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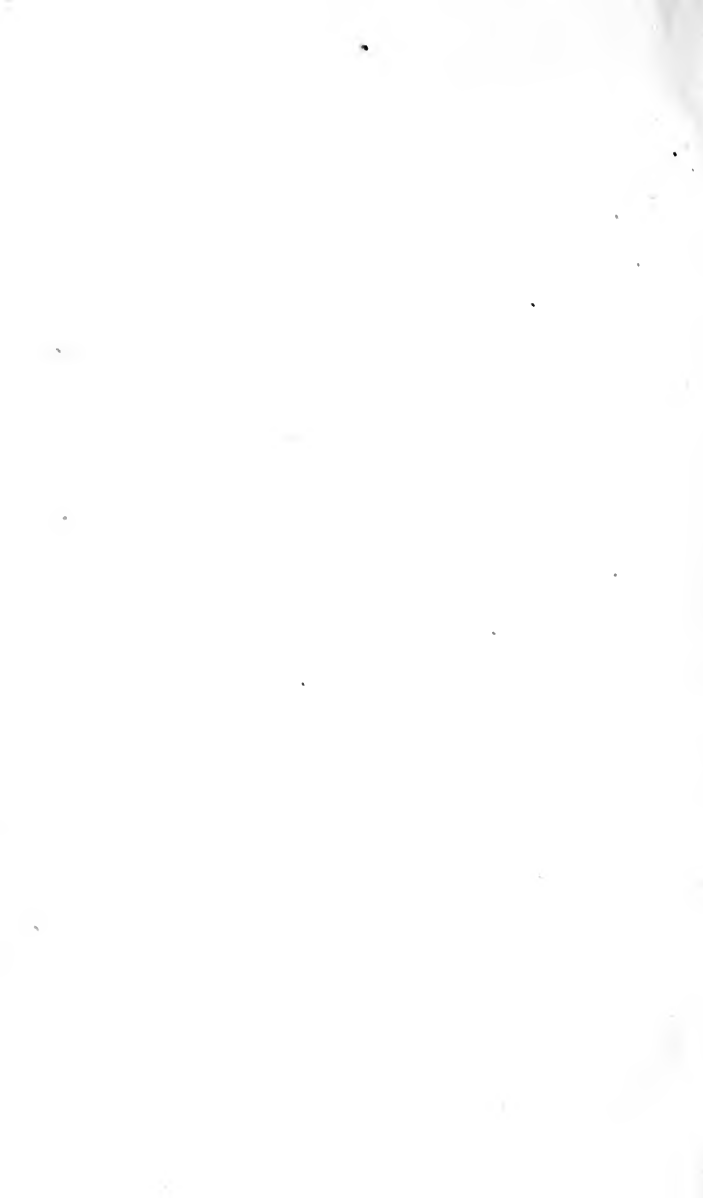
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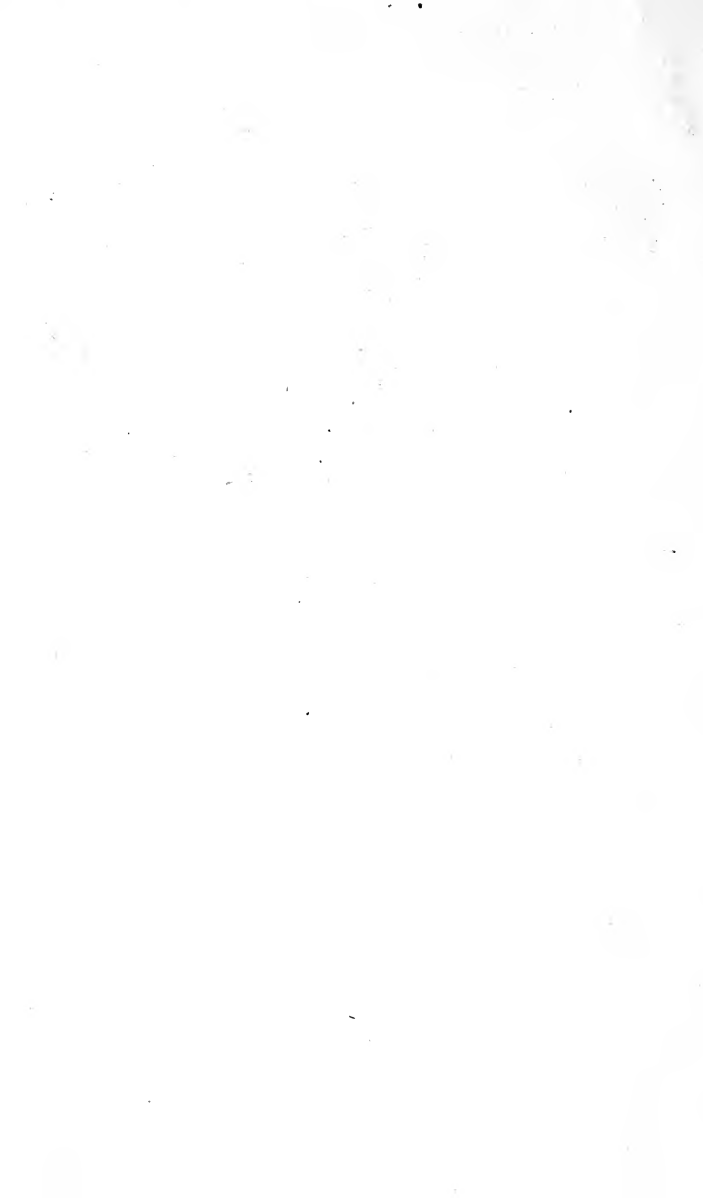
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THE DREAMER.



THE DREAMER,

A POEM, IN THREE CANTOS,

With other Poems;

AND

AN INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE UPON THE

ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

BY

OSSIAN MACPHERSON,

AUTHOR OF "A BARD'S REVERIE," AND OTHER POEMS.

" Poesy! thou sweet'st content,
That ever heaven to mortal's lent;
Tho' they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thought cannot conceive thee.
Tho' thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee;
Tho' our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy maddest fits
More than all their greatest wits.

GEORGE WITHER—1615.

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DEDICATION.



To GEORGE FORBES, Esq.

SIR,

The following Poems I dedicate to you as the only means of showing my gratitude for the numerous proofs of unostentatious kindness I have experienced from yourself, and other members of your worthy family.

A few years back, when I published my juvenile productions, I was so diffident of success, that in inscribing that volume to you, I dared not do more than use your initials, in order to spare you any mortification in the event of my condemnation as a poet.

The pleasing meed of praise has, however, since then been accorded me, both publicly and privately. I have, moreover, grown more confident in my own powers, and I will be egotist enough to express my opinion, that the present work has considerable merit; and that it may be perused with a little interest long after Patron and Poet are both laid beneath the "dark grey stone."

I am, Sir,

With the greatest respect,

Your very humble

and ever obliged Servant,

OSSIAN MACPHERSON.

PREFACE.



WHOEVER sits down to peruse the following poem, under the idea that there is anything of a plot in it, will please to take notice, that nothing of the kind will be found. It is entirely made up of the melancholy pencilings of an invalid hypochondriac; who, during the lingering hours of sickness and suffering, in a foreign land, (to which, by the kindness of friends, he was enabled to resort, to enjoy the advantages of a warmer climate,) sought and obtained relief, by dressing the feelings of many an anxious moment in rhyme: and of such a nature is the composition in question, that if I were to be called upon to explain its character, I could not do so. Its very name was suggested by a

troubled vision, long before I had any notion of entering upon such a work.

Half a dozen words to the critic, who, in the profundity of his wisdom, may sit in judgment upon the merits of "The Dreamer."

I seek not to disarm criticism, by stating that the publication of this volume suggested itself as a means of exiling its author to a sunnier clime; far away from the cold, foggy atmosphere of Britain; continued ill health and much suffering in prospective, having blighted fairer prospects than generally fall to the share of the struggling poet. No! in my case, I wish the reviewer to be just before he is generous. If the poem has any merit—the acknowledgment of such merit by the voice of impartial criticism, will fall most sweetly upon my ears: if it has none, its condemnation will be an act of justice both to the public and the author.

Poeta non fit sed nascitur, is an apophthegm—the truth of which is questionable

Although the sweetest of all poets are those who have been suckled with the milk of inspiration ; yet, I think that the history of poetry records numerous instances of individuals suddenly changed into poets by circumstances. The time has not yet arrived for me to hazard an opinion as to whether my temperament was formed by birth or circumstances. One thing, however, I can truly assert, viz :—that certain events which have occurred during the brief but very chequered portion of my existence which has passed away, have created feelings, poetical feelings, of a far deeper and holier nature, than I should have felt if my path had been less rugged. My name, too, has had some share in awakening poetical reflections ; but, unfortunately for me, that name will always recall so much that is grand and beautiful in poetry, that I stand no chance of ever attaining a high rank among the bards of my native land. “What’s in a name ?” An hour or two of

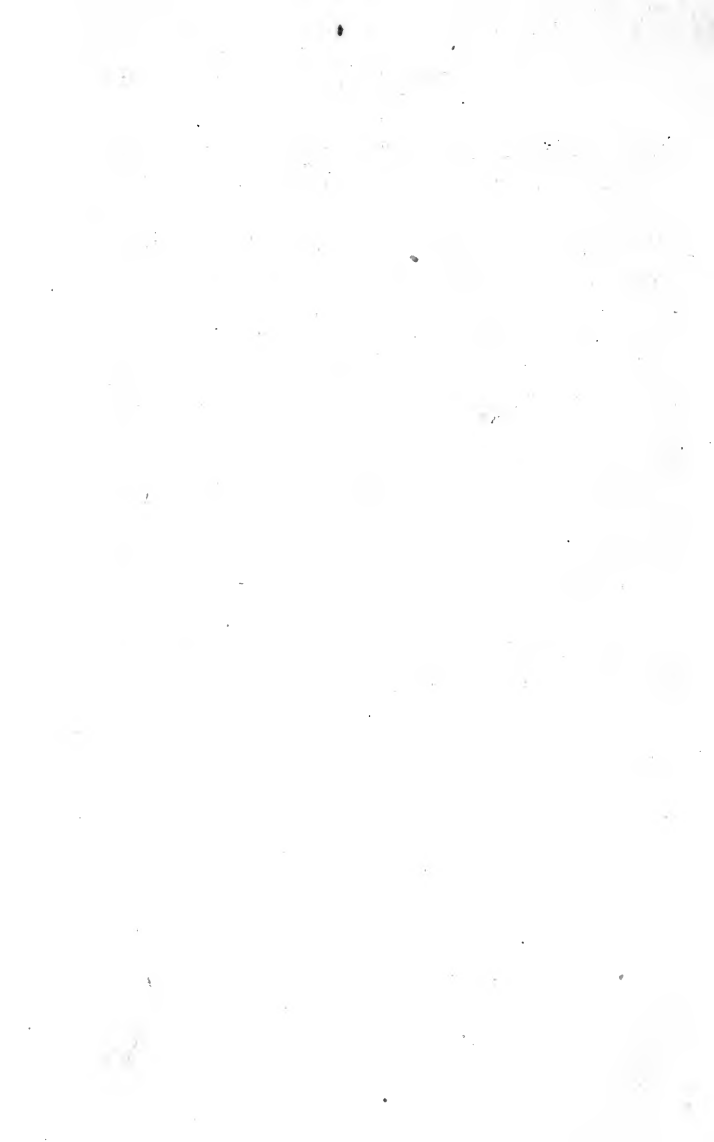
intense reflection will ensure a conviction of the deep importance of the question.

