

THE VILLAGE BRIDAL

AND OTHER POEMS:

With a Fragment of Autobiography.

ALSO,

TWO LECTURES

ON

"THE POETRY OF FEELING AND THE POETRY OF DICTION,"

AND

"THE BEST MEANS OF ELEVATING THE WORKING CLASSES."

BY

JAMES HENRY POWELL.



LONDON:

WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE-MARIA LANE;
LONGMAN AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW;
LIVERPOOL: E. HOWELL;
BIRKENHEAD: WARD AND PARKER.

MDCCCLIV.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT GODERICH, M.P.

MY LORD,

THE many services you have generously rendered the Working Classes, so as to enable them, by their own intelligence and united industry, to *produce* for mutual interest, and to rise morally and socially to a more elevated position, are the true evidences of how much your Lordship deserves both their gratitude and that of the community at large.

And as the simple but heartfelt expression of the deep conviction felt in the usefulness of your Lordship's public career, the humble efforts contained in the present volume are respectfully dedicated by

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

J. H. POWELL.

ENGINEER,
CANADA WORKS, BIRKENHEAD,
Sept. 16, 1854.

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I HAVE always considered an author must possess a considerable share of vanity who attaches an autobiography to his work ; and whenever a book of any description has come under my notice with an elaborate review of its author, written by himself, I have felt an unwillingness to give entire credence to the account rendered. Thus gradually a prejudice has grown with the growth of my mind ; and nothing would have induced me to append, by my own hand, this brief outline of my life, but that those who shall read the Poems may know some of the disadvantages under which they were written, and may not be too severe in their judgment.

I was born in London in the year 1830, and am now in my twenty-fifth year. I received my school education partly at free and partly at weekly schools. My father (an engineer by profession) and mother were in comparatively comfortable circumstances during the earlier part of my life, so that my youth was not fraught with the amount of misery and perpetual drudgery endured by the sons and daughters of the poorer classes. I was no laggard during the time I attended school, but seemed to acquire the rudiments of education as quickly as the majority of my schoolfellows. I was ever desirous of emulating my competitors in the school, and I well remember my struggles to acquire proficiency in reading and spelling in order to get at the head of the class. Such an education as was afforded in the schools it was my lot to attend, during eight years of my life, I certainly acquired, but I have lived to learn that the education rendered in the schools of the working classes during my boyhood was vastly deficient ; for, when I left school, I found the fragments of really useful knowledge

left me from those eight years of instruction miserably small. I could write a legible hand, and could read ordinarily well. I knew the meanings of a quantity of words, and was able to do a few of the hundreds of sums in arithmetic, which at school had been done with rapidity. In fact, I have not to complain that I was not taught enough, but that I was taught too much; the mind was crammed, day after day, with lessons no sooner repeated than almost immediately forgotten. I never acquired any knowledge of grammar or of elocution at school; they were not considered, or, at least, were not taught, as indispensable elements of education. Whenever grammar came in my way, which was rarely indeed, I seemed to have an inherent disliking for it; I could not then see the utility of it; and my numerous schoolmasters never explained, or particularly cared, whether I knew its rules or not.

When I left school, which was in my fourteenth year, I was sent to work at a paper mill in Hertfordshire, where my parents were then residing, and received the sum of three shillings a week. I continued in this mill for about twelve months, the best part of which time I was working in what was termed the drying loft. This loft was heated by steam to a temperature excessively hot. Day after day I felt the effects injuriously acting on my system, and had long determined to quit. I tried all accessible means to obtain another situation, so as to avoid the necessity of throwing myself out of employment, but was unsuccessful. I remember, along with another boy, making application to Sir Granville Ryder, then M.P. for Herts, to obtain an engagement at sea, for which I had a strong passion, but was again unsuccessful, and was sadly disappointed in consequence, for my imagination was continually presenting to my mind glowing pictures of a sea-faring life, which my later experience has proved to be both wild and visionary. A circumstance, however, quickly decided a journey to London on foot, a distance of about twenty-two miles. One morning all of the boys, including myself, working in the drying loft were discharged; some of the cards had been soiled, through the sweat of our hands, which was unavoidable; and women were to do the same work in the sally, a place at once healthy and cool, whilst for reasons I am unable to discover we were compelled to work in a place almost as hot as an oven.

I had been in London for the space of a fortnight, wandering about penniless, but not houseless, for I was staying with an aunt in the neighbourhood of Islington, unable to obtain any employment. I knew not what course to pursue, for I had clandestinely deserted my home, and therefore was most miserable, as I could not stay much longer with my aunt, who would not have afforded me shelter at all had I not concealed from her the reason of my presence in London. One morning, when I was inadvertently puzzling my brains with the course to pursue, I was surprised by a visit from my father, who had discovered my abode, and who took me home again, after slightly reprimanding me for desertion of duty. Some little time after I was again employed at the mill in a different capacity, which was no better paid, but which was free from the attendant evils of my former occupation.

At the age of sixteen I was apprenticed to my father, in another mill belonging to the same employers. During that period my leisure time was almost wholly absorbed in model making. I made several model steam engines, one of which I succeeded in getting amongst the models exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution in London, and was much pleased at receiving a free admission ticket during its stay. Previous to this time my mother died, and certain family arrangements necessitated me to leave home, and exist on my own resources. My income at this time was only six shillings a week, independent of what I could earn by making overtime.

When I left Hertfordshire I found myself again in London, where I was more successful (having a trade in my hands) than before in obtaining employment. But it did not long continue. Trade during that time was unusually dull, and many causes, such as my inexperience, my want of friends, and my youthful appearance, served to prevent me obtaining employment for some considerable time. During an interval of sixteen months I only obtained between four and five months' work, after travelling to Manchester, Halifax, Bradford, Leeds, Hull, and back to London. The small engines I had made during my apprenticeship were sold at intervals at less than half their value, and had the effect of preventing much suffering; but I endured enough of want during that long time, with few friends to whom I could willingly apply for that assistance

adversity renders needful. I had relations who were comparatively well to do in the world, and who could easily have supplied me with enough money to prevent absolute want, but I troubled them little. I found no sympathy, but, on the contrary, harsh and uncivil remarks heaped upon me. I, therefore, wounded in spirit, willing but unable to obtain work, endured in silence. Strangers on some occasions were generous and true friends; at other times bitter and severe foes. Sometimes I would scarcely taste food for the whole day, and often travel six or eight miles to a particular shop in hopes of employment, and find the gate insolently slammed in my face. Since that time I have often wondered how I could have endured, not only the social evils attendant on my helpless position, but the dull and fearful workings of the mind, produced by the aspects before it, and yet remain honest. Yes; thank God! I can reflect on that, the dullest portion of my history, with satisfaction. I never despaired. Hope ever lent her radiant wings to bear my imagination to brighter and more congenial prospects. The lessons of practical morality I had acquired at home and at school were strongly developed, and, however circumstances might depress, would stimulate my mind with boldness and perseverance.

In the year 1850 my attention was directed to the study of society, and its various political, religious, and social arrangements. I attended lectures, and read much on the subject, and soon became an ardent advocate, amongst my private acquaintance, of the principles of co-operation. Having obtained employment, I became a member of a Mechanics' Institution, in the City Road, and took part in the weekly free discussions held by its members.

In the latter part of the year 1851 I attempted the composition of poetry, for which I had ever a warm admiration. From my earliest recollection I would repeat sweet and exquisite snatches of poetry which I had gleaned from miscellaneous magazines and journals that happened to fall in my way. During the same year I was married to Miss Louisa Short, of Aldbury, a small village in Hertfordshire. We had been warmly attached to each other for the space of four years previous to our marriage, which took place thus early in consequence of the severe loss sustained by Louisa in the death of both her

parents, who died within three weeks of each other, leaving her in the wide world without the means of support.

About that time I became a member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and felt, in consequence, greater security for the future, for, should sickness or want of employment come, I was certain of ten shillings per week for a considerable time; but, fortunately, things were more propitious: I was less out of employment than I had previously been. I found my wife the same affectionate, enduring, and struggling creature married as when single. Our courtship had glided amidst the sunshine of hope and the darkness of care uninterruptedly. We loved, and our fates were inseparable from the first, as they are now to the last.

The struggle of the Amalgamated Engineers for the abolition of piece-work and overtime soon afterwards took place. I remember nothing in the history of my life that had such a powerful influence on my mind as that struggle. I read, with the deepest interest, whatever appeared in the newspapers either in favour of or against it; and, although I had never taken any part in bringing it about, I was enthusiastically confident of success attending our cause. My sympathies were favourable to the men, not so much that I was one of their number as that I had sadly experienced the necessity, during the time I had been out of employment, of some better system than the prevailing one, where, to my own knowledge, numbers had been working eight or nine days per week, whilst hundreds, like myself, had been compelled to wander from town to town, oftentimes houseless and penniless, in search of that employment which, under a fairer system, might at all times be accessible. During that struggle I was led more attentively to the study of the relations of Capital and Labour, and, by its ultimate defeat, was led to the conclusion that strikes are not the best means of obtaining justice, but rather produce ruinous results to both parties. I am free to confess, that strikes are the inevitable results of oppression, and that oppression is the inevitable result of the system of society, which teaches the power of creating wealth independent of all moral or religious consideration. Entertaining this view, I have endeavoured at all convenient opportunities, to the best of my abilities, to advocate the principles of co-operation, which I believe can only

be successfully carried out through the conditions of moral and intellectual philosophy.

During the commencement of the dispute I was working, but soon afterwards was discharged through slackness, and was, in consequence of the struggle, necessitated to remain idle many weeks. It soon became evident to most of us that we must suffer a defeat. The money had been gradually diminishing, and consequent dissatisfaction prevailed. One by one men returned to their work. But one thing, and one thing only, prevented myself and many others from following their example. The Associated Employers produced a document, which no man possessed of independence of spirit could sign, without it were to prevent the sacrifice of his dearest and tenderest connections. Many of those brave-hearted men who would not submit to the despotism of the document, and who had the means, deserted their country for America and other lands. I hope sincerely long ere this they may have been amply rewarded for their noble adhesion to the integrity of principle. For myself, I had resolved never to sign. I knew what I had already suffered rather than sacrifice my honesty, and was determined to desert my country, or even my trade, should the worst come, sooner than submit my hand to a paper which would at once make me a social and moral slave. I collected what money I could raise with the intention of going to America, but the amount was not sufficient for the purpose, and, what I did obtain, was eventually absorbed in a chandler's shop in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell. I was in business there three months, when, failing to succeed, I gave it up, finding myself, in a pecuniary point of view, something worse than when I started. But, however, I was working again for my former employer, who had not taken any part in the dispute, and things began to look brighter.

I look upon the maintenance of those higher principles of the mind, which stamp the character with integrity and manhood, as of infinitely more value than the continually increasing prosperity which comes directly through adapting one's self to every circumstance favourable to success, regardless of conscience or duty; therefore I look at the unsuccessful termination of my business career as of little importance, since the time I was engaged in it served to save me the degradation of the document.

In November, 1852, I published the "Poet's Voice and other Poems," which was at once ill-advised and foolish, for scarcely more than twelve months had elapsed since I first began writing, and the work itself bears testimony to my want of experience in the art of poetry at that time. Before going to press I had collected about sixty names as subscribers, at one shilling each, and was deluded with the idea of a good sale amongst my own order; however, when it came out, only thirty out of the sixty individuals took their copies, and I was saddled with an edition unsold, and several pounds printing expences to pay. I sent several copies to the Press, and received two notices, which I subjoin for the benefit of those who may desire to see them.

FROM THE "WEEKLY DISPATCH."

"The Poet's Voice and other Poems, by James Powell. These poems, the productions of a working man, one who has struggled 'midst the frowns of poverty, without the means to command the literature so abundantly found in the mansions of the rich, contain many beauties among some unavoidable crudities of thought and expression, and are creditable alike to his heart and feeling. These are the tastes that deserve to be cultivated, and if the aspiration is not always equalled by the inspiration, there is enough left to shew the possession of an intelligence of no mean proportions."

FROM THE "WEEKLY TIMES."

"The Poet's Voice and other Poems, by James Powell. Go back to your study, Mr. Powell, and do not print any more of your verses until you have mastered, at least, some of the rules of versification. Take your first lines:—

'Behold the night! the People's dreary night!
Where ignorance lures the traveller's feet
O'er craggy paths, deceptive to the sight.'

What nonsense is this. What rugged sounds are here brought to grate upon the ear. Night is the very reverse of dreary to the People; it is then their freedom begins; it is then the shackles of their ill-paid toil fall from them; it is then they see the stars, which remind them of other and better worlds and their God, who has so beneficently provided for them. Did His boundless benefactions reach them without the 'foolish

lets and artificial hindrances made by men to mar men's happiness?' A short ugly syllable like *Ig* in Ignorance requires a great deal of art to place it in a position so as not to offend the ear; but the merest tyro would tell you that such syllables as *rance* and *lures* cannot be put close together. There are some good ideas in more than one of the poems, but the language is so fearfully harsh, so raw and uncultivated, that it is scarcely to be hoped, Mr. Powell, you can *ever acquire the art and mystery of poetry.*"

Soon after I had published the Poet's Voice I left London, having obtained a situation at Wolverton, in the service of the London and North-Western Railway Company, where I remained for upwards of twelve months, during which time I was contributing to a provincial newspaper, "The Buck's Chronicle and Gazette."

I delivered my first lecture at the Wolverton Mechanics' Institution, of which I was an active member, on "The Poetry of Feeling and the Poetry of Diction," which, fortunately, was well received by an audience of about two hundred, and subsequently printed (by request) at the expense of a majority of the members.

My second lecture, on "The best means of Elevating the Working Classes," was delivered to a much smaller audience than the first, owing to the fact of its delivery taking place under disadvantageous circumstances.

It, of course, is unnecessary to mention every minute particular up to the present time; it must suffice the reader to know that since that time I have experienced difficulties attendant on the destinies of most working men who have to struggle with the competitive selfishness of the age; but amidst the anxiety and almost constant worry of my life I have realized the most felicitous pleasure from the study of poetry, and am conscious of possessing more enlightened and liberal views from its aid. To me poetry has been the heaven of my soul, where all its aspirations tend. I make no pretensions to the majestic genius of a Shakespeare or a Milton; I feel that the humblest individuals can do some good, and aid, to some extent, the cause of human freedom; and I am content to know that some, who perchance may never read the magnificent works of our grand old Bards, and probably be unable to

appreciate them if they should—may, from the humble efforts contained in the present volume, be led to a greater appreciation of the beauties of creation, and a stronger faith in the eternal principles of Progression.

To Mr. THOMAS YARROW, Managing Engineer of the Canada Works, I beg to return my sincere thanks, and to acknowledge the very courteous and generous manner in which he has assisted in getting the present volume published. To my fellow-workmen and others who have aided me in my very responsible undertaking I beg likewise to tender my heartfelt thanks.

J. H. P.

The Village Bridal and other Poems.

THE VILLAGE BRIDAL.

PRELUDE.

The sun's resplendent beams were nestling on each flower
Within the vast abode of nature's mystic bower ;
The earth's rich mart of variegated fruits with pride
Smiled on Creation. Not a tree, in forest wide,
In stately grandeur stood, with leaf-crown'd branches spread,
Bending with rustling sound to the wind's fleeting tread ;
Not a shrub and herb rear'd their greenly-tinsell'd heads
Above the fruitful womb of their distinctive beds,
But felt the genial breath of Summer's queenly reign,
Which lends the full-blown rose and newly-scatter'd grain
The kindly care a mother lends her darling child,
To shield it from the cold, or the loud tempest wild !

The ev'ning shades were gently stealing o'er the land—
Serenely charming in the distance and at hand
Was Nature's picturesque and wonderful display,
Sublime and grand, and beautiful, and sweetly gay,
Bedecking every lovely spot which met the gaze,
In rapt enchantment wand'ring 'mid the Summer maze !
And warbler strains of plaintive and of gayer trill,
Wafted freely over glen and smoothly-flowing rill,
By th' ever passing breeze—the nectar-breathing fan,
Which lends its magic aid to cool the world for man,
Were heard to flow, in cadence, musically sweet,
Along the verdant plains of many a lone retreat !
'Mid such a vestal scene, what heart can fail to feel
The rapture-lending bliss that Beauty can reveal ?
What man, away from frenzied scrambles after gold,
From fierce contention free, can silently behold

In nature all that's beautifully fair and grand!
 Or let his musing soul from these delights expand,
 Over the yet unsounded limitless *Sublime*!
 Which carves its footmarks in the sandy veins of Time—
 And on the *Past*—for which *Oblivion* opes its tomb—
 And on the Future—hid in Fate's prolific womb,
 Until Time shall call it from its embryo state,
 To herald Freedom through Progression's regal gate—
 On Life and Death it sets the impress of its seal,
 And weds the dimly seen of man's immortal weal;
 Conveys his thoughts amid the labyrinths of Space,
 And tracks the INFINITE in each mysterious place!
 What soul can muse on Nature's grand ethereal plan,
 And then deny the God who made the world for man?

PART I.

Beneath an elm-tree's shade, at evening's tranquil hour,
 A youth delighted gazed upon a beauteous flower,
 That, peering far above its sweetly-colour'd kind,
 Sway'd to and fro at the soft fanning of the wind:
 It was a wild primrose, attir'd in virgin bloom,
 Amid a thousand flowers emitting sweet perfume,
 That here and there in glorious profusion sprung
 In each untrodden spot, where trees their shadows flung.
 He gazed awhile, enrapt in a sweet delicious trance,
 Then o'er the distant fields he threw an eager glance,
 And thought of *one* resembling that fair primrose wild,
 Fragile in form, and beautiful and sweet and mild;
 He thought how summer blossoms gem the vernal glade,
 For a season short remain, then gradually fade,
 How gusts of wind, or storms, or piercing frosts will kill
 The beauty-flowers of earth, with unrestricted will.
 "And should some deadly blight, or human storm descend,
 "And cause *her* loveliness to fade, *her* form to bend,
 "Or prematurely snatch from out her snowy breast
 "Those pearls of price studding the front of Virtue's crest,
 "And make that sylph-like form, that being of my life,
 "A demon wand'rer thro' the maze of mortal strife!
 "The summer of her life encircles her with flowers,
 "But winter has to come with his unwelcome dowers.

"I know that *youth* cannot for ever with her stay,
 "That the darkness comes as the daylight dies away!
 "But yet I fear some brooding ill unseen may hide,
 "To cloud our sunny hopes—our loving hearts divide."

'Twas thus the youth, engaged in thought, the time beguil'd,
 'Till back returned his thoughts to the fair primrose wild,
 And as he viewed the beauty in creation round,
 Lit with delight, his soul another theme had found:
 The fructile fields displayed the rustic farmer's hand,
 His skill and hardy toil in tilling of the land;
 His constant care to aid the future crops to rise,
 And ripen 'neath the radiant splendour of the skies!

The youth walk'd slowly on, still feeling fresh delight,
 As each new prospect open'd on his wand'ring sight;
 Now a river, winding its narrow course, was seen,
 Between its meadow margins, carpeted with green,
 Serenely gliding, with its silver-crested surge,
 That gently dashing struck the river's rugged verge!
 Now crowded hills rising in grandeur huge and steep,
 And forests thick from unseen distances upleap,
 To dimly pierce the "shades of night," now "falling fast,"
 For the sun hath set, and the day will soon be past!

He gains the spot, for which his loit'ring feet were bent,
 Recalls the happy hours with his dear Ellen spent,
 Pauses, ere he lightly taps th' yet unclos'd door,
 And thinks how hard must be the suff'rings of the poor.
 He knew not of the quagmires which beset their way,
 Into which they sink as the means of life decay;
 For he had not the peasant's weary toil to bear,
 Nor of his hard-earned bread to claim a stinted share:
 His was a lot there be but few in life can claim
 To live, without the need for toil or search for fame.

His father years long past had felt the pauper's pains
 Coil round his heart, to suck the blood within his veins;
 Had known the want of friends to solace and to cheer,
 When clouding sorrow came, or misery caused a tear:
 Possess'd with lively wit and learning's pow'rful aid,
 At length, by much incessant toil, a way was made
 To pass the dens and filth of poverty's domain,
 And float along the track of wealth's unholy main.

A barrister, who'd read the products of his pen,
 Sparkling with knowledge great of "manners and of men,"
 Propos'd that he should study for the English law,
 And *plead* for *vice* or *virtue*, whether rich or poor,
 According to the means to pay the counsel's fee,
 Which rise above the reach of struggling poverty.
 He who had known the pauper's comfortless despair,
 Friendless had roamed the world, depress'd by mortal care,
 Saw not the lamp of virtue glim'ring 'mid the dark,
 That he might then, illumin'd by a single spark,
 Bid Hope to settle, with its bright ethereal wings,
 And point in virtue's track a better state of things,
 At once, with pleasure, grappled at the proffer'd plan,
 And with ambitious aim the wily task began.
 And now, equipp'd for *service*, in his wig and gown,
 He soon attains a *practice* in the midst of town ;
 Gains *clients* from among the lordling sons of earth,
 Made so by titled wealth, and not by natural birth.
 And oft, when gold would lead the dark beclouded way,
 The innocent in heart he'd lure but to betray,
 And use his pow'rs of speech, with pre-thought lies to friend
 A cause of guilt, which human art could ne'er extend.
 And thus, while rolling years their onward march pursue,
 He *pleads*, unstay'd by conscience, keeping Gold in view.
 Now fairly in the track of wealth, he gains a name
 That speedily ascends the ladder steps of Fame,
 And whisp'ring tongues, that in his wealthy circle move,
 At once, by facts, beyond dispute, his *greatness* prove.

The Patron, who at first from out his pauper state
 Aided to place him with the wealth-acquiring great,
 Had a beauteous daughter, a girl of winning smiles,
 A creature made for love, not man's deceitful wiles ;
 Her name was Agnes, and her nicely-moulded shape,
 Sparkling eyes, whose mystic language could ne'er escape
 The gaze of one possess'd of Feeling's natural glow,
 And then her artless ways, and mind scarce touch'd by woe,
 Gave *Guilt remorse* and Innocence a sweeter bliss.
 Her father loved her, and often her brow he'd kiss,
 And feel a thrill of happiness vibrate his heart,
 Which to his life a sense of duty would impart.

He'd promis'd oft, the man who'd risen to his side,
If he should win her heart, Agnes should be his bride.

Long in tedious hours, while musing o'er some *brief*,
His jaded soul had vainly sought and wish'd relief,
And yet his moral courage fail'd to snap the spell,
Which bound his cringing soul in wealth's heart-gnawing hell.
He'd thought of love, but had not felt its holy touch;
Of marriage, too, he'd ponder'd oft and wish'd for much,
But never, 'till the hour when Agnes with him walk'd,
And of a thousand simple things in fondness talk'd,
Had he known the hallow'd bliss Woman can impart,
When virgin love enthron'd directs her trusting heart.
No sordid motive nestled in his hardy breast,
When whisp'ring in her ear he fervently confess't
His burning love, and passionately begg'd to learn
If she could e'er, with half the zeal, that love return.
She mus'd and blush'd awhile, then modestly replied,
"That in his manly breast she'd honestly confide."

A few more weeks, and then their lives were closer join'd,
Their souls in new delights and wedded love were coin'd;
Agnes receiv'd an ample share of treasur'd gold,
The *marriage portion* which her father's gains had told.
They quit the scene of London's business-breeding care
To breathe the country's pure and odour-scented air—
A mansion which, for years, untenanted had stood,
Near a hill, uprising 'neath the shadows of a wood,
Was soon repaired and fitted for their country seat,
Forming a magnificent and beautiful retreat.

And as days, weeks, and months, are quickly borne away,
And happiness, like beauty, visits night and day,
Agnes the wife, affectionate and kind and mild,
Gives birth to a beautiful and sweetly-temper'd child,
And nought seems wanting now within their blest retreat
To fill their cup of joy and make their bliss complete.
Agnes employs her time with all a mother's truth,
To mould the pliant mind of Alfred's tender youth;
And he, possess'd of nature's pure and sweetest dower,
Divulges quick the influence of a mother's power.

A mother's power! oh, what can mould the future man,
For *good* or *ill* to influence the human clan,

Like her first lessons from life's ever changing page !
 Be they *good*—what glorious feelings thrill the age—
 And lend a sweet enchantment to the eager mind,
 Restless to rise to moral worth, and leave behind
 The trammels forged by vice to shackle human thought,
 And keep the servile soul in virtue's ways untaught !
 Be they *ill*—what hearts are sated in th' pools of sin—
 What base desires enlarge 'mid strife's continual din—
 Keeping moral excellence with all its joys at bay,
 That the soul may wallow 'mid the ruins and decay
 Of human aspirations—shatter'd and destroy'd,
 That Vice with all its low delights might fill the void !

Young Alfred, as his years increase, at school is found,
 Nor long remains 'ere he his fellow boys astound
 By his progressive march in learning's mazy track ;
 Nor with all their varied arts can they make him slack
 His pace, for duty to his mother leads the way,
 And nought from her commands could lead his mind astray.

The veil of ignorance, on whence his father sprung,
 Upon his genial youth a pierceless shadow hung ;
 He strove by all the arts that restless youth can gain,
 To obtain the clue to his father's birth, in vain ;
 And thus the wealth his parents freely made away,
 In balls by night and dinners sumptuous by day,
 Became a source of wonder to his ardent mind,
 Which could not pierce the veil that hid the undivin'd.

His mother ever kind, in hours of peace and joy,
 Ne'er fail'd by varied means to elevate her boy ;
 Some simple story, bearing virtue's vestal test,
 Whose *fancied* heroes won her son's admiring breast,
 Unsullied yet by cunning's fierce distorting brand,
 Or roughly knotch'd by vice's hard unfeeling hand,
 She'd read ; and struggling poverty within the tale,
 Painted in truthful character, they'd both bewail :
 And oft, to change the mournful feelings of her son,
 She'd playfully recite some brief tirade of fun,
 And gaily laugh at each amusing joke exprest,
 As tho' all care and trouble ceased to haunt her breast ;
 Anon with joyful music's thrilling tones she'd charm,
 And change tumultuous mirth to an enchanting calm,

Where the echoes of her voice, like the wavy breeze,
 That serenely beats the foliage on the trees,
 Would beat each finer pulse within her son's warm heart,
 Till ecstatic bliss, renew'd at each changing part,
 Would quickly nestle in the angel breast of Love,
 That prayer, like incense, to the azure realms above,
 Might rise unstudied, with spontaneous rapture lit—
 For prayer, when felt impulsively, is far more fit
 Than to the lips from memory's mechanic store
 'Tis sent—the herald only of pedantic lore.

And prayer needs not the *surplic'd* gown and costly dome,
 Or forms profuse, in England's Church or that of Rome;
 'Tis pure alone within the heart—from God it flows;
 With gratitude, and love for all, it ever glows;
 Whether in burning zeal some needed boon to crave,
 Humbly requesting God each fallen slave to save;
 Or, from the sense of wonder, moulded in each mind,
 We feel the *Infinite* sublime, tho' undefin'd;
 And unadorn'd by Pride's or Art's external show,
 Express our faith in *that we feel* but do not *know* :
 Prayer, like the sun's rich beams that on the fields recline,
 Extends each various faith its influence divine;
 Prayer throbs the breast of all, unseen by mortal eye,
 Music can give it birth in glowing ecstasy;
 The Poet breathes in all his spirit-thrilling lays,
 The inspiring utt'rance of undisguis'd praise;
 There's not a being walks delighted on the sod,
 But thrills, at times, with prayer wending its way to God !

