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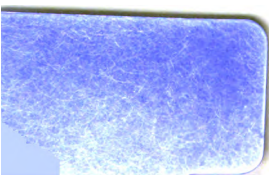
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DAY-DREAMS OF THE DEAF;

WITH

An Introductory Preface

ON THE

CONDITION OF THE DEAF & DUMB.

BY

WILLIAM HENRY SIMPSON.

LONDON:

WHITTAKER & CO., AVE MARIA LANE.

MANCHESTER:

EDWIN SLATER, 129, MARKET STREET.

1858.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
ROBERT, LORD Ebury;

THIS WORK,

THE COMPOSITION OF ONE OF A CLASS

(THE DEAF AND DUMB)

HIS LORDSHIP'S PHILANTHROPY HAS LARGELY BENEFITED,

IS, WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S KIND AND

EXPRESS PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

WILLIAM HENRY SIMPSON.

JUNE, 1858.

INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

WHEN an unknown individual ventures for the first time to appear before the Public as an author, it seems proper that they should know something of the stranger who thus solicits their acquaintance; and of the motives that led him thus to present himself to their notice. In the following preface, therefore, I purpose acquainting the reader with the reasons which have induced me to yield to the entreaties of several friends, to publish these Poems.

Briefly, then, to satisfy my readers on the former point, I may be allowed to make a few observations respecting the very peculiar class of mankind to which I belong; and then, with regard to my object, I would state that it is to draw attention to the real condition of that class, and to correct the erroneous impressions and prejudices that exist respecting them. With this view, I propose briefly to glance at their state before education—the educational movements in their behalf, and their position in society when that education is completed.

Most persons are probably aware, that to be *born deaf* implies *also* a deprivation of the faculty of speech. But few seem to comprehend the full extent of the loss the *mental* faculties sustain by the stoppage of that chief entrance to the mind, the ear. Perhaps not a few will be sceptical, when I tell them that a child born deaf, may,

uneducated, pass from infancy to old age, and not know a word of his mother-tongue, although possessing within himself all the elements and *materiel* for forming the profound scholar, and having the organs of speech unimpaired. Such instances I could name, were it needful, and refer particularly to one, who, ignorant of written or spoken language, maintains himself in humble but honest independence; who, unacquainted with the rudiments of arithmetic, can barter with his fellow men, and guard against fraud. *Morally* sensible of right and wrong; recognizing the duties he owes to society; and obeying the dictates of an enlightened *conscience*;—of language, he knows nothing, beyond his own name and the place of his birth! But this arises simply from the fact, that when young, education for the Deaf and Dumb was unknown in his native place. Happily for *us*, (for, although once possessed of the blessings of hearing, yet from having been for more than thirty years a stranger to the human voice, I feel myself completely identified in thought and feeling with the class of which I write)—such instances are more rare in the present day, when Philanthropy sheds abroad its genial light, and lends a helping hand to all who need her aid.*

In outward appearance the Deaf and Dumb child does not differ from his fellows; and a stranger would remain ignorant of his infirmity, until he had occasion to express his thoughts and wishes by the medium of *sign language*.

* Yet there are unhappily not wanting cases which may well excite the deepest commiseration in the philanthropic mind; amongst which I may instance a Prisoner at a Sessions for the City of Gloucester (reported in Bells's Weekly Messenger, Nov. 6, 1847), who being totally uneducated, seemed so ignorant that the Judge justly held him unamenable to the laws, although twenty nine years of age, and the trial accordingly was not proceeded with.

He can, for the most part, join in all the sports of childhood ; he can feel an injury ; is sensible of kindness, and will repay the affection of his friends by his caresses. But *there* the resemblance ceases. His mental powers are idle, and the sense of moral obligation only partially excited, you will find his actions comparatively destitute of *principle*. His conduct, therefore, often petulant, wants the *motive* that makes other children justly liable to correction. He is alike ignorant of what wrong he has done, and wherefore he is corrected. His temper is *suspicious*, because those who have the control over him, cannot convey to his dark mind the motives which dictate their conduct to him ; and deaf to the voice of warning and admonition, he is essentially the creature of *impulse*, with no idea but self-gratification to prompt his actions. Can humanity imagine a more painful state ?—And yet this poor child stands all unconscious of the interest he excites ; he imagines that all to whom he addresses himself comprehend his wishes ; and his anger is excited by the apparent inattention of those around him ; deeming it to be indicative of unkindness, or even of studied insult.

Every one must have observed the change that education makes in a man's habits ; and in none is the revolution thus effected more apparent than in the Deaf and Dumb ; and it must ever be matter of surprise to future generations that efforts were not earlier made for their instruction. It was not till late in the seventeenth century that Dr. Wallis conceived the idea of establishing a school for their benefit, and more than a hundred years elapsed from that period to the institution of the first public school in London.* Manifold were the difficulties its promoters had to contend

* The Asylum in the Old Kent Road, established 1792.

with—the direct opposition of some,—the apathy and sneers of others. But humanity triumphed, and rich was its reward ! The example set by the promoters of this scheme to overthrow the barrier of ignorance that chained down their souls and isolated them from the rest of mankind, has been followed by many worthy imitators, more or less successful. From a state not much exalted above the brute creation, the Deaf and Dumb have risen, and assumed their proper position as reasonable beings among the most favoured of God's creatures. By slow degrees the beams of knowledge gleamed on each benighted soul, feeble indeed at first, but the thirst for instruction was incited, and their pains-taking instructors daily derived fresh encouragement, as they saw the dawn of intellect animating and brightening the countenance, where the wild and vacant look, and the unmeaning smile had lurked before. They had begun to understand the long hidden secret, that the absence of written language and speech was a bar between them and their fellow men, and thus the first difficulty was removed. Gradually they became sensible of the purpose for which they were formed, and of the duties expected of them as members of society. They learned to comprehend and venerate the mysteries of revealed religion ; and to “ worship Him in spirit and in truth,” whose NAME had hitherto never passed their lips, and whose saving grace had never enlightened their dark understandings. Meanwhile, men looked on astonished, and thought the age of miracles was revived. They saw the Deaf and Dumb capable of expressing their ideas in plain and intelligible language, who some few years previously were ignorant of the connection between words and thoughts. They said: “ what hath God wrought ! ” And when their instructors, after years of toil, succeeded in accomplishing the task of communi-

cating the faculty of speech, it seemed to many as if the "Ephphatha!" had again gone forth.

We will now for a moment glance at the permanent benefit which has accrued from their labours. From all parts of the kingdom we can produce artizans in all grades, from the apprentice upwards, diligently pursuing their callings for their own subsistence, and to their employers' satisfaction and profit. Others are filling honourable situations of trust and responsibility, where the mental powers are more immediately and largely called into action;—as in the offices of government, at the bar, and in dispensing the knowledge they have acquired as instructors of youth. In painting, they have often excited admiration, and more than one young aspirant for fame, bids fair to rival in the world's estimation some of the bright names whose works have shed a lustre on the art that gives to the inanimate marble the very semblance of life. The only employments from which their infirmity debars them, are those connected with the senate, the pulpit, the bench, and the musical profession. I can point out one, (now no more), who, although his education was not derived from any institution, and although he lost his hearing at the age of twelve years, may be considered an extraordinary instance of the great advances even the deaf are capable of making; and whose name is not unfavourably known in the highest walks of literature. I allude to the editor of the "Pictorial Bible," whose lucid expositions and illustrations of the Holy Writings, will be deservedly valued, and quoted by generations yet unborn. As parents, as masters of families, I can name many of irreproachable demeanour, who "say to this man go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and to another, do this, and he doeth it."

a

These, however, are the brighter luminaries in the annals of the Deaf and Dumb. Generally speaking, they do not attain to high proficiency in mental knowledge ; although what they do acquire, is sufficient in most instances, to carry them through the world with credit to themselves, and advantage to others ; still they are frequently too apt to rest satisfied with the instruction obtained at school, instead of striving to extend and improve the store ; forgetting that knowledge, to be useful, must be *progressive* ; otherwise we retrograde. It cannot remain stationary ; “milk for babes, strong meat for men.” Yet there are many that will turn to books with avidity, as the companion of the solitary hour ; who will dive deeply into a disquisition on natural philosophy ; or pore for hours over a work treating of abstruse questions on morality or science.

I may notice here, that they are seldom found engaged in the perusal of works of fiction or satire ; facts at all times possessing a greater attraction for them, as offering something more tangible to their comprehension than the ideal creations of imagination and excited feeling, works which depend for their interest and popularity on keen invective, caustic wit, or biting satire—these are lost upon them. Still less frequently will you find them handling a poem. Poetic similes, images, and tropes arrayed in metre, awake in them no pleasurable sensation, arouse no echo in the soul. But there are instances where minds more than usually cultivated will derive gratification in tracing the daring flights of MILTON, the beauties of SCOTT, and the truthful portraitures of CRABBE. They will read with rapture the delightful creations of

“Otway’s* tragic fame,
Or Shakspeare’s mightier name ;”

* Author of “Venice Preserved.”

and study with eagerness the extensive knowledge and lessons of human nature therein contained. But with far greater interest will they turn to the grand and terrible denunciations of God's wrath, or the welcome calls of mercy, as contained in the book of the prophet Isaiah, which in beauty of diction, and the essentials of true poetry, stands unrivalled. Nor will they less appreciate the effusions of that inspired and regal bard, whose

"Unrival'd royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme,"*

have caused his writings to be esteemed as the pattern of devotion in all the ages of the Christian Church !

Respecting the deaf as *writers*, my personal acquaintance does not go far. I could however, give the names of some, whose compositions would not do discredit to any one in the full possession of every faculty ; and this in the case of persons deprived of hearing before the age of five years, and consequently before the mind could be supposed capable of receiving any very vivid impressions concerning human nature, or such a knowledge of words as would enable them the better to form and arrange their ideas, or to aid them in the construction and collocation of sentences. I am not aware of more than two instances in which the Deaf have given their compositions to the world, † but I am persuaded that the want of inclination or moral courage has prevented the public exhibition of much latent talent. I have perused pieces, both in prose and poetry, which in my opinion, would not be unfavourably received by the literary world—always remembering the peculiar case of the author.

* Smart's "Song to David."

† To these I add a third, recently presented to my notice, a Deaf gentleman at Paris, Principal of the Institution there, who has compiled an "Universal Grammar."

If I may be allowed to offer an opinion on them, they seem to be deficient rather in nervousness of expression, than in originality of thought. Still, the absence of oral guidance, and that perfect knowledge of quantity and rhyme, essential to harmonious verse, must surround them with difficulties, and tend to prevent the attainment of any great excellence in the cultivation of the muses, and yet not so much so as to form an "insuperable" obstacle to a persevering mind. Regarding those difficulties, Dr. Kitto, in his work on "Deafness" remarks: "It is not wonderful therefore, that the deaf mutes, and those who have *become deaf in childhood*, never do attempt to contend with those difficulties, which seem absolutely insuperable. I am utterly ignorant of any verse written by any persons under such circumstances."*

I have quoted this opinion, at the risk of laying myself open to the charge of vanity, for the purpose of introducing some of my own compositions to public notice,—being unwilling that the statement (proceeding as it does from one whose *dictum*, right or wrong, must of necessity carry weight with it, from the similarity of his own case to that on which he writes) should pass unnoticed, while I had it in my power to correct an erroneous impression. In doing this, I am actuated by a sense of justice to many others;—I desire neither to attribute to them abilities which they do not possess, nor would I willingly see them deprived of honors, or denied merit, where they may justly lay claim to either.

I may premise, in passing, that previously to my loss of hearing, I had always taken a great delight in reading poetry, and to this may be attributed my after fondness for

* The Lost Senses, by Dr Kitto.

the pursuit, and my attempts to cheer the universal silence that reigns around me, by summoning that "concord of sweet sounds," which, to my *mental* ear at least, want neither rhyme nor harmony. I must qualify this by adding, that I am fully sensible of many imperfections in this respect, which a greater ardour in the pursuit might have enabled me to avoid. Nor is this intuitive perception of improprieties in rhythm and rhyme confined to my own compositions. I am frequently struck with glaring instances of their occurrence in the published works of others; although it may appear anomalous that I am a bad *reciter* of poetry, either in blank or in rhyme. I imagine, however, that the difference, if any, is in favor of the former. Still, in the recital of both I am apt to run into a sing-song tone of voice. This may arise in part from my inattention to the hints of hearing friends, but is no doubt also attributable in a great degree, to the habit I subsequently acquired of imitating, or attempting to imitate, mentally, the tones of whatever musical instrument I came in contact with, so far as they were perceptible by the sense of touch. For any thing I know to the contrary, this habit may have had more influence on my tastes and pursuits than I am aware of.— However this may be, to my thinking it does not follow that one deaf person should not have a keener perception of the proprieties and harmony of verse, both as respects rhyme and quantity, than another whose tastes and talents do not lie that way; just as one person who can hear will more readily detect a false note in music than another, because his soul is satisfied with nothing short of perfection; while the other is content with anything that does not absolutely jar upon his ear, or set his teeth on edge. *

* Since this remark was committed to paper, I have been informed that a deaf authoress (Charlotte Elizabeth,) has, in her "Personal Recollections," inserted some of her poetical effusions, of a superior

With respect to my own compositions, it does not become me to express an opinion. They were written solely for my own personal gratification, and with no ulterior view to their publication, and but for the remark of Dr. Kitto, above quoted, they might never have seen the light. How far I am justified in the opinions I have advanced must depend on the public judgment. But to those who would analyze every expression, and critically examine every idea—I would say: Be gentle in the expression of your critical ire, for which you will doubtless find abundant occasion; and yield to the influence of those considerations I have presented to your notice.

I cannot help remarking in conclusion, that although the Deaf and Dumb, collectively, do not rank very high in the social scale, yet so far as the attempts to ameliorate their condition have gone, they have very much to be thankful for. And it must ever be gratifying to all who feel any interest in their welfare to see the progress they have made. More especially to those who love their country, must it be a source of pride to remember that the really deserving and afflicted portion of her children never cry in vain for succour. Her glory and her strength consist as much in her charitable institutions, as in the honorable relations that she maintains with the nations of the earth.

England! 'Tis chiefly thine with genial sway
 To burst the spell that made the mind its prey,
 Dispensing charity thy own majestic way.
 To teach the Deaf—their fetter'd minds to free—
 These are imperial arts, God-like, and worthy thee!*

order, as regards the ideas they embody; and very satisfactory with respect to harmony and grammatical propriety. This lady, if I rightly remember, lost her hearing at the age of twelve years. I have not seen the book, but have no doubt of the correctness of my information.

* Freely adapted from Lucretius.

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P O E M S .

A Page from Helbetic Story.

INTRODUCTION.

I SING the oft repeated story,
Which once was new, but now is hoary ;
But ask me not the reason why
No other theme my pen doth try ;
For, trust me, poets ever find
Pride in the offspring of their mind ;
And though none listen to their theme,
Luxuriate still in Fancy's dream.

I sing the oft repeated story,
That once was new, but now is hoary ;—
Of that fair land where torrents sounding,
And the swift-footed chamois bounding,
On rugged mountains roams secure,
And doth his simple food procure :
Whose summits high and depths profound,
To man are barr'd, forbidden ground ;

Stern rocks in wild disorder piled,
 Whereon the sun hath never smiled,
 Or prying eye of man hath scann'd,
 Embellish this romantic land :—
 Where castles proud and lowly chalet,
 Adorn the mountain's brow or valley ;
 Where murmuring streamlets gently glide,
 Or rushes swift the river wide ;
 Or, spreading dread destruction round,
 Hark ! the avalanche' thund'ring bound !
 The frail huts yield beneath its weight,
 And owners wail their hapless fate,
 Yet still esteem their country dear,
 And present grief with hope they cheer.

Well may they kneel in praise to THEE,
 Who here Thy wond'rous mercies see !
 Well may they claim Thy fostering care,
 Who here so many dangers dare !
 Gentle slope and flowery mead,
 Where lowing flocks securely feed,
 Greet the wandering stranger's sight,
 Waking visions of delight,
 Of the sweet home he left behind,
 New joys in other lands to find.
 Spreading plains, by mountains bounded ;
 Fairy isles, by streams surrounded ;
 Lucent waters, smooth as glasses ;
 Quiet hamlets, alpine passes,

Crowded cities, hermits cells,
 And—hearken to those joyous bells,
 And the busy hum of bees,
 Floating on the passing breeze.

Upon a smooth and verdant green
 A group of village children's seen,—
 What a happy set are they !
 Happy as the live-long day !
 Yet their unsuspecting hearts
 Never dream what bitter smarts
 Disturb their anxious parents' breast,
 Nor allow them peaceful rest.
 Fair the scene to outward view,
 Yet it is as sadly true,
 TYRANNY here holds dominion :—
 As the eagle, swift of pinion,
 Spies the timid hare from far,
 Conquers in unequal war,—
 So, within the tyrant's power,
 The Switzer fell in evil hour,—
 Freedom's son by tyrants chain'd,
 Native liberty restrain'd ;
 Yet his spirit spurns control,
 Thoughts revengeful fire his soul.

The time was noon. The scorching sun
 Just half his daily race had run :

The timid birds with plumage gay,
 Exchanged their notes from ev'ry spray.
 By drought oppress'd, the drooping flowers
 Seem'd courting every cloud for showers ;
 And insects, borne on fluttering wing,
 Admonish'd man, vain trifling thing,—
 That even such *his* life should be,
 Fluttering on to eternity !

Hard by, in a romantic glade,
 And 'neath a chesnut's ample shade,
 Stands one lone chalet, clean and neat,
 Adornéd by a trim rustic seat ;
 The honeysuckle climbs the eaves,
 And pendant hangs its slender leaves.
 A form there sits, whose air and brow
 Bespeaks the guider of the plough,—
 And yet within that form there dwells
 A *soul* that passionately swells,
 Remembering still each treasured wrong
 He patiently hath suffer'd long.
 With thoughtful mien and downcast gaze,
 He heedeth not the child that plays,
 With many a merry bound and shout,
 The cottage lawn's small space about.
 His thoughts on sadder objects bent
 Communion with these joys prevent :
 His cherish'd land in bondage lies,
 And vainly loud for vengeance cries ;

And through the land, afar, around,
Echoes the voice of grief profound !

And *Werner* weeps his country's woes,
And seeks to save her from her foes.
Degraded low, the free and brave
Become the wily tyrant's slave.
Thus he gave utt'rance to his grief,
Despairing succour or relief :—
“ O Switzerland ! I dream'd not this
Would be thy fate : that thou would'st kiss
The stranger's foot—that thou wouldst bow
Before a foe thy haughty brow.
Time was, when thou wast free as air
 Upon the lofty mountain's crest,
And liberty, alas ! now rare,
 Unruffled as Lugano's breast !
Changed now the spirit of the scene,
As though these joys had never been,
And *I* have lived the change to see !
God grant that worse may never be !”
Despair seized on his heart—his mind
Reel'd 'neath the overwhelming weight
Of grief, yet not to reason blind,
He would not leave it to its fate.
A thought flash'd on his heated brain,
How he might break the tyrant's chain ;
Yet doubts arose his joy to curb,
And all his deep-laid plans disturb.

Now enters, by the cottage gate,
 With matron mien and step sedate,
 The partner of his weal and woes,
 Who felt, like him, her country's throes.
 In concert mingling hopes and fears,
 Reliev'd by bitter sighs and tears,
 WEBNER full soon his project told,
 It was heroically bold :

Yet what it was ye must not know
 Until my tale the issue show.
 Fair country! now by faction torn,
 For thee a brighter day shall dawn!
 Tyrants! take heed! your day is done!
 Your power to lowest ebb hath run!

Yet while his partner he address'd,
 He many a wav'ring doubt express'd.
 With gentle accent still she tried

To rouse his valour, but in vain;
 Then, like a rushing torrent wide,

Proceeded in impassion'd strain,
 And battling with resistless might,
 She came in triumph from the fight!
 So far still woman's words prevail,
 When all things else will nought avail.

The substance this of her harangue,
 Which first the notes of freedom rang :—

“Sweet land, Helvetia! of the brave and free,
 Long hast thou bow'd to tyrants' stern decree!

Rouse, rouse from slumber ! spurn the galling chain !
 From tyrants' grasp your fathers' homes regain !
 The orphan's tears, the widow's sad lament,
 For vengeance calling, still find idle vent,
 While base *men* cringe to the oppressor's laws :
 Shame on ye, rouse ! and God uphold your cause !
 Shall strangers triumph, and a nation weep ?
 Say, shall their footsteps arrogantly sweep
 Through the broad compass of our hapless land,
 Insulted, ravish'd by a dastard band ?
 Why stand ye idly, with a placid brow,
 With swords girt, but only worn for show ?
 Our women sink, unpitied, to their graves,
 Degraded mothers, daughters, wives of slaves !
 Our sons too long have writhed beneath the brand,
 Too long our daughters felt the spoiler's hand.
 Women can nothing do but weep and pray,
 Restless at night, and insecure by day ;
 But *men*, Stauffacher, surely can do more !
 Strike but the blow, and the just struggle's o'er !
 Chains never yet were forged, those bands ac-
 cursed,
 'That would not, when the patriot tried them,
 burst !"

Such were a woman's taunts. They blew a flame
 That kindled dormant feelings, and inspired
 Each lukewarm heart, till liberty's fair name

Echo'd afar. All freedom's sons desired
 Was gain'd when tyranny's last note expired,
 Drown'd by the thunder of a joyful nation.

And such was *woman's* eloquence, that fired
 The fabrics of tyrannic domination,—
 The instruments of proud Helvetia's subjugation.

He* heard in silence—but he answer'd not ;
 There was a magic in that woman's tongue
 That roused his valour. Rushing from the spot
 He soon his injured brethren was among ;
 Their bows anew for liberty were strung,
 Their motto "all for one, and one for all!"

And mountain, slope, and valley with it rung ;
 They vow'd to free their country from the thrall
 Of hatred tyranny, to conquer or to fall !

But ere the strife for freedom could begin,
 Full many a cautious meeting there was held ;
 Sworn friends and true the league did enter in,
 Till all was ready, and their foes beheld,
 In sore dismay, rebellious spears upheld,
 Where all of late submissiveness had been :
 Brave patriot hearts and arms their numbers
 swell'd,
 Whose wrongs had made each vengeful sword keen,
 Which soon with blood shall dye the sod with verdure green.

* Werner Stauffacher.

In Grutli's meadow, where fair Lucerne's stream
 Glides in unruffled majesty, they met ;
 While night was o'er the scene, and the pale gleam
 Of stars exposed a firmament of jet,
 And all the earth with fragrant dew was wet ;—
 A hardy, patriot band : within each breast
 The germs of independence linger'd yet.
 Such men are freedom's safeguards, and her best,
 And spite of ages past, enshrined in memory rest.

And nightly, in that calm, sequester'd spot,
 When all creation slumber'd, there they broke
 Their rip'ning plans to each ; and caring not
 To check the burning eloquence they spoke,
 For seldom there man's foot an echo woke.
 Arnold of Melchthal ! welcome, honor'd name !
 Werner Stauffacher ! we thy shade invoke ;
 And thou too, Furst, our gratitude may'st claim :—
 Prime movers in the cause that saved a land from
 shame !

I am not foul rebellion's advocate,
 A weeping land with crimson blood that dyes ;
 But when the spoiler makes it desolate,
 And laughs in scorn to hear his victim's sighs,
Then 'tis the time when man most justly flies
 To arms ;—then only is he justified.
 Blood wrongly spill'd assuredly will rise

And overwhelm him in its gory tide,
Nor can he mercy claim, where mercy he denied.

And would ye trace its cause? Oh, easy task!

