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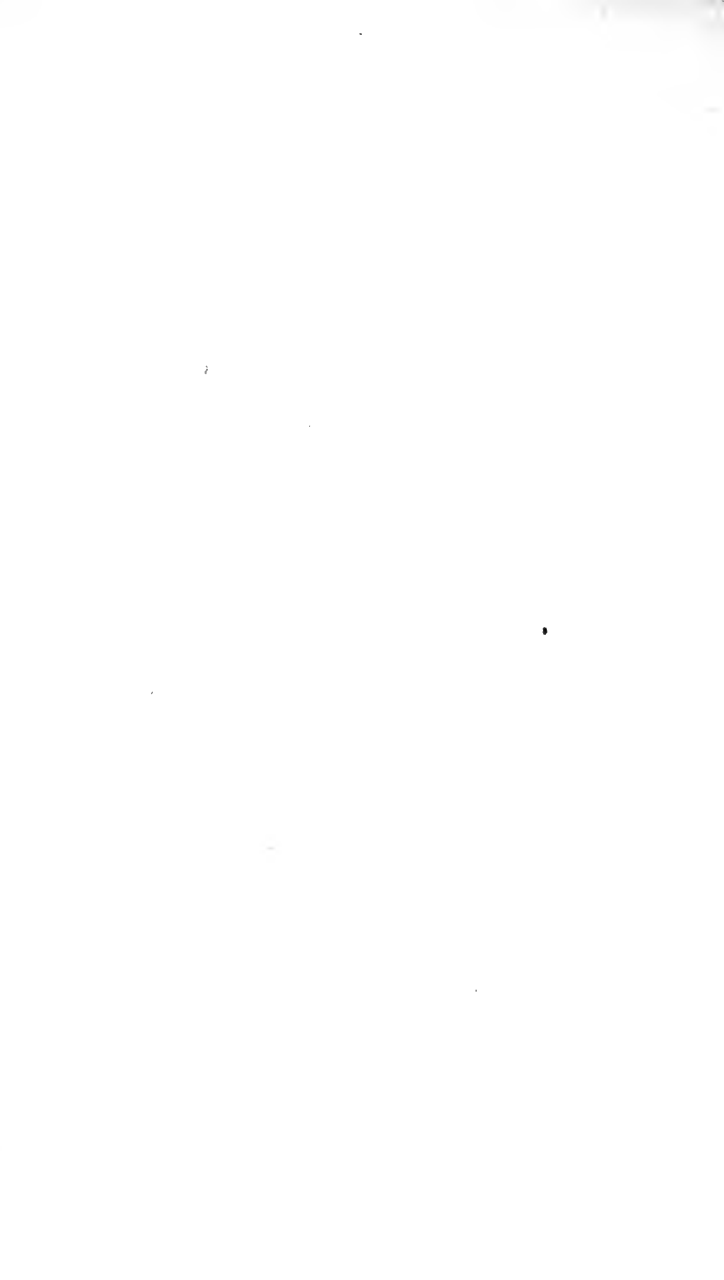
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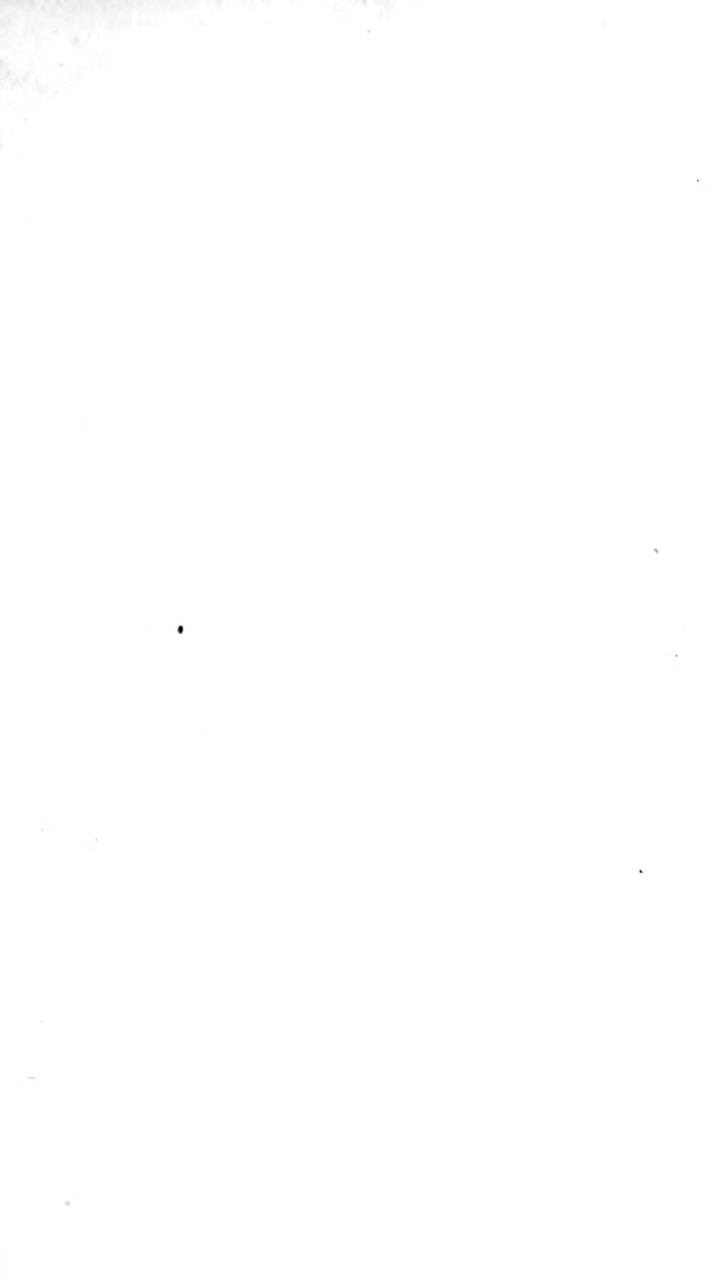
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THE CHAPLET:

