

THE  
LITERARY PIC-NIC,

AND

OTHER POEMS;

BY

ISRAEL HOLDSWORTH.

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"I'll give the Poet *ivy*; for, like it,  
Around the ruined pile he ever clings,  
Adorns the loveliest spot with fancy's charms,  
And props the tott'ring column in his rhymes."—

CHRISTMAS, *A Masque, Science Gossip*,  
Dec. 1st, 1865.

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LEEDS:  
T. BARMBY, BRIGGATE.  
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## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ISRAEL HOLDSWORTH.

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ON reading a book, I always wish to know something of its author; and this curiosity seems to be regulated by the degree of interest which the book excites. On the supposition that other people's minds are in this respect similar to my own, I have thought it not impertinent to prefix to my Poems, the following brief sketch of my life.

I was born at Armley, near Leeds, on the 4th of December, 1816. My parents were operative clothiers. My father's name was Thomas; my mother's Mary Davison. At the time of my birth, they resided at Moor Side, in the yard next above the White Horse Inn. My birth occurred in the farthest house on the eastern side of the yard.

I was sent to school very early, even before I could talk, partly for the accommodation of my elder brother, who nursed me, and partly to be out of my mother's way, that she might be enabled the better to attend to her work, as a spinner on the jenny. I went irregularly to school till I could read words of three or four letters.

In my ninth year (1824), I began to work, which was at a brickyard, as "hugger off." The work was a great tax upon my strength; it almost seemed as if I should be worked to death. It did throw me into a sort of fever, which I recovered from by taking rest. I then went on working again for a few months. My wages were sixpence per day.

When about nine years of age (1825 and 1826), my father determined to send me to school. But in about three months, he, becoming unable to work for a long time, from an attack of rheumatic fever, my intended education was brought to an untimely end. I had improved a little in reading, and begun to write; so that afterwards, I felt able to become my own educator. I now went on working at the brickyard; but, being anxious to improve myself in writing, and being unable otherwise to procure paper, pens, and ink, I raised money by working over-time, at the rate of a half-penny per hour.

In my twelfth year (1827), I was put to weaving broad woollen cloth. This was an occupation for which I had no taste; the incon-

gruity, however, might arise partly from over work (about eighty hours per week) together with the poverty and degradation attending it.

When sixteen years of age (1833), my father died. About this time I became very anxious for self-improvement, and if possible to better my condition in the world. I could not afford to go to a night-school, which, however, did not much concern me, as I generally preferred to struggle with difficulties till I could conquer them by my own efforts.

In my twenty-third year (1839), I obtained a book-keeping situation, in a woollen-warehouse in Leeds, which, unfortunately, ceased in about ten months, in consequence of the failure of my employer.

At twenty-eight, I set up business in Leeds as a new and second-hand bookseller. Previous to this, under great embarrassment, I had taught myself the art of printing. After about a two years' run as a bookseller (1847), I procured printing materials, and added the printing business, and became principally occupied in book-work. In this track I remained about nine years.

When thirty-seven (1854), I commenced the study of photography, and very soon became a successful professor. I had a remarkable run for seven years.

By this time (1861), incessant application to business had so debilitated a naturally weak constitution, that I could no longer bear to follow it.

When I gave up business from ill health, in 1861, I was forty-four years of age; since which time I have been continually struggling to keep alive. And now at fifty (1866) although very much better, I am not well by far, nor ever expect to be.

I commenced trying to write verses, when about sixteen. What I then wrote I called "hymns." Since my first efforts, I have always had a hankering after Poetry; but never till recently made it a particular subject of study, that is, as an art. I have written verses occasionally all along; but in some instances have not written any for two or three years in succession; and in one instance, none at all for upwards of four years.

The first verses that I published were written and printed in my twenty-second year (1838). I published no more till I was thirty-seven (1853).

I have kept very little company; been very sparing in correspondence; had few intimate friends; and perhaps no real enemies, except some few who were indebted to me for special acts of kindness.

## ISRAEL HOLDSWORTH.

WORTLEY, NEAR LEEDS,  
Dec. 4th, 1866.





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## A HINT TO MY READERS.

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SAYS Mrs. Flags to Mrs. Primes :  
Oh dear, how dull this Book of Rhymes !  
I tire, I doze ; for who would not ?  
There's neither sense, nor taste, nor plot ;  
The subjects stale, the language rough,  
I wonder men will print such stuff !

Says Mrs. Primes to Mrs. Flags :  
I wonder much to hear it lags !  
You mayn't remember—I do well,  
How late you said : “ Those Rhymes excel : ”  
A week ago—more't cannot be—  
We read you know, just after tea.

Says Mrs. Flags : How ! Say you that ?  
Those Rhymes I greatly wondered at :  
But as for such stale things as these,  
There's nothing in them ought to please ;  
'Twere Holdsworth's charmed me so, my dear-  
But these—did ever !—Well, how queer !

Says Mrs. Primes : How very strange,  
You find your judgment so to change ;  
The Author late you prized so much !  
The very Rhymes there were “ none such ! ”

To say the Rhymes have changed, wont do ;  
The change, my dear, must be in you.

See, here's a chair—come, have some Tea ;  
You like—“not strong ?”—well, you will see ;  
Now help yourself—here's sugar—cream—  
Tea-cake—muffin—what you deem :  
I fear you've sat there by the chink ;  
You're pale—you must be cold, I think.

Says Mrs. Flags : I did feel chill,  
But now a glowing warmth I feel ;  
This Tea just finds the proper place—  
About the heart and in the face ;  
All-overly it seems to steal—  
How very much refreshed I feel !

Now with a questionable smile,  
Says Mrs. Primes : Let's read a while ;  
Just take the Rhymes and let us hear  
What faults to blame—what beauties cheer ;  
If now they crowd and now they flee,  
Somewhere must be some witchery.

Forth Mrs. Flags begins to read :  
Then, Mrs. Primes : Oh, do take heed !  
Just hear—whatever made me doze ?  
How with the theme the ardour glows !  
How clear the sense ! What figures flow !  
Whatever made me censure so ?

Says Mrs. Primes, with laughing eyes :  
A word enough is to the wise ;  
You make me smile, you really do,  
With sentimental changes, so :  
Henceforth, before you dip in Rhymes,  
Discuss a cup of Tea—it chimes.

## DIVERSITIES OF TASTE.

**T**HOUGH many be the changeful winds,  
Which every compass-point supply ;  
Yet diverse more are mental tastes,  
Which every source of pleasure try.

With artful plot and cautious step,  
The Politician worms his way,  
O'erjoyed his crotchet to enforce,  
And whelm his foes in blank dismay.

The Bacchanalian, gleely bent,  
Regardless of nocturnal hours,  
Devoutly to his jovial god  
The brisk libation freely pours.

Around the world the Merchant roves,  
His darling interest to promote ;  
To gain the object of his choice,  
No sea's too rough, or land remote.

To join the chase with eager dogs,  
The sanguine Sportsman mounts his steed ;  
Elate with hopes of distant game,  
Repaid, he asks no greater meed.

The Miser seeks the bliss of wealth,  
Though in oblivion sink his name ;  
The battle-field the Warrior draws,  
Athirst for blood, or martial fame.

With raving stomach, relish keen,  
And dainty dishes in array,  
The gorging Glutton freely owns,  
The bliss of eating crowns the day.

These pleasures choose whose tastes accord,  
 But let me thence afar retire,  
 To shady groves and purling streams,  
 Where sweet poetic strains inspire.

Yea, let me tread those sylvan paths,  
 Where Nymphs phantastic gaily bound,  
 Till fair Parnassus' mount I gain,  
 And see the Muse with laurel crowned.

A POLITICAL SONG OF 1848.

**H**OW long shall party-tyrants hold  
 Their boundless wealth and power,  
 And with politic plots conspire  
 The millions to devour ?

Shall guileless victims still be dragged,  
 To mocking courts of law,  
 Where knaves contrive seditious crimes,  
 From noblest deeds to draw ?

Will Justice ever slumber on ?  
 Is Nature falsely bent ?  
 It cannot be ; The time must come,  
 For tyrants to repent.

The patriotic may be doomed,  
 To bear a felon's fate ;  
 But shall the wrong by might prevail,  
 And right annihilate ;

Truth, like a swelling flood may be  
 Obstructed in its course ;

But must at length the barrier burst,  
By all-o'whelming force.

Arise, ye latent, human powers !  
No longer parlance give,  
But shew it once for all that men  
Have equal right to live !

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I NEVER WILL FORGET MY LOVE.



H! when will nations cease to fight,  
And spill each other's blood ?  
Oh! would that happy day arrive,  
They'd seek each other's good !

My lover guilefully was caught,  
A jacket red to wear ;  
They trapt and hurried him away,  
To fight I know not where.  
However far they've sent my love,  
However far away ;  
I never will forget my love,  
However far away.

And when he took his last farewell,  
He strove his heart to keep,  
But could not hide the grief he felt,  
And turned his face to weep ;  
He sob'd aloud, and so did I—  
The soldiers called us " weak ;"  
Whate'er the cause that made us grieve,  
I thought my heart would break.  
However, &c.

He used to sit upon the stile,  
And whistle for his Suke ;  
And though I sometimes might delay,  
I never meant rebuke :  
He used to sit upon the stile,  
And wind his whistle shrill ;  
I loved to hear his whistle so,  
I seem to hear it still.  
                  However, &c.

A loving smile sat on his face,  
His words were notes of bliss,  
Sometimes he prest me to his breast,  
And stole a lover's kiss ;  
But now no smiles console my heart,  
No soothing words I hear,  
No glowing kiss my lips salutes,  
He's gone I know not where.  
                  However, &c.

Oh ! could I know but where he roams,  
Though far beyond the sea,—  
E'en there I'd go, and seek him for  
The love he had for me ;  
I'd seek him in the city's maze,  
I'd seek him on the plain,  
I'd seek him where the bullets shower,  
I'd seek among the slain.  
                  However, &c.

I still will hope for his return,  
Though years may roll between,  
And often will I wander forth,  
To meet him on the green ;  
I'll hearken for his cheering call,  
The river's bank I'll plod,—

And often will I pace the grove,  
And tread where he has trod.  
However, &c.

The springs may cease to pour their floods,  
The winds forget to blow,  
The stars may cease their wonted course,  
The tides to ebb and flow ;  
But I my love can ne'er forget,  
Though Nature's self should fail ;  
Till life remains, or he return,  
His absence I'll bewail.  
However, &c.

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#### A MISTAKE.

“HE lot of man,” a numerous host declare,  
“ Is only labour, vanity, and care ;”  
So universal is this notion dire,  
That so assents the priest, and so the sire.

But common minds, with undisciplined brain,  
Or those more learned, if learned but to complain ;  
We must not in this case allow to say,  
What man may *not* attain, nor what he *may*.

In Nature's universal page we view,  
Unerring laws harmonious ends pursue ;  
The earth and air, the sky and sea express,  
That all creation joins the whole to bless.

While proofs on every hand this truth proclaim,  
Why rest content beneath our right to aim ?  
Why not admit and call the world to cheer,  
That man's adapted to be happy here ?

### THINK FOR YOURSELF.

**L**ET him who doubts our right of private thought,  
 Show whence our customs, and by whom first  
 brought ;  
 Let him who would demand a thought or deed,  
 First prove his right by Nature's laws decreed.

Were all at others' bidding called to act,  
 What strange mutations would the world distract !  
 Confounded, each would cease his mind to vent ;  
 And, ceasing, cause the evil he'd prevent !

A stand, in knowledge, first the step would mark ;  
 A sinking then to former ages dark ;  
 To these a savage rudeness would be linked,  
 Till intellect at length became extinct.

'Tis not for ancient customs, creeds, or laws ;  
 'Tis not for pictures, muddled fancy draws ;  
 Nor yet the dark designs of fool or knave,  
 The minds to strangle of the truly brave.

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### FRIENDLY COMPANY.

**A**S eagles glide through buoyant air,  
 Or speeds the courser fleet ;  
 So moments pass ere we're aware,  
 When friends together meet.

The social warmth of kindred minds,  
 From each excites a smile ;  
 While flowing thoughts in soothing strains,  
 The passing hours beguile.

**A TEMPERANCE SONG.**

**F**RIENDS of Tem'prance ! keep united,  
Ills inebrious to thwart ;  
Spread throughout the wide creation,  
Knowledge of your healing art ;  
Teach the drunkard how to shun the monster's smart.

Let the quacks in science murmur,  
Or despise our noble theme ;  
All their sophistry must vanish  
As a vain, delusive dream ;  
Still we're spreading like the brook's o'erflowing stream.

Let the foppish hiss and quibble,  
Let them feed each other's pride ;  
Temp'rance has a sure foundation,  
Now by millions amply tried ;  
Hark ! ye scoffers, all your forces are defied.

Let us still unfurl our banner,  
March through every state and town,  
Till the blest results of Temp'rance,  
Be by all our species known !  
What can hinder ? Truth must spread, though foes may  
frown.

What is pleasure, wealth, or honour,  
Money, valour, wit, or fame ?  
Only when by Temp'rance guided,  
Can they yield a worthy name ;  
Temp'rance guide us ! and we will thy worth proclaim.

Temp'rance elevates our station,  
Far above the drunkard's stage ;  
Temp'rance yields us health and virtue ;  
Soothes the cares of youth and age ;  
Come and join us, virtue's noble war to wage.

## LET CONSCIENCE BE YOUR GUIDE.

**I**F you would know unsullied bliss,  
 Whate'er events betide,  
 In every action of your life,  
 Let conscience be your guide;  
 For when the conscience is annoyed,  
 True pleasure cannot be enjoyed.

Though festive boards with amplest stores  
 Of milk and honey flow,  
 And every dainty art can form,  
 Or fertile Indies grow!  
 Yet, when the conscience is annoyed,  
 True pleasure cannot be enjoyed.

The morning may be clear and gay,  
 With sweetest scents perfumed;  
 The fields in verdure may be clad,  
 By golden rays illum'd;  
 But when the conscience is annoyed,  
 True pleasure cannot be enjoyed.

The silv'ry clouds may skim the air,  
 Or, tow'ring, rear on high;  
 The rainbow in full form display,  
 Its tinges in the sky;  
 But when the conscience is annoyed,  
 True pleasure cannot be enjoyed.

Boreal-lights, a fairy host,  
 May wanton round the pole;  
 Each fleeting form, in colours gay,  
 Entrancing to its goal;  
 But when the conscience is annoyed,  
 True pleasure cannot be enjoyed.

The choral strains of warbling tribes,  
From bushes, lawns, and trees,  
As one harmonious song may rise,  
And mingle in the breeze ;  
But when the conscience is annoyed,  
True pleasure cannot be enjoyed.

The polished marble, oily smooth ;  
Or face of burnished gold ;  
Or silken velvet's softness may  
Its soothing charms unfold ;  
But when the conscience is annoyed,  
True pleasure cannot be enjoyed.

Augmenting wealth and rising fame,  
May bless long as we live ;  
The social circle may complete,  
All that the world can give ;  
But when the conscience is annoyed,  
True pleasure cannot be enjoyed.

Reverse the scene—let conscience guide ;  
Then stormy cares may rise,  
And sink us in their woeful deep,  
And drown our hopes and cries ;  
But conscience smiling unannoyed,  
Profoundest pleasures are enjoyed.

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## WOMAN.



**W**HAT earthly reptile is so vile,  
As woman void of love ?  
She makes man's heart o'erflow with grief,  
And bids his joys remove,

When steadfast hate commands her tongue,  
 Corroding accents rise ;  
 Solacing pleasure flies away,  
 Or strangled, falls and dies.

Oh, woman ! but thy spleen extend—  
 Thy wayward course be run ;  
 No viler curse can hell inflict ;  
 For thou and hell are one.

But what so dear in earth or heaven,  
 As woman filled with love ?  
 She makes man's heart o'erflow with bliss,  
 And bids his cares remove.

When steadfast love commands her tongue,  
 Solacing pleasures rise ;  
 Corroding sorrow flies away,  
 Or strangled falls and dies.

Oh, woman ! but thy love extend—  
 Thy smiling course be run,  
 Then heaven no greater prize can give ;  
 For thou and heaven are one.

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### A DESIRE.

**H**OW must I let the nations know,  
 What Nature bids them do ?  
 How make them feel the duty's force,  
 They to each other owe ?

Oh, heavens ! grant me power of mind !  
 Oh, earth ! thy knowledge give !  
 Oh, sages ! grant me all your aid,  
 To teach men how to live !

I'd into Nature's labyrinths dive,  
Her mysteries to explore ;  
To bring to man that perfect bliss,  
Which suffers grief no more.

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WAR—A POLITICAL SONG.

OU who burn for nations' honour,  
And of martial glories sing,  
Stay your raptures and be cautious,  
Lest you feel the scorpion's sting :  
What is glory ? where the profit warrings bring ?

What can be the aim of rulers,  
When devising war and strife ?  
If to bask in wealth and power,  
At the subjects' cost of life,  
Shall we heedless still maintain those evils rife ?

Some pretence, but specious only,  
Turning on the nation's weal,  
Liberties and rights enshrining,  
May the leading cause conceal :  
When will people wake, and see the motives real ?

See the youthful soldier leaving  
Home and friends the sword to wield,  
Musing on his "country's honour,"  
And the "glories of the field !"  
Rank delusion ! Shall thy toils such follies shield ?

Can the being blest with reason,  
Coolly still destroy his race ?  
Shall the fairest form in nature,  
Blindly thus incur disgrace ?  
Where the justice ? who can here true honour trace ?

But I see the mist dispelling,  
 As our mental efforts rise ;  
 In the brighter day acoming,  
 Each to bless his fellow tries :  
 Here true honour in its purest virtue lies.

I AM LEFT ALONE TO WEEP.



Oh! drop with me a tear of woe ;  
 For streams of grief my heart o'erflow—  
 Oh! cease your mirthful glee !  
 Forget your music, song, and dance ;  
 And hither silently advance ;  
 Oh! come and weep with me !  
 For in this tomb my love doth sleep,  
 And I am left alone to weep ;

With raven-blackness shone his hair ;  
 Nor might the purest snow compare,  
 With his, so fair, a skin !  
 On either cheek, in sweet repose,  
 Bloomed charmingly a smiling rose,  
 And smiled his dimpled chin !  
 But in this tomb my love doth sleep,  
 And I am left alone to weep !

Like softest airs in midnight still,  
 That echo from the distant hill,  
 So sweet his words did flow ;  
 His hazle eyes, like orbs of fire,  
 My flame of love did but inspire,  
 Ere ceased the charming glow :  
 Within this tomb my love doth sleep,  
 And I am left alone to weep !

The vinous cup its charms displayed ;  
Allured to quaff, he was betrayed,  
    And soon deprived of breath :  
The sword may show its glit'ring form,  
The flash may gild the raging storm,  
    Yet both are means of death :  
Within this tomb my love doth sleep,  
And I am left alone to weep !

The strings in doleful silence stand.  
That once obeyed his skilful hand,  
    With harmony endued ;  
And now has ceased the soothing note,  
That issued from his warbling throat,  
    Which could all care elude :  
Within this tomb my love doth sleep,  
And I am left alone to weep !

Could I a thousand worlds possess,  
Or wealth no tongue could e'er express,  
    Than those let him be mine ;  
So true his love, so pure, so sweet,  
The cooing turtle at his feet,  
    The laurel might resign :  
Within this tomb my love doth sleep,  
And I am left alone to weep !

These voiceful stones may tell his name,  
And bear to ages hence his fame,  
    But what are these to me ?  
A glance from his endearing eye,  
Immensely would a world outvie,  
    Of marble sculptury :  
Beneath this tomb my love doth sleep  
And I am left alone to weep !

Spring up ye flowers around his grave,  
 And o'er his tomb your tendrils wave,  
     Your sweet perfumes to give ;  
 Ye death-owls hither speed your flight ;  
 For I must bid the world good night !  
     I can no longer live :  
 Beneath this tomb my love doth sleep,  
 I'll go to him and cease to weep !

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THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN.

**W**HEN care and toil beset my path,  
 When dearest friends are cool,  
 When snarling poverty is nigh,  
     To train me in his school ;  
 How often gloomily I view,  
     My wretched fate forlorn,  
 And tax the memory to recall,  
     The place where I was born !

Those days of yore, like fairy-dreams,  
 Flit through the pondering brain,  
 Till those with these, in dubious forms,  
     Come fleeting in the train ;  
 Infantile habits, hopes, and fears,  
     When thought of e'en or morn,  
 In sweet association hold,  
     The place where I was born.

The rippling dike, with gentle stream,  
     Wherein I plied my wheel ;  
 The pond in which my ships were sailed ;  
     My sword of wood for steel ;  
 The diggings in the jarnut tufts ;  
     The play of "hounds and horn ;"  
 These recollections all endear,  
     The place where I was born.

Those poplar-trees I list at night !  
Whose fate my bosom heaves !  
Such music now I never hear,  
The wind to play on leaves !  
Such roses, blegs, and hips, and haws,  
The hedges did adorn !  
And odours, sweetest of the earth,  
Regaled where I was born.

The house with ivy half o'er-grown,  
Was stored with sparrows' nests ;  
The young birds blithe, the elder gay,  
With Nature's kind behest ;—  
To east and southward, garden-ground,  
And garth that yielded corn ;  
And flowers of richest tints bestrewed,  
The place where I was born.

I had a garden called my own ;  
I planted mint and thyme ;  
But thought not then that time at length,  
Would range those deeds in rhyme ;—  
I planted daisies—violets ;  
And swards were timely shorn :  
Such fruits and flowers I want as blest  
The place where I was born.

A diamond-ring I saw when found :  
Though time's eternal rill,  
Since then an age has run, the *thought*  
Is worth a diamond still :  
So dear to memory is the past,  
I welcome grief and scorn,  
If but their origin were at  
The place where I was born.

B

Such glowing beams the sun displayed,  
 Betimes I rose to see ;  
 What pleased me most to view it was,  
 I thought it smiled at me :  
 If now from right I stray, and hence,  
 Those joys from me are torn,  
 I'll try to be as good as at  
 The place where I was born.

### THE WORKING-MAN.

**W**HO bears the scornings of the rich,  
 The dire oppressions of the knave,  
 Endures the useful toil for which,  
 When done he's branded as a slave ?  
 The Working-man.

Who ploughs the land—enearths the seeds—  
 True to his post at night and morn ?  
 Who rears the fence and plucks the weed—  
 The harvest reaps and grinds the corn ?  
 The Working-man.

Who delves the stone and digs the clay,  
 Who builds the walls and works the wood ?  
 Who strips his coat and races day ;  
 Who builds the ship and braves the flood ?  
 The Working-man.

Who from the pit the coal upheaves ?  
 Who shears the sheep and laden goes ?  
 Who dyes the wool, and spins, and weaves ?  
 Who tans the leather—makes the shoes ?  
 The Working-man.

Who's toiled till now his merit's ripe ?  
Who rags collect from every nook ?  
Who makes the paper—moulds the type ?  
Who grasps the press and prints the book ?  
The Working-man.

Who blasts the mine and smelts the ore ?  
Who merges from unjust disgrace ?  
Who runs through mountains, vales skips o'er  
And plays the jest with time and space ?  
The Working-man.

And who maintains his country free,  
In sultry clime or icy shore,  
Remote or near by land or sea,  
And braves the thundering cannon's roar ?  
The Working-man.

Then who on choicest food should dine,  
And who be clad in best attire ;  
And who should dwell where comforts reign,  
And Nature's every good require ?  
The Working-man.

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### M. L.'s EPITAPH.



S falls the rose nipt by sering blast,  
So thou art gone, as long as time shall last ;  
Thy wit, that oft beguiled the evening hour,  
Ere prime attained, has lost its pleasing power.

And though thy friends would fain the foe elude,  
He ruthless came his fierceness to intrude ;  
But long thy name in friendly hearts enrolled,  
Thy worth shall prize, and be unceasing told.

## A MEMENTO.

N infant days, when childish mirth,  
Thy sportive mind did most employ,  
How sad the accidental scene,  
Which blighted all thy wanted joy!

One pleasant morning with thy mates,  
For thee a woeful morn I know,  
In cheerful play were all engaged,  
Nor one more playful was than thou.

Oh! hadst thou the impending known—  
The grief that morning was to bring—  
How would thine eyes with tears have glazed,  
And throb'd thy heart with painful sting!

Thou'rt gone—but still thy form I see ;  
Thy words with clearest accent hear ;  
Thy genius and eccentric wit,  
Shall ever hold thy memory dear.

## LUCY LODGE ;

A TRAGIC BALLAD OF AIREDALE.

F Lucy Lodge I've heard a tale,  
Or be it false or true ;  
If you have time to lend an ear,  
I'll tell the same to you.

On Riggcot Hill a cottage stood,  
Beneath an aged tree,  
In winter hooded from the storm,  
From heat of summer free.

Here dwelt the Lodges, four in all,  
The parents aged grown,  
The daughters, two, in make and mind,  
The fairest of the town.

'Twas Susan's nature to be grave,  
And Lucy's to be gay ;  
But no extremes of evil thence,  
Did either maid display.

The elder pair though poor in purse,  
Infirm and almost blind,  
Possessed a pearl of worth immense,—  
The treasure of the mind.

Here sage advice unsparing sown,  
In timely fruits appeared ;  
With mental and with moral worth,  
The young the elder cheered.

Beneath their roof, from day to day,  
No other accents rise,  
But such as tend in young and old,  
Each other more to prize.

No home more blest, no hearts more glad,  
While sweets of life they cull ;  
Parental duty—filial love—  
Each flowing to the full.

But sweetest roses, fair to view,  
O'erhang the goring thorn ;  
So are our virtues ever nigh,  
Some vices they adorn.

The sprightly turn of Lucy's wit—  
The glibness of her tongue—

'Twas here, though innocent of heart,  
Her sad misfortune hung.

A man lived nigh, of twice her age,  
Unhandsome and unkind ;  
To labour much averse, nor cared  
To cultivate his mind.

This surly clown made hints of love,  
She frolicked with his whim ;  
Unthinking of the dire result,  
She feigned the same for him.

Though no respect for her he felt,  
Himself the only care ;  
Her wit or folly urged him to  
More openly declare.

As unrepaired a stitch may lead,  
The garment to destroy ;  
So evil thoughts allowed to rove,  
The greatest ills decoy.

To bear a message to a friend,  
One evening she set out,  
And in returning met the clown,  
Who'd chased her in the route.

This juncture in the Cunlif Wood,  
He deemed the place and time,  
A fitly opportunity,  
To perpetrate his crime.

He first essayed by flattery,  
To take her by surprise ;  
He praised her lips, her blooming cheeks,  
Her charming hair and eyes.

She said : " If I'm what you describe,  
I'll ne'er from virtue swerve ;  
Its path I'll ever strive to tread,  
My beauty to preserve."

When flattery failed, his swinish mind,  
Still grovelling in the mire,  
Induced him to suppose that gold,  
Would purchase his desire.

But no—said she : " My virtue sell !  
No, never—though I'm poor ;  
I'd sooner famish in a ditch,  
Or beg from door to door."

Then violence, his last resort,—  
As flashed his fiendish eye,  
With threats he dashed her to the ground,  
To force her to comply.

But as the purest metal shines,  
When tested in the fire ;  
Her virtue brightened with the trial,  
And raised its value higher.

" No threats," said she, " not e'en of death,  
Shall rob me of the prize ;  
Go life, go friends, go all that's dear,  
But virtue close my eyes."

When thus the wretch, try as he might,  
Unable to succeed ;  
He rudely beat her to the earth,  
And left her there to bleed.

Thus did she lie, nor could she move,  
Till youths chanced there to roam,

Who helped to raise her from the ground,  
And thence to bear her home.

The dreadful story to relate,  
Engaged her feeble breath ;  
This done she sighed her last farewell,  
And closed her eyes in death.

The murderer's mother shortly came,  
Lamenting what was done ;  
And pleading, as a mother would,  
For mercy on her son.

The wailing father of the maid  
Exclaimed : " She is no more ;  
And if another's life were lost,  
It would not her's restore."

Thus did the murderer escape ;  
But resting not at home,  
Set out a wretched vagabond,  
In distant lands to roam.

But still, no matter where he went,  
In home or foreign clime,  
He could not shun the conscious sting,  
And horror of his crime.

O'ercome with hunger, thirst, and cold,  
From friends and home astray,—  
His last resource, the army—then,  
To battle sent away.

Midst roaring cannon, murderous steel,  
The dying and the dead,  
Were spent the remnant of his days,  
In agony and dread.

At length the fatal ball arrives !  
He falls among the slain !  
His flesh the wolves devour, and strew  
His bones upon the plain !

Thus he on grossest crime intent,  
She indiscreetly frail ;  
Untimely death on both was brought :  
So ends the woeful tale .

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### A GLOWING ANTICIPATION.



ENURIOUS griefs at length are fled,  
My pocket clothes my friend ;  
With brighter sun and clearer sky,  
E'en blissful days I spend.

From books I gain historic lore,  
Of men and actions past ;  
Intensely still I covet more,  
To gain those treasures vast.

The poets' glowing fancies now,  
To fragrant bowers invite ;  
Where pleasing strains unceasing flow,  
In regions of delight.

In Nature's garden countless forms,  
Fermenting humours warm,—  
Each leaf, and stem, and flower inspires,  
A sweet profusive charm.

In fields etherial now I roam,  
For philosophic light ;

Now trace the ponderous planet's course,  
The devious comet's flight.

Translucent streams and fruitful bloom,  
Surround the raptured eye ;  
While rolling in the mind's abyss  
Are worlds, as in the sky.

Midst Nature's bounteous blessings strewed,  
To raise the bliss of life,  
One object most of all I prize,  
A sympathetic wife.

---

### THE GOAL OF BLISS.

**B**ARELY up to manhood grown,  
Sundry beauties caught mine eye :  
Charming maids on every hand,  
Caused the loving glance to fly :  
Amy, Rosa, Polly, Eve,  
Smiling hailed the loving kiss ;  
Plenteous as the ocean's flood,  
Seemed this opening store of bliss.

But ere long uncentered love,  
Like the "house against itself,"  
In discordant, wayward plight,  
Proved its own unfriendly elf :  
This and that and yond I wooed,  
Nor descried my course amiss,  
Till contending mental throes,  
Chased away my promised bliss.

Dark despairing—sighings deep ;  
Hoping, doubting—strange debate ;

Death, a living death of love,  
Threatened hence to be my fate :  
Sore bewildered—agonised,  
Nature's law of love to win,  
Poring maxims o'er I read :  
"Marriage is the goal of bliss."

Nought averse, I vowed the test,  
Urged by reason's healing art ;  
Bridled all unsettled thoughts ;  
Offered Rose my hand and heart :  
Pouting, shying, and what not,  
Due assent was smiled by Miss ;  
And beyond a doubt we proved,  
"Marriage is the goal of bliss."

Roving dogs may shun a bone,  
Straying pigs a slough,  
Grass may sometimes plume a rock,  
Pearls descend with flakes of snow ;  
Bachelors there may be chaste,  
Spinsters uninured to hiss ;  
But exceptions are not rules :  
"Marriage is the goal of bliss."

Nurtured in the wedded mind,  
Love, a balmy sweet will yield,  
Vainly sought in honey, or  
Choicest flowers of the field :  
Joys connubial melt each heart,  
Till distinctions all dismiss ;  
Lost in one the union sings :  
"Marriage is the goal of bliss."

Married love, uncloying, pure,  
In the moral sphere is day ;  
Like the glowing solar orb,  
Ever scattering night away ;

All is light, serene, and mild ;  
 Wonted cankering cares dismiss ;  
 Constant love-lit smilings prove,—  
 “Marriage is the goal of bliss.”

Loving those to whom beloved,  
 Calmly soothes the constant heart ;  
 Live-long days on downy wings,  
 Ever-greeting joys impart :  
 Days, and nights, and months, and years,  
 All proclaim, unceasing, this :  
 “Shun the curse of wanton love ;  
 Marriage is the goal of bliss.”

---

ON THE DEATH OF C. E.,

WHO WAS MURDERED ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE.



OW often seems the rising sun,  
 A bright and joyous day to bloom,—  
 When in a trice dark clouds embrew,  
 That shroud the radiant skies in gloom !

Thus human hopes oft most elate,  
 Destruction's wayward frowns reverse ;  
 'Twas hers to prove this woful blight,  
 These gloomy strains would now rehearse.

Torn by the brutal murderer's hand,  
 From life, from love, from pending bliss,  
 She goes to lie entombed in earth,  
 Where ruthless worms alone may kiss.

They meet—unconscious she reclines—  
 They crawl upon her pallid cheek ;  
 But ah ! no love within them glows ;  
 Her further woe is all they seek.

The youthful lover's heart may yearn,  
And friends the grief may kindly share ;  
But mutual love by death deranged,  
The ablest skill can ne'er repair !

---

THE DREAM OF A SHADOW.

**R**ECLINED on my couch after toil of the day,  
I dreamed of a shadow bespreading my way.  
At first its dimensions appeared but a span ;  
The depth of its hue both inconstant and wan.  
Now flickering and dancing it hailed to pursue ;  
But quicker I followed the quicker it flew.  
Now placid serenity gleamed on its form ;  
Now turgid and sombre it rival'd the storm.  
Inconstantly verging on darkness and light,  
It vanished at length in the gloom of the night:  
Still bent to pursue—said a voice : “ Cease thy strife—  
The shadow thou sawest is the *emblem of life.*”

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FINCHALE PRIORY.

**F**ROM bustling crowds where cares commercial find,  
By spells unnumbered to perplex the mind ;  
And where by arduous labour's urgent press,  
The o'er-wrought muscle longs to find redress,  
With heedless steps what onward course to steer,  
I wandered forth along the banks of Weare ;  
The fish embasking 'neath the limpid streams,  
The smiling landscape and the sunny beams,  
The lowing herds, the lark and blackbird's song,—  
Alluring sweetly as I paced along.

Proceeding slowly through the winding dale,  
 Unveiling beauties start with every gale.  
 The rising copses slender saplings spread,  
 From stately boughs in tiny acorns shed.  
 The fearful chasms, the towering cliffs on high,  
 The hanging woods bowed by the meeting sky,  
 The rugged rocks in jutting crags displayed,  
 And now in amphitheatres chastley laid,  
 The open lawn transfusing genial heat,  
 The gloomy grotto with its cool retreat ;—  
 These scenes are those, the groves, and woody dell,  
 Where lovers love to stray and hermits dwell.

Now meets the eye amid the floral glade,  
 For contemplation, shelter, or for shade,  
 A ponderous elm, with arched, umbragious shroud,  
 By centuries and luxuriant foliage bowed.  
 Beneath, its rooty devious windings close  
 A mossy couch inviting to repose.  
 By strolling weary and in musing mood,  
 The recess sweetly and betimely wooed.  
 Reflection here portrayed each scene anew,  
 And fancy painted what reflection drew,  
 Till downy slumber, to prolong my stay,  
 On golden moments chased all thought away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Roused by a fluttering gust, this sweet abode  
 Must be exchanged for gayer walks abroad.  
 But yet delay ; for storms I see distil,  
 In darkening clouds along the distant hill ;  
 The noisome vapour's float, and sultry air,  
 A storm impending must at hand declare.  
 The teeming clouds already drench the ground,  
 And rumblings of the thunder's peals resound.  
 Electric flashes neighbouring heights impinge,  
 Till every object glares the fiery tinge.