Thus early Alfred knew a mother's tender care,
 And proved, in later life, her great and noble share
 In moulding traits of greatness, 'midst a world of strife
 And peace, that mix the cup of every human life,
 To aid mankind to soar beyond the breath of Slaves,
 And bury self-made crimes within eternal graves !

A soul uplifted from the common lot of man,
 Inspired with hopes and feelings, and an ideal plan
 In bud, waiting the sun of knowledge from its bower
 To shed its light, that time may usher in the flower,
 Ting'd with the bright and glowing colours found in truth,
 Pleasing in age, but sweetly exquisite in youth ;

Features impress'd with beauty, nature's ruddy smile,
 Giving the gaze a sense of kindness free from guile,
 Were Alfred's, at the age when Cupid sends his dart,
 To pierce with airy dreams and throbbing joys the heart,
 And call to birth new thoughts, new feelings, new delights,
 That the wing'd soul, with bold and with eager flights,
 May sail the atmosphere of Passion's warming zeal,
 Enchanted and emerg'd in Love's divine Ideal.

His school days now have journey'd past, and manhood soon,
 With all the varied scene's life's cloud and sun-lit noon
 Presents to beings that delight in all that's pure,
 And live for love and truth, or that which must endure,
 In spite of false opinion or soul-demeaning pride,
 Resplendent as the sun o'er nature's fabric wide,
 To shed their rays divine upon the human race,
 And raise each fallen slave from falsehood's foul disgrace—
 Surrounded him, whose thoughts were gay, nor often sad,
 And whose bright hopes attained beheld a nation glad.
 His frequent haunts were garden walks and sylvan shades;
 He loved the fields, the hills, the flower-bespangled glades,
 And caught from each inspiring Love and Beauty's beam,
 Which gave his mind the rapture of the Poet's theme;
 Books were the charm'd spells that won his leisure hours,
 When lost to outward forms the mind's rich ideal powers
 Would woo his thoughts, and lead his fancy to behold
 A world of amity supreme—an age of gold—
 The heroes of the sword of Liberty would stand
 And trace the blood of struggling Freedom's holy band
 Spilt in the battles made by Kings and Priestly knaves,
 To pilfer honest toil and fill the world with slaves!

The Pilgrim Fathers of the dreamy Past would live
 Again in fancy's mould, and bravely, gladly give
 The world ideas they could not stifle in their breast,
 Tho' stake or dungeon drear their liberties should wrest.

Homer, the Grecian bard, in "Odyssey" would shine
 Immortal, laurell'd in Poet-radiance divine.

Virgil and Horace pace in turns the dreamy stage
 Of Fancy; built on History's index to an age
 Unfetter'd by the massive shackles of the day,
 Which Truth shall slowly rust and Freedom shall decay.

An age, untaught starvation's death-lit frown severe,
 Where complex shams and vain formalities appear
 Not in degree, to this the latest age of Time,
 Fraught with so much of poverty and demon crime.
 Socrates and Plato, monarchs of moral truth,
 Would reign in all the freshness of immortal youth :
 The brave old man, whose wisdom Plato *lived* to gain,
 With hemlock poison closed his life of earthly pain ;
 So full of love and honesty, he dared not lie
 To save that life, but chose the means by which to die.

Milton ! in "Paradise Regained" or "Lost," once more
 Would lead a soul along religion's doubtful shore ;
 Unfold the gates of Hell and Heaven with mystic might,
 Descending soundless depth—ascending boundless height ;
 And all that's awful and that's lovely most were seen,
 Majestic, grand, sublime, and beautiful, between
 Each faith-born semblance of God's mighty sceptre grand,
 As shewn by Milton's magic and gigantic hand.

Shakespeare ! the genius of mind rose higher far
 Than all the mighty spirits pleading at the bar
 Of Intellect : before a world of mortal men,
 Slowly advancing with the heroes of the Pen,
 From War's vile butcher trade, and Gold's unequal sway,
 To move more blest and happy 'neath the smiling ray
 Of freedom—brightly shining thro' the dreary cloud
 Of ignorance, which lowers above the human crowd.
 From books of ancient and of modern plan he'd store
 His mind, with knowledge of the past and present lore,
 Most fitting to improve, suggest, or lead his mind
 To ponder on each epoch of the human kind :
 And thus he daily found new themes to win his thought,
 And daily grew more wise, and greater wisdom sought.

The village peasantry beheld him with delight,
 Whene'er he pass'd along, or stay'd to bid "Good night."
 He'd join their rural sports, and gaily lend a hand,
 To fill with mirthful innocence the rustic band,
 Gather'd in youthful glee, to celebrate the "fair,"
 Where many a youthful couple joyously repair,
 To join the country dance upon the meadow plain,
 Or the ring, where sweet kisses from the village swain

Are tender'd quick to her he chases round the ring,
 'Mid laughter's boisterous and long-continued ding.
 And Alfred fail'd not, in the midst of sportive glee,
 To aid the happiness of all, and still to free
 His mind from vain regard for *rank* above the rest,
 Which robs the soul of that which makes it truly blest.
 The precept, "Men are Brethren," in its holy sense,
 Means not that Wealth or Rank create the difference;
 That fills man's heart with selfishness and hollow pride,
 To live to self alone, and Poverty deride,
 Heedless that 'neath the mantle lives a human soul
 Made equal with his own—tending towards its goal.

One ev'ning, as he chanced to wander by the way,
 Gilbert, an honest peasant, begg'd he'd further stray,
 And rest awhile, within his humble cottage nigh—
 A thatch'd abode, whose outward form unto the eye
 Betray'd the signs of Poverty's and Time's design,
 Against whose walls the clust'ring ivy would recline;
 Whose leaves of watery-green, while rustling to the wind,
 Gave freshness to the eye, and pleasure to the mind.
 He join'd old Gilbert, and repaired unto his cot,
 Beheld the cleanly home—the toil-worn Peasant's lot:
 The old man's daughter Ellen sweetly smiled and blush'd,
 And Alfred met her gaze with feature's newly flush'd
 With bashful innocence, the virtuous young will feel,
 When first the youth's or maiden's winning eyes appeal
 To hearts susceptible to Love's impassion'd touch;
 And Alfred's and sweet Ellen's youthful souls were such
 As beat in unison, unknown, but plainly felt
 In tender feelings, and in burning hopes to melt.
 The gaze of Ellen modest, warm, and free from art,
 Play'd music on the thrilling chords of Alfred's heart—
 In that one gaze, unfelt before, his feelings found
 The tones of love, in eager restlessness resound
 O'er thoughts, desires, emotions, like some magic spell,
 Made holy by the prayers that ever upwards well
 From the young soul, when Love asserts her Queen-born reign,
 And paves with joy and hope life's young and dreamy vein.

Her graceful attitude, and darkly shaded eyes—
 Her auburn ringlets, and features without disguise—

Her beauty unadorn'd by pride or vain display—
 Told ten-fold, in degree, to Alfred, than the gay
 Appearance, which obstructs the mental eye of taste—
 The trimming finery—the nought but pamper'd waste,
 Of many from among the youthful female race,
 Whom nature suits not, and whose pride supplies her place.
 No hollowness of soul, (deceit's corroding stamp,
 Impresses oft, when Poverty, with cold and damp
 Existence lingers, though unwelcome, on the path
 The weak and helpless tread—to rob their fire-side hearth
 Of comforts, needed most when slow declining health
 Enfeebles life, and holds the place of absent wealth;
 And needed, too, when youth and health give life and strength,
 That Life may unrestricted stretch its natural length,)
 Was own'd by her—tho' Poverty, from e'en a child,
 Kept pace, as years of struggling fruitlessness were piled
 Upon her life, and with its giant spectral might
 Had seem'd to sting with mocking unsubdu'd delight!

There be some angel souls this world of harrowing care,
 With all its traps of hideous vice, may not ensnare;
 For virtue, with angelic loveliness, stands by,
 With thoughts majestic arms the soul and fires the eye;
 And when misfortune comes to crush or cause to fall,
 The *fancied* castles reared within the ideal Ball
 Of mystic mould—e'en then the heart will unsubdu'd
 Remain still pure—with Virtue's holy smiles imbu'd.
 E'en such was Ellen! pure, and free from all deceit,
 When Alfred's throbbing heart with Love began to beat.
 Gilbert perceiv'd, with sapient eye, the youth and maid,
 And mark'd the joyful smiles that on their features play'd;
 Talk'd much to Alfred of the world's despotic foes,
 Bedeck'd with gold—produced by human sweat and throes!
 The young man mused on all he said, and wished for more,
 But found the hour was late, and hurried to the door,
 Thanking old Gilbert for the "Welcome to his home,"
 Whene'er within the village bounds he'd chance to roam;
 He look'd at Ellen, met her smile, and bade "Good night!"
 And soon from her's and Gilbert's eyes was buried quite
 In darkness, which envelop'd space and all around,
 For night round earth its ebon shadowings had wound.

With speed he tramples o'er each field he has to clear
 To reach his dwelling, where his mother waits in fear
 His well-known step—for the accustom'd time for bed
 Had long in measur'd numbers unreturning fled—
 But now at home, he tells his mother all that's past ;
 Old Gilbert's kindness, Ellen's beauty—unsurpass'd
 By those who move in Fashion's wide deceitful sphere—
 Made up the theme, succinct and forcible and clear.
 Agnes, with mystic wonderment, received the theme,
 Which round her heart, like the spirit of a fairy dream,
 Nestled in tenderness, and call'd up other days
 From the remember'd past, to fascinate her gaze.
 Alfred had ever sought his mother's voice to guide
 His wand'ring feet along Life's rough uneven tide,
 Had felt, in sadness, all that mother's power to cheer,
 In joy had seen her radiant smile benignly dear,
 And knew that *rank* in her love's links would never part,
 For Worth and Virtue sway'd the sceptre of her heart ;
 And Alfred doubted not he'd find in her a friend,
 That she a willing ear to all he wish'd would lend.
 Agnes, with watchful eye, perceived the sunny beams
 That play'd upon her Alfred's face, like heav'nly gleams,
 Whene'er he spoke of Ellen's pure and simple life,
 Her graceful manners, and her home scarce touch'd by strife ;
 For humble Poverty may rest secure from care,
 Betray'd alone when home-born discord wanders there,
 And yield content and happiness to weary toil,
 Unfelt in sweetness by the lords that *own* the soil.
 She felt a mother's wishes and a mother's fear,
 For his success and happiness she held most dear ;
 She told him early love was ever warm and pure,
 And if 't were not to virtue wed 't would not endure,
 But shine both strong and glorious to pierce the breast,
 As the sun's repose within the enshrouded West,
 From earth's domain, that the " Visions of the night "
 May hide the wond'rous forms that day beholds most bright,
 And leave in place of glowing hopes and fervent zeal,
 A heart possess'd alone of wounds which may not heal.
 She ask'd him if the love that in his bosom burn'd
 For Ellen Morris was at all by her return'd ?

Alfred replied, he had not told her of the flame,
 Which brightly kindled at the mention of her name,
 But felt assured, her look and manner both had told,
 She felt love's changing wand, with lightning speed, unfold
 The portals that entomb the priceless charms of earth,
 That *hope* and *rapture* both may feel a newer birth,
 And roam the heart—unstay'd by wisdom's boasted power,
 Which tells the joys of the soul as dials tell the hour.
 His mother, with the kindness she had ever shown,
 Beseech'd her son, in spite of every frown, to own
 No other maiden than the one he loved the best,
 And to the Providence supreme to leave the rest.
 "Her humble *rank* may sting the proudest sons of gold
 "Whose very hearts, like merchandize, are bought and sold,
 "But to the mind unscath'd by Mammon's blasting creed,
 "Virtue and Love beyond transcendently will plead.
 "Mammon, now strong, now weak, may some day droop and fall,
 "And leave the servile soul bereft of love and all ;
 "But virtue never fails, when wed to love divine,
 "To wreath new joys around the trusting soul to twine."
 So spake the mother to her son with conscious pride,
 That virtue would, in spite of gold, in love confide.
 Alfred, with heartfelt gratitude, his mother paid,
 And soon in vision sleep's enchanting arms was laid.

Day after day he'd visit her, the Peasant's child,
 And win by slow degrees, with language undefil'd
 By flattery—the venom offspring of deceit—
 Her growing love ; and oft, in some green-walk't retreat,
 Where nought disturb'd their twin delight, but all would add
 To make their burning vows more blest, their souls more glad,
 They'd wander—fondly gazing in each other's eyes,
 And sweetly dream 'mid Love's ethereal Paradise.

It was again to see sweet Ellen, and commune
 With warm and thrilling soul, in sweet harmonious tune
 With her's, that Alfred pausing, stood before the door,
 When we diverg'd his earlier history to explore,
 His Parents' lineage, his own fresh springing youth,
 Gilbert's "Welcome," and Ellen's purity and truth.

He hears the words, "Come in," with mellow clearness fall
 From Ellen's lips ; and then old Gilbert's hearty call,

Reminds him that the Peasant's daily toil hath past.
 He enters with delight, and as the hours fly fast,
 Along Time's beaten track, to drop in Death's abyss,
 To wed the ages gone and leave their prints in *this*,
 They talk together of the world's conceited puff,
 Its golden shams, and even gods of such like stuff,
 That share the idol offerings of a Nation's heart,
 Whose people *preach*, and then perform a *different* part.
 It's church, and all the credal schools that teach a way,
 To flee from earth to heaven, on each Sabbath day,
 Would stand in contrast with the week-day lessons, taught
 By the same teachers, in the golden field of sport,
 Where Competition drags each gamester to his post,
 And craft usurps the sway of love and gets the most;
 And honesty, while struggling hard to rise with might,
 Oft falls, to rise no more, unequal in the Fight!
 For giant Wealth stalks forth despotic o'er the earth,
 To measure by the weight in gold—not moral worth—
 The power, unjustly held and undeserving gain'd,
 Which, with a wolfish grasp, is eagerly retain'd
 By those of Mammon's flock, that rob the weaker fold,
 Of health and happiness, and life as well as gold!
 (The Peasant and his lovely Ellen, tho' below
 The Artizans of skill, could still with them bestow
 Their great contempt for all the shams of Church and State,
 Which wealth upholds, but which a virtuous people hate.)
 Alfred admir'd the Peasant's bold and truthful thought,
 In simple yet in deep convincing utt'rance wrought;
 He begg'd him to relate the hist'ry of his life,
 And promis'd none but Ellen should become his wife,
 And thought the old man's tale might aid his youthful plan
 To search out knowledge, for to show his fellow-man
 The path—where wisdom, truth, and God's eternal Love,
 In majesty are garb'd, like the starry spheres above!

THE PEASANT'S TALE.

PART II.

"My children, mine's a life of penury and toil,
 "From early youth till now I've wrought upon the soil;

" These silv'ry hairs betray my passage on the stage
 " Of life, hath brought me to the rugged steep of Age,
 " That soon my mortal frame must lie beneath the sod,
 " My soul with trust and hope ascend unto its God.
 " Yet, when mem'ry unrolls her hist'ry-written scroll,
 " And Life's past actions crowd'd with speed upon my soul,
 " I'm thoughtful of the wrongs impos'd upon our class,
 " Which make us toil like slaves, for lordlings to amass
 " The wealth produc'd, whilst we in silent fear repine,
 " And still persue, from morning's dawn till day's decline,
 " The Peasant's almost hopeless, drear, and helpless lot,
 " In youthful vigour worn, in weaker age forgot.

" At ten years old my father placed me by his side,
 " To lead the docile team, as he the plough would guide ;
 " We rose when morn, emerging from the sleepy Night,
 " Began to dress the world in robes of silv'ry light,
 " And toil'd 'till night's dark shades in welcome speed would come
 " To bid us leave the field and taste the fruits of Home.

" My mother, torn with care and grief, almost outworn,
 " With hero courage labour'd on to mis'ry born,
 " To aid myself and brothers to maintain our right
 " To proper food and raiment, unsuppress'd by might.
 " But she, poor struggler, thro' a maze of strife and pain,
 " Toil'd on in waning strength, for years, almost in vain,
 " And found her children still upon the yielding sod,
 " In unprogressive feebleness condemn'd to plod—
 " Thus, do the Peasant-slaves in mocking misery wait,
 " Till class by class asserts its Freedom in the State,
 " And savage Wealth, with grinding Poverty at hand,
 " Lays bear the servile state of those who till the land ;
 " And human nature shorn of manhood's noble might,
 " In rebel impotence maintains unequal fight,
 " Which, for a short and weary space, kept up too long,
 " Since weakness ever falls the victim of the strong,
 " Endures—and then, alas ! a worse position gain'd,
 " Mocks at the Peasant's life-long visions unattain'd.
 " My mother's lot, oppos'd to female life refin'd,
 " Was moulded by the rugged hand of Fate unkind ;
 " And we her children, e'en as childhood's weakness fled,
 " Would do our tiny share towards obtaining bread.

" Thus knowledge was denied, thro' man's unjust designs,
 " The source from whence is sought what softens or refines.
 " Our mother could not teach, save how to work with speed,
 " For she knew not its smiling joys, yet felt its need ;
 " She ne'er had known those graceful arts her sex employ,
 " When circumstance gives birth to pure domestic joy—
 " But cleanliness, 'mid evils great of every kind,
 " Would weave its blessings in her humble home and mind ;
 " And tho' oppress'd by ill-paid toil and sequent care,
 " We still, in happy smiles, each other's love would share,
 " And by affection's guiding finger learn the way,
 " To soothe domestic grief and drive despair away.
 " But health, in time, forsook our mother's wasting power—
 " Disease perform'd its blasting share to steal the hours,
 " And cause, in premature decay, her life to sink,
 " And with enfeebling grasp retain each yielding link,
 " Which one by one, as earnest thought and feeling fly,
 " Gave way, and left us all in grief to see her die.

" For many nights, in weary sadness, from the farm,
 " I'd journey home, to seek my pillow's yielding balm,
 " But find instead, a mournful sickness o'er me creep,
 " To probe my wounded soul, and rob my eyes of sleep ;—
 " For all the hours of gladness pass'd in social pride
 " Around our wood-strewn hearth, when seated side by side,
 " Contentment lent her angel smile to cloud despair,
 " And yield to poverty a short abode from care,
 " Would come again in mem'ry fresh to mock my woe,
 " And teach how soon may pass the things we love below.
 " Misfortune, with its cold and life-absorbing breath,
 " Could not do worse, methought, than cause my mother's death.

" So months flew past—the same appearance mark'd the spot,
 " Which lay in fragrant beauty round our humble cot
 " When news, deliver'd by an almost breathless swain,
 " In dreadful horror, brief and unexpected came.
 " In healthful vigour at the usual time to start,
 " We all went forth that day, each to perform his part.
 " Father had linger'd later than us all at night,
 " And in expectation, by the dull candle's light,
 " We waited 'till the Peasant messenger of Fate,
 " Began his brief tirade of sorrow to relate—

“ Deem me not thoughtless, that I weave my bitter tale,
 “ Rude and short, for my heart with anguish doth bewail
 “ The misery that hangs like clouds above your head—
 “ The day was nearly gone, when sudden horror fled
 “ From field to field, and men and women shrunk with fear,
 “ In haste approach'd to learn the bitter truth more clear ;
 “ The news like lightning flash'd upon each weary swain,
 “ That death by accident, from out their ranks had ta'en
 “ The subject of my theme—and as each man appears,
 “ He pays the solemn tribute of his grief in tears ;
 “ Would I could chase the sadness from your youthful brows,
 “ And from the sleep of Death your father's bones arouse !
 “ But, no, 'tis not in mortal's pow'r to give relief
 “ By giving life, and rob the breast of cank'ring grief.'

“ He paused—life's current trickled faster thro' each vein—
 “ A choking weight oppress'd my breast—my heated brain
 “ Was fill'd with horrid visions—life seem'd only sent,
 “ By grief, misfortune, and by suffering, to be spent.
 “ Time pass'd—aye ! years had flown—my brothers all had gone
 “ And left me friendless, homeless, in the world forlorn ;
 “ To fight 'gainst Poverty in every form and shape—
 “ They thought the soldier's life would give secure escape
 “ From peasant slavery, and make them happier far—
 “ Alas ! they fell upon the bloody plains of war !
 “ Now, nought remains of all my childhood's home beheld,
 “ But visions that appear and will not be dispell'd !

“ I will not weary by describing all I saw
 “ And felt, of *trouble*, 'ere I reach'd my second score ;
 “ Nor need I tell my struggles day by day, to be
 “ More wise, more happy, and, oh, vision wild ! more *free*—
 “ Yes, wild indeed ! a peasant *free* ! 'tis but a dream,
 “ Delusive to the heart—he glides adown the stream
 “ Of life, an unprogressive serf, from birth to death,
 “ Both mind and body feel the hell-polluted breath
 “ Of tyranny—which blights the human flowers that spring
 “ In modest pride—their fragrance cheerfully to fling
 “ O'er the wand'rers path, to give a sweetness to his life,
 “ And change the bitter dregs that mix the cup of strife.
 “ 'Tis past ! I thought, when boyhood's happy visions came,
 “ And life was tinsell'd and deluded by the same,

"That Freedom soon would smile from out her heav'n Ideal,
 "And chase the dreary clouds that hang above the *real*.
 "But, no! my life, made up of many years of toil,
 "Doth feel the weight remain that binds us to the soil;
 "Our minds are bias'd and estrang'd from Nature's Law—
 "We feel, but dare not speak, we know that we are poor.
 "We worship in the temples rear'd by human hands,
 "And profess the creed that wealthy tyranny demands;
 "Our hearts are sear'd by craft, and conscious oft we fall,
 "Like hypocrites, to greet the *inmates* of the Hall.

"Alas! for manhood, when the hardy sons of earth,
 "Chain-bound like cattle, range but in the narrow girth
 "The chain of tyranny allows—are kept behind,
 "Conscious of every wrong or ignorantly blind,
 "Unaided by a single class, whose aid would give
 "A brighter future, where we all in love might live!

"Away the theme! I've struggled, suffer'd all in vain,
 "To rouse my comrades and the goal of freedom gain.
 "All hope seems past! a *few* there be who seem distress'd
 "By puzzling problems—how the readiest and best
 "Of all the plans that haunt their long bewilder'd brains
 "For our redemption, might be used to soothe their pains.
 "But Ignorance doth spread its shadows far and wide,
 "And grov'ling thousands behind those shadows hide,
 "And live and drudge as tho' they knew no other bliss,
 "Content to cringe and slave and nobler thoughts dismiss.
 "'Tis there our weakness lies! and those who tax our strength
 "Know well the compass which would guide our barque at length
 "Unto the goal where manhood reigns, supremely crown'd,
 "And equal rights and equal privileges are found.

"Sullen and sad at times, my conscious Life hath been,
 "At intervals, the sport of Hope's deceptive mien—
 "Now driven forward roughly in the Peasant's track—
 "Now falling down, or roughly made to journey back;
 "Ever elate with promis'd joys by treach'ry plann'd,
 "Ere reach'd the wish'd-for goal to sink within the sand.

"I loved and married, and the few brief years that pass'd
 "In wedlock joy, all other years in bliss surpass'd;
 "And to a widower'd life, bow'd down by husky grief,
 "Ellen, my only child, is left to give relief.

" My throat is parch'd and tears are falling from my heart,
 " Which Nature bids my aged eyes refuse to start ;
 " My wife, with all that to her mem'ry Fancy wreathes,
 " Revisits earth—oh ! life-like wonderment, she breathes !
 " Again contented, at the close of day I smile,
 " In spite of tir'd bones and forebodings dark the while,
 " And hold communion free of all domestic strife—
 " I know no freedom which does not possess my wife.
 " Our child in growing loveliness beguiles the hours,
 " With prattling innocence and all her varied powers ;
 " Oh, rapture ! heaven itself cannot such rapture yield,
 " As woos my breast at home, when left the rugged field,
 " I sit and learn the lessons of the swelling heart,
 " Which my fond wife and lovely daughter do impart !
 " Alas ! like other visions, this tho' bright must fly—
 " My dear fond wife desert our happiness to die.
 " Begone the mem'ry ! that bright and transcient gleam
 " Of happiness ! too short and yet too long a dream,
 " Fraught with pleasure and with spirit-deadening pain,
 " I would not longer it should haunt my troubl'd brain ! "

What changing scenes a few brief specks of time produce !
 What strange imaginings the hope-spiced heart seduce !
 The child comes forth, in innocent and happy joy,
 The sport of fancies, which, like dreams, its thoughts decoy—
 All fact seems fiction, robed in ideal fashion'd dress—
 All fiction seems but fact, with power to charm and bless.
 But soon do childhood's visions, fraught with magic power,
 Desert the mind they once enchanted hour by hour,
 That Youth, with mind expanding, may usurp their place,
 And, like the blooming flower, divulge a steadier grace,
 'Till Manhood comes, opprest with mortal strife and sadness,
 No more the sport of childish joy and youthful gladness,
 And themes that charm'd of yore, and seemed divinely fair
 To thoughtless Youth, to Age a different aspect wear.
 So passes life along Time's rough unending track—
 The things we love depart, and nought can bring them back !

Two aged souls are borne from human life below,
 One rich, the other crown'd with poverty and woe ;

One the sire of the hero of our simple tale,
 The other honest Gilbert of the rural vale.
 A change, severe within one twelve-month of the day—
 The peasant to his children spoke of Life's decay—
 Had crossed their path—they mourn'd in secret unconsol'd,
 'Till Time suppress'd their grief, and bade them be more bold.

* * * * *

At last the Bridal hour hath come—the village bells
 Ring sweetly—and each bounding heart with rapture swells.
 The day is beautiful, and every herb and flower
 Is moist with the dewy tear-drops of a passing shower ;
 The gentle breeze makes tremulous the foliage green,
 Which canopies the trees in summer's golden sheen ;
 The sun in rich delight a blaze of glory sheds,
 And with its radiant pow'r, in lucious beauty, weds
 The myriad symbols of the love and truth of God,
 Scatter'd in regal grandeur o'er the fruitful sod ;
 The halls of nature thrill aloud with music notes of joy,
 And raptures everywhere give to the mind employ.

Tis past! the Priest hath tied the knot, the youthful pair
 Together wander o'er the fields—together share
 The joys in nature—and when cares or sorrows press,
 Together bear the weight, and live in love's caress.
 The widow Agnes, with maternal pride, appears,
 As though her form defied the crust of gath'ring years ;
 And in the household bustling busily and free,
 Her voice, in broken cadence, quick and merrily
 Is heard with pleasure by her Alfred and his Bride,
 And all the faithful servants of the hall beside.

GENIUS.

E'en as the mind on Fancy's wings doth glide
 Along the gloomy "corridors of time,"
 There floats upon the surface of the tide,
 Which moves the world upon its course sublime,
 A form divine, that strings the poet's rhyme,
 And lends a lustre, radiant and serene,
 To human life, in every form and clime.
 Genius! thou child of truth's majestic Queen!
 Thy visionary form from WANT how seldom seen!
 Alas! Neglect, with harsh and chilling breath,
 Roams o'er the fruitful and delicious earth,
 To fan the minstrel with the gale of death,
 Who mounts, with soul serene, the heavenly girth;
 And, though entranc'd in spiritual mirth,
 Descends, enraptur'd with prophetic voice,
 To paint the world, when Truth and Love and Worth
 Shall be the summits of Ambition's choice,
 And men in social love together shall rejoice.