A POETICAL OFFERING,

FOR

THE LYCEUMS' BAZAAR,

Town-Hall, January, 1841.

EDITED BY

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

AUTHOR OF "RHYME, ROMANCE, AND REVERY."

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INTRODUCTION.

It is perhaps superfluous to offer any prefatory remarks on bringing before the Public the present little work, but it may be advisable to state that the pieces are original and gratuitous contributions. At this cheerless and barren season of the year, when Nature, like a fond mother, keeps her flowery offspring closely locked in her embraces, it was thought that a few buds culled from the garden of Poesy, might not, to our fair readers at least, be unacceptable. As the most simple wreath generally contains some flowers which are admired for their hue and fragrance, so let us hope that the purchasers of this, our poetical bouquet, will find in it some buds not altogether unpleasing to their fancy.



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K N O W L E D G E .

BY THOMAS NICHOLSON.

~~~~~

GENIUS of learning, from thy glowing throne,  
Illume the nations that in darkness groan ;  
Rise ! like the glorious sun in gorgeous east,  
Still higher rising, still in strength increased :  
Pour through the gloom of ignorance thy rays,  
'Till through the earth one intellectual blaze  
Shall cheer the people with congenial flame,  
And mutual instruction be their aim.

That man who's born in Nature's desert wild,  
Rude and untaught, still lives and dies a child :  
To Nature's follies prone he still errs on,  
Nor knows, nor cares, for errors to atone.  
Gross, sensual, and brutish in desire ;  
Still grovelling he, still wallowing in mire  
Of deepest ignorance and low conceit :  
No generous purpose prompts his mind to greet  
His fellow man, intent to learn or teach—  
A benefit reciprocal to each.  
He, like the land untill'd whereon he lives,  
Though rich in soil no teeming harvest gives ;  
For, when it should produce, the wholesome seeds  
Are choked by baleful and all-thriving weeds ;  
But see the man, who made by learning wise,  
With fellow feeling quick to sympathise :

With self he is not filled in vain conceit,  
 He'll others' wants with his abundance meet.  
 With generous ideas wide expands  
 His ample mind, and far o'er seas and lands  
 His mighty influence the nations own,  
 Who by a wise example wise have grown.  
 It must be so—Franklin, thy works explain ;  
 Or, Locke and Newton, ye have lived in vain !

Then imitate in nobleness of mind  
 Those mighty benefactors of mankind !  
 They have not lived in vain, for well we know  
 The obligations that to them we owe.  
 They rose like planets on the gloom obscure  
 Of intellectual darkness, and endure  
 They shall for ever ! to illumine that sphere  
 In which each did in glory first appear !  
 Although we be not master-spirits all,  
 Each may improve his talent, great or small ;  
 And, great or small, a portion we should deal  
 As contributious to the public weal.  
 Stars are not all of the first magnitude,  
 But little stars do modestly intrude,  
 And, by their numbers, shed as great a light,  
 As greater planets on the face of night.  
 Unite we then :—let rich and poor unite !  
 In this great cause. Rise, Knowledge, in thy might !  
 O banish folly, by supreme command ;  
 Of slavish ignorance purge thou the land !  
 Yes, strike the incubus from sleeping drone,  
 And cry :—Awake ! awake ! and be my own.



## YOUTH'S RETURN,

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

~~~~~

I awoke in the depth of a starless night,
 And gaz'd on my darken'd room ;
 I was as one struck down with a blinded sight,
 And doom'd to a world of gloom,
 Or as a spirit hurl'd from a realm of light,
 Or living man in a tomb.

Oh, my soul had been bath'd in a blissful dream—
 My youth had return'd again ;
 Like the spell-broken rush of an ice-bound stream,
 The blood cours'd through every vein ;
 Free from sorrow and care did my bosom seem
 As a sunny ray from stain.

Beaming eyes, that were dimm'd not by sorrow's tears,
 Were mirror'd within mine own ;
 Blessed voices discours'd to my ravish'd ears,
 With joy in their every tone ;
 And my soul breath'd in converse, for doubts and fears
 Were things to my heart unknown.

On my cheek and my temples the soft breeze blew,
 With a fresh and balmy breath ;
 Brightly green were the leaves that above me grew,
 And fragrant the flowers beneath ;
 Blithely singing the wild-birds past me flew—
 Nought told of decay or death.

Affection again o'er my bosom had power,
 In its first delicious spring,
 When woman appeareth a heavenly dower,
 And love seems a holy thing,
 Pure and chaste as the dew on an opening flower,
 Or dust on the butterfly's wing.

