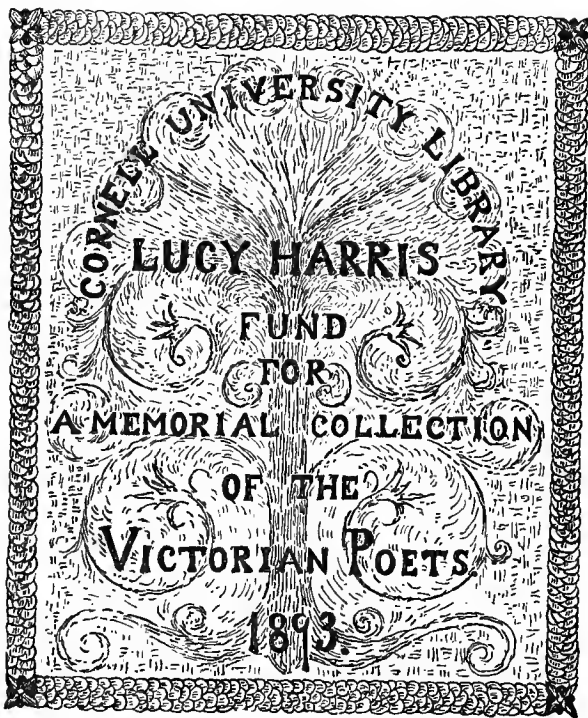


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P O E M S.

POEMS;

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED,

BY

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, Esq.

AND

TWO POEMS

BY

THE REV. RANN KENNEDY.

NEW EDITION.

BY CHARLES RANN KENNEDY,

BARRISTER AT LAW, AND LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;
TRANSLATOR OF DEMOSTHENES AND VIRGIL, ETC., ETC.

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POEMS.



THE POET'S DREAM.

I.

OF Poesy why grudge the praise ?
Tis all a dream, the worldling says.
If dream it be, 'tis not of earth,
But in a higher sphere had birth.

It is no spectre of the night,
That fades at blush of morning-light ;
No fantasy, that at the breath
Of waking Reason vanisheth.

It is a vision bright and clear,
Seen now and alway, far and near,
And ever to the earnest view
Unfolding revelations new.

Tis Truth array'd in Beauty's form,
And with her richest colours warm,
Imprest with Nature's mystic seal,
And shown to man for human weal.

II.

Alas for them, the would-be wise,
Who all they cannot feel despise,
To whom a universe is nought
Beyond their narrow range of thought.

The mole constructs his earthen cell,
And deems it a vast citadel,
And little thinks the eagle's eye
Is piercing to the mid-day sky.

The silver moon is bright above,
The starlit heaven all beams with love,
And countless worlds are rolling there ;
Yet what doth plodding peasant care ?

Home wendeth he with blithesome strains,
Nor starlight him nor moon detains ;
The moonbeam lights him to his cot,
Yet otherwise he feels it not.

The boatman sees the tide go past,
Each following wave is like the last :
What wonder is there in that sea,
With all its dull monotony ?

None he perceives ; but I can feel
Its music o'er me gently steal ;
And every passing wave to me
Is full of new variety.

III.

The turtle labours for her brood,
 She watches long, she gathers food,
 She warms them with her downy breast,
 She spreads her wing to guard their rest ;

And still she hovers round, as fear
 None there could be, while she was near :
 O love maternal ! how I bless
 Thy self-devoting tenderness !

Yet are there who unmoved and cold
 That busy toil of love behold ;
 Versed in the schoolman's wordy lore,
 They call it instinct, think no more :

As if 'twere not by Nature's plan
 A lesson meant for selfish man !
 Dearer the Poet's dream to me
 Than all their vain philosophy.

IV.

I love the daisy of the green,
 I love the snowdrop's pensive mien,
 The honeysuckle's graceful twine,
 The primrose coy, the eglantine.

Thou woodland sister of the rose !
 The vale no sweeter blossom shows :
 Thine opening bud is like the smile
 Of infant joy, that knows no guile :

Thou lightest all the bramble rude,
 Thou bloomest in the solitude,
 Teaching that e'en the thorny shade
 Was for delight and beauty made.

Yea, I should deem mine own heart dull,
 Did I not think thee wonderful :
 Yet thousands pass thee by, and see
 Nought but a poor wild flower in thee.

v.

The meanest of created things
 Kind Nature to perfection brings ;
 And nothing is so poor or small,
 But yet is great, as part of all.

The leafage dropping to the ground
 Hath meaning in the faintest sound ;
 And thoughts with busy purpose rife
 Are call'd by shadows into life.

The worldling with incessant gaze
 Himself in ample pride surveys :
 All else, as thro' a glass obscure,
 Before him flits in miniature.

Intent upon his narrow self,
 And crawling after earthly pelf,
 He grasps the dust, calls that his own,
 Life, wealth, enjoyment, that alone.

Cling, reptile, cling to thy vile dust ;
 Mingle with it full soon thou must.
 Dearer the Poet's dream to me
 Than thy misnamed reality.

VI.

For what is real ? Knowest thou,
 Vain-glorious mortal ? Tell me how.
 The laws of Nature he must learn,
 Who false and real would discern.

Behold, with generous hand profuse
 She scatters plenty for thy use,
 She biddeth thee the essence cull
 Of all the sweet and beautiful.

The flower, the fruit, are all for thee,
 If thou wert like the honey-bee,
 Tasteful and wise : but oh, beware !
 The fruit has gall, the flower a snare.

Is thine a prudence, thine a power
 To treasure stores for winter's hour ?
 Or wastest thou the season's prime,
 Borne thoughtless down the stream of time ?

Thy joys, thy pleasures, what are they ?
 With golden promise bright to-day :
 But ere the morrow's dawn hath shone,
 Like wither'd blossoms, they are gone.

VII.

A carved monumental stone
To passing strangers maketh known,
That in yon grave doth one abide,
Who pious lived, lamented died.

Tis false ! his truth, his faith he sold,
His peace, his slumber, all for gold ;
He walk'd with purpose dark and blind ;
He shut his heart 'gainst all mankind :

He sought to frame 'gainst earthly want
A buckler strong as adamant ;
In vain : by avarice enslaved,
For more and more he ever craved :

He would not drink from Nature's well,
Yet burn'd with thirst unquenchable ;
His heart was arid as the sand
That gleams on Libya's desert-strand :

He died, and none lamented him,
While many a scowl of pleasure grim
Told that the very slaves he fed
Rejoiced to see their tyrant dead.

Did he then aught of real gain
With all his care, his toil, his pain ?
No : in a dream his life he spent,
To gain that worthless monument.

VIII.

Nor wiser, who devote to sense
The life-sustaining elements,
The precious seed of heavenly flame
That animates this mortal frame.

Press from the grape the blushing wine !
Tis full of sunny juice divine !
See, see ; those bubbling streams invite
To bathe the soul in soft delight !

Hold ! there is poison in the cup !
The madman breathless drinks it up ;
With riot laughter swells his eye,
It rolls, it swims in ecstasy :

Aerial shapes before him stand,
And seem to move at his command :
Yes ; imps of hell ! they dance for glee,
To see that frantic revelry !

Soon prostrate on the ground will lie,
Who now is soaring to the sky :
From earth, not heaven, those raptures come ;
The drunkard's wild delirium.

IX.

And thou, who feel'st the subtle charm,
The tender thrill, the soft alarm,
And all that fancy e'er combined
To make the love of womankind :

Oh, whence those trembling fond desires ?
It is a Goddess who inspires !
Mark ye the splendour of that face,
Her every motion full of grace !

And in her form such majesty,
And in her look such witchery !
It were a taste for Gods to sip
The bloom from off that rosy lip !

Thou hangest on her siren tongue ;
Its note is soft as fairy-song,
More sweet than murmur in the glade
By gently falling waters made.

A few brief years, and thou no more
Shalt find a Goddess to adore ;
Parch'd will that lip and pale have grown,
Tuneless and harsh that silver tone :

The winning smile, the snowy brow,
The blushes that enchant thee now,
All with thy love will disappear,
Or linger in remembrance drear.

Yet why the name of Love profane ?
Love tempts not mortals to their bane :
Tis not celestial Love supplies
Thy wanton thoughts and burning sighs :

O self-deceived ! Tis carnal heat
That makes thy pulse so wildly beat :
Base earthly passions in thee stir :
Awake, thou idol-worshipper !

X.

And what is fame ? A thing of air,
Sought far and wide, and found nowhere :
More flitting than a shade. Who knows
From whence it came, or whither goes ?

The Statesman plans, he giveth laws,
While listening senates peal applause ;
The people bless their happy lot,
And hail him for a patriot ;

Their gratulations echoing pour,
Like ocean waves from shore to shore ;
Then silence ; and they die away,
Like tones of some forgotten lay.

Soon other sounds are on the gale ;
They tell a new, a different tale ;
The people mourn ; and he the cause ;
They curse the man, revile his laws :

The storm frowns, gathers, bursts at length :
Yet courage ! he hath inward strength
To bear him up ! Ah, no ! he shrinks
Before the cruel blow ; he sinks,

Hopeless, heartsmiten ; as an oak,
When riven by the lightning-stroke,
Sapless and bare and honour-shorn,
Stands on the blasted heath forlorn.

XI.

The victor's praise loud clarions tell,
While nations ring the funeral knell.
O madness ! One there lived, whose breath
Was victory, whose frown was death :

He seem'd on earth a demi-god ;
On throne and altar fierce he trod ;
He moved and found no resting-place ;
Shook the broad hills his thunder-pace :

His war-denouncing trumpet blew,
And thousand thousands round him flew,
For him to fight, for him to bleed,
His name their watchword and their creed :

He march'd to Winter's icy field
And sternly bade the Monarch yield ;
But Winter call'd her vassal train,
Famine and frost and hurricane :

She came, and blew so dread a blast,
Shriek'd vale and mountain as she pass'd ;
With wrath more deadly than the sword
Upon the foe her tempests pour'd :

There under waves of sweeping snow
 The mighty men of war lay low,
 The blood was frozen in their veins,
 Their bones were scatter'd on the plains.

'Twas not for this the gallant band
 March'd proudly from their fatherland :
 Of fields, of glory dreamt the brave,
 Of conquest or a soldier's grave.

And dreamt not he, that soul of pride,
 Who scorn'd the earth and heaven defied ?
 I wis not what his visions were ;
 But his awaking was despair.

XII.

The poet's aim is pure and high ;
 The poet's love can never die :
 He pants for gales that ever blow,
 He thirsts for streams that ever flow :

His eye is soft as Luna's ray,
 Yet dazzling as the orb of day,
 Light as the silver-shining rill,
 Yet, as the ocean, deep and still.

Now loves he in the shade to lie,
 Now sparkles like the butterfly,
 Now like a swallow skims the stream,
 Now basks him in the sunny beam.

He softly breathes on Nature's lute ;
To hear his lay, the winds are mute,
And air and heaven and earth and sea
Swell with deep love and sympathy.

He soars where never bird hath flown,
O'er regions vast, to man unknown ;
He comes, and tells where he hath been,
He comes, and tells what he hath seen ;

And few believe; yet still he sings
Of his unearthly wanderings,
And whispers into kindred ears
A music tuned for happier spheres.

In great and small his heart hath place,
Of love divine he finds the trace,
In woman more than beauty sees,
In life unnumber'd mysteries :

Dreams, if thou wilt ! so let it be :
Fresh glories ever weaveth he ;
Truthful and bright and spirit-free
He dreams of immortality.

W O M A N .

LOVELY Woman, honour to thee !
 All our joys from thee begin :
 Tis our sweetest task to woo thee,
 Tis our dearest hope to win.

Man in Eden wander'd lonely ;
 All was bright in earth and sky ;
 All rejoiced ; his bosom only
 Heav'd with pain, he knew not why :

Woman came ; with new-born feeling
 Thrill'd through all his frame was he,
 As when waters uncongealing
 Dance in light and liberty :

Warmer life his soul dilated,
 All he had desired was there,
 Gift of Heaven, for him created,
 Love to wake, and bliss to share.

II.

As the zephyr lightly roving
 Sports with every flower that blows,
 Tasting sweets, but none approving,
 Till he finds the summer rose ;

Then the happy moment seizes,
 And the flower he loves the best
 Courts with all his softest breezes,
 Lingers on her balmy breast :

Man a thousand joys are luring,
 But alone with rosy chain
 In a bower of bliss enduring
 Woman can his heart detain.

III.

Man is like the owl benighted
 In his dismal dream-like moods ;
 Thinks himself the clearest-sighted,
 When o'er darkest thought he broods :

As when clouds and darkness vanish
 At the break of morning-tide,
 Melancholy dreams to banish,
 Cometh woman to his side ;

From his eyes the mist is shaken ;
 In the light of beauty free
 He beholds himself awaken
 To a blest reality.

IV.

Man with stormy passion rages,
 Dark and wild his spirits flow ;
 With his neighbour war he wages
 Of his brother makes a foe :

As when storms in fierce commotion
Rouse the billows of the deep,
Mermaids rising o'er the ocean
Sing the troubled waves to sleep ;

Thus let man his heart surrender
Unto woman's gentle sway,
She shall breathe a charm so tender,
All his rage shall melt away.

v.

Oft when man forlorn and dreary
On the bed of sickness pines,
When the wretch with anguish weary
To despair his heart resigns,

Angel-bright approaching near him,
Woman sheds her rainbow smile,
Speaks the word of hope to cheer him
And the painful hour beguile.

When the hand of death is o'er us,
Such the voice we hope to hear,
Such the light to shine before us
Streaming from a happier sphere.

Lovely Woman, honour to thee !
All our joys from thee begin :
Tis our sweetest task to woo thee,
Tis our dearest hope to win.

MORNING.



WHOM do I in the East descry,
Nearer now and nearer ;
Silver-bright in a robe of light,
Clearer now and clearer ?

All in space she floats with grace,
Radiant are her glances :
Twilight fades, and distant shades
Melt as she advances.

Flaxen-fair the stream of hair
Waving down her shoulder :
Clouds with fringe of saffron tinge
Like a scarf enfold her :

Deeper hues her cheek suffuse,
Like the bloom of roses ;
Like the flush of a maiden's blush,
That her love discloses.

Who are they that throng in play ?
Spirits young and airy,
From their sleep in the misty deep
Rise to greet the fairy.

All the band, as she waves her hand,
 Gaily flock around her,
Fluttering and frolicking,
 Happy to have found her.

And the glee of their harmony
 In mine ear is ringing :
Oh that I had wings to fly !
 There would I be singing !

She the while her beamy smile
 Sheds benignly o'er them ;
Yet she will be mounting still
 In the clouds before them.

Lo, her brow is kindling now
 Into sunny splendours :
Who can tell to what holy spell
 She her soul surrenders ?

Trustfully she looks on high,
 As when one believing
Mysteries unearthly sees
 Past the mind's conceiving :

And the stream of her golden beam
 Faster falls and stronger ;
And those eyn so dazzling shine,
 I can gaze no longer :

I would fain (but all in vain
 Is my mortal yearning)
 Drink the rays, till in their blaze
 Were my bosom burning.

Is she gone? There is not one
 Of those forms remaining,
 In the clear blue atmosphere
 Silent beauty reigning :

All above is joy and love,
 Mountains fall asunder,
 Hills arise and kiss the skies ;
 Lost am I in wonder !

CHANTICLEER.

IN eastern skies the ruddy dawn is breaking ;
 Now shakes his pinion strong, his dames awaking,
 The gallant Chanticleer :
 Down leaping from his perch, and slumber scorning,
 Thrice lifts he up his head, and thrice the morning
 Greets with a lusty cheer.

Like water from a hollow mountain springing,
Like silver chimes from out the steeple ringing
 Thy song is, Chanticleer :
Glad tidings thou to sons of earth revealest,
To dreams and darkness an alarum pealest
 Scattering their spectres drear.

The owl within her ivy watch-tower sitting,
The bat in air with drowsy murmur flitting,
 They hide them, Chanticleer :
The famish'd wolf about the graveyard howling,
The midnight robber in the forest prowling,
 They slink away for fear.

The larks, already of reposing weary,
Have quit their dewy glens as blithe and cheery
 As thou art, Chanticleer :
What glee, when all the air with song they sprinkle,
A thousand plumes aloft with splendour twinkle,
 The sun approaching near !

The housewife restless on her pillow turning
Thinks of her toilsome task and scanty earning,
 Till warn'd by Chanticleer,
Her lamp and embers she prepares to kindle,
Then says her early prayer, and plies her spindle,
 To feed the children dear.

The ploughman with his team goes whistling gaily ;
Him from his pallet-bed thou callest daily,
 Thou neighbour Chanticleer :

With sturdy step the furrow straight pursuing,
The stubborn breast of earth with might subduing,
He renovates the year.

The huntsman for the field bedecks him trimly,
Tis time, he knows, altho' the morn shines dimly,
When croweth Chanticleer :
Soon shall he scour the mead, the vale, the dingle,
While hound and horn their noisy uproar mingle,
Sweet music to his ear.

All ye, that honour time and health and duty,
That love the balmy air, the morning's beauty,
Hearken to Chanticleer :
From him, ye sluggards, inspiration borrow,
Awake, arise, and dream not of the morrow,
For lo, to-day is here.

Me, friendly bird, among thy votaries number ;
Thou rousest me from soft refreshing slumber,
Thy matin voice I hear :
I go to wander o'er the sunlit mountain,
I go to plunge me in the sparkling fountain
Thanks to thee, Chanticleer !

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

EVER onward rushing
 Waters pour along ;
 Rill from mountain gushing
 Cheers the earth with song ;
 Rivers full of gladness
 Kiss the meadows fair ;
 Cataracts in madness
 Plunge they reck not where.

Rivers, rills, and fountains,
 Wherefore do ye flow ?
 O'er the meads and mountains
 Whither do ye go ?
 Gliding, leaping, springing,
 Endless waterfall,
 Murmuring, roaring, singing,
 Sea receives you all.

Life is moving ever
 In a varied stream ;
 Manhood's brisk endeavour
 Follows youthful dream ;

Infants with their prattle
 Make the moments fly ;
 Soldiers in the battle
 Strive they know not why.

Wherefore without leisure
 Do we toil and play ?
 Busy hours and pleasure
 Whither lead us they ?
 All in restless motion
 Ever hurrying fast,
 In a boundless ocean
 Death receives at last.



HUMANITY.



OH, why is Nature soft and mild ?
 Why do the moonbeams play
 O'er rippling waters, like a child
 Upon a holiday ?

The zephyr woos the aspen-tree,
 And bids it gently move ;
 Birds wake their tuneful melody,
 And fill the air with love.

Charm is there in the modest flower
That from the greenwood peeps,
In verdure glistening after shower
Like beauty when it weeps.

The very storms are merciful,
Their anger passes by ;
And lovely is the tempest's lull,
And sweet the rainbow sky.

Therefore is Nature soft and mild,
That human hearts may learn
To tame the savage and the wild,
To soothe the proud and stern.

Relax thy frown, thou lord of earth,
Unbend thy haughty brow :
Twas gentle woman gave thee birth,
And once a child wast thou :

And thou wert made for happiness,
And thou wert born for woe :
Then welcome joy, that comes to bless,
And check not pity's flow.

The fairest path is wearisome
Without a smile to cheer,
And heavier would affliction come
Unsoften'd by a tear.

COURAGE.

PRAISE to each heart, that honest courage warms :
Praise to the soldier disciplin'd in arms,
Who firm and fearless on the battle-day
One duty knows, his leader to obey,
Hears but the word that him to victory calls,
And in the moment of his glory falls.
Yea, not unblest is he. Yet happier those,
Who make no war but with their country's foes,
Ne'er draw the sword but in a rightful cause,
For their own hearth and home, their faith, their laws.
And happier still is he, who ne'er put on
The soldier's garb, no laurel ever won ;
But bears a heart of purpose firm and high,
To fight the great life-battle manfully,
Himself, his pride and passions to subdue,
The path of right unswerving to pursue,
Despising pleasure, wealth, and world-renown,
Earning his heavenly meed, a bright immortal crown.

THE PARTING LOOK.

No braided hair, no chain of gold,
No sparkling gem for me :
I need not, Love, such tokens hold,
To make me think of thee.

I do not ask for magic spells
To bring thee back to view ;
Within my breast thine image dwells,
My heart reflects it true.

For others let the canvas warm
With mimic colours glow ;
For others let the stately form
From sculptur'd marble grow.

Oh, what are these ? Tho' Art can trace
Each feature bright and rare,
Each line of loveliness and grace ;
The soul is wanting there.

Could I forget thy last fond look
Upon the parting day ?
The last and sad farewell we took
When I was torn away ?

The tear along thy cheek that stole
 Said more than tongue could tell :
 I read the anguish of thy soul
 That choked the word Farewell.

Alas ! twere past the artist's skill
 That moment to restore :
 But love, fond love recalls it still
 To live for evermore.

A SERENADE.

O MY fair one, O my dearest,
 Here are none our steps to view ;
 Nothing but the wind thou hearest
 Murmuring the night-air through.

Tis the hour when stars are brightest ;
 (Moonbeams now the mountains kiss ;)
 When the lover's heart is lightest :
 Oh, for him no time like this !

With the morn come fresher breezes,
 Mountains blaze with hotter fires ;
 But the lover's warmth it freezes,
 Heart from heart dismay'd retires.

With the dusk of eve returning
Tender thoughts begin to move ;
Heart again for heart is yearning,
And the spirit wakes to love.

Eyes by day are prying near us
Into that which we conceal ;
Jealous ears are quick to hear us,
If we speak of that we feel.

Eve, to screen the timid lover,
Softly round him weaves her veil ;
Then can he his hopes discover,
Then the maiden hear his tale.

Happy moments, when before us
Nought there was but moon and sky,
They their influence shedding o'er us,
In thine ear I breath'd a sigh ;

I did vow, and Laura listen'd,
Throbb'd with gentle pang my breast ;
Laura's eye with kindness glisten'd,
I was loved and I was blest.

O my fair one, O my dearest,
Here are none our steps to see ;
With thy lover nought thou fearest,
Thou art all the world to me.

THE ROSE.

Written for my Daughter Rose's First Birthday.

HERE is verdure and bloom on the bush and the tree,
 And many a flower sweetly blows ;
 But one is the dearest of all to me ;
 'Tis the joy of my heart, 'tis the Rose.
 I have snowdrops fair, I have pansies rare,
 I have daisies that carpet the ground,
 The whitethorn of May with its delicate spray,
 And woodbine that clusters around :
 But the flower of my soul hath a lustre more bright,
 And a loveliness deeper than those ;
 The pride of the garden, the summer's delight,
 Oh ! the queen of them all is the Rose.

The lily her head with gracefulness rears,
 The tulip with rich scarlet glows,
 A mantle of gold the daffodil wears ;
 Yet none may compare with the Rose.
 This darling of mine, her blush is divine ;
 She smiles like the Goddess of day ;
 I feast on the bliss of her dewy kiss,
 Till it charms my sense away.

I gaze upon each of my beautiful flowers,
 As their bud and their bloom they disclose ;
 I blend them in garlands, I twine them in bowers ;
 In my bosom I carry the Rose.

The summer is short, and the winter must come
 With her hail and her storm and her snows ;
 And things that are fairest in our pleasant home
 Must wither alike with the Rose :
 The perishing green of this sylvan scene
 Bleak winds of November shall sweep,
 The glories of June on earth shall be strewn,
 And flowers in their cold bed shall sleep :
 But whilst I have life, my love shall endure ;
 Like a fountain for ever that flows,
 Like a sunbeam that shines immortal and pure,
 Is the love of my heart for the Rose.

THE ROSE'S ADDRESS.

*Spoken by my Daughter Rose at some private theatricals on her
 Seventh Birthday.*

JUST seven Summers have gone by,
 Since first a little bud was I :
 Time works a change ; so I suppose,
 I'm now expanding to a Rose.

In sunny June I had my birth ;
 The morn that welcom'd me to earth
 My parents fondly for my sake
 A day of mirth and gladness make,
 And twine me of mine own sweet flower
 A garland for the festal hour.
 Yet this, my friends, I'd have ye know,
 Is not design'd for empty show,
 But simply wreath'd, that I may wear
 A rose for every passing year,
 To mind me on my natal day
 How quick the summers glide away,
 And teach me, as in years I rise,
 I ought to grow more good and wise.

THE ROSE'S ADDRESS

On her Eighth Birthday.

ANOTHER year hath flitted by ;
 How quick the hours and minutes fly !
 Another rose adorns my brow,
 And I am changed, I know not how.
 It is for you, my friends, to tell,
 If I have used the minutes well,

And need not be ashamed to wear
The symbol of a new-born year.
I greet you all : may your good will
And gentle thoughts attend me still ;
And I will study all my days,
How best I may deserve your praise.

THE ROSE'S ADDRESS

On her Ninth Birthday.

ANOTHER year a ninth rose brings,
And I must speak more pretty things.
The Muses were in number nine,
Preceptresses of song divine :
Nine roses may perchance inspire
My lips with some poetic fire.
A rose am I, and therefore wear
A rosy garland round my hair :
But these which on my brow you see
Are blossoms not akin to me ;
For I am from a distant place,
A rosebud of another race :
I on a lovely summer's morn
Mid vales of Hertfordshire was born,

Where roses less the winter fear
 Than those which shed their sweetness here.
 To that dear home my memory clings
 With many fond imaginings,
 How there within the garden bower
 I bloom'd a little infant flower.
 Yet wheresoe'er I may be found
 Transplanted from my native ground,
 Contented with my lot I'll be,
 And wear a smile of gaiety ;
 At least when friends are in my view
 So gracious and so kind as you.

PROLOGUE TO AN ALBUM.

A PRESENT for my daughter May
 On her returning natal day.
 Tis ask'd, this Album to begin,
 That I should put some tribute in :
 Then let me first in simple verse
 The customary wish rehearse,
 That many a birthday she may see
 As happy as on earth can be.

Next, (for on this I'd have ye look
As prologue to the little book,)
A word or two upon its use
Were not amiss to introduce.
Let nothing be permitted here
In any fashion to appear,
In print or writing, rhyme or prose,
That doth not to the mind disclose
Or open to the fancy's view
Some glimpses of the just and true.
I do not ask for lofty rhyme,
Inventive power or strains sublime,
Which might exalt an author's name
To pinnacles of worldly fame :
Yet I would have it understood,
Whatever enters must be good,
In moral sound, without offence
To purity and innocence,
A lesson for the virtuous fair,
E'en though a sportive garb it wear.
Such offerings bring ye : none but they
Are worthy of my daughter May.

THE DANCING CHILD.



HER step is like the gossamer
 That floats on summer's breast,
 When not a leaf is seen to stir,
 And winds are lull'd to rest.

Her step is like the silver wave
 That curls upon the deep,
 When Ocean in his stilly cave
 Begins to wake from sleep.

Tis like a zephyr on the wing ;
 Tis like a shadowy gleam
 Cast by the aspen quivering
 Upon a mountain stream.

Tis like the footfall of the hour,
 That steals along in fear,
 Lest happy lovers in their bower
 Her passing tread should hear.

They tell of fairies in the wold
 That dance their airy rings ;
 A lighter fairy here behold
 Than all the poet sings.

Yet comes she not from elfin-land ;
Of earthly mould is she ;
No wizard nor enchanter's wand
Could make her bound so free.

Tis the young heart, that never care
Nor name of sorrow knew,
Tis this that makes her dance in air
So elfin-like to view.

In every glance the spirit beams,
In every step is joy :
Oh, let not age her infant dreams
'Too ruthlessly destroy.

THE MAID OF LUCERNE.