To my Subscribers, one and all, I here tender my most sincere thanks.

I have now done. By the dim blaze of my expiring lamp I have put the finishing touch to the task I set myself. And now I am gazing upon the deceptive flare, which alternately bursts into brilliancy, and then dies into darkness, by fitful starts—a faithful emblem of my own declining existence. Like this struggling and fast-wasting flame, my light of vitality is trembling in the socket; and soon, very soon, will go entirely out. The soul, like a disappointed tenant, anxious to get rid of a fruitless and barren possession, longs for a separation from a frail body which hangs like a drag upon it. It is now completely out; its blackened remains, like the mortal remains of humanity, emitting a foul and filthy odour.

Farewell, then, awhile, to that Muse which is, and has ever been the object of my

most devoted adoration, who has had the power to comfort me in all the troubles of the past, and who consoles me as I endeavour to penetrate into the darkness of the future—If it should please the Almighty to break the harp-strings, and destroy the minstrel, I bow, without repining, to His will. If, on the contrary, His goodness should permit a little return of health to this weak frame, I may be again tempted to strike the harp, and “raise the voice of song,” in more joyful strains than has hitherto been my wont.—*Spero meliora.*



INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

To JOSEPHUS GOODHART, Esq.

IN LONDON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is now Christmas day — I am alone—I have just arisen from a sick bed to enjoy a taste of the delicious breeze which is pouring in at my opened window, bringing with it the odoriferous perfumes which it has stolen from the rich groves of orange, lemon, and coffee trees, it has kissed upon its journey; and to feast my eyes upon the green, luxuriant vegetation, and the calm, sparkling ocean which is now displayed so beautifully before me.

Your letter of the third instant, has just come to hand ; and I deeply regret to gather from its contents, that you will shortly be compelled to seek a refuge in this island, upon the score of ill-health.

I have just taken up my pen to reply to yours. When you insist upon my writing something concerning the island of Madeira, you have imposed a task upon me, in reference to which, I can only observe, that so far as my humble abilities extend, *labor ipse voluptat*; and, as you will not have left England before I return thither (*Deo volente*), I shall not close this epistle until I once more set foot upon my native soil, when I hope to have the pleasure of delivering it to you personally.

But, in the first instance, as you are not aware of the circumstances under which I quitted my native land, I shall briefly put you in possession of them.

I have been, as you know, a sufferer, for some years past, from internal disease ; and, during the winter of 1846—7, my health became so much worse, that I gave

up all hope of recovery ; and began to prepare for that fate, which, sooner or later, overtakes every thing mortal.

The principal uneasiness I felt from my sad condition, arose from the consciousness that my salary, as a clerk in the establishment of Messrs. ——— and Co., was still regularly paid, although I was unable to make any return for such kindness ; and each day increased the feeling, that I was becoming burdensome to them. How ill founded my fears were, the sequel will shew.

First, however, I may remark, that I have invariably found it to be the case during my life, that when despondency in its bitterest form has overtaken me, when the prospect before me appeared shrouded in a gloom too thick to penetrate, and when its darkness was horrible to gaze upon, that an appeal to the goodness of an Almighty Father has never been made in vain. The present occasion was no exception.

One evening, when, oppressed with melancholy, I was ruminating upon the past, and the future, I received a note from

—————, the head of the firm, a gentleman who had repeatedly proved a kind friend and liberal benefactor, requesting me, when my strength allowed, to meet him at the office in ————— Street.

I will pass over what happened upon that occasion. Suffice it to say, that, thanks to the liberality of the worthy sire of my worthy benefactor, coupled with the generosity of the "House," I was enabled to secure a passage to Madeira in one of the West India steam packets.

The morning of the 18th January, 1848, was one of the coldest I can remember. The very air appeared as if composed of frozen mist, it was so thick and motionless; the roads were completely glazed; and I fancied I heard them crackling beneath the wheels of the vehicle which was conveying me to the railway—the first stage of my journey into exile.

Arrived safely in Southampton, a small steamer conveys passengers to the giant vessel which is to be their home for days on the great deep.

The sensation I experienced upon first stepping upon deck, I can hardly describe ; it was as if I had parted from a dear loved wife, and was proceeding to execution.

Once on board, I speedily sought the solitude of my cabin ; and there allowed my pent-up feelings to have full vent, and experienced that relief which copious floods of tears ever afford to the sorrowing mind.

There is no melancholy—at least so I imagine—like that which is induced by the knowledge that one is about leaving all that is dear ; the parental fireside ; the friends of the heart, and even fatherland itself ; to seek in a foreign land, and perhaps vainly seek, to prolong a blighted existence. The knowledge that it is a last resource, and that, perhaps, in a very brief period, a distant grave will be opened for the reception of the worn-out frame, to which no friend will ever make a pilgrimage, and on where the eye of affection will never drop a tear ; these, I say, awaken reflections which will never be forgotten by those who have once experienced them.

Life on board a West India Steam Ship, is by no means monotonous or wearisome. There were about ninety passengers of both sexes in the same vessel with me. During the first two days, I remained in seclusion in my own cabin; but when we were fairly in the Bay of Biscay, and the sun, as we got south, became more powerful, the bracing air and the increasing warmth had such an excellent effect both upon my health and spirits, that I ventured upon deck, where I soon found enough to interest and amuse me.

And here, Josephus, as you have never been to sea, allow me to offer a word of advice regarding sea-sickness, and the management of your sea-legs.

My experience in sea-sickness suggests the following mode of treatment.

If you feel much headache and nausea, do not lie down, as I have seen many do, but take a glass of sea-water, which will immediately relieve the stomach. Keep walking about as well as you can, but do not attempt to stop the vomiting till you feel well assured

that the inside is well cleared out, when get a glass of brandy, and *sip* it till it is all gone: *then* lie down in a horizontal position, sleep for an hour or two, and you will awake refreshed, with a good appetite, which you should gratify as soon as possible, with animal food.

In getting your sea-legs, the following hints may be useful.

You will do well before you attempt to promenade on deck, to watch the motions of the sailors; the mode in which they keep upright when the deck is at an angle of forty-five degrees. The proper mode of walking at sea, will be obvious by attending to this. The step should be short, and as elastic as possible. The swaying of the arms should be regulated by the motion of the ship; above all, never wear high-heeled boots.

I found many pleasant companions on board, from whom I parted with regret at the end of the voyage: but there was one in particular, who afforded much amusement to the whole company. This was a young

Scotch gentleman, who occupied the same cabin with me. Poor fellow, he was dreadfully sea-sick during the whole passage, and never rose from his berth but once, when after pirouetting on deck for a short time in the most extraordinary manner, he retired below to lunch in the saloon, where he seated himself in the Captain's chair at the head of the table, and called for a quart bottle of ale. Presently, the attention of the company was arrested by a singular gurgling noise in the direction in which he was seated. I happened to go below at that moment and there found him, unable to rise. The ale was fermenting in his stomach; and he was eructating most awfully. Presently he turned deadly pale—his head dropped upon the table, and, in another instant, all the liquor he had imbibed was running about the floor. * * * “My dear Sair,” said he to me, “will ye assust me to my bairth, jist?”

I had to repeat to him daily, from memory, the bill of fare for the next dinner. One day I was enumerating the various items

of gastronomy. "Roast beef; roast mutton; boiled beef; roast pork; boiled tripe—" Here he started up in bed, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, and clapping me on the shoulder, he screamed out: "Man! stay a buttie! dud ye say tripe?"

"Boiled tripe and onions."

"Man, ye'll just call the Steward!"

"Steward!"

"Sir!"

"Oh! ye'll be sure to breng me some tripe and inyans to my denner; ye'll be sure and no forget;" and he fell back exhausted with the glorious prospective; and I left him murmuring, beneath the bed-clothes, "Man, tripe and inyans! tripe and inyans!"

Upon another occasion, I went into my cabin to perform my ablutions, previous to dinner, and found him sitting in bed with a bottle of whiskey in his hand—"Well, countryman," said I, "how are you now?" "Man!" replied he, "Man! I'm fou! clean drunk, fou's a fuddler—anither glass, an' I wad hae knocket the steward doun!" He

had adopted this singular mode to relieve his sickness.

Again, when I had retired below, upon a similar occasion, and was going to change my boots, — “Man,” said he, “ye’el tak care jist—ye’el no pit on ye’er boots tell ye’ve lookit in them, for I’ve been seck!” &c., &c. But the whole of his sayings and doings, which I had to retail daily at the dinner table, would fill a volume.

The table on board the West India packet, is supplied to profusion; but you have to pay for wines, &c., extra, which, however, are not dear, as you get them at the bonded price. You will do well to secure a *corner* at one of the *cross tables*; as you have then a leg to steady yourself with.