I awoke, and my blood it was thick and cold,
 For the vision'd forms had past,
 And as well might mine arms have sought to enfold
 The fitful and moaning blast :
 Long, long on those cherish'd and lov'd ones of old
 Had the grave's damp earth been cast.

The stillness is broken by my child's low sighs,
 My spirit has ceas'd to pine ;
 I think of my children's love-fraught eyes,
 And the bliss that still is mine ;
 And fond thoughts, sweetest wife, in my heart arise,
 Which tell of the truth of thine.

WHO ARE THE FREE ?

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.



Who are the Free ?

THEY who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,
 And bowed in worship unto none but God ;
 They who have made the conqueror's glory dim—
 Unchained in soul, though manacled in limb—
 Unwarped by prejudice— unawed by wrong,
 Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong :
 They who could change not with the changing hour,
 The self-same men in peril and in power :
 True to the law of right, as warmly prone
 To grant another's as maintain their own ;
 Foes of oppression whereso'er it be :—

These are the proudly free !

Who are the Great ?

They who have boldly ventured to explore
 Unsounded seas, and lands unknown before—
 Soared on the wings of science, wide and far,
 Measured the sun, and weighed each distant star—
 Pierced the dark depths of ocean and of earth,
 And brought uncounted wonders into birth—
 Repelled the pestilence, restrained the storm,
 And given new beauty to the human form—
 Wakened the voice of reason, and unfurled
 The page of truthful knowledge to the world :

They who have toiled and studied for mankind—
 Aroused the slumbering virtues of the mind—
 Taught us a thousand blessings to create :—
 These are the nobly great !

Who are the Wise ?

They who have governed, with a self-control,
 Each wild and baneful passion of the soul—
 Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
 But kept alive affection's purer fires :
 They who have passed the labyrinth of life,
 Without one hour of weakness or of strife ;
 Prepared each change of fortune to endure,
 Humble though rich, and dignified though poor—
 Skill'd in the latent movements of the heart—
 Learned in the lore which nature can impart—
 Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud,
 Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud,
 Looking for good in all beneath the skies :—
 These are the truly wise !

Who are the Blest !

They who have kept their sympathies awake,
 And scattered joy for more than custom's sake :
 Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
 Gentle in thought—benevolent in deed ;
 Whose looks have power to make dissension cease—
 Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words are peace :
 They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
 Teachers of truth and ministers of love :
 Love for all moral power--all mental grace—
 Love for the humblest of the human race—

Love for that tranquil joy that virtue brings—
Love for the GIVER of all goodly things :
True followers of that soul-exalting plan,
Which CHRIST laid down to bless and govern man.
They who can calmly linger at the last,
Survey the future and recall the past ;
And with that hope which triumphs over pain,
Feel well-assured they have not lived in vain ;
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest :—
 These are the only blest !

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

BY ROBERT ROSE (THE BARD OF COLOUR.)



THOUGH rudely on thee the loud tempests lour,
 Yet dost thou burst to life, thou tender flower,
 With white breast bared unto the wild wind's pow'r,
 Still dear art thou to me,
 Type of simplicity !

Do storms on thee their envious vengeance wreak,
 Because thou art so tender, yet so meek ?
 Thus, oft the *strong* attempt to crush the *weak*,
 Who shine in fair array,
 More pleasing far than they !

The peasants pass thee by with careless tread,
 The soil around thee is all cold and dead ;
 Yet, gently rising from thy humble bed,
 Thou calmly comest forth,
 So beauteous to the earth !

Ah ! thus may Genius from the lowly sod,
 By Envy, Avarice, and Ambition trod,
 " Look up from Nature unto Nature's God !"
 And precepts give like thee,
 To proud humanity !