Wanting not deep philosophical aid;
Yet would humanity fain throw the mask
O'er actions that would savages degrade.

The matron's wrongs, the violated maid,
In anguish eloquent make mute appeal
To heaven, and demand the plague be stay'd;
Tales that would veriest villain's blood congeal,
For vengeance call on Him whose power alone can
heal.

Yet were not acts of retribution rare:

Have ye not read how Rhaetea's haughty lord
View'd with impure desire a maiden fair,
And sought a victim for his rabble horde?
His time was come: the tide of vengeance
pour'd,

Too long delay'd, resistless on his head;
Roused from the pleasures of the sottish board,
Such is the fate of wicked actions bred,—
A life of vice ne'er yet to happy end hath led.

Too long accustom'd to exert his will,

He claim'd the Bernese maiden for his bride:
Her father thus, with cool consummate skill,

To Rhaetea's lord, in abject strain, replied :—

“ All unprepared is she to grace thy side ;

Dread lord, I promise, ere to-morrow's sun

Sinks in the west, myself to be her guide,

Proud of the honour she this day hath won.

Earnest of future bliss, ah ! highly favor'd one !”

And he believed. Exulting in the might

Of evil deeds unpunish'd, restlessly

Counting the moments in their lazy flight,

Nor dreaming of the morrow's destiny.

But Providence ordain'd that he should be
Example of the punishment of crime,

To set a long-oppress'd people free.

Hail, deed remember'd through long course of time,

That rang the tyrant's knell, of liberty the chime !

What harrowing thoughts the father's heart oppress,

His daughter's shame, his home made desolate !

Now is the time to gain a dire redress,—

Come, sweet revenge, and seal th' oppressor's
fate !

Swift the resolve,—swift at his bidding wait
Hearts bent on freedom, and at morning's dawn

The maiden rose, attired in simple state,

In robes that most her beauty did adorn,

To meet the man 'gainst whom a hundred swords
were drawn.

When from the castle gate impatient spied
 The youthful, but degenerate lord, his prey,
 With step elate, secure, unblushing pride,
 Advanced to meet—the maiden shrunk away
 From touch profane ; and lo ! that frame so gay
 Is in a moment levell'd with the earth,
 Return'd for ever to its kindred clay,
 While mounts his soul to Him who gave it birth,—
 Stabb'd to the heart by one resolved to guard his
 hearth.

But view we now, in all the pomp of power,
 Stern GESSLER throned ; but, eye suspicious, he
 Feels insecure, and many an anxious hour
 The guilty tyrant spends ; for each decree
 Is met by murmurs. Much he fears to see
 The open brow, free speech, and steady gait,
 Of those who late so cringing used to be.
 He sees his errors, when, alas ! too late,
 And madden'd by despair, he rushes on his fate.

Hast thou e'er mark'd the lion in its rage ?
 Hast ever heard the thunder of its voice ?
 Hast scen the elements incessant wage
 Fierce war ? or tiger o'er its prey rejoice ?
 So, torn by passion, and conflicting joys,
 Proud GESSLER's brow reveal'd his every thought,
 All that debases nature or destroys :

Contending projects in succession wrought,
 Pass in review, with dark and deadly malice fraught.

Meanwhile, their lives 'gainst tyranny opposing,
 Fresh friends and brave the cause each day attain'd,

Determin'd, the Creator so disposing,

In servile bands no longer to be chain'd.

And Gessler's myrmidoms oft-times complain'd
 Of mark'd insults against his power directed ;

Rightly these signs a tyrant's fears explain'd,
 Yet knew not how its source might be detected,
 Or how to crush the danger jealousy suspected.

But bad men oft for evil find a cure,

While good men almost its existence doubt ;

And Gessler hit on an expedient sure,

Which promised soon to sift the matter out.

He chose from 'mong his bowmen tall and stout,
 Though on whose loyalty he could rely,

And bade them stand the market-place about,
 And rear the ducal cap of Austria high,—
 With scrutinizing glance to watch each passer by.

And many came : and every head was bare,

Yet few the *heads* that with the *hearts* agreed ;

Though forced awhile from actions to forbear,

Each soul was planted with rebellion's seed,

And from that hour the tyrant's death decreed.

But there was ONE, whose soul, oppression-sear'd,
 Burn'd for the hour to see his country freed,—
 Despised the power that he no longer fear'd,
 Whose honor'd name for ever is to fame endear'd.

TELL pass'd the sign without acknowledgment,
 Was instantly to Gessler's presence brought ;
 Who fiercely frown'd, demanding what he meant,
 His soul meanwhile to height of passion wrought.
 Tell mildly answer'd, though by fear untaught—
 The tyrant's anger thinking to disarm :
 " Thee to offend I no occasion sought,
 Faith, 'twas an accident!"—th' intended balm
 But stirr'd the waters more, that were before not calm.

" Say, rebel subject ! which dost thou love most
 Of all thy babes ?" " I no distinction know,
 All equally are dear ; my proudest boast
 Would be for each to let my life-blood flow !"
 " So let it be !—to-morrow thou shalt go,
 For fame tells of thy prowess, and thy skill
 Upon thy son's head thou to me shalt shew,
 And from it shoot an apple. Should'st thou kill
 Thy child, or miss, thou diest ! prepare ! such is my
 will !"

O what a trial for a father's heart !—
 For once his knee in supplication bent :
 " Spare me the bitter, agonizing smart ;

Deign from thy cruel purpose to relent !”

But tears nor prayers moved not his stern intent :
 “ Should’st thou refuse, thy life the forfeit pays,
 And in a dungeon shall their lives be spent ;
 That ’tis no worse, go, give thy Maker praise,
 I am resolved ;—know, Gessler alters not his
 ways !”

Tell paused awhile in ecstasy of grief,

As one whose soul is for a moment fled
 From horrid thoughts—too horrid for belief,
 Of cruelty refined—of demons bred.
 Not long he stood, but, starting, raised his head :
 “ Tyrant ! thy stern decree appals my heart,
 But I would not my child should dungeon tread,
 Do thou, O God ! support me in the part
 I play ; nerve Thou my arm ; direct th’ unerring
 dart !”

And oh ! that was a night of agonies !

Sleepless ; of waking visions ; of despair ;
 Of mutter’d curses, and of fruitless sighs,—
 Repast of woes which only devils share !
 All former cares in *one* absorbing care ;
 And mental anguish without parallel ;
 Past griefs compared were trifles light as air.
 Such misery on one man seldom fell,
 Dead to all sense of joy, making his heart a hell !

The morn awoke. Uprose the glorious sun,
 Tinging the eastern horizon with light ;
 The birds anew their matin song begun,
 Through fields of azure winged their joyous flight,
 And the rich landscape glow'd with beauties bright.
 Nature sang her own praises in each brook,
 In each romantic glade, and towering height,
 Where cooling zephyrs breathed, or shadowy nook,
 And of her beauties vain, put on her loveliest
 look !

Nature is glad, and sunk in deep repose,
 A scene such as Poussins' brush might paint ;
 The dancing river through the valley flows,
 And winds along till lost in distance faint,
 The mountain's brow, of form fantastic, quaint,
 On its smooth breast reflecting ;—'tis the time
 And scene befitting anchorite or saint :
 Silence unbroken, save by clock's dull chime,
 Alas ! that tyranny should reign o'er scenes sublime.

Now ope the portals of yon gloomy pile,
 And sallies forth a glittering array ;
 On many a face is seen the smirk and smile
 Worn as to celebrate some holiday ;
 Horsemen accoutred well, in trappings gay,
 Accompanied by echoing drum and fife,
 As to the vale they slowly wind their way.

What great events the day will bring to life ;
 Ah me ! what scenes of terror, and what fearful
 strife !

Halting, and filing off on either side,
 They paused before a mighty Linden tree,
 Sole ornament of all the prospect wide,—
 All hail to *Tell*, to *Switzerland*, and *thee* !
 For what a deed of wonder thou didst see !
 Confounding all, most wonderful and strange ;
 For ever in man's memory honor'd be,
 Still flourish, unsusceptible of change,
 Not least regarded object in fair nature's range.

Various the passions in men's features playing :
 What triumph here !—there, what excess of woe !
 Stern cruelty the anxious moment staying,
 To add fresh torture to the coming blow.
 Some hearts there are with indignation glow ;—
 Gessler, tempt not too much a people's ire,
 E'en lest the fount whence all true pow'r doth flow,
 Dried at its source,—emitting vengeful fire,
 Scorch thee in fierce embrace, and light thy funeral
 pyre.

Why should my pen on tales of horror dwell ?
 Or blot the page that beauty's eye may scan ?
 I will be brief, and shortly will I tell

How closed the day that thus with wrong began :
 A bow was brought, and quickly Tell's eye ran,
 And restless, o'er each arrow,—swift as thought
 A shaft he hid, then sternly rose, a man
 With heart resolved, that should his hopes be
 nought,
 Gessler should dearly rue the life so basely sought.

His boy is placed beneath the Linden tree,
 An apple on his flaxen head is set ;
 The unconscious babe, in his infantine glee,
 Imagines it a rosy coronet.
 His heart with grief is unacquainted yet :
 His soul is innocence ; his budding youth
 With the rude storms of fortune hath not met ;
 To him all things bear the impress of truth,
 And what may chance to pain, a word, a look, will
 soothe.

Tell's bow is bent :—oh ! gaze upon that form !
 Stern semblance of unutterable fear !
 Not so doth ocean, in its direst storm,
 Affright its victims. The uplifted spear
 Would strike less terror than is pictured here.
 The quivering hand the slacken'd bowstring holds,
 Loth to destroy what the fond heart would spare ;
 So stands the felon, while his judge unfolds
 The sentence of the law—its dignity upholds.

With mutter'd prayer, and clenched hand he kneels;
 And, see, the winged messenger is flown ;
 Exhausted by the great effort, he reels,
 And seems to yield his spirit with a groan,
 Or like some form by Medus turn'd to stone ;
 But hark that shout, sudden, impetuous, wild,
 From thousand throats issuing ;—he alone
 Unconscious stands, his heart with grief up-piled,
 One moment, and he wakes,—wakes to embrace his
 child !

Great God of mercy ! this Thy pow'rful arm
 Omnipotent, accomplish'd. Innocence,
 Though sorely tried, Thou shieldest still from harm,
 And provest still the weak one's sure defence.
 This is Thy love, unquenchable, intense,
 That like the dew from Hermon's top distill'd,
 Spreads gladness o'er fair nature's face immense ;
 The fruitful earth is with Thy bounty fill'd :
 As wisdom doth instruct, so hath Thy goodness
 will'd.

Tumultuous joy the father's face betrays :
 Hot tears run wanton down his manly cheek ;
 Fain would his lips attune themselves to praise,
 The too-full heart permits him not to speak.
 Language, for joy like this, is all too weak.
Silence, daughter of Chaos ere earth rose,
 Or ocean, forest, valley, mountain-peak,

Alone is able to express our woes,
Or paint the joy extreme that through our bosom
flows.

Sweet, blissful moments! Alas! short their reign :
When least we dream impending sorrow near,
High heaven decrees we suffer grief and pain,
Doubtless to make each blessing doubly dear :—
Harsh words now burst upon the father's ear :—
“ Wherefore, upon thy life ! that envious dart
That from thy girdle peeps ?” in tones of fear
The haughty lord demands.—“ Were mine the smart
“ To have sacrificed my boy, this shaft had probed
thy heart !”

Thus dauntless answer'd freedom's worthiest son,
Yet far too frankly for a tyrant's ears :
“ I thank thee for thy bluntness ;—ere the sun
Withdraws its rays from yonder peak that peers
In hoary pride—despite the orphan's tears,
'Neath Kussnacht's dungeons, barr'd thy native skies,
Stranger to all that cherishes or cheers,
There thou may'st learn at leisure to despise
The power that binds thy limbs, and liberty denies !”

* * * *

Land of the brave ! nature in thee doth reign
Sublimely grand, or beautifully calm !
The roaring torrent, and the mountain chain,

Appal the senses, or the spirits charm.

Gaunt eagles here, whom wandering steps alarm,
Strongest of birds,—rest for sheer weariness ;

The quiet hamlet, and the busy farm
Enchantment lend to many a sweet recess,
Who courteth solitude, finds here no loneliness,

For he communes with *nature* and her *God*,

Great Teachers both ! and they who read aright
The truthful lessons that their books afford,

Harmless against the powers of darkness fight,
Their tempter foil with weapons keen and bright
From God's own armoury.* What, though the storm
Deluge the eternal hills—turns noon to night !
It doth but teach us how his sins deform
Man's nature, bidding him to God's just laws
conform.

The busy city, with its countless throngs ;

The lucid lake, with its unruffled breast ;
The rural landscape, lively with the songs
Of hardy labor's sons, seeking their rest ;
Day's luminary sinking in the west ;
The avalanche where dangers ever breed ;

With various charms this beauteous land invest,
For those who love fair nature's works to read,
And trace the awful Source from whom they all
proceed.

* Ephesians vi. 14—17.

But in the solemn wildness of such sights
 As *here* burst on the vision, we behold
 Creation's wonders in their grandest flights,
 Awe stricken at their majesty of mould !
 Roll on, ye waters ! as ye still have roll'd !
 And ye, stupendous mountains !—join the hymn
 Of universal nature !—sing !—unfold
 The providence, fore-knowledge, care of Him
 Before whose face earth trembles, light itself grows
 dim !

Behold them then, embark'd on Lucerne's lake,
 The tyrant Gessler, and his captive, Tell ;
 Soft breezes first the sails uncertain shake,
 Which soon to harsh and sterner murmurs swell ;
 Like the first notes of distant shepherd's bell,
 Which, nearer, jars upon the list'ner's ear,
 Within the dreary vales of Appenzell :
 Fierce grows the storm, destruction hovers near,
 And every breast, save Tell's, is sore oppress'd with
 fear.

Then, urged by danger, *Gessler* mildly spake :
 “ Thy limbs are free, if thou wilt safely guide
 This fragile barque o'er the rough waves that
 break,
 And threaten to engulf us 'neath the tide.”
 Tell yields consent, and soon they buoyant glide

O'er the dark waters of the mountain wave,
 That late their utmost efforts had defied,
 Obedient to the spirit of the brave,
 Who sought his strength from God, who gave him
 pow'r to save!

His faithful bow Tell saw before him lie :
 Upon his senses burst a sudden thought,
 He bade the crew their oars with vigour ply,
 As gallantly with danger still they fought.
 Tell's eye glanc'd round,—his eagle vision caught
 A rock where scarce a human foot could stand ;
 The helm he turn'd,—the boat shot by,—like
 thought
 He seized his bow, and lightly sprang to land—
 Once more to plead his rights, once more to wield a
 brand!

'Twas a bold stroke for freedom!—Soon he strides
 The mountain's top, and gains the friendly screen
 Of the luxuriant thickets, which the sides
 Of the steep pathway deck with sombre green.
 Unquiet is his every thought I ween ;
 Of private misery, and of public wrong.
 Pale is his cheek, and much disturb'd his mien,
 Stern thoughts of vengeance on his senses throng,
 Vengeance, by mercy stayed, subdued, but cherish'd
 long.

Time fled, and Gessler homewards bent his course,
 (Escaped the horrors of that fearful storm :)
 Tell's quick ear caught the trampling sound of horse,
 And soon espied the tyrant's hated form :
 Fierce passions his dark countenance deform.
 Tell thought of *home*, as Gessler sternly vow'd
 The manners of his subjects to reform,
 Venting his soul in exclamations loud ;
 But he had yet to learn how "God resists the proud."

Tell grasp'd his bow, and took his deadly aim :—
 As some keen fowlers watch the feather'd prey,
 Or soul-wrapp'd gambler poring o'er the game,
 Till darkness flees before approaching day,
 Or warrior gazing on the fearful fray—
 His sword be-stain'd with many a foeman's gore,
 So stood the champion in that lonely way :
 His countenance stern resolution bore ;—
 The shaft sped on its way, and Gessler breathed no
 more !

That bow-string's twang proclaim'd Helvetia free !
 And sent Æolian strains along the gale,
 Which told how much was done for liberty,
 And made each tyrant in his strong-hold quail.
 Mountain to mountain whisper'd, vale to vale ;
 And all the hosts that people unseen air,
 Breath'd notes that turn'd dejected features pale

With strange emotions. 'Twas a vision fair ;
 A banquet all might taste, a bliss that all might
 share !

Old, reverend men, join'd voice with multitudes—
 Cried "liberty!"—and men of younger frame
 Startled grave hermits in their solitudes,
 And haply made them sigh for worldly fame.
 The timid maiden and the comely dame
 Tuned their sweet voices in harmonious lays,
 And sung of liberty!—young children came
 And lisp'd of liberty, though their calm days
 Had never suffer'd wrong, or known oppression's
 ways !

All men prize freedom : yet how strangely wide
 The definitions that some words receive :
 Some, taking *passion* for their only guide
 Commit excesses, that make nature grieve,
 And call it freedom :—*these* themselves deceive :
 True liberty is this—suff'ring no wrong,
 Each in possession of his own we leave ;
 When homage falls to whom it doth belong ;
 When *right* protects the *weak*—when *power* restrains
 the *strong* !

Yet tyranny is mighty in its fall :—

Full many a seigneur, grasping still at pow'r,
 Hurls fierce defiance from battlemented wall,

And arms his vassals for the coming hour.
Bright gleams the spear from many a lordly
tower ;

The clamorous trumpet hoarsely brays of war ;
Now flock from every point the pride and flower
Of chivalry ; Mars mounts his fiery car,
Rejoices in the fray, and spreads the flame afar !

It was a breathless period. All men spoke
In whispers. Barter held its clamorous tongue
In public places. Soft and trembling broke
The voice of friendship. Praise was left unsung
Within God's temples. O'er the land there hung
The hush of silence, heralding the storm !
And wife to husband, sire to children clung,
And talk'd of coming joys. All hearts were warm
With hope, hope long deferr'd, come now in
beauteous form !

Hail, welcome morn ! hail, glad auspicious hour !
When, burst the last link of the galling chain,—
When, crush'd each remnant of tyrannic power,—
The Switzer rose—his birthright to regain !
Bright rose the sun on peaceful Nafel's plain,
That set upon the fall of Austria's pride :
Ages have past ; beneath thy sod have lain
The patriot and the oppresor, side by side,
Yet fame enshrineth still those who for freedom
died.

The God of battles aye preserves the right,
 And tyrants seldom keep possessions wrung
 From injured innocence. The patriot's might
 Oft fills the hall, that erst with laughter rung,
 With scenes of violence ; where late was sung
 The song of triumph, wailing doth resound :
 While from the towers the lights of freedom hung,
 The startling signal blazes far around,
 Announces victory, and mirth and joy abound.

So now it proved. Shelter'd by rocks they fought,
 Each arm a host ;—for every Switzer slain,
 They deem'd the victory not cheaply bought
 Unless a score of Austrians round were lain.
 The blood of nobles dyed the battle plain,
 And flights of arrows keen obscured the sky ;
 Each bow-string's twang taught Austria to disdain
 Those who had register'd their vows on high,
 To gain their liberty, or in its cause to die.

Fierce raged the war of battle, and the blast
 Of the loud-throated trumpet shook the air ;
 And still the stream of patriot blood flow'd fast.
 Yet none deserted, none exclaim'd “ forbear.”
 Then like a lion bounding from his lair,
 Rush'd to the vale that single-hearted band,
 Performing many a deed of battle rare.
 Such thy defenders, such, O Switzerland !
 'Gainst hostile force that long had o'errun their land.

Such is the love of freedom, that man's heart,
 Without it, must for aye feel desolate ;
 And *with* it, he can better bear the smart
 Of worst misfortune, be it e'er so great.
 But to proceed : with vanity elate,
 The peers of Austria proudly stood their ground,
 The stunning shock of mountaineers to wait :
 But to their dire astonishment they found
 The "rebels" broke their ranks, and corpse on
 corpse fell round.

Vain all their feeble efforts to maintain
 The tide of victory,—the blast of war
 Still stuns the troubled air, and yet again
 Is echo'd back the war-note from afar,
 Which all the hopes of proud ambition mar,
 That Austria cherish'd in her palmy hour.
 Swift fled the vanquish'd, but a solid bar
 Arrests their progress, and deprived the power
 Either to fight or flee, their haughty standard lower

To the victorious arms of freedom's sons,
 Who, to be free, themselves had struck the blow ;
 Whose patriot might thus well revenged their
 wrongs,
 And each ensign of tyranny laid low.

* * * *

Though the first steps to freedom may be slow,

'Tis like the stream, that in its onward course,
 Gath'ring fresh strength, more rapidly doth flow,
 Itself of other streams the fruitful source,
 Crushing all opposition with resistless force.

Broad on the plain full gleams the setting sun :
 How many a gallant heart and fiery eye
 Hath death laid low ere its proud course is run !
 How many a soul hath breathed its final sigh,
 Late full of hope and fond ambition high !—
 And nought is heard save tread of sentinel,
 Or sad procession passing slowly by.
 On desert air the mournful voices swell,
 And in the silent grave those breathless corpses
 dwell.

Mark that wild form, and mark that wilder look,
 The incoherent speech, dishevell'd hair,
 Proclaim the maniac (in nature's book
 No sight so pitiful in one so fair :)—
 Bereaved perchance of tender husband rare,
 Whose homeward step fond infants long to greet ;
 She passes on, searching with vacant stare
 'Mong faces strange, until her wild eyes meet
 The dreaded sight that makes her misery complete.

With piercing cry she sinks the form beside ;
 Words cannot paint her agony of heart ;
 The sorrowing widow, late the happy bride,

With no one near to heal the bitter smart.
 War! devastating god! thine was the dart:
 Stay thy red hand, and let the gentle reign
 Of plenty and of peace perform their part:
 The olive flourish o'er the land again
 And smiling harvests bless the cultivated plain.

O that some muse would touch my tuneless lyre,
 That I might praise thee, heavenly-minded peace!
 Where mine Calliope's high soul of fire,
 To bid majestic rhyme my pen release!
 Where thou dost dwell, wrong, violence doth
 cease;
 Unnumber'd blessings follow in thy train;
 Plenty, contentment, happiness and ease;
 No deeds of blood thy spotless annals stain,
 To mention half thy virtues, poor the poet's strain.

And thou, Helvetia! dost the blessing own;
 Oh keep the jewel, for 'tis rich and rare!
 Esteem't not lightly, let it be the bone
 Of proud contention, who the greatest care
 Of peace and plenty take, and longest spare
 The blessing to his country and his home.

When friends are parted, then will foeman dare
 With hostile tread thy country o'er to roam:—
 This maxim *England learnt*, once knew imperial
Rome.

*

*

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*

Lausanne and Vaud, Grutli and Zurich, gave
 Stern proofs that vengeance in the bosom pent,
 Is fiercer for the keeping ; that the brave
 Tho' merciful, not always will relent.
 Resistless when their feelings find a vent,
 E'en as the lightning, when it rends the sky,
 Blasting fair nature's works,—and, when 'tis
 spent,
 What else succeeds, but sights of misery,
 And scenes that ever cause the tear in pity's eye?
 * * * * *

Now bursts upon the ear the tuneful song,
 From countless lips ascending, and the sound
 Of harmony, the mountains, vales, prolong,
 As on the breeze the liquid notes redound,
 And mirth, and joy, and gaiety abound ;
 Joy for a blessing, not unmix'd with pain,
 Remembering what numbers fell around,
 Their country's stay, whose blood the sod doth
 stain,
 Glorious they fell, nor shed their precious blood in
 vain.

SONG AFTER THE BATTLE.