The speary lightnings flash, the thunders roar,  
In quick succession from their cloudy store.  
While near and nearer draws the raging storm,  
A misty mass exudes of dubious form.  
Now bating pace as though more strength to store  
Three blazing darts at length the mist explore ;  
From each, three several rolling peals resound,  
And echos long from trembling hills rebound.  
These throes ere long the mist and storm dispel,  
Two forms display, and glide to where I dwell.

Awed into admiration by their mien,  
The first and gayest seemed a goddess-queen ;  
Her figure stately, but as yielding air,  
A thousand graceful forms commingled there.  
With glowing transport rolling in her eye,  
She signals onward, while she leads the way.  
Then thus : "Tread softly—let your steps be slow ;  
For sacred relics lie concealed below."

A solemn pæan now melodious flows,  
The valley echos and the forest bows.  
With tardy steps we pace to lingering notes,  
Revere augments 'and brooding fancy dotes,  
Till o'er the opening verdant lawn we see,  
The mouldering pile of *Finchale Priory*.

Its crumbling moss-grown walls, of potent prime,  
Bespeak long mouldering 'neath the hand of time.  
The lengthy nave and spacious transepts wide,  
In roofless ruin seek their forms to hide,  
Beneath the genial shade and favoured screen.  
Of hazel, bramble, moss, and ivy-green.  
The spacious vaults and massive columns' base,  
Choice tracery we soon shall cease to trace ;  
The arches elegant and winding stair,  
Its ancient grandeur and its strength declare.

Long did the tower and stout octagonal spire,  
In massive splendour to the heavens aspire !  
Now crumbled to the earth, by weeds o'er-run,  
Their place the poplar and the oak have won :

Above the pile, although they cannot save,  
Their shielding arms and soothing foliage wave.

Resuming, she : " In ages past, this pile,  
No guest unholy dared its walls defile.  
Remote from worldly pomp, and hope, and strife,  
And dying daily into holier life,  
Retired the few who counted gold as dross,  
And for the love of Christ deemed all things loss.

In weal or woe, resolved through life to dwell,  
'Twas here Saint Godric built his humble cell,  
Which, dedicated to the Virgin Saint,  
He graced two ages in devout restraint.  
True piety ! alas ! where shall we find,  
The holy ardour which possessed his mind ?  
By blest St. Cuthbert kindly moved in dreams,  
O'er dreary deserts waste, and foaming streams,  
In pilgrimage devout, that rest prefer,  
St. Godric reached the Holy Sepulchre ;  
And thence to Jordan's hallowed stream repairs,  
His feet to wash, and pours his ardent prayers.  
To heaven devout, no more his feet, he vows,  
Shall know the carnal luxury of shoes !  
Now barefoot, toils untold his cares engage,  
Till he regains his lonely hermitage."

High as before devotion's fervent glow,  
On Jordan's brink constrained the saintly vow,  
'Tis higher now, and vastly more intense,  
Than earth or heaven explains to carnal sense :  
When piercing Boreas sweeps along the plain,  
Congeals the floods—ensnows the wide domain,  
Obstructs the traveller by its chilling blast,  
And dreary Winter rages o'er the past ;  
When flocks and herds to coverts close retire,  
And men draw nearest to the cheering fire,—  
St. Godric, warm within, prone in the flood  
Of icy Weare, neck deep, devoutly stood  
Whole stormy nights, in saintly mood sincere,  
And heavenward poured his long and fervent prayer !

This ardent piety the Devil views,  
With rising anger, and with spleen pursues.  
Now straight to play the saint a vicious prank,  
He steals his clothes that lie upon the bank.  
But Godric spying, prompt in prayer's track,  
With *Ave Marias* brought the Devil back,  
And forced him, though his fiendish choler rose,  
To hasten backward with the stolen clothes,  
Which, had he, as he aimed, unseen secured,  
So coarse their fabric he had ne'er endured ;  
For Godric's jerkin was of iron made !  
For him, the smiths' the tailors' craft invade.  
Nor was his lodgings more with comforts spread—  
A stone his pillow, and the ground his bed.

That true repentance both within and 'out,  
Might once for all exclude the smallest doubt,  
No pampering dainties on his board were spread—  
Half meal, half ashes, joined to form his bread !  
And this, too good when new, in dark repose,  
Four months' deterioration undergoes.

These holy deeds to heaven wing their way,  
Till wondering angels Godric deference pay ;  
Their shining hosts forsake—to earth descend—  
A mortal hail as their especial friend ;  
And often deign the sexton's part to take,—  
The bell to toll—to his nocturnes wake.

No useless store of worldly goods had he,  
Nor of the want of needful was he free :  
No beads possessing—source of sundry cares !  
With pebble-stones he told his numerous prayers.

Oft did the wily foe infernal burn,  
The feet of Godric, from heaven's path to turn.  
Now Proteus-like by transformations vast,  
He seeks to scare the lonely saint agast ;  
But ugly as the forms his wiles resort,  
They only tend to make St. Godric sport.

At this provoked, to deal revengeful ire,  
 The Devil visits Godric's twinkling fire ;  
 And when the saint the genial fire nears,  
 The Devil dares to box his saintly ears ;  
 And had not Godric's cross a rescue found,  
 Down had he tumbled headlong to the ground.  
 Sometimes a fiend in beauteous form arrayed,  
 Appeared a youthful, blooming, charming maid,  
 Who, though St. Godric humbly strove to hate,  
 Concupiscence within his bosom sate,  
 Till moved by heaven to quench the rankling fires,  
 Himself he amply rolls in thorns and briars,  
 The pain to increase, when ulcerous sores abound,  
 With pious care he salts each raging wound.  
 And such esteem did Godric gain in heaven,  
 To him the power of miracles was given.  
 And though eight centuries now have nearly fled,  
 Since he commingled with the saintly dead ;  
 Still, in the "wishing stone," his godly name,  
 From sterile dames enjoys immortal fame."

Thus said, she bowed : and passed the rolling flood,  
 Pursued her airy flight o'er Cocken wood.

Now forward drew the partner of the fair,  
 Erewhile reclining dimly veiled in air ;  
 His stature large, but yet increasing size,  
 From age to age seemed destined still to rise.  
 With hoary locks and reverend visage bleak,  
 He sues attention, and proceeds to speak :

"My fair attendant's speech, so warm and free,  
 Requires a supplemental one from me.

Tho' partners old, we live on jarring terms ;  
 What one attests, 'tis rare the mate confirms.  
 Her task is entertainment brisk or mild ;  
 Her name Romance ; her theme the mazes wild.  
 But lest I may not seem from envy free,  
 At once I own my name is History.  
 In ancient times—in Seven-ninety-two,  
 The site of Finchale's pile had shunned the plough :

When Higbald, Lindisfarne's great prelate rose,  
E'en Finchale then enjoyed distinction's gloze ;  
For here a synod was convened to move  
A church reform—its manners to improve.  
But not till yet some ages hence was known,  
The star of Finchale's boast and great renown :  
St. Godric was the man—'twas his the name,  
That wafted Finchale on the wings of fame.  
His birth-place, Walpole, Norfolk ; and we hear,  
Him to a pedlar did his guardians rear.  
Upon his back he bore his sundry wares,  
From door to door, and round to country fairs.  
Ambition prompting, and the love of gain,  
Ere long he dared to cruise the watery main,  
To Flanders, Denmark, and to Scotia's shore,  
In bold adventure with his motley store.  
The Holy Island compassed in his stray,  
There to the jealous monks he found his way,  
Who oft in raptures rung St. Cuthbert's fame,  
Which lit the pedlar with the zealot's flame.  
And now resolved to flee from worldly care,  
His taste hermitic found indulgence here.  
'Twas in the year, 'tis said, Eleven-eighteen,  
The hermitage of Finchale's smiling green,  
By Bishop Flambard, of prelatie fame,  
Was made a grant to Durham convent's claim,  
Yet subject in free alms to Godric's life ;  
A boon approved, reclused from worldly strife ;  
And when by death he should from earth remove,  
Successors those the brethren might approve.  
The hermit's zeal, whate'er might be its base,  
Fanaticism, hypocrisy, or grace,  
Soon wafted on the wings of far-spread fame,  
Both genial Finchale and its hero's name.  
And age and fame had rolled an ample tide,  
Ere in Eleven-seventy, St. Godric died.  
As time advanced, Eleven-eighty's want  
Of monkish cells, for Finchale sought a grant,

Of Bishop Pudsey : he the grant confirmed ;  
 But sixteen years the cherished project germed,  
 Till Henry, Pudsey's son, with rights endowed,  
 Within whose breast ambition's ardour glowed,  
 In virtue of his powers to action called,  
 Of Benedicts, a priory installed.  
 And here for ages monks to monks succeed ;  
 Their wants supplied, no schism splits their creed ;  
 In ease retired, where Nature's gifts abound ;  
 Where corn and fruit and honey load the ground ;  
 Where daily needs receive their daily due,  
 And peaceful nights the bountious days pursue.  
 Here, Prior Thomas first the cell o'erruled ;  
 Radulphus next, in priory business skilled ;  
 Then Stichilie ; Insula, next to tower.  
 Now Buredon and Stamford rise to power.  
 To Castro, Lund, and Beryngton, we find,  
 In course succinct, the priorship assigned.  
 Then Poklyngton and Bawy, each bears sway,  
 And Bell and Brayden follow in array.  
 The commun' doomed no longer to remain,  
 The prior's list at length conclude with Swain,  
 Here Godric, Pudsey, and a host unknown,  
 Who in their day were stars of bright renown,  
 Charmed by the cell, and river's rippling strains,  
 In hoped for quiet, reposed their last remains.  
 Long smiled this verdant dell in sweet repose,  
 But smiled unconscious of its coming woes.  
 The prowling wolf, when hungry, wets his claws,  
 His stomach yearns, and chafes his deadly jaws,  
 Fierce on the flock directs an eager gaze,  
 Selects his victim, and voracious preys ;  
 So Henry Eighth on Finchale fixed his eye,  
 The booty grabbed, and destined it to die.  
 By this insatiate king, one grapple deft,  
 The prior and eight monks emerged adrift.  
 The reverend pile, dismantled in the woods,  
 Remained the sport of cankers, winds, and floods.

By slow decay, but sure as seasons' round,  
Disjointed fragments crumble to the ground,  
Till but remains of rank destruction's while,  
This tottering relic of the ancient pile !

The transepts' length, in Eighteen-thirty-two,  
The debris bore an excavating plow,  
In quest of buried antiquarian lore,  
When bare was laid part of the pristine floor,  
The bases of two central pillars strong,  
Foundations of three altars laid along  
A tomb's remains, in Norman epoch reared ;  
And paving-tiles of sundry tints appeared.  
From this, an excavation to th' high altar made,  
With sights of objects rare, the toils repaid."

Thus said, and to his speech a period bowed,  
Away he hastened in a sable cloud.

And now alone a silent gloom pervades  
The crumbling ruin, and surrounding shades.  
Seclusion banquets where the altar stood,  
And contemplation paces to the flood.  
Did superstition arm destruction's plea ?  
Why not eject it, still preserving thee ?  
Why not transform the erring monks' abuse,  
And thee appropriate to a nobler use ?  
Though greatness fallen, may bear a coward's frown,  
Thy rev'rence due, grim envy's self must own.  
E'en doth the ground, when wayward feet are near,  
In silent sadness ooze the pearly tear.

Alas ! thy pluming Bard at length like thee,  
May find a blighted Immortality !

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### THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.



Sailors down the river-stream,  
At length the ocean gain ;  
So in the course of life we run,  
To Death's awaiting main.

Our boat at first flows swiftly through,  
The brook's contracted way ;  
While verdant banks in flowers arrayed,  
We playfully survey.

We view, we grasp, and grasp again—  
To pleasure all inclined ;  
But shadows mostly do we seize,  
And leave the flowers behind.

Along the streamlet winds its way,  
Increasing as it plays ;  
So youth its wider, deeper range,  
Of growing care displays.

Each tempting object we pursue,  
Excited by success ;  
Or, filled with grief when fortune frowns,  
Lament our sad distress.

But whether failures or success,  
Depress or cheer the mind,  
Our joys and griefs one moment here,  
The next are left behind.

We cannot anchor on our voy'ge,  
Howe'er we love to stay ;  
For every pulse, and every thought,  
But hastens us away.

With fury armed the floods may drive ;  
The sluggish stream delay ;  
Yet ever onwardly we move,  
Th' inevitable way.

And soon the track of life is run,  
Or heedless or with care—

Whate'er the merits of our course,  
We cannot then repair.

Now roaring billows from beneath,  
Their liquid mountains heave ;  
Now watery gulfs terrific yawn,  
The voy'ger to receive.

No witness eyes our fateful course,  
As, closing, we are driven ;  
Nor do the dead return to tell,  
Of finding hell or heaven.

Though distant seems the flood of death ;  
Though friends our absence weep ;  
At length we all our voy'ge must end,  
Athwart the trackless deep.

Eternity its mystery then,  
If e'er it be explained,  
Must open to the cruiser's gaze,  
The secrets it contained.

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### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ORDAMUS, doomed to daily toil,  
And chagrined with his labour,  
With eyes of envy often viewed,  
Old easy Lout his neighbour.

For though Sordamus labours hard,  
For downward tending wages,  
His work grows more ; and more he does,  
For more his master rages.

At this provoked, he rails at fate—  
 For cursing knaves grows famous,  
 Till fortune in his favour turns :  
 Then, what becomes Sordamus ?

No sooner out of labour raised,  
 And power woos his shielding,  
 Than knavery, so lately cursed,  
 As ardently he's wielding !

The more may Justice urge her plea,  
 The more his neck he stretches ;  
 And of his slaves avows : " Because  
*I can*, I'll crush the wretches !"

#### THE MYSTERIES OF FATE.

**W**HY was I born to care and grief,  
 Within my mind like billows rolling ?  
 Why ease and comfort do I love,  
 Yet in a desert ever strolling ?

Why was my lot in youth assigned,  
 Amongst a crew the most unruly,  
 When every nerve of frame and mind,  
 Sweet gentleness adored so truly ?

Why was I kicked, and pushed, and snubbed,  
 And dragged so oft to raging combat,  
 When quarrels were, of every kind,  
 The very things my feelings loathed at ?

Why was my mind to darkness doomed,  
 While schooling glutted thankless neighbours ?  
 Why chained my weakly, aching limbs,  
 To never ceasing, galling labours ?

Why had I taste for learned lore,  
And sundry curious arts mechanic,  
While every avenue was closed,  
As by some magic spell satanic ?

Why had I appetite for food,  
And yet my messes ever scanty ?  
Why taste for elegance of dress,  
With niggard, loathsome rags assigned me ?

Why given was approbation,  
So amply by my being's donor,  
While circumstances warp my path,  
A web of ceaseless, rank dishonour ?

Why have I conscientiousness ?  
The shining blade I'm always trusting,  
While daily actions amply prove,  
So many theirs think best laid rusting ?

Why do I cling to objects real,  
And test my notions by induction,  
While phantasies on every hand,  
Beguile the leaders of instruction ?

Why am I apt to freely teach,  
The choicest truths of knowledge sterling,  
While thankless pupils ever are,  
The darkest innuendos whirling ?

Why do I love to spin a rhyme,  
Or work a problem mathematic,  
While that but poverty entails,  
And this transfixes, problematic ?

Why seize the compasses and rule,  
In Euclid's musty nooks to dabble,

While others with one-tenth the toil,  
But smile, and fatten on the rabble ?

Why do I stretch the chain of space,  
Or scan the stars' irradiancy,  
While legal courts their wisdom join,  
To dub those labours "vagrancy ?"

Why do my scribbling itchings tease,  
To brand some wild hallucination,  
When for such pains, so oft I've been  
Consigned—ah ! me !—to stark damnation ?

### CHATTERTON.



APRICIOUS Fate ! remorseless, cruel, blind !  
Whence flows thy nature ? Why such parts com-  
Why dost the path of human kind explore, [bined ?  
And blast the hopes thou never canst restore ?

Say, why on mortal weakness vengeance wield,  
Th' unequal combat gained, no honours yield ?  
Why not arrest the ocean's flowing tide,  
The glowing sun in sable darkness hide,  
Reverse the poles, the planets' courses stay,  
Or turn the blazing comet's fearful way ?  
While objects worthy, daring prowess wait,  
Why wreak on friendless youth the wrath of Fate ?

Let Bristol's towers in ceaseless anguish bow,  
Let Avon's floods in tears unceasing flow,  
Let winds and seas assume the mournful strain,  
For Chatterton, so prematurely slain !  
So vast his mental range and finished grace,  
What else than death identifies his race ?  
Ere infancy had passed, his giant mind,  
In learning's maze, each winding track could find.

The mud from antiquarian lore he sweeps,  
 Like ocean-streams in transatlantic deeps;  
 Nor still half taxed his powers, in sportive glee,  
 He shrouds the modern in antiquity !

From wells of science next, with equal skill,  
 He draws and drinks; still drinking, thirsting still.  
 But most of all his charming Poesy,  
 In robes fantastic decked and airy free,  
 Entrances to the core; and where she flies,—  
 To flowery vales, or Alps' stupendous rise;  
 To roaring cataracts, or shady woods;  
 To winding streamlets or to boiling floods;  
 To deserts where the savage rangers roar;  
 To depths or heights of space untrod before,—  
 Quick as the lightning's flash he offers chase,  
 Nor turns nor slackens till he wins the race.

His favourite *Rowley* brooding in his mind,  
 Oft strolling in the meadows or reclined  
 Where Redcliffe Church displays its ample view,  
 He copious draughts of inspiration drew.  
 His *Mastre Canynge* here foments the brain,  
 His *Syr Charles Bowdin* here is rudely slain,  
 Here *Ælla* leads the patriotic fray,  
 And Mynstrelles chant the soothing roundelay.

And now the Muses warm their favourite son,  
 Shrill Fame augments the flame by them begun,  
 Ambition greets with salutations fair,  
 While Hope allures him from his native air.

Now scenes phantasmagoric, contrast hold,  
 To those a London's verities unfold.  
 'Twas Reason's task to shun impassioned strife,  
 And clearly draw the naked truths of life,  
 But sanguine Hope by glowing zephyrs fanned,  
 The pencil wrested from his faithful hand.  
 In haste she draws, as impulses bebove,  
 Her golden domes, and balmy bowers of love:  
 Elysian gardens—grotts with jewels stored,  
 Their charms, cascades, and silvery streams afford;

A nectar fountain gushes every hill,  
 And forms of gold the crowded canvass fill,  
 Till Wealth and Fame on bright pedestals rise,  
 With looks intent to leap the vaulted skies.

Delusive Hope, away! Thy sanguine view,  
 Is fruitless as the dreary Autumn-dew :  
 The glare of splendour which thy art displays,  
 Is but the prelude of unwelcome days.

Away from home, in mazes of "the town,"  
 Where Hope engaged to weave his laurel crown,  
 He finds ere long the flattering dream has fled ;  
 He craves, but craves in vain for needful *bread* !  
 As days succeed, increasing cravings pant ;  
 He sues the Muses,—urges galling want ;  
 They smile attention, and sublimely burn,  
 But leave their favourite in distress to yearn.  
 Forlorn, he languishes,—his spirits droop,—  
 Yet falling, rises, and disdains to stoop.  
 The towering eagle wrapt in musings high,  
 Extends her wings and sunward casts her eye,  
 In buoyant air her rapid course pursues,  
 Through blazing sun-beams and through cloudy dews ;  
 The world below with all its joys and cares,  
 Contemptuous leaves, and heights unmeasured dares.  
 But as she soars her energy expends,  
 Which to renew to earth again she tends.  
 While snatching at her food a foe unseen,  
 In serpent-form, uncoiling darts his spleen—  
 She's caught : his fatal coils encircling round,  
 Each pliant muscle aggravates her wound.  
 Though doomed to die, yet unsubdued she clangs  
 Unscared, and dares to drain his poisonous fangs.  
 Poor Chatterton ! alas ! does this portray  
 The doom of genius and the Muses' sway ?  
 Too well the figure represents the life ;  
 Too well the climax terminates the strife.  
 While Famine grinned, and Grief with anguish tore,  
 Dispair coiled round his heart and drank his gore.

No mother's hand to 'leviate his pain,  
No sister's voice his spirits to sustain,—  
Alas ! deprived of all—of every cheer,  
That hope could foster, or could life endear—  
Untaught to yield, distraction buoying up,  
He, frantic, snatched and drained the fatal cup !

And does the picture of thy parting breath,  
Display thy features in the jaws of Death ?  
If fell distortions thus thy flesh entwined,  
What pencil draw ? what words express the *mind* ?  
No drafts or words thy torture can impart !  
Attempts are vain—'tis past the reach of art !

Poor Chatterton ! and wast thou wanting bread,  
To shun severer fate with poison sped ?

And didst thou, Sun—refulgent orb of day,  
With heart unmoved withhold thy genial ray ?  
Didst thou sweet Moon—fair wanderer of the night,  
Refuse the soothing of thy milder light ?  
Did ye, ye Winds, fill every spreading sail,  
And yet to one refuse *one* helping gale ?  
Did ye, ye Fields, produce your golden grain,  
One son to starve, and all the rest sustain ?  
Did ye, ye Brakes and Dens, ye Caves and Woods,  
Refuse him shelter from descending floods ?  
Did ye, ye Springs, your mission so abuse,  
As needful draughts the thirsty to refuse ?  
Did ye, ye Stars, but show your twinkling rife,  
To lure the wanderer from the path of life ?

Did bountious Nature frowningly deny,  
Or some dark hand perverted the supply ?  
Ah, Walpole ! thy finesse can never thwart  
The just opprobrium :—“ Of an icy heart ;  
To Wealth and Fame a cringing, fawning slave ;  
To friendless Worth an unrelenting knave ! ”  
Well might the “ wondrous boy ” thy name foresee,  
The brand sustain of scorn and infamy !

Poor Chatterton ! sad as thy gloomy course,  
Still would my Muse thy onward fate rehearse.

Though destitution hailed thy pending woes,—  
No friendly hand thy dying eyes to close,  
No jetty hearse to bear thee to the grave,  
No nodding plumes, or sable mutes to wave,  
No hand to scatter flowers on thy bier,  
Nor friend to shed a sympathetic tear ;  
Yet still, unsated Envy, dead to shame,  
Could fiercely stigmatize thy spotless name ;  
And Fate, relentless, still could grossly rave,  
And drag thy *bones* e'en from thy pauper-grave !

While thus on earth neglected Genius falls,  
See how just worth supernal notice calls !  
Ere was the body yet consigned to death,  
Celestial hosts attend the quivering breath.  
Perfumes ambrosial waft their odours near ;  
Elysian music strikes the listening ear ;  
Anon, to vision rapt, as convoy wait,  
The shades of song, with steeds and wain of state,  
While hosts imperial amply wait around,  
And pour melodious all the charms of sound.  
First in the ranks see Orpheus, whose song,  
So sweet of old, drew listening woods along !  
Bold Homer next, whose huge and fiery sweep,  
Drove Suns and Systems through the spacy deep !  
Now polished Virgil like Aurora view,  
A gleaming meteor clad in morning dew !  
To these succeed a lengthy genial throng,  
Who smiling pour a ceaseless tide of song.  
The foremost group three welcome pealings wind,  
And three soft echo wafts from those behind.  
They start, and hailing notes supremely sweet.  
The ravished ears in copious volumes meet.  
Now silvery strains in softest cadence sleep,  
Now thrilling blasts like roaring torrents sweep.  
Through nether air the train enraptured flies,  
The clouds divide and ope to brighter skies ;  
The pealing choir incessantly renews,  
While nether Earth astonished trembling views.

The middle regions gained, the pliant throng,  
The toil unfelt, still swell the welcome song ;  
And now enrapt through super-strata fly,  
Till ports celestial greet the ravished eye.  
Unnumbered tongues now sing our hero's name,  
And Hosts Celestial peal his rising fame.

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THE GHOST.



WHEN Hodgy at the neighbouring fair,  
Bethought him homeward to repair,  
Late being the hour, and dark the night,  
No company found, sad was his plight.

Too late he rued his stay so long,  
Detained by glasses, friends, and song,  
Three dreary miles before him laid,  
Nor lamp nor star the path displayed.  
Now fifty ghostly tales or more,  
Rush to his thoughts and vex him sore.  
At least, "full five were clear to prove,  
And one he'd been a witness of!  
The one he'd seen, no ghostly half,  
Was like a brindled six months' calf,  
With mastiff's ears, and laid so squat,  
And eyes he fairly shuddered at!"

Ah, Hodgy! didst thou only know,  
What would befall an hour or so,  
What wouldst thou give at home to be,  
Or what for store of company?

Though hard he strove, he strove in vain,  
From ghostly notions to refrain:  
To drive those fearful guests away,  
At first he tried to hum a lay.  
But, words half uttered, notes half blown,  
With fear his singing soon broke down.

Next, to divert intruding thoughts,  
He strove to find "How many groats,  
And what in pence the price would reach,  
Of five fat pigs at five pounds each?"  
Scarce half the reckoning yet was done,  
When other cares his notice won :  
He thought he felt a waft of wind !  
He looked before, he looked behind,  
But nothing rising to his view,  
He ventured forward to pursue.

As reckoning failed—nor could he sing—  
At whistling next he took a swing ;  
Yet all the time, to shun surprise,  
Kept staring round with jealous eyes.  
At length you might e'en with a straw,  
Have felled him ! Why ? He saw ! he saw !  
And what did Hodgy really see ?  
A ghost he feared ! It proved—a *tree* !  
With beating heart again he moved,  
As place and time of night behoved,  
Congratulating his escape ;  
For airy monsters still agape.  
Scarce fifty paces hence was he,  
Ere thence he wished and roared to flee !  
What daring object had he found,  
That pitched him headlong to the ground ?  
There, down he lay by horror pent,  
Bedrenched in liquid element ;  
And as by some infernal art,  
His mouth was filled with stones and dirt !  
For help he strove, but could not cry ;  
He saw or thought a goblin nigh !  
Though honest Hodge he'd been till now,  
He guessed he'd found the lakes below !  
Some sprite he feared the floods would skim,  
And in a moment swallow him !  
But when none came, he deemed it meet,  
To try once more to find his feet.

He struggled once, he struggled twice,  
With fearful groans he struggled thrice,  
And now to his surprise he found  
Himself once more on solid ground!  
What caused him thus his fate bemoan?  
Alas! he'd missed a stepping-stone!

And now with earnest eyes he tried,  
If spirits yet could be descried;  
But seeing none, he dashed his clothes,  
Cleaned out his mouth, and then his nose;  
And now again his way to plod,  
Resolved to mind on what he trod.  
But dark the night, as when of old  
"It might be felt," as Moses told,  
Or as the time it "might be cut,"

No use were open eyes or shut.  
Yet Hodge preferred to have them wide, }  
For fear a spirit unespied, }  
Along the gloomy path should glide. }  
Now thinking of his charming Bess,  
He tried to make his troubles less,—  
Supposed her with him in full chat,  
Betimes on this, betimes on that.  
This artful dodge he smiled to play,  
To wile the ghosts and road away.  
And had he more loquacious been,  
The converse had been more I ween.  
But short of words, or short of thoughts,  
He turned again to reckoning groats:  
From groats to ghosts he soon turned round,  
Again to plod on haunted ground.

And now at Armley Hall he stood,—  
On this hand fields, on that a wood;  
The lane before him long and lone,  
Nor earthly light nor heavenly shone.  
His heart beat thunder, chilled his blood,  
And all his hair like bristles stood.

D

He feared to stand, he feared to fly,  
Nor dared to open ear or eye.  
To wail his fate he then begun,  
But stopping short—resolved to run.  
Now like an arrow, up the lane  
Impetuous flies the daring swain.  
However full of ghosts the road,  
He, helter-skelter, bores the crowd ;  
With headlong fury steers his way,  
Nor deigns to think, nor stops to pray.  
At length a noise confused is heard,—  
Dash—crash—smash—horrors ! who shall word  
Transmit, and truthfully relate  
Poor Hodge's dark impetuous fate ?  
Oh that the morning-sun would rise,  
To cheer his heart—to cheer his eyes,  
If heart or eyes he still retain ;  
If he be not by goblins slain !  
Hodge ! art thou still above the ground,  
Or art thou dragged to deeps profound,  
Where shapeless shapes of spectres fly,  
Who justice know nor sympathy ?  
What rowling, growling, rustling rude !  
With what huge mass the ground bestrewed ?  
It rises, frowns, appears to walk,  
And utters noise like mortal-talk !  
Its bulk on high some powers sustain,  
And now to earth its sinks again !  
Who can with less than horror say,  
What daring monster crossed the way ?  
'Twas Hodge's self that climbed the gate,  
That scorned the battering of his pate ;  
Once more he tried to brace his nerves,  
And courage gain that danger serves.  
Enraged by late encounters rude,  
His drooping spirits were renewed,  
And so inflamed, he almost prayed  
To meet some wandering mortal shade

Ah, Hodgy ! what presumption this,  
To dare a sprite from heavenly bliss !  
Still more presumptuous, couldst thou know,  
To dare a foe from spheres below !  
Not distant far the Church stands by,  
Which yet, perhaps, may foes supply,  
That with a vengeful horror-flood,  
May quickly freeze thy boiling blood !  
How, better fitting it would seem,  
For thee to play some humbler theme ;  
From dangers past, and mischief free,  
Learn prudence and humility !

Already Hodge his rashness rued,  
And stealthily his way pursued,  
Nor blew a note, nor sung a word,  
Nor dared to let his feet be heard,  
Lest some bye-lurking ghost of prey,  
Should angrily dispute the way.

What sad disasters Hodge has met !  
Though not a ghost encountered yet.  
Ah, Hodge ! why dost thou danger fear,  
When no one fact bespeaks it near ?  
Take troubles when they can't be shunned,  
As debtors, curses, when they're dunned.  
But hark ! the midnight hour has come,  
The hour when ghosts rise from the tomb,  
To stalk the earth in frightful form,  
Or ride the fierce nocturnal storm !  
And now the Church, that awful pile,  
Where ghostly horrors nightly wile,  
Is close at hand, poor Hodgy near,  
And almost petrified with fear.  
Cheer up, brave fellow—brace thy nerves ;  
'Tis bravery that bravely serves.  
But why advice poor Hodgy give,  
When scarcely now he seems to live ?  
Why dost thou, Hodge, thus prostrate roll ?  
What horrors swell thy bursting soul ?

Has some malignant harpy's hand,  
 The curtain drawn of spirit-land?  
 Or has some ghostly voice as drear,  
 In dreadful accents met thine ear?  
 Hark! yelling, howling, raving nigh!  
 What sound unearthly is the cry?  
 Let oceans cease their bellowing roar;  
 Let thunders crash their peals no more;  
 In vain may seas and thunders roll,  
 When one fierce ghost begins to howl!

Ye Powers that rule above the skies,  
 Despite of ghosts bid Hodgy rise!  
 And give him courage once for all,  
 To brave the ghost that caused his fall!

Now Hodgy rises as from sleep,  
 Inclined to laugh, and still to weep,  
 Till once again the ghost he hears,  
 He runs to tell the villagers,  
 He shakes the door—"a ghost," he cries—  
 They hear, and from their beds arise;  
 From fold to fold he bawls aloud,  
 Till he collects a midnight crowd.

To guard themselves from all mischance,  
 They prudently, ere they advance,  
 Like soldiers for the field en route,  
 Provide defensive weapons stout.  
 Some pokers, cudgels, brickbats wield,  
 While others with the Prayer Book shield.

By this, the parson warm from bed  
 Stands at the daring army's head.  
 Whate'er his flock espoused at heart,  
 Good man! he always bore his part.  
 Though sometimes he might lose a dream,  
 He meekly glided with the stream:  
 As business duties have their force,  
 The clerk and sexton join, of course.  
 The three officials gravely clad,  
 Stand foremost of the moving squad.

To these succeed six pious dames,  
Six youths come next with torchy-flames,  
Now three times six, stout weapons bear,  
And Hodgy marshals up the rear.  
With solemn pace they move along,  
To where the ghostly peals are rung.  
Conjectures varied are discussed,  
What soul it is the grave has burst.  
One thinks old Siggs the infidel,  
Has snapt his chains and sprung from hell ;  
Another hints a wretch defiled,  
The soul of an unchristened child ;  
Another thinks the wretched elf  
Of one who late had hanged himself ;  
One thinks that souls once lodged in heaven  
Can never thence to earth be driven,  
And those who've met a fearful doom  
Are not allowed on earth to come,  
And that the present fearful evil  
Is not a soul—'t must be the devil !  
Another fears some fiendish spell,  
Is laid to drag them all to hell !  
Says one, "This doom I can't expect ;  
For devils cannot harm the elect,"  
Another quotes a scripture text,  
And though, with fear, somewhat perplext,  
Attempts this very ghost to prove,  
A messenger of truth and love,  
To warn the few who understand,  
"The end of all things is at hand !"  
Now having reached the Chapel Lane,  
On every ear the ghostly strain,  
Already peals its horrid roar,  
And indicates some angry power.  
Before this dread reality,  
Conjectures and debates flee ;  
Ejaculations, groans, or sighs,  
From each dejected bosom rise.

Yet at the pastor's earnest call,  
Somewhat their fears begin to fall,  
And slowly moving, silently,  
At length they reach their destiny.

The Church-yard gates the sexton heaves :  
The yard the daring crowd receives ;  
The spirit rolls its thrilling cry,  
In peals that mortal powers defy.  
Each stands aghast, yet bent to search,  
Each corner of the haunted Church.  
Collected at the door they stand ;  
The sexton turns, with trembling hand,  
The key, and wide the door is thrown,  
While screechings nigh the spirit own !  
The villagers, the ghost to shun,  
Abackward o'er each other run,  
As cowards from the battle flee,  
At shoutings of the enemy.

The parson chides—again they rally,  
Yet in confusion forward sally.

Ah, ye rash mortals! what foul fiend  
Could thus your understandings blind ;  
And thus allure you from safe ground,  
To come where dangers fierce surround ?  
Could not the fate of Thomas Perks,  
Have taught you where disaster lurks ?  
He who for with spirits peddling,  
Was torn to atoms for his meddling !  
Could Doctor Foster's awful fate,  
Too, fail your rashness to abate ?  
And can you still with spirits banter,  
Regardless of old Tam o' Shanter ?

Well, having ventured now so far,  
Retreating might your honour mar ;  
Yet who in haunts of spirits pry,  
The consequences must abide by !  
Whatever therefore may befall you,  
Prepared be to bring your minds to,

The parson, skilled in magic arts,  
Proceeds to show his learned parts ;  
He draws a circle on the floor,  
And then within it several more ;  
These, in a trice, the villagers  
Are placed within, to sooth their fears,  
And guards them from the ghost's attacks,  
Or front it aims at or their backs.  
And now around the larger circle,  
The daring ghost to immanacle,  
Are written Hebrew words so learnèd,  
That e'en a ghost is said to dread ;  
For such their wondrous power sublime,  
They 'tangle ghosts like flies in birdlime.  
Thus fortified 'gainst death and hell,  
Stand villagers within the spell.

