
 breeze.

That blush on her cheek, and  
 Which vies with the rose,  
 Still is deepen'd, as Betty's attent to the strain,

As it wafts on the zephyr,  
 Her heart, how it glows,  
 When herself is the theme warbled forth by the  
 swain.

Sweet girl, of sweet nature,—  
 How pure is the stream—  
 Her passion for Colin! e'en chaste as the dove!  
 As she listens again,  
 When herself is the theme,  
 How she dreams of sweet peace in a cottage of  
 love.

MARCH, 1852.

## GIPSYING O'ER THE FLOATING BRIDGE<sup>9</sup>.

COME, let us off to Clifton's Grove,  
 And tent and gipsy 'neath its hedge;  
 And every haunt around we'll rove,  
 When we have cross'd the Floating Bridge.  
 Come, pack the capon, wine, and gin,  
 And resin well the fiddle-bow,  
 That we may dance, and laugh, and sing,  
 And roll about and gipsy O!

<sup>9</sup> The author was at Clifton Grove in September, 1851, where he saw several gipsy parties.

The boatman's waiting, (let us go,)  
 To take us from the river's edge;  
 And we will sing, and he will row,  
 'Tis thus we'll cross the Floating Bridge:  
 When soon how happy we shall be,  
 'Tis wine shall make our hearts to glow,  
 We'll sit and sing 'neath every tree,  
 And roll about and gipsy O!

At night we'll form a jovial ring,  
 While far the sun sets west below,  
 We'll stay and dance, and laugh and sing,  
 Till the moon shines bright, when off we go,  
 And gather up our traps and cran,  
 Our empty bottles far we'll throw,  
 And when we come to the boatman's stand,  
 How we will sing, and he will row.

Nor ever, when, our heads grown grey,  
 Shall we forget how we did rove;  
 Nor tree, nor haunt, nor yet the day,  
 We cross'd the bridge to Clifton's Grove;  
 Where every bottle did we drain,  
 And resin'd well our fiddle-bow,  
 And danc'd and gamboll'd on the green,  
 And roll'd about, and gipsied O!

## THE SNOWDROP.

THEE, modest gem! my fancy flower!  
 With thee to spend my silent hour,  
 I seek the haunt that thou dost grace,  
     While there, attent  
 I view thy lovely pallid face,  
     Sweet innocent!

Thee! earliest little flower that springs,  
 Thou'rt here before the throstle sings,  
 Ere birchen leaves are seen to peep;  
     A gem that blows  
 Ere eastern gales have ceas'd to sweep  
     The vernal snows.

Thy delicately tender form  
 Is seen amid the bleaching storm—  
 The lowliest, meekliest flow'r that blows:—  
     Thee, little gem,  
 Thou'rt here 'mid spring's most deadliest foes  
     To deck the glen.

Companion to the love-lorn maid,  
 Forsaken! she who's been betray'd;  
 To her, on each returning spring,  
     Thee, little flower!  
 Thy innocence to mind dost bring  
     Her evil hour.

To thee neglected genius flies,  
 To seek that solace the world denies;  
 Sits by thy side in some lone dell,  
     And vents its grief—  
 Till from cold disappointment's chill  
     Death gives relief.

APRIL 1, 1850.

### HARP OF THE WINDS, FAREWELL<sup>1</sup>.

HARP of the winds, sweet mystic lyre!  
 For thine own offspring go! inspire,  
     That thou mayst get them praise—  
 O breathe on all that well incline,  
 That none be who condemn thy line  
     Ere yet they've sung thy lays.

Farewell, farewell thy wizard strain,  
 On frolic's wing go forth and gain  
     Some friend, or friends thine hire;—  
 Three years thou'st sooth'd my weary way  
 With many a sweet and tender lay;—  
     Farewell—farewell my lyre.

Farewell, harp of the winds go fling  
 Thy fitful wail, and sweetly sing;

<sup>1</sup> Written on the prospect of the author's publishing.



Give to the heaving swell  
The theme that wild in altos rave,  
Or weeping's heard in chords more grave;—  
Harp of the winds, farewell.

Nov. 14, 1852.

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THE SISTER SOOTHING HER DYING  
BROTHER WITH HER LUTE<sup>2</sup>.

YET still repeat!  
O sister, let thy hand retrace  
That chord how sweet!  
It soothes my soul, how rich, how chaste,—  
It lifts my spirit! haste, sister, haste!

Once more for me  
Awake the lute! once more—again  
That melody  
Repeat,—repeat the heavenly strain,  
Sister, it soothes my dying pain.

Stay, sister, stay!  
As fastly ebbs the immortal fire  
Away,—away  
The earth glides from me, high, yet higher!  
I leave you, sister, cease your lyre.

SEPT 12, 1853.

<sup>2</sup> None but those whose ear is tenderly alive to music will understand these lines.

## ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the night! mild, pensive orb!  
To me thy melancholy beam  
Awakes how, in my childhood's dream,  
My thoughts thou didst absorb:—  
When but a babe, for thee, how oft  
I've sought the fields alone,  
To view thee thro' thy silver sheen  
Till sad,—and yet how pleas'd I've been  
To see thee ride aloft.

Soother of sad misfortune's child,  
Thou seem'st to feel for all his woes,  
To pity all his heartfelt throes,—  
Thy melancholy smile  
Giv'st to him feelings that portray  
The workings of his mind.  
Pale, like thyself, my feverish brow  
I wipe, while as I view thee now  
I'm sad! yet know not why.

A something's in thy languid light  
'Tis makes me solitary sigh;—  
While as thou'rt pensive riding by  
High 'mid the realms of night,

My vagrant fancy fain would'st play  
And woo thee to my breast;  
Where now thou leav'st a pleasing smart,  
Enough to win the careworn heart  
One pitying look from thee.

Aug. 10, 1853.

### WANDERING MINSTRELS.

Aye faithful hath my Jessy been,  
In every land, no matter where,  
Content is Jess my lot to share  
And beat the tambourine:  
While as I sweep my sweet guitar  
To Jessy's tender strain,  
She brightens with its tuneful strings,  
And as the song my Jessy sings  
I think on home afar.

Trim is my Jess, so neatly clean,  
No matter where we wander, yes,  
In every land admir'd is Jess,  
As with her tambourine  
She marks the time to my guitar  
With keen and subtle ear!  
But oh! sad oft I sweep its strings—  
Shed many tears as Jessy sings  
Of our sweet home afar.

When weary worn, my Jessy, aye,  
Tells all her little tales of home,  
She, to beguile me as we roam,  
And cheer me in the way,  
Reminds of all that we have seen  
Till I'm no longer sad,  
And then I string my sweet guitar,  
While Jessy sings of home afar  
And beats her tambourine.

AUG. 9, 1853.

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### THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

As sweetly wails the forest trees,  
And bends before the winds the pine,  
Th' Æolian harp, on dulcet keys,  
Broods melancholy in the mind.

Its madden'd chord takes phrensi'd flight,  
Sweeps wildly past my pensive ear,  
And as its fairy tones still bright  
Wrings from my heart a silent tear.

Enchanted by its wild cadence,  
Immortal forms in bright array  
Arise, and on their pinions hence  
Th' enraptur'd soul is borne away.

Thus thine, sweet lyre, is to entrance!  
Seraphic chords as from thee flow,  
The soul is fill'd with wild romance,  
And dies to all its cares below.

MAY 3, 1852.

### THE PHRENSI'D MAID.

I SAW the maid!—her loose brown hair!  
Bereavement more than nature's sorrow,  
Unequal steps betray'd it there;  
And still she comes on every morrow.

And still she bids the winds to blow!  
Her tearless eye beams more than sorrow,  
Where, as it wanders to and fro,  
Her plaint is thus on every morrow.

“Harry, Harry, fly not from me!  
'Tis, 'tis his spirit's well-known sigh!  
'Tis in the breeze, it hovers round me;  
Hush! I feel it brush me by.

“'Tis gone, 'tis gone, and I must sorrow!  
I heard it whisk past yonder trees;  
'Harriot,' it whisper'd, 'Come to-morrow—  
Watch, thou'lt hear me in the breeze!’”

Thus, day by day, the phrensi'd maid  
 Returns and here renews her sorrow,  
 And still she fancies Harry's shade  
 'Tis whispers "Come again to-morrow!"

FEB. 18, 1852.

PHANTOM SHIP,

OR MAIDEN'S DREAM.

O! cease, my soul, thy dark foreboding,  
 Henry! still he yet may live.  
 My last night's dream! oh, how corroding!  
 But why to that my credence give?

Oh Henry's ship! to think on daunts me!  
 Toss'd on the surge e'en mountains high—  
 Wreck'd! split on the rocks! yet haunts me  
 The fatal crash—the piteous cry.

Can dreams like these be sad presages?  
 Can they affect my Henry? No!  
 The storm which but in fancy rages  
 Reach and on my Henry blow?

Ye rude unseen disturbers leave me,  
 O let me think him yet to live;  
 Crude fancy! still shall that deceive me,  
 Oh! why to dreams my credence give?

FEB. 11, 1852.

LOVER'S VOW<sup>3</sup>.

BLEAK was that night a female lorn  
 Sought shelter 'neath a willow bough,  
 Where, as she wept, sad, thus to mourn—  
 “Oh cruel man to falsely vow!  
 Can I forget? can I forgive?  
 He vow'd! and sad, 'twas I believ'd!  
 And yet he in my heart must live—  
 Tho' false! to love him who deceiv'd!

“Oh, that I did ever love!—  
 Believ'd in him I lov'd so well!—  
 ‘Witness’—said he—‘ye powers above  
 The vow I make!’—Oh, sad to tell!  
 'Tis nought but death can give release,  
 A wretch despis'd by all I roam—  
 He stole my heart—he stole my peace,  
 And drove me from my happy home.

“My child! my child kind heaven receiv'd!  
 Sweet babe, thy mother's is the shame:  
 Oh, that she lov'd! and sad, believ'd  
 The man could thus requite the flame!—

<sup>3</sup> Is not the feeling of many a poor unfortunate girl here depicted, who instead of seeking to be revenged of her betrayer, earnestly entreats of heaven to forgive the man, who had destroyed for ever her prospects and her peace?

Oh! had'st thou liv'd, sweet innocent—  
 My crime might'st yet have follow'd thee!  
 Harsh world! On me—I am content  
 The brand—the stain let rest on me.

“ My simple heart believ'd him true!—  
 Oh hide me heaven from human sight!  
 That fatal night I've cause to rue—  
 He vow'd—I yielded!—Oh, that night!—  
 Save, heaven save! from one rash thought  
 Prevent me! Oh, it thrills me now!  
 Grant me, oh heaven, the help I've sought,  
 And do forgive my lover's vow!”

SEPT., 1852.

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## THE DISTANT KNOLL—ONCE EMMA'S HOME †.

My foolish heart!—here still I come  
 Yon distant knoll to see!  
 Just by its clump, my Emma's home—  
 Aye, where it used to be.—  
 O sacred spot! that knoll to me!  
 Tho' distance dims the sight—

† Who has not, on returning to their native place after the lapse of some few years, when (though at many miles distant) they have caught the first glimpse of the village spire, or a knoll of trees, or of any thing else associated with the home of their childhood, felt that which 'twas not in the power of words to express?



I seem to count them tree by tree  
 As feeling strange delight.

Where, as I view the distant mound,  
 (Like magic is the spell,)  
 E'en every haunt I trace—around  
 Where Emma us'd to dwell!—  
 This brings a thought which thrills my heart—  
 (A thought I love to hold),  
 Ere Emma's spirit, it did depart—  
 That love for me she told!

The spire that peeps above yon hill,  
 (Now seems to touch the skies,)  
 Is where once toll'd my Emma's knell!  
 Yes—there my Emma lies!  
 And where the grass grows lank and long,  
 The little headstone stands—  
 The last sad pledge of plighted love  
 There plac'd by my own hands!

You fir-grove plant! O sacred place!  
 I count its trees again—  
 Where once we woo'd, again I trace  
 'Till dizzy grows my brain:  
 Yet still my pensive eyes will roam—  
 Ne'er wearied with the sight,—  
 O, that you knoll, once Emma's home,  
 How strange it should delight!

## THE FORSAKEN.

O THAT sweet day when blithe and gay  
 With William I did rove!  
 'Mong bells of blue, where violets grew  
 We trod the hazel grove—  
 Where, arm in arm, a happy pair,  
 'Twas 'neath the looping willow  
 I us'd to listen to the air  
 That William sang so mellow!

How sweetly did he fan to flame  
 My young and glowing heart,—  
 A spell was in my William's name—  
 But oh, destin'd to part!  
 'Twas false, oh, false my William prov'd  
 And left me to despair!  
 I travers'd every haunt we'd rov'd  
 But William was not there!

And still (tho' lost to me for ever)  
 I'm doom'd to feel the smart!  
 O, can I think of William? never  
 But something thrills my heart!  
 When all the past afresh is brought  
 On recollection's wing—  
 Where lives the sweetest, saddest thought  
 My William back to bring!

## CELIA'S GRAVE.

Oh, Celia! where's thy spirit fled?  
My longing eyes I cast above—  
Where, as my thoughts are wand'ring led  
I ask can yet a Celia love?

Oh! tell me, dear departed shade,  
Where is thy spirit's blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover ling'ring fade?  
Hear'st thou the groan that rends his breast?

Thy shade, oh, Celia! meets me here—  
It haunts me wheresoe'er I go:  
That lovely form to me once dear—  
I still before it 'tempt to bow.

See'st how I linger near the sod  
That covers Celia, once so fair?  
How I embrace the grass-green clod—  
Bedew'd, and nightly with my tear?

Know'st how I watch with yonder star  
That faint and fainter blinks to rest?  
Nor cease till's seen to bloom afar  
O'er eastern hills, Aurora's crest?

See'st how my locks with night-dew falls?  
 My pulse still faint and fainter play—  
 And when to rise the last star calls,  
 How loath my stiffen'd limbs obey?

Oh, Celia! can thy spirit see  
 My blighted frame? my withering heart?  
 Can Celia leave a heaven and flee  
 And take me where no more we part?

JAN. 3, 1852.

### BRIDGE OF THE BOW.

WHEN worn down by care—  
 Soul sicken'd of strife,  
 And our star's in the west, may we know  
 (As serenely we glance on  
 The troubles of life)  
 That we rest on the Bridge of the Bow.

Sweet emblem of peace to  
 The wretched on earth—  
 The careworn, a balm for their woe:—  
 'Tis hope springs an arch for  
 The child at his birth—  
 And he's cast on the Bridge of the Bow.

A token for good  
 Heaven's message of love!  
 To confirm the frail spirit below,  
 Was the olive-branch sent to  
 The ark by a dove<sup>5</sup>,  
 And the seal of the pledge is the Bow.

Shadow'd forth by an arch as  
 A token of strength,  
 And it ever has baffl'd the foe!  
 As unfathom'd for height and  
 For depth and for length—  
 Is the promise, the Bridge of the Bow.

DEC. 10, 1851.

## THE DAWN OF LIFE.

IN the dawn 'tis of life (when  
 The heart's made to glow)  
 Young hope soars unspeckl'd—from nature's pure  
 mould  
 Springs the scion forth ripening  
 To blossom and blow,  
 While each leaf with new beauties is seen to  
 unfold.

<sup>5</sup> Emblem of peace.

Advancing from childhood  
New prospects arise,  
As the young breeze expands the fair sails of our  
youth,  
New pleasures appear like  
The dawn in the skies,  
And sweetly each passion breathes odours of  
truth.

Still hope fans the barque, tho'  
Less brilliant may seem  
Here the pleasures of life as 'tis older we grow;  
Yet e'en then may the star of  
Sweet hope shine serene,  
And the stem that is shaken still blossom and  
blow.

DEC. 13, 1851.

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### COTTAGE OF LOVE.

O SWEET peace with a crust in  
A cottage serene,  
With a Bible, and heart that can pray;  
Where the rose with the brier  
Love twining are seen,  
Nor to envy the rich and the gay.

'Tis the cotter's sweet home where  
 The wife is the brier,  
 And his children the roses that bloom;  
 'Neath a roof that is thatch'd, with  
 A snug little fire,  
 And away with the world and its gloom.

Let the rich and the gay, in  
 Their castles reside,  
 And their turrets may tower above;  
 Let me have a crust, and  
 A roof that is thatch'd,  
 If it crowns but a cottage of love.

DEC. 12, 1851.

NEGRO BOY.

WEEP! O weep, poor child, thou mayest,  
 None to soothe thy troubl'd breast,  
 None (to soften where thou layest)  
 Sings thy aching head to rest:—  
 O how pants his heart for Alice,  
 Once her little pet! her joy!—  
 His father's hope—his mother's solace—  
 O how they lov'd their negro boy!

Cruel, cruel! how unfeeling!—  
 Shall not vengeance yet recoil?  
 His little hands clasp'd 'fore thee kneeling,  
 And not to spare a negro child.

Oh! iron-hearted monsters, cease,  
 Restore a sister's only joy—  
 A father's hope—a mother's peace—  
 O how they lov'd their negro boy!

Can'st thou bear to see him pining?  
 Ever cheerless!—void of solace!  
 Gall'd by cords that tightly bind him—  
 Grieving for his dear lov'd Alice!—  
 To hear him sob!—Oh! monsters, cease,  
 Restore a sister's only joy—  
 A father's hope—a mother's peace—  
 O how they lov'd their negro boy!

Oct. 30, 1852.

ON THE BIRTH OF LYDIA J. R.,

SEPT. 2, 1849.

SWEET stranger! art thou come to stay?  
 Or for a short sojourn?  
 Here, but a month—a week—a day—  
 And to return?

Like a fair flower, whose tender stem  
 Dies 'fore the bleaching blast?  
 Yet not like that—shalt thou, sweet gem,  
 Be to oblivion cast!



Long life, should this be to thee given,  
 May it to thee be blest;  
 And every day fit thee for heaven—  
 The soul's sweet rest.

Here, beauty may give thee her fair form,  
 And virtue teach to pray!  
 Yet thou may'st feel the bleaching storm,  
 And lose the beaten way.

But O may no seducer's guile  
 Betray thee ere aware;  
 Sweet child, from all his wicked wile  
 May'st thou escape the snare.

SEPT. 2, 1849.

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## STRAUSS,

### LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF<sup>6</sup>.

WEEP, melodious souls, your loss,  
 Your favourite son—Herr Johann Strauss!  
 Who lives no more!—yet, many a year  
 His waltz will live—enchant the ear—  
 Will cheer the dance—the gay saloon—  
 To the airy waltzer a special boon—

<sup>6</sup> On reading in the Illustrated London News, of the death of Strauss, the waltz writer, who died in 1849.

A source of chaste delight! refin'd  
 By luscious chord spell-like combin'd:—  
 Bold as the crash falls in the breaks  
 The ear from apathy awakes:—  
 Then comes to lure—the soothing plaint!—  
 Next, bursts the bounds of harmony, quaint  
 Disports with discord,—'gain sheds forth  
 Strains that lift the soul from earth—  
 To all that's mortal 'pears to die,  
 Unshper'd mounts thro' the upper sky!

Dare any to dispute his fame?  
 Or from her list t'erase his name?—  
 Mozart! Beethoven too, may claim,  
 For depth of thought, immortal fame!—  
 And may not Strauss?—his melodies last?—  
 Delight when ages yet are past?  
 Great minds for laws pierce nature's core  
 In fancy's regions far explore—  
 Dive for the chord (mystery had bound)  
 For new inversions, depths of sound—  
 On science soar from pole to pole.

Yet nature more affects the soul—  
 Simplicity's sweet pathetic touch  
 Is lost by learning over much—  
 Strauss here combin'd the two—his lyre  
 With science blended nature's fire.

## HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

To him, my kindred spirit White!  
I dedicate this little mite;  
Chaste bard, he, once who woo'd the nine,  
In solemn numbers penn'd his line,—  
Sweet favour'd child of Clifton's naiads,  
The minstrel of thy native shades,  
The muses bade thy bosom glow,  
And gave thy song an easy flow:—  
Yet too, too much the task to feel—  
A task? nay! 'twas a burning zeal—  
And fatal prov'd!—not to thy fame!—  
Thy pen immortaliz'd thy name!—  
But oh! the muse with gifts beguil'd,  
Alas! destroy'd her fondest child.—  
Say not destroy'd! his mantle fell!  
His spirit burst its mortal cell—  
Yet ere it fled, it told the tale,  
The old legend of Clifton's dale:  
How Margaret brake the ring in two,  
That night she Bateman bade adieu;  
And when the pledge she did not keep,  
By demons forc'd to Clifton's deep;  
The spot where Bateman sought before,  
And sank, alas! to rise no more!  
His Marg'ret false,—no longer sane,  
Sad, delirium seiz'd his brain—

And here he fell, alas, he fell!—  
 And here the legend deigns to tell  
 How demons 'neath the Trent's smooth flow—  
 Here plung'd the perjur'd girl below.

Henry! I know romance delights!—  
 Can follow thee in all thy flights!—  
 With thee (tho' hindmost in the race)  
 Fain would I run, — tho' not thy grace!—  
 Thy gifts!—yet Henry do I feel  
 The fire, (as once thyself,)—the zeal!—  
 Tho' now no more thou'rt left to tell  
 But in the page of Clifton's dell;—  
 Long since thy song first caught mine ear,  
 Where as I read—seem'd all my care;—  
 Then would I wipe from either eye  
 The tear, and heave a heavy sigh:—  
 Thus sad for White, and Clifton dale—  
 For days to feel an inward wail.

JULY 3, 1850.



### TO THE CHRYSANTHEMUM<sup>7</sup>.

SWEET nature's child, why droops thine head?  
 Does autumn fill thee with its gloom?  
 Feel'st thou to dread a wintry tomb?  
 Griev'st that thy beauties fade?

<sup>7</sup> This and the following little piece were written when the author was very ill.

Oh I can weep, sweet flower, with thee,  
No more in rosy health seen clad—  
Like thee I droop—like thee I'm sad;—  
'Tis autumn too with me.

No more that sparkle in mine eye,  
Pallid, I stagger 'neath the winds  
That's strewn with leaves the russet glens;—  
My cheek has lost its dye.

And where is thy once brilliant tinge  
So smiling grac'd thy brow?  
Sweet flower, like me, thou'rt sadd'ning now,—  
Thou'st lost thy silver fringe.

The storm now on us thickens fast,  
While as it howls thro' yonder trees—  
Hear ye our dirge chant by the breeze;—  
Death threatens in the blast.

Oh, let me sorrow with thee!—here  
The life-streams 'tis—our veins that fill—  
By autumn winds congeal and chill;—  
Our sadness let us share.

Ere long our sadd'ning will be o'er,—  
The storm now sweeps the gloomy sky—  
'Tis autumn's blast,—destruction's nigh,—  
We soon shall weep no more.

A SORROWING HEART AN AUTUMN  
FEELS<sup>s</sup>.

THE heart may yearn and writhe with pain,  
 When inward sorrows to beguile,  
 How oft is forc'd the placid smile  
 Where sad, does sadness reign :  
 And grief may struggle for its vent  
 And all be dark within,  
 Yet still a brighter brow 'twould wear,  
 And feigns a smile to cover care  
 When oh the heart how bent !

And now, oh how I sit and pine,  
 With autumn how I count the time,  
 Widow'd, like her I withering fade,  
 And autumn is but a sombre shade  
 Where, as my breast with sighing heaves,  
 I sit and watch her yellowing leaves,  
 While as they're falling, something saith—  
 Behold, the livery of death !

These parched leaves (once green and fair)  
 Sicken'd by autumn's chilling nights,  
 And crusting dews, and blasting blights,  
 One common death do share.

<sup>s</sup> This, with the one preceding, was written when the author was very ill.

And oh like autumn I am pale!  
 Seen reeling as I go:  
 Like her my heart begins to chill,  
 Leaves (once my fairest) scar'd and fell,  
 I shiver 'neath the gale.

With me 'tis now a withering time,  
 And autumn soon will cease to pine—  
 Winter will fell her with a sweep,  
 Then should I 'neath the green sward sleep,  
 Oh! when the spring 'gain decks the trees,  
 And soft shall blow the summer breeze,  
 Then may the zephyr's hallow'd sigh  
 Fan the green grass o'er where I lie;—  
 And autumn leaves again when pale,  
 O'er my cold grave the winds shall wail.

Nov., 1852.

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## DEEP ANSWERS TO DEEP<sup>9</sup>.

I KNOW the tree—the flower may bloom,  
 May cast their fruit and bloom again;—  
 And so may shine the sun—the moon—  
 But whence consciousness in men?

<sup>9</sup> The restlessness of a mind of extreme sensibility, and acute comprehensiveness, (given to keen research for causes,) none knows but the deeply reflective and susceptible.

'Tis light and warmth illumines my urn,  
 Gives to my being its conscious ray;—  
 But wherefore comes this deep concern  
 That thrills e'en now my trembling clay?

Vain search! my soul, thou art forbidden  
 To solve the secret deeply inlaid  
 In the Eternal's bosom hidden!  
 Reason shall lend thy search no aid:—  
 Within thee burns the living light,  
 Gives animation to thy clay,  
 And every thought, or new or trite,  
 Is given thro' its conscious ray:  
 But gives thee not to trace or know  
 Of nature but thro' nature's laws—  
 With which the earth is teeming rife,  
 The sky—the clouds—partake of life  
 That points thee to the one first cause  
 On which all secondary grow.

Then dream not, oh! reckon not of pure  
 Unsullied happiness below;—  
 Here, for awhile thou'rt to endure  
 (The fruit of sin) pain—grief—and woe:—  
 Unclean, unclean, thy every thought  
 Exhales a stench,—a deadly bane;—  
 Thy heart, as if by instinct taught,  
 Swells with self-love,—high-minded,—vain,—  
 Conceited,—a would-be something wise,—  
 Yet feigns humility,—and more!



The truth of what is felt within  
 The heart, (the sink of every sin,)  
 That filthy rottenness at core,  
 Man, proud as Lucifer, denies.

Then, oh! good spirit, trim my light,  
 That no false gleam allure me, where,  
 Deceitful flashes dim the sight,  
 Help me to tread the way with care.  
 The mind assumes a thousand shapes,  
 Confin'd not to this nether world,  
 (Where all that's good or bad it apes,)  
 But thro' an unknown region hurl'd:—  
 Conjecturing now my thoughts do roam!  
 Oh heaven! guide their airy fling;  
 Where, as they're wafting to and fro,  
 Give them a calm and pensive flow,  
 But should they stretch confusion's wing,  
 Oh! hush my thoughts, and call them home.

SEPT. 25, 1852.

IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE  
 TRIBULATION.

JOHN xvi. 33.

A FOG of pestilential woe,  
 (Blown o'er the earth by demon breath,)  
 Is cutting care! and makes man bow  
 And feel the force of living death.

The stoutest heart is bent by care,  
 Can lay the loftiest spirit low,  
 E'en tinctures hope with some despair,  
 And those most favour'd feel its woe.

It shades the soul from scenes more bright,  
 A bane unhealthy 'pears to man,  
 That fills him with eternal night,  
 And makes him pensive, pale, and wan.  
 Yet tho' can care his comforts sweep,  
 This may but quicken to desire;  
 Waft him o'er this world's troubl'd deep,  
 And light his soul with holy fire.

May wake the spirit's slumb'ring dream,  
 And give it David's panting prayer;  
 To sing the cross, that glorious theme!  
 With David, David's God to share:  
 Can make it breathe a living light,  
 A free salvation to proclaim;  
 To harp and sing, with Jesse's might  
 To hymn the great Messiah's name!

That glorious name the foe confess'd!  
 Mad with defeat,—that king of hell  
 He saw its splendour!—dropp'd his crest,  
 Astonish'd fled with horrid yell.  
 Then oh! let Judah's harp be strung,  
 The powers of darkness shall it clave;  
 When even on the willows slung  
 Exalt the Conqueror's power to save.

## ECHOES OF THE SOUL.

My muse would soar on fancy's wing,  
Yet fain would touch some tender string  
That vibrates sweetly to my call,  
Bedews the soul and freshness brings  
Within the heart, whose echoes fall  
Like crystal drops in silver springs:  
And every answer then that's given,  
But fills with harmony of heaven;  
With gentle beams of heavenly light  
Illumes, and soft repels the night;  
Warms with the consecrated fire  
That fills the bard with sacred love;  
E'en floods his soul with pure desire,  
And wafts him far the skies above.

But skies no longer when serene,  
And soon the storm is low'ring seen.  
Thus frowns the heart at heaven's decree,  
When clouds of darkness shade the soul,  
Soon peace and comforts how they flee,  
And thunders bursting o'er it roll:  
While every whiff, and every breath,  
Sends forth its awful echo "death."  
In rage I smote the chord yet once,  
Then listen'd to the heart's response;

A gentle calm, and all was peace,  
 The sky was clearing fast above,  
 And as the heart now found release,  
 Its echo softly whisper'd love.

E'en every passion finds response,  
 Nor is the heart a mere romance,  
 Deep in its fold is found the string  
 That's finely tun'd to every change,  
 From whence its echoes take the wing,  
 And thro' and thro' the soul do range.  
 As springs anew the bulbous root,  
 The heart, tho' blighted, still may shoot,  
 And bud and blow,—where all seem'd death,  
 May be reviv'd by hope's sweet breath;—  
 Where conscience fain would shun the light,  
 (While every woe's tenacious felt,)  
 Yet shuns the cure with all its might,  
 That hardness, heavenly dews can melt.

Oct., 1852.

### BUTTERFLY<sup>1</sup>.

Ay, little lady, joyous cresting  
 Each gaudy flow'ret! lightly nesting,

<sup>1</sup> This little piece was written, as a very beautiful peacock-butterfly was playing around the author, whilst sitting at the bottom of his garden.

A flood of charms thou'rt ever testing!—  
    Its sweets to woo—  
In every gay-clad meadow frisking  
    To and fro!

Thy pretty wings—thy eyelets too—  
Of crimson, ting'd with purest blue!—  
Thy dress reflects the rainbow's hue—  
    In every fold  
Rich spangles catch my eager view  
    Like glist'ning gold!

O, had I now a heart so gay!  
As thee, so carelessly could stray!  
Brief tho' my life—as but a day—  
    Like thee to share  
Life's purest sweets—and pass away  
    Without a care!

The care I feel to thee's not given—  
Taskmasters none! nor conscience driven!  
Thy life, tho' but a day's, a heaven!  
    Sweet butterfly—  
For joy like thine for years I've striven!—  
    Thou mak'st me sigh!

AUG. 27, 1854.

THE WHITE LILY<sup>2</sup>.

OH! why to harm thee! lily fair!  
Defilement thou might'st catch from me!  
So clean, so crisp! I will not dare  
To touch thee—"emblem of purity!"