Depart our lovely mountains !
 Re-cross our rushing rivers !
 Your blood pollutes our fountains,
 The slave no longer quivers.

Where all of late was sadness,
 And turmoil, and despair,
 Shall be the home of gladness,
 No grief shall harbour there.

Jehovah gives not always
 The battle to the strong ;
 Loud our voices we will raise,
 And the tuneful strain prolong.

Dare the foe again invade
 The Switzer's cherish'd land,
 He shall rue the freeman's blade,
 His arrow, and his brand.

Our arms shall keep possession,
 In trouble and in woe ;
 Our children in succession
 Shall guard it from the foe !

May God in mercy never
 His arm withhold to save ;
 And may the tyrant ever
 Find here a cheerless grave !

Thus sung the warrior freemen, freed from thrall,
 Each note upon the viewless air expands ;
 Oh ! may they never more in carnage fall,

No more in blood imbrue their soiled hands !
 Oh, bind them, concord ! in thy strongest bands,
 That ever charm, and still a blessing prove.
 Cease Switzers ! havock, sheathe your gory brands,
 All war abandon ! in His footsteps move
 Whose every deed was peace—whose every thought
 was love !

And song, and feast, and antique pageantry,
 The mazy windings of the giddy dance ;
 And active feats and rustic revelry,
 Each lent their aid the senses to entrance.
 The form erect,—the eyes more brightly glance,
 As if their land had never known a change ;
 Contentment with their lot their joys enhance ;
 And freely they as Alpine eagles range.
 Oh ! may a tyrant's power no more their bliss
 derange !

* * * *

CONCLUSION.

While matrons ply the busy wheel,
 They oft the story tell,
 How patriots sought their country's weal,
 And how the foeman fell :
 And in the mountain top and dell
 We oft with altars meet,
 That mark each famous spot so well,

c

Where once the tread of hostile feet
 Was heard, when banish'd sweet repose,
 The crimson blood on spotless snows
 Ran down in one continuous stream,
 Resembling Sol's departing gleam
 Upon the western cloud,
 Enveloped in the shroud
 That his own glories paint ;
 When tired with his race, and faint,
 He slowly sinks so proud.
 He seems a monarch on his throne,
 With grandeur that is all his own !
 Nor borrows he another's light,
 Like the pale planet of the night,
 And her attendant train,
 To whom he lends a radiance bright,
 With morrow's dawn in beauty dight,
 He claims his own again !

And bounding o'er the barren rocks,
 The wild chamois pursuing,
 The peasant roams, or tends his flocks,
 Where storms are ever brewing.
 The mountains, from his birth, his home,
 He early learnt thereon to roam ;
 And reckless he of danger near,
 His staunch heart trembles not with fear.
 Accustom'd to the dizzy height,

And torrents downward dashing,
 He watches the stern eagle's flight,
 And views the lightnings flashing,
 Unmoved, around the mountain's base,
 And marks the pond'rous fragments splashing
 From their accustom'd place
 Into the boiling surge below,
 In regions of eternal snow.

And where are they, that gallant band,
 Stern champions in the cause
 Of freedom in a beauteous land,—
 Revivers of her laws ?
 Say—where are they ? Echo answers :
 “ In a nation's heart enshrined ;
 And their deeds on every tongue
 Warm the souls of lord and hind.
 Would ye trace the sculptured stone
 That their mighty deeds record ?
 Seek, but seek in vain, the story
 Graven only with the sword !
 Freemen seek no gorgeous urn,
 Empty titles, honors, spurn ;
 When their country needs their aid,
 In its cause their blood is spent :
 Down are life and fortune laid,
 Every energy is bent.—
 Freedom fondly cherishing,

And disdain'g meaner spring ;
 To that object sternly clinging,
 Feel the blessings that they bring
 Are their noblest monument !”

“To woman’s gentle kind we owe
 What comforts and delights us here ;
 They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
 Manhood they cherish, age they cheer.”*
 Aye, and in time of direst woe,
 Her counsel guideth, shining clear !
Home is her temple, there the shrine
 Where all her virtues chiefly shine ;
 Her patience, meekness, modesty
 We *there* in full perfection see.
 But when occasion sternly calls,
 When danger threatens, that appals
 The stoutest frame,—*then* woman’s soul
 Revives the drooping, and asserts
 Its deep-felt, powerful control.
 And THOU, not least in female ranks,
 Thy memory lives on Lucerne’s banks ;
 And when upon the tranquil stream
 The moon sheds soft its silv’ry beam ;
 Or when, at the bright hour of noon,
 The boat glides o’er the blue lagoon,—
 The glad notes oft will swell,

* Rev. G. Crabbe.

That tell how, in the days gone by,
 When echo'd far a nation's cry,
 For woes that made the stoutest sigh,—
 A *woman* burst the spell!
 How, in the hour of doubt and fear,
 Her potent voice rose high and clear,
 The tyrant's power to quell!
 When thou shook'st off this mortal coil;—
 When ceased thy life of care and toil;—
 Say—for thy spirit we can hear—
 What deed of thine did comfort bring,
 And blunted most the deadly sting,
 When none but God and death were near?

SPIRIT.

“Thou who art curious to learn
 What feelings in the bosom burn,
 Of one, a stranger now to earth,
 And whence her actions had their birth,—
 Know, the ambition of her heart
 Was to perform her destined part;
 And, seeking chiefly others' weal,
 Secure a heavenly recompense.
 I felt death o'er my senses steal,
 And whisper words that call'd me *thence*.
 I slept! I woke! before me rose
 Sights that would mortal eyeballs sear!
 A beauteous region soft and clear,

Whence boundless love and goodness flows !
 Oh might an angel dare reveal
 The bliss immortal spirits feel,
 The tale would strike the list'ner dumb,
 The tongue would fail to tell the sum ;
 The glory of Omnipotence
 Is far too awful, bright, intense,
 For tongue to utter, thought conceive,—
 The search would fail, and failure grieve ;—
 Cease, mortal, cease ; the task resign,
 Seek not to question things divine ;
 But rest content, a gracious Lord
 Will just and virtuous deeds reward.
 Be ever prompt at justice' call,
 And *He* will still His favor shew :
 And whether joy or grief befall,
 Blessings of priceless worth will flow,
 For those who, on this earthly ball,
 Still in the path of duty go,—
 All that man here can learn, and all he needs
 to know !"

To Winter.

STERN winter, hence ! relax thy icy chains !
 Let grateful verdure deck the barren plains ;
 Thy sceptre yield to Sol's benignant sway,
 And haste thee to thy proper sphere away ;

Remove thy snowy mantle's dazzling white,
 Unveil fair nature's beauties gay to our enraptured
 sight!

The feather'd songsters the chill silence break,
 And fishes sport in the translucent lake ;
 The busy insects ply the restless wing,
 And modest daisies hail the coming spring ;
 The lately prison'd brooks their course resume,
 And plainly thus, as in a book, I read thy final doom.

Now rests secure awhile the hunted hare ;
 In leaves are clothed the trees so lately bare :
 The skilful angler sports the dainty bribe,
 And lures to death the struggling finny tribe ;
 Each thing in nature doth incline to love,
 Inhabitant of waters deep, or earth, or air above.

The houseless poor, that all the winter long
 Struggled with hunger, thirst—a shivering throng,
 To work, with cheerful hearts and thoughts repair,
 And oft an extra meal their tables bear ;
 Their smiling faces speak their inward joy,
 Industrious, cheerful labour now their passing hours
 employ.

What wonders new on every side appear,
 And swell the bounties of the rip'ning year !

The snow dissolved, the murm'ring waters free !
 Here, smiling plains,—and there, the budding tree !
 Then farewell, Winter ; welcome, genial Spring :
 And Flora now, and Ceres too, your treasures hither
 bring.

Look where the ploughman breaks the stubborn soil,
 With gladsome heart begins his daily toil ;
 The pond'rous plough he guides with steady hand,
 And does his best to fertilize the land ;
 Which soon shall with a golden harvest teem,
 And nature, by her bounty, thus her scarcity redeem.

Then come, ye muses, and with tuneful voice
 Welcome the smiling Spring, and bid rejoice
 Each living thing that loves the gentler play
 Of vernal breezes ; nor the lengthening day
 Omit to welcome, but, as friend to friend,
 Stretch out your hands, and cheerfully congrat-
 lations blend.

To my Parents, with a pair of Card Racks.

Accept from me this present small,
 To decorate your parlour wall ;
 Or such like place that seemeth fit,
 Just as your fancy chance to hit.

In gold, and green, and pink array'd,
 This pair of racks for you I made ;
 The present, then, deign to receive,
 Dull monotony to relieve ;
 For contrasts soft, and colours gay,
 Chase gloomy thoughts and cares away ;
 Make things around look cheerful, bright,
 Adorn the place, and please the sight.
 Let strict philosophers maintain
 That ornaments are useless, vain,—
 Mankind are not forbade to use
 Such things that cheerfulness produce :
 And presents, without giving pain,
 Bring glad remembrance back again.
 So take these trifles, truest friends ;
 Whose love all friendship far transcends,
 And may no racks to your lot fall,
 Save those that hang upon your wall !

To ———

WHEN friends a lasting farewell take,
 There comes the ill-suppresséd sigh ;
 The sad fond heart is nigh to break,
 And tears, quick rising, flood the eye.

Oh ! then the chilling hand of grief,
 .And sad forebodings, wear our souls ;
 We for a time fly all relief,
 And melancholy triumph holds.

'Tis hard from early friends to part,
 .Companions glad of by-gone hours ;
 In sickness dull they cheer the heart,
 Or blooming health they strew with flow'rs.

With sick'ning heart the proffer'd hand
 We fondly press with last embrace ;
 And, as the barque sails from the land,
 We strive their much-loved forms to trace.

The vessel leaves proud Albion's isle,
 Its sails with gentle zephyrs swell ;
 Yet of its crew how few do smile,
 How many here would gladly dwell !

They go ! a blessing on their heads !
 In safety may they reach the shore ;
 In peace the swelling sails release,
 And smile to hear the ocean's roar.

Though homes in distant lands they claim,
 And scenes as wild and beauteous view ;
 Still many prize fair Britain's name,
 The time there spent with joy review.

Their fond remembrance will recur
 To by-gone scenes, and friendships dear ;
 And those who home, sweet home prefer,
 In visions sweet will aye appear.

But did they unregretted leave
 Fair England? was there nought but smiles?
 Did anxious friends away with grief?
 Say, is there ought their loss beguiles?

No! nought but time can yield relief,
 Their absence still is keenly felt ;
 Our sorrow may be sober, brief,
 Yet still we wish they near us dwelt.

Our grief will lessen ; hope will mount ;
 Our fears will cease, and tears will dry ;
 And as His mercies we recount,
 We on His gracious care rely.

Our help and shield will He remain,
 Though friends desert us here on earth ;
 Will keep us free from doubt and pain,
 Till we arise in second birth.

“Thy Kingdom Come !”

In sharp affliction's hour,
 In pleasure's sunny day,
 Thy servants ever own thy power
 To guide them in thy way ;
 And, Lord, should'st Thou require
 Our presence at thy throne,
 Teach us to yield each fond desire,
 And bow to thine alone.
 Add to thy mercies (great their sum)
 One boon, and let “Thy kingdom come !”

The sinfulness of man,
 With pitying eyes behold ;
 And chastise with a Father's hand,
 And take us to Thy fold.
 Hide not Thy glorious face,
 When in distress we cry ;
 But let Thy all-redeeming grace,
 Descend on us from high,
 Let those to warnings deaf and dumb,
 Now learn to say, “Thy kingdom come !”

The pure in heart, and meek,
 Thy kingdom shall inherit ;
 Let therefore all Thy praises speak,
 And bless Thee, Holy Spirit.

Salvation now hath spread
 Where superstition dwelt,
 Heathens are to Thine altars led,
 And have Thy mercies felt.
 Each nation, clime, abroad, at home,
 Rejoicing pray, "Thy kingdom come!"

"Thy Will be Done!"

O Thou! whom majesty surrounds,
 Look down upon this world below,
 See what extensive woe abounds,
 Is it not sin that made it so?
 Sin hath done this,—then let Thy grace
 Be shed on all beneath the sun;
 Teach us the pangs of death to face,
 And humbly say, "Thy will be done!"

Teach us, O Lord, to venerate
 Thy holy, uncontroll'd decree;
 The world will join to celebrate
 Thy Son, the Holy Ghost, and Thee.
 O Thou! to whom all praise is due,
 Accept our prayer through Thy dear Son,
 And tho' afflictions wear our souls,
 Still let us say, "Thy will be done!"

And when we take our grateful rest,
 O let us sleep at peace with Thee ;
 Or in the morning when we wake,
 Still let us Thy dear children be.
 Teach us to love Thy Sacred Word,
 Which points the way to Thy bright throne ;
 Let all mankind acknowledge Thee,
 And let them say, " Thy will be done !"

Though destined here on earth to stay,
 Keep us secure, from dangers free.
 And when Thou callest us away,
 Guide us safe home to dwell with thee ;
 The Lord our God we know Thou art,
 Forgive us then for Thy dear Son ;
 Our sins are great, yet still we hope
 To sing in heaven, " Thy will be done !"

" Give us this Day our Daily Bread !"

O THOU, who in the desert bare,
 The good Elijah fed ;
 In Moses' time didst Israel spare,
 And them from Egypt led ;
 We look to thee, this is our prayer,—
 " Give us our daily bread !"

Thou to Thy children still art dear,
 For us Thy Son hath bled,
 He bade us stay the falling tear,
 By day, or on our bed ;
 'Twas He who taught us without fear,
 To pray for " daily bread."

Jesus, compassionate and meek,
 Five thousand persons fed,
 Who, wond'ring at his works and speech,
 To follow Him were led ;
 Then, Lord, thy goodness we beseech,
 To grant our " daily bread."

In every nation, clime, and land,
 Thy children now are spread ;
 They prove Thy gracious helping hand
 Is nigh to keep their head ;
 Or on the sea, or on the strand,
 They have their daily bread.

In every living thing we see,
 Thou'rt known ;—we bow our head,—
 Adoring, bend the willing knee
 To Thee, for mercies spread ;
 The wheat, the over-loaded tree,
 Are for " our daily bread."

The cattle, Lord, Thy praises sing,—
 Thou giv'st their flesh when dead ;
 And fishes to our nets, O King,
 Are by Thy guidance led ;
 The ships that cross the ocean bring
 Each day “ our daily bread.”

Should we a time of dearth bewail,
 We know that Thou hast said,
 “ Seed time and harvest shall not fail,”
 But we shall still be fed ;
 And trusting in this promise good,
 We pray for “ daily bread.”

Then we will join with grateful hearts
 To praise Thee, Sovereign Head,
 With throngs of angels bear our part
 When to Thy throne we're led ;
 Where we (Thy presence for a feast),
 Shall want no “ daily bread.”

*To a Friend, on receiving a Letter with a
 Black Seal.*

A letter comes, a messenger to me ;—
 'Tis from a friend, and is a welcome thing,
 Sent once a month ; but what is this I see ?
 A sable seal ! what tidings doth it bring ?

It tells that death hath thrown his fatal dart,
 And o'er a mortal frame a victory won ;
 With mortal pangs hath struck a human heart,
 And now exults th' ignoble deed is done.

It tells me thou at least hast lost a friend,—
 Perchance some fond relative, ever dear :
 But God's good pleasure doth affliction send,
 Repine not, then, nor drop one useless tear.

It awful seems, yet death is but a rest
 Until the dreadful resurrection morn,
 When God again shall raise the cursed, the blest—
 Those who did love, and those who did Him scorn.

And when that awful day to man appears,
 May we find grace and love in Jesus' sight !
 With Him for ever dwell—dry all our tears,
 And sorrow turn to joy—supreme delight.

Then let us up to Him for guidance look,
 Who for our souls' health bore the curse of sin ;
 And, by His body on the cross, hath robb'd
 The grave of victory, death of its sting.

This hath He done for fallen man below,
 In His great love He this deliv'rance wrought ;
 And in return what doth He deign to take ?
 The contrite heart, the pure and humble thought.

Lines, written to accompany a Testimonial from
Pupils to their Governess.

DEAR Madam, these mementos of respect,
Your kindness, well we know, will not reject ;
Accept them as a token—poor indeed ;
And what we fail to express, indulgent read.
Affection prompts the givers—deep, sincere,—
Not idly bred, or only cherish'd here ;
Remembrance to our future years shall lend
Sweet thoughts of you, our monitress and friend.
Your aim to cultivate, adorn the mind ;
Untiring, constant, firm, attentive, kind ;
To smooth our entrance to a world of strife,
And fit us for the duties, cares of life ;
Us “ what to shun—what follow,” you have taught,
To guard each action, chasten every thought.
With hearts united, and affections join'd,
To purchase these our sev'ral mites combined ;
The tribute that we offer pray receive,
And us your grateful pupils still believe.

Reply to the foregoing.

(Written by request.)

Few things bless more the cultivator's toil,
When planting with rich seed the fruitful soil ;

And watching the result of all his care,
 Daily to each extending equal share,—
 Than when he sees the plant he tended long,
 With foliage gay, in root and blossom strong ;
 With jealous hand destroys each noxious weed,
 Pernicious insects that around it breed ;
 Access of pleasure for his toil he gains,
 And ruddy Autumn pays his vernal pains.

E'en so the Teacher cultivates the mind,
 And in her pupils progress joy doth find ;
 Views each new virtue as some precious prize,
 And aids the dawning intellect to rise,—
 Till, soaring high in knowledge, light divine
 Bursts on the soul, and forth its treasures shine ;
 'Tis her's to check and prune each idle shoot
 That mars the worth and beauty of the fruit ;
 The erring warn, the diligent to aid,
 And find at last her labours well repaid.

Thus I accept these tokens of your love,
 Which to my heart will long a comfort prove.
 In after years, when life's concerns shall tell
 The teacher, pupil, they must say "farewell,"
 These gifts of yours, young friends, shall be a bond,
 The cherish'd seal of old affection fond.
 Yet, ere concluding, this advice attend,
 The serious counsel of a sincere friend :—

The knowledge you have gain'd is good or ill,
 As led by *Reason*, govern'd by the *will* ;
 Be it your aim in wisdom's path to tread,
 Which means to follow virtue, evil dread :
 All happiness attend you, God your guide,
 Who in all changes will your friend abide.

A Simile and a Moral.

THERE is a flower, a simple flower,*
 That in my garden grows,
 And in the sunshine or the shower
 In modest beauty blows.

When Sol in the clear heaven doth ride,
 Oppressing with his blaze,
 Erect it stands in lonely pride,
 And courts his genial rays.

But when at eve his glory sets,
 It hangs its downy head ;
 Refreshing dew its beauty wets,
 Yet seems it almost dead.

So have we seen a maiden fair,
 With every grace endued,
 With talents great, and virtues rare,
 Deeply with love imbued.

* The Rose Lupin.

She makes *one* object all her care,
 Bright sunshine of her life,
 Content for whom her soul would dare
 Danger, contempt, and strife.

Yet will that fair and gentle maid,
 The tear-drop in her eye,
 Her unrequited love betray'd,—
 Deserted,—droop and die.

MORAL.

Man ! trifle not with female hearts,
 For they are tender things ;
 Sweet is the wound from Cupid's dart,
 But if deceived—it stings !

Recollections of Hearing.

'TWAS sweet to me to hear the tongue
 Of birds, in sultry June ;
 Now seen, now lost, the trees among,
 And warbling forth their tune :
 But I no longer hear their lay,
 I only see their plumage gay.

I heard the solemn thunder's peal
 Reverberating round ;
 I saw the lightning's vivid flash,
 With hail bestrew'd, the ground ;

But though I see the lightning, hail,
My ears to catch the thunder fail.

I saw the smoke from cannon's mouth,
And heard its sullen roar ;
Knew whence the sound, from North or South,
Behind me or before :
But though its roar remains the same
To me, I know not whence it came.

Of music's tones I knew the charms,
It hull'd the angry breast ;
The dormant soul it roused to arms,
Nor let the spirit rest :
Of music still I know the sound,
But cannot hear it far around.

The human voice I knew full well,
And heard its tones with joy ;
Of love or anger heard it tell,
In good or ill's employ :
No more I hear its accents loud
Or soft, at home, in church, or crowd.

The patt'ring rain, the blustering wind,
I heard the windows shake ;
Or in the storm, the sturdy oak
By wind uprooted, break :

No sounds like these assail my ear,
 No tempest's blast need it now fear.

I heard the pealing organ's swell
 Echo the building round ;
 Its sacred strains remember well,
 And loved to hear its sound :
 Its peals confused noises make,
 In undistinguish'd murmurs break.

The song of birds, the hum of bees,
 The thunder's solemn roar,
 I never hear ;—e'en friendship's tongue
 I listen to no more :
 The human voice, the howling wind,
 Are silent now, with all their kind.

The organ's swell, the roar of sea,
 But indistinctly come ;
 And nature now remains to me
 Comparatively dumb :
 Still, though I hear not what they say,
 Kind friends to me attention pay.

And though I miss their cheerful voice
 Striving their thoughts to tell ;
 Yet I can still with them rejoice,
 And speak to them as well ;

Their fingers' ends with nimble skill,
The want of vocal converse fill.

Thus with my ill a balm is sent,
I still know friendship's name ;
And love, with fervent, pure intent,
Still lights its holy flame ;
Then longer shall my heart repine,
If peace remains, and it is mine.

No,—Discontent ! I bid thee fly,
No more my breast assail ;
I'll banish every useless sigh,
For what can they avail ?
And more, I'll hear the " still small voice "
That bids my heart and soul rejoice.

It speaks to me with angel tongue,
And bids me not despair ;
It leads me to my Bible true,
To read God's mercy there ;
It tells me that His name is " Love,"
And points the way to heaven above.

It points to Jesus on the cross,
Who down to save me came ;
Tells me to " count all things but loss,"
Compared with His bright name :

Tells me no longer to repine,—
 Bids me be His, and He'll be mine !

Links.

THE good
 Most happy feel
 (This truth for aye hath stood),
 When they promote another's weal,
 When they affliction's cutting edge can blunt,
 Though oftentimes of evil they do bear the brunt.
 They, only they, own a contented mind,
 In their own hearts a heaven hold,
 To others' faults are kind,
 And yet behold
 Their own.

The bad
 Of grief and pain
 Their portion ever had,
 Nor will they other lot attain,
 Till they amend the evil of their ways,
 Making each faculty proclaim their Maker's praise.
 For who hath made us, and this beauteous world ?
 And why should man His will oppose
 Who once from heaven hurl'd
 Rebellious foes ?
 Ah ! why ?

The bird
 That mounts in air
 So high it is not heard,
 Looks down upon a prospect fair,—
 Yet valueless to what, man's soul renewed,
 He shall behold in fulness of beatitude :
 Joyful, the tired bird sinks to its rest
 When even falls, and day is done ;
 E'en so, supremely blest,
 His course when run,
 Is man.

The earth
 Silent obey'd
 The voice that gave it birth,
 And out of chaos wonders made ;
 That fruitful teem'd with everything that's fair,
 Pleasant to every sense, to bless the first-born pair.
 But soon, alas ! from purity they fell,
 Unable to resist their foe,
 And we, their children, tell,
 Of grief and woe
 E'en now.

True faith,
 Holy and pure,
 Solely reliance layeth
 On JESUS, a foundation sure.
 Faith first ingredient is ; the second, Hope,

Of man's salvation, and, with Charity, he'll cope
 With all the evils of this lower sphere.
 Hold fast of these, and he will pass
 Blameless, tho' man sees here
 "As in a glass
 Darkly."