And now the parson reads a charm,  
To shield himself and those from harm  
He chooses to attend him round,  
To see what spirits can be found !  
Himself with Bible in his hand  
Leads forth the bold selected band ;  
The sexton, second man to march,  
Forth brandishes a flaming torch ;  
The next, the clerk with psalter moves,  
As fearfully the case behoves ;  
The blacksmith now, a hardened stoker,  
Though in the Church, still wields the poker ;  
And Hodgy last, unarmed and sad,  
Completes the reconnoitring squad.

From pew to pew, from aisle to aisle,  
They seek the spirit's lurking-hole.  
At intervals it howls aloud,  
But whether from a pew or cloud,  
Now seems a matter of dispute,  
And thus is baffled the pursuit.  
Sometimes within, sometimes without  
The Church, it seems to growl and shout !

Now close at hand—now far away,  
It seems to challenge an affray.  
And now a horrid peal resounds,  
The group of villagers confounds.  
Those in pursuit stare at each other,  
But language all combine to smother.  
Yet each and all comply assent,  
That now they've got on the right scent.  
Now loud, now deep, the ghostly tone !  
The villagers with horror groan !

The blacksmith heaves a snuffing gruff,  
'The parson takes a pinch of snuff,  
And now so loud the parson sneezes,  
And now so loud the spirit breezes,  
'Twould really be a test of skill,  
To ascertain the noise most shrill.  
The clerk begins to hum a psalm,  
The sexton trims his waning flame,  
And Hodgy, ardent for the leaguer,  
Thinks, "Now for it ! now or never !"

A fearful screech now more emphatic,  
Is found to bluster from the attic ;  
And by the voice they all agree,  
In guessing the ghost's family !  
Prodigious fact ! who could have thought  
It would have this disaster brought ?

As courage sometimes comes amain,  
When armies foes meet on the plain ;  
So does the blacksmith's metal rise,  
To still the ghost's terrific cries :  
He vows he'll face the screaming pannel,  
And drag her from her lurking kennel !  
Now through the ceiling quick he scrambles,  
And forward in the attic rambles.  
Hodge follows next with seemly caution ;  
The sexton joins the bold incursion.

Ah, graceless mortals thus to enter,  
On so daring an adventure,

When others have so dreadfully  
Suffered for their headlong folly ;  
Why madly thus your welfare barter  
For honour in so dark a quarter ?  
But hark ! “ It’s here ! ” cries Hodge—“ It’s here ! ”  
While trampling in the attic veer.  
Now fierce contending scuffles sound,  
While altercations loud resound ;  
And now some thundering disaster,  
Adownward sends the ceiling-plaster :  
This horrid crash and strange vibration,  
Must tell one party’s defeation !  
And in so dangerous an affray,  
Which can have conquered ? It ? or They ?  
If but a spirit’s *touch* in frays.  
Sends Jacobs limping out their days ;  
Who can divine, now on the wing,  
The woes this strange event may bring ?  
But downward come the conquering three—  
The Ghost dragged in captivity !  
Let earth and heaven in horror roll !  
The ghost turns out to be—an Owl !!!

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## THE UNSHAVEN BEARD.

A SONG.

**L**ET loafers on tommy pour forth the full soul,  
Let toppers delight in the fumes of the bowl,  
Let gamesters in railways, or gamesters in tin,  
Be stript of their shirt, or pike gold to the chin,  
Le false politicians their twaddle retail,  
Let smokers and snuffers their chimneys regale ;  
If I have a hobby, let none be afear’d—  
The theme of my song be the *ushaven beard*.

'Tis all very well for the aspirant youth,  
To show to the world his spirit, forsooth ;  
And though he shun fields where bright bayonets glare,  
At least to show pluck for an army of hair :  
Those heroes of razors so far from humdrum,  
May almost claim courage on par with Tom Thumb !  
Ye whelpings of heroes with lather besmeared,  
Now muster your pluck for the *unshaven beard*.

The custom of shaving some Chinamen own,  
Leaves but a few stragglers perched on the crown,  
By which to conduct them when this life is o'er,  
To where " Christian-dogs " can torment them no more ;  
But as the rank Romanists Paradise hate,  
They carefully shave all the crown of the pate,  
Determined to frequent, for spite or for fun,  
The paradise tracks where the pate-hairs may run !

Some shave off the toppin to seem of more sense,  
While others to cultivate spare no expense ;  
Some censure as weakening the locks of much length,  
Though Sampsons may deem them the seat of their strength ;  
Some shave to seem manly, and some the reverse,  
Though others for shaving regard not a curse ;  
And though the full beard rests in Nature its base,  
Still parsons and lawyers prefer the bare face !

Yet who but the shavers can justice upbraid,  
For those who too deeply apply the keen blade ?  
Who fairly infer, " If on bristle 'twill tell,  
It must do for gristle full equally well ?"  
For if we'd no shavers, no razors we'd need ;  
And if we'd no razors, few maniacs bleed :  
If shavers, crime-hardened, this reason deride,  
Upon their own whistles their skill be applied !

Now some appear partial mustaches to wear,  
While others imperials carefully rear ;  
And then there are others who both will deride,  
Maintaining that whiskers the taste should decide ;  
Yet as it's agreed that a *fraction* of beard,  
Helps much in adorning the face where it's reared,—  
A place the most prominent I should propose,  
Where no one could miss it—a tuft on the *nose*.

While enterprise ransacks all clime for reward,  
Why should the snout empire escape our regard ?  
Though hitherto fruitless, why leave it untried,  
While whisker-seed, onions, and grease are supplied ?  
Where ready, snout-hothouses the *narstashes* sprout,  
The nose would need turning but just inside out.  
And then for the grower, what fame must await !  
E'en *Punch's* great self must implore at his gate !

Let loafers on tommy pour forth the full soul,  
Let soakers delight in the fumes of the bowl,  
Let gamesters in railways, or gamesters in tin,  
Be stript of their shirt, or pile gold to the chin,  
Let false politicians their twaddle retail,  
Let smokers and snuffers their chimneys regale ;  
If I have a hobby let none be afeared,—  
The theme of my song be the *unshaven beard*.

---

## AN EPITAPH ON WILLSON CRYER, M.D.,

WHO DIED SEPT. 1st, 1853.

Author of—"Thoughts on the Nature of Man."



HERE Cryer's dust in kindred earth reclines—  
If true his creed, in bliss his spirit shines.  
In deeds of honour most acute his sense,  
Yet oft forbore the right of self defence.

To physic bred,—to patients prompt and kind,  
 The body cured he strove to cure the mind.  
 In business contracts, prompt as morning-sun :  
 Inured to method, *thoughts* were labour done ;  
 Most jealous of opinions yet unscanned ;  
 For those imbibed, he feared the public brand.  
 Though anxious to secure a lasting fame,  
 No pass but merit hailed his ardent flame.  
 In charity, the frigid may commend—  
 In him the poor secure an ample friend.  
 Though busy was his life's contracted span,  
 His dying thoughts were turned to "*Thoughts on Man.*"  
 If grief be just where worthy ashes sleep,  
 Secure may all the fate of Cryer weep.

---

ALONE I LOVE TO WANDER.



ALONE I love to wander,  
 Athwart the fragrant vale,  
 Where flowers around are smiling,  
 And warbling songsters hail.

Alone I love to wander,  
 Where rippling streamlets flow,  
 And floral blooms commingled,  
 In wild profusion grow.

Alone I love to wander,  
 Where rocky wilds extend,  
 And fertile hills and valleys,  
 In apt confusion blend.

Alone I love to wander,  
 And view the ruin-pile,  
 Where hoary works of grandeur,  
 The fleeting hours beguile.

Alone I love to wander,  
When western skies display,  
The sun in luring vestments,  
Retiring from the day.

Alone I love to wander,  
When dewy-fingered night,  
With zephyrs softly breathing,  
Their friendly hands unite.

Alone I love to wander,  
When gleaming from on high,  
The silvery moon is trailing,  
Her glories through the sky.

Alone I love to wander,  
When evening shades are spread,  
And stars in myriads brighten,  
Their twinklings o'er my head.

Alone I love to wander,  
Along the bleaky shore,  
Where stormy winds are raging,  
And bursting billows roar.

Alone I love to wander,  
In darkest gloom of night,  
When glow-worms, bats, and brambles,  
Grim spectral forms invite.

Alone I love to wander,  
Where yews and willows grow,  
And night-birds howl in concert,  
From dreary dells below.

Alone I love to wander,  
Along the battle-plain,

And muse on ghastly phantoms,  
O'er graves of warriors slain.

Alone I love to wander,  
Where mouldering tombs arise,  
With bony relics croaking,—  
"The proudest mortal dies."

### THE FRIGID ZONE.

**F**AR in the north, where solar power oblique,  
Electric coolness ranges o'er the vast ;  
Where Tellus on his unpent axle bleak,  
Eternal Winter pours with chilling blast ;  
Where night in sable darkness reigns supreme,  
Obdurate as the rocks' eternal gloom ;  
Where Borealis vents his flickering gleam,  
T'assuage the rigour of the general doom ;—  
Impelled by want, from snow-built dens emerge,  
The dwarfish sons of human progeny,  
On sterile plains to scour creation's verge,  
For morsel scant, or delve the ice-paved sea.  
Such is their lot—with such they listlessly comply !  
They passive live, nay starve—or vegetate and die !

### THE TEMPERATE ZONE.

**F**ORTH from his radiant throne refulgent glows,  
With ceaseless life, the cheering orb of day,  
Delights our vision rapt, and wide bestows  
O'er sentient and insentients, genial sway.  
The multious germs beneath the teeming soil,  
From slumber rise with inspirations rife,  
And o'er the gladsome earth with verdant smile,

Rolls forth immense reanimated life.  
The azure heavens' illimitable dome,  
The roseate landscape's undulating sweep,  
The rippling cadence of the dancing foam,  
The ponderous rolling of the briny deep,—  
With voice allied invite to Nature's bounteous feast,  
Spread out for all,—for bird, for insect, man and beast.

---

### SLAVERY.

**H**ELL Slavery ! no metaphoric pun !,  
“ Paternal institution ! ” blasphemy !  
Of Afric's fruitful clime, oh son  
Of sable dye ! why not at once be free ?  
A beast of burden toil ! a chattel ! sold  
And bought ! cohersed ! into submission scourged !  
Thy trampled rights assert—the man unfold,  
And justice wrench from those thy chains have forged !  
Possessions lost may compensated be,  
To sad misfortunes we may be inured,  
Our hard-earned cash to coverts hence may flee,  
The loss of one's good name may be endured ;  
But him who robbed me of myself, with vengeful breath,  
I'd doom a lawless monster of the jaws of death !

---

### LIBERTY.

**J**UST Liberty ! reciprocally just !  
Pacific pledge of concert to endure !  
The noblest aspiration's faithful trust !  
The greatest boon a nation can secure !  
Laws equitable—in word and spirit meet ;  
To caste and party-interests deaf and blind,—  
True patriotic hearts with ardour greet,

The sword unsheathed, with peaceful olives bind.  
 Hail Liberty! soon may the day arrive,  
 When universal truth in language free,  
 May be proclaimed, and men together thrive,  
 Distinctions lost in blest equality ;  
 When rankling factions all will from contentions cease,  
 And love fraternal reign in all-pervading peace.

---

### POVERTY.

**T**IS said that "Poverty is not a crime."  
 But stay : if true the adage, whence arise  
 The degrading snubs to manly prime ?  
 The painful sting to famished children's  
 Deficient clothing, pervious to the blast ? [cries ;  
 Unhealthy homes of needful goods bereft ?  
 The Union Bastile's beggarly repast ?  
 Conjugal ties in aged paupers cleft ?  
 No vote or voice in country's weal or woe ?  
 The withering scorn ? The arrogant despise ?  
 Unearned suspicions, from what root can grow ?  
 Necessities unsped, the hungry dies :  
 Then Poverty's both crime and sin, for knowledge saith,  
 Like murder, poverty is closely linked with death.

---

### WEALTH.

**T**N solemn truth, Wealth is the God of power !  
 Without its healing touch our world would die !  
 But by its magic spells the deserts flower,  
 And heaven and earth within its purchase lie !  
 Broad lands and mansions, dells and flowing streams,  
 Fantastic founts, and groves, and fairy bowers,  
 E'en health and life are sensate to its beams,

And honour on the rich in torrents showers !  
And whence comes mighty Wealth but from the earth,  
By art and labour wrought to form required ?  
With mindful tact one stores his laboured worth,  
Another gains from fools with plots conspired.  
Though fountains flow, who'er would drink must ply his will;  
The same applies to those who would their coffers fill.

---

SOLITUDE.

**H**AIL Solitude ! true friend of calm repose,  
Of life the sweetener—chaser of its woes !  
Thy friendship sought, thine 'tis not to disdain  
The hermit's cave, nor yet the wide domain.  
The sunny fields thy welcome visits hail,  
As well the grove, the mountain, and the vale ;  
The monarch's palace—plain or gorgeous home,  
The poor man's cot, the anvil, and the loom.  
Blest Solitude ! with thee, how sweetly gleams  
The choicest scenes of life's divinest dreams !  
Sweet as the spicy store the bee supplies,  
Mild as the glance from pensive beauty's eyes,  
Rare as the balmy scents on zephyrs borne,  
Gay as Aurora's smiles on opening morn !

---

PHASES OF LOVE.

*Smitten.*

**D**EAR Madeline ! startle not when I say *dear* !  
It is not a phrase that a foe would indite ;  
It bodes of a passion old maidens would cheer,  
And love-stricken youths often tremble to write.

E

I fancy I see the blood rush to your cheek ;  
 A gleam of endearment enrapture your eye ;  
 A screen for emotion in meekness you seek,  
 And answer the tender complaint with a sigh.

In mind and in person you're just to my taste ;  
 Angelicly featured, and mild as the dove :  
 I fear and I hope while I write you in haste—  
 Oh, Madeline ! say I may call you my *love*.

*Suspended.*

The vane on its pivot may care not for fate,  
 Nor choose which the breeze may next veer it in air ;  
 But I in suspension impatiently wait,  
 Now trusting in hope—now engulfed in despair.

The mariner doubtfully waging the storm,  
 The lawyer nonplused in a special defence,  
 The tory embarrassed to thwart a reform,—  
 Are not to be mentioned with love in suspense.

My days in succession too dark to be penned !  
 My nights in vain dreams more distraction supply !  
 Oh, Madeline ! will you suspension suspend ?  
 Or sealed is my doom—by suspension I die !

*Accepted.*

Not merriest songsters that chant in the grove,  
 Or borne on the wings of sweet harmony fly,  
 Nor lambkins in May, while they sportingly rove,—  
 When Madeline smiles, are so happy as I.

The turtledove cooing may dote on his mate.  
 The zephyr may softly compress the fair dew ;  
 On me the perfections of pleasure await,  
 By day to enrapture—by night to renew.

The sun now shines brighter, the moon more serene,  
The daisy-eyed fields in new verdure I see ;  
I live a new life, a new era I ween,  
But, Madeline ! dearest ! I live but for thee !

*Rejected.*

Amidst our delighting at fortune's bright smiles,  
How sadly reverses intrude their dark moods !  
Like storms in bright weather, with suddenest wiles,  
They plunge us at once into darkness and floods !

Oh, Madeline ! dearest ! how great are my woes !  
My bark is engulfed—to distraction I'm hurled !  
My heart is volcanically writhing with throes !  
My brain is a vortex tumultuously whirled !

Imploringly would I, though something restrains,  
Entreat you relent of the fatal decree ;  
While pride is oppressing, affection explains  
The curse of my sentence when uttered by thee !

*Memento.*

As Madeline sternly refuses my love,  
I'll try to confine the pure outbursting flame ;  
I'll brood o'er my passion, though full as the dove ;  
The annals of Cupid shall bear not my name.

A humble memento I trust you'll receive,  
A lock of my hair, and of use may it prove,  
Perhaps to remind, when unkindness may grieve,  
You once were endeared to a heart that could love.

Though visions of bliss fondly cherished may fly,  
My heart still on fire shall burn to the core ;  
If Madeline bids me her martyr to die,  
In silence I'll bow to the form I adore !

*Reconsideration.*

Oh, Madeline ! keen were the stings in my breast,  
 When sternly thou treatedst my fervent implore ;  
 But pride has my wounds so efficiently drest,  
 That now I'm as sound as I wonted of yore.

Delusions of love shall beguile me no more,  
 The charms of mere beauty I care not to woo ;  
 The next of my choice shall be first to adore ;  
 Then know when I sigh it will not be for you.

With heart unentangled I breathe the free air,  
 I laugh and I sing as the mood may agree,  
 Not doubting that when I may e'er choose to pair,  
 As good fish is in as e'er came out the sea.

## MY FLORA.—A SONG.



HOW sweet the path o'er heather-bloom,  
 Along the moorland brow,  
 And sweet the view of floral gems,  
 That deck the vale below ;  
 Sweet is the balmy scented breeze,  
 That fans the morning dew ;  
 But sweeter still are Flora's smiles,  
 So tender, kind, and true !

Down by the brook where crystal gems,  
 In limpid circles play,  
 How oft her softly radiant eyes,  
 Have lengthened out the day !  
 Wrapt in the glow of fancy's maze,  
 The sun may hide his light,  
 Still at my side effulgent gleam,  
 Two other suns as bright.

In early spring when cowslipp'd meads,  
And primros'd banks appear,  
True are the lark's untiring notes,  
To charm the ravished ear ;  
But Flora's warbling voice attuned—  
Be hushed all other chime !  
Let gales the echo ever bear,  
To sooth the cares of Time.

---

TOBACCO.—SATIRICAL.

**L**ET Homer sing of conquering Grecian arms,  
Let Cupid dote on Psyche's glowing charms,  
Be mine to sing, by inspiration's aid,  
In living strains, a theme of nobler grade:  
Tobacco ! ay, Tobacco be my theme !  
Of naught like thine in vain may monarchs dream !  
An Emperor's ambition may run high,  
And, ruling much, for more dominion sigh :  
To thee, Tobacco, Emperors prostrate fall,  
And thou thy smoky empire spread'st o'er all !  
Had but the conqueror of the world espied,  
Thy wide dominions, when he sat and cried ;  
To worlds of wonders might he then have woke,—  
E'en glory found identical with smoke !

---

A VILLAGE FEAST,  
AT THE CHRISTENING OF AN HEIRESS.

**W**ITH roast, and boiled, and baked, and stewed—  
The board with every joint bestrewed,—  
“Your weapons grasp—at once attack—  
Draw up your chair, and fill your sack.”

What carving, gorging, turmoil, roar !  
 What thundering tramps invest the floor !  
 The joke, the laugh, the " saw profound,"  
 Is closely with the heiress bound.  
 The guests with healths profusely strive,  
 And deep in foaming tankards dive ;  
 And long in gleeful mood they stay,  
 To celebrate the christening-day.  
 The wide distinctions some may see,  
 That distance wealth and poverty ;  
 And in the midst of mirthful glee,  
 Resolve on higher destiny.

THE MOTHER, ON VIEWING  
 HER DECEASED CHILD'S PHOTOGRAPH.



AIR type of innocence no more,  
 Whose being crowned a mother's joy !  
 With thee my fate I less deplore,  
 Sweet semblance of my darling boy !

E'en from those shadowed lips advance,  
 The prattling tones of happier days !  
 And from those eyes the smiling glance,  
 A mother's fondest love repays !

Dark was the hour his death to boom,  
 And darker every moment grew,  
 Till pitying rays from heaven's high dome,  
 In truthful form his likeness drew.

Then, for whose sake thy disc unfolds,  
 We'll never, never, never part ;  
 I'll cling to thee while memory holds,  
 And wear thee near my wounded heart.

A DREAM AND A REALITY, A.D. 1860.

**T**HE gospel sound of peace was blown  
Around our British Isle,  
And on my nerves unconscious stole  
Propitiously the while ;

Till straight to dreamland's balmy bowers,  
My buoyant fancy flew,  
Where mystic spells millennial,  
Had formed the earth anew.

There "Peace on earth—good will to men,"  
Was hailed with lusty cheer ;  
And loudest sounded Cumming's bawl,—  
"I told you it was near."

So free from ill, this land of bliss,  
That S—es, L—s, and P—s,  
Must practise other arts, or starve,  
Or live on hoarded fees.

The wolf dwelt with the harmless lamb,  
While kids might leopards sway ;  
The lion, as the fatling tame,—  
E'en children led the way.

The bear and cow together fed  
Their young in happy mood ;  
The lion's cubs the pasture grazed,  
Nor wished for daintier food.

The sucking child might sport secure,  
Where asps their holes displayed ;  
And on the fiercest cobra's den,  
Might children's hands be laid.

The spears were all to ploughshares beat,  
And swords to pruning-hooks ;  
And wars no more—their murderous tools,  
Gave place to peace and books.

The slave himself there dared to own—  
No master willed him bound ;  
But each held forth the friendly hand  
And met on equal ground !

The Chinese plied their arts of peace,  
Nor pride of empire swayed ;  
And Christian foes no longer warred,  
Their homesteads to invade.

E'en England learnt through dingy skin,  
A brother's heart to ken—  
That Indus might have rights to claim,  
Nay, claim those rights as men !

The east and west—the north and south,  
One friendly chorus sung ;  
From every land, " We're brethren all,"  
Arose from every tongue.

To see this happy age, all eyes  
With blissful rapture beam ;  
But, ah ! ere long the scene is changed—  
Alas ! 'twas but a dream.

The golden age of sages' hope,  
And Christians' daily prayer,—  
But ignis-fatuus-like deludes,  
And vanishes in air.

For harsh and deafening sounds I heard,  
Which chased that land away ;

Brute force continued as of yore,  
This old-time world to sway.

Though "heathen Rome," of bloody sports,  
Had long since gorged its fill ;  
Such exhibitions have their charms,  
For British heathens still !

Sayerius and Heenanus bruise,  
With more than brutal ire,  
While people, as do senators,  
Approvingly admire !

Who next the "mauling-ring" may grace,  
Let "fancy" grandees will ;  
Some Lordling may the gauntlet throw,—  
Or Duke and Bishop "mill."

Oh, vaunted Education, blush !  
Oh, Gospel ! art thou dead ?  
"Enlightened nineteenth century !"  
Oh, hide thy guilty head !

Send missions out to "heathen lands !"  
Hypocrisy ! confess ;—  
St. James's heathens first convert,  
And heathens of the press !

---

I CAN'T ENDURE THAT OLD CHURCH  
BELL.

 CAN'T endure that old church bell,  
It tells a tale of woe,"  
Said Mary, when her brother died,  
"It haunts me as a foe ;

My father's heart may yearn with grief,  
 My mother shed her tears—  
 The cherished hope is past recall,  
 That hope of coming years."

"I can't endure that old church bell,  
 It tolled my father's last,  
 It tolled when mother's fate was sealed,  
 I cower beneath its blast :  
 It tells of orphan children left,  
 Disconsolate and poor,  
 Who, friendless, in a world of care,  
 Their hapless state deplore."

"I can't endure that old church bell,"  
 Cried Mary, drenched in tears,  
 When for her lover's death it's peals,  
 Fell on her startled ears ;  
 "Oh, would that it would toll no more !"  
 Distractedly she cried,  
 "Or next it's clang for me be heard,"  
 As frantically she died.

---

## PEACE AT HOME.

*Doran.*



HY Anne, why in listless dulness yawn  
 The live-long eve away ?  
 Though dull the night,  
 The fire is bright ;  
 And, see the flames in play,  
 Each other chase as lambs athwart the lawn !  
 Then why be you or I a mome ?  
 Muse ! come inspire for *peace at home !*

*Anne.*

Ay, peace at home—that pleasing theme be mine—  
    An ever-welcome guest ;  
        The hearth is warm,  
        No fears alarm,  
    Sweet musings heave my breast ;  
And dulcet sounds of buoyant song incline,  
    O'er strings of harmony to roam,  
    And swell the praise of *peace at home.*

*Doran.*

Though striving nations raise the boom of war,  
    Some fancied bliss to gain ;  
        Each venture life,  
        In deadly strife,  
    Nor deem the carnage vain ;  
Yet what is victory ? a name, a star,  
    But smoke, or mist, or foam,  
    Unless it yields us *peace at home.*

*Anne.*

The lark, the dawn of blushing day inspires,  
    With symphonies to rise ;  
        To early spring,  
        On blithsome wing,  
    The cuckoo sings and flies ;  
The shady grove the thrush with music fires ;  
    But me, the chief, the dear monome  
    Of social pleasure—*peace at home.*

*Doran.*

Than lowing herds that browse the grassy vale,  
 Or bleating flocks the lea ;  
     Than streams that wend,  
     Or lands extend,  
 From inland to the sea ;  
 Than fleets of ships that every nation hail ;  
 Than Indu's wealth, the phalindrome  
 Let me possess—sweet *peace at home.*

*Anne.*

Not verdant earth, nor smiling stars above ;  
 Not joys transfused by art,  
     Nor April showers,  
     Nor fields of flowers,  
 Nor purling streams impart ;  
 Not friendship's smile, nor soothing strains of love,  
 Nor gleeful songs of harvest-home,—  
 So dear to me as *peace at home.*

*Doran and Anne.*

Then aid, sweet Muse ! with clarion voice,  
 Come, re-inspire the shell ;  
     Flow forth the song,  
     In peals along,  
 With undulating swell,  
 Till dales and hills responsively rejoice ;  
 Till peace at home cheer heaven's high dome,  
 And earth re-echo—*peace at home.*

CATHY, QUEEN OF HEATHERBROW.



AR o'er a heath unknown to fame,  
Where devious rippling streamlets play ;  
Where blithsome warblers chant their songs,  
And wild-flowers deck the uplands gay ;  
A rising ground,  
With verdure crowned,  
Impending, greets the opening day.

A decent cottage, flanked by fields  
And woodlands, cheers the fragrant brow ;  
The grey old walls and straw-thatched roof,  
The trace of stormy struggles show ;  
Along three sides,  
A streamlet glides,  
Where rows of laving willows grow.

Residing here, in maiden prime,  
Far from the haunts of fashion's show, —  
Her mother's hope, her father's pride,  
And regal formed, though station low,  
Reigns Cathy, fair,  
With golden hair,  
The rustic "Queen of Heatherbrow."

Her voice is sweet as wood-notes wild,  
To pierce with love her eyes conspire,  
Her lips are more than honied sweets,  
Her words a tenfold life inspire ;  
Where Cathy, fair,  
With golden hair,  
Her sceptre sways, dull cares retire.



To court another's spouse is vile,  
And beauty tempt to break her vows ;  
To force a daughter's hand for gold,  
Still greater depth of baseness shows ;  
But lust unreigned,  
Or avarice blind,  
No dignity or justice knows.

And now accustomed scenes of love,—  
The murmuring brook, the rustic stile,  
The moss-green lane, the hawthorn bower,—  
Alone the lover haunts the while :  
No Cathy, fair,  
With golden hair,  
As wont, to blissful hours beguile.

The shameless Squire his suit prolongs,  
And every tempting offer tries ;  
The parents coax, and threat, and each  
Alert in pressing subtle vies ;  
Till Cathy, fair,  
With golden hair.  
Unnerved in prostrate sickness lies.

The case with fearful durance pressed,  
Results as dire, 'twere vain to hide,  
Prey on her form and fading eyes ;  
One, only, could restore life's tide ;  
But Cathy, fair,  
With golden hair,  
That one panacia is denied !

Forbid the house, the injured swain,  
The nightfall hails with purpose new,—  
Whate'er betide, ere death intrude,  
Resolves to gain an interview ;  
With Cathy, fair,  
With golden hair,  
Reciprocate a last adieu !

The door is ope—he braves his foes—  
 Attendants gaze in mute alarms ;  
 To Cathy's room at once he goes,  
 And quickly grasps her in his arms ;  
   And Cathy, fair,  
   With golden hair,  
 In momentary pleasure warms.

“Oh, Cathy ! Cathy ! oh, my life !”  
 He wails, while tears of anguish flow ;  
 “My Leonard ! they have broke my heart !”  
 She sobbing heaves in accents low :  
   “A life of bliss !  
   And come to this !”  
 He cries—she moans,—“’Tis over now.”

With grief too great for words to tell,  
 They take a rending last embrace ;  
 He leaves the house, but not for home,  
 But mazily about to pace ;  
   While Cathy, fair,  
   With golden hair,  
 Is hastening to end her race.

And now against an oak he stands,  
 The fated chamber ’rests his view ;  
 The moaning night winds peal his woes,  
 The soaking fogs his locks bedew ;  
   And when till now,  
   Could lover's vow,  
 Result in watching half so true ?

A taper at her lattice gleams ;  
 Last evening seems a time of yore ;  
 Ere morning dawn, the light is gone—  
 His cup of grief is running o'er :  
   Now, Cathy, fair,  
   With golden hair,  
 Oblivious lies—she is no more !

Disconsolate, the youth bereaved,  
Shrieks an involuntary howl ;  
And on the tree enpurpled stains,  
Betray his agony of soul ;  
  In fitful years,  
  The reason turns,  
While rushing whirlwinds furious roll !

The birds take up a plaintive strain,  
The herds responsive sadness low,  
The funeral-knell breaks on the ear,  
A concourse wends with paces slow ;  
  And Cathy, fair,  
  With golden hair,  
No more is seen at Heatherbrow.

From year to year an unseen hand,  
Adorns her grave with many a flower ;  
While faithful lovers, aptly moved,  
Their admirations freely pour ;  
  And vows, forsooth,  
  Are sacred truth,  
Decreed beneath its willow bower.

---

### OLD BRIGGS IS DEAD.

“LD Briggs is dead, that good old man,  
That never died before ;  
He used to wear an old grey coat,  
With buttons down before !”

And when he put it on his back,  
Whoe'er the tale believes,  
The rumour goes that every time,  
His hands went through the sleeves !

F

His eyes no other man possessed—  
 In crying they would weep !  
 He had them open when awake,  
 And shut them in his sleep !

His words so few and far between,  
 Were seldom said or sung,  
 But when he spoke, so odd his ways,  
 He always wagged his tongue !

Whene'er he took his walks abroad,  
 As seen by neighbours all,  
 To habit long inured, by turns  
 His feet would rise and fall !

We hear of men who live on hope,  
 On fame, among the great ;  
 Old Briggs believed in solid stuff,  
 He lived upon his meat.

Unlike the fashionable world,  
 In life and eke in death ;  
 While others from disease succumb,  
 He died for want of breath !

Old Briggs is dead, that good old man,  
 Who never died before ;  
 Then wonder not if song foretell,  
 That he will die no more !

---

### IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.



HOPED long busy years to see,  
 In labour with the studious throng ;  
 My pleasing daily task to be,  
 On useful prose, or pleasing song.

How many plans yet would I try,  
And see in noble purpose done,  
Whose goal fond hope would picture nigh,  
In toils repaid and laurels won.

I'd brooded many a sanguine scheme,  
And joyous hailed with fond caress ;  
And, lured by many a lovely dream,  
Fond hopes indulged of happiness.

But now, alas ! each budding hope,  
Untimely doomed and blighted, fades ;  
And I, unskilled with fate to cope,  
A chilling gloom my lot pervades.

The vital stream, through every vein,  
Unequal in its fitful way ;  
The lamp of life's dull flickering wane,  
Portends a short sublunar stay.

The flood of life, beyond control,  
Each moment downward throws its wave ;  
And here the Stygian waters roll,  
My feet their nearing surges lave.

Oh, alternating heart ! how vain  
The wish to find thy action true ;  
Each pulse o'erwrought its beat to gain,  
Portentous, augurs days but few.

The busy world still clammers on,  
Intent on wealth with sordid greed,  
Though life with all so soon is gone,  
And small the gains we really need !

The seasons keep their wonted round,—  
The moon, the stars, the radiant sun,

Undeviant in their course are found,—  
But mine, alas! my course is run.

The sands of life are hastening fast,  
And soon the hindmost grain will fall!  
In silent, unremembered past,  
Will be engulfed my little all!

Laborious though my life has been,  
And disappointments mocked my toils;  
Though hope has smiled but to deceive;  
My nature yet from death recoils.

The cheerless grave, a-yawning nigh,  
The go-by I would choose to give;  
Yet not because I fear to die—  
It is, because I wish to live.

My faith is not the vulgar ware,  
Which slavish hopes and fears conform;  
Intensest thought and nicest care,  
With conscience joined that creed to form.

Perchance but few will know I'm gone,  
Yet some mistakeful wrest my due;  
In works and faith I'll yield to none—  
Intending good, and seeking true.

And no intruding notions rise,  
My peaceful breast to discompose;  
In life, what reason taught to prize,  
In death, the conscience finds repose.

Then fare ye well, or fools or wise!  
For Nature deems another sphere;  
And fare ye well all wonted ties,  
I leave you with a sorrowing tear.

**"'TIS NOT FOR ME," SAID NANCY.**

A SONG.

**I** *'Tis not for me," said Nancy,  
To thrifty neighbour Mose,  
" But for my dear old Granny,  
I've come to beg a rose ;  
But any how, we're all as one,  
My Granny she will smell it ;  
But any how, just who 'tis for,  
It matters not to tell it."*

*" I much respect your Granny,"  
Said wily neighbour Mose ;  
" So t's for your Granny ? rather !"  
Said he and plucked a rose ;  
" But any how, 'tis all as one,  
Your Granny she can smell it ;  
But any how, who'er 'tis for,  
It matters not to tell it."*

*" The rose, your Granny's fancy,  
I send with best good will ;  
But when I send out goods, ma'am,  
I always send a bill :"  
But any how, no paper nigh,  
Upon her lips befel it ;  
But any how, whate'er he wrote,  
It matters not to tell it.*

*Said he, " At times your Granny,  
I'll see, and bring a flower ;  
She's fond of flowers at nightfall,  
But you'll forget the hour :  
But any how, 'tis all as one,  
My conscience will compel it ;  
But any how, why I may call,  
It matters not to tell it."*

Erelong while birds were singing,  
 And Nature's self was gay,  
 And merry bells were pealing,  
 There came a holiday:  
 But any how, 'tis all as one,  
 My song I will not swell it ;  
 But any how, why holiday,  
 It matters not to tell it.

### LIFE IS PASSING.

“**L**IFE is passing, life is passing,”  
 Time mis-spent to conscience cries ;  
 “Suns are rising,  
 Suns are setting,  
 Life is passing, life is passing ;  
 Seize the moments as they rise.”

Life is passing, life is passing,  
 Nearer draws the Stygian shore ;  
 Time on fleet wings,  
 Every day brings ;  
 Life is passing, life is passing,  
 Moments lost return no more.

Life is passing, life is passing,  
 Ever shrinks the mortal span,  
 Till diminished,  
 It is finished ;  
 Life is passing, life is passing,  
 To the goal ere it began.