Verily, friend Josephus, if laughter be good for digestion; you will have plenty of it at sea. Dinner is one piece of fun from beginning to end. Imagine ninety or a hundred people sitting down to that meal in a vessel rolling like a tar-barrel in a fit: you enquire for a “very little bit” of that very fine looking boiled beef, and receive, in

the most unceremonious manner, the whole round, gravy and all, in your lap. You are taking wine with a lady; e'er she can put the glass to her lips, she receives the contents of a sauce boat in her lap. Every individual at table is subjected to this treatment, the sea respecting neither rank nor sex. Sometimes a grand catastrophe takes place—when the whole saloon is thrown upon its beam ends; and then you behold, involved in one mighty overthrow, puddings and passengers, silk dresses and white waistcoats—the scene enlivened by the groans of old ladies, and the shrieking of children; glasses, platters, knives, and forks, all performing their part in the general smash; everybody calling for the steward, and no steward to be found; altogether conveying to the imagination a pretty accurate notion of “confusion worse confounded.”

Chess, cards, and conversation, form the staple amusements after tea; at nine o'clock a glass of lemonade; bed at ten, when all the lights are put out.

It was about six o'clock in the morning

when we first got sight of the land. The view was any thing but pleasing. A dense cloud of mist hung over the mountains; and, with the exception of here and there a few patches of dark green pines, all appeared bleak, barren, and uncultivated. You behold nothing in the shape of beach; tall perpendicular cliffs, descending to an immense depth in the ocean; fantastically shaped rocks; with, at intervals, a deep, dark cavern, in which the wind and sea together wail most mournfully. These are all that meet the eye at the first approach to Madeira. The vessel, however, still keeps on her course towards the south.

Cape Garajao, or the Brazen Head, (one of the most singular basaltic promontories in the world,) is passed; and all at once there bursts upon the astonished sight, one of the most magnificent and most ravishing pictures ever unfolded before human eyes—all appears enchantment.

I beheld it in a happy moment—the sun had just fully appeared above the horizon, and there was not one cloud in the heaven;

the day (January 30th) was as fine and warm as the finest summer day I ever beheld in England; the sea was motionless, and the sunbeams that spread over it, gave it the appearance of a "burnished sheet of living gold."

The town of Funchal, with its clean white houses, rising gradually from the water's edge; the mountains in the background, with crowns of snow upon their summits; the Quintas, or country houses, of which nearly every merchant in the place has one or two, scattered about among the hills like fairy palaces; such rich, green, blooming vegetation; with the landscape altogether, at once terrible and grand: these quickly dispelled the melancholy which had began to steal over me at the thoughts of being exiled to such a place.

What information I have to communicate to you concerning this little paradise, will be of a very general and gossiping nature; the limits of a letter not allowing me to enter very deeply upon the subject.

The island of Madeira is situated in 32°

37" North latitude, and 5° West longitude. Its distance from Southampton is about 1300 miles.

The circumference of the island is about 120 miles; the length from East to West, 45 miles; and the breadth, from North to South, about 11 miles; the highest point is Pico Ruivo, which is about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is composed of a strata of pumice scoria.

The soil consists of soft pumice stone, clay, sand, marle, dark red earth without pumice, blue stone, *pedra viva*, like whinstone, and real lava. The island bears every mark of having been angrily thrown up during some awful volcanic convulsion.

The discovery of the island is said to have taken place, under the following romantic circumstances:—Robert à Machim, an English nobleman, having become desperately enamoured of a very beautiful countrywoman, Anne d'Arfet by name; and having discovered that his love was acceptable to the lady, but quite the reverse to her friends, who expressed their determination to break

off the connexion, secretly carried her on board a vessel lying in the river Severn, intending to land in France, there to be united in the bonds of matrimony. This was during the reign of our Edward the Third ; France being then at war with England. A*violent storm drove them from Bristol ; and, after being tossed about for many days by the tempest, they discovered land. Having disembarked to procure refreshments, they were compelled to remain by the return of the storm, which increased to such an extent, that they had the mortification of beholding their little vessel founder before their eyes. Upon the sixth day after their landing, the lady died from fatigue ; the broken-hearted Robert à Machim following her to the grave a few days after. His followers left the island in the hollow trunk of a tree, and reached Barbary in safety, where they were immediately seized and carried prisoners to Morocco. Here, while beguiling the hours of captivity by conversing together upon their past misfortunes, their story awakened

the curiosity of another individual. This was a fellow prisoner, Toa de Amores, a Spanish pilot, who made himself acquainted with every particular of their voyage. Having obtained his liberty soon after, he embarked on his return to Spain, but was captured, on the coast of Algarve, by a Portuguese vessel, commanded by Toa Goncalves Zarco, and carried to Lisbon; Amores having first put the captain in full possession of the circumstances connected with the discovery of the new island; in consequence of which, they both waited upon the Infante, Prince Henry, and the result was, that a ship was put under Zarco's orders, which sailed from Algarve on the 1st of June, 1419. After a few days' wandering about, they were gratified by a sight of the new island, which appeared as if covered with a perpetual, dense, black cloud. They first disembarked upon a tongue of land to the eastward, which they named, after their vessel, Pont St. Lawrence. They afterwards steered south, and anchored in a beautiful bay, where one of the expedition, Rui Paes, was

sent on shore to make observations upon the situation and appearance of the island. He landed at the same spot as Robert à Machim. His report upon the island was extremely favorable. He had discovered the tombs of the ill-fated lovers as described by the English sailors. Upon the 2nd of July, 1419, Zarco and two priests disembarked at the spot of sepulture, and there took formal possession of the island for the Portuguese crown; having first thanked Heaven for crowning their object with success. After celebrating mass in a hut formed of the trunk of a tree, they performed the funeral service over the tomb of the lovers, and erected a church upon the spot, which they dedicated to Christ.

Such is a brief epitome of the best account of the discovery of Madeira, which I think is credible enough.

The valley of Machico, the scene of these events, is singularly wild and romantic. It is situated in the south-east part of the island, between Santa Cruz and Pont St. Lawrence. The best mode of visiting it, is

to take boat at Funchal, with plenty of creature comforts on board, and gently proceed along the awfully terrific coast, till you arrive at Santa Cruz, where visitors generally refresh. The road from Santa Cruz to Machico is very good; a portion of it resembling an English park road.

After traversing about three miles the beautiful valley of Machico bursts suddenly upon the view, with its pretty looking village, and mountain torrent winding through it. Sitting upon the top of the steep hill you must descend before entering the village, you may enjoy one of the finest views in the world. You will remember to be sure, previous to leaving Santa Cruz, to order your boatmen to proceed on to Machico, there to take you up; as, although the *descent* into the valley is pleasant enough, the *ascent*, which consists of about a dozen almost perpendicular windings, is highly dangerous to invalids. I accomplished the task with great difficulty, being in a fainting state when I reached the top, which caused hemorrhage in my chest, and, of course, bloody expectoration.

The great point of attraction in Machico is the church said to have been built over the remains of the lovers. Hanging on the wall of the church, you behold a miniature wooden cross, framed and glazed, with an inscription underneath, signifying that it is made from a portion of the original cross placed over the graves, which was long lost, but afterwards discovered by Robert Page, an English gentleman, and placed there. This statement, however, is very equivocal; and I could discover no rational ground for supposing it to be part of the original cross.

Funchal, the capital of the island, is a strong, well-built town. The houses consist generally of two stories and a turret; and, being all whitewashed outside, present a very clean appearance; the rooms are, for the most part, lofty and well ventilated; the streets are well paved with smooth round pebbles, which when wet, are very slippery; there is neither dust nor mud to be seen in the town, which is well supplied with most delicious water from the mountains, by means of levadas or water courses.

There is nothing very striking in any of the public buildings ; which consist of the governor's house, Fort Lorenzo, the custom house, the fish and fruit markets, the cathedral, the Jesuit's college, the town hall, and one or two unimportant places beside. The town is watched by an apparently well organized police. There are no venomous or dangerous animals in the island. There are three Praças, or public promenades, a good English library, (subscription, six dollars, or twenty-five shillings per annum,) and an English reading and commercial room by the sea side, which is well supplied with the latest news, &c., from home, and is, altogether, a very comfortable lounge, the subscription to which is two dollars, or eight shillings and four pence per annum.

The Ilheo, or Loo Rock, is an object which arrests the attention immediately upon coming to anchor in the bay. It is a singularly rugged, isolated rock, surrounded by sharp sunken rocks, horrible to look upon. It has been shaped and strengthened by art, so that it is now a very respectable fortress,

completely surrounded by the ocean ; there are several large pieces of cannon mounted upon its walls, which completely command the whole bay ; there are, also, numerous signal staffs, and a semaphore, by means of which, the moment a vessel appears in sight, it is made known to the town, by means of certain signals upon the flag staff. The Peak Fort, again, is situated upon a high peak of land on shore ; it mounts several large guns, which command the town.

I shall content myself with mentioning two other objects of attraction—the church of “ Our Lady of the Mount,” and the Currāl.

To see the former, you will have to ascend a well-made, but extremely steep road, about three miles in length : I forget its height above the sea’s level, but it is considerable. The church is large and well-built, and with its images, altar, &c., presents a very good specimen of Catholic churches of the olden time. You arrive at the entrance by means of a lofty flight of broken steps, from the summit of which the view is very beautiful.

On a clear sunny day you may look below and let your eye wander across the most luxuriant foliage in the world, till it meets the town of Funchal, with its roadstead, and the ships at anchor ; every thing looking so exquisitely diminutive, that you may almost fancy you behold a daguerrotype scene before you.

Concerning the Currāl, which is the lion of the island, and one of the most magnificent places in the world, I shall not say one word myself ; but, instead thereof, insert the following interesting epistle upon the subject from my friend,* Dr. Archibald

* As the name of Dr. Ross will appear more than once in this epistle, I take this opportunity of making my most grateful acknowledgments to that gentleman for the valuable information he has afforded me concerning the island of Madeira ; for the uniform kindness I have experienced at his hands ; and for bestowing upon me his friendship, of which I am justly proud : and I can only hope, that, as he has taken up his abode in modern Babylon, after sixteen years absence from his native land, he may be the means, under Providence, of alleviating (from his extensive experience in all diseases of the chest) much human suffering.

Colquhoun Ross, which I have received since my arrival in England.

“ *London, September 30th, 1848.*

“ Dear Sir,

“ In requesting me to favor you with a description of the Currāl in my own language, you have imposed a very difficult task upon me. I am, at present, hard pressed for time; have little leisure for letter writing; and, as I have with me no authorities which I can consult, I must trust to my memory for materials, it being now twenty years since I first visited Madeira, in consequence of the delicate state of my own lungs.