Fair flower! O let me not despoil  
Thy crystal folds of snowy white;—  
The breath I breathe e'en would defile  
Thy vest of pure, transparent light!

Too pure, too chaste for my embrace!—  
Sweet lily, sure I read in thee—  
Contrasted with the human race—  
Man's fall!—my own deformity!

My need of grace here I may read!—  
Thy stainless robe's my mirror—where  
I see my own sad spots—my need  
Jehovah's grace should wash me fair!

<sup>2</sup> The author suddenly drew back his hand, which was held out to pluck the lily, on the thought arising in his mind of its beautiful emblem of purity.

Not so with thee!—thy beauty fades  
 And falls!—bears not a spirit hence!  
 Nature's thy nurse!—with all her aids  
 Thou'rt but a type of innocence!

Yet as its type, thou well may'st teach  
 To the unchaste a lesson rare!  
 By contrast, to fall'n creatures preach  
 A spotless robe—than thine more fair!

SEPT. 18, 1854.

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LIFE-BOAT STRICKEN BY LIGHTNING.

SPIRIT of musing, O, awaken  
 To the wild waves' hollow sweep,  
 As I on the lonely beacon  
 Watch the gloomy, groaning deep.

Howls the shrill blast by me fiercely,—  
 O'er the wild wave shrieks the mew,—  
 Man the life-boat! hollowing hoarsely  
 Man the life-boat! wreck in view!

Heavier looms the storm dense gathering,  
 Drifting with her canvas torn  
 The wreck!—one time the storm she's weather-  
 ing—  
 Next, upon the dark shoal borne.

The life-boat rides the breakers—fastly  
 Plies the hardy crew the oar;  
 High cradl'd on the wild wave ghastly—  
 Cheer'd by hopeful friends ashore.

Falls the lightning on them quivering,—  
 Fatal to the life-boat's crew  
 Breaks the crash of thunders, shivering  
 The little barque from stern to bow.

Crowds ashore with hands uplifted  
 (Hopeful a moment but before)  
 Saw the life-boat sunder rifted,  
 One piercing cry and all is o'er.

Aug. 21, 1854.

### INVOCATION OF THE NERVOUS FOR CHANGE OF SCENE<sup>3</sup>.

HELP me, help me!—blow ye frantic!—  
 Bring me change from late is past;  
 Enchantress, fan the deep Atlantic,  
 Wing the roughest, wildest blast.

<sup>3</sup> Cloudless skies had been for weeks when the author wrote these lines. The novelty of these lines is that they will read either upwards or downwards.



Break the springs of wind and weather,—  
 Of every thing, aye, sick of all,—  
 Cloudless skies for days together,  
 Melting sunbeams on me fall.

Stay not, O, I'm fainting—dying—  
 Rouse the wild wind—heave the fountain—  
 O'er a dull routine still sighing!  
 Hours of weariness I'm counting.

Sick of all that some call pleasure,—  
 Restless ever, sleeping—waking,—  
 Inch by inch the time I measure,—  
 Mind and body 'like are aching.

Sick of weary, dreamy thinking,—  
 Sameness and my self's at strife,  
 Withering—swooning—O, I'm sinking!  
 Awake! arouse the ebb of life.

SEPT. 4, 1854.

#### THE CLANSMAN'S FALCHION<sup>4</sup>.

THE thought of my heart will I cherish!—  
 That none shall my weapon withstand—  
 The mad fool who tempts it may perish  
 By the falchion that gleams in my hand!

<sup>4</sup> Imitation of Motherwell's Sword Chant of Thorsteian Rauch

Who compels me this falchion to wield,  
His folly I'll make him to rue;  
As long as a foe's in the field,  
My weapon I'll teach to subdue.

But a glance at its polish inspires,  
When the foe I am led to pursue,  
I think on the deeds of my sires,  
And the battle I fly to renew.

Its bright blade's the star rules their fate,  
Tho' a host may invite to the fray,  
In the heart of each foe is its seat  
Who refuses to bow to my sway.

From the ends of the earth let them come,  
Yet shall they wax pale at my feet;  
As my falchion reflects the bright sun,  
They soon will be heard to entreat,

Will be aw'd by the truth of its metal,  
Whose flash is a meteor of light;  
When wielded in fierceness of battle  
What foe but seeks refuge in flight?

Aug. 24, 1854.

BELINDA <sup>5</sup>.

WEEP! I've seen her weep!—  
    Heighten'd by pity's tear,  
Belinda's beauty—softly sweet!—  
    Is never seen more fair!

The orphan child I've seen her aid—  
    The blush play'd on her cheek,  
Her lily hand the gift convey'd—  
    Her eyes were sweetly meek.

But never, never half so fair  
    Belinda's eyes I've seen,  
As when she let me wipe the tear  
    That sparkl'd in their sheen.

I've seen her sweep the harp's bright string,  
    And sweetly woo its chord;—  
I've heard her sing, and sweetly sing,  
    When by none she thought it heard.

I've seen her in the bower's shade—  
    Where none she thought did see,  
I've heard her pray, and sweetly pray'd,  
    Bent on her angel knee.

<sup>5</sup> A fictitious name for a beautiful maiden.

But never, never have I seen  
 Belinda yet more fair,  
 Than when I from her eyes' bright sheen  
 First wip'd the sparkling tear.

AUG. 26, 1854.

AUTHOR AND HIS HARP'S LAMENT  
 FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR FRIEND <sup>6</sup>.

I'LL once more woo thee ere we sever,  
 Oh! my harp of rustic lore—  
 Thy sweetest chord is gone for ever;—  
 The friend who lov'd us lives no more!

Of all the themes it's been to sing,  
 However touching's been the key,  
 The saddest chord thou e'er didst bring—  
 Not half so sad to thee and me.

Oh! let me wipe a tear, then smite  
 Nor parley with our trouble sore;  
 Thy sun is set!—with me 'tis night!—  
 The friend who lov'd us lives no more!

<sup>6</sup> The Reverend John Underwood died very suddenly at Chorlton, in Staffordshire, August 1st, 1854. His departure from Uekfield, in Sussex, (where he had resided for upwards of twenty years,) was keenly felt by the author of the above lines,—the Rev. J. U., in his lifetime, having fostered the muse of the writer.

Oh, Chorlton! know, thy cold, cold grave  
Contains the friend—(a friend most true)—  
Of some who would have died to save—  
Of him who writes—and no man's foe.

The morn that saw him cheerful, gay,  
As usual, cloudless and serene,  
Ere night beheld his cold, cold clay,  
The sudden wreck of all he'd been.

But oh! my harp, thou may'st not tell  
Of tears of anguish—troubles sore—  
Belov'd he was!—farewell! farewell!  
The friend who lov'd us lives no more!

AUG. 29, 1854.

### MARY'S SMILE.

I LISTEN to the tuneful thrush  
That's chanting in the lair—  
The linnet in the hawthorn bush,  
My Mary's smile's not there.

Her smile's not in the stream that flows  
Now purling thro' the valley;  
Unfolds not with the blushing rose,  
Nor is it in the lily.

You ask what's in my Mary's smiles  
That does my heart intral?  
There is a dimple which beguiles,  
But can I tell you all?

My heart tho' cold—my cheek tho' pale—  
Her smile can make them glow:  
But where's the charm that does not fail  
To lay my passions low?

O, I know where! I'll tell you where!  
The secret's with me now!  
It is not in her dark-brown hair  
That plays upon her brow.

'Tis Mary's smile which charms me so,  
The dimple on her chin:—  
The secret makes my heart to glow,  
Is love's mysterious whim.

SEPT. 6, 1854.

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## PARENTS' SOLILOQUY ON THE DEATH OF THEIR LITTLE EDWY.

OH, Edwy, still we look for thee!  
It seems yet but a dream!  
And still we say, "Oh, can it be?"  
And look for thee again!

Oh, do I, do I hear thee speak?  
'Pears tho' I see thee now—  
The once blithe smile—the dimpl'd cheek—  
The curl that grac'd thy brow.

Thy blue eyes' sheen so mild yet bright!  
Oh, can it, can it be?  
Or do I dream? it seems not right!  
Again we look for thee!

The little kitten moping sits—  
Once playmate—with concern  
Poor Tray, one of thy favourite pets,  
Now's watching thy return!

The linnet waits thy sweet caress,  
Wont from thy lip to feed!  
I chirp, I feed it with the best,  
But oh, it will not heed!

It loathes its food, and solemn pipes,  
But sings not!—true's my care!  
There are his hoops, his balls, his kites,  
But Edwy is not there!

AUG. 28, 1854.

## THE WIDOW,

OR CHILD OF WOE<sup>7</sup>.

BEREAVEMENT sad! poor child of anguish,  
To feed her babes what care!  
She hangs her head—I see her languish—  
A prey to much despair!

'Tis thine to bear what none can bear  
For thee, poor child of woe!  
And he now bids thee stanch thy tear,  
For thee his tears now flow!

Sad thoughts are thine, cast down, dejected,  
Still pond'ring on the day  
That saw thee agoniz'd, distracted—  
'Thy partner lifeless lay.

While fastly fell from many a furrow  
Down thy blanch'd cheek the tear,  
For him once shar'd thy every sorrow—  
But these no more he'll share!

<sup>7</sup> When these lines were penned the author was in great affliction.



Yet hast thou left, "poor child," to thee,  
 Sweet babes that lisp his name!  
 May these not soothe thee, help, sustain thee?  
 O God, support her feeble frame!

Nov. 11, 1850.

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APRIL.

FAIR nymph! the joy of infant spring!  
 Sweet love-child of the year—  
 Thou'rt come to hear the cuckoo sing,  
 And every heart to cheer!

A month thou art which deigns to bless,—  
 The earth to beautify—  
 (By every firstling flower caress'd,)  
 From Aries forth to fly.

Blest visitant, Aperio! borne  
 'Neath skies of purest blue:  
 Whose very tears can joy the morn  
 Of spring's young blushing hue!

Rich in thy smile—rich in thy frown—  
 E'en that's a golden fleece;  
 Tho' e'er so dark it lowers round,  
 Still there's the bow of peace!

But aye, how like the fickle maid,  
 Possessing beauty's charms  
 To lure the lover well display'd—  
 Then frowns him from her arms!

So 'tis thy sun-gild morning fair  
 Invites the invalid—  
 (With all who's winter-worn with care,)  
 To cross the distant mead.

Inconstant to thy friends that woo,—  
 Lurks 'neath thy smile a frown:  
 Thy sky so fair an hour ago—  
 The next, is low'ring found.

Thus, who accepts thy promis'd bliss,  
 With thee, the fields to trace;  
 May irksome find thy humid kiss,  
 Drench'd, fly from thy embrace.

APRIL, 1851.

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### FREAKS OF MAY.

THE grey mist shrouds the hills about,  
 Hangs o'er the valleys low,—  
 Dense lies before the traveller's route  
 Like sheets of maiden snow!

Where, as the sunbeam softly bright  
Is seen to gild the mist,  
Reflected is its lucid light  
Athwart the fleecy vest!

E'en every shrub now bursts its bud,  
The birch puts on its green,—  
The furzes in their yellow clad,—  
Sol brightens thro' his sheen.

The sloe, the bullace, full in flower,—  
The banks are gaudy gay,—  
The swallow twitters on the tower,—  
Sweet Philomel chants her lay.

The oak displays her robes of spring,  
Whose refuge once was made  
An hiding-place for England's king!  
Protected by its shade.

Where safe he 'sylum'd in its bough  
That memorable day!—  
Immortaliz'd by Charles till now,  
The twenty-ninth of May!

Hark, the clattering brush and hoe!  
In gaudy colours drest,  
(Their capers in the streets to show,)  
The sweeps in paper vest!

And gaily hies the infant shoal,  
With hearts divest of care,  
Spring's firstlings neatly deck their pole,  
Primrose and cowslip fair!

Their little throats now shout aloud,  
At every house do stay,  
For May-pole pence, their hearts so proud  
To anniverse the day!

Sweet month! O May, the joy of earth!  
Of every living thing!  
Hope springs with thee, the queen of mirth,  
And woods and valleys ring!

While my poor heart is sad and scar,—  
Where all around me gay—  
I wipe the solitary tear  
That damps the joys of May.

Yet oh, for why? I know not why  
My heart to sorrow's prone,  
Except it be none heeds my sigh—  
I feel that I'm alone!

MAY 1, 1852.

## DAME SCHOOL,

ARMITAGE IN STAFFORDSHIRE <sup>8</sup>.

O'ERLOOKS the Trent, halfway the hill,  
A little cot long's stood—  
Where roses, twining with the bell,  
Shed forth a fragrant flood.

Poor Jenny here has liv'd for years,  
A widow now fourscore—  
Still sings the thrush to soothe her cares  
Before the cottage door.

The pretty finch and linnet gay  
Too swell their little throats—  
Round Jenny's home, from spray to spray,  
Do cheer her with their notes.

Here long she's kept an infant school,—  
Here taught to knit and spin,—  
Here long has liv'd the poor old soul,  
And pray'd she might not sin.

<sup>8</sup> The author visited this cottage, at Armitage in Staffordshire, with the Rev. John Underwood, in September, 1851.

O, shall I e'er forget the time  
I pass'd her cottage door?—  
The cheerful fire I saw there shine  
Athwart its cleanly floor?

All overspread with ivy green,  
The little cot complete,  
Nor thatch nor chimney to be seen—  
So rural and so neat.

Where with my friend I stepped within,  
And saw the matron—gay;  
Still, as she spake, her dimpl'd chin  
Past beauties did betray.

Soft and compos'd was Jenny's mind,  
Sweet and serene her home—  
A charm to which my soul inclin'd  
E'en from the first 'twas shown.

SEPT. 16, 1851.

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BLOW, O YE WINDS!

AWAKE—inspire me!—leave your cave,  
My spell-bound harp no longer sings;  
Blow, O ye winds, and wildly rave—  
Awake its once impassion'd strings!

Let madness rage athwart the sky,  
I love to hear its deathlike gasp—  
The hurricane devastating by,  
When shiv'ring tremors cleave the asp.

Groan after groan, like barking fiends—  
Wild is the chord my harp then gives;—  
Aye, blow, ye labyrinthian winds—  
By ye inspir'd, my harp yet lives!

The riv'let's ripple thro' the dell,  
I've heard it—groves breathe notes of grace,—  
Sweet Luna on the quiv'ring rill  
I've seen her woo her fairy face.

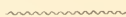
And chaste and lovely's been the night—  
But aye, too calm to give me rest!—  
O, blow ye winds with all your might,  
Yes, you can soothe my ruff'd breast!

Haste, haste ye clouds, now shadowing by,  
And burst ye 'cross the mountain's breast;—  
Heave, heave ye billows! mount the sky—  
I love to see your foaming crest!

A stealing sadness chills my heart,—  
A silvery stillness swoons my lay,—  
The raging winds—'tis they impart  
That something which can make me gay.

Tho' full of agonizing woe—  
And lingers yet the gushing tear;  
The raging winds that bellowing blow—  
'Tis they can chase away my care!

Nov. 26, 1852.



### THE PLOUGHBOY.

HAPPY rustic child of nature,  
Happy 'tis thy moments fly;  
Blithe and gay, in every feature  
Health, that riches cannot buy.

Fresh as the lark, he hails the morning  
With his cheerful rustic song;—  
Blithe up to meet the day's first dawning—  
Brushes the dewy fields among.

With thick-shod shoes and kneelings girted,  
Seen trudging on thro' wind and rain;  
Himself bespatter'd and bedirted,  
Slow swaying 'long beside the wain.

His bosom heaves as loud he's cracking  
His long curv'd lash—while chirping 'cross  
The furrow'd field, or round he's tacking,  
Displays his skill to guide the horse.



These, his companions in the 'moil,  
 Copartners through the weary day,  
 Together cheerfully do toil,  
 Still plodding side by side, the way.

Blest boy! gay as the spring's blithe season,  
 Thy hours to healthful labours given;  
 No theory deep affects thy reason,  
 By no keen pangs of conscience driven.

No change of laws—no elevations—  
 No lost estates fill thee with care;  
 Plagu'd not by endless calculations—  
 Of senates' troubles none to share.

No deep-fetch'd thoughts of heaven or earth,—  
 To keenly feel no coming dread,—  
 Still plodding on in thoughtless mirth,  
 Sweet sleeps at night thy careless head.

FEB. 25, 1852.

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THE MILKMAID.

AWAKE, awake! the spring is here—  
 The skylark mounts above,  
 'The morning's fair—the sky is clear—  
 All nature now is love,—

And all the world's her concert-room,  
The breeze soft music brings,—  
The flowery field her neat saloon,—  
The grove her choir that sings.

Hark! don't you hear the milkmaid gay  
And jocund—with her pail,  
Fresh as the month of flowery May,  
Awake the flowery dale?

And bright's the echo of her song,  
Beside the cowman hale  
She trips it light the fields among,  
And sings her sweet love-tale.

And Colin listens to her theme,  
And lingers by her side,  
Till love inspires him with the dream—  
“She yet may be my bride!”

Sweet innocent,—sweet artless girl,  
That no feign'd grace assumes,  
Chaste as her native own blue-bell—  
Fresh as the rose that blooms!

In quiet spends her harmless life,  
Ambition's highest sway  
Is to become a cotter's wife—  
Her food from day to day.

Content, tho' with but humble fare,  
Far from the haunts of strife  
That she might live—her offspring rear  
And train to rustic life.

MAY, 1851.

## TWILIGHT, ADDRESS TO.

HAIL, thou semblance of the sad,  
Nor light, nor dark!—the sad endure  
The damps by melancholy bred,—  
Yet (oh! how strange) reject the cure<sup>1</sup>

Thus I to nurse my 'plaints I flee  
The world, in silence lone to sing,—  
O twilight! all I leave for thee—  
I love to shelter 'neath thy wing.

Yes—thou canst wake the tender chord  
That lives within my breast,—to me,  
Thou giv'st the heart, by thee allur'd,  
Vibrations sweetly deep and free.

<sup>1</sup> Melancholy, instead of seeking its best remedy—cheerful society—does all it can to evade it.

Friend to my every pensive thought—  
To fancy giv'st a thousand aids,  
While as with this fair maid I'm fraught,  
No worldly cutting care invades.

Yet will my thoughts here oft recall  
How nature's self lives but to blight  
Worlds with the wreck of time—aye, all  
In turn must fill the womb of night!

'Tis not to nothingness to pass—  
But to exist in other form;  
Each atom in the falling mass  
Falls but to be again reborn.

Can aught be lost of nature's right,  
Remov'd tho' by death's penal storm?  
But oh! my soul, to where's thy flight?  
Thou art my all, my chief concern!

To think on thee I often tread  
The silent dell—the eve-dew'd glade;  
For soul-commune the world I've fled  
To solace in the twilight's shade!

FEB. 14, 1852.

## THE TINY PAIR.

A LITTLE cherub left the sky,  
 And twirl'd and twirl'd about in air,  
 And gamboll'd with a little fly,  
 A sweetly pretty, tiny pair.

To rest, they on a leaflet fell,  
 And sat and plum'd their little wings;  
 And as they sat, each other tell  
 Of all their little secret things.

## FLY.

Dear cherub, tell me, quoth the fly,  
 Of heaven I've heard, is that thy home?  
 If so, from that blest place, oh! why  
 To this poor, changeful climate come?

The sunshine here may please thee now,  
 These flow'ry fields—this summer bloom—  
 While fairy-like, on every bough,  
 Thy little wings to sit and plume.

But oh! should'st thou e'er visit here  
 When bleak, cold winter drives the storm,  
 My little cherub, great my fear  
 Thou'dst die, and never more return.

The earth, thou'dst find it lock'd in steel,  
 Nor leaflet then—nor flow'ret seen;  
 The cold, cold blast, how thou would'st feel,  
 And oh! the nights how killing keen.

CHERUB.

Stay! quoth the cherub; wipe thy tear,  
 Nor grieve for me the winter here;  
 Think not thou'dst be quite free from care,  
 Tho' summer lasted all the year.

Cease this thy fear! come, let us sing,  
 And now 'tis sunshine, little fly,  
 Enjoy ourselves high on the wing,  
 When winter comes we can but die.

Now let us sip a flood of joy!  
 Shall thoughts of winter stay our wing?  
 Come, little fly, shake hands, my boy,  
 And hope in heaven's eternal spring.

JUNE 16, 1852.

POET'S MISSION.

My harp again, and yet again I use!  
 And pensively and solemnly sublime  
 I list to find the origin of my muse,  
 Or whether I might woo great Hesiod's nine.

And fain I'd still invoke its magic string;  
 The feelings of my heart I might rehearse,  
 Invoke its fairy skill—that I may sing  
 And paint my thoughts harmoniously in verse.

I ask once more, "Is this the living fire  
 From Helicon's mount—that dedicates the  
 lip?—

Are these its sparks that now my soul inspire?  
 Or from what fountain, tell me, do I sip?"

A voice address'd me thus,—“Take off thy shoes,  
 'Tis hallow'd ground! Thy mission if to know—  
 Mark, hear thou me—th' inspirer of thy muse—  
 I'll tell thee what, and what thou'rt not to do.

“Stoop to no party ting'd with deadly hate,  
 Lend not thy talent such that thou might'st aid;  
 Here narrow not thyself, nor satiate,—  
 But soar and sing above the busy grade.

“When thou dost teach, point up to nature's laws—  
 The order there existing in their course:  
 By pleasing simile paint effect and cause—  
 A simile teaches with herculean force.

“Taint not thy spirit with the hireling's pay,  
 Touch not the gilded bait—that cursed thing—  
 Leave this alone, and soar, and chant thy lay,  
 'Loof from all partyism, on the wing.

“ Should rich repartee grace thy number'd line,  
 Pure be the moral—wholesome be its flow;  
 Chaste and thus shaded, shall thy verse so shine,  
 Like soft'ning colours blended in the bow.

“ Or wit, or humour season'd have their use,  
 Keeps up the fire from waning in the vein:  
 Yet, if not guarded, may become abuse—  
 What might be good will then become a bane.

“ Weave not with flow'ry phrase for empty show,  
 Be purity and usefulness thine end:  
 Let natural be thy sentences that flow—  
 As thou wilt find this better serve thy pen.

“ Should fiction lend her pinions in the flight,  
 (Whose glitter would affect the sun's bright  
 beam,)  
 To lure th' unwary with its phosphoric light—  
 Indulge not here, but sing the truthful theme.

“ For simile, fiction still may have its use,  
 Rightly appli'd, illustrates the truth:  
 But fiction, where it's found e'en too profuse,  
 Heed, lest it may beguile unwary youth.

“ Let life and spirit teem thy works among,  
 Paint with rich glow each separate stanza clear;  
 Let no cold dulness sadden down thy song—  
 Yet may'st thou draw the sweet, pathetic tear.



“ More is effected by thy simple strain  
 Than e'er can be achiev'd by force of arms :—  
 This soils our nature—leaves a deeper stain—  
 The skilful lyre refines as well as charms.

“ The song of bards has power to lighten age,  
 Recite the lines the sire in youth he'd sung—  
 Full of recollections, bright the sage  
 Breaks forth inspir'd, tells what he was when  
 young.

“ The tear runs trickling down his wither'd face,  
 His shrivell'd eye 'gain brightens thro' the  
 gloom :  
 Again repeated, again he seems to trace  
 His life anew, tho' verging on the tomb.

“ The wearied soldier, staunch serving in the  
 war,  
 Listless with languor, 'neath a scorching clime,  
 With thoughts recoiling back on friends afar—  
 And stoutest hearts may think on home and  
 pine.

“ But let the piper, with a skilful hand,  
 Strike some sweet, simple air at home he'd  
 heard—  
 And sweetly too, when in his native land,  
 Blended with song by some pathetic bard.

“ His languor's lost,—gay, once more boasts his  
 clan!

Mark how he cheers! how blithe! his heart  
 how light!

The poet's song gives stimulus to man—  
 Tho' it can soften,—braces for the fight.

“ It lights up genius—inspires to works of art—  
 Refines our nature,—it melts the man of  
 steel:

The inspir'd lay yet something does impart  
 That wins the heart, and makes the ruffian  
 feel.

“ The bard whose themes on simple subjects flow,  
 His talent but to what's domestic lent—  
 As some have wrote with sweet inspiring glow,  
 May carry to the future much event.

“ Here he may give the features of his time—  
 From which futurity may often draw;  
 Interestedly search for the line  
 That treats of men, of manners, and of law.

“ Man's frailties and his virtues handed down,  
 Couch'd in his song, and blended with his  
 lay;  
 The achievement of some hero once as known,  
 Comprise the tablet of the poet's day.

“Power when and where abus’d, by him is shown—  
 By him the nation’s gross mistakes are told;  
 His song extends to tyrants on the throne—  
 To those who flatter, fawn, and crouch for gold.

“Friend to the literate! even may learned men  
 Discover jewels among his numbers hid;  
 Find in the harmonious line, that which his pen  
 Refus’d to prose, yet mov’d in verse when bid.

“That light inversion found within his phrase,  
 Gracing each couplet with its varied change,  
 Instruction gives—embodies in his lays,  
 Those sentences of wide and pliant range.”

Again that voice I heard! bade me attend,  
 Bade me remember but lowly to aspire!  
 That her most favour’d sons were those that  
     penn’d  
 But only as they felt the sacred fire.

Bade me to keep my class, nor far to soar,—  
 And yet to emulate for honest fame—  
 As beauties may be in my simple lore,  
 Tho’ it may not immortalize my name!

It bade me reverence those who led the van,—  
 Keep my own song, to none become servile,  
 Nor feign, nor steal the works of any man—  
 Nor brave too much, but be her simple child.

## FROM THE BROW NEAR COMBEBANKS,

UCKFIELD IN SUSSEX.

Scenery from Combebanks—South Downs—Lewes Castle—River  
Ouse—Crowborough—the Storm—Rising of the Lark.

SOFT is the scene! the silver rill  
That winds yon valleys, turns the mill,  
Sound of whose clapper down the dale  
Now dies far in the wavy gale!—

Sweet music to my list'ning ear!—

Low answers low from farm to farm!

And does the herd, that know no care,

Can these with me now feel the charm?

The woodlark too, to crown the scene,  
Now chants her melancholy strain!  
While as she sings—on this green mound  
Delighted, charm'd, affix'd, spell-bound  
I stand:—more, from yon spray  
The little linnet pipes his lay!

The spring shall laugh, and summer smile

On this bless'd spot, when yon churchyard  
Shall wrap my slumb'ring ashes—still

May visit here e'en then some bard

Whose harp on days gone by may dwell—

Rescue and tenderly recall

From pale oblivion the lay that fell

From once my lyre!

Dark does yon knoll  
 Of fir trees on my right arise—  
 Low at my feet the mansion lies!  
 While to my left is seen stretch'd wide  
 The village up the steep hill's side,  
 Crown'd with rocks and rural scenes,  
 And woods, and parks, and pleasant lanes!—  
 The hills that girt the southern shore,  
 Yes, here the eye may far explore;  
 Barriers of the southern tide—  
 The silken Down expanding wide—  
 Hill over hill high rears its head  
     Where in the burrow lies conceal'd  
 (Of many a warrior once who bled)  
     The battle-axe—the pierced shield  
 Corroding 'neath the grey flint stones—  
 Slow mould'ring with the warrior's bones.—  
     Far, (shaded by the hill's blue base,)  
     Upstanding from the level lea,  
 Lewes' old castle the eye may trace—  
     The prison once of royalty!  
 Where, by it trails the sleepy Ouse!  
     Bearing the laden barge along  
 From lock to lock, where, as it flows,  
     Blithe oft is heard the boatman's song,  
 Who sings to wake the team,  
     That drags his vessel slowly on,  
 Stemming the growing stream!—

O, as I view yon busy hind,  
 Thoughts of the past it calls to mind—

How once I wip'd my oozing brow,  
 No care beyond to guide the horse,  
 While as I plodded 'side the plough—  
 No thought that left its keen remorse.—  
 O happy days! nought then to bind  
 Nor agonize my free-born mind!—  
 But soon they pass'd, and I to ride  
 The surge of life's impetuous tide!

Yon swarthy brow—  
 Dark monarch, topping others high—  
 Crowborough, it's frowning on me, now  
 A low'ring storm betoken's nigh!—  
 Huge giant of the Sussex weald,  
 Oft welcom'd is thy swarthy crest!—  
 The sea-toss'd tar makes thee his mark,  
 Where from the troubled ocean's breast  
 He hails thy beacon, trims his bark  
 With hopeful sail, and tacks!  
 But hark!

The thunder-storm see now divides  
 At Crowborough, crashing round its sides  
 Where havoc at its base tho' spread—  
 Does not invade its turban'd head<sup>2</sup>  
 Cap-crown'd with snow:—

'Tis past—it breaks!  
 The lark her sweet blithe song awakes!

<sup>2</sup> The thunder-storm seldom passes o'er the top of Crowborough, but divides at its base, swerving round its sides; the snow is often seen on its summit very late in the spring.

These rocks now answer to her strain,  
 And give me back the charm again!—  
 I love to hear the quivering flow  
 Of nervous echoes thrill the air,  
 Soft wafting thro' the valleys low  
 Till lost to the acutest ear!—  
 These woodlands sweetly answer now,  
 Responding to the mansion's bell;  
 And sweet's the echo's dying throe  
 That whispers now its last farewell!—

1852.

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## ISLAND GRAVE.

### SCENERY OF UCKFIELD CONTINUED.

Dripping Rock—the Swan—Lake—Author's Visit here—Soliloquy  
 on himself—Island Grave, Legend of—Rocks—Lake, &c.

MYSTERIOUS drip,—mysterious fall<sup>3</sup>,—  
 Here stands the rock so deem'd by all!  
 No drought affected—no floods increas'd,  
 It flow'd no faster, nor ever ceas'd!  
 As drop by drop fell from its chink,  
 I've stood and heard its constant clink,  
 Till O, its hard and steely chime,  
 It's given rise to thoughts sublime

<sup>3</sup> The once famous Dripping Rock, so long the novelty of the country around, for many years has ceased to drip; a stone quarry, being sunk above it, having cut off its supply.

That made me shudder, while at my feet  
Its liquid flap deathlike did beat!

Thro' tufts of broom and nodding brake,  
Is seen its calm sequester'd lake!  
Where on its dark reflecting wave  
The sombre swan! I've seen it lave,  
Arching its neck—display its pride—  
Majestic sail from side to side!  
Or, solitary near the water's edge,  
Soliloquiz'd on the seared sedge,  
Self-conscious of its own fair form!  
Foreteller of the coming storm,  
Charming whose song (so says the wise)  
Is heard but once, then sings and dies.