Life is passing, life is passing,  
 Scenes important may be nigh ;  
 Be alert then,  
 And avert when,

Life is passing, life is passing,—  
Events at hand may cast the die.

Life is passing, life is passing—  
Aspiration's voice, arise !

Ever pliant,  
Self reliant,

Life is passing, life is passing,  
Raise your head to radiant skies.

Life is passing, life is passing,  
Ills besetting nobly climb ;

Plant your foot well,  
Make your deeds tell,

Life is passing, life is passing,  
Strive to dent the sands of time.

Life is passing, life is passing,  
Errors rank enclose around ;

Don't be fickle,  
Take the sickle,

Life is passing, life is passing,  
Lay them prostrate on the ground. •

Life is passing, life is passing,  
Pour forth truth on every hand ;

Speaking, writing,  
Working, fighting,

Life is passing, life is passing,  
Deluge deeply all the land.

Life is passing, life is passing—  
Shall oblivion drown your name?

Not inherit,  
You must merit—

Life is passing, life is passing,  
Strive to win deserving fame.

## THE AUTHOR'S NATIVITY.

AN ACROSTIC.



IN Armley township I was lowly born,  
Some distance though from what is termed forlorn.  
Reigned on the British Throne, old George the  
Third,

A son, Prince Regent, reigned o'er him I've heard.  
E'en cold December, day the fourth, I ween,  
Lent to my eyes the light by me first seen.  
How M and D, three C's, X, V, and I,  
On my birth-year discourse, let tyros try.  
Lest my identity become obscure,  
Distinct from clothier, *printer* I endure ;  
See well to this too,—Thomas, father's name ;  
What mother's ? "Mary," do you guess ? the same.  
Old Leeds my parish, for broad cloth renowned,  
Ranged centrally in thrifty Yorkshire found.  
This cramped acrostic now drawn near its end,  
He who finds fault, just let him try to mend.

## VIRTUE.



HAIL, Virtue ! the fairest, the sweetest,  
Of Earth's many beautiful daughters !  
Thy friendship I crave as the meetest,  
To steer me o'er life's turbid waters.

Thy precepts extol the affections,  
Thy countenance radiates pleasure ;  
Thy conduct supplies the example,  
By which my own actions to measure.

By folly thou never ensnarest,  
True dignities ever unfolden :  
Thy bounties unnumbered and rarest,  
Are more to be valued than golden.

Thy pleasures resemble the river,  
Which equibly flows as it courses,  
Bedecking the bright landscape ever,  
By fruitfully verduring forces.

Thy pleasures bring true satisfaction,  
Nor ever results that are cloying ;  
Remembrance revives their attraction,  
And lastingly grafts the enjoying.

Hail, Virtue ! the fairest, the sweetest,  
Of Earth's many beautiful daughters !  
Thy friendship I crave as the meetest,  
To steer me o'er life's turbid waters.

---

### SELF-HELP.



LONG years ago, with mind oppressed,  
Successively I viewed,  
The contrasts man to man displayed,  
Each passing day renewed.

I saw the willing labourer toil,  
In Winter's shivering cold,  
In tattered garments meanly clad,  
The limbs would scarce infold.

I saw the sweat drip from his brow,  
When Summer toils oppressed ;  
While writhing careworn features showed,  
The anguish of his breast.

I saw him toil from year to year,  
With pertinacious zeal,

Unable to obtain the boon—  
A comfortable meal.

I saw him toil to pay his way,  
With oft-extorted groans :  
O'er wrought, in sorrow wear away,  
The muscles from his bones.

I saw him plot his weary round,  
While hungry, faint, and wan,  
Imploring toil, in suppliant tones,  
E'en from his brother man.

I saw his richer fellow grin,  
And point him to the door,  
Regardless of his bleeding heart,  
By grief o'erwhelmed before.

I saw the willing labourer starve,  
Neglected and forlorn ;  
With oft extorted tears bewail,  
The day that he was born.

I saw him scoffed and jeered betimes,  
By those in wealth enplumed,  
While he, forsooth, that wealth produced,  
The wealth which they consumed !

I saw the rich befawned and fed,  
And robed, and jewelled too,  
And on the prancing palfrey mount,  
When lost what else to do.

I saw them loll, and drink, and play,  
Full many a turn and long,  
To kill the time still baffled e'en  
With merriment and song !

I swore for aye, this game was wrong,  
One captive would I free ;  
Employment of my own henceforth,  
Alone should pester me.

From degradation's thrall to rise,  
External aid I craved not, when,  
Convinced *Self-help's* the surest way,  
For making full-grown men.

---

THE ENGLISH LEADER 'S DEAD.

AN IRONICAL ELEGY.

**L**ET briny tears profusely flow,  
No hue but black your garments show,  
And weeds droop from your head ;  
Pour not your scalding tears alone,  
Let every nerve your plight bemoan :  
The English Leader 's dead !

Let tradesmen close their shops for aye,  
With tearful eyes no more to dry,  
Life's dreary round to tread ;  
Let universal dole prevail,  
And day and night unceasing wail :  
The English Leader 's dead !

Ye politicians cease your squalls,  
Be dumb in senates—taverns—halls,  
No more by wisdom led ;  
Another theme your study be,  
Turn politics to elegy :  
The English Leader 's dead !

Ye martial sons of Britain, hear !  
Your duty's call, in prudence fear,  
For lack of leader sped :

Parade henceforth inverted arms,  
The news receive with dread alarms :  
The English Leader 's dead !

On whom shall government devolve ?  
Who shall the quids of state resolve ?  
By whom be councils led ?  
In vain the plodding rulers' pains,  
Or Lords or Commons wreck their brains :  
The English Leader 's dead !

Let types no more dance merry jigs,  
Nor presses run their wonted rigs,  
Tear up all proofs unread ;  
Ye newscraft all, ah, who be ye !  
Go breathe fresh air and daylight see :  
The English Leader 's dead !

The *Daily News*, and *Cornhill Mag.*,  
And all the smaller fry, tag rag,  
Who, fearing, almost fled,  
May flap their wings and crow aloud,  
Their foe is in his winding shroud :  
The English Leader 's dead !

The "smasher," threatening the N. R.,  
Succumbed at last in vengeful war,  
His sheath of arrows shed,—  
May stand a warning beacon raised,  
To dark revenge, and reason dazed :  
The English Leader 's dead !

## RETRIBUTION.—JOB, c. 18 AND 19.



H, knowest thou not this truth of old,  
Since man has dwelt upon the earth,  
That wickedness, however bold,—  
How surely doomed? how short its mirth?

Afar his blustering fame may reach,  
And seem to ride the summer cloud;  
But justice will at length impeach,  
And infamy his name enshroud.

As gloomiest darkness flees away,  
Before the early morning light;  
So wickedness would shun the day,  
And ever shroud itself in night.

The eyes attracted by his sway,  
Erelong behold his face no more;  
And friends familiar vainly try,  
To find him ranked as heretofore.

The poison of the asp shall be,  
Henceforth, his meat and drink;  
The viper's tongue, his eye shall see  
Impail him on destruction's brink.

The fullness of his boasted stores,  
Shall not prevent impending straits;  
For every hand revenge implores,  
And for the blow impatient waits.

The goring spear shall make him flee,  
The vengeful arrow strike him through;  
Thick darkness in his place shall be,  
And raging fires his woes embrew.

The heavens shall show his vicious deeds,  
And earth against him too shall rise ;  
While hence his substance flowing speeds,  
And laughter mocks his anxious cries.

Extinguished shall his light become,  
And dreary nights his dwelling hide ;  
His footsteps into straits shall come,  
And downward sink his wonted pride.

His straying feet invite the net,  
He ever tempts the tangling snare ;  
Grim terrors sink in vain regret,  
And retribution binds him there.

Against him conscience shall prevail,  
His house devouring jeers invade,  
His blighted memory shall fail,  
And dark oblivion all pervade.

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ON RECEIVING A BOX OF OINTMENT  
FOR RHEUMATISM.



JOINT is swollen—the cure is rubbing stuff,  
Applied *plus* elbow-grease in *quantum suff.*  
A query here involved is : Is't the dubbing  
Effects the cure ? or, cure comes from rubbing

Be't as it may, the salve's not wrong—nor,  
Useless really ; as it serves to charge for.  
'Tis vaguely thought, *compounding*, as of pills,  
In physic best is known—and, eke, of bills.

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

**P**oor Holdsworth's ashes lie immured here,  
Though no one cares to drop a friendly tear.  
In early life hard was his constant fare,  
Inured to labour and incessant care.  
To learn and teach, so great his pleasures were,  
He'd mental toil to downy rest prefer ;  
Though scarcely taught to read, or scarce to write,  
Up hill he toiled to find Parnassus's height.  
Content he sleeps, his highest bliss to be,  
His verses cherished by Posterity.

---

WHEN MY OLD WIFE WAS YOUNG.

**T**HE days were once, long years ago,  
My wife was young and fair ;  
Her auburn locks, like comets' tails,  
Streamed in the fluttering air ;  
The merry laugh gleamed in her eyes,  
The joke hung on her tongue ;  
The choicest ditties charmed each hour,  
When my old wife was young.

Of Dr. Johnson she would tell,  
And how he gained a wife ;  
Of Garrick and Sir Joshua,  
And merry London life ;  
Of Goldy's Vicar of Wakefield,  
And plights the household stung ;—  
Our sides with laughing ached again,  
When my old wife was young.

Now the *Deserted Village* served,  
Poor *Auburn* of the lea ?  
And all the houseless wanderers,  
The landlord sent to sea ;

And then *Tom Jones*, the foundling,  
In prose or verse she sung,  
Ay, till we laughed and cried again,  
When my old wife was young.

Of Billy Pit sometimes she talked,  
And of his Sinking Fund ;  
Of Burke, and Fox, and Sheridan,  
And how for pelf they turned ;  
And then to Hunt and Cobbett next,  
With fluent speech and long,—  
For Cobbett's *Trash* she knew by rote,  
When my old wife was young.

And then in those days grisly ghosts,  
In empty house would lurch ;  
And all by-lanes and ginnels,  
And all about the church ;  
Then, all around her drew the scared,  
And for protection clung ;  
For ghosts ne'er dared to see her face,  
When my old wife was young.

She'd talk of Wellington, the brave,  
And braver Bonny, paid,  
And all about St. Helena,  
And how war-tax was laid ;  
And then she'd turn to science next,  
As, how the stars are hung,  
And talk men down e'en twice her age !  
When my old wife was young.

When boys were fighting in the street,  
'Twas she could make a peace ;  
A muffin shared between the two,  
Soon caused the war to cease ;

If babies came within her reach,  
They ever to her sprung,  
And rueful faces changed to mirth,  
When my old wife was young.

The bagpipe man came on his round,  
And cheerily would play ;  
For halfpence would we club around,  
The piper for to pay ;  
Then in and out, and round about,  
The dancer's heels were flung,  
And up, and round, like shuttle-cocks,  
When my old wife was young.

I often think of days of old,  
And wish them back again ;  
But they be gone, and soon must I—  
To wish them back were vain ;  
Right merry days, right happy days,  
Days to be often sung ;  
Hurrah for th' days long years ago,  
When my old wife was young.

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### FLATTERY.



ALL flattery is falsehood rank,  
Agreeable though it feel ;  
Behind your back the flatterer's tongue,  
Turns to a spear of steel.

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### CREEDS AND DEEDS.



HOW long will men their fellow-men,  
Esteem by jarring creeds ?  
When will they learn that law divine,  
To judge them by their deeds.

G

## THE LITERARY PICNIC.



AY, gentle Muse ! how fair Gemona gained  
 The Ivy Wreath, and how her fame attained.  
 What stout contention marked the rousing strife,  
 How each combatant strove as for his life,  
 How all by turns seemed conqueror of the day,  
 And how as constant each was drove to bay ;—  
 Reveal, oh Muse ! oh, snatch the scene from fate,  
 And to the world the onerous task relate !

The summer sun serenely beamed on high,  
 Translucent clearness spanned the azure sky,  
 Betimes in breezes moved the balmy air,  
 In aptest mood to soothe the mind of care.  
 Green was the earth in smiling meadows spread,  
 High shading oaks their boughs extend o'erhead.  
 Soft murmuring by the rippling waters rolled,  
 Now cascades gleam in silver, bronze, and gold.  
 A course meandering now with mirrored gleam,  
 A varying prospect marks the limpid stream ;  
 Its banks luxuriant merge in shadowy woods,  
 Where echos chorus to th' enlivening floods.  
 Adjacent rocks invest a rising ground,  
 Here firmly fixed, and there bestrewed around.  
 Now rocks o'er rocks to ma'zy heights are piled ;  
 Beneath, a flowery lawn in verdure smiled :  
 And here a grotto, formed by Nature's hand,  
 With pendent brambles draped, abuts the strand.  
 Within the spacious dome, a favouring shade,  
 A treat affords to wanderers from the glade.  
 Fragmental rocks as seats are amply spread,  
 A mossy carpet springs beneath the tread.  
 Luxuriant ivy climbs the varied wall,  
 And dangling sprays profusely deck the hall.  
 Here kindred minds in party groups retire,  
 And some perchance to mental taste aspire.

Such, may we judge, when friendly strife begun,  
A mental race with ardent zeal was run !  
When for a prize which honour might bequeath,  
When fair Gemona won the ivy wreath.

A general conversation round and round,  
Had long engaged, and often changed its ground ;  
When merged the query, Which, and how resolved,  
The science most in human weal involved ?

Ambetos then : Let every mind declare,  
And each with each, and all with all compare.  
And he or she, whose judgment most shall own,  
Some mark, expressive of esteem, shall crown.

The proposition every ear approves,  
And every mind with emulation moves.  
The friendly throng in order seated round,  
To hear and judge in silence wait profound.

Ambetos, foremost, leads the mental fray,  
And better who than learned linguist may ?

Thus he : " Philology I place the first,  
Long having studied, and perhaps am versed.  
For what were I ? or what the human race,  
With language lost—with void to fill its place ?  
By language every useful thought is drest,  
Our joys augmented, and our wants redrest.  
The more in language we our minds emerse,  
The peoples more with whom we may converse.  
From close research, the more we ever find,  
To spur endeavour, and to awe the mind.  
From far beyond historic's utmost range,  
The laws of life and death all language change.  
As families have genealogic trees,  
The linguist such in every language sees ;  
And thus inductions when and where renowned,  
From roots and phrases still extant are found.  
A myriad ages shrinks before the time,  
For lives of tongues of every age and clime ;  
From which we learn, the ages man's outgrown,  
Our modern prejudices fear to own.

The human period's far extended reach,  
 No records yet, though future facts may teach.  
 The worth of language needs no learned battle,  
 While test sufficient yields the infant's prattle.  
 Then what so much as language marks the line,  
 Where brutes are brutes, and man becomes divine? "

Fair lord next, whose eyes translucent beam,  
 With reason cool, opinionates the theme :

" 'Tis well, no doubt, that language have our care :  
 But then to place it first, would reason dare ?  
 Ere language can be used, the speaker first,  
 Subsistence needs—his hunger, calls, and thirsts.  
 The staff of life must be secured, and then,  
 Let language thrive, and frisk the nimble pen.  
 Ere these occur, the plough must rive the soil,  
 Be sown the seed, and harvest crown the toil.  
 But be Ambetos, gored by hunger's thorn,  
 His choice may falter, and anew be born.  
 Then why not deem, and old beyond compare,  
 That agriculture calls our chiefest care ? "

She spoke : And now Yonides takes the thread,  
 And special pleads, by loved mechanics led :

" Let language school—let agriculture bow—  
 Before the sod is turned, whence comes the plough ?  
 The plough is a machine—a work of art,  
 'T whose rules 'tis science must all worth impart.  
 The walking-stick, the first machine perchance  
 That infant science bade the arts advance ;  
 The rude canoe, the steamer, Fulton's pride,  
 Who taught the iron horse o'er seas to glide ;  
 The many-wheeled devices, strange to tell,  
 Which, wealth-creative, sundry powers impel ;  
 The puffing engine with impetuous train ;—  
 All, all construction from mechanics gain.  
 In civil'd lands, th' imperative presides—  
 Mechanics feed, and clothes, and all provides.  
 The Caffer has his arrows and his bow,  
 To gain a dinner, or repel a foe.

Without mechanics, implements were not ;  
More rude than savage life had been our lot."

He ceased. Impulsive thought on Vepa calls ?  
Assurance wooing, thus her speech befalls :

"Why on mechanics, farming, language, fuss ?  
Compared to others, what are these to us ?  
Why on such foreign objects wreck the brain ?  
Why wordy wars a bootless cause sustain ?  
Shall we to foreign vales for doubtful gains,  
And leave the mount our wealth—our life sustains ?  
Call not that science first, but dangerous elf,  
Which would postpone the study of myself.  
Be hence the choice that would the step advance,  
The mind and body all consign to chance.  
'Man, know thyself, all knowledge centres here,'  
A proverb grown, may profit still to hear.  
'The proper study of mankind, is man,'  
Is still as true as when the phrase began.  
'Of all the knowledge,' (heaves from Wisdom's delves)  
The wise and good seek most to know themselves.'  
And why to self our prime attention give ?  
Because, the body learnt, instructs to live.  
The first and foremost of all science be,  
Best servant—human physiology."

She ceased. And now Forwango pressed the theme :

"What art or science most deserves esteem,  
We may inquire, but who shall sate the call ?  
For who can know but one who knows them all ?  
And who can know them all, or thousandth part ?  
What fair means gains them ? or what sleight of art ?  
The mind intent, may glean, and much control,  
Capacious may receive and fill the whole ;  
But vast is Nature—small our mental store—  
'Tis but a grain that sands the ocean shore.  
Yet something may be gained—that mite a gem—  
Those prize the physic which has cured them.  
While health blooms on the cheek, and brisk the eye ;  
While pliant limbs with salient wills comply,

Of medicine, its value, or its place,  
How little thought bestow the hardy race !  
A thousand topics, one and all preferred—  
The one their lives dependent, scarcely heard !  
But let the thousand ills their flesh may heir,  
Prostrate the man, or, fateful, blanch the fair,—  
Prefer not that which thwarts the casting die ?  
You'll own that's best which cures, and so say I."

Fair Gora interposing, curbs the smile  
And arching brows, ascendancing the while.

" 'Tis true that physic yields occasional good,  
But chemistry must make it understood.

Impotent is its fate without the chemic touch,  
For chemistry holds physic in its clutch.

And chemistry, *de facto*, claims, or should,  
Place primus,—profit most, if understood.

I prove it thus : The whole terraqueous ball,  
Material is,—the air, earth, sea, and all.

Beneath the soil, deep as the rocks descend ;  
Above, wherever lands or seas extend ;

Each sentient self that breathes the vital air ;  
Each vegetable form that meets our care ;—

To one same Nature all securely strung,  
Resolve to one vast self, for Nature's one.

This one consists of elemental parts,  
To science known, which chemistry imparts ;

Their several compounds and relations gives,  
To all that be, or vegetates, or lives,

The natures theirs, repulsivest or fair,  
And gives them power to be just what they are.

In rival contrast to the heavenly bow,  
She finds in gas-tar rarest tints that glow ;

From sewage, vegetative powers are drawn,  
That fill the fields with loads of waving corn ;

The darkness, e'en coal-black, she turns to light ;  
Supplies us paper, pens, and ink to write ;

Will catch a shadow, and endurant fix ;  
In forms unseen the solid rocks transfix ;

From every form will other forms enmould ;  
Turn men to dust, and stones to radiant gold ;  
Without her aid, we cannot cook a meal,  
Nor turn our hand but she affects our weal.  
'Tis by compounding Nature by just art  
The wrong to right, and balance every part.  
Ergo, 'tis chemistry that all involves,  
And by analysis our all resolves.  
If chemistry alone this power supplies,  
Then in our choice let wisdom all suffice."

And now to speech slow Hymonas awoke,  
In figures versed, and thus at length he spoke :

" Let chemists nurse their elemental prize,  
And physic-lovers dote and physiceise ;  
But let them say, arithmetic apart,  
What all their science boasts, and all their art ;  
Count, if they can, their phials, filters, pans,  
Retorts and mortars, blowpipes, tubes, and fans ;  
Their compounds, simples, and their labels count.  
Alas ! to what does all their care amount ?  
Though much we still may hear, and much have heard,  
Now cease their tongues—they answer not a word.  
Without arithmetic, nay, e'en the sick,  
In vain may wait their counted drops of physic.  
Without arithmetic, we cannot tell,  
The passing hour that strikes the sonorous bell ;  
The merchant cannot estimate his store,  
Nor cast accounts, nor cognate ten from four.  
The working craftsman, toiling unawares,  
May charge for one instead of twenty pairs.  
But figures fairly dented on the brain—  
Plus, minus, into, divided-by, attain ;  
But integers, and compounds, fractions ply,  
And roots, and squares, and ratios discry ;—  
Then business-matters easy and secure,  
Scarce cost a thought—intricacies allure ;  
This ponderous earth, we gauge within—without,  
And all its fraction-points turn inside out ;

Nor yet content, we mount the starry sphere,  
Apply our craft, and tell the wonders there ;  
Nor sated still, pursue where numbers flee,  
To speculate upon infinity.

Around all objects, arithmetic lingers ;  
Without her aid we cannot count our fingers."

He ceased. With downcast eyes and pondering gaze,  
Fair Loza trembles while she tells essays :

" 'Tis true that numbers closely lingers round,  
As sprites by ' Mediums ' everywhere are found.  
But say arithmeticians, stand proclaimed,—  
Which one precedes ? the name or object named ?  
If name, your case at once becomes absurd ;  
If object, then convicted by a word.  
I hear you say, ' But then a way we've got,  
To work the same, if objects be or not.'  
Employ your integers, employ your fractions,  
You must concede such whims are mere abstractions.  
Then, ere we bend the ardour of the mind,  
An object, first deserving, let us find.  
If universal note a claim can be,  
What more commanding than theology ?  
Well have all times this potent science scanned,  
And every wind its smoking embers fanned.  
Though different ages choose to change the name,  
'Tis science but unfolding, still the same ;  
For, know,—mythology is merely brogue,  
'Tis but theology gone out of vogue ;  
And infidelity, right understood,  
Advanced theology,—but in the bud.  
Remotely far in glimmering ages past,  
Gods seemed as men, and ate the same repast.  
By reason now, by passion often swayed,  
Too seldom careful where their duty laid ;  
Their visits those, and such their errands bent,  
More sober thought constrained them to repent.  
The times advanced—the mental vision grew—  
A power was seen in every wind that blew ;

Power in the sun, in beaming lustre shed ;  
Power in the soil, to yield the needful bread ;  
Power in the vine, the nectarous grape to bear ;  
Power in the earth, the towering hills to rear ;  
Power in the lightning flash—the briny floods,  
The gushing fountains, and the echoing woods.  
In every object power was seen to nod,  
In each was seen its own peculiar god.  
As powers on powers were everywhere descried,  
Attendant gods increased and multiplied.  
These gods, their parts performed, were pushed aside,  
And in their place but three alone preside,  
Or rather, somehow, three comprised in one,  
A mystery—I, of course, must leave alone.  
But there are those who seem to make it clear,  
The notion now is getting worse for wear.  
Advancing science now presumes to say,  
That theic notions all will pass away ;  
That matter, self-existent, unbestown,  
Performs all acts by impulse all its own ;  
That men have worshipped from an erring mind,  
And rulers cozened to subdue the blind ;  
That laws imperative through Nature reign,  
And ready service offers greatest gain ;  
That energy, in Nature,—all we see,  
Is first, and last, and only Deity.  
If this, or half advanced, be really true,  
Investigation surely must be due.  
If this the lever of existence be,  
Examination should be close and free ;  
And, true or false, its force and wide domain,  
To own it first, the judgment must constrain.”  
Desisted she. Kijopa, vocive-pressed  
In cheerful mood, thus candidly addressed :  
“ I scarce need say, that politics I deem,  
Of sciences, most worthy of my theme.  
The greatest—oldest—nations ever knew—  
Of great concern which ever way we view.

What all your paltry sciences to mine ?  
 Bits, scraps, hobbies, whims—all combine ;  
 Then politics survey—poise those with this :  
 Preponderant choose—accept the proffered bliss.  
 To politics all sciences must bow,—  
 Mere servants all, must all submission show.  
 Her empire universally extends,  
 She rules all nations, and all states defends.  
 'Tis true, she's faults, for who, or what, has not ?  
 In jarring Nature's universal lot.  
 Though politics may deal in truth at times,  
 Mere policy, more often serves, and chimes ;  
 And gammon, whether a principle, or but  
 A borrowed snare for those whose eyes are shut,  
 I leave to those more skilled, and wait to see,  
 True politics applied from gammon free.  
 From faults not hers, I must, and will defend  
 As false, reform, begun where it should end.  
 Retrenchment ! yes, but shoulder-change, relaxes—  
 Retrenchment should begin where spent the taxes.  
 Where'er we turn, are quacks who ply their tricks,  
 And nowhere more than found in politics.  
 But gold is gold, though found in rudest ore,  
 For gold is gold, and gold can be no more.  
 In politics a golden shield we view,  
 So bright its disc we all our image see ;  
 So pliant yields, for each an armour fits ;  
 So flexile, nations in its folds admits ;  
 So sensitive, the slightest breath will move ;  
 So strong when plied, no avalanche remove ;  
 All nations own it—those of every nerve ;  
 All times has served, and will forever serve.  
 In politics resides a power, and those  
 Regardless, unsuspecting, arm their foes."

He ceased. Slim Bena flusht with roseate glow,  
 Rose next, and reared her spacious brow :  
 " The several sciences already named,  
 May all be good, and better e'en than famed.

Peculiar merits and degrees of worth,  
No doubt to each belong, and issue forth.  
If, which is best, doth for our judgment call,  
Then, does not that of mind precede them all?  
For, what is science but true knowledge gained,  
By mind observant, culled from facts sustained?  
Without the mind, in vain would facts transpire,  
Nor use nor ornament could all conspire.  
Without the mind, in vain would beauties rise,  
In lands, or seas, or ever varying skies;  
In vain would verdant undulations sweep,  
The fountains trickle, and the ivy creep.  
Mellifluous winds to lovers' ears might sigh,  
But sigh in vain, the lover's love would die.  
See by what steps the mental fabrics rise,  
From motes the microscope but just descries,  
How organism with mental power proceeds,  
How forms develope, and how mind succeeds,  
Through grades of rising life hold on their way,  
Till up to crowning man, complete, display.  
Yet proud as he, his outward form to scan,  
'Tis not the form, but mind displays the man.  
The mind transcends all else—can all suffuse,—  
Its glow immense, still brighter grows with use.  
So great a power, inert can scarce remain,  
If not for good employed, results in bane.  
Without the mind, man's but a clod of earth,  
His rank is gone—in vain his highest birth.  
Then let it be our pleasure that to raise,  
And that prefer which most the mind displays.”  
She spoke. Kyantus now by matter pressed,  
His brawny form displayed, and thus addressed:  
“Without detraction let all have their due,  
And high esteem be guided by the true.  
Then note—'tis but the mind's to think, at most;  
For mind abstracted, what? 'twere but a ghost.  
Some other matter must attach to mind;  
As, water, waves; and waves to ruffled wind.

The mind, howe'er ethereal it may be,  
 To grosser matter clings, yet will be free.  
 Attempt to force her to a given isle,  
 When loyal deemed, she's rebel all the while.  
 She only waits her keeper's back—unspied  
 She ships, she sails, to other lands to ride.  
 And right the advent'rous task—the foreign roam ;  
 Why dose and die in ignorance at home ?  
 This world of continents, and isles, and seas,  
 Has much to profit, and has much to please.  
 If intercourse were not, what fruitful stores,  
 Would rot unused upon their native shores ?  
 While other peoples, far in distant lands,  
 In want collapse—in vain their beckoning hands !  
 Nor famine's, plague's, nor dire convulsion's yawn,  
 Could drive to fit asylums peoples thus forlorn.  
 With wood for ships, and lin for sails, and hemp for ropes,  
 And seas to float, and winds to waft,—and hopes,—  
 The compass guideful which the track to steer,  
 And high o'er head the mariner's guiding star,—  
 'T were useless all pretending unconcern,  
 To sail, the mind is fired, and still will burn.  
 By naval intercourse the world around,  
 Each land draws profit, and the gains go round.  
 We thus by commerce serve each other best,  
 And those who most bless others, most are blest.  
 Of science best, then put it thus :  
 What brings to others, and what brings to us,  
 Most blessings, most inherently is blest ;  
 And, blessing most, supremely stands confest.  
 This science, then, in every land and nation,  
 I would in faith submit, is—navigation."

He said. Fair Josa next, with dreamy eyes,  
 And gracious smiles, her accents bids arise :

" That navigation claims our just esteem,  
 Who can deny ? or small her service deem ?  
 But yet, 'tis not all profit—there is loss—  
 To say the least 'tis dangerous work and gross.

When sings the Muse—when fires seraphic burn,  
Let navigation—navigation learn.  
The world is gross, the elemental strife,  
Broils man with man, nor spares the sacred life!  
But poetry evil scouts—conserves the good—  
Her mission universal brotherhood.  
Life's multifarious, crowding, strange events,  
Too often grieve, and mar our few contents.  
The friendly Muse would all our cares remove,  
And bring us pleasures which we know not of.  
The world is all material—all its care—  
Its lightest duties sensually fare.  
Not so the Muse for she events distils;  
She draws forth sweets from dire disastrous ills;  
In clouds sees tinges of ethereal hue;  
In every flower she laves in balmy dew;  
From stars descries the soul enrapturing twinkle;  
From common sounds the thrilling, silvery tinkle;  
From air, the ambrosial scents inhaled;  
In dancing sunbeams life celestial feels.  
Quintessences she draws at every move;  
Her drink nectareous, and her food is love.  
To outward sense appears the outward strife;  
Within she looks, and sees the life of life.  
When, from the world, we solitude prefer,  
Beneficently sweet, there's none like her.  
Our life is fleeting, but she bids the sun  
Stand still, and, guardant, sees our battles won.  
Life she recalls, condenses, and inspires;  
Intensifies, and glows with sacred fires.  
The loved ones long departed hence, she brings,  
And tends our conference 'neath her nestling wings;  
Refines affection, downs the sweet entwine,  
The sentiments refines, and stamps divine.  
To burdened souls, to bursting fulness prest,  
She words extatic lends, and bids—be blest.  
She ages—worlds, sees in a moment's view;  
Her language truer than the merely true.

A monarch's crown may high in glory raise,  
But higher far the well-won poet's bays.  
If science first, the all including be,  
That honour, then, I claim for poetry."

She ceased. Kyunes smoothed his ponderous head,  
Cast round his scrutinizing eyes, and said :

"The charms of poesy, beyond mistake,  
Refine, and higher aspirations wake,  
But sentiment, however much refined,  
Will flag, if utiles lag too far behind.  
'No law, no living,' constant facts sustain ;  
'No muse, no living,' none the creed maintain.  
What but the law, in this or other lands,  
Transforms to men the rude and savage bands ?  
What but the law protects from insult's slangs,  
And prone reboundant on the insulter clangs ?  
What but the law makes life a sacred treasure,  
Securely guards, and makes the toil a pleasure ?  
What but the law, amid the mazy throng,  
The weak secures, the weak against the strong ?  
What but the law protects our household cheer,  
The dear reward of many a well-spent year ?  
Secure in law, th' industrious labourer broils,  
Reward secures, the sweetener of his toils.  
The wretch unconscioned—clenched his wreckless paw—  
He falters—thinks—he dreads the scourging law.  
More reverence due, from high and low bestowed,  
Would wide the fount, and clear the stream that flowed.  
Gold has its alloy, ocean currents clash,  
Spots invest the sun—mountains, mountains crash ;  
Then, if in law, we meet with faults to match,  
All else the same, no wonder need attach.  
Administered by knave, or yet by fool,  
Themselves degrade, and these the law should school.  
Extortionate courts, as bankrupt, brand the clan,  
Who screen and prowl, who spoil the honest man.  
Of laws unjust and needless, unrepealed,  
Confound right judgment, and in blood are sealed.

Shame on the laws remitting crimes for cash !  
Such laws unjust the savage might abash !  
Now equitable laws by fools misused,  
Are genuine gold, but genuine gold abused ;  
And laws unjust are coin in mettle base,  
Which should not, will not, genuine gold displace.  
But laws, however wisely framed, require  
Enforcing-power, when spurned, to force their ire.  
This power is dual, church and state combined,  
The one to lead, the other drive, behind.  
If prayers and sermons, schools and Bibles fail,  
Then guns and bayonets make the recreant quail.  
Without the law no life is safe, no goods,  
No house or land, no ships to brave the floods ;  
No commerce, manufacture, stick or stone,  
All sinks, the nation wrecked, and all is gone.  
If one fair science human weal can draw,  
I place as first, the science of the law."

He said. Now fair Gemona's face displays  
A reverend gleam, and thus betimes essays :

"The various notions men, of science hold,  
Their partial knowledge of the truth unfold.  
Their divers estimates no science knows,  
But jarring judgments, erring judgment shows.  
With partial knowledge, and with erring minds,  
Convergent joined, too oft the judgment blinds ;  
And thus to abstract science not confined,  
In erring actions mars and damns mankind.  
From sage experience, joined with mental light,  
The line we trace that separates wrong from right.  
Though portions range where fainter colours rise,  
Still all can see it, all can recognize.  
This attribute divine marks men from brutes,  
Outrides all else, and human constitutes.  
This light superior known to man alone,  
All worth transcends, and all the prize his own.  
But knowing what is right, though great the gain,  
May fail to guide, and moral deeds sustain.