Kings! ye have fronted armies, fierce and brave,
 And pamper'd sycophants have loiter'd near
 The blood-stain'd emblems of your guilt to wave,
 To gain your *plaudits* and your *frowns* to fear;
 But *where* the trophies to a country dear,
 Which give immortal lustre to your name,
 Like *those* in Art's and Poetry's career,
 Whose magic virtues rouse the slumb'ring flame
 Of human zeal, and light afresh the lamp of Fame?

Imagination o'er the gloomy Past
 A web of terror and of grandeur spins;
 The myriad-peopled world, sublime and vast,
 Its heaven-destroying handiwork begins;
 And blinded millions, grovelling in their sins,
 Are led by *priestly* craft and *kingly* pride
 To aid the cause which Freedom never wins—
 To slavery and ignorance allied,
 They stood upon the plains and battled, bled, and died!

They, spectral like, athwart the wand'ring gaze,
 With mournful feelings and with heavy tread,
 Are merg'd in Superstition's tangling maze,
 And demon terrors haunt their dizzy head,
 'Till life itself becomes a thing to dread :
 And holy visions, that enchant and thrill,
 Afar on their mysterious way have fled,
 Whilst in the gloomy convent, lone and still,
 The Priest directs the human conscience and the will !

A brighter vision doth the muse inspire—
 The dismal priest begins to lose his might—
 A Luther bids the feared serfs aspire,
 To view Religion's pure and sacred light,
 And for the cause of Freedom nobly fight !
 The scroll of ages bears recorded plain,
 The countless struggles to obtain the *right* :
 'Twas Genius tuned the heavenly strain,
 Which thrill'd the glowing souls of that majestic train !

Emblem of Progress ! what sweet visions rise,
 To tinge the mystic theme of history's plan !
 What changing forms and customs worn arise,
 To greet the range of Fancy's wand'ring scan,
 And speed the slow development of man,
 Which felt *thy* power, in all its might supreme ;
 Thy holy pilgrimage on earth began,
 To bid Philosophy and Science dream,
 To wake and give the world their glorious woven theme.

The stately fabrics, reared by human skill,
 In all the splendour of Athenian ART—
 The proud mementos of the HUMAN WILL,
 And all the treasures of the world's huge mart,
 That with ANTIQUITY could not depart,
 Are touches of *thy* firm and plastic hand.
 Child of devotion !—deep within the heart
 Of Progress, with a purpose high and grand,
 In regal glory thou dost wield thy magic wand !

The pyramids stupendous and secure,
 And relics model'd by the sons of Greece,
 Which, in artistic grandeur, do endure,
 Upon Tradition's page to reign in peace,
 While circling ages one by one increase,—
 Do all retain impressions that pourtray,
 As Progress from Oblivion's arms release
 The thoughts prolific of the Poet's lay :
 Thy touch, O Genius ! doth save them from decay !

Angel of earth ! thy glorious form serene,
 In an eternal YOUTH doth glide along,
 To scatter love and truth divine between
 The rankling elements of HUMAN WRONG,
 And free the WEAK, oppress'd by the STRONG.
 Oh ! what were earth without the smiles of joy,
 Which to thy faithful votaries belong ?
 'Twere a wild domain, but yielding life's alloy—
 A spot which TRUTH would flee, and TIME would soon destroy !

I CARE NOT WHAT YOUR CREED MAY BE.

I care not what your creed may be,
 I ask, are you sincere ?
 If yes, with pride you answer me,
 I cannot but revere !
 I may, urged on by what I feel,
 With Reason's voice persuade,
 But never, with the Bigot's zeal,
 Will I my tongue degrade.

The birds, in varied plumage, wend
 Their free and wand'ring flight ;
 The flowers in beauteous colours bend
 Beneath the gazing wight ;
 And each a mark'd distinction claims
 From others of its kind,
 A *something* which to man proclaims
 The character of mind.

The wide expanse, o'er-arching all,
 In majesty and pride,
 That dwells within this earthly ball,
 Presents a surface wide,
 On which, in changing shapes, we see—
 As rolls the car of Time—
 Shadows distinct in density,
 As well as worlds sublime!

There's not a ray of sunshine bright,
 Nestling upon the flower,
 There's not a lunar beam of light
 That greets the midnight hour,
 But what contains its own degree
 Of lustre—*weak* or *strong*—
 And speaks of *change*—*diversity*—
 The law of Nature's throng!

Then cast away opinions, fraught
 With Cant or Bigot rule,
 That, with ungen'rous aim, are taught
 In Custom's wrangling school.
 Nature comes forth to give relief,
 Where thought is chain'd by fear,
 And man, by *manhood*, not *belief*,
 Must hold his fellow dear.

Think not, ye cringing sons of earth,
 Who dare not stand erect,
 That men may judge your *moral worth*—
 They will not soon detect
 Your living falsehood, to acquire
 The treach'rous smiles of gold—
 For which, your every day desire,
 Your liberty is sold!

Nature, with all her mystic power,
 Speaks wisdom to the mind;
 There's nought in her mysterious bower
 But differs from its *kind*:

Yet man, "the noblest work of God,"
 Giving her voice no heed,
 Presumes to wield a tyrant rod,
 For difference of creed.

Shake off the narrow creeds that rise
 By man's enfeebled sight,
 Drink wisdom from the boundless skies—
 To *differ* is your right;
 But do not hold another's heart
 In bondage, to proclaim
 A Creed in which it has no part,
 For such will be your shame!

I do not ask you to become
 A slave in thought and deed,
 And coward-like, affect to roam,
 Far from your conscious creed;
 But this I ask, will ye assist
 In all where we agree,
 And from the Bigot's blinding mist
 The human heart set free?

If Yes, you answer, that to me
 Is all that I require,
 Tho' in opinion I may see
 Enough to speed desire—
 I ne'er can gaze on Nature's face,
 Or delve her treasur'd mine,
 And then degrade our *common race*,
 With dogmas "undivine."

SERENADE.

Awake! sweet lady-love! from out thy sleep—
 The drowsy night hath fled;
 And morn, in silver crest, comes o'er the deep—
 Arise from out thy bed!

Come, lady-love! the fields of earth are gay,
 And greet with joy the sun ;
 And messengers do beckon thee away,
 As well, thy loving one !

Awake ! sweet lady-love ! why sleep so calm,
 As tho' in thy dear breast
 No thought or passion gave thy soul alarm,
 And death had giv'n thee rest.

Sweet lady-love ! come, leave thy downy nest,
 And we'll together rove ;
 Thy slumbers are too long—come, leave thy rest,
 My dearest lady-love !

Sweet lady-love ! the morn is flush'd with dews—
 All things look fair and bright,
 And blush, i' the golden sun's resplendent hues,
 To give the soul delight !

Sweet lady-love ! thy sleep is o'er at last,
 And smiles beam in thine eye ;
 Together we'll away, and leave the past,
 To gaze on earth and sky !

SHE MERRILY, MERRILY CHEERS !

Oh ! sweetly she sings in the morn,
 Like a rose-bud of beauty appears,
 And lightly she trips as a fawn,
 And merrily, merrily cheers !

Her voice hath a beauty and charm,
 A mellow and love-giving grace ;
 Her life is a summer of calm,
 And love is the queen of her face ;

And wherever her footsteps glide,
 She consoles the victim of tears,
 And with a sweet maidenly pride,
 She merrily, merrily cheers !

Her heart is a fountain of joy,
 Where affection and gladness flow,
 And all that the pure can enjoy,
 Her bosom in truth can bestow.

Both beauty and love in delight,
 Sweet Nature's own twin-loving dears,
 Are seen in her soft winning sight,
 As she merrily, merrily cheers !

REASON v. FAITH.

REASON.

The eye can reach the horizon, that bounds
 The small circumference of hills and plains,
 That stretches 'neath its feeble-piercing gaze
 No more ! All things remain obscure !

'Tis true the telescope expands the view,
 And lets the soul commune with things unknown,
 And Science, Queen of Progress, doth pursue
 Her bright celestial course, revealing works
 Of grand and mighty import to the mind :
 'Tis true that Genius doth soar along,
 And, heedless of the might oppression wields,
 Doth scatter flow'rs of knowledge o'er the path,
 Along whose rugged track doth journey Life :
 'Tis true a vision, gloriously bright,
 Doth rise in wond'rous grandeur to the soul,
 And paints a FUTURE, cloudless and serene,
 Where Justice, link'd to Truth and Love, doth reign !

Yet FAITH and HOPE, with blinded zeal, pursue
 The wide uncertain track ; and oft, alas !
 The clouds of Fate are deemed the shadows, which
 Are sent before, like messengers of Hope,
 To cheer the soul.

The pictures of the mind,
 When painted by the ideal hand of Faith,
 Untouch'd by Reason's wise and truthful skill,
 Delude the heart and sport with trustful souls.
 'Twere better far to make Philosophy
 Thy friend and guide, and keep in due array
 The common and more trusty Faculties.
 And *that* thy mind can never rightly *know*,
 'Twere better far to doubt, than by the aid
 Of treach'rous Faith to be betray'd, and live
 The enemy of Reason and of man.

This Universe presents, in all its forms,
 A mystery the mind can ne'er explain ;
 And Reason, conscious of the *vain* pursuit
 To know the CAUSE of *all*, submits to Fate,
 And wisely makes the best of that command,
 Which Knowledge and Experience do give.

But Faith, on wings of gladness, mounts the air,
 And blindly tracks a course. And every shape
 Of mystery, within the boundless maze
 Of this vast Universe, explains to Faith
 A mission and a God ! And thus, perceiv'd
 By Fancy's dream-deluded eye, doth man
 Accept as Truth the false ideal of Faith.

FAITH.

I tell thee, this vast Universe doth hold,
 Whether in Ocean, Earth, or Firmament—
 Not e'en the most minute and transient form,
 But bears relation to the wond'rous whole,
 And serves a purpose useful 'tho mysterious.

Think not, forsooth, because the CAUSE of *all*
 Is not reveal'd, save to the eye of Faith,
That which seems strange to Reason, though unknown,
 Hath not a destiny, as well as that

Which e'en the dull perception of a child
 Makes plain. Creation cannot be explored,
 With all the light that Science may disclose,
 And centuries of Progress yield to man,
 Beyond the point which darkly lies before !

Old Time may track the Future's distant course,
 And leave behind the ignorance of yore,
 Whilst Knowledge spreads her pinions o'er the world ;
 And what was wonderful in ages gone,
 Through her majestic aid, may cease to act
 With awe-inspiring power ; and newer themes,
 Adapted to the mind's expanding grasp,
 May take their place : still future years will come,
 And the mind's fruit will ripen more and more,
 Nurs'd by the genial smiles that Progress yields ;
 And Nature yet will rise before the mind
 Exhaustless, undeveloped, and sublime !

As well might'st count the stars, and bid them cease
 To shine in silvery brilliance from the sky ;
 Or call the moon from out its clouded home,
 And bid it tell thee how it came to be !
 As e'en to ask *thyself* to fathom *that*
 Which makes thy Reason impotent and mean,
 When, from its proper sphere, it proudly stands
 Before the world, and calls aloud on Doubt,
 That sinful child of its own haughty pride,
 To cast dark shadows o'er the eye of Faith,
 Because itself doth lack that holy lamp
 To light the way to Truth's eternal shrine.

The soul can never know *that* from its gaze
 Lies hidden in eternal folds of darkness ;
 Yet, with simple Faith, the hand of God
 On all it can behold, will plainly rest !
 The magic of the stars will greet the mind,
 And will be welcome as the voice of birds,
 Whose native melody inspires the soul
 With joy, and lifts the heart from earth to Heaven.
 Yea, when Faith directs the soul where Reason
 Cannot soar, and Doubt's dark shadows come not,
 All things more lovely to the mind appear !

The perfume-breathing flowers, blushing i' the sun,
 In modest innocence, give Love to man,
 And speak in sweetest purity of God,
 Love reigns in all! The air that dwells in Space,
 Upon whose wavy breast the Thunders loud,
 And the flashing Lightnings do fiercely glide—
 The Summer's gentle winds, the Winter's storms,
 And every note of Music sail—'till lost
 In distance to the ear—is fraught with Love!
 And God is there! The warblers of the woods—
 The zephyr's gentlest passage thro' the trees—
 The hum of bees—the placid streamlet's fall—
 Have all a beauty and a voice of Love,
 And all bespeak the wondrous power of God!

M A R I A N .

She came, when summer's glowing tints,
 In sunlit beauty shed,
 On nature's soft and flowery bed,
 Their golden tinsell'd prints.

A being, form'd for love and joy,
 An emblem bud of hope,
 She came, 'mid summer smiles, to ope
 And blush in maiden coy.

Her infant smiles were ting'd with love—
 Her infant mind serene—
 Like hope, she sweetly stood between
 This world and that above!

Like music, stealing softly on
 The unexpected ear,
 Her voice, in joyful cadence clear,
 Its song of hope began.

Oh ! many hearts have beat in tune
 To love's enchanting lyre,
 That watch'd her infant mind aspire
 To life's sun-lustr'd noon.

No sadness, save the thought of pain,
 Which others felt around,
 To whom her virgin heart was bound,
 Haunted her life-joy'd vein.

'Twas heaven to view her growing form
 Divulge its maiden grace,
 And gaze upon her rose-flush'd face,
 Untouch'd by wintry storm.

Fair as the modest flower of spring
 She rose to womanhood !
 And on this earth of brightness stood,
 A pure and lovely thing.

Her soul, with lofty aim aspir'd,
 The earth, and sky, and sea,
 And all that's mystical and free,
 With love her bosom fir'd.

Oh, joy ! to gaze and feel delight,
 As Beauty paints anew,
 The glowing smiles that greet the view,
 When fix'd upon her sight !

Like harvest-fields, her soul was stor'd,
 With mind's ethereal grain ;
 She seem'd a creature freed from stain,
 Which only truth ador'd.

Sweet emblem of the summer's calm,
 Her life unclouded came,
 And shone with hope's celestial flame,
 Giving to earth a charm.

But things of gladness pass away,
 When we would fain retain
 The holy influence of their reign,
 To bless and cheer the day !

So pass'd sweet Marian from life,
 In winter's dreary hour—
 Lovely and fragile as the flow'r,
 She could not cope with strife.

THE CLOUDS OF FATE MAY DARKLY FALL.

The clouds of Fate may darkly fall,
 And tinge our souls with sadness,
 Yet Hope shall pierce the gloomy pall,
 And sun-like give us gladness ;
 Then let not adverse changes blight
 The flowers of Hope and Joy,
 For *day* succeeds the darkest *night*,
 And Pleasure Pain's alloy !

The cloud's of Fate more darkly seem,
 When painted by our Sorrow,
 And doubts and fears more thickly teem,
 When Hope deserts the Morrow !
 Then let not adverse changes shroud
 Our souls in doubt and fear,
 The sun will brighten thro' the cloud,
 And shine with lustre clear !

The clouds of Fate oft darken life,
 To make its sun the stronger,
 To pierce the gloomy shades of strife,
 And brightly shine the longer.
 Then let not adverse changes give
 Our spirits doubt and care,
 For all things on the earth that live,
 Of pleasure have a share !

BIRTHDAY PRESENT OF A YOUNG MAN TO HIS MOTHER.

My mother! dearest mother! I fondly think on thee,
 Thy many years of watchful care, around my infancy,
 Uprise before my joyful eyes to bid me love thee more.
 And tho' old Time cannot my earlier years restore,
 Yet mem'ry, in plain array, doth marshall one by one,
 The nestlings of affection—the tender actions done
 By thee, my mother! when my soul was less opprest than now,
 Altho' there's little to regret or sad my youthful brow,
 But then I knew not of the scenes of misery and strife,
 That glide in spectral horror across the path of life;
 For I was young, and saw not, in my mind's delightful range,
 The world as now I see it, mechanical and strange.
 To-morrow adds another year upon my growing age,
 And paints a newer picture on life's decaying page;
 My years will number twenty-two, and 'tis the Sabbath day,
 Which, in a few brief hours, when to night shall pass away,
 Will come, and then my grateful soul with glad and wonted joy,
 Will bear to heav'n the heartfelt thanks of thy dear happy boy.
 Then Mother, tho' we're parted by distance, from the sight
 Of close communion in the day of Nature's silver light,
 We can commune in holy thoughts and sympathy of soul,
 And live within the chasten'd range of Love's ethereal pole!

THE MOTHER TO HER DYING CHILD.

Hush! hush! my gentle child! the night clouds hover nigh,
 To curtain day's rich mellow light from mortal eye;
 The golden sun now slumbers in the shrouded West,
 And *thou* art smiling still upon thy Mother's breast!
 And in thy smile methinks I trace the fruits that grow above,
 To fall upon a mother's soul like drops of heavenly love!

Hush! hush! my child, I hear the wind-clad zephyrs' weep,
 And thro' the sky the night-lived stars begin to peep,
 And the radiant-crested moon, o'er the world below,
 Straws its light-rob'd beams of rich voluptuous glow.
 Come, nestle on thy mother's breast, and close thy lingering eyes,
 And wander the elysian paths of dream-sway'd Paradise!

Hush! hush! there rest awhile thy sweet seraphic head,
 And I will watch with anxious care beside thy bed.
 Hush! hush! There's fever on thy young and artless brow,
 And drops of deadly hue adown thy features flow;
 You do not smile, as once you smiled, to cheer my throbbing
 heart—
 My child! my child! I cannot bear from thee so soon to part!

Shed your glittering brilliance, ye stars that nightly shine!
 Whilst moon-beams, glistening on Nature's couch, recline,
 And gently fan the world, ye cool and murmuring breeze,
 And play sweet music in your passage thro' the trees,
 That other hearts may swell, enraptur'd with your treasures mild,
 Whilst I do shed a mother's tears upon my dying child!

Hush! hush! my darling child, thy mother still is near!
 To soothe thy aching head, and chase each falling tear;
 Alas! I gaze on thee, and hopeless look away,
 For well I know, that death hath mark'd thee for its prey.
 Thou so beautiful! so young! like the fragile primrose wild,
 Must feel the hideous tread of Death—my dear and helpless
 child!

* * * * *

The Night's majestic orbs from human eyes have fled,
 And folded in their shroud the spirit of the dead;
 Now, on the face of morn, the sun-light brightly falls,
 And sweet musical delight rings thro' Nature's halls.
 The mother heeds it not, her soul is torn with anguish wild,
 And bitterly she mourns the loss of her departed child!

THE DYING WIFE.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S WIFE.

The sable veil of night was woven round the slumb'ring earth,
 And all the wond'rous works of God, within its boundless girth,
 Where rang'd in *order*, one by one, in midnight garb, to preach
 Of Wisdom, Goodness, Love, the lessons Nature's wonders teach.
 The cloud-enveloped sky was gem'd with meteors bright,
 That threw, amid the darkness, their silvery rays of light—
 And Silence, save when zephyrs pass'd in murm'ring cadence by,
 With charm-girt magic filled the world, and all was mystery !

Angelic Sleep, from out the curtain shadows of the night,
 Creating shapes uncouth, as well as pleasing to the sight,
 With mystic dalliance linger'd near the weary toiler's bed,
 To banish grief from out his breast, and care from out his head ;
 And whilst the angel sleep her balmy influence diffus'd,
 And millions, 'midst her winning smiles, in dreamy raptures
 mus'd,

The shade of Death came hov'ring round the couch of young
 and old,

And lifeless mortals, closed from out the living, human fold,
 Were seen, by mournful friends, that watched their fast de-
 clining breath,

To struggle hard and hopeless in the iron grasp of Death.

And there was *one*, a youthful wife, but two short years a
 bride,

One the human clan might love, and the angels might confide—
 She, ling'ring long and suff'ring much—Consumption's victim
 fair !—

That night was visited by Death—her husband by despair !

She tapp'd him lightly on the face 'ere yet her soul had fled,
 To be for ever to the blest of other natures wed—

One word—the last dread word her pallid lips may ever tell—

Her husband listens, and he hears a dying wife's "Farewell !"

No coward fears, in gloomy clouds, were seen to haunt her face,

Nor dismal thoughts, within her mind, appear'd to hold a place,

For Death had not the terrors weaker minds themselves do give,

When feeling, knowing they must die, they vainly strive to live.

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

Oh, tell me, mother! tell me, mother! if it's time to rise,
 For I can hear the joyful strains of minstrel melodies:
 They drop upon my list'ning ear, mellifluously free,
 And tune my rapture-thrilling heart with holy ecstasy!
 Oh! I have never seen the day's effulgent streaming light,
 Nor the sunshine's radiant smiles—nestling in splendour bright
 Upon the flowers—you tell me are beautiful and fair,
 That with incense-wafting sweetness do permeate the air.
 You sometimes tell me of the Night, when mystic beauties teem,
 And paint upon my mental gaze the picture of a dream;
 You tell me, mother, of the stars, that brightly deck the sky,
 And say they're worlds which move within a boundless world
 on high:
 They all to me are images that gleam athwart my mind,
 To make me for a ling'ring space forgetful that "I'm blind."

Oh! I love to hear you read from the *passion tales* of yore,
 Those passages, where Virtue robes the humblest of the Poor
 With self-respect, and active zeal for all that's *true* and *grand*,
 For that's the "true Nobility" bestowed by Nature's hand!
 Oh, mother! were it not for you, through darkness I might
 grope,
 Without *one* friendly hand to guide, or voice to bid me hope;
 You read to me, and take me forth to feel the breath of Morn,
 When on the breeze ten thousand songs from woods and glens
 are borne;
 You pluck the flowers that spring around my careful-treading
 feet,
 And a nosegay, from them all, with delicious fragrance sweet,
 You give me; and when I feel a sadness o'er my being creep,
 To make me for my sightless Fate in mournful anguish weep,
 You sing some cheerful song to me, affectionately kind,
 And in the music of your voice I think not that "I'm blind."

I never saw the glitt'ring forms of Beauty's outward cast,
 You tell me fill the sky, the earth, the sea's unfathom'd vast,
 Yet, in my vision-peopled mind, transcendent to behold,
 Fantastic shapes of Beauty rise in Ideal sculptur'd mould !
 There is a world within myself Imagination fills,
 Whose fascinating form my soul with aspiration thrills ;
 And Poetry and Music are the angel spirits there,
 Which wed me to a love for life, and keep me from despair.
 Oh, mother ! think not of my Fate as tho' 'twere nought but
 care,
 For pleasure reigns o'er all the world, and each one has a share :
 The rain, the breeze, the voice of birds, waft music to my heart,
 To linger there, that other themes, less welcome, may depart.
 Yes, mother ! there is much to love conveyed unto my mind,
 To wean me from the mocking *thought*, which tells me that
 "I'm blind."

THE POET'S VOICE.

Alas ! for man, whom sotted pleasures blind,
 Beguiling life of Nature's purer tone ;
 The heavenly music brooding o'er the mind,
 Which nestles love upon its ideal zone,
 And bids the soul, which mourns in sadness lone,
 To wander 'mid the universal plan,
 And cull the flowers of beauty, which alone
 With glist'ning pride, would charm the wand'ring scan,
 And with undying love pinion the soul of man !

I would not leap the barrier between
 The haunts of Vice and Virtue's holy flame,
 To mix in revelry and drunken scene,
 Or share the gambler's ever-chousing game—
 Vicious delights ! man's nobler efforts maim !
 I would not curse with foul demoniac oath,
 With aspirations blighted—nought to tame
 The judgment—from its dull perpetual sloth,
 That life might germinate in Nature's uncramp'd growth !

But pleasures holier should woo my heart,
 And twine round memory, enhancing joy,
 Which on the mind's dim twilight dreams upstart,
 Spectres of gladness! loom'd in nymph-like coy,
 Which time may cozen, but can ne'er destroy.
 In summer hours, when clouds that robe the West—
 The crimson sun's last ling'ring rays decoy,
 When day fast sinks in undisturbed rest,
 There's pleasure unsurpass'd sent to my throbbing breast!

Oh, yes! 'tis sweet to feel its virgin kiss,
 Wafted from spheres remote, and objects near,
 Fraught with raptures of Arcadian bliss,
 And sweet minstrel sounds harmoniously dear,
 Thrilling Nature's ever varying parterre—
 Where perfumes on the breeze do scent the air,
 Exhal'd from flowers oppress'd with dew-drops clear,
 That gem the distant glens and woodlands fair—
 There's pleasure! rapturous pleasure, everywhere!

I love to roam 'mid solitude, and gaze
 Enraptur'd o'er Nature's enamel sheet,
 Winding thro' pathless wilds' untrodden ways,
 Bedight with many-colour'd blossoms sweet!
 And to my soul, thro' countless fibres, beat
 The music chords of love—from Beauty's glade,
 Where glitt'ring hills the wand'ring eye do greet,
 And form one vast immeasurable arcade—
 Abode of Deity! of bliss the Palisade!

Oh, man! why waste the evanescent hours,
 Which, as they glide, do mould futurity
 In crime's polluting and besotting bowers,
 Where frenzied Passion wields its sceptre free,
 And brands its victims—Sons of Misery!
 Oppress'd with crime, and poverty, and woe,
 Instead of blessings pure, that ought to be—
 Blossoms, that from virtuous actions grow,
 We must transmit ere happiness can dwell below.

Come forth and greet the ever-lovely smile,
 Beaming benign in Nature's vestal eye,
 Nor longer 'neath degrading haunts defile
 Thy heart; for Nature's boundless halls supply,
 Scenes that shall lift thy latent soul on high,
 To gather inspiration 'neath its wings,
 From those ethereal orbs within the sky,
 Whose mysterious hiding dimly brings
 The soul a faith in unseen and immortal things.

Doth Freedom ne'er sweet winning glances cast,
 To pave thy breast with an unquench'd desire,
 The future may shine brighter than the past,
 And men, throughout the universe aspire
 To Brotherhood—and Tyranny expire—
 Whose iron Will enslaves the human kind,
 And sends abroad the shafts of human ire—
 But man shall yet that tyrant Will unbind,
 And Freedom's august smile shall radiate his mind !

But years must slumber in oblivion's arms,
 Ere Freedom's heav'nly smiles supreme can reign,
 And earth be filled with her transcendent charms—
 The slave no longer bear inhuman pain,
 Barter'd for gold—the slave's life-galling chain—
 Great God ! shall tyrant-tortures never end ?
 And men ne'er cease their demon acts for gain ?
 Oh, yes ; a People's knowledge shall descend,
 And their hard selfish hearts in human love shall bend !

Gaze o'er the brilliant earth, teeming with pride—
 The pride of Nature's mild delightful fields,
 Whether by day, when murm'ring zephyrs glide,
 And the rich sun his golden plumage wields ;
 Or ebon night, in moon-lit splendour, shields
 The vast domains unmeasur'd by the sight,
 Whose mystic work of beauty ever yields
 The soul of man enchanting raptures bright,
 And bids the heart of Nature leap in unfeign'd delight !

Behold the prayers that eloquently rise
 In mellifluous raptures everywhere !
 The soaring minstrels of the summer skies,
 Whose mellow echoes thrill the vernal air,
 Infuse the utterance of solemn prayer,
 And all the myriad-winged bards of space,
 That sporting, sail the filmy atmosphere,
 Fan with Poesy divine all Nature's face,
 And lock her sweet delights in musical embrace !

Behold how wond'rously all things are made !
 If we survey the billowy boundless main,
 Brood upon the foliage-shelter'd glade,
 Or send our thoughts athwart the fertile plain,
 Infinity transcends our finite brain ;
 Entangled in a maze which hath no bound,
 Whose mysteries the mind can ne'er explain,
 We wander on and list the echoing sound
 Of Freedom's voice—whose accents fall for ever round !