Adjoins the lake, is seen a cell  
Where might have been did hermit dwell:  
Far here from men to meditate—  
To seek his God in this retreat.  
Perhaps from eminence was hurl'd,  
And left an agitated world  
For this lone spot, to pass his day,  
Where by himself to live and pray.

Alone I've sought these sylvan bowers  
Awhile from worldly cares to cease,  
Where oft I've spent my silent hours  
In sweetest solitude and peace.—



While list'ning to my bugle's peal—  
     Rebounding thro' the birchen spray  
 Have heard its magic echo steal  
     In dying accents far away!  
 Near thirty years must pass'd me by  
 Since here I came with sunken eye—  
 Pale—haggard—withering day by day,  
 Seem'd life was waning to decay.  
 But health return'd, and life anew,  
 Yet prospects fairer rose to view;  
 Kind Heaven increas'd my scanty store—  
 Gave Agur's wish—nor rich nor poor!—  
 Blest with a crust, my daily prayer,  
 O, let it be my soul's my care—  
 My chief desire!—next be my lot,  
 My homely fireside—my cot!  
 Where, to envy none of what I've not—  
 But a heart to enjoy the little I've got;  
 My book, my viol, my pen, with all,  
 Be ready to quit at Heaven's call.

## LEGEND †.

Know you this lake was Fanny's tomb?  
     Sweet girl, when last she came to meet  
 Her Edwin in the twilight's gloom,  
     (Where oft they'd met in this retreat,)  
 'Twas from you rock, where high she stood  
     To watch her Edwin pace the shore,  
 Her footstep slid, deep in the flood  
     She fell beneath, to rise no more!—

† Gideon Mantell, late of Lewes in Sussex, notices this legend.