“ I could have accomplished the task much better *then*, than I can do now; the grandeur and unrivalled magnificence of that lovely land growing upon one so strongly year after year, that, when you become better acquainted with the vastness and variety of the mountain scenery, you feel how very inade-

quate either pen or pencil is to give any distinct idea of the wonders unfolded in Madeira.

“ However, as you wish it, I shall endeavour to give a few hints to *invalids*, to guide them, and perhaps enable them to make an excursion to the Currāl under the most favourable auspices.

“ Invalids must be careful in selecting a suitable time of the year for all mountain expeditions; and they never ought to start for the Currāl, or any part to the west of the island, unless the weather is in such condition as I shall point out.

“ After the rains have fallen freely in October, or early in November (for the seasons are ever quite as periodical in Madeira as in the tropics), I should advise invalids and others, to take advantage of one of those clear, nay, translucent days in November or December, when the wind is steady in the N. E., the barometer about $30^{\circ} 30$,” and with the thermometer standing at from 68° to 70° in town. The air is then fresh and bracing, and the heart feels in such rapture while

gazing upon the fair mountain tops, as makes one long to flee to their sunny heights to skip over them.

“ Having ascertained that the day is favorable, and having “*fixed*,” as Brother Jonathan expresses it, “a good basket,” consisting of cold roast beef, chickens, a pigeon pie, some of Bass’s pale ale, and a bottle or two of champagne, or some of that new, light, and wholesome wine, called *Palhete* or *Palheteinho*; these necessaries being duly arranged, should be started off early in a stout palanquin.

“ The party ought to start by, at least, half-past eight o’clock in the morning. The road, at many points of the journey, is so rough and precipitous, that I always advised my patients to take with them two or three hammocks, when the party was a large one, to assist the more delicate of its members over the worst passes; every person being otherwise provided with a good horse or pony.

“ A picnic in Madeira, is about one of the most rational, healthful, and certainly one of the most enjoyable amusements the island

affords. The scenery is, perhaps, in beauty, the loveliest in all the world; the atmosphere is charmingly soft and serene; and few places, in point of sublimity, can be compared to the Currāl. The mere physical part of the pleasure of these expeditions is very great, but who can measure the mental joyousness of many a young and bounding heart on such occasions.

“ There are two roads by which you can proceed to visit this far-famed spot. The long way, is by Camera de Lobos and the Jardin à Serra. The nearer, and more interesting route, and by which I shall now suppose I am conducting my party, is by the Quinta do St. Joaõ, the church of St. Antonio, the Quinta dos Padres, and the Midshipman’s Currāl—This is a very beautiful small ravine, and is named “ The Middy’s Currāl,” from the fact, that the burroquiros (or grooms, each horse being attended by one) frequently practise a very pardonable *ruse* upon these young gentlemen, who are notorious for riding “ fast and furious.” When they have reached this Ribeiro, the burroquiro boldly

declares, (at the same time grasping the horse's bridle) "I say, now, master, this is the Currāl," and many return, fully convinced that they have beheld the great wonder of the island.

"Having crossed this ravine, the road suddenly becomes very steep and rough; and, to prevent the horse from slipping, the burroquiro makes him dash on at a rapid rate, and you are sent scrambling up the mountain side at a gallop, holding tightly on by the horse's mane to prevent yourself from sliding over the tail. The party ought to dismount at the pine trees, which here cover the summit of the hill; cross the Levada a few steps, and a wonderful view bursts upon the spectators. This is the Ribeiro dos Socorridos, the outlet of the valley of the Currāl. The prospect here is very striking—in the distance there is the bold gigantic precipice of Cape Giraõ, the highest perpendicular sea cliff in the world; the huge mountains of Campanario, stretching towards the Jardim da Serra, (the mansion of Henry Veitch, Esq.), covered with noble forest trees; then,

in the lower ground, is the picturesque and romantically situated old town of Camera de Lobos; the Sea Wolf's Den, &c. But it is in vain to attempt to give any detailed account of the glories and delights of this view, 'The quintas and cottages,' as Dr. Macauley very eloquently observes, 'half smothered amid masses of most luxuriant vegetation: the rough aloe, and the cactus, or prickly pear, exhibiting its grotesque attitudes from the rocks at the road side; hedges of myrtle and fuchsias, mingled with heliotropes, roses, and geraniums; the soil everywhere teeming with the most graceful creepers; the white walls glowing with multitudes of the fairest and sweetest flowers; the gay verdure of the vineyards; the tall dark cyprus trees; the pure and cool water from the mountains, gurgling in the lavadas that cross the path, or run down the steep slope, to scatter freshness and fertility through the cultivated grounds; the banana, with its broad fresh leaves, sending back the sun's rays from their polished surface, while the older leaves, torn and feathery, wave in

the gentle breeze; an occasional palm tree uprearing itself at the side of some water course, with oriental effect; the orange trees with their golden fruit and thick shadowy foliage: these are among the objects that charm the eye, during this most glorious ride.'

“ After leaving the pine trees, the road, for about two miles, winds round the edge of a high mountain. The path here is very good and level; but there is nothing very interesting to observe in the scenery, which is wild and bare. In a short time, however, you approach, once more, the edge of the Ribeiro dos Socorridos; and then you gaze with increased rapture upon the rugged, vast, stern, gorgeous mountains, leading into the Currāl all the way now on to the edge of the huge cavern itself; the valleys and crevices so deep and narrow; while the mountains that hang over them in menacing cliffs, are so stupendously lofty, that *here* are abysses in almost perpetual gloom.

“ From the steepness of the ascents, the

mountain torrents shoot down with the rapidity of lightning; and, in the winter season, when the rains fall heavily, dozens of waterfalls may be seen filling the caverns with foam, and the air with dense mist. The sides of the mountains here are splendidly green, and covered with the old magnificent island forest trees, such as the vinhatico, laurel, til, aderno, and the useful chestnut, which affords subsistence for the poor for two months in the year.

“ The road now becomes very uneven; often steep, and covered with large sharp pointed stones. From the horse’s back, you can look *sheer down*, at several points and turnings of the road, fully *two thousand feet*. It is hazardous work travelling for the first time along such a narrow pathway; and, if the invalid is at all nervous, he ought to dismount, and either walk for a little, or be carried in a hammock.

“ Supposing the party has now arrived at the edge of the Currāl. Here will be felt the full force of Byron’s exclamation:—

—————‘ It is a goodly sight to see
 What heaven hath done for this delicious land !
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !
 What goodly prospects o’er the hills expand !’

* * * * *

‘ Ah me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
 To follow half on which the eye dilates.’

“ Having dismounted and walked a few steps, the party suddenly arrives upon the brink of a precipice, between 300 and 400 feet high, forming the south side of the wall of a huge cavern or hollow ; in fact, the crater of an extinct volcano. This vast Ribiero is completely surrounded by bold, lofty, rugged mountains, from the sides of which, massive crags and rocky cliffs run out into the abysses below.

“ The valley of the Currāl, that is, from the top of the Ribiero dos Socorridos to the base of the Lombo Grande, is about three miles in length ; and, from the base of Pico do Sedrao to the bottom of Pico Grande, its *vis-a-vis*, the measurement is about three-quarters of a mile. Below, at the distance of some thousands of feet, is the calm,

peaceful looking church of Nossa Senhora da Livramento. The white walls of the church glitter most beautifully, embowered as it is by the vivid green leaves of the graceful vine.

“Advancing a little way down the zigzag road, a most commanding view is obtained of the whole range of mountains which form the central group of the island. To the right are the brazen summits of Picos Sedraõ, Gatos, Ruivo, &c., &c.; then the eye may wander to the top of the Lombo Grande, where there is the mouth of one of the wildest, and, perhaps, the grandest valleys in the island, namely, the Boa Ventura; then there are the towers of that gigantic castellated-looking mass of huge rocks, the Torrinhas.

“Stretching on toward the left hand, is to be seen that magnificent precipitous mass of basaltic formation, the Pico Grande. In many parts of this remarkable mountain, the rocks have assumed the form of graceful columns; these gigantic pillars are covered at their summits by two circular turrets, in

the shape of coronets, and often in the dim twilight, I have, for hours together, sat, spell-bound, gazing upon their hoary cliffs, struck with a delirium of delight, and could almost imagine that these figures were the huge forms of king and queen keeping watch over that fairy land. Hours may be spent with much profit in this neighbourhood. After partaking of luncheon, the party should leave the mountains in time to reach Funchal before sunset.

“Many travellers have very seriously informed me, that they found the road much smoother in returning *from*, than in going *to*, the Currāl. Philosophers of Mr. Macadam’s school will doubtless be very well able to account for that singular phenomenon. *En passant*, I may mention that I was once sent for to attend a lady, who, horse and all, tumbled over a precipice more than thirty feet high, on her return home from a picnic, and, wonderful to relate, neither the lady nor the horse sustained the least injury.

“The excitement of rapid riding is very

prejudicial to all persons suffering from pulmonary affections; and patients visiting the Currāl, should always ride slowly and calmly; but no invalid should undertake such an expedition without first consulting his physician.

“ The Currāl is always beautiful and grand, both in storm and sunshine; but it is during the bright, full, unclouded moonlight that it is to be seen in all its glory. Then the stupendous size of the bold mountains, their apparently interminable extent, the sharpness of their forms, but, above all, the tender clearness of their distant outline, contrasted with the deep azure of the firmament above, renders it altogether a scene of wondrous beauty, of overpowering wildness, and of vast solemnity.

“ No description, however gorgeous, can exaggerate the wonders and beauties of the Currāl; it must be seen to enable one to form a just conception of all the wild loveliness of that splendid panorama.

“ The ancient account of the ‘ isles of the blessed’—those fascinating ‘ Hesperian

fables,' if true, can only exist in Madeira. What Horace says of his delightful retreat at his Tiberian villa, may, (as justly remarked by my friend Dr. Macaulay), be very aptly applied to Madeira; and, in reference thereto, is a piece of plain uncoloured description:—

“ ‘ This happy isle in my fond eyes,
Outsmiles all else beneath the skies;

* * * *

Whose lands with fairest vintage crown'd,
E'en to Falernian fields renown'd;
May well no envy bear:
Where orange bower and myrtle shade,
And beauteous flowers that never fade,
A year long splendour wear:
Where all the seasons linked together,
By sunny skies and cloudless weather,
Make one long summer day:
And nature o'er its favoured shores,
The best of every treasure pours,
That other lands display.' ”

“ The atmosphere is so balmy in this delicious climate, that many a poor dying invalid has told me, that it was a pleasure to

them, almost to their very last hour, to breathe the air of Madeira.