There's mystery in the soft blade of grass
 That lifts its head towards the heav'nly blue ;
 The herbs and flowers wonderously surpass
 The limit of the mind's expanding view !
 There's myst'ry in the cool-freshening dew—
 Like isicles, depended, in the morn,
 From the glist'ning flowers of various hue—
 The trees and shrubs, and golden ears of corn,
 That bedizen the world's luxuriant-crested lawn !

There's mystery pervades the sunlit day,
 And those encircling folds of ether white,
 That o'er earth in ærial gladness stray
 With sweet transparant loveliness bedight !
 There's mystery engirdling the silent night—
 The still calm night—when the star-spangled cloud
 Scatters the moon's pellucid streaks of light !
 There's mystery in the human heart endow'd,
 When balmy sleep prepares its vision-scepter'd shroud !

There's mystery in the lone gliding stream,
 The mellow lawns and echo-thrilling dells,
 Mountains, rocks, and Arcadian valleys teem,
 With mysterious unentangling spells;
 In every grain of sparkling sand it dwells,
 Glist'ning on this stupendous, fadeless ball!
 When thought, in dreamy wonderment upwells,
 To glide athwart the mind's enchanted pall—
 Mysterious forms its subtile energies enthrall!

Both Beauty, Love, and Music's thrilling voice,
 Aye! all that make the halls of Nature blest,
 And in luxurious ecstasy rejoice,
 The choice of Poesy's, when roaming earth in quest
 Of themes, in divinest radiance drest—
 Beauty, Love, and Music permeate the sod!
 All things in magic loveliness attest,
 Where'er the eye hath scanned and foot hath trod,
 The mysterious handiwork that speaks of God!

Oh! there's nought can give the unbounded joy,
 And purify the soul's uncleanly thought;
 Nought with such holy fruitfulness employ
 Man's leisure hours, by Nature's teachings taught,
 As her lov'd themes with God-like blessings fraught!
 'Tis there Religion's pure and sacred lore,
 And all the raptures of the soul are sought—
 There man, unwarp'd by prejudice, may store
 Her treasur'd smiles, and all her endless works explore.

'Tis not alone the narrow-minded creed,
 Or ostentatious oft-repeated rites,
 Perform'd by surplic'd priests who weekly plead,
 Salvation to the world's weak erring wights,
 Thro' faith in *that* which Reason's eye benights,
 Religion's purest happiness is felt!
 On mountain, meed, and valley, she delights,
 And weaves from Nature her inspiring belt,
 Where, braced within its bounds, man's frozen spirits melt!

Religion! in its true divinest sense,
 Claims not affinity with bigot saint,
 Whose mind dilates in murkey vapours dense,
 Carressing prejudice and precepts quaint,
 That freedom's salubrious breezes taint;
 'Tis not akin to weak sectarian schools,
 Where credal bigotry assumes to paint
 The character of men, and God who rules,
 Pronouncing Christian *those*, and *these* impious fools!

Religion true, needs no cathedral dome,
 No gorgeous trappings nor pedantic show,
 The Universe is her delightful home!
 Whose walls with forests and with mountains glow,
 Enwreath'd in radiant sweets of ether flow;
 Her prayers ascend with incense-wafting breeze,
 From each divine existence here below,
 Whose blissful melody the heart doth please,
 And kiss the leaves that deck the age-crown'd forest trees!

Her psalms are heard when murm'ring breezes play
 On instruments begirt with solemn sound,
 Whose choral notes by night as well as day,
 O'er Nature's mystic palisades resound;
 Where beauty, truth, and love, supreme abound.
 Not a bird, or bee that lightly sails along,
 Or tiniest insect creeping on the ground,
 But sings Religion's truth-inspiring song,
 Whose echoes reach to God and wake the aerial throng!

I gaze o'er Ocean's wave-upheaving world,
 That vast expanse of rolling waters deep,
 Whose brow with silver-crested surges curl'd,
 Like time, its awful visag'd secrets keep;
 Yet ever as its waves each other leap,
 As if in furiously sublime delight,
 O'ertopping watery mountains huge and steep,
 There meet my awe and wonder-stricken sight,
 Sublime aspirings to Heaven's unmeasur'd height!

I stand upon some mountain's lofty head,
 Scanning the wilderness and barren moor,
 Where solitude doth make her peaceful bed,
 Save when bleak tempests toss and thunders roar ;
 And there behold earth's green and fructile floor,
 Deck'd with cliffs and lakes magnificently grand,
 And all that meet my eye on sea or shore,
 Is girt with praise divine on every hand,
 Ascending to Heaven's ideal and spirit land !

I stand, when midnight mantles Nature's fold,
 Beneath the cloud-ting'd sky, sublimely fraught
 With mystery, incas'd in shrouds of gold,
 To view the stars magnificently wrought,
 The spheres that pierce beyond the pow'rs of thought ;
 And as the moon's pellucid smiles on earth
 Recline, celestial rhapsodies are taught
 The living tenants of its rangeless girth,
 Where *worship* finds impulsive and extatic birth.

There's nought in all creation's glowing mine
 But seems to throb with unaffected prayer ;
 The glitt'ring scenes of Nature are divine—
 'Neath holier domes mankind cannot repair
 Than Deity's abode, divinely fair !
 'Tis there eternally Religion dwells,
 And of her blessings man can freely share,
 Yet not alone on mountains, rocks, and dells,
 But in the heart of man and Nature's hidden cells !

Whilst earth, in radiant pride, doth ever yield
 Transcendent glory to the joyous eye,
 Strewing the mountain meer and fertile field
 With beauties lovely to the passer-by ;
 Whilst hollow sounding winds do swiftly fly,
 In vested majesty thro' aerial ways,
 Whilst Freedom's august images are nigh,
 And Nature her divinity displays—
 Alas ! that man in ignorance should pass his days !

From Nature's unpolluted haunts I turn,
 To ponder on the wickedness of Life :
 The infant sports in heedless unconcern,
 Amid the City's turbulence and strife ;
 The husband strikes the patient-bearing wife,
 When sequent madness from the accurs'd bowl
 Torments the brain, oppress'd with passions rife—
 The breath of drunkenness pollutes the soul,
 And each debauch resounds departing Virtue's knoll !

Yet men there be, whose blest examples shine,
 The moral beacons to a nobler fate,
 With hearts possess'd of sympathies divine,
 To whom we owe whate'er is truly great ;
 With life-long energies they lesson hate,
 And from the stagnant pools of vice reclaim,
 And make men worthier a better state.
 They labour on, unblest, yet still the same,
 Ever destroying Vice and feeding Virtue's flame.

Knowledge expands her universal wings,
 Flapping the gates of Ignorance away,
 As o'er its wide-spread boundary she flings
 The magic of her transcendental sway,
 Huge monster vices one by one decay !
 She points to Freedom, lofty and sublime,
 And keeps all servile hindrances at bay,
 That man may list the sweet melodious chime,
 Which peals its coming reign upon the front of Time.

Blest Liberty ! what ecstasy doth thrill
 The countless hordes that echo human love,
 When thou dost o'er man's oft-misguided Will
 Brood like some lovely rapture-boding dove,
 To lift his aspirations high above
 The selfish world—what glorious nestling themes
 His hist'ry-reviewing mind do rove,
 When rapt in the influence of thy beams,
 The Future with *thy* angelic radiance gleams !

Ye millions toiling 'neath Oppression's ban,
 Behold how Freedom's glorious banners wave!
 The peaceful emblems of truth in man,
 To bid ye all unitedly and brave,
 Uprise in majesty yourselves to save,
 And from the arms of lethargy awake,
 As men untrammell'd by a willing slave—
 The stupendous walls of Ignorance shake,
 And Slavery's chains in uncollecting fragments break!

Have faith in human brotherhood, and soon,
 With Justice mirror'd in Life's flowing tide,
 The clouds that shroud Freedom's transparent noon,
 Behind its lustrous orb must ever hide,
 And truth and love o'er man's existence glide,
 An era bright shall dawn upon the earth;
 And knowledge, with her blessings, long denied,
 Shall give the sons of toil a newer birth,
 And make them harbingers of true and moral worth!

Have faith in human Progress—act as one,
 Ye multitudes, in your united might!
 The work of Progress will be never done,
 But ye shall wander from Oppression's Night,
 To worship at the shrine of human Right!
 Progress, with her train of waving flags unfurl'd,
 Tint'd with the sun of Freedom's golden light,
 Customs long revered from the age hath hurl'd,
 And will regenerate this slave o'er-crowded world!

L I N E S,

Written on visiting Wales, and inscribed to Geo. Harrison, Esq., for his kindness in giving the whole of the Workmen of the Canada Works a Holiday for that purpose.

Come, brother Workers, hail the day!

'Tis ours from toil and care,

In pure delight to share

The beauties gay

And richly rare,

Reposing i' the Sun's effulgent ray,

On this our glorious HOLIDAY!

How beautiful the fields and streams,

The trees, and hills, and vales,

Along with ships and sails,

Pass by like dreams!

'Till rock-hill'd WALES

Sublimely on our vision beams,

And with majestic grandeur teems!

Old Ocean! stretching far and wide,

Scarce touch'd by turgid wave,

As sea gulls therein lave,

Along one side

Sublimely brave,

With ISLANDS, gem'd in lonely pride,

Its water rolls, as ebbs its tide!

Now CONWAY, with its castle walls,

Fast crumbling to decay,

The relic of a day,

Its History recalls,

When Monks held sway,

The mind with mystery enthalls,

And tells how Priestcraft slowly falls!

Delightful scenes ! that greet the eye
 And charm the soul of man !
 Your God-bespeaking PLAN,
 Both far and nigh,
 Since life began,
 Hath reared its mountain summits high,
 As tho' intent to reach the sky !

England ! I love thy glassy lakes,
 Thy gently swelling plains,
 And meadows, woods, and lanes,
 For beauty wakes
 In thy domains,
 And rapture-laden sweetly makes
 The music of thy lonesome brakes !

But nought I've seen, my country dear !
 Within thy gladsome dales,
 So wildly grand as WALES !
 Whose mounts severe,
 When wintry gales,
 Or summer's gentle breeze comes near,
 In rugged majesty appear !

Now SNOWDON stately and supreme,
 With huge proportions grand,
 Its rocky sides expand !
 And down the stream,
 Near Menai strand,
 Tenderer beauties brightly teem,
 To live like some remember'd dream !

Sweet land of grandeur ! Fare thee well !
 We may no longer stay,
 But homeward pass away ;
 Yet truth shall tell,
 For many a day,
 The soul-inspiring love-wrought SPELL
 Thy beauties gave, doth in us dwell.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO W. J. FOX, M.P.

Emblem of Freedom ! great has been thy aim
 To rise, by struggling industry, above
 The ranks that Poverty and Ignorance claim ;
 Not for *thyself* alone, but fired with love
 For man, didst *thou* unfalteringly pursue
 The rugged and oft weary-laden track,
 Which leads to Knowledge, and to Freedom too !
 Thy eloquence, a few short years aback,
 Like long remember'd music, weds my soul,
 And bids it gush in gratitude and song !
 And freed from all conventional control,
 From thee, dear Fox, to learn to battle " Wrong,"
 Uncaring for the frowns and taunts of men,
 In Duty, Love, and Truth, to wield the Pen.

COME AWAY ! COME AWAY.

Come away ! come away ! for sorrow fills
 The drunkard's cup with a thousand ills—
 From the palace of sin
 With its tumult and din,
 And reckless cursings which thrill the air,
 With the frenzied echoes of wild despair,
 Come away ! Come away !

Come away ! come away ! the base brothel
 Is strewn with the vicious fruits of Hell ;
 From the Syrens lew'd smile,
 And her artfulness vile,
 And the web where Virtue's wings are caught,
 'Ere man submits to the teachings of thought,
 Come away ! Come away !

Come away! come away! for Wisdom shows
 How little the bliss the gambler knows;
 From the cards and the dice,
 'Midst attractions of vice,
 Where *excitement* o'er the *reason* reigns,
 And each *throw* but adds to losses or gains,
 Come away! come away!

Come away! come away! from scenes of war,
 Where the plains are stained with human gore,
 And the brute arm of might
 Defrauds Justice and Right,
 To usher—by force, from Freedom's breath—
 The youth of a country to fight for death,
 Come away! come away!

Come away! come away! the city's cramm'd,
 With sleeping hovels together jamm'd—
 And fever runs its round,
 To feed the charnal ground,
 From the pale and want-degraded clan,
 Which falls by a stroke from Disease's fan,
 Come away! come away!

Come away! come away! hearts are sold,
 And love is fed by the hand of gold;
 Avarice flaps her wings,
 Whilst cunning fiercely wrings
 From the laden sons of ceaseless toil,
 Those treasures oppressors plunder for spoil,
 Come away! Come away!

Come away! come away! the mortal sight,
 In barbarous deeds should ne'er delight,
 Where the dread-knell is rung,
 As a murderer's hung—
 For such scenes but tend to harden life,
 And fit it for fresh potations of strife,
 Come away! Come away!

THE TIME SHALL COME.

The time shall come, 'tis a prophet voice,
 That echoes the holy strain,
 When mankind in Freedom shall rejoice,
 And love shall for ever reign :
 Oh, then shall the wrongs that bring despair,
 To canker the poor man's breast,
 And tangle his life with sorrow and care,
 For ever remain at rest !

The deceitful shams that haunt the age—
 Whose shadowy forms appear,
 On the colour'd print of history's page,
 Forgotten shall disappear :
 No longer the Priest, with canting breath,
 And sonorous tone, shall dare
 To choke our life with the weed of death,
 And torture our breast with care.

The time shall come, when the King, in state,
 Shall sit for a People's weal,
 When the true in heart, the only great,
 Shall cease in despair to kneel :
 At the feet of Mammon's bloated form,
 Kept there by a giant power,
 When goodness no more shall heed the storm,
 Which blights its effulgent flower !

The faith that would hide from earth's domain,
 Both the *upright* and the *true*,
 And worry the young and artless brain,
 To pale its vigorous hue,
 Shall drop, ere long, in oblivion's tomb,
 Unknown in a future world,
 And instead of *its* banner of gloom,
 A brighter shall be unfurl'd.

Ye may laugh in demoniac glee,
 Ye sceptics who wield in might,
 The sceptre which entrammels the free
 And wounds the pinions of right !
 Ye may laugh at the musical song,
 Which breathes the Poet's desire,
 But the time shall come, the myriad throng,
 Shall feel its undying fire !

Yea ! do ye doubt, when before your eyes,
 As the fleeting years revolve,
 Problems that puzzled the great and wise
 Children can easily solve :
 That the progress of knowledge in time,
 Shall bring us nearer the goal,
 When the People of every clime,
 In love are knit by the soul.

The time shall come, when the People see,
 The pressure that keeps them down,
 When the drunkard's cup and pauper's fee
 Shall entirely be unknown !
 And the glorious light of faith divine,
 In God's all bounteous love,
 In perpetual joy shall ever shine,
 As the countless orbs above !

The time shall come, on the surging tide,
 Whose billows are breaking fast,
 Along the track where the ages glide,
 As they roll into the past ;
 When the martyr's blood shall cease to stain
 The glorious teeming earth,
 And the tones of Freedom's holy strain
 Shall thrill with heavenly mirth !

HOPE ON, BROTHERS, HOPE.

Hope on, Brothers, hope, the time draws near
 When the few no longer shall rule in spite—
 When Justice, enrob'd in Truth, shall appear—
 When man, thro' the world, from duty shall steer—
 Falsehood shall fade, and morality's light
 Shall herald supreme the worship of Right !
 Hope on, Brothers, hope, o'er humanity scan,
 And cheerfully aid in the Progress of Man !

Hope on, Brothers, hope—shall vice command,
 And millions for ever their homage pay ?
 Shall Ignorance ne'er cease to haunt the land,
 And thousands migrate from their native strand ?
 Shall Poverty ever hold despot sway,
 And gold be the means to crush and to slay ?
 No ! hope, Brothers, hope, o'er humanity scan,
 And cheerfully aid in the Progress of Man !

Hope on, Brothers, hope, nor e'er despair,
 Tho' failure may often attend your toil,
 For, remember, the efforts each can spare,
 United, would make oppressors beware ;
 Would tyrant designs on happiness foil,
 And for ever set free our native soil.
 Hope on, Brothers, hope, o'er humanity scan,
 And cheerfully aid in the Progress of Man !

Hope on, Brothers, hope, Freedom shall rise,
 And Slav'ry sink 'neath Society's base ;
 Man shall his brother no longer despise,
 When he aids to reform and make him wise.
 Work must be done, 'ere mankind can abase
 Pride in the rich, and misery displace.
 Hope on, Brothers, hope, o'er humanity scan,
 And cheerfully aid in the Progress of Man !

YOU BID ME CHOOSE.

You bid me choose and tell the name,
 Of the thing I prize the most—
 You show me treasures that rich men claim,
 And with fiendish rapture boast—
 I dare not choose from their glittering store,
 Or kneel at their gory shrine,
 Their gold is wrought by the bleeding Poor,
 Whom Poverty makes to pine.

You open the gates that lead to Fame,
 And bid me go enter in,
 But the way is paved with craft and shame,
 And Virtue is robed in sin.
 I dare not choose Fame's golden bowers
 By treach'ry or deceit,
 I'd rather ne'er touch her blooming flowers,
 Or my heart should cease to beat.

Riches and Fame, from their lofty throne,
 May whisper with mellow breath,
 But I dare not choose to wring the groan,
 Or widen the jaws of Death ;
 Or cringe like a slave to those of earth,
 Who move in a golden sphere,
 For *manhood*—the nobler far by birth—
 I hold to my heart more dear.

I seek but means to earn my bread,
 And I'll gladly use my hands ;
 I'll walk in the path the *noble* tread,
 And an honest life demands ;
 And I'll journey on, as best I can,
 My money I'll freely share,
 To aid in distress, my fellow man,
 At the least what I can spare.

You bid me choose the thing I deem
 More precious to life than gold,
 Yet seldom it glides along the stream,
 Which carries the human fold :
 I view its image, and feel delight,
 When I kiss my lovely child,
 Who smiles on my fond admiring sight,
 With a radiance undefil'd.

It lives in the flower in gorgeous hues,
 And emerald beauty drest,
 And tunes the glowing ethereal muse,
 That sings in the Poet's breast !
 It mounts above to the azure sky,
 And in majesty sublime,
 It revolves the countless worlds on high,
 And sits in the car of Time.

It lives in the lone and murm'ring lake,
 And the minstrel warbler's trill,
 Which echoes in gladness o'er the brake,
 That bends to the zephyr's will ;
 And it reigns on mountains huge and steep,
 And lives in the yielding sod,
 It rides with th' tempest over the deep,
 And relates itself to God !

You bid me choose, and tell the name,
 Of the object of my mind—
 It lights my soul with a holy flame,
 And speaks in a language kind ;
 It lingers most with the guileless *youth*,
 Tho' from age it cannot part—
 The name of the thing I choose is "Truth,"
 And treasure within my heart.

COME, GATHER IN YOUR MAJESTY.

Come, gather in your majesty,
 Ye honest sons of Toil,
 And nobly pledge, to bend the knee
 No more on Albion's soil—
 To worship at the shrine of Priests,
 Or meekly in the dust,
 To bear your load like laden beasts
 Content, without disgust.

For Freedom's deep-ton'd tosin rings—
 Aye ! louder than of yore,
 The *right divine* of Priests and Kings
 All red with human gore.
 Belief rejects—as Knowledge claims
 A palace in the mind,
 And men with higher hopes and aims,
 Go forth to free their kind.

The car of Progress rolls along
 In plain and mighty state,
 And cramples many a tyrant wrong
 Beneath its crushing weight ;
 And ye, who lag upon its wheels,
 Or barricade its track,
 Behold ! each effort but reveals,
 Ye cannot move it back !

What ! will ye lick the tyrant's hand
 That strikes ye to the ground,
 Ye bulwarks of our Fatherland,
 By slavish customs bound—
 And pine in poverty and pain,
 When Freedom's bright array
 Is gath'ring fast upon the plain,
 And bids ye come away?

By all the ties that bind the free,
 By God's Eternal Law,
 Unloose your chains of slavery,
 Degrade mankind no more :
 Ye need but hearts inspired with love
 For all that's *just and true*,
 To rise in majesty above
 The rich and powerful few.

Oh, God ! that men, in selfish pride,
 Should fatten on the soil,
 And for themselves, alone, divide
 The surplus gains of toil ;
 Whilst mothers suckle at the breast,
 With milk of human gall,
 Infants, whose life-dawn is distress
 - By want's child-murd'ring thrall.

Come, rouse ye in your giant power,
 From lethargy awake !
 The clouds that o'er ye darkly lower
 Shall then for ever break !
 The sun of freedom yet shall rise
 In cloudless glory bright,
 And men from slavery shall arise
 Illumin'd by its light !

Dash down the cup Intemp'rance fills,
 To madden every vein—
 Go, drink of Nature's purer rills,
 The *health-preserving* drain—
 Nor let the frenzied oath molest,
 The atmosphere of life,
 For they alone are truly blest
 Who free themselves from strife !

Deal honest with your fellow men,
 And ever speak the truth,
 Whether ye wield the tongue or pen,
 Ye influence the *youth* ;

And thus, by self-reform, begin
 The freedom of mankind,
 And in "Life's battle" ye shall win,
 When tyrants fall behind.

The future slumb'ring in the womb,
 That gave birth to the past,
 Shall fling o'er man a glorious doom,
 And Love supreme at last,
 Shall reign in majesty and might—
 For men in moral worth
 Will feed the glare of Freedom's light,
 And walk erect the earth.

Hope on, ye strugglers in the cause
 Of human liberty—
 Work on 'till *wiser, juster* laws,
 Proclaim the "Slave is Free!"
 'Tis coming, that long promis'd time,
 The pilgrim sons of old,
 With faith and energy sublime
 For ages have foretold.

Come gather, brothers, one and all,
 The sword of Reason bear,
 The throne of Tyranny shall fall,
 When *we* our *rights* declare—
 Aye! even now, the Tyrant snakes,
 That sting the nation's heart—
 The gath'ring train of Freedom, makes
 To tremble and to start!

LULLABY.

Flowing, flowing, softly flowing,
 Swelling cadence, Lullaby !
 Emblem of the soul's bestowing—
 The mother's sweetest minstrelsy.
 Flowing, flowing, softly flowing,
 To the babe's affection growing,
 Ever, ever, ever nigh,
 Sweetest music, Lullaby !

Swelling, swelling, quickly swelling,
 Melody of rapt'rous Love !
 Infant troubles ever quelling—
 Music from the Heaven above ;
 Mother's balm in ev'ry trial,
 Her soothing words, her self-denial,
 Ever, ever, ever nigh,
 Sweetest music, Lullaby !

Thrilling, thrilling, sweetly thrilling,
 Feeling's happy mood express'd,
 Domicile, with blessings filling,
 Extatic love, in words express'd—
 The baby's smiles bedeck the view,
 Those glistening gems, like sparkling dew,
 Ever, ever, ever nigh,
 Sweetest music, Lullaby !

Wafting, wafting, breeze-like, wafting
 Music plaintive, music sweet—
 O'er the babe's meek spirits, wafting
 Ethereal joy, its Love to greet.
 Watching, anxious—sympathetic—
 Restless moments—then pathetic,
 Ever, ever, ever, nigh,
 Sweetly singing, Lullaby !

Smiling, smiling, sweetly smiling,
 Joyous as the Summer's morn,
 Infant thorns of edge beguiling—
 A prayer to Heaven is borne,
 Uttering deep a Mother's love
 Towards her child—her nestling dove—
 Ever, ever, ever nigh,
 Sweetly singing, Lullaby !

PROLOGUE.

*Composed for the occasion of a Sotree held at Blisworth Gardens, in
 connection with the Wolverton Mechanics' Institution.*

We've met to celebrate, with social joy,
 Our Institution's progress and its power,
 To wield a mightier influence o'er the mind,
 To speed the approaching jubilee of thought,
 Set free from prejudice, and all
 The powers that with deceptive dalliance blind
 The soul's perception of the *just* and *true*.

The knowledge gained by persevering toil
 Shall one day lift on high its magic wand,
 And change the darkness of unletter'd night
 Into the mental light of Wisdom's day ;
 Then worth, the best deserving of reward,
 Too long usurp'd by craft, the People's foe,
 Weded to gold, the nation's God supreme,
 In regal majesty, enthron'd in love,
 Shall sway its sceptre o'er the human heart.

'Tis ours, with earth's nobility at hand,
 With bloodless instruments to wage a war
 With ignorance, the monster scourge of life,
 That shall not cease until mankind shall know,
 The freest thought and action life can give.

'Tis ours, to move all barriers from the way,
 That Progress may pursue, unstay'd its course,
 And Science, Art, and Nature, in its car—
 May yield developed wonders to the mind.

Noble the task ! to guide our fellow man,
 To wisdom—by her own unwaning light—
 To lead him from the senseless and the vile
 Along the walks of virtue and of sense ;
 That Liberty may find a home prepar'd
 In every heart, and with her smiles divine,
 May nurture love and goodness in the breast,
 Of each unfetter'd wand'rer through the maze
 Of life's pursuit—'till earth, so long the place
 Of war and tyrant wrong, shall be the 'bode
 Of genial Peace, Equality, and Right.

S O N G .

Brightly freedom's star is shining,
 Sweetly gleams its mystic light,
 Like an angel form reclining,
 On the clouds of mental night.
 Liberty, liberty, liberty, liberty,
 On the clouds of mental night! .

Listen ! listen ! to the sounding
 Melody of freedom's bell,
 O'er time's track-bent path resounding,
 Slavery's funeral knell.
 Slavery, slavery, slavery, slavery,
 Slavery's funeral knell !

Freedom's mocking foes are weeping,
 While slavery gasps for breath ;
 Like an aged mortal creeping,
 To the tomb of endless death.
 Slavery, slavery, slavery, slavery,
 To the tomb of endless death !

Set the spirit chimes a ringing,
 Throughout earth's extremity,
 Every day is nearer bringing,
 Freedom's golden jubilee.
 Jubilee, jubilee, jubilee, jubilee,
 Freedom's golden jubilee !

TO ISABELLA D——, THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

(FROM HER SISTER. *)

The fields in summer pride and glittering beauty lay,
 And morn in silver radiance foretold a lovely day ;
 The golden sun, emerging from the vap'ry-crested east,
 Scatter'd his rays of brightness o'er the greatest and the least
 Of all the teeming symbols of the power supreme that reigns,
 Whose majesty shines forth in each of earth's divine domains.
 The music of a thousand warbling choristers of sound,
 In clear mellifluous delight pervaded all around ;
 'Twas such a day, so beautiful, that makes the heart expand,
 And drink Love's inspiration from the wonderful and grand,
 When *you*, my sister, ever dear, to her now far away,
 Breathed out your soul and spoke of *love* when we were girls at
 play ;
 But fifteen summers, with their smiles, had dropp'd into the
 grave,
 When first your young and trusting soul became Love's faithful
 slave,
 I do remember well the time, the hours that passed in hope,
 When *he* who vowed undying love, of *truth* and *virtue* spoke ;
 You trusted him, my sister dear, with all thy youth's conceit,
 His fondness and attention gave no signs of life's deceit.
 He came to Redhill, where we lived—yea, four long years he
 came—
 And in affection's gentle tones, spoke out his love the same.