THE birds had couch'd them in the brake,
The deer upon the fern :
There stood beside the glassy lake
A maiden of Lucerne.

Her brow was lily-pale ; her eye
Was like the wave, clear blue,
Soft as the ray a moonlit sky
Upon the water threw.

She gazed upon the mirror-deep :
 “ Oh, all is sad to me ;”
She said—“ I cannot choose but weep,
 Whene'er this spot I see.

Here last did we together speak
 Under the linden bough :
The tears were falling down my cheek,
 As they are falling now.

Wilhelm was standing by my side,
 My gallant mountaineer :
And gently he my fears did chide,
 And kiss'd away the tear.

A scarlet cloak and helm he wore,
 His long white plume it waved ;
His broad sword-hilt he grasp'd and swore
 Danger and death he braved :

He said he braved it all for me,
 That he would rich return,
And happy then our days should be
 In his own dear Lucerne.

But I with him had been content
 In poverty to bide ;
For surely riches ne'er were meant
 Fond lovers to divide.

Oh, what have we to do with war?
Why should the Switzer roam?
The mountain heights our castles are,
The pleasant vale our home;

The herd-boy milks his kine at eve,
And sings his country song;
He hath no care his heart to grieve;
Merry he trips along:

Each village youth in festal guise
On holidays is seen,
Contending for the rustic prize,
Or dancing on the green;

There bounds he lightly as the roe,
And clasps his maiden dear,
And sweetly smiles, and whispers low
What she is pleased to hear:

And thus Wilhelm would clasp me oft
And look'd so fond and true,
And whisper'd words so warm and soft
That to my heart he grew.

Then sparkling flew the moments by,
Each swifter than the last:
But now I only weep and sigh
To think upon the past.

And he hath been long time away,
And I have hoped in vain :
Though day and night I wish and pray,
He cometh not again.

Had I but spoken all I felt,
He ne'er had left me so ;
I should have wept and pray'd and knelt,
Or e'er I let him go.

So many vows he then did swear,
And I did all believe :
Oh, why should maids to men give ear,
Or men fond maids deceive ?

Ah me ! I can believe no more :
He never will return :
And vainly I my grief deplore
Upon thy banks, Lucerne."

All shrubs for them of rich perfume,
Amaracus and myrtle bloom,
 And flowers of brightest hue,
The rose, the hyacinthine bell,
And amaranth and asphodel,
 Are ever young and new.

And silver sparkling rivers meet,
Or glide with undulation sweet
 Their verdant shores along ;
And echoes are in every dale
Of airy harp and nightingale
 And babbling water-song.

There is no bound of time or place ;
Each spirit moves in endless space
 Advancing as he wills :
The summer lightnings gleam not so,
As life with ever varying flow
 The tender bosom thrills.

And memory is unmixt with pain,
Though consciousness they still retain
 Of joys they left behind :
Whate'er on earth they held most dear,
To pure enjoyment hallow'd here
 In golden dream they find.

The pilgrim oft by whispering trees
Hath stretcht his weary limbs at ease,
 And laid his burden down :

The reaping-man hath dropt his scythe,
Around him gather'd harvests blithe
 The field with plenty crown.

The warrior-chief in soft repose
Bethinks him of his vanquish'd foes,
 And martial sounds begin
To rattle in his slumbering ear,
The rolling drum, the soldier's cheer,
 And dreadful battle-din.

The lover, whom untimely fate
Hath sever'd from a worthy mate,
 Expects the destin'd hour,
When she shall come his bliss to share,
In beauty clad, divinely fair,
 With love's immortal dower.

Meanwhile in many a vision kind
He sees her imaged to his mind,
 And for her brow he weaves
A mystic bridal coronel,
Such as no poet's tongue can tell,
 Nor human heart conceives.

And now the stranger with a band
Of fond companions hand in hand
 Is led into the grove ;
And straight for his beloved he looks ;
Around the vales, the meads, the brooks,
 His eyes impatient rove.

Whom on a bank of mossy green
 Reclined he sees, by her is seen,
 And in a moment both
 Together rush, like sunbeams meet,
 And in a perfect union sweet
 Renew their early troth :

And all the fond Elysian band
 Around the pair in rapture stand,
 And songs triumphal chime :
 Oh, this is love, and life to live,
 Such joy as Hymen cannot give ;
 Soul-harmony sublime !

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

A WORLD was made ; the news in heaven was told ;
 In long array the angels stood to view ;
 Thro' the vast empyrean thunders roll'd ;
 God to his great design pronounced it true.

Again his voice was audible ; and then
 The host of planets into motion sprang,
 Dazzling with sudden whirl the angels' ken ;
 Louder and louder hallelujahs rang.

Yet for a moment all disorder seems,
 A rush of elements and flash of fire,
 As comets hurl'd abroad, or lightning-gleams
 Shot thro' the void in darkness to expire.

But see! the planets from their onward flight
 Wheel in a circle and revolving go,
 Each in a track of unextinguish'd light;
 Order and beauty from confusion grow.

Maze within maze, but round one centre.all,
 Swing in a mystic dance those radiant spheres,
 Chiming their choral hymn, whose echoes fall
 Thro' depths of silence on celestial ears.

Eternal God, Creator! Thee they praise:
 They feel thy stirring power, thy doom fulfil:
 The universe thy light, thy law displays,
 The harmony of thine almighty will.

SCIENCE AND POESY.

THE sun of old thro' ether's plain
 Pursued his chariot-way,
 Unyoked his coursers in the main
 And quench'd his burning ray:

Now centre of a world, with force
He guides revolving spheres ;
Earth wheeling her appointed course
Completes the days and years.

Yet light and dark are still the same,
The morning dawns and fades,
The mountains blaze with noonday flame,
And cast their evening shades ;

And earth to us in calm repose
Outspreads her bounteous store ;
The field with fruit and harvest glows,
The streams their music pour.

Man hath not more than human grown ;
Though Science wrings from time
The secrets of the vast unknown ;
Though striving Heaven to climb,

Her Babel-temple she displays,
And seems of power divine ;
The heart from earth she cannot raise
To worship at her shrine.

But Poesy no sooner wakes
Her golden-stringed lyre ;
The heart of man she captive takes,
And sets his soul on fire ;

And up to Heaven she carries him,
 And realms of beauty shows,
 And then his eye, before so dim,
 All bright and piercing grows.

Or if with her he soar not hence,
 Still wondrous art he learns,
 And by her magic influence
 Earth into Heaven he turns.

FAME.

“MINE shall all monuments surpass,”
 The poet cries, as Flaccus did ;
 “One have I built more firm than brass,
 And higher than the pyramid.”

Vain mortal ! Thou among the dead
 In cold oblivion shalt lie :
 The epitaph thou shalt not read,
 That speaks thy praise to passers by.

Perchance thy glories Fame may bear
 From north to south, from east to west ;
 But thou her voice shalt never hear ;
 Its echoes ne'er shall break thy rest.

Perhaps thy name will be forgot ;
Or it may float upon the wind
Unto an ear that heeds it not,
And leave no kindred thought behind.

Forgotten is Pythagoras
With all his mystic treasur'd lore ;
And many a sage, that mighty was
In olden time, is known no more :

Or if to us their names endure,
We strive in vain their forms to see ;
Like shadows thro' the dim obscure,
They vanish at our scrutiny.

Poets there were before the flood,
Before our tribe on earth had place ;
They wrote on parchment, stone, or wood ;
Yet what of them is now the trace ?

Whate'er they left in prose or rhyme
Hath been the mighty Spoiler's prey,
The true, the beauteous, the sublime,
With land and ocean swept away.

Some earth-encrusted behemoth
The wreck of ages yet survives ;
Writer and book have perish'd both ;
An ichthyosaurus both outlives.

THOUGHT AND DEED.

FULL many a light thought man may cherish,
 Full many an idle deed may do ;
 Yet not a deed or thought shall perish,
 Not one but he shall bless or rue.

When by the wind the tree is shaken,
 There's not a bough or leaf can fall,
 But of its falling heed is taken
 By One that sees and governs all.

The tree may fall and be forgotten,
 And buried in the earth remain ;
 Yet from its juices rank and rotten
 Springs vegetating life again.

The world is with creation teeming,
 And nothing ever wholly dies,
 And things, that are destroyed in seeming,
 In other shapes and forms arise.

And nature still unfolds the tissue
 Of unseen works by spirit wrought ;
 And not a work, but hath its issue
 With blessing or with evil fraught.

And thou may'st seem to leave behind thee
All memory of the sinful past ;
Yet oh, be sure, thy sin shall find thee,
And thou shalt know its fruits at last.

THE MURDERER.

METHOUGHT I was alone ! Yet if a single eye
Beheld the bloody deed, oh, whither shall I fly?
And what if none of mortal ? The eye of God was there :
From Him I cannot fly ; for He is everywhere.
I wander from my home ; yet He is ever near :
I travel o'er the sea ; yet still his voice I hear :
Above the thunder-roar of billows and of skies
His voice is in mine ear : Thou murderer ! it cries.
In busy crowds I plunge ; but all my presence shun,
As if they surely knew the deed that I had done :
I go from place to place, turn sunshine into gloom ;
My guilt is like my shadow, to mind me of my doom :
The curse of Cain is this. I saw an infant late,
That in her arms a mother was holding at the gate ;
It threw its little eyes in curious haste around,
And still in every object some new enjoyment found ;
And then on me it look'd, and shudder'd with affright,
And to the bosom shrank recoiling at my sight.

It spoke not, little babe ; but yet it seem'd to say
With pallid quivering lip: Thou man of blood, away !
Yet I was once a child, and innocent as he ;
And shone the light of heaven as hopefully on me :
A happy home was mine, and I had parents fond,
Who cherish'd and who loved me all other things beyond :
I've heard them tell how often they listen'd to my talk,
And how my mother led me upon the green to walk ;
And how she used to sit beside me as I slept,
And watch me till the tear upon her eyelid crept :
They gave me names endearing, their darling pet, their lamb ;
They little thought that I should e'er be what I am !
The steeple-bell it rang, as we to church did go ;
I well knew every note, as it swung to and fro :
A song of peace it was, that told of happier climes ;
Of this I did not think, tho' I loved the merry chimes ;
But now I cannot bear to hear a village bell ;
The merriest note to me is like a funeral knell.
That hand is stiff and cold, that guided me with care ;
That voice is hush'd, that taught me to lisp my infant prayer ;
And sunken are those eyes, that loved my sports to view,
Or, as away I bounded, my roving steps pursue.
How gently would they chide me, that I their counsel spurn'd,
As from some feat of peril a truant I return'd !
For I rejoiced in freedom to roam the mountains o'er,
To see the broken clefts and hear the torrent roar,
To pierce thro' rugged paths, the precipice to scale,
Outrun the forest-deer, and fly before the gale.

'Twas bliss to be alone ! The rock stood o'er the sea,
And mock'd the rising waves, but never frown'd on me :
Majestic in its fury swept over me the blast,
And pine and cedar groan'd, I quail'd not as it pass'd :
I listen'd to the thunder, and wish'd it not to cease ;
It tore the cloudy rack, but left my heart at peace :
For innocence was there ; the passions unassay'd ;
Acquaintance none with hate and anger I had made :
'Twas first in human haunts that these I learn'd to know ;
'Twas there I first encounter'd the rival and the foe ;
There felt the breath of scorn, the lip of cold disdain,
The rankling bite of malice, that loves another's pain :
Then passions to inflame me with feverish force began ;
The bitter fruit was this of fellowship with man.
The lion's rage is quench'd, when he hath seized the prey ;
He makes not of his pangs a pastime and a play :
It is the human beast that wrecks his deadly spite,
Leaves venom in the wound, in torture takes delight.
Relentless tyrant man ! Accursed be his race !
And curst the hours when I among them found a place !
Nay, rather curst be thou, who dar'st thy race malign !
No mercy thou didst show : a fiendish arm was thine !
Fast, warm the lifestream flow'd, the blood that thou didst spill :
'Twas red upon the earth ; 'tis red and streaming still :
No sea can wash it out : the blood that once is shed
Shall live to cry aloud upon the guilty head.
Oh, could some mountains rise myself and me between !
Yet mountains mountain-piled could never hide that scene !

Tis ever fresh ! Meseems as time had ceased to run,
The past were now my present, eternity begun.
A single thought, a moment, my wrathful arm had stay'd,
Perchance some pitying angel had summon'd to my aid :
Ah me ! revengeful wrath nor man nor angel heeds,
But instant to its purpose like the lightning speeds.
Yes : stormful were my passions ; to monster strength they grew ;
No friendship on my youth did shed its kindly dew ;
And they were in the grave, whose tender love had tried
To heal my festering wounds and soothe my angry pride :
And lonely I was left ! Behold that ragged boy :
His footstep lightly moves, and in his heart is joy ;
Or, if with pain it swells, the teardrop softly flows,
He tells his mother all, and comfort she bestows.
But I have none my grief to comfort or to share ;
My crime may not be whisper'd in the silent air.
Communion, converse, welcome, and sympathy denied,
Myself I cannot pity ; the fount of tears is dried.
The sun is sinking low, day hastens to its close,
And weary toilworn mortals shall have a brief repose ;
The world shall be at rest ; pain, poverty, disease,
All wretchedness but mine, shall be awhile at ease :
The vulture of the desert shall to her couch repair,
The foxes to their hole, the tiger to his lair :
But I can rest no more ; no slumber visits me ;
From thoughts that rack my soul no midnight sets me free ;
But hideous dreams affright me, unearthly shapes arise ;
I see that bleeding ghost with his red glaring eyes ;

I wake and find it true, and raving up I start
 With fever on my brow and despair in my heart :
 The dreams pursue me still, and nowhere can I flee ;
 Rest, refuge there is none, nor peace nor hope for me.

THE RIVER WYE.

The Wye rises very near the Severn, in the wilds of
 Plinlimmon; and after flowing through part of South
 Wales, Herefordshire, and Monmouthshire, empties itself
 into the Severn a little below Chepstow. The two rivers
 thus form all but an island.

GLOOMY paths and steep,
 Who will dare to follow,
 Where ye overleap
 Glens and caverns hollow ?

Goblins there and elves
 O'er the darkness hover :
 Where they hide themselves
 Man may not discover.

Hark ! from underground
 Heard I not a moaning,
 Melancholy sound,
 Like a fairy groaning ?

Tis the streamlet's voice
From the mountain risen :
Doth she not rejoice
To have left her prison ?

No : that gurgling tone
Speaks her mournful-hearted ;
For she comes alone,
From her sister parted ;

From Sabrina, whom
She in deep recesses
Of the mountain-womb
Clasp'd with fond caresses.

Forth to light they stray'd :
Where was it she miss'd her ?
Vaga, luckless maid,
Hast thou lost thy sister ?

Cease thy vain alarm :
Thou shalt yet behold her ;
In thy loving arm
Shalt again enfold her.

On thy course meanwhile
Lonely thou shalt ramble,
Many a weary mile,
Over brake and bramble ;

Wildernesses through,
Precipices under ;
Places ever new
Thou shalt see and wonder ;

And with dance and song
Thou shalt often cheer thee,
Merry bound along,
And the woods shall hear thee ;

Now in silence creep
Timorous and humble,
Now adown the steep
Bold and headlong tumble.

In the silver sheen
Of thy stilly waters
Mirror'd shall be seen
Cambria's fairest daughters ;

On the broad expanse
Of thy hanging billow
Starry beams shall dance,
Rainbows make their pillow.

In her sunny plains
England shall receive thee ;
Here soft beauty reigns ;
Nothing more shall grieve thee :

Cities thou shalt view,
Spires and lofty towers,
Castles peeping through
Ivy-cluster'd bowers ;

Meads where fruit and flower
All their riches mingle ;
Verdure mantling o'er
Every dell and dingle :

Gently sloping hills,
Groves that bend to woo thee,
Thousand mazy rills
Pouring life into thee :

Thou disporting here,
Home no more regretting,
E'en thy sister dear
For a while forgetting,

In that fairy-ground,
Many a nook and alley
Winding round and round,
Wouldst for ever dally.

But by Tintern's vale
Other thoughts will move thee,
When with visage pale
Hangs the moon above thee :

See how dim it falls
On the ruin yonder !
In those moss-grown walls
Shapes unearthly wander :

From those cloisters bare
Through the shafted portal
Voices float in air,
Seeming more than mortal.

Who be they whose sighs
Echoing come so faintly ?
From the tomb they rise,
Shadowy beings saintly :

Though no light of eve
E'er reveal their faces,
Though their footsteps leave
On the sward no traces :

Here, be sure, they walk ;
Tis their ancient dwelling ;
To each other talk,
Of their sorrows telling ;

Of their hopes to come,
Sins to be forgiven,
Of the judgment-doom,
Of their faith in heaven.

Quick the moment flies :
Thou must sleep no longer !
Let thy waters rise
Swifter now and stronger :

Lo ! they rise, they urge
All their depths in motion ;
With a frothy surge
Heaving like the ocean ;

And a wild unrest
In thy bosom rages ;
Sure, that swelling breast
Something new presages :

Yonder o'er the leas
Comes a nymph to meet thee,
Hither on the breeze
Music wafts to greet thee :

Tis the lost, thine own,
She of whom thou dreamest ;
Ah ! how comely grown,
Little yet thou deemest !

Passing bright and fair !
Hasten ; thou shalt find her
With her yellow hair
Streaming loose behind her,

And her robe of grace
All majestic flowing,
On her virgin face
Crystal beauty glowing ;

Naiad-like ! Tis she !
Up with joy thou leapest ;
With a cry of glee
Down the vale thou sweepst :

To her open breast
Warm with love thou springest,
And the closer prest
Closer aye thou clingest.

From Sabrina thee
Nothing more can sever :
To the boundless sea
Roll ye on for ever.

THE RAILWAY.

I HIED me to the railroad, and with wonder and delight
I look'd upon the bustling scene that broke upon my sight ;
A motley crowd, the young, the old, the busy and the gay,
And carriage close to carriage link'd in long and bright array.

The brass-ribb'd engine stood in front, and fiery red it shone,
And spat forth hissing steam, as if impatient to be gone :
The signal rang ; and like a ship just launch'd into the main,
With unimpeded easy march majestic moved the train.

But soon its course grew more and more impetuous and strong,
And soon its full collected force in thunder roll'd along ;
And swifter than the swiftest wind that flies from pole to pole,
Thought after thought incessantly came rushing on my soul.

'Tis thus the man of stern resolve straight to his purpose goes ;
The prospect all before him lies, no obstacle he knows ;
No dalliance can him surprise, no weariness delay ;
He never turns to pick the flowers that spring beside his way.

In hollow cloven tracks we dived, and rocks were o'er our head ;
On huge earth-piles we mounted, and the vale beneath was spread :
Ye mighty of our kindred, what are hill and vale to you ?
Ye raise the low, the rough ye plane, all Nature ye subdue.

We skirted field and meadow, flocks and husbandmen we saw ;
They lifted up their heads, and stood regarding us with awe ;
But us from field and meadow far the rapid moment bore,
And flocks were grazing, husbandmen were tilling as before.

And Nature to our feeble sight her wondrous work displays,
We heed it not, perhaps in brief bewilderment we gaze ;
We live among her harmonies, but study not their laws,
We reap creation's fairest fruit, but think not of the cause.

Upon a gently sloping lawn a modest mansion stood,
And children frolick'd on the grass, and laugh'd in merry mood ;
And when the bulky train they saw, and heard the loud uproar,
They paus'd not in their merriment, but only laugh'd the more.

And thus does it befall the vain and pompous of the earth ;
They think to move our wonder, when they only move our mirth :
The barge with all its bravery comes splashing down the tide,
But nought the little fishes care that under water glide.

A shriek, as if in agony some demon-spirit yell'd !
And straight before with gaping jaws a cavern I beheld ;
And all beyond that narrow mouth look'd hideous and grim,
A vista long of darkness lit by glimmering torches dim.

Shriek, monster ! It may be thy fate against that cavern-wall
To dash thyself, and shiver'd in a thousand pieces fall !
And fearful tis to plunge into that solitary gloom !
How dare the living to explore the silence of the tomb ?

Yet in it rush'd precipitate, the iron caravan ;
The hollow echoes right and left reverberating ran :
And on it went right steadily. Thus Courage ever fares,
When forward on the path she goes, which Prudence well prepares.

And out we came triumphantly emerging to the plain,
And daylight brightly shone, and all was beautiful again ;
And often, when in deepest gloom of sorrow we abide,
There breaks upon our dreariness a sudden morning tide.

Soon spire and turret rose to view; a peopled town was near;
Then slacken'd his impetuous course our wary charioteer;
The engine, like a hard-mouth'd steed that feels the curbing hand,
Came puffing to the station-side, and halted at command.

And passengers alighted here, and passengers got in;
To some their toils have ended, when to others they begin;
And new companions still we find, and still the old we lose,
The dearest friends we cannot keep, the best we seldom choose.

The minute's past, the bell hath rung! Quick to your places now!
Here's one with flushing countenance and sweat upon his brow
Down running to the platform comes; alas! too late, too late!
The train is off; for time and tide for no man ever wait.

And over many a mile we sped, and over many a league,
And much I saw, and never did my spirit feel fatigue;
And if at times my weary eye on vacancy would rest,
The busy thought was never still self-stirring in my breast.

I mused upon the multitude, whom chance together brought;
And neighbourhood, could one discern, with lessons deep is
 fraught;

'Tis strange, that man from brother man small interval should part,
And nought they see or understand of one another's heart.

The man of ease and comfort was reclining in his chair,
Like Selfishness, that holds her own, and gives to none a share;
The poor man heaven-canopied; the hailshot and the rain,
The tempest-wind may buffet him, and he may not complain.

The violet in her leafy bed beside the bramble grows ;
 The gardenman roots out the weed, but cherishes the rose ;
 Yet Heaven on flower and weed alike its dewy nurture sends,
 And light and shade of human life mysteriously blends.

A wedded pair with glances held their silent commune sweet,
 As in the solitude of heaven two stars each other greet ;
 And passing things seem'd shadowlike to flit before their eyes ;
 Their world was all within themselves, a dream of paradise.

A maiden by her mother sat ; ten years she might have seen ;
 And she had laugh'd and prattled much ; but now with alter'd
 mien

Said, looking in her mother's face, "When shall we be at home?"
 Her mother look'd at her again ; I thought the tears would come:

They started from her eyelids, and the cause I surely knew ;
 Upon her face the widow's cap its shade of sadness threw :
 No husband waited her return ; his step she would not hear ;
 And home to her a desert was, that once had been so dear.

And she was tired, that little child ; the minutes crept so dull ;
 Of troubling thoughts and memories to her they were not full :
 The time may come, when she will look upon the dreary past,
 And ask with sad remembrance, why the years have flown so fast.

And what is he, with lips comprest, and sullen fixed eye ?
 Deep meanings in that furrow'd cheek and arching forehead lie :
 Methought, in one keen flashing look the past and future met,
 A struggle 'twas to seize on hope, and cast away regret ;

And then his eye grew cold again, a glassy aspect wore ;
Some nurseling of his anxious heart he darkly brooded o'er :
Could I thy meaning penetrate ? Revolvest thou some plan
With honour pregnant to thyself and benefit to man ?

Or weavest thou some spider-web with subtle meshes fine,
A miserable prey to catch ? Whate'er thou dost design,
The web shall be unwound at length, the mystery be told,
And dark be light, and thou thyself and others thee behold.

And I ? Alas ! But hence away all selfish griefs I throw,
Forgetting them in sympathy for others' weal and woe :
To love and friendship let me live ; no other hope is mine ;
A few kind hearts are beating yet ; and I will not repine.

Roll on, fire-winged courser, roll ! With all thy speed, I trow,
The hearts of them thou carriest are swifter yet than thou.
A fiercer flame enkindles them. Tumultuous and blind,
In hope, in fear, they hurry on ; thou laggest far behind.

Aye, gather all thine energies, roll rapid as thou wilt ;
Thou canst not yet move fast enough for Avarice and Guilt ;
For her that counts and gloats upon the pelf she cannot see,
For her that flies from all the world, herself can never flee.

And we, with all our journeyings, our headlong mad career,
We cannot lengthen human life. The end is still as near.
Unstay'd by us, thro' light and darkness, over deep and shoal,
The billowy time-river sweeps right onward to its goal.

Yet speed along, thou mighty one ! It hath been said of thee,
That with the spirit of the age thou dost too well agree ;
Thou seemest with remorseless step self-confident to fly,
And man doth vaunt Salmoneus-like, and heavenly power defy.

Tis false ! To spirit more sublime the age hath given birth,
Whose seraph-wing is waving now, illumining the earth !
And wondrous that machinery, that thunderpace of thine ;
Yet he that moulded thee doth own his origin divine.

Then forward ! Still upon thy course prosperity attend !
And thou shalt be to high and low, to rich and poor a friend ;
And thou shalt scatter wide the seed of plenteousness and peace ;
And man shall move him to and fro, and knowledge true increase.

THE HORSES.

RACER.

THRO' my lattice the dawn I saw,
And fresh I rose from my bed of straw ;
And quick the heart within me stirr'd,
Soon as my rider's voice I heard.

HUNTER.

I rose while yet the morn was pale ;
With eager breath I snuff'd the gale ;
But when I heard the bugle sound,
I knew no rest and I paw'd the ground.

WAR-HORSE.

I rose from the turf whereon I lay,
 While night was melting into day ;
 For waked was I by sound of drum,
 I knew the hour of battle was come.

RACER.

They led me where in long array
 My rivals stood all sleek and gay ;
 And when I look'd on their gallant trim,
 My blood it thrill'd thro' every limb.

HUNTER.

They led me where in medley throng
 My comrades stood all stout and strong ;
 I laugh'd aloud, and shook my mane,
 I long'd to be scouring o'er hill and plain.

WAR-HORSE.

They led me where for fight array'd
 My comrades stood in full brigade ;
 I long'd to be charging on the foe,
 And man and horse in the dust to throw.

RACER.

My rider wore a cap of blue,
 His coat was all of crimson hue :
 Light were the colours, and bright they shone :
 It was a brave caparison !

THE HORSES.

HUNTER.

A scarlet coat my rider had ;
 His countenance, like his heart, was glad ;
 And his glowing cheek and flashing eye
 Shone like the sun in the eastern sky.

WAR-HORSE.

A coat of scarlet too had mine,
 That shone with gold and silver-twine,
 A helm of steel, and a waving plume
 That frown'd as black as the midnight gloom.

RACER.

In line we stood ; the signal rang ;
 Then from the barrier forth we sprang ;
 The turf before us like velvet spread,
 Melted the ground beneath my tread.

HUNTER.

The hounds they bay'd, the horn it blew,
 They scour'd the underwood thro' and thro' ;
 And soon there rose a brisk halloo ;
 The game was up, and away we flew.

WAR-HORSE.

The music in our ears that play'd
 Was the roar of deafening cannonade ;
 Thro' clouds of smoke we led the way
 With steady march to begin the fray.

RACER.

Oh ! twas a glorious sight to see
Our feats of strength and rivalry ;
While shouts behind and shouts before
But urged us on to speed the more.

HUNTER.

Oh ! twas a glorious sight to see
The burst of chase o'er vale and lea ;
Steeds bravely vieing with dogs and men :
It was no time for dallying then !

WAR-HORSE.

Oh ! twas a dreadful sight to see
The meeting of hostile cavalry ;
The torn-up earth with the fallen spread,
The dying mingled with the dead !

RACER.

Foremost I shot, and strain'd my eyes
To see the goal and win the prize ;
I saw it not, and I flew with the wind,
For I heard the tramping of feet behind.

HUNTER.