To mourn her fate, lone in this shade  
 In silent sorrow Edwin came,—  
 And where their mutual vows were made,  
 On every birch carv'd Fanny's name;  
 But oh, sad tale!—no longer sane,  
 Here, self-destroy'd, was Edwin found;  
 And buried was his cold remain—  
 His grave yon little island mound!—  
 Where, long (with ivy seen to twine)  
 The pale-white rose her graces lent,—  
 O'ershading Edwin's little shrine,  
 The weeping cypress o'er it bent!  
 But time has here dissolv'd the spell,  
 No pale-white rose—no weeping pine  
 Is longer seen! nor lovers tell,  
 Nor point the spot where Fanny fell—  
 Where Edwin plung'd beneath the wave—  
 His shrine—the little island grave!—

~~~~~

LAMENT FOR MY FAVOURITE  
POPLAR TREE.

OUI, is there none to share my woe?  
 They've laid my favourite poplar low!  
 Cruel hand that fell'd the tree,  
 A favourite one, long known to me—

Inspirer aye of many a theme—  
 My solace many a year that's been :  
     But never, never—to my grief—  
     Shall I more hear its rippling leaf.

How oft to spend my silent hour,  
 I've viewed it from my garden bower—  
 Amus'd, I've watch'd its spiral form  
 Low nodding 'fore the ruffling storm—  
 Or fann'd by gentle breezes, soft  
 Have seen it graceful bow aloft :—  
     But never more—sad, to my grief—  
     Shall e'er be heard its quiv'ring leaf.

One glimpse of this my favourite tree  
 Has oft recall'd past scenes to me!—  
 Has made me weep, yet know not why!—  
 Have listen'd to its spell-like sigh—  
 'Till every quivering ripple's bore  
 Me back in thought to days of yore.  
     Oh, is there none to share my woe?  
     They've laid my favourite poplar low.

My friend <sup>5</sup>, he, who once teacher here—  
 Did he but know, my grief would share;

<sup>5</sup> My favourite poplar—which was cut down January 5, 1854—stood in the playground of Dr. Saunders's endowed school, adjoining the author's garden, of which school the Rev. John Underwood was formerly a teacher. In 1849 the school underwent repair, and the study, with the rear of the house, was taken down.

The ravage here, had he beheld—  
 His study swept—the poplar fell'd—  
 The yew tree and the holly green  
 Swept too—no vestige to be seen!

Oh, I could weep, would that restore  
 My favourite tree as heretofore!—

But oh, no more!—thy playful leaves  
 Will kiss no more the attic eaves!—  
 Nor high upon thy wind-rock'd crest  
 The sparrow more will build her nest;—  
 Thou'lt woo no more the muse—his lyre —  
 My spell-bound harp has lost its fire!

They've spar'd thee not—sad, to my grief—  
 I've lost for ever thy rippling leaf.

JAN. 5, 1854.

## BUXTED PARK,

SEAT OF THE LATE EARL OF LIVERPOOL, IN SUSSEX<sup>6</sup>.

High on the tree-besprinkled mound,  
 Thro' avenues of foliage green,  
 (Grac'd by the fawn's fleet frisky bound,)  
 Is Buxted's princely mansion seen.

<sup>6</sup> The last visit of Victoria to Buxted Park was in February, 1845. The cleric Wordsworth, brother to the poet, was buried here in 1846. It is supposed by some, that the woodlark does not soar into the air to pour forth its delicious song; this the author of these lines can contradict, having often around these haunts witnessed to the contrary.

Beneficence long here held her shrine,  
Here entertain'd his royal guest,  
A Liverpool, from time to time,  
His liberal hand the poor's confess'd.

Sweet spot! may here the poet vaunt!  
To make thee what thou art, sublime—  
Retirement's sweetest, choicest haunt,  
Nature and art's seen to combine.

Grac'd by Victoria often—here  
Disporting on its silken sward,  
In girlhood, with the trio fair—  
Sweet daughters of this mansion's lord.

O favour'd haunt! tho' never more  
To entertain a sceptr'd queen;  
Thou'lt live in unforgotten lore—  
Fill many a poet's happiest theme.

West of its hamlet, lines of trees,  
The lounge up by which if led,  
Comes to the spot, where, if he please,  
May read the epitaph o'er the dead.

Here lies the cleric Wordsworth, once  
Vers'd in sacred record deep,  
Here he'll no more be heard response,  
'Mong those he taught his ashes sleep.

Illustrious name! thy brother's lyre  
Immortaliz'd it—'gain and again  
His harp (tho' simple) breath'd the fire  
That lives to grace a Wordsworth's name!

The caw of rooks, aye, many here  
Disporting in their airy flight;—  
The browsing herd—the spotted deer  
Besprinkl'd round;—O, lovely sight!

Here oft I've found a hallow'd rest,  
Long listen'd to the woodlark's song,  
Who's charm'd me as the clouds to crest  
Seen plying her pinions high among.

Sweetest melodist! rich whose phrase,  
(As with the wing she beats her breast,)  
Gives grace and beauty to her lays,  
Mark'd by many a skilful rest!

The rippling of the streamlet by—  
The dove's soft coo in yonder lair  
I love to hear—when summer's nigh  
A charm is found here every where.

From all its little hawthorn glens,  
How sweet is heard the blackbird's thrill;—  
The ploughman's song, waft on the winds,  
Now echoes thro' the flow'ry dell.

MY HARP WHO KNOWS<sup>7</sup> ?

I SMITE the chord whose wild cadence  
 Affrights the pitying friend,  
 Some list with pleasure—few with offence—  
 But who may comprehend  
 The language of my harp, or feel  
 What is its mystic power  
 Those little griefs to sweetly heal  
 Of every passing hour ?

When foes assail, and friends forsake,  
 Thou speak'st the language of my breast—  
 There every passion canst awake—  
 'Gain soothe them to their wonted rest :—  
 Thou steal'st the mind's besetting cares,  
 As weary and forlorn I stray—  
 Thou calm'st away my ruffling fears  
 And still beguil'st the lonely way !

Thy phrensi'd chord takes awful sweep—  
 Still for inquiry roves  
 Solemnly thro' conjectures, deep  
 I've felt its searching throes.—

<sup>7</sup> Written upon the author's experiencing some slight from a party from whom he least expected it.

At other time, from pause to pause,  
 I've list its heavenly breathing strain  
 That every baser passion awes—  
 To heights of bliss will oft attain!  
 Still I despair, and this my grief—  
 That these, my happiest flights, give pain!  
 Or seem my friends tho' their belief  
 Was, madness must have seiz'd my brain!  
 "See you," they say, "that vacant stare?  
 And how he stalks by yonder wall?  
 Or muttering stands affix'd with care  
 While every gesture does but appal?  
 Mark ye the mystery around his way?  
 Hear'st him invoke the very trees?  
 List how he chants his broken lay,  
 Then stays and whispers to the breeze!"

Thus I'm their pity or their jest,  
 My harp or me who fully knows?  
 Nor judge they right that judge the best—  
 Strangers to our pleasures and our woes!

SEPT. 6, 1852.

### WHAT INSPIRES THE AUTHOR?

Why finds my muse no theme in spring?  
 Less inclination then to sing? —  
 But let Pomona's car arrive,  
 Soon Pinda's nymphs are all alive;



From one or other (where as I roam)  
Of the fair nine, I'm not alone;  
Lur'd by them to their mystic shades,  
Inspir'd,—I can but court the naiads.

Tempestuous gales, sure to inspire!  
Too, autumn's moon oft fans my lyre!  
For hours to view its pallid light  
I've stood,—have linger'd half the night!—  
Yet would I storm and tempest choose,  
More charms and strings me for the muse;  
To pace along the sea-lash'd beach,  
I love to hear the sea-mew's screech;—  
O, how I love the ocean's growl,  
To hear its loud tempestuous howl,  
When every surge takes awful sweep,  
I feel a something makes me weep;  
Yet not I'd wish it be remov'd,  
As often thus my spirit's sooth'd.

Poor tar! what seems to ease my care,  
Fills thy poor heart with black despair.

To muse when all have gone to rest,  
By a bright fire alone, how blest,  
To hear the deep incessant roar  
Of wild winds shake the creaky door;  
Mad for admittance, Æolus rings—  
With vengeance calls—or sweetly sings—  
Breathes thro' the keyhole wooing chords  
That win the list'ner more than words.

'Gain seiz'd with jealous rage breaks forth,  
 With awful vengeance shakes the earth  
 Till Æolus's self begins to quail!  
 'Mid his own loud tempestuous wail  
 Gives one last gasp and shivering dies,  
 Or swoons and sobs out piteous sighs.

At rest I've been, safe, snug, and warm,  
 Just peeping out to hear the storm :  
 Where all has been one mass of gloom,  
 With hesitation I've scann'd the room ;  
 Then snuggl'd down beneath the sheet,  
 Safe from the driving hail that beat,  
 From demons on wild winds that ride,  
 List here I've lain and all defi'd ;  
 Nor would by choice have stay'd the blast,  
 Nor say, Why rage ye winds so fast ?  
 But bid them blow with all their might,  
 And groan and howl the livelong night.

Nov. 30, 1850.

### BUT IN IDEAL.

FOND of romance, the vision fell  
 Where fancy lives, and loves to dwell,  
 In the warm heart builds many bowers :—  
 A boy, I leant upon her arm,  
 With promise fair of happy hours  
 I listen'd to her witching charm,

Till O, my heart (alive to pleasure)  
Sought to obtain the fairy treasure;  
The vision pleas'd and swell'd the dream,  
And hope, young hope still eyed the grace;  
As fancy spread her fairy screen,  
Held out its arm for the embrace:—  
Where, as its fairy folds she drew,  
Some new-born pleasure still to view.

Young, inexperience'd to the lure  
I yielded, thought the vision pure;  
Yet ere possess'd, the vision fled.  
As thus deluded by the charm,  
As oft in ideal others bred,  
Still hope pursu'd with open arm,  
But found in every new caress  
A bitter weed to mar the bliss.  
And that, believ'd a substance real,  
Alas! by disappointment sad,  
Soon prov'd to be but in ideal,  
And me, her warm devotee, mad.  
Nor age, nor disappointment's hire,  
Prevent me still to thrum the lyre.

JUNE 23, 1854.

GHOST OF FAME<sup>s</sup>.

STILL pondering o'er my own sad plight,  
 Alone I sat—Oh! dreary night—  
 Enough the timid to affright:  
     As creak'd the cowl,  
 Shrill in the blast was heard the sprite—  
     The wind-god's howl!

That night, bereav'd of hope, I mooding  
 O'er my rhymes, intently brooding—  
 Painful, denounc'd their fate foreboding—  
     Oh! stern decision!  
 I sank, alas! unconscious nodding  
     All turn'd to vision!

A spectre 'fore me stood—a dame  
 Of ancient date,—“the ghost of fame;”  
 And how I come to know her name?  
     Enough to know,  
 Care mark'd—the trace of mental pain—  
     A furrow'd brow!

<sup>s</sup> The author, ere he wrote the following lines, had been sitting alone by his fireside till past midnight, pondering as to whether he should give the little offsprings of his muse to the world or not; till, falling asleep, he dreamed of what, on awaking, he attempted to describe in these verses.

Of deep fetch'd thought and anxious care,  
 E'en every feature bore its share;  
 Yet dignity o'er all was there!—

E'en to her waist  
 Tastefully fell her snow-white hair  
 In ringlets chaste.

A myrtle sprig her hands between,—  
 Her temples bound with holly green,—  
 Addressing me, calm and serene,

“Sweet bard,” she said,  
 “For why art thou despairing seen?  
 Lift up thy head!

“Thy muse shall be like Sharon's rose—  
 Shall brighten with each bud that blows;—  
 Thy heart shall be where fancy glows,—  
 Hearken to me!

I will inspire as sweetly flows  
 Thy numbers free!

“I've cropp'd for thee this sprig of fame:”—  
 When O, I turn'd and blush'd with shame—  
 Still more my soul was fann'd to flame,

As 'twas my brow  
 She decorated with the same—  
 The myrtle bough!

And ere the vision disappear'd,  
 Saluting me, these words I heard:—

“Despair not! aye, sing on, sweet bard;  
 Let none dismay!  
 Sing on, sing on!—let none retard  
 Thy tender lay!”

JAN. 4, 1852.

### THE NAIAD QUEEN.

Woo'd by the fair, the Sapphic naiads!  
 The nine! to their Aonian shades  
 To join the favour'd few,  
 Who on the banks of Ida<sup>9</sup> play—  
 Who crown with wreaths sweet Ida's way,—  
 Flowers all its paths bestrew!

Around me (O delicious spell!)  
 A charm in all around me fell!—  
 To lull my every care  
 Was heard the turtle's softest coo—  
 The mountain horn's sweet mystic flow,—  
 Enchantment every where!

Here, seated 'side the fairy stream,  
 Where first I saw the naiad queen,

<sup>9</sup> Residence, or supposed residence of the muses, a mountain of Turkey in Europe.

Whose chaplet wreath was bound  
 With flow'rets wild on Ida grew—  
 Primroses fair and bells of blue  
 Deck'd her Idalian crown!

I to the nymph obeisance dealt,  
 Who ask'd me (O, guess what I felt)  
 If she should be my naiad?  
 I hid my face!—she saw my care!  
 I told her me, her wreath to wear—  
 I dar'd not, lest it fade!

She, pointing down the fairy stream,  
 To wreaths upon the willows green,  
 Ask'd if those crowns I see?  
 “Fresh as at first! immortal made!  
 These (dedicated by me, the naiad,)  
 Were all bestow'd by me!

“Crowns these I gave to bards once sung,—  
 Well known to all the wreath of one,  
 Whose harp took happy turns!—  
 Whose Shanter<sup>10</sup> oft has chas'd thy cares,—  
 Whose touching songs thou'st read with tears!  
 Choice bard! poor Robert Burns!”

<sup>10</sup> Burns's Tam O'Shanter.—What can be more touching and pathetic than those beautiful lines of Burns addressed to his Mary in heaven?

I awoke, and lo! 'twas but a dream!  
 The wreath—the naiad—the fairy stream—  
     All phantoms of the brain!—  
 Thus he who follows hard for fame—  
 That loves (and lives but for) a name!  
     Woos nought but mental pain!

MAY, 1850.

## AUTHOR'S PEN.

COME forth, my pen, my well-tri'd friend,  
     Help trace the poet's dream;  
 Yes—thou can'st cheer, when dark and drear  
     The path of life may seem.

When all forsake, and heart may ache,  
     'Neath grief and trouble bend;  
 My drooping spirit finds in thee,  
     An ever-soothing friend.

With new-born thought, the mind when fraught,  
     And I to muse inclin'd;  
 My pen, my friend, yes, thou art sought  
     To delineate the mind.



So, when the shades of fancy gleam,  
 More comic should I ken,  
 As before me flits the fairy queen,  
 Thou art a ready pen.

The race I've run thou'st tempt to show,  
 And chequer'd's been the way;  
 And still to grave my thoughts that flow,  
 Thou'rt ready to obey.

And when the wither'd, weary mind  
 Shall need thee no more, then  
 The record thou hast left behind  
 Will show I lov'd my pen.

But aye, she comes, a frisky pen,  
 She 'sumes a speaking mood,  
 Mark how she flirts! I'll list, my friend—  
 Her speech may now be crude.

## PEN.

Gentle master! it is to you  
 Advice I'm come to lend;  
 A soft reproof, a word or two,  
 And this is it, my friend.

You know how hard at times I ply,  
 At others, here I lay;  
 When midnight comes, how then to fly,  
 Tho' idle all the day.

Oh! would you equalize your time,  
    Apportion every power;  
Nor 'tempt to overtask the mind,  
    But sleep the midnight hour.

'Tis rare that ever I complain,  
    I love thou should'st be free,  
That I should chide I know is vain,  
    And unbecoming me,—

Whose joy, thou know'st, is always full,  
    When happy I have seen  
You chirp your numbers when to cull,  
    To fill some comie theme,—

To hear you stammer, cough, and hum,  
    It's made me frisky fly;  
Fast o'er the page, aye, how I've run,—  
    But, master, when you sigh!

Oh! how I've known some serious thought  
    Within thy bosom rage;  
And deep and deeper still has wrought,  
    Till tears bedew'd thy page.

MUSE.

Oh! say no more, my friend, my pen,  
    Thy words reach now my soul;  
Thy soft reproof I much commend,  
    But aye, will it control?

Bear with the bard in his old age,  
 The little while he's breath;  
 The hand now guides thee in the page  
 Must wither soon in death.

1851.

## MAGIC LYRE,

OR THE POET'S LAST FALL<sup>1</sup>.

THE day was fair—the sky was blue—  
 Rippl'd the leafy trees;  
 The nymphs of Æolus lightly flew  
 On Orion's gentle breeze.

Afar was heard their magic lyre  
 In echoes soft to die—  
 Seem'd sweetest strains from Ida's<sup>2</sup> choir  
 Were wafting thro' the sky.

That Æolus held a feast of love,  
 Where fairy queens preside;  
 Did sister nymphs and airy sylphs  
 On Æolian breezes ride.

<sup>1</sup> As a bright summer breeze (always musical to me) was sweetly wafting from the south-west, inspiring me with a pleasing melancholy, the above lines were written at the bottom of my garden.

<sup>2</sup> Mountain of Turkey in Europe, supposed residence of the muses.

The mellow flute Euterpe breath'd,—  
The harp Terpsichore strang,—  
The lyre's chord Erato wreath'd,—  
Calliope sweetly sang!

All lost in thought, Ida to gain,  
And with their choir to sing—  
Aloft to join the airy train,  
I stretch'd my silken wing.

They led, I follow'd in the flight,  
Nor could resist the spell;  
Yet ere I reach'd sweet Ida's height,  
They vanish'd, and I fell!

I fell, alas! yet still inclin'd,  
I turn'd to look once more  
To that sweet place I'd left behind—  
To Ida's envi'd shore.

When oh! I saw, to noble height  
How few could e'er aspire,  
That swept Parnassus in their flight,  
And gloried in their hire.

Whilst herds, oh, yes!—and many too,  
True geniuses were born—  
Were left to string their harps to woe,  
Dejected and forlorn!

I lost them one by one—but never  
 Lost their last sad theme,  
 'This thrills me now, and will for ever—  
 I've realiz'd their dream.

JULY, 1851.

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GROANINGS OF THE LORN.

“My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice  
 of them that weep.”—JOB xxx. 31.

WHY am I sad? the spring is here,  
 And yet my heart's not eas'd of care;  
 The season, oh, but meant to cheer,  
 Seems but to mock at my despair.

The fields, oh, how they're smiling bright,  
 Nor cup nor daisy sorrow knows;  
 While my poor heart, how oft 'tis night,  
 And weeps o'er many secret woes.

The pretty lambkins round me play,—  
 The dancing insects fill the air,—  
 E'en every little bird how gay—  
 And is it man alone feels care?

The hills, the valleys, smiling seen—  
E'en every bush is seen to blow,—  
All nature, aye, how fresh, how green,  
And my poor heart still bent with woe.

'Tis not my sighs can give me rest,  
Enough could these my peace restore;  
But oh, the ruffle in my breast,—  
Tears may not heal the mental sore.

And is it right to hide my woe?  
If not, why mourn I still unseen?  
Yet did men all I feel but know—  
Would that assuage the pain within?

Aye, this I know, and too well know,  
To tell my plaints,—aye, sad to tell,  
This would but make friends colder grow,  
Me and my troubles they'd expel.

Then be my sorrows still my own—  
Save but to One will I apply—  
To Him I'll seek, to Him alone,  
From man my grief shall hidden lie.

FEB. 17, 1852.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF THOMAS  
HOOD.

As pensively solemn the mind—

Where soft southern breezes did fan—  
My thoughts left the earth far behind,  
In search of the sweet promis'd land.

And lo! as they fled far away,  
Aloft how they twirl'd in the air;  
Thro' the region of ether did stray—  
In hope of a refuge from care.

With wistful uplook to the sun,  
To wish a release from their woe,  
My thoughts how they strove every one  
To fly from cold care here below.

Yet to grieve for the sad scene behind,  
Could they help it in charity?—nay!—  
Still they sigh'd for the land that's unkind,  
Still they soar'd to catch one brighter ray.

Still they wept for the land of their birth,  
Where genius sits spinning for bread;  
Vain she looks for reward while on earth—  
If they laud when the spirit is fled.

O, the poet! what care for his lyre!  
 As he sings, he heaves many a sigh!  
 With a heart nearly burst with desire  
 May he live,—yet desponding may die.

Thus many's the bard that has striven  
 Neglected till lost in despair;—  
 Till, alas! by necessity driven  
 To distraction by trouble and care.

Poor Hood strove to gain on the wing  
 Some lov'd refuge his spirit might share;  
 He fail'd, and he fell, and did sing  
 To the world with a heart full of care.

For bread, wove his laughable pun,  
 While himself spurn'd the task of his pen,  
 His soul sad was bruise'd to make fun,  
 And that for the lightest of men.

Here, fix'd in cold poverty's claws,  
 Should the rich catch a strain of his lay,  
 For the moment to give their applause,  
 Yet was made but the whim of a day.

The flower of his muse, sad to blight,  
 Grim want held it back from the skies;  
 Still it burst the dark trammels of night,  
 And his fame on his ashes shall rise<sup>3</sup>.

JULY 17, 1850.

<sup>3</sup> The author, when he wrote this, believed that some tablet would be erected over the resting-place of poor Hood, which has since been accomplished.



THE POET'S PATH<sup>4</sup>.

A gilded bait that loads with care,  
The wreath, the poet's subtle snare,  
That woos to bliss few can attain,  
Too often found by him a bane,—  
    A sharp, a barbed thorn.  
A phosphoric light is but the flame  
Nine-tenths pursue, till laugh'd to shame,  
    High lifted up to scorn!  
And still the nymph is luring seen,  
With crowns and wreaths of evergreen,  
    Still stimulates to might!  
But oh, who runs must lose his friend,  
And lash'd by critic, fool, and fiend  
    With every blasting blight.

Still pressing for the wreath of fame,  
A host is in the muse's train;  
Charm'd by her spell to paths of woe,  
Jeer'd and self-tortur'd, onward go  
    Half-blinded to their doom.

<sup>4</sup> The author, when this was written, did not intend it for publication; but experiencing so many rebuffs since the making up his mind to print has made him include this, with more of the same class; being, unfortunately for him, but too much the picture of his own feelings.

Nor cease their friends to hurl the jest,  
Deem'd but eccentrics by the rest—

Fill'd with unhappy gloom:—  
Thus, branded by an envious crew  
As pitied fools, nor spurn'd by few,  
While oh, how ill to bear  
The chill of life's unhappy bane,  
(That lurks around the camp of fame,)  
The bulk are doom'd to share.

Yet and anon, a brighter scene!  
Indulg'd to sip a transient stream!—  
Some fleeting joys as on he flies,  
From which some flatt'ring hopes arise  
To gain the Aonian hill.  
Thus fame to charm its victim, first  
Just gives the taste that makes it thirst  
For the ethereal rill.  
But oh! her much ill-fated train  
Too soon discover, to their pain,  
The treachery of the bait:  
Thrust deeper in the scale of woe,—  
Oft scouted both by friend and foe,  
Till death does seal their fate.

MAY 26, 1851.

## OUR SAILOR QUEEN.

(*Bacchanalian Song.*)

SHOUT, shout, brave tar, thy fairest fame  
Is that thou bear'st Victoria's name—  
And Neptune's is her car!  
Shout, shout, the heroine fearless rides—  
Nobly, proudly, over the tides,  
High on the wave the Fairy glides!  
Huzza, huzza, for our sailor queen.

## CHORUS.

Seize, seize your glasses, nobly seize,  
Let all be standing seen:  
Drink, drink to the Fairy that weathers the  
breeze;—  
To our hope and our joy, the pride of the seas,  
Drain every bottle to the lees,  
With a three times three for our sailor queen!

Our hope, our pride, the queen we boast!  
The intrepid heroine here we toast,—  
The mistress of the seas!  
Shout, shout, Victoria fearless rides—  
Nobly, proudly, over the tides,  
High on the wave the Fairy glides!  
Huzza, huzza, for our sailor queen.

## CHORUS.

Seize, seize your glasses, nobly seize,  
 Let all be standing seen:  
 Drink, drink to the Fairy that weathers the  
 breeze;—  
 To our hope and our joy, the pride of the seas,  
 Drain every bottle to the lees,  
 With a three times three for our sailor queen!

SEPT. 13, 1854.

## THE COMPLAINER ABASHED.

## BARD.

WHY gives the fair goddess desire?  
 And yet on my harpings to frown?  
 If I ask or I 'tempt to soar higher,  
 I'm beshrouded and clouded around.

If a touch of her mantle inspire,  
 And the bard must obey at her call;  
 Yet to sip of her mysterious fire,  
 How strange—it estranges to all.

If Elysium's soft shades with my care  
 Is betainted—no favour's bestow'd;—  
 Parnassus bedew'd with my tear!  
 Better left in my own native 'bode.

But aye, here she comes!—I much fear  
 She has heard me,—nor brings me relief;—  
 Her keen eye has discover'd my care,—  
 She will taunt me to sing,—to my grief.

## MUSE.

Hold! my sweet bard, never fear!  
 O, tell me, for why thou dost grieve?  
 I'm sorry thy 'plainings to hear!  
 Then list! (I'm not come to deceive.)

Who besprinkl'd thy harp with the dew  
 Of Parnassus?—(now say if I'm wrong)—  
 Didst thou find me but any thing true  
 When I watch'd thy flirtations of song?

With me, when the lent lilies swell,  
 How pleas'd thou hast pluck'd the first gem,  
 Thou might'st grace from the hedge-row and dell  
 Thy sweet po'sies, from nature's broad stem.

I've met thee in grove and in field,  
 On the wild-thyme thy thoughts to rehearse;—  
 How sweet by the meandering rill,  
 Thou'st woo'd me, the queen of thy verse.

Then cease to complain! nor despair!  
 Nor chant to the satyrs of night,—  
 If thou woo me, and cast away care,  
 Thy harp shall be brilliant and bright.

JUNE 7, 1851.

## VOW NOT AT ALL.

THE toiling day worn weary round  
I left the chequer'd scene of strife,  
Retiring from,—I sat me down  
To count the freaks of human life.

Nor could I reconcile the whim  
Which late had seiz'd my panting brain;  
Nor understand the ways of him,  
Who's ever courting mental pain.

And thus I mutter'd—"blockhead—fool"—  
Shrugging my shoulder, knit my brow,  
I curs'd myself, "the muses' tool,"  
And sure I felt, I can't tell how!

I rais'd my hand that tightly clasp'd  
A manuscript of mental woes;  
And lo! as these I tighter grasp'd,  
I 'tempt to vow the nine my foes.

But ere the words escap'd me, lo!  
I heard a voice behind me call;  
It bade me stay, nor rashly so  
Express myself,—“nor vow at all!”

I turn'd, and saw Pan's fairest naiad!  
 Sweet nature's child, whose nut-brown hair  
 Fell loosely round as on the glade  
 She sporting sat, and look'd so fair!

O, how I felt my harp inspire!  
 I humm'd and thrumm'd, and look'd again,  
 Till O, my soul too caught the fire,  
 I felt a trickling thro' my vein.

Love for the muse I felt increase,  
 The ruddy maid still fann'd the flame,—  
 Soon all my plaints were turn'd to peace,  
 Nor car'd I then who had the fame<sup>5</sup>.

The nymph, still smiling, whisper'd "Sure,  
 Sweet rustic bard, thy untaught lyre  
 Has charms to please, tho' deem'd not pure,  
 A love for nature may inspire!"

And skipping cross the verdant mead,  
 Her mantle softly brush'd the glade;  
 Where, as I blew my slender reed,  
 She vanish'd thro' the fragrant shade.

Aug., 1850.

<sup>5</sup> The author intended by this line to convey the idea that his love for the muses rose above all mercenary or selfish motives.

LEANDER AND HERO <sup>6</sup>.

To cross the Hellespont that heav'd,  
 (Ah! Hero's taper was the charm;)
   
A feat the youth had oft achiev'd—  
 The wave obey'd his well-strung arm.

But oh! the night when tenfold rag'd  
 The storm athwart the black'ning sky;  
 That night, Leander stood engag'd,  
 Should he the signal-light descry.

The hour approach'd—across the deep  
 The signal glimmer'd thro' the gloom;  
 (Not known to fail his pledge to keep,)  
 Leander dash'd amid the foam.

Bold feat!—but O, the maiden's fear!—  
 As loudly, fiercely raves the storm,  
 O, how increas'd was Hero's care,  
 Leander's safety her alarm!

<sup>6</sup> Leander was a youth of Abydos, on the Hellespont, enamoured of Hero, a beautiful priestess of Venus, at Sestos, on the coast opposite to Abydos.



She springs aloft! there trims the light!  
Tells to the taper all her fear!  
Bids it to pierce the black'ning night,  
And cheer, and light her lover there.

But oh! Leander's struggle now  
Avails not,—lo! his strength gives way;—  
His daring spirit soon must bow,—  
Death mocks! and all his hopes betray.

He faints!—he sinks!—his arm's unstrung!  
Relax'd, it beats the wave no more!  
He lives no more! and yet, ere long,  
To lie a corpse on Hero's shore.

Thro' the dark night, Hero in tears  
Still watches from the headmost land;—  
Day breaks! too true poor Hero's fears,  
The youth lay lifeless upon the strand.

She kneels, she weeps beside the bier,  
Till frantic, in her trouble sore,  
She—rash Leander's fate to share—  
Plung'd 'neath the wave to rise no more.

THE HERMIT <sup>7</sup>.

DEEP thro' the dell, a rippling brook  
 Curv'd the high hills between;  
 Near which, in a secluded nook,  
 A hermit dwelt serene.

His cave contain'd a huge broad stone  
 With ivy overspread;  
 This was the seat that grac'd his home—  
 The green moss was his bed.

Afar from friends he'd long forsook,  
 (To all save one unknown,)  
 He, in this solitary nook,  
 Here liv'd and pray'd alone.

The frugal meal—a shepherd boy  
 (None other came that way)  
 Supplied—and simple were his wants—  
 His food from day to day.

His lounge,—beside the winding stream,  
 Where none did e'er intrude,  
 Till a wanderer was pensive seen—  
 In solitary mood.

<sup>7</sup> When the author of these lines read Goldsmith's Hermit, which was upwards of three years after he had penned the following piece, he was not a little surprised to find that he had adopted the same measure.

Fain would the hermit have withdrawn,  
 Yet ere he'd turn away,  
 If first but courtesy was shown—  
 Soon pity bade him stay.

“Stranger”—the hermit thus began—  
 “Art thou not lost? despair,  
 I see it in thy features wan!—  
 Oh, tell me what thy care!

“Hast thou not quaff'd life's bitter draught?  
 And here did I not drink?  
 Has fickle fortune lifted thee—  
 'Gain hurl'd thee from its brink?

“Yet shalt thou with a hermit share,  
 Fear not, nor aught conceal—  
 I'll be thy friend, then stay the tear,  
 Hide not from me thy tale.”

STRANGER.

Bashful — the stranger, sad and pale,  
 Modestly made reply—  
 “My troubles, sire—mysterious tale—  
 No friend—no home have I.

“Then dare I to intrude my grief  
 Thy sympathy to share?  
 Thy kindness, would it bring relief?  
 So great has been my care.

- “ Yet had I one in this lone shelt  
    With whom I could lament,  
One who had felt what I have felt,—  
    Seems here I’d dwell content.
- “ We’d eat our crust dipp’d in the stream  
    That wanders thro’ the vale,  
Recount of all that we had seen—  
    And sorrow o’er the tale!
- “ Know, sire! I had a father, once  
    Possess’d of wealth, but gay—  
Fond of the course—the billiard-board—  
    The ball-room, and the play.
- “ Unlawful pleasures follow’d these,  
    In which that he might sate—  
Forsook a kind, a loving wife—  
    Untimely was her fate.
- “ To revenge my mother’s wrongs—oh, sad!  
    Her only brother bled!  
A duel was fought, my uncle fell,  
    My father left me—fled!
- “ Alone, forsaken, sad, a blank  
    Has been my younger day;  
Th’ estate was seiz’d, nor friend nor home,—  
    Forgotten by the gay!

“From cold neglect, and distant look,  
 I left my native haunts,—  
 The little that my mother left  
 But just supplied my wants.

“An outcast thus for many years  
 I've stroll'd from town to town,—  
 To find a father, sad, in tears,  
 The world I've wander'd round.”

“My child!” — “My father!” — touching  
 scene!

Words utter'd these in haste—  
 Yet ere could either speak again,  
 Each flew to the embrace!

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor left the son his father more  
 Till death had clos'd his eyes;—  
 And buried 'neath the huge cave stone  
 His sire, the hermit, lies!

FEB., 1851.

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## THE LOVERS' TREE.

SOFT fann'd the breeze,—the moon rode high,—  
 The shepherd's pipe had ceas'd to play;  
 Yet still was heard the curlew's cry,—  
 From distant fold, the sheep-dog's bay,—

And thus a female voice to grieve!

“O William, William! why not come?  
Thy Ellen canst thou thus deceive?  
To meet thee here, I left my home!

“O William, William! why so long?  
Hush, ye winds, that brush me by,  
Do not I hear my William come?  
But oh, whence is that death-like sigh?”

The moon, too, wanes 'hind yonder cloud<sup>s</sup>!  
“Ill omen,” cries the lovely girl—  
And William bleeding 'pear'd!—aloud  
Did Ellen shriek, and lifeless fell!

That night did William leave his home  
To meet her 'neath the well-known tree;  
Waylaid, by robbers stopp'd—alone  
He fought them!—William scorn'd to flee!

Soon one lay stretch'd at William's feet,  
So well he plied his manly arm;  
His fellow too fast made retreat,  
From William fled in dire alarm!

Yet ere he fled, (oh! sad to tell,)  
His knife he'd plung'd in William's side!  
Who stagger'd to where his Ellen fell—  
The spot!—here William dropp'd and died!

<sup>s</sup> The moon's waning behind a single cloud is believed by some to be a prognostication of evil.

So, long tradition deign'd to tell!—

While at this time do some agree  
That still their spirits flit the dell,  
And vanish 'neath the lovers' tree!

THE MISSES F——'S POINTER DOG,  
SWEEP.

HIGH on a smooth sward stands a villa,  
Enchanting this beautiful spot;  
'Pears (blended with scenery so mellow)  
Like some old fairy tale half forgot.

This spot was the home of my hero,  
The theme of my song,—of his race,  
Chief was he; king-like as Nero,—  
Poor Sweep was the pet of the place.

Sleek and glossy, his coat of rich hue,  
Black as jet,—all his movements told grace,  
While in favour with all whom he knew,  
Was consider'd the prince of his race.

Permitted to roll on fine carpets,  
'Mong ladies, on whom he would fawn;—  
And Sweep had his hours of retirement,  
In sunshine would bask on the lawn.

Where his couch was a wreath of sweet flowers,  
 Soft screen'd from the heat of the day  
 Would he sleep in these fairy-like bowers,  
 Or blithesome would gambol and play.

To the village (unmindful of weather,  
 Attendant on Thomas always)  
 Oft Sweep and his friend went together,  
 Like friends close attach'd in young days.

Decrepit, Sweep was not forsaken,  
 Tho' age caus'd his beauty to fade,  
 His friends still were staunch, nor were shaken,  
 Nor Thomas was last to his aid.

But never, poor Sweep, will he follow  
 His friend more,—alas, he is gone!—  
 Still honour'd, his ashes, poor fellow,  
 Now sleep 'neath a stone on the lawn<sup>9</sup>.

MAY 1, 1850.

<sup>9</sup> Sweep died on the 7th of April, 1848, and was buried on his mistresses' lawn.



MY MOTHER'S GRAVE<sup>1</sup>.

THO' many once I lov'd lie here,  
The kind, the good, the brave;  
Yet is no spot to me so dear  
As this—my mother's grave.

And tho' no tablet 'tis to see,  
That tells of her demise,  
This spot is no less dear to me,  
For here my mother lies.

Press lightly on her cold, cold clay,  
Ye grassy swards that wave;  
I love to see your long bents play  
O'er this—my mother's grave.

The shadow of yon fretted wall,  
The minster's vaulted dome;  
I love to see its shadow fall,  
It shades my mother's tomb.

I love to hear the low, low sweep  
Of winds thro' yonder yew;  
'Tis o'er my mother's grave they weep,  
And weep till I weep too.

<sup>1</sup> The author's mother was buried on the north side of Newick churchyard, Sussex, in February, 1822.

I love to hear yon sparrow, 'loof  
 Sits chirping o'er thy bed;  
 Sweet tenant of the Minster's roof  
 Sings requiem for the dead.

Then sleep, sleep, mother, sweetly sleep,  