* This Poem was composed at the request of one who knew the
 unfortunate Isabella D——, who was residing in Surrey. She was
 described as a young woman well connected in life, one possessed of the
 most affectionate and susceptible of natures, in whose mind the princi-
 ples of virtue shone forth in all their lustre. For eight years (four of
 which she resided at Redhill) she was engaged to a young man, who, up
 to that time betrayed the most passionate fondness for her. He was in
 an inferior station in life, but through the influence of the father of
 Isabella, acquired a trade, and by degrees, with the most villainous
 ingratitude, repaid the affection of the young lady and the kind con-
 sideration of her parent.

My mem'ry brightens, and reflects in stronger colour still,
 The hypocrite, who, by degrees, made subject to his will
 The passion he had kindled, 'mid long years of ardent guile.
 My spirit saddens, and there's nought my sadness to beguile,
 For thoughts rush up from memory to torture every vein
 That passes thro' the fabric of my God-wrought active brain.
 Our dear fond parents from the first encourag'd his approach,
 Nor deem'd the time would ever come to cause them to
 reproach ;

They nestled in their aged hearts hopes destin'd soon to die,
 They saw their daughter's visions bright, like wind-blown feathers
 fly ;

Oh ! cruel faithless man ! how many suff'ring hearts have
 bled,

Since thy foul sensual passion on virtue has been fed,
 To gain thy treacherous purpose, and stamp upon thy name
 The villain's mark—which steels thy breast against all fear of
 shame ?

My sister dear ! I know thy heart, tho' shorn of love's first
 bloom,

Forgives, in secret, him, who filled our childhood's home with
 gloom.

Thy child ! the image of the base deceiver of thy heart,
 Still lives—another victim of his father's venom art ;
 Eight winters, with their piercing frost and falling flakes of
 snow,

Have gone their way, since Johnny first beheld this world of
 woe,

And should he live to manhood, to perform upon the stage
 A part in life's dramatic play, which changes with the age,
 Thy sister's heartfelt, earnest hope, which lingers in her mind,
 Is, that to his mother dear he may never prove unkind.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF LOVE.

Love! 'tis a theme for Poet's lore—

'Tis writ in ancient page,

Dawning Youth, fading Age,

Its images adore—

Its symphonies delight the heart,

Whate'er the bow that sends the dart.

Some love the swelling hurricane—

The lightning's flashing speed—

While others, fancy feed

With objects on the main—

Numbers intent on worlds above

Secure for them untiring Love.

Some love the sunshine's golden form

Illumining the field,

And other nature's yield

A pleasure for the storm.

Many love, in summer bowers,

To cull the sweet exotic flowers.

Some love the moist'ning dew of morn—

The placid rippling rill—

Evening calm and still—

To walk when day is gone.

There be, who love the burning time,

The blazing mount which mocks e'en Time.

Some love to view the hoary oak,

The pines, that soar up high

Toward the boundless sky,

Sublimity invoke.

There's left some love for simpler things,

Which ride upon the season's wings.

Sweet flowers and herbs, odours rare,

Disport in welcome ease,

Robbing the foe Disease,

By perfuming the air.

Their odours, sense of smell delight,

Their beauty captivates the sight.

There are who love the grassy sod,
 Like friendship ever near,
 The soul's sad tones to cheer,
 And send its thoughts to God ;
 And every scene which meets the gaze
 Doth wond'rously the mind amaze.

The maiden gentle as the dove,
 When locked in man's embrace,
 With tenderness and grace,
 Reciprocates his love.
 The love a mother tends her boy,
 In after life is felt with joy.

Beauteous love ! where art thou not ?
 We see thee in the star,
 In foreign climes afar,
 In ev'ry poor man's cot ;
 In earth, in sea, in balmy air—
 Thy presence, Love, is ev'rywhere !

MUSIC.

There's music in the awful thunder's tone,
 Tho' man may not its melody approve,
 In the rough wind's solemn and weary moan,
 Howling hoarsely 'mid the hurricane's wild rage,
 When elemental war darks the universal page
 Where silence reigns—Music maintains supreme her seat,
 Nor Nature's changes, no, nor all we call sublime,
 Can e'er displace her from her ethereal beat,
 Or throw her from the wheel revolving grey-hair'd time !

There's music in the billows of the main,
 Gurgling and foaming with a savage joy ;
 There's music in the vestal drops of rain,
 Beating the million leaves that deck the time-worn tree ;
 Tho' distance, from our ears, those sounds may oft-times free—
 Freshening, with glistening gems, the heated days,
 Moistening the parched flowers and vernal grass,

Expos'd from shade, beneath the sun's effulgent rays,
The dalliance of whose form e'en love cannot surpass.

There's music in the softly-gliding lake,
When smoothly playing with its curdling surge ;
There's music in the rustling of the brake,
As murm'ring zephyrs sportive shake its tiny stems ;
There's music to the heart, more dear than diadems
Of beauty's cast or riches' hue, found in the songs,
Thrilling morning's early and serenest hour,
From wing'd choristers where Love belongs,
While on our ear deliciously their voices pour.

There's music in the morning's balmy breeze,
When buzzing flies sport 'mid the summer air ;
There's music in the humming of the bees—
'Mid the scented flowers absorbing honey sweet—
The golden butterflie's ambrosial retreat ;
There's music, sweet music, descending from on high,
Which vibrates e'en the waveless atmosphere of thought,
Girt with the lark's blithe strains, towards the azure sky
Wending its flight—with mystic wonder finely wrought.

There's music in the fervid grateful prayer,
Ascending to the ether orbs above ;
There's music in the tones that thrill the air,
Praising goodness—aspirations from the soul's deep lore,
Striving continuous, with quick'ning pulse, to store
The truths in Nature—piled in one stupendous mass—
Gathered from Heavenly worlds and earthly sod,
Those gems of truth reflected in proud Nature's glass,
May herald Man more knowledge of his maker—God.

Blest music ! at thy sound what visions dart !
Imagination thy spells can ne'er pourtray,
When tender reminiscences upstart
Of childhood's gaiety—the mother's soothing lullaby,
The youthful maiden's voice—her lover's parting sigh.
The minstrelsy transmitted thro' the trembling line
Of life—tho' but the emanation of the day
Tis' heard—is sent o'er Nature by a hand Divine,
And will remain when hoary Time hath pass'd away.

M I D N I G H T.

Come solemn Midnight, silent reign,
 Over Creation's vast domain,
 And send thy ebon shadows forth,
 From east to west, from south to north.
 The moon shines brightly, sweet, and clear,
 With stars that gem the heav'nly sphere ;
 The clouds, like curtain mantles seem,
 To fold the world in tranquil dream—
 A dream, prophetic, calm, and deep.
 Forests and rocks, and mountains sleep !
 Anon the clouds pale Cynthia hide,
 The winds o'er mountain summits ride ;
 And darkness weaves a sable pall,
 To robe the trees and rivers all,
 Until the clouds have mov'd away,
 And the bright moon, with mystic sway,
 Pours forth soft rays of light, to shine
 O'er earth, with luscious joy divine.

The glowworm lends its tiny light,
 To pierce the dimness of the night,
 And the nightingale trills a song,
 With mournful cadence deep and strong—
 'Tis borne on the passing breeze
 To far-off glens, and silent leas ;
 From out the solemn Midnight's womb,
 To find those lonesome spots a tomb !

The moon and stars begin to wane,
 Whilst morn speeds o'er the surging main ;
 As Sol advances in the rear,
 Darkness and shadow disappear,
 Till earth is full of Day's rich light,
 And nought remains to trace midnight.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME AND YOUTH'S FIRST LOVE.

Home ! 'tis a magic sound, ever nestling in the breast,
 Pointing in the distance to the haven of our rest ;
 It is the spot where dawning childhood sheds its lustre bright,
 And nurtures love in dalliance pure as the morning light !
 It is the spot which memory holds more sacred in its store,
 Than all that decks its brow from the "happy days of yore."

Oh ! there's a music in that name, melodious and true,
 Recalling *past* affections to enchant the *present* view ;
 The summer's glistening treasures that woo'd our spirits then,
 With childhood's dear delightful sports, come back to us again
 With all their thrilling tenderness, to win our wayward thought,
 And cluster fondly to our souls, with sacred memories fraught.

Come Reminiscence ! unfold your ideal buds once more,
 And strew your precious jewels o'er imagination's floor ;
 There, now, youthful innocence in radiant beauty shines,
 Sporting with a gladsome heart 'till the day in night declines.
 Embraced within a mother's arms I feel her mellow kiss,
 Pledge of her enraptur'd joy wreath'd in ethereal bliss ;
 I list her voice, softly sweet, it bears to Heaven a prayer,
 Inspir'd with trustfulness and hope, that some day she'll be
 there

The companion of the angels, to soar in joy above,
 For ever thro' those realms of bliss in never-ceasing love :
 I see her eyes upon me bent, they beam with smiling joy,
 A faith in mystic wonderment, which nought can e'er destroy.

Dear mother ! memory wraps my soul in thy mantling grace—
 That heavenly smile illumining thy beauteous face
 Doth hover o'er me, like the summer-sky's "unclouded blue,"
 Which veils those unseen spheres beyond its own unbounded
 view.

Oh, Memory ! ye may waft the flowery fruits that bring
 A virgin freshness to the soul, beautiful as spring ;
 Ye may recal unto my mind the rapturous joy I felt,
 When, at a mother's earnest wish, close by her feet I knelt
 To waft a prayer, as pure as incense, from my soul,
 To the ETERNAL ONE, who made the universal whole.
 Come, Fancy, wreathe your rainbow tints to deck my joyous
 brow,
 If ye can weave more pleasing themes than win me even now.

Oh ! what visions bright enchant my mind's aspiring gaze,
 As memory with fairy wand recalls my childhood's days ;
 No care-fraught clouds hang gloomily above the path I tread,
 The sun of Hope unclouded pours its influence o'er my head ;
 And the things that I sometimes see mechanically Real,
 Dimly probe my untaught mind, entranc'd with the Ideal :
 Oh ! the innocence of childhood gives a tone of holy joy,
 To touch the music of the heart and vicious thoughts decoy.
 There may be weakness in the wish, to be a child again,
 But yet I pant to leave the strife and evil ways of men.
 There's nought so tender and so true in all this world so wide,
 As the hopes and thoughts that fondly in a child's pure breast
 reside.

Come, Memory, as o'er life's past winding paths ye roam,
 Repose on those delightful scenes far from childhood's home,
 Where sloping hills in rugged grandeur barricade the eye,
 Which fain would scan those milder scenes beyond their sum-
 mits high ;
 Where the plains are carpeted with green, and vestal grass,
 And reservoirs' glassy tints, in depth of shade, surpass
 The various specks that glitter in brilliancy around,
 Over which the sun's lustre broods, and the birds blithe tones
 resound ;
 Where giant forests wildly stretch their huge umbrageous fens,
 And minstrel notes of gladness thrill the mountains and the
 glens.
 Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear Memory, for thy vestal store,
 Tho' distance bars me from those scenes, yet thou dost them
 restore !

I gamboll'd o'er yon beauteous fields 'mid youthful pride,
 Nor thought that time would over my buoyant spirits ride,
 Conveying blighted prospects in its fleet-revolving car,
 To mantle hope within the folds of life's competing jar.
 That village dimly peeping thro' the clust'ring beechen stems,
 Is clothed in adolescent sweets brighter than shining gems,
 'Twas there I saw Louisa, one June's delicious day,
 The breeze was gently sighing, and the lark's melodious lay
 Was joyously echoing o'er the glens and the wild flowers,
 Sweet exhalations were wafting thro' Nature's trellis'd bowers ;
 And beauty, from a million spots, luxuriantly bright,
 Beguil'd my soul of joyless care and girt my ravish'd sight.

'Twas love's own spot, the balmy air fann'd the closing day,
 And ever murm'ring sang its sweetest roundelay ;
 A fresh'ing shower from the sun-illumin'd cloud above,
 Moistened the parch'd fruit beneath with dewy drops of love.
 The waning sun in evening's garb was scatt'ring light,
 In smiling splendour o'er the sod, and the solemn Night
 Was preparing her robes of ebony to reign o'er space,
 And with majestic pomp to hold all Nature in embrace.
 'Twas fitting time to breathe those vows brooding in my breast,
 Her lovely form was near me then, she seem'd an angel blest
 To glide the earth in spirits free as morn's effulgent light,
 Whose silver rays escape from out the obscure folds of night.

We loved, when our souls were no founts of sorrowing care,
 Ever upspringing to moist the parch'd buds of despair ;
 When youth girt our hearts with its exuberance of bloom,
 Our lives were set free from misery's o'ershadowing gloom ;
 But youth, like the flowers, is evanescent and gay,
 And blossoms, like them, to the the close of its lingering stay ;
 Yet it stereotypes bliss on the unsullied mind,
 Which memory in evergreen luxuriance shall bind,
 To win the seared soul, in its monotonous toil 'mid strife,
 To live o'er again, in fancy, the past raptures of life,
 That erst time had torn from it with its fleet mellowless hand,
 Whilst leaving its dents in life's fathomless mountains of sand.

SPRING.

The days from out the sable fold,
Which rode on winter's wing,
Now leap in gladness to behold,
The blisful face of spring.

Adieu to winter's frost and snow,
I'm grateful for the gift,
Of healthy fruits he spread below,
With cold and piercing drift.

Adieu, old winter! from the stage
Of this revolving year,
For thou, like man, when worn with age,
From life must disappear.

All nature's boundless, fructile range,
Throughout its mystic plan,
Now teems with wonder-speaking change,
To thrill the soul of man.

The trees and flowers begin to bloom,
Unheeding winter's might;
His power is past to scatter gloom,
And rob the world of light.

The birds again resume their task,
To music-trill the air;
The sun invites all things to bask
Beneath its loving care.

Go forth, O man! the fields are full
Of sweetly-pictur'd themes;
Go forth, and view the Beautiful,
And feel the sun's warm beams.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

The sands that time hath number'd fast,
 Behind his track remain,
 In the unseen sanctum of the past,
 Nestles each sparkling grain ;
 And hideous death his sceptre doth wave,
 Over the Old Year's newly-made grave.

One by one, in the ocean of death,
 His hours have sunk to rest,
 Speeding along, with the zephyr's breath,
 That flies o'er nature's breast ;
 And his days came forth with laughing eye,
 To lie in the arms of fate, and die.
 As weeks and months on the Old Year's wing,

Were swiftly wafted by,
 The seasons come forth, their fruits to fling
 O'er the sea, earth, and sky,
 Giving life to the beauteous flower,
 And moist'ning the world with the gentle shower ;

Decking the trees with foliage green,
 The fields with golden corn
 Encircling all with the glorious sheen,
 In spring-time always worn ;
 Or inspiring earth with wintry pride,
 While floating along time's billowy tide.

Old year ! thou may'st no more appear
 Upon life's barque sublime,
 Thy death gives life to another year,
 To sail the sea of Time ;
 But the seeds of age, thou gave to man,
 Spring in the soil of life's mystic plan.

Thou hast given to death the tender bloom,
 A mother's priceless flower,
 And borne the maid to the solemn tomb,
 In youth's unclouded hour ;
 And thou hast given life to countless things,
 To feather the New Year's youthful wings.

Old year ! thou hast trod life's furrow'd sod,
 And sown thy fructile seed,
 And now—a missive is sent from God,
 To bid thy death-throb speed ;
 But the New Year from thy womb has birth,
 To strew his few measur'd sands o'er earth.

A child at the breast of time we see,
 The New Year nourish life,
 To pave the shores of eternity,
 With fruits of love and strife ;
 His hairs will soon like his sire's get grey,
 'Till death shall secure him for his prey.

Roll thou ceaseless monitors of death
 On time's majestic wheel,
 That Freedom may breathe thy failing breath,
 And man its blessings feel ;
 For deep in the margin scroll of fate
 Is fix'd, by a hand divine, its date.

W I N T E R .

The wind blows bleakly over the hills,
 And drizzily falls the rain ;
 Winter hath leap'd from the Autumn's grave,
 Over the world his sceptre to wave,
 To harden the glebe, and freeze the rills,
 A monarch o'er all to reign.

He rides on the clouds that robe the night,
 And chillily fans the morn,
 Over the billowy ocean flies,
 Up mountain summits that reach the skies,
 Fearlessly on with resistless might,
 As if *he* alone were born.

He heeds not the sapling fruits of love,
 Nor blossoms of summer's care ;
 But on he goes, with his freezing wand,
 Retaining the yet unfinished bond,
 With nature's eternal pow'r above,
 As a season of the year.

The wing'd minstrel forgets the song
 It sang in the summer time ;
 And the forest trees have lost their leaves,
 And the corn fields bear no ripen'd sheaves,
 For winter hath touch'd the weak and strong,
 With his mystic wand sublime.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO A LITTLE GIRL.

There's beauty decks thy winning face,
 Thou sweetly modest child,
 No studied arts thy actions grace,
 But nature undefil'd
 Doth shine, with lustre pure and bright,
 To win the heart from sin,
 And tinge the soul with love's delight,
 Oppress'd by Mammon's din.

Unconscious of the world's alarms,
 The *present* only seems,
 To hold thee in its fondling arms,
 And please thy life with dreams.

No *future*, save *to-morrow*, weds
 The prospect of thy soul ;
 Thy life, of joy an emblem, speds
 Above all base control.

Oh ! blissful ecstasy divine,
 What soul on this wide earth
 Doth feel no sweet affections twine
 Around its ideal girth,
 When childhood's artless beauty claims
 Affection's loving care,
 And with its prattling gladness aims
 To drive away despair ?

THE ANGEL'S KISS.

Her eyes were closed in sleep,
 In beauty's arms she lay,
 An infant slum'bring deep,
 In dream-land's lovely bay.

Her thoughts were sweetly bright,
 Unclog'd by earthly ties,
 Her soul in pure delight,
 Felt no heart-heaving sighs.

Her little life, that gave
 To innocence and mirth,
 Beauty and truth to save,
 From all that saddens earth,

Was borne on wings of love,
 In sleep's encircling arms,
 To roam the world above,
 And view angelic charms,

She stood, in her sweet dream,
 In lovely infant coy,
 Beside a well-known stream,
 Entranc'd in wond'rous joy !

When lo ! an angel came,
 And touch'd her little hand,
 The stream seem'd all a flame,
 The angel brightly grand.

Oh ! what seraphic bliss
 She felt in one short hour ;
 The angel came to kiss,
 And then desert her bower.

She saw it gently pass,
 And wave its glitt'ring crest,
 The stream appear'd like glass,
 And love, with holier zest,

Supremely gave command :
 Her throbbing soul was blest,
 And duty took her hand,
 As waking she confest,

The angel's kiss divine ;
 And felt her bosom glow,
 With Jewels from the mine,
 Of truth and love below !

I LOVE THE PLEASANT SUNSHINE.

I love the pleasant Sunshine ! where e'er I see its rays,
 For it bringeth back to memory scenes of bygone days ;
 When a child I oft would stray, beneath the old oak's shade,
 To watch its playful smiles athwart the forest glade ;
 And when, in youthful pride, I stroll'd o'er meadows gay,
 Thro' coverts thick—up mountains' cragged way—
 It ever cast its genial influence around,
 And a place within my heart the Sunshine always found.

I love the pleasant Sunshine ! where'er I turn my eyes,
 I trace its beauty in the earth, I trace it in the skies.
 The meanest insect on the sod, that lifts its tiny head—
 Ev'ry golden flower enshrin'd within its bed—
 Alike proclaim the Sun's effulgent glory dear,
 Diffusing warmth when chilly frosts appear !
 And as the Sun breaks forth, ever welcome in the morn,
 It lightens human sorrow, and cheers the heart forlorn.

I love the pleasant Sunshine ! whate'er may be more dear,
 It causeth joy to fill the breast, when misery comes near ;
 It gleams upon the aged man, borne down by time's design,
 Who must, 'ere long, to death his drooping life resign.
 It ne'er neglects its ever glist'ning rays to fling
 O'er Summer, Winter, Autumn, and o'er Spring.
 I love the pleasant Sunshine, it plays a holy part,
 It smiles thro' the clouds of day, and cheers the human heart.

LINES

*Written for a Friend on the death of his Brother, caused by a railway
 train running over him whilst he was in a state of inebriation.*

Oh, life ! with all the hopes and fears that sail adown its sea,
 Hath not a sweet more luscious than the thought that
 pictures thee ;
 When in thy youthful gladness, like a being free from care,
 Thy frolicsome and artless ways would drive away despair.
 The scroll of memory is unroll'd, I plainly view the past,
 And sunny smiles like golden dreams flit on my vision fast ;
 Thou wert the image of myself, my brother ever kind,
 And love enthron'd upon thy heart gave beauty to thy mind.
 'Tis sweet to view thee in thy youth, ere manhood cast a shade,
 To darken hope and bid thy life like broken flowerets fade ;
 In summer hours, when school delights were wafted with the
 day,
 We'd often loiter in the fields or wander far away ;
 We loved to watch beside the sea, the monster steam-boat ply,
 And while we thought not of the time, the hours flew quickly by.

Dear brother, things of sterner and more fearful shapes appear,
 Than in our early *twin-wed youth* we saw e'en dimly clear ;
 One sad propensity was thine, which marr'd thy later life,
 And *that* began so full of hope, was ended full of strife.
 Oh ! 'tis a fearful tale to tell, e'en anguish tracks the *thought*,
 For in thy fate the god of drink his marks of guilt hath wrought.
 How oft, alas ! my brother, I have warned thee to beware,
 The horrid spells of guilt which led the drunkard's life to
care ;

But, no ! you heeded not the warning words I spake with pain,
 Your wretched soul that once was pure, was bound as in a
 chain ;

At length, one cold October, when the night was late and dark,
 The awful doom came on which sank thy life's unsteady barque ;
 Thy mangled corse upon the rails in frightful shape was found,
 The ponderous train had killed thee as its heavy wheels went
 round ;

And thus in dreadful form, thou met'st a drunkard's awful
 death,
 And I, thy brother, mourn thy fate, and breathe a purer breath.,

OH, GIVE ME A FRIEND.

Oh, give me a friend, ever willing to cheer,
 When sickness is by and adversity near ;
 Free from the taint of the worldly and proud,
 Solely possessed with the aim of the crowd ;
 Of gold to obtain an unnatural share,
 'Tho thousands may wane, the sad spectres of care ;
 Oh, give me a friend, whom affliction shall scan,
 Where sympathy reigns in the heart of the man.

Oh, give me a friend, when misery hath ceased,
 And from sickness and pain the frame is released,
 Smiling with pleasure, unmixed by a fear,
 Where want to approach 't would make it less dear ;
 A friend free from all the enticements of vice,
 Ever willing to tender the purest advice.
 Oh, give me a friend, one whom death can but part,
 Whose friendship is seated in joy on his heart.

L O V E.

'Tis sweet, 'mid youthful themes, to soar aloft,
 As year by year unfolds each varied scene ;
 'Tis sweet, when first Love's genial climate's soft
 Ambrosial influence drops to the soul's deep cell,
 Each nerve and fibre subject to its magic spell,
 Then to gaze, enchanted, on the symmetric fair,
 And look into the sylvan eyes of her we love—
 To find reciprocate that love—those vows we swear
 To constant prove, by all the starry orbs above !

Oh Love ! who hast not felt thy angel smile !
 Benignly o'er his evanescent life
 Gently stealing ! sweet messenger ! to while
 Away desponding care ; alas ! too frequent felt !
 Symbol of goodness ! thy rays have power to melt
 Thy icy selfishness that kneels at Mammon's shrine,
 To bring forth symphonies from chaste virtue's lyre,
 That ever round the human heart thy chords may twine,
 To choke the soul's malignant joy or hateful ire.

Look we for Love ! we find it in the night,
 The myriad stars peeping from the sky ;
 In th' glitt'ring luminary's lucid light,
 Glimm'ring thro' the folded shades of dark'ning haze ;
 We find it in the nightingale's harmonious lays—
 In the spirit nymphs, that hov'ring round our sleep,
 Do veil imagination, 'neath elastic thought,
 As spiritual worlds, in mystic colours deep,
 Their gems unfold—magnificent with blessings fraught.

Look we for Love ! we find it in the morn,
 When sparkling dewdrops glisten on the leaves
 That shield the flower, fragile in form !
 We find it in the sun's luxuriant-crested orb,
 When salubrious winds its soft warm rays absorb.
 Look we for Love ! we find it in the rain,
 Aiding the sun to germe all Nature's hidden fruit,
 Trav'ling the sod, to search the minutest grain,
 To nourish it, that it may unobstructed root.

Look we for Love! we find it in the rill—
 The silv'ry minnows 'neath its glassy face
 In the prolific creatures that instill
 Their tiny forms within the deep subluner sphere—
 The *animalcules* in the dense atmosphere;
 We find it in the oaken tree, inshrined in bark,
 Where living insects make their bed—we find it rife
 In the monarchs of the forest, when they cark
 Their helpless cubs—we find it through created life.

Look we for Love! we find it in the child,
 When mingling with its mother's fond caress;
 In the maiden's blushing features mild,
 Divulging beauty, sweet as the supernal cloud,
 Where Love, sole arbiter, above the world sits proud.
 Beauteous Love! thy heavenly radiance gleams
 From ethereal orbs, and fructuous flowing sod;
 The universe glistens with thy pellucid beams,
 Thou glorious emblem of the eternal God!

AN APPEAL FOR THE FUTURE.

My toiling Brothers, would that ye were wise,
 Above degrading circumstance to rise,
 And snap the moral fetters of the mind,
 And all the shackles that oppressions bind.
 The earth is rich with golden sheaves of corn,
 And fruits of every kind the folds adorn;
 Your toil directed wisely could but yield
 More joys at home—more freedom in the field,
 Then smiling PLENTY shared from clan to clan,
 Might usher in the brotherhood of man.

The voice of Nature speaks in language stern,
 And bids ye forward in the ranks, and learn
 The lessons taught by Progress, hour by hour,
 In growing worlds and in the simple flower.

Ye then might view the world's gigantic plan,
 Its complex workings in the social van,
 And with a glance of intellectual fire,
 Might probe the stagnant depths of sorrow's mire.
 Ye might behold how misery is bred,
 How slavery to ignorance is wed;
 How much of self-created vice is found
 Where drunken scenes inflame the hearts around,
 That seek the spots where human madness reigns—
 Those haunts of crime, the publicans' domains.
 Ye might survey the drunkard's evil life,
 The tatter'd shreds that clothe his wretched wife;
 His children steep'd in poverty's abyss,
 Filling the world with shame instead of bliss,—
 Whilst rags and filth accompany their way,
 Behold how virtue's flame begins decay!

Ye millions who produce whate'er is found,
 With labour's monumental grandeur crown'd,
 Think, when ye sow affection's fructile seed,
 Ye nurture not the moral scathing weed
 Which chokes the blossoming flowers of truth,
 And nestles falsehood in the heart of youth.
 Oh, think! if ye would ever wisely be,
 The working heralds of a time more free,
 How much ye owe of vice and servile shame
 To those who lit your path with vice's flame;
 And if a spark of virtue yet remains,
 By self-reform disjoint oppression's chains.

Oh! ye have grovell'd long in slavish guise,
 With minds untrain'd by wisdom for to rise,
 But knowledge yet shall lend her radiant light,
 And Freedom shine more glorious and bright!
 The customs of a brutal age shall die,
 And progress light with truth divine each eye;
 Then men in harmony and peace shall live,
 Whilst future ages juster laws shall give.