The chase grew hotter, and on I went
Dashing o'er all impediment,
Springing aloft like a bird of air,
Plunging headlong, I reek'd not where.

WAR-HORSE.

Over the bodies and bloody plash,
All amid bullets and sabre-clash,
Bravely to conquer, or nobly to die,
Where the combat was thickest, there flew I.

RACER.

I look'd, and I saw the goal at length,
And I gather'd all my might and strength,
And ere another minute had flown,
The line was pass'd, and the prize my own.

HUNTER.

The prey was in view, he was faint and slack,
Close at his heels the yelling pack ;
Foaming I came and panting for breath,
Just as he gave his shriek of death.

WAR-HORSE.

One onset more ! They spurr'd our flanks,
We fell like a tempest on broken ranks ;
All was slaughter and mingled cry,
Ours were the shouts of victory.

To C. W.

[The father of the lady to whom these lines are addressed was an officer in the Indian army, and served in the campaign against Tippoo Saib. He was severely wounded, and lost his hearing and his sight. His daughter was for many years in constant attendance upon him, conversing and reading to him with her fingers.]

To help the sightless Homer of our land
 A daughter's faithful service was at hand,
 Recalling to his ear full many a page
 Of ancient wisdom and a classic age ;
 Blest maiden, who could recompense the care
 Of such a father, and his loss repair !
 Nor less, Cecilia, do we view in thee
 An image true of filial piety ;
 Whose parent through a dreary length of years
 Afflicted sore a double burden bears.
 An ear is his with cold obstruction bound,
 Dead to the world of harmony and sound ;
 Eyes lustreless, that never greet the day
 Or feel the bright effulgence of her ray :
 But for a daughter's love, the same sad gloom
 That wraps the senses would the mind entomb.
 Thou, fond one, at his side art ever near,
 His wants to aid, his solitude to cheer :

A skill is thine, a patience nought can tire,
 By finger-speech to commune with thy sire,
 By touches light and nimble to convey
 Whatever pen could write or tongue could say.
 From silent darkness thou hast set him free,
 Thou mak'st the deaf to hear, the blind to see.
 Accomplish'd lovely dame, by nature fit
 To dazzle by thy beauty or thy wit,
 Expert in mazes of the dance to swing,
 Or wake sweet echoes from the tuneful string,
 Thy soul, for ever placid and serene,
 Eschews the tumult of the festive scene,
 The gay saloon, the rout, the midnight ball
 Content to quit for sacred duty's call.
 Be thine the meed to virtuous daughters given,
 A father's blessing and approving Heaven !

ODE

On the Birth of the Prince of Wales, November 1841.

WAS it thunder spoke, or the cannon woke
 That peal that shakes the ground ?
 Again and yet again ! I know the sound !
 Tis the cannon's voice that says Rejoice !
 England an heir hath found !

The glorious birth it announces to Earth :
 A Prince, a Prince is born ! The welcome word
 From tongue to tongue hath pass'd along,
 And the City's heart is stirr'd !

The tread far and near of thousands I hear ;
 From street to street in throngs they meet ;
 Men are there with brows of care,
 Children by the mother led ;
 Sickness hath forsook her bed,
 Poverty hath ceased to toil,
 Hush'd is angry strife and broil ;
 All one thought inspires :
 Quick and anxious hurrying by,
 They ask each other eagerly
 If 'tis a dream that mocks their fond desires.
 It is no dream ! That chime of bells
 With all its power from the lofty tower
 The tale of gladness tells :
 And lo where on high, saluting the sky,
 Our country's loyal banner is unfurl'd :
 Arise, arise, rejoice, thou City of the world !

Night is past, and morn at last
 To crown our hopes is come ;
 Beams the light of heavenly grace
 On yonder kingly dome.

There they lie, a beauteous pair,
Princely Child and Mother fair,
 The hopes of all our race :
And he is near, to England dear,
Who sees reflected from an infant face
Himself, the Father to a line of kings.
 Victoria smiles upon her boy,
 Victoria knows the joy,
That only from a parent's bosom springs ;
 Or haply down the royal cheek
 A pearly tear-drop steals,
 Telling what no words can speak,
 All the wife, the parent feels.
Yes, she shall melt with tender love opprest ;
She, in whose heart all England treasur'd lies,
 And mightiest empire's destinies,
Now in her hour of weakness shall be blest :
She for her babe shall breathe the silent prayer,
And for a while forget a kingdom's care.

 In many a British hall
There shall be mirth and festival,
And none so poor but in that festive glee
Shall have their share, while sport and game
 And pageantries proclaim
 A nation's jubilee.
Cities a blaze of splendour shall raise,
Dazzling the moon, and turning night to day,

And with revels detain the wondering swain,
Till morning-blush hath summon'd him away.

In Cambrian vales the minstrel wild
Llewellyn's heir shall sing,
Llewellyn's heir and England's child
The mountain echoes ring.

Nor Scotia's voice, nor Erin shall be dumb ;
Her song of triumph o'er the wave shall come :

Some hand of fire shall seize the lyre,
And to a sacred rapture wake the string.

Rejoice, ye Britons ! But with holier thought
Your mirth be temper'd : bend the knee
To Him who for our Queen hath wrought
From pangs of death delivery :
To Him whose mercies never end
Let this our lowly orison ascend.

O Thou, from whom all blessings flow,
To prince and peasant, high and low,
Look, we beseech, with aspect mild
Upon the Mother and the Child !
The Mother to her strength restore,
Upon the Child thy mercies pour !

Grant that he grow
To manhood's prime and kingly majesty,
And learn his people and himself to know :

Make him to be
 True to our faith, our laws, and liberty,
 A light to us, a minister to Thee !
 Oh, while I pray on this auspicious day,
 Do Thou my soul inspire !
 Now blessed be the morn
 On which this child was born !
 Blest be his princely Sire !
 Long life to her that England's sceptre sways ;
 But still be thine, O Lord, the glory and the praise !

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Written on the occasion of the Birth of the Prince of Wales, November 1841.

My spirit scorns repose ;
 Big with a nation's joy my heart o'erflows,
 And bids me speak my triumph to the air :
 Hear me, ye winds ; proclaim
 To all of British name,
 To join the choral song, the gladness share.

Our prayers are heard on high :
 Victoria's race shall never die !
 Roll, Father Thames, roll onward to the sea,
 And tell the waves their destiny :
 Subjects of our crown are they :
 Bid them now to Britain's shore

Tides of gratulation pour :
 With dance and music let them come,
 Sparkling, light, and frolicsome :
 Victoria's heir is born this day ;
 Her children's children still shall rule these isles :
 Let earth and ocean wear their newest smiles !

Speed o'er the wave, ye winged messengers,
 And bid all nations hail,
 Where'er the British sail
 Hath borne from home her roving mariners,
 Bold hearts and true, an empire to subdue,
 Or succour frail distress,
 Or clear the wilderness,
 Or open mighty worlds to Wisdom's view.

Awake from sleep, ye coursers of the deep !
 Your colours unbind, and give to the wind !
 All by the bay of dark Biscay
 Speed ye along and never stay,
 Carry the news of our joyful day
 To the pillars twain, where in the main
 The Sun-god dipp'd his car,
 And Calpe's rock defies the shock
 Of tempest and of war :
 The gardens trim where the oranges bloom,
 And the honey-bee loves their rich perfume ;

The isles go seek by the blind old Greek
 In ancient story sung ;
 The rugged strand of Ithaca's land,
 To which the Wanderer clung ;
 Zacynthian fruity fields, and uplands blue
 Of olive-clad Corfu :
 Linger not, but hasten on
 To vales of piny Lebanon ;
 There shall ye say,
 A son to her is born, whose thunderstroke
 On Acre's walls cast wild dismay
 And Egypt's empire shook.
 Ye Syrian maids, your garlands twine,
 Rejoice, ye girls of Palestine !
 Ye may sit at ease in your rosy bowers,
 And chant your lays at evening hours :
 To Sion's holy mount and Siloa's brook
 The pilgrim now may come with hymn and prayer,
 Unscathed by Copt and Mameluke,
 Secure of Paynim snare.

Away, away, without delay ;
 Tis Britain doth command :
 Steer for Afric's parch'd domain,
 For Sierra's gleaming sand,
 Whose dusky children bless the hand
 That broke th' oppressor's chain.

Soon shall ye reach the Golden beach,
 And headland clad with vines,
Whose peaceful key of the southern sea
 Britannia ne'er resigns ;
Onward thence o'er the main immense,
Where earth's great round with a zone is bound,
 Where the windless prow
Is hurried along by the ocean's flow,
To the spicy gales that fill your sails
From groves of myrrh and frankincense,
To the sultry tide where the dolphins glide
Gamboling oft on the amber spray,
And mariners ever devoutly pray
For the albatross their masts to cross
 And speed their homeward way.

 Bear the news afar
To rugged coasts of Malabar,
To Comorin's peak and rich Golconda's vale ;
 Go tell the tale
In palmy groves, where India's patient son
Weaves the soft web, and, when his work is done,
 Hies from the noontide beam
 To rest him in the shade
By overarching banyan made ;
 On Jumna's stream,
Where the hunters ride in their towers of pride

And panting tigers thro' the jungle flee ;
On Ganges' fertile flood, and snow-clad Himmaleh.

The lonely shepherd on Australian hills
Tends the fair flock, and sings the rural lay ;
 His thoughts are far away
On Lomond's lake, or where a thousand rills
Pour down the side of mossy Cruachan :
Soft is the air, and cloudless heaven above ;
Birds with gay plume the tranquil breezes fan,
And flowers of radiant beauty light the grove :
Him nor the cloudless heaven nor breezes mild
Nor gaudy-feather'd birds so well can please,
As the bare heath and mountains, where a child
 He wander'd free and wild,
Full of young hopes and fantasies,
 And when the eagle scream'd,
To him more musical it seem'd
Than sweetest song of nightingale ;
And storms that o'er the mountain roll'd,
 And mists that tipt with gold
 Rose steaming from the vale,
To him more glorious to behold
Than skies of brightest azure were.
He too of Britain's joy shall hear :
With quicker heat his veins will beat,
 When the glad tidings come,

And tears will start from his deepest heart,
To think of his native home :
For he knows full well, his heart can tell,
There shall be song and mirth on Scottish ground,
And pipe and flute shall not be mute,
And many a foot in ecstasy shall bound.
O merry Scottish cheer !
O bonny kinsmen dear !
By exiles most beloved, tho' loved in vain !
O silver-whispering lakes !
O heather-blooming brakes !
There happy once was he ; there would he be again !

On Canton's wave our floating batteries lie,
And hoist their flags of victory :
The shore is yet with ruin strew'd,
The city wrapt in gloom,
Slaves who their own destruction woo'd
In silence wait their doom ;
The Briton from deck surveys the wreck
Of the stormy battle-day,
His fury quench'd, like a lion drench'd
With blood of his mangled prey.
Mild is his soul, save when at glory's call
He comes resolved to conquer or to fall ;
Remorseful pity then away he throws,
While all his country in his bosom glows ;

He springs to the fray, to strike, to slay,
 No power can resist him then,
 Like a demon of strife, he mows down life,
 And tramples on groaning men.
 Him shall calmer thoughts employ,
 Holier transports now,
 Tidings of a nation's joy
 Lighting up his brow :
 Leaps not his heart at the happy news ?
 Methinks I can see the jovial crews ;
 I can hear the swell of their loud hurrah,
 As they shout Long live Victoria !
 What panic shall seize the pale Chinese !
 Methinks I can see the Mandarin,
 How he starts in his silken tent
 At the sound of English merriment,
 As if he had heard the battle-din.
 Woe to ye, children of Cathay !
 Where is all your vast array ?
 Where the pride of Tartar chivalry ?
 Invincible hosts are on your coasts ;
 Your feeble squadrons flee :
 Not with the leopard strives the tender hind ;
 Birds of venturous flight
 The sovereign eagle's might,
 When struggling in his claw, too late shall find.
 Haste from the field, and prompt submission yield ;
 With suppliant voice, not arms, accost the foe ;

For just as brave is he, to anger slow ;
The meek he spares, but lays the haughty low.

Hush'd be all ruder sound ;
Ye winds, your murmur cease :
A vision bright appears in sight,
The meek-eyed angel, Peace,
With love and mercy crown'd :
Upon th' Atlantic main she waves her dewy wings,
Her rainbow locks in air streaming, while thus she sings :

Joy to the earth ! a princely Son
Hath blest the shores of Albion !
Peace and joy to all she sends,
Gracious arm to all extends ;
Happy they whom she befriends.
Mild is her empire, just her reign :
She forges not a ruthless chain,
In vassalage the brave to keep,
And make his noble spirit weep ;
She doth not arm the spoiler's hand ;
She doth not send a flaming brand
To fright the peaceful, wound the just,
Or lay their cities in the dust ;
She never strikes, till strike she must ;
Then, at the word, right faithfully
Her ministers of vengeance fly,

Swift as the lightning bolts that clear
 A dark oppressive atmosphere.
 Countless on their watery way
 Bound her vessels light and gay ;
 Light as clouds that sail at e'en
 Earth and silver moon between ;
 Gay as the larks that scorn
 To rest on summer's morn.
 See how they dance o'er the broad expanse,
 Ever careering, never fearing ;
 Albion o'er the wave appearing
 Calm and high, her sceptre shows ;
 Free and safe the wanderer goes ;
 They that rove to vex the seas,
 Outrage' foul and treacheries,
 Vanish hence, nor dare, I ween,
 To meet the wrath of the Ocean Queen.

Children of Britain, wheresoe'er ye dwell ;
 In lone Guiana's sounding woods,
 Or by the torrent floods,
 That in thunder leap down Niagara's steep,
 As if from heaven they fell :
 Whether wrapt in furry hide
 Ye chariot o'er the snowpath wide
 To meet the blasts of Labrador ;
 Or whether on the heaving breast
 Of Lawrence, breezy gulf, ye rest
 The merry dashing oar,

Upon the spires to gaze
 That shed their silver blaze
 On Abraham's height, which England's champion clomb
 To win a deathless conquest and a tomb :
 Ye who in tropic isles abide
 The summer's torrid glare,
 Where earthquakes rend the solid mountain-side,
 Where the harvest in heaps a hurricane sweeps,
 Or fever-damp from rain and swamp
 Infects the putrid air :
 Ye who on Winter's icy ground
 Pursue the grisly bear,
 Or huge Leviathan with steely wound,
 Oft as he rises thro' the bleeding surge,
 To flight and madness urge :
 Ye who in Arctic regions froze
 With storms eternal to the farthest bound
 Of Nature pierce, her mysteries to explore :

Children of Britain, wheresoe'er ye roam,
 Think of your native land, your mother home !
 For she shall be to you
 A mother fond and true ;
 Each gale that blows on balmy wing
 The bounties of her love shall bring.
 The name of England is a star
 Your duteous path to cheer,
 On watery wastes, on fields of war,

In all your wanderings drear :
Thro' the world's vast length 'tis honour, strength ;
A spell to assuage the tyrant's rage,
 The savage to control,
To arm with might the freeman's right,
 And thrill the patriot's soul.
With English birth and England's worth
 What titles can compare ?
Such wealth endures ; it all is yours,
 To boast, to feel, to share ;
Her glorious hopes, her goodly seed
On Time's maturing bosom cast,
Her chronicles of thought and deed,
The memory of her mighty past.
Sons of one soil, tho' space may sever,
Yet kindred love unites for ever :
As fairy harps each other greet
With silver tones, that whining stray
Till one into another play ;
Thus mutual aspirations meet,
And patriots waft o'er land and sea
The spirit of their loyalty.
Unblest is he, that cold and stern
For distant land ne'er heaved a sigh,
Whose hopes and wishes ne'er return
To where a father's ashes lie.
And what be they, who dare betray
 Their fealty and faith,

Who e'er could stand with sword in hand
To do their country scath ?
Heirs of misrule, thro' sin and darkness borne,
While phantoms they pursue,
Themselves forsaken, outcast and forlorn,
Their madness they shall rue.

The island throne amid the tempests rear'd
Shall be your guardian shrine,
Where still shall sit a Prince revered
Of ancient Saxon line.
Glad homage pay to his sceptred sway ;
For in his behest ye shall all be blest.
Your hardy race from place to place,
In many a distant clime,
Shall be seeking abodes,
Traversing pathless roads,
In the east, in the west,
Like birds on their quest of a home of rest ;
From whom, far scatter'd in revolving time,
A fruitful seed shall rise,
And lift Britannia's glory to the skies.
Victoria's heir shall view them from his throne,
And claim increasing millions for his own :
From side to side of his kingdom wide
His wakeful eye shall range,
His princely love, where'er they rove,
No distance shall estrange.

Prerogative of bliss,
True royalty is this ;
To feel how sacred is a people's charge,
Imperial care with empire to enlarge,
A nation's hopeful destinies to guide,
For weal of coming ages to provide ;
 On far and near, on great and small
 With equal light and warmth to shine,
 Of wisdom bounteous and benign
 An omnipresence felt by all.
Thus at the sun's command the planets roll :
He of that radiant universe the soul,
Abiding in his majesty supreme,
Creation's law proclaims ; the tuneful theme
Each planet echoing as it whirls along,
Responsive to his mighty thunder-song,
The fountain of their joy they circle round,
And thro' eternal space their harmonies resound.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

THIS Sonnet was prefixed to the Translation of Virgil, dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness, and published in 1849. It alludes more particularly to certain improvements in the course of Cambridge studies, suggested by the Prince after he had become Chancellor of the University.

To England's nation doth the praise belong
 Of him whose virtues have her people blest ;
 And for our glory shall it live exprest
 In many a page of story and of song.
 Yet marvel not, amidst a grateful throng,
 If Granta's sons, her wisest and her best,
 Should haste to pour in language unrepres
 The overflowing of the heart and tongue.
 Camus, the morn with beauty shone serene,
 When Albert stept upon thy reedy shore ;
 The Muse a look of love and promise wore ;
 And Science now unshackled may be seen
 With stately form and loftier than before
 Pacing the alleys of thy margent green.

TO PATIENCE SWINFEN.

FOR an explanation of this Sonnet, I must refer to my Report of the case of Swinfen *v.* Swinfen, argued in the Court of Common Pleas in November, 1856. A perusal of the affidavits, which are annexed, will enable my readers to appreciate the calumnious attack made upon me, and the motives of those who made it. I trust that neither calumnies nor menaces (even from *High Quarters*) will ever deter me from doing my duty.

ENGLAND hath need to thank thee, suffering Dame !
 For thou shalt purge the volumes of her laws
 Of many an idle page, of errors, flaws
 By Ignorance traced, the record of her shame.
 Thine was a courage singly to exclaim
 'Gainst Might perverting Justice. For thy cause
 Truth, Wisdom, Virtue, stand. The glad applause
 Of millions greets thee. Honour'd be thy name !
 The canting tones of dull Servility
 In halls of Themis shall be heard no more ;
 And tricksters shall unlearn their crafty lore :
 So potent is thy spell ! At sight of thee
 Behold where Treason skulks with conscious dread,
 And base Corruption hangs her guilty head.

THE LATE DR. SAMUEL WARNEFORD.

THE munificent benefactions of this gentleman are well known to his countrymen. For many years he devoted a large part of his income to public charities. The present Sonnet was first published in 1850, when Dr. Warneford had lost the use of his limbs.

BLEST Spirit, heir of everlasting joy !
 In this sojourn of transitory woe
 Imaginations holy, thoughts that glow
 With earnest love sublime, thine hours employ.
 Thou buildest up what time shall ne'er destroy :
 While hearts of myriads, who thy goodness know,
 With grateful benedictions overflow,
 True faith is thine, and hopes without alloy.
 No earthly triumphs can compare with these :
 The guerdon of the righteous who can tell ?
 What angel forms, what influences cheer
 Thine afternoon of life ? Upon thine ear
 Methinks already strains of rapture swell,
 The prelude of celestial harmonies.

ON A DECEASED LADY.

THE spirit of the beautiful is gone !
 No more do I behold that form of grace
 Too frail for life, that earnest speaking face,
 The seraph lustre in those eyes that shone.
 Oh ! thou art snatcht from earth, thou lovely one !
 Yet in my soul's remembrance thou a place
 Shalt ever hold ; no other form can chase
 Thine image thence ; for there is like thee none.
 Oft from her stem the rose ungently torn
 Falls in the lap of earth, yet on the wind
 Her fragrance to refresh new life is borne :
 And thou art early lost, yet leav'st behind
 Heart-quickenning thoughts, that make us less forlorn.
 Then fare thee well, thou flower of womankind !

MY COTTAGE IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

HEATHBOURNE, thy rugged pines, thy furzy bound,
 So thick with bush and bramble overgrown,
 Speak of a bygone time, perchance unknown
 To living memory, when all around
 Was barren joyless waste, no cottage crown'd

The sylvan lawn, rude Nature all alone
 Reign'd o'er the scene and claim'd it for her own.
 But now, dear Heathbourne, on thy cultured ground
 Man's dwelling stands, within thy peaceful glade
 The garden smiles in loveliness array'd ;
 On yonder modest wall the fig and vine
 Luxuriant spread their leaves ; thro' ivy shade
 The honeysuckle peeps ; and jessamine
 And blushing rose their richest sweets combine.

VIEW OF A MANUFACTURING TOWN.

A WILDERNESS of brickwork chokes the plain :
 A murky twilight covers it with gloom,
 That lightnings could not clear nor suns illumine :
 Smoke from enormous chimneys pours amain
 With flames that thro' the sooty darkness glare :
 Infernal engines ply their strength within,
 Redoubling stroke on stroke, with iron din
 And ceaseless thunder-noise, stunning the air.
 The forge 'twould seem of some Cyclopien crew :
 No place for such as dote on mountain view,
 On sylvan glade and flower-enamell'd ground :
 But would ye see of life a picture true,
 Tis here : in every motion, every sound,
 Man breathes and pants and labours all around.

MALTHUSIAN THEORY.

1839.

How peacefully the commonwealth of ants
 Together dwell, within a narrow space
 A myriad-swarming thriving populace ;
 For whom the Earth her bounty never scants,
 Teeming with harvest equal to their wants.
 Britons, herein the will of Heaven I trace :
 Is it a crime to multiply our race
 In us, this blessed Isle's inhabitants ?
 Fear we that Nature from her fruitful field
 To toil should cease a recompense to yield ?
 Oh ! she hath treasures that can never fail,
 Stores inexhausted, virtues unreveal'd :
 And hands and hearts unknowing how to quail
 Shall still o'er dearth and penury prevail.

NATIONAL IMMORALITY.

1839.

TALK not of earth's, but man's unfruitfulness :
 Tis we that barren are ; of earnest zeal,
 Of hearts that boldly think and nobly feel ;
 Courage, that scorns the humble to oppress,
 To serve the vicious, or the proud caress ;

Truth, that abhors her judgments to conceal ;
 Virtue, that labours for the commonweal.
 A selfish tribe no Providence will bless.
 Behold ; within our realm hath grown apace
 A crop of foul desires and passions base,
 Of vanities and vices, that pollute
 The air of England and her sons disgrace.
 Till from the nation's heart these weeds ye root,
 What hope that it can bear a goodly fruit ?

 ALARMISTS.

 1842.

PROPHETS there be, who vers'd in learned lore
 On deeds of ancient story love to dwell,
 And future eras by the past foretell :
 In that which is to what hath been before
 Some likeness they can find, and fancy more :
 They mind us oft, how Rome or Carthage fell,
 And with untimely sorrow ring the knell
 Of England's glory, and her doom deplore.
 Delusions fond ! There is no book of fate
 In which the doom of nations we can read.
 Hold fast to virtue ! This upholds a state :
 To idle presage none but fools give heed.
 Twas British hearts that made Britannia great :
 Long may the land preserve her noble breed !

ENGLAND'S GLORY.

1842.

INTENT I sat on England's storied page,
 Deep musing on the glorious tales it told,
 When to my sight, as thro' a mist unroll'd,
 Appear'd the mighty of a bygone age,
 Moving like spectres on a magic stage,
 That gave in long succession to behold
 Princes and starred peers and warriors bold,
 And many a hoary statesman, bard and sage.
 And one of godlike mien stood near the while,
 Methought he seem'd the Genius of our isle ;
 And as each group advanced, triumphantly
 He waved his hand and hail'd them with a smile ;
 And I could read in his majestic eye
 The promise of a bright futurity.

DEMAGOGUES.

1843.

THE name of Patriot is no more in vogue ;
 For tis usurp'd by men who in a name
 Contrive the means to cloke their selfish aim.
 It grieves me that in Virtue's catalogue
 A place her baleful opposites should find ;

That mountebanks upon our social stage
 Strut without shame, and vent their noisy rage,
 To catch the vulgar ear and cheat mankind.
 Freedom and Justice ! ye whose sacred call
 Commanded once the spirits of the brave !
 Why now on ears unheeding doth it fall ?
 The demagogue, the braggart, and the slave
 Profane ye with their praise ; and statesmen sneer
 At sounds that once were to a nation dear.

CHARTISTS.

1843.

I MARVEL not, if men of nature rude,
 Whose lot is toil and ignorance and pain,
 Whom force alone and iron laws restrain,
 Oft o'er their fancied wrongs in silence brood ;
 Or if, their heads full of conceptions crude,
 They rise, and in a voice that cannot feign
 They bellow forth their rage and fierce disdain,
 In impious curses heaven and earth include.
 E'en sworded Justice hath a tear for them.
 Shame to the few with craftier heads endow'd,
 Who lift not up their voices to condemn,
 But into phrensy drive th' unhappy crowd,
 And raise a hurricane they cannot stem :
 Woe to their heads ! the nation cries aloud.

BRITAIN AND IRELAND.
1844.

NORMAN or Briton, Saxon, Goth, or Celt :
 What matters ancient name or origin ?
 Long have we all in close communion dwelt
 As comrades, neighbours, countrymen, and kin ;
 Shared common glories, and in danger felt
 One hope, one courage bound our hearts within.
 Erin and Britain ! kindly Nature dealt,
 That placed you side by side, and hemm'd you in
 This narrow corner of the mighty sea,
 Bidding the waves, that uncontroll'd and free
 Around ye roll, your rocky shores defend.
 O happy isles, could ye but comprehend
 The will of Heaven, fond Sisters ye should be,
 Nor ever but in works of love contend.

THE THIRTY YEARS PEACE.
1845.

A THIRTY years of peace ! There was a time,
 Which yet in characters of blood we trace,
 When thirty years of homicide and crime
 With ravages deform'd fair Europe's face.
 But that so long beneath our western skies

Nor clarion-peal nor tocsin's chime hath rung
Its prelude to a nation's funeral cries,
Should move the grateful heart and thankful tongue.
Alas ! the spirits that for carnage thirst
Still range abroad unseen, with malice rife
To gather up the elements of strife :
Which Heaven avert ! Thou, England, be the first
To quell their impious rage ; and rallying round
Thy peaceful standard may the world be found !

THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

1844.

OFt have I seen a vessel on her track
Cleaving the waves, and spreading all her sail,
As birdlike she would fly before the gale ;
That met by adverse storms and beaten back
Skilful would shift her course, and turn and tack
This way and that, still earnest not to fail
Press for the port, and spite of storms prevail.
And lo a statesman, who the power doth lack
His onward path undevious to pursue ;
And ever and anon he seems to veer
Wide of the goal, which still he keeps in view,
And whither strives with all his might to steer :
Beset by faction, to his country true,
Him his great heart doth on his journey cheer.

THE LATE LORD DENMAN.
1851.