 'Tis, as I watch thy grave,  
 The chant (tho' sad) now softly deep  
 Falls from the Minster's nave.

Where, as now steals its mystic flow  
 Of chords upon mine ear,  
 O mother! o'er thy grave I bow,  
 And wipe a silent tear.

SUNDAY, AUG. 6, 1854.

## THE TWO MOURNERS,

OR THE AUTHOR AND HIS VIOL.

THE wind was bleakly blowing by,  
 Serious and thoughtful in my chair,  
 I sat and ponder'd, — full of care,  
 I heav'd a heavy sigh.  
 And still I thought on that past time,  
 When young and full of fire,  
 I hugg'd my viol beneath my chin,  
 And solac'd with my heart akin,  
 Nor ever seem'd to tire.

Proudly I look'd on her askance,  
That every thought so well rehears'd,  
On all my ideas she convers'd,  
And grac'd the mazy dance.  
But no more now that once keen ear,  
Dim too is grown mine eye;  
No more, no more (I say in 'maze)  
That time will e'er return;—those days!  
They're gone,—and soon shall I.

But here she comes! I'll turn my head!  
“Why, master! aye, I now rejoice!”  
Thus said the viol, “it is thy voice!  
I surely thought you dead.  
O, can thy viol forget when thy  
Young heart was in a blaze?  
O, how we then embrac'd each other,  
We liv'd—we lov'd—we toy'd together,  
These were our palmy days.

“You took me from my shining case,  
You (as my graceful shape was eyed)  
Embrac'd me as thy bosom's pride,  
And gently wip'd my face.  
But now, my grief!—week after week  
Your viol you seem to shun;  
Lock'd in this case, day after day,  
My heart-strings sad, as here I lay,  
They're bursting, one by one.”

Cease! O my viol! we soon must part!  
 The thought now writhes and wrings my soul,  
 My feelings, oh! I can't control,  
 Thou'rt twin'd about my heart:—  
 Nor can I think of thee, my viol,  
 But sad, I wipe a tear;  
 'Twill soon be seen when I am gone,  
 They all will want my sweet Cremon!—  
 Oh, what is now my care!

“Grieve not, dear master, wipe your tears  
 And hide me in my case—widow'd—  
 Where none can see my handsome face,  
 Safe from all connoisseurs.  
 But do not doubt my faithfulness,  
 Thy love hath found response;  
 And don't I yet possess the power  
 To cheer thy dull and vacant hour?  
 Come, try my chord yet once.”

DEC. 2, 1850.

ON SWEEPING AWAY THE COTTAGE,  
 AND GRUBBING OF MITCHELL WOOD,  
 NEWICK, SUSSEX<sup>2</sup>.

AYE, let me mourn the ravage here,  
 Where is the shady belt?  
 'Tis gone—O, let me wipe a tear,  
 Enough my heart to melt.

<sup>2</sup> Forty years ago this was the most rural spot I ever saw.

The little cot, once hid with 'bine,  
And girt by blooming flowers ;  
O, how I deem the hand unkind  
That swept it and its bowers.

Where, aye, how many happy hours,  
Near forty years ago,  
I spent, as in these shady bowers  
I rambl'd to and fro.

The pretty pheasants fed and crow'd,  
The hare, with playful bound,  
In twilight, near our sweet abode,  
Came frolicking around.

From every bush, and every tree,  
The cuckoos how I've heard ;  
E'en all around a flood of glee,  
From every little bird.

Close 'neath the cottage window,—aye,  
So charming with her song,  
I've heard sweet Philomel chant her lay  
The night,—the whole night long.

My flute as here I us'd to play,  
(On flowery banks my seat,)  
Where, as I tuned my roundelay,  
Sat Rodney<sup>3</sup> at my feet.

<sup>3</sup> Rodney was a little black dog, a great favourite with the author.

List to my pipe, while warbling clear,  
As sharpen'd was the key,  
In wild concerto, Rodney there  
Sat howling at my knee.

Aye, where's the mill so wont to cheer,  
As it around did play;  
I've counted oft its circuits here,  
Yes, fifty times a day<sup>†</sup>.

'Tis gone,—no vestige left behind!  
The innovator vaunts;  
But oh! of friends how few to find  
Who guard their fathers' haunts.

O sacred spot!—or stile or tree  
That's left—but speaks so clear,  
In telling how once dear to me  
Was every thing that's here.

Ah! then I heard the clinking cups  
Give signal for the fête;  
How happy round the reeking fume  
Each other here to greet.

Where to converse and to debate,  
Did canvass what was read;  
And talk'd of warri'rs and their fate,  
Who for their country bled.

<sup>†</sup> This mill was removed from the site some few years back.

But oh! this spot can ne'er restore  
 The magnet of its worth,  
 A mother!—here she's seen no more—  
 Her spirit's left the earth.

SEPT. 19, 1850.

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JULY.

SURNAM'D from great Cæsar, once valiant in war!  
 And thine's a fierce lance that is thrown from thy  
 ear!

At midday, with a high-flaming crest thou art  
 seen!

At eve how serene

Is thy gentle good night!

'Mid a shower of sweet smiles to emerge from our  
 sight.

Yet e'en then (like the love that may live in  
 our breast

For some friend once esteem'd) still a tinge of thy  
 crest

Lingers robing the clouds, and illuming the west,  
 When thyself hast immers'd 'neath the billows  
 to rest!

Hark! the storm is arising! breathes terror  
around!  
Like whirlwinds, its roar is a deep hollow sound;  
Horrors rush thro' the air, dark, condens'd in a  
shroud,  
Vivid flash upon flash forked darts from the  
cloud,  
Till its wrath issues forth with malignant, deep  
growl,  
Thro' the regions above,—with an horrific howl,  
Rushing, torrents fall, threat'ning to sweep from  
the earth  
Those treasures so lately to which it gave birth.

The storm's past, and the lounge is seen to  
seclude  
In the deep shady dell, by Julius pursu'd;  
For its cool, lucid freshness (at noontide) he's  
fled  
To the meandering stream that is wandering led;  
Where the lily of the valley and wild flowers blow,  
By the banks of the stream where the grey willows  
grow:  
Thro' all its soft windings and circuitous route,  
He seeks its bright shallows to fish for its trout.

Now the bard on a mound (with a mind all  
surmise)  
Loves to sit! as the landscape's delighting his eyes,



Afar o'er the lea to hear Colin's sweet strain,  
 From the hay-field the song, where, as loading the  
     wain,  
 Interspers'd with the laugh and the chirp to the  
     team,  
 Is the blithe song they sing! sweetly wild is the  
     theme!

JULY 20, 1852.

## JEALOUSY OF THE MUSES,

OR THE AUTHOR AND HIS AMUSEMENTS.

SWEETLY pathetic Edwin's discourse  
 With his bosom friend, his viol,  
 When sudden appear'd the queen of verse,  
 And with significant smile,  
 Points to the viol, and cries, "Oh, there  
 Is all the cause of my despair;  
 Edwin's left my tender lay,—  
 For ever on his viol to play:  
 Will he return?—my fairy bowers  
 I've strewn with all my fancy flowers.  
 O Edwin! do return, and leave  
 Thy viol!—oh, canst thou see me grieve?"

EDWIN.

You tease me! Pindora<sup>5</sup>, do not so,  
Lest I should lash you with this bow;  
Your service, labour 'tis to me,—  
Why strive to force me? why not free  
To choose my own amusements? aye,  
I must—I will—away, away.

PINDORA.

Cold-hearted lover, leave you?—no!  
Thy viol's the cause of all my woe;  
I'm wrath, thy viol that wrath shall feel,  
And, Edwin, thine's a heart of steel!

EDWIN.

Pindora, what's thy wrath to me?  
Thy frowns?—I must, I will be free!

Pindora now drew forth her lyre,  
And swept its strings with double fire,  
Chanting her tickling rhyme to tease,  
Till Edwin's rage nought could appease;  
Determin'd some valour he might show,  
He wav'd on high his fiddle-bow.

Now flew crotchets, breves, and quavers,  
Edwin's bow soon beat to shivers,—  
Himself for quarter heard to cry;  
“Then worship me!” was the reply.

<sup>5</sup> Pindora, a goddess or nymph of Pindus.

“Aye, worship thee, who gives no rest?”  
Said Edwin, “never!—do your best.”

The battle soon he did renew,  
And won the fight!—Pindora flew!

But as when armies forc'd to flight,  
Retreat but to renew the fight;  
With others alliances to form,  
Return, and round the victor swarm:  
Thus, when Pindora lost the fight,  
To her twin sister told her plight,  
And how neglected she had been,  
Begg'd she would help a sister queen.

#### MINERVA <sup>6</sup>.

I will, my sister, I'll make him bend,  
Soon he my lectures shall attend;  
I'll make him sketch,—yes, for awhile,  
I'll make him glad to leave the viol.  
So follow me!—and, as she sought  
The battle-field, near where they'd fought,  
Found Edwin pacing to and fro,  
Lamenting o'er his fiddle-bow;  
While ever anon the chord to bring,  
His thumb would sweep the viol's string.

She thrust a sketch before his eyes,  
Bade him his fame immortalize:—  
To tune the viol you may be clever,  
But sounds are heard and gone for ever;

<sup>6</sup> Minerva, a goddess who presides over the fine arts.

My pictures form a present pleasure,  
 Nor seldom found a lasting treasure:  
 Here thy instructor I will be,  
 Then cast thy viol, and follow me.

EDWIN.

O think me not, Viola, vain!  
 Thy Edwin soon will come again;  
 To pass an hour to sketch I may,  
 But never, never, long to stay.  
 To leave you long I don't intend,  
 I cannot!—O, my solace friend,  
 For thee with love my heart will burn,  
 Nor will it rest till I return:  
 To set my pretty viol at nought,  
 I never had the slightest thought;  
 That love I bore thee when a child,  
 No sketcher yet has e'er beguil'd.

VIOLA.

O treacherous fool, replies the viol,  
 To follow all that on you smile!  
 Can this new mistress you have found  
 Create sweet, sympathetic sound?  
 This, tells my rival, instant dies,  
 And bids thee more to please thine eyes:  
 A folly this, in the extreme,  
 To listen to what she may feign;  
 Be candid, let me ask of thee,  
 Of which the two, or she or me

'Tis best to serve!—or ear or eye  
 To now enjoy? or by and by  
 (Tho' starv'd and criticiz'd before)  
 To laud thee when thou'rt here no more?

Aye, Edwin, may my sisters rave,  
 Let me impartial hearing have;  
 If I don't beat them from the field,  
 I'll blame thee not, tho' thou may'st yield.

#### MINERVA.

Now rose Minerva, red with rage,  
 And thus she cri'd, (and stamp'd the stage,)  
 Mark! ere thou speak'st another word,  
 Thy sister's case shall first be heard;  
 Tho' thou beguil'st with silly sound,  
 Than hers, thy art is less profound:

Pindora, come, stand by my side,  
 Let's humble this stout vaunter's pride;  
 Tell all thou know'st of Edwin—aye,  
 How, when a boy, he lov'd thy lay.

#### PINDORA.

To prove my claim, at ten years old,  
 He many a little poesy told;  
 My numbers fir'd young Edwin's soul,  
 And plac'd him 'neath my own control;  
 Yet sad 'tis Edwin now complains  
 Of tasking, and of labour-pains;—

Aye, did not Homer stammering write?  
 A Virgil groan when to indite?  
 Yet well repaid!—seen cover'd o'er  
 With golden gilt their bound-up lore;  
 These furnish many a lordly dome,  
 And authors, some a sculptur'd tomb.

Then, why complain I task his powers,  
 Neglect me, and forsake my bowers?

VIOLA.

Hold! cries the goddess of sweet sound,  
 I make my claim on better ground:—  
 Yes, e'en before his age was seven,  
 His time and ear to me were given;  
 I fill'd his soul with keen desire,  
 There, lighted up that tuneful fire;  
 He follow'd me from place to place,  
 That he might catch those notes of grace;  
 Whole nights he's worshipp'd at my shrine,  
 By ancient statute I claim him mine.

MINERVA.

Stay, cries Minerva; I'm your match!  
 Hear me, thou silly, worthless wretch;  
 Attend, thou vaunting, wooden soul,  
 Think'st thou thy sisters to control?  
 If late in life I did inspire  
 This votary you so much admire,

I furnish'd him with every plan,  
 The pencil guided in his hand,  
 To claim the evening of his life,  
 I claim him as his lawful wife.

PINDORA.

Hold! cries the injur'd sister muse,  
 My confidence you thus abuse;  
 For succour sure to thee I run,  
 But thou my rival art become;  
 E'en to assert a legal claim,  
 That thou should'st foster Edwin's fame.  
 My case, is it much better'd? no!  
 But in the field's another foe;  
 Yet ere I give away my right,  
 Staunch with them all, I'll try the fight!

Thus nought was heard save *pro* and *con*,  
 Each one did argue her case upon,  
 Till all determin'd what was past  
 Should all be to oblivion cast,  
 And for the future to agree,  
 Edwin in turn should woo the three.

This pledge the triple sisters give,  
 That they in unison might live.

JUNE 30, 1850.

## BATTLE ABBEY,

OR THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

IMMERS'D in thought, I wake the lyre  
To every chord now given—  
That answers to my bosom's fire,  
Long for a vent has striven.  
Rebellowing's heard the war-whoop—hark!  
While clangs the thirsty lance,  
The Normans fastly disembark,  
Seen fiercely to advance,  
Crested and cas'd with twisted mail,—  
Arm'd with their axe and bow!  
O, breathe my harp as I portray  
The noble feats perform'd that day,  
When William first did Britain hail,  
And Harold fought the foe!

When the Norman o'er the azure realm  
His vessels urg'd their course,  
Britain's shores to overwhelm,  
Submission to enforce:  
The avengers of their native land  
Re-echo'd to the call!  
The war-shout's heard from clan to clan,  
To victory or to fall!



And where the Saxon monarch fell,  
 This abbey here remains to tell;  
 This is the spot, they say!  
 Where toe to toe, aye, king to king  
 Did meet:—and as I harp and sing,  
 O, list ye to my lay!

## LAY.

Ah, this old abbey! this pile!  
 Aye, hundreds of years are gone by  
 Since 'twas built on this sacred soil,  
 O'er the grave where the brave warriors lie!  
 To harp upon this solemn spot,  
 The bard must woo back the time when  
 Rag'd the battle ne'er to be forgot,—  
 Yes, Harold fought here with his men.  
 To mark where the warrior did fall,  
 This abbey the Conqueror built!  
 Oh! here how the battle-axe rung—  
 The chants of the Normans were sung,  
 Heard here was the trumpet's shrill call,  
 Here the blood of the bravest was spilt!

Again for the fight of the brave,  
 The heart of the hero to sing—  
 To strew with fresh laurel the grave  
 Of Harold—brave Harold the king!  
 Aye, was the fam'd Norman less brave  
 Than Harold? nay, history's confess'd  
 That he sought not his life more to save,  
 But he fought in the ranks with the rest!

Nor fiercer a fight has there been,  
 More determin'd there never could be,—  
 What ardour!—as each claim'd his stand,  
 Each grasp'd the fell weapon in hand:—  
 So desperate the battle between  
 Them, was fought man to man, knee to knee!

A single hand challenge first sent  
 From William to Harold the brave,  
 The Norman express'd his intent,—  
 The blood e'en of thousands to save:—  
 That fate should decide by the fall  
 Of one of us leaders, the day;  
 By deciding it thus sure we shall  
 Prevent a most horrible fray.  
 To fight thus did Harold refuse,  
 When to him the challenge was shown;  
 " 'Tis the God of our armies," he cri'd,  
 " The fate of this day shall decide:  
 He'll err not!—whoe'er He may choose—  
 The event of the fight is a throne!"

The Normans their long-bows now strung,  
 Attacking the Saxons' broad flanks;  
 The chant as they solemnly sung,  
 The bowmen dealt death from their ranks.  
 Bold Harold courageously flies,  
 To address his stout troops he was seen,—  
 Advance, my brave Britons, he cries,  
 With your bills mow them down on the green.

And he dealt to the Normans dismay!  
Yet ere was confirm'd his success,  
Soon William (bereav'd not of hope)  
By a stratagem drew back his troop,  
And again turn'd the fate of the day,—  
Still hard for the field was the test.

From day-dawn to night-fall they fought,  
Long the chances had equally been,  
What feats each and all of them wrought,  
Were left on the field to be seen.  
But oh! tho' before the day clos'd,  
Bold Harold, with desperate might,  
Dealt havoc around to his foes;—  
Alas! Harold fell in the fight!  
An arrow flew, guided by Him,  
Who decides on the fate of the brave!  
It pierc'd and it clave his head!  
He fell amid heaps of dead!  
Where pile upon pile of brave men  
That day swell'd the warrior's broad grave.

Nov., 1850.

## BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

*Fought September 20th, 1854.*

AND shall the bard refuse to sing  
 The battles of his country? bring,  
 O, bring me back my wither'd lyre,—  
 Rekindling now I feel the fire,  
 That gave to Addison<sup>7</sup> his theme,  
 And Scott<sup>8</sup> too caught th' heroic flame,  
 And sung of bloody battle won—  
 Of Waterloo and Wellington!

Thus, tho' may cold neglect await  
 Me and my song! whate'er our fate,  
 I sing!

O memorable night!  
 Pass'd previous to the coming fight:  
 With fever'd mind, the warrior lay,  
 Stretch'd on the plain—tho' far away,  
 (And brave his heart and nobly strung,  
 His straggling thoughts would dwell upon  
 A wife, a child, a home still dear,  
 Wring from his heart a silent tear—  
 A soldier's hurried, broken prayer: }

<sup>7</sup> Addison sung of the battles of the Duke of Marlborough.

<sup>8</sup> Scott sung of Wellington and Waterloo.

Till duty calls him to his feet,  
To hail the battle-morn! and greet  
Some friend, some comrade, ere he fell—  
And bid, may be,—a last farewell!  
When soon they bent their forward course—  
To where the foe'd withdrawn his force,  
And ere midday had them in sight—  
Strongly intrench'd on Alma's height;  
From whence, to Kalamita's Bay,  
Seen crown'd with heavy calibre!  
And every way from Alma's stream  
Were deathlike preparations seen:  
From every pass and fort, thrust out  
Were heavy guns that form'd redoubt!

Its bold, high cliffs soon Bosquet<sup>s</sup> eyed,  
As quickly up the steep hill's side—  
Forming upon its topmost ledge  
There fought the foe from ridge to ridge!  
Canrobert<sup>9</sup>, with his fine brigade,  
Now flies to noble Bosquet's aid—  
Dash'd thro' the ford upon his right,  
And upward scales the dizzy height!  
That, Menschikoff<sup>1</sup> thought none would dare—  
With ease the task did Frenchmen there!  
And forward push'd 'mid shot and shell!  
And many a Frenchman bravely fell.

<sup>9</sup> Bosquet and Canrobert, two French generals who began the attack at Alma.

<sup>1</sup> Menschikoff, a Russian general.

The attack begun by them drew all  
 The Russians' vengeance!—fire and ball  
 Flew round like hail; yet not bereft,  
 Bold Bosquet drove the Russians' left,  
 And threw them into disarray!  
 And desperate now became the fray!  
 For the grand charge now came the time—  
 This Raglan saw, and gave the sign!  
 When upward, bounding from the ford,  
 Were first in front, the "twenty-third,"  
 Cheer'd by their aged veteran gay—  
 Sir George<sup>2</sup>, upon his dapp'l'd grey:—  
 His charger shot—Sir George was thrown!  
 'Mid fire, and smoke, and dust, shouts Brown,  
 "On, on, brave twenty-third!" and to  
 The cannon's mouth he charg'd the foe!

And now the crash of thunders broke—  
 From every fort burst fire and smoke!  
 The round shot bowling down the hill—  
 Our slaughter'd troops by fifties fell:  
 Tho' might our ranks a moment rock,  
 Unflinching still sustain'd the shock!  
 Down from the brow, the heights above,  
 In solid squares the Russians move—  
 (Embolden'd by their numbers,) slow,  
 Crowning their forts that belch below—

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Brown, colonel of the twenty-third, nearly seventy years of age, and whose horse was shot from under him.

Where Raglan saw the havoc spread,  
 And field and ravine strew'd with dead!  
 Asks, if could guns be brought to bear  
 Upon the now advancing square?  
 The answer, "Yes;"—as soon 'twas done --  
 Instantly booming's heard the gun!  
 The Russians rock, now backward yield—  
 Disperse! fly from the bloody field,  
 Leaving their dead and dying strewn,  
 In many a lane our guns had mown!  
 The crisis of the fight was come—  
 By sword and spear the rest was done!

Thus, vict'ry crown'd in desperate fight,  
 Our troops that day on Alma's height!  
 And France too shares the honours won,  
 The part she bore was nobly done!  
 And long shall Russia, to her cost,  
 Remember here the battle lost—  
 Her children's children long shall sigh!  
 When ages shall have swept her by,  
 Sad! Russia then will have to say,—  
 "Ah! here our fathers vanquish'd lay."

At serious cost this victory won  
 To many an orphan child; undone! }  
 Must beg their bread—aye, many a one! }  
 What pains heart-rending thrill the breast }  
 Of many a mother sore distress'd— }  
 That knows not where to find a rest:— }

|                                        |   |
|----------------------------------------|---|
| Of many a maiden sad bereft            | } |
| Of reason, wanders, lonely left,       |   |
| Whose lover's grave is Alma's rift :   | } |
| No vict'ry's shout—no merry tow'r      |   |
| Of joy-bells e'er possess'd the pow'r  | } |
| To cheer her in her woful hour !       |   |
| Well may the victor weep when view'd   | } |
| The ravages of war pursu'd—            |   |
| Its trophies won, with blood imbu'd.   | } |
| Great cities burn'd—and rapine spread— |   |
| Unhallow'd graves possess the dead—    | } |
| Or wild wolves on their bodies fed:—   |   |
| A rock—a tree—must shelter give        | } |
| To thousands lov'd their own native,   |   |
| Who once in happy homes did live!      | } |

At scenes like these, oh, England, weep!  
 And yet rejoice! still thou must reign!  
 Tho' wreaths and honours thou may'st reap—  
 May peace soon turn to thee again!

Nov., 1854.

### MAN.

A STRUCTURE passing fair is man!  
 A being of beatitude,  
 Rais'd strictly by creation's plan,—  
 Where nature moulds she's never rude.



Conceiv'd without a single flaw,  
 High-arched brow—expressive face—  
 Conception grand in nature's law,  
 Strength intermix'd with every grace.

Each movement in the balance weigh'd,  
 And beautifully pois'd erect;  
 While graceful every part is made,  
 In all combin'd to give effect.

But ah, man's mind!—nature compare  
 With this? nay! its tint and shade,  
 Tho' beautiful, aye, passing fair,  
 What is of nature soon must fade!

Not so the fabric of the mind!  
 Here lives a noble something! strange,  
 To tabernacle not confin'd,  
 That takes a wild, a boundless range,

Revolving in its orbit fast,  
 A panorama seems the mind;  
 Where every thing is dancing past,  
 And puzzles still the human kind.

To search the riddle's to portray  
 Discomfort much that makes man sigh!  
 Inquiring what's his life?—his clay?—  
 Why mystery danc'd before his eye?

What is my being? this still's his cry!  
 Till wearied and fatigu'd, that part  
 Deriv'd from earth, and's made to die,  
 (That lives not from the spirit apart,)

Falls!—and falling in the fight,  
 To find the truth of what's her creed,  
 Escapes the flesh, and takes her flight—  
 The veil is rent—the spirit's freed.

1850.

### TRANSITIONS OF THE MIND<sup>3</sup>.

To myriads thought is giving birth  
 To phantom hard to be defin'd—  
 Thoughts in a moment range the earth,  
 Leaving the body far behind.

<sup>3</sup> Are there not times when we view the scenes of life as mere spectators, apparently not to feel our own connexion with them, while the mind keeps revolving like the shifting scenes of a panorama? And even when we are sleeping, what sudden transitions and absurd antics, as we are dreaming, take place; to think of them, on awaking, has made me laugh:—and that reason, order, and sobriety of thought should, in the twinkling of an eye, resume their seat in the mind is astonishing.

E'en now my thoughts, like fairies, whiff,  
And sport and play on Katrine's lake<sup>4</sup>,  
With Ellen in her fairy skiff—  
The scene now shifts—some village wake,—

Where all is noise extravagantly wild!  
Now laughing at what seems to be!—  
Once more revolves—again a child,  
'Mong once-lov'd haunts disporting free!

No mortal fether holds the mind  
In its recoil thro' boundless space;  
Where fain 'twould pierce the root of time,  
'Tempts every hidden way to trace.

Till, dark with search—lost in amaze!  
The mind, thus ever on the rack,  
Still's speculating thro' the haze—  
Eternity's untrodden track!

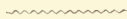
Tho' sleeps the sluggish half!—no rest—  
Mind, imps and frolics, even then  
Ransacks and fits on every vest—  
'Sumes characters unthought of!—'Gain—

<sup>4</sup> The author, just before penning these lines, had been reading Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

Order's restor'd! yes, reason wakes!  
 Instantly takes her seat within;  
 Dismissing all her impish freaks,  
 The guest now 'sumes a sober mien!

But whence this wild debauch within?  
 The mortal sleep's to this unknown!  
 Yet ask the cause? the immortal kin  
 But points to mystery—her throne!

JULY 27, 1850.



ROCKS LAKE, UCKFIELD, SUSSEX <sup>5</sup>.

My elbow on this stone I rest,  
 Attent, the mind serenely blest!  
 Impress'd with its druidian spell,  
 I look on yon sequester'd cell;  
 Then turn I to this sullen deep,  
 Whose water lies in dreamy sleep,  
 Nor ripple moves its swooning breast,  
 Where all appears a deathlike rest.  
 And still yet more I wond'ring gaze!

<sup>5</sup> The lake scene in the following lines was particularly carried out June 6th, 1826, at a fête given on the Rocks estate, in commemoration of the late R. S. Streatfeild's coming of age.

'Reft of all save here I see,  
 Seems all to me a magic maze,  
 This lake—these clefts—you tow'ring tree,  
 Where deep within the thicket's gloom,  
 From many a hawthorn's bloomy spray,  
 And shaggy fern—and nodding broom—  
 Is heard the linnet's blithest lay.

List'ning, I pass from grip to grip,  
 Then (startling at my echoing step)  
 I pause and say, "O solemn place!  
 Where's hugely pil'd high base on base,  
 A ponderous mass on mass of stone,  
 'Tween which the silver birch has grown—  
 Whose slender branches sweetly wail  
 In weeping streamlets to and fro,  
 Mov'd by the zephyr's gentle gale,  
 Far o'er the lake seen drooping low;  
 Where, from its marge, the little skiff,  
 All fairylike now leaves the shore,  
 And stealing from yon rocky cliff,  
 Now skims the waters stilly o'er;  
 While as its freight is hov'd along,  
 Concerted thro' the rugged dells  
 Is heard the lute—the dulcet song  
 Commingling with the distant bells.  
 O solemn charm! sweet, deep, and holy!  
 Hushing rock and ravine round,  
 Soft steal now o'er the waters slowly,  
 Withering chords of sweetest sound."

Here lonely wand'ring, veil'd in thought,  
 Thro' soft illusive windings, how  
 At every step reflection's fraught,  
 I stay, I pause, I wipe my brow,  
 Then view the moss-grown beech and sigh,  
 To read some well-known name I stand,  
 Some well-known friend, ere he did die,  
 Himself had carv'd with his own hand.

This grove! this haunt! this lov'd retreat!  
 This grey stone now that is my seat!  
 Yes—here I've often wip'd a tear,  
 Lifted my thoughts in holy prayer;  
 While as I've view'd these ponderous heads,  
 Rocks verging from adamantine beds,  
 They've turn'd the key of time to me,  
 And fill'd me with eternity.

MAY 27, 1852.

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ON THE DILIGENT SEARCH MADE  
 FOR FRANKLIN.

E'EN as the child from the bespangl'd glade  
 Plucks wild flower, and decks his wreath with  
 various  
 Hue, so be my flickering song continu'd!

Does not the comet that sweeps a starry  
 Vast, draw on itself the gaze of a whole  
 World? so have those intellectual stars<sup>6</sup>, that  
 Beam'd but forth to light the mind of man!—so  
 With the classics, whose lore is music to  
 Lovers of letter'd fame! nor have we want  
 Of lovers yet! does not my dear lov'd land  
 Abound with sons of intellectual light?  
 Whose hearts and harps are chastely strung to  
                   well

Discriminate the lyre's pure chord!—and ever  
 To these my harp shall listen, and tenderly  
 Recite their excellence!—content myself  
 Within the narrow sphere that nature hath  
 Assign'd me! I will sing in solitude,  
 It seems my element! O, how I love  
 To wander 'side the trickling rill, where no  
 Satiric bitterness nor envy's found  
 To invade and trouble my peaceful lyre!

O, would, I've thought, some chaste,  
 Exalted bard recite the feats of those  
 Who brave the hardy task of exploring  
 Regions where are ice-bound seas congealing  
 Mass on mass, heap on heap, till mountains of  
 Fetter'd waters rise tow'ring high in air!

                  Where now is Franklin?

Is he yet solitary pacing some

<sup>6</sup> Those who, by the study of astronomy, have foretold the appearing and reappearing of comets, eclipses, &c.

Trackless wild, where, one by one, his hardy  
 Partners in enterprise have fallen, or still  
 Are falling? Or is he slave of slaves, yok'd  
 E'en by the savage? or roams unfetter'd  
 O'er a boundless sweep, as king of all its  
 Tribes? Or lives he not? but dash'd on some  
       dark

Shore, ingulph'd beneath its madden'd wave to  
 Perish, nor leave a vestige to mark the  
 Spot? O Franklin! thy country cannot give  
 Thee up! determin'd to find their hero, if  
 To be found!—effort ever laudable!  
 To English hearts akin! know they no rest  
 Till something's known of him, the child of  
       fear'd,

Unhappy fate! Bravo, my country! my  
 Dear lov'd isle! that ceases not, year after  
 Year, to search for those brave men long lost to  
 Us!—but oh! mark ye his bosom friend, whose  
 Hope seems cannot die! who stimulates still  
 To the research by liberal offers  
 Of reward!—honourable trait, rife with  
 Example! inculcating virtue!—nor are  
 We wanting in female fortitude and  
 Sterling affection, founded on principles  
 Of love and equity! Here let my country boast  
 A virtuous queen, sweetly inoffensive,  
 Who knowingly would injure none! fond of  
 Her subjects! nor wishing them as slaves to  
 Show her homage, but from affection and



Mutual love of justice to meet and dictate  
 Laws for England's good and glory!—blest and  
 Happy land, incompare with some now rife  
 For blood and slaughter!

DEC. 30, 1851.

## THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY VIEWING THROUGH A TELESCOPE  
 THE STARS AND PLANETS OF THE HEAVENS.

CAN ever the silver link  
 Of brotherhood be finally dissolv'd?—  
 Created for social intercourse—man!—  
 Solitary! can he so feel at home?—  
 May impetuous passions (heated by  
 Circumstances of the moment) hurl him  
 On to acts of madness?—apart from this  
 Man feels that man should love his brother man—  
 Should do him good as opportunity  
 Enables. May I not here include my  
 Self? an old man wishing to cast abroad  
 Some few reflections to amuse and cheer  
 The weary pilgrim in the way?—but  
 To my theme!

Do not man's half-digested theories vanish  
 E'en as a night vision, when feverish

Forms arise, and as fastly explode to  
A crude nothing ?

Not so when he  
Surveys sweet nature as one grand scheme! this  
May profitably occupy his time  
And study--inexhaustible's its spring!  
From which the more he draws, more beautiful  
Will still appear its grand and given laws,  
Seen blended link by link, beautifully  
And sublimely shadowing forth the great  
Foresight of Him who gave to nature those  
Laws by which it's govern'd, and points the mind  
To the one great First Cause.

Here man may lave  
And cool his heated brain, and brace the mind  
For the next fight,—had he not to contend,  
Mind would collapse—himself wane to an  
Idiot;—existence speaks action—  
Action's doing or undoing what is done;—  
Yet may the steed be spurr'd till past control!  
May heed nor bit nor bridle, but rushes on  
Till, desperate, he takes a frightfully  
Fatal leap!—so with the mind that grasps to  
Bring e'en all within its comprehension—  
To and fro it works to find the parent  
Spring, and secret head of nature, and nature's  
Laws—big with research—restless in the  
Pursuit, till wearied with inquiry!

Yet in these gropings knowledge often has  
Been gather'd—The mind may cross those laws of

Nature—make discovery of things not then  
 Pursued—opening up mysterious springs, from  
 Which do sons of genius draw, and calculating  
 Man turns to account.

An age of wonder

This for discovery! from pole to pole  
 Communicating momentarily on  
 Lightning's wing, whose fluid's made the mes-  
 senger

Of thought!—of wonders the greatest!—showing  
 nature's

Deeply mysterious laws reducible  
 To use of man!—but oh! how many in  
 The pursuit (grasping too intently, alas!  
 Till lost e'en to themselves) strain and expand  
 The flimsy web, till oh! the mind bursts like  
 A bubble!—when lo! just as they think to  
 Grasp the prize, they're dash'd upon the misty  
 Shore to rise no more!

Not so with (that once humble  
 Son of science) Newton; who in soft  
 Solitude serenely trac'd the heavenly  
 Canopy—spacious arch—spread and studded  
 With sparkling gems, vying in lustre e'en  
 With the richest diamond—teeming with life,—  
 And, may be, happy beings!—yes, here it was  
 A calculating Newton humbly inquir'd—  
 With bashful modesty trac'd his well-known  
 Theories, subservient to his Maker's

Laws! while lo! methinks I hear him say,—

“These,

My Father’s property.”—To him, the night

Was season of adoration and praise!

And still the more, as more to comprehend

The order of those sweet laws that govern

Systems. Here Newton steer’d the mind; and

from

Crude probabilities gather’d facts, none

Could gainsay; and, as he gather’d, he ador’d

The Power that spread the heavenly arch with

worlds,

Disposing them harmoniously in

All their parts. Blest philosophy is this!

When free from scepticism tends to our good—

Teaches man his own insignificance,

And a reverence for the Deity!

Thus Newton sought wisdom, e’en as a child

Rife with meekness and simplicity—a

Mind fruitful in calculation, soaring

To the heavens, liv’d and revell’d amid

A starry vast!

Less dependent on learning,

May others think—and deeply think—theories

May seize and fasten on their mind with firm,

Unflinching hold, sublimely reasoning thus:—

“That such must be, from such that is.”—So

with

Columbus—when all combin’d to dash his

Flagrant hope, ridicul'd and taken for  
 A madman, taunted by his followers—  
 Whose zeal was rife only as nearer to  
 Them appear'd the golden harvest, madden'd  
 (By apparent disappointment), wreak'd  
 Their vengeance on him whom, charity should  
 Have suggested, needed their support;—but  
 He, Columbus! (whose faith was not to be  
 So shaken,) continu'd firm! confident  
 In that persuasion which did not rest on  
 Second persons! nay, but center'd within  
 Himself;—nor was that light a flickering  
 Taper, but clear and steady as the first  
 Gleam that threw across his theoretic  
 Mind that glimpse of a new world,—nor left him  
 Till it crown'd him a man of thought—and son  
 Of science!—tho' destiny depriv'd him of  
 Reward.

1854.

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 FRANCE IN 1848 AND 1851-52<sup>7</sup>.

OH, France! would'st thou be happy,  
 Cease to agitate thy grievances by

<sup>7</sup> Soliloquy on the pitiable condition of France during her revolutions, 1848 and 1851-52.

Sad determination to be reveng'd.

First search the cause of all thy woe, and here

The mind must grasp and review, not simply

A day,—a year,—but centuries,—to find

The cause!—the present is but the effect:—

Futurity in part is dependent

On the past—philosophy so teacheth,

And rightly, a useful lesson!—shows that