The dog may ken a dinner from a bone  
And somewhat comprehend when not his own ;  
Yet when temptation twitches doubly tight,  
He may devour, defiant of his light.  
Poor dog ! at times we may the dog excuse,  
But what of men who all their lights abuse ?  
A dog, ill-mannered, tempts the cudgel's thwack,  
And motives only owns affect his back.  
And are there men thus only good by fear  
The law's rude lash ? What says the calendar ?  
Poor human nature ! yet not all depraved,  
Some few the genuine love of right has saved ;  
And some there are who still the right pursue,  
Because the love of right demands its due.  
How sweet the path where Virtue glides along !  
How rough, how grating, to be scourged from wrong ?  
Best guides the rule, when Vice with Virtue vies ;  
True interest in the path of duty lies.  
Vice is a prism, shows colours gorgeous bright,  
The while there's only one—that simply white.  
Vice scampers gaily trapped in borrowed grace,  
But Virtue is the horse that wins the race.  
'Tis true, at times, we see, obscurely draped,  
Uncouthly forms, ambiguously shaped ;  
But patience, judgment, (bias set aside,)  
To conduct safe will generally guide.  
Resigned obedience to another's will,  
Is not a virtue when the cause is ill ;  
With purpose high, 'tis virtuous to inlist,  
But Vice, as virtuous firmly to resist.  
What dire disaster passion strews around !  
What rends, and wrecks, and mangled victims found !  
In but a moment's space, what deeds occur,  
The wide world's wealth untold could not repair !  
The folly vice betrays ! what cost incurs !  
How lost to all the wretch that course prefers !  
While, kindly, Nature smiles on Virtue's cause,  
To Vice she ever turns the frown of foes ;

And Vice obdurate, with a chastening hand,  
Indelibly inburns the beastly brand.  
The *man* a strange and monstrous form assumes,  
The fiend of vice his very life consumes ;  
Nor less the mind in rankled woe comprised,  
Disfigured, cursed, is more than brutalised ;  
His powers transcendant writhe in ruin tost—  
Mind used wrong, falls, and sinks in ruin lost.  
Engulphed in vice, with hell before his eyes,  
The guilty wretch a pest encumberous dies.  
What, but for vice, man's nature might attain,  
The beau-ideal might the facts sustain.  
'Tis morals, teaches what our duties are,  
What acts most profit—what our interests mar ;  
Displays the roots whence trees of evil rise,  
And those to plant will make us good and wise.  
As earth's interior depths the outward bear ;  
So must the sciences on morals rear.  
Their use to man can only be applied,  
When at the helm the moral powers preside ;  
No morals ply—disastrous scenes await,  
And dire dismay must seal the dismal fate.  
Then say, as moral conduct, is to man ;  
So morals base, to scientific plan.  
If any science of itself were best,  
'Twere morals surely might be counted blest.  
But as the earth turns constant to the sun,  
The sciences as duly turn to man :  
When sick, 'tis medicine that rules the day,  
When calculations press, then figures pay.  
Thus all by turns importantly prevail,  
But wrong applied, they all as surely fail.  
Where all are good, and in their places tell,  
Preferred are none—all indispensable—  
Appropriately studied and applied,  
They all will profit and securely guide.  
As twinkling lights from starry sources flow—  
In one commingled lustre nightly glow ;

H

Or grass-roots in a meadow intertwine ;  
 So sciences inseparably combine ;  
 With equal worth all rule their separate spheres :  
 Thus, none is highest—all alike compeers."

She said : With one consent congratulations rise,  
 Gemona owning mistress of the prize.

Resounds aloud : "The ivy wreath, her own,  
 The ivy wreath Gemona wins, shall crown."

Around Gemona circling friends entwine,  
 And all are friends, and all in worship join.  
 The goddess, gracious, on a moss-draped throne,  
 The priestess, Josa, clasps around the zone,  
 And in devotion-guise that seldom misses,  
 Pours forth her honest heart in hosts of kisses.  
 The sterner sex look on, regretful deists,  
 And vainly wishing fate had made them priests.  
 The goddess heaves her head—submist complies ;  
 The priestess round her nimble fingers plies.

Then : "Goddess, hear ! this verdant crown I place,  
 This ivy wreath, thy sacred brows to grace ;  
 Of criticism and love this emblem wear,  
 And of thy worth may distant ages hear ;  
 Long may'st thou live—their model ever be—  
 Thy race transmit to all posterity !"

The goddess smiles approval : "so-be-its"  
 Are duly tendered by the circling wits.

A pean now the muses selves discuss,  
 Melodious is the strain—the pean thus :

"Blow, gentle breezes, blow from every hill ;  
 Flow limpid streams, and murmur every rill ;  
 Smile, fruitful fields, with timely harvests sped ;  
 While floeant lawns, your efflorescence shed ;  
 Rise roseate bowers, be sweet your gay recess ;  
 Skies, gild your azure domes, and ever bless ;  
 Sun, life-inspiring light long may we feel ;  
 Moon, stars, president guard our life-long weal ;  
 Friends, ply your mind and hands at duty's call ;  
 Ends, virtuous, there's happiness for all."

The sweet aromas of the honeyed air,  
Diffuse refreshment all their unctions here.  
The dance prepares—brisk notes salutes the ear,  
And sundry plaudits still the goddess cheer.  
With honours prest, a chance the goddess spies,  
To leave her verdant throne—her baby cries!

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A WIDOWER'S EPITAPH FOR HIS  
FOUR WIVES.

RS. Teaser the first, was none of the worst,  
The second to passion a martyr ;  
The third was a covy in shindyng verst ;  
The fourth, alas ! was a tartar.

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ON THE ABOLITION OF AMERICAN  
NEGRO SLAVERY.

EJOICE ye thousand, thousand homes,  
Erewhile consigned to dark dismay ;  
At length the consummation comes,  
The long-desiderated day ;  
Let all rejoice o'er every land and sea—  
'Tis Lincoln speaks the word :—" The Slave is Free !"

Oppression's rod asunder snapt,  
The Negro now his rights may scan ;  
Her trunk is dead, her roots are sapt,  
The slave is recognised a Man ;  
No longer rules that pestly source of sin,  
The tyrant's law, the colour of the skin.

Let struggles fierce and bravely led,  
And hard-earned wealth by millions spent ;  
Let countless valiant hearts who've bled,  
To win the long-desired event ;  
Let civil war with all its horrors tell,  
Dire slavery's curse—that pest of death and hell.

Around all crime the scourge entwines,  
Though action it may long delay ;  
This twofold crime both sides impinges,—  
The knave and those the knave obey ;  
And hence accountant, heedful justice calls,—  
On slave and owner scourging vengeance falls.

Participators in the crime,  
Deserved chastenings all have felt ;  
American or British clime,  
No screen from castigations dealt ;  
The wide world o'er, where'er the guilt was spread,—  
There, life the forfeit ; here, the want of bread.

The shallow politician's school,  
Unfair advantages pursues ;  
But wisdom's equitable rule,  
Awards to each and all their dues :  
Where tyrants rule, and wretched slaves obey,  
Volcanic fires beneath the surface play.

Could slavery its horrors tell,  
Of men to beasts of burden formed ;  
Of those in power whose whips compel—  
To tyrants and to fiends transformed ;  
Be hushed, huge curse—thy downfall, letter-boomed,  
In spirit sink, and sink for ever doomed !

All honour to the gallant North,  
Whose generous hearts the means supplied !

All honour to the men of worth,  
For justice fighting bravely died !  
The slave's great saviour honoured ever be,  
Brave Lincoln ! martyr to their liberty !

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### JUSTICE AND POWER.



LET him who in oppression,  
Aloud for justice calls ;  
Take heed when raised to power,  
Which way his bias falls.

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### THE MEETING ALONE.



WHEN strong and bright visions,  
Pervaded the mind ;  
When youth just emerging,  
To manhood had joined ;  
I heard of a maiden,  
' Truth bids me to own,—  
Oh, strong were my wishes,  
' To meet her alone !

Though many the wooers,  
Had courted her smiles ;  
And many to gain her,  
Concerted their wiles ;  
No craft could ensnare her,  
Full many bemoan ;  
And oh, how I wished I  
Could meet her alone !

I knew not her dwelling,  
Nor where it had been ;  
But once the coy beauty,  
A-distant I'd seen ;  
And oh, how I loved her,  
With constancy prone !  
My all I had given,  
To meet her alone !

Her name so enchanting,  
The sound on my ear,  
Was music mellifluous,  
Borne on the air ;  
I heard where she haunted,  
And thought to have gone,  
But feared—then adventured,  
To seek her alone !

I sought in the valley,  
The brake, and the gill,  
And round by the mountain,  
Where fountains distil ;  
While anxiously looking  
Around from the cone,  
Far distant I spied her,  
And she was alone !

Delighted, I quickly  
Pursued the sweet maid ;  
Yet never the nearer,  
She seemed to evade ;  
The lawn and the thicket  
To her were as one ;  
She flew like the wind as  
I chased her alone !

Disheartened and weary,  
Far lagging behind,

I came to a brooklet,  
For resting inclined ;  
Beneath a wide hawthorn,  
My plight to bemoan,  
Despairing and weeping,  
I fretted alone !

Supinely reclining,  
My eyes dim with tears,  
The lightest of footsteps,  
Accosted my ears ;  
Around quickly glancing,  
Who past me should run,  
But she whom I longed for,  
And she was alone !

When passing, I fancied  
She gave me a smile ;  
A life-time of sorrow,  
Such look might beguile !  
I thought to have followed,  
But bright as the sun,  
Returning she hailed me,  
And cheered me alone !

Her form was so lovely,  
Her speech so refined,  
Her glance so enchanting,  
Her actions so kind ;  
All forces conspiring,  
True love was her tone ;  
And oh, how delightful,  
To meet her alone !

Her presence so cheering,  
Her friendship so warm,  
All Nature responsive,  
Rejoiced in the charm ;

So insinuating,  
Each moment engrown,  
That rapt was the meeting,  
That meeting alone !

Oh, fair one ! I stammered,  
What words can imply,  
That world of affection,  
E'en life would outbuy ?  
That world of affection,  
My heart has o'erflown ;  
The loved one so precious,  
Is thee—thee alone !

I've heard of thee, Bardy,  
She sweetly replied ;  
Affection I know thou  
No longer can'st hide ;  
But why didst not sooner,  
Confess thee undone ?  
These glades how I've traversed,  
And wandered alone !

And do'st thou, sweet maiden,  
My love comprehend ?  
And wilt thou assign thee,  
My lover and friend ?  
How great is the rapture,  
My soul doth enthrone !  
Transcendent the favour,  
To be thine alone !

Don't misunderstand me,  
Young Bardy, I pray !  
Be sober, and thrifty,  
And shun vain display  
Be gentle, and kindly,  
And truth ever own ;

Hence, thine be I always,  
If loved but alone !

I vowed by my conscience,  
I vowed my whole heart ;  
From those her conditions,  
I never would part ;  
When seated close by me,  
On mossy-green stone,  
She owned her affection,  
Conferring alone !

Then leisurely strolling,  
With arms intertwined ;  
The banks of the brooklet,  
We paced where they wind ;  
We talked of wild flowers,  
Around us bestrown :  
Be ever remembered,  
That meeting alone !

The frolicsome streamlet,  
That rippled along ;  
The bounding cascade,  
The ousel's sweet song ;  
The glens and the meadows,  
The wild zephyr's moan,  
Each serves to remember,  
That meeting alone !

The harp, her companion,  
And I on my flute,  
We symphoned in concert—  
How could we be mute ?  
To woods and to mountains,  
To bright setting sun,  
To wide earth and heaven,  
We warbled alone !

And many our rambles,  
 O'er moutain and lea ;  
 By blossoming hedge-row,  
 And ivy-grown tree ;  
 By mosses and roses,  
 And deep dells and lane,  
 The moon gaily smiling,  
 We wandered alone !

By sacredest pledges,  
 Our loves *were* inclined ;  
 By ties *now* endearing,  
 That ever must bind ;  
 Our mutual passion,  
 More strong as we use :  
 Her name—must I tell it ?  
 Her name is—the *Muse* !

A CONUNDRUM—TO MR. ANSON,  
 A FAR-WEST EDITOR.



NEWSPAPER Editor up to the mark,  
 Should know the grammatical rules in the dark ;  
 The articles specially, which are but three,  
 And easy to think of as : *a*, *an* and *the* :  
 Your mischief to grammar why have you begun ?  
 Now why do you wish us to call you—An-son ?

A CONUNDRUM.



IN what occupation, apart recompenses,  
 Does man in cool blood, most violate his senses ?  
 Trade secrets despite, and I swear for all times,—  
 'Tis that of the poet, in matching his rhymes.

## THE MISSION OF POETRY.



IMMORTAL Muse ! on thee the task we lay,  
Our choicest thoughts to clothe in best array ;  
Those aspirations which, not wholly strange  
To humblest minds, at times, extend their range ;  
Those highest yearnings which of pure accord,  
Life's daily rounds a scarce supply afford ;  
Those thoughts intense in deepest cogence lay ;  
Those rarest flights in heights sublimest play.

Immortal Muse ! thy arms circumferent bind  
All Natures one—and deify mankind !  
As veers the compass, northward to its pole,  
So thoughts intensest welcome thy control ;  
To thee they turn, and never thou, remiss,  
Find in ideal beauty worlds of bliss.

This last propense of aspiration's wing,  
In full accord the Muse alone can sing.  
And he who consciousness fails thus to read,  
From genius barred, shares but the common meed ;  
He penetrates not that elysian field,  
Profuse in viands of nectarious yield ;  
Inhales not vig'rous and immortal air,  
The habitants of those blest regions share ;  
Nor soars the soul to those fair tracks on high,  
Where rarest genius most delights to fly.  
In natures formed to wing poetic skies,  
Evolving energies impulsive rise,  
Their powers of wider grasping thought extend,  
And ever prone, with the ecstatic blend.  
The glorious task the Muse's 'tis to view,  
Through lustrous lights, and objects old renew.  
She find, indeed, the elements prepared,  
And fraught experiences in life declared,  
In worlds of matter infinitely joined,  
And worlds of marvels in the labouring mind.  
But new and endless combinations, these,  
She blends to forms of choice affinities ;

Break down distinctions grosser powers impose,  
These analysing, and synthesing those :  
Imparts to objects attributes unknown,  
Impulsive life and sentiments her own ;  
Transcending light the Summer sun bestows,  
Profusely shed, with mental splendour glows ;  
Wide-universal Nature painting such,  
As passions draw, and inmost passions touch ;  
Depicts the mind in all those various modes,  
Which ruffle, or which soft emotion bodes ;  
Which marks its powers for elemental strife,  
Its heaving throes, and thirst for higher life.  
The cool, prosaic, or the literal mind,  
Those mighty workings may but lawless find,  
Still, those transgressions which apparent seem,  
Are but results which laws transcendant deem ;  
Those pure and glowing visions own control,  
From higher impulse of the boundless soul.  
And in the glowing objects which it paints,  
Emotions wakens, or removes constraints ;  
Anticipates progressive stages still,  
Which splendour, beauty, happiness shall fill.

    In Poesy an instrument impends,  
Exalting and refining ever tends.  
From ordinary life it sweeps the snares,  
It breathes a respite from depressing cares ;  
To consciousness of higher life it thrills,  
Which, mind augmenting, still capacious fills ;  
From grosser modes invites the soul to rise,  
Its wings extend, and forth etherialise.

    Like other powers so fares it with the Muse,  
The good may cherish, and the vile abuse ;  
In vicious purpose, pandering low may fall,  
And, flaunting, wear licentious passion's thrawl.  
Thus brutal treatment in the jockey's trade,  
The prancing palfrey turns a worthless jade.  
But when true genius thus its standard lowers,  
It dims its fires, and wastes its noblest powers ;

Yet even then the yoke licentious galls—  
Not wholly fallen, the true vocation calls ;  
Still, strains of feeling intermingled rise ;  
The tender touch, the gentle nerve implies ;  
Then images of innocence and love,  
And sympathies with suffering virtue move ;  
Indignant censures on the world's deceit,  
And moral dalliance, whence the worst retreat ;  
These signs of nobler life so often flow,  
From genius fallen, and in position low,  
That Poesy, though mired, thus understood,  
'Tis clear, can scarce divorce itself from good.  
It holds alliance with our greatest gains,  
Our best affections warms, and best sustains ;  
Delights in beauty of sublimest grade,  
By outward Nature, or by mind displayed ;  
Portrays the passions in each strange excess,  
And balm for all provides who need redress.

What passions those, to sight the Muses draw !  
How full of powers ! of powers commanding awe  
A mighty nature thus in man we see,  
Exciting deep and fearful sympathy !

With Poesy, life's higher tracks we range,  
And rankling cares for genial themes exchange ;  
Where choicest thoughts on highest beauty bent,  
We freely breathe in purest element ;  
Magnanimous emotions fill the breast,  
While truth pervading owns us truly blest.  
'Tis Poesy's to revel in the way,  
Where Nature's loveliest, choicest beauties play ;  
Recall the freshness of our early years,  
Those fond amusements, and those laughing tears ;  
Revive those scenes of innocence and ease,  
When early, simple pleasures most could please ;  
Keep still unquenched enthusiastic rife,  
That warm and cheer us in the spring of life ;  
Refine and mellow pleasing youthful love,  
And human welfare teach the heart to move ;

Augment our impulse in fair Nature's cause,  
Where, truly loving, tenderest feeling draws ;  
O'er all society enchantments spread,  
In sympathising, sweet endearments shed ;  
The universal all renewed dispose,  
Till choice propensions course in order flows,  
Through life to cheer with vision's hopeful shine,  
The passions guide, and sentiments refine.

Objections may against the Muse be brought,  
That she is mainly by delusion fraught—  
The mind prostrates beneath vain Fancy's wave,  
And Folly's castle builds on Wisdom's grave.

That there is wisdom Poesy bewears,  
The pseudo-wisdom, which true interest mars,  
Which sensual joys esteems the highest good—  
The tippler's draft, and gormand's dainty food ;  
Which, wealth esteeming, seeks with feverish strife,  
And wants material calls the—all—of life ;—  
'Twere Folly's task Poesy to belie,  
Nor would the Muse's self this charge deny.  
Nor least the service this she deigns to man,—  
Mere brutal prudence would the man unman.  
She charms above the thraldom of mere sense,  
And leads the wise to nobler recompense.  
The charge how groundless that would brand the Muse,  
Illusive—prone right reason to abuse !  
In Poesy—in every other cause,  
Are faithless friends, who show no dearth of flaws.  
In Poesy how much of truth inheres ?  
E'en more than much pretending History bears ;  
And many theories of high pretence,  
The Muse, may teach sublimest germs of sense.  
The fictions of the Muse, in thought profound,  
Grave facts supply, no otherwhere are found,  
Their incidents oft start new trains of thought,  
Whence hidden mysteries of our being are brought.  
When fabulous the letter takes its form,  
The spirit grasps, and bids the myth transform ;

Thus reconciled becomes apparent strife,  
And fable merges in the truths of life.  
On every hand Poetic stores are strown,  
And these the Bard collects and makes his own ;  
From the gross wares to draw, his powers are bent,  
Securing the superior element.  
Life's common rounds, prosaic though they seem,  
Not wholly dull, can prompt the Muse's theme :  
Affection's deep recess oft bursts its bound,  
And flowing spreads, inclosing all around ;  
On either hand, behind, before it flows,  
Beyond ourselves it spreads, nor boundary knows ;  
The past, the future, to its potency yield—  
All time its era, and all space its field.

The workings of the mighty passions see,  
Which swell with more than human energy ;  
Infantile joys and innocence survey,  
What bloom and buoyancy in youth display !  
What dazzling hopes the mind intensely moves ?  
How throbs the heart when first it wakes to love ?  
What dreams of happiness too vast for earth ?  
What form and graces, cheer of priceless worth ?  
What beauty—gentleness—in woman rise ?  
What feelings flow ! affections deep to prize ?  
How blushes rise, by purity suffused,  
And spend their charms in blandishments diffused !  
What tones and looks to noblest deeds can fire,  
To deeds a mother's heart can but inspire ;  
The Muse's care is not the theme to taint,  
But life and passion in true colours paint ;  
To follow Nature, and all truth comprise,  
To show the living manners as they rise.  
She much extracts, 'tis true ; concentrates much ;  
And life's ethereal essence owns her touch ;  
The fleeting fragrance yields to her arrest,  
In scattered beauties to her service prest.  
She life prolongs—prolongs without alloys,  
Its more refined and evanescent joys.

She makes us feel that life's corporeal fare,  
 Is not the whole of what invites our care ;  
 But that delights and sentiments are ours,  
 Of higher grade, and on us freely pours ;  
 She grants in stores to overflowing charged,  
 And more we take, unboundedly enlarged.  
 This higher view, why strive not more to share ?  
 As times behave, why make not more our care ?  
 'Tis needed artful manners to withstand,  
 Which fast encroach and mar on every hand ;  
 Which civil life tame down to line and rule,  
 Excludent of the wild and wonderful ;  
 To counterpoise the physics of the age,  
 Which physicalist pleasures most engage :  
 The Muse comes forth and hails the fancy's rise—  
 The great specific, Poesy supplies.  
 Averse to frozen wastes, and barren plains,  
 Where famine stalks, and desolation reigns,—  
 She helms the barque of life that course to steer,  
 Where fairer climes bloom Summer all the year !

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## MY LOVE HE IS DEAD.

A SONG.


 EAR, ye craggy rocks above me,  
 Hear, ye hills with heather crowned,  
 Hear, ye dells and briery thickets,  
 Hear, ye vales and woods around ;  
     My love is asleep,  
     In the briny deep,  
 Where foaming waves resound.

Here in by-gone times we wandered,  
Each believing and beloved,  
Heart to heart so truly beating,  
What one felt the other moved ;  
But now my love sleeps,  
In far away deeps,  
Where on the seas he roved.

Oh, that he had stayed to love me !  
Mine returned had been his due ;  
But, alas ! for ever parted !  
Still I find my love as true ;  
My lover is dead,  
Gone to his death bed,  
In rolling billows blue.

Where the beauties used to charm us ?  
Streams and flowers, and rocks and trees ;  
All, alas ! have me forsaken—  
Feel I but a chilling breeze ;  
My love he is dead,  
Gone to his death bed,  
Far in the deep blue seas.

Softly sleep thy corpse prostrated,  
Kindly tend him wavy deeps ;  
Passing zephyrs gently fanning,  
Tell him Anne for him weeps,—  
My love that is dead,  
Gone to his death bed,  
In far off billowy deeps.

## THE POET'S RETREAT.

**W**HERE Blue Hill rears its summit to the sky,  
 Sweet blows the breeze, and sweetly larks on high  
 Long o'er the year pour forth their various song,—  
 In notes hilarious warbling all day long.

And here report had borne it on her wings :

“A poet dwells, yet in seclusion sings.”

Asking the Muse if such a one she knew,

She, smiling, owned, and thus the picture drew :

“From the main road a winding path declines ;

A narrow space the winding path confines ;

Yet ere it ends, much wider, gayer spreads,

And all around an air of lurement sheds.

A radius turned, full on the gazing eye,

A massive wall with spacious portal high,

Of curious work appears—a cross in stone,

Surmounts, and high in air surmounts alone—

A cross—faith's emblem of ‘the creed divine,’

The faith of nations—and, oh Britain! thine.

Through this a court is gained, when fair to view,

The poet's dome obtains the notice due.

Its spreading length, its breadth, its height, are not,

Of course, so huge as bless a prince's lot.

But then for size, uniqueness compensates

In cases oft, and terminates debates.

Antique its style ; large doors and windows rare,

E'en men of wealth might use, and have to spare.

Long ages past, the venerable pile

Time's brunts had stood, and still can gaily smile.

The walls of brick, so sound, may laugh and tell

The modern bricks ‘they're only made to sell!’

The chimney stacks and northern gable show,

Their victories gained o'er fiercest winds that blow.

The roof of thatch its golden hues displays,

And gains each stranger's note, and meed of praise.

Due east the front, it hails each rising morn,  
Whose rosy tints suffusively adorn.

This monument of ages now we see,  
Installed the honoured dome of poesy.

Within is found the bard to whom belong  
The quivering harp and tuneful voice of song.

Tall is his stature, habit lank and lean,  
A tinge of melancholy marks his mien ;

Reflective, diffident, to care a prey,  
Yet ever calm—no turbid passions sway.

His motions slow—retiring and unfirm ;  
In toil a Hercules—in books a worm.

His features nameless—nothing sure can call ;  
Lavater, though, might judge him all in all.

But when the small brown eyes begin to roll,  
'Tis then his true vocation scapes the soul ;

Then forth is poured the lay in notes divine,  
Which charm, enrapture, soften, and refine,

And loud and long the happy day is crowned,  
With cheering strains the plausible rocks resound.

Behind him ranged, a store of books espy,  
Of authors choice, extending far and high !

Through two antiquest windows light may own,  
One hails the rising, one the setting sun ;

Transverse to these on northern wall displayed,  
A scene of art, of various age and grade.

In landscape, seascape, portrait, castle, grange,  
In various scenes agreeably interchange ;

Nor least attracts the eye—no trifling toy,  
Is Chatterton's last scene—the Bristol boy !

To these in downy niches, far arraign,  
The sons of song, a choice and noble train.

Conveniently placed, a mirror rears,  
Each scene renews, and in renewing cheers.

Without the dome a sylvan scene pervades ;  
The Muse each ministering object aids.

First, on the right, a favouring grot is found,  
A cooling shade, where banks of moss surround ;

And curious gems of nature's numerous stores ;  
Of shells and pebbles, earths, and mineral ores.  
Here grass-plots smile in vests of vivid green ;  
There, beds of flowers animate the scene.  
Now smile the grove and winding avenues,  
Where living green dons all her loveliest hues.  
Now rocks upheaved in tortuous plight impose  
A 'wilder scene, where wildest herbage grows.  
A gushing torrent from high rocky seams,  
Now leaps, now runs, and sports in silvery streams ;  
Through devious windings flow the limpid rills—  
A crystal lake dependent, drinks and fills.  
Here thrive the watery hordes which luckful sway,  
And gaily sport the fishes, gold and grey.  
Green are the banks, and gay their wonted style,  
Where choicest wildflowers blooming, gaily smile ;  
Where quivering shrubs are strewn around the glade,  
An ornamental, and a fragrant shade ;  
Where feathery songsters build their gay abodes,  
And labouring bees collect their spicy loads.  
To leftward, gardens spread, a length of ground,  
Where choicest plants, and flowers, and fruits surround ;  
Long mazy winding paths invite the tread,  
And ever, more enchanting lurements shed.  
Close by the dome, a giant alder grows,  
A choice arcade outspread for sweet repose ;  
A vinery adjoining lends its use,  
In purple store of choice nectarious juice.  
Now waving fruit-trees ranging spread abroad,  
And timely bear their gay luxurious load.  
Outspreading far the ground, in shapely beds,  
Of wholesome food, a teeming harvest sheds.  
With carrot, turnip, cabbage, eschalot,  
And loads of household stores abounds the plot.  
Of flowers a gay profusion, seasons round,  
Bloom into form with every beauty crowned ;  
The snow-drop, pansy, daffodil, the rose,  
Each gaily blooming, in succession grows ;

These join'd around those beauteous scenes they spread,  
And cheering scents are wide commingling shed.  
See by the gate—a bright laburnum towers,  
Full gaily dangling its golden flowers.  
Bright cheer around a fluttering willow frees,  
Its pendent branches dancing in the breeze.  
Here mosses crown the walls in green and gold,  
There ivy creeps, and floral gems unfold.  
A quivering alder nodding wide displayed,  
Affords a fragrant, and a genial shade ;  
Herewith are tales of love and wonder hung,  
Might 'maze to hear, and task the learned tongue.

Along the side which greets the rising sun,  
Extending hawthorns to a hedge-row run.  
There climbing day-flowers in profusion seen,  
In purest white surmount the living green ;  
With honeysuckle and sweet-briar crowned,  
Their choicest odours wide diffusing round.  
Its banks the primrose and the cowslip yield,  
And herbage fragrantest that grows the field.  
A limpid stream the outward margin laves,  
Where tasteful cress enplumes the gentle waves.  
Ambrosial scents flow on the liquid tide,  
And passing zephyrs bear them far and wide.  
Then, central, in the much delighting ground,  
By sundry mazy winding paths is found  
A sweet retreat—a bower of choicest kind,  
Seclusion poets crave, and precious find.  
A winding stair of logs the platform gains ;  
Three hollies scooped, inclose—a rock sustains ;  
Intricacies of odorous plants entwine,  
And choicest flowers in glowing colours shine ;  
Now intermingled rocks, and shrubs, and roots,  
And spreading boughs, and rambling overshoots,  
With mossy couches for reclining meet,  
Conjoin to form the musing Poet's Retreat.

## ANNE'S LAST NIGHT AT HOME.

**U**NWONTED sorrow heaves my swelling heart,  
 Dear friends look sad, yet ever kindly speak ;  
 A stubborn fate resolves, I must depart,  
 And the *last night at home*, fond ties must break.

The gathering flood my eyes would fain repress,  
 And pride affect an outward bearing gay ;  
 But inward feeling owns the grief no less,  
 Nor filial love refrains its dues to pay.

The dear old house I've walked around my last,  
 No more Old Hawthorn's tiny lances tease,  
 My last fond ramble on the moors is past,  
 The much-loved garden now no more may please !

Those pets, my pigeons, taught to understand  
 My call—whose conduct owned I loved them well ;  
 That pecked their food from my extended hand,—  
 Their silky heads I've kissed a last farewell !

The old piano seems to feel with me,  
 An inward grief that our last tune is played ;  
 That friendship long enjoyed in harmony,  
 No more shall be, what'er our fate has swayed.

My little friend, the kitten, I must leave,  
 Our mirthful romps together have an end,  
 And while I stroke her soft bright fur, I grieve,  
 And future prospects all with sadness blend !

Retiring to my chamber, late at night,  
 My drawers and book-shelves of their contents cleared,  
 The faithful clock seems conscious of my plight,  
 And tremulous strikes the hour I much have feared.

My sinking heart with 'wildering cares opprest,  
And eyes suffused, I need not blush to own ;  
Tired nature sinks to snatch a needful rest,  
And, dosing, dreams of mazy scenes unknown.

Erelong Aurora lights the eastern sky,  
And day surrounds the venerable dome ;  
The train awaits—and I far distant fly  
The scenes attending the *last night at home !*

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THE BOOK OF NATURE.



WIDE the Book of Nature open,  
Ready waiteth to induct ;  
Page by page incessant turning,  
All as pupils to instruct.

Do we wish to scan the heavens ?  
Suns and systems comprehend ?  
Myriad hosts are placed before us—  
Lessons all our steps attend.

Space unbounded asks our notice—  
Claims our utmost force of sight !  
Onward—onward ever stretching,  
Tasks imagination's flight.

Turn we to terrestrial objects,  
Far as eye or thought can reach,  
Mountains, valleys, rivers, oceans,  
Seem existing but to teach.

Shady woodland, sunny prairie,  
Velvet-mantled verdant field,

Mineral treasures earth embosomed,  
 Thousand-tongued, instructions yield.

Vegetable life exploring—  
 Animated Nature's plan—  
 Infinite the priceless lessons!  
 Blessings infinite to man!

### WHAT IS THE ALMIGHTY?

**W**HAT is the Almighty mover?  
 Wide displayed on every hand;  
 In the changing seasons' coursing,  
 In the labouring sea and land;  
 Every grade of might efficient,  
 Permeating Nature wide;  
 Beauties fair, and blights producing,  
 Source of every want supplied.

Is it an imagined essence?  
 Sense and reason fail to find;  
 Partial as the voice of prayer,  
 Subject to the flaws of mind;  
 Greater far the power Almighty—  
 Actions sequent, not pre-ranged—  
 All efficiency, His impulse—  
 Ever changing—never changed.

Flying clouds proclaim his presence,  
 Smiles he in each starry gleam,  
 Him we hear when warfare deafens,  
 Feel Him in the solar beam;  
 Trace in meteoric wonders,  
 Ever ranging earth and sky,  
 Own Him in volcanic thunders—  
 Distant ever—ever nigh.

Every clod of earth displays Him,  
 Every fluttering leaf that grows ;  
 Heaven's serene, and storms enraging—  
 Verdant soil and stream that flows ;  
 Matter, all-impulsive, shows us,  
 Equal to the task involved,  
 Living energy sustaining—  
 Being Almighty, self-resolved !

COMPETITION.



UNIVERSAL competition,  
 Formidably rears its head,  
 And howe'er may end its mission,  
 Wide its influence is spread ;  
 Hope of gain, the leading motive,  
 Nobler aims droop in the rear ;  
 Hands are clenched, and hearts are hardened—  
 Friendship chills—love turns severe.

Gainer modes for wealth producing,  
 Cheaper labour must be had,  
 Caring not how fare the workers—  
 How they're fed, or housed, or clad ;  
 Classes proximately standing,  
 Where the woes most thickly fall,  
 Writhe beneath their blighted fortune,  
 Suffering for the gains of all.

Want, imperiously urging,  
 Industry to action calls ;  
 Competition aids invention,  
 Education hence befalls :

Let us hope then that the crosses,  
 Brought on competition's wing ;  
 And our individual losses,  
 Universal gains will bring.

Commerce though, is not the only  
 Field of rivalry we find ;  
 Competition in religion,  
 Chooses not to lag behind :  
 Yet, alas ! I've long been gazing,  
 Gazing still, I fail to see,  
 Competition for a purer,  
 Wider spread *morality* !

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### CO-OPERATION.



SEYOND busy hive of insects,  
 How harmoniously they toil ;  
 Sweet, delicious honey storing,  
 Faring sumptuously the while ;  
 Famine entering not their fear,  
 Plenty blessing all the year,  
 Happy Bees united cheer,—  
 Co-operation.

Yonder see the winding river,  
 Clear the stream, and free the course,  
 Quickly, bulwarks—habitations,  
 Rise as if by magic force ;  
 Beavers, sport in work or play,  
 Peace and plenty crown their day,  
 And in happiness display,—  
 Co-operation.

What the force in briny waters,  
Adamantine rocks supplies ;  
Monuments of endless ages,  
That for depths of ocean rise ?  
See the tiny Corals throng,  
See them work in myriads strong,  
Read their best and only song,—  
Co-operation.

Shall, then, Beavers, Bees, and Corals,  
Man's much higher reason teach ?  
Wisdom—morals do they practise,  
Man must ever fail to reach ;  
Ignorance ! Its growth be stopt—  
Folly ! Let its wings be cropt—  
Wisdom cries: At once adopt—  
Co-operation.

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### DRUNKEN SAM.

“HE lane is long that has no turn,”  
A fact that should be heeded ;  
In Drunken Sam fulfilled becomes,  
Though not before 'tis needed.

In dissipation's course he runs—  
With might and main he flies in ;  
And home and family involves,  
In hunger, rags, and ruin.

His wife, Kiziah, loves him though,  
And all the children dearly :  
And oft entreats his course to mend,  
With tears, both late and early.

But ever failing to persuade,  
She cries,—“ Dear husband, hear me !  
Unless thou speedily reform,  
Some judgment will befall thee !”

To all forebodings deaf he seems,  
To Providence defiant ;  
She pictures still such judgments as  
At length will make him pliant.

Still heedless of the warning voice,  
Of reason, and of kindness,  
He drinks, and drunken sleeps,  
But wakes, alas ! in blindness !

Remorse his conscience now disturbs,  
And blindness sore distresses ;  
The wife suggests,—“ Affliction’s rod  
No doubt is sent to bless us.”

She part exhorts, and partly scolds,  
She urges reformation ;  
Without this change, she makes it clear,  
He’ll find no restoration.

Three days and nights, she tends with care,  
Anointing and beseeching,  
With loving words, and dexterous hands,  
And once applies a leeching.

Subdued at length *he* vows reform,  
That never should be broken ;  
She pledges,—“ If sincere, the power  
That blinds his eyes will open !”

He fear and doubts—his faith is weak,  
But hers was stronger never ;

The night rolls on—the morning comes—  
Sam sees as well as ever !

True to his pledge, though tempted oft,  
He ne'er forgets his blindness ;  
And ever sober, errors past,  
Atoned for are with kindness.

What power performed these wondrous deeds ?  
A power at hand, and seeing :  
The wife to stratagem resorts,  
Sam from bad habits freeing.

To blind—she blears his eyes with gum,  
As he lies senseless sleeping ;  
The sight restoring, water plies,  
Of course, a needful steeping.