DENMAN, the surname of the just be thine :
 For thou of England's justice long hast weigh'd
 With even hand the scales, nor ever made
 From right to wrong the balance to incline.
 Others, I ween, more ready may be found
 The law's Bœotian riddles to explain,
 Words from their meanings cunningly to strain,
 Or reason out of nonsense to compound :
 Twas thine a nobler virtue to achieve :
 Truth sat upon thy tongue, which ne'er could deign
 To hide the heart, to flatter or deceive :
 The sunbright heaven is not from taint more free,
 Than was the bench of Themis, graced by thee.
 When shall our country see the like again ?

SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON.

SHAKSPEARE and Milton, I have lived with you,
 Have mused upon your lessons oft and long,
 And listen'd to the music of your tongue,
 Ye prophets of the holy and the true :
 And bold from such companionship I grew ;

My spirit ever rose refresh'd and strong,
 As from the stream of your immortal song
 A life-sustaining nourishment it drew.
 Interpreters from Heaven to man were ye,
 Eagles of never-drooping poesy,
 Whose pinions to the founts of light could soar.
 Inspired like stars in glory ye abide,
 For bard and seer to gaze, your country's pride,
 The wonder of the world, for evermore !

FRIENDSHIP.

As oft the star that shines at eventide
 Consoles the hapless wanderer on his way
 With kind assurance of a gentle ray,
 His solitude to cheer, his path to guide :
 Tis thus when man is by misfortune tried,
 Some gentle presence doth his fears allay,
 When he with comfort to his heart can say,
 That truth and pity still on earth abide.
 Eternal Goodness ! from thy spirit flows
 The beam of mercy, kindled at our birth
 In human hearts, to soften mortal woes :
 Without which all were chaos on the earth,
 A wilderness of dark deformity,
 Void of the light that elevates to thee.

CHARITY.

STERN Winter with her iron fingers cold
 Hath fasten'd on the earth; with icy chain
 She manacles the waters of the plain,
 Pond, lake, and stream, and many a river hold :
 Yet Father Thames and Severn, as of old,
 Uplift their billows and their course maintain ;
 Hasting with mighty purpose to the main,
 They roll along majestic, uncontroll'd.
 And when it pleases Heaven with chastening hand
 A nation to afflict, th' ignoble crowd
 Shrink in themselves, by selfish terrors cow'd ;
 A generous few their hearts the more expand ;
 Their presence pierces thro' the gloomy cloud,
 And sheds a ray of blessing on the land.

PHILANTHROPY.

ALL that is good, eternal Lord, is thine :
 This universal globe, creation's plan,
 The virtues and the energies of man,
 Are wonders of beneficence divine.
 Thy glorious works for our instruction shine ;

And Thou invitest us to view, to scan,
 To worship and admire, as best we can,
 The features of their marvellous design.
 A few are chosen (still be thine the praise),
 To whom at distance infinite is given
 To imitate the wisdom of thy ways.
 Ye righteous, who unweariedly have striven
 Your monuments of bounteous love to raise,
 Abide on earth, to do the will of Heaven.

DEMOSTHENES.

OH for a voice like thine, Demosthenes,
 An eloquence to us but little known,
 Drawn from the oracles of faith alone !
 How welcome would it be in times like these !
 It was the spirit of thy fatherland
 In thunder crying—Athens must be free !
 What patriot, thus arous'd, could idle be ?
 What freeman could the sacred call withstand ?
 Truth is most mighty, spoken by the true.
 Ye sons of Athens, never had the cant
 Of the declaimer or the sycophant
 Led ye against the spears of Macedon :
 All without struggle had the victor won,
 And dying Freedom had not slept with you.

MARS AND MINERVA.

WHEN Mars by Vulcan had been found
 Committing trespass on his ground,
 (I might perhaps have spoken plainer,
 But decency would be no gainer ;)

The Goddesses were vastly shock'd,
 They blush'd, they titter'd, and they mock'd ;
 Poor Venus, no one would receive her ;
 The married gods were in a fever ;

And many a one was heard to say,
 " Whose turn is next to come, I pray?"
 Alarm'd was Hercules for Hebe,
 And Phœbus for his sister Phœbe :

Saith Juno privately to Jove,
 " This is a sad affair, my love :
 What can be done?" Saith Jove to Juno,
 " I really cannot tell ; do you know?"

" A thought just strikes me ; thank the stars !
 Suppose we find a wife for Mars :
 If we can get him once to marry,
 At home he will be forced to tarry."

“ And who’s to be the lady then ? ”
 Inquired the King of Gods and men :
 To which she answer’d with a query,
 “ What think you of Minerva, deary ? ”

“ My favourite child ! ” the Monarch said ;
 “ Who vows to live and die a maid ! ”
 “ Such vows,” replied the Consort regal,
 “ Are neither binding, sir, nor legal.

And pray consider, if you please,
 The match brings great advantages ;
 Our son with Pallas for adviser
 Must surely steadier grow and wiser :

The veriest rake with such a wife
 Would soon amend his mode of life : ”
 Her counsel to reform the pickle
 Did mightily the Thunderer tickle :

“ It shall be so ; I’m quite agreed : ”
 He rang the bell for Ganymede :
 “ We’ll drink to Mars and his corrector ! ”
 Saturnia smiled, and sipp’d the nectar :

“ Here’s to the War-god and his bride ! ”
 With hearty laugh the Monarch cried,
 And drain’d his cup of sparkling ruby :
 “ He don’t deserve her though, the booby ! ”

Mars liked not much the haughty fair ;
Yet promise of a dowry rare,
Of title high and princely splendour,
Soon overcame his scruples tender :

At first Minerva play'd the prude,
And would not hear of being woo'd ;
By slow degrees her heart relented,
And she, to please papa, consented.

So matters stood, till one fine day
Jupiter met the son of May ;
They sat down sociably together,
And, after talking of the weather,

Quoth Hermes : “ May I be so bold ?
You mean to wed, sir, I am told,
Your daughter to the God of battle ?
Is't true, or only tittle-tattle ? ”

“ Tis true ” —— “ I came with all dispatch
To speak to you about this match :
For to advise is my vocation : ”
Jove nodded here in approbation :

“ My trusty Hermes, what you think
Speak boldly out, and nothing blink :
There's not a person whose opinion
I value more in my dominion. ”

“ Then hear, great Jove. I mean no slur
 Upon the War-god’s character ;
 But you must be aware most fully
 That he’s a blusterer and a bully :

To quarrel both with great and small
 For him is quite professional ;
 He’s always kicking up a riot,
 And only you can keep him quiet :

Controll’d by your imperial curb,
 The peace of heaven he can’t disturb ;
 For Strength that lacketh rhyme or reason
 Ne’er prospers nor in sport nor treason.

Pallas by counsel guards your throne,
 Submits to you and you alone ;
 Your self-born child ; so you proclaim her ;
 We the Celestials Wisdom name her :

Her nature is to peace inclined,
 Though she can fight when she’s a mind,
 As Mimas and that ruffian Cœus
 Found to their cost, with big Typhœus :

Her shield before us all she threw,
 And put to flight the rebel crew :
 Without her Ægis, where, I wonder,
 Would Jove have been with all his thunder ?

Excuse me, sir ; but by the Styx,
I don't admire your politics :
To Mars you'd give the peerless Maiden
With burden of your empire laden !

He left us in a sulky fit,
Not pleased at your command to quit ;
But fortified by this alliance
He'll set your Highness at defiance."

" Sure, my Cyllenius, you're in joke."

" I never more in earnest spoke:
If Mars should wed the fair Virago,
For aught I see, to pot we may go.

With Mistress Pallas at his side,
His lack of wit by her supplied—
I know not if the rascal scurvy
Won't turn Olympus topsy-turvy."

" But won't it then her duty be,
The same as now, to stand by me ?
Think you, Cyllenius, there is danger
That marriage will from Jove estrange her ?"

" She will be subject to her spouse
By virtue of the nuptial vows :
And who's to say, she would not rather
Obey her Husband than her Father ?

By sovereign Power should Wisdom stand,
 And Force keep under her command :
 Let witless Force be Wisdom's master,
 And nought can follow but disaster."

He ceas'd. The Father of the Gods
 Again in approbation nods :
 " Well, my good Hermes, have you spoken :
 The match from this day off is broken."

THE REFERENCE.

(*A Law Case of the last Century.*)

TWAS on the last day of assize
 All in a circuit town,
 (List to my song, ye learned throng
 Array'd in wig and gown :

In written or in printed book
 This case I ne'er did see ;
 I tell it as a little bird
 Did whisper unto me :)

For trial duly came there on
 A special jury cause ;
 Huge briefs before the counsel lay
 With volumes of the laws ;

A Serjeant rose with stately mien,
His voice was clear and strong,
And launch'd into an opening speech
Which threaten'd to be long :

Deep silence was in all the court,
Each juror lent his ear,
With hope the plaintiff's bosom swell'd,
Defendant quaked for fear :

But all this while the learned Judge
Unto himself did say,
"Sure at the Bishop's I'm engaged
To dine this very day ;

A Marquis and a royal Duke
And Duchess will be there ;
I really cannot stop away
From such a grand affair :

But let me see ; tis half-past three,
The Bishop dines at six,
To-morrow I to London go ;
I'm in a pretty fix."

'Tis great occasions do the man
Of quick invention try ;
To 'scape from his distressful plight
A way the Judge did spy ;

No sooner him it flash'd across
Then up his mind he made :
“ Now, Brother, to your statement I
Have close attention paid ;

And turning all things in my mind,
It hath to me occur'd,
A case like this—'twere not amiss
That it should be referr'd.”

Up the defendant's counsel jump'd,
A desperate case had he ;
And “ with your Lordship,” he exclaim'd,
“ I perfectly agree.”

“ What says the Serjeant ?”—“ Good, my Lord,
I could be well inclined,
But my attorney, worthy man,
Is of a different mind.”

“ Oh, very well !”—the Bigwig cried,
As hack his head he drew,
And at the man of tape a glance
Significant he threw :

The wary Serjeant interposed :
“ My Lord, I always find
Your Lordship to the parties is
Considerate and kind ;

And if two minutes you can wait,
 Or peradventure three,
 We 'll try this matter to arrange
 As it arranged should be."

"My time it is the public's all,"
 The Judge did straight reply ;
 "And minutes two or three to wait
 Objection none have I."

Then Serjeant, Lawyer, Plaintiff,
 (To watch them had been fun,)
 Their little pates together put
 To see what could be done :

"Shall we consent?"—the whisper went ;
 The plaintiff he look'd blue :
 "I came to seek for justice here ;
 My cause is good and true."

"What matters that? Twere treason flat
 His Lordship to oppose :
 Against the summing up 'tis rare
 The verdict ever goes."

What further passed among them,
 Importeth not to say ;
 The plaintiff and his lawyer bold
 Reluctantly gave way :

Up rose the counsel, and outspake
The elder of the twain :
“ My Lord, this interval of time
Hath not been spent in vain ;

Our clients are content to do
What humbly we advise”—
“ They could not”—quoth the learned Judge,
“ Have done a thing more wise :

And sure am I the jurors all
Will my conviction share,
That this long suit and sad dispute
Is best arranged elsewhere.”

The Jury bow'd : his Lordship's face
A gracious mildness wore ;
The very wig upon his cheek
Grew smoother than before :

The counsel folded up their briefs
And sat them down at ease ;
Each blandly on the other smiled :
They'd pocketed their fees :

Behind the Serjeant might be seen
A youth unknown to fame,
Yet boasting of a fair descent ;
Lickspittle was his name ;

Amid the forum's wordy strife
 In ambush wont was he
Beside his silken friends to wait,
 Expectant referee :

For hear, ye suitors, hear a truth
 Which meet it is ye know ;
On arbitrations four or five
 Young counsel fat may grow.

Now, reader, I will end my tale
 As briefly as I can :
The Sergeant's voice declared the choice ;
 Lickspittle was the man.

'Twas all arranged; the Court broke up,
 And at the trumpet's sound
The chariot of the Judge was heard
 Fast rolling o'er the ground ;

The man of ermine sat within,
 And I can well believe,
To think how clever he had been,
 He giggled in his sleeve.

THE WEDNESBURY MINER.

THERE was a Wedn'sbury Miner,
 A gamecock rare had he ;
 Never a better or finer
 All Staffordshire did see :

This cock, while yet but a chicken,
 Would fight with a four-year-old ;
 The fowls were all panic-stricken
 At his bearing so gallant and bold :

And Boxer he was christen'd,
 His breast it was white as snow ;
 The Miner's eyes they glisten'd,
 Whenever he heard him crow :

And out of his hand he fed him
 On barley and cakes and ale,
 And when to battle he led him,
 Was sure he could never fail :

And Boxer's fame was vaunted,
 And every stake he won ;
 The neighbours all were daunted,
 For he his match had none ;

At last, so saith the fable,
 A chap to the Miner came,
 Whose eyes and face were sable,
 And Nicholas was his name :

Quoth he, " I've a thorough-bred cock, Sir,
 That never has yet been tried ;
 And I'll make a match with Boxer
 For fifty guineas a side !"

A match, there's no retreating,
 For fifty guineas a side !
 They fixt the day of meeting
 At Wedn'sbury next Shrovetide.

And now to Wedn'sbury cocking
 There posted a motley crew ;
 From Bilston all came flocking
 And Wolverhampton too ;

The tailors, the butchers, the bakers,
 The coalmen of Dudley came down,
 The pin and the button-makers
 From smoky Brummagem-town :

The ring was soon completed,
 The cocks were both brought in,
 And Nick the Miner greeted
 With a nod and half a grin :

The Blackman's cock was meagre
And spectrelike to view,
Yet he seem'd for combat eager,
And he crowed as loud as two :

When all for the fight was ready,
They gave the word of command ;
Each bird marched bold and steady
Out of the master's hand :

And there was no demurring,
They met with pinion and heel,
And fierce was the clapping and spurring,
And bright the flashing of steel :

Alas ! how fleeting is glory
To fowls as well as to men !
Great Boxer, his bosom gory,
Fell never to rise agen.

The Miner was mute in wonder,
He scarce could believe his eyes ;
The amazement he was under
All power of speech defies :

And still he stood for a minute,
Then off his jacket he threw ;
" The devil himself is in it
But I'll be revenged on you !"

“ A fight ! fair play’s a jewel ! ”
Was echoëd from the crowd :
“ Come on, and I’ll pound you to gruel ! ”
The Miner call’d aloud :

The Blackman he grew blacker,
Soou as the challenge he heard ;
“ The devil then be my backer !
I’ll take you at your word ! ”

That voice made all of ’em nervous,
Unearthly was the sound ;
They whisper’d “ Lord preserve us ! ”
But form’d a circle round :

The fight not long continued,
For at the very first blow
The Miner the iron-sinew’d
Was in the dust laid low :

And ’all the people assembled
Turn’d pale when the sight they saw ;
They shiver’d and quaked and trembled,
And looked at old Nick with awe :

They looked, but oh, how horrid !
A change came over his micn ;
And horns appear’d on his forehead,
Where none before had been :

There were eyes all red and fiery,
A pestilent brimstone smell,
And a pigtail curling spiry :
Sure 'twas an Imp of hell !

They leapt up harum-scarum,
And kick'd the benches down,
And fast as legs could tear 'em
They scamper'd out of the town ;

The tailors, the butchers, the bakers,
The coalmen in frantic mood,
The pin and the button-makers,
As if by the devil pursued.

Tis sure no theme for laughter :
The Miner was left alone,
And what became of him after,
Was never to mortal known.

TRANSLATIONS.

S E M E L E,

A Drama.

(TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.)

FIRST SCENE.

JUNO.

(Alighting from her chariot ; a cloud floating round her.)

PEACOCKS, bear hence my winged chariot ;
Await me on Cithæron's cloudy top.

(Chariot and cloud vanish.)

Ha !

I greet thee, house of my relentless hate ;
I greet thee with a curse ! Abhorred roof !
Detested ground ! This is the place where Jove,
False to the nuptial bed, his wanton tricks
Plays in the face of day. A woman here,
A mortal, creature moulded of the dust,
Dares from my arms to tice the Thunderer,

And hold him on her lips in thralldom vile.
 Ah, Juno, Juno ! sad thy doom !
 Forsaken, all alone
 Thou sitt'st on heaven's throne.
 Thine altars steam with rich perfume,
 Knee-worship still is left :
 But what is honour, what to thee
 Is heaven, of love bereft ?
 For this rose Venus from the sea,
 To bow thy pride, to wound thy peace :
 She with magic smiles
 Gods and men beguiles :
 And now, thy sorrow to increase,
 Must be born Hermione !
 Nought is left but woe for thee !

Am I not of Gods the Queen ?
 Sister of the Thunderer ?
 Spouse of almighty Jove ?
 Doth not heaven's axle groan at my command ?
 Stirs not upon my head th' Olympian crown ?
 I feel myself ! A Goddess Queen ! The blood
 Of Saturn swells thro' my immortal veins.
 Revenge, revenge !
 Shall I be made the jest of Semele ?
 Shall she among the Gods in halls of heaven
 Cast strife and discord with impunity ?
 Vain, idle woman !

Perish, and learn beside the Stygian stream
 That earthly dust is not divinity !
 Thy heaven-aspiring thoughts shall be thy fall,
 Thy Titan efforts crush thee !

Arm'd for revenge I come from high Olympus :
 A soft ensnaring speech have I devised,
 Fair flattering words, wherein destruction lurks.
 Hark ! her step !
 She comes—
 She comes to certain death.
 Now, Godhead, veil thyself in mortal garb.

[*She retires.*]

SEMELE (*calling within.*)

The sun hath now declined. Run, maidens, run,
 Perfume the chamber with ambrosial sweets,
 Strew roses and narcissus all around ;
 Forget not too the gold-embroider'd cushion.
 And yet he comes not—and the sun is low.

JUNO.

(*Rushing in in the form of an old woman.*)

Praise be to all the Gods ! My daughter !

SEMELE.

Ha !

Am I awake ? or dream I ? Berce !

JUNO.

Yes ; thy old nurse. Can ever Semele
Forget me ?

SEMELE.

Beroe ! By Jupiter !
Come, let me press thee to my heart. Thy daughter !
Thou livest still. And what hath brought thee here
From Epidaurus ? Fares it well with thee ?
Thou art my mother, as thou ever wert.

JUNO.

Thy mother ? Once thou call'dst me so.

SEMELE.

And still
Thou art, and shalt be, till in Lethe's wave
I drink my senses to forgetfulness.

JUNO.

Soon Beroe shall drink of Lethe's wave :
The child of Cadmus ne'er shall taste of it.

SEMELE.

How, my good Nurse ? Thou didst not use of old
To talk in riddles or in mysteries :
The spirit of gray hairs is in thy tongue :
I shall not taste, thou saidst, of Lethe's wave ?

JUNO.

I said so ; yes. But wherefore scoffest thou

At my gray hairs? Tis true most certainly,
They have no God beguiled, like golden ones.

SEMELE.

Forgive my thoughtlessness. Why should I wish
To scoff at thy gray hairs? Will mine for ever
Thus from my neck in golden tresses flow?
But what was that, between thy teeth just now
Thou mutteredst? A God?

JUNO.

Said I, a God?

Well, well! The Gods are everywhere, my child;
And we poor mortals are in duty bound
To pay them homage: I might guess the Gods
Are well content near Semele to bide:
But why this question?

SEMELE.

Spiteful creature! Come,
Tell me what brought thee here from Epidaurus?
Not this, I'm sure, that the Gods love to bide
Near Semele.

JUNO.

By Jupiter, that only.

What a fire mounted in thy cheek, my daughter,
When I pronounced the name of Jupiter!
Twas that, and that alone. At Epidaurus
A pest is raging; every breath of air

Is choking, all the atmosphere is poison :
 The mother lights her infant's funeral pyre,
 His bride's the bridegroom : blazing wooden piles
 Turn midnight into day : shrieks rend the air ;
 And all around is woe, unspeakable
 Unmitigated woe : Jove on our people
 Looks down in anger : vainly streams to him
 The blood of sacrifice ; in vain the priest
 Upon the altar bends his weary knee ;
 Jove will not hear our prayer. Therefore am I
 Sent by my sorrow-laden fatherland
 To Cadmus' royal daughter, that on her
 Haply I may prevail, to turn from us
 The wrath of Heaven. Beroe the Nurse
 Hath power, they thought, with Semele ; with Jove
 Hath Semele as much. More know I not ;
 Less can I understand, what 'tis they mean,
 That Semele hath so much power with Jove.

SEMELE (*with vehemence*).

The plague shall cease to-morrow ! Tell the people :
 Jove loves me ! Aye ; to-day the plague shall cease.

JUNO (*with astonishment*).

Ha ! Is it true, what thousand-tongued fame
 From Ida's mount to Hæmus babbles of ?
 Jove loves thee ? Jove greets thee in all the pride,
 In which the heavenly Gods with wonder view him,
 When in Saturnia's embrace he sinks ?

Ye Gods, now let my gray hairs carry me
 Down to the grave; for I have lived enough.
 Saturn's great son comes in his majesty
 To her, to her, that first upon this breast
 Hath drunk—to her—

SEMELE.

O Beroe! He came
 A beauteous youth; a lovelier did ne'er
 Flow from Aurora's lap: more heavenly pure
 Than Hesperus, when he hath bathed his limbs
 In ether's flood and balmy fragrance breathes.
 His step was earnest and majestic, like
 Hyperion's, when quiver, shafts, and bow
 Upon his shoulders rattle: As from ocean
 Rises the silver wave, his robe of light
 Upon the May-breeze floated loose behind him:
 His voice melodious, as the silver tune
 Of crystal streams, more ravishing to hear
 Than Orpheus' lyre—

JUNO.

My daughter! Inspiration
 Raises thine heart to flights of Helicon.
 What must it be to hear, what heavenly joy
 To see him, when the bare remembrance even
 Transports thee like a Pythoness! But how?
 Nought hast thou said of the most glorious,
 The mightiest attribute of Jupiter,

The majesty of the red thunderbolts,
 Whose motion tears the clouds. Most like thou grudgest
 To speak to me of them. A lovely form
 Prometheus or Deucalion may have lent :
 But Jupiter alone the thunder hurls :
 The thunder ; yes ; tis that, which at thy feet
 He throws ; it is the thunder, which hath made
 Thine the most glorious destiny on earth.

SEMELE.

What mean'st thou ? I am talking not of thunder.

JUNO (*smiling*).

'Thou 'rt in a jesting humour, I perceive.

SEMELE.

So heavenly as my Jupiter was never
 Man from Deucalion sprung. But nought I know
 Of thunder.

JUNO.

Oh, for shame ! That's pure ill-nature.

SEMELE.

No, Beroe ; no, by Jupiter !

JUNO.

Thou swearest ?

SEMELE.

By Jupiter ! my Jupiter !

SEMELE.

JUNO.

Thou swearest ?

Unhappy girl !

SEMELE.

What ails thee, Beroe ?

JUNO.

Speak once again the word, that makes thee wretched
 Above all women on the earth's great round !
 Lost one ! It was not Jupiter !

SEMELE.

Not Jupiter ?

Oh, horrible !

JUNO.

Some knave from Attica
 Put on the likeness of a God, and thee
 Robb'd of thine honour and thine innocence.
(Semele sinks down on the ground.)
 Yes ! fall ; lie there ; and never rise again !
 Let everlasting darkness cover thee !
 Eternal stillness dwell around thine ear !
 Cleave like a block of granite to the earth !
 O shame ! O shame ! which throws the chaste-eyed day
 Into the foul embrace of Hecate !
 Ye Gods ! Must Beroe have lived with pain
 Thro' sixteen years of separation ;
 And must she see the child of Cadmus thus ?

With joy I came from Epidaurus hither ;
 With shame to Epidaurus I return,
 And carry back despair. Alas, my people !
 The pestilence may till a second flood
 Remorseless rage, with piled carcasses
 O'crtopping Cæta's mount, and all the land
 Of Greece may turn into a charnel-house,
 Ere Semele shall move the wrath of heaven.
 Deceiv'd am I, and thou, and Greece, and every one.

SEMELE

(Rises trembling, and holds out her arms to Juno).

Oh, Beroë !

JUNO.

Yet comfort thee, my heart !

It may be Jupiter; though much I fear me,
 'Tis not; but yet it may be Jupiter.
 We must discover quickly. He must straight
 Reveal himself; or thou wilt banish him
 Thy presence; thou wilt give him up to Thebes;
 And death shall be the forfeit of his crime.
 Look up, my daughter, at thy Beroë,
 Whose face is bent with sympathy on thine.
 Shall we not prove him, Semele ?

SEMELE.

Oh, no !

I should then find him not—

SEMELE.

JUNO.

And wouldst thou be
 Less miserable, wearing out thy soul
 In doubt and fear? And if he were the God?

SEMELE

(Hiding her face in Juno's bosom).

Ah! he is not!

JUNO.

And shew'd himself to thee
 In all the splendour, which th' Olympian Gods
 Behold him in? How now, my Semele?
 Wouldst thou be sorry then, that thou hadst made
 The trial?

SEMELE *(starting up)*.

Yes! he must reveal himself!

JUNO *(quickly)*.

Before he sinks into thy arms again,
 He must reveal himself. Listen, my child:
 Hear what thine honest nurse advises thee:
 What love suggests to me, shall be by love
 Accomplish'd. Tell me, when will he return?

SEMELE.

Ere sinks Hyperion in the bed of Thetis,
 He promis'd to be here.

JUNO (*hastily, forgetting herself.*)

He promis'd ? Ha !

So soon again ? to-day ?

(*Recovering herself.*)

Well, let him come :

And when in all the drunkenness of love
 He stretches out his arms to thine embrace,
 Thou steppest back—thus—mark me—thus—as if
 By lightning struck : amazement seizes him .
 Thou dost not leave him long in his surprise,
 Advancing with an icy freezing look
 To thrust him from thee : passionate and wild
 Thy lover storms ; the prudery of woman
 Is but a dam, that for a moment checks
 The torrent ; soon with greater violence
 The floods come on. Then feignest thou to weep :
 Giants he might withstand, look calmly down,
 When hundred-armed raging Typhæus
 Hurl'd Ossa and Olympus at his throne ;
 But woman's tears shall conquer Jupiter.
 Thou smilest : Is it so ? the pupil here
 Is wiser than her mistress.
 Then wilt thou ask a boon, a very small
 And harmless boon, to prove to thee his love
 And his divinity. He swears by Styx
 To grant it. Let him once by Styx be bound ;
 And there is no escape ! Then say to him :
 “ Thou shalt not touch this body more, until

Thou com'st to me in all the majesty
 Wherein Saturnia's embrace thou woost."
 Be not alarm'd, if he display to thee
 The terrors of his presence, flaming fire,
 And rolling thunder. These appearances
 He may raise up, to scare thee from thy wish.
 They are mere bugbears, Semele. The Gods
 Are loth in all their glory to appear
 Before a mortal. Only keep thou firm
 To thy request ; and trust me, Semele,
 Juno herself will look on thee with envy.

SEMELE.

The hateful creature, with her ox-like eyes !
 Oft in the blissful moment of our love
 Has he complain'd to me, how she torments him
 With her black gall.

JUNO (*aside, angrily*).

Worm, for this scoff thou diest !

SEMELE.

How now, my Beroe ? What mutterest thou ?

JUNO.

Nothing, my Semele. I too am troubled
 With the black gall. A sharp reproachful look
 Must oft with lovers pass for the black gall.
 And ox-eyes, girl, are not such very bad ones.

SEMELE.

Oh, Beroe ! They are the ugliest,
 That e'er were stuck into a woman's head.
 And then besides, her cheeks are green and yellow,
 Visible fruit of her rank jealousy.
 Jove oft laments to me, how the curst shrew,
 With her vile temper and her loathsome love,
 Leaves him no rest at nights. Sure, it must be
 Ixion's wheel in heaven.