That's done to-day affects to-morrow, and

May do even ages yet unborn. Thus

Now the wheel revolves mysterious in

All its movements:—yes, e'en at this moment,

Event upon event big with importance!

Each post, each mail brings news which but  
adds

To the calamity;—despatch upon

Despatch, till all is tiptoe—not e'en the

Telegraph is swift enough to feed the

Anxious crowd, all craving to learn the last

Sad shifting scene. Oh, France! need had  
Europe

To mourn thee as a member who's hardly

Sane,—and who only lives to thwart thine

Own desires—to prove a contradiction

To thyself—who, to purchase liberty,

Submitteth to the yoke!—here let me stay

And weep for thee, my cousin Frenchman, and

Pity him who dies for freedom, yet fain

Would live enslav'd. May not, oh, France! thy  
sad

Calamity furnish lessons to those  
 Who (over sanguine) rely too much on  
 Human effort apart from Sovereign  
 Will!—a Will, e'en tho' it clash and null man's  
 Favourite schemes, yet does no wrong. Recount  
 The way of him whose pride will not submit  
 To bow and seek the approbation and  
 Instruction of his Maker! Where is the  
 Assyrian?—his splendid city, once  
 The subject of his boast? "Cast to the winds!"  
 Its ashes no more to be gather'd. Oh,  
 Babylon!—once the scene of Israel's  
 Captivity, who 'side thy rivers wept—  
 While o'er their heads their unstrung harps  
 wav'd on

The willows:—a favour'd tho' afflicted  
 People: nor here in bondage without a  
 Hope!—foretold was restoration—a Cyrus  
 Was to break their yoke and send them hence:—  
 year

After year, (sad with longing hearts,) across  
 The desert turn'd their wistful eyes toward  
 Their temple:—nor could they sing their solemn  
 Songs before the heathen.

But let me warn

My country ere I leave thee, Babylon;  
 And may she teach my land a wholesome  
 lesson:—

How fell its king, Belshazzar? in his  
 Midnight carousal, while drunk with wine!—

Cyrus—the foretold—surpris'd his city,  
 And slew and conquer'd great Babylon  
 Amid debauch.

Oh! keep on thy watch-tower,  
 England! nor feel thee too secure! and may  
 No midnight army be sent to thee as  
 A chastisement for sin and revel.

DEC. 30, 1851.

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### SOUL'S SOLILOQUY.

AYE, too, too oft I'm (like the boy that chas'd  
 The rainbow's dye) pursuing phantom, till  
 Something spoils or mars my fabricated  
 Joys! but oh, my soul's immortal stay—my  
 Better, brighter star! this when eclips'd, soon  
 Cold and damp, my troubl'd spirit then calls  
 In the aid of half-disjointed reason,  
 Pleading thus:—"Where's now thy joy which  
     blossom'd  
 On believing?—will ever it return?"  
 Yes!—does not the life that swells the bud lie  
 Hidden thro' the bleak wintry months, yet swells  
 And bursts again with smiling blossoms?—e'en  
 Thus the soul rekindles, and fructifies,



And buds, and blossoms with love and lively  
Hope!—then learn thy lesson, oh, my soul! and  
As thou see'st that renovating power  
Reviving nature from its wintry grave,  
With all that's beautiful and chaste; doubt not  
Thou'lt be new born to life when poor mortality  
Sleeps the sleep of death! Then burst thy  
                  sluggish

Torpor; and as thou dost pursue, bind not  
Thine eyes, thou should'st not see thy misery:—  
Canst thou content remain high on the brittle  
Thread of chance, expos'd to all the chilling  
Winds of surging dispensations without  
An anchor? e'en like the crew that's tempest  
Toss'd thro' the dark night, in miserable  
Suspense?—or wretched, groping thro' the  
Labyrinth of life, as 'twere a damp, dark  
Cave, where light dar'd not to enter?—arise!  
My soul, arise, and shake thy plume, and learn to  
Tune and strike thy harp to theme of higher  
Note, nor live nor grovel 'mid the swamp of  
Nature's sore:—of higher import let thy  
Songs be heard, and ponder o'er thy mercies.

Nov. 1852.

## BYRON.

THE last of his race! an eccentric boy  
Ramb'l'd free o'er the dark mountain heath,  
And he climb'd the steep summit of Morven,  
and lo!  
He gaz'd on the torrents beneath.

Alone, (if excepting a dog as his guide,)  
Scal'd Scotia's high crags,—but no more  
Will his breast cleave the billows that swell with  
the tide,  
Nor ramble by Scotia's dark shore.

Much gifted by nature,—to title a claim,—  
And to paternal honours,—but lo!  
His soul ne'er could rest on the tinsel of fame,  
But it foster'd and fed upon woe!

He pour'd out his soul in soft numbers,—his pen  
Was his solace that sooth'd him alone;  
For he found not relief in the world, or of men,  
But his heart, sad, heav'd many a groan.

In sorrow he left the dear land of his birth,  
Those domains from his fathers that fell;  
As he fled, he look'd back on his dear native  
earth,  
And he sigh'd as he bade her farewell.

An outcast to mourn and to feed on despair,  
Still to sigh o'er the fates from above,  
While afar from those ties once his hope and his  
care,  
Doom'd to wither 'tween anger and love.

Tho' failings he'd many, oh! cease to upbraid!  
Let thy pity cast o'er them her veil;  
Revive not his faults, but oh! let them fade!  
Of his follies enough he might feel.

Nor found he repose in the fictitious belief  
Of the heathens' fam'd fabulous spring;  
Howe'er he might lave here to wash away grief,  
Was he ever divest of its sting?

Sad, he fell in his prime! in the midst of his zeal  
For old Greece! who is heard to applaud!  
And the poet still lives in the heart that can  
feel,  
And his fame spreads her pinions abroad.

JAN. 1, 1852.

## SERIOUS SISTER.

COME, dear sister, let us wander,  
 Hark! the linnets how they sing;  
 See the gay-clad furzes yonder,  
 The bee too's humming on the wing.

Come, Ellen, come! why linger long?  
 And why so serious do you seem?  
 Hark! don't you hear the lark's blithe song?  
 The ploughboy chirping to his team?

## ELLEN.

Yes, Phœbe! well you've said I'm serious,  
 Know you not the soul's great worth?  
 Deep is the thought, (howe'er mysterious,)  
 One day will be dissolv'd this earth.

The skies, e'en like a scroll, be wound,  
 With noise terrific swept away;  
 Where, Phœbe, shall we then be found?  
 How shall we meet that awful day?

## PHŒBE.

Ellen! thou would'st make me tremble,—  
 Know, there's a heaven for the soul;  
 Tho' in the grave our bodies crumble,  
 O'er spirits death has no control.

ELLEN.

True, Phœbe, there is no extinction,—  
 The soul must still exist, but where?  
 Am I quite sure of mine's ascension?  
 Or how in judgment 'twill appear?

PHŒBE.

Dear Ellen, cherish not despair,  
 We must escape the vengeful rod,  
 At church each Sabbath we are there,  
 And always strive to please our God.

We live uprightly, read our Bibles,  
 And court'sy to the parish priest,  
 Who prays for us; our little foibles,  
 He blots them out,—we've not the least.

ELLEN.

Oh, Phœbe! slender is thy creed,  
 Much seriously I've thought it o'er;  
 It will not stead you in your need,  
 When th' heavens shall echo, "Time's no more."

However zealous in our duty,  
 What's the spur that goads us on?  
 Do we see a Saviour's beauty?  
 Have we love, or have we none?

Do we prize a Friend so precious ?  
 Is He chief in our desire ?  
 Have we prov'd Him to be gracious ?  
 Is our love an holy fire ?

PHEBE.

Ellen, dear! how strange you talk;  
 Your head, dear sister, is not right;  
 You'd better stay,—I'll take my walk,—  
 Dear! you can go another night.

AUG. 14, 1851.

## THE SENSITIVE PLANT AND DAISY<sup>s</sup>.

As in my chair I cross-legg'd sat,  
 The mind becoming mazy,  
 I thought I in a greenhouse met  
 A sensitive plant and daisy.

The daisy, (plac'd there by some hand,)  
 Near its proud neighbour stood,  
 Who spurn'd the little meekly friend  
 As one who did intrude.

<sup>s</sup> Illustrative of an incident in real life.

She ask'd who introduc'd her there ?  
Where was her commendation ?  
And how she dar'd with her to share  
That place of elevation ?

“ To dwell with thee I'll not consent,—  
I have no poor relation ;  
To live in lanes why not content ?  
'Twould more befit thy station.

“ Compar'd to me, thou'rt very mean,  
In all a want of grace ;  
In every dirty field is seen  
Thy little brazen face.

“ And know'st thou not that this is lewd,  
Thy bosom's seldom hid ?  
More, this by us is counted rude,  
Thy frill is flaunty spread.

“ I see not aught there is in thee  
Savours of consequence ;  
No sweet reserve of modesty,—  
I spurn thee—get thee hence.”

DAISY.

“ But hearken ! let a daisy speak !  
My stature may be low,  
Yet do not think I'd favour seek  
From such proud flirts as you.

- “I only wish to vindicate  
The beauties of my race;  
Nor, in our native element,  
Have we a want of grace.
- “We need no artificial home,  
No stove to keep us warm,  
No classic nurse—no brick nor loam—  
We live amid the storm.
- “My little, gay, outspreading frill,  
How dare you call it rude?  
My healthful, happy smile might tell  
I class not with the lewd.
- “Yet not like thee, ungenerous miss,  
Tho’ none the less I’m chaste;  
Let thy best friend but ask a kiss,  
Thou’lt shrink from his embrace.
- “Mark (tho’ not less modest) my race!  
How universal we  
To please the whole of every place  
All strive and do agree:
- “With one accord, in numerous hoards,  
Upsparkling from our beds,  
Invite the poor as well as lords  
To walk upon our heads.



“ A lesson to thee, my polish'd friend,  
To live more open-hearted.”  
Miss dropp'd her head, and slunk around,  
For ever were they parted.

JULY 27, 1850.

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VISIONS OF ERIN'S ISLE <sup>9</sup>.

ERIN! oh, Erin's fertile land,  
For why she weeps to understand,  
Weary I ponder'd o'er her woes,  
Till sleep return'd and gave repose ;  
When lo! I dream'd a gentle call  
Said, “ Weep, oh, weep for Erin's fall.”  
And soon the vision bore me to  
A scene that fill'd my heart with woe.  
The spot—Killarney's sweet cascades—  
Where sat fair Erin's gentle maids  
Sad,—while sorrowing was their chant,  
Their song was heard from haunt to haunt—  
From hill to hill—from clan to clan—  
Their plaint reach'd every foreign land ;

<sup>9</sup> The following lines refer to the period when Meagher, Mitchell, and others were sent from their fatherland, when they were accompanied to the shore by Erin's disconsolate daughters, weeping for the loss of their friends, their hope, their joy, their pride.

Seem'd as each strain they did renew,  
 They wept—they cried, “Adieu, adieu!  
 Our fathers, friends, our sons, adieu!  
 With hearts for Erin firm and true,  
 Alas! you leave your dear lov'd shore,  
 Shall Erin ever, ever see you more?”

One beckon'd me—“Come hither, fair child,”  
 Said she, and strok'd my head, and smil'd;  
 Bade me to hearken, that she might show  
 To me, the cause of Erin's woe.

MAIDEN.

“England, whose laws are yet humane,  
 Erin's to thee a lasting stain;  
 Our fertile land—our fruitful shore—  
 Ask not the cause for why we're poor:  
 Thou holdest right to cast thy shoe  
 Across this Edom land of woe;—  
 Be it confess'd our wretched race  
 In part's procur'd their own disgrace;  
 Thou art her parent,—whate'er her station,  
 Still Erin claims thee her relation,  
 Pledg'd to be her guard and guide,  
 To share her troubles side by side.

“Ask not the cause why Erin's poor,  
 Yea, long thou'st drain'd her fertile shore,  
 And now, if pitied, where's the cure?  
 Doom'd all her pains to still endure;

Alms, if bestow'd, and gifts be given,  
'Tis sad to this that Erin's driven;  
Nations do witness to her shame,  
Oh! heaven eradicate the stain."  
The maiden ceas'd!—her harp was strung—  
And all commenc'd their solemn song.

"Oh, cruel fate! give back our sons—  
Our hope—our joy, our pride—  
Nor leave us here to curse our day,  
By O'Sullivan's waterside.

"O, may we not be left to tell  
Our sorrows to these shades;  
Nor chant the day when Erin fell,  
To O'Sullivan's cascades.

"Hear ye, O winds, our weeping sore,  
As fierce ye're whistling by;  
O, bear our plaint to every shore,  
And tell them how we sigh.

"Aye, tell them how fair Erin's maids  
Harp not but of their care;  
And how, alas! these sweet cascades  
Respond to our despair."

I awoke just as they did renew  
Those solemn words, "Adieu, adieu!"

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

IMPERVIOUS to the howling blast,  
A little rock stands firm and fast,  
Whose shining cliffs of milk-white stone  
Have aw'd the world from zone to zone;  
Afar across the ocean's swell,  
Of these white cliffs they all could tell.

Still on this rock none felt alarm  
For seeming friends, nor foeman's arm;  
Away from bloodshed, and of war,  
All on this rock do dwell, afar  
From nations whose deciduous laws  
(Not only weak in virtue's cause,  
But sweep fair justice of its worth)  
Have drench'd with human blood the earth.

This rock! fair Albion is its name,  
Whose race hath gain'd immortal fame;  
In arts and science, peace, and war,  
Her name's gone forth around and far.

But why, or where, or what's the cause,  
That she should boast of better laws,  
Of purer statutes?

Hold! who meets mine eye?  
 So fair! so beautifully shy!  
 An angel seems!

## NYMPH.

“Sweet bard, ’tis I;  
 I’m come I might to thee reply  
 To thy suggestive reasoning, why  
 With all fair Albion stands so high.  
 Then, shepherd, take your pipe, and play,  
 Inspir’d! my song shall grace thy lay;  
 And hearken to that song’s reply,  
 Where chiefly Albion’s strength doth lie.

## CHANT.

- “Happy land! none in compare  
 With Albion! this the reason why!  
 Blest with virtuous daughters fair,  
 Such that none can with them vie.
- “Chaste and beautiful are these!  
 Long they’ve been the pride of Pan;  
 They, and they only still can please,  
 And hold an influence o’er man.
- “The wreath of Britain, can it fade?  
 Or ever has it found compare?  
 Its strength!—its beauty’s in its maid,  
 Crown’d is Britain by its fair.

“ They! and only they can hold  
 Man!—his coarser passions all;  
 They can make him tame or bold,  
 At their altars he must fall.

“ So, ever while the British dame  
 Holds her right with all to vie,  
 Honour'd will be Britain's fame,  
 All the world she may defy.”

MARCH 19, 1852.

## RECOLLECTIONS.

W. A. R——'S LATE SCHOOL, UCKFIELD IN SUSSEX.

AWAKE, O harp!—my nerve acute  
 Invites sweet inspiration's lute!  
 To fire the muse, and plume her wing,  
 Arise, awake the tremulous string!  
 My theme shall be a worthy friend—  
 O lovely muse! for him attend,  
 Inspire for him I'm pleas'd to claim  
 A friend, at all times e'en the same.

Can I forget his peaceful cot?  
 The time I loiter'd near  
 To catch those sweet, soft-breathing sounds  
 So pleas'd my list'ning ear?

Entranc'd I've stood to hear his flute,  
 So mellow and so clear,  
 Give forth with ease (and sure to please)  
 Some sweet, pathetic air.

Or to trace the chord on the finger-board  
 Of the seraphine's soothing swell;  
 With that along, he join'd in song,  
 Which charm'd me like a spell.

---

His band of boys, all mirth and glee,  
 When school-books all were laid aside;  
 Free as the wild ass e'er was free,  
 Thro' flow'ry fields abroad they hied.  
 Yet 'twas that freedom bow'd to him,  
 Their master and their kind supreme.

With them, the little spauiel pet—  
 O, one foul deed! O, Fidy<sup>1</sup>, fie!  
 (This—boy nor master can forget,  
 Else gladly would I pass it by;)  
 I read thee “thief”—I saw the chick,  
 Thy victim, tied about thy neck.

<sup>1</sup> In one of their perambulations, Fidy, encountering a brood of chickens, destroyed one of the finest of them, which, as a punishment for the deed, was fastened about Fidy's neck for one whole week.

I saw thee, Fidia, spurn'd by all,  
 I saw thee wear the felon's chain—  
 The label blazon on thy poll,  
 I've seen thy great apparent shame!  
 But aye, Fidelle, we all forgive,  
 In memory long may Fidia live.

---

His pretty bird <sup>2</sup>, how at command  
 I've seen it pipe and comb its dress,  
 Pleas'd, perch'd upon its master's hand,  
 Would greet him with its sweet caress!  
 Reluctant,—I here relate,  
 Sweet bird, oh, thy untimely fate!

O Tab, O Tab, thy wicked paw,  
 (In thee a favourite tho' to own,)  
 Transgress'd e'en every humane law—  
 Too 'gainst so many favours shown.  
 Trustless wretch! thou gav'st the blow  
 To a whole household, dealt them woe!

---

These bygone days, how like a spell,  
 On these my thoughts delight to dwell—  
 And to extol my friends—the tri'd—  
 May this still ever be my pride!

<sup>2</sup> My friend's favourite bird (destroyed by Tab, his domestic cat,) was a bullfinch.



O gratitude! be ever near,  
 And none shall shame sweet friendship's tear:  
 Call this weakness? I care not what—  
 Forget them?—O, be myself forgot!

MARCH 7, 1849.

NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

FORTH went the bard to cross the lea,  
 His steps assume a thoughtful gait,—  
 Rings in his ear the late decree,  
 Thus given by the Spirit of Fate:—  
     Hail, thou son of Ajaccio <sup>3</sup>!—he,  
 Paoli <sup>4</sup> with the classics class'd,—  
 A modern Cæsar told to be—  
 A hero of an antique caste!—  
 O'er Europe a conqueror thou'lt ride!  
 Yet 'yond white shining cliffs!—that land,  
 (Tho' crown'd victorious far and wide,)  
 Think not thou'lt e'er invade! or can!

<sup>3</sup> A town in Corsica where Napoleon was born.

<sup>4</sup> Paoli, a Corsican general, who pronounced Napoleon, when a boy, to be of an antique cast, resembling one of the classical heroes.

Thy boundary's set—yon little isle,  
 (O'er every frown her foes may give,)  
 When thy work's done, shall it then smile—  
 All else laid waste—shall Britain live!

At Austerlitz thy sun shall rise,—  
 Thou'lt hail a land once Goths' and Moors'—  
 Where splendid states enervate lies,  
 Enrich thyself with others' stores!  
 Thou'lt cross the Pyrenees' steep height,  
 Thy unfur'd banners fast shall fly  
 Where further still thy fate's to fight:—  
 Thy conquering shout shall rend the sky—  
 Thou'lt strew thy way with heaps of dead;  
 And ere be stay'd thy vast career,  
 A scourge to Castile deep and dread:—  
 Nor other nations shalt thou spare!

High o'er the Alps, in wild delight,  
 Where kings and emperors be thy grant,  
 Thy warriors haste to join the fight:  
 Prince of Asturias thou'lt supplant!

Arcoli's and Rivoli's<sup>5</sup> name,  
 And Lodi's bridge<sup>6</sup>, and Adda's swell,  
 Shall tell of thy immortal fame!  
 Thy onward course the fates propel.

<sup>5</sup> Arcoli and Rivoli, towns in Italy where Napoleon defeated the Austrians.

<sup>6</sup> The bridge of Lodi crosses the Adda, a river in Italy.

Tho' mighty, shall thy foes withstand,  
 Or stay thee in thine onward sweep?  
 Nor Beaulieu nor Alvinza<sup>7</sup> can!—  
 From fort to fort, from keep to keep,  
 Thou'lt trace the Elbe—the Danube afar,  
 Thy work's to conquer—to subdue!  
 'Yond Buda eastward thou shalt war—  
 Thy sun shall set at Waterloo!

Till then, tho' elements prevail  
 To bow thy crest in Russia far,  
 Where climate keen, and frost, and hail,  
 May give thy foes the chance in war;  
 Thou'lt baffle all, and still pursue:  
 Thy sun, at Austerlitz so bright,  
 Eclips'd shall be at Waterloo—  
 Shall leave thee there to set in night!

FEB. 4, 1853.

## OII, YE WINDS OF NOVEMBER<sup>8</sup>!

OII, ye winds of November!  
 Devastation around  
 Do ye spread—as ye blow,  
 Neither village, nor town,

<sup>7</sup> Beaulieu and Alvinza, two Austrian generals.

<sup>8</sup> Written on a very windy day, November 24, 1850.

Nor fence, tree, nor dwelling,  
Escapes your great force;  
Confusion and havoc  
Is strewn in your course.

Ye spare not, nor pity!  
Wherever ye go,  
Ye drift and ye drive into  
Mountains the snow;—  
Nor wait ye for any, nor  
Cease ye, nor stay  
For the wanderer homeless  
And houseless away.

Oh! the cry of deep anguish,  
Sad mixed with your roar—  
As ye hurl the dark cloud with  
Its load thro' the air;  
With the dead and the dying  
You've scatter'd the shore—  
The poor mariner's heart still  
Ye fill full of care.

Still ye heave the deep billow  
That's lashing the strand:—  
Still the groan of your vengeance  
Is heard thro' the land.  
But oh, your sweet breath on  
A warm summer's day,  
Yes—then for this vengeance  
Your friends you'll repay.

When your soft, healing zephyr  
Shall soothingly fan—  
Like a sweet, cooling balm o'er  
The ocean and land;  
All nature reviving, and  
To charm all below—  
Then, breathe in the summer—  
In winter then blow!

Nov. 24, 1850.



### EMIGRATION.

LET the lovers of gold wander east, wander west,  
I care not wherever they go:—  
On my own native shore my bones may they  
rest,—  
Shall I envy them ever?—Oh, no!

Contentment is riches,—I crave not their ore,—  
Like my own there's no place on the earth:—  
Shall any induce me?—however I'm poor,  
I love the sweet land of my birth.

Nor will they entice me to leave my sweet home,  
To cross where the stormy winds blow—  
O'er the wide, surging billow that's frightfully  
thrown?  
I cannot!—I dare not to go!

However the crowd may be mad for the bait,  
    (And by thousands they're sailing,) this know!  
There is something in leaving my home much I  
    hate—  
Nor will I—nor can I—Oh, no!

I envy them not—to the mines let them go—  
    I care not for him who upbraids;  
For me to go with them? it cannot be so—  
    I love more my own native shades!

To leave my dear cot, and these meandering rills,  
    That I've long woo'd in many a strain?  
Where I've chant with my bugle, while far thro'  
    the dells  
It has answer'd again and again?

Around and afar, o'er these dear little heights,  
    I've rambl'd for years to and fro;  
Can aught else e'er yield me their equal delights?  
    I cannot—I dare not to go!

Compar'd with contentment, their gold is but  
    dross;  
    Oh, my own little cottage I love!  
Can the glitter of riches compensate thy loss?  
    May my heart seek its riches above!

## REFLECTIONS ABROAD.

○ SWEET nightfall!—with thee have I sought  
Retirement in field and in grove;  
On my staff where as leaning I've thought,  
My pleasures would more but approve.

I sing and I sigh with the breeze,  
As I gaze on the far glowing west,  
Still to woo the sweet chord that agrees  
To the throbbings of joy in my breast.

Sweet time! oh, how blest in my choice!—  
When the toil of the day's made to cease—  
O'er the cold cares of life I rejoice—  
'Tis the charm of retirement's my peace.

Fair Hesper I've watch'd growing bright—  
Yet brighter as fast died the day;  
When soon's been the ebon of night  
Relit by a myriad of ray.

The pale moon I've watch'd in the sky,  
As she scudded the ether of night,  
I've gaz'd with the tear in mine eye,  
And I've welcom'd her cool, pensive light.

Thus ever as happiness gleaning,  
 (In spring-time and autumn I rove,)  
 I say, on my staff as I'm leaning,—  
 My pleasures would more but approve.

1852.

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LAMENT OF THE STAFFORDSHIRE  
 HIGHWAYS<sup>9</sup>.

ALONG by Stafford's broad highway,  
 Once so glorious—now forlorn—  
 Where all around me seem'd to mourn,  
 I took my morning's stray;  
 When soon upon the iron way,  
 An engine pass'd me by,  
 To which the old highways retort,—  
 "Oh, hear," they say, "that engine snort!"  
 And all set up a cry.

<sup>9</sup> In the year 1851, in September, the author of these lines being on a visit at a friend's in Staffordshire,—the Rev. J. Underwood,—he, in our morning's stray, pointing to the coaching roads of recent times,—“See, Pentecost,” said he, “these once glorious highways, how they seem to mourn:” from which words this little piece was suggested.



“Hear that vile gruff—O, see them fly—  
 Fast spitting fire and smoke afar,  
 Like comets, their’s a fiery car;”  
 Thus did the old ways cry—

“O, when our coaches prosperous were,  
 And we, when in our prime!  
 What glee along our rural road,  
 All pointing out some sweet abode,  
 That was our glorious time!

“No soot nor smoke—no dresses spoil’d,—  
 While up the hill, and down the dale,  
 Fast dash’d the coach, the twanging mail,  
 Well was their time beguil’d;  
 And happy were their faces—aye,  
 No singed eyebrows then;  
 Soft winding ’side the rippling rills,  
 By villas neat, and water-mills,—  
 And gay was every inn!

“E’en every coach, blithe was its freight,  
 And town and village, all was mirth—  
 That freshness to which we gave birth,  
 Can railroads imitate?  
 Compare their whistle’s harsh, shrill sound  
 To those soft echoes—aye,  
 By rich-clad guards in scarlet hue,  
 Who once their bugles merrily blew,—  
 Not so this modern way!

“ Engine-drivers—dismal sight—

Compar'd with coachee, once so gay,  
 Blithe as the lark at break of day,  
 So cleanly trim and tight;  
 His horsemanship display'd with taste  
 O'er pawing steeds,—but oh!  
 Those wretched gruffs still horrifies,  
 While clouds of fire and smoke arise,  
 Aye, yonder now they go!

“ Oh! see them in their fiendish flight!

Thro' yon dark chasm how they leap,  
 With awful bound embedding deep  
 Where seems eternal night!  
 And yet they're mocking us—oh, shame!  
 Oh! are there none that sigh,  
 And think on once our prosperous day,  
 Ere yet was known this modern way,  
 In which they've learnt to fly?  
 Oh! are there none who with us mourn  
 To see our towns of beauties shorn,  
 Our spacious inns decay?”

SEPT., 1851.

VERSIFYING NOT POESY<sup>1</sup>.

POESY! whate'er thou art—thou art divine—  
 Beyond the power of mortals to define;—  
 Is it in brilliant argument to flow?  
 The poet's learned elocution?—no!—  
 Display of parts—so prone is man to this!—  
 Triumphant here,—is this the sought-for bliss?  
     High-blooded youth, why seek the letter'd  
         fight?  
 For vain display? or zeal for what is right?  
 Why argue the point where thou art seen by  
         many?  
 Is it to vaunt, and show thy parts, if any?  
 For argument that's meant should turn to good,  
 Each should speak mildly—each should be under-  
         stood—  
 And time and place,—in some sequester'd nook,  
 At ease to argue—with no ferocious look;  
 To feel most pleas'd when each hath something  
         learn'd—  
 Most griev'd, when each alike, hath teaching  
         spurn'd.

<sup>1</sup> The occasion of the penning of these lines was an argument with a young poet as to Tom Hood's Song of the Shirt being poesy.

To take a scan of all the world's abuses,  
 To versify the same, may have its uses;  
 But that that's penn'd while to expose the wrong,  
 May carry force—not poesy with its song.

Say not but Tom Hood wrote with honest zeal  
 His song, the Shirt—that strong, humane  
 appeal—

His motive good—still, many may there be,  
 Who do but counterfeit a sympathy,  
 To serve their purpose, write—and forth 'tis sent!  
 Thus man assumes the garb not for him meant.

To excite to sympathy, the beggar tries  
 E'en every artifice—with studi'd lies  
 Pretends the gent,—or in his rags he cries, }  
 Shirtless and shoeless, shivering in the street,—  
 Or, with a snow-white apron to his feet,  
 Politely taps at every decent door,—  
 Drops a low bow,—“Sir, never begg'd before!”

But to my theme,—rarely is poesy found  
 In stern petitions—poesy's not mere sound!—  
 But thou wilt say,—Where then is its existence?  
 Where does it live?—and has it none assistance?

Nay, to find the nymph, we first must cease from  
 strife,  
 Must leave the world, and all the ills of life,  
 For fairy haunts,—and flower-bespangl'd glades,—  
 For daisy banks,—and consecrated shades,—

For limpid streams where grows the lily fair,—  
 To luxuriate quite free from every care—  
 Lost even to one's self, and every woe—  
 All that belongs to frailty below :  
 No intervening space to happiness—  
 Celestial calm—to feel celestial bliss—  
 Inwrapp'd in reveries—by every touch inspir'd—  
 Angelic chords by every zephyr fir'd.

In twilight soft, list to some mountain horn,  
 Or distant bells—their melancholy charm  
 Waft o'er some heathy glen, or woodland grove,  
 Where thrushes chant, and sings the turtle-dove :  
 All's ecstasy! by some transforming power,  
 A heaven of bliss, e'en every little bower.

Where mingling, echoes thro' the valleys  
 glide ;—  
 Where in the distance roars the lashing tide—  
 The martial trumpet's call (troops to empale),  
 Its sweet, wild crash, as soft'ning in the gale—  
 Far down the flow'ry vale, where winds the rill,  
 Is heard the clack of some old water-mill.

Where scatter'd herds, while browsing on the  
 plain,  
 Some chaste Diana's chanting to her swain—  
 Who pipes his lay beside the murmuring spring,  
 Then drops his lute to hear Diana sing ;

And pipes again as she the garland weaves—  
 And binds the primrose with the green oak  
 leaves.

That this is where the blissful regions lie—  
 Where unperceiv'd the silvery moments fly;—  
 In wild delight to mount the aërial car—  
 To bind the Pleiades, and grasp the morning-  
 star;  
 Immers'd in its helical rays, to rise  
 From sphere to sphere, triumphant thro' the  
 skies;  
 Till some false step awakens from the spell,  
 And hurls the poet sad with men to dwell.

SEPT. 15, 1852.

## POLITICAL AGITATOR<sup>2</sup>.

A LITTLE farmer—tells my lore—  
 To till his land whose chiefest care;  
 Of sons he'd two, nor had he more  
 The labours of the field to share.

<sup>2</sup> The author does not here advocate either Whiggism or Toryism; his object being to show how easily the mind may be biassed by eloquent and energetic speakers, and how soon we then become rash partisans.

These oft the sacred page would scan!  
 Else, other books but few they'd read,  
 Enough for them to understand—  
 Not politics—to earn their bread!  
 Simple their views of men—men's rights—  
 Uprightly taught,—suspected none,—  
 Had heard no artificial lights,  
 Nor deem'd they'd any such to shun.

Time was, when Richard went to town,  
 (To market, from his native vale,)  
 An agitator spouting found,  
 And Richard listen'd to his tale:—  
 The simple boy easily was won,  
 The agitator friendship feign'd;  
 And oh, the tale he finely spun!  
 Much Richard's happiness it maim'd.  
 “Sir,” quoth the lad, “if this be true,  
 E'en one and all of us must be  
 Indebted to a man like you,  
 Who volunteers to set us free!  
 Yet oh, how strange I ne'er should know  
 Till now, there did exist such knaves;  
 That we the many have borne the few  
 Who deem us born to be their slaves.  
 But oh, thou'st open'd, sir, mine eyes,  
 And I will make our valley ring:  
 Yes, you, (our saviour, and so wise,)  
 O that my country'd make you king!”

Flush'd,—his youthful bosom burns,  
 Seen with clench'd hand—with gesture strange,  
 E'en all the way as he returns,  
 Is heard to shout, "Revenge, revenge!"  
 Arriv'd at home, he stamps the floor,  
 The inmates, frighten'd at the change:—  
 "Aye, Thomas," he cries, "I'll rest no more  
 Till of the tyrants I'm reveng'd;—  
 I've heard a saviour of our land,  
 Nor shall forget his truthful stories,  
 There never was another man  
 That knew so much of Whigs and Tories."

THOMAS.

"Whigs and Tories! Richard, sure,  
 Is that some science? or some new law?  
 Or may be something that may cure  
 Old Dobbin's shoulder where 'tis raw?"

RICHARD.

"O brother!—well, I'll with you bear!  
 Myself till now ne'er understood  
 Or Whigs or Tories, who they were,  
 Or which were bad, or which were good:—  
 But aye, the Whigs! these save our cash,  
 And oh, they are my hope and joy!  
 Then, brother, do not say I'm rash,  
 We'll let the Tories know, my boy!"



THOMAS.

“Richard, your head, is it quite right?  
 Hearken! I fear thy theories much  
 Will tend our happiness to blight!  
 I can but think it will be such:—  
 This knowledge, (hastily thou’st got,)  
 What will it add to this our home?  
 Bring happiness more to our cot?  
 Or discord, will it here be sown?  
 The book that’s studi’d to our gain  
 Shall be the rule to me thro’ life;  
 And thus it says,—‘By me kings reign’—  
 That ‘discontent engenders strife.’”

RICHARD.

“But, Thomas, should that book be true,  
 In bondage here is man to rest?  
 Nay, break the yoke—begin anew—  
 Whoever’s cruelly oppress’d:  
 And many’s starving in our land,  
 To see them suffer! Oh, the wretch,  
 Who cares not for his brother man!—  
 Oh, brother, do read the Dispatch!”

THOMAS.

“Dispatch! Dispatch!—aye, now I know!  
 When we want physic, that’s the book  
 My mother takes from the bureau,  
 In which, attent, I’ve seen her look!

## RICHARD.

“To knowledge, Thomas, thou’rt not inclin’d,  
 Or thou might’st yet to this attain;—  
 That man I heard, tho’ e’er so blind,  
 He’d set thee right, and make thee sane.  
 He told us how great men had swerv’d,  
 Had cast away their old opinions,  
 And how the change so many fear’d  
 Was life, aye, very life to millions.  
 The sovereigns, oh, how they were paid!  
 The lords—the dukes—so very many—  
 The parsons took the tenths, he said,  
 While oh, the poor man scarce had any.  
 ‘Mark you,’ said he, ‘the rich man’s wealth!  
 Establish’d in his splendid hall,  
 He does but deem you this world’s filth,  
 Sent but to serve him at his call.’  
 ‘Arise,’ said he, ‘and fight your battle!’  
 Yet told he more,—Aye, how they’d run;  
 And then we made the tables rattle,  
 Oh, how I wish’d I’d got a gun!”

## THOMAS.

“Hold, brother! no more I wish to hear,  
 Thy mind’s been poison’d by this meteor;  
 Not all thou’st said has made less dear  
 The home I love! yea, all the sweeter!  
 Mark ye, brother! in every nation,  
 Rebellious spirits you’ll always see,

(Of high, of low, of every station,)        
Thus tell the people,—‘ You’re not free!’  
Slaves to their lust, can these much know  
Of freedom or its blessings? aye!  
Dissension only do they sow,  
Like him thou heard’st the other day.  
Vain to expect a perfect law  
From man, (the creature of an hour,)  
Whate’er he ’tempts, still there’s the flaw,  
Perfection’s with a higher Power!  
Deluded brother, all your schemes  
Do but destroy your peace of mind;  
A poor exchange, your airy dreams,  
For that sweet calm we here do find.  
To learn to rule, begin at home,  
And every family, great or small,  
Should have a head, and each one down  
Should learn to well affect the whole;  
If not, confusion soon will reign,  
And well thou know’st, when order’s fled,  
Each strives the regal chair to gain,  
Thus with the government that wants a head.”

## COMMERCIALS.

BLEAK the wind, and dark the night,  
The creaking sign seems to invite  
Commercials who are on their way  
To check their speed, pull up, and stay.

Hark! the yard-bell now I hear!  
The night yet darker—more severe;  
The ostler runs—the boots at hand,  
Beside the carriage takes his stand;  
The luggage soon by him is back'd,  
Where many is the pattern pack'd,  
And neatly too, arrang'd so well,  
Important with desire to sell.

Ere yet the trav'ller takes to his room,  
A caution's given to the groom,  
That warm should be poor Jock's abode,  
(His staunch companion on the road,)  
To rub him down and feed him well,  
This never does he fail to tell;  
When, more at ease, he walks within,  
Where thrice a year he may have been;—  
To host, to groom, no stranger he!  
But all is as it us'd to be.

The trav'llers' room as he ascends,  