Sorrow
 Oft turns to joy,
 And, ere the dawn of morrow,
 Thanksgiving will our tongues employ,
 For some new mercy calling forth our love.
 Alternate joy, affliction, draw our thoughts above ;
 And all in mercy for our good decreed ;
 Then thankful for His favors be.
 Sow in our hearts the seed
 Of love to Thee,
 We pray.

Paraphrase on the Ninetieth Psalm.

GREAT GOD of heaven ! our refuge Thou hast been ;
 Ages Thy mercies and Thy care have seen :
 Ere mountains rear'd their ruggéd brows on high,
 Or earth was form'd,— or yon celestial sky,
 For ever, God ;—without beginning, end ;
 Our Guide and Saviour, Comforter and Friend :

Man trembles at Thy wrath ;—the mortal frame
 Returns to dust, such parentage we claim ;
 A thousand years are in Thy sight a day,
 As midnight watches so they pass away ;
 When Thou art angry, as a dream we fly,
 As morning vapours scattered through the sky ;
 Or as the grass to-day that decks the field,
 To-morrow to the mower's scythe doth yield.
 Our secret sins are naked to Thy sight,
 For darkness is to Thee as morning light.
 Perfect our health may seem, yet strength shall fail,
 Our fleeting years are ended as a tale :
 Then teach us, Lord, for wisdom to apply,
 Our days to number, as they swiftly fly.
 Long have we suffer'd here, O let Thy voice
 Now bid our wearied spirits to rejoice ;
 Vouchsafe Thine aid, our feeble hands uphold,
 And let our eyes Thy majesty behold.

The Captive's Dream.

SILENCE was o'er the earth, and darkness reign'd
 Supreme in black dominion. The pale stars
 Twinkled as they are wont, yet gave not light
 Sufficient to discern the outward world :—
 On feverish couch I lay ; my burning brow
 Confuséd visions gender'd, and my heart

Beat all unequally. Methought I saw
 Bright angels floating in the realms of bliss,
 By dazzling rays of light encircled round,—
 Robes loosely flowing—spotless as the snows
 On highest Alps that lie ; and for their forms,
 Who shall declare their beauty ? or their face
 What mortal can describe ? Methought they smil'd
 (And such a smile !) on me, a captive bound,
 And in a loathsome dungeon : how I long'd
 To burst my chains, and, borne on buoyant wings,
 To soar beyond the realms of earth, and dwell
 For ever in that blest abode, where nought
 But purity can enter, and where all
 Who knock can find admittance,—those who ask
 Shall never be refused, asking in faith.
 With what ecstatic joy did I behold
 The glories of the heavens !—how my soul
 Long'd to escape its prison house !—

I woke,

By my own efforts startled, and behold
 'Twas nothing but a dream ! My pallid cheek
 Made me look death-like, and my shatter'd frame
 Almost let loose my soul, it was so weak—
 Hovering 'twixt life and death ; my utmost wish
 Was, that I then might die, but such was not
 The will of my Creator.

Soon again

My wearied body sank, my eyelids closed,
 And fancy's magic wand my senses bound ;

And soon forgetful of my pangs I lay.
 Where'er we are—whate'er our fortune be,—
 However wretched, and however far
 Our hearts may be from comfort, still some gleams
 Of happiness will creep into our cups,
 Whether from *hope* proceeding—whether found
 Within the depths of memory, or lying
 Innate within our bosoms. I have seen
 Many a scene of grandeur, and have gazed
 Entranced with wonder on the pageantries
 Of dull reality :—but human skill
 Can ne'er describe the glories fancy paints ;
 Nor painter's pencil trace—not Raffaele's brush,—
 Not all Poussin's skill,—could represent
 The beauteous images that fancy draws.
 Never saw I a sight so wond'rous fair,
 As met my startled gaze :—On either side,
 Above, around, beneath—shone precious stones
 Of every hue, circling a throne of gold !
 And far and wide, like to a molten sea,
 The waters of life's river onward flow'd
 By the life-giving tree. Around the throne
 A dazzling glory play'd, that far outshone
 The noontide brightness of the orb of day !
 But if the mind of man cannot conceive
 The happiness supreme that God "prepares
 For them that love Him," how much less his pen
 Shall trace His mysteries ! My fancy saw,
 Midst all that blaze of glory, what no eye

Could view unharm'd ;—a vision that would sear
 All eyeballs, save an angel's !—Numbers there
 Bow'd low in holy reverence to the throne,
 Each with a crown surmounting his fair brow.
 Oh ! how my spirit long'd to be with them !
 Oh ! how I long'd to join the hymn of praise,
 And wake with them the harp's celestial tones !
 My spirit soar'd beyond the reach of thought,
 And dashing onward, still with rapture fraught,
 Lo ! such a flood of light broke on my brain,
 I woke, and oh ! my limbs still wore a chain !
 Could mortal pang, think ye, be worse than this ?
 Dash'd in a moment from the heights of bliss.
 The light, intruding through my dungeon wall,
 Brought back my senses—quickly told me all !

Oh ! it was bliss too precious to be real !
 Until the spirit from the body part,
 Our nature is too gross for such delights,
 Till purified by trial ; and the hand
 Of none but the Almighty can wash out
 The black'ning stain of sin. Suffice it then
 That man can, with the eye of faith, discern
 Through the long vista of terrestrial life,
 Glories unutt'able, that, dimly seen,
 Do set our souls on fire to behold.
 Compare the pomp and pageantry of earth
 With the sublimer glories of high heaven,
 And what seem they ?—as dross in balance weigh'd

With purest gold. No mind can e'er conceive
 The mysteries it pleaseth God to keep
 Secret unto Himself; and if the hope
 Of joy celestial will not keep our steps
 In the plain path of duty, we must pay
 The penalty and forfeit of neglect.

Time pass'd, and then immortal HOWARD came ;
 With many others, *I* again was *free* !
 Oh ! what a tale that magic word doth tell !
 And when the shackles from my body fell,
 Lost in the depths of gratitude I knelt,
 And praised my God, who such a mind had giv'n
 To *man*, and taught him how to make the earth
 Seem more like unto heaven. I am free !
 Though great my share hath been of earthly ills,
 Never shall I forget my "Captive's Dream."

Lines, written after visiting the Ruins of
 Castle Acre, Norfolk.

THOU, venerable pile ! hast not withstood
 The ravages of time. Thy massive walls
 Crumble without a blow, that ofttimes braved
 The furious charge of leagued besiegers round :
 Exposed art thou to Winter's winds and snows,
 Defenceless, but still glorious in decay.
 The cattle graze, and timid flocks repose

In peace, or gambol in the shade thy form
 Flings o'er the verdant meadows; where the tread
 Of arméd warriors echo'd, and the hoof
 Of the proud war-horse trampled, or the mail
 And bloody sword encumber'd;—the fresh grass
 Luxuriant grows, as if it wish'd to hide
 The deeds of crime and blood thy sod hath known.
 Perchance some chief, whose ev'ry step was pride,
 Whose word was law; and in whose presence
 trembled

Spirits as fierce as his,—his sovereign sway
 Here held supreme, and at his beck rode forth
 From yonder archway, hosts on plunder bent,
 Or darksome deed of vengeance, to avenge
 Insult or wrong received, existing oft
 But in imagination, to gratify
 The lust of blood. Thy tottering walls reveal
 Full many a tale of deeds of valour done
 In the smooth plain below. Fit subject thou
 For poet's contemplation, or the search
 Of graver antiquary;—architects
 Might learn a useful lesson; and the eye
 Of painter may discover beauties rare
 In thy majestic ruins, nor disgrace
 His canvas with thy features. Long I gazed
 In silent admiration, not unmix'd
 With sorrow at thy fate: methought I saw
 Spirits of old, peopling as they were wont

Thy guarded battlements, that overhung
 The moat beneath, scanning with fiery eye
 The horizon, and the alarum sound,
 Should foeman's flag, or aught suspicious, spot
 The boundless prospect ; and my ears conjured
 Up sounds they never heard,—the clash of arms,
 The rush of mailéd chargers, and the cry
 Of battle shaking the oppressed air.
 And fruitful fancy pictured dungeons dark
 And horrible, where, strife of battle ceased,
 Sad captives were confined, deprived the light
 Of sun, and e'en the common light of day :
 They lived a life of darkness, the pure air
 Of heaven denied, and social intercourse
 With human kind refused,—there to remain
 Till death the wearied frame and soul should part,
 Or ransom freed them ; but by long restraint
 So weaken'd was the intellect, that they
 Were idiots oft at best ; the mind forgot
 Its noblest functions, and the tott'ring frame,
 Made stiff by subterranean damp ; the eye
 Dazzled by glare of day ; or if they should
 Retain their natural powers, dire revenge,
 Fearful, and uncontroll'd by reason, took
 Possession of their hearts, and the rash vow
 Blasphemously was utter'd, and the God
 Of mercy and of peace, call'd on to smile,
 And sanction deeds revolting, and to bless
 What his commandment specially forbade.

Enough of this :—Thou in thy palmy days,
 Perchance, resounded with the mirthful song,
 And gladsome shout, that o'er the festive bowl
 Pour'd forth with lib'ral hand, the bounty told
 Of thy young lord ; thy open gates inviting
 Each passer by, and traveller belated,
 To enter and partake the cheer provided ;
 And with no niggard hand ;—or treach'rous host,
 Here might have kept his state, that own'd no law
 Of honor, and derided loud the threat
 Of punishment that outraged justice held,
 Incensed, and singly braved the coming storm,
 Appealing only to the laws of arms.
 Here the reflecting mind communion holds
 In silence with the dead ; the thoughts recur
 Unto the certainty of death, and draw
 A moral from yon shapeless heap of stones,
 That, like the guardian spirit of the scene,
 Look'd out abroad, and the inhabitants
 Of old kept safe from danger ;—we may learn
 To guard our hearts from evil, (would that man
 Knew naught but to do good !), the subtle foe
 Is ever ready with his blandishments
 The unguarded heart to enter and destroy.

Thou tellest of days gone by, when weakness gave
 Fit cause and good for plunder—every man
 Striving to lord it o'er his fellow men ;
 When strong men *took* whene'er they had the pow'r,
 And weaker men *kept safe* whate'er they could.

But in the natural course of earthly things,
 Abuses such as these have pass'd away ;
 The soul of man no longer brooks control
 Of such a state ; for, with gigantic strides,
 KNOWLEDGE stalk'd o'er the land, and by her aid
 He *saw* the mighty evil—seeing, crush'd.
 Man values freedom most, when it doth bring
 Freedom from wrong, when wholesome laws restrain
 Licentious will ; when blessings round him spring ;
 Not when anarchy doth triumphant reign.
 For nations profit most when they preserve
 Internal peace, and when due reverence
 The laws receive, with justice dealt to all.
 Great cause have we for joy, that we inherit
 A land where tyrants never footing find ;
 Where every man may look around and say :
 “ This spot is mine ! ” where children need not dread
 A tyrant's power, to rob them of protection.
 We need not now the gloomy pile to guard
 Our hearths from danger, for our barques do sail
 'Neath every sky of heaven, every clime
 Beholds our Island's greatness, and supplies
 Our every want in peace ; should foemen feel
 Inclined to try his prowess, wooden walls
 Oppose his progress, and their cannon's fire
 Keeps war afar from all our favor'd land.
 Then to the bounteous Giver of all good,
 Let praise arise for all His mercies past,

And daily prayer that He will still extend
His strong protection o'er our blissful land.

And thou art gone, and with thee are departed
The races that once peopled thy precincts ;
Yet, being gone, thy ruins still attest
How dignified, in palmy days, wert thou.
Though fallen from thy ancient grandeur, thou
To later times art useful ; thou dost teach
Frail man how weak are all sublunary things,
And, in a voice of gentle warning, thou,
A silent monitor, dost seem to say
In language plain, that those who run may read,
And not to be mistaken, " this the end
Of all thy works, O transitory man !"

On the Ruins of the Abbey, near the same.

I visited the ruins old, where erst
Duly each Sabbath came, the choral hymn
In vocal harmony to realms of bliss
Ascended ; but I ween that superstition
Too often marr'd its beauty, giving praise
To creatures, and detracting from the praise,
Prayer, and thanksgiving due to the Creator.
Say, venerable pile, was it not so ?
Or did religion, pure and undefiled,
Rear high its sacred front, whose ministers

Warm in the holy cause, boldly opposed
 The vices of the age, and strove to crush
 The pompous pageantries and idle show
 Of that degenerate Church, whose seat is placed
 Aloft on those seven hills whose summits form
 The Capital of Italy's proud clime?
 Imperial Rome! thou to whom nations bow'd,
 When in thy plenitude of power, now sunk
 Almost the lowest in the world's esteem;
 And valued more for antiquarian stores,
 That serve to tell what in thy pride wert thou,
 Than any moral excellence in thee
 At present to be found. The Lamp of Truth
 Hidden beneath a bushel, shineth not.
 Rome! to what cause dost attribute thy fall?
 Did hostile armies lay thy glories low?
 Or lank-eyed pestilence stalk through thy streets?
 Or persecution drench thy palaces?
 No! thy own hand hath struck the fatal blow,
 And thy own crimes have laid thy glories low!
 Departing from the faith thy fathers knew,
 Thou with the blood of martyrs stain'd thy hands,
 Who would not bow to blasphemous decrees,
 Or know another Master but their God,—
 Who would not bend the knee to senseless blocks,
 Or give to man the glory due to God.
 The rack, the fire, the constancy of those,
 Who, thee opposing, won the martyr's crown,
 Hath call'd the vengeance of the Almighty down.

But I digress ;—The eye of fancy paints
 Within thy walls of old, a humble band
 Of faithful worshippers with bended knees,
 Who at the throne of mercy audience sought,
 And not unheard by ears that never shut
 'Gainst earnest prayer or penitential sigh.
 For curious eye, the great destroyer, Time,
 Hath still some traces left, else all unknown
 Had been his power. We of later days
 Detect within thy ruins the recess
 To secrecy assign'd, where monk austere
 Hid from the world, daily at stated hours
 Repeated duly the accustom'd prayer.
 —Prayer, in itself commendable, may be,
 Like other actions of humanity,
 Abused, and though I mean not to condemn
 The frequent use of prayer, when 'tis addressed
 To God in humble faith, to Him *alone*
 Must it be made ; all other prayer is vain,
 And all unheard the petition ; even though
 Prayer is our highest duty, it must be
 Accompanied by faith, and faith is void
 That's follow'd not by works.—Retirement
 And separation from the world is not
 Religion. We must duly *use* each gift,
 Each talent, and the means we have as best,
 Frail human wisdom judges to His glory.
 That man's religion is most fully proved,
 Whose faith on earth is the most sorely trie

Who in pollution's path can walk and keep
 His soul untainted ; who doth use the world,
 Its pleasures, joys, as not abusing them.

Here we read,

In the calm depths of solitude, a lesson
 Deep and impressive :—Where are now the hands
 That fashion'd thee, and made thee what thou wert ?
 Where now the voices that adoring paid
 The lowly orison and midnight prayer
 Within thy ivied walls, to the rude blast
 Of Boreas exposed—where now the owl
 Finds sole repose ? Where now the ancient glories
 That once thou boasted ? Where the spacious hall
 And gorgeous shrine ? and to what use assign'd ?
 But history is dumb, and all we know
 Is doubtful, handed by tradition down
 From ancient generations :—Doubtless thou
 Could'st tell us many a curious tale of old,
 Had'st thou preserved the records of thy time ;
 But none remain, and we but image forth,
 In the mind's eye, a history for ourselves,—
 Of times, when to profess a creed that clash'd
 In any point, however trifling, with
 The creed that rampant rear'd its front on high,
 Was punish'd as a crime of blackest dye,
 With confiscation, torture, fine, and death,
 Imprisonment unlimited. Proud Rome !
 Such was the fate of those who dare dispute
 The tenets of that “ Vicar of our Lord !”

Who sat in Peter's chair, yet taught unlike !
 But Power never can extinguish Truth ;
 One Light put out, another brighter shone,
 A ray of glory in the deepest gloom !
 And we rejoice, but let us not exult,
 Lest, over confident, we quickly fall,
 For when the heart is free, and every thought
 Is bent on pleasure, grief is often nigh.—
 As when a tree, struck by the with'ring touch
 Of lightning-blast, with trunk asunder rent,
 And all its leaves burned up, and sapless branch
 Falls to the earth, never again to strike
 Its roots abroad,—so fall the Apostate Church
 With her unsightly mass of superstitions,
 Her "pardons," and "indulgences," and all
 The gross impurities that she contains ;
 For who on earth is there can snatch a soul
 From bottomless perdition ? who forgive
 The sins committed 'gainst the God of heaven.
 Say, who so fit to hear the contrite heart
 Pour forth its secret griefs, as *He* who knows
 The soul's most hidden thought ? So worthy who
 Of *all* our love and homage—or so fit
 To intercede for sin, as *He* who holds
 All corners of the world, and undefil'd
 Begun and ended His sojourn on earth ?

And we rejoice that Rome's tyrannic power,
 No longer sways its empire o'er our land,—

That each man's hearth is sacred,—and the ear,
 Whether amidst the busy city's hum,
 Or sweet retirement of a country life,
 Listens with joy to hear the pealing bells,
 And with a willing heart and step obeys
 The well known summons.—May it ever be,
 Our privilege and undisputed right,
 To worship God the way that reason points !

On the Statue of Thomas Guy, in the Chapel
 of his Hospital.

HAIL, genuine triumph of the sculptor's art,
 That with life's semblance animates the stone !
 Presenting to our minds *his* counterpart,
 Him in whom Charity conspicuous shone
 Gentle, unclouded, pure. Not to atone
 Long years ill spent this noble pile arose
 That bears his name : God largely bless'd his store,
 The means of mercy placed at his dispose,
 Who rightly used, and gave them to the poor
 While God vouchsafed him life. Such bounty flows
 Only from hearts that beat with love, and sigh,
 And tend on human woes ;—the love that springs
 Nurtured in heaven.—E'en such was THOMAS GUY.
 Who "rivalled the vast charities of kings."*

* "And rivall'd the endowments of kings."

(*Vide* Inscription on pedestal.)

To my Parents.

YE Authors of my being ! thus my Muse
 Begins her strain,—a joyful one to her. —
 She sang for others, but for want of words,
 Not inclination, hath deferr'd her song.
 Believe her sincere, when she pardon begs
 For the delay ; nor worse her song shall be
 Because she hath as yet kept dumb her tongue.
 Ye authors of my being ! will ye deign
 To hear the Muse with patience to the end,
 Nor criticise the fond attempt to please ?
 She sinks abash'd at your rebuke ; erect
 With pleasure strains her eyes to catch the smile
 That lightens up your faces, if perchance
 It should appear that she a smile may reap
 From well-selected seed, properly sown.

Be mine the grateful, and not checrless task,
 To prop your steps in weak declining age,
 And tend your comforts with a careful hand,
 Denying not the means of life to ye,
 Whence sprang the living frame by me possess'd ;
 With those dear children I as brother own,
 And sisters three, your happy offspring they,—
 Who fondly up to ye for guidance look,
 Whom your paternal arms from danger shield,
 As shields the sturdy oak the tender plants

Beneath its shade, and keeps the storm at bay,
 Bearing the whirlwind's blast on its firm trunk,—
 Itself uninjured by the shock : so they
 Look up to ye for counsel and advice,
 Together with me who now court the muse
 To sing with animated heart, and aid
 The feeble pen with words of warmest glow.
 Though less dependent on your care, I feel
 Myself in duty bound to honour still
 Those who first gave me birth ; and keep their name
 Unsullied by dishonour's burning brand,
 Which ever blast the prospects of the man
 On whom it falls, his happiness and all.
 Oh, how shall I express the joy I feel,
 That ye are living still to guide my steps
 By rules of knowledge and experience good,
 And cull'd with care by Parents' anxious hand.
 Blest privilege unutterable, still
 To have such friendly hands to set me right !
 To tell which course is safest to pursue,
 And point out hidden rocks 'neath waters smooth,
 That tend but to destruction, and to split
 The fragile barque on which I place my hopes.
 Oh, guide my steps aright ! teach me to tread
 The beaten track which ye have trod before.
 To me impart your knowledge of mankind,
 That I may profit by the experience good
 Which ye have gain'd, and cautiously to shun
 False hopes, false friendships, and delusive joys.

This done—in firmest bands together knit—
 Parent and child in happy union join'd,
 Begin to feel themselves supremely blest,
 Each in the other's constancy and love.
 As nosegays wanting look without the rose,
 However gay the various flowers be,
 And tastefully arranged by nicest hands,—
 So looks that family where Parents' smiles
 Ne'er lights on children's happiness, nor sees
 With satisfaction's pride their rapid growth
 I'rom giddy youth to manhood's sober face.
 Then firm let us remain in love, nor be
 Like fabled Achilles of olden time,
 Invulnerable in all points but one,
 Whose heel alone at death was found untouch'd
 By magic stream, from whence he gain'd his power.
 So let not friendship, cloth'd in specious garb,
 (Deserving not the name), disturb the peace
 Of Parent and of child in love entwined,
 And weaken confidence by sland'rous tongue,
 That like a sword, sunder cuts our hopes,
 Investing every look with aspect strange,
 Suspicious to the eye, and rendering *love*
 Still more suspicious than cold *hatred's* name,
 (Candid proportionate to friendship false)—
 That lessens filial and paternal ties,
 And, join'd to slander, infects all the world
 With rumours strange, and poisoneth the streams
 Of mutual trust, and confidence, and joy.

I thank my God I still have Parents left,
That heavenly blessing shower'd from above,
In mercy spared to help me with advice ;
Reserved for comfort in affliction's hour.
I oft have felt your care, assiduous, tend
My sickly bed with anxious watching, through
The long and dreary night, till dawn of day :
How oft ye join'd my infant play, and kept
My feeble steps when I first learn'd to walk ;
With many things I cannot call to mind,
Which proved you Parents, and were actions kind
For these my grateful thanks to you are due,
Nor think ye thanks are all that I can give,—
I'll shew my gratitude by actions too ;
For Parents' cares must have their right reward,
But words alone cannot my thoughts express,
Suffice it then to say, though I am grown
To riper years, and able now to think,
And judge which action's right, and which is wrong,
I still look up to ye for counsel good,
As, when an infant, I look'd up for help ;
And thankfully remembering all your kind
Affectionate solicitude for me,
This tribute small of gratitude I send.

The Lark and Her Young Ones ;

A FABLE (*vide* ÆSOP.)

IN days of yore, when Time was somewhat young,
 And long ere Homer, noble poet, sung ;
 When waving harvests deck'd each golden field,
 And promised soon a rich supply to yield ;
 When Sol's bright rays gilded with crimson hue,
 Each fleecy cloud that on the zephyrs flew ;
 When Autumn's leaves, imbrown'd, were near their
 fall,

From lowly shrub, and branching chesnut tall ;
 With all the num'rous tribes the forest claims,
 Of various bulk and classes, kinds and names :—
 But to my fable. In a field of corn,
 The earliest herald of the opening morn,—
 The sweet-tongued lark—had made herself a nest,
 With anxious care her unfledged brood caress'd :
 Strict charge she gave them (harvest being nigh),
 Lest helplessly, unable yet to fly,
 They to the mower's sickle fall a prey—
 To tell her what they heard day after day.

Soon after this, the farmer and his son
 Came to the field, when day was almost done,
 And looking on the prospect with delight,
 Chuckling with joy to see the cheering sight,
 His son address'd :—“ Do you, with morrow's dawn,
 Call on our neighbours ; tell them that our corn

Is ready for the sickle, and beseech
 They come and help to reap it." Well, this speech
 The young ones told their mother. "Oh!" said she,
 "If he depends on neighbours, easy be;
 I'm pretty sure the corn they will not reap,
 But yet I pray the same precaution keep."
 With morrow's dawn she went; the owner came
 And stay'd—none came, and things remain'd the
 same.