This miracle of truth, who hear,  
Pray shun such judgments coming ;  
Far better 'twere, keep sober, than,  
Like Drunken Sam—need gumming !

---

### A WALK IN AUGUST.

HE sun was glowing brightly,  
In beams of lustre gay ;  
The lights and shadows lightly,  
Each other chased away ;  
The richest tints of heaven,  
O'erspread the azure sky :  
As snow the purest driven,  
White fleecy cloudlets fly.

Now on the glassy waters,  
The fitful gleams advance ;  
In visits and departures,  
Trips merrily the dance :  
Now bursts of laughter pealing,  
From sporting children rise ;  
And universal healing,  
Salubrious air supplies.

In verdure smiles the valley,  
And gay the upland lea,  
Here feathery warblers dally,  
There wantonly they flee :  
Now grazing cattle frolic,  
Now smiles the waving corn,  
Here charms seraphic music,  
There rustic scenes adorn.

The hedge rows decked with flowers,  
And paths on every side,  
In plots, and trails, and bowers,  
Display their summer pride ;  
The sweet commingled odours,  
Soft zephyrs glide among,  
And wide, as pleasure-borders,  
The fragrant charms prolong.

Ah ! whither come the twitter,  
The anguish, and the snare,  
That human life embitter,  
And overwhelm with care ?  
It must be me, who, erring,  
Elect to act amiss,  
Blind passions' course preferring.  
To virtue and to bliss.

## THE BATH.

**I**F health be a blessing, which, who will deny?  
Why ever neglect with its laws to comply?  
And what is the foremost in merit it hath?  
The voice of mankind has proclaimed it the *Bath*.

In ages far distant its value was known,  
As records most ancient proclaim its renown ;  
The poets and sages its worth understood,  
And constantly used it the wise and the good.

So far-spread the practice, the Nile had its share,  
And hosts to the Ganges would daily repair,  
The far-famed Zambezi could joy in its hordes,  
The great Mississippi like sample affords.

The Romans, the British, the Gauls, too, of old,  
Each plunged in his Tiber, his Thames, or his Scheldt ;  
The Saxons, the Picts, and the Scots drew in teams,  
Their hardihood, courage, and health from the streams.

With ancient Hippocrates, Priessnitz has found,  
The health-giving powers that in Bathing abound ;  
Philosophy, science, experience, combine  
To warrant its virtues scarce less than divine.

Then plunge in the floods, and drive sickness away  
The body to strengthen—the mind to display ;  
Here life, health, and pleasure in duty will bend,  
And long life and happiness Bathing attend.

## LORD PERCY'S DREAM ;

A LEGEND OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

**T**HE crash of war, around in fury spread ;  
 Men close with men, and gory streams are shed.  
 Ten thousand continentals firmly strive,  
 Ten thousand British furiously drive.

Fierce in the fight, alert plies every hand,  
 And ghastly trophies mark the scourging brand ;  
 Limbs sundered fly, and eyes for ever close,  
 Bruised skulls are strewn—hearts heave unwonted woes,  
 Now, riderless, fierce steeds display their brood,  
 In wildest bounds, their nostrils drenched in blood.  
 The fated riders fallen, bereft of soul,  
 Each charger wildly runs, nor owns control ;  
 Here war-steeds trample out the parting breath,  
 There wounded heroes gnash their teeth in death.  
 The struggle every where is raging round,  
 And mangled corpses strew the trembling ground.

At this dark moment, dearest of the fight,  
 Great Britain's chief deplored his luckless plight ;  
 First in command my Lord Cornwallis reigned,  
 Whose every power for victory was strained.  
 The tide of battle viewing with concern,  
 Incensed he hastens to his aids to turn.

On Colonel Percy straight his eyes are cast,  
 A pause transpires, till thus he speaks at last :

“ In yonder graveyard are the rebels strong,  
 And there, entrenched, we've suffered them too long ;  
 A hero brave his country's honour calls,  
 To plant her standard on those dark grey walls.”

The youth replied : “ Then I at least will try ;  
 I'll take and plant it there, or, failing, die.”

And now, as with his tall and manly form,  
 Intent to bravely dare the coming storm,  
 He speeds o'er hill and intervening dale,  
 Along with chosen troopers bold and hale ;

Resolved, as fate may deem, on woe or weal,  
The story of his life, oh Muse, reveal.

Lord Percy—thus tradition's rolls declare,  
To proud Northumberland was son and heir.  
Though young and handsome, gallant and jocose,  
Some sudden cause had rendered him morose.  
Since in the Chesapeake the troops arrived,  
Of wonted spirits he had seemed deprived.  
His gay companions oft had marked his frown,  
The cause of which he ne'er had deigned to own ;  
His blanched face at duty or repast,  
Some secret care in frequent gloom o'er cast ;  
Dark, boding thoughts, tumultuous, would arise,  
And wild, unearthly glare his full dark eyes.

At length, in sympathy, Cornwallis pressed  
Why youthful Percy thus should be distressed ;  
What melancholy feelings were his doom,  
That thus could shroud in such unwonted gloom ?

In route the calls of duty to fulfil,  
Conversed they, rising woody Osborne's Hill.

With manners boding of a fated man,  
He forth confessed, and thus his story ran :  
"The gaities the English Court revealed,  
He'd left for business to the western world ;  
Though fate might speed, or warp the course awry,  
Thus wished the sire—the son could but comply.  
The Earl, when young, Columbian ground had seen ;  
South Carolina owned he there had been ;  
And there had tricked a girl, with beauty crowned,  
In whose dark cheeks the blood of kings was owned.  
This Indian Princess, deemed the forest's pride,  
He'd spurned to wed his noble English bride.  
And now, when after long, long years had passed,  
For proudest nobles may be conscience-pressed,—  
His son and heir, despatched the aged Earl,  
To find the child of that duped Indian girl,  
With charge express, each clearly understands,  
To place a packet in that kindred's hands."

Alone this object forth in toils had hurled,  
And brought Lord Percy to the western world.

As to the gloom that draped his genial brow,  
And glare unearthly in his eyes did glow,—  
Presentiments of sudden death, his mind  
Had seized, and round his every thought had twined.  
Ere shores American his feet could gain,  
A horrid phantom had perplexed his brain ;  
In face of day its wings of horror spread,  
And nightly brooded images of dread.

“These dire presentiments ! pray whence are they ?”  
Enquired Cornwallis,—“And why with you stay ?”

Young Percy thus replied : “One night, my Lord,  
When crossing the Atlantic, all a-board  
Were startled with a storm ; a storm that raged  
In fearful plight, and all our toils engaged ;  
Hail, wind, and thunder, with resistless force,  
The main-mast crashing in their awful course.  
That night I had a dream ; that dream displayed  
A lonely vale in verdure's smiles arrayed ;  
A rustic fabric in that valley stood ;  
A quiet graveyard joined the lone abode ;  
But yet no tombstones kind survivors rear,  
To tell whose worthy ashes slumber there ;  
And o'er that vale grim foe-men close engaged,  
And round that graveyard fiercest battle raged.  
And in that graveyard, reft of life I found  
A well-known form thrown o'er a grassy mound ;  
The fatal brand had pierced a vital part,  
And life-blood welling, drained the ruptured heart.  
That form was mine ! I saw the glaring eyes,  
Unconscious gazing on the deep blue skies ;  
Their glassy stare too sure their state define ;  
That form—its state I saw—that form was mine !”

“Pshaw ! this is folly,” Lord Cornwallis cries,—  
Impressions quelling that within him rise,  
Impressions Percy's earnest words produce,—  
“'Tis but a fancy vainest thoughts educe.”

While speaking thus, emerging from the wood,  
Their horses reined, on Osborne's Hill they stood.  
Here scenes of strange impórt their vision meet,  
The valley of the graveyard at their feet.

His face Lord Percy at this moment raised,  
And quickly o'er the glorious landscape gazed.  
A horrid agony the mind distressed,  
Distorted features but too well expressed.  
"My dream!" he shrieked—his all absorbing theme;  
With gestures wild, he cried: "The valley of my dream!"  
The landscape o'er, with moistening eyes he gazed;  
He gazed perplexed, confounded, and amazed.

A small white cloud, a small white spot on high,  
There hovered singly in the clear blue sky;  
Right o'er the meeting-house the cloudlet showed;  
A flood of sunshine all-embracing glowed.  
Farmhouses deftly interspersed the scene,  
In trees embosomed of enlivening green;  
Delightful meadow, grove, and stream engrossed,  
Till merging in the far blue distance lost,  
Hill, plain, and valley, basking in the sun,  
The earth and sky seemed melting into one.

But on the distance looked Lord Percy not,  
Nor on the azure sky, nor fruitful plot;  
He only saw the valley at his feet,  
The quaker-dome, and graveyard there to greet.

"My dream! my dream!" he cried—his only theme—  
"My dream! this is the valley of my dream!  
Lo! yonder doth the quiet graveyard lie!  
Ah! I am fated on this field to die!"

No words could shake this strange and dark belief;  
Whence to his friends around, with accents brief,  
He tokens gives of friendships past to tell,  
And sends his fair betrothed a last farewell!  
And then with pallid cheek and flushing eye,  
He onward speeds to swell the battle-cry.  
Behold him, robed in green with gold ensheened,  
His dark hair streaming in the breezy wind.

As near the graveyard wall he speeds his way,  
High in his stirrups raised, he braves dismay ;  
A flashing glance he gives his trooper band,  
And on the graveyard aims the direful brand.

There all was silent—not a shot did fall,  
Or from the windows, or the dark grey wall ;  
That dark grey wall, some thirty paces hence,  
Where hostile movements might erelong commence.  
There verdant mounds in solar brightness glowed,  
By softening rays shed through the parting cloud ;  
And there, back in the yard, 'neath shading trees,  
The prying eye a band of warriors sees ;  
Clad like his own, they sport in forest green—  
A mounted chieftan towers amid the scene.

On steed of golden hue that chieftan see,  
A partisan from wilds of the Santee.  
'Tis Captain Waldemar, who holds command,  
And brave is he who can his force withstand,  
His cheek of bronze, his flowing long black hair,  
His well proportioned form—propense to dare,  
His keen dark eye,—these all proclaim his race,  
And to the Indian girl his lineage trace.

But little does the anxious Percy know,  
Who in that graveyard waits, a ready foe ;  
That his half Indian brother, with his word  
Awaits—awaits with bullet and with sword.

On with the impulse of an avalanche,  
The British troopers sweep with courage staunch ;  
The infantry behind them closely press,  
With bayonets fixed, to urge their fierce address.  
Before them nothing intercepts the way ;  
The graveyard seems to offer easy prey.  
They reach the wall—their horses rear and leap !  
Ah, no ! what means that miracle they reap ?  
As by some sleight of art, or demon-call,  
Backwoodsmen promptly rise behind the wall ;  
Alert, their rifles to the shoulder raise,  
And steady aim directs the deathful blaze !

A sheet of fire the graveyard wall o'ersheds,  
And in the faces of the troopers spreads.  
Blue curling smoke in rolling volumes rose,  
And upwards sped, those horrid scenes disclose :  
Where gallant troopers boldly pressing on,  
A moment past, the graveyard to have won,—  
Now manless war-steeds madly wild are seen,  
Uprearing—plunging o'er the gory green,  
By terrors heaved, not where they would, but must,  
Their riders' faces trampling in the dust.  
Unscarred, Lord Percy 'scaped the deathly fall,  
Alone—his horse's hoofs upon the wall !  
“ On, Britons, on !” shrieked Percy, “ onward flee !”  
In wild haste turning to his infantry.

At this same time, from yonder shadowed band,  
A foeman's voice supplies this loud command :  
Boys of Santee ! upon these British foes,  
The griping cause of all your country's woes !  
Now British infantry and troopers tall,  
In force come pouring o'er the fated wall.  
Then crashing on—one bolt of battle fierce—  
The band of rangers charge the British force !  
Their swords are crossed—in tumult banners wave—  
Here mingled steeds in foamy sweatings lave ;  
Green uniforms commingle—friends and foes—  
And scarlet, tugging green, in combat glows ;  
Now back, now forward, leftward, and now right,  
Revolves the fiery whirlpool of the fight ;  
And there distinctly seen, 'mid bloody toils,  
Two forms, each, now advancing, now recoils ;  
Their stately forms imply a kindred mould,  
Their uniforms alike are green and gold ;  
Alike they're mounted—each applies his art,  
And furious strives to pierce the other's heart.  
Erelong they meet—heir of the British Earl,  
And Waldemar, son of the Indian girl !  
Unknown they meet—the Partisan and Lord—  
The strangers—brothers—raise the vengeful sword !

Alike they both are mounted and attired—  
Resemblance strong—and equal courage fired.  
Their swords were crossed—alternate rose and fell—  
In rapid movements clashed the blazing steel.  
And then Lord Percy felt the fated dart—  
He fell—his brother's sword had pierced his heart !

Say—was it fate coincidentally strung ?  
Or Nature's sequence, vengeful of the wrong ?

A wide whirl of the desperate fight conveyed,  
Brave Waldemar from where his brother laid.

The battle past, in silence of the night,  
Which brooded o'er the victims of the fight,  
The Indian woman's son in reverence sped,  
The Nobles corse to seek 'mid heaps of dead ;  
When found, down bending by the moon's pale light,  
His features scanned, and shuddered at the sight.

He saw himself in that pale corse's face—  
His own—his father's fancied image trace !  
He found a packet at the corse's breast,  
His mother's marriage with the Earl expressed ;  
Of offered favours too, still phrases run,  
The Earl designed the Indian woman's son,  
Then well he knew with fraternised alarms,  
A brother's form laid lifeless in his arms !

He tore to shreds what favours would impart ;  
The marriage test he planted near his heart.

Then he, the long unowned half Indian man,  
Whose veins with blood of kingly Indians ran ;  
With British royal blood commingled plies—  
With sorrowing tears exuding his dark eyes,—  
Scooped out a grave, his brother's corse to hide,  
And, buried there, where he had fought and died.

And that fair maiden—beauty's choicest prize,  
Who patience at her palace window plies,  
Away beyond the wide Atlantic's roar,  
That fair young maiden, love might all-adore,  
Whose lengthy locks her rosebud cheeks adorn,  
Those locks as jetty as by midnight worn,—

How fixtly ever dwells that deep dark eye !  
Intensely gazing on the western sky !  
She there awaits her dear betrothed's return,  
'The gallant Percy—vainly will she yearn !  
Upon the west she ever gazing dwells,  
And hours elapsive, ere his coming, tells !  
Ah ! she will count the weeks, and months, and years,  
Still—still he tarrys, heedless of her tears !  
He will not come, for in that blood-drenched earth,  
Of Brandywine, with hosts of kindred worth,  
There he, the young, the gallant, and the brave,—  
He—undistinguished—moulders in the grave !  
And she will wait there many a weary hour,  
While her dark eyes, dilating, fail of power ;  
Ah ! fixed upon the western sky for him,  
That eye will weary, falter, and grow dim ;  
That cheek will pale, and ripen for the tomb,  
And yet her dear betrothed—yet—will not come !  
And while her eye occasionally gleams,  
And while her throbbing heart elusive dreams,  
As though his coming footsteps raised the glow,—  
The grave-worm feasts upon his manly brow !  
And in that graveyard of the Brandywine,  
The sod alone his undistinguished shrine,  
Unwept—his lover's life—his father's trust—  
The gallant Percy—moulders into dust !

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THE EIGHTEENTH PSALM, vv. 7—15.



WHEN Israel's king in prayer engaged,  
Jehovah shook the ponderous world ;  
The broad foundations of the hills,  
His wroth in woeful tremblings hurled.

His nostrils smoky clouds discharge,  
His mouth devouring flames supplies,  
From these, huge coaly mounts ignite,  
And wide illumine the boundless skies.

This power omnipotent enforced,  
The heaven's imperial concave bowed ;  
Beneath His feet dread darkness reigned,  
Massed in impenetrable cloud.

On cherub's pinions raised on high,  
He scales immeasurable space ;  
The winds' fleet wings convey Him forth,  
Where mortals fail His course to trace.

His secret dwelling darkness shrouds ;  
His dread pavilion—whither flies ?  
Around are floods of darkest hue,  
And densest clouds that range the skies.

Before Him radiant brightness glowed,  
By thickest clouds of darkness veiled ;  
Terrific storms of hailstones powered,  
And fire's devouring flames prevailed.

In direful thunderings of the skies,  
His voice tremendous rends the air ;  
His ireful arrows wing their course,  
Impetuous with the lightning's glare.

At His rebuke deep ocean-beds,  
Appear, erewhile unseen reposed ;  
And at His nostrils' potent blast,  
Are earth's profoundest deeps disclosed.

## BOTHERATION.

**T**HE world, they tell us, is a ball,  
So level, though we walk on !  
With pointless points they axles call,  
It day and night doth twirl on ;

Its spacious surface, partly land,  
But water much more covers,  
Which, though they daily fight for sand,  
They stick as close as lovers !

The world is all a botheration,  
The world is all a botheration.

Man comes into the world—a what ?

A very calf in knowledge ;  
To make him something wide of that,  
He goes to school or college ;  
Through many a fray is lore obtained,  
That's suited to his station ;  
And still he lacks what must be gained—  
An honest occupation !

The world is all, &c.

An honest occupation seek !

Go catch a bag of moonshine ;  
'Tis gammon all—pretension sleek—  
And make believe—and talk, fine ;  
While competition rules the day,  
Temptations ever offer ;  
All fish is flesh that comes to net,  
If profits fill the coffer :

The world is all, &c.

The cares of boyhood scarce are past,  
Ere some enchanting beauty,  
Allures into love's meshes fast,  
And wooing makes a duty ;

Affections fixed, comes jilting's rend,—  
 New love or sport has seized her ;  
 Or if the loves in marriage blend,  
 It may be worse than either :  
 The world is all, &c.

Man's mind of diverse tendencies,  
 And body constant wanting,  
 A doom of toil is ever his,  
 And still supplies are scanting ;  
 He must be fed, and clothed, and housed,  
 Where'er he make his region ;  
 And with imagination roused,  
 Wants unsupplied are legion.  
 The world is all, &c.

And if as journeyman he toil,  
 His daily dish is snubbing ;  
 If injured manhood should recoil,  
 It may provoke a drubbing ;  
 Employer's rank would he sustain ?  
 His men or merchants fail him ;  
 Increasing cares roll on amain,  
 And whither mayn't they trail him ?  
 The world is all, &c.

Has effort crowned with part success ?  
 Some spy of course has seen it ;  
 Then Matthew Taxman makes a guess,  
 And tries to gain the Queen it ;  
 Or needy friends a trifle crave—  
 Denying would be greedy—  
 To charities we must behave—  
 Ourselves must not be seedy :  
 The world is all, &c.

Its votaries have merchandise,  
 Both men and mice in plenty ;

To gain the golden bait, so nice,  
Not one succeeds in twenty ;  
Goods must be trusted here and there,  
Now business takes a frolic,  
And widely spreading bankrupt-cheer,  
Breeds universal colic :  
The world is all, &c.

But wiseacre, with theories blown,  
Says "purchase land and houses,  
Then all is safe, and care unknown :"  
Alas ! he little knows us ;  
For neighbour Nabs will cribb a wall,  
A slice of land another ;  
And falsest oaths a fraud may call,  
Each prig swears for a brother :  
The world is all a botheration.  
The world is all a botheration.

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### HAPPINESS.

**T**HROUGH Nature's every object nigh,  
As well as in the boundless sky,  
Howe'er the mode began ;  
Who marks not the unceasing change,  
On every hand to rearrange,  
The universal plan !

And why through revolution wades,  
The highest as the lower grades,  
But in pursuit of bliss ?  
Yet while o'er science faith exults,  
In misery too oft results,  
The search of happiness.

The history of the human race,  
Records a long and ardent chase,  
    To gain the valued prize ;  
The cycle of imagined bliss,  
Have men but traversed round to miss  
    What seemed before their eyes.

They've sought in pompous glory's maze,  
In wild fanatic strange essays,  
    In action and repose ;  
In bowing at religion's shrine,  
Of thousand creeds esteemed divine,  
    And e'en in spurning those :

In fighting where proud banners toss,  
As well the crescent as the cross ;  
    In carving out a name ;  
In traversing o'er Afric sands,  
Or icy seas and snow-clad lands,  
    Allured by wealth or fame.

In fat indulgence' pampering lap,  
In vagrant's tattered jerkin's wrap,  
    In cloistered monk's retreat ;  
In fashionablest parade,  
In ranks succinct of every grade,  
    In wealth's imperial seat.

Long ages past, philosophy  
We find invoked the guide to be,  
    Along the blissful way ;  
She undertook the arduous task,  
But o'er her eyes a dingy mask,  
    Betrayed her feet astray.

Yet, for a thousand years she preached,  
And far and wide her accents reached  
    The mind to elevate

Above all comforts physical,  
Improvements useful to annul,  
And leave the rest to fate :

To search for happiness unique,  
The world apart ; and only seek,  
And thoughts of pleasure raise,  
Where metaphysic's mystic gloom,  
Where abstract jargons all entomb,  
In speculation's maze.

As yet, alas ! true happiness  
Evades the search ; thus seeking, less  
The chance is to obtain ;  
And such the fact, such frames of mind,  
Thus unattainable, to find,  
E'en saints may seek in vain.

At length new light the subject cheers,  
More truthful doctrine forth appears,  
The bandaged eyes to free ;  
Enjoyments human to increase,  
To pleasure aid and pain decrease,  
Invades philosophy :

That such inventions as include,  
Things clearly useful—those imbued  
With powers for human weal ;  
Are exercises of the mind,  
Of highest grade and choicest kind,  
And worth accounting real.

And ere the sun two hundred times,  
Had run in south and northern climes,  
His annual career ;  
Events were carved in bold relief,  
Surpassing sanguine belief,  
The human race to cheer.

Hence, now, 'the progress of the age,  
In common parlance we engage,  
A patent household phrase ;  
Scarce more familiar is it found,  
In halls of science to resound,  
Than in the public ways.

And in so far as happiness,  
Depends on means with good to bless,  
And evil see destroyed ;  
On mental projects worth the while,  
On motives to industrious toil,  
On freedom's basis wide ;—

On statutes of dark times repealed  
On laws of life and health revealed,  
On mitigated pain ;  
On facile locomotion won,  
On means of correspondence done—  
Enjoyments to sustain ;—

This new philosophy is found,  
With bounteous hand to strew around,  
The choice, long-sought redress ;  
So meet its contributions tend,  
That everywhere they daily blend,  
In human happiness.

In science natural, the potent spell  
Of happiness appears to dwell ;  
And there resides alone ;  
All others but chimeras seem,  
The elves of a distempered dream,  
To mischief ever prone.

But happiness without alloy ;  
Athwartive Nature mars the joy—  
Truth bids the Bard confess ;

For pain, indeed, and misery  
On every hand we daily see,  
    Enlinked with happiness.

Let science first the needs supply,  
Then may imagination try,  
    Ideal beauty's sense ;  
But happiness comparative,  
Is all the universe can give,  
    With all its competence.

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THE GREY PALMER.



LOCAL habitation and a name,  
May sometimes tend to eke a worthy fame :  
Be modern heroes to such shifts compelled,  
I need them not—my heroes are of eld.  
Just where their dwellings, matters not to say ;  
Suffice it, somewhere in the valley, they,  
On sacred spots of earth, for ages stood,  
Where genial Wharfe rolls by her limpid flood.  
    There was a Convent—but it matters not  
If still remembered, or it be forgot ;  
Where to the world around it was displayed,  
Nuns of the Cistercian order swayed.  
Contemporary, too, a Monastery  
Of Monks dwelt in the same locality.  
Communication 'tween those sacred piles,  
Was gained through gloomy subterranean aisles.  
    The age we sing? Tradition doth respond :  
The days of Henry and Fair Rosamond.  
    My Lady Abbess of the Nunnery,  
Pursued her duties with a holy glee.  
Yet on her hand such pressing cares she found,  
Required assistance from the saints around.

First, the Archbishop's potent help she sought ;  
Nuns then implored, their great assistance brought.  
Tremble ye may, who thus have been employed—  
Confronted starkly with an aching void !  
Their business now on hand to chant high mass,  
And dark Satanic powers forthwith surpass,  
That peacefully, henceforth, in hallowed rest,  
Recline their Sister Hylda's wandering ghost ;  
That wandering spirit had made haunted ground,  
For seven long years, the neighbourhood all around.  
So dire the scenes, away the peasants fled,  
By consternation driven, and daily dread.  
The fearful spirit in their homes appeared,  
Nor less a-field its awful form was reared ;  
Or in the woods, on common labour bound,  
The hidous form was but too often found ;  
There, in Cistercian habit, ever drest,  
A wound exposing in her snowy breast ;  
A gory wound full awful to behold,  
A sight to make the hottest blood run cold ;  
Anon the winds her sable veil would raise,  
Transfixing all the scared beholder's gaze ;  
A ghastly countenance beneath appears,  
With sunken eyes that rain incessant tears.

A dismal tempest now begins to sound,  
Portentious tumult shakes the cliffs around ;  
In efforts ceaseless, stormy raging force,  
In fiercest howling whirls the river's course ;  
The firmament dissolves in liquid tides,  
And down impetuous the torrent rides.  
The troubled Wharfe afar its banks o'erflows,  
T'all trees wrenched forth, their tortuous roots expose ;  
Huge bridges crackle, leaving where they stood,  
In grating masses borne along the flood ;  
And round the Nunnery the stormy maze,  
Wreaks fiery bolts in one incessant blaze.

The good Archbishop, bent on high commands,  
In sacred vestments at the altar stands ;

And round the Nunnery the stormy maze,  
Wrecks fiery bolts in one incessant blaze.

The good Archbishop, bent on high commands,  
In sacred vestments at the altar stands ;  
In ample veils, with minds on heaven elate,  
The Sisters of the Holy Virgin wait ;  
And neighbouring Monks, officious in their way,  
Arranged beyond the fretted pillars stay,  
And wait the solemn call of bell to raise,  
Their voices joined in hymns of prayer and praise.

And now the Convent-gates with knockings sound—  
Re-echoes rolled, the startled walls resound.  
The Portress told her beads, and crost her breast,  
Ere to the summons she her course address.  
As winding to the portal, thus she mused :  
“ Whoe'er wants shelter must not be refused ;”  
From Palestine the Pilgrim comes at last,  
Foretold by plaguy sister Hylda's Ghost.

Refractorily the key the lock doth ride ;  
Admission to the stranger seems denied ;  
Nor less the gate resistive force supplies,  
The roar of hinges his ingress denies ;  
But yet ere long as by some potent charm,  
The Portress forced by wonderous strength of arm,  
A Palmer now in penitential mode,  
Clad in grey weeds within the threshold strode,  
Blue lightnings round him glaring horrors spread,  
While roaring thunder bursts about his head.  
With hoarse sepulchral voice, and grateful heart,  
He thanks the Portress for her friendly part.

Then thus : “ By land and sea I've journeyed far,  
All dangers proving in the strife of war.  
My wielded brand the infidels withstood,  
With Richard, chiefest of the holy-rood.  
Proud Acre's foemen, might I but enlarge,  
Have quaked beneath our bold crusaders' charge.

L

The Red Sea's storms, no motive slight to fear,  
And ocean's rage, have rattled in mine ear.  
O'er burning sands I've crossed in holy zeal,  
And met wild desert lords in shocks of steel.  
But ne'er till now my soul hath met such fright,  
As fiercely rages forth this horrid night.  
But what so fierce sees elemental grin,  
As quaking conscience, self-accused of sin ?  
From every shrine my prayers have been addressed,  
To purge the stains of crime from out my breast.  
To Palestine—hard toils to rest prefer,  
I've trod, to gain the holy sepulchre.  
I've kneeled in hunger, wretchedness, and pain,  
To saints of Italy, and France, and Spain.  
Before St. Patrick's shrine I've duly mourned,  
And to the numerous saints of Ireland turned.  
In Scotland I have drunk, where'er they dwell,  
Each fount miraculous, and holy well.  
And, but for Wharfe's swollen waters I had craved  
Effectual prayers, and thus my soul have saved ;  
Effectual prayers from purest hearts around,  
And mercy for the worst transgressor found.  
Whate'er the issue that my suit attend,  
St. Thomas's tomb my pilgrimage must end.  
How happy those with peace of conscience blest !  
But for the wicked there can be no rest.  
The pelting hail, the lightning's forky force,  
And flooded Wharfe, opposed my further course.  
I wandered forth the dark and sombrous wood,  
Dire peals of thunder there my steps withstood :  
Peal after peal my cowering soul provokes,  
And roars and rages through the groaning oaks.  
With eyes of flame, distended ponderous paws,  
And widely-yawning, tusky, gore-dript jaws,  
The ravening wolf, his den foregone, in wrath,  
To maddening raged, disputes my onward path.

The spectre, still more fraught with dire dismay  
Than savage beast, the monster drove away.  
The croaking raven, ominously foul,  
A death-peal rung—the same the screechy owl.  
The spectre shrieked athwart my startled ear :  
‘ Grey Palmer, hark ! thy journey’s end is near ;  
Thy bed of dark, chill earth—thy near award,  
And wormy pillow, are at length prepared ;  
Doomed is thy fate, and all to thee relates—  
Thee to embrace, thy fleshless bride awaits ! ’ ”

Deep sounds the solemn bell. The Portress cries :  
“ O, haste thee, holy Palmer—haste—arise—  
For thee the Abbess waits in sure affect ;  
Thee, sister Hylda’s Ghost bade her expect.  
O, haste thee hence to join the choral swell ;  
Why quakes thy stately form ? what fears reel ?  
The bell invocative hath ceased its toll ;  
O, haste—and faith inspire thy drooping soul ! ”

Within the solemn chapel’s sacred dome,  
Scarce had the Palmer entered, ere a loom  
Of light unearthly flickeringly pervades,  
Involving all around in dusky shades ;  
The hallowed tapers which unchanged appear,  
That with perpetual blaze the altar cheer,  
Some powers miraculous at length inspire,  
And in blue hissing flames their lights expire !  
The swelling choir, while harmony ascends,  
Abruptly quelled, in awful silence ends.  
Along the vaulted roof, a circling bright  
Showed sister Hylda’s ghost in lustrous light,  
With veil thrown back, and every trace unsealed,  
Her well-known features strikingly revealed ;  
But pale, and grim, and ghastly to behold,  
The tomb’s dark hue pervading every mould,—  
Now by the Palmer placed, she fain would shun—  
While he is recognised as Friar John.

The skilled Archbishop deftly raised his eyes  
To look for help beyond the starry skies,  
Cold drops the dew of horror from his cheeks—  
While courage he in muttering prayer seeks.  
When strength inspires by adjuration's spell,  
The spectre he commands her griefs to tell,  
Her wasted bones in fearful rattlings shook,  
And hollow groans upheaved, as thus she spoke :  
“ In me behold your sister Hylda's ghost,  
Dishonoured, ruined, cast away, and lost ;  
Me, Friar John, with often perjured vow,  
Did murder in the penance vault below !  
As sure as here he stands, my blood he spilt ;  
His drooping head confesses all his guilt.  
But unconfessed I died, and seven long years  
My troubled spirit, woe-bedrenched in tears,  
Has walked the earth, while hushed in peaceful sleep,  
Were all but we who soul-lost vigils keep.  
But now for me your mass-procuring grace,  
I go to rest— my long awaited place.  
But dig beneath the middle paving stone,  
That scene of grief, and many a bitter groan !  
Deep in the vault below, for there recline  
Those relics now made pure by grace divine.”  
She ceased. Soft melody pervades the air ;  
The holy tapers brightly reappear ;  
But Hylda and the Palmer's scene is o'er—  
Conjured, they vanish, and are seen no more !  
These ghostly tales of horror and dismay,  
Were legends sacred of a bygone day.  
With more romance—with more of marvel sped,  
The more adherents stare—the more they dread.  
But when Monastic institutions fell,  
Ghosts fled in legions whence they used to dwell.  
And now that education wide has spread,  
Adieu, poor ghosts ! for all the ghosts are dead.

## THE GRAVE.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.”—*Eccles.*



WHILE life is continued, let work be thy care,  
The body requires it to brace up thy health;  
For means to do good there is nought can compare;  
To body and mind it supplies all their wealth.

In useful devices remit not a thought,  
Improving each moment as quickly it flies;  
Each due cogitation—to goal see it brought;  
The time opportune, it is life that supplies.

Let knowledge attract thy attention betimes,  
Let wide-spreading Nature thy studies supply;  
The universe ransack to find out its chimes;  
These pleasures while here thou alone canst enjoy.

Whatever appropriate thou would'st have done,  
In wisdom's rich mines thou must delve out the means;  
True wisdom's and nature's just laws are as one,  
All follies are losses—true wisdom, all gains.

All lonely and dark a cold mansion awaits,  
Where, mute, the most eloquent, prostrated the brave;  
There, genius—industry—blighted their fates,  
For mightest projects all end in the grave.

Through life's many pathways well ponder thy feet;  
What objects engrossing thy journey take care;  
For know, as thou travellest, life's pathways all meet;  
The grave is their goal, too—then duly prepare.

Thy duty and interest are both joined in one,  
In time and in place, 'tis—to do what is right;  
Though multitudes otherwise headlong may run,  
That do in due earnest—nay, do with thy might.

## HUMAN GLORY.

**T**O what may the summit of human pride,  
 Be aptly compared ! To the rainbow, say,  
 In heaven's azure dome, there expanding wide,  
 Its store of gay colours in bright array ;  
 Whose short living stay soon to nought declined,  
 Entails of its glory no trace behind.

Its likeness we see in the ocean wave,  
 About ever rolling by constant tide,  
 The sport of each wind, or it fawn or rave,  
 Now gulphed, and now high on the clouds doth ride ;  
 To nothing is constant beyond suspect,  
 In ocean soon lost where none can detect.

Its likeness we see in the summer day,  
 That opens with smiles in its roseate morn  
 In brightness improving with sol's rising ray,  
 In splendour at noon with sunbeams adorn ;  
 Then failing of glory, and reft of might,  
 And ending is lost in the gloom of night.

Its like we find shown in the cataract,  
 Bright, sparkling, and gay in its majesty,  
 O'erwhelming in power and gazing attract,  
 Yet reft of its powers in its fall we see ;  
 And vanishing hence where no traits redeem,  
 Is fled and is lost in the common stream.

Its like we see in the fickle storm,  
 Which from a small speck extends wide its range,  
 Now heaving around in high-handed form,  
 Its blaze and its thunder in quick exchange ;  
 And spending its strength ere we're well aware,  
 Its greatness is lost in the ambient air.

## HE RIDES HIS HORSE TO POUND.

**U**NSKILLED to tune the sounding Lyre,  
When seeks the Rhymster void of fire,  
With dreary dulness to aspire,  
Where sacred bays are found ;  
Or Musæ, gifted, truly strung  
His Lyre, through dirt he drags along,  
And scandals thus the sons of song,—  
He rides his horse to pound.