JUNO (*bursting into a fury*).

No more of this !

SEMELE.

How, Beroe ? So bitter ? Have I said
 More than is true or wise ?

JUNO.

Yes ; thou hast said
 More than is true, more than is wise, young woman :
 Think thyself fortunate, if thy blue eyes
 Laugh not before their time in Charon's boat.
 Saturnia hath her temples and her altars,
 And wanders upon earth : nothing so much
 Moves her to wrath as scornful insolence.

SEMELE.

Let her come here, and witness my renown :
 Why should I fear her ? Jupiter protects
 Each hair of mine ; and how can Juno hurt me ?

No more of her ! To-day must Jupiter
 Before me stand in all his majesty,
 Though it should cause Saturnia to find
 Her way to Orcus.

JUNO (*aside*).

There is one, methinks,
 Will find that way before Saturnia ;
 Let her be stricken by one glance of Jove !

[*To Semele.*

Yes, she may burst with envy, child, when thou,
 The wonder of all Hellas, mountest up
 In triumph to Olympus !

SEMELE (*smiling with pleasure*)

What ? Shall I
 Be heard of, think'st thou, in my native land ?

JUNO.

Shalt thou ? Shalt any other name be heard of
 From Tyre to Athens ? Semele !
 Gods of Heaven will bow to thee,
 Gods before thee bend the kneec :
 Mortals in humble silence will be seen
 Prostrate before the Giant-slayer's Queen.
 In trembling distance—

SEMELE

(*In exultation, falling upon her neck*).

Beroe !

JUNO.

To worlds grown old thy name
 White marble shall proclaim :
 Here men worshipp'd Semele !
 Fairest of the fair was she :
 Down to earth for love of her
 Came th' Olympian Thunderer :
 At her feet he lay subdued,
 In the dust her kisses woo'd !
 Fame with thousand wings ever noising on the gale
 Over land and ocean shall bear the glorious tale.

SEMELE (*in ecstasy*).

Pythia ! Apollo ! Let him only come !

JUNO.

The prayers of men to thee shall rise
 With steaming altar-sacrifice.

SEMELE.

And I will hear them ! Yes !
 I will soothe the wrath of Jove ;
 I his soul to tears will move ;
 I will give them happiness !

JUNO (*aside*).

Poor thing ! thou never wilt—
 Soon melted—Yet—To call me ugly !—No !
 To Orcus with compassion !

(To Semele.)

Away, love ! Let not Jupiter behold thee :
But keep him waiting long, that he may burn
And madden with impatience.

SEMELE.

Beroe !

Sure, Heaven hath chosen thee to be its voice !
Oh happy, happy Semele !
Olympian Gods will bend the knee ;
Mortals in humble silence will be seen
Prostrate before the Giant-slayer's Queen !
But I must hence—Heaven grant—I fly, I fly.
(She runs off.)

JUNO

(Looking after her, with exultation).

Vain, idle, credulous woman ! His love-glance
Shall be to thee consuming fire ; his kiss
Destruction ; his embrace a lightning-storm !
Flesh is not able to endure the presence
Of him who hurls the thunder ! Ha !

(In an ecstasy of rage.)

Soon as her waxen mortal body melts
Beneath her paramour's fire-dropping arms,
Like flakes of snow beneath the mid-day sun,
The false one, stead of his soft yielding bride,
Clasps his own terror ! How triumphant then
I from Cithæron's top will feast mine eyes !

How will I shout, and say the thunderbolt
Shakes in his hand! Fie, Jupiter! for shame!
Clasp not thy bride so roughly!

SECOND SCENE.

(The hall as before—a sudden light.)

*(Jupiter appears in the form of a young man. Mercury
in the distance.)*

JUPITER.

Son of May!

MERCURY *(kneeling)*.

Jupiter!

JUPITER.

Begone! thy flight
Speed to Scamander's shore! A shepherd there
Weeps by the grave of his lost shepherdess:
None shall be mourning, while Saturnius loves!
Call back the dead to life.

MERCURY *(rising)*.

Almighty one;
A glance from thee, and flies thy messenger
Hence in a moment, in a moment back.

JUPITER.

Stay ! as I flew o'er Argolis, my altars
 Sent up to heaven the steam of sacrifice :
 It pleas'd me, that the people honour'd me :
 Go, tell my sister Ceres ; thus saith Jove :
 Ten-thousand-fold the earth for fifteen years
 Shall yield its increase to the Argives.

MERCURY.

Father,

With trembling speed I execute thy wrath,
 With joyful speed thy grace. For to the Gods
 Tis ever a delight to bless mankind,
 And to afflict them pain. Command me now :
 Where shall I bring their thanks before thine ears ?
 Below i' th' dust, or to thy seat divine
 In heaven ?

JUPITER.

To my seat divine below ;
 Here, in the palace of my Semele.
 Away !

(Exit MERCURY.)

She comes not forth, as she was used,
 To meet me ; to receive th' Olympian king
 Upon her soft voluptuous swelling breast.
 Why doth not Semele come forth to meet me ?
 A gloomy, dismal, deathlike silence reigns
 Around the lonely palace, that was wont

To ring with voice of mirth and revelry.
 Not a breath stirs—upon Cithæron's top
 Juno exulting stood—and Semele
 No longer hastes to meet her Jupiter.

(A pause.)

Ha! the malicious one! can she have ventured
 Into the sanctuary of my love?
 Juno! Cithæron! her triumphant look!
 My heart misgives—no! courage, Semele!
 Courage! I am thy Jove! Heaven blown away
 Shall learn it! Semele, I am thy Jove!
 Where is the wind that shall presume to blow
 Roughly on her, whom Jove hath call'd his own?
 I scorn the jealous—Semele, where art thou?
 Long have I pined my weary toiling head
 To bury in thy bosom; to rest my soul
 From the wild tempest of world-government;
 To dream away my cares of sovereignty,
 And lose myself in ecstasy of joy!
 O pleasing mad delight! O even to Gods
 Intoxicating bliss! What is the blood
 Of Saturn, nectar and ambrosia,
 The throne of Heaven, the golden sceptre? what is
 Godhead, omnipotence, immortality,
 Eternity, without the joys of love?
 The shepherd, who beside a murmuring stream
 Upon his dear one's breast forgets his sheep,
 Would envy not great Jove his thunderbolts.
 But she is near—she comes! O woman, pearl

Of my creation ; how adorable
 The cunning artist, who created thee !
 Twas I created thee ! then worship me !
 Jove worships Jove for having been thy maker.
 Oh, who in all the universe of being
 Condemns this work ? How insignificant
 Vanish my worlds, my starry-flowing beams,
 My dancing systems, my sphere-harmonies,
 As the wise call them—how all fade away
 Before a soul !

(SEMELE comes near, without looking up at him).

JUPITER.

My pride ! My throne, a dust-speck ! Semele !

(He rushes to meet her—she starts back).

Thou fleest—in silence—Semele ! Thou fleest ?

SEMELE *(pushing him back with her hand).*

Away !

JUPITER *(after a pause of astonishment).*

Dreams Jupiter ? Will nature fall
 To pieces ? Thus speaks Semele ?—No answer ?
 Mine arm to thee with passionate desire
 Extends itself. So never beat my heart
 Before Agenor's daughter ; never so
 Throbb'd it on Leda's breast ; ne'er burn'd my lips
 For kisses of imprison'd Danae,
 As now—

SEMELE.

Hold, traitor !

JUPITER.

Semele !

SEMELE.

Away !

JUPITER.

I am thy Jupiter !

SEMELE.

Thou Jupiter !

Tremble, Salmoneus ! Dreadful soon in wrath
 He will require of thee the stolen guise
 Thou hast put on. Thou art not Jupiter !

JUPITER.

The universe in circle whirls around me,
 And calls me so.

SEMELE.

Impostor ; thou are not !

JUPITER.

How, my adorable ? From whence this tone ?
 Who is the worm, that steals thy heart from me ?

SEMELE.

My heart to him is given, whose ape thou art.
 Women are oft beguiled by crafty men
 In Gods' disguise. Thou art not Jupiter.

JUPITER.

Thou doubtest? And can Semele still doubt
My Godhead?

SEMELE (*mournfully*).

Wert thou Jupiter! No son
Of nothingness shall ever touch this mouth!
To Jupiter my heart I consecrate.
Oh, wert thou Jupiter!

JUPITER.

Thou weepest! What?
Shall Semele shed tears, while Jove is by?

(Falling at her feet.)

Speak; say the word; and nature like a slave
Shall trembling lie before the child of Cadmus.
Command, and streams shall make a sudden halt;
And Helicon and Caucasus and Cynthus
And Athos, Mycale, Rhodope, and Pindus,
Unfetter'd by my glance shall kiss the vale,
And dance like snow-flakes in the darken'd air.
Command—and north and east-winds sweeping down
Assault great Neptune's trident, shake his throne:
The sea shall rise and scornful overleap
Its banks and shores; lightnings across the night
Shall gleam, and heaven shall crash from pole to pole;
Thunders shall roar from thousand gaping jaws;
Ocean his billows in rebellion rnde
Against Olympus hurl; the hurricane

Shall sing to thee a song of victory !
 Command—

SEMELE.

I am a woman, a mortal woman,
 How can the potter lie before his ware ?
 The artist kneel before his statue ?

JUPITER.

Pygmalion bends before his master-piece ;
 And Jupiter adores his Semele.

SEMELE.

Rise, rise ! Ah woe is me, a wretched girl !
 Jove hath my heart ; Gods only can I love ;
 And Gods deride, and Jupiter contemns me.

JUPITER.

Jupiter ? He who at thy feet is lying ?

SEMELE.

He is enthroned above the thunderbolts :
 In Juno's arms, he laughs to scorn a worm ?

JUPITER.

Ha ! Semele and Juno ! Who a worm ?

SEMELE.

Oh, wert thou Jupiter ! The child of Cadmus
 Unspeakably were blest ! But woe is me !
 Thou art not Jove !

JUPITER (*rising*).

I am !

(*He stretches out his hand ; a rainbow stands in the Hall.
Music during the apparition.*)

Now know'st thou me ?

SEMELE.

Strong is the arm of man, when Gods support him.
Saturnius loves thee. Only Gods can I love.

JUPITER.

Still, still in doubt ? And think'st thou my power
Is borrow'd of the Gods, and not divine ?
Gods often, Semele, to mortals lend
Their powers beneficent, but not their terrors :
Death and destruction is the seal of Godhead.
Behold ! Destroying Jove reveals himself !
(*He stretches out his hand. Thunder, lightning, smoke, and
earthquake. Music as before.*)

SEMELE.

Withdraw thine hand ! Spare, spare the wretched people.
Saturnius hath begot thee.

JUPITER.

Foolish girl !

Shall Jove, thy stubborn doubts to overcome,
Turn round the planets, bid the sun stand still ?
It shall be done ! Oft hath a demigod
Rent open the fire-pregnant womb o' th' rocks :

To move the firm-set earth exceeds his power :
That only Jove can do.

(He stretches out his hand—sudden darkness follows. Music as before.)

SEMELE (*falling at his feet*).

Almighty one !

Could'st thou but love !

(Daylight appears again.)

JUPITER.

Doth Cadmus' daughter ask
Saturnius, if Saturnius can love ?
A word, and he will cast his Godhead off,
Be flesh and blood, and die, and be beloved.

SEMELE.

Would Jove do that ?

JUPITER.

Speak, Semele ; what more ?
Apollo's self confest, 'twas ecstasy
To be a man among mankind. A look
From thee—and I am one.

SEMELE.

O Jupiter !

The Epidaurian women laugh at me,
And call thy Semele a foolish girl,
Who, though the Thunderer loves her, can obtain
No favour from him.

SEMELE.

JUPITER.

Th' Epidaurian women
 Shall blush for their reproach. Ask ; only ask ;
 And by the Styx, before whose boundless might
 Bend even Gods in servitude, I swear !
 If Jupiter delay to grant thy wish,
 The God shall in a moment strike me down
 Into annihilation !

SEMELE.

By that word
 I know my Jupiter ! Thou swear'st to me ;
 And Styx hath heard thee swear ! Then this I ask :
 Let me embrace thee in no other form
 Than that in which—

JUPITER (*with a cry of terror*).

Stay—stay !

SEMELE.

Saturnia—

JUPITER (*trying to stop her mouth*).

Hold—hold !

SEMELE.

Embraces thee.

JUPITER (*turning pale, and stepping back from her*).

Too late ! The word

Hath pass'd her lips ! The Styx ! O Semele,
 Thy promis'd boon is death !

SEMELE.

Is this thy love ?

JUPITER.

I would give heaven, that I had loved thee less !

(Looking at her with horror).

Thou art undone—for ever !

SEMELE.

Jupiter !

JUPITER.

(Looking away, and wrathfully.)

Now do I understand thy triumph, Juno !

Curse on thy jealousy ! This rose must die !

Too precious—ah ! too fair for Acheron !

SEMELE.

Thou grudgest to display to me thy glory.

JUPITER.

Curse on my glory, which hath dazzled thee !

Curse on my greatness, which must be thy ruin !

Curse, curse upon myself, that I have built

My happiness on rotten dust of earth !

SEMELE.

These are mere bugbears, Jupiter. I care not

For all thy threats !

SEMELE.

JUPITER.

Infatuated child !

Go, go, and take thy last farewell for ever
 Of thy companions. Nothing now can save thee.
 O Semele, I am thy Jupiter ;
 Yet that no more !

SEMELE.

Ungenerous ! The Styx !

Remember ; thou shalt not escape thy promise.
(Exit SEMELE.)

JUPITER.

No, no ! she shall not triumph ! she shall tremble !
 By the destructive power, that maketh heaven
 And earth my footstool, I will bind the wretch
 Upon the ruggedest of Thracia's rocks
 In adamantine chains ! and this oath too—
(Mercury appears in the distance.)
 What means thy bold advance ?

MERCURY.

Fire-winged, tearful
 Thanksgivings of the blest—

JUPITER.

Kill them again !

MERCURY *(in astonishment)*.

Jupiter !

JUPITER.

No one shall be happy more !
 She dies !

(THE CURTAIN FALLS.)

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

[SCHILLER.]

HAPPY are the Gods by Love,
 Men by Love like Gods are made,
 Heavenlier is Heaven above,
 Earth like Heaven in bliss array'd.

Behind the back of Pyrrha thrown,
 Poets all declare,
 Sprang human bodies out of stone,
 Men of rock they were :
 Rock and stone their hearts composed,
 Night their souls in darkness closed ;
 Pierced them no celestial fire,
 Vital virtue to inspire :
 No Cupids yet with rosy chain
 The unresisting heart enthrall'd ;
 No Muse with lyre or vocal strain
 To life the tender passion call'd :
 No youth enamour'd wove a wreath
 To deck his maiden fair ;
 The gentle Spring could only breathe
 In her Elysian air.

The morning unsaluted rose
From out the eastern main;
Unhail'd the sun at evening-close
Sank to the sea again.
They wander'd all thro' forests brown,
On which the moon look'd ghastly down,
And bore an iron yoke ;
No yearning for the starry sphere,
No striving of the silent tear
A Godhead to invoke.

At length from out the blue wave springs
Heaven's Daughter soft and mild ;
The shore in rapture sings
To greet the new-born child !
See ! like a dawn by Naiads drawn
The Goddess comes ! The welcome birth
Creation's doom fulfils ;
And air and sea and earth
A vernal gladness thrills.
Upon the dreary wold
Day scatters beams of gold ;
Flowers bursting at her feet
Shed light and fragrance sweet ;
Now tunes the note of her liquid throat
The attic warbling bird,
And the pleasing brawl of the waterfall
From hill and dale is heard.

Blest Pygmalion, blest art thou !
 Melting is thy marble now !
 Mighty victor, Love divine,
 In fast embrace thy children twine !

* * *

Happy are the Gods by Love,
 Men by Love like Gods are made,
 Heavenlier is Heaven above,
 Earth like Heaven in bliss array'd.

* * *

The Gods live in voluptuous ease,
 An endless morning-dream ;
 With nectar foam their chalices,
 With joy the moments teem.
 Aloft enthroned sits Jupiter,
 The Sire supreme, the Thunderer ;
 In anger wave his locks,
 And huge Olympus rocks.
 To earth he goes, his throne resign'd ;
 Sighs, by charm of womankind,
 Like shepherd in the grove :
 Lo ! at his feet tame thunders rest,
 Pillow'd upon Leda's breast
 Sleeps giant-conqueror Jove.

Apollo in his glory rides
 Across th' empyreal plain ;
 The white sun-steeds with golden rein
 Triumphantly he guides :

The arrows of his silver bow
 Smite wretched mortals here below :
 But him let song and love enthrall ;
 His glory Phœbus little heeds,
 The silver bow, the white sun-steeds,
 He gladly then forgets them all.

Before Saturnia's haughty brow
 Th' Olympian Gods with reverence bow
 Upon her state obsequious wait
 The rainbow-feather'd pair ;
 In either ear the triple gem,
 And blazing high the diadem
 On her ambrosial hair.
 Transcendant Queen, thy majesty
 How dareth Love to venture nigh ?
 Thou from thy proud and awful state,
 Great Empress, must descend,
 The heart-enchainer supplicate
 Her zone of grace to lend.

* * *

Happy are the Gods by Love,
 Men by Love like Gods are made,
 Heavenlier is Heaven above,
 Earth like Heaven in bliss array'd.

* * *

Love beams upon the realm of night :
 Old Dis knows well the potent spell

That all his rugged rage disarms :
 The swarthy king looks soft delight,
 When Proserpine his bosom warms :
 Love beams upon the realm of night.

Thy plaintive ditty, Bard of Thrace,
 In lowest depths of Tartarus
 Could lull the barking Cerberus :
 Minos, tears upon his face,
 Softens his decrees of woe ;
 To their shores with gentler pace
 Lethe and Cocytus flow ;
 Her lash no more Megæra shakes,
 Upon her fury-brow the snakes
 Entwine in mild caress ;
 The pangs of Tityus have a pause,
 His heart not now the vulture gnaws ;
 Th' enchantment all confess :
 Of Love thou sangest, Thracian Seer ;
 To thee the sullen Shades gave ear.

* * *

Happy are the Gods by Love,
 Men by Love like Gods are made,
 Heavenlier is Heaven above,
 Earth like Heaven in bliss array'd.

* * *

I feel all Nature glow,
 I feel the flowers that blow
 The golden wing that waves divine :
 Did not from the sun on high,
 Did not from the moonlit sky
 Venus on me twinkling shine ;
 Did not from a starry sea
 The Goddess brightly smile on me ;
 Nor star nor moon nor sunny sky
 Had power my soul to move ;
 Tis Love alone, tis Love,
 Reflected smiles from Nature's eye.

Love babbles in the silver rill,
 Love makes the fountain gently play,
 Love inspires a tender thrill
 Into Philomela's lay :
 On Nature's harp it is the breath
 Of Love alone that whispereth.

Wisdom with thy sun-like face,
 Goddess proud, thou must give place,
 Thou must yield to Love :
 Tho' nor prince nor conqueror thee
 Force to bend the servile knee,
 Thou must stoop to Love.
 Who thro' skies with bold ascent
 Hero-like before thee went

To the Godhead's throne?
 Rent the prison of the grave,
 Unto sight Elysium gave,
 Made its mysteries known?
 Tis Love gives scope for blissful hope
 That we shall live for evermore:
 How could spirits else be bold
 To soar above this earthly mould?
 Tis Love doth all created call
 Their being's Author to adore.

* * *

Happy are the Gods by Love,
 Men by Love like Gods are made,
 Heavenlier is Heaven above,
 Earth like Heaven in bliss array'd.

ARCHIMEDES AND THE SCHOLAR.

[SCHILLER.]

—

A STUDIOUS youth the ear of Archimedes sought:
 "Teach me the godlike Art that hath such wonders wrought,
 The Art that hath achieved the safety of us all,
 And in confusion driven th' assailant from our wall."

“ Godlike thou call’st the Art ? She is—” the Sage replied—
 “ And was, my son, before the State her service tried.
 Wouldst thou from her the fruit that’s borne by mortals too ?
 The Woman never heed ; the Goddess only woo.”

AMELIA.

[FROM THE ROBBERS OF SCHILLER.]

FAIR as an angel from the realms of day,
 The fairest flower of all our youth was he ;
 Celestial-mild his glance, like sun of May
 Reflected by the bright-blue mirror-sea.

His kiss ! It was a paradise to feel !
 As when two flames in mutual clasp entwine ;
 As harptones one into another steal,
 Till all in blissful harmony combine :

Spirit to spirit glowing melting flew,
 And lip and cheek with burning throbs came nigh ;
 Soul penetrated soul ; our frames all through
 Swam heaven and earth dissolv’d in ecstasy.

But he is gone ! In vain, alas, in vain
 Moans after him the long-drawn aching sigh :
 Ah, he is gone ! To life no joys remain ;
 All is but one deep thought of agony.

FORTUNE AND WISDOM.

[SCHILLER.]

DAME Fortune unto Wisdom came,
 She'd quarrel'd with her pet ;
 " Friends let us be, and I," said she,
 " Your love will not forget.

He wants to keep the presents
 I gave him, foolish lad,
 And says that I am stingy ;
 Now is it not too bad ?

Come, Sister, put aside the plough ;
 To work you must be loth :
 Your apron hold, and take this gold,
 Here's plenty for us both."

Dame Wisdom wiped her brow and smiled :
 " There goes your minion, see,
 To hang him—run and save the child—
 Your gold 's no use to me."

LONGING.

[SCHILLER.]

HERE the valley shuts me in
 All by chilly clouds opprest :
 Could I but an outlet win,
 I should be supremely blest !
 Beauteous hills I there descry
 Ever green and ever young :
 Had I wings, and could I fly,
 I would be those hills among.

Harmonies I hear, that ring
 Tones of heavenly sweet repose ;
 Balmy fragrance on the wing
 Comes of every wind that blows :
 Golden fruits around me shine,
 Winking thro' the foliage grey ;
 Bloom around me flowers divine,
 That shall ne'er be winter's prey.

Oh ! how beautiful the sight,
 Sunshine ever clear to see ;
 And the air upon that height,
 How refreshing must it be !

But between us runs the stream,
 And so fast the waters roll,
 And so rough and stormful seem,
 That with terror shrinks my soul.

Lo, a rocking boat is here ;
 But the ferryman there fails :
 Enter thou and never fear !
 Animated are the sails !
 Thou must venture and believe,
 From the Gods no pledge demand :
 Only can a wonder give
 Entrance into Wonderland.

THE CARD-CASTLE.

[GELLERT.]

A STRIPLING with his pack of cards
 To build a castle tries,
 And scarce can wait for eagerness
 To see the building rise.

The castle stands, and proud is he ;
 But by a sudden shake
 The stories totter to and fro,
 And all asunder break.

No gamester, when a luckless throw
Had stripp'd him of his all,
Look'd e'er so rueful as this child
To see his building fall.

But perseverance must succeed :
Now straight resolveth he
To build a dome that like the first
But much more strong shall be.

The table this time doth not shake,
The castle stands once more ;
Tis all as neat as he could wish,
And stronger than before.

Again and yet again he looks
Till tiresome grows the view ;
And then he knocks the castle down,
To build it up anew.

THE OLD MAN.

[GELLERT.]

To sing I purpose of a grey old man,
Who in this world did years a hundred dwell :
My muse shall be as faithful as she can ;
Of what I saw, and what I know, I'll tell.

Poets, whom lofty genius hath inspired,
 Of statesmen, heroes, warriors, sing ye ;
 Praise their high deeds, and praise till ye are tired :
 Theme of my song the grey old man shall be.

Sing out, my muse, to all posterity,
 Hear, all men living, wheresoe'er ye bide :
 This grey old man—mark well the tidings—he
 Was born, and lived, and took a wife, and died.

THE GOLDEN TIME.

[RÜCKERT.]

THE golden time is not yet o'er,
 For it is ever young and new ;
 Of gold there is enough in store,
 Were there enough desire in you.

The golden stars at eve return,
 And never cease all night to sing,
 That mortal man from them may learn
 The golden tune of golden string.

Foams up from earth's full breast the wine,
 To you its golden bubbles wink ;
 Which ye, to make more golden shine,
 At feasts from golden beakers drink.

Still wreaths itself in golden twine
 The lovely maiden's golden hair,
 And sparkle thro' its shade her eyn
 With flame of gold, a sunlike pair.

In gloomy thought no more believe ;
 Your hearts for new enjoyment prime ;
 And haste from golden stuff to weave,
 Each for himself, a golden time.

THE WAKER IN THE DESERT.

[FREILIGRATH.]

A LION by the Nile there stood,
 King of the desert, all alone,
 Bright-yellow as the sand he trod,
 As the Simoom that round him shone :

A kingly mantle gorgeous
 The mane that o'er his neck was spread,
 A kingly crown conspicuous
 The crest that bristled on his head :

He stood, and gave a dreadful roar,
 That echoed thro' the desert round ;
 The river-bank, the Red-sea shore,
 The swamps of Mœris heard the sound :

Stiffen'd the panther's tawny flank,
And quivering fled the swift gazelle,
Upon his knees the camel sank
And listen'd to that wrathful yell :

Those echoes rolling down the wave
The Pyramid's deep silence broke ;
The Mummy in his royal grave
Shrivell'd and brown from slumber woke :

He rises in the narrow chest :
“ Thanks, Lion, for that threatening roar !
For ages have I been at rest ;
Thy voice arouses me once more !

Long have I dream'd ! Oh, where are ye,
Splendour-girt years, when round me flew
The sunbright flags of victory,
When lion-pairs my chariot drew ?

The wheels with many a pearly star,
The axle shone in golden pride ;
Thebes welcom'd the victorious car,
Her hundred portals opening wide :

This foot, so weak and wither'd now,
The curled Moor and Libyan spurn'd ;
Before my godlike state to bow
The Arab and the Indian learn'd :

This arm could hold a world in sway,
 Tho' clasps it now the linen-band ;
 All that yon hieroglyphics say
 Was my conception, my command :

This massy pile I rais'd to heaven,
 And girt with spearmen sat to view,
 As hither to their labours driven
 The masons flock'd, a myriad crew :

Broad Nile about my gilded prow,
 My subject then, to greet me rose ;
 The Nile, he doth for ever flow,
 Whilst I lie here in deep repose :

And dark is all around and black !"
 Suddenly ceas'd the Lion's yell ;
 The dead man's eye grew heavy ; back
 He leant, and into slumber fell.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

[UHLAND.]

THE learned of our land
 Her tongue who understand,
 With all their skill combine
 The structure to explore,
 And ever more and more
 To polish and refine.

While they our outward speech
With all its beauties teach
 Expertly to unfold,
Ye men of German breed,
Tis yours by life and deed
 Its inward strength to mould :

Tis yours to give the light,
The purity, the might,
 Which hearts alone inspire,
The full poetic glow,
From which mankind may know
 Tis warm'd with heavenly fire.

Let nothing shame you so
As falsehood's guileful show ;
 Still in the right be strong ;
Let honest German truth
Be planted in your youth
 With words of German tongue.

Use not your lips to prate
In amorous debate ;
 But still in language clear
Your duteous thoughts express,
Your simple trustfulness,
 And earnest love sincere.

Lisp not in courtly phrase,
 To soothe with empty praise
 The proud, the vain man's ear ;
 But speak in lofty strain,
 Like freemen who maintain
 The rights they hold most dear.