“ If these hurried remarks can be of any service to you, you are most welcome to them.

“ Those scenes, although now for ever lost to me, are very dear to my memory; for I have spent, among the everlasting hills of Madeira, some of the happiest days of my life.

“ Hoping that many invalids may be induced, by reading your book, to visit the ‘sunny isle,’ and derive, from its pure and balmy air, all that it is capable of affording in many cases of disorder of the lungs, believe me, is the sincere wish of one who has devoted the best portion of his existence to the treatment (alas! too often unsuccessful) of that fell disease—Consumption.

“ I remain,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your’s faithfully,

“ ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN ROSS.”

Money is computed in Madeira in reis. A rei is an imaginary unit; the smallest tangible piece of money is five reis, equal to about an English farthing.

The following are the proportions:—

Copper.	{	5 reis	=	1 farthing.
		10 „	=	1 half-penny.
		20 „	=	1 penny.
		100 „ = 1 Bit	=	5 pence, English.
		2 Bits = 1 Pistarin	=	10 „ „
		5 Pistarins	=	1 Dollar = 4s. 2d.

English money is current, with the exception of copper.

The cost of board and lodging ranges from fifty to eighty dollars per month, per head. There are several highly respectable English boarding houses in and about Funchal. Your medical adviser will be the proper person to consult before settling in any one of them. If economy be an object, three or four persons joining together can get a snug house, with good sized garden, a little distance in the country, with every comfort, including servants, for about thirty

dollars a month. Of course a little trouble and exertion will be necessary in looking after such a place, but *it is* to be found; and the parties to whom you have letters of introduction will, doubtless, be happy to assist you in your search.

The hilly nature of the ground entirely prevents the use of wheel carriages; goods, &c., being conveyed from place to place by means of narrow wooden sledges, each one of which is drawn by a couple of fine looking oxen. To an invalid, the use of a horse is indispensably necessary, as ascending the slightest hill is dangerous, and apt to bring on internal hemorrhage. The horses are excellent, and extremely sure-footed. The charge for hiring a horse is three bits (fifteen pence) for the first hour, and two bits per hour afterwards. The best plan, however, with those who can afford it, is to engage a horse, which is to be well kept, and with groom, or *burroqueiro*, to be entirely at your service when wanted, at an expense of thirty dollars per month. There are also palanquins and hammocks, at about

the same charge, for the weaker invalids, or those who prefer being carried on men's shoulders to riding on horseback.

The duties upon all foreign productions and importations are extremely high in Madeira; you will, therefore, be cautious about taking out with you any more baggage than you actually require, as you can be supplied upon the island at a less expense than in England, and free of duty.

Almost every vegetable production in the known world will, by a little management, become naturalized in Madeira.

The climate of Madeira is, perhaps, the most delicious and equable in the world. I have had opportunities of consulting masters of ships, and other individuals who have traversed the whole globe, and they have, one and all, declared that they never beheld its equal. Behold, my friend, the following registers of the temperature of a Madeira winter, which have been kindly supplied me by Dr. Ross, and compare them with the like registers of our own harsh, cold, damp, misty, murky atmosphere.

The following is the average temperature of each month, taken at different periods of the day:—

THERMOMETER.

	9 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.
November	$67\frac{1}{30}$	$69\frac{2}{3}$	$65\frac{24}{31}$
December	$62\frac{26}{31}$	$65\frac{31}{42}$	$64\frac{1}{15}$
January	$63\frac{17}{31}$	$64\frac{23}{62}$	$63\frac{7}{31}$
February	$61\frac{13}{28}$	$63\frac{4}{7}$	$62\frac{9}{14}$
March	$62\frac{7}{31}$	$64\frac{27}{31}$	64
April	$63\frac{19}{30}$	$66\frac{41}{58}$	$65\frac{29}{30}$

BAROMETER.

Set fair	30°	61
Fine	30	22
Showers	30	00
Rain	29	83
Much rain	29	67
Stormy	29	36

Look at this, Josephus, and then tell me that your mouth waters. It is now the middle of the month of February; I fancy,

my worthy friend, that I now behold you walking up Cheapside, muffled up in your great coat and cloak; your mouth and nose buried in the folds of an immense shawl; your gloved hands thrust deep, *very* deep, into the pockets of your paletôt, gazing intently upon the ground; your head and body as stiff as a statue; your legs like a walking steam engine; while ever and anon you begin to cough so violently, as to be compelled to cling to the nearest lamp-post for support: while I, at the same time, arrayed in a light summer dress, have been, cigar in mouth, lounging among my friend Dr. Mackellar's coffee trees, which are bent beneath the weight of their fruit; while, at a little distance off, the ladies, attired in light white dresses (Dr. M—— has had a small dinner party), are inspecting a hedge of geraniums in full bloom, about ten feet high, beneath as blue and cloudless a sky as ever canopied mortal. Is it not delightful? Verily, if my nature would permit, I should wish to live and die in such a place. When it rains. it rains in downright earnest. There

is no mistake about a Madeira rain. And so, likewise, when it clears up, it is a determined clear up, without the least equivocation. Unlike our own English rains, which leave behind them nothing but the most disagreeable moisture and mud ; let there be heavy rain in Madeira of a whole month's continuation ; after ten minutes' cessation the streets will be perfectly dry and cool, with not the least moisture. There is, however, a heavy dew falls after sunset, which invalids have no business to be abroad in.

The summer, which, I have been informed, is as beneficial, in some cases, as the winter, is not so hot as may be supposed ; while the equability of temperature is in the same ratio as the winter months : and although I found it very wearisome, from the absence of most of the English from the town, I did not find it too hot. If *you* should find the heat too great for you, pack up a little baggage, mount your horse, and, after a six hours ride, you will arrive at St. Anna, in the north of the island, which you will find sufficiently cool ; and you will have the

advantage of beholding some of the wildest and most magnificent scenery in the world. Fishing was my principal amusement during the day, in summer; not such fishing as you were wont to indulge in, Josephus, while pursuing your piscatorial amusements at Twickenham, upon a Saturday afternoon; a bite, perhaps, in half an hour; but regular, downright, pleasant *work*—business, real business, small profits it is true, but very quick returns: in five hours, three of us caught about two hundred fish, with line and hook.

I shall say nothing about the animal produce of the island, more than to observe, that the beef is very fine, and about three pence per pound; mutton not worth eating; and the remainder not worth speaking about.

The Portuguese ladies in the island, are anything but handsome; the little exercise they take, and their general mode of living, give them a coarse, sallow, bloated appearance. The peasant women are hardy and robust, but that is all that can be said of them. The men, on the contrary, from the

governor downwards, are an extremely fine looking body; the worst looking among them being the common soldiers. Some of the countrymen are perfect models.

Portuguese morality is at a very low ebb. Licentiousness of the most dreadful description, and crimes of an awful character, abounding among them; those who ought to set the best example, as the pastors of the people, being the most guilty: and, so long as men tainted with crimes which disgrace humanity, have the control and guidance of an ignorant people, nothing can be expected but the worst fanaticism, the most degrading bigotry, and the most grovelling superstition. I am not going to take upon myself to say which denomination or sect of religion is the best; my opinion being, that any religion is acceptable in the sight of Heaven, if sincerity be its groundwork. But this, I think, I may safely assert, that there would soon be *no* grounds for accusing the Roman Catholic clergy of looseness of behaviour; that the mind of every individual priest would become changed and elevated;

and that the Roman Catholic religion itself, would assume a more respectable appearance, *if the priests were allowed to marry.*

The British in Madeira, I found to consist of (with few exceptions) a pious, quiet, good-natured, charitable, and hospitable class. It has, however, the fault of every small community, *viz.*, a great relish for scandal, which often exhibits itself in a character the very reverse of harmless. There wants, too, a little more of that charity so beautifully described by the Roman apostle. Perhaps the love of tattling, and prying into other people's affairs, arises from the almost total absence of the ordinary excitements, in the shape of newspapers, theatres, &c., (there is not a theatre in the place), which are to be found in large cities, and which are of themselves so sufficient to form ordinary topics of conversation, that people have no time for scandal: I could enlarge upon this head, as I have been a victim, but respect for the feelings of many kind friends prevents me. I shall content myself with remarking, especially to young men who are compelled to visit Madeira

on account of their health, after having mingled in the gaiety, and, I may add, dissipation of a town life in England, and upon whom the warm light atmosphere of Madeira may have such an effect, that they may once more return to their English habits, and begin to "run riot," allowing their mirth and dissipation to "be unconfined;" that I tell you, Josephus, that, if they wish to preserve any respect for themselves, that such conduct will not do in the island; society there being widely different in its construction, to society at home. You must be very circumspect in your conduct and conversation, if you do not wish to be blackballed; you will do well to speak as little as you can of your private affairs, even though, in your simplicity, you imagine you may be speaking in confidence; remember the advice of one who spoke from dearly bought experience, poor Burns:

"Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But *still keep something to yoursel'*,
Ye'll scarcely tell to ony."

Be a keen observer. In the fulness of your heart, when the wine is circulating around the board, and your social feelings begin to expand, you may throw off all reserve, and unbosom yourself to those who may take advantage of it. Be cautious! the less you allow people to know of your circumstances the better. This is a world of false appearances. How true are the words of the old poet:—

“—— all live by seeming,
 The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
 Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming;
 The clergy scorn it not—and the bold soldier
 Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
 All practice it; and he who is content
 With shewing what he is, small credit shall he have
 In church, or camp, or state.—So wags the world.”