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, AND MANHOOD.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

~~~~~

I WAS a child, a careless child,  
 And simple words were taught to me ;  
 My mother's eyes upon me smil'd  
 Through all my days of infaney :  
 Through every passing live-long day  
 I laugh'd the hours of life away.

I was a boy, a comely boy,  
 And in my hands were pen and book ;  
 My father's hope, my mother's joy,  
 They watch'd me with an anxious look :  
 And gentle words of love and truth  
 Were whisper'd to my tender youth.

When I was somewhat older grown,  
 They sent me to a village school ;  
 Lyceum then, or Parthenon,  
 Existed not, with Learning's rule,  
 Nor Science pour'd her flood of light  
 To bless the intellectual sight.

But now in region dark and dim,  
 'Mid worldly men and selfish fears,  
 She teacheth us to smile on Him  
 Who waters not the world with tears,  
 But like the sun sends Reason's beam  
 To guide us down life's devious stream.

I am a man, an humble man,  
    With loving heart, and thoughtful mind ;  
Nature's all-glorious works I see,  
    With will subdued, and soul resign'd :  
And that great power who rules the Earth  
Hath borne me onward from my birth.

I am a man, and let me crave,  
    That while mine own immortal soul  
Sojourneth on this side the grave,  
    True as the needle to the pole,  
Virtue, and Truth, and Justice may  
Attend me to my latest day.



## SONNETS.

BY THOMAS NICHOLSON.



## THE STRANGER.

FORLORN and weary to your door I come,  
 A houseless stranger, on my journey drear  
 To mine own land—for now full many a year  
 The earth's wide wilderness hath been my home.  
 Me, weather-beaten, sore and woe-begone,  
 You will not, sure, despise for being poor,  
 For I have fortune sought the whole world o'er,  
 But my stern destiny decreed me none ;  
 And yet, my sufferings should some pity move :  
 Of climate I have felt the fierce extremes,  
 When doom'd on Afric's burning shores to rove ;  
 And Lapland's frozen waste, where the sun's beams  
 No cheering ray afford ;—but now I go  
 To seek a grave amongst the friends I know.

## RESPONSE.

Stranger, a sorry plight is thine, I trow :  
 The rain beats hard, the winds are piping loud,  
 And veil'd is heaven by many a gloomy cloud ;  
 The sun hath sunk beneath th' horizon low ;  
 A desert wild and lone before thee lies ;

Then I should surely have a heart of stone  
To shut my door on thee, and say begone !  
Exposing thee to the inclement skies :  
My fire is bright, my cheerful hearth is free,  
And wholesome fare, such as my means afford,  
Shall quick be spread upon the welcome board :  
Christian, or Pagan, 'tis the same to me,  
Freely partake, I ask not whence thou'rt come :  
Me it sufficeth, thou art far from home !

## STANZAS,

*Addressed to the Child of my Poet-Friend, J. B. Rogerson.*

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

YOUNG Ariel of the Poet's home !  
 Thou fair and frolic boy !  
 May every blessing round thee come,  
 Unmingled with alloy ;  
 And wheresoc'er thy foot-steps stray,  
 Along the world's uncertain way,  
 May hope, and love, and joy  
 Their choicest flowers around thee fling,  
 Without a blight—without a sting.

A spirit looketh from thine eyes,  
 So softly, darkly clear ;  
 Thy thoughts gush forth without disguise,  
 Unchecked by shame or fear ;  
 There is a music in thy words,  
 Sweet as the sound of brooks and birds  
 When summer hours are near ;  
 And every gesture, look and tone,  
 Make the beholder's heart thine own.

Thou sportest round thy father's hearth,  
 With ever-changing glee,  
 And all who listen to thy mirth  
 Grow young again with thee ;  
 Thy fitful song—thy joyful shout—

Thy merry gambols round about—  
 Thy laughter fresh and free :—  
 All, all combine to make us bless  
 Thy form of life and loveliness !

Thou art a frail and tranquil thing,  
 When wearied into rest ;  
 Like a young lark with folded wing,  
 Within its grassy nest :  
 But when the night hath passed, thy lay  
 Hails the first blush of kindling day,  
 And from thy mother's breast  
 Thou leapest forth with gladsome bound,  
 To walk in pleasure's daily round.

Oh ! what a place of silent gloom  
 Thy father's house would seem  
 If thou wert summoned to the tomb,  
 In childhood's early dream ;  
 With every beauty in thy form—  
 With all thy first affections warm,  
 And in thy mind a beam  
 Of rare and intellectual fire,  
 Such as hath raised thy gifted sire.

I had a child, and such a child,  
 Oh God ! can I forget ?  
 So fair, so fond, so undefiled,  
 I see his image yet.  
 With breaking heart but tearless eye,  
 I watch'd my spring-flower fade and die—  
 My load-star wane and set ;

And still I wrestle with my grief,  
For time hath brought me no relief.

I mingle with the thoughtless throng,  
But even there I feel ;  
I breathe *some* sorrow in my song,  
But may not all reveal ;  
I know that nought of worldly ill  
Can agonize my lost one, still  
My wounds I cannot heal ;  
But wander musing—mourning on,  
As though my every hope were gone.

Away with this unquiet strain,  
This echo of despair ;  
Why should I speak to thee of pain,  
Or slow-consuming care ?  
Much have I seen of human strife  
Along the shadowy path of life—  
Much have I had to bear ;  
But, ah ! 'tis yet too soon, my boy,  
To break thy transient dream of joy !

Child of delight ! had I the power  
Thy destiny to weave,  
Thou should'st not know one little hour,  
To make thy spirit grieve ;  
But earth should meet thy radiant eyes,  
Like the first look of Paradise  
To love-enraptured Eve ;  
And Heaven at last should take thee in  
Without one stain of mortal sin !

## MELODIES.

BY THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH.



*“I’ll remember thee, dear.”*

I’LL remember thee, dear,  
 When the morning is clear,  
 When earth seems a land of delight,  
 When all nature is gay,  
 And the beautiful May  
 Shines forth in its glory and light.

I’ll remember thee, too,  
 When the evening dew  
 Refreshes each innocent flow’r,  
 When along the wide west  
 Heaven bares her red breast,  
 An ensign of beauty and pow’r.

I’ll remember thee, love,  
 While the stars shine above,  
 Or the moon-beams dance on the sea ;  
 I’ll remember thee, dear,  
 Through each joy, grief and fear—  
 ’Till Eternity cease to be.

*“ Oh ! breathe not that word.”*

Oh ! breathe not that word, for it grieves me to hear  
The name of a sister—that once was so dear ;  
In years that are gone ’twould have lit up my brow  
As joyfully bright as it darkens it now !

Oh ! speak not her name ! ’tis unhallowed and shorn  
Of the beamings of virtue that decked it at morn ;  
’Tis the shade of a flow’r, at morn full of light,  
Now droop’d and decay’d in the darkness of night !

And trace it no more !—for the day is gone by  
When the sight of that name was bliss to mine eye ;  
’Tis so blacken’d by guilt—so polluted ’tis grown,  
That it glads me to think ’tis no longer mine own.

*“ As I muse on this bank.”*

As I muse on this bank where sweet flow’rs bloom,  
And mark every wave that passes me by,  
I think that another, when I’m in the tomb,  
Will come to this spot o’er these waters to sigh.

I gaze on the stream, as it sparkles and glows,  
And think of the day when my heart was as free,  
As griefless and bright as the wavelet that flows,  
Thus heedlessly laughing itself into glee.

But, happiness like, e’en these waters will pass—  
A century hence some forlorn one may say  
“ I came to the spot where a riv’let once was,  
The stones sleep in silence, the stream’s past away.”

*“ Marion placed her little foot.*

Marion placed her little foot  
 Upon a pretty flow'r,  
 That grew upon a tender root  
 Beside her fav'rite bow'r ;  
 I sigh'd, for, oh ! I thought 'twas dead,  
 But soon my grief was o'er,  
 Again it raised its little head,  
 Much sweeter than before.

I pluck'd it for my Marion's breast,  
 And gently placed it there ;  
 It seem'd to smile, as she caress'd,  
 And kiss'd its lips so fair ;  
 It bloom'd as if in holy ground,  
 More beautiful it grew,  
 And scatter'd perfume all around—  
 Her breath to it was dew !

But, oh, alas ! I could not bear  
 That it should be thus blest,  
 So, jealous, I resolved to tear  
 And steal it from her breast ;  
 But scarce I touch'd its tender leaf,  
 It droop'd its gentle head—  
 It could not bear the parting grief,  
 Its sweetness sigh'd and fled.



## ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY MATTHEW DEPEAR.

Lov'd Child ! the conflict now is o'er,  
 And all thy sufferings at rest ;  
 Thy spirit wafting to that shore,  
 Where live the innocent and blest !  
 Oh ! lightly sail thy little ark,  
 With gentlest undulations glide ;  
 In calmest haven moor thy bark,  
 Borne by a smoothly-flowing tide.

Rough was life's voyage, stormy, dark  
 Thy passage through its boist'rous wave ;  
 The tempest howl'd, electric spark  
 Of lightning struck thy vessel ;—brave  
 Though the loud thunder roar'd, she kept  
 Her gallant way, 'till one rude blast  
 Dread o'er her deck huge billows swept,  
 And burst her sides and rent her mast !  
 In ocean's drear abyss went down,  
 Founder'd, became the deep's proud prize ;  
 On her ripp'd seams bluff breakers frown,  
 And heaving surges o'er her rise.  
 But capstan strong her hulk shall weigh,  
 Refitted and in trim repair,  
 Fresh timber'd and stout plank'd essay  
 (Gay pennons streaming, canvass rare)

Tightly her course ;—soft gales shall speed  
 Her to the wished-for, destin'd port,  
 And harbour'd safe, no more decreed  
 To be of winds and waves the sport.

Though death hath cropt thee, thou fair flow'r,  
 In heav'ns parterre thou wilt disclose  
 Thy beauty, and enchanting pour  
 The scent of never-fading rose.  
 In that delightful garden bloom,  
 Shedding sweet odour all around,  
 And with delicious rich perfume  
 The grateful fragrance shall abound.  
 In bow'rs ambrosial shall sing  
 Enrapt, thy great deliverer's praise ;  
 Through one eternal charming spring,  
 Redeeming love attune thy lays.  
 Consorted with an angel band,  
 For ever happy, raise thy voice ;  
 In favour, plac'd at God's right hand,  
 To laud in peace, in bliss rejoice.

## THERE IS AN EYE.

BY MISS E. BATTYE.