"Well," said the father, "I perceive these friends
 Are loth to help us; but, to make amends
 For their neglect, upon your uncles call,
 Your cousins and relations, each and all."
 Well, this the young ones, trembling with affright,
 Reported to their mother: she made light,
 And bade them not be frighten'd, "for," said she,
 "Relations seldom over-forward be
 To help another,—but remember well,
 What next you hear without reserve to tell."
 Next day she went again; the owner found
 Hopes built on uncles, cousins, were unsound,
 And angrily he thus his son address'd:—
 "Now, hark ye, George! before you take your rest,
 Do you provide, before to-morrow's sun,
 Two sickles stout; the work will be undone,
 If we depend on promises, and wait
 For help that never comes; at any rate
 'Twere better to begin." At close of day
 The young ones told their mother: "well, away

We now must hasten, nor one moment stay.
 When man to do his own work has appointed,
 He's not so likely to be disappointed."
 And seeing as she did, the desp'rate need,
 Removed them safely with the anxious speed
 Maternal fears suggested. The next morn
 The owner and his son cut down their corn.

MORAL.

Oh ye, who on another's help depend,
 Learn from this fable the mistake to mend ;
 Ye who would see your work well done, with zeal
 Yourselves must set your shoulders to the wheel ;
 Nor trouble others for what you can do,
 Or the procrastination you will rue.
 Likewise, admire the wisdom of the lark—
 The second moral of my fable mark.
 Learn not too quickly to give way to fear,
 And credit not each idle tale you hear ;
 When dangers threaten, make your homes secure,
 But never fly until of danger sure.
 He that in every trial sees disquiet,
 Drinks bitter draughts, and takes unpleasant diet ;
 He that on trifles lays a proper stress,
 When dangers thicken, finds the evil less.

The Oak and the Reed.

(ÆSOP.)

AN oak, by stormy winds upturn,
 Was down a rushing torrent borne,
 And, gliding swiftly, chanced to see
 A waving reed, secure and free,
 Uninjured by the howling blast,
 As o'er its head the whirlwind pass'd.
 With envious wonder struck, the oak
 Unto the pliant reed thus spoke :
 " Pray tell me how it is that you,
 So frail, retain your station true,
 While I, a sturdy oak and brave,
 Am made the sport of wind and wave ?"

To whom the reed thus answer made,
 As in the eddy stream she play'd :—

" Whene'er the rushing wind I hear,
 I meekly bend in silent fear ;
 Nor dare oppose its mighty force,
 Careering in its onward course,
 While you with spirit stubborn, vain,
 Of your untoward fate complain.

MORAL.

Though blind submission we may well despise,
 Resistance, when 'tis hopeless, is unwise.

The Two Steamers.

A FABLE.

It happen'd once—so doth my story tell,
 That two proud steamers into converse fell,—
 One was of massive bulk, and form'd to stem
 The ocean's rage, obedient to the helm ;
 The other too was large, but when compared
 To her gaunt rival, never worse was pair'd,
 Well—they were floating down the river wide,
 Partly by steam, and partly with the tide ;
 And wishing each to try the other's pace,
 Agreed without dissension to a race ;
 Round whirl'd each engine, fiercely glow'd each fire,
 Belching forth smoke and steam in dreadful ire ;
 Swift cut their pointed prows the yielding wave ;
 One light and gay, the other dark and grave,—
 One flew where'er it pleased with ease and grace,
 The other forced to keep the deepest place.
 The giant roll'd along, still loth to yield,
 As on its rival sped, and won the field.
 “ Hurrah ! hurrah ! ” the boastful victor cried :
 “ No triumph, this, ”—the vanquish'd ship replied :
 “ If you would still your laurels bright maintain,
 Come, try your powers on the billowy main,
 And with me o'er the vast Atlantic sweep,
 And if the victory you've won you keep,

I'll own that you superior powers possess,
And will not lightly think of your success."

MORAL.

'Tis ever thus—when little minds obtain
A passing triumph o'er a greater soul,
They boast the powers of their pigmy brains,
As in the pride of ignorance they roll.
But sober words soon stop the braggart's tongue,
And all his sayings in his teeth are flung.

Song.

THE days of youth, the days of youth,
How oft we wish ye back again !
When all was laughter, love, and truth,
And banish'd care, distress, and pain.

We little knew, or thought of woe,
Or if we felt it, soon 'twas past ;
The bitter pangs that manhood knows,
Never long in childhood last.

And were our hearts a prey to grief,
Or did a sigh the bosom swell,
Sweet thoughts of morrow brought relief,
And quickly dried each tear that fell.

Then all unknown was foul deceit,
 We spake the promptings of the heart ;
 With gentle words and accents sweet,
 We strove to heal each bitter smart.

But youth is gone, and all its pleasures
 Vanish'd like the lightning's gleam ;
 Forsaken all our childish treasures,
 Age creeps on us like a dream.

Ye Lion Hearts of England.

YE lion hearts of England !
 Whose fiery flag unfurl'd,
 Hath won, on many a gory field,
 The empire of the world !
 All honour to each gallant deed
 That won undying fame ;
 And the dread of which spread
 The terror of your name ;
 While cannon thunder'd, dealing death,
 And gleam'd the lightning flame !

Your country lauds the spirit
 That led ye on your path,
 And made the vaunting foeman feel
 The power of your wrath ;

When Marlborough and Arthur proved
 Your prowess still the same,
 Nor once slept while ye kept
 The terror of your name ;
 While cannon thunder'd, dealing death,
 And gleam'd the lightning flame !

What ! though a tyrant rages,
 Exulting in his might ?
 Ye know Jehovah's pow'ful arm
 Doth still defend the right.
 Then tread ye still in valour's path,
 The patriot's guerdon claim,
 As ye still, on each hill,
 Spread the terror of your name ;
 While cannon thunder, dealing death,
 And gleams the lightning flame !

The spirit of old England
 No less'ning glory shews ;
 For still in ev'ry clime she hurls
 Defiance at her foes !
 Firm ! firm ! ye gallant Britons !
 Ye, let no foeman shame,
 But uphold, as of old,
 The terror of your name ;
 While cannon thunder, dealing death,
 And gleams the lightning flame !

Arm, arm ! when danger threatens,
 Spare not the crushing blow ;
 Yet, haste the hour when peace shall reign,
 No more to meet a foe !
 Then, gallant hearts of England,
 Your lion natures tame,—
 Welcome greet all ye meet,
 With no terror in your name ;
 While no cannon thunder, dealing death—
 And gleams no lightning flame !

Song.

OLD Time is a good old man,
 What, though his step be not gay ?
 He trudges along as well as he can,
 He trudges along still with equal span
 With his scythe in his hand,
 And his time-piece of sand,
 And his single lock glossy and grey !

Full many the joys he bears,
 Full many the griefs he brings,
 Yet thinketh he naught of the load of cares
 Contain'd in his wallet, nor wots who shares ;
 But indifferent smiles
 On the world and its wiles,
 On beggar's lot, or the fate of kings.

He sheweth the *child* its way,
 The *maiden* in beauty dresses ;
 Aids her each *womanish* charm to display,
 That blooming an hour, as quickly decay,
 Which as vainly she trims,
 Her eyes lustre he dims,
 To grey turns her once raven tresses.

The years in their flight he measures,
 As round his dial they climb :
 But *we* alas ! scarce value his treasures,
 We're thinking now of the season's pleasures,
 When our cares we lay by,
 When we banish each sigh,
 For the song and the dance at Christmas time !

Hail then December, though old and hoary ;
 Fresh faggots pile on the bright fire ;
 And listen awhile to the comical story,
 The year's departure, let's crown with glory !
 By the embers bright glow,
 We'll defy frost and snow
 While the whistling wind joins in the choir !

Is not Time a good old man ?
 Though he's old he can be gay,
 He brings in his wallet, such joys as he can,
 He trudges along still with equal span ;

With his scythe in his hand,
 And his time-piece of sand,
 And his single lock glossy and grey !

Draw, Britons, draw !

DRAW, Britons, draw the temper'd steel
 Against your country's foes,
 And make the daring despot feel
 How terrible your blows.

Foremost among the sons of earth,
 Your fathers battled Wrong ;
 To guard the right, to help the weak,
 And to restrain the strong.

Our Island Queen hath sent ye forth,*
 And cheer'd ye on to glory ;
 And if we rightly weigh your worth,
 Ye'll be renown'd in story.

And side by side with ancient foe,
 But now your firm ally ;
 Deal with strong arm resistless blow,
 Conquer or bravely die !

- * Written on the departure of the first detachment of Troops for the Crimea.

And if upon the field of fame
 It be your lot to perish,
 Our hearts will prize your deathless name,
 And all your dear ones cherish.

Strike home, strike home ! ye lion hearts !
 Dread not the despot's might ;
 Strike home, strike home ! with dauntless hearts,
 And God defend the right !

On finishing the perusal of Pollok's "Course
 of Time."

HAIL, Pollok, hail ! thou who didst teach thy pen
 Prolific to record the course of time,
 Couch'd in harmonious numbers thoughts sublime,
 And dream'd of wonders far from mortal ken.

Thy work pronounces thee of feelings fine,
 Of pitying heart, graced with humility ;
 Endued with intellect and knowledge high,
 Or mental, moral, natural, divine.

O thou brave heart of Poesy ! how well
 Hath Pollok wielded thee, how touch'd our heart,
 How deeply pierced, yet left behind no smart—
 How sung of heaven, how mourn'd the strife of hell !

If true nobility, pureness of thought,—
 Majestic piety, hatred of sin,—
 Can for mankind a crown of glory win,
 He'll surely gain the prize for which he fought.

As lordly eagle rapid is his flight,
 His trump the while with holy fervour swelling ;
 The mysteries of love, redemption, telling,—
 Of mercy, grace, God's majesty and might.

Of worthy theme thou worthily didst sing—
 Time past, time present, the forthcoming day ;
 Lighted meantime by inspiration's ray,
 And doing homage to the Immortal King.

Well might thy lyre strike such joyous lays,
 Well might thy pen enthusiastic flow,
 Well might thy heart with admiration glow,
 Well might thy tongue be eloquent in praise !

In liquid measure flows the noble theme ;—
 Anon we hear the sonorous trumpet sound,
 The echo in our hearts is ever found,
 As lucid lake reflects the lightning's gleam.

Praise is the noblest aim of Poesy,
 And well hath Pollok exercised the gift ;
 Leading our thoughts to Him by impulse swift,—
 " Proprietor of immortality !"

Of man's first happiness, his final fall,—
 Of Satan's triumph, and of Seraph's grief
 At wickedness unparalleled ; but chief,
 With wonder at the love that pardon'd all,

Thy verse abounds. True Poet hast thou proved ;
 Sang to the end, melodious as at first,
 " Time gone, the righteous saved, the wicked
 curst,
 And God's eternal government approved !"

The Lover's Lament.

STANZAS.

OH well I remember the gay happy hours
 We spent by the fountains or vine-cover'd bowers ;
 Or roam'd in the woodlands, and talk'd of our love,
 The fresh grass beneath us, the blue sky above.

Our highest delight was to hear the birds sing,
 Or gather the sweet smelling blossoms of spring ;
 To ramble about till the landscape grew dim,
 Or the finny tribe watch in the clear waters skim.

Those times are gone by, never more to return,
 And vainly my lone heart with sorrow may burn,
 For stern fate decrees that no more we shall meet,
 No more the glad smile of each other shall greet.

And why? thou art gone to the grave, and I'm left
 To weep for thy loss, of all comfort bereft,
 Thy soul's flight hath found thee a happier shore,
 And now I am left thy sad loss to deplore.

The fairest of flowers, alas! soonest fade,
 And man for distress, grief and sorrow, was made:
 The brightest of prospects is soonest obscured,
 But affliction is mildest with patience endured.

To E. R. on her Birthday.

My vagrant muse, too much inclined to stray,
 Had almost pass'd unnoticed by this day.
 Long time I press'd in vain my fingers' ends,
 Seeking the aid Parnassus only lends;
 At last, propitious to a votary's prayer,
 She smiled benignant, and relieved my care.

What greater joy is there this world bestows,
 When worn with troubles and oppress'd with woes,
 When we reflect that there are hearts which feel
 Joy in our bliss—each sorrow strive to heal?
 I envy not the man possessing these,
 Whose wounded spirit ne'er admits of ease.
 Friendship, all hail! blest shadow of the bond
 All hearts shall own in better realms beyond;

Be ours the chain ! all hail, auspicious day !
 That calleth forth this tributary lay.
 How is it that instinctively we smile,
 And give our hearts to gaiety the while ?
 And none there are so destitute of feeling
 As always to resist their soft appealing.
 No grief, however poignant, can suppress
 A momentary sense of joyousness.
 Is it that memory fondly back doth call
 Past hours of childhood—hours that knew no gall ?
 Or else, may it not be the panting soul
 Rejoices as it nears its final goal ?
 However this may be—youth, manhood, age,
 The feeling own, the unwise and the sage ;
 Deeper philosophers than I might try
 To probe the feeling, nor discover why.

The life of man is like an April day,
 All gloomy now, and suddenly as gay.
 As threatening clouds swift hurry o'er the sky,
 So troubles meet us, and anon they fly ;
 I've watch'd the shadows on the verdant field,
 I've watch'd the scene to Sol's bright influence yield :
 One moment sorrowing nature seem'd oppress'd,
 The next beheld her bright in glory drest.
 Thus 'tis with *man*,—the accidents of life
 With joy are laden, or with care are rife.
 Oh, may thy course be 'twixt the two extremes,
 Serene and calm, as Cynthia's silver beams ;

For too much sorrow, too much worldly glare,
 Are hurtful both, and bring excess of care.
 Though grief sometimes may darken thy life's page,
 Though in the world turmoils incessant wage,
 May every joy that God dispenses round
 To all his creatures, in thy breast abound.

To the Memory of my Father.

AND such is life. My Father, thou art gone,
 And sorrowing kindred thy departure mourn :
 Too early struck by death's relentless dart,
 Need I describe the feelings of my heart ?
 Too soon, alas ! we feel the brittleness
 Of firmest hopes, and know our littleness.
 Ere fifty summers o'er thy brow had pass'd,
 Thou, in full manhood, met the wintry blast ;
 Unpitying death, intent upon thy fate,
 Aim'd well the blow that made us desolate.
 A Father thou, indulgent, tender, kind,—
 Not often stern, to faults not always blind :
 So should it be,—a Father's wisest aim
 Is to uphold the honour of his name ;
 And in his children, should he faults detect,
 He should admonish, wisely should correct.
 How swift doth life to its conclusion draw,
 Obeying nature's universal law !
 How soon is measured out our longest span,
 Yet such alas ! the common lot of man !

Rough was thy path through life, and mix'd with care,
 But thou art gone immortal joys to share.
One thou hast left whom most the bitter blow
 Afflicted, partner of thy weal and woe.
 A widow, sister, daughters, sons, lament
 The sad bereavement, they could not prevent.
 Oh ! may we meet before Jehovah's throne :
 In better realms one common Father own.
 And we remain, the storms of life to brave,
 But there is *ONE* who mighty is to save,
 Who maketh, if we seek His help in prayer,
 The widow and the fatherless His care.
 Be it my pride, be it my noblest boast,
 To fill thy place,—to them for ever lost ;
 So may thy son to thee his love best shew
 By succouring those whom thou hast left below.
 Be mine the heart-felt joy that ever lives,
 The exquisite delight calm conscience gives ;
 So shall I worthiest win true peace of mind,
 And, poor in all things else, rich reward find.

The Whirlwind in the Desert.

ALONG the trackless wilds, with weary steps,
 The camel-drivers pass ; the horsemen too,
 Spur jaded, panting steeds, o'er scorching sands,
 And long to reach at once their journey's end.

With anxious hopes they offer up a prayer
 That they may live but once again to greet
 Their homes, their friends, their children, ere they
 die.

Onward they pass, and oft with horror start
 At sight of human bones, the sad remains
 Of former travellers, and dreadful sign
 Of what again may happen, and to them.
 Impatient of their long protracted stay,
 Ascended up the prayer to Him who rules
 The lightning's flash, and bids the roaring sea
 Rouse from its slumbers calm, and open wide
 Its monstrous jaws, engulfing all at once
 What battle and the thunder-bolt have spared.
 But useless are their hopes, and as the sigh
 Bursts from their lips that utterance give to grief,
 They cannot from their sorrows find relief.
 Their parched tongues with lurid hue protrude
 From out their mouths ; their search for cooling
 streams

Doth prove in vain to ease the raging heat
 That gnaws their vitals, circulation stays.
 The prowling Arabs of the desert bare,
 Intent on prey, their every movement watch,
 And misery increase, and every stream
 The travellers spy make loathsome to their taste.
 As sages who with precious knowledge stored,
 For wonders yet unknown their search resume,

With eager thoughts insatiable fill'd,
 Forgetting all things else, new schemes devise,—
 Nor rest till they with wondering eyes behold
 Crown'd with success, the object of their toil,
 Their new-found wisdom but excites their zeal,
 And spurs them on to actions yet more bold :
 So when these of the brackish liquor quaff,
 Increased thirst succeeds the rav'nous draught ;
 Again they drink, nor satisfied can be,
 No benefit derive—the madd'ning brain
 With frenzy fired, forgets its functions ; all
 That makes life tolerable now is fled,
 And death is welcome, come whene'er it may.
 Yet some survive. With weary steps and slow,
 They wend their way ;—despondingly they muse
 On *present*, *past*, and to the *future* look
 Forebodingly, scarce knowing what they do.
 Nor is this all, the rovers of the plain
 Harass their march from morn till eventide.
 As vultures sailing high aloft, espy
 The welcome carcass, hasten to the prey—
 Delicious morsel—dip their heads in gore,
 Of human bodies drink the life-blood deep ;
 Then, bloated with their prey, awhile retire,
 And quiet rest till hunger calls them forth
 From haunts secure, for wonted prey to search :—
 So the wild habitants, on coursers swift,
 Follow the caravan that dares to cross
 Their pathless wild erness, and prizes make

Of all that in their power chance to fall.
 Undisciplined, but active, bold, and strong,
 They meet on vantage ground th' exhausted band,
 And swift as thought they on impetuous rush,
 Blows ring on cuirass, and the clash of arms
 Resound throughout the blood-emblazon'd field,
 And shouts of triumph, groans of torment, rend
 The troubled air ; the banner flutters high,
 Around it rally those who still survive :
 Awhile retreat the yet unbroken band,
 And calm await the foeman's furious charge,
 Unequal contest waging, as the streams
 Of their best life-blood ebbing plainly shews.
 Still the fierce din of battle is renew'd,
 And steel to steel with flash incessant meets,
 Adds to the carnage dire ; and the groans
 Of dying warriors up to heaven ascend
 In murmurs broken ; ever and anon
 Reiterates the thunder of the fray,
 Till evening ends the battle and the day.
 With plunder laden, to their hearts' content,
 Depart those murderers from the gory field,
 With acclamations to their tents they hie,
 Contented rest ; but when on plunder bent
 Unto the desert they again repair,
 To rob and murder—ransack and destroy.
 From danger freed, the travellers on their knees
 Give thanks to God for this deliverance safe,
 As birds, escaped the wary fowler's snare,

Look cautiously around from topmost bough,
 Securely resting, flap their wings for joy,
 And carol forth their lay to liberty,—
 But yet suspicious, watch for danger near,
 Then to their nests retire, and forget
 Their timid fears, and joyful hail the morn :—
 E'en so these weary travellers 'gainst surprise
 Attempt to guard, by apprehensive dread
 Ofttimes disturb'd, they scan the plain around,
 And finding nought their fears to justify,
 Securely rest, and with the opening dawn
 Awake, and find themselves from danger free.
 Reduced in numbers, they their way pursue
 Like spectres, and dejectedly they tread
 The yielding sand, and hope all perils o'er,
 Yet 'tis not so! for, lo! a gentle gale
 Disturbs the sand; like to a dusty road
 On summer's day it seems; lo! they prepare
 For lurking danger, and forebodings sad
 And ominous do wear their inmost souls.

Now rose the unwelcome blast;—that moving sea
 Of sand behold, with agitated swell,
 Rising like clouds of dust that hide the beams
 Of the all-glorious sun in splendour robed!
 But why that piercing cry, and that wild shriek
 From that vast company?—“away! away!”
 Flee for your lives! flee, nor one moment stay!”
 Like lightning flew those words from rank to rank!

In wild disorder flew that numerous host!—

Observe yon black'ning cloud ; no more the sun
 Enlivens with its rays the dreary scene,
 But all is dark, save when the op'ning mass
 Of flying sand reveals a fitful glare
 Of cheerful day, while all is night beneath !
 Still rusheth on that moving mountain, quick
 Spreading destruction, swift the riders spur
 Their horses flanks to 'scape the threaten'd death,
 While camels join in all that wild retreat.
 But all in vain, on their devoted heads
 Falls with its iron weight the pond'rous mass,
 And, crushing beasts and riders underneath,
 Buries them all in one promiscuous grave !
 The dying struggles of the immense concourse
 Are smother'd 'neath that vast and burning sea,
 Nor one escapes to tell the dreadful tale,
 Or lives to mourn the loss of children, friends.
 —They lie, the sandy plain their grave, the sky
 Their monument, their bones their epitaph,
 That tell us volumes more than mason's skill
 In sculptured marble, blazon'd to the world
 In melancholy pomp ; their owner's pride
 Is levell'd with the dust ; the slave whose toil
 Wrung from unwilling hand the pittance small,
 Reposes by his master, side by side ;
 Here brothers lock'd in brothers' firm embrace,
 Father and son, the mute assemblage swell
 In wild confusion, and their final doom

Of joy supreme, or punishment await.
 No more will worldly cares their thoughts disturb,
 But all forgotten, dust to dust returns.

The sweeping whirlwind now is lull'd to rest,
 No more the plain ascends in sandy clouds ;
 Again bright Sol reigns joyous o'er the scene
 Exulting still his daily course to run ;
 Again the plain reflects his fiery glow,
 And leaves the sky's unclouded glory bright !
 But who can tell, by firmament serene,
 To-morrow's sun shall rise without a cloud ?
 Or that the whirlwind's blast we need not fear ?
 A thunder-storm will end the brightest day,
 And the mild wind that scarcely stirs a leaf
 Will grow a hurricane, and in its might
 Uproot the oak that braved a thousand storms.

Yet sometimes gleams of sunshine will appear,
 To make amends for clouds that do deform
 Fair nature's face, and oftentimes deceive,
 And fears of rain or hopes of pleasure mock.
 'Tis thus in life, where vice and virtue meet
 In discord sad, and each to each oppos'd
 For mastery strive ; vice triumphs for a while,
 And darkness reigns ; fair virtue then succeeds,
 Dispelling clouds, and shedding cheerful light ;
 Fear or despair succeed to glad'ning hope,
 And man's whole life is one continued round

Of timid hope, ambition, and dismay,—
 Excess of sorrow, superfluous joy.