There, see Scribenus yearn to rise,  
Who conscienceless his pen applies,  
Whose new conned theme each last belies,  
Still changing round and round ;  
Regardless which the side he takes,  
A life against a moment stakes,  
If but some present pence it makes :  
He rides his horse to pound.

That lukewarm aspirant of fame,  
Who longs to gain a honoured name,  
Who conscious feels wild waves to tame,  
And brave the world around,—  
What boots his genius, if e'en now  
He see the tide of fortune flow,  
And unembraced each chance forego ?  
He rides his horse to pound.

That invalid of late so hale,  
With mind and body now so frail—  
What thus could cause his health to fail,  
But laws of health disowned ?  
Who still to knowledge deaf and blind,  
His follies all on God doth bind,  
And piously is all resigned,—  
He rides his horse to pound.

Yond busy body, loosely hung,  
May craftily apply his tongue,  
And strain each sense in quizzings long  
    His neighbour's breast to sound ;  
And though he gaily seems to glide,  
Exulting oft, in secret pride,  
That roughshod he o'er others ride,—  
    He rides his horse to pound.

That son of toil attentive view,  
Who all reforms would fain pursue,  
E'en governments themselves o'erthrow,  
    And all above him brand ;  
So busy setting others right,  
Himself he leaves clean out of sight,  
And still remains a grumbling wight,—  
    He rides his horse to pound.

Amid the disappointed throng,  
That tradesman note who jolts along,  
Unsystematic, always wrong,  
    Inconstant ever found :  
Whom rank extortions high elate,  
Unthrifty, trusts his work to fate ;  
In all unstable but in hate,—  
    He rides his horse to pound.

Where dwells that wretch with morals low,  
Whose blood ne'er feels dear friendship's glow,  
The pleasures that from conscience flow,  
    Or love diffuses round ?  
Who makes his fort a studied lie,  
For cash the purgered oath will ply,  
And justice doggedly defy ?  
    He rides his horse to pound.

In rags and dirt yond labourer view,  
The year around this track pursue,  
Impressed he gains not half his due,  
Whom squalid scenes surround ;  
Though discontented known to be,  
Yet never saves one coin to free,  
His "injured" self from poverty .  
He rides his horse to pound

Cold-blooded avarice behold,  
Bewrecking every nerve for gold—  
For this one prize all else is sold,  
Nor one idea beyond ;  
Whose cravings constantly befool—  
So lost to reason's every rule,  
A life's experience cannot school :  
He rides his horse to pound.

Though high yon bard in fancy rise,  
In rapturous themes surmount the skies,  
And, borne where mighty genius flies,  
A competence is found ;  
If on himself distress he bring,  
By spending all on folly's wing,  
And on the world "neglect" would fling,—  
He rides his horse to pound.

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### SUCH FORM WAS MARY'S



LONG years are past, and still I see  
With mental eyes, a female form,  
With supple limbs, and movements free,  
To every graceful trait conform ;

Complexion choicest of the fair,  
 Bright azure eyes expressive roll ;  
 A tongue of wit incessant there :  
 Unburdening its playful soul,—  
 Such form was Mary's

A cherub waked with morning light,  
 Whose bounding heart was free from guile ;  
 The dawn of life in visions bright,  
 Each object gleamed in pleasure's smile ;  
 From want, and care, and envy free,  
 The course of life a choice display  
 Of sober thought and mirthful glee,  
 Was happiness the live-long day,—  
 Such bliss was Mary's.

A stranger-swain professed regards,  
 With studied arts he plied his part ;  
 Believing literally his words,  
 He gained her undivided heart ;  
 A chain of tyranny ere long,  
 Insidious round her soul was plied,  
 So gross, so heavy, and so strong,  
 That soon of broken heart she died,—  
 Such fate was Mary's

And yonder in the cold damp earth,  
 That form of beauty lowly lies,  
 What, though a stone records her worth ?  
 Or flowers around her sculpture rise ?  
 How real that form was once ! but now ?  
 Alas ! the yearning thought how vain !  
 It seems a dream—but well we know,  
 Her like we ne'er shall see again,—  
 Such lot is Mary's.

## TIME.



O H, fleet-winged Time! thy messages are found  
 In moment-gleams, the busy world around!  
 Thou art a goad, the sluggish to impel  
 From toils unthrifty, into doing well!

Thou art a panorama of the world—  
 By thee are all the scenes of life unfurled!  
 Thou art a god whom youth and aged decay,  
 Must all confess—to whom obeisance pay!  
 Yet such thy boon, we space adapted find,  
 The frame to cheer, and cultivate the mind.  
 May each of these by distribution fair  
 Sufficed, intrude not on the other's share!  
 Let recreative hours be void of cares,  
 Nor mirth infringe on those of grave affairs;  
 Nor mind nor body suffer all to reap,  
 But each by turns in clear distinction keep.

To every thing a season there is given—  
 A Time for every purpose under heaven.  
 If this day's work be dallied till to-morrow,  
 The overburthened day will work in sorrow.  
 The wheels of Time by over-loading pressed,  
 Will fail, and leave the damage unredressed.  
 But he who every morning plans the day,  
 And follows out the plan as best he may,  
 A thread secures that puts an end to strife—  
 That safely winds the labyrinth of life.  
 Disorderly arrangement of our Time,  
 Brings errors near, if not at one with crime;  
 But well arranged, appropriately glares,  
 And sends a cheering light through all affairs.  
 But where no well-digested plan is laid,  
 The mind by chance alone is often swayed;  
 If mere contingency doth intervene,  
 Disorder blights, and chaos rules the scene;  
 The huddled mess, repulsively pursued,  
 By gloom o'ercast, defies its being reviewed.

If order in the use of Time be pressed,  
Its value first must deeply be impressed.  
On life's affairs consider well its sway,  
And deeply ponder how it flies away!  
Oh, fleeting moments! who your price hath told?  
Far more your worth than ponderous bars of gold!  
Too oft away our Time we thoughtless toss,  
Regarding little till we feel its loss!  
What various shifts with Time, to rid it, tries  
The burthened man! but ah! who so unwise?  
How thoughtlessly are squandered years resigned,  
And what momentous fates therein combined!  
How inconsistent and capricious, here,  
Our varied estimates of Time appear!  
When viewed as *measure* of our stay on earth,  
'Tis then we value and augment its worth;  
And with anxiety the case foment,  
The life's brief span effectually to augment.  
More sparing than with money cast it forth—  
No moment pay but for its sterling worth.  
"And what its worth? ask death-beds; they can tell,"  
Reluctant e'en as life, the moments sell.  
But Time, when viewed from life's concerns exempt,  
How many treat it with obscene contempt!  
How inconsiderately they waste away,  
The morn, the noon, the night, of life's short day;  
Of life's short day complaining, swell the throng,  
Of those who deem the passing hours too long!  
How all possessions they with care defend,  
But Time! But Time—how wantonly they spend!  
This, every idle man, for good or ill,  
They thoughtless tender, to dispose at will;  
And every defunct frivolous toy exhume,  
That time may kill, and vapid hours consume!  
'Mong those who Time thus carelessly expend,  
Due order moves them not the prize defend,  
Or in its distribution feel concern,  
Or passing hours to due advantage turn.

By this neglect, so fatal to their weal,  
Materials mass, 'twere folly to conceal ;  
And for themselves accumulating store,  
That bitterly at length they must deplore.  
The Time confusedly allowed to fall,  
No power of late repentance can recall.  
The tree lopped of its boughs, again may grow,  
The naked plant fresh leaves and flowers may show ;  
But Time, when lost, the golden chance is o'er—  
But once escaped, returns again no more.  
The duties strangled, when their seasons play,  
Arise as torments of a future day.  
Neglected youth on manhood bring disgrace ;  
Disordered riper years reveal their trace ;  
The prime of life with scant improvements flown,  
Old age condemns to burdens not its own.  
What anguish burns in him whose race is run—  
Whose days are finished ere his work is done ;  
Whose body to the grave's cold verge is brought,  
Ere life's important duties half are wrought !  
Through all the turmoils of their chequered life,  
Each object is misplaced, and all at strife.  
But little is accomplished—nothing true ;  
For nothing is performed in season due.  
Such are the drear effects of Time destroyed—  
Unvalued Time—a yawning, cheerless void !

But he who Time disposes due in form,  
Escapes the evils of the pending storm.  
Time he redeems, and howsoe'er it throngs,  
By proper management, the Time prolongs.  
In little space a lengthened term he lives ;  
A long addendum to his life it gives.  
And while he lives to cultivate the mind,  
His worldly profit lingers not behind.  
He views the past with retrospective eyes,  
And for the future growing skill applies.  
Swift Time he suffers not unused go by—  
The rushing hours he catches as they fly ;

A useful purpose, each hath Time assigned,  
And pleasing memories they leave behind.

Whereas, the Time misspent that instant flees,  
The fool but as a passing shadow sees.  
His days and years in rank confusion tost,  
Obliviously, their memories are lost.  
Or if at most some trace he can recall,  
It seems confused—irregular is all,  
Of mixed transactions wilderingly combined,  
That though some faded trace pervades the mind,  
The scene so near approaches to a void,  
The business is effaced the mind employed :  
At him peculiar, more than other man,  
Impartial justice heaves her frowning ban ;  
And more of truth the glaring facts sustain, —  
His outward path and inward griefs are vain.  
Time, rightly managed, long may serve us well ;  
Abused, our woes will speed and ever swell.  
Yet howsoe'er we may life's track pursue,  
Eventually doth Time our all subdue.

What does not Time effect ? The stately tower,  
Though slowly, surely falls beneath its power ;  
The stable tyranny of thrones it shakes,  
And kingdoms shatter in the course it takes ;—  
Time, all man's superb wonders sweeps away—  
His mightiest empires all at length decay !  
The great revolving world—its period run—  
And all the planets round their central sun,—  
The sun itself, as sure as man, must die,  
And all the spangling legions of the sky.  
Who, life would make consistently to chime,  
Must mark the distribution of his Time.  
Be wise, while in the glass the sand-grains shiver,  
Ere thou and Time shall part, and part for ever.

## STRYANGEUS.

**T** WAS when Cyaxares, Phraorte's son,  
In Eastern grandeur graced his golden throne,  
A scourging war, the scene of gallant deeds,  
Was waged between the Saca and the Medes.

Cyaxares' troops his son-in-law commands,  
Stryangeus, by name, the foe withstands ;  
A prince the bravest—handsomest—the best,  
And most accomplished, he, of all the east.  
Rhetea he had married, young and fair,  
Her beauty such, but few with her compare ;  
Her salient wit, and playful temper sweet  
To match, combine the princess to complete.  
There love thus far, unmarred by jarring theme,  
Had been one course of mutual esteem.

Zarina, the Sacæan Queen, her band  
Of warlike troops to lead, assumes command.  
Her, not alone the female charms adorn,  
With whom heroic virtues are inborn.  
Her education the Medenian court,  
For learning famed, and wisdom's great resort—  
Had chiefly swayed—in all its arts informed,  
Where, with Rhetea, friendship true she formed.

For twice twelve months, so matched the skill that guides,  
Advantages alike pervade the sides.  
From hostile combats truces oft release,  
Alike disposed are both to treat for peace ;  
And during these cessations, (each, discreet)  
In frequent parl, the two commanders meet.  
The qualities that mark superior minds,  
Which, unprepared, each in the other finds,  
Immediately produces high esteem,  
Beneath whose treacherous veil when fair eyes gleam,  
Entangling love soon plies its piercing dart—  
The shaft Styangeus pierces through the heart.  
The war no longer he attempts to stay,  
Lest from Zarina he be called away ;

But frequent truces makes, the Queen to see,  
By love directed more than policy.

The Emperor at length an order sent,  
For one stout battle to decide the event.  
In action heated, foes by foes beset,  
'Mid furious troops, the two commanders met.  
Stryangeous would fain Zarina shun,  
But she by prompt attack on him alone,  
Obliges in defence, his arms discuss,  
And in the maze of fight addresses thus :  
" Let us our subjects' blood in mercy spare,  
And by our own, atoning, end the war."

He, now in love, and now for glory burns,  
And, feared to conquer, or be conquered, yearns.  
His very life he hazards, scant of care,  
That by the deed he may Zarina's spare ;  
But finds at length the means to gain the day—  
His lovely foe uninjured through the fray.  
By skilful hand his javelin plied its course,  
The forceful weapon pierced Zarina's horse.  
The steed succumbs, and with him falls the chief,  
Stryangeus now flies to her relief ;  
His soul no other fruit of victory moves,  
But that of saving whom he dearly loves.  
To her he offers peace, a peace that brings,  
Whate'er she wishes on its bounteous wings ;  
And in the Emperor's name alliance swears,  
Alliance lasting as the starry spheres.  
The two opposing armies clench the vows—  
All discords cease, and concord freely flows.

The articles arranged, he begs to call,  
Or, rather, tend her to her capital ;  
To which she gives her unrestrained consent,  
But motives guidant far from his intent :  
Zarina's thoughts were wholly bent to find,  
A mode to tender all her grateful mind ;  
While frail Stryangeus but sought to move,  
A fitting season to reveal his love.

Him in her chariot she receives, and they  
Proceed in pomp to Roxanacia.

For many days rejoicings all delight,  
And evening banquets lengthen through the night.  
Zarina's mere esteem by tittles grew,  
Till tenderness resulted ere she knew.  
Her sentiments had everywhere their course,  
For yet she knew not, nor surmised their source.  
Her soul, do young and growing passions light,  
The secret sweets she tasted with delight ;  
And was unwilling to examine whence—  
The heart unquestioned, whether they were thence !  
But she at length discovered with surprise,  
That love too great a share had in their rise.  
She blushed to find her love so far misplaced,  
Resolving firmly it should be erased.  
She pressed Stryangeus—" at once depart,"  
But Roxanacia now enchains his heart.  
A warrior's fame no more ambition wets ;  
Affection for Rhetea he forgets,  
The Prince, who hereto was so wise and brave,  
Resigns himself blind passion's willing slave ;  
Abjectly hurried, nothing now conceals,  
But to Zarina all his love reveals !

The Queen does not attempt the fact to hide,—  
That tender passions o'er her soul preside.  
She answers nobly, candidly, and free ;  
Without affected pride, or mystery :  
" To you I owe my life—to you my crown—  
My equal love and gratitude I own—  
My heart strings vibrate, consciousness assures,  
To all the strains that emanate from yours.  
But I would sooner die—believe my story—  
Than stain my virtue, or eclipse your glory.  
Consider, dear Stryangeus—things behave  
That you're Rhetea's husband, whom I love ;

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My honour calls, and sacred friendships bind,  
 And equal bid, that passion be resigned,  
 Which me would brand with everlasting shame,  
 And with misfortune bind Rhetea's name."

These words addressed, deliberate, she retires ;  
 Stryangeus confoundedly despires.  
 In close apartment shut, he hugs his dole,  
 And broods the throes of an heroic soul ;  
 A soul combated, conquered, and defamed,  
 By tyrant passion violently flamed.

One while Zarina's fame he jealous views,  
 And her to imitate, in thought pursues ;  
 Another, love sports with his best resolves,  
 And even his virtues in suspense involves.  
 In this fierce tumult of wild passion's maze,  
 His understanding from true judgment strays ;  
 Of reason reft, resolvingly, he dies,  
 But to Zarina first these words supplies :

" I saved your life, but mine you take away ;  
 My love—and virtue yours—my life betray ;  
 The one to thwart, in me no powers remain ;  
 To imitate the other, strife were vain.  
 My crime, 'tis death alone that can expel,  
 And torments end. For ever fare you well !"

This billet to the Queen direct he sends ;  
 At his apartments she at once attends ;  
 But in his breast his sword already stood,  
 And thus she finds him weltering in his blood.  
 A swoon the Queen obliviously involves—  
 Soon as recovered, she on help resolves ;  
 His face bedews with sympathising tears,  
 His parting soul calls back, and, soothing, cheers.  
 From stupor rousing, heavily he sighs ;  
 Zarina's grief besets his clouded eyes ;  
 Intreated oft, his wounds submits to care,  
 Which many a day a mortal aspect bare.

These deeds eventful reach Rhetea's ears ;  
 At Roxanacia hasteful she appears.

To her Zarina each event reveals,  
Nor e'en her own fond weaknesses conceals.  
Such artless truth alone the nobler few,  
Can understand, or relish in review.  
The war between the Sacœ and the Medes,  
A mutual jealousy between them breeds ;  
The Princesses, not writing as of yore,  
Their friendships, still, were true as heretofore,  
And though so delicate the grounds they hold,  
Friends unabated, love they as of old ;  
Too well from arts they knew each other free,  
To entertain distrust or jealousy.

Stryangeus's griefs Rhetea ever move,  
Who views him only with the eyes of love.  
His weakness she excuses and laments,  
The cause unchosen, of those dire events.  
As soon as healed of his lamented wound,  
Zarina presses to migrate the ground.  
But this, alas ! with anguish he reviews—  
His passion still its torments deep renews.

Rhetea this perceives, with sadness pressed,  
And deeply suffers, all her soul distressed ;  
Grief, cruel grief, in all its harshness moves.  
His love to loose, his, whom alone she loves ;  
Compassion for a husband in despair ;  
Esteem sincere, must, for a rival bear !  
Herself between a lover, day by day,  
She sees, by passion hurried far away,  
And one a virtuous friend of priceless worth,  
Her life the sad misfortune of them both !  
A situation this—how keen the smart  
For hers, a generous and tender heart !  
The more concealed, the labour more is vain—  
For more suppressed, oppresses more the pain.  
She sinks at length o'ercome by weight of grief  
Her dangerous sickness spurning all relief.

The day was hot—a shady grove was nigh,  
A cool retreat from swelterings of the sky.

Here various temples of the Gods are raised;  
 Screened footpath's range in devious windings mazed.  
 The tamerind and cassia display,  
 In mingled contrast with the palmyra,  
 That favourite tree the baya makes its choice—  
 'Mid fire-fly-lights its nestling broods rejoice.  
 A lawn extends where centrally is seen,  
 A gay pavilion rising from the green;  
 And there a tank of water cold and clear,  
 Small mangoe-trees surrounding sweetly cheer;  
 And on the waters floating, lotus, red,  
 In numbers vast, their blushing beauties spread;  
 While in the distance ruins sombrous droop,  
 A temple old, of ancient Geber's hope,—  
 Which seems its desolation to confess,  
 Surrounded though by matchless loveliness.  
 'Twas here the three when closeted alone,  
 Rhetea of her sickness, chose to own:  
 "I die of grief, yet hail the dire event,  
 Since death to me will bring your hearts' content."  
 Zarina tearful hastens to depart;  
 Stryangeus, these words pierce to the heart.  
 Rhetea he beholds, with love and grief  
 All but expired, and meditates relief.  
 On him the Princess fixed her gazing eyes,  
 On her, do his, in changeful vision rise.  
 One word suffice: he, like from visions deep,  
 The dreamer gazes as he wakes from sleep,  
 Or from delirium makes a strange escape,  
 Where nothing had appeared in normal shape.  
 Her he had seen for many a weary day,  
 Perceiving not the state in which she lay,  
 Reduced by him; he now sees with surprise—  
 At once perceives her with transforming eyes!  
 His virtues reawake in moral strife,  
 His tenderness resumes its former life.  
 His errors past, acknowledging he bows;  
 In solemn guise renews devotion's vows;

And her embracing, with suffusive eyes  
 Those words addresses, broken oft with sighs :  
 "My dear Rhetea, live ! oh, do but live,  
 The pleasure to afford none else can give,  
 Of faults relieving, ever to depart ;  
 For now I know the value of your heart."

Kind speech prevails—a lengthened life it earns ;  
 Her beauty with her strength again returns.  
 Stryangeus and she for Ecbatana move ;  
 Nor hence is marred the current of their love.

This, hence, we see :—'Tis not in wealth or power,  
 Where happiness alone bestows her dower.  
 A course of virtue must the boon procure,  
 And there alone abides the prize secure.  
 And whether high or low our station be,  
 'Tis theirs discharge their duties faithfully.

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### SATIETY.



NE constant theme may tire the Poet's brain,  
 And cause him thence to court the Muse in vain  
 The dullest ass when tethered to his ground,  
 In vain may sigh for dainties strewed around.

Yon scenes so gay, perfumed by sweetest flowers ;  
 By grottos interspersed, and streams and bowers ;  
 With nectarous founts hailed by the thrifty bee,  
 And harmony pervading every tree ;—  
 These scenes, alone, if constantly we view,  
 The soul will sate, and make us sigh for new.  
 What thus pervades but that comprised in mind,  
 A congeries of organs interbind ?  
 That toil and rest by turns should each control,  
 And change perpetual recreate the whole ?

## VERSES TO NELLY.

**H**OW charming is the day-break,  
 On morning clouds reposing,  
 Aurora's rosy fingers,  
 The infant day disposing  
 But yet there is an object—  
 A picture more can cheer,  
 That stimulates emotion,  
 A thousand times as dear.

There is a charm in moon-light,  
 The mellow landscape tinging,  
 Where streaming waters babble,  
 With copsy bushes fringing,  
 And Philomela pouring,  
 Her symphons on the ear ;  
 A charmer yet I covet,  
 A thousand times as dear.

Extant there is an object,  
 So magical the essence,  
 For others would I speak not,  
 The potency of the presence ;  
 It is the world epitomized,  
 'Tis all I wish to know ;  
 Dear Nelly keep the secret,  
 That wondrous charm is—you !

## TO MISS R.—

**L**ove and to woo and to marry,  
 Be every man ruled by his taste ;  
 Not vainly with fate would I parry,  
 Yet guard against choosing in haste.

How wide is the passion for beauty !  
For beauty has charms of its own ;  
Alone to adore it a duty,  
How many their preference have shown !

The wealthy, of course, are endearing,  
Belovèd wherever they go ;  
For wealth has its qualities cheering,  
As many can dotingly show.

The province of high education,  
Doth blandishments many impart ;  
And furnishes frequent occasion  
Of musing that gladdens the heart.

The magic of genius how potent  
To captivate and to entrance !  
As meteor-like is its course bent,  
Exultant is viewed its advance.

With beauty and wealth a fair portion,  
With learning and genius too ;  
And with common sense in addition,  
How can I love any but you ?

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### ON GEMS OF THOUGHT.

**H**OW many gems of sterling thought,  
On momentary wings are brought,  
While passively we rest allured,  
Till they are fleeted, unsecured !  
What mental chasms thus mar our fate !  
What vain regrets we heave too late !  
While thus our thoughts such loss sustain,  
What yawning voids behind remain !

Had we but judgments meetly clear,  
 When choicest thoughts our musings cheer ;  
 And failing not to write them down,  
 As carefully all else disown ;  
 What worth would literature attain !  
 What wisdom lost, the world would gain !

ETERNITY : AN ACROSTIC.

**E**TERNITY ! What doth thy name imply ?  
 T o me, thy vastness doth the mind defy.  
 E 'en ages fabled, when I would compare,  
 R ecede from thee till all but nothings are.  
 N ame thou mayst have, but for thyself, alas !  
 I realise thee not ; but, wondering, pass  
 T o think of earth, late constituted—me,  
 Y et ever been, and must for ever be ?

“AS POOR AS A POET.”

“**A**s poor as a poet”—our notice commands,  
 Why stands it an adage in civilised lands ;  
 Is verse of no use ? Can the world, grown so  
 wise,  
 The Bard's occupation afford to despise ?  
 How swayed by its potency were ages of old,  
 The Bards are the men that a tale could unfold.  
 Say statesmen, philosophers, sages of yore,  
 The calling that Wisdom delights to adore.

Say Minos and Thales, what aided your cause,  
Rude nations subduing to virtuous laws.  
Nay, e'en let the savage his wild woods among,  
Instruct us to value the magic of song.  
Times were, but alas! the Bard is undone—  
Once honoured—but his occupation is gone.  
What? Gone, did I say? Nay, he toils as before;  
The recompense gone,—he is left to deplore.  
In beauties ideal and abstracts he dwells,  
And of the world knows not till hunger compels.  
Though in the world toiling, the world doth disown  
The world he's not of—and the world knows its own.  
With tenfold less labour he sees the thick-skinned,  
On Sir Loins regaling—while he champs the wind;  
The poet, though Nature hath well done her part,  
Has still to acquire the accessions of art.  
Possessed, he is burdened e'en yet while he's young;  
His spirit is moved by the impulse of song;  
The fever for knowledge so fearfully high,  
No quantum can sate—no resources supply.  
Long days of hard toiling, and nights of unrest,  
A chasm still yawning is left in the breast;  
Nay, years rolling over, the craving still there,  
Impels to those efforts the flesh cannot bear.  
Exertions unceasing imposed on the brain,  
'Tis bruised by the burden it cannot sustain,  
Thus health, life, and fortune—alas! all are gone!  
And where is the recompense? What—is there none?  
His toils though unearthly, the source of his woes,  
By starving through life,—does he reap what he sows?  
To Bards still it may be, to starve out the frame;  
And honour their dust with a posthumous fame.  
But should those in future a day ever find,  
When recompense follows gradation of mind;  
Then "Poor as a Poet," may move from its ground;  
And "Rich as a Poet," an adage be found.

## THE DEMON, GIN.

**F**ORTH in the haunts of busy trade,  
 Young Millford his appearance made,  
 As all his neighbours know ;  
 With talents suited to his sphere,  
 As constant as the rolling year,  
 And health upon his brow.

Not chanticleer with clarion voice,  
 For peep of day would half rejoice,  
 As he, with business throng ;  
 The spindles' whirl, the shuttles' ply,  
 He heard as warbling larks on high,  
 Or thrushes, woods among.

Attentive every point to mind,  
 Morn, noon, and night, is his to find  
 Capacious coffers fill ;  
 His efforts by success are crowned,  
 If he but whistle, wealth is found,  
 Obedient to his will.

Why change the bloom upon his face,  
 And happy smile ? and in their place,  
 A bloated direful grin ?  
 'Tis whispered that a demon foul,  
 Hath gained possession of his soul ;  
 They call the demon—gin,

And doth he long survive his thrawl ?  
 No—daily, darker scenes befall,  
 Without a ray to cheer ;  
 Repentance comes too late to save,  
 And prematurely in the grave,  
 Is closed his soiled career.

## GIANT'S HILL.

**I**NFORMED, by ancient lore, we understand,  
There lived a race of "Giants in the land,"  
The race, 'tis weened, has gone to things that were,  
Though odd ones through succeeding times appear.

No single nation can those worthies claim ;  
The world around can boast their native fame.  
E'en vestiges of such are current still,  
For Armley yet can show its Giant's Hill.  
Tradition says—"e'en here hath one appeared,  
Of monstrous build, and whom the country feared ;  
That such his strength, long mazed a rocky load,  
He, tugging, threw from hence to Burley Road ;  
And that so strong his grip, (of monstrous bone),  
His finger-prints were left upon the stone !"

Those humble cots perched on the open brow,  
Where decent comforts from small pittance flow,  
Mark Giant's Hill, the ancient scene of blood,  
Where once a pestful Danish Fortress stood.  
Precipitate the rock, its north extreme  
Defended by the Aire's deep-flowing stream ;  
Its ramparts, towering twenty feet on high,—  
Were deemed secure ; and might attacks defy.  
In this stronghold the Danes in force abide,  
And desolate and pillage far and wide.

On antique grounds, new fangled notions dare  
To cook and carve—and this hath had its share.  
Both north and south, deep cuttings sloping fall,—  
A railway this, and that a huge canal.  
The side where boats now ply their liquid way.  
Long hid foundations have been delved away ;  
And human relics time hath made appear,  
Broad hints suggest of deeds of horror there.

Of Giant's Hill, and of its Danish Fort,  
From youth we've heard tradition's vague report ;  
And often traversed over and around,  
Its primal life invoking from the ground.

The ground, alas ! but little doth reveal,  
Its voice so slight, doth all but all conceal ;  
The task is vain as when a lawless pest  
Is asked to tell the secrets of his breast.  
And when thus placed, to whom should we apply,  
Except to such as can our want supply ?  
The Muse, our last resort, can tell us all ;  
Attend oh Muse ! obey our needful call.

She hears—she comes—and in romantic light,  
Inspires what long hath lain concealed in night :  
The Danish Fort, which stood on *Giant's Hill*,  
For twenty times ten years obeyed the will  
Of northern tyrants : hither they invade,  
To practice with success their lawless trade ;  
On wreckless plunder and spoliation bent,  
“ To wrong, is right ; and fair, to circumvent.”  
The country all around beheld from far,  
The darkly frowning Fort of ceaseless war.  
More near at hand the neighbouring cotters round,  
To some new outrage doomed, were daily found.  
Of chiefs—as sickness, war, or age entombs,  
Where all are bad, the better seldom comes ;  
Yet comes the worst ; for now do one surround,  
The vices all, in all preceders found.  
A rebel clique their reigning chief withstand,  
And *Orme*, the Giant, forth usurps command ;  
Far as his height o'ertowers the labouring hind,  
Still further grown, the baseness of his mind ;  
Unjust to all—mere theft, not e'en a flaw ;  
“ Obedience or death,” proclaims his law !  
As idlers, workers need, their wants to serve,  
And tyrants, slaves, “ to whip as they deserve ;”  
The Monster of the Fort, in huts at hand,  
Has serfs to run and cringe at his command :  
Yet not as dogs those serfs offence may give,  
For dogs may disobey at times, and live.

Scarce fifty paces from the Fort was seen,  
A cot of mud and thatch, yet neat and clean.

The occupants, both man and wife, were strong,  
And yet could labour with the hale and young :  
A grown-up family involves their care ;  
Two sons and one fair daughter bless the pair.

Orme's usurpation scarce three moons had seen,  
Ere storms were vented of his direful spleen ;  
Ere *Merit*, (such the cotter's name) was hung,  
For being old, when Orme required him young !  
Wide spreads the sympathy on his account ;  
For all revere, and oft his worth recount ;  
Strong was his arm the friendless to defend ;  
And him, misfortune ever found a friend.  
Next doomed, one son for walking round a fence,  
The other then for pleading his defence.  
Confined in chains, starved in a dungeon low,  
Succumb beneath the tyrant's angry blow.  
In Caradac, the elder son was found,  
A mind enquiring and a judgment sound ;  
In agriculture skilled, the palm he bore,  
And past his years excelled in curious lore.  
The younger, Airevale, in mechanic-tools,  
Well skilled to ply, and work to lines and rules—  
In moral worth, oh ! few with him would vie—  
A virtue rare possessed—he would not lie !  
And ere the solar orb twelve signs hath run,  
Of broken heart the mother too is gone !  
Oh, Judith ! what awaits your skilful toil,  
In household thrift, or in the fruitful soil ?  
Or judgments fair, when called to interpose,  
In such disputes as neighbourhoods discompose ?  
No tales one-sided would she ever bear,  
But face to face all accusations hear.  
By justice swayed, few her award would swerve ;  
All knew her worth, and oft was hers to serve.  
The daughter, now, Elswitha, young and fair,  
Alone is cast upon a world of care.  
With tears bedimmed, the griefs upon her soul,  
Her days bewilder, and her nights control.

"Friends nearest, dearest—oh, the dark dismay!  
 All gone—all murdered—rudely torn away!"  
 Thus did she grieve for many a day and long;  
 But she was young and healthy, sane and strong.  
 Time softened down her sorrows, and Legree,  
 Assured her, better days she yet would see.  
 She loved Legree, and on his words would dwell—  
 On hers would he—their love was mutual.  
 He named a day, should fate not wayward urge,  
 With her consent, their lots in one should merge.  
 In moderate haste they pre-arrange their bliss,  
 And seal the contract with a mutual kiss.  
 Legree departed.

Pondering on their course,  
 A voice she catches, foreign, deep, and hoarse,  
 Approach her door: a thundering rap erelong,  
 A hand denotes, full heavy, bold, and strong.  
 'Tis Orme's the Giant! Petrified her wits,  
 Her voice is dumb, and paralised she sits.  
 The shade of ceremony he extends,  
 Alone when baseness compasseth his ends.  
 With blandness feigned he ducks within the door,  
 And, bowing still, perambulates the floor.

Says he: "For days I've loved, and thee I've eyed,  
 Till, now resolved, I claim thee as my bride.  
 Thou goest with me; the Fort shall be thy home—  
 Thy husband I; at once prepare, and come."

On hearing words like these, her speech she wooed,  
 She gasped, she stammered—wretched was her mood.  
 When words connected forth began to flow,  
 She named Legree, and spoke of marriage vow.

Enraged, he storms: "I never love by chance;  
 Nor brook a rival's impotent advance;  
 Nor did a woman ever thwart my aim;  
 Nor thou, frail girl, shall lower my rising name.  
 Legree, his vows shall break, and but once more,  
 Shall see thee; nor henceforth shall own thy door.

Mine thou shalt be—I by Tuisco swear,  
Or shall thy blood my beard more ruddy smear ;  
I'll lance it forth, and lap it like a dog ;  
Thy carcass will I truss, and roast it like a hog.  
Thou'lt make a savoury dish—of thee I'll sup ;  
And by Tuisco's leave, I'll eat thee up.”  
In action pert, he struck his brazen sheath,  
Hammered his fists, and ground his tusky teeth.

She inly groaned : “ Oh, gods immortal ! where  
Are ye, that ye the monstrous brute can spare ?  
Oh, fiery fiends, unworthy of your birth,  
That ye forbear to wrench him from the earth !  
Had I the power, 'tis said your beckon serves,  
I'd treat him as his violence deserves.”

But nothing audible escapes her breath ;  
For conduct, passive, only wards off death.

He thus resumes : “ Were I of thee unsure,  
An instant death at once should thee secure.  
This moment rise—you go with me to-night ;  
And be prepared for what may woe your sight.”

He pushed her forth, and led her at his will ;  
For none had she—her powers of life stood still.  
The portals of the Fort behind them close,  
And all without, night wraps in dark repose.

Time flies as ever, heedless what it brings—  
Whate'er to man it scatters from its wings.

The midnight hour arrives, they reappear,  
He in his manner gay ; but she in aspect drear.  
They move to where an ancient gloomy yew,  
The river's nearest distance points to view.  
The night was cold, and fitful blew the blast ;  
Yet lightnings glared, and startling thunder passed.  
The moon was up, but wide-spread sombrous clouds,  
Her light eclipse, and gloom the earth enshrouds.

Down by the river's brink, a dubious mass,  
To gain yon whirling deep appears to pass.  
The goal attained, it halts, when by a gleam,  
Three men distinguished, verge the rapid stream.

Is one Legree? A broad display of light  
Reveals his form, and shows his hapless plight;  
Bound hand and foot, he tugs in mortal strife,  
'Tween two assassins, pleading for his life.

Legree, the guiltless, dying like a dog?  
To drift, oh! whither? as a worthless log!  
Industrious, frugal, bountiful withal,—  
What end unmerited doth thee befall!  
And shall thy mill-wheel hence its tappits fill,  
Good meal to grind, and serve this monster's will?  
What words can scope my soul-o'erwhelming hate?  
Oh, powers mysterious! than allow this fate,  
Yea, rather, earth asunder burst, disperse  
In myriad-films, and blink the universe!

Thus inwardly Elswitha's spirit moves,  
To see such outrage on the man she loves.