~~~~~

THERE is an eye whose slightest ray
Cheers as the sun through wintry clouds,
And when that beam hath pass'd away,
More than night's gloom this heart enshrouds.

There is a mouth, whose every smile
Is dear, too dear for this heart's peace ;
Though danger lurk'd in every wile,
I could not bid the magic cease.

There is a hand whose slight touch sends
A thrilling tide through every vein,
Whose gentle grasp the strong will bends,
And makes e'en pride forget its chain.

There is a voice whose winning tone,
As some glad song-bird's, charms mine ear ;
Life were a desert drear and lone,
Without that voice to bless and cheer.

THE MEETING AND PARTING.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.



WE met but once, and parted then for ever,
 As ships encountering on a sunny sea,
 One doom'd, perchance, to reach its haven never,
 The other aye to glide on tranquilly :
 Thou wilt be as the glad and prosperous bark—
 My destin'd course is clouded o'er and dark.

We met and parted—in the bright hall ringing,
 Thy laugh still sounds amid the young and gay,
 Eternal blossoms in thy pathway springing,
 For me—few flowers have deck'd my thorny way :
 Of vanish'd joys my heart hath been the shrine—
 Of words and looks—and, most of all, of thine.

I saw thee with the light of beauty shining
 On cheek and lip, and flashing from thine eyes ;
 Around thy forehead silken curls were twining,
 And thy breast heav'd, but not with sorrow's sighs ;
 The buoyant gladness of thy spirit shone
 In every glance, and spoke in every tone.