Thou, Lord, who knowest the secret ways of man,
 And chastiseth as suiteth best Thy will,
 Or melteth down his heart with love divine,—
 Thou, Lord, comparest by Thy prophet's* mouth
 Thine anger to a whirlwind, furious, swift—
 (Similitude appropriately true!)—
 Yet heareth still the contrite sinner's prayer.
 From Thee proceedeth forth the eddying blast ;
 At Thy command the ocean roareth loud
 On echoing shore ; the forkéd lightning's gleam
 Thy hand directs ; Thy voice is in the storm ;
 The clouds Thy chariot ; Thy wings the wind.
 How mighty are Thy works ! Teach Thou our hearts,
 Thou, Parent of all good, to know and love
 Thy glorious ways ; direct our tottering steps,
 And should they fail (through want of faith in Thee)
 Stretch out Thy helping hand, keep us from ill,
 And let our boast and glory be in Thee !
 Give us, O Lord, Thy grace to bear us up
 Through life, our succour being in Thy name,
 Who hast Thy temple made within the heart
 Of sinful man, by him defiled ; but great
 Was Thy unbounded love, for Thou hast sent
 Thine only Son a sacrifice for all,

* Isaiah lxvi. 16.

And thus the shaft of justice is restrain'd,
Averted in its course by mercy's shield.

Then let the praise and glory be to Thee
From whom proceed these mercies pure, unbought
By price of ours, but solely from Thy love
Unquenchable to fallen man below.
Immeasurable, infinite, and good
Beyond compare, to Thee let every knee
Lowly adoring, bow ; and let each voice
Proclaim Thy praise ; let every heart respond
With holy fear and trembling ; in Thy praise
Let none be mute ; from scorching Afric's shore
To Northern pole, from East to furthest West,
Let thankful homage, sacrifice, proceed
From lips untainted, to Thy throne ascend,
Reception gracious finding in Thine ear,
That, ever open, listens to our cry.

“ Come unto Me.”

Matt. xi. 28.

THE Deaf shall hear that gracious call,
The Dumb His praises sing ;
The blind, though closed the sightless ball,
In visions see their King !

The halt, not backward in the race
 Shall hasten to His court ;
 And scorers, tasting of His grace,
 Shall to His throne resort.

The young and old, the rich and poor,
 The bondman and the free,
 Knocking at everlasting door,
 Shall His salvation see.

The soul oppress'd with load of guilt,
 Shall come to Zion's hill ;
 The precious blood that Jesus spilt
 Is efficacious still.

Ye weary, in His bosom rest ;
 Oppress'd, compassion gain ;
 Repentant, in His promise blest,
 Redemption there obtain.

The King upon his royal throne,
 And he that tends the flock,
 Sole Lord the king of kings shall own,
 Whose name the heathen mock.

The soldier on the battle plain,
 The hermit in his cell,
 Shall kneel before the Saviour slain,
 And of His mercies tell.

The man of high aspiring mind,
 Or nature's simplest child,
 Their only refuge there shall find—
 Pure, holy, undefiled.

Lives there who doubts His pow'r to save,
 Or slights His proffer'd grace?
 Who dares Omnipotence to brave,
 Or shuns the Saviour's face?

Oh! let him turn and pardon seek!
 Ay, storm heaven's gate with prayer;
 And He who helps the contrite, weak,
 Will lend attentive ear.

Before Thee "every knee shall bow,"—
 To Thee each neck shall bend;
 How great Thy Name! how wond'rous Thou
 Our Saviour, Guide, and Friend.

On the Death of a Friend.

DEPARTED friend! in glory rest,
 No cares assail thy tranquil breast,
 All rocks and dangers past;
 Thy barque is safe, outrode the gale,
 The anchor dropp'd, and furl'd the sail,
 The haven gain'd at last!

What glories met thy raptured gaze,
 Which mortal never knew !
 How swell'd thy heart with hymns of praise,
 As up thy spirit flew !
 Thine ear, unchain'd by power divine,
 Entranced with wonder, heard ;
 The loosen'd tongue, with utterance fine,
 With anthems heaven near'd.

Men say—nor do I deem them wrong—
 Friendship of earthly mould that sprung
 Is ratified above.

Each page, each passage of Thy word,
 Says “ love each other,” so your Lord
 Commands, and He is “ love !”

It is a beauteous sight to see
 The humble Christian die,
 Though tears of mortal agony
 Bedim the weeping eye :
 Without complaint he yields his breath,
 No more to suffer pain,
 And joyous treads the vale of death :—
 “ To die is endless gain.”

The fatherless and widow mourn
 A gentle, kind protector gone,
 Yet trust in Thee repose ;
 For Thou hast said “ leave them to *Me*,

I will a husband, father be,
 And guard them from their foes.”
 Lord, listen to Thy suppliants’ prayer,—
 Thy grace on each bestow,
 With patience every ill to bear—
 No will but Thine to know ;
 And turn our hearts from earth’s desires,
 To seek that dearer prize,—
 The faith that love to Thee inspires,
 And only wins the skies.

Reminiscences of Esber.

(Dedicated to the Rev. John Brown, D.D.)

I’VE trod again the scenes of youth,
 With many a lingering year between,
 Yet memory still, with skill and truth,
 Recall’d each cherish’d scene ;
 Along the road, across the green
 My footsteps stray’d, and then I mused
 On what my childish days had been ;
 On all the changes I had seen,
 Of gladsome hours, of time mis-used,
 Of fleeting joys, and friendships loosed ;
 I ponder’d long, and then I thought
 On all the dogmas sages taught,

With wisdom part, part folly fraught,
 Nor deem'd all vanity and nought.
 For there are joys that all may share,
 No grief so poignant all escape,
 And ONE there is makes it His care,
 With wisdom both to shape!
 I cross'd the *Mole*, that "sullen" stream,
 And paced its verdant banks along,
 From out whose waters many a bream
 I drew with tackle strong!
 Ay! those were gladsome days and long,
 When life was fresh, and all was gay,
 When memory never treasured wrong,
 When nature smiled, yet seem'd to say:—
 "Time flies, be happy while you may;
 For sadder times, and darker hours,
 Will strew with thorns thy path of flowers,
 Deep wrinkles plough the forehead grey,
 And Autumn sere the buds of May:—
 Old friends depart, fresh cares assail,
 New sorrows rise in this dark vale,
 But God will help thee to prevail." }
 Then seek Him in the time of youth,
 Seek Him, the Way, the Life, the Truth!"

I pass'd by Claremont's royal hall,
 Where Charlotte dwelt, Britannia's pride,
 Whose virtues yet, the gloomy pall
 Hath strove in vain to hide!

Pattern for maiden and for bride,
 The ties of life she fondly cherish'd ;
 Death, envious, call'd her to his side,
 She smilingly obey'd—and perish'd !
 Who were her mourners ? ask the tears
 That dimm'd the eyes of peasants, peers,
 And many still, her care denied,
 Lament the hour that Charlotte died.
 Her epitaph, a nation's praise ;
 Her tomb, all hearts that virtue prize.
 Beloved on earth she pass'd her days :
 By saints was welcom'd to the skies !
 Near Windsor's ancient, honor'd tower
 A royal fane her dust enshrines,
 Where all may spend a solemn hour,
 And trace the sculptor's lines :
 When Art in Virtue's praise combines,
 It fairer seems, more graceful shews,
 Than when the graver's utmost art
 A transient, worthless halo throws
 O'er deeds that add to human woes,
 Or pain one human heart !

Nor may I pass God's temple by,
 Where Sabbath after Sabbath meet
 The man of lowly birth and high,
 Treading His courts with willing feet ;
 For in the modest village pile,
 As in the grand cathedral aisle.

There God with equal honor dwells ;
 There blessings, grace, as largely flow ;
 The contrite's prayer He ne'er repels,
 Or slights the sigh that breathes of woe.
 I venerate the humble spire,
 'Neath which devotion takes her seat ;
 What ! though I'm deaf to pealing choir ?
 What ! though my tongue no hymn repeat,
 Because unable to acquire
 The solemn diapason sweet ?
 Thou, Lord, canst hear unutter'd prayer,
 Grant each may find acceptance there !

Dear Doctor ! I had nigh forgot
 Thy domicile, a treasured spot,
 Which lapse of years (a hackney'd phrase)—
 The changes that old Time have made,
 The griefs that on my heart have weigh'd—
 Will never from my mind efface.
 'Twas thine in learning's path to aid
 Reluctant steps ; to plough the soil ;
 To plant the good and wholesome seed ;
 Prepare the mind for earth's turmoil ;
 Root out each rank and noxious weed,
 And give to diligence the meed
 Of welcome praise. Those times are gone ;
 Seasons and years have journey'd on,
 And now our hearts in union blend,
 And, Doctor ! I may call thee, Friend !

As season, leisure, time, permit,
 I hope oft at thy board to sit,
 To prove thy well-established skill
 In chess-ic deeds of triumph high,
 Bending an army to our will,
 Whose men, oft vanquish'd, never die !
 Ready to baulk each fierce endeavour
 By skilful moves, and turnings clever.
 Peace be with thee and thine—that peace
 That passeth understanding far ;
 May honors with thy years increase,
 Nor sad mischance thy laurels mar.
 Farewell ! 'tis time to pause,—my task
 Is done ; I now indulgence ask
 For imperfections that appear,
 (Your poets most the critic fear),
 But should my lines by chance amuse,
 Thanks to the effort of my muse.

The Existence of Deity.

Is there a God ? ask nature—nature cries :—
 Gaze on the wonders that salute thine eyes,
 Go to the desert, and the peopled place,
 View man in every clime, of every race ;
 Observe the season's changes—day and night—
 And mark the years in their recurring flight.

Go, pluck the flower, observe its structure well,
 List to the tale that fluttering insects tell ;
 Ask the tall palm at whose command it grows ;
 The rapid river, why it ceaseless flows ;
 Why thunders roll, and lightnings flash the sky,
 And hoary hills erect their crests so high ;
 Go, ask the earthquake why it rends the ground,
 And turns the golden plains to depths profound ;
 Question the whirlwind, and salute the storm,
 Ask why the face of nature they deform.
 Behold the planets,—ask who set them there,
 Who bade the sun and moon their labour share ;
 The gentle wind why it doth ceaseless sigh,
 And feather'd songsters warble as they fly ;
 Ask why the ocean roars, and angry beats
 Against the shore, or hastily retreats ;
 Ask why the reed the furious blast defies,
 The stately oak why it prostrated lies ;
 Why various beasts each on the other prey,
 And list what nature teaches them to say :—

Searcher for truth ! attend, and herein learn
 The presence of thy Maker to discern ;
 Hear Him in thunder,—in the lurid flame
 Behold His power, from whom those missives came ;
 Seas, mountains, valleys, tremble at His nod,
 And every grain of sand soft whispers “ God ! ”
 The birds to Him their orisons repeat,
 And beasts by prey find their appointed meat ;

The seasons change ; nature revives, decays,
 All own His power, and contribute to praise.
 The fanning breeze remembrance of Him brings,
 Each thing in nature with fresh vigour springs ;
 The flower, supplied with incense from on high,
 Wafts back its odours to th' ethereal sky.
 The spreading oak, the reed a lesson teach,
 To humble minds a precious moral preach,—
 Assure the weakest God is by their side,
 And check the haughty in career of pride.
 His best and choicest work, endowed with thought,
 By mercy nurtured, and by wisdom taught—
 MAN, man alone, of all creation's scheme,
 Why he was form'd, most ignorant doth seem ;
 Man fears His presence, yet His anger stirs ;
 Repentance promises, yet oft defers ;
 To sorrow born, as sparks that upward fly,
 Loathing his life, and yet afraid to die !
 O inconsistent—O inglorious state !
 A fragile worm, yet aiming to be great !
 A being, held creation's temporal lord,
 Yet all too weak protection to accord.
 Form'd in Thine image, and design'd to be
 Perfection's self, a counterpart of Thee :
 How oft we find, from childhood to the grave,
 His life a waste of all Thy bounty gave.
 Possessing speech, his tongue a God denies ;
 Surrounded by Thy works, Thy power defies.

Yet some there are who tread the beaten way,
 And keep the world, and its false hopes, at bay ;
 Who strive in every thought their Lord to serve,
 And seldom from the path of duty swerve ;
 Of every moment give correct account,
 And, full of years, to joy eternal mount.
 Most happy they whose lamps are trimm'd in youth,
 When most the heart's susceptible to truth ;
 Who gird their loins to run the glorious race,
 And seek the goal with still untiring pace ;
 With earnest zeal, warm in their Master's cause,
 His glory seek, observant of His laws ;
 Till, call'd in His good time from earthly cares,
 Each soul the foretaste of His kingdom shares :
 They sing His praises with their latest breath,
 And enter glory through the gates of death !
 Lord ! it is thine to pardon,—deign to grant
 Each precious gift Thou seest Thy servants want,—
 Light Thou our path, our souls enrich with grace ;
 Prosper our works, hide not Thy glorious face ;
 Extend Thine aid, uphold us lest we fall,
 Open Thine ears, and answer when we call :
 So shall Thy praises, Lord, our lips repeat,
 Each knee shall bend before Thy mercy seat.
 Living, our steps shall still Thy ways attend,
 Dying, we meet a long-expectant Friend :
 Thus both events shall to Thy glory turn,
 Willing to live, to meet Thee yet we burn !

**Lines on reading the Narrative of Frederick
Douglass, an escaped American Slave.**

A STRANGER o'er the waters came,
From western clime afar ;
Aloft he bore a shining flame,
A bright, unfading star ;
That brought dark deeds of guilt and shame
To truth's relentless bar.

He told how in a favor'd "land"
Misnamed "of liberty,"
There dwelt a hateful, ruthless band,
Who bow'd to God the knee,
Yet dared to lay unrighteous hand
On those whom God made free.

He told his wrongs in simple strain,
Unmix'd with aught of guile,
Of sad days spent in toil and pain,
Uncheer'd by kindly smile ;
How long he bore the galling chain,
The badge of bondage vile.

And all for what ? his *skin* was dark,
His *soul* was therefore base !
By nature, feature, born the slave
Of all the white man's race ;

Thus argued *pious* heads and grave,
 With eloquence and grace.

And England heard the stranger's cry,
 Pour'd balm on all his woes ;
 For mercy (purest found on high)
 In plenteous measure flows
 In English hearts ; who hither fly,
 Will ever find repose.

May never more that daring soul
 In thralldom bend the knee ;
 I felt for thee when bound with thongs,
 When torn with agony ;
 I sorrow'd for thy many wrongs,
 I joy'd that thou wast free !

Back to thy native land, and tell
 How England loves the slave,
 How million hearts responsive swell
 Against each servile knave,
 Who still his fellow-man would sell,
 Yet heavenly favours crave !

Lift up, lift up thy voice and win
 Many to freedom's cause ;
 Rest not till all thy kith and kin
 Live under equal laws ;

Blot from thy land one cursed sin,
 And win the world's applause !

Let love to God—goodwill to men,
 Control thy every deed ;
 Let wisdom guide thy ready pen,
 Justice pervade thy creed ;
 And in a world beyond our ken,
 May'st thou be bless'd indeed !

Waterloo.

BRIGHT rose the sun on Waterloo,
 On ripening grain of golden hue,
 That gently waved ;
 The gladsome fields were blithe and gay,
 The glist'ning dew begemm'd the way,
 With topaz paved.

And BELGIA's hardy sons of toil
 Arose to till the fertile soil
 With industry ;
 And hill and dale, and spire and stream
 Rejoiced and smiled beneath the gleam
 Full cheerfully.

The air was vocal with the notes
 Of birds that clear'd their tuneful throats
 To hail the dawn ;

The bees their busy hum began,
 And timid rabbits races ran
 Among the corn.

All nature wore a smiling look,—
 The finny tenants of the brook
 The waters skim ;
 And insects sported on the bank,
 The small-eyed mole from daylight shrank
 To quarters dim.

It was a scene of peace and joy,
 Of happiness that doth not cloy ;
 Alas ! that man
 With ruthless deeds should blast the face
 Of nature he was meant to grace,
 And make it wan !

Bright dawn'd the day that set in blood !
 Defiled ere night the silvery flood
 That onward rush'd ;
 The pale moon faintly gleam'd on high,
 The while the plain with crimson dye
 All gory, blush'd !

For, lo ! along the horizon spreads
 A glitt'ring host of pluméd heads,
 Led by the Gaul

Whose very name the nations curs'd,
 That o'er the earth a torrent burst,
 Now near his fall.

And helm and lance, and cuirass glance,
 Led by that haughty chief of France,—
 The trumpets sound ;
 And champing coursers restless paw
 And snort, impatient for the war,
 And spurn the ground.

It was a gallant sight to see
 That host in all its bravery
 Of glitt'ring arms ;
 But sad the thought, that this array
 Met but to mingle in the fray,
 And war's alarms !

Still on the countless thousands pour,
 With measured pace, in pride of pow'r,—
 Of *might*, not *right* ;
 Ambition prompts the fearful strife,
 This disregard of human life
 Slain in the fight.

Now sounds the fife, and beats the drum,
 The loud alarm,—“ they come, they come !”
 From British wards ;

“ March, footmen, march ! mount, horsemen,
 mount !
 And bring the foe to his account,
 Ye gallant guards !”

As ocean overwhelms his banks
 The soldiers pour'd into the ranks,
 And firmly trod ;
 With knitted brow, and lips compress'd,
 A moment stood, and then address'd
 Their souls to God !

And phalanx upon phalanx wheel'd,
 And grounded standards on the field
 Before their chief :
 Around he casts his eagle eye,
 And gave, assured of victory,
 Directions brief.

Awhile the opposéd armies pause,
 As near the fearful conflict draws,—
 Each holds his breath.
 How many souls, with ardour high,
 Before yon sun forsakes the sky,
 Shall sleep in death !

And banners wave, and cannons roar ;
 Each ball its fatal message bore ;
 Athwart the sky

The rockets hiss, explode, expire :
 Anon is heard the rolling fire
 Of musketry.

Oh ! long and doubtful is the fray ;
 Their skill the opposing chiefs display
 On every hand ;
 And countermarch, attack, retreat,
 The trumpet, fife, and drum, repeat
 With loud command.

Now death is busy in the field,
 And mangled forms their spirits yield
 With fearful cry ;
 Oh ! for a pen of fire to tell,
 What horrors on that day befel,
 And misery !

There thousands upon thousands died,
 Stern sacrifice to human pride,
 And lust of power.
 That day made many desolate,—
 The fatherless and widow'd mate
 Still curse the hour.

Through flank and centre, van and rear,
 The lightnings flash with lurid glare
 From iron throats ;

And bay'nets gleam, and rifles crack,
 And still the trumpets sound th' attack
 With warlike notes.

Hard by the field of strife there stood,
 Beneath the shelter of a wood,
 A farm-house lone ;
 Within thy bounds how many bleed,
 Sad scene of many a fearful deed,
 O Huguomont !

Three times th' opposing forces held
 Successive sway, three times expelled,
 Alternate flee ;
 And night beheld thy ruin'd walls
 Pierced by a thousand iron balls—
 Sight sad to see !

Fierce raged the strife, the sun sunk low,
 Outspoke our chief,—“ th' insulting foe
 Unconquer'd stands !
 Up, guards ! and at 'em ! ” Cheerily
 The columns move right steadily,
 And draw their brands !

Their bay'nets flash, as on they dash
 Like some deep torrent, rapid, rash,
 All void of fear ;

And Gaul and Briton clashing meet,
 With angry breasts and hostile feet,
 In mad career.

Brief was the contest ;—England's might
 Came off victorious from the fight—
 The battle's won !
 This last essay, the final stroke,
 Proud Gallia's power and spirit broke,—
 The day is done !

He for whom millions fought and died,
 Destruction bearing far and wide,
 With ruthless feet ;
 E'en *he*, whose proud ambition thought
 To rule the world, his safety sought
 In swift retreat.

Night falls apace ; 'tis silence all,
 Save when the measur'd footsteps fall
 Of sentinel ;
 The ground is cumber'd with the slain,
 And mangled forms that writhe with pain,—
 Sight worthy hell !

All crush'd and trodden is the grain ;
 Destroy'd the farmer's hope of gain
 From honest toil.

Hence, War ! thou eldest curse of death,
 Parent of woe, of hellish birth,—
 Cease thy turmoil !

And thrice ten years and six* have roll'd
 Their destin'd course, and winter's cold
 And summer's heat,
 Have froze and parch'd yon peaceful scene,
 And joy and plenty smile serene
 In concord sweet.

O Peace ! who shall thy praises sing ?
 What countless blessings thou dost bring
 In thy bright train !
 May never more the demon war,
 With envious strife thy glories mar,—
 O, ne'er again !

Ye kings and queens, and potentates,
 Let " peace on earth " guide your debates,—
 " Good will to men ;"
 Then joy shall bless each royal seat,—
 Oh ! to this prayer let earth repeat
 The loud " Amen !"

Amen ! from continent and isle ;
 Amen ! from vale and mountain pile ;
 Amen ! from sea !

* Written in 1851.

Sole Founder of this earthly frame,
 How great, how wondrous is Thy name.
 Amen! to Thee!

On the Death of an Infant Nephew.

COME, brother! let us mingle tears together,
 That we have lost a loved and loving child;
 Come, brother! let us mingle smiles together,
 That God hath ta'en him ere by sin* defiled,
 Whose infant frolics oft the hours beguil'd
 With merry laughter, and with antics wild;
 Whose guileless spirits angels wafted home,
 To realms where woe, nor cankering care can come.

But wherefore are the innocent and young
 So early call'd away, while we remain
 Still battling with life's cares, and hourly stung
 With some new sorrow—some corroding pain?
 God shews His mercy, brother, e'en in this,
 Strongly as when He fills our cup with bliss;
 He snaps the tie that binds us still to earth,
 And raises hopes that are of heavenly birth.

His father's smiles, his mother's fond embrace,
 He needs no more: his heavenly Father cares

* Actual sin.

For such as him, and in that blissful place,
 By sin unstain'd, glory undimm'd he shares ;
 Then farewell, loved one, to fond hearts so dear,
 We mourn thy loss, and drop the silent tear ;
 Yet from those realms whereto thy spirit's flown,
 We would not drag thee for all earth doth own.

The Infant's Prayer.

AN infant knelt before the throne of grace,
 And "make my Uncle Henry well," she said ;
 With mild eyes, lifted hands, and upturn'd face—
 "For Jesus Christ's sake," urged the little maid.

I do not shame to own to moisten'd eyes,
 For God hath heard thy prayer, sweet little one,
 Upborne by Him who dwells above the skies,
 Who said, "Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Great God, my frame with daily strength renew'd,
 Demands my warmest praise, all I can bring ;
 O may my soul be to Thy will subdued,
 From whom all goodness and all mercies spring.

Ye sceptics ! scoff not at my simple story,
 That I have such an advocate with God ;
 Whose words found entrance at the gates of glory,
 Through man's great Saviour, the Incarnate Lord.

Pray on, pray on ! dear child, pray on for me ;
 And if a sinner's prayer may aught avail,
 Happy thy passage through this world shall be,
 Great joy thy portion, and few cares assail.

Version of a Fragment of "Ossian."

THY murmuring stream, O Lora, brings
 To me sweet memories of the past ;—
 Thy whispering wood, Garmaller, sings
 Harmonious as I heard thee last.

Attentive, Malvina, behold
 That rock with golden harebells crown'd ;
 The pine that many a year hath told,
 Bends its proud head :—green is the ground.

And hardy thrives the mountain flower,
 Its blossoms trembling in the breeze,
 Alone, the thistle in its power,
 Sheds its gray beard atween the trees.

The mountain deer avoids the place,
 For a dim ghost he there beholds,
 He stands as one who fears a chase :
 A misty gloom the scene unfolds.

The mighty, O Malvina! lie
 Within the hollow of that rock,
 Their hearts with exultation high,
 As wolves that view the shepherd's flock.

* * * *

A tale of olden times rehearse,
 The deeds of days of other years.