WHO LOVETH NOT THE COUNTRY.

Who loveth not the Country! when the sun sheds forth its
 light,
 And sweet summer tints appear, in radiant beauty bright;
 When golden ears of corn add beauty to the wond'ring sight,
 And meadows green bring back to mind our budding youth's
 delight;
 When cricket, or some other sport, would ease us all of care,
 We did not dream of sorrow then, and trouble now we share;
 For happy faces smiling on our accustom'd ev'ning's play,
 Betrayed no frown foreboding, bidding care its mask display!
 Yet tho' those joys decay'd, which blossom'd on our youthful
 heart,
 Still, the impression made by them, from life can ne'er depart.
 Who loveth not the country! when sweet songsters warble
 near,
 And swell the heart, with plaintive notes, both musical and clear;
 When delicious flowers, like trav'lers, meet us on our way,
 And breathe around sweet incense to cheer us thro' the day;
 When the gentle breeze of ev'ning wafts silence thro' the air,
 'Till coming night soon hides the whole, yet leaves its promise
 there,
 That the morrow will return, and renew again its love,
 Illumin'd by the Summer's sun, descending from above.
 Who loveth not the Country! from the City's noise and strife,
 Knows not its useful teachings, which might guide his erring
 life.

SONG.

THERE'S A BEAUTY IN THY SMILE, LOVE.

There's a beauty in thy smile, love!
A mild and winning grace,
There's a jewel in thy heart, love,
Which time can ne'er displace;
And not a meteor in the sky,
Or streamlet softly clear,
Whose magic beauty greets the eye,
Can ever be more dear!

There's a sweetness in thy voice, love!
A charm in every sound,
There's a melody of truth, love!
In each expression found;
A mystic joy delights my soul,
A music wild and free,
And heaven, love! the angel's goal,
Is not more dear than thee!

A LECTURE

Delivered at the Wolverton Mechanics' Institute, June 3, 1853,

ON THE

POETRY OF FEELING AND DICTION.

PART I.

WHEN the summer sun robes the creation in luxurious apparel, and the variegated flowers exhale delicious incense to the breeze—while, perchance, ever and anon the lark ascends the aerial passages of Heaven, intermingling its mellow voice with the surrounding atmosphere, and the whole feathered messengers of song make the country resound with strains of melodious music—when every tree bears its fruit and flower its bloom; what rapture thrills the soul of man as he gazes around on such transcendent charms. What electric throbbings of joy vibrate the harp-strings of his heart. He may possess but an illiterate and uncultivated taste—the labyrinths of Science or the refinements of Art may afford no flowers for him—no flowers that are culled only by the intellectual and artistic mind—still he possesses a human heart—a heart as susceptible to love, as capable of loving the beautiful in Nature, as does the most subtle philosopher—the most refined artist.

The Poetry of Feeling, unlike the Poetry of Diction, is universally the property of man. From the peasant, through the intermediate grades of class, up to the king himself, it is felt, although it is oftentimes unnaturally stunted in its influence on some men—altogether unappreciated or unconsciously felt by others. It is Poetry in this sense, that, like an angel of goodness, it calls forth our sympathy for suffering and sorrow. It is the angel side of our existence which dictates to the heart all those generous impulses, unalloyed by mere selfish desire, which spring up in the human breast; those impulses which lead to patriotism and individual exertion, self-denial and suffering endurance, for the good of Humanity.

All men individually admire either some of the works of Nature or of Art. All men have some conceptions of Beauty, however vague and indefinite those conceptions

may be. All men can appreciate, in some limited proportion, the mathematical delineation of life, as portrayed by the statuary's chisel; the finely-majestic and nobly-reared palace, standing erect, in proud defiance, within the bounds of some delightfully pleasant park—the mental and physical labour of the architect; the rugged or sweetly-enticing landscape, with its trees, hills, meadows, and streams, decked in new and varied colours on the canvas of the painter; the mellifluous harmony of sound, that sweetly lulls the care-worn heart to rest, as produced by the magical touch of the musician, or the metrical composition of the poet, with his immortal thoughts for universal humanity, blended in euphonious harmony with the feelings and aspirations of the age in which he lives.

It would indeed be difficult to imagine a human creature entirely devoid of the finer susceptibilities of life, without the power to appreciate any of the elegancies so profusely strewn over his path, without spontaneous sympathy for suffering sometimes swelling in his breast, without even those holy affections of the heart, which gush up at the name of mother, brother, father, sister, wife, or child; for in all these we behold something of the poetry of the human and the universal heart, something to create the ennobling thought, that all men have within their own souls something of the poetry of feeling, developed in various ways.

It is indeed a thought that should create within us grateful emotions to that Omniscent Power, whose hand-marks can be traced in all the varied scenes the universe displays. No matter the season, His sceptre wand may change the summer's luscious splendour into the winter's bleak and snow-tipped grandeur. Still that thought, which speaks to us through the aspiration after a nobler and far higher existence, that thought, which contains in itself all that is good, without a mixture of that which is evil, and carries us beyond the iron pressure of unfeeling and sectarian prejudice, springing from political or religious narrowness.—That thought, I repeat, which leads our imagination from the monotony of strife, to bask in the radiance of poetic sunshine, and to drink of the streams of universal humanity, over which it presides, is itself, an incontrovertible evidence of the universal influence of poetry on the feelings of mankind. Do we need to discover the natural influences at work which at all times give excitement to the soul, and produce poetic impulse, we have but to view our relation to the outward world and to trace minutely the associations

that give maturity to our minds. When wonder is excited by the majestic and sublime realities of nature and the reason of man, becomes subservient to feeling, affording the mind no aid, in its vain struggles to fathom the inexplicable in creation. Then, I say, poetic feeling holds commune with the heart; it is the inspiration of nature at work. When the eye wonders over the delightful garden of the world, and the charms of beauty, with a soul-enchancing fascination uprise from everything around, if they should cause but one throb of unselfish pleasure to act upon our hearts—then, I say, poetic feeling is at work. When Love, that divine enchantress of life, waves her magic sceptre, and with its angelic influence creates a heaven of happiness within us, ever fitting us to aid, instruct, and elevate our fellow-creatures, and to feel an ecstasy of joy in whatever is beautiful in nature, as well as whatever is truly great and justly brave in the human character; and we are led by its influence to be more liberal in our opinions of others than we were, more generous in our actions of goodness than we were; and more susceptible of receiving the stimulus of further progress towards universal brotherhood. Then, I say, poetic feeling is at work. When gratitude to God for the boundless benefits he has given to his creatures, is moulded in the souls, and conveyed in the myriad prayers of a people, no matter though they be wanting in the mere outward semblance of scholastic pedantry—for the fact that they are the inward workings of the soul, poured forth in thrilling and fervid utterance, is all that is requisite to stamp them with poetic feeling which is therein expressed. And, when gratitude to man for services he may have rendered the world—in giving a greater degree of freedom, politically, religiously or socially, to his kind, becomes the embodiment of an individual's or a people's affection, and he is stimulated thereby to still further and more rigorous endeavours, then, I say, poetic feeling is at work.

Whatever appeals to our imagination of a character advantageous to others, as well as to ourselves; and we feel impulsively its superiority over all that is merely mechanical, whatever becomes the ideal of our lives, that something yet unattained but in our thoughts, for which we look forward hopefully and eagerly, ever shaping our actions so that we may some day realise its promised advantages, contains the very germs of poetry, and although in the progress of our life, we may never attain that high, wealthy position which others may, whose lives are

ledgers of calculation, and whose very dreams are but the nightly return of daily pursuits. Yet, the very spontaneous impulse of hope and joy that attends each effort we make, to practically realise the ideal to which our actions tend, gives a bliss to the soul infinitely superior to those selfish considerations which almost entirely influence the minds of many of our fellow-creatures. For, like the rays of the spring-tide sun scattered in radiant pride over the flowery beds of creation, to beautify and enrich the world—do those rays of poetry scattered over the ideal dreams of our lives, cheer and enrich our souls, and whatever of such a character exists within us fascinating and wooing our affections, are the true workings of poetry on the feelings.

The poetry of feeling will for ever hold an exalted position in the drama of life, while the human heart retains its progressive development. Its influence has been strikingly manifested in the revolutions of the past whether social or intellectual. All great schemes ever propounded to mankind, and successfully carried out, needed something more to effect the desired end than mere money and materials, and exerted even in their untried and visionary form and influence, powerfully instrumental in their own accomplishment. Nor was this influence confined merely to the minds of the imaginative, it formed the ideal perfection in the souls of many who were habitually cool, cautious, and calculating men of the world, for even minds such as these, aided in bringing to a successful issue, schemes as grand in their conception, as they were wonderful in their effects on the destiny of mankind. Men become fascinated by the ideal truths contained in them, which truths must have produced the conviction that these schemes of prospective good might become realities, before enthusiasm, perseverance, and faith in the objects in view, could have been acquired sufficiently strong to withstand the depression arising from and produced by accumulated difficulties. Not only were these schemes in their untried form surrounded with poetry, which rested on the hearts of those men that ultimately developed their utility by divesting them of their apparent impracticabilities, but the slow and continual efforts made to bring them to perfection, and show them to be superior to mere utopias, required the influence of poetry also, without which influence they never could have been accomplished.

The imagination must have given existence to these schemes, and have clothed them in ideal attire, before ever the reason could have decided on the probability or the

improbability of their becoming realities, which decision, being in favour of the probability, would only serve to invest them with new charms of far greater value, and serve likewise to influence the hearts of those who were connected with them.

There must have been Truthfulness and Usefulness, decked in imaginative colourings, within these schemes, when they first dawned upon the mind—to have enlisted the Feelings and the Intellect in their favour—and to have moulded the faith of individuals strongly enough, to enable them to defy that cold unblushing prejudice which, in all ages and to all schemes for progressing Man onwards to a nobler destiny, has ever used its venomous tongue to poison the minds and hearts of those who might otherwise have stood up to aid their furtherance, but who, through the influence of prejudice, were made to barricade the path so that new difficulties might spring up almost as quickly as old difficulties were overcome. The faith of those Men in the objects in view, founded on their truthfulness and usefulness, was strong enough to fire all the enthusiasm of their souls, the Poetry of Feeling, the soul's minstrelsy, the sensations and emotions, caused by gazing on whatever is most attractive, and which for a long time continually has fascinated us, and an earnest spirit-thrilling desire to possess, in some more tangible form, that which had hitherto existed but in the imagination, were some of the strongest influences that could possibly be produced to cause Men energetically and earnestly to work out these great problems, these hitherto imaginative schemes, to show that what once were deemed, by the mass of Mankind, to be but mere chimeras, Utopias, or idle dreams, should one day divest themselves of their imaginative colourings, which were absolutely necessary to fascinate the minds of those connected with them, that their physical and mental powers might be employed in the removal of all difficulties, so that the world might behold the ultimate triumph of faith and perseverance as developed in what is now the test of utilitarian principles.

Even when accomplished, these schemes may be found wanting in many of the benefits supposed to result from them. But the accomplishment, the practical, tangible, everyday realities of these once Utopian schemes, establish the broad unmistakable fact that the imagination did something, by the sensations, the thrilling ecstasies, and the Poetic Feelings it gave birth to, to give a stimulus to the intelligence to force, as it were, the mental and physical energies to perform their necessary parts.

There must be an ideal on the mind ; and, whatever that ideal may be, it is sure to bear harmonised proportions of Truth and Beauty, in greater or in lesser degrees. The perception and appreciation of that harmony creates what I have described as the Poetry of Feeling. It may be that some men's minds are so confused, that they can perceive no regularity or harmony as existing within their imaginations in any form whatever. But that they feel sensations of unsordid pleasure, aspirations after something better than the present affords them, no one, I think, will attempt to deny : therefore, they have perceptive faculties, and an ideal of some description with which to employ them ; but they lie almost dormant, out of sight, through the confused influences occupying the mind, which, if removed, would give place to them ; and it might be possible that a far greater perception and appreciation of a much better and more harmonised ideal (even than those possess who are cognisant of perceiving the harmony of their minds) would appear, and give a new character to the individuals of a more humanising and softening nature.

What a magical effect has been produced by the name of Freedom ! What an amount of self-sacrifice, endurance, and suffering ! how many victims have fallen bleeding on the plains of War ! and how many souls are still illuminated by the radiating brilliancy of its imaginative smiles and promises !

It was for Freedom that Rienzi, Kosciusko, and Tell, struggled continuously and patriotically, never ceasing, even in the midst of all the dangers and difficulties that want of power on their own side and oppression on the other side created, to labour in its cause so long as opportunity and life were left them. In those men, and in the millions who have since struggled for, aye, and obtained too, by slow but sure degrees, Freedom from Priestcraft and Serfdom, which only ignorance could exist under, for which Freedom humanity will have to tender its gratitude to those heroic Martyrs of the Past, who, deeming life as valueless without freedom, unfurled the banner whereon was written the desires of the millions, their hopes, trials, daily and hourly sufferings by the hand of the oppressor, the recognition of rights as well as duties, all blended in that ennobling sentiment, "All men are brethren." The name of freedom roused the fire of their souls ; and, no longer able to bear the heartlessness and brutality that on every hand was heaped upon them by the wealth-abusing and non-creating aristocracies of the time, they rose up in their enthusiasm and majesty to throw off the yoke their

so-called masters had placed upon them, to champion for liberty in the place of slavery, manhood in the place of serfdom, and intelligence in the place of ignorance.

In those men we behold the true poetry of feeling mantled around the name of freedom. It is indeed a magical name! Who can hear it without feeling his soul thrill with the sound? Its name conveys the imagination to the remotest ages of time, and pictures to it rude and savage tribes of men existing under a state of uncivilized conditions, and carries it, step by step, through all the varied stages of progression up to the present stage of the world's civilization, showing to man how much he owes to its influence on the past for whatever he can appreciate or enjoy in the present. And it still lives in the imaginations of men, like a star peering from the firmament of heaven. The future will develop its influence, which is already preparing us for great and momentous changes.

There is poetry in its most lovely form, its universality and fitness for all, in the name of Freedom! May that name be more on the lips and in the hearts of all men! May they feel the inspiration it produces, the glowing desire to forsake the intoxicating influences which, the more used, the more will enslave them, and to work out their own redemption from whatever is degrading to manhood, to throw off the shackles of ignorance and slavery which still bind them, and to cultivate the more refining, the more intellectual accomplishments, in order that they may develop fully, to the advantage of themselves and the world, those faculties that were never meant by Providence to remain in entire disuse.

Religion, too, with its bright visions of unsullied happiness in immortality, the thrilling worship at its shrine, the earnest, unaffected eloquence, the self-examination and unwavering advocacy in its name, contains a soul-stirring sublimity, and an ideal imagery: the poetry of thought and feeling, aye, and expression too, illuminate it. Religion, freed from the gilded trappings of conventionalism, and from the crotchets of this or that individual, who deem his peculiar creed alone essential to the salvation of man, regardless alike of toleration and liberty of conscience, recognises no purity of sentiment or religious communion as existing out of the narrow boundary of his own short-sighted creed, and who, instead of cementing the bonds of love and brotherhood, so that unity of action (seeing that great differences do and must exist on points of theology) might result in an intellectual, moral, and

gious reformation, but who would serve rather to induce disaffection than love, and to create a species of direct antagonism in others, through his unneeded bigotry and fervent zeal in forcing his peculiar religious views down their throats, as though they were absolutely necessary to enable them to coalesce in other minor but more tangible interests. Religion, I say, freed from such unnecessary trappings, and taking the broad universe for its home and the human heart for its throne, on which, regardless of country, position, or sect, it imprints its divine teachings, developing its influence in the emotional aspirings and anticipations of hoped-for joy, yet to be realized, in the unnumbered prayers that have spontaneously escaped the lips of the wild untutored Indian, who, knowing not the belief of modern theology, paid his adorations to the sun, the moon, and the stars, as well as from the lips of all sincere followers of every age, sect, and country. It is this which clothes religion in poetry, that it needs no partial or restrictive measures, which some men cannot fulfil, but that, like its author, it visits all men, and creates within them not this or that peculiar creed, but internal conceptions of that mysterious Being, for whom the soul-longings for spiritual intercourse uprise, for whom the intellect, the reason, and the feelings, each bring their offerings. The Intellect, in fathoming the depths of ignorance, discovering a remedy, or in bringing science from the researches of a Galileo, a Newton, or a Franklin, in making known her treasures to man, showing him the vast unbounded field of undiscovered truth before, and the wonderful things already brought to light, that were never even dreamt of in times gone by. The Reason, in battling with the gross superstitions and prejudices of ignorance, in pointing out a more congenial atmosphere, where men may breathe the air of perfect freedom in matters of faith, and may possess more trust and faith in humanity than their gross superstitions will allow, and the Feelings, whose harmonious development is as necessary as the intellect's to give birth to tender and glowing impulses, unstudied goodness and kindness, yearnings for humanity, love for the beautiful and grand, and the spontaneous wellings of the soul, for a more pure and exalted existence, which all serve to create within us so much real happiness, and to raise us above the condition of brutes, to teach us a lesson which no theory, no philosophy can destroy, namely, that there is a mysterious future to come, and that man has desires, eager longings for an immortality, vague and indefinable

as they may appear, and that there is a mysterious influence which acts upon his heart, producing that harmony of sensation, that broad and universal aspiration, which ever flows from a soul full of poetic fervency.

Religion, in its universality, recognising no partial or narrow creed, but shedding its lustre over all men, asking not their individual opinions, but only that those opinions be sincerely felt and expressed—religion, I say, in its most ennobling and universal character, presents to us one of the holiest themes that can woo the affections from the attracting influences of vice, whose insidious allurements are the means of pressing an incubus on the soul, to prevent it from soaring above the sensual and grovelling things of earth—to the attainment of an intellectual and vivid perception of the things of heaven.

Religion, with its joyful hopes beyond death (apart from all those barbarous punishments which some men would inculcate as the certain destiny of all who follow not in their footsteps), with its influence on the heart, calling forth all the best feelings of our nature, and creating within us enlarged and benevolent intentions toward our fellow-creatures, does indeed possess itself of the poetry of feeling, whose purity and aspiring tendencies are the guarantees of their relationship.

Co-existent and inseparable are religion and poetry ; together, they lift the soul from the finite, comprehensible to the sight, every-day diversified things of time ; to behold, by the power of the imagination, something of the infinite, incomprehensible, and diversified things of eternity ; together, they lead the mind from the stupifying animalism of ignorant societarian intercourse to view the grand panorama of nature, whose scenes are decked with most chaste and delicate colours, and where recline, in all their loveliness the variegated fruits of the earth, each separately displaying something of the wonderful goodness of God in its own mysterious but beautiful form, where reside the sublime and the beautiful, the one filling us with awe, and the other with admiration ; where the most thrilling and most harmonious minstrelsy is heard flowing from the feathered inhabitants of nature's habitations ; the whole existing beneath the skyey pavilion above, by night and day so magnificently attired that the eye is enchanted and filled with instant wonder to behold it : together, they cause us to feel that we have a something to live for, and they touch the springs of our souls, to start us on the road of duty and responsibility, of persevering industry and energetic pursuits in the direction which they point out.

What influence can produce such happy sensations as religion and poetry can produce in the soul of man, when freed from every narrow or sectarian artifice? They give a new existence, a spiritual etherealized being, to the soul; exhibiting themselves, in all their grandeur, to the mind, through the mystic webwork of imaginative texture they create; wedding themselves to all the generous feelings of the heart, by the enchanting and fascinating display of the ideal pictures, and by the real affections and aspirations they produce.

Religion and poetry are innate parts of ourselves, external parts of the universe. They study not the ginger-bread pageantry of worldly riches, nor the external plainness of poverty; but they deal out the most happiness to the most attentive and deserving of their recipients. They cannot be purchased at a market price by the god of gold; for they stand invulnerable to all the deceitful and uncounted exteriors of conventional forms and ceremonies, that came not direct from the heart in spontaneous and unadorned simplicity, but which are only the creations of pride and worldly vanity bearing their name.

Religion and poetry, in harmonious communion, travel together. They cannot be separated; vain would be all the attempts to destroy them; for, to destroy them, all that is beautiful which excites admiration, all that is sublime which gives birth to awe, all that is wonderful which bespeaks incomprehensible causation must be destroyed; for religion and poetry exist in all these, like angel seraphs winning us by their smiles from giving permanent and soul-engrossing attention to the commonalities, although necessities, of commercial speculation, to feel a something of their influence, which will tend to make us transcendantly more happy than all our competitive scrambles can ever make us, and to create within us a counteracting influence of a softening and humanising tendency, to so act upon our feelings as to prevent our sinking into mere machines of flesh and blood, fit only to be worked in the production of gold, the attainment of which, by unlimited competition without the influence of moral restraint, would set mankind in a chaos of confusion.

PART II.

Having glanced somewhat briefly at a few of the innumerable instances that produce what I have described as the Poetry of Feeling, I shall now endeavour to illustrate what I mean by the Poetry of Diction. Diction is to the

poet that which language is to all men—namely, the expression of that which is within—the agent by which he distributes to others that which he feels himself. The poet has a power over other men, in giving an existence, in burning and glowing language, to the ideal musings of his mind, so that other minds may realize the same emotions, the same aspirations, as himself. He gives a tangible shape to the dim and shadowy dreams of others, which, when they behold, they can appreciate and gratefully accept as a much surer guide and a more developed theory of the human heart, for the poet's mission principally is to record the teachings, forebodings, and ecstasies of the human heart, and to prophesy for humanity the coming events—the future of the world. In such a prophesying spirit has one of our greatest living poets, Tennyson, in imaginative beauty of expression, given us his

POET'S SONG.

"The rain had fallen—the Poet arose ;
He passed by the town and out of the street ;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat ;
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

"The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee—
The snake slipt under a spray—
The wild hawk stood with down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey ;
And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away ?' "

And when those years shall have "died away," may the prophet-poets of the world, having foretold the truth in the dim departed past, be honoured by a people in the enjoyment of the intellectual and moral powers which they were instrumental in creating.

There is a vast distinction between diction when it stands by itself and when it is wedded to poetry. The one is simply an art, and submits to the regulations of rule. It may be acquired, more or less, with perseverance and practice, by all. It may please and cleverly puzzle, but it can never make an impression like the other, which is capable

of raising all the faculties of the mind, and lifting, as it were, the soul from everything that presses it down, that it may soar in regions of mental and emotional joyfulness. The one is a measured amount of words that are deficient alike in lofty and ennobling ideas, while the other is the embodiment of universal, truthful, and eternal ideas, that are capable of expanding the heart and stimulating the mind.

It is with diction, when wedded to poetry, when it becomes the receptacle of thoughtful, sensational, and glorious utterings, and conveys, in musical and pleasing language, those utterings to the soul, that I purpose to treat in this part of my lecture.

We find, in all countries and in all ages, that prophet bards have arisen, and have given to humanity their immortal breathings. 3,000 years have already rolled along the tide-fraught sea of time since Homer gave expression to the poetry of his soul, and still do we find a freshness and an enduring elasticity in his writings.

All those mighty and heroic men who built the superstructure of antique poetry, have long since passed from the noisy stage of societarian tumult, leaving their works behind them as the monumental proofs of their own immortal greatness. Such men as Chaucer, the father of English poetry, with Spencer and Milton, and with Shakspeare, our great dramatic poet, they, too, have passed away, leaving their magnificent and majestic legacies of eternal greatness to posterity. We have men living amongst us, in this mechanical, practical, but not unpoetical age, who have spoken, and are still speaking, to mankind in the soul-stirring language of poetry.

I shall give a few specimens of poetic diction from the poets of the present century, to show how much there is of the sublime, the beautiful, the truthful, and the useful, contained in a few lines of musical and touching poetry. The first two selections I shall give are from the pens of two of our best Scottish poets—namely, Robert Nicoll and Robert Burns. Poor Nicholl! when he wrote his “Bacchanalian,” so touchingly descriptive of necessitated drunkenness by the human mocker, poverty, he little thought that he would lie in the grave, prematurely killed by excessive toil at the age of three-and-twenty. The “Bacchanalian” strikingly contrasts the different inducements to drink of the rich and the poor; and, at the same time, displays much of bitter sarcasm and apparently hard-hearted recklessness which both drunkenness and poverty abundantly produce in their vic-

tims. The poverty-stricken drunkard Nicoll has made to speak in the following truthful lines :—

“ THE BACCHANALIAN.

“ They make their feasts, and fill their cups—

They drink the rosy wine—

They seek for pleasure in the bowl :

Their search is not like mine.

From misery I freedom seek—

I crave relief from pain ;

From hunger, poverty, and cold—

I'll go get drunk again !

“ The wind doth thro' my garments run—

I'm naked to the blast ;

Two days have fluttered o'er my head

Since last I broke my fast ;

But I'll go drink, and straightway clad

In purple I shall be ;

And I shall feast at tables spread

With rich men's luxury !

“ My wife is naked—and she begs

Her bread from door to door ;

She sleeps on clay each night beside

Her hungry children four !

She drinks—I drink—for why ? it drives

All poverty away ;

And starving babies grow again

Like happy children gay !

“ In broadcloth clad, with belly full,

A sermon you can preach ;

But hunger, cold, and nakedness,

Another song would teach.

I'm bad and vile—what matters that

To outcasts such as we ?

Bread is denied—come, wife, we'll drink

Again, and happy be ! ”

Such is the language of the actions of thousands, that with a heedlessness, for the doubly piercing pangs that must of necessity, sooner or later, twitch their hearts, their cry is, “ We'll drink, and happy be ! ” and, with a restless, feverish excitement, they rush from the home of poverty, to drown, as they think, their misery in the happiness of drunkenness. Short-sighted, pitiable folly ! they do not see their own handiwork—the self-created slavery they produce by rushing from poverty to drunkenness.

The poet Burns, who knew how to suffer poverty rather than stoop to sycophancy, has built for himself a home in the hearts of all true lovers of poetry. He was almost the only man who had the courage to preserve his own native tongue; and he has shown how beautiful is that tongue for poetic diction. He wrote nearly the whole of his poems in the Scotch dialect, never giving an unnecessary quantity of words to express an idea. The "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam O'Shanter," and "Man was made to Mourn," are among the best of his productions—the latter containing some sturdy honest-hearted sentiments, showing forcibly to the mind their truthfulness:—

- * * * *
- "When chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth,
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.
- " 'Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
 Began the rev'rend sage:
 'Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasures rage?
 Or, haply prest with cares and woe,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth with me to mourn
 The miseries of man.
- " 'The sun which overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride;
 I've seen yon weary winter's sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.
- " 'Oh, man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway,
 Licentious passions burn,
 Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

" Look not alone on weakness' pain,
 Or manhood's active might;
 Man, then, is useful to his kind,
 Supported in his right.
 But see him in the stage of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn
 Then age and want—in ill-assorted pair—
 Show man was made to mourn.

" A few secret sorrows of his
 In pleasure's gay career
 Yet think not all his mind and power
 Are likewise truly dead.
 But in what sorrow is every soul
 All weakness and distress
 There want life's fire and reason's light—
 That man was made to mourn.

" Many and sharp the thorns that
 In sorrow's wild career
 More painful still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame
 And more whose inward tortures last
 The smiles of love and
 Man's independence to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

" See reader poor and labour's right,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow worm
 The poor petition scorn,
 Unmindful though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

" If I'm designed you lordling's slave—
 By nature's law designed—
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty and scorn?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?

let not this too much, my son,
 urb thy youthful breast:
 ertial view of human kind
 rely not the best!