The neat, prim barmaid soon attends,

Politely asks, (sure of her fee,)  
Curtsying, "Sir, you'll take your tea?"

Consenting nods he, with a smile,  
That barmaids' hearts might well beguile.

Partakes his tea,—he warms his feet,—  
The lamp is trimm'd,—still keeps his seat,—  
His letters wrote,—his cash is told,—  
Bank-notes the boots procures for gold,—  
When o'er their grog soon now to meet,  
Commercial to commercial greet  
And give their well-learnt definition  
Of every tradesman, what's his station;—  
Of who was well alert and keen,  
To shrewdness knew the market's mean;—  
Of who were honest, still tho' poor,  
Could pay the fifteen cent. the more.

Thus by this mode,—thus by this light,—  
The tradesman's tested every night;  
And follies if he has, and foible—  
Transcrib'd to every traveller's bible.

JAN. 9, 1851.

## A LITTLE WORLD IS MAN.

A LITTLE world within himself,  
Where's found the seat of war;  
Nor seldom, oh! a demon elf  
Reigns there, the leading star.

Strife and peace,—and peace and strife,  
Thus with a restless clan,  
He's doom'd to war e'en all his life,  
A little world is man.

His heart's the seat of government,—  
His head, where councils meet,—  
His eyes are missions widely sent,—  
His vassals, hands and feet.

His will's the minister of state,—  
His thoughts, the rebel clan,—  
His tongue, the lawyer in debate,—  
A little world is man.

His ear's the inroad softly trod  
By messengers unseen  
That gathers all the news abroad,  
And stores it up for spleen.

Honour and virtue, king and queen,  
 The noble of the land;—  
 Pride and scorn, the low and mean,—  
 A little world is man.

His courage and his energy,  
 They're soldiers even both;—  
 And those, the lazy, sculking crew,  
 Are indolence and sloth.

His sprightly mirth and cheerfulness,  
 A jolly little band;—  
 Still reigns a timid fearfulness,—  
 A little world is man.

MARCH 9, 1852.

### CONFUSION.

CARELESSLY on he wandering went  
 To sip the sweets of May,  
 Whose mind and feet still forward bent,  
 Unconscious in the way,—

Till many a flowery field he'd cross'd,  
 Ere broke his spell-like rest—  
 The setting sun to him was lost,—  
 Its tints that gild the west.

When lo! the visionary wakes,  
 Around him moonbeams play;  
 At every shadow soon he quakes,—  
 Deem'd spectres in the way!

A cautious look is backward sent,  
 Then runs and looks around—  
 Still as he ran his shadow went,  
 Yet faster does he bound!

Oh, fatal haste! as on he hied,  
 Heeds not what's in the way,  
 Till neck and heels he falls astride  
 An ass that sleeping lay!

The ass arose, and bray'd aloud,  
 And fled!—no curb, no rein,  
 To keep his seat, stern he who rode  
 Held fastly by the mane!

Nor either ass nor rider now  
 Knew where their course was bent;  
 Till tumbling o'er a harmless cow,  
 All in the ditch they went!

Thus, sad, confusion may commence  
 Oft from unfounded fear;  
 At less than shadows man's disturb'd,  
 And flies he knows not where!



At random runs, and looks behind,  
Heeds not what lies before,  
Till, falling in his furious flight,  
He knocks down many more!

AUG. 26, 1851.

JEMMY OCKLEDEN.

AYE! here's your Jemmy Ockleden,  
Whose age is eighty-four;  
Such days as were when I was young!  
Such I shall see no more!

O, didn't we then enjoy ourselves?  
That time I danc'd with Jenny,  
My buckskin breeches-pocket then  
Was ne'er without its guinea.

But O, the change I've liv'd to see,  
E'en milkmaids wear the bustle;  
Who've cast their linsey-woolsey by,  
In silks that they might rustle.

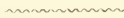
Still none can boast (with all their pride)  
Of better men and masters,  
Than those who liv'd before the time  
That bedsteads ran on castors.

On forms and oaken tables then  
 They sat and took their meals;  
 But now e'en chairs and tables too  
 Must run about on wheels.

But aye, your Jemmy Ockleden,  
 The lad that's doff'd<sup>3</sup> with any,  
 He wears his buckskin breeches still,  
 But, Jem, where is your guinea?

Well, never mind! I'll cock my hat,  
 And pass between the crowd;—  
 Aye, tho' I'm Jemmy Ockleden,  
 It may be I am proud!

SEPT. 12, 1851.



## AUTHOR'S DOMESTIC TRIALS.

ANNA—a worthy wife and early riser—  
 Profess'd to be her husband's good adviser;  
 Up and so busy brushing round and cleaning,  
 All is made straight while still is Thomas  
 dreaming;

<sup>3</sup> To doff is what country people say when they strip to fight.

When thus she calls,—“ Thomas, halloo!—I'll  
wake him!—

Since he has woo'd the muse, I'm fore'd to shake  
him!

But aye, he rouses!—why, Thomas, I thought you  
dead;

'Tis eight o'clock—come, rise and earn your  
bread!”

“ Oh, Anna! I've been dreaming that a printer  
Advis'd me much my little book to venture;  
Of more importance was our conversation  
Than all affairs that e'er affect a nation;  
The type—the size—the cost—and oh, the  
gilding!—

And then you call'd me just as I was yielding!”

“ Oh, Thomas, Thomas, do listen to a wife,  
These musing dreams will shorten much your life;  
And sure as e'er on authorship you venture,  
Our little all must go to pay the printer;  
And then, dear Thomas, how sheepish we shall  
look,

No breakfast, Thomas, till some one buys a book!”

“ My Anna—oh, how little dear to fame—  
How little does she know an author's flame;  
Could she his keen-wrought inspiration feel,  
For fame she'd sacrifice, ah, many a meal!”

“ You never, Thomas, heard me much repine—  
Nor ever much applaud your favourite nine;  
You never please me when you chant your lays,  
And hum and strum your manuscript for days;  
To see you mood and mump away your time,  
It's made me hate e'en every book of rhyme:  
It's spoil'd our comfort!—Oh, Thomas, hear a  
    wife,  
That ne'er has ceas'd to love you all her life—  
Oh, cease to write,—and sell and pack your  
    leather,  
And happy for years we yet may live together:  
But should you still persist to try your brain—  
And worship at that fabl'd temple—Fame,  
The dread result, dear Thomas, I plainly see,  
'Tis widowhood and poverty for me!”

“ But, Anna! should'st thou outlive me, then  
    thou'dst look,  
And read, and search,—yes, then you'd prize my  
    book!  
And who that knows but fame may chant my  
    lays,  
And Anna—if not myself—see better days!”

## MY ATTIC FRIEND.

HIGH in an attic works a worthy friend!  
 Here I submit the products of my pen,  
 Recite the new-born scrip to him aloud,  
 Yes, often like tho' I address'd a crowd!  
 My rough-cast line penn'd as may fancy lead it,  
 I climb the attic stairs, to him I read it!  
 A female friend is there—I deem her witty—  
 Cries, “Alfred, don't you think 'tis pretty?”

Oh, that light word, pretty! too, 'gainst my  
 rhyme!

I've often thought she might have said, sublime!  
 With buoyant spirits, this garret oft I've enter'd—  
 As often have been griev'd that here I ventur'd;  
 But aye, my friend, suppose he should applaud,  
 I'm doubly vain whene'er I hear him laud!  
 Oh, then I say, “Here's two great men to-  
 gether,”—

Forgetting one cuts cloth, the other leather;  
 Nor thinking we were in a tailor's flight,  
 But snugly seated on Parnassus' height!  
 That here aloft we breath'd a purer air!—  
 I swell and swell till snap I hear the shear;  
 When, looking round, aye, there I see the goose,  
 And all the apparatus for his use!

Oh, woful how I fall!—my feelings gor'd!—  
 Compare Parnassus to a tailor's board!—  
 I've turn'd me round, in haste, to find my level,  
 Down, down the attic stairs! hardly civil  
 Depart, oh, yes, to blush at what I've penn'd!—  
 For many days asham'd to see my friend!

1851.

### THE FATAL BALANCE<sup>4</sup>.

IN twilight gray, when fairies skim the air,  
 One by my side did suddenly appear!—  
 “Well, Thomas,” she cries, “know you report  
     is rife,  
 Thee and thy balance much have spoil'd a wife!—  
 Tho' what thou didst may not be counted sin,  
 Yet still I'd rather this had never been:—  
 To strike the beam when balanc'd 'gainst your  
     wife,—  
 A secret gives which mars the husband's life!”

<sup>4</sup> The incident which occasioned the penning of this little piece was, a Mr. and Mrs. —, living at Brighton, who usually came once in the year to spend a few days in the country with the author of these lines, when it was customary to weigh ourselves, to see how much each had lost or gained during the past year.

“Hold, fairy spirit! no blame to me at all;  
Hear what I say, by that I stand or fall!—  
When in the country they sought fresh air—  
Then happen’d it thus to the worthy pair!—  
Lucklessly for them, a balance at hand,  
Where, on its shelf, they easily could stand:  
Each prompts the other, that might be as-  
certain’d,  
How much in weight they might have lost or  
gain’d:  
One hundred twenty-nine the gentleman’s  
counted,—  
To thirteen pounds yet more the lady’s amounted!  
Thus much, I’ve told you, she exceeds the man!”

“Yes,” cries the fairy, “this well I under-  
stand!—

But mark the wife!—how alter’d her exterior—  
The husband’s held in all points her inferior!—  
Bids him to well consider her bulk and size—  
When she appear’d, he might that instant rise;  
Nor seated in her presence he might be found—  
And ever to keep in mind the thirteen pound!  
Alas! thy friend hath found, tho’ now too late,  
As corpulence too, his tongue had lost in weight!”

Once more did Thomas walk at eventide—  
Once more the fairy, standing by his side,

Cries "Thomas! Thomas!—go, ere it be too late,  
 Tell all who wish to wed, to wed light weight!  
 Make no mistake!—I mean to bulk and size—  
 Not ready cash—to corpulence it applies!"

THOMAS.

Hold! good fairy, thy theory here's no rule,  
 To deem it such, myself must be a fool!  
 How it may serve some others to convict,  
 This, by experience, I contradict:—  
 I boast (and boast I will) a little wife!  
 All mettlesome! tho' small, yet full of life!  
 Yea, all courageous! my little lively naiad,  
 Gay to the last! yes, brisk as any maid!

FAIRY.

Well, Thomas, what might thy lady weigh?  
 I press it not, if thou'rt asham'd to say!

THOMAS.

Asham'd of her I love! ah, sad! ah, sad!  
 These fairies, ere they've done, will drive me  
                   mad!—  
 Ah, flog me, skin me, yea, take away my life,  
 But never shall you shame me in my wife!  
 With all her faults, her nimbleness of tongue,  
 I love her now, and so I did when young:



Last year, I own, she weigh'd full ninety-four,  
 And now, alas, but ninety and no more!  
 One hundred sixty-four I well can swing,  
 Yet, in her presence, but a nom'nal king,—  
 Mere cipher!—in the household government,  
 One single nod, I well know what is meant.  
 I know for gold that some will choose a wife,  
 And glitter in their fetters all their life!  
 But when I chose my little sprightly thing,  
 For gold? nay, nor that I would be king,  
 But that I lov'd her, yet can't tell you why!

FAIRY.

Stay, Thomas, stay,—because she pleas'd your  
 eye!

THOMAS.

Well, be it so, and be myself the fool!  
 Thy theory hold, that weight must take the rule;  
 'Twill not apply!—I've known some all their life  
 Oblig'd to kneel to their most tiny wife;  
 Revers'd—the lady, ponderous in size,  
 Before her stripling lord entreating flies:  
 Yet, once enthron'd, — subdue the lady? —  
 never!—

The point is gone,—your wife is crown'd for ever!  
 Ere wedlock joins, which is to be the head,  
 The Fates themselves but know, ere they are wed:  
 Soon then must one the diadem surrender,  
 And ever after be deem'd a mere pretender:—

No matter what the effort lost power to gain,  
 They conflict for the ground they can't maintain;  
 At last to settle down, half-sick of strife,—  
 Half yield obedience,—weary of life,  
 Give up the point, admitting their better,  
 Cease to war, and stoop, and wear the fetter.

THE NUPTIAL SPELL<sup>5</sup>.

NATURE'S the same!—or son, or sire,  
 Like passions all!—relax—aspire,—  
 Thus hate, hope, fear, so with desire!  
                   When love's the theme,  
 Romance oft terminates the fire  
                   In mystic dream!

Ah, foolish age! the book of fate  
 Why strive to ope, with studious pate,  
 Why haunt the de'il to tell the date?  
                   Why strive to find,  
 By craft or sleight, by demon bait,  
                   The nuptial sign?

<sup>5</sup> A satire on the present age. founded on truth

Aye, one I knew, a hapless maid,  
For nuptial bliss long time she stay'd,  
Till cherish'd hopes, when they betray'd,  
    Alas, she fell!  
To charms and spells she worship paid,  
    The sleight of hell!

She sought the sign, oh, fatal night,  
John, he alone slept in the flight,  
Her demon tricks by fire-light  
    While to pursue;  
John, thinking all below not right,  
    Crept down to view!

He saw her turn the sprinkl'd shirt,  
To ogle round with timorous flirt,  
To often scan the room athwart;—  
    Ere ceas'd the spell,  
That John perform'd on the alert  
    Here next I tell.

A porch was near, just by the maid,  
Where lay a hoe, a scythe, a spade,—  
Such noise would make the de'il afraid,  
    Boom after boom,  
As John let fall the hoe and spade,  
    Then sought his room!

With nimble spring the maid ran off,  
 Head over heels to gain the loft;  
 Oh, how she cri'd, she hemm'd, she cough'd,  
     "Undone! undone!  
 The de'il's below, aye, sure enough!  
     John, may I come?"

John (oh! cold-hearted to the last)  
 Secur'd the door against her fast;  
 In oh, what dread her night was past,  
     No strength within her!  
 Alone, high on the stairs, aghast,  
     A fearful sinner!

Nov. 27, 1850.

## GREGORY'S GONE FOR THREE WEEKS.

GREGORY, Gregory!—why did he go,  
 And leave his Nelly here? heigh ho!  
 I'll wed, I will, I'll never wait,  
 I'm sixteen now, and that's too late!  
 Yes,—Gregory calls me passing fair,  
 My rosy cheek he'll kiss, and say,  
 (As he admires my flaxen hair,  
 "My Nelly is the fairest!"—aye,

No more I'll ever feign to blush ;  
 I'll wed, I will, if to my sorrow,  
 An offer sure I'll never hush ;  
 Let who will ask, I'll say " 'To-morrow : "—  
     Three weeks to wait ? aye, never, never  
     An offer, and Gregory's gone for ever !

Heigh ho !—enough to make one fret,  
 Another week, no offer yet :  
 That I might soon be some one's bride,  
 E'en every artifice I've tri'd ;  
 I've girt my waist with ribands blue,  
 My flaxen hair I've bound in tresses,  
 My figure and my shape to show,  
 Last week I purchas'd three new dresses.  
 I'll try and stay another week,  
 And then I don't care who may blame me ;  
 When Gregory comes, I'll plainly speak,  
 I'll say I'm ready—he'd but to claim me ;  
     And then should Gregory say, " 'To-morrow ! "—  
     I'll wed, I will, if to my sorrow.

Three weary weeks, and Gregory's come,  
 No offer yet, and Gregory's dumb ;  
 Last night I bound my flaxen tresses,  
 And wore the best of all my dresses :—  
 An offer ? no !—he must be thoughtless—  
 I'm past sixteen—I'll never bear it,  
 I'll wed the first, however groatless,  
 His destiny, I'll surely share it.

Gregory, felt he but humanely,  
 He'd never see me live so withering;  
 I am determin'd I'll tell him plainly,  
 I mean to wed, and no more bothering;  
     And should he then refuse my proffer,  
     I'll taunt him till he makes an offer.

1853.

PHRENOLOGY<sup>6</sup>.

THE mind's idea, he who amends,  
 By studying others his own extends;  
 Yet who so points to another's error,  
 His fellow cries, "Invert your mirror;  
 Mine's the optic,—the only one  
 That can illuminate the sun!"

Thus, each his different views possessing,  
 Yet strange, the right one all's professing;  
 Each one's enforc'd is found to tend  
 To argument, which may offend;  
 When, mark, ye physiognomists, now—  
 Strong words, stern looks, a clouded brow;

<sup>6</sup> The author of these lines does not wish to be thought a disbeliever in the science of phrenology, but thinks its principles have a tendency to confuse.

Each soon forgets he bears the features  
Of those he deems poor, narrow creatures ;  
Of others' failings adept to learn,  
When for his own he's no concern ;  
Believes not if 'twas to compare  
Himself, he'd half so large a share  
Of foible, fault, weakness, or whim,  
Bore not about that sim'lar sin,  
That close relation to the one  
Thro' human nature's known to run.

But aye, no more by the grimace  
Men judge of men—not by the face ;  
Hardly by actions judge they longer,  
The fated bump deem'd proof still stronger ;  
Lays bare all guile!—thus now by measure  
Is found the cranium's precious treasure ;  
Trace it, (as mathematicians trace  
For quantum,) measuring its base,  
Its height, its breadth, the scone around :  
On which phrenologists expound !  
The compass pli'd proves its extension  
From ear to ear—its true dimension :  
Proves all by wrong and right proportions,  
Tells why and wherefore awkward notions ;  
(No matter which, alive or dead,)  
One glance will of the human head  
Show what so mars and lames man's reason,  
Propels to murder, theft, and treason ;

Tells how much fool, tells how much madman,  
Idiot, tyrant, good or bad man ;  
Why some deny effect and cause,  
Believe in chance, not given laws—  
Atheistically deny a heaven ;  
Tell who's to wine or women given.

Yet, may not organs balance quite,  
When still, where caution's large, all's right ?  
However prompted from within,  
That subject, oh, he dares not sin !  
He steals not lest his plans may falter,  
His chiefest dread the hangman's halter ;  
Withholds his else quite willing hand,  
And passes for the honest man.

Thus do they weigh and poise the brain,  
Tell how much virtuous, how much vain ;  
Strike the balance, show the mean ;  
But who's to fault, man or machine ?  
No science penetrates the question,  
Problems these, bear no suggestion !



## AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

If some should ask the reason why  
My pen I e'er did use,  
Your humble servant makes reply,  
"To cultivate the muse."

But then the question may be ask'd,  
Why I began so late  
In life;—for why to leave the task  
Till bare's become my pate.

To answer this fair question put,  
Wants not ingenious skill;  
I tell you this,—life's duties left  
No time, had I the will.

Some tender ties of nature first  
Call'd forth my early vigour;  
But why in age to tempt the page,  
And as an author figure?

The reason this,—friends many once  
E'en dear to me as life,  
Have taken their departure hence—  
Fell 'fore me in the strife.

I felt the change,—to seek relief,  
 I tri'd my feeble power ;  
 My pen to use, did court the muse  
 To pass the dreary hour.

The dying taper ere it falls,  
 I've seen it flash more bright ;  
 And thus I reason'd, mine may flash—  
 If not a brilliant light.

Thus from that thought I lost my age,  
 My pen like lightning flew ;  
 I wrote with all a poet's rage,  
 On subjects not a few.

But when my harp has lost its fire,  
 No more inspir'd with song,  
 I'll yield to other hands the lyre  
 That's been my solace long.

DEC. 12, 1853.

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## RAILWAY SHARES,

OR SPECULATION.

BESSY.

GOOD morning, Luno, have you seen  
 The postman ? has he not yet been ?

From yon front window, mistress long  
 Has watch'd his coming :—something's wrong !  
 I care not what may any say,  
 But ever since the other day,  
 That chap (a cockney, I suppose)  
 Came here, but what he was who knows.  
 Except my mistress and her chum ?  
 And he is gone, and madam's dumb.

LUNO.

Stay, Bessy, stay, all's not quite right,  
 May it not be a railway blight ?

BESSY.

A railway blight !—oh, fatal shares !  
 Do, Luno, wipe your Bessy's tears.  
 Oh ! shall I tell my Luno ?—yes,—  
 An uncle, Luno, lov'd your Bess,  
 Who fifty pounds once promis'd,—aye,  
 He'd give it me my wedding-day.  
 Those very words to me he said,  
 And o'er and o'er—yes, that he did :  
 This seems to make my Luno smile,  
 But oh, all's gone !

LUNO.

Then the old file  
 (Fool-like) turn'd speculator, I suppose !  
 Was it not so ? I'd twitch his nose !  
 That fifty pounds with Bessy.

BESSY.

Aye, say, no more, dear Luno, pray;  
Don't grieve, sad, sad, those plaguy shares;  
Oh, Luno, soothe your Bessy's cares,—  
But hush!—'tis mistress—step aside.

MISTRESS.

Bessy, Bessy, oh, how I'm tried!  
Where are my letters? what are you doing?  
Luno and you are always wooing.

BESSY.

Dear madam, no,—to await the mail  
I stay—we might be talking of the rail  
And railway shares.

MISTRESS.

Go, strumpet, go,—  
Thou art a list'ner.

BESSY.

No, madam, no.

MISTRESS.

What know you then about the rail?

BESSY.

I know too much!

MISTRESS.

That hateful jail!—  
 The girl knows well her master's there,  
 And she my confidence must share;—  
 Bessy, I charge you, not a word,  
 Tell no one what has here occur'd,  
 Speak to none of railway shares.

BESSY.

No, dear mistress!—wipe your tears—  
 Don't grieve:—dear madam, I am less  
 By fifty pounds or more, I guess,  
 By railway scrip.

MISTRESS.

Hold! say no more;  
 We're all undone,—fast every door—  
 And who may rap, or who may come,  
 Yourself and Luno must be dumb;—  
 Mind what I say, and I'll retire.

BESSY.

Yes, madam!—Oh, how I perspire!—  
 A chilling damp plays round my brow,  
 And here will be a pretty row;  
 I'll go to Luno with my cares,  
 I know he loves to quell my fears:—  
 But why so grieve? all's speculation,  
 With high and low, throughout the nation;—

Yet ere the rail shall ruin bring,  
I'll cast awhile my cares and sing.

## SONG.

Oh, was I but the queen of fate,  
The wheel should soon revolve for me;  
And Luno too should share the freight,  
I can but think how pleas'd he'd be!

E'en at the thought, oh, what delight!  
With Luno none would be my cares;  
Would not this be a lovely sight?  
I'd weep not then for railway shares.

There'd be no need to bolt the door,  
Nor care for sheriff or his bum;  
Or thro' the key-hole peep or glower,  
Fear never then would make us dumb.

But oh, my present, present cares,  
Of these I'll go and Luno tell,  
I know he'll wipe his Bessy's tears,  
He loves this bosom's storm to quell,

My heart now glows—but ah, my fears!  
Will Luno marry me?—oh, yes—  
Dearer to him than railway shares,  
Or three times fifty pounds, is Bess.

And I love him—and fate will bless  
Our humble lot!—away my cares—  
My Luno soon shall steal a kiss,  
I'm sure to blush when he appears.

But hark, a rap!—I'll Luno call—  
Oh, how it echoes thro' the hall;—  
Luno! don't you hear the bum?  
Go, tell them, here we're smitten dumb.  
Oh! what a row these railways make,  
Enough the stoutest heart to shake;—  
Go, tell them mistress is not well,  
That all are tongue-tied here who dwell;  
And double-bar each door and shutter;—  
O Luno, hear what threats they utter!  
If thou wilt watch, to hush my fears,  
Behind this screen I'll stop my ears.  
Oh, was I from this troubl'd spot,  
With Luno in some little cot,  
I'd envy none their lordly station,  
Whose bent is railway speculation.

APRIL 7, 1852.

THE EXHIBITION <sup>7</sup>,

OR SISTER'S ADVICE.

FANNY.—COME, Edwin, to talk, let us take a  
 sweet walk,  
 Ere the trees be yet swept of their green;  
 You may find to inspire, some theme for your  
 lyre,—  
 Yes! Edwin, you know what I mean.

EDWIN.—Aye, Fanny, thy meaning I very well  
 guess,  
 But my harp is for music unstrung.

FANNY.—Yes; but, Edwin, your lyre anew to  
 inspire,  
 Think how Thomson the seasons once sung.

EDWIN.—Aye, Thomson could sing of the  
 sprightly spring,  
 And of summer's fierce, hot, burning sun.

<sup>7</sup> The author does not wish to be understood that he thought lightly of the grand and unprecedented display of art and science exhibited, collected from all parts of the globe; but thought the adulations expressed by nearly every one, and the expectations of the many as to its being the means of connecting the whole world into one loving bond of brotherhood, were not founded on sound reasoning.



FANNY.—Then up, my dear Edwin, and brush  
thy sweet muse,  
See Libra's grey autumn is come.

EDWIN.—Aye, Fanny, she's come—her odours  
are shed,  
Look you, the trees how they're bearing;  
See her locks how they hang from her luxuriant  
head,  
Each bough of her treasure now sharing.

FANNY.—See, Edwin, that net,—how beneath  
it thick set  
Is the bright tart morella that's there.

EDWIN.—Look, Fanny, oh, look at that plum  
of rich hue.

FANNY.—But, Edwin, this soft, juicy pear.

EDWIN.—Aye, see that rich vine, Fanny, how it  
does shine,  
What clustering bunches—how blending!  
How graceful they fall, see their bright globed ball  
From their rough, oozy stalks how they're  
pending.

FANNY.—I say, Edwin, a question now do let  
me ask,  
Which I want your opinion upon.

EDWIN.—Well, Fanny, propose, we will sit  
here awhile,  
I'm ready, dear Fanny, go on.

FANNY.—What think you, dear Edwin, of the  
great monster show,  
In London?—you know what I mean.

EDWIN.—Aye, my dear Fanny, that crystalliz'd  
place,  
May divert the good people from spleen.

FANNY.—From the spleen, my dear Edwin, that  
seems a light word,  
I thought it to make us all wise.

EDWIN.—Yes, Fanny, but know, there is some-  
thing yet more  
Must tell us what wisdom implies.

FANNY.—Edwin, that's too bad!

EDWIN.—No truer than sad!

FANNY.—Yes; but, Edwin, you know what I  
mean.

EDWIN.—Fanny's meaning I guess.

FANNY.—Yes; but, Edwin, la, bless!  
Why, you know 'tis upheld by the queen.

EDWIN.—Aye, Fanny, that's it, we will stay  
 here a bit,  
 You say 'tis upheld by the queen.

FANNY.—You know it, dear Edwin.

EDWIN.—Then hark, my dear Fanny,  
 More certain a cure for the spleen.

FANNY.—The spleen, my dear Edwin, this  
 must be mistake,  
 Oh, there are jewels of wonderful worth;  
 Aye, tables, and chairs, and carpets, and stairs,  
 Why, there's things from all parts of the earth.  
 Sculpture, leather, and shoes,—oh, Edwin, your  
 muse,  
 To inspire you, I wish you would go;  
 Leave the green, shady lane, and the fruit, and  
 the grain,  
 And sing of this wonderful show.  
 They say there's a 'stead, turns you out of your  
 bed,  
 You're discharg'd from its base by a spring;  
 There are scissors so small,—oh, such sights  
 above all!  
 Go, Edwin! La, how you will sing!  
 They say 'twill unite in one sweet bond of love  
 All people—all nations around;—  
 They say we shall rise in arts to the skies,  
 We shall all grow in science profound.

O, do thou go, Edwin, wait not for to-morrow,  
 Your harp will be strung, I am sure ;  
 If thou hast not the means, oh, Edwin, go borrow,  
 'Twill refine thee in song, and so pure !  
 I am sure my dear Edwin will never repent,  
 Such a sight he will never see more ;  
 So strong's my desire,—now you know what is  
                   meant,—  
 It may gain you a popular lore.  
 E'en the showmen, dear Edwin, the great of the  
                   earth,  
 Great dukes are their helpers ;—and then  
 There's th' electric telegraph round its base,  
 To protect these most wonderful men.  
 But Edwin's asleep ! why, he certainly snores !  
 I'd be wakeful a week on this theme ;  
 I will not disturb him, he from my discourse  
 May compose a sweet ode in his dream.  
 Oh, could I but make him to well understand  
 How to muse and to mend his position ;  
 He ne'er will be great, nor succeed with the great,  
 Till he praises the Great Exhibition.  
 But aye, he's arousing, I'll wake him, halloo !  
 I say, Edwin, do tell me thy dream.

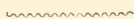
EDWIN.—Yes, my dear Fanny, you'll laugh if  
                   I do,  
 I dream'd of that place for the spleen ;  
 That Tom Thumbs and giants had now no chance,

Magicians, nor apes of the stage;—  
 Dear Fanny, I dream'd all these were outdone,  
 That the glass house was now all the rage.

FANNY.—Then, Edwin, no more to do penance  
 they'll go  
 To Mahomet, on barefoot;—I mean,  
 That the cure is the charm of this wonderful show,

EDWIN.—Not for sin, Fanny, only for spleen.

JUNE 30, 1851.



### JEALOUSY, INHERENT<sup>s</sup>.

SWEET time, when nature  
 Awakens from sleep,  
 When lambkins sport and play,  
 The apple's bright blossom  
 Begins to peep—  
 Aye, now's the flowery May.

The cowman sweeps  
 The morning dews,  
 With yoke and milking pail,  
 His song's now heard  
 As he pursues,  
 To waken the flow'ry dale.

<sup>s</sup> Illustrative of an incident in real life.

The woods and the hedges  
Now briskly green,  
The meadows all sparkling gay ;  
The birch and the hazel  
New drest are seen—  
I hail thee! sweet, flow'ry May

And now Sir William  
Goes to town  
By coach, to go and return, aye  
To draw on his bank,  
And to purchase a gown—  
Takes his yearly journey.

The good wife is up,  
And the kettle soon sings  
To a lullingly soothing tune ;  
To the double charg'd tea-pot  
She careful attends—  
Bright it sends up its reeking fume!

The toast is prepar'd,  
Selected's the crumb—  
With it, as she waits by his side,  
Three times in a minute  
She hands to her chum:—  
The trunk ready labell'd and tied.

The order's repeated  
To watch for the coach;  
A wrapper she folds 'bout his chin,  
So tastefully cross'd,  
Made fast by a brooch,—  
She hands him his noggin of gin!

“O Sir William!” she cries,  
“When you go to town,  
That barmaid!—you know my fears—  
Oh! be on your guard  
When at the Crown;—  
Till you're back I sit in tears.”

Sir William, quoth he,  
With a half meaning frown,  
“Dear, know by this pledge on my knee,—  
I'll not even speak  
To the maid at the Crown,  
Tho' still she may smile on me.

“Won't the presents I bring you,  
E'en every year,  
Assure you my love for you's pure?—  
Gowns last in the fashion  
I bring you, my dear!  
Nor this can thy jealousy cure.”

The coach is approaching,—  
The signal flies —  
Sir William the room does pace ;  
The good wife is weeping  
And wiping her eyes  
Of the tears from her wrinkly face.

“ Oh ! my dear,” quoth Sir William,  
Beseeching a kiss,  
On her rough, wither’d cheek to imprint ;  
“ All our life has thy jealousy  
Spoil’d our bliss—  
Nor in age does this passion relent.”

But oh, as he left!—  
With a heart fill’d with care!—  
The goodwife, as the bugle did sound,  
This—the last word she said,  
As fast fell the tear,  
“ O Sir William ! that maid at the Crown.”

MAY, 1850.



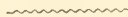
## THE SCOTCHMAN.

HEROIC man! fond of his race,  
Fond of his clan, his mountain home!  
Where, dancing to the bagpipe's drone,  
To bonny reel and highland fling,  
He lightly trips it toe and heel;  
Or down among the fern to sing  
The sweet love-songs of Bobby Burns,  
The far-fam'd bard of humble birth,  
This child, his store of fun and mirth.  
Or o'er the lea, with cloak of plaid  
Lapp'd o'er his breast,—with bar'd, brawn knee,  
And clansman's cap, and dirk, and feather,  
Fearless, he faces wind and weather  
High on the mountain's crest.

As thrills his vein, he views afar  
The banks of Clyde—the battle-plain—  
The Forth—the Tweed—the swelling tide—  
Reminds of glorious feats of war.  
He views, he heaves his manly breast,  
And contemplates how once was shed  
In freedom's cause, what blood—and where  
His fathers fell!—he thinks—he kneels—

He wipes a tear;—thus, for his home  
 His heart goes forth, and this his prayer!—  
 That Scotia be an honour ever  
 To the dead, who in the battle  
 Nobly fought and freely bled,  
 That Scotia might be free.

Ocr. 28, 1852.



### JANUARY.

STERN is his countenance, cold and austere,  
 Crust on his mantle ev'ry crevice fills,—  
 'Tween half-shut lids his eye is seen to peer,—  
 His matted head hung with bright clinking bells.  
 His swooning fingers grasp a driv'ling nose,  
 Hand join'd to hand held o'er a chapped mouth,  
 Half-clench'd to catch the boiling steam he  
                   blows—

His ugly features rugged and uncouth.  
 With shoulder high—with rump left far in rear—  
 With knee projecting—with head bent forward  
                   low—

(While all bespeaks within a world of care)  
 Seen slouching forward thro' a drifting snow.

1851.

ON HEARING THE ORGAN IN THE  
 CHANT AT ARMITAGE CHURCH,  
 STAFFORDSHIRE.

How pants the soul and pines itself away!  
 As list'ning to the chant's deep, mystic flow,  
 Seems now to leave its tenement of clay,  
 And bids adieu to every mental woe.  
 Heard you that chord?—how touchingly it fell  
 From yonder aisle?—still's dying through the  
 choir—

So languishingly whispering its farewell,  
 In floating pæans slowly to expire.  
 Oh, solemn, deep—oh, heavenly breathing spell!  
 Grandeur! celestial grandeur!—Hark! that tone  
 Now creeping thro' the minster, sweetly soft,  
 It steals me with its heavenly strain aloft,  
 Unspher'd, my spirit rides the heaving swell,  
 Which seems to bear it gently to its home.

SEPT. 21, 1851.

REFLECTION AND MEMORY, TWINS.

PEARLS of the mind! its golden links! the chain  
 On which suspends much weal or woe!—sublime  
 Records what passes thro' the brain—  
 Their lexicon,—“the abyss of time!”



Surpass'd by none, each wrong that he might  
 right,  
 In senates loyal—staunch in the bloody fight!—  
 A tower of strength! while all before him bend,  
 A hero he! that nothing could dismay.

SEPT., 1852.

## BANISHED CHIEF,

OR ROCK OF ST. HELENA.

THIS rock! shall this e'er bow my crest?  
 Untam'd I'll live and die its guest:  
 Crouch!—aye, my spirit scorns to bend:  
 Pride!—my bosom broods the fiend,—  
 The sport of fate, tho' hither I'm hurl'd,  
 Yet still I'll bravely bear the shock;  
 A chieftain once of half the world,  
 Empal'd upon this barren rock.  
 Can this be chance? nay, arch deceiver!  
 Thou hast no place! away, away!  
 In destiny I'm a believer;  
 That fate e'en chieftains must obey.  
 Then silent (if this rock's my tomb)  
 I'll bend, and sullen meet my doom.

FEB. 12, 1853.

## THE COTTER.

GRIEVE not, dear child! yea, Nature's happiest  
son!—

Stranger to the rack of fierce ambition;  
Modest in thy wants!—whose race hath long  
Bent to their fate, and yielded sweet submission.  
Or sceptre or of title, none at stake!  
Thou feel'st no painful stretch of learning's wing;  
To thee, no kneeling sycophant to inflate  
And swell thy bosom with the viper's sting.  
Tho' small thy means, and humble be thy cot,  
Cheer up, dear child, and let not this repress  
That sweet, calm resignation to thy lot;  
Thou'lt have not then of happiness the less.  
Then envy not the rich—the learn'd—as free!  
These savour more of wretchedness than thee.

SEPT. 13, 1852.

LAMENT FOR THE ENCLOSURE OF  
HORLEY COMMON, IN SURREY<sup>1</sup>.

SACRED spot! again on thee I gaze,  
Where once in dense, dark shoals the plovers flew;

<sup>1</sup> Written as the author, in September, 1850, passed through by railway. This common (formerly three miles long) has been en-

When young and blithe, here, in my morning days,  
 I sought and trac'd the lambs thro' silvery dew.  
 Thro' thick, dense fogs oft was the traveller's  
 guide!—

Ere yet its turf was ravag'd by the share,  
 This plain I've cross'd when storms I have def'd,  
 And not as now to feel the blights of care!  
 But oh, how chang'd!—here as I now review  
 Where once the silken swards were widely spread,  
 I pause! and hesitatingly I say,—  
 Can this be where I pass'd my early day?  
 Is this the spot where camomile once grew,  