I felt the music of thy sweet voice stealing
 Across my soul—I press'd thy lily hand ;
 Within my breast there sprung a joyous feeling,
 And hopes, like shadows from the dreamer's land ;
 Blissful aspirings crowded to my brain,
 And my heart throb'd with wishes wild and vain.

A few short hours of gladness, and we parted,
 Thou to be worshipp'd and with joy elate,
 And I to muse on thee all lonely-hearted,
 And sigh for one who reck'd not of my fate ;
 Thou to an honour'd and a happy lot,
 I for content to seek, yet find it not.

I pour'd no vows unto thy youthful beauty,
 I told not how my soul was wrapt in thee,
 Nor sought to win thy pure heart from its duty—
 I knew that thou wert not a mate for me,
 I knew our different destinies must lie
 As far apart as are the sea and sky.

We met and parted whilst the rose was glowing,
 In bloom and loveliness, upon thy face,
 Whilst light and joy from thy dark eyes were flowing,
 And thou wert girt with every witching grace—
 Ere youth's bright glories had been quenched in night,
 Ere one dear charm had faded 'neath Time's blight.

Had I thine image through long years have cherish'd,
 And mark'd thy beauties vanish one by one,
 'Till bloom, and grace, and every charm had perish'd,
 Could I have look'd on thee when all were gone ?
 No, no ! I shrin'd thee rich in maiden spell,
 And breath'd at once my first and last farewell.

TO BEATRICE.

BY ROBERT ROSE (THE BARD OF COLOUR.)



FAIR Lady! melancholy falls on me
 Whene'er we meet ;—'tis not that beauty bright
 I disavow, though soon, alas! it flee—
 Nor that I may not drink thine eyes' pure light,
 And thrill before thy presence—but I feel
 A chilling weight press on my heart to think
 The influence of years will on thee steal,
 And break the chain of beauty, link by link.
 O'er Ocean's waters soon my course must be
 To India's climes, but ere departing hence,
 By memory of hours spent happily,
 Heaven I invoke thy worth to recompense!
 To God I pour my warm devotions forth,
 That thine may be a blessed lot on earth!

Thy beauteous aspect—thy complexion's brightness,—
 The rosy tints that deck thy seraph face,—
 Thy starry eye,—and form of fairy lightness,—
 Are wrought in Nature's own divinest grace!
 Then much doth it behove thee in thy youth
 Still to love virtue, that thy mind may seem
 Harmonious with thy form, a ray of truth
 That will not vanish as a meteor-gleam,
 But will resist the sweeping scythe of Time,
 And blend thy name with Poesy sublime.

M O R N I N G P R A Y E R .

BY WILLIAM JACKSON BIRCH

Oh, Lord, another time I wake to greet
 The dawning morn, and taste the balmy air ;
 Thou through the night hast watch'd me, and 'tis meet
 That I should breathe to thee my thanks in prayer.
 'Tis sweet to hold communion with Heaven
 At early morn, ere care the soul enthrall—
 Let the first offering of the heart be given
 To Him whose watchful love extends to all.

All Heaven does homage at the Almighty's throne,
 While universal nature renders praise ;
 And shall not man that power and goodness own
 Which bears him up, and fashions all his ways ?
 Own them he must, nor can he fully know
 The riches of Heaven's bounty 'till he give
 Thanks to that God, who daily doth bestow
 His countless gifts on all who breathe and live.

THE MAID OF A MOUNTAIN-LAND.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.



I MET with a joyous few last night,
 Gathered around the taper's light ;
 Warm hearts were glad, and soft eyes shone ;
 Kind words were spoken in friendship's tone ;
 Calm truth fell pure from every tongue,
 And voices awoke in the spell of song,
 And one was there of that social band,—
 The dark-eyed maid of a mountain-land.

A smile of delight from all went round,
 As she turned to the casket of sleeping sound ;
 On the tremulous keys her fingers fell,
 As rain-drops fall in a crystal well ;
 'Till full on the ear the witchery stole,
 And melody melted the captive soul ;
 She touched the chords with a skilful hand,
 That dark-eyed maid of a mountain-land.

She sang of the bards of her native plains,
 But Burns was the soul of her breathing strains ;
 She sang of bold Wallace of Elderslic,
 Who died with a spirit unstained and free ;
 She sang of the deeds of Bruce the brave,
 Who fought for the crown his country gave ;

She spoke of her home, 'mid scenes so grand,
That dark-eyed maid of a mountain-land.

I have been with the buoyant dames of France,
In the pensive hour—in the mirthful dance ;
I have looked in the gay Italian's eyes,
Sunny and warm as her own blue skies ;
I have talked with the Spaniard, proud and fair,
With her stately step, and her haughty air ;
But I turn from all of a foreign strand,
And bow to the maid of a mountain-land.

T O T H E D E I T Y .

BY THOMAS NICHOLSON.



O THOU, Invisible, whose voice I hear
Loud on the rushing tempest, where thou ridest ;
Thine airy car through boundless space thou guidest,
Where, through the regions of thy dread career,
Thy mighty hands the forked lightnings dart,
And the deep soul-appalling thunders roll—
Yet thou, Omnipotent, though great thou art,
'Midst the innumerable orbs that through
The infinity of thine empyrean move,
O show thyself a God of mercy too !
Regard us from thy towering throne above
With kind compassion, and benignant eye—
Avert the lowering storm when it draws nigh.