* * * *

Who from the land of strangers stalks
 With his exulting hosts around?
 Bright Sol surveys him as he walks
 Across the smooth and verdant ground;

His manly face, with courage proud,
 Doth calm appear as evening's beams,
 That looketh from yon western cloud
 On Cona's silent vale that gleams.

Who is it but brave Comhal's son,
 Of mighty deeds the storied king?
 Whose arm by valour nobly won
 Immortal fame;—his praises sing.

He views his native hills again,
 He bids a thousand voices rise:
 "They to their rugged hills return,"
 (The stranger's scatter'd army flies.)

“ Their angry prince in judgment sits,
 Impatient at their coward flight ;
 And darkling passion wears his soul,—
 He voweth vengeance day and night.

Aloft he lifts his eye of pride ;
 He takes his father's trusty blade,
 And sheathless wears it by his side,
 Nor is his heart at death dismay'd.

Ye to your native hills have fled,
 As startled deer at lion's roar !
 Forbear to come with hostile tread,
 Nor dare disturb our country more !”

Thus sung the bards their joyful lay,
 As unto Selma's hall they came ;
 Enwrapt in pleasure ends the day,
 At night a thousand torches flame !

“ Where is the noble Clessammor ?”
 With anxious voice, said Fingal fair,
 “ O where is Morna's brother brave,
 The hour of joy with me to share ?

Sullen in echoing Lora's vale
 Do pass his days ; long hath he been
 Away ;—but doth mine eye-sight fail ?
 For on the hills his form is seen !

Lo ! he approaches, as the steed
 That finds companions in the breeze,
 And proudly in the air doth toss
 His flowing mane, and roams at ease !

Bless'd be thy soul, O Clessammor !
 Who long from Selma's hall hath stray'd ;
 For whose success, in peace or war,
 With anxious hopes we long have pray'd."

"Tell me," said mighty Fingal, "tell
 The tale of youth—of days no more ;
 For sorrow, as a cloud the sun,
 Doth shade the soul of Clessammor.

And mournful were thy thoughts alone
 By roaring Lora's echoing side ;
 The darkness of thy days relate
 What did to thee in youth betide."

To my Sister Louisa, on her Twelfth Birthday.

FIVE fleeting years have pass'd away,
 Since first I sang thy natal day,
 And told in rhyme my love sincere ;
 And once again my *heart* indites
 Each word my ready goose-quill writes,
 And bids it say you still are dear.

Yes ! dearer still, a thousand-fold :
 I wish I might this day enfold
 My sister in my fond embrace !
 It may not be ; yet every thought
 Of thee is with affection fraught,
 And love which nothing may displace.

The path of duty daily tread,
 Improving still your *heart* and *head*,—
 For time is rapid in its flight :
 So shall you glad a mother's heart,
 And to a brother's soul impart
 Rich feelings of unmix'd delight.

Value each precept from a friend,
 And thanks with strict attention blend ;
 So shall you win each heart around ;
 The joys that make life pleasant, sweet,
 Shall in thy bosom find a seat,
 Thy coming years with honor crown'd.

Louisa, may all blessings flow,
 During thy sojourn here below ;
 And may that God, whose name is " Love,"
 Impart each virtue angels prize,
 That live when the frail body dies,
 And find a place for thee above !

Such is a brother's prayer sincere ;
 And, wishing many a happy year,
 He bids a loving, fond farewell :
 Now, with thy young companions gay,
 Go, joyous spend thy natal day,—
 Farewell, sweet cherish'd child, farewell.

*Sonnets to my Sister Eliza, on a similar
 occasion.*

WELCOME, thrice happy day ! source of delight,
 That on the wing of expectation borne,—
 When time, revolving in its annual flight,
 Brings in its course the glad auspicious morn,
 When cheerful day first met thy wond'ring gaze,
 And this fair world imperfectly unveil'd
 To senses newly form'd, that ofttimes fail'd,
 As, unaccustom'd to the unusual blaze,
 They gladly sought repose. O may you live
 Surrounded by such joys the world can give.
 My sister ! ah ! how precious is that name !
 And what a world of meaning it conveys !
 Though time our vital energy decays,
 May we unchanged, to each appear the same !

Gladly for you the Muse prepares her lays ;
 With measured numbers aids the ready rhyme ;

Wishing all happiness, and length of days,
 As up the rugged hill of life you climb.
 Sincere the wish that simple words express,
 And to the heart as forcibly appealing,
 And not less valued for its homeliness,
 Though plain the phrase, nor eloquence revealing.
 I will not wish thee perfect bliss, for then
 The hope were vain ;—and in this world below
 Contented we must bear our share of woe,
 Claiming by faith a world beyond our ken.
 But may each grief be transient as the shower
 That but revives the heat-oppresséd flower !

An Acrostic on the Death of a Young Friend.

VAIN all the strength of frail mortality !
 Idle our hopes of happiness to come !
 Can man claim as his own the hours that fly
 That in a span includes existence' sum ?

O, what a drawback on thy pride is death !
 Raised from the dust thou treadest, child of clay ;
 If thou art lord o'er all things that have breath,
 Art thou not subject to far higher sway ?

Farewell, dear friend ! the tomb is now thy place,
 Like some sweet flower too rudely handled, thou—
 Opening in loveliness, with sweetest grace—
 Open'd to feel death's cold hand on thy brow.

Kind was thy heart, thy disposition mild;
 Dear to thy soul the friends that make life sweet;
 In thee were found what best becomes a child,
 Each grace and virtue in a daughter meet.

Departed one! and must we mourn for thee?
 Must we to hopeless sorrow yield our breasts?
 And look with doubt into futurity?
 Rather rejoice! in peace thy spirit rests.

Care never more shall cloud thy brow oppress'd;
 Here pain and sorrow man's companions are;
There in imperishable glory dress'd,
 Heiress to mansions that are brighter far.

Elated with his prize, death struck the blow!
 Though poor the triumph, he but oped the door
 Which leads to life eternal; and we know
 Eye never weeps where blesséd spirits soar.

New glories burst upon thy raptur'd sight;
 The songs of angels charm with cadence rare:
 Yes! in those realms where thou hast taken flight,
 Nor sorrow comes, nor pain finds entrance there.

I have a sweet remembrance of thee left,
 Nor time nor circumstance shall tear from me;
 Though of all things that make life dear bereft,
 However fortune smiles, I'll think of thee.

“ Ah that those lips had language !” * such my pray’r,
 E’en as I took my last sad look of thee :
 The rich young blood fed no warm vitals there ;
 Such is the fate that too awaiteth me.

Eye hath not seen, thought never hath conceiv’d,
 Veil’d in a cloud, what God intends for man ;
 Ear hath not heard, nor wisdom hath perceiv’d,
 Nor tongue spoke true of vast salvation’s plan.

Train up our hearts in wholesome fear of Thee,
 Each hour we breathe is by Thy bounty shared ;
 Eternal ! grant it to Thy glory be,
 Nor when Thou comest, find us unprepared.

* Cowper.

The Great Temptation.

. Matthew iv. 8—10.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—Subject proposed.—Invocation.—Scene from Mount Nebo.—The cities of the world.—Appearance of Christ and Satan —Reflections.—State of nature on that day.—The hosts of heaven spectators.—The first temptation—Its repulse.—Its effect on hell.—The second temptation.—Its result.—The third temptation.—Christ's indignant reply.—Satan, foiled, retreats.—Angels minister to our Lord.—Death and hell conquered.—Song of the heavenly host.—The Lord's more prominent miracles glanced at.—Cana.—Nain.—Bethany.—Bethesda.—The impotent healed.—Galilee.—The deaf and dumb man cured.—A thought.—The blind restored to sight.—Conclusion.

My Spirit, waft me to yon mountain's* crest,
 Whence Moses saw the promised land—himself
 Forbid to enter. Wide the vision roves
 O'er scenes commem'rated in sacred lore.
 Full grand the scene ; and he who heard the voice
 Of God familiar, and received His laws
 On Sinai's mount, and made them known to men,—
 To Israel—objects of peculiar care
 And love to Him—of all earth's nation's Lord ;—
 Whose praise the angelic host from boundless time
 Have never ceased to sing ; whom morning stars
 Danced to behold, and trembled when they heard :

* Nebo.—Deut. xxxii. 49.

He, the great type of HIM, expected long,
 The "STAR" that sprung from Jacob's loins, and
 gave

Freedom to man, that since the Fall had lain
 Fast in the bonds of sin, and gave us life
 Eternal, bought at such tremendous cost,
 Nought but His blood could buy, and grandly taught
 To all believers, what they hardly knew,
 Or dared to fix,—the worth of human souls.

He who thus far had led the chosen band
 To Canaan's shores, here ceased his earthly pains—
 Spread far beneath his gaze earth's kingdoms saw,
 Existent then, or through foreknowledge view'd,
 And wonder'd much and long. But not of him
 I sing. My verse aspires a nobler song.

I sing the great temptation overcome
 On this same mount ;—o'ercome by love divine,
 Amazing love for all of human kind :
 The conflict 'gainst the powers of death and hell
 Commenced ; the first great blow that nerveless
 struck

Abaddon's cursed dominion, and upset
 His empire o'er the hearts and souls of men,
 Now tottering to its fall,—(how great its fall !)
 Later consummated on Calvary's hill.

The conflict that angelic squadrons watch'd
 Breathless ; that paled the cheek of cherubim
 And seraphim, upon the Mount of God
 Assembled, to behold the tempter foil'd,

The Son of God triumphant, and the world
Ransom'd, rescued, redeem'd from Satan's thrall.

Each heavenly muse, instruct me,—tune my lyre
In soft harmonious numbers to rehearse
To wondering man, how man, estrangéd long
From great Jehovah's love, and by long course
Of sin, from hope of heaven quite shut out,
On whom the curse of Adam stood entailed,
Till by One Man's obedience fully purged,
And wash'd from God's remembrance, he might stand
Acquitted, and eternal justice stay'd,
And satisfied by blood of Innocence.
Sing, sacred muse, in stirring verse, the story,
That day, that cherubim and seraphim
With glowing cheeks, and burning words rehearsed
Before their heavenly peers ; and still relate
In anthems, or in sweet converse, the theme
To listening ears, untired, ever sweet,
And ever new, and still with wonder heard.

Be with me, heavenly muse, to prompt my thoughts,
While I take note of all that charms the eye
In this fair prospect wide ; and, after, sing
The depths and wonders of redeeming love.

Grand is the view, and various, and wide,
That meets the charm'd gaze.—There Jordan's
stream

Rolls on impetuous. Egypt's fertile bounds
 In the far distance,—scene of so much woe
 To Israel's sons, on whose behoof God wrought
 His wond'rous plagues ; and safe from bondage led
 The astonish'd tribes, miraculously fed
 For forty years ;—ah ! love how ill repaid !
 There Pharaoh reign'd ; two golden harvests crown'd
 The circling year. Land of the mighty Nile ;
 The monster Sphynx ; the Pyramids that rose
 Their lofty heads, by Israel's brawny hands
 Uprear'd ; that through all ages shall endure,
 Till time shall ease its course, and the round world
 Shall be no more ; those monuments of pride ;
 Tombs of her Kings ; wonder of modern days ;
 Whose depths BELZONI pierced, and with rude hands
 Unreverent, despoil'd ; and to the gaze
 Of the antiquary and vulgar crowd,
 Unveil'd the mysteries of three thousand years,
 Till that day hid. There Parthia's emerald plains :
 And that fair land, the home of Lybia's sons,
 That hunt the grisly lions in their lairs,
 With skins as tawny, spirits as fierce as theirs,
 And wear their hides for spoil. The marble domes
 That stud the prospect wide,—the glory form
 Of classic Greece, where SAPPHO sung her verse,
 That told of passionate love. The Parthenon ;
 Ætheneum ; her many temples rise,
 Offspring of mighty thought, that shame the skill
 Of later days ; whose wondrous structure yet

Excite our awe and envy, and defy
 Our puny efforts in our noblest piles.
 Athens ! proud seat of learning ! stood sublime,
 Hath stood sublime, and shall for ages stand
 Sublime e'en in her ruin ! There sainted Paul
 Declared the NAME DIVINE, by ignorant men,
 That day enlighten'd, call'd "THE UNKNOWN GOD!"*
 And won so many souls from Satan's bonds,—
 Made them Christ's soldiers, arméd to the teeth
 With weapons temper'd in the armoury
 Of God, and stamp'd with heavenly warranty.

There Carthage with her ships, their silken sails
 Flaunting the summer breeze ; their gilded prows
 Flash in the sun refulgent, plough the waves ;
 While the soft music of the viol borne
 Upon the air, each sense steeps in repose.
 Carthage ! rival of Rome ! the mistress long,
 And terror of the Isles ! Ah, Rome ! how fallen !
 Almost contemptible, that once gav'st laws
 To one half of the world ! whose Cæsars ruled
 Those legions that once bore victorious arms
 To every quarter of fair Europe's range.—
 Within that CAPITOL, whose ruins tower
 Proud, spite of centuries gone, great Cæsar found
 His fate, pierced by a score of blades, but slain
 Most by the murderous thrust from *friendship's* hand.
 False Brutus ! long he boasted not his deed :
 O'ercome by Antony's powers, he sought refuge

* Acts xvii. 23.

In suicidal end, and rush'd, uncall'd,
 Unwelcomed, to the presence of his God :—
 And Antony, who serv'd his country well,
 Unhonour'd too, died on a stranger strand,
 Wasting his strength and honor in the arms
 Of her, whose sceptre princely Egypt own'd—
 Vain Cleopatra, that Imperial whore !
 Proud Sidon too, and Tyre ! she whose dyes
 Purpled the robes that earth's great kings array'd ;
 Whose merchandise, borne on the crested wave,
 Fill'd all the marts of earth ; whose ships return'd
 Laden with untold wealth from every land,
 And spread her fame through all the neighbouring
 coasts,

From whom embassies came ; where is thy wealth ?
 Thy power, thy greatness, where ?—and Araby,—
 Surnamed “ the blest, ” whose sons 'gainst every man
 The murderous hand uplift ; whose spices rare
 The mariner scents afar on ocean's breast.
 And India's coral coast, where diamonds gleam
 In mines, of fabulous price ; whose sands are gold.
 The scaly crocodile on Ganges' banks
 Seeks there his destin'd prey ; there, left to die,
 Unpitied and untended on her shores,
 The Hindoo breathes his latest sigh, and thinks
 His soul secure, ah ! superstition vain !
 That still hath held its sway o'er the dark minds
 Of Indias' dusky sons, and still shall hold
 Its sway till Gospel light shall shine and win

Its way mysterious to benighted souls.—
 O haste the hour, great God ! when all the Isles
 Of earth shall sing, rejoicing in Thy Name !
 What time the knowledge of Thy ways shall spread
 O'er vast creation's bounds, wide as the sea
 That laves each shore perpetual, and obeys
 Thy voice, and fix'd decree, and keeps the line
 'Yond which it may not pass ; whose storms appal ;
 Whose waters make the mightiest works of man
 Food for their sport ; whose boiling surges lift
 Their heads so high, they seem to touch the clouds
 That o'er them gloomy hang !—

Nineveh's walls

Of three days journey round ; whom Jonah warn'd
 Of God's impending wrath ; whose people turn'd
 Repentant at the threat, and pardon won,
 Much to the prophet's scandal, whom the Lord
 Rebuked severe, and by the perish'd gourd
 A lesson taught of pardoning mercy rich.
 And Babylon, of whom Isaiah sung
 Long years before, “ 'tis fallen, fallen, fallen ! ”*
 Whose crimes provoked the Majesty of heaven,
 But most the crowning sin Belshazzar wrought
 By sacrilegious use of holy things,—
 Quaffing libations to his heathen gods
 Therein, that lost him kingdom, crown and life.

* Isaiah xxi. 9.

Corinth and Ephesus, and all the Isles
 That dot the Ægean sea ;—all these lay mapp'd
 Beneath our feet. Bethlehem—Ephratah !
 Though thou be counted “ little ” ’mongst the tribes
 And Judah’s thousands, yet from thee did spring
 Of David’s royal line, He who of old
 From everlasting had His goings forth ;—
 The Alpha and Omega who invites
 His chosen and elect from every land :—
 “ The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! and let
 Him that doth hear, and him that is athirst
 Draw near and come !—come, whosoever will ! ” *
 And thou, Jerusalem ! the home so long,
 And glorious seat of Israel’s regal line,
 That Titus razed ; full five and fifty score
 Thousands that perish’d ’neath her ruin’d walls,
 Shew’d fearfully God’s strong protection gone,
 And favour lost, because so ill deserved :—

But soft, my muse. What glorious forms appear
 Upon the mountain’s verge ? Of earthly mould—
 Corporeal substance form’d : but who shall paint
 The heavenly radiance seated on that brow
 That speaks celestial birth ? What grandeur there,
 And meekness !—Dignity, and holiness,
 And love, and faith, contend for empire, which
 Shall mark Him worthiest, yet so equal mix’d,
 That all conjoin’d they make the perfect Man,

* Rev. xxii. 17

Whose like earth never saw until this day !
 Blest day for man ! that in the womb of time
 Long lay entomb'd. Day look'd for by the saints,
 And prophets, priests, and kings, that still foretold,
 By faith and hope, and expectation buoy'd,
 The coming day, now in time's fulness born.
 Servants of God, reproving men of sin ;
 Battling with Satan's powers, and in the might
 Of God warring with principalities,
 And powers, dominions, thrones and potentates ;
 Denouncing wrath, and condemnation dire
 On crown'd heads, amidst their haughty peers
 Enthroned, unaw'd by human frowns, but sole
 Obedience paying to the voice of Him,
 From all eternity the King of kings,
 And Lord of lords, whose empire unseen worlds
 Acknowledge, and His glory ever sing.
 From everlasting—God ; ere silence fled
 The realms of Chaos, or creation rose
 In its first loveliness ;—when beauty reign'd,
 And innocence and peace ;—when fruitful teem'd,
 Unchoked by weeds, each product of the soil,—
 Herb, fruit, and flower ;—when the forest waved
 Its branches, and its leaves knew no decay.
 When Sharon's rose, loveliest of flowers that blew
 In Eden's bowers, without a thorn display'd
 Its beauties, to the soft and wooing air
 Diffus'd its odours, and perennial bloo—

K

As in that blissful time, ere sin defiled
 Creation's loveliness,—ere man had fallen—
 Whose fall gave joy to hell, and made the hosts
 Of heaven weep at God's fair works deform'd :
 As in that blissful time, e'en so this day
 A holy calm pervades all earth and air :—
 The clouds that skim across the heaven's deep blue
 Seem motionless, upon the glassy sea
 Reflected ; while the birds that wing their flight
 Joyous and free, the blessed influence feel
 Of time and place. The beasts the herbage crop,
 And quaff the limpid stream complacently.
 The bees with busy hum the flowers suck
 With added zest. The fishes sportive leap
 The element their home ; their glist'ning scales
 Like diamonds glancing in the mid day sun.
 In the soft breeze the quivering cedars wave
 Their glossy leaves. The luscious vines display
 Their purple crops. The golden harvest tells
 Of peace, and glads the eye of husbandman,
 Expectant of reward from well-spent toil.
 Earth's fairest children, flowers, with scents regale
 The air redolent, wafting back to heaven
 Their odours, thence derived. The joyous sun,
 With light and heat refulgent, runs his course
 This day with added splendour and fresh life ;
 Gilding each mountain top ; each valley, plain,
 Rejoicing in his rays, teeming with wealth.
 And lake and river, brook and fountain, flow

Melodious, and softly sing His praise,
 Who gave to each its being and its course
 To irrigate and fertilize each plain,
 Through which it ran. The cataract whose roar
 Deafens the ear, this day with lower bass
 Disturbs the solitudes. The meadows too
 Put on a richer green. All nature wears
 Her loveliest face, and earth sings jubilee,
 To welcome Him who came to save mankind,—
 Whom here behold ! shrouded in human mould,
 “ God with us ! ” Incarnate ; of virgin born ;
 Whose coming heavenly hosts erewhile proclaim'd
 To shepherds keeping watch o'er woolly flocks,
 By night in Bethlehem's fields : “ Glory to God
 On high ! and on earth peace ! good will to men ! ”
 And guided by that star, whose radiance never
 Till that day, in the midnight vault of heaven
 Display'd its lustre, or held after sway
 In starry realms,—they found the Infant laid—
 The Lamb of God,—(O shame !) in manger laid,
 And with wise men lowly adoring bow'd,
 Who laid rich gifts before Him,—frankincense,
 And gold, and precious myrrh ;—Whose infant days
 In Nazareth, obedient to the rule
 Of earthly parents pass'd ; who at twelve years
 Astonish'd doctors, deep-read in the lore
 Of ages ; He Himself the Fount direct
 Of knowledge, mental, natural, divine.
 He whom the voice of God at Jordan's wave

Proclaim'd His Son beloved ; His mission now
 Began ; His God-head now assail'd, and call'd
 In question, there He stands ! divinely arm'd
 'Gainst Satan's wiles. With love ineffable
 To human kind His soul is fill'd, nor least
 His Father's glory animates His look.
 But who is he, that other glorious form,
 Like Him, array'd in light ? Of noble gait,
 And God-like presence ; like, and how unlike !
 Ambition, pride, hatred, sin, unbelief,
 Lurk in each look, and every movement guide.
 Upon His brow a priceless diadem gleams,
 Each gem of which in lustre far outvies
 The richest jewel in barbaric crown,
 That ever deck'd the brow of potentate.
 Thus side by side they walk, in earnest talk
 Engaged. Approach, my muse, and let us hear
 Their converse ; we alone not auditors—
 For lo ! the heavens ope, and countless throngs
 Of angels gaze upon this earthly scene,
 And whisper each to each with bated breath,
 Fix'd eyes, uplifted hands, and open mouths.
 Some, harp in hand, touch not the tuneless strings,
 And melody and praise are silent now
 Through all the courts of heaven ; for He, their King,
 Is striving now with the arch-enemy
 Of man, for man's salvation.—Guileful fraud
 To innocence, and sin to holiness
 Opposed ; the serpent and the woman's Seed

Arm'd to the conflict, conflict to the death
 Of Satan's power, or God's ! The death of sin
 Or holiness, the world their battle field ;
 The hosts of heaven their breathless audience ;
 And all creation for their glorious prize !

Twice had the tempter all his power essay'd
 To conquer Him, whose fall had hopeless left
 The race of all mankind, from Adam down
 To the last man or woman born before
 The final trumpet's blast ;—no refuge more—
 No hope, no pardon—none. For forty days
 The second Adam in the wilderness
 Had pass'd in prayer and contemplation sole ;
 Then on His mission gone. By hunger pinch'd
 He met the tempter foul,—who tempting sought
 Of Him a sign of His Divinity:—
 “ Long hath the story ran in heaven,”—he 'gan,
 “ About this time the Son of God should come,
 And visit this fair earth. Strange omens late
 Attract my notice.—At Thy birth I saw
 The star o'er Bethlehem's manger brilliant shine.
 I heard the angels' song :—I wonder'd much
 That Thou at twelve years old, with wond'rous lore
 Didst confound the wise 'mongst Israel's sons ;
 Thy life at Nazareth I daily watch'd,
 And heard the voice that spoke to Thee from heaven
 At Jordan's stream. But yet I wonder'd more,
 That Thou, of mortal mould, of mortal food

Hast not partaken for these forty days :
 I wonder'd, and I thought, ' Is this the Son
 Of God so long foretold ? ' and if thou be,
 Thou canst not hunger : yet to satisfy
 My longings after truth, command these stones
 Be turn'd to bread,—I will acknowledge Thee ! ”

Thus guilefully, with foul intent, he spake.
 To whom the Saviour mild : “ knowest thou not
 The Scripture that declares ‘ man doth not live
 By bread alone, but by each word proceeding
 From forth the lips of God ’—whose breath sustains,
 Whose spirit animates, whose arm upholds
 Creation, and the inhabitors thereof.”