And when our speech improved
 And all its faults removed
 Shall crown your great design,
 Ye ne'er shall speak, but they
 Who hear your words shall say,
 Ye breathe a voice divine.

THE MOUNTAIN SONG.

[UHLAND.]

THE mountain shepherd-boy am I ;
 The castles all below I spy ;
 Here first the sun doth pour his rays,
 And here with me he longest stays ;
 I am the mountain boy.

The cradle of the stream is here ;
From stone I drink it fresh and clear ;
It bounds o'er rocks with wild career ;
Yet in my arms I clasp it here :

I am the mountain boy.

The mountain is my heritage :
All round about the tempests rage ;
From north and south come howling they ;
Yet still above them sounds my lay :

I am the mountain boy.

Thunder and lightning are beneath,
While I the heaven's blue freshness breathe ;
I know them, and I bid them cease,
And leave my father's home in peace :

I am the mountain boy.

And when the loud alarms ring,
And fires upon the mountain spring,
Then down I go the ranks among,
And swing my sword, and sing my song :

I am the mountain boy.

THE SWORD.

[KÖRNER.]

Körner, the Tyrtæus of Germany, was slain in a skirmish with the French near Rosenberg in 1813. During a halt, before the combat began, he wrote the lines of which the following is a translation.

SWORD at my left side, why
 Dost thou shine so brilliantly?
 It makes my spirit dance
 To see thy cheering glance.

I'm here with a valiant knight;
 Therefore I look so bright:
 A freeman is my lord;
 That pleases well thy sword.

Yes, good sword, I am free,
 And from my heart love thee;
 As fond and true, I ween,
 As we betroth'd had been.

To thee myself I give,
 The iron life I live.
 Would I was wedded now!
 Thy bride when claspest thou?

Our bridal morn shall come
Announced by festive drum ;
And when the cannons peal,
Thou my embrace shalt feel.

For that embrace I long
With a passion fierce and strong !
My bridegroom, clasp thou me !
My garland waits for thee !

What means that iron clang ?
Loud in the sheath it rang :
Twas a joyous battle-cry :
My sword, oh, tell me why ?

Clatter the sheath well may :
I am panting for the fray !
I would the fight be in !
Hence, knight, that iron din.

My love, in thy chamber stay :
Why need'st thou forth to stray ?
Yet a little while be still :
Embrace thee soon I will.

To wait I cannot bear !
Oh, the love-garden dear,
Where blood-bright roses blow,
And death's full blossoms glow !

Then quit the sheath! My sight
Thou feedest with delight!
Come forth, my weapon, come,
And find thy father-home.

Oh, the glorious air! And oh
The lively bridal show!
The steel so bridelike seems;
Flash'd in the sun its beams!

Up, up, ye brave compeers!
Up, German cavaliers!
Whose heart is not yet warm,
Let him take his love in arm.

First on the left she took
A sidelong stolen look;
But now in open light
God joins her on the right.

To your lips in close caress
Her mouth of iron press!
Press warm! and ill betide
Him who forsakes his bride!

Now let the lov'd one sing,
That sparks may flash and spring!
Dawns bridal morningtide:
Hurrah for the iron bride!

ENTHUSIASM.

[LAMARTINE.]

I.

As when the bird of Jove
 Had seiz'd the trembling Ganymede,
 Clinging to earth, the infant strove
 To shake him off in vain ;
 Grasp'd in his claws, with speed
 Uplifted from the plain,
 With his prey the eagle flew,
 And deaf to all his cries
 Bore him to the skies,
 And at the feet of the immortals threw :

II.

Enthusiasm, thou fallest thus
 Upon my soul victorious :
 The rustling of thy wings I hear,
 I feel their dazzling light,
 And shuddering I fly for fear,
 Lest in the presence of thy might
 My mortal heart expire,
 As when by thunderbolt illumed
 Burns unextinguish'd fire,
 Till altar-pile and temple are consumed.

III.

In vain the body strives ;
Soaring thought to madness drives ;
The God my bosom fills,
And swells, and bounds, and bears me hence ;
Thro' my veins the lightning thrills ;
And when his dreadful influence
I struggle to oppose,
My genius, eager to be free,
Breaks into floods of harmony,
And lays me waste with its volcanic throes.

IV.

Muse, thy victim see !
No more that brow inspired,
That look with madness fired,
Whose rays were like divinity.
By thy presence overpower'd,
By thy rage devour'd,
I sank ; and hardly now remains
Trace of my youthful life ; my brow,
All deadly pale, retains
Nought but the vestige of the thunderblow.

V.

Happy the poet calm and mild :
His harp with tears is never bath'd ;
His bosom by no passion wild
Or sudden fury scath'd :

From his pure and fertile store
 Streams of milk and honey pour
 In measure soft and musical :
 Ne'er did he, like Icarus,
 Mount on wing of Pindarus,
 To climb heaven's height, and down from heaven to fall.

VI.

But we, to kindle souls, must glow,
 And snatch the triple flame from heaven ;
 To us to paint, to feel is given
 The depths profound of joy and woe.
 Ye founts of light that ever blaze !
 Of universal nature we
 Must concentrate the rays !
 And are we happy ? Think it not :
 Tis our unchanging lot
 Of passion's fitful storm the prey to be.

VII.

No ; never did the peaceful breast
 Conceive the godlike muse,
 Whose spirit soaring unrepent
 With song the world subdues.
 The children of the lyre, who strike
 Its chord with hand sublime, are like
 The stone o'er Memnon's tomb that sighs ;
 To stir whose magic sound
 No inward power is found ;
 The morning beams awake its melodies.

VIII.

And shall I wake the fires once more,
 That smother'd now in ashes sleep ?
 The remnant of my soul outpour
 In accents for the wind to sweep ?
 Glory, no more thy phantoms raise ?
 Thou hast cut short my thread of days,
 That nature for enjoyment wove :
 Shall I for meed of thine
 My last lifebreath resign ?
 I cherish it, that I may live to love.

THE RETURN.

[LAMARTINE.]

THOU valley, where we lov'd so well,
 Thou brook, wherein my tears fast fell,
 Meadow, and hill, and wood profound,
 And birds, that sang these banks around ;

Zephyr, whom her breath sweeter made ;
 And paths, beneath whose leafy shade
 Her arm so oft me fondly drew ;
 Remembrance brings me back to you.

The happy time is gone ! My eye,
For you round looking tearfully,
This place, so charming once, again
Asks for the past, but asks in vain.

The earth has still as fair a mien,
The heaven is still as pure-serene :
Ah ! now at length too late I see,
It was not you I lov'd ; twas she.

THE ALMOND-BOUGH.

[LAMARTINE.]

BLOSSOM-shedding almond-bough,
Emblem art of beauty thou :
Like thee, the flower of life was made,
Ere summer-time to bloom and fade.

Let alone or gather it ;
Soon the flower its place must quit,
Escaping leaf by leaf away,
E'en as our pleasures day by day.

Taste these pleasures while ye may,
Leave them not the zephyr's prey ;
But quaff the cup, whose rich perfume
Quick scatters to the wind its bloom.

Beauty sparkles for an hour,
 Often like a morning flower,
 That, twined to grace the feaster's head,
 Before the feast begins, is dead.

One day comes, another flees,
 Spring returns and vanishes ;
 The flowers that fall in falling say,
 Haste to enjoy us, while ye may.

Since they all must perish then,
 Since they ne'er return agen,
 Let love the roses kiss, till they
 Under his warm lips fade away.

MEMORY

[LAMARTINE.]

DAY follows day ; the hours they move
 Silently on, and leave no trace ;
 But thee, my last fond dream of love,
 Nought from my soul can e'er efface.

I see the years still passing by
 Accumulate behind me fast,
 As sees the oak around him lie
 His leaves down-shaken by the blast.

My brow by time is whiten'd o'er,
My blood is chill'd, and scarcely flows,
Like as the stream, that runs no more,
When icy breath of winter blows.

But still thine image young and bright,
And brighter now than ever, glows ;
And still is present to my sight,
For, like the soul, no age it knows.

Thou never hast been lost to me :
When thou from hence wert sudden gone,
I ceas'd on earth thy form to see,
But look'd to heaven, and there it shone ;

And still the same appear'd to view,
As on that ne'er forgotten day,
When to her heavenly mansion flew
Thy spirit with the morn away.

Thy beauty's pure and touching ray
Follow'd thee to the realm on high ;
Thine eyes, where life extinguish'd lay,
Beam now with immortality.

The shade, that partly veils thy sight,
Gives thee a milder, softer mien ;
As when the blush of morning light
Emerging thro' the mist is seen.

The sun returns at morning-break,
At evening-close again he flies :
But me thou never canst forsake,
Thy love in darkness never lies.

Thee I behold, and thee I hear,
In stormy cloud, in sunny glows ;
Thy voice to me the zephyrs bear,
The silver stream thine image shows.

If, while the earth is slumbering,
The night-wind murmurs in mine ear,
I think I hear thee whispering
The accents to my heart so dear.

And when with fires the starry host
Have spangled o'er the night's deep blue,
Methinks, in every orb, that most
With wonder fills me, thee I view.

And wafted by the gentle breeze
When flowery sweets my sense regale,
In their most balmy fragrancies
It seems thy breath that I inhale.

It is thy hand that dries my cheek,
When solitary prest with care
The altar of my God I seek,
And find relief in secret prayer.

My pillow'd sleep thou visitest ;
Thy guardian wing around is spread ;
From thee the dreams, that soothe my rest,
With aspect angel-mild are shed.

If in my sleep thy hand benign
From mortal bonds could set me free,
Then, O my soul's best half divine,
Waked in thy bosom I should be.

As when two rays together meet,
Two melting sighs in one combine,
A blissful future shall complete
The union of my soul with thine.

ODE TO NAPOLEON.

[MANZONI.]

(Il cinque Maggio.)

This poem has been translated also by Goethe, in a metre not unlike the following. The beauty of the original depends so much on its simplicity, that I judged it hazardous to attempt any other than a literal and rhymeless version.

HE was ; and as immoveable,
 After the mortal sigh,
 The carcase lay, inanimate,
 Of the great spirit reft,
 So struck in mute astonishment
 Earth at the message stands :

Yea, mute, and thinking of the last
 Hour of the fatal man :
 Nor knoweth she, when any like
 Stamp of a mortal foot
 Her bloody-stained dust will see
 Imprint itself again.

Him lightning on his throne my Muse
 Beheld, and silent was ;
 While he in quick vicissitude

Fell, rose, and prostrate lay,
Amid a thousand voices' sound
She mingled not her own.

From servile flattery virgin-pure
And outrage cowardly,
Rous'd by the sudden vanishing
Of such a dazzling ray,
She pours around his urn a song
That haply will not die.

From Alp-rocks to the Pyramid,
From Mansanar to Rhine,
His thunderbolt its course secure
Behind the lightning kept,
From Scylla flew to Tanais,
From one to th' other sea.

True glory was it? The unborn
Alone can this decide.
Let us to the Almighty bow,
To God, who chose in him
Of the creative power divine
A trace more vast to leave.

The stormful and the trembling joy
Of mighty enterprise;
The anxious heart untameable,

That burn'd to gain a throne,
And gain'd it, won a prize, that erst
Madness it were to hope :

All that he proved : the glory by
The danger more enhanced ;
Flight, victory ; the palace now,
And now the exile's pang ;
Twice in the dust laid low, and twice
Upon the altar rais'd.

He named himself ; two ages, one
Against the other arm'd,
To him submissive turn'd themselves,
As waiting fate's decree ;
He order'd silence, and between
Their arbiter he sat.

He vanish'd, his inactive days
Closed in a narrow space,
Of boundless envy still the mark,
And of compassion deep,
Of inextinguishable hate,
And of unconquer'd love.

As o'er a shipwreck'd mariner
The wave sore-pressing rolls,
The wave, on which th' unhappy one

Hath long been tost, his eye
Around far stretching to discern
Some distant shore in vain :

So upon this man's soul the heap
Of memories rolling came.
How often to posterity
His life-tale he to tell
Began ; but on th' eternal page
His hand fell weary down !

How many times upon the calm
Close of an idle day,
The lightning rays declined, his arms
Folded upon his breast,
He stood ; and of the days that were
Remembrance o'er him rush'd.

He thought upon the moving tents,
The stricken rampart-walls,
The glittering of the maniples,
The waves of cavalry,
The fierce impetuous command,
And swift obedience.

Ah ! At the torturing thought perhaps
His spirit breathless sank ;
And he despair'd ; but then there came

A powerful hand from heaven,
And to a purer atmosphere
Him mercifully bore ;

And by her flowery paths of hope
To the eternal fields
Conducted him, to a reward
Surpassing his desires,
Where all the glories of the past
As night and silence are.

Beauteous, immortal, bountiful,
Faith ever triumphing,
Be written also this : rejoice,
That a more haughty pride
To the disgrace of Golgotha
Did never bend before.

Thou from his weary ashes keep
All bitter words away :
The Lord who smites and raises up,
Afflicteth and consoles,
Was near him on his couch forlorn
Ere the last breath he drew.

SONNET TO LAURA.

[FROM PETRARCH.]

The Laura of Petrarch was not an ideal person, as some of his admirers have maintained, but a real lady, whom he first saw, when she was thirteen years of age, in the church of St. Claire at Avignon. He immediately conceived for her a most ardent attachment, which, in a worldly point of view, was destined to be hopeless, on account of the disparity of his fortune; though its constancy and purity are proved by the many beautiful sonnets which have immortalized her name. She herself was afterwards married, and became the mother of a family.

WHEN in the virgin thron'd my Laura's face
 Array'd I see in loveliness divine,
 The more she seems all others to outshine,
 With firmer hold doth she my love embrace.
 Then do I bless the time, the hour, the place,
 That with such noble passion warmed these eyes,
 And say; My soul, a happy lot is thine,
 That worthy found thee of so high a grace:
 She did in thee the amorous thought inspire,
 Which teaches thee the greatest good to know,
 Esteeming not what other men desire;
 She made in thee the buoyant strength to grow,
 Which heavenward guides the way, and here below
 Cheering my path in hope exalts me higher.

THE SAME.

CREATURES there are of such a piercing sight
That can endure upon the sun to gaze,
While others, whom the mighty sunbeams daze,
Come not abroad but in the dim twilight :
Others are found whom yearnings strange incite
To feel the flame that hath such beauteous rays,
Which coming near, they perish in the blaze :
Of the last tribe am I, unhappy wight.
The dazzling beauties of my lovely maid
These weak and tearful eyes do overpower ;
Yet still I gaze upon her ; tis my doom :
Nor will I seek to screen me by the shade
Of dusky places or the twilight hour,
But follow her who doth my heart consume.

THE SIEGE OF THEBES.

[FROM THE SEVEN CHIEFS OF ÆSCHYLUS.]

The exiled Prince Polynices, assisted by Adrastus, King of Argos, and other chieftains, lays siege to the City of Thebes. A chorus of Theban virgins, terrified at the approaching assault, pray to the Gods for deliverance. The horrors of a siege are forcibly described.

My heart cannot rest ; the besiegers are near ;
 Every thought, every instant redoubles my fear :
 Alas for my country, my home !
 So trembles the dove for her tender nest,
 Lest the serpent enter, a baneful guest:
 Ah ! what will of Thebes become ?
 The war no longer it slumbers ;
 The terrible foes around us close,
 Bold in the might of their numbers:
 Hark ! again and again
 On roof and on tower a stony shower
 The slingers are pouring amain :
 Ye Powers above, ye children of Jove,
 Deliver our race ! For what fairer place
 Would ye quit Cadmean Thebes
 And the rich Bœotian glebes ?
 Will ye abandon to the foe
 Our Dirce's holy spring,
 Sweetest of all the streams that flow,
 Purest of all that Ocean's King

From his depths hath sent for our nourishment ?

Ye Guardian Gods, to those without

Panic send and rout,

And the glory be yours for ever !

Hear our cry piteous,

Listen and stay with us,

Never desert us, oh never !

Twere shame to let the Achæan seize

A city of old Ogyges,

To give her to the sword a prey,

Her honor in the dust to lay :

Foul shame it were,

For women to be captive borne,

Young and old, their garments torn,

Dragg'd like horses by the hair !

Woe to the God-forsaken,

In the toils of destruction taken !

A many-tongued crowd,

They cry to heaven aloud :

The virgin fondly cherish'd

Is torn from her parents away,

Never to see her nuptial day ;

Twere a happier doom to have perish'd !

Sad and fearful is the scene,

When a city storm'd hath been :

A medley of ruin and smoke and glare,

Of burning and slaughter,

Blood flowing like water,

The conqueror's joy and the captive's despair :

Mars the battle-demon raging,
Scattering death with his impious breath,
God nor man his wrath assuaging :
At the walls, in the town, all is tumult up and down,
The shrieks of the flying, the groans of the dying,
Ladders for scaling, and towers assailing,
The mother all wild with her infant child
Smear'd with gore and wailing ;
Soldiers in haste to sack and lay waste ;
Now the plunder-laden meet,
Pass the word from street to street ;
Now the empty-handed cry
One to another, " Come my brother,
Share my toil, share the spoil,
Reap the fruits of victory !"
What deeds are done, can be told by none :
Earth's richest fruits are scatter'd in heaps ;
And the old domestic weeps
For his master cast from his high estate,
And all his hopes laid desolate :
The young handmaiden, new to grief,
By the victor forth is led,
To grace his triumph, share his bed :
Never shall she find relief,
Till the last night shall bring
Its welcome tide, to drown her suffering.

HERCULES AND ACHELOUS.

[FROM THE TRACHINIÆ OF SOPHOCLÆ.]

Hercules and the River-god Achelous enter the lists, as suitors of the beautiful Princess Deianira, whose hand her father has promised to the most valiant. Hercules carries off the prize. The River-god, who had assumed the form of a bull, retires with broken horn into his bed of waters.

VENUS ever gains the day,
 Countless triumphs bears away :
 Who hath heard not of her subtle wiles ?
 How she her Sire and the Stygian King
 And the earth-shaker Neptune beguiles ?
 Their loves are too lofty for me to sing :
 But I can tell of a tale as true,
 Of a Princess fair, whom a stalwart pair
 Of suitors came to woo :
 High was their courage and fierce their pride ;
 They fought for their life in a medley strife
 To win the lovely bride.
 One was the God of a raging flood,
 From Epirot vales he came ;
 Like a bull he appear'd, and his horns he rear'd ;
 Achelous was his name :
 The other had spear and martial gear,
 His bow that rang with a dreadful twang,

And the club that he swung in ire ;
On Theban earth was the Hero's birth,
Saturnius was his sire.
They met on the plain, these champions twain,
Then to the fight they rush'd with might,
Stung with love and rivalry ;
Whilst Venus, heavenly queen,
Stood arbitress between,
To give the meed of victory.
Twas fearful and new that scene to view ;
There was pushing of horn and rattle of bow,
Crashing of hand and forehead-blow,
Their strokes were fast and strong ;
Again and again they grappled with pain,
Their groans were deep and long.
The maiden away from the dire affray
Sat on a hill alone ;
With eyes full of tears, and heart of fears,
She wept for her fate unknown ;
For the victor's prize she was doom'd to be ;
I tell the tale as twas told to me.
Soon, like a youngling of the herd forlorn,
She from her mother and her home was borne.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

The pair of friends, whose names have become illustrious as the restorers of Athenian liberty, were first stimulated to their bold act by motives of private revenge. Having been affronted by Hipparchus, brother of Hippias the tyrant, they engaged in a conspiracy to assassinate both the brothers and put down the government. They chose for the execution of their design the morning of the great procession at the Panathenæa, when all the citizens were allowed to assemble in arms. Their own poniards they concealed in boughs of myrtle. The main plot, owing to an error, miscarried. They killed Hipparchus, but perished themselves. Hippias continued to reign for three years ; but his severities rendered him universally odious, and at length he was expelled. Harmodius and Aristogiton, having struck the first blow for freedom, were regarded by the Athenians as their liberators. Statues and other honours were decreed to their memory. The drinking-song, of which the following is a translation, was composed a century after the event by one Callistratus.

IN myrtle I shade my falchion-blade,
 Like Aristogiton of old
 And his patriot comrade bold,
 When they made the tyrant bleed
 And Athens from thralldom freed.

Harmodius, our pride, thou hast not died !
 In the islands of the blest,
 In eternal peace and rest,

With Achilles and Tydeus' son
Thou dwellest, beloved one !

With myrtle I shade my falchion-blade,
Like Aristogiton of old
And his patriot comrade bold,
When Athene's day beheld
How the tyrant's might they quell'd.

Harmodius, lays of your country's praise
For a crown of glory shall be
To Aristogiton and thee ;
For ye made the tyrant bleed,
And Athens from thralldom freed.

EPITAPH

[ON THE ATHENIANS WHO FELL AT CHERONEA.]

THIS is quoted by Demosthenes in his Oration on the Crown. The brave who fell fighting for their country were not the less deserving of honor because the battle was lost. It is glorious to struggle in a good cause, whether you succeed or fail. Such is the sentiment expressed both by the Orator and the Epitaph.

THESE are the patriot brave, who side by side
Stood to their arms and dash'd the foeman's pride :
Firm in their valour, prodigal of life,
Hades they chose the arbiter of strife,

That Greeks might ne'er to victors bend the knee,
But live, as they were born, from thraldom free :
Now in the bosom of their fatherland
These warriors rest ; for such was Jove's command.
Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain ;
But man must suffer what the fates ordain.

LATIN POEMS.

THE TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Nox est ; profundum et triste silentium
 Incumbit atri in marmore Bospori ;
 Per littus obsessumque campum
 Murmura conticuere pugnæ,

Quæ nuper altas principis urbium
 Concussit arces : at gravior quies
 Succedit, incertumque victis
 Crastina quid minitetur hora.

Illic luporum more rapacium
 Portum atque muros innumerabilis
 Circumdat hostis, fusa cunctis
 Finibus ex Asiæ caterva,

Quos misit Oxus regnaque Caspia,
 Quos Bactra, quos et Seribus ultimis
 Vicina tellus, ense fretos
 Indomito, nova jura secum

Passim ferentes sacraque barbara :
 Videre quorum incredibilem manum
 Consurgere, et lunata signa
 Per trepidos volitare campos,

Hæmusque et Othrys ripaque turbidum
 Sonantis Istri ; vidit acinaces
 Fulgere victores, novisque
 Græcia succubuit magistris ;

Ægæa classes æquora sentiunt
 Latè minantes et freta Taurica ;
 Jam mille claudentes carinis
 Cyaneas geminumque pontum

Sedere, fusæ littus ad aureum,
 Lucem manentes et nova prælia :
 Eheu, relictorum querelæ
 Non miseret, pavidæque gentes

Ad arma cessant. Quis manet exitus
 Sedes opimas et decus imperi ?
 Illamne fax funesta belli
 Excidio dabit et rapinæ,

Quæ clara magno nomine Cæsaris,
 Ipsâque Româ pulchrior aspici,
 Tot jam revolventes per annos
 Sceptra tenet maris atque terræ ?

Væ dura passæ ! Non tibi talia
Promissa, cùm spes orta fidelium
Colles coronabas et altè
Turrigerum caput extulisti,

Et lapsa cœlo Religio aureæ
Illuxit urbi diaque Veritas,
Faustisque pro sæcli salute
Ominibus cecinere carmen.

Convulsa bellis cùm tamen omnia
Terrarum et urbes sedibus erutæ,
Te sæva tempestas reliquit
Incolumem, supereminentem

Orbis ruinis ; non Arabum furor,
Non Arcticarum examina gentium
Fregere, non audax juvenus
Ostrogothûm Scythicumque robur :

Tu, barbarorum cùm tremerent minas
Graiusque et Afer terraque Romuli,
Tu sola labentûm stetisti
Præsidium columenque rerum ;

Qualis nigrorum gloria saltuum
Quercus minores despicit arbores,
Ingentis irarum procellæ
Haud metuens pluviique cœli.

At lux tenebras pallida dimovens
 Luctum et labores terrigenis refert :
 Jam castra misceri tumultu
 Incipiunt, lituusque solem

Tardum increpare, et quadrupedum ungula
 Pulsare terram, et millia surgere
 Vexilla funestum sub auras
 Mane rubens. Speculis in altis

Matres steterunt et miseræ nurus,
 Flentes, paventes, ut magis et magis
 Conspectus effusæ phalangis
 Terruit et strepitus propinquans.

Splendet tiaris campus, ad armaque,
 Ad arma, densis ordinibus sonat,
 Et plenus afflatu Prophetæ
 Ipse ciet Mahumeda martem :

Felix, securi qui cadit hosticæ
 Adversus ; illi basia virginum
 Æterna vernantesque luci
 Et tepidis Paradisus auris :

Instate fortes ! en, niveam manum
 Puella tendit, non patiens moræ !
 En vultus ardens ! en amorem
 Flamma nigri jaculans ocelli !

It Turca, fati et funeris appetens,
Muros adortus, pronus et in caput
 Devolvitur scalis, feroque
 Labra quatit moribunda rīsu :

Supra cadentem fit sociis via,
Omnique parte in mœnia curritur :
 Fossas inundantes cruore
 Jam videas ; furit ante portas

Virtute præstans Othmanidum globus ;
Robusta sævis quassa bipennibus
 Saxique non unius ictu
 Claustra tremunt ; pluit imbre circum

Ferrique et ignis, virque simul viro
Et tela telis acriter involant :
 Hos ira dedignata vinci,
 Hos domus et sua quemque conjux,

Nati, parentes, et patriæ solum
Fecere fortes, ipsa pericula
 Hortantur extremumque fati
 Et timor exuperans timorem.

Utrinque diris conditionibus
Pugnatur : arces imposuit fretis
 Obsessor audax, cumque sicco
 In patriam populumque fluctus

Jurat, nefandum ! Quis quatit æthera
 Longè atque latè se repetens fragor ?

An fulmen è cœlo caducum
 Intonuit ? Cadit alta plagâ

Disjecta turris, culmina mœnium
 Et celsa propugnacula corruunt,

Interque fumantes ruinas
 Sanguineo stetit ense Turca :

Cessere muris agmina civium,
 Quos turba passim præcipites agit

Immitis instans : deinde longas
 Per plateas et in urbe totâ

Concursus atrox, et fuga prælio
 Commista, clamorque et gemitus simul

Cantusque discors tympanorum
 Funeribus miseroque planctu ;

Fletusque tectis et muliebria
 Lamenta, cùm vis impia prouat
 Quodcunque pulchri, cunque cari,
 In thalamos penetraliumque

Sanctos recessus omnia polluens
 Invadat : infans sub pede ferreo

Calcatur, et passis ab arâ
 Rapta comis trahitur sacerdos,

Fædâque miles cæde superbiens
 Palatiorum vasta per atria
 Grassatur, incestusque victor
 Cæsareâ dominatur aulâ.

At ille quo se proripuit ? quibus
 Abdit latebris ? quem modo fœminis
 Præesse, et in molli juvabat
 Purpureum recubare lecto,

Interque cantus et citharæ modos
 Mersare blandâ pectus inertîâ,
 Sceptri que regalisque curæ
 Immemorem ? Dapibus vacare

Non hora nunc est. Exiit, exiit :
 Turbatus altis è siluis leo
 Ut sæpe venantûm catervas
 Terruit in medios ruendo ;

Præclara tandem dignaque principe
 Ausurus ibat. Quære ubi fortibus
 Certamen exarsit supremum, et
 Strage rubet cumulata tellus :

Illic, ubi ultor cœu patriæ Deus
 Stabat refulgens sanguine barbaro,
 Ipsius extractum videbis
 Ense Palæologi sepulchrum.

THE POWER OF LOVE

As exemplified in the case of Hæmon and Antigone.