 And flocks and herds so luxuriantly fed?

SEPT. 23, 1850.

## LAMENT FOR THE ENCLOSURE OF NEWICK COMMON, IN SUSSEX.

OH, where is now that animated scene?  
 No hamlet youths here meet with bat and ball,  
 To grace a silken turf—as once were seen;  
 When from the booths was heard the clamorous  
 call.

closed within the last few years. To the author it was, some  
 forty-five years since, a sacred spot.

No more the social group of maidens fair  
 Here meet to promenade on carpet swards;  
 To stretch the limb, and drink the pure air,  
 No children come to sport in little herds.  
 No more in bands feed here the grey goose  
     tribe—

How once I watch'd them home each fall of day,  
 In single file did march, while for their guide,  
 The saucy gander hissing led the way.  
 Swept! all is swept! its daisy-sprinkl'd lawn,  
 The cricket-ground, the grey goose,—all is gone!

SEPT. 23, 1850.

## THE TYRANT CZAR.

SMILES Britain's frontlet through the cloud  
 (O'er Eastern Europe's seen to rise),  
 Fearing no Russian vaunter—proud  
 Her towering cliffs the foe defies.

He! who would Turkish empire share,  
 But shall he her dominions sever?  
 Yet tho' he 'tempt, or even dare,  
 Shall ever England let him?—never.



He! who long his selfish aim  
'Neath friendship's garb strove to conceal;  
Discover'd! then, he to obtain,  
Asserts a sovereign's right to steal.

Lawless, observes 'tis not for him  
The law is made; himself supreme,  
Amenable to none—he sin?  
Absolv'd, he could not be but clean.

Perfidious man! no sense of shame?  
By what foul spirit art thou driven?  
All honour sacrific'd to gain,  
And yet to claim the aid of heaven.

Adept at cool deception, hark!  
Deceiver, shalt thou prosper?—no!  
The cloak no longer hides thee, mark!  
Thyself shalt sip the dregs of woe.

Thou canst not cheat fair justice, no!  
Thyself, thy leagues, if leagues thou hast,  
Shall not escape the awful blow  
That's brewing now o'er Europe fast.

Fann'd by thyself to open war!  
A scourge for others by thee meant;  
Yet on thyself (O tyrant czar!)  
The curse will rest, thou'st made the rent.

Yes—absolute, unbounded sway,  
(The love of which hath made thee vain,)  
Hath led thy lustful heart astray,  
And blasted all thy former fame.

APRIL 12, 1854.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S ADDRESS AT  
ALMA<sup>2</sup>.

THE FIGHT FOR THE BONNET.

*September 20, 1854.*

“Brave men,” cries Sir Colin, “one favour,  
Oh, grant it, my heart's set upon it!  
This day be your gallant behaviour  
My warrant to ask for the bonnet.

“Of the deeds of this day be our glory,  
And may Alma so blend with our name,  
That the records of history and story  
May echo of Highlanders' fame.

<sup>2</sup> “Highlanders,” said Sir Colin Campbell (ere they came to the charge), “I am going to ask a favour of you: it is that you will act so as to justify me in asking permission of the Queen for you to wear a bonnet.”—*From the Illustrated London News of October 14, 1854.*

“By the deeds of this day let us win it,  
 The bonnet, our forefathers' pride;”  
 Campbell shouted, “My heart now is in it!  
 We'll hae nane here but bonnets,” he cri'd.

And the truth of their steel, instant clashing,  
 Was heard! amid sharp shower of shell,  
 Up Alma's steep heights forward dashing,  
 Where many a brave soldier fell.

But Campbell survives, and surviving,  
 The Highlander's heart will aspire;  
 A love for the bonnet's reviving,  
 The Queen, may she grant the desire!

And Scotia shall ring with rich sonnets!—  
 That long be remember'd his fame,  
 Be Campbell inscrib'd on their bonnets,  
 And Alma inwreath'd with his name.

Oct. 16, 1854.

LIGHT CAVALRY CHARGE AT  
BALACLAVA<sup>3</sup>.

*October 25, 1854.*

To thee, who lov'st the minstrel's lay,  
The war-chant rife with battle fray,  
I sing! My song is to portray  
Those British heroes far away,  
Who fought at Balaclava.

“Silence yon fort!”—hit by a shell—  
Nolan but gave the word, and fell!  
Oh! fatal order, (sad to tell,)  
When Cardigan was bid to quell  
The fort at Balaclava.

Soon furious flash'd each battle blade,  
On, on they dash'd, by nothing stay'd,  
'Mid host of foe and cannonade,  
Undaunted, fearless, undismay'd,  
They charg'd at Balaclava.

<sup>3</sup> At the fatal charge at Balaclava, the little troop of Lord Cardigan numbered something over six hundred, of which more than one half fell in the effort that day to silence a battery of the Russians that annoyed the British lines.

From sloping hills, as gallop'd past,  
 Thinn'd by the Mimić-rifle!—fast  
 Fell men and horses, headlong cast,  
 E'en every moment breath'd their last  
     At the charge at Balaclava.

Stern he—the task still to maintain—  
 Brave Cardigan urg'd on amain  
 His little band!—the fort to gain—  
 Each, hero-like, swept down the plain  
     To the charge at Balaclava.

Up with the guns—the gunners hew'd—  
 Yet has the fight to be renew'd,  
 The little troop 'gain back pursu'd  
 Their way, a handful unsubdu'd  
     In the charge at Balaclava.

DEC. 27, 1854.

### THE WARRIORS' GRAVE †.

O NOBLE pair! stars of the fight!  
 At Inkermann who bled,  
 Whose names shall live in history bright,  
 With those the glorious dead!

† Lieutenant-General the Hon. G. Cathcart, and the brave old General Strangways, both fell in the battle of Inkermann, Nov. 5, 1854. These brother chieftains were buried the next day, side by side, in one grave, on the heights of Inkermann.

And Inkermann will live renown'd  
When foes to peace shall fail!  
How toe to toe its battle rag'd,  
Must tell undying tale!

Tell how the little gallant band  
Of Cathcart's took the lead,  
Down thro' the vale of Inkermann  
Wrought many a daring deed.

'Gainst fearful odds charg'd left and right!  
O memorable day!  
The British guards sustain'd the fight,  
And won the bloody fray:

But lost their leader! sad to tell,  
On Inkermann's lorn steep,  
With noble Strangways, in one cell  
These brother chieftains sleep!

And centuries hence, will say the guide,  
Who here conducts the brave:  
"Uncover, sirs,—here sleep the tri'd!  
This is the Warriors' Grave!"

DEC. 30, 1854.

## EQUALITY A DELUSIVE THEORY.

RASH in pursuit, all for ambition  
 Striving seen!—the politician  
 Weighs and reweighs in his own poise,  
 Pleas'd as the child is pleas'd with toys;  
 Oft mad with systems, drown'd in broils,  
 Half-starv'd, the poor mechanic toils;  
 Ever casting round him strife,  
 'Mid crack-brain'd fancies spends his life:—  
 Equality—his favourite theme:  
 Subordinate to none—his aim.  
 No sinecurist, Church or State,  
 But what incurs his deadly hate;  
 Believes that all thus paid as lost,  
 Forgets the same may feed a host.

Would he observe the clouds arise;  
 Up from their fountain thro' the skies  
 They're brought; they burst—down many a steep  
 They rush to join their parent deep.  
 A London with this deep compare,  
 Wealth continually concentrates there:  
 To bring it back, yea, thro' the land  
 'Tis spread by speculation's hand;  
 Thousands by thousands 'rich'd by toil  
 Besprinkle o'er this little isle:

These spend on luxuries and labours  
 The wealth that benefits their neighbours.  
 And further mark how works its plan,  
 Ere it gets back fills many a hand :  
 Again 'tis drawn—as heretofore  
 'Tis spent—again they send for more !  
 To clouds and showers let him compare  
 The wealth of which so many share.

1851.

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## THE POPULAR ECHO.

SEBASTOPOL.

I LOVE my country—love her laws—  
 Those who sincerely plead her cause !  
 Yet lost may be (it has been so)  
 By some inclin'd to overstrain,  
 The point we're anxious to obtain !  
     Speak, speak, experience old and pale,  
 Ten reigns thou'st seen, aye, much thou'st seen !  
 That youth may profit by thy tale—  
 What thou hast learnt, be it their gain !  
 So many years wert thou on earth,  
 Yet of them all, whate'er they've been,  
 Whatever changes since thy birth,  
 They've only serv'd to change the scene ;



The wheel revolves—the man obeys—  
 Astounded thousands at him gaze—  
 And lo! he's not!—he's no more seen!—  
 Jenkins will tell you what I mean!

## EXPERIENCE.

Aye, long I watch'd both men and laws,  
 E'en every year that pass'd me by,  
 Seen trodden down some worthy cause,  
 Saw much that's made the thoughtful sigh!  
 No matter where, nor time, nor date,  
 If virtue triumph'd, revers'd, her fate  
 Was soon to fall, that vice might reign,  
 When sin itself would virtue feign!  
 And——

But hark! hear you that shout?  
 Now, whilst I'm speaking?—"Turn them out<sup>5</sup>!"  
 Send forth young blood, fierce, strong, and bold,  
 Too much experience spoils the old:  
 The old campaigners, much too mild,  
 Too meek, too old, useless have toil'd;  
 Recall them!—aye, with all your might,  
 Send forth young blood warm for the fight,  
 Who's time nor taste for foes to feel,  
 Young, honour emulates the steel  
 Eager for blood! to quench its thirst,  
 Longs for the one tremendous burst!

1855.

<sup>5</sup> The popular cry against Napier and Raglan—the author believes without cause.

SCIENCE TEACHES BY CALCULATION  
—NATURE BY INSTINCT.

LIFE, aye, life, I ask, What's life?  
A shadow fast that flees,  
A mist consuming in the sun,  
A vapour 'fore the breeze!

Bare tho' may be in winter seen  
The shrub—a life that's hid  
May still possess, and which again  
Breaks forth the time when bid!

The whole around us tends to show  
All's govern'd by strict laws;  
Material life's but the effect—  
Yet deeper lies the cause!

Not of itself the cloud can rise  
To give the gentle shower;  
Can aught else stimulate to life,  
Save but the one great Power?

This ever fills the universe  
With animation rife,  
Makes nature a prolific womb,  
And breathes the breath of life!

Man's not the master of his life,  
The sun not of its light;  
Nature's dependent, the cloud that flies,  
The wind that gives it flight.

Life is no process chemical,  
A secret fountain, life;  
Tho' not a substance, substance still,  
With functions ever rife.

Nature will to its level tend,  
The streamlet may be led;  
Afar divert it from its way,  
Still finds its native bed!

Tho' nature borrows not from art,  
Man's mind, if rightly sought,  
Science improves its every part,  
Gives, and enlarges thought!

Know, a vibrating harp is man!  
Yet not from discord free;  
Tho' tender may his mind be strung,  
There's breach in every key!

May science measure and divide  
The depth and breadth of sound,  
Yet ever in its well-set laws  
Is discord to be found!

The ear must try (not science) the  
 Sweet chord, that's heard—not seen!  
 On nature (which here claims the palm)  
 Must every science lean<sup>6</sup>!

1851.

DIFFICULTIES ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH  
 AND ENERGY.

MAN shrinks (with hesitative eye)  
 From thoughts which oft may give  
 This painful twitch,—oh! live to die,  
 And yet to die to live!

Fain reason here would rend the veil  
 By mortal ne'er was riven,  
 Impell'd by what he's doom'd to feel,  
 Man's by inquiry driven!

He views aloft the whirling ball—  
 The planets in the sky,  
 There reads the great First Cause in all,  
 Evidenc'd before his eye!

<sup>6</sup> Every man has a method of his own, (some more, and some less original,) which, however scientific he may be, governs him in his research after causes.

Still prone to doubt, reason suggests,  
 Tho' the great Power you see,  
 A Power sustaining all! can this  
 In death be life to thee?

Can this bear man up thro' the skies,  
 When nature's self decays?  
 Shall he above the ruin rise,  
 To hymn eternal praise?

A still, small voice<sup>7</sup>, in soft response,  
 Bids him to hope!—not fear;  
 Asks him, for why, above the sky,  
 Man longs for rest that's there?

Implanted in his nature, lives  
 A principle divine,  
 Which ever, from his inmost soul,  
 Speaks awfully sublime!

Tho' passions hurl him as the wind  
 The vessel from its course,  
 Yet all his cares, and all his fears,  
 But school him to resource!

The vessel logg'd on the wide mains,  
 A breeze the mar'ner hails!  
 He tacks about, the harbour gains,  
 But oh, the heavy gales!

<sup>7</sup> Hope, the anchor of the soul.

The sailor then must be expert  
The danger more to brave!  
This moulds him for the better man  
To face the troubl'd wave.

So passions needful impulse give,  
(As winds the vessel's course,)  
Enables man 'mid storms to live,  
Gives energy its force,

Fans all his embers to a blaze,  
Gives warmth to feelings cold!  
Man else a drone would end his days,  
And wither ere he's old.

1851.

## ASHDOWN FOREST, IN SUSSEX.

HARP of the winds! from glen to steep,  
( 'Mong fern and furze in forest deep, )  
Sing of the dark brown chasm wide,  
Where rambles on the mountain side  
The shaggy colt, the bleating dam,  
The braying ass, the shiv'ring lamb,  
The barefoot boy, the ragged girl,  
From steep to steep, from dell to dell,

Fastly, merrily, blithely flying,  
Up the dark hills gaily hying;  
Gathering hips among the bushes,  
Weaving foolscaps from the rushes,  
Playing round their furze-lit fires,  
Gathering heath-tufts for their sires,  
Frolically rolling down the glens,  
Driving wild fowl from the fens,  
Hunting, chasing the poor robin.

Seen is many a clay-built cabin,  
Thatch'd with brake or heathy stub,  
For chimney-top, half-anker tub;  
One of those kegs that find their way  
By stealth across the bounding spray;  
Nor rare to see a score of such  
In many a turf-built, lonely hutch;  
Bred to this nefarious trade,  
Here long has liv'd a lawless grade,  
In secret jetties at their will,  
At night to work the noxious still.

Know! when the whortleberry's growing,  
Wild flowers innocently blowing,  
As giant shadows sweep the dells,  
As sets the sun behind the hills,  
And darker grows the mountain's steep,  
And twilight thro' the valleys peep,  
Heard is the cow-bell's tinkle far,  
The whooping owl, the night-hawk's jar,

And where lies many a swampy bog,  
Dense o'er it hangs a silver fog,  
Thro' which diversified is heard  
The breakings forth of beast and bird:—  
The partridge calls, the woodcocks fly,  
The jack-snipe jerks, the peewits' cry,  
The quacking duck, the cackling goose,  
The freakish hare takes to her meuse<sup>s</sup>,  
The straggling dog follows at bay;  
And who will now attention pay  
Will shortly hear the well-known trill,  
The poachers' signal o'er the hill,  
Where they're not met to bag the spoil,  
But to avoid the keeper's wile;  
Awide from this, where having met,  
They sally forth and depredate.

These Alpine hills of wide expanse,  
(That fill the heart with wild romance,)  
Far distant from the town's loud hum,  
Where courtly guests but seldom come;  
A heathy waste of huts and dens,  
Where human nature seldom mends;  
No polish'd schools, but turfy fires,  
Afar away from village spires;  
And should the chime of sabbath bells  
E'er reach these dark, benighted hills,  
Few heed the call—here all is wild,  
Their sabbath's pass'd, their time beguil'd

<sup>s</sup> The provincial name for the run or pathway of a hare.



Idly, (far from example's sway,)  
 In groups among the fern they lay,  
 Or in some hidden nook, where reigns  
 Confusion, to distract their brains,  
 At some sly ginshop, sick'ning sight,  
 Profane the day, meet, drink, and fight.

Yes, ages thus have witness'd long  
 The truth of this my uncouth song.  
 Then, O my harp! wail with the winds,  
 Nor cease till Ashdown yet amends;  
 Earls on its margin may dwell here—  
 A Liverpool—a Delawarr—  
 On certain seasons come and go,  
 To shoot the game, and hunt the roe,  
 To chase the fox o'er these bleak heights,  
 Where lie their vast manorial rights.

But soon O may they o'er this range  
 Devise some reformation's change:  
 Where crime exists of every dye  
 ('Scaping detection's vig'lant eye)  
 Thrives and fattens—crimes obscene—  
 May yet ere long be stay'd their reign;  
 And this one vast of Alpine spoil  
 Be turn'd to cultivated soil:  
 Where science holds, a d order rules,  
 And here and there enlighten'd schools.

No more a rude and darken'd scene,  
 But turn'd to waving corn-fields green,

And cottage homes and villas, wide  
 Seen scatter'd up the mountain's side!  
 Then, O my harp o' the southern winds,  
 Breathe thanks to earls and noble friends,  
 And to all who forward reformation  
 O'er this dark spot of desolation.

Nov. 19, 1852.

## THE CHARLESES<sup>9</sup>.

(*A Fragment.*)

PAMPER'D by menials, and misled  
 By jealous placemen once he'd fed;  
 Soon Charles, alas! whom they had sought  
 As suppliants—suppliants set at nought—  
 First disobey'd, then took his life!

Nor here did end the rebels' strife,  
 Their prey secur'd, their wrath renew'd,  
 Turn'd, and his helpless son pursu'd;  
 Fiercely pursu'd!—Oh, hear him wail  
 As I touch on his tender tale!

<sup>9</sup> The author tells the tale as he received it when a child from his mother.

"Cruel fortune, who is't from thee  
 Escapes?—thy sport I'm made to be—  
 Banish'd, hunted, fiercely pursu'd!  
 Whilst keen to feel the want of food,  
 Dark is the night—my bed the fern—  
 My last friend—oh, will he return?  
 Tho' darkness shrouds me here alone,  
 Still darker is the mind!—all's gloom!  
 The night-hawk screeches on the wing,  
 Om'nously, owls around me sing!  
 But hark! he comes, my friend is here!  
 Tho' all else leave me, he's sincere!"

## FRIEND.

"Hush! thou art discover'd, sire,  
 No time to lose,—with me retire,  
 Fly from this spot, thou art betray'd,  
 Flee for thy life, I'm here to aid;  
 I've brought for thee (thou might'st appear  
 A peasant) a peasant's dress to wear:  
 Then follow me! a woodman's home  
 Is thine, till past the storm is blown,  
 In this disguise to there remain,  
 A clown in all respects to feign—  
 With hatchet in thy hand to swing,  
 And who shall know that thou'rt a king?

Prepare, we go!"—young Charles obey'd,  
 Instantly follow'd he his guide,  
 Who safely trod the tangl'd way  
 To where the woodman's cottage lay;

And 'neath its roof, and coarsely fed,  
The prince a woodman's life here led,  
Till well devis'd his further flight—  
The woodman tells the prince, "All's right :  
A fisherman's thy friend!—his boat,  
To take thee hence, is now afloat!  
Quick, and we're off—I'll be your guide—  
Will see you to the water's side,  
And safe aboard the little skiff,  
High on the swell with him adrift!  
And when my country (once more free),  
When, sober'd, she shall send for thee,  
Remember Tattersall the brave,  
To save thy life who cross'd the wave  
In open boat!—forget him not—  
Who shar'd his royal master's lot,  
That he might save his sovereign's life  
Risk'd all!"

Charles bow'd, whilst sadness thrill'd his breast,  
Utter'd these words, and wept oppress'd,  
"For Tattersall shall be my care,  
Should I return!"—and ere the tear  
Had ceas'd to flow, a spark seen bright  
From flint and steel, told all was right!  
And soon aboard, high on the tide,  
Was Charles with Tattersall to ride.

APRIL 7, 1853.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER<sup>1</sup>.

As we still further from the line—  
Recede (thro' Cancer's tropic sign),  
Huge clouds appear awfully grand,  
Upboiling o'er the southern strand  
In bold relief, stupendous size,  
While some like aides-de-camp arise,  
Detach'd from the great mass—in haste  
Cloud after cloud's seen to give chase.

As fan the autumn breezes soft,—  
The skylark swells her song aloft,—  
Bent o'er his hook, from morn to night,  
The reaper! who, with vig'rous might,  
Now severs from its native stem  
The ripen'd corn—his help to lend,  
The ruddy boy beside him stands,  
There readily he twists his bands,  
And lays them, as the sheaf is shorn,  
So to receive the sever'd corn.

All willing in the fight to share,  
The wife, his bosom friend, is there;

<sup>1</sup> The author is aware that this subject has been treated on by many, but believing there to be originality in some portions of the little piece, he has suffered it to be included with the rest.

Her lord, to lighten down her task,  
 Oft cheers her with the wooden flask;  
 While on her slip, with secret pride,  
 He plies his hook,—thus by her side—  
 To ease the weaker in the fight,  
 Strains every nerve with all his might.

Trailing, the scatter'd corn to glean,  
 Abroad is many a mother seen;  
 Her infant offspring lead the way  
 From close to close, where, as they stray,  
 Is seen the cloak of faded red,  
 Clutch'd 'neath the arm—the baby's bed,  
 An oblong basket down the back  
 Hangs dangling o'er the mended sack.

Prompted to diligently scan,  
 In earnest, each to fill the hand,  
 With lither spring from place to place,  
 (While pleasure beams in every face,)  
 Urchin strives urchin to forerun,  
 To snatch the prize each other shun.

The mother, serious, land by land<sup>2</sup>  
 More coolly trails, and fills her hand;  
 Her apron twisted round her waist,  
 In which her new-pick'd corn is plac'd;  
 Nor is the victor of his prize  
 More proud—nor she the Queen who vies—  
 Than she who gleans, if to succeed,  
 Who gains the burden for her need;

<sup>2</sup> A local word for a slip of land eight or ten furrows wide.

Home, puffing 'neath the sack she bears,  
 Delighted—eas'd of present cares ;  
 No murmur's heard to escape her now,  
 Suppli'd, love beams upon her brow.

A truly rural, rustic scene—  
 The harvest field—the hedgerow green !  
 Well paid who leaves the smoky pile,  
 'Mong gardens of the hop to stroll,  
 Whose branches, nodding to the ground,  
 Afar diffuse their odours round ;  
 At all cross points, as you draw nigh,  
 Line after line straight meets the eye,  
 Where nature's bowers twine and alcove,  
 'Neath whose rude arches you may rove.

The dames, when here for slaughter come,  
 Fail not to bring a lively tongue ;  
 On three-legg'd stools some seated seen,—  
 Whole fam'lies rang'd in front of bin,  
 Where soon the joke flies loud and shrill  
 From bin to bin, from hill to hill.  
 The baby's cry, the mother's song,  
 The screech, the shout, the brawling tongue,  
 Heard with the oft and well-known cry,  
 "Poles!"—while fast with poles the pullers fly.

Now lingers near his fair one's stand,  
 The love-sick youth,—to win her hand,

E'en all spare moments by her side,  
Her bin, with poles the best suppli'd:—  
    Tho' Mary's heart by him is mov'd,  
His kindness gently is reprov'd;  
Yet tells that heart, (thro' coyish leer,)  
The youth that woos is welcome there;  
    The beardless boy, still half afraid,  
He simp'ring woos the rosy maid,  
Till mark'd by every jovial dame,  
The blushing pair are laugh'd to shame.

As hunger calls, so in their need,  
In little bands they huddling feed;  
Like gipsy tribes they're seen to clust,  
And knee to knee do eat their crust.

When frequent storms drive fiercely on,  
In wild confusion fast they run,  
While crash the cloud bursts o'er their head,  
For shelter seek the nearest shed,  
Or shiv'ring home, with downcast look,  
The mother wears the old round frock,  
That drips and clings about her legs,—  
Some wrapt about with tatter'd rags.

But soon comes round the look'd-for day  
To meet, and to receive their pay;  
When in the hat the ribands stream,  
In every face a happy gleam;  
The aged laugh, the youngsters shout,  
The master smiles upon the rout,



While, as are jumping to the viol,  
 Both toothless dame and merry child,  
 In concert with the sheep-dog's bay,  
 The ass sends forth a vig'rous bray.

Rous'd by the deaf'ning din and stir  
 (Of donkey, viol, and barking cur,)  
 The colly cow<sup>3</sup>, with tail erect,  
 Gives to the novel scene effect;  
 Around and round the straw-yard fast  
 She runs, then list'ning sniffs the blast,  
 And with fresh vigour renews the race,  
 While colts and calves and pigs give chase.  
 Thus ends the rustics' look'd-for treat,  
 That gives to toil some little sweet.

SEPT., 1850.

## OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER.

Change-ringing—Servant leaves her place to be married—Country Farmer, rent-time, believes not in new time—the Flood—the Chase.

HARK!—the bells!—the evening's long,  
 To pass the time the peal is rung,  
 A number'd tale they're heard to tell,  
 So pleasingly each falling bell

<sup>3</sup> Provincial name for a pet cow.

Sends forth in tender, plaintive chime  
Its sweet, but melancholy rhyme.

Now leaves her service, Betty! prim,  
With box and pattens borne by Jem,  
Her faithful swain!—with lover's pride,  
So cozy walking side by side;  
Where as they go, do count their store,  
And bless their stars they're not more poor,  
That they could buy a bed and clock,  
Yet leave enough for one week's stock  
Of flour and bacon, pork and cheese;  
“Live! aye,” cries Betty, “quite at ease:—  
We'll hire a room!—I've laid my plan,  
If we can't live, Jem, who then can?  
Your sixteen pence a day I'm sure  
Is tidy!—talk of being poor!  
If we are blest with strength and health,  
Why, Jem, with care we may have wealth;  
Then let us wait but till to-morrow,  
Nor dream of poverty or sorrow.”

Farms now are let—farms re-leas'd—  
Rents diminish'd—rents increas'd:—  
Stern to old style, the farmer, he  
Retains but all that us'd to be;  
He'll not believe this monster world  
Eleven days is forward hurl'd;  
Bends to no learned calculation,  
Which tells that style may change its station;

He'll not be made to think profound,  
Nor that the earth goes round and round,  
But that the sun receiv'd its birth  
To measure time, and light the earth;  
Says, thus it traces, sure and slow,  
To onward and still onward go,  
Just like the wheel that bears his wain  
Goes round, and still goes round again:—  
But talk to him of Newton's system,  
He'll tell you Isaac was no Christian,  
Or sure he'd never turn'd and twisted  
Our quarter days—he'd let them rested.

On Neptune's bosom's seen to rest  
The cloud! now upheaves from the breast,  
Laden, threat'ning takes its flight  
Across the mountain's topmost height,  
Where, bursting in one liquid heap,  
Spreads devastation with a sweep,  
Drives all before, swelling the flow  
Of heavy floods that float below:—

Or calmly, more to ease their load,  
Less hastily may clouds explode,  
May vanish by a steady drain,  
Nor cease or night or day, but rain  
Till all's below one liquid sheen,  
That slowly sails the hills between.

Hark!—the chase!—the coppice rings,  
Back on the breeze its music flings;

Tam'd by the distance, o'er the dell  
Is heard the horn—the hounds' sweet yell—  
The shout—the lash of many a steed,  
Sweeping the weald at fearful speed;  
While straight ahead, to gain the down,  
The game, close follow'd by the hound,  
Breaks covert,—scales the hill's steep height!—  
Up (by the sheep-cote's track) with might  
Horses and men thick-breathing climb,  
While, 'neath their feet, the chalky lime  
Runs trickling down, till on the brow  
Is heard the whoop—the loud halloo—  
When o'er the lea, the merry peal  
Again returns upon the trail,  
In wild confusion, dogs and men  
Back sweep once more the coppice glen,  
Terrific splint'ring boughs of oak,  
With fearful crash the hedge is broke;  
The stag winds down the glassy stream,  
Heads back—his thirst allay'd—again  
Plunges up thro' the bushy lair,  
In noble triumph snuffs the air,  
And darts across the coppice spray  
'Mid thund'ring shout and wild huzza,  
Clears covert with a single bound,  
And once more scales the open down.

## SNATCHES FROM RUSTIC LIFE.

AYE! well I knew the cotter's wife,  
When but a blithesome girl,  
And mine was then a rustic's life—  
I knew the fairy well!

And sure she was a buxom lass,  
A model was her face,  
So pleasing were her features cast,  
Her movement nature's grace.

With flaxen locks that brightly shone,  
(And playfully their flow,)  
Was grac'd a neck burnt auburn brown,  
Her teeth as white as snow.

I've seen her drest when in her best,  
When lavish with her riband,  
She'd trimm'd her little bonnet blue  
To win the heart of Stephen.

I've heard her sing pathetically  
To many a little ditty;  
Tho' void of science, touching, aye!  
So sweetly wild and pretty.

Nor, save the little cottage girl,  
 That liv'd on Logan's farm,  
 Have I known a more bewitching spell,  
 'Twas nature's simple charm

## COTTER.

The cotter, his weary day's work done,  
 Returns, with empty bottle slung,  
 To her who, (hard tho' be his fare,)  
 Has made him oft forget his care;  
 E'en one sweet, kind, propitious smile  
 Has well repaid his ev'ry toil.

Mark how his honest bosom heaves,  
 From happy child and playful boy,  
 As salutation he receives—

At sight of him who leap with joy!  
 Soon neat and clean the table's spread  
 With home-made cheese and wheaten bread;  
 The milk is dish'd, while from the pot  
 Is swoop'd the mash'd potato hot.

To thank their God who gave the meal,  
 With clasped hands, e'en to the babe,  
 In sweet humility they kneel,

Attentive to the prayer that's made,  
 When one and all are heard at once

To join the father's deep response.

The happy meal partaken, gay  
 The youngsters with their father play;  
 Some round his neck, with features bright,  
 Some scale his knee, in wild delight,

There stroke his face and watch his smile!  
 O happy man!—O happy child!—  
 O happy wife!—thy little cot—  
 The rich may envy thee thy lot!  
 No wild, no wide-exploring thought,  
 No deep surmise, hard to define,  
 Nor envy's in thy bosom wrought,  
 Contentment in thy sphere is thine!  
 Hope springs in thy unsulli'd breast,  
 And pays thee with unbroken rest.

1850.

## SNATCHES FROM RUSTIC LIFE.

*(Continued.)*

The Hayfield—Drop-glove—Village Fair and the Gipsy—Winter  
 Night at the Homestead, &c.

To luncheon 'neath the beechen shade—  
 Guests of the hayfield (happy grade)  
 Meet to repast!—forming a ring,  
 Where toe to toe they sit and sing  
 Some old legend to happy air,  
 Warbl'd by some sweet village fair,  
 Who, as she leads the happy strain,  
 Is choruss'd by the list'ning swain!

Or, may be, told some tragic tale,  
     While eyes and ears are all attent,  
 Till empti'd is their jug of ale,  
     And back to toil their way is bent,  
 Where first, with stiff and measur'd stride,  
     The sturdy mowers go,  
 In oblique rank follow their guide,  
     Still writhing to and fro;  
 Still plying the unsparing blade,  
 That lays the lanky swath,  
     When lad and lass, with prong and rake,  
     Come forth and ted the new-shorn flake  
 Awide upon the glade!  
 And far the hills and valleys 'mong,  
 Is heard the charm of Flora's song—  
 All list'ning to her ditty coy,  
 Till, all bewitch'd, the love-sick boy,  
 Spell-like subdu'd, entreats the fair  
 To crown his love and heal his care!

To pass the summer eve away,  
     The merry village train  
 In frisky gambol close the day,  
     High on the village green,  
 Where Flora, by the mystic glove,  
 Dropp'd with a meaning glance,  
     Discovers that, that needs no words,  
     And ere she knows, on th' village swards  
 Tells to the youth her love!



First slyly leering thwart the ring,  
 Selects—and darts with lither spring;  
 Deems not the youth who follows rude,  
 Tho' stolen's the kiss!—by choice pursu'd!

Once in the year, the rustics round,  
 Friend to meet friend, repair  
 'Mid tents and booths that fill the ground,  
 To keep the village fair!  
 Where all alert the gipsy's seen,  
 Selects her lurking-place  
 At every byway, path, or lane;  
 To dupe the village race,  
 Professes skill to tell of fate,  
 And craftily she lays in wait  
 To catch the love-sick girl—  
 By half-dropp'd words to seem to tell  
 The secret of her heart!  
 When Flora with her pence does part,  
 (And freely too,) that she might find,  
 Or know her lover would prove kind!  
 Now for the gipsy's art!  
 Her dark eye penetrates the girl,  
 To find of what's her wish, her will—  
 The vixen needs not to inquire,  
 The girl betrays her own desire;  
 Her hand is where is sought the sign,  
 The seal of fate—its mystic line  
 The gipsy points, begins divine!  
 Tells her she'll live a happy life,  
 Become her fav'rite lover's wife,—

That wealth would crown her blissful cot,  
 That golden showers would be her lot!  
 Thus does the vixen with her spell  
 Succeed to dupe the harmless girl!  
 And sends her tripping o'er the lea,  
 To dance beneath the village tree!

Each night, where basks the shepherd's dog,  
 Where sits the merry, laughing sire,  
 With shin-caps 'fore the blazing log—  
 In winter, round the homestead's fire.  
 Rustic meets rustic, hearts to charm  
 With good home-brew'd—while froths the horn,  
 Mad for the dance, the shepherd strings  
 His crowd, and hums, and strums, and sings,  
 Till's found the blithest key!  
 When soon this master of the viol—  
 This mighty learn'd musician—  
 (Anon, whose grunt fills up the chime,)  
 Works heel and toe to mark the time  
 To the Bonny Banks of Cree!  
 Elated with the shepherd's power  
 To please (tho' number'd each fourscore),  
 The sire leads forth his toothless dame,  
 (Who with himself had caught the flame,)  
 Thro' mazy figures prov'd their skill—  
 Their mettle unsubdu'd—yet still  
 The veriest blithest of them all  
 That grac'd the homestead's nightly ball.

## SNATCHES FROM RUSTIC LIFE.

(Continued.)

OH, smile, O heaven, as heretofore  
Thou us'd to smile in days of yore  
On the then happy rustic's lot!  
The homestead, and the labourer's cot!  
Some fifty years have pass'd since when  
A boy I liv'd with Uncle Ben!  
A yeoman he, staunch, kind, and true,  
Who scorn'd to bend to customs new ;  
His throne an arm-chair, where he sat,  
A monarch crown'd! in broad-brimm'd hat!  
But ever was the dictate mild,  
E'en every workman deem'd his child!  
Watch'd o'er their wants with anxious care,  
In all their troubles bore a share,  
Advis'd them in their daily toil,  
Directed how to till the soil,  
Yet never sent them to the task,  
But first was fill'd each empty flask!  
These every night on pegs were slung,  
Where kegs then lin'd the passage long ;  
A goodly sight!—the master's will,  
As oft as empti'd, these to fill!  
None ever lack'd that toil'd for him!  
A yeoman rare was Uncle Ben!  
Behind the door, in niches seen,  
Were spoons of box, wip'd smoothly clean ;

And bowls of like material, wood,  
Beside the well-scour'd trenchers stood.  
These forth were set to every guest—  
The meanest shar'd like with the rest!  
All found alike a welcome cheer—  
A noble heart presided there!

The harvest hous'd, the winter thro',  
Yet still some gambol to pursue!  
Nor seldom in the dance to gang,  
To step it to the Jew's-harp's twang,  
Where, as we tript it toe and heel,  
The sire still faster twang'd the steel—  
Yet tighter gript th' elastic spring,  
Till sweetest tones it used to bring!

Thus sweetly whil'd the hours away!  
Our winter evenings blithe and gay  
Were pass'd—alive to social glee!  
Sweet rustic life, (once sweetly free!)  
I love thee still!—I love to sing  
And 'cite the joys of life's young spring!  
That time I swept the morning dews—  
I tended to the bleating ewes!  
Or whistling thro' the toiling day,  
I pass'd the time, a ploughboy gay!  
Few were my wants—and less my care,  
Health crown'd the toil I'd then to bear!

1850.

THE END.



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