THE POLISH PATRIOT'S ALTAR AT
SUNRISE.

BY MISS E. BATTYE.



A SOUND was borne, a distant sound,
On day-spring's early breeze—
A people's voice, whose matin strains
Made sacred melodies ;
Ere battle's hour, from camp and tent
Came forth a hopeless band,
To raise an altar once again
Upon their fathers' land.

And not of sod, nor bough, nor stone
Was form'd that mystic pile ;
More noble far that fabric rose,
And ponderous press'd the soil ;
The arms which once their fathers wore,
Lance, buckler, sword, and spear,
Were rang'd to form that sacred pile,
And hallowed by a tear.

Round it each patriot lowly knelt,
And pour'd from his own heart
A tide of grief, the woes which press'd
And sapp'd each vital part ;
Until the wail and woe became
As one deep, troubled whole,
Bearing along each burden'd sigh,
Which struggling left the soul.

This pass'd, and sweeter feelings woke,
 As if some spirit-strain
 Had breath'd a hope, which said "Your lands
 You shall possess again."
 Then melody took up the spell :
 "God of our country aid !
 Here, on this altar, let our vows
 Be as an offering laid,

Incense we have not, and no gift
 To offer up to thee,
 And this dim fane, the silent wood,
 Becomes our sanctuary ;
 These arms, which once our fathers wore,
 We bring to thee to bless—
 Make them, oh, Lord, invincible,
 A shield in our distress.

We ask for strength to guard our own
 From the oppressor's hand,
 And that our children yet may be
 Free on their birthright's land ;
 Look on us, thou Almighty one,
 A crush'd, a fallen race,
 A people whom th' insulting foe
 Hath left no refuge-place.

Ere from the deep blue arch of Heaven
 Day darkens in the west,
 How many here that bend the knee
 Shall have unbroken rest !
 The remnant of our shatter'd race,
 Lord, lead with thy right hand,
 To raise an altar worthy thee
 Upon our father-land !"

MORNING.

BY ROBERT ROSE (THE BARD OF COLOUR.)

WEeping in dew-drops for the sun's delay,
Mark yon fair flower reclining in the shade ;
But morn's waked eye-lids fling a lustre gay
O'er its coy beauty, type of modest maid.
Aurora trippeth o'er the velvet lawn,
To nature's God ascends the matin lay,
O'er verdant pastures speeds the playful fawn,
And gladly hails the mantling blush of day ;
Man is as joyous in hope's happy hour,
Ere furrowed is his brow by care or age ;
His opening lot like yon fresh budding flower,
His fancies pictur'd on life's golden page :
But, lo ! the day-king mounts in glory bright,
And all things waking spring to life and light.

LINES ON A
 PORTRAIT OF MASTER RIDEHALGH.

Aged Five Years.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.



FAIR boy ! thy painted lineaments I scan,
 And view thy form in Scottish vestments clad,
 Like a young chief of the Mackenzie clan—
 Plum'd bonnet, philabeg, and motley plaid.

Thou art no native of the Highland hills,
 The English rose is blooming on thy face,
 English the blood thy youthful veins that fills,
 And gives thy form its beauty and its grace.

Thy sire was born beneath an English sky,
 Thy mother is a gentle English dame ;
 Thy smiling lips, thy bright and winning eye,
 The harsher features of the Scot would shame.

Young masquer ! decked out by parental love,
 Thou need'st not blush in any garb to stand ;
 Thy bearing frank, and limbs symmetric, prove
 Thee worthy son of any race or land.

Thy faithful dog is standing by thy side,
 Like his young master full of vigorous life,

As though he long'd to roam the meadows wide,
And join with thee in wild and playful strife.

A mimic gun is lying at thy feet—

Thou can'st not harm the wild bird on its wing,
Nor, as thy sire, with hound and courser fleet,
Follow the chase, whilst wood and welkin ring.

They tell me, too, thou art no common child,
That even now fair Science yields thee joy ;
That thou from ruder sports art oft beguil'd,
Whilst tiny engine gives thy mind employ.

Farewell !—I leave thee to thy happy lot,
Thou best belov'd, with health and joy elate ;
May no dark cloud thy sunny prospects blot,
But bright, unshadow'd ever be thy fate.

THE AGED JEW AMIDST THE
 RUINS OF JUDEA.

BY WILLIAM JACKSON BIRCH.



THOU art desolate, oh, ancient land !
 My father's blessed home !
 Upon thy long-lov'd soil to stand,
 A wanderer have I come :
 On every side, where'er I turn,
 Ruin and waste are spread ;
 Curst is thy soil—well may we mourn
 Thee, country of the dead !

The maiden's song at even-tide
 No more the calm air fills,
 For gladness has refused to bide
 Among thy barren hills ;
 Silent the harp which once awoke
 The echoes far and wide,
 Which erst in full-ton'd vigor broke,
 Or in soft whispers died.

The voice of birds is gone, the streams
 Now sluggish flow along ;
 And shepherds court their noon-day dreams
 No more thy woods among ;

No Jewish maid is seen to move,
 With light and joyous tread,
 Or weave sweet garlands for her love
 To bind around his head.