[FROM THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES.]

INVICTE bello Dive cupidinum,
 Qui pungis œstro fervidus ingruens
 Armenta, qui molli puellæ
 Excubias agis in labello ;

Pontumque transis, lustraue devia
 Intras ferarum, et vulnere percutis
 Divosque mortalesque turbas
 In furias acuens et ignem :

Et sæpe mentes tu prius integras
 Injuriosum proripis ad scelus :
 Jam dira te suadente rixa
 Distinet à genitore natum ;

Vicit cupido virginis Hæmona ;
 Nam vi paternâ fortior est Amor,
 Contraque fas et jura Cypris
 Fraude valet facilique ludo.

HERCULES AND ACHELOUS.

FROM THE TRACHINIÆ OF SOPHOCLES.

See ante, page 188.

MIRAS reportat Cypris adreas,
 Ubique victrix. Haud opus est Deûm
 Cantare flammâs; quâ Tonantem,
 Quâ Stygium domet arte Regem,

Vel te, tridenti qui mare concutis.
 At Dejaniræ non humiles proci
 Venere flagrantés amore, et
 Lethiferæ genus omne pugnæ

Commiscuerunt. Hic fluvii genus,
 Taurique tollens cornigerum caput,
 Reliquit Ætolos recessus
 Et proprias Achelous undas.

At ille Thebis et Semeleiâ
 Ex arce venit, tela valentior
 Vibrare nodosamque clavam
 Et rigidum, Jove natus, arcum.

Quos egit acres in fera prælia
 Nymphæ cupido, dum medio aggere
 Consedit aspectura litem
 Causa Venus pariterque judex.

Tum cornuum vis, tunc manuum simul
 Strepebat ingens, et fragor arcuum,
 Et frontium ictus et palæstræ
 Et vehemens utriusque planctus.

At pulchra mœrens in tumulo procul
 Virgo sedebat, conjugium manens,
 Cui fata servâssent marito
 Sanguinei pretium duelli :

Fluxitque molles lachryma per genas :
 At mox relictæ more juvenulæ
 Repente maternis ab ulnis
 Et patrio procul ibat agro.

ÆGISTHUS AND CLYTEMNESTRA.

[FROM THE ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES.]

AUT me vaticinans ludit inanibus
 Mens cæca auguriis, aut veniet brevi
 Oppressura nocentes
 Vindex Justitiæ manus.

Spes audita novas somnia concitant:
 Haud rex est Danaûm sanguinis immemor ;
 Haud extincta bipennis,
 Hunc qui faucibus æreis

Occidit lanians immiserabilem.
Jam nunc centimanum centipedem Deam
Justum tempus Erynnin
Egressam insidiis vocat.

Par infame ruens per vetitum et nefas
Fædatas iniit sanguine nuptias :
Credo, non levis ira
Tantum scelerum reos

Portentis monuit. Nulla fides Deûm
Responsis dabitur, nullaque somniis,
Hæc miracula noctis
Ni fructus habeant bonos.

Eheu quadrijugis clarus equis Pelops,
Et victoria certaminis ardui,
Quantis illa Pelasgûm
Affixit patriam malis !

Namque ut curriculo jactus ab aureo
Præceps in pelagus Myrtilus occidit,
Huic incumbere terræ
Nunquam tristia desinunt.

PARIS AND HELEN.

[FROM THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.]

ERGO nefandas jungere nuptias
 Ultrix Erinnys perpulit Ilium,
 Nec rector insultare Divûm
 Hospitio sociæque mensæ

Impune turpem passus adulterum.
 Fatalis hymen Troibus ingruit ;
 Fatale cognati sinistris
 Ominibus cecinere carmen.

Jam væ Lacænae ! væ Paridis toro !
 Hanc urbs querelam connubialibus
 Mutavit hymnis ; hoc suorum
 Clade gemit madefacta tellus.

Est qui feroci matris ab ubere
 Raptum leonem nutriit in domo :
 Mansuetus apparebat ille,
 Et senibus puerisque carus,

Infantis instar, sæpe fomentium
 Ludens in ulnis, sæpius appetens
 Pascique tractarique palmâ, et
 Blanditiis dominum salutans ;

Donec paternam prodidit indolem
 Firmatus annis ; tunc in ovilia
 Pastoris oblitumque curæ
 Sæva dapis rapuit cupido ;

Tum cæde luctuque et trepido metu
 Turbavit ædes : sic voluit Deus ;
 Crudelis ut lethi sacerdos
 Cresceret in genus ac penates.

Simulque Troum ad limina principum
 Visus sereni spiritus ætheris
 Venisse, mordax flos amoris,
 Dulce decus locupletis aulæ,

Præstans figurâ, luminibus potens
 Mollissimarum tela cupidinum
 Torquere : nec pestis paternæ
 Quàm foret exitiosa terræ,

Sensere fronti gens male credula ;
 Sed nuptiarum flebilis exitus
 Ostendit, et tracti ruinâ,
 Priamidæ Priamique regnum.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

[FROM GRAY.]

O QUÆ Tonantis filia perdomas
 Mortale pectus, quæ Dea ferreo
 Terres scelestorum catervas,
 Percutis immeritos flabello ;

Tu ferre pœnæ supplicium doces
 Vinco superbos dans adamantino ;
 Affligit in terram gementes
 Purpureos tua vis tyrannos.

Tu, dia Virtus cùm foret inferis
 Mittenda terris, sic voluit Pater,
 Tu jussa dilectam fovere
 Progeniem, rigidoque cultu

Mentem tenellam fingere. Tristia
 Te, torva nutrix, auspice pertulit,
 Suisque volventes per annos
 Docta malis aliena flevit.

Tu quum minaris, Stultitiæ cohors
 Vanescit omnis ; diffugiunt leves
 Risusque clamorque et tumultus,
 Seria quo vacui sequamur :

Tum ditiora ad limina transvolant
 Falsi clientes, in nova pignora
 Jurare non segnes, novosque
 Fallere blanditiis patronos :

At sancta nec mortalia cogitans,
 Pullata virgo, te Sapia
 Sectatur, ac terras petente
 Tristities taciturna vultu,

Cunctisque ridens alma Benignitas,
 Seque ipsa culpans Justitia, et pium
 Clementia humectans ocellum
 Lachrymulis teneroque rore.

Numen verendum ! nos tua corrigit
 Imposta leni consilio manus :
 Ne plena terrorum propinques,
 Dira tuens furiisque cincta,

Qualem videri mos tuus impiis :
 Iræ tonantes sint procul et minæ,
 Morbique dementesque luctus,
 Fædaque pauperies, et horror

Ferale frendens. Quin potius, Dea,
 Vultu sereno mitior adveni ;
 Tecumque non læsura pectus,
 Sed nimios domitura fastus,

Huc se bonarum gens ferat artium :
 Sic nôsse meipsum, nôsse alios queam ;
 Sic lenem in errantes amicos
 Præstem animum, mihi durus uni.

SONG OF THE ISRAELITES.

[FROM MILMAN.]

REGUM Rex, dominis altior omnibus !
 Ædem, sancte Parens, aggredimur tuam :
 En ut mœsta caterva
 Defessos trahimus pedes,

Et vix in numerum cymbala concinunt :
 Ædem, sancte Parens, aggredimur tuam :
 Infelicibus illa
 Pacemque et requiem dabit.

Ad te, sicut aves vulnere sauciæ,
 Tristes per tenebras fugimus aeris :
 Mitem porriget umbram
 Alæ præsidium tuæ.

En quæ palmitibus vestiit uvidis
 Colles Isacidûm, sub pede barbaro
 Vitem proterit hostis :
 Et nos sævus aper pctit,

Qui frons ultima, qui pars viridissima
 Ramorum fuimus, nec sine gratiâ
 Aucti in colle Sionis
 Rorem combibimus sacrum.

At non sancte tuos destitues Pater :
 Per miracula, per multaque magnaque
 Juro, quæ tua nostris
 Effecit proavis manus !

Per rubrum pelagus, quâ male concitos
 Currus armaque Busiridis efferi
 Ingens inque cruenta
 Clades fluctibus obruit !

Nostris ante oculos pontus erat maris,
 A tergo ferus Ægyptius insequens :
 Vili stratus in algâ
 Exspes et miser Israel,

Tendens ad Dominum suppliciter manus,
 Implorabat opem : tollit ad æthera
 Virgæ insigne Propheta,
 Eurique auxilium vocat :

Ille ortus subito flamine dividit
 Undarum cumulos, ut quasi vitreus
 Staret murus utrinque,
 Stratâ per medium viâ ;

Aut extracta freto mœnia crederes
 Urbis marmoreæ : Sol iter avium
 Lustrat lumine mirans
 Cæcarumque cubilia

Gazarum et nitidos corallo specus :
 Regum Rex, dominis altior omnibus !
 Patrum carmen abyssi
 Rumpit longa silentia.

Vexillisque micans instat et arcubus
 Ægyptus ; strepuit quadrupedantium
 Pulsu campus equorum,
 Arserunt volucres rotæ ;

Stipatusque globo dira minantium
 Rex ibat medius : quos Pater ætheris
 Despectabat ab arce,
 Ut sicci in gremium maris

Egit se graviter tota acies ruens :
 Extemplo tumidorum ardua fluctuum
 Moles præcipitavit,
 Horrendus tonuit fragor

Collabentis aquæ, se super agmina
 Volventis, super arma et pavidos duces
 Regalemque coronam ;
 At cùm turbida poneret

Sese diluvies, omnia sederunt
 Plumbi more simul mersa sub æquore,
 Nec planctus neque clamor
 Auditus pereuntium.

Turmas mane virûm Sol ibi fulgidas
 Lustravit radiis ; at medio die
 Latam præter arenam
 Pulsatam pelago nihil.

THE GREY OLD MAN.

[FROM GELLERT.]

See ante, page 158.

CANUM dicere me carminibus, qui generi suo
 Centenas hyemes intererat, fert animus senem.
 Vates fidus ero, quæque jubet dicere veritas,
 Ipsi nota mihi visaque, nil præterea loquar.
 Vos, quorum ingeniis imperitant Pierides Deæ,
 Heroasque ducesque et celebrum nomina principum,
 Donec fessi eritis, perpetuis tollite laudibus :
 At nobis canere hunc albicomum sufficet senem.
 Cantus incipe ; tu magna canas, vox mea, posteris ;
 Auscultent hominum terricolûm quotquot ubique sunt.
 Nasci contigit huic et superis luminibus frui,
 Adscivit thalamo conjugium, summum obilt diem.

THE CARD-CASTLE.

[FROM GELLETT.]

See ante, page 157.

CASTELLA cartis parvus adolescentulus
 Ludo laborans construit,
 Spectatque votis tardius surgentia,
 Et ferre vix potest moram.
 Stat celsa turris, et sibi plaudit puer ;
 Heu plausus ille perbrevis ;
 Nam mensa subito quatitur, ex alto ruunt
 Tabulata dilabentia.
 Haud cujus omnes aleâ pecunias
 Damnosus abstulit canis,
 Sic angit ora mœror, ut tristi vice
 Torquentur ora parvuli.
 At cuncta vincit pervicax constantia :
 Orditur ille protinus
 Alterius apparare fabricam domûs,
 Quæ stet priori firmior.
 Nec spes fefellit : mensa jam firmo pede
 Arcem renatam sustinet ;
 Compacta cernit architectus omnia,
 Votique sese compotem.

Bis terque totum lustrat admirans opus,
 Satiatque se spectaculo ;
 Mox ipse demolitur ædium struem,
 Ut rursus instauret novas.

THE ROSE'S ADDRESS.

See ante, page 29.

SEPTIMA nunc annis teritur volventibus æstas,
 Ex quo nata die parvula gemma fui :
 Tempore mutamur : nisi me mea fallit imago,
 Panditur in nitidam parvula gemma rosam.
 Mensis erat clæro sub sidere Junius ardens,
 Affulsit tenebris lux ubi prima meis :
 Hunc mihi natalem semper voluere parentes
 Esse sacrum ludo lætitiæque diem ;
 Et celebrent ut rite, jubent de flore rosarum
 Nectere virgineæ suavia sarta comæ.
 Nec tamen ut fastu mea frons decoretur inani,
 Illa nitet facili texta corolla manu :
 Flos novus inseritur, quoties novus advenit annus,
 Ut monear celeri quam volet hora fugâ ;
 Utendumque ætate brevi ; nîl corporis auctu,
 Nacta bonas artes mens nisi crescat, agi.

THE CONFESSION.

WHEN Damon to his Lesbia sigh'd
 And vow'd that he adored her,
 He took the hand she half denied,
 And kneeling he implored her :

Her eyes the maiden downward cast,
 Her hand in Damon's trembled,
 And on the youth a look there pass'd
 That ill her thoughts dissembled :

Deep glow'd the blush upon her cheek
 That still more lovely made her,
 And tho' her tongue refused to speak,
 Cheek, hand, and eye betray'd her.

 THE SAME.

MOLLIA suspirans Celadon in Chloridis aurem
 Edidit ingenuus qualia suasit amor ;
 Assumpsitque manum quam pene negaverat illa,
 Inflexoque genu fudit ab ora preces.

Chloris humi timidos tacitè demittit ocellos,
 Inque manu tremor est haud fugiente premi ;
 At rapido prius intuitu respexit amantem ;
 Ille parum vultus dissimulantis erat.

Tinxit et ora rubor, qualis solet esse rosarum,
 Fervida cùm teneros explicat aura sinus :
 Ergo ea virgineo puduit quæ voce fateri
 Prodiderant juveni lumina, palma, genæ.

THE GOLDEN TIME.

[FROM RÜCKERT.]

See ante, page 159.

NE fugisse putes aurea sæcula,
 Nam semper nova sunt atque recentia ;
 Auri copia mortalibus affluit,
 Illis si superest amor.

Cælum nocte tenent aurea sidera
 Et sublime canunt æthereum melos,
 Humanum unde genus concitet aureum
 Auratæ sonitum lyræ.

Terræ dulce merum spumat ab ubere,
Nictant aureolis flumina bullulis,
Quæ conviva, micent ut magis aureum,
Aureis e cyathis bibit.

Nodo se religat suaviter aureo
Pulchræ cæsaries aurea virginis,
Et subter radians ex oculis micat
Auri fulgor amabilis.

Curis vos igitur solvite tristibus,
Maturæque animos lætitiæ date:
Aureâ quisque sibi materiâ paret
Usum temporis aurei.

P O E M S ,

BY

THE LATE REV. RANN KENNEDY.

P O E M

ON THE

DEATH OF CHARLOTTE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1817.

CHARLOTTE, Princess of Wales, daughter of George IV, and heir apparent to the crown, died in child-birth in the year 1817. The following poem was written immediately after the sad event, and was, on the part of the author, a sincere tribute of loyal homage to her memory. Many are yet old enough to remember, others will have learned from history, the profound grief which penetrated the heart of the British nation upon the death of that amiable Princess. There were more than ordinary causes for the sorrow which was then so deeply felt and so loudly expressed. The virtues of the Princess herself, which had endeared her to the people, and which were the more prized from their contrast with the vices of the reigning monarch—the general sympathy for her unfortunate and persecuted mother—the uncertainty about the succession; for our present gracious Queen was not then born—all these circumstances caused the loss, which the country had sustained, to appear at the time a great national calamity; and that loyal grief, which never fails to move the hearts of Englishmen, when the abode of royalty has been visited by death or affliction, was in this instance increased tenfold. Upon some of the topics, to which I have adverted, it was hardly possible for the author to express in verse what I know he felt, and what was fully understood by his readers. The favourable reception which this poem met with on its first edition, and which from its intrinsic merits it well deserved, was owing in great measure to the public feeling, whose sympathies were so ready to be awakened.

Subjoined is a letter written about that time to the Author by Washington Irving, who has quoted and eulogised the poem in his Sketch Book :

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of expressing to you, while my feelings are still warm on the subject, the great delight which I have received from your Poem. It was put into my hands yesterday morning, and I read it through three times in the course of the day, and each time with increased gratification. It both excited and affected me : some of your periods seemed to roll through my mind with all the deep intonations and proud swell of Milton's verse. They have the same density of thought and affluence of language. Your varied descriptions of popular feeling are pictured off with a graphic touch that reminds me of Shakspeare's descriptions ; they fill your Poem with imagery, and make it in a manner to swarm with population. It is like one of those little mirrors on which we see concentered, in a wonderfully small space, all the throng and bustle of a surrounding world.

I am, dear Sir,

With great respect,

Your Friend,

December 29th, 1817.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

HATH song a balm for grief? Can warbled dirge
 Console the living, as they fondly pay
 A bootless tribute to th' unheeding dead?
 Can the sad spirit teach the voice a charm
 For a brief interval to cheat itself?
 Then will I seize the lyre, whose random strains
 Could conjure up wild dreams to please my youth,
 And though a heaviness weighs on my heart,
 Though my hand trembles as I touch the chords,
 Their deepest sorrows will I aim to strike
 In unison with that deep solemn knell
 Which now is rung upon a nation's ear.

Whose knell is toll'd, what British tongue will ask?
Turn'd are uncounted eyes, and hands stretch'd out
Towards the abode of Kings. There is reveal'd
That which all feel, as all can understand,
Beholding Royalty herself bow down
Beneath Affliction's load; while at her feet
Envy is mute, and Want in pity weeps.
Mortality has paid a visit there,
Crying to all that walk upon the earth,
"Mark, I am doing now in regal tents
The deed whereby, at each vibration quick
Of Time's unstaying pendulum, the rich,
Mean, lofty, poor, learn'd, simple, as they show
Joy, trouble, hope, shrunk age, and rosy youth,
Are made, in myriad multitudes at once,
Alike; then live, as fellow-heirs of death."
The knell is toll'd: again from palace heights
Weeping declares the levelling ruthless blow
Struck; and still louder, lamentation sounds.
Woe too is there in the mind's depth, that knows
Nor sound nor sign. What hand shall lift the veil
Which hides parental grief, the childless fate
That finds no medicine in pomp or power,
The void of soul an empire cannot fill?
How would the feebleness of words but mock
The Husband's agony! who sitting now
In widow'd desolation, where so late
He own'd a Paradise of nuptial bliss,
Feels all the love that warm'd his bosom there

Increas'd each moment by the maddening thought
 That it is shared and can be shared no more ;
 That she, o'er whom he bends, who loved him best
 Of all on earth, and as a shape of Heaven
 Before him spake and smiled, is senseless clay ;
 That, when most prizing her he would have shamed
 His tenderest ways by ways more tender still,
 She knows it not, and never shall again
 Return affection's pressure with the hand
 Design'd to wield a sceptre, that dear hand,
 Which gave him with itself a noble heart
 That all earth's sceptres would have cheaply bought.

With step inaudible and ghastly cheek
 Imagination from such scenes retires,
 While speechless Pity beckons her away,
 And upward looks to that all-seeing Power
 Who, as He made it, can alone restore
 Peace to the troubled world within the breast,
 Where thoughts, when rous'd by keen affliction's storm,
 Are often rapid as the lightning's flash,
 Revealing and enhancing dreariness,
 Or they are black as night, than winds more wild,
 And multitudinous as ocean-waves.

Such grief be sacred, wheresoe'er it racks
 A kindred bosom : but, my countrymen,
 The grief that I would now unload is mine,
 Is yours, the common grief of all the realm.

Tis look'd from eye to eye, from tongue to tongue
Tis echoed ; oft it gushes forth in tears ;
Oft with maternal fondness 'tis beguiled
By its own prated tale ; or labouring speech
Is choked, and dies in long convulsive sobs :
Nature, as Fashion, now to feeling gives
One character, to dress one sable hue,
Poor outward emblem of our country's heart,
Whose emanations so infect the time,
That grief becomes an element we breathe.
Some muse in lone dejection ; more in groups,
Round hearths, in streets, in lanes, are comforted
By talk and mutual gaze, unconsciously
Seeking in others to forget themselves :
Now form and ceremony unawares
Lose half their stiffness ; greetings now are made
(From secret sense of fellowship in woe)
With kinder accent and a warmer grasp.
Labour and busy art now pause to sigh ;
A nation's loss suspends the keen pursuit
Of private gain ; and Pleasure's cup is pass'd
Neglectingly, uncourted by the lip.
The witching pipe of Mirth is thrown aside,
Useless, for all have left her wonted haunts.
Dishevell'd Beauty sits in pensive guise,
And hath no smile to point ; her fairest wreaths
And costliest ornaments discarded lie.
A shade from elder seriousness is cast
O'er youth's unfurrow'd brow. E'en boys awhile

Desist from play, or follow their blithe bent
As in the presence of surrounding gloom :
Our sorrow's theme hath such contagious spread,
That oft th' unweeting infant lisps a word
At which the mother's bosom bleeds afresh,
And on the prattler's lips her tearful spouse
Prints stifling kisses, feeling that the stroke,
By which our parent land is agonized,
Too bitterly endears his happier lot.
For she, our recent joy, hath turn'd us all
To mourners, as for one of nearest kin ;
So by her virtues was the reverence due
To princely station kindled into love.
On one side of her Father's ruling power,
Reclined on trophies gain'd from foes abroad,
Slept War, with sheathed sword upon the ground ;
On th' other side, that Father's second self,
She, as an Angel in the robe of Peace,
By her mere presence there was every hour
In still retirement conquering hearts at home.

Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
The city dome, the villa crown'd with shade,
But chief from modest mansions numberless
In town or hamlet sheltering middle life,
' Down to the cottaged vale and straw-roof'd shed,
Our Western Isle hath long been famed for scenes
Where Bliss domestic finds a dwelling place ;
Domestic Bliss, that, like a harmless dove,

Honor and sweet Endearment keeping guard,
Can centre in a little quiet nest
All that Desire would fly for thro' the earth ;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoy'd ; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers and approving Heaven ;
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky ;
Or, if it dwell where cultur'd Grandeur shines,
And that which gives it being, high and bright,
Allures all eyes, yet its delight is drawn
From its own attributes and powers of growth,
Affections fair that blossom on its stem,
Kissing each other, and from cherish'd hope
Of lovely shoots to multiply itself.

Such home-born blessedness, in its effect
And virtuous cause, that princely Woman knew ;
Whom, as our British garden's blooming pride,
Death's frost hath nipp'd, destroying flower and stalk,
When not one living germ had met the day :
Yet by our love her memory embalm'd
In its own spicy odours ne'er shall die.

She lived for us by setting (where most view'd
It most attracted admiration's gaze)
Pattern of that which gives to social life
Its charm, and forms a kingdom's moral strength :

She lived for us by piety to God,
Which taught her how to love her brother Man,
Befriending wretchedness, as meant to be
A people's nursing mother. Privacy
By virtuous action train'd her for a sphere
Of boundless good. Thus in some woodland scene
A spring with murmurs musical imparts
Freshness and verdure to the banks around,
As though it spake of mightier coming joy
In wealth of waters roll'd throughout a land.
She lived for us, by learning in the Wife
Things most befitting for a destin'd Queen,
And how to feel for an espoused realm.
She lived for us by many a token shown
Of properties and habits, suited well
To the free genius of our British state ;
A spirit quick to feel, and firm to guard
Her dignity and due ; yet wisdom just,
In her own rights to mark and venerate ours ;
To keep in view the source and end of power,
Whose noblest use is blessing what it rules ;
To know that Majesty then greatest shows,
When, like the Sun, it smiles upon all eyes,
And sees all eyes reflecting it again ;
To prize our Liberty, by form and law
Temper'd, yet thus more strong and sacred made,
As Sovereignty's best ornament and guard,
Giving most energy, most will inspiring,
To shine in arts, in science, and in arms,

To enrich a land, refine and sweeten life,
 Unfold the mind, and still the nature raise
 Of moral, social, intellectual man.
 Twas hers to view such Freedom as the life
 Of a grand complex whole, whose central bond
 Is kingly rule: she felt that it could pay
 A homage of the heart unknown to slaves;
 And for a throne's just glory or defence,
 Made all that honor, mind, and fearless strength
 In millions are, when guarding what they love,
 Would round it form an adamant wall.

It was a part of her sweet home's employ
 (So was she tutor'd through paternal care),
 To travel over England's storied page,
 Achievements chronicled, enacted laws:
 To trace in peace or war each reign's effect,
 Changes in times and manners, and their source;
 And thus her own and her loved Husband's thoughts
 She led to note whate'er in men or things
 Was useful, wise, or glorious: as the bees
 Wander with busy pinion to make boot
 On the field's flowery sweets, and store a hive
 With honied treasure for the general weal.

In such a course, the comment of their tongues
 Waked more and more their harmony of soul:
 Her eye would kindle his, whene'er she read
 Of king-becoming graces, and perchance
 Might oft exclaim, "Thus let it be, aye thus,

If regal care (which long may Heaven avert)
Descend to me." Amid their virtues' rays
Love joy'd to bask, and in new triumph waved
His purple wings, to see them play with smiles
Tender and soft as pastoral innocence,
Yet, issuing from a godlike source of thought,
Royal as sunbeams that give light and heat.
Twas thus they drank the cup of life together,
Making each sip as nectar to the taste,
And of more worth than Egypt's melted pearl.
So sweet a cup was theirs ; but when they look'd
With thirsting lips to find it sweeter still,
Death dash'd it to the ground : for him who shared
And made it sweet twas hers to live no more.
Twas his to read in her last failing gaze
All she to him and he to her had been.
For us no more with blessings in her heart
She lived, yet gave a lesson when she died,
In her meek deference to the Will supreme,
How we should bear to lose her peerless self.

But is it wonderful that we should weep ?
Our sympathies, so late in gallant trim
To glisten bright before joy's rising beam,
Now fare like morning dews, which from a tree
Bent downwards by a sudden pitiless blast
Are shook with leaves that lodg'd them to the ground.
Our expectations all on tip-toe stood,
Breathless for tidings, which o'er hill and dale
Steeds would have borne, more fleet than winged winds,

As proudly conscious wheréfore they were deck'd
With trappings gay, why shoutings fill'd the skies,
And why the towns and villages had sent
Thousands to meet them in the crowded ways.
Night would have then in every peopled scene
Of Britain's Isle her dark dominion lost ;
Bright signals would have told the moon and stars,
If light they gave, it was not needed there :
Yet what were these, in contrast with the looks,
The mind-illumin'd looks, that would have lent
A richer brightness to the brightest day ?
Cannons would harmlessly have thunder'd forth
A kingdom's joy sublime ; bells would have roll'd
Their pealing merriment from shore to shore :
Yet these in melody could not have vied
With the sweet chimes of tenderness and glee
In countless bosoms, tuning every tongue
To one glad theme. The present would have beam'd
More cheerily than Bard has power to tell,
And to his mind, in Nature's wonted course,
A vision of the future would have shewn
One like a Fairy Queen on throne of state
With Britain's chivalry collected round,
A people's strength reclined in smiling peace,
While cherub forms might point to vistas bright
Of unborn ages opening to the view.

Thus high our promis'd joys and hopes had risen,
Like exhalations that mount up the skies,
Masses of gold and purple forming there,

Showing to Fancy images of bliss
 Beauteous and grand, rich groves and shining towers
 And fair Elysian fields. But all our hopes
 Have fallen downward, in a flood of woe
 And disappointment deluging the land.