The clouds reclose; she hears fierce blows impressed—  
A shriek—a splash—and darkness hides the rest!  
She swoons in horror \* \* \* \*

When to sense restored,  
A banquet mazes, and a sumptuous board;  
A page attends her in obsequious guise,  
Anticipating, and each want supplies.  
Ideas foremost, centered in Legree,  
She wonders what his latest thoughts would be?  
If confidence in her he harboured still;  
Or whether doubts his dying breast might fill?  
If that, to him, some comfort it might give;  
If this, for her, what less than hell to live?  
Within the Fort, a suit of rooms assigned,  
She lived, but lived as one in jail confined.  
From Orme most days and nights she spent alone;  
And better few, when with him best were none.  
His habits gross, and vile as sin can be,  
Her life was wretched to the last degree.  
No ties could hind—soft words ensured a frown;  
“But two ways bend,—endure or cut him down.”

In expeditions often he engaged,  
And war severe on harmless neighbours waged.  
By avarice incensed, caprice, and ire,  
He moves, in force a flood ; in rage a fire ;  
Around, grim terror marking all his toil !  
Nor halts till laden with a paying spoil.

His countrymen elsewhere these realms infest,  
And everywhere with force and fraud molest.  
Both king and people groan beneath their thrawl ;  
They burn for freedom, and for vengeance call.  
Oh, Ethelred ! what could a prince more wise,  
As sure as secret massacre devise ?  
An honourable foe who craves for right ;  
Whom love of truth and justice move to fight ;  
May some forbearance from our statutes draw ;  
But rank freebooters call for keenest law.  
The stern decree the royal sanction gains ;  
Whoe'er may execute, the law sustains.

A secret message to Elswitha sent,  
She ponders, and her conscience yields assent.  
It names a date when every Dane must die ;  
And she, if loyal, must her aid supply.

The dusk arrives of that notorious night,  
And Orme returns from an inglorious fight ;  
His garb with peasants' blood bedabbled o'er,  
His brand red reeking, thirsting still for more.  
He boastful tells how many skulls he's clove—  
What limbs unstrung—what souls to Pluto drove—  
What homesteads fired—what cattle burnt alive—  
And then Tuisco thanks, for—"how we thrive" !

This blasphemy Elswitha mutely hears,  
Suppressed reproof controlling with her fears.  
With unchanged garb—with hands in blood besmeared ;  
Sludge, gore, and odour clotted on his beard ;  
He takes his seat before a fuming board,  
With dainties various in profusion stored.

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Veal, pork, and mutton ; capon, hare, and fish ;  
With soups and sauces, smoked from many a dish.  
He wanted salt—'twas there—but seeing not,  
He swore an oath, and boiled with passion hot.  
His forking fingers next in grief he seeth,  
By misadventure champ'd between his teeth.  
This to his gorging puts a moment's pause—  
He threatens—he swears Elswitha is the cause !  
And now he finds his wine is in a mug,  
When it occurs that he prefers a jug !  
This "outrage" found, he cannot—will not bear ;  
And for revenge must more than stamp and swear ;  
A missile sought—the sleeping babe from bed,  
He snatched, and heaved it at Elswitha's head ;  
Her having stunned, it bangs the rocky floor—  
It shrieks—it heaves a sob—and breaths no more.  
Mute as a passive slave she bears her grief,  
Impressed his death alone could bring relief.  
On this resolved—now doubly bent to dare,  
She nerves her soul, and bids her arm prepare.  
The supper done—his dormitory next,  
He staggering seeks, his brain with wine perplexed.  
Erelong the arms of Somnus bind him fast ;  
And now, oh tyrant ! thou art caught at last !  
Two long outrageous—prone to bloody deed—  
Thy vile career is run—and thou must bleed.  
Time quickly flying, brings the midnight hour ;  
The storm upon him now begins to lower.  
Elswitha reasoned : "When two evils pend,  
And choice is left us which we will defend ;  
It must be just, and fairest to pursue,  
The one descried the lesser of the two."  
A woman's feeling still her bosom heave,  
Though life to spare him would be spared to grieve.  
Resolved at length, impatient of delay,  
She clenched a brand, and dared the fearful way.  
She softly treads to gain the fated door ;  
She lists—he sleeps—she hears the wonted snore.

She enters noiseless as the shadow's form—  
Her smouldering anger kindles into storm.  
A gasp is heard, and then a thundering groan ;  
The chamber quivers—and—the deed is done !

Her plighted lover, at the tyrant's nod  
By ruffians bruised, and weltered in the flood,  
Oblivious stranded, still of life possessed,  
To sense returns, his dog laid on his breast.  
Secret he lives, and much his fate deplores,  
Till Orme's demise to happiness restores.

Twelve months elapsed, restored, Elswitha find  
To her own cot in happy wedlock joined.  
Now peace and plenty ; love and health are theirs ;  
And wealth sufficient to abate their cares.

The fort dismantled, long in ruin lies,  
Its inmost dungeons yawning to the skies.  
The bat and daw, the raven and the owl,  
With fomards fierce in frequent discord yowl.  
There toads and adders find a genial seat,  
And wasps and weasles hold a safe retreat ;  
Fierce rats infest, while bristling hedgehogs crawl,  
And yelling cats in nightly concert call.  
The poisonous foxglove owns its native soil,  
With deadly nightshade, and their kindred spoil ;  
There burs and brambles ; thistles, whins, and thorns,  
Pugnacious threaten, and project their horns.  
The Solar orb, transmits his darker rays,  
And Lunar blushes, while she stands to gaze.  
Each star that wanders in the fields of night,  
Emits a flickering ray of transient light,  
Fair Venus, glinting, bates her smiling fire,  
And frowning Mars directs his ruddy ire.  
There, honey-bees, and warbling birds of song,  
Their visits brief, elsewhere their stay prolong.  
No balmy odours there invite the smell :  
And flowers prefer in choicer haunts to dwell.

Thus fares the fort, and hence may tyrants know,  
That heaven and earth conspire to lay them low ;

Howe'er entrenched, and howsoe'er the frown,  
 A puny female hand may cut them down ;  
 Then, reader, think, ere evil warp the will,  
 And learn humanity from Giant's Hill.

### A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.



**I**N infant days, when playful mirth  
 His tender hours did most employ,  
 An accident, by throwing forth  
 A stone, soon turned to grief his joy.

He fell, and oh ! his hip put out,  
 Ere three full years he'd seen pass by ;  
 Poor Thomas, then, who'd skipp'd about,  
 Found it was vain for him to try.

The sad foundation of his pain,  
 Alas ! for future years was laid ;  
 The dislocation still remained,  
 In spite of friends' and doctors' aid.

He toiled supported by a staff,  
 When on the road he bent his way,  
 Till like the roving-winded chaff,  
 His strength took wings and flew away.

Then on a weary couch he laid—  
 No offer'd joy his soul could cheer,  
 Till for the Saviour's balmy aid,  
 He sought by humble faith and prayer.

When death, that ghastly champion bold,  
With rapid strides approach'd to slay,  
He calmly on the pillow smiled,  
And did not fear the fatal day.

He knew that death would prove a friend—  
'Twould ease him of his gnawing pain—  
Remove his soul, when came his end,  
To heav'n, where death can't seize again.

Oh! sceptics, had you forward come,  
And viewed this child of saving grace,  
Methinks his dying lips had from  
Such airy fabrics turn'd your face.

But now he is for ever gone,  
His soul has reached immortal bliss ;  
The last dread conquest he has won,  
And gained " a better land than this."

His pain and sorrow is no more,  
His limping frame is now at rest ;  
Protuberant and painful sore,  
Can't reach him in the Saviour's breast.

Let us, who still are left, prepare,  
Our God, the Judge of all to meet ;  
Oh! may it be our anxious care,  
To gain in heaven a blissful seat.

Then we with him in rapt'rous strains,  
Shall all our nobler powers employ—  
Sing loud, (by death, eternal gains,\*)  
Of Jesu's love, in endless joy.

\* Phil. i. 21.

## KIRKSTALL ABBEY.



HE glitt'ring orb that shines on high,  
 Is setting in the western sky,  
 Its glories beaming o'er the mount,  
 While thought the works of art recount.

The feathered tribes their chorus raise,  
 While sporting colts the pastures graze ;  
 The river's smooth reflecting stream,  
 Adds to the beauty of my theme.

What stately trees—the sight's sublime !  
 What ivy up the walls doth climb !  
 The ancient structure yet is grand—  
 Its falling tower on high doth stand.

Kirkstall Abbey, once the loved place,  
 Whose aisles its inmates loved to trace ;  
 They now are gone, no more to come,  
 To this beloved and ancient home.

Now no reverend pope is there,  
 His gowns are stripp'd, no more to wear ;  
 The chiming bells are taken down,  
 The jackdaw there has gained renown.

Time has ruined thy massive walls,  
 Thy gothic beauty daily falls ;  
 Thy darkened vaults are open laid ;  
 Thy beauty, surely, all will fade.

Vain man may here a lesson see,  
 To teach him what he soon must be—  
 Though now he's in the height of bloom,  
 Time soon will bring him to the tomb.

Time will ruin his boasted powers—  
Man's time on earth is known by hours ;  
Then be it to all mortals known,—  
That Time will take their structures down.

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HOME.

**T**HE weary wand'rer far away,  
Consigned to foreign land—  
The mariner on ocean tossed,  
At duty's stern command,—  
Though dreary gloom may darken round,  
Where'er he chance to roam,  
One ray of hope his soul sustains—  
Of still returning home.

Is home a palace, stored with gold,  
A cottage on the green,  
A villa with a garden gay,  
A forest hut unseen ?  
It is not marble, logs, or lands,  
That can the truth display ;  
What objects constitute a home,  
The heart alone can say.

The world displays its varied scenes,  
Of ever tempting view ;  
The moorland decked with heather-bells,  
The mountain capp'd with dew,  
The silvery stream in meadows gay,  
The leafy forest gloom ;  
But only where its treasure dwells,  
The heart can find a home.

Each heart has dear remembrancers,  
 And jewels of its own—  
 The paths where maids and lovers walked,  
 The school that served the town ;  
 An aged parent's grave constrains,  
 A wife or child says, "Come ;"  
 The heart has loved ones, and with them,  
 Alone it finds a home.

---

LOVE : A SONG.



WHATEVER affectation,  
 Hath wantonly exprest,  
 Still love's the strongest passion,  
 Within the human breast :  
 For weal or woe it battles,  
 And though at times may err,  
 Of old the wise esteemed it,  
 As still the wise prefer.

Where love sways not the vision,  
 May beauty undescried,  
 In all its charms attractive,  
 Be seen to be denied :  
 But love suffusing over,  
 Unseen may faults arise—  
 It magnifies the beauties,  
 With microscopic eyes.

Love dotes upon its object,  
 Whatever be its choice ;  
 It is not money value,  
 That makes the heart rejoice :  
 It is a sweet attachment,  
 Soul-melting, pure, and kind ;  
 The heart must be its fountain,  
 And felt to be defined.

Love makes a hut, a mansion,  
A delf, a mossy dell,  
Green isles in pathless ocean,  
So potent is its spell ;  
Clothes flowers in gayest colours,  
Lights up the dungeon dim,  
A lover makes an angel,  
And children cherubim.

When love's the star that's guiding,  
Each rugged rock's a port,  
The desert heaves a fountain,  
The cot becomes a court :  
Love's essence is divinity,  
Transmuting care and strife,  
And those possessing, live on  
The sunny side of life.

---

### O, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU!



**O**, I FORGOT to tell you !  
One has so many cares ;  
But have you heard the news of late,  
Respecting choice affairs ?  
How strange you look—now really !  
Come, cast away your fears ;  
And now, you stand so mumpish,  
I'd like to box your ears.

O, I forgot to tell you !  
I've got such trinkets new,  
A silken veil, the whitest,  
A dress of heavenly hue !

Nay, be not startled, come now,  
 Relax that rueful face,  
 What strange events, impending,  
 Expect you taking place.

O, I forgot to tell you !  
 A week is such a while—  
 Now do not be offensive—  
 How wickedly you smile !  
 See here, the ring is ready,  
 I'm twenty, stout, and bold—  
 Though ma' says I'm too girlish,  
 I think I'm getting old.

---

### THE VOICE OF THE CITY.

**T**HE voice of the City—I hear it arise,  
 And in murmurs it falls on my ears ;  
 A tumult of fancies in numberless guise,  
 It imprints on the wings of the years.

How vast are the agencies lending their force,  
 To inspire the weird voice of to-day !  
 How 'wilderer seems it to glance at their source,  
 Through the ages thus called to obey !

What steps nimble feet interpose in the throng ?  
 How the carriages roll as we gaze ;  
 What clatter of hoofs that are prancing along,  
 In the hubbub pervading the maze !

The funeral tread on its way to the grave,  
 Now the foot of police with his charge ;  
 The marching of soldiers while gay banners wave,  
 Each impelling the vocal discharge.

The humming of schools in their busy career,  
With the summing of judges precise ;  
The clanking of engines, and clattering gear,  
Give their tones to the sounds that arise.

The roar of the furnace-intensified blast,  
Varied tones of a chorus of bells ;  
The vociferation street-traders' contrast,  
Intermix with a bedlam of yells.

The preacher instructeth from vice to withdraw,  
The professor of science expounds,  
The magistrate curtly dispenses the law,  
Confounding the hum that surrounds.

The dancing of types—the imposing of forms—  
Swift the thousand-tongued steam-press revolves,  
The newsvendor's voice, with his sheet of reforms,  
In the voice of the city dissolves.

The sculptor, his mallet, there skilfully plies,  
Here the mason of humbler pretence ;  
In court the wigged lawyer each brother outvies,  
To make justice defy common sense.

The carpenter's hammering catches the ear,  
Yonder priest is found reading aloud,  
The twang of the gallows-drop meets the loud cheer,  
And the slang of a brutalised crowd.

The ticking of clocks ever active ascends,  
From the suffering sick is a moan,  
The voice of rank madness the welkin still rends,  
From the dying is tortured a groan.

The coffin man's tapping, as labour proceeds,  
With the chipping the bricklayer is throng,

To sounds of the engine the seamstress enspeeds,  
Interblend with the bacchanal's song.

The rumbling of trains in their speedy career,  
As of stations in life-stirring gleam ;  
The snorting of engines, as onward they steer,  
Interjoin the shrill-whistles of steam.

And Babels of languages daily unfold,  
From the ends of the earth hither bound ;  
From treasuries rattles the clinking of gold,  
Though low, not a meaningless sound.

The music of home and of far away lands—  
The Scotch piping and frisking the toe ;  
Their minstrelsy pouring are the Negro bands,  
To the tabour and thrumming banjo.

Such notes as we listen to, now on the roar,  
Generations long since have descried ;  
The past to the present these voices restore,  
And they join in the audible tide.

To notes of the city reflections are brought,  
How the dead on the living attend,  
Suggesting a train of tumultuous thought,  
That ask, "Can all these things have an end?"

What turn in the tide of events can it dread,  
Or regressively ever deplore ?  
What confluent forces can make it be said,  
That "the City's deep voice is no more?"

## THE SUN.



W hail the sun, who from the skies,  
Directs his beams on earth to rise ;  
To send us food his force employs,  
And all the blessings life enjoys.

The earth embosomed seed he warms,  
He gives to verdure all its charms ;  
Supports the forms that strew the fields,  
Till earth a teeming harvest yields.

His subtile powers transpierce the earth,  
Amassing stores of mineral worth ;  
All else his beams of old surpass  
In coal, for yielding fire and gas.

The clouds to him obeisance yield,  
His pearly dew-drops strew the field ;  
He sends the fertilising show'r,  
And all the streams the rivers pour.

O'er earth his smile bestows array,  
Of all the tints the flow'rs display,  
He paints the rainbow in the sky.  
And teaches all the winds to fly.

Both earth and heav'n display his might,  
He gives the moon her useful light ;  
He marks the comets' strange career,  
And rolls each planet in its sphere.

The air we breathe he first prepares,  
With liberal hand his bounty shares ;  
His gifts without distinction fall,  
In life and means of life for all.

## A LETTER.

**D**EAR Brother,—Consciously I know,  
 I need not scruple writing now.  
 At Upper Wortley, near to Leeds,  
 I dwell, and hence address my deeds.

December fourth, I must define ;  
 Year, eighteen-hundred and sixty-nine ;  
 This is my birthday, do you see ?  
 My age now reaches fifty-three !

My correspondents are but few,  
 I seldom write except to you,  
 And that indeed so rarely now,  
 Might argue,—“Just kept up for show.”  
 Your much esteemed memento serves,  
 As one good turn its like deserves,  
 Thalia’s thanks, my pen supplies,  
 To offer for Euterpe’s prize.

It strikes me, when I wrote you last,  
 I said not all I had forecast.  
 When months occur between the dates,  
 A load of news accumulates,  
 And ere we half the subjects cull,  
 We’re doomed to find the sheet is full.

Now first and foremost I would hope,  
 This will not find your health a trope ;  
 But strong, and stout, and blythe, and hale,  
 With stomach [trope] to eat a whale,  
 For sure, I’ve thought you would prefer,  
 To seem full better than you were.  
 From foes it may be wise to screen,  
 And keep all weaknesses unseen ;  
 The contrary is true of friends—  
 A wound revealed a plaster sends.

But here I’m running somewhat fast,  
 Some friends have whims in strange contrast.  
 I’ve heard of such when illness flamed,  
 Who would not have the illness named ;

Lest hearing it should make them worse,  
And all their hold of life disperse !  
These notions I could ne'er endure—  
The worst to know is half the cure.

It always seems to me that health,  
Is something like a commonwealth :  
Some under current politic,  
The nation keeping always sick ;  
And oft as a specific found,  
The sickness still maintains its ground.  
Hence, politicians' bills and motions,  
And doctors' leeches, pills, and lotions.

To make life happy, reason leans,  
And often thinks of ways and means.  
Of bliss we take our several views,  
And each his own best course pursues.  
The strains of music those abhor,  
Who politics are living for.  
One dotes on stocks, and shares, and rates,  
Another dreams of large estates,  
One lives to share the battle's rage,  
Another parrots in-a cage.  
The pride of some is, horse and dog,  
And sated thus through life they jog.  
Some live for what they misname, love ;  
Sir Fop exists to sport a glove.  
Too many look not fore nor hind—  
Just fall what may their bliss they find.  
There are who tread life's busy stage,  
To live like men and store for age.

I have a hobby—one of speed,  
But 'tis not a velocipede.  
Yet, by-the-by, will you embrace,  
The chance to beat me in a race,  
Up Woodhouse Lane, or where you will,  
Each mounted on a bycicle ?  
A poet and professor up  
To racing for no golden cup !

Who would not laugh? I should outright,  
To see us two in such a plight.  
If you outstrip me in the race,  
I need not suffer much disgrace;  
I could beat still it might be found—  
By falling off to beat the ground.

But almost I digress I fear—  
I'll hurry back and make things clear.  
I have a hobby as I told,  
And this I value more than gold.  
My hobby is to cast ideas,  
In manner that may wisdom please.  
To do this best for health and time,  
And with a host of feelings chime,  
I've always deeply felt the need,  
Of one snug room from pryers freed,  
Well lighted, aired, and dry, and warm,  
And somewhat qualified to charm,  
With room to hold my shelves of books,  
A store of rugs, and coats on hooks,  
Some printing-types—a press, if small,  
And desks and forms as needs may call.  
But like a dream the scene doth pass:  
This visionary room, alas!  
My own I never yet could call,  
Though twelve feet square would hold it all!  
Some pain with all our pleasures prest,  
We never are completely blest.  
The room-desideratum gained,  
My pleasure pinched, would still be pained.  
My constitution as you know,  
Is pitched upon a key too low.  
What barely warms in summer time,  
In winter needs a warmer clime.  
An indoor patient half the year,  
Intent I watch the solar sphere,  
Till from his southern race comes forth,  
The glowing sun to run the north.

His face in aries gives me hope,  
Erelong to cut my tether rope ;  
And for my journeyings prepare,  
To see green fields and breathe fresh air.  
To be, from weakness, kept in-door,  
And on a stretch, six months or more,  
And then come forth with sense acute,  
Each common object yields a treat.  
Now be reclined on rising ground,  
Where north and westward trees are found,  
With open prospect far and wide,  
Revealing all the country side.  
A leaf of sorrel pluck'd and eat,  
Proclaims a theme for Soyer to treat.  
The cowslip all Arabia yields,  
The landscape seems elysian fields,  
The zephyrs, purest thoughts repine,  
To hear the lark, brings sounds divine.  
To these the glorious Sun's control,  
Brings life into the drooping soul.  
His light—his warmth electrifies,  
Each want its antidotes supplies.

The sun, ah me ! how quick to run !  
How soon his summer race is done !  
His sloping rays declining south,  
Bid all decay of summer growth.  
And when to Libra he has gained,  
Adieu to warmth ! my pleasures end.  
Could I with birds of passage vie,  
Where coursed the sun, there would I fly.  
Ere fogs, and winds, and freezing air,  
Had banished health, and brought despair,  
The swallow in his southern course,  
Should find in me no windless horse.  
But having not the means withal,  
That might efficient helpers call,

o

Not being born a bird to roam,  
I stand condemned to stay at home ;  
And through the winter cough and wheeze,  
And pull wry faces as you please.

A bright idea strikes me here,  
And I request your 'tentive ear.  
It is not though, exactly new,  
For long I've had the thought in view.  
But when I would its nature show,  
I've feared you'd say,—“ I cannot now.”  
Our correspondence, as I find,  
Has been but of a meagre kind ;  
I feel disposed to add a theme,  
And here I would approach my scheme.

The separation we have known,  
Our wide divergent states must own.  
Three times ten years could scarcely range,  
Without producing worlds of change.  
Our studies once were near allied,  
The task of one, the others pride.  
But now what are the subjects most,  
Each smiles to own and make his boast ?  
How interesting it would be,  
Could we each leading impulse see ;  
What urged from times a-distant far.  
And led us on to what we are !  
What art succinctly seemed the best,  
What science circumstances prest,  
What was the target of our aim,  
How near the goal each arrow came,  
What efforts are they each has made,  
And what the gains our toils repaid ?

In thirty years a studious mind,  
Convictions must impressive find.  
To politics and science too,  
Religion passes in review ;

And fashion is not now to jump  
And run, and swallow by the lump.  
The creed in which we first rejoice,  
Is always of another's choice,  
Installed before we understand,  
The reasons that our faith command.  
From study come convictions next ;  
Beliefs we have howe'er perplext.  
I do not mean pretences loose,  
Awaiting every current use,  
That with alacrity will be,  
A publican or pharisee.  
Deceiving ever with a plot,  
Where'er a penny can be got,  
For any water, like a boat,  
Or changing, as we change a coat :  
I mean that impress of the soul,  
Beyond the tempting world's control ;  
That radiant light by reason shown,  
Conviction feels and makes its own ;  
That creed of reason, conscience, love,  
That cannot be repented of.

The length of time divergent prest,  
Our sentiments must have imprest.  
The men—the business—books we've read,  
Would some peculiar impulse shed,  
Till now as steady in our tracks,  
As e'er went donkeys with their packs,  
A connoisseur who knows his man,  
I guess would predicating scan ;  
The subject given, would fairly guess,  
The sentiments each would express.  
Would not a sentimental feat  
Afford a most amusing treat ?  
In education what would each  
Prohibit, and aspire to teach ?

The good, free libraries may give,  
 To those who're daily killed to live?  
 Why men should shirk the Sunday dome,  
 Preferring fields, or books at home?  
 What means "free trade?"—let trades reflect—  
 Free trade in yours, but mine protect.  
 Trades' Unions—whether for a class,  
 Or meant to circumscribe the mass;  
 Professions learned, (as are guessed),  
 Have they Trades' Unions like the rest?  
 Do Unions tend the race to blast,  
 Like Hindoos from their Brahmin cast?  
 But legion on the scroll awaits,  
 Where sentiment expatiates.

And then our habits—what are they?  
 What would investigation say?  
 I never knew them coincide,  
 At least I always thought them wide.  
 With all the space we had at start,  
 And living as we have, apart,  
 I scarcely can imagine now,  
 What thirty years of facts would show,  
 Or would it not be passing strange,  
 In this revolving world of change,  
 If differences that did exist,  
 Be gone like last November's mist?  
 How odd, if habits grown to please,  
 Should make us seem twins Siamese!  
 But hold—what do I dream of now?  
 Does not a quarter-century show,  
 That each of other grown so loath,  
 One county cannot hold us both?

How interesting we should find  
 The task to learn each other's mind!  
 In what respects we coincide,  
 And if, and what our paths divide;  
 What steps have onward led from youth,  
 To what each calls "eternal truth!"

Not deeming how you view my task,  
I must your kind indulgence ask,  
With hope of what my Muse send forth,  
The stuff and still  
IS RAE L                      HOLDS WORTH.

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PAINE.

**T**IME was when faith, with lance in hand,  
The mind enslaved with fierce command ;  
By creeds absurd the world around,  
The chains of superstition bound ;  
Till Paine in reason's mail comprised,  
With pen and press the lance despised.

He priestcraft proved a fiendish trade,  
Its false pretence and tricks displayed ;  
The deeds of might o'er right revealed,  
Erewhile by specious arts concealed ;  
Brought forth eternal truths to light,  
And shams scorched up in sun-beams bright.

Not like the man with foggy wit,  
Of whom we read in holy writ ;  
Whose vision but distortion sees,  
And men descries as walking trees ;  
No—one at length the truth can see,  
Who stands resolved the mind to free.

He bade Columbia freedom prize,  
From thralldom's chains at once to rise ;  
Foresaw the retributive day,  
Pervading slave-craft's darkening way ;  
By independence sought to save,  
And liberty a nation gave.

His strength declined, and age rolled on,  
With inward peace life's goal is won ;  
Yet doth the voice of slander spread,  
And gore him on his dying bed ;  
Sectarian rancour so could rave,  
That all deny his bones a grave!

Death-bed confessors forge your wares,  
With all your heart the tinsel glares ;  
On falsehood-gleanings cease to dwell,  
For truth at length has broke the spell ;  
The Age of Reason marks the day,  
His name with reverence hurrah.

The vulture scorn has broke his wing,  
The demon creed has lost his sting ;  
Though malice dared his rage inflict,  
E'en lying tongues could ne'er convict ;  
Let truth each slander vile repel,  
And of his worth unceasing tell.

His Rights of Man is spreading wide,  
His common sense rolls on the tide ;  
His crisis ports whatever may,  
Have over-ruled a by-gone day ;  
Unequal laws he bids expire,  
Consuming with his words of fire.

How many may as heroes stand,  
In sculptured marble through the land ;  
For wisdom and discretion, who,  
Can equal claim of merit show ?  
Though foremost other chief commands,  
Who boldest and who bravest stands ?

To bless the world few like him tried,  
His wages were to be belied ;  
Through life his faith in God was strong,  
And immortality his song ;  
In death his conscience made it clear,  
There needed no repentance there.

Then falsehood-crafts he headlong hurled,  
Let reason calm this turbid world ;  
His stigmatisers shall confess,  
His wrongs shall millions yet redress ;  
And nations yet unborn shall gain,  
By yielding reverently to Paine.

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A NOBLE MIND.



WHO sings of golden ringlets,  
And teeth of pearly white ;  
Bright eyes of azure sparkling ;  
And rosy cheeks delight ?  
The statue has its beauties,  
By classic rules defined ;  
But she's the queen of beauty,  
Who owns a noble mind.

Does outward pomp delight you,  
With gold and jewels laid,  
Where fairest belles emblazon,  
The courtly masquerade ?  
For me, the mien external,  
Let decency suffice ;  
A mind of rich endowment,  
I deem the greater prize.

Should fortune bless with plenty,  
 Or indigence invade ;  
 My lot be with the princely,  
 Or class of lowly grade ;—  
 'Tis she can be a helpmeet,  
 No prejudice can bind ;  
 Who through life's thousand duties,  
 Can steer a noble mind.

### THE THIRTIETH WEDDING DAY.

**T**HIRTY years have fled by  
 Since the day that you and I,  
 Attained for life,  
 That estate of weal or woe,  
 Known to all where'er you go,  
 As man and wife.

Had we seen before that day,  
 Turmoils that before us lay,  
 And counted cost ;  
 Should we not have lagged behind,  
 Fully then have changed our mind,  
 And marriage lost.

What would then have been our lot,  
 Whether both had each forgot,  
 In single line ;  
 Or alliance more befitted,  
 Fortunately each had hit,  
 Who can divine ?

Nothing, as I do believe,  
 Stimulated to achieve,  
 Each other's hand ;

But esteem of purest kind,  
That of heart and that of mind,  
At love's command.

Worldly substance we had none,  
Nor a friend to lean upon,  
For word or deed ;  
But by industry we sought,  
And by self-reliance bought,  
Required meed.

LORENZO—A SATIRE.

**W**HOM shall I woo to lend the glowing flame,  
To sing a hero of a nine-days' fame ?  
Oh, ye, ye tuneful nine! will you inspire ;  
Or shall I woo the Furies for their fire ?

A thing in human form miscalled a man,  
My theme shall be—satiric song my ban,  
Lorenz : yes, Lorenzo, let me cry !  
If Young had friend Lorenzo, why not I ;  
A friend ! a friend perchance, or foe indeed !  
Here's at thee, friend or foe, and take thy meed.  
Skulk out of sight, and fear the open day,  
Enshroud thyself in darkness and dismay.  
But day nor night, nor home, nor foreign clime,  
Shall save thee from a flagellating rhyme.

Most men have craft to work for daily bread,  
And some to save when all their wants are sped,  
While others, rich from fortune's hand alone,  
Can manage still to thrive when once they own ;  
But thou, Lorenzo ! thou hast neither sense,  
With wealth endowed, to raise the meet defence,  
Nor yet by skilful daily toil to gain,  
Nor e'en to earn what should the life sustain.

In thee the bantam's self-importance swells,  
Where all the impotence of an idiot dwells.

Why in the name of Jove did fortune pour  
Into thy lap an ample golden shower?  
A freak, no doubt, without discretion played,  
With blindfold eyes—by chance alone was swayed;  
If possible her temple thou hast sought,  
The goddess flattered, and her favours bought.  
For bribes with thee I fear are things of course,  
Thy mind debased from every vicious source.  
Had but hostilious fortune better known,—  
That e'er such things as thee she'd deigned to own,  
A temple, sure, he'd ne'r built to her name,  
But on her turned his back with burning shame;  
Nor ocean spawned a branch so wayward creeps,  
But childless rather swayed his briny deeps.

Now wealth, 'tis said, will make the mare to go,  
And matters nothing whether legs or no!  
When deeds, or wealth, or what is all the same,  
Reputed wealth has paved the way to fame,  
How honoured we poor common mortals gaze,  
And to the chair of state our hero raise!  
And thou, Lorenzo, booked a millionaire,  
By taking tall, canst make the nation stare,'  
Till, who can at a public meeting bide,  
Unless the great Lorenzo there preside?

But blind Fortuna with her twirling wheel,  
Gives no assurance of continued weal.  
As, undeserving, favours oft are shown;  
So, fools receiving, favours soon are flown:  
A very dunce may clutch an offered prize,—  
To keep unspent requires a man more wise,  
Take gold and tie it round a booby's neck,  
'Twill only sink him in the nearest beck.  
Another part, Lorenzo, does thou play?  
And deftly skilled to bear the prize away.

Thy wit I own has oft thyself perplexed,  
But classleader now art thou? what comes next?  
To save poor sinners thou wilt work the spell,  
And deftly baulk the horrid gates of hell!  
Poor souls ascending Jacob's ladder's height,  
Thou teachest how to place their feet aright!  
Thou in the path of piety wilt move,—  
Except when frailties otherwise behove.  
Perchance through wine, or wench, or naughty word,  
Or dirty trick, or fib, you may have erred!  
But then, by practice thou hast got the knack,  
Of sliding back or forward in a crack.  
Salvation's ins-and-outs, well known throughout,  
'Tis just the same to thee as spitting out!

What species thou art of, who can divine?  
If like be equal like, 'twould seem *canine*.  
Now on a time, no matter when, I hear,  
As Towzer, trying through a flood to steer,  
A dainty morsel floating by, he caught,  
And seeing its shadow also, eager sought,  
To catch the shadow too, when dropt the meat.  
'Twas Towzer's greed, alas, performed the cheat.  
Like him (the dog) hast thou by silly greed,  
Thyself from ample substance quickly freed.  
Two animals, no doubt, if one their habits make,  
Are species one, thou'lt grant if wide awake;  
If like be equal like, e'en down to prog,  
Then thou as Towzer must remain a dog.

Whatever species thou art of, attend,  
While I advise: advice well used may mend,  
Keep out of mills when girls of sense are in,  
For fear thou'rt caught in some unlooked for gin.  
Especially take care if whitewash smells,  
If 'gainst thy creed the whitewash girl rebels.  
The poor have virtues thou at length art shown,  
Which grinning apes, alas! are slow to own.

Whatever species thou are of, think on,  
 To be more wary of the play—*crim. con.*  
 Then act a part, henceforth, in scene like this,  
 Tuck up thyself in hemp, and so dismiss.

A PICTURE—FRAGMENTARY.



**H**E rises—casts around a knowing gaze,  
 One foot advances—sways one hand to raise.  
 A connoisseur on speculation bent,  
 In thought aloud, weened what the picture  
 meant :

What startling truth implies that knowing glance ?  
 What will the genius of the chair advance ?  
 Will mines of ancient lore employ his tongue ?  
 How Livius wrote, or charming Orpheus sung ?  
 Will Homer's bold heroics form his theme ?  
 Or Ovid's glowing love-inspired dream ?  
 Will odes Pindaric his remarks employ,  
 And turgent flights reduced to harmony ?  
 Eschylus, may, and Sophocles engage,—  
 How tragic skill far-famed the Grecian stage ?  
 Or will he turn to Latin bards and hold,  
 To view their powers, and learned themes unfold ?  
 Terentius, for comedy renowned :  
 And Virgil, for immortal epic crowned ?  
 Perchance more recent times his theme may note,—  
 How Chaucer, Gower, or Blind Harry wrote ?  
 Or, verging on the bright Shakesperian age,  
 How Marlow and Rare Ben adorned the stage ;  
 Or thence to Dryden, Otway, Lee, and Crown,  
 To present time succinctly travel down ?  
 And thus exordiumise on playful men,  
 And ready make the "star" for a—say when !

## MEN'S COMPOSITIONS—A FRAGMENT.

**N**OW men are made of varied sorts of stuff,  
Acute are some, some blunt, some smooth, some  
Of woody, skinny, cordy matter some, [rough;  
And rolled rotund, they form the noisy drum;  
Their destined business here is blustering din,  
And louder sounding, greater void within.  
Of gaseous essence some, to wondering eyes,  
Within balloons, to giddy heights arise,  
And still, erelong, through valves escaping, soar,  
Till on the winds diffused, they're known no more.  
But as for some, they really must be powder!  
A flash, and then a crash, than thunder louder!  
And echo, startled, bounds a fitful rover,  
Till all, erelong, is hushed—for all is over.





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