The poet Burns, who knew how to suffer poverty than stoop to sycophancy, has built for himself a home in the hearts of all true lovers of poetry. He was almost the only man who had the courage to preserve his own tongue; and he has shown how beautiful is that tongue in poetic diction. He wrote nearly the whole of his poetry in the Scotch dialect, never giving an unnecessary quaint word to express an idea. The "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam O'Shanter," and "Man was made to Mourn" among the best of his productions—the latter contains some sturdy honest-hearted sentiments, showing forcibly the mind their truthfulness:—

* * *

"When chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth,
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

" "Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
 Began the rev'rend sage:
 'Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasures rage?
 Or, haply prest with cares and woe,
 Too soon thou hast begun
 To wander forth with me to mourn
 The miseries of man.

" "The sun which overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride;
 I've seen yon weary winter's sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

" "Oh, man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway,
 Licentious passions burn,
 Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

* Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active night;
Man, then, is useful to his kind,
Supported in his sight;
But see him on the verge of life,
With cares and sorrows won;
Then age and want—in blest relief—
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap coast;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in every land,
All wretched and forlorn!
Thro' weary life this lesson learn—
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the sorrows life
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-created face
The smiles of love adorn—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor slave labour's night,
So sordid, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his kindly fellow worn
The poor petition sign,
Unminded though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed your feelings slave—
By nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful heart:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the best!

all as of stupendous
access to the soul,
to joyous feelings—
and heart, which
whisper music, with
electrifies the soul
th the ear, and gives
happiness—and so
heart, which must
ed soul-lifting lan-
the true poetic
only, when wedded
human feelings—
and course sweep
the breast with
and minister to the
richly care and de-
part of our beings
deal of the poetical
as the blissful sepa-
ratory struggles of
duration, the ex-
heaven.
e solely when it is
elevating character,
or, employed in an-
rooting the impress-
in the language of
ience, it evokes more
ulgiest songs; for
is allowed, and out-
ough, for such is its
the most hardened
aps and unrelenting
er or later in every
influence or other-
e morbid and un-
f music, would lose
and an unnatural
has music, instead of
moral development,
ignorant and gross
atmosphere of mind-
to crush, by its cold,
are more palatable,
and time becomes an

The poet Burns, who knew how to suffer poverty rather than stoop to sycophancy, has built for himself a home in the hearts of all true lovers of poetry. He was almost the only man who had the courage to preserve his own native tongue; and he has shown how beautiful is that tongue for poetic diction. He wrote nearly the whole of his poems in the Scotch dialect, never giving an unnecessary quantity of words to express an idea. The "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam O'Shanter," and "Man was made to Mourn," are among the best of his productions—the latter containing some sturdy honest-hearted sentiments, showing forcibly to the mind their truthfulness:—

- * * * *
- "When chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth,
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.
- "'Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
 Began the rev'rend sage:
 'Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasures rage?
 Or, haply prest with cares and woe,
 Too soon thou hast begun
 To wander forth with me to mourn
 The miseries of man.
- "'The sun which overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride;
 I've seen yon weary winter's sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.
- "'Oh, man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Mispending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway,
 Licentious passions burn,
 Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

“ Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man, then, is useful to his kind,
 Supported in his right ;
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn ;
 Then age and want—oh, ill-matched pair !—
 Show man was made to mourn.

“ ‘ A few seem favorites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh ! what crowds in every land,
 All wretched and forlorn !
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn.

“ ‘ Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn—
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

“ ‘ See yonder poor o'er-labour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly fellow worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

“ ‘ If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
 By nature's law designed—
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind ?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty and scorn ?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn ?

“ ‘ Yet let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast:
 This partial view of human kind
 Is surely not the best !

The poor, oppressèd, honest man
 Had never sure been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn.

“ O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend—
 The kindest and the best !
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest !
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn !
 But, Oh ! a blest relief to those
 That weary laden mourn.”

Such was the language of Burns, the “ Poet of the Poor,” who knew something of their sufferings and position in relation to the wealthy classes of the land, and who, from the simple ploughman to the exciseman (the contemptible gift of a country to its greatest poet), had passed through much of struggling with the social evils of poverty.

I do not presume to place R. Nicoll on the same footing with Burns, although there is much in his writings to evince a genius of no common order ; but I believe, had he had lived as long as Burns did, he would have attained a position equal, perhaps, to any of the Scotch poets.

Let us now take a glimpse of the poetic diction of two of our American poets—Professor Longfellow, whose writings abound with imaginative brilliancy and true descriptive beauty, and Edgar Allan Poe, whose life was almost one changeless scene of dissipation and misery, but whose writings evince more of American originality than any other of the American poets. In the “ Psalm of Life ” we have a beautiful specimen of Longfellow's powers. It is a poem full of truthful advice, and faithfully delineates the mission of our existence in the “ World's Broad Field of Battle.” With a strong faith in the immortality of the soul, he commences with the following lines :—

“ THE PSALM OF LIFE.”

“ Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers.
 And things are not what they seem.

“ Life is real ! Life is earnest,
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

" Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

" Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

" In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driv'n cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

" Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead past bury its dead !
Act, act, in the living present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

" Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime—
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of Time.

" Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

" Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

Who can read that " Psalm of Life " and not feel that he has a mission to perform, and duties to fulfil, in society ? Why, it gives one a stronger faith in one's self, and an earnest faith in the realization of those political and social changes in society, which philosophers, statesmen, and poets have laboured unceasingly to attain. There is a true manliness in it, which we feel ashamed to acknowledge without determining at the same to be more zealous in our endeavours to help each other in bringing about a state of mental and moral freedom.

Leaving Longfellow, we will now introduce ourselves to Edgar Allan Poe, whose diction possesses a remarkable dissimilarity and characteristic distinction from the poetic diction of any other writer ; indeed, you cannot read his poems without instantly being struck with the peculiarities

and singular ideas pervading them. But they are full of true poetry. In the "Raven" and the "Bells," two of his best productions, we have specimens of his own original powers. In the "Raven" he foreshadows the dim perspective of his own existence, which was one of the darkest pictures and most terrible warnings that genius ever presented to us. I shall content myself by selecting a portion of the "Raven" and a portion of the "Bells," as both these poems are too long for entire quotation. After describing how he heard "a tapping" at his chamber door, and that he flung open the "shutter," when a raven came in and perched itself above his chamber door, to whom he put the questionings that arose in his mind, which were answered repeatedly by the raven's monotonous "Never more." Poe, addressing the Raven, thus continues;—

* * * * *

" 'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us, by the God we both adore—

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore'—

Quoth the Raven, 'Never more.'

" 'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked
up starting—

'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of the lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!

Quoth the Raven 'Never more.'

" And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on my floor,

Shall be lifted, 'Never more.' "

I shall just give one verse from the Poem entitled the "Bells," and then take leave of Poe, feeling assured that you will appreciate the talent and musical melody of his versification :—

" Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells ;
 In the startled ear of night,
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the air it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells ;
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !"

* * * * * *

Having glanced briefly at some of the Scotch and American Poets, it will be necessary to give a few specimens of English Composition. I shall not be able, for want of time, to select from the writings of Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, and many others, who have gained the laurels of poetic excellence and immortal endurance. But I must content myself with giving illustrations from Kirk White, Charles Swain, Mr. Mackay, and Eliza Cook (the three latter

of whom are living amongst us), to represent something of the Poetic Diction of England. I by no means give the following specimens as the best of English Poetry—but because they contain that within them which the majority of us can profit by. Yet I do believe that such kinds of Poetry as we find in the writings of Charles Mackay, Eliza Cook, &c., do more to mould the morality of the People, and to stimulate them in the path of duty, than do the writings of the most mystical or the most imaginative of our Poets. I think the following lines so beautifully plaintive, and exquisitely wrought, on the Miseries of Poverty, amongst the best of Kirk White's Poetry :—

“Go to the raging sea, and say ‘be still!’
 Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will—
 Preach to the storm, and reason with despair—
 But tell not misery's son that life is fair.

“Thou, who in plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,
 And every year with new delight hast told—
 Thou, who recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,
 Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge—

“Thou may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea—
 The storms of misery ne'er burst on thee.
 Go to the mat where squalid want reclines;
 Go to the shade obscure, where merit pines;

Abide with him whom penury's charms control,
 And bind the rising yearnings of his soul—
 Survey his sleepless couch, and, standing there,
 Tell the poor pallid wretch that life is fair!

“Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,
 The shades of death with gradual steps steal on;
 And the pale mother, pining to decay,
 Weeps for her boy, her wretched life away.

“Go, child of fortune! to his early grave,
 Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave;
 Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
 On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.
 Go, child of fortune! take thy lesson there,
 And tell us then that life is wondrous fair.”

* * * * *

How much of sympathy for the depressed and suffering of humanity—how much descriptive truth—is presented in

those lines. How beautifully they contrast the child of fortune with the son of misery—showing that his life cannot be so wondrous fair, whilst he has to struggle with the exigencies and necessities of poverty. And now they must appeal to the hearts of those who have in their possession all that is requisite to make life worth preserving. Why, they are so truthful and so touching that I almost think they would melt into tenderness and sympathy the hardest and most unfeeling natures that bear the impress of humanity.

There is in the Poetry of Swain much of exuberant fancy, intensity of feeling, and universal sentiment. He possesses a chaste and a refined beauty of expression, as well as fine metaphorical and descriptive powers. Mark with what delicacy and eloquence he speaks of love:—

“Love? I will tell thee what it is to love!
 It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
 Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
 Where Time seems young and and Life a thing divine.
 All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine,
 To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,
 Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
 Around—the streams their flowery margins kiss;
 And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is love! the steadfast and the true;
 The immortal glory which hath never set;
 The best and brightest boon the heart e'er knew;
 Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
 Oh, who but can recall the eve they met,
 To breathe in some green walk their first young vow,
 When summer flowers with moonlit dew were wet,
 And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow;
 And all was rapture then, which is but memory now!”

* * * * *

Many of Swain's productions are full of high moral sentiments, and appeal to the affections with great force.

We must now take farewell of [Swain, and introduce ourselves to Chas. Mackay and Eliza Cook, two of the most popular and most practical Poets of the age. Their Poetry exhibits a wonderful adaptation to the wants and necessities of the times. They deal not so much in dreamy mysticism, or in deep imaginative wanderings, as many other of our English Poets do. But they teach lessons of lofty and useful tendencies, that elevate and refine the heart, and sti-

multate it to struggle nobly and honestly with the difficulties and inequalities of our social state. As a specimen of the practical and immediately useful of Mackay's Poems, I cannot do better than give you his Poem, entitled a "Hand to take:"—

"You're rich and yet you are not proud;
 You are not selfish, hard or vain;
 You look upon the common crowd
 With sympathy, and not disdain.
 You'd travel far to share your gold
 With humble sorrow unconsol'd;
 You'd raise the orphan from the dust,
 And help the sad and widow'd mother;
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
 I love you as a brother!

You're poor, and yet you do not scorn,
 Or hate the wealthy for their wealth;
 You toil, contented, night and morn,
 And prize the gifts of strength and health;
 You'd share your little with a friend,
 And what you cannot give you'd lend;
 You take humanity on trust,
 And see some merit in another;
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
 I love you as a brother!

And what care I how rich you be?
 I love you if your thoughts are pure;
 What signifies your poverty,
 If you can struggle and endure?
 'Tis not the birds that make the Spring—
 'Tis not the crown that makes the King—
 If you are wise, and good, and just,
 You've riches better than all other;
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
 I love you as a brother!"

* * * * * *

Those who are apt to pride themselves on their own peculiar merits, and can see no merit in others—those who can see no good traits of character out of their own distinctive circles—those who let prejudices blind them to all charity toward others—will do well to imitate the spirit of this Poem; and I am sure it will bind them closer to humanity, and aid them to influence the characters of all around them, and serve to hasten the approach of a brighter

future and a more universal harmony than the world has yet seen.

The name of Eliza Cook has become a household name. She has written on the hopes and fears of daily life. In all her Poems there is a manifestation of a strong and unwavering faith in a future of happiness for humanity. Her Poems breathe a kindly and affectionate spirit, and, like Mackay's, are capable of immediate application. Take, for instance, her Poem entitled "Never hold Malice," and you have at once a lesson of wisdom and utility:—

"Oh! never 'hold malice,' it poisons our life,
With the gall-drop of hate, and the night-shade of strife;
Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may,
But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day,
Our spirits, in clashing, may bear the hot spark,
But no smouldering flame to break out in the dark;
'Tis the narrowest heart that creation can make,
When our passion foils up like the coil of a snake.

Oh! never 'hold malice,' it cannot be good,
For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood,
Then to bitterly cherish the name of the foe,
Wait to sharpen a weapon and measure a blow.
The wild dog in hunger—the wolf in its spring—
The shark of the waters—the asp with its sting—
Are less to be feared than the vengeance of man,
When he lieth in secret, to wound when he can.

Oh! never 'hold malice,' dislike if you will,
Yet, remember, humanity linketh us still;
We are all of us human, and all of us erring,
And mercy within us should ever be stirring.
Shall we dare to look up to the father above,
With petitions for pardon, and pleadings for love;
Shall we dare while we pant for revenge on another,
To ask from a God—yet deny to a brother?

* * * * *

We might find many more of Eliza Cook's Poems full of tender warnings and winning kindness; but we must content ourselves with this one selection. Let us ponder well over its teachings, and apply them to our daily intercourse with our fellow-creatures, and we shall find ourselves gradually in possession of less of the brutal and more of the human.

How much do we not owe of the intellectual and moral velopment in society to the Poetic Diction of the present cen-

ture. It is one of the grandest and most eloquent teachers in the cause of progressive improvement and moral regeneration. Its influence has been felt, in some shape or form, in all our social, political, and religious arrangements; and, like a Monarch's sceptre, swaying over all his subjects, does its influence sway over the hearts and affections of all its subjects. If we want food for the imagination, so that we may wrap ourselves in a mantle of ideal beauty, and forget for a time all things relating to earth—if we want profundity of intellect, deep and pithy searchings into the inner soul of man—if we want sublime and lofty thoughts, magnificent sketches of natural scenery—if we want songs for freedom, full of pathos, and descriptive of national feeling—if we want religious communion, full of faith and trustfulness in Providence—if we want moral sentiments capable of immediate imitation and practical utility—we have but to read the poetry of the present century.

Our popular songs, with their variety of strains and heart-thrilling sentiments, wedded to the musical and delicious melodies that waft them to the heart by entrancing and delighting the ear—the hymns of adulation, rising from the soul, and transmitted on the wings of music to the Creator. The incense of the soul, conveyed through the organs of sound, to permeate the atmosphere of external morality—all these, along with nature's minstrelsy—heard in the war of elements—the water's fall—the zephyr's fan, and the wild mellifluous notes sent forth from the many colored warblers of the woods, to echo through the ærial palaces of space, as if to fill its tiny but wonderful inhabitants with joy—in all such where music lends its inspiring aid, to convey to man, through the medium of sound, whether of concord or discord—harmony or melody—those everlasting truths—those refining and soul-stirring influences that move in everything that moves, or rest in everything that rests, in creation; with all these poetry, both of feeling and expression, holds connexion. Music is but the poetry of sound, whilst poetry is clothed in the music of the soul when felt or expressed, and the ideas and musings of the mind called forth by the power of the imagination, when fixed on, or when contemplating the vast range of created wonders in the external world, or when theorising on the probable destiny of humanity, and creating the mystic and ideal wonders of the internal world. Music, like beauty, is everywhere to be found—and, like beauty, speaks a language that all are willing to listen to.

Beauty enchants the eye with its myriad colours and its

nicely moulded shapes of minute as well as of stupendous dimensions, and through the eye gains access to the soul, and there gives rise to poetic ecstasy—to joyous feelings—and so becomes an influence to the mind and heart, which cannot refuse to accept its teachings; whilst music, with its myriad sounds of thrilling melody, electrifies the soul through its delightful companionship with the ear, and gives rise to poetic rapture—to Heaven-born happiness—and so becomes a teacher to the mind and heart, which must become influenced by its soothing and soul-lifting language—which is itself fraught with the true poetic inspiration of nature, and must necessarily, when wedded to poetic diction, refine and elevate the human feelings—soften and subdue the flinty ruggedness and coarse susceptibilities of ungenerous natures—fill the breast with rapturous joy, delightful associations, and minister to the affections a heavenly solace from earthly care and depressing solicitude, so that the spiritual part of our beings may taste of the delicious fruit of the ideal, of the poetical and musical world, and realise at intervals the blissful separation from the momentous and necessary struggles of earth, to enjoy in reality, for a brief duration, the entrancing and spirit-waking sensations of heaven.

I, of course, have reference to music solely when it is employed for purposes of a refining and elevating character; not when it is, as is too often the case, employed in an opposite sphere; and, instead of deeply rooting the impressions of wisdom and divinity, contained in the language of our poets,—in the minds of its recipients, it roots more deeply the obscene language of the vulgarest songs; for then it has a demoralizing tendency—it is abused, and out of its own congenial element; and although, for such is its tendency, it will touch the chords of the most hardened soul, and produce vibrating throbbings and unresisting emotions of goodness, which rise sooner or later in every human breast, touched by some divine influence or other. Still the so-called pleasure that feeds the morbid and unrefined appetite, which, without the aid of music, would lose half its charms, creates a listlessness and an unnatural void of moral principle in the mind—thus music, instead of serving to create a purely spiritual and moral development, so that man might rise superior to ignorant and gross sensualism, and breathe the purer atmosphere of intellectual and spiritual perfection, serves to crush, by its aid, in making sensual and ignorant pleasure more palatable, all the moral tendencies of his heart—and thus becomes

L

instrument of danger, where otherwise it would become an instrument powerful for human improvement.

Poetry has an influence of no mean character on the human family—however unperceived to some minds that influence may be, to other minds it is observable through a thousand different mediums. Society, with its complexity of mechanical, social, and physical conditions—with its commercial regulations and speculative arrangements, and with its religious, philosophical, and scientific institutions, patronised by a thousand different influences, feels through all its necessary parts, either directly or indirectly, something of the influence of poetry. It permeates our whole intellectual, moral, and social being. We trace its existence in the literary productions of our greatest and most profound thinkers—productions that have served to mould the thoughts and to influence the literary labours of many who possess not that fertile and creative genius which gave birth to them. Productions, that unconsciously all of us may be influenced more or less by, either through the experience that they have brought to bear upon our educational training, or through the new modes of political, philosophical, or religious conceptions they may have grafted in our minds, or through the belief which they may have created in the minds of those who have studied them being made to re-act on the unconscious followers of no preconceived theory of their own; but whose influence, along with the influence of those productions, must have its weight in the world. Poetry can be traced through all the noble results that emanate from moral example and imitation. The heroic deeds which have been performed, regardless of personal safety and enormous sacrifices, by men of lofty souls, full of moral beauty and universal ideas; the social arrangements that are linked to the chain of existing regulations, so much as they may partake of the spirit of moral progression and distributive justice, owe something to poetry for whatever of a moral and elevating character they possess. There are no necessary boons to the human race, either of a social or moral kind, that have to be hewn out of the rock of ignorance by united struggling and firm determination—no rights, human or divine, that must be attained for the down-trodden and enslaved of our fellow-mortals ere they can keep pace with the eternal law of progression—no endurance and brotherly aid in bringing to light the hidden truths of the universe, so that those who are groping about in the darkness of false scepticism may be guided by the radiating light of true faith, and lend their

enthusiastic endeavours to improve humanity—no delightful and visionary anticipations that through the portals of the present are seen by the imagination to settle in the dimness and distance of the slowly approaching future,—but where poetry is required to lend its divine influence, either by its action on the heart, through the imaginative workings of the mind, or through the diction which conveys it to the eye or ear.

A L E C T U R E

Delivered at Wolverton, on the 21st of November, 1853,

ON THE

BEST MEANS OF ELEVATING THE WORKING CLASSES.

"All men are brethren," is a sentiment which was given to the world 1800 years ago. It found its way into the hearts of those heroes of antiquity who stood bravely forward in defence of human freedom. Many of them were sacrificed at the feet of oppression, but the lesson of practical utility which they taught, had its influence on the world. Men began to dream of a happier future, yet slowly realized a practical result. Almost imperceptibly things were changed—the sunlight of freedom pierced the dark shadows of abject slavery, and men arose like Galileo, in Science—Hampden, in Politics—and Luther in Religion; who, feeling the influence of knowledge, proclaimed to the people of all ages that the irrevocable destiny of man is progression; and, in spite of prejudice on the one hand and despotism on the other, it must go on in its eternal course, developing fresh stages in civilization—fresh fields for the exploit of intelligence, fresh conditions to prepare man for the enjoyment of the highest possible state of freedom of which his nature is capable. The heroes of the past knew well the imprisonment—and even death—which were likely to result from their attempts at reform; but, true to their noble mission, they were not to be defeated until the world should possess itself of their inspiration. Yet they were persecuted by all the cruel instruments oppression could contrive. But, in spite of all, the seeds of their lives were sown in the soil of mankind, and have sprung up amid "tears and bloodshed" strong in their native beauty, to testify to man the absolute inutility of all attempts to annihilate that which is inherent in the philosophy of life by persecution. But had it not have been for such men, possessed of heroic courage, where would have been our progress in civilization? It could not have taken place. With what wonder, then, must we behold the diversified means employed by Providence to aid the world's march towards its destined goal! There never was a

when reform was needed but there were men adapted, by all the powers of eloquence and self-devoted magnanimity, to accomplish such reform.

Science has its devotees—politics have theirs—history too, that eternal scroll, on which, in indelible characters, as event after event falls from the lips of time, is fixed its date to erect the index that shall point out to the philosopher the commencement of distinct epochs in human progression, with their long accounts of crime and poverty, disappointment and deserved punishment of nations as well as individuals, has hers—devotees engrafted with the prejudices of their age—who, though assured by that same history how they owe their present advanced views, compared with the past, to the fact of men struggling against the prejudices of their forefathers, and by innovation pushing their reforms in every direction, doggedly retain prejudices as difficult to overcome, and as much a violation of the principles of nature, as were those of our forefathers. Even in the present day men have been taught to repeat by rote, the sentiment—“All men are brethren;” and it has not inspired them with the determination, as far as in them lies, to do all in their power to carry out its holy meaning. No, such would require too much from them; they may have large possessions, accumulated, perchance, by the hard toil and sweat of portions of ill-paid humanity; they, of course, could not afford to make such a sacrifice as to fairly divide them amongst those who produced them. They may have intelligence! created by the very circumstances that gave them money and time to acquire it.—“All men are brethren.” They should employ that intelligence to make the poor man as intelligent as themselves, and place him in the social scale in a more elevated position. Oh! such would tend to give the workman a greater power in himself and serve to make him less submissive; in fact, it would cost the annihilation of the power given us by capital. Such is the practical reasoning of many who, thankful for their prosperous condition in the world, walk in all the conventional paths of society, and devoutly attend church observance on the Sabbath.

It is well, they argue, wars have been necessary in the past, in order to advance us from barbarism to civilization. It is well—commerce, less ferocious, has introduced its machinery. It is well—religion under the guidance of Luther has emerged from the dark ages and gives more freedom of expression. It is well—science, by the agency of such men as Sir Isaac Newton, is becoming free from the

superstitions that enshrouded it. It is well—men are not now imprisoned and publicly burnt for having their political sentiments. Yes! all these things are well. We are well off, and do not see but others possessed of perseverance and talent, may be the same, so we have no need of reforms—they revolutionize the world and turn things upside down.

Yes, and the world must be revolutionised; things do not for ever remain in the same state—they progress in the one direction or the other. And ye who by your hypocritical protestations of “brotherly love,” are content with your own selfish condition, are content to use the advantages of civilization handed down to you, through the struggles of men in the past, who had more dangers than ye have to confront in their divine work, and are not willing to hand down to posterity, even greater advantages, because of the greater means at your disposal—but, on the contrary, are content merely to survey and aid to perpetuate the intellectual and political depravity of society, have much to answer for.

Is it well, that in the accumulation of wealth by machinery, you have overworked and ill paid men, women, and children, gradually falling a prey to disease and death. Is it well, that religion has become a mask to hide the face of cruelty and shame—that bigotry predominates in all sects to certain extents—and that honest conscientiousness suffers the lash of sectarian prejudice! There is great need of further reform in these things. The human mind must progress beyond the illiberality of sectarianism. Religion should be the receptacle of all that humanises, ennobles, and purges; when deficient of these qualities, it must, of necessity, produce harm and stand opposed to the true interests of man. But, I believe, religion can have no direct influence over that man's heart who refuses to adopt the principle—“All men are brethren,” and to apply it to his practical everyday transactions. I well know there are some who possess the desire and energy of will, but find their attempts apparently fruitless in carrying out a system of moral guidance which shall regulate the mechanical and political condition of life; but however imperceptible they have an influence for good—they show the possibility of a better state being attainable, and by example, which is ever powerful, and earnest purpose, which is ever needed, they lessen the soul-destroying philosophy of the world. Such men are noble specimens of our race, who are continuously striving for the realization of a brighter time, when men will be unshackled in conscience and unrestricted in expression, and will universally support each other in claiming equal rights and

maintaining equal duties. Such a time, to the most sanguine, appears far distant, and to the time-serving sceptic unapproachable. Yet all history, and all nature with her law of gradual progression, attests the fact that such a time must come. It is the guiding-star set in the firmament of the future, to which the eyes of all generations are attracted by its glorious luminence. Poets have been inspired by its promises, and have prophesied—in words that burn—its approach. Philosophers have propounded theories and elucidated proofs for its attainment. Statesmen have moulded laws and constructed institutions in expectation of it; and religionists have wielded even a mightier power than all in giving hopes of *a time*, when the inequalities and conventional disputes of society shall die away. All reformers, of all opinions, agree that some change for the better must take place; but all differ in the mode of attaining it. The political reformer will argue for certain political changes as the best means of effecting a true reform in the order of society, that shall give the greatest happiness to the greatest possible number. The social reformer will maintain that men have the means already within their power to elevate themselves, and can, by a proper application of the principle of co-operation, place themselves in a position to demand political suffrage. The moral reformer will assert that individual reformation must take precedence of all, that the world can never progress satisfactorily without the combined energies of individuals who have first reformed themselves, and, consequently, have become fitted for newer and better conditions. The educational reformer will strenuously advocate a system of national instruction, which shall be free to all alike, where distinctions in rank may not create distinctions in the mode of acquiring knowledge, but where both rich and poor shall be on an equality. And, lastly, the religious reformer will quote passages of Scripture in support of the theory, that human nature is nought but bruises and putrifying sores, and until it shall regain its lost estate, all systems of reform, however true they may appear to the natural mind, must prove unsuccessful, and without the counteracting influence of religion must inevitably lead mankind wrong. Amongst such a variety of opinions, one is inclined to become bewildered and to reel in a state of mental excitement.