No little lambs now sportive play
 Along the river's brink,
 Or thirsty herds, at noon of day,
 Come thronging there to drink ;
 No flocks on Carmel's side lie down,
 No bulls in Bassan tread ;
 And Lebanon has lost the crown
 Of cedars from its head.

Thy vineyards and thy olive groves
 Have perished from the sight,
 Where lovers breathed their mutual loves
 Beneath the moon's soft light ;
 No holy prophet seeks the glade,
 To muse in secret there,
 Or courts the cool and leafy shade,
 To spend an hour in prayer.

The sacrifice, of old, at morn
 And dewy eve was given,
 And the sweet hymn was upwards borne
 To the high throne of Heaven :
 A grateful nation worshipping,
 A song by myriads sung,
 That floating on the zephyr's wing,
 Through the green valleys rung.

But that deep joy has passed, that song
Is still'd like all around ;
The chosen one's of God have long
Left Judah's hallow'd ground ;
In every land they strangers dwell—
Oh, shall they never come,
Their sufferings and their griefs to tell,
In this their ancient home.

My fathers' land ! my soul doth thrill,
And all that fire doth burn
In me, that once thy sons did fill,
E'er they had cause to mourn :
The hope, through many weary years,
My troubled life hath bless'd,
That, when I left this vale of tears,
My ashes here might rest.

MORTALITY.

BY THOMAS NICHOLSON.

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Far in the dim recess of ages past,  
 Yet uneffac'd by dark revolving years,  
 Mortality's existenee may be trac'd ;  
 The pensive eye still sees, the wrapt ear hears,  
 Deeds done, vibrations of the tongues of all  
 The mortal moulds relaps'd to native dust :  
 They envied, hated, lov'd, were evil, just ;  
 Their virtues, and their vices, great and small,  
 We do inherit from our mothers' wombs.  
 Nature is sinful, then, beyond disguise,  
 For men's pure actions look not on their tombs ;  
 Yet all were form'd for a design most wise :  
 Like gold divested of its dross shall be  
 The soul, pure essence of mortality.

## CHRISTMAS.

BY ROBERT ROSE (THE BARD OF COLOUR.)



FORGET, my friends, each daily care  
 That shadows memory's glass,  
 For merry Christmas comes again—  
 Too quickly it will pass ;  
 Then closely draw your chairs around  
 The bonny blazing fire ;  
 Let Mirth now reign, though Grief may mourn  
 Some absent friend or sire.

Oh ! blessed is the boon, ere life  
 In clouds is sadly set,  
 To mingle with the friends we love,  
 And never can forget ;  
 Some come o'er many a weary mile,  
 To cheer our Winter hours—  
 Hours pleasing, yet as transient  
 As sweet Summer's fading flowers.

But if intrude a spectral train  
 Of miseries rushing on,  
 To cloud the brain, yet like the mists,  
 They fly before the sun  
 Which shines, with soft translucent light,  
 Upon Hope's fairy stream,  
 While blissful thoughts of days gone by  
 Flash on us like a dream.

Then give a welcome, blithe and free,  
To Christmas once again ;  
'T will charm, oh, Youth, thy jovial heart,  
'Twill soothe, oh, Age, thy pain :  
Come young and old ! come rich and poor !  
Upspring to the glad call,  
And gather, as one family,  
In Joy's love-lighted hall.

## MAY.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.



BRIDE of the Summer ! gentle, genial May !  
   I hail thy presence with a child's delight ;  
   For all that poets' love, of soft and bright ;  
 Lives through the lapse of thy delicious day.  
 Glad earth drinks deep of thy ethereal ray—  
   Warmed by thy breath, upspring luxuriant flowers,  
   Stirred by thy voice, birds revel in the bowers,  
 And streams go forth rejoicing on their way.  
 Enraptured Childhood sallies out to play,  
   Mid light and music, colours and perfumes ;  
   By silent meadow-paths—through vernal glooms,  
 The enamoured feet of low-voiced lovers stray.  
 In thee, Love reigns with Beauty, whose control  
 Steals joyful homage from the poets' soul.

## TO ADA.

BY WILLIAM JACKSON BIRCH.

~~~~~

HAIL ! thou sweet maid ! how fair thou art,
 Child of the spotless brow !
 I would that thou might'st ever be
 As beautiful as now ;
 I would thine eyes might never know
 The tears which women weep,
 But that the joyousness thou hast,
 Thou mightest ever keep.

Yet woman's fate is on thee, child,
 With thy soft and sunny air ;
 Thine eye hath language which doth speak
 Of strong affections there ;
 For Love shall come and seek thy heart,
 And thou wilt give it him—
 Oh, that a gift so rich and pure
 No sorrow e'er might dim !

Laugh on, thou little one, laugh on—
 Thou art all gladness now ;
 Thy heart knows nought of suffering,
 No care has mark'd thy brow ;
 Scenes of delight unsullied gleam,
 By young Hope wove, through time,

Like to the loveliness which streams
From some far brighter clime.

How sweet the days of childhood seem !
How innocent and fair !
Its dreams of joy and happiness,
How full of love they are !
'Tis well that our first years are bright,
Or we might shrink in dread,
Was the true picture of our life
Before our vision spread.





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