This, baffled, not abash'd, the tempter heard :
 Heardst thou that groan that shook the sides of hell ?
 The flaming pit that held the damnéd souls
 Of rebel angels, to perdition doom'd,
 Since that dread day when Satan fell from heaven,
 With all his host, struck by the arm of God,
 Never again to rise to state of bliss,
 Though working woe on earth ; and for each sin
 They wrought in fallen man, condemn'd to feel
 A deeper pang ; yet still resolv'd to fill
 The cursed regions of the undying worm
 With souls precious to God : th' Undying Worm
 That hour felt his power 'gin to wane,
 Howl'd with fresh anguish, yet reluctant held
 His prey, that threats his clutches to escape :—
 Which he, the chief of all, in angel form

Array'd, abash'd, not baffled, to the charge
 Returning, heard;—and thus a fresh assault
 Began : for, alas ! he, well stock'd with arms,
 Wanted not weapons to assail the mind,
 Delude the simple heart, and lead astray
 With hellish wiles, the priceless soul of man.
 Thus he resumed, as on a pinnacle
 Of that vast temple both upborne they stood,
 That Solomon, wisest of Israel's kings,
 To Israel's God uprear'd. Beneath them lay
 The towers and walls of that Jerusalem
 O'er which the Saviour wept in after days ;
 Whom he, the fraudulent serpent thus address'd :
 " All things are possible with Thee. If Thou
 Indeed be God's own Son, cast Thyself down
 Unharm'd, midst yonder throng ; for it is writ
 ' His angels day and night have it in charge
 To watch Thy steps, and in their arms upbear
 Thy sacred form, lest 'gainst the harmful stone
 Thou dash Thy harmless foot ! '—To him replied
 Indignant, thus the woman's Seed : " ' Tis writ
 ' Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God ! ' " Thus He
 Satan unmask'd, and His own Name Divine
 Advertized ; while unearthly malice gleam'd
 In that fierce eye, as there he stood confess'd
 The Prince of Evil, foe to human race,
 Revolted subject of his heavenly King !

Thus twice repulséd, yet another shaft
 He from his quiver drew. Hunger had fail'd
 To tempt from Christ a sign ; nor would He yield
 To the suggestion of the insidious foe,
 To cast Him headlong from the pinnacle ;
 For, by obedience, well He knew, mankind
 And all their hopes of heaven—all were lost.
 Thus twice repulséd, Satan another shaft
 From his full quiver drew. Learn'd in all wiles ;
 Acquainted well, alas ! with human hearts ;
 Adapting his temptations ; to each taste
 Finely adjusting every bait ;—him now,
 And Him, the Man of Nazareth, behold,
 By spiritual agency upborne
 Up to this mount. O ! mark the desp'rate hate
 Stamp'd on that brow, as he with accents smooth,
 And manners bland, renew'd the fierce assault,
 As pointing to each province richly spread
 And mapp'd beneath their feet, in glowing terms
 He praised the joys of earthly power and fame ;
 With form dilated, spoke of deeds of glory
 By diadems acheived,—that form'd the theme
 Of earthly bards, that still their praises sing.
 And as he spoke, there rose upon the air
 The song of victory ;—anon the notes
 Of swelling triumph burst upon the ear,
 And acclamations loud from human throats,
 That spoke some great ovation :—thus he said :
 “Behold yon glorious scene ! Those champagns rich,

Those fertile plains, and undulating vales ;
 Those winding rivers, and those cities' wealth !—
 Those were a prize worthy of human grasp,
 That proudest potentates might joy to win ;
 And all these own me lord and sovereign,—
 And they are Thine, if Thou but bend the knee
 And worship me !” And as the tempter spoke
 His diadem flash'd like a terrestrial sun !
 And by the side of Christ he stood erect,
 In look and bearing, king from head to foot !
 And as he pointed to the costliest bait
 That ever was flung at feet of Innocence,
 To lure a soul to sin,—a gloating look
 Of triumph on each feature dwelt. But short
 His joy, his triumph short : contemptuous turn'd
 On him the Son of God, and thus address'd :
 “ Satan most foul ! rebel to heaven's King !
 Great foe to man ! the Scriptures bear record
 That ‘ thou shalt worship God, and Him alone
 Thou and all creatures serve !’ Get thee behind !”
 And straight that diadem paled ! its lustre gone !
 And Satan shrank abash'd and worsted from
 The conflict, and left Him the victor sole,
 Who thus with arméd heel had sorely bruised
 The head of that old serpent, sin, and struck
 With heavenly weapons, arm omnipotent,
 That devastating blow, so terrible,
 It nigh unpeopled hell, and barren made
 The realms of death, full populous till then !

O hell! the angelic cohorts that kept watch
 And vigilant ward upon the lofty mount
 And towers of New Jerusalem, that day
 Heard thy deep groans appall'd, of empire robb'd!
 Earth shook and trembled, as thy open'd jaws
 Gaped monstrous and profound, and lustful sought
 Thy prey, and sought in vain! And thou, O Death!
 That lost that day thy sting, thy terrors lost,—
 What shall I say to thee?—Triumphant Death!
 With all thy modes of conquest—pestilence
 And war and famine—murder, that did lift
 Unholy hand against the sacred life,
 That, taken, could no restitution know.
 Tyrannous Death! death, who with iron hand,
 The world laid under tribute, and despoil'd
 The fairest of earth's Isles; each fruitful plain,
 Each verdant valley, and each barren waste
 That own'd thy empire vast and uncontroll'd.
 Absolute Death! most absolute of all
 Earth's tyrannies—none might dispute thy sway!
 Adulterous Death! that ere the fair moon rose,
 Ravish'd the bed of some new wedded spouse,
 And ere the morn awoke, lay in the arms
 Of her next neighbour, by thy touch defiled!
 Incestuous Death! that claspest to thy breast
 The maiden fair, and ere the bed was cold
 Her mother woo'd with thy unchaste embrace!
 Repulsive Death! that mad'st earth's fairest works
 And loveliest forms, food for the slimy worm!

And with corruption gorgest thy charnel house,
 And fillest thy palaces with grinning skulls
 And fleshless skeletons, proofs of thy power !
 Unequal Death ! that sparest the palsied limb
 And wither'd chap of age, and strikest down
 The infant sucking nurture at the breast
 Of some fond mother, perhaps her only joy !
 Insatiate Death ! that sparest nor age nor sex ;
 Nor wealth or poverty ; nor hath respect
 To rank or lowliness ; nor ownest the claim
 Of intellect 'bove that of ignorance ;—
 But layest philosopher and boor alike,—
 The head the diadem deck'd, and the bare brow
 Of him that ask'd an alms, in marble tomb
 Or nameless grave, in equal fellowship !
 O dreadful Death ! to those who have no hope
 Beyond the tomb ! whose joys expire when breath
 Deserts the mortal frame, and the damp clod
 Resounds upon the hollow coffin-lid !
 O welcome Death ! to those whom faith and hope
 Have taught, this earth is not their resting place !
 That in the realms above expectant waits
 Their Saviour, who once gave his priceless blood
 To ransom souls—of love and life the price,—
 While angels welcome still the new-arrived,
 And tune their harps to melody and love,
 As each repentant spirit enters heaven,—
 As led by Him who trampled hell, and death,
 And sin, under His feet ; and open threw

So wide the portals of eternal life,
 They never more shall shut 'gainst those who seek
 His face; and set His seal upon their brows,—
 Placing his ransom'd souls before the throne
 Of God, He says: "Father! this my beloved,
 And this my friend!" while He, the Father, smiles,
 And stamps their welcomes to eternal bliss.
 —Death! thou that day didst learn, thy portals led
 To regions that *thy* foot shall never tread,
 Though sending many there! Of empire robb'd,
 Of subjects, tribute, all! thou barest thy arm,
 And throwest thy nerveless dart impotently!

Thus far I mused, when on my senses burst
 A heavenly harmony from angel harps,
 By joy unloosed, tuning their golden wires,
 To join the diapason sweet of praise
 And adoration to the Shepherd King,
 Whom hosts of brother angels tended now,
 And ministered to His wants. Awhile they paused,
 While one full sob of triumph all their breaths
 Suspended held. And now a noble bard,
 That seem'd the chief and leader of that band,
 With harp in hand, the joyous strain began:—

"Strike, strike your lyres, ye angels! to adore
 Him first, Almighty Father, whose great love
 Design'd and perfected the wond'rous plan
 Of man's salvation, to our eyes display'd.
 Boundless, immense, unmeasur'd goodness still

Have mark'd Thy providence and government ;
 Thyself the centre, light, life, heat, of all
 Those regions that Thy empire own, and all
 Those distant worlds that in their orbits roll ;
 By Thee upheld, obeying still Thy laws,
 With motions, climates, seasons, fitted still
 To manifest Thy goodness, providence,
 Omnipotence, omniscience, and display
 Thy presence, and Thy care of all Thy works.
 By righteousness and truth, Thy throne, O Lord,
 Establish'd sure, from all eternity
 Endures ; to whom all earthly thrones shall bow,—
 Bow every earthly king ;—nor least, the hosts
 That stand attendant by the Tree of life,
 That once in Eden grew, and lave the stream
 Of life perpetual, their homage pay.
 Strike, strike your lyres, ye angels ! to adore
 Him—Him whom majesty and honor clothe ;
 Who as a curtain stretchest out the heavens,
 And fix'd the orbs of light that therein roll ;
 And in the pathless waters layeth still
 His chamber's beams ; and of the clouds doth make
 A chariot, and walketh on the wings
 Of gentle zephyr, or the whirlwind's blast.
 At whose rebuke the waters fled, and found
 Their channels, and still ceaseless hold their course,
 Since earth's foundations, by Thy fiat laid,
 Rose out of Chaos, never to remove !
 How fair and spotless once that favor'd orb !

Late how defiled and fallen, by one man's
 Defection and revolt; now by One Man's
 Obedience restored.—We praise, this day
 Thy love ineffable to sinful man,
 That sendest Thy incarnate Son to undo
 The wrong so foully wrought on Thy fair works
 By Satan's agency; whom conquer'd now,
 And finally repell'd, we this day saw
 In adamantine chains securely bound;
 While all the hosts of hell mourn their defeat,
 And still shall mourn, to all eternity!—
 Strike, strike your lyres, ye hosts! raise loud the song
 Of triumph to th' Incarnate Son of God,
 Who at His chariot wheels hath captive led
 Captivity; and struck the primal chord
 In the great dirge that sings the death of Death!
 Which in the coming days shall grandly swell
 To the full diapason, when He nails
 Sin to the sinless Cross on Calvary!
 Praise Him, the Sun of Righteousness! who rose
 With life, and light, and healing in His wings;
 Dispersing, with the glorious rays of truth,
 Those mists of ignorance, which subtly
 The foe had cast around the minds of men;
 By sin's remission to make known to men
 The knowledge of salvation; to give light
 To them that sit in darkness, in the shade
 And vale of death; to heal diseased souls
 O kind Physician! by His outpour'd blood!—

Whose purple streams, welling from His pierced side,
 His hands, His feet, shall cleanse each guilty soul,
 And spread salvation through the Isles of earth!—
 Strike, strike your golden lyres, for sin deposed,
 And raise hosannas to His glorious Name,
 Whom henceforth earth and heaven acknowledge
 King,
 To whom each knee shall bend, each neck shall bow
 In either realm ; and rapturous sing His praise,
 His goodness and stupendous love for man.—
 Glory to God, and to the Son, on high ! ”—
 And all the orbs that run their aerial course
 In the blue concave, “ Glory be to God,
 And to the Son ! ” with one acclaim replied !

Prolong thy aid, my gracious muse, awhile,
 And guide my lagging pen, while I recount,
 In humble strain, admiring, deeds of love,
 Compassion, power ;—miraculous, divine ;—
 That mark'd His course on earth ; His title proved
 To human faith, whom worshipped and adored,
 Before the worlds, the white-robed sons of heaven.
 The conscious water that in Cana turn'd
 To ruby wine, Him first attested God ;—
 Whom Nicodemus sought at even tide,
 And question'd long of spiritual things.
 Who in Samaria, by Jacob's well,
 Reveal'd the truths of everlasting life,
 Himself a Well, the Fount, the Source of life,

Whence every thirsty soul might freely draw ;
 The Eternal, great I AM. He who at Nain,
 At Capernaum, and at Bethany,
 Restor'd the widow's and the noble's son,
 And from the jaws of death redeem'd His friend,
 That four days in the silent tomb had lain,
 Asserting His authority o'er death,
 And pitying human woes ; the while hot tears
 Run wanton down His cheeks, His manhood proved,
 And Godhead both, when from his lips rose clear
 The awful summons : " Lazarus ! come forth !"
 While listening crowds astonish'd, heard, and saw
 The dead arise, wrapped in his cerements.
 Demoniac spirits, that God allow'd to rack
 The frames of men, succumb'd before His power,
 And shrank at His rebuke ; the cripples leap'd,
 Invested with fresh strength, took up their beds
 And went their way rejoicing, praising Him
 Who form'd their inward parts, each muscle knew,
 Each nerve, and regulates the vital tide,
 Which, circulating through the mortal frame,
 Gives nourishment to the whole. Mysterious stream !
 Whose warm pulsation ceasing, pales the cheek,
 Makes dim the eye, suspends the fleeting breath,
 Unnerves the hand, and stiffens every limb.

Bethesda's healing wave, where at the feasts
 Throng'd the diseased, impotent, blind, and halt,
 And wither'd, waiting for miraculous cure,

But to one man vouchsafed, he who should step
 First in the stream, what time the angel came,
 And stirr'd its limpid waters ; by whose side
 Had vainly waited eight-and-thirty years,
 Him whom infirmity had prostrate laid—
 No helping hand to dip him in the wave—
 Yet still with hope buoy'd up. O ye who doubt
 That God doth answer prayer, look on this faith,
 And blush ! Do ye not *know*, have ye not *heard*,
 Do ye believe the promise that declares,
 “ Ask, and it shall be given unto you,
 Seek, ye shall find ; knock, knock ! and mercy's gate
 Shall open wide for you ! ” O ye who doubt,
 Doubt from this hour no more ! Send up your prayers
 Daily and hourly to the Throne of Grace !
 Faint not, shrink not ! ye shall be surely heard !
 What ! though God *sometimes* answers prayer in
 wrath !

What is it ? Mercy in disguise ! to probe
 And heal the foul disease of sin ! What doth
 The skilful surgeon ? Mark ! to cure the wound,
 He deeper wounds the wound, that else had slain !
 —As by Bethesda's pool the Saviour pass'd,
 He saw the impotent man ; in accents mild
 Him thus address'd : “ Man, wilt thou be made
 whole ? ”

Who answer'd doubtful, with some gleams of hope :
 “ Sir, helpless as I lie, I have no man
 To help me when the troubled waters stir,

But while I labour hard to reach the stream,
 Another steps before me!"—Compassionate
 The Saviour mark'd his words, and thus replied :
 "Take up thy bed and walk!" At once the tide
 Of life and health revisited the frame,
 Grew firm the feeble joints, and straight arose
 The prostrate form, and His command obey'd!
 The wither'd hand restor'd ; the leper cleansed ;
 Attested next his His power and His love,
 For those who loved Him not. Nor were the Deaf
 And Dumb forgotten : thus the Gospel story :*
 As by the Sea of Galilee He taught
 The listening crowds,—confirming still His words
 By miracles, and sending none away
 Unheal'd, they brought before Him one whose ears
 Were stopp'd—deaf to all sound—and closed alike
 To human accents, anger, grief or love,
 Or pity that address'd : His nerveless tongue
 Essay'd not utterance ; "the tongue wherewith
 We bless the Father, and wherewith we curse
 Our fellow men, in His similitude
 Created," † like an untuned instrument,
 Was silent, or gave out discordant sounds,
 Unintelligible and meaningless.—
 Him the compassionate Saviour took aside
 Before the wondering throng : His fingers placed
 Within his ears, and touch'd his nerveless tongue ;
 The drop of melting pity in His eyes
 Uprais'd to heaven, as He sigh'd "Ephphatha!"

* Mark vii. 32—37. † James iii. 9.

And at the magical word, the tongue unloosed
 Proclaim'd His praises plain ! The open'd ears,
 Made sensitive to sound, discern'd with joy
 The voice and accents that announced his God.
 He, to whom *language* was a sealéd art,
 Grew voluble ; and straight the mind received,
 Sympathetic, with understanding heard,
 Through its appointed channels, words of love,
 That told him God remember'd such as him,
 Whose love is deep, whose heart is vast enough
 To shelter all the human family,
 And succour bring to each afflicted son.

O God ! forgive me, that sometimes have thought,
 In the dark noon of night, alone with Thee,
 From hum of men retired—myself the while—
 And others like me, upon whom Thy hand
 Hath heavy laid, —of all Thy creatures, least
 The objects of Thy care. By the chief source
 Of our perceptions closed, denied access
 To human knowledge ; from the mysteries
 Of nature and of revelation barr'd ;
 Who knew Thee not, nor saw Thee in Thy works !
 First Cause, and Source, and Governor of all !
 Till science came, shadow of light divine,
 And wisdom that illuminates Thy throne
 Eternal ;—ray from the all-seeing Mind !
 That, striking on the imprison'd soul, doth set
 It free ; and on the wings of ecstasy
 Upborne, I “ read my title to the skies ! ”

And sign'd my name a citizen of heaven !
 My crest, the Cross, the Cross of Calvary !
 Blazon'd in many a page of Thy blessed Word ;
 Charter of freedom ! that my right declares
 To equal fellowship before Thy sight
 With Thy more favor'd sons.— I turn'd the page
 And read “ Who form'd man's mouth, or who hath
 made
 The dumb or deaf ? Say, have not *I*, the Lord ? ”*
 I felt the impious doubt rebuked. O Lord,
 Forgive Thy servant's sin. Strengthen my faith,
 To know and love Thee more ; to dedicate
 Myself, my soul, to Thee. Shut not Thine ear,
 When on Thy name I call. This is my plea,
 My sole refuge, that Jesus died for me !

The sightless eyeballs first their vision set
 On Him who gave them lustre. They who walk'd
 With timorous steps in perilous paths, uncheer'd
 By heavenly rays—their days one endless night ;
 They heard the Saviour's steps,—with loud appeal
 Attention gain'd : “ Have mercy, Lord, on us ! ”
 And He who saw their faith open'd their eyes,
 And through the windows of the soul pour'd in
 A flood of heavenly light,—they knew their God !

But time, and space, and language, all would fail
 His miracles and goodness to recount,
 Whose “ path on earth was like the shining light ; ” †

* Exodus iv. 11. † Prov. iv. 18.

Who had no home to shield His sacred head,
 Though Lord of countless mansions in the skies.
 Despised, rejected, spurn'd of men, He still
 With deeds of mercy well repaid their hate ;
 Rebuked the proud, and on misfortune's sons
 Bestow'd the kindly look. The erring soul
 He warn'd ; the weak upheld ; the hypocrite
 Denounced ; and the repentant soul received,
 With words of mercy, and of pardon rich.
 Hath man no tongue, no love, no praise for this ?
 No words, no melody wherewith to sing
 His glory, and the loud hosannah wake ?
 Essay, my pen ; and thou, my muse, once more
 Afford thy aid, and guide my flowing song :

O Thou, Incarnate Saviour ! who hast fought
 The fight, and won for us the victory,
 By Thy obedience and Thy priceless blood
 Expended on the cross. Lord, who shall tell
 Thy boundless love ? What brought Thee down from
 heaven—

Lord of the realms above—to bear our pains,
 And suffer human woes ? What didst Thou see
 In man, to prompt such love ? What know we more,
 What can we more—than still Thy goodness praise,
 Who hast declared the price of countless worlds
 Could not compensate for one human soul :
 Not all Golconda's wealth ; or India's mines,
 Or Peru's glittering strands. Poor bankrupts we
 In faith and hope, having not wherewithal

God's favor to purchase ; till Thou, our Friend,
 Stepp'd forth, and paid the debt and penalty.
 Thou who, in form of man, of woman born,
 Thought it not robbery to equal God—
 For Thou wast God,—yet bow'd submissively
 To death, a shameful death on the curs'd cross.
 Thy blood alone sin's leprosy removes,
 Once washing in it cleans the guilty stain.
 To Thee the Father gave, 'bove every Name,
 A title 'fore which earthly titles pale.
 Through Thy obedience man is reconciled
 To God, whose angry frowns give place to smiles.
 The broken chain cemented by Thy blood,
 As adamant shall stand. Sin, death, and hell
 Shall no more have dominion o'er the souls
 That Thou hast saved. Thou "Lion of the tribe
 Of Judah!" sitting on Thy Father's throne,
 To judge mankind, all peoples, nations, tongues,
 Shalt open the book of life, which Thou alone
 Canst open ; the redeem'd of every land
 Shalt call by name, and take Thy ransom'd home.
 O Saviour ! Christ ! Immanuel ! God with us !—
 Each word conveying mercy in its tones,—
 How shall we worthiest praise Thee ? how deserve
 Thy matchless love ? The pure and contrite heart,
 The broken spirit, burden'd with its sin,
 Alone are Thine accepted sacrifice ;
 Nor could we give Thee more. At morn and even,
 Our lips shall praise Thee, and our hearts shall rise
 In grateful incense to Thy glorious throne,

Where pain and sorrow, sighing are unknown ;
 Where tears bedim no more the aching eye ;—
 Blest regions ! where the weary are at rest,
 And wicked men hunt not the troubled souls.
 And where the dumb shall join the harmony
 Of heavenly bards, nor mar the rapturous song :
 For which time all Thy saints expectant wait,
 And muse Thy praise. Come, Jesus ! quickly come !

The Poet's Epilogue to His Book.

THEY say an epilogue's a prosy thing,
 But that, between me and my book's no matter.
 Your Grub-street lyrists, seeking fame must bring
 Good store of doubtful learning, to be-spatter
 Their readers' faculties, disarm the sting
 Of critics—gentlemen who seldom flatter.
 Talk of fine periods !—they've cart loads of 'em !
 Read how you will, you can't their meaning fathom !

Some write for glory, some to shew their knowledge ;
 Or that they cannot keep their fingers quiet :
 Some write for honors at a school or college ;
 For mischief others, or to breed a riot :
 While not a few, though few the truth acknowledge,
 By famine goaded, write for daily diet.
 Some " damn a book for one ill-written line,
 Then steal the sentiments, and cry : ' they're mine !'"*

* Rev. G. Crabbe.

Others again, though little to their credit,
 Pursue a rather questionable course,
 Produce a book, and swear another bred it,—
 On their own works another's name endorse.
 MACPHERSON publish'd "Ossian"—you have read it?
 To spout a page or two would make you hoarse—
 However, 'twas a profitable thought;
 He held his silence, and the book was bought.

So we must part—companion of the hours
 Of idleness the lingering years present ;
 There's little in thy leaves, but all the flowers
 Are of my culture, a kind talent lent
 To cheer the heart when melancholy lowers,
 Though little I can shew, of excellent
 In fruit or flower.—I blot thy page no more,
 Save to correct, expunge, what's writ before.

I wrote at first for self amusement.—Fame
 I sought not, save what partial friends might
 render ;
 And e'en of *that* but trifling share I claim,
 My talents in the rhyming way being slender.
 But much or little, 'tis to me the same,
 If I've writ something worthy to remember,—
 I'll scan thee often, still it must diminish
 My satisfaction—thou hast reach'd a—

F I N I S .