One more subject, and I have done. I have often heard it remarked in England, “Oh! people can live without lungs in Madeira.” Never was a more mistaken notion. Hear what my friend, Dr. Ross, informs me upon the subject. He says, “I

mourn over the numerous victims of consumption who are annually sent to die in Madeira, a vast proportion of whom ought never to leave England. The end of many is with railroad speed, hurried on by being sent there. It is not every person with merely disease of the lungs who should be sent to that brilliant and favoured climate. A proper selection of cases ought invariably to be made. Briefly, no patient, with whatever amount of disease of the lung, either acute or chronic, ought ever to be transported there; if, in his or her case, there exists the following symptoms, *viz.* gastric irritation, a rapid circulation, or an excited nervous system. A person labouring under these symptoms, will go like a shot in the stimulating light atmosphere of Madeira."

Such, my dear friend, is the unconnected, gossiping account of Madeira you asked me for, and which I hope may help to wile away a tedious hour, while voyaging to that pet of nature.

In conclusion:—after a residence there of a year and a half, during which I expe-

rienced the bitterest and happiest hours of my life, I embarked on board a small schooner of sixty tons burthen ; and, after a delightful passage of three weeks duration, (during which I composed the last Canto of my new poem "The Dreamer"), arrived in Torbay, June 1st, 1848.

Believe me to be,

My dear friend,

Yours right truly,

OSSIAN MACPHERSON.



THE DREAMER.

Canto First.

THE DREAMER.

Canto First.

I.

'Tis night, and perchance thou art peacefully sleeping,
Disturb'd by no visions of sorrow or pain ;
While restless, thy brother his lone watch is keeping,
As howls the wild wind o'er the tempest-struck main.
Perchance, in thy slumber, of me thou art dreaming,
Perchance thou art pressing my hand in thine own ;
Sleep on ! for too soon the bright day will be gleaming,
When thou wilt awake, and the vision be flown.

II.

Sad tears fill my heart as the distance increases,
From where I last left thee, dear hope of my heart ;
The pulse of my happiness suddenly ceases,
No longer its beatings can pleasure impart.
I reck'd not that ever the dark clouds of sorrow,
Would darken my path, once so glorious and clear ;
I dream'd not that ever would come a sad morrow,
To change the fond smile to the sorrowing tear.

III.

I'm now on the waters, the wild tempest rages,
The billows dash o'er me, all boiling with foam ;
But 'tis not the storm that my bosom engages,
I think but of thee, left in sorrow at home.
I think of the tears that thy bright eyes are shedding ;
I weep for the sadness that reigns on thy brow ;
I know that thy thoughts at this moment are spreading,
Far over the waters that cradle me now.

IV.

Fair sister ! tho' borne far away on the ocean,
Thy image still clings to my sorrowing breast ;
Thy name not forgot in my nightly devotion ;
My thoughts are about thee, awake or at rest.
For, dear one, tho' grief on my pale cheek has lighted,
Till sweet health is fled, and all feverish I burn ;
Tho' wayward and wild, and with folly benighted,
Thy love, ever true, to thy brother would turn.

V.

Thou knew'st not the cause, when from home I have
 wander'd,
And plung'd into scenes fraught with poison and woe,
The pangs that I felt, on that cause, when I ponder'd,
Thou knew'st not, beloved one, nor ever wilt know.
It burst o'er my head, and to mis'ry it doomed me ;
The phrenzy of madness it caus'd in my brain ;
I count not on rest till its fire has consum'd me ;
And I may not hope to be happy again.

VI.

Yet hark ! as I gaze on the waters around me,
 A spirit is whisp'ring sweet words in my ear ;
 And, spite of the tempest whose ravings surround me,
 Its voice, full of comfort, sounds softly and clear.
 'Tis the sweet voice of Hope, and tho' seas roll between us,
 Its bright star is rising—my beacon, my guide,
 It tells my return to the spot which has seen us,
 Once joyous together—our mother's fireside.

VII.

Then cheer thee, belov'd one, tho' in a far haven,
 I'm fated to be a sad dweller awhile ;
 Thy image will be but more firmly engraven,
 More dear to my mem'ry thy sisterly smile.
 And tho', for a time, the wide sea may divide us,
 And fill us with bitterest anguish and pain ;
 And tho', for the present, all joy is denied us,
 Once more we shall meet to be happy again.

VIII.

Beside the helmsman (in a gallant bark,
 Which battled nobly with the madden'd sea ;
 Amid whose smoke night's sable grew more dark,
 Except when countless sparks burst furiously,
 Like some wild demon darting o'er the deep,
 Defying storm and tempest with his pow'r ;)
 The Dreamer sat, not caring ought for sleep,
 Pondering in sorrow, in the midnight hour.

IX.

The wintry blast drove on with angry roar,
The stout ship quail'd before that troubled wind ;
Deep yawning gulphs were opening wide before ;
Black boiling mountains rearing high behind.
Heedless the dreamer gaz'd, nor thought of fear ;
Unmindful he of wind or hissing foam ;
The tempest shriek, unnoticed met his ear ;
His only thought, his only song, was " Home."

X.

For he was leaving all he lov'd on earth,
Unto a distant land his course to steer ;
Kindred and home, the country of his birth,
Friends he esteem'd, and all he held most dear.
And there was one, he parted with the last,
One whom he loved, but loved right hopelessly ;
Her pitying tears, her friendship firm and fast,
She gave him these, but more it might not be.

XI.

Oh ! I had pictured me a little heaven,
And thee, thou dear one, for my household god ;
A home from which all sorrow would be driven.
Alas ! how vain, but let me kiss the rod.
I thought thy love was like to mine, secure,
I fondly thought that thou wert all mine own ;
I've learnt this bitter truth—that nought is sure,
One little word, and all my dreams o'erthrown.

XII.

Yet thou art blameless, tho' thy fixed resolve,
Has crush'd what ling'ring love of life I felt ;
Thy image still will round my heart revolve,
And there 'twill linger, where it long has dwelt.
And tho' thy form another's arms should bless,
And I may feel a pang thy bliss to see ;
This lonely heart will love thee none the less,
Nor e'er forget what once thou wert to me.

XIII.

Hope, from that moment, fled the Dreamer's breast ;
His brow became o'ercast with sudden care ;
A silent grief consumed him, unrepres't ;
And all grew dark—the darkness of despair.
His cheek grew pale, and sunken was his eye ;
Wasted and weaken'd, grew his spectral form ;
And he felt glad, as welcome death drew nigh—
It pass'd—behold him pond'ring mid the storm.

XIV.

For grim disease with cold relentless hand,
His frame, with haggard sickness, had pursued ;
And he was hast'ning to another land,
(Not for himself) to seek for life renew'd.
A land where icy winter is unknown,
And all is ever gay and ever green,
Where summer sits upon a mountain throne,
Of that fair isle an ever smiling queen.

XV.

For he had friends, such as are seldom met
By poets, in their weary pilgrimage ;
Friends, who would have him all the past forget,
And blot from mem'ry's book each bitter page.
Oh God ! reward them for the kind intent !
Altho' their hopes and mine may all be vain ;
For this poor lamp of life seems well nigh spent,
And crush'd each thought of freshened health again.

XVI.

I court not life, yet do not wish to die,
Nor ask I Heaven to extend my breath ;
I seek not sorrow, nor from sorrow fly,
It makes more sweet the welcome sleep of death.
I murmur not at what is past and fled,
Altho' my frame is prematurely old ;
'Twas Heav'n that shower'd the bolts upon my head,
And that same Heav'n can brighter scenes unfold.

XVII.

There is a joy in sorrow, when it wakes
In man, heaven's deepest gentlest sympathies ;^(a)
When earth's unhallowed grinding yoke it breaks,
And lifts the soul to realms beyond the skies.
Such sorrow loves to gaze on smiling lips,
And will not chide when youth's wild laughter rings ;
For sweet as honey, which the May fly sips,
Some happy hours to mem'ry back it brings.

XVIII.

For grief has various forms, both sweet and sad—
Th' unsettled—transcient—and the lasting—deep—
A form which, conquering reason, turns it mad ;
And one which gently lulls to death's long sleep.
It dries up youthful joys, turns youth to age,
Ere youth has scarce its boyhood's boundaries past ;
When life becomes a fitful dreamy page,
A glorious dawn, with sudden blight o'ercast.

XIX.

There comes a sorrow, where a cause not dwells,
A beauteous witchery, a holy calm,
Sacred and pure, that with beatic spells,
Mingles with mirth, a melancholy balm—
It visits happy, cheerful, kindly hearts,
They know not wherefore, yet they bid it stay ;
It leaves its sympathy ere it departs,
And breathes a lesson ere it melts away.

XX.

There is a sorrow which awakes despair,
Horrid and frightful, devilish and grim :
Its victim sees before him nought but care,
Without one heart to sympathise with him.
Life then becomes an overwhelming load,
Not one bright ray of hope before him lies ;
Wild thoughts arise ! he needs no other goad,
Becomes his own self slaughterer—and dies.

XXI.

And there's the sorrow of the heart bereft
At one fell stroke of all it held most dear;
For such, there seems on earth no comfort left,
The soul that seeks it, must not seek it here—
No! There is *One* that can dry up the tears,
And heal the heart, that grief in twain has riven;
The voice of anguish pitying he hears,
Go, mourner! seek him, He is found in heaven.

XXII

Darkness and tempest revel on the deep,
The steersman marks the storm with anxious eye;
The shiv'ring watch their careful look-out keep,
Resolved and firm, should danger hover nigh—
The deep-toned bell peals forth its solemn tale,
Albeit the sound strikes, faintly on the ear;
Its notes are snatch'd up by the furious gale;
I hear its echoes in the distance clear.

XXIII.

The watch are whisp'ring—hark! that dreadful cry,
“Fire! Fire!”—and all that sleeping ship awakes;
And frightened crowds on deck for safety fly,
And scenes of terror on the vision breaks.
Half-naked forms rush wildly to and fro,
Each madly screaming some beloved name!
Onward they press, none knowing where to go,
Shriek follows shriek, as bursts the horrid flame!

XXIV.

The swart commander gives one anxious gaze,
And in an instant all his plans are laid;
His daring crew surround the threat'ning blaze,
And ev'ry order promptly is obey'd.
They man the pumps, and swift the torrents gush,
Straight in the bowels of the fearful foe;
On gallant hearts! and all this terror hush;
Our prayers shall aid ye—all we can bestow.

XXV.

On yet again! the flames are growing less;
Already danger slowly disappears;
On! strain each nerve, and soon bright-eyed success,
Will crown your labour, and allay our fears.
Dash on the stream! the fire still crackling burns,
The golden smoke and sparks still round us fly;
And all our hearts are rais'd or quail'd by turns,
As sinks the flame or mounts up to the sky.