The world must shake off its drowsiness—this is an age of speculation—men risk enormous fortunes in the markets of commerce—they hesitate not when they see advantages likely to accrue from the manufacture of some machine that

shall accelerate the speed of production and decrease the labour of the artizan, to speculate their means for its accomplishment. But they seem perfectly unwilling to speculate even in belief, for the machinery that shall produce permanent prosperity to a people. Why, in carrying out the advantages of commerce, not only have large fortunes been sunk, and to the individuals brought no returns, but the lives of thousands have been jeopardised and even sacrificed; for commerce has her martyrs, as well as war and religion. We behold them in the attenuated numbers that have sunk exhausted by over toil, to whom life was a monotony of mere animal pursuits, and the divine rays of knowledge were of little or no advantage, since the capacities for that which would refine or stimulate to intellectual progression, had been stultified in their growth by the powerful agency of productive necessity. We behold them in the many thousands of our young women, torn from the genial habits of home, to keep up an incessant war with the principle of competition, which, in its demon-hearted strength is levelling the finer instincts of humanity, and destroying the moral rectitude of virtue; we behold them in the little children—dwarfed in stature and stilted in strength—shut out from the necessary enticements of childhood—from the warming influence of the sun, and the glowing sympathies of the powerful of the land, who, instead of receiving impressions of wisdom and goodness from a mother's lips, are driven to the factory or mine to cheapen labour, and receive the impressions, too often of wickedness taught by the evil example of those around them, and, then, to become men and women in almost youthful imbecility; and at the age of sixteen, eighteen, or twenty, to finish their unnatural existence, and afford more evidence to show that our so called civilization is neither more nor less than a refined barbarism, where men are employed in bringing to perfection the cheapest modes of production, regardless alike of human instincts and moral happiness.

How much have not men suffered in physical feebleness and social inequality, to bring to perfection the science of Political Economy, and they have not suffered in vain—it is rapidly progressing; but in its march it tramples on honesty and lifts the physically strong above the physically weak, creating antagonism between them—teaching the doctrine of individual dependence, whilst it moulds the very conditions which prevent the advancement of the labouring population without mutual dependence—asserting that labour should be free from all combinations, and that every

man should be left entirely to his own unaided strength ; but it says nothing against the combinations of capital which are too often employed against the weakness of labour. The state of the commerce, at the present time, is an evidence that such a system produced by the Political Economy of the day is radically wrong, and the principle of human justice is wanting, and until it be employed, unreservedly, this system of things must continue.

I believe the time will come when society shall have advanced in spite of all these life-destroying influences, and the principle of moral philosophy shall usurp the supremacy of mere material philosophy. How calculations shall be come to, not with the sole aim of increasing wealth, but with the more divine aim of increasing the comforts of the people. We have too long been dazzled and betrayed by the mere superficial display around us. We have been taught that England is a great nation, and that her mission is, "to teach the nations how to live ;" but we have forgotten to take into the balance of our considerations that which constitutes true greatness. It is not in the conquest of brute and unjust force over large dominions. It is not merely in the vast accumulation of wealth and extravagant luxuries, not in exhibitions where is developed the most magnificent display of human ingenuity. These only betray the powers of production—they do not exhibit fair distribution ; therefore, I contend there can be no true greatness where there are not equitable arrangements for the increasing necessities of the people. Talk about fair distribution ! what madness ! in a state of unlimited competition, say the upholders of the present state of things. Yes ; indeed, it is madness ! there can be no fair distribution as long as that principle, in its unlimited and individual sense, exists. No ; that must be dispensed with, or there can be no remedy for the evils of our social system. Moral philosophy would teach the strong to aid the weak ; political philosophy teaches the strong to crush the weak ; the one would make men honest, the other makes them dishonest ; the one would recognise their manhood, the other recognises their serfdom.

Then, it is a question with all who would see humanity advance, whether moral philosophy is not better and safer as the rule of life than the cold calculating pounds, shillings, and pence philosophy of the present day. That is the question mankind has to answer—it is the problem whose solution will raise human nature in its own estimation and give fresh impetus to the wheels of civilization. It is the

duty of all to do their share in the removal of what they believe to be evils, and I am presumptuous enough to assert there is not a thinking man in the country who can refuse to acknowledge but that these things are evils of a magnitude of such proportions as to require a radical change of some sort or other. Then why put up with what is acknowledged bad, when we might obtain what is good? Is it wise to leave things as they are and put up with the slavery of the present to mould a worse slavery for the future? Is it wise to remain idle and behold the decay of human life, the constant internal commotions productive of an amount of pecuniary loss, social, physical, and mental determination which defy calculation? Is it wise to perceive the means, or not perceiving, to neglect to mould the means that will bring us nearer a state of brotherhood? Is it wise, when we know how we, or those around us, have bordered on a state of social starvation or dependent helplessness, not to endeavour to alter such a state of things in order that ourselves or our offspring may be more generously treated in the future than we have been in the past?

We are indignant, and every drop of our blood chills when we hear of the barbarous treatment of the African Slaves; we send them Missionaries to teach them our religion; we subscribe for such purposes; and there is nothing within our power we would not do to save them from the planter's cruelty. We read "Uncle Tom," and the tear of sympathy falls from our cheeks; but we feel no indignation, and our blood does not lower in temperature at the barbarous treatment inflicted on our English Slaves. We have not learnt the lesson "charity begins at home;" or we fancy it is not needed. There is much we might do to save them from the cruelties of commerce; but we don't do it—no, we can afford our money and sympathies for the slaves abroad; but we can afford nothing for the slaves at home. Such is the practical argumentation of many of our countrymen, who would, if needs be, to support the influence of government and uphold its might, brave all the dangers of war, which too often is carried on to give more power to despots, and less freedom to the people. But they are not willing to brave anything, dangerous or otherwise, to carry on an intellectual and moral war with all that is destructive to the true interests of mankind.

Competition is the giant instrument which increases the hours and decreases the wages of those who are powerless beneath its influence. Could we hear the wailings of women and children; could we see the ravages produced

by disease brought on by over-toil; could we behold the over-crowded and ill-ventilated apartments; the destruction of human life; the obstruction of human intelligence, and the misery attendant on all these, we should know something of competition; it is an instrument powerful in increasing the wealth of the few, and necessarily decreasing the comforts of the many. Co-operation is the remedy, not as an ultimatum, but as a means to the true advancement of civilization. Co-operation cry some—oh! that has already been tried and proved to be unsuccessful! I say it never was fairly tried, and proved to be unsuccessful. Many attempts I am aware have been made without success; but they wanted in some of the necessary ingredients—failures have ever occurred in all things, not properly understood—failures in those instances are the land-marks for future mariners to steer clear of. Co-operation is a power that has been employed ever since man has occupied the earth, and just as it has been directed, has it been found to succeed. Whence have arisen our national institutions but by co-operation; whence have arisen our railroads, electric telegraphs, and gigantic steam engines, but by co-operation; whence have arisen our political institutions, our mighty commerce, but by co-operation. Then I argue that that power may be employed in destroying the present competitive state of commerce, and fairly distributing the profits of labour. Co-operation has hitherto been used as an instrument in building up our conventional and social institutions. There is much to unbuild in these institutions, co-operation is the instrument to perform that task. It has often been used in producing evil, it may be used in producing good; but before it ever can be applied so as to permanently better our condition, it must be directed by the principle of moral philosophy, without which there can be at no time social happiness. Intelligence is another essential to its proper direction without which men are unfitted to employ it; and by the combined influence of intelligence and morality, will it prove its power to create newer and better institutions, the same as it has already proved its power to create the standing institutions of the age. Let no one think that co-operation is to improve his condition and free him from social slavery, without any self-sacrifice on his part. No; men deserve no change, and no assistance, nor can they obtain such without they do their share in bringing it about. I have said that moral philosophy must be one of the influences along with co-operation to produce lasting advantages to the people, and those who

are to bring it to a successful issue must possess themselves of that philosophy—in other words individually reform themselves. There can be no true and lasting reformation in this or any other country, nor can all the combinations in the world serve permanently to change the order of things, so that men may stand up in their true manhood, without they individually strive for the attainment of moral power.

It is estimated up to 1840 there had been upwards of £300,000 sterling expended in this country alone, in strikes. What real good have they effected for those engaged in them? Not anything approaching the value of that large amount. Strikes have, in many instances, been necessitated by the accumulated pressure of capital, and have served as a partial check to its unjust progress. In such instances they betray a hero-nobleness in men conscious of their dignity, who would sooner suffer social martyrdom than put up with almost unbearable despotism. In other instances they result from a mistaken notion of improving the condition of the working man; but how often do they make it worse. They are dictated by ignorance or necessity, in either case fraught with little or no improvement; but on the other hand attendant with irreparable loss. The political and social theories of life get heavier till the poor man can bear them no longer, and he strikes—a resource decided by ignorance or necessity, or both. But strikes will occur in spite of all the bitter lessons taught by them until other means are found out. Look to it, ye political economists, this is the effect of your boasted system, of so called legislation; the system of things ye perpetuate produces, independent of moral philosophy, continuous strikes, the objects of which, if attained, are not secure, but in the battle of powers may be again lost and the struggles renewed. In Lancashire alone there are nearly 70,000 persons out on strike; what does that not argue? Is it not a lamentable fact of what I have previously stated, that until other means are found out, strikes must occur. What illustration of the necessity of co-operation need we further than that offered by the utter failure of strikes, in bringing about social elevation. If the enormous capital, fruitlessly expended in strikes, had been employed in furthering the objects of co-operation, what would have been the result? Why instead of disappointment and entire loss, we should behold gradual improvement and decided gain. But we are arguing as though the necessary requirements would have been fulfilled. For I repeat intellectual and moral men,

M

with fine determination, and self devoted zeal must combine to bring to a successful issue the principle of co-operation, without which, its influence will be stultified, and its utility needless; but with which it can move the world, and become a social and moral regenerator of mankind. Co-operation under these conditions appears to me to be the best and readiest means to elevate the social condition of the working classes; but of course the requisite conditions have to be brought about, and as soon as working men can afford to bring about these conditions, so soon can co-operation effectually take place. I do not argue that the whole of the working classes must possess intelligence and morality before co-operation can succeed; but I do most emphatically argue that those who shall be the leaders of the principle must, or I can see no prospect of success; and then the principle fairly started must go on widening its influence, and producing conditions that shall force it into national practice. I believe the principle of co-operation as it becomes better understood will change the social order of things, and bring about a speedy revolution both in the social and intellectual world, that shall do battle with nobler weapons than the sword, and in its progress shall spill no blood. The political expedients of the age will then give way to the principles of justice and truth. These conditions must be moulded—but how? By increasing the means of education, and consequently advancing the intellectual power of the people. Education! a million voices are ready to exclaim; that is the lever to move the world; but amongst that million what diversity of opinion exists? Some can see no good in education if it partakes not of sectarianism; others if it be not purely secular; whilst others are willing to accept it on any conditions, and between the battle of sects for particular forms, education loses ground. Government should extend a purely national system, which would serve to develop all the resources of the mind, and leave religious differences to settle themselves. Government has no right to manufacture the religion of the people—that is the work of a higher Power; all that government should do in the matter is to destroy all restrictions on conscience, and give the same freedom to one sect as to another. A purely national system of secular education would destroy much of the prejudice and bigotry of sectarianism, and then there might be a chance of honest conscientious individuals of difference in opinion, coalescing in order to work out social remedies, which they already agree are needed. Surely

difference of opinion ought not to make men immoral in their conduct; but it does and will do so, until religion is untrammelled from bigotry, and men learn to tolerate each other in maintaining their conscientious opinions. One of the great drawbacks to the spread of intelligence among the working classes, where otherwise it would be accessible, is *over-time*, and for those portions of the working class, who, willingly or otherwise, submit to it—all systems of education will be of little avail, until the necessity which produces *over-time* be destroyed—then it remains to find out the means to destroy that and every other necessity which prevents the proper culture of the human mind. Experience and suffering already have done much, and unfortunately have to do more, towards moulding the essential conviction in the minds of the men themselves, without which I apprehend, at present, no way of lessening the evil—form the conviction, that “*over-time*” is ruinous to themselves, and by no means profitable to their employers, and therefore ought to be discontinued, and then they will be able of themselves to abolish it. I cannot pass by this portion of my subject without condemning the men themselves, whose avarice blinds them to the evils they inflict on themselves and their order, by continuing a system which they willingly uphold. I know there are thousands of instances, where men are forced through the circumstances they are placed in, to work *over-time*; but I am truly sorry to find that a vast number of instances are their own seeking. What wonder that reform lags behind, when those who have to wield the instruments of that reform refuse to use the means within their reach. What are the inducements to *over-time* when men could easily dispense with it? Not often are they to enable them by careful savings to put by for a rainy day. Not often are they to purchase extra education for their children, or extra books for themselves, which, if obtained, would be of little advantage when they lack the time to read them. But oftener are they to enable them to purchase strong drinks, which serve to inebriate and to create fresh drawbacks to their own and their fellow man’s advancement. I know of no system upheld and maintained by the working man, which could be so easily destroyed, but which is productive of the amount of social suffering and moral depravity of the drunken system; it is a system which pollutes the very atmosphere of society, and drags its 60,000 annually to the grave. Oh! how much misery that might have been avoided has it not produced? Working men, there is your

weakest point. You consent day by day to submit those faculties, whose proper development might bless the world, to be enslaved and brutalized by a system devoid alike of moral beauty and intellectual light; a system whose breath carries disease wherever it goes and debases whatever it touches. Have ye aught to offer in extenuation? Are your homes governed by wives who neglect their duties? Drunkenness will make your position worse. Are ye the unwilling slaves of excessive labour? Drunkenness will make your condition worse. No, you have nothing to offer in extenuation; for under all circumstances you are madly making the chains that shackle you more secure, and were it alone yourselves who are determined to suffer, we might not speak so strongly; but you make mankind suffer as well. Your example, though exhibited in all that misery inflicts, finds infatuated imitators; and your constant practice in perpetuating that system, prevents those of your order fitted for newer and better conditions, from easily obtaining them; at the best ye do but stand in the way. There is work to be done; men must be elevated; moral reformation must take place to produce that result; individual example and teaching must bring about that reformation. What have ye to do towards it? Where are your individual example and teaching? Busily at work making slaves of posterity, and bringing about social, moral, and domestic anarchy.

I believe it is to drunkenness we owe one of the principal causes why we have not advanced beyond our present unenviable condition; why we have not more enlightenment in the world. Ye who help to produce the wealth of the universe, and would have your fair proportion of profits, but who are the supporters of drunkenness, look to it. Moral philosophy cries aloud,—the first step is self-reform; without which all the government and social changes in the world, would only serve to make your condition worse.

Mechanics' Institutes have sprung up in all parts of the globe; they are a great means to the enlightenment of man; they afford advantages of a moral and intellectual kind; but why are they not supported by those for whom they were intended? Principally because drunkenness has greater attraction in her institutions: there vice walks forth in all her blatant ugliness, and lessons of practical immorality are taught from her lips. There excitement usurps the throne of reason, and demon frenzy directs the passions. What! will men exchange the mechanics' institutes which, with other means at their disposal, would aid

them to rise in all the majesty of manhood, and morally assert their rights and morally maintain them, for the public houses, which keep these things from them, and never fail to bring domestic ruin. Yes, it is a fact too true,—do you need an illustration? Survey the gin-palaces and public houses of our land, and you will have an illustration that shall make you start with horror; you will behold the enfeebled victim of over-toil draining the dregs of that cup which shall make him still more feeble; you will see the mother, with her helpless offspring crying for bread, spend her last sixpence in gin; you will see children, too, purchase the same commodity with money they had lately stolen in their perambulations for that purpose. Drunkenness must be abolished before the working-classes as a body can better their condition, and bring about a system of co-operation, through the essential conditions moulded by intellectual and moral philosophy. I cannot refuse to perceive the fact that intelligence has, in spite of all obstacles, made great progress amongst the poorer classes of the community; and having once taken root it must grow, and when it shall take possession of men in general, it will be impossible for them to remain in the same condition as they are, for its creative powers will give birth to newer and better conditions. Society is conducted on the principle of progression; and when ignorance is at the helm, it has every chance of going wrong; but when intelligence shall take its place and guide it along the ocean of life, civilization will partake of the principles of justice and truth, and moral philosophy will regulate the affairs of the world. Co-operation is the remedy I propose for the social inequalities of mankind; I do not expect it will change the principles of human nature; but it will direct those principles, and put the interests of men in such a channel that by appealing alone to their selfishness, which is the grossest part of their nature, it will succeed; for it has but to change individual self-interest into co-operative self-interest to produce that result. It will place men under such conditions as will make it impossible for them to benefit themselves without giving a corresponding amount of benefit to all, and make it impossible for them to injure their associates without at the same time proportionately injuring themselves. It has been argued, to prove the impracticability of co-operation, “that men can never individually attain that high state of moral perfection which the requisite conditions demand; that some men will not act right without the dread of punish-

ment; and that to destroy the principle of competition would be the means of preventing the fullest development of human skill." The first of these arguments has to be proven, and that can only be done by trial; make the inducements which act on the human mind as strong in favour of right as they are of wrong, and then men will act right from habit as well as necessity. But how say some are we to change the inducements acting on the human mind? Simply by intelligence, and practical illustration of the successful working out of the principle of co-operation—of course—by small beginnings. Once give the working men intelligence, I will defy you to produce the same inducements to action as are at work in a state of ignorance. Therefore that objection has no foundation save in ignorance. Then again, "some men will not act right without the dread of punishment;" granted, but under a state of co-operation would there not be room for the exercise of that dread? Aye, a thousand times more so than under the present system. Men have various ways of shuffling out of an error, and placing the responsibility on the shoulders of others; but in co-operation men cannot violate their duties without bearing the responsibility. Therefore I argue a further inducement for right action; but how few would there be, comparatively speaking, under an enlightened system of co-operation, who would act in opposition to the practice of society; men always dread the voice of public opinion turning against them, and when that opinion submits to the moral guidance of co-operative principles, and society becomes moulded by those principles, its practices, as a rule, will be right, and in accordance with the combined wishes of humanity.—Now we well know the practices of society, as a rule, are wrong, and are such as to give every inducement to evil and individually selfish pursuits. "Then again, the destruction of competition would prevent the development of human skill." I admit that competition has stimulated human ingenuity, and had it not been for that principle, we should not now have advanced to our present rapid means of creating wealth. It has, like ancient feudalism, served a purpose in the progress of civilization, and as such we accept it. What chance is there of remedying the evils of our wealth-accumulating system by the principle of unlimited competition? Will it destroy the unequal and unfair distribution it creates? If not, it is useless as a social remedy. Will it destroy the fearful amount of human depravity it creates? If not, it is useless as a moral

remedy. Will it lessen the hours of labour and afford every means to destroy the large amount of disease it creates? If not, it is useless as a physical remedy. Will it annihilate the ignorance it perpetuates, and give all opportunities for the progress of knowledge? If not, it is useless as an intellectual remedy. Destroy the development of human skill by co-operation! why neither that principle nor the principle of competition can do that. Human skill is governed by the natural law of progression; once started it will in due time develop itself. By its agency, and the agency of competition, our machinery is productive annually of upwards of a thousand million times as much as our whole adult population without its aid could produce. What the better are the working classes for all that vast production? As machinery accelerates its power to produce, do they receive a proportionate share of that advantage? Are their comforts increased to that extent? Are they happier? These are questions, that "echo answers No" to. Then why fear a state of co-operation which would rectify these evils. Human skill, under a proper system, would be stimulated and developed to the advantage of mankind in general, not, as at present, to the advantage of but a very small portion. Production should be regulated according to the required consumption. Of what advantage to the community are gluts in the market, which repeatedly occur through the supply exceeding the demand? If co-operation were successfully carried out these things might possibly be avoided; but under the present system they never can, without inflicting much inevitable misery on the poorer classes of society. It is of no use that we work our machinery, our men, women, and children, in creating a surplus wealth, to fall to the share of the rich, and give them a yet greater power than they already possess over the labouring community; for the more the resources of machinery are developed, under the present state of commerce, the more the working classes will become powerless to elevate their social condition, if they do not possess themselves of the means I have alluded to as the only sure mode of changing the competitive arrangements of society into co-operative arrangements. The system of things themselves, not individuals, we must attack, in order to bring about that result.

It is of no use continually crying against the employers of labour, they are oftentimes as much necessitated to encroach as we are to *bear*. It is, I repeat, the system we must attack, and by the power of union, constructed on the

principles of intelligence and morality, work out for ourselves a brighter destiny. There are hundreds of employers in the country who would do anything in their power to advance the working classes, but they see the impossibility of society becoming better until its members become moral; and they know how men neglect the many means at hand of improvement. Yes! ye have yourselves to blame. No reform that shall recognise your every necessity will ever be brought about but by your own exertions, and as long as ye submit to degradation without doing something to prevent it, so long do ye deserve it. I believe co-operation properly carried out, to be a system, where all men would have equal privileges granted to them by the then political state of society. For instance, every human creature has a right to education—the social arrangements of co-operation would be such as to afford the necessary means. Every human creature has a right to sufficient food and clothing, and no system can be moral which would prevent the obtaining such. Co-operation, for the general instead of the partial good, would afford the necessary means. Every human being has a right to a fair proportion of the profits of labour, and no man has a moral right to prevent the obtaining such. Co-operation, under wise direction would produce fair distribution. We have numerous instances in England and France, at the present time, where the principle of co-operation, guided by intelligent and moral principles is practically tested, and found, even under great difficulties, to succeed.

[The Lecturer here introduced several illustrations to show the working of the principle of co-operation.]

If a number of instances like these can be produced in this age of individual avarice, showing how men have fitted themselves for co-operation, and in spite of all the gigantic obstructions that have been cast in the way, have, for several years, gradually gone on, increasing in number and improving their condition. What need is there of further evidence, for the practicability of the same principle when men have been stimulated, by intellectual and moral principles, to adopt it. But there may be some who doubt the possibility of our ever bringing the means about, that shall fit men for moral and social co-operation, and, of course, argue that there are too many different modes of reform already, and that men can never be of one opinion. That men are ambitious and would, under co-operation, have no chance of rising above a certain level, and the powers of some minds would, consequently become stultified. In re-

ply to these objections allow me, in the first instance, to say that so long as men are continually cavilling about a system being too perfect, in the abstract, and requiring almost, if not quite impossible conditions to bring it about, they are acting as a weight in the opposite scale. Why, who doubts the practicability of men becoming well educated, so soon as the proper and indispensable opportunities are afforded them? Who doubts the advantages resulting from intelligence and morality? Impossible to bring about the means. How so? Why, do we not perceive a gradual development of the human mind taking place every day? Men changing from old convictions and from old habits, and coming over to newer and better ones. Has not England herself shaken off much of her past injustice? Why! men formerly were burnt for avowing dissenting views—that system of barbarous vindictiveness gradually softened, and instead of the stake we find the dungeon employed, where men were confined for limited periods for the same offences, if offences they can properly be called, for I can see no offence in difference of opinion. For when a man claims the right to express his own peculiar opinions on religious and other topics, he ought not to take offence at another man's opinions however dissimilar they may be to his own. For such conduct argues freedom for one's-self and slavery for another.

Well! for these last eight or nine years there has not been a single case of imprisonment for theological difference in the country. Men of all views, whether atheistical or religious, can now, if they have the moral courage to brave conventional persecution, speak out fearless of state consequences. What does this argue? but that the progressive intelligence of the country began to blush for the vile means resorted to by government, to suppress every man's right, viz., of holding and expressing his conscientious opinions. Experience had long shown the folly and utter inutility of such means, until forced by the power of conviction and public opinion they were entirely abandoned. And conscience, now free to assert its rights, is an evidence of what has been done by the agency alone of moral and intellectual power. The time will yet, in not a very remote period, arrive, when men, universally, will recognise the right to utterance of all opinions sincerely held, and will be enabled, through the principle of freedom which shall guide them, to work out those means, which appear so difficult to some minds, that shall enable co-operation to come into national practice. Why, the very many reformers so

strangely isolated from each other by their separate modes of bringing about the regeneration of mankind are among it—the elements of all are contained, to a degree, in the principles of co-operation, as propounded in this lecture; therefore, the difference, as to the mode of bringing about a better state of society, is not, at the present, so perceptibly bad as the necessary moral, religious, social, and political elements are good. Political changes should not be sudden or come when the people are unprepared to receive them. And whilst the political agitators are, year by year, crying out for political suffrage, they are practically making the working classes more intelligent, and, consequently, are helping to mould the elements of social elevation, whilst the religious advocates, by teaching the moral precepts of the New Testament, are doing immensely in bringing about a moral reformation.

Then what matters it that men choose to employ different means, so long as those means possess a moral tendency; if they each are serving to mould the elements that in the present and future days will be required for man's true advancement in civilization. Lastly, it is supposed that the ambition of man would become stultified under a system of co-operation, over which the principle of moral philosophy holds empire. I believe that supposition to be entirely groundless, for I have already stated that co-operation cannot, nor, in fact, can any system emanating from the human mind, change the established laws of nature; they are in themselves unchangeable, but they need proper control and direction. Ambition is, in itself, useful and indestructive. It is an instrument whose effectual and proper use depends on the power that wields it; and as soon as you destroy the philosophy that teaches individual aggrandisement, regardless of moral agency, and replace it by the philosophy of co-operative or concerted selfishness, which teaches equal rights and equal duties, you at once change the motive powers which wield the ambition of man—the sphere of action is likewise changed, and the human mind, impressed by the authority of moral majesty, becomes eager to perform certain acts that it has decided will accord with its own conceptions of right and wrong. In that eagerness you have ambition at work, and by judicious guidance it will serve its own gratification and necessarily interest the world for its advancement. And is there not scope for ambition to extend its usefulness in a moral as well as in an immoral sense? Surely we need not fear ambition could become, in the least degree, stultified in its healthy operations under a

better state of society? I readily admit there will always be constitutional differences, and that there will, consequently, be found men of all temperaments, fitted for varied occupations; and when the conventional differences of society shall have passed into oblivion, and equal privileges in spite of all opposition, shall reign as an evidence that society is constituted of men and women, stamped with the indelible marks of free born citizens, intellectually and socially emancipated. Then, in that glorious era, which must inevitably come to pass, will men occupy their natural and proper positions, and perform those things which they are best adapted for; and in the diversity of pursuits will be blended that harmony of the whole which shall produce the happiness of mankind. Ambition can never be better employed than in stimulating our exertions in bringing that delightful time about, for assuredly as the elements in the material world separately and certainly produce changes in the aspect of nature, will the elements of human redemption produce changes in the aspect of society. Yes! they are in the world—they form a constituent of the human mind; and though for a time the dark and terrible frown of despotism, like a veil of death, overspreads the world, and its thousands of cringing idolators daily infest the earth, and in heartless cruelty drag the mother from her home, the husband from his wife, and the children from both, to war together, not with blood-stained swords, but with implements, as certain, though slow, of social destruction and human decay. Still there is hope! The sunshine of knowledge glimmers stronger and stronger through the shadows of life—men dream of freedom, and awaken to a consciousness of duty—the struggle is taking place every day. Mark the signs of the times. Despotism has wielded its might until it has itself forced on the sons of labour the conditions of freedom, and the two armies are engaged in preparing the ammunition of strife.

It needs no prophet to foretell the coming events, they "cast their shadows beforehand." Capital has held, almost for ages, undisputed and unconditional power and mastery over labour. It has neglected the natural and inalienable law of human responsibility. The ignorant, despised, and slave-worn men, women, and children whom it employs have been treated as merchandise, nay often, with less care than machines, and the law of responsibility begins to work, things are coming to a climax. The cry hath gone forth from the hovels and factories of the land, "That a social war is inevitable." It is of no use that we shut our eyes or

care not to see it—it is a consequence of our social system, we cannot prevent its approach, but we can manufacture implements to carry it on. If we do so we can make it purely a battle of intellectual moral power; but if we neglect to do so, then will the consequences be fearful—then we shall, indeed, have a revolution stained with the blood of our noblest and bravest sons.

T H E E N D .