Princess, adieu ! Though thou art set in death
 And seen no more, yet our recording love
 Shall be an ocean-mirror, where thy name
 August and star-like shall for ever shine.
 Thou hast not reign'd : it was thy filial wish,
 In long subjection to thy Father's rule,
 His glory might enhance, his love endear
 Thy private bliss ; while that, in sweet return,
 Might soften and relieve his public cares ;
 And thou shouldst recompense his duteous pangs
 For a beloved and venerable sire,
 By solacing his own decline of life
 With all that he could hope for in a child.
 Thou hast not reign'd, except in British hearts,
 Where, in the thought of what thou wouldst have been,
 Thou in a dear brief space hast reign'd an age.
 Thou art not mother to a line of kings ;
 Yet shalt thou so transmit thy worth's fair fame,
 That regal excellence, when blazon'd most,
 Shall mind all times of what we pictur'd thee.
 Thy spouse hath lost in thee a promised Queen :
 Yet can no foreign honor equal that
 Which pointing cries, " this is the Leopold

Whom English Charlotte loved ;” and in our land
Thy mere remembrance with imperial power
Shall hover, as a Seraph at his side,
Securing him, wherever he shall move,
Love and obeisance for a guard of state.
From streets and windows throug’d smiles mix’d with sighs,
Rais’d hands and gazing silence, shall proclaim
What blessings on his head a nation pours.
Eyes oft around him shall be fill’d with tears,
With pearly tears, more precious to the heart
Than the rich jewels of a kingly crown.
Then, fare thee well ! Britannia’s buried boast !
Our bright but lost expectancy, farewell !

Thus had my soul indulged her sorrowing mood,
And was awhile in musing stillness wrapt ;
When dreaming or entranced a strain I heard
Mournful and soft, yet gradually rais’d
To such mellifluous triumph, that almost
It stole my breath away. The strain it seem’d
By which a spirit from this vale of tears
Is welcom’d and attuned to heavenly joys.
I look’d and saw beyond a dark vast cloud
A beauteous form, enrobed in purest white
Refulgent, that uprising to the sky
Glanced on the earth beneath a pitying smile.
Below that cloud, on elevated ground,
A mighty temple oped its folding gates
Eastward and westward, to the north and south,

While thither wearing grief's habiliments
And in long order crowds from every side
Moved, with one shade of sadness on all brows,
Ranks and degrees, from penury to pomp.
Ascending its high steps with mien devout
They bow'd, and to Jehovah, God of Gods,
A solemn worship paid ; where voices now
Responded, now in supplication join'd,
Or now in choral praises swell'd the tide
Of instrumental harmony, which, roll'd
Thro' aisles and fretted vaults, bore up to heaven
Concordant aspirations from all hearts
In one deep volume of collective sound.
Meanwhile a cheering radiance through the cloud
Gleam'd, as they spake or sang ; and of their words
This, the clear import, vibrates on my soul :

“ Ruler of all events in earth and heaven,
Author of life and death, eternal King,
As creatures of the dust, we bend to Thee,
And cry with smitten hearts, Thy will be done.
Thy will be done, whose wisdom can at once
Discern all things past, present, and to come,
In all their issues. Let thy will be done,
Parent of all, whose mercy and whose love,
In measures infinite beyond our ken
And soaring thought, are over all thy works.
Give us true blessings in thy time and mode,
Nor let our granted wishes prove our bane.

Still teach us, when afflicted, so to pray,
And in such spirit, that each outward ill
And each petition may to us become
A good, and fit us for receiving good.
Teach us to mark in every earthly change
What shades we are, what shadows we pursue ;
And thence to seek the bliss that dwells with Thee,
Substantial, perfect, ever-during bliss.
We pray that on our land thy Countenance
May shed its light, and make a common woe
Knit us in mutual concord. May the tree
Of England's Polity and Brunswick's Line,
Water'd and nourish'd by a nation's tears,
Strike deeper roots, and gain with ampler shade
New strength and beauty from maturing time.
May sceptred Rule and Loyalty contend
Which most shall homage pay, or most deserve.
May the reft Father in our sympathies
Behold a people warm'd with filial love,
While in his sway they own parental care.
Long may he live to see the reign of peace
Surpassing in true glory war's renown,
By bloodless proofs of virtue, skill, and power
Gladdening his country with their blest effects,
By triumphs over ignorance and vice,
Conquests o'er all that darkens or afflicts
The lot or mind of man ; in present joy
Advancing mortal life's immortal ends."

THE REIGN OF YOUTH.

[A LYRICAL POEM.]

THE following poem, or the greater part of it, was composed by my Father in his younger days, and received high commendation from the poets Wordsworth and Coleridge, with whom he was on terms of friendship. It was first published in the year 1840, at which time an analysis of it, in the shape of a letter to the Author, was written by Dr. Eccles, an eminent physician of Birmingham. This was printed, together with my Father's own argument : and I need make no apology for reprinting it now : for, to use my Father's own words, " it may be read with interest as a separate essay in prose, by no ordinary metaphysician, on the characteristics of the youthful mind."

C. R. K.

ARGUMENT OF THE POEM.

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE following Ode is designed to illustrate with the colouring of poetry, yet at the same time with philosophical correctness, the attributes and passions of youth, as they manifest themselves in the order of nature. When the mind is in the first stage of development through the exercise of the senses, one of its earliest emotions is Wonder; a term intended to designate the interest, frequently mingled with apprehension, which is excited by the novelty of the objects that awaken the attention of a child. The succeeding characteristics of boyhood are obviously sportiveness and mirth, an impatience of restraint, and that bounding elasticity of spirit which is the natural concomitant of vigorous health. But the enlarging capacity of the youthful mind soon creates a general desire of some undefined enjoyment which it has not yet experienced; and the world having been already coloured by the imaginative faculty,

visionary anticipations are successively formed and dispersed, like the bubbles which arise upon a bright stream. It is only after such anticipations have been disappointed, that Hope, as a passion, is called into action; and that the mind, dissatisfied with the present, looks for happiness to the future. Not unconnected with this deepening interest in the drama of life is the strong excitement produced by the terrible, the marvellous, and the supernatural. But this is followed by the still more powerful influence of those intellectual and physical energies which give birth to a thirst for independence, to daring enterprise, and noble aspirations. These are the distinctive properties of that generous Ambition which is predominant in youth, and which yields only to the ascendancy of Love.

ANALYSIS OF THE POEM.

BY JOHN ECCLES, M.D.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have lately been attempting to draw up a metaphysical analysis (as I sometimes threatened that I would do) of your allegorical poem entitled *THE REIGN OF YOUTH*, with a view to ascertain the degree of philosophical accuracy displayed in your disposition and grouping of the passions according to the different periods of that season of life.

The characteristics of boyhood are, as you represent or imply, principally if not exclusively Wonder and Curiosity, the social and imitative propensities, the sentiment of the beautiful and sublime, unceasing elasticity of spirit, and boundless love of action. Some of these attributes clearly belong to our earlier stage of existence, viz., infancy and childhood, during which we have become acquainted with the ordinary course of events in the little world around us; yet retaining no recollection, and having been almost unconscious of the state of mind accompanying our sensations, we cannot form a conjecture as to the nature of our primary feelings. It is probable, as philosophers have supposed, that the feeling of Wonder would not arise in the infant mind on the occurrence of any events, all of which may be regarded as originally new to it; whereas Wonder implies such a knowledge of things as to cause an expectation

of their continued recurrence as heretofore. It is when any apparent deviation from this course takes place, that we are seized with astonishment.

This passion therefore may be justly considered as coeval with that period of youth, at which you represent it as called into existence; nor need I observe that, so far as the mental development is concerned, and indeed the happiness of that happy age, it is, whilst almost the first, at the same time the most important. It is by the first impressions of Wonder that Curiosity is awakened, and by the constant repetition of them that it is perpetually kept up; being at once an unfailling source of agreeable surprise, and also a stimulus to active efforts for the attainment of its own gratification. It thus gives rise to the desire and eager pursuit of knowledge; and with what success at the dawning, as also in the more advanced periods of boyhood, we need hardly stop to inquire. It is universally allowed to be almost marvellous.

If all human science and attainments were to be divided (as an eloquent writer suggests) into two portions, the one comprehending what is common to all, and principally acquired in the years of infancy and youth; the other that stock of truths which is peculiar to the wise and the learned; it can scarcely be an extravagant paradox to assert, that the latter portion would seem very trifling in comparison with the former.

But your portraiture of Wonder embraces two other affections frequently inseparable from it, and highly influential on the youthful mind; the one an active principle, the other a passive but powerful sentiment. In the existence of these causes of surprise which are beyond our reach, we are content to have our curiosity satisfied by explanation alone; but in those excited by the agency of other human beings, however great the pleasure received, it is never complete without an effort on our own part to imitate and perform the same. No sooner have we seen or heard and wondered at such effects, than we feel in eager haste to assure ourselves that we also can produce them. But even in the pleasurable act, from our ignorance of their mode of production, we are never perhaps entirely exempt from apprehension. The influence of this imitative principle may in part be imagined from the above-mentioned operation of Curiosity alone; and such curiosity, combined with this new principle, so unceasingly active in the youthful heart, and the constant love of action, is converted into an almost omnipotent engine in the development of the corporeal and intellectual faculties both in youth and manhood, and also in a great measure in the formation of the present and future character. What pleasure do we feel, even at the earliest periods, in the consciousness and exercise of our bodily energies and senses. The infant is delighted with no wonders so much as those of its own production; when capable of executing one thing, he rejects it,

and grasps at another, so often as new objects and new actions are exhibited before him.

To complete the analogies, and fill up the picture of youth and his mind at this the opening tide of existence, it remains to add the passive but strong sentiment of the beautiful and sublime, which is evidently depicted in the movement of your ideal personification of Wonder, and is in nature equally elicited with Wonder by such objects as you have presented before your allegorical creature, the rising sun, the glassy lake, the woody glade, and music's delicious strains. This sentiment is perhaps even deeper and more pure than at a maturer age; for it springs directly from the aspect of the sublime and beautiful object itself, unwarped by numerous associations, and not weakened, as it sometimes may be, by the light which science shall afterwards throw upon it. Last, but not least, in this part of your drama cheerfulness and social glee are exhibited in all their various characters and forms. To impel and sustain the unbounded activity of youth, so essential to the growth of its faculties and powers, it was necessary that pleasure should be annexed to its pursuits. Accordingly, to use the words of Dr. Brown—"In the early period of life the alacrity of spirit is like that bodily alacrity with which every limb, as it bounds along, seems to have a delightful consciousness of its vigour. To suspend the mental cheerfulness for any length of time, is then as difficult as to keep fixed for any length of time those muscles to which exercise for a while is almost a species of repose, and repose itself fatigue." But the hilarity of youth is not all of this unconscionable kind and origin. The senses at every turn are pouring in a continual succession of objects and events, to surprise, gratify, and instruct; and the social principle, so strong and so unreserved in youth, is constantly awakening or agreeably exciting those delightful sympathies of the heart, which, pleasant in themselves, unite us to each other, and double our joys, whilst they almost annihilate our sorrows. Yet activity will tire, and pleasure long pursued and often repeated will satiate, and be followed by listlessness and languor. This state, whether of body or mind, is represented in your picture of Leisure, who brings up the rear of the sportive train. It consists in a temporary suspension of the alacrity and vigour of both; in which the body receives a sort of luxurious pleasure from indolence or repose, and the mind is suffered to wander passively wheresoever it will without stimulus or control, both of them to renew with recruited strength the long-accustomed round of pleasure, or to find some new and larger theatre of action.

This larger scene is anticipated by Desire, which indeed is not limited to any one period of life more than another; inasmuch as in every period it is the source of all our voluntary actions and pursuits; yet in the season of boyhood the desires, while they are ardent and impetuous, are almost

equally evanescent, their objects few and unimportant, scarcely extending to the future, and of short-lived momentary interest. It is only when, with the growing expansion and consciousness of its capacities and powers, the mind takes an onward and prospective aim, and feels the want of objects of a more permanent interest, that Desire can be said to exist as a fixed and powerful passion. Yet while the wishes of youth, on the confines of boyhood and juvenescence, must necessarily be vague, unsettled, and visionary, the attempts to fill up the void which is felt are attended, as you have shown, with pain and disappointment.

Hope however is almost ever at hand, to dissipate the fears and encourage the aspirations of youth. It is almost coeval and commensurate with our desires themselves, and especially at this confident era of life, when the pride of our awakened and increasing powers (before doubt has been raised by failure or defeat) persuades us that every thing practicable is within the reach of our ability. This hope is always in proportion to the value we feel for the objects of our wishes, (which, though undefined, are always in youth dazzling), and to the degree of our assurance in the capability of accomplishing them. But fear is the correlative of hope, and notwithstanding the confidence of this stage of youth, and its susceptibility of hope, it is also the age when the susceptibility of the marvellous, the supernatural, and the terrible is at its greatest height. We see it in the avidity for legendary fictions, the wonders of mythology, and the deeds of fabulous heroes. It is true that this passion is greatly assisted by the imaginative faculty, which then exerts itself with uncontrollable activity; but it is felt independently of this. We do not read such things when young as in maturer years, admiring the art and beauty with which the wonderful and superhuman are worked up into enchanting fictions, but rather for the great interest of the tale itself, an almost undoubting belief in its reality during the perusal, and a vague apprehension of its possibility even in soberer moments. It is Burke I think who has said, that in the dark the boldest and least credulous mind is not exempt from fear; but it is of dangers of a different kind and far less formidable than the ideal ones conjured up by the young.

These however are soon to be dispelled by the increasing light of nature, and the enlargement of reason, and are replaced by the clear view, the settled purpose, and independent feeling derived from knowledge, which in their turn are to be exerted and brought into action through the instrumentality of mental and corporeal strength, enterprise, and valour.

A new period has thus arrived, contrasted with that imitative process which for a time is used by Providence in bringing our nature towards its perfection. Yet, as Burke observes, if men gave themselves up to imitation entirely, and each followed the other as in an eternal circle, it

is easy to see that there never could be any improvement. To prevent this, there is implanted in man a sense of ambition, a satisfaction arising from a contemplation of his excelling his fellows in something deemed valuable amongst them.

Up to this period our pride and aspirations seem to be confined to the possession and acquisition of personal qualities either of the mind or body, and to the pleasure and admiration which they can obtain for us as such, and to the deeds which of themselves they can effect. We have first seen it in the delighted and conscious display of our superior bodily energies. We are afterwards equally desirous and proud of the like possession, and fame of superior mental endowments. But in a short time the results contemplated by youthful ambition are the objects of its desire and self-congratulation, as much as the distinction which attends them. When the passion is of a generous and patriotic nature (as it then commonly is), these objects necessarily affect, and are intended to affect the interests and fate of whole classes and communities, even more than of the individual himself. Your picture of Ambition is of this noble character, and its qualities are beautifully implied and illustrated in that fine stanza of Gray :

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

The next and last passion, Love, is evidently in its right place. It is intelligible to all ; and the use which you make of Fancy and Pity for its formation in the mind, is equally recommended by its philosophy and its poetry. I need not give any analysis of it ; but, as they relate chiefly to your delineation of this passion, I shall take leave to conclude my letter with quoting the purport of some of the observations which were made upon *THE REIGN OF YOUTH* by your late friend, the distinguished philosopher and poet, S. T. Coleridge :—"Like a skilful magician, you have purposely kept yourself out of sight, as far as you could, while you caused a scenic exhibition to move before us. You have therefore properly given us description without sentiment—I mean sentiment expressed—for it is often implied, and finely implied in such lines as those beginning—"Her eyes proclaimed that in her bosom dwelt," &c. On this account, however, I should conceive that, notwithstanding the lyrical harmony of its measures, your Ode is not, as a whole, well adapted to music, while no composition of the same length affords more scope for painting. In saying this I am aware, that in general painters had better not take their subjects from allegory ; but allegory here is only a veil of gauze thrown over reality, and your personifications are but other names for boys and girls acted upon, as you have repre-

sented them, under certain circumstances. Other parts may be quite as well worked up, but wonder, desire, and love seem to me the most original, especially the last. The movement indeed in your Love scene is slower and less dramatic than it had been, and something didactic is unavoidably admitted. But you have here treated a trite and therefore difficult topic with most ingenious novelty, and with so much of the truth of nature, that the figures in your metaphysical machinery have the vivid appearance of flesh and blood."

I am, Dear Sir,

Your sincerely attached and faithful friend,

Feb. 6th, 1840.

J. ECCLES, M.D.

THE REIGN OF YOUTH.

WHEN Youth from regions of eternal Spring
 On Earth's expecting vales descended,
 The laughing Hours that round attended
 Proclaim'd the Fairy King.

With graceful vigour and elastic bound
 He lightly touch'd the ground,
 As though his feet could leave behind
 The pinions of the Wind.
 His breath had Nature's fresh perfume,
 His cheek her vivid bloom,
 Rich as the roses that his temples crown'd :
 A sceptre in his hand was seen
 Wreath'd with budding evergreen ;

His mantle as it flow'd
 The vernal Year's impictur'd beauty show'd.
 And lo, from bowers and dells,
 Where'er within their cells
 The Passions lay entranced,
 Swift on the plain, his subject train,
 The loveliest of their tribe advanced
 To keep the fairy reign.

First, newly waken'd by the breeze and wave,
 The young-eyed Wonder sallied from his cave.
 With step abrupt and wilder'd gaze
 He trod the scene's mysterious maze :
 Now he mark'd with coy delight
 The Sun all-glorious on the mountain height,
 Now shrank affrighted by the glancing rays,
 Again recoiling, as the lake display'd
 His unknown image, and across the glade
 Moved like an airy sprite his lengthen'd shade.

But who th' effect can tell,
 When Music met him with her speaking shell ?
 He saw, he heard the chords obey
 Her cunning fingers, and he hied away,
 Till soon o'ertaken by the tuneful spell
 Back to her side th' unconscious captive stole ;
 Then, as awhile she stay'd her sweet control,
 On that strange shell in playful mood
 He dared a mimic blow to try,
 Yet still like one pursued,

Had half retreated ere it made reply ;
 And when her touch drew forth a louder strain
 By viewless Echo mock'd from caverns nigh,
 On every side, at every sound,
 Starting he look'd around,
 And still he smiled of thought beguiled,
 And starting look'd again.

Next, O Youth, to welcome thee,
 Sport prepared his jubilee.

 From thickets pearl'd with dew
 He on impatient tiptoe sprang to view
 With shrill uplifted horn, and call'd his sylvan crew.
 Redoubling shouts before them sent,
 Forth they rush from his greenwood tent,
 With their high-flourish'd weapons of merriment,
 Thy circled throne to greet ;
 Triumphal in air a standard they bear
 With many a garland deck'd, the prize of many a feat.

At the sight a transport showing
 From the bosom fresh and glowing,
 Through the bright eye overflowing,
 Loose or linked hand in hand
 Mirth leads up her frolic band,
 With obliquely darted smiles
 Watching 'gainst invited wiles.
 Health is there, that with the dawn
 Climbs the mountain, skims the lawn,

Oft on nectar feasted high,
 Borne by zephyrs from the sky :
 Wit, that strikes with gay surprise,
 Jollity, that grief defies,
 And loving every touch to flee
 The random-footed Liberty.
 With half-shut eyes ecstatic Laughter
 Almost breathless totters after ;
 One hand holds her bending breast,
 While t'other points at antic Jest.
 Leisure winding here and there
 Dallies hindmost, heedless where.

Thus, O Youth, to honour thee,
 Thus they kept their jubilee ;
 Thus to greet thee all conspire,
 All enchanted, all on fire,
 As joys could never fail and never tire.

Next by a lonely stream along the vale,
 Where murmurs float upon the scented gale,
 Desire came wandering with unsettled air :
 Behind him scatter'd blossoms lay,
 Pluck'd in his eager haste and idly thrown away :
 For light and fickle in the lack of care
 His visionary mind
 Still pants for objects undefined ;
 And as where'er he turns

The wistful ardour burns,
 Amid the peopled beams
 Before him many a phantom gleams
 In every varied hue ;
 Though, hail'd in vain by his extended arm,
 At some rude wind they take alarm
 And vanish from his view.
 Twas then a chillness on his bosom crept ;
 He gazed around and wonder'd till he wept.

But he has lost the quick-forgotten tear ;
 For Hope, the beauteous Hope, is near,
 Earth-delighting prophetess
 That ever comes to bless.
 Bright as the morn that rises to behold
 Ascending vapours turn to clouds of gold,
 She dances on the plain,
 As if her listening ear
 Caught from afar a blithe inviting strain.
 She courts the Future. Can he aught deny
 To the simplicity of her bespeaking eye ?
 Between them Fays are on the wing,
 And pledges of his favour bring.
 She courts the Future, till successive Hours
 In distant light array'd
 Look forth from arches open'd through the shade
 That still is rolling round his misty bowers :
 This pranked with flowers her notice greets,

That seems to sip with ruby lip
 A chalice full of sweets ;
The next with gleaming torch displays
Fair blissful scenes, yet most attracts the gaze
By signs that fill the mind with more than vision meets :
 Each is welcom'd as it lingers
 With her kiss'd and beckoning fingers ;
 If one should haply rise
 In less alluring guise,
Hope does but mark all cheerily the while
Another close behind peep o'er it with a smile.

Yet ah ! with gloomy tidings on his brow,
A giant Wizard of the mountains now
Pale Terror came ; and while with cowering mien
A spell-bound troop were round him seen,
His lips essay'd dark mysteries to unfold :
 But soon those quivering lips were lock'd,
And his glazed eye-balls in distortion roll'd,
 Betokening things too dread for speech
 Or shuddering thought to reach :
 The earth beneath him rock'd,
While mixt with thunder and the voice of waves
 From black unfathom'd caves
 Was heard a dreary cry,
That echoing seem'd in other worlds to die :
 Then silence reign'd, but such as threw
On Expectation's front a ghastlier hue ;

For soon a scowl of grim delight
 Told that from realms of night
 Unearthly shapes were hastening into sight :
 As thus the charm more fearful grew,
 A wilder eagerness his votaries thrill'd,
 And at each stir or sound,
 Above, below, around,
 Shrinking they turn'd or fell upon the ground,
 Nor rais'd their heads till his behest was known :
 For he could keep suspended as he will'd
 Their sense and breathing, by his look alone
 Could give them winged speed, or freeze them into stone.

But hence ye tremblers ! Who are these in motion,
 Brisk as the tide of ocean ?
 Tis Intellect, arous'd as from a trance,
 Intent by nature's clue
 To wind through labyrinths, where at each advance
 Her unveil'd secrets meet the courting view :
 Tis young Disdain, with smile half turn'd
 On bounds his vaulting feet have spurn'd :
 Tis Strength, that lifts his rampant form
 As he could ride and curb the storm :
 Tis Independence, on a height,
 Free as the eagle pois'd for flight :
 Tis Valour, that has met the eyes
 Of spirit-stirring Enterprise,
 And watches for a prompted aim
 At which to rush through flood and flame.

Yet these are but a herald band ;
 The crested Chieftain is himself at hand :
 These shall but wait on his heroic state,
 And act at his command.
 He comes ; Ambition comes ! His way prepare !
 Let banners wave in air,
 And loud-voiced trumpets his approach declare !
 He comes : for Glory has before him rais'd
 Her shield with godlike deeds emblaz'd :
 He comes, he comes : for purposes sublime
 Dilate his soul, and his exulting eye
 Beams like a sun, that in the vernal prime
 With golden promise travels up the sky,
 Onward looking far and high,
 While before his champion pride
 Vallies rise and hills subside ;
 His mighty thoughts, too swift for lagging Time,
 Thro' countless triumphs run ;
 Each deed conceiv'd appears already done,
 Foes are vanquish'd, fields are won ;
 E'en now with wreaths immortal crown'd
 He marches to the sound
 Of gratulating lyres,
 And Earth's applauding shout his generous bosom fires.

 Yet ruder sounds, O Youth, were hush'd awhile,
 Nor had Ambition run his purpos'd race,
 When Love at last appear'd to claim thy smile,
 And at thy side obtain the dearest place.

Leaving a diviner scene
 Where her dwelling erst had been,
 By zephyrs wafted in a pearly car,
 To this sublunar element

Her gliding course she bent,
 And came thro' vernal mists emerging like a star.

But first, O Youth, that she might be
 Duly train'd for Earth and thee,
 On ambrosia Love was fed

In Fancy's charmed bowers,
 Where his wand her footsteps led
 Thro' mazes gemm'd with flowers,
 Making Earth to her appear
 Like a higher kindred sphere.

Yet Pity there, benignly meek,

With faltering voice and moisten'd cheek,
 Reveal'd that Pain and Woe
 Had found a place below ;

And often as she paus'd, from grove and hill
 A sound was borne of Nature's plaint,
 Melancholy, low, and faint,

A whisper to the heart when all around was still ;
 Love scarcely breathing bent her head
 And listen'd till her colour fled,
 But, as it mantling came again,
 Her eyes all eloquent express'd
 An answer to the mournful strain,

Proclaiming that within her bosom dwelt
 Softness ineffable, a power and will
 To conquer Strength, the fiercest Rage to melt,
 To find a balm for life's severest ill
 And lull the sorrows of the earth to rest.

Thus Pity's influence o'er her soul
 Heighten'd Fancy's rich control :
 Love from Pity learnt the sigh,
 That saddens but endears ;
 From Fancy learnt the rapture high,
 That trembles into tears.
 Each o'er her slumbers bent
 And both their inspirations lent,
 Like rainbow tints in dewy lustre blent.
 Once, as in a cave she slept,
 Bees that had from Eden stray'd
 Its honey to her lips convey'd,
 And by the murmuring which they kept
 About her golden hair
 Lured from the sky such visions fair
 As Eden knew when Innocence was there :
 Love woke, and moving with impassion'd grace
 Attemper'd to the music of her thought,
 She look'd as one that trod the liquid air,
 While from some angel-presence caught
 A radiance blush'd upon her face ;
 Then, as a drooping flower with moisture fraught,
 By her own consciousness oppress

At Pity's side she knelt with heaving breast,
 And seem'd to ask in gentle grief
 If sweet illusion mock'd her fond belief :
 But Fancy near in triumph mute
 Still round her waved his wings ;
 For, though she courted Pity's lute,
 And bade it speak of tears,
 Of sighs and tender fears,
 Yet would she bend to kiss the strings,
 As in their tone of bliss alone
 Yet breath'd the spirit of her dream ;
 Her brow she rais'd and upward gazed,
 As she on one exhaustless theme
 Would fain for ever dwell,
 Then smiled, as bidding mortal tongues despair
 That wondrous theme's entrancing power to tell,
 And still would sighs pursued by smiles declare,
 She felt a pain that spurn'd relief and bliss too sweet to bear.

Thus taught to smile and sigh,
 Love now to Youth drew nigh :
 The Heavens o'er her head
 Their blandest influence shed,
 And on the Earth her very sight
 Had all things waked to soft delight :
 The Elements with mutual greeting
 Gave sign that Love and Youth were meeting ;
 The balmy air with humming sound
 And sun-kiss'd pinions quivering o'er the ground

Calls verdure, fragrance, life and bloom around :
 Forests with smoother brow
 Their shaggy honours bow,
And up from lowly nests in mead or glen
 Ambitious warblers rise,
That task with twinkling plumes the dazzled ken,
Or lost in light convey Earth's gladness to the skies :
 Voices meanwhile from other spheres,
 Saluting mortal ears,
With chime of song from land and ocean sent
 Mingled their melting ravishment ;
And this the lay to wood and vale and shore
That each enamour'd wind in tuneful concert bore :—
 Turn hither, turn thine eyes, O Youth,
 Love's choice ordain'd to be,
And haste to learn the blissful truth,
 That Love was form'd for thee.
Take her, that Love in thee may find
All that is imaged in her mind ;
Take her, that Love to thee may give
What most shall make it life to live.
No sweeter prize can Earth provide
 To crown thy guardian care ;
Oh ! take her as a Queen and Bride,
 Thy golden reign to share.