XXVI

'Tis past! Great God! I raise my silent prayer,
Alone, unnoticed by this timid crowd;
My lips are silent, but my head is bare,
And in my heart my grateful voice is loud.
Thy awful tempest calm I can behold,
It has a secret mystic charm for me;
Yet grant this boon, ne'er such a scene unfold
As this again—a burning ship at sea.

XXVII.

'Tis past! and freely flow the pent-up tears
 From eyes which could not weep while danger reign'd;
 And all relate their bygone hopes and fears,
 And friends are unto friendly bosoms strained;
 And mute congratulations are expressed;
 But first to Heav'n each knee is humbly bent;
 Again the couch is sought—no more for rest,
 But for reflection—sleep to night is spent.

XXVIII.

And thus it is—a few short hours ago,
 And nought but boisterous laughter filled the ship;
 Till peril raised the sudden note of woe,
 And then, there rose a prayer from every lip.
 It is but life, a thing of tears and mirth,
 Just as th' Almighty in his pleasure deals;
 When in all shapes, from the first hour of birth,
 Death, ever greedy, presses on our heels.

XXIX.

When thunders roar, who does not look to Heaven?
 Not with a steadfast gaze, but timorous eye.
 Who sees a mighty pile by lightning riven,
 But shudd'ring lifts his quailing thoughts on high?
 Sunshine and safety for a moment may
 Draw from the scoffer some self-pleasing jest;
 Let the wild storm but change the face of day,
 There will he stand, his cowardice confest.

XXX.

Not that 't is cowardice to own a fear,
 And with all prudence from the danger fly,
 But boasters' ravings, none but fools will hear,
 They know their vauntings give their hearts the lie.
 To fear his God, and dread his angry frown,
 Surely in man, the creature, is not wrong; ^(b)
 The truly brave are ne'er asham'd to own
 No fear on earth, while that of Heav'n is strong.

XXXI.

The hour of danger—'tis the brightest hour
 For calm philosophy, and holy thoughts;
 For temper'd reason then assumes a power,
 Which is with intellectual triumph fraught.
 The hour of danger—then the gay and proud,
 Discover what they ne'er could see before;
 They see that while *their* shiv'ring breasts are cow'd,
 Philosophy still hopes, when wealth can hope no more.

XXXII.

All hail! bright Knowledge, let thy cheering rays,
 Shine out and dim the pomp of wealth and birth;
 Light up thy lamp, and let its blessed blaze,
 Illume the darkest night of this dark earth.
 Go forth, sweet beauty, with thy lovely charms!
 Go, in thy modesty to ev'ry breast;
 Go, blushing mistress, and with virgin arms
 Let all thy lovers to thy lips be prest!

XXXIII.

Oh! that thou'd'st give to me a giant mind
 To grasp whole volumes in a single word;
 To dare to reason for my brother kind;
 And spite of power, to make my reason heard.
 I ask no more than but thy slave to be,
 And wear thy silken yoke around my neck.
 I would not change one potent smile from thee,
 To have earth's brightest crown my brow bedeck.

XXXIV.

The storm is hushed—but whither am I borne?
 The Dreamer fain would ask each heaving wave;
 Perhaps, as from my home thus rudely torn,
 To find—instead of health—a foreign grave.
 It may be so—I care not for the thought—
 It may seem hard to die so far away,
 No friend to close mine eyes—ev'n that is nought—
 But let me *know* the hour, and come it may.

XXXV.

But wild forebodings gather in my brain,
 Crushing what little ling'ring hope is left;
 I often think I shall become insane,
 Of all my reason sudden be bereft.
 Oh God! in mercy check that cank'ring thought,
 Avert from me thy reason-blighting doom;
 In pity slay me, ere my mind be fraught
 With utter blindness, bitterness, and gloom.

XXXVI.

“Heav’n first unreasons whom it would destroy,”^(c)
So sung the poet of another land.
Life without reason! life without a buoy,
To keep a sinking wretch upon the strand.
Yet if ’tis fated that it must be so,
Then come, Destruction, like a leaping wave;
Swift follow madness—quickly deal thy blow,
’Twill be a boon to hurl me to the grave.

XXXVII.

And if my fate should be to linger on,
Upon my brow no pitying beam of light;
But every spark that once illum’d it gone,
To usher in a never-ending night.
Methinks ev’n then, tho’ all around grew black,
Some gentle sweet physician I might find;
Some nurse whose witcheries could conjure back,
An hour of reason sometimes to my mind.

XXXVIII.

Some gentle nurse that o’er my wreck would sigh,
And when my heart was sore, would pitying weep;
Would let my head upon her bosom lie,
And like an angel fondle me to sleep.
One, who by simple prayers would intercede
With Heav’n, on bended knee, for my relief;
And whose sweet voice successfully might plead
To make my agony of sorrow brief.

XXXIX.

Oh! in that dark and melancholy hour,
 Should sick'ning grief surcharge my darken'd brain ;
 My speech grow wild with madness, and the pow'r
 To find relief in tears, be urged in vain ;
 Or should grim frenzy nerve my desperate arm ;
 Or should my eyes assume a furious glare ;
Then come, sweet nurse, *thou* wilt possess a charm,
 To ease my grief, and soothe my stern despair !

XL.

For touch one note of music, raise one song,
 And I'll be gentle as a sleeping child ;
 Around my heart the chords will glide along,
 And I'll be calm, my gaze no more be wild.
 My ravings will with holy sounds be chid,
 And beauteous forms will whisper round my bed ;
 And pleasant dreams shall close each sorrowing lid,
 And sweet, sweet sleep, shall hover o'er my bed.

XLI.

Soft music ! balm of balms—the poet's friend—
 Balsam of care—Physician of the mind ;—
 Soother of weariness, that dost unbend
 The brow of pain, with power unconfin'd :—
 Sound of all sounds, the holiest and the best—
 Friend of the sufferer—and the mourner's nurse ;
 How I do love thee—would it might be express'd
 Within the compass of this humble verse.

XLII.

I once knew one (but time grows very old,
Its days and years so swiftly glide along ;)
But wherefore sigh ? Her form is long since cold ;
Th' impatient soul long since has fled away.
How often have I sat to hear her sing,
With faltering voice, some melancholy theme,
While her fair fingers trembled on each string—
But that is past—like every other dream !

XLIII.

But this is weakness—wherefore should I think
On ills which are not, and may never be ?
Why should I be in such a haste to drink
Of troubled water never meant for me ?
Perhaps it is because I feel forlorn,
Cut off entirely from the busy earth,
Ever to ready to embrace the thorn—
A child of melancholy from my birth.

XLIV.

In that I'm not alone—we are such fools
As to court sadness when we might be gay,
And so become imagination's tools,
And play with ills we cannot shake away,
Till they become too troublesome to bear.
The *sport* will end—the worm will eat too deep.
What then is left ? Reflection and despair—
A tongue to curse—a heart to wail and weep.

XLV.

Be gay ! Be gay ! Why should we thwart one smile,
Or load ourselves with voluntary grief ?
Why from its course our happiness beguile,
For the sick joy of pining for relief ?
'Tis a bright world, and bright souls dwell therein ;
All will be well with those who deem it so ;
Be wise—be gay—let nothing sour creep in.
For me—but that is nought—my lamp burns low.

XLVI.

The sun is setting in another world,
Rising in this in slow and stately pride ;
His beams in quick succession are uncurl'd,
And o'er the freshen'd waves they swiftly glide.
And in the distance lights a blacken'd speck ;
“ Land on the weather bow,” the seamen cry ;
And now a bustling crowd appears on deck,
Some with an anxious—some with curious eye.

XLVII.

The big ship dashes madly thro' the spray,
Cov'ring her path with boiling bubbling froth,
Pushing the sea behind her on her way,
Whirling her giant arms with furious wrath.
We near the land, the mountain tops are seen
Cover'd with mist, and vapour curling slow,
And groves of pines cloth'd in dew-freshen'd green,
Rear their straight forms in majesty below.

XLVIII.

Tremendous cliffs, and horrid looking rocks,
Fearful to gaze at, burst upon the sight ;
Fruits of convulsion, picturing the shocks
Which made earth tremble, ere it saw the light.
Fantastic shapes from out the ocean rise,
With here and there deep dark basaltic caves,
On which we gaze, with awe enkindled eyes,
As if each held some monster of the waves.

XLIX.

Layer on layer of a thousand hues,^(d)
Form the bold cape, that towers above the head ;
We pass it, and delighted fancy views
The gayest feast that ever nature spread—
'Tis surely Paradise that we behold,
The sea—the sky—the “every thing” around ;
'Tis wonderfully bright—all green and gold,
The loveliest gem that on the earth is found.

L.

Favorite of nature—choicest of all isles,
Who looks on thee, beholds a fairy land ;
Rich in thy tears, and sunny in thy smiles,
Luxuriantly attired by summer's hand.
From the high summits of thy loftiest hills,
All is perfection—palaces like snow—
Eternal verdure—gently-flowing rills—
A sky for ever blue—a Heaven on earth below.

LI.

My home, that is to be, for many a day,
To me thy charms will not be valueless ;
Altho' disease may on my body prey,
And busy pain upon my forehead press ;
For I may find a balm in thy pure air,
To check the spoiler in his hectic rage ;
And on my brow thy warmth may settle there,
And may, perhaps, the pain within assuage.

LII.

We anchor—wherefore do I feel this weight,
This heavy hanging gloom about my heart ?
On this proud ship why do I ling'ring wait,
And feel such deep regret from her to part ?
A few short hours, and she will then again
Dash on refresh'd, upon her way once more,
Furrowing her lengthy road upon the main,
But leaving me behind upon this shore.

LIII.

It is because I love the loneliness
Which one enjoys upon the heaving sea ;
The rough rude billows do a charm possess
Far over all that land can boast to me.
We feel a danger, but we feel resign'd,
Till we love danger for the thoughts it breeds ;
Such solemn calmness comes across the mind—
A taste of Heaven, whereon the spirit feeds.

LIV.

Oh! I love gazing on the deep black brine,
And gazing, to unloose my store of thought;
Such pure delightful moments then are mine,
The world becomes a void—its pleasures nought.
Shut out from all the hollow-heartedness,
The noise and tumult that on earth has grown,
I look to Heaven, and feel my grief grow less,
And ope my heart to him—the Sire—alone.

LV.

Almighty God! my Father, and my Friend!
To thee I look—to thee I raise my prayer—
To this poor heart a little comfort send,
Let me not droop beneath the ills I bear.
In all the thoughtless follies of the past,
The wayward errors of sad years now fled,
Thou hast been with me—wilt be to the last,
Tho' ev'ry earthly stay be dark and dead.

LVI.

I will not sink while I behold thy love,
In all the varied beauties thou hast wrought;
I know, beneath thy parent eyes I move;
And not one sigh, but to thy ears is caught.
I will not sink while I can gaze on thee,
Thro' these thy works in splendid garb array'd;
Tho' I be stricken down with misery,
I still look up—and trust in thee for aid.

LVII.

And thou, the sweetest nymph on this fair earth,
Let me thy gentle form with fondness clasp,
Sweet Poesy ! that kissed me at my birth,
And will not leave me till my dying gasp.
Thou did'st not waver in my darkest hour,
But ever cheer'd me with thy fairy wiles ;
And even now, thou dost retain the pow'r,
To raise my flagging spirit with thy smiles.

LVIII.

My blessing on thee, gentle Poesy !
The anchor of my troubled soul art thou ;
A fond companion hast thou been to me,
And thou art all that's left to cheer me now.
I stand upon this lonely foreign beach,
Among a people barbarous and rude,
But in mine exile thou wilt comfort preach,
And be a partner in my solitude.

LIX.

Come thou with me—partake my lonely cheer,
Unrobe thyself—unveil to me thy charms ;
Cast off thy coyness—let me press thee here—
Here—to my heart—within my rapturous arms !
And do thou reign within my breast supreme,
Goddess of all my wild imaginings ;
And let my fancy with thy spirit teem,
And in my visions, fold me in thy wings.

LX.

Awhile, farewell! twelve hundred miles of sea,
Twelve hundred miles upon the wat'ry main,
Have I travers'd for health, and it may be
That I may ne'er behold my home again;
Yet will I hope—for hope is never dead,
Till every breath within the breast is gone;
Come then, sweet Hope! and till that breath is sped,
God—Hope—and Poesy, shall spur me on.^(e)

END OF CANTO FIRST.



THE DREAMER.

Canto Second.



THE DREAMER.

Canto Second.

I.

WHY dost thou gaze so anxious in my eyes,
Thou fairest flower in this flowery isle?
Why dost thou mark the Dreamer's wretched sighs,
Or wherefore seek his anguish to beguile?
Thy gentle hand may on his shoulder rest,
Thy voice speak comfort to his deafen'd ears;
But thou canst never to his heart be prest,
So take thy harp, and wipe away thy tears.

II.

Oh! dearest lady, bid me not to smile,
Indeed the effort would be all in vain;
For tho' my hollow laugh may ring awhile,
This heart will never more be glad again;
But take thy harp, and gently sweep its strings,
And raise my flagging soul with melody;
For in my secret memory back it brings
A few bright hours for ever lost to me.

III.

Oh! didst thou know what bitter sorrows lie,
Within this sick and aching breast of mine,
Thou wouldst not chide me whensoever I sigh,
But thou wouldst mingle all my grief with thine.
But take thy harp and gently o'er it bend,
And sing the song I love so well to hear ;
Perhaps the thrilling echoes may ascend
To Heaven, to charm the heart I lov'd so dear.

IV.

Speak not of love, its varied pangs and joy,
The love is dead, that thou would'st fain restore.
It grieves my soul while I thy hopes destroy,
For sweetest lady, I can love no more.
Yet take thy harp, 'tis all that now I ask,
And strike its strings in plaintive harmony ;
And tho' in fervent friendship we may bask,
Tis all that e'er must dwell 'twixt thee and me.

V.

So sung the Dreamer—but he was alone,
No gentle form was near—'twas rhapsody ;
'Twas but a pleasant dream, which was o'erthrown
By daylight breaking on the tranquil sea.
Sweet are such visions, for they soothe the mind,
Their soft impression is not made in vain ;
The soul awakes refreshed and refined,
And quiet resignation calms the brain.

VI.

But see! the glorious sun!—'tis broad daylight;
 Up, scan this isle, and view each tempting scene;
 Sure such a wild magnificent display,
 Not oft is shewn to mortal eyes I ween—
 Belch'd up mid ocean, in some awful hour,
 When some dread earthquake shook the troubled earth;
 Thou giant spark of some volcanic pow'r,
 Sure Nature's self stood trembling at thy birth.

VII.

Is there a man, who in his inmost heart,
 Doubts that there is a God? Let him come here—
 Amid the feelings that these scenes impart,
 Perhaps their authorship will be made clear.
 All that is terrible, or wild, or grand—
 All that with wonderment the soul can thrill,
 Is in perfection in this wondrous land—
 Here speaks the Almighty—tho' his voice is still.^(a)

VIII

Best of belov'd ones living!—wert thou here,
 To enjoy with me the beauties of this clime;
 Living and loving, ever, ever dear,
 How joyous would become the weary time.
 Thou would'st see nature in her varied forms;
 The rugged—simple—gay—sublime—and wild;
 Sometimes in calm—sometimes in splendid storms—
 Horribly frightful!—and then gently mild.

IX.

The orange blossom, with its strong perfume;
The stately lemon with its fruit of gold;
The tall geranium in its ruddy bloom,
The luscious grape so tempting to behold;
The stony mountains tipp'd with wintry snow;
The tiny riv'lets gurgling all around;
The rich green vallies stretching far below;
Where one eternal summer calm is found.

X.

And then by moonlight, 'neath some shady tree,
With not one cloud to dim the blue above;
To sit and gaze upon the silver sea,
And breathe the holy whisperings of love;
To hear the birds so gently cease their strains,
Sinking to rest, as sinks the setting sun;
Resting as Nature's beauteous law ordains,
In peaceful sleep till day has new begun.

XI.

To see the oxen slowly homeward wend,
To that repose they have so hardly earn'd;
Sweet hour to them, when toil is at an end—
Toil, by ungrateful man too often spurn'd.
From lattice wide, as fades the cooling gloam,
To hear the harp touch'd by some fairy hand,
With voice conjoin'd, in some dear song of home,
Some melting ballad of our native land.

XII.

On summer eve to see the festive dance,
I'd take thee when the golden sun had set;
Methinks more soft would grow thy blue eyed-glance,
While list'ning to the little dear machete.^(b)
The evening hour, and that blue sky above,
Those joyous rustics in their pleasant glee,
Should give our happiness more charms, my love,
Than in the crowd, we e'er could hope to see.

XIII.

Yet 'tis not lovely *all* I gaze upon,
Here living spectres flit like pale moonbeams,
Tenacious still of life when hope is gone,
Even in death's grasp inventing long life-schemes.
Oh! 'tis a sight to melt the aged eye,
To see death sport in youth and beauty's ring—
All know that age must in the winter die,
But, ah! 'tis hard to wither in the spring.

XIV.

Then parents' hearts begin to swell with pride,
The future path is mark'd out for the son;
The lovely daughter soon will be a bride,
Their children's happiness has not begun.
And warm affections then begin to bloom,
And pleasing visions youthful bosoms fill;
But in their sparkling eyes is seen their doom—
The worm has entered—slow—insidious—still.

XV.

And there are men on this thin peopled earth
Who deem it overcrowded. Have they felt
The spoiler's sweeping hand around the hearth?
Has the overwhelming blow to them been dealt?
Be not so selfish, man; bring forth thy gold,
And look, *in truth*, on men as brothers all;
And tho' their sum increas'd full twenty fold,
Earth would contain them, and be not too small.

XVI.

I have seen horrors in this syren isle,
Such dreadful scenes of death-bed misery,
That I've seemed in a charnel house the while,
Envenom'd seemed the wind that glided by.
Ev'n *now*, beneath this roof, in mortal strife,
A brother's soul and body fierce contend;
For well nigh broken is the thread of life,
And soon the soul its homeward course must wend.

XVII.

Poor youthful friend, and must the Dreamer mourn
For thee—companion of a few short days?^(c)
Oft has my heart with bitter grief been torn,
To see thy fixed, unearthly, dying gaze.
With thee, life's struggles draw toward an end,
I hear thine agony—thy piteous moans;
In vain thy call for relative or friend,
The distance wide between, but mocks thy groans.

XVIII.

With sicken'd heart I watch beside thy bed,
 And in the still midnight my tears flow fast;
 I pray for thee, now dying, or now dead—
 But hark! what heavenly sounds come sweeping past;
 No solemn funeral dirge—but music soft—
 No sabled crowd—but sylphs in fairy ring;
 Gath'ring around to bear thy soul aloft,
 To realms of holy bliss—but hush! they sing:—

XIX.

“ Brother! Brother! come away,
 For thy spirit here we stay;
 Leave this earth, and all its care,
 Come with us where all is fair.
 Cease the sigh and dry the tear,
 Heaven and happiness are near;
 Sister spirits for thee stay,*
 Brother! brother! come away.

XX.

“ Leave this worn-out frame of clay,
 Let it hasten to decay;
 Come and join our joyous band
 In a brighter, better land.
 Let thine eyelids gently close,
 On this world of pain and woes;
 Sister spirits for thee stay,
 Brother! brother! come away.

* “ Sister spirits come away.”—POPE—*Dying Christian*.

XXI.

“ Grieve not for each weeping friend,
All their sorrow soon shall end ;
We will pour a holy balm—
We will all their sorrow calm.
Sister spirits gather round,
Let the song of joy resound ;
All is over—quit thy clay,
Brother ! brother ! come away.”

XXII.

He sleeps in peace ! his groans are heard no more ;
For him, 'tis now enjoyment—he has pass'd
Life's dreary bourne, and landed on the shore,
Where all for weal or woe must land at last.
His fate is bliss—men are born sinners all,
But when he shall the trump of judgment hear,
His sins of answerment will be but small.
Peace to thy ashes ! my companion dear.

XXIII.

Consumption ! do thy worst—I am the last,
That's left for thee in this abode of death ;
In one short month, which scarcely yet is past,
Three youthful victims hast thou reft of breath.
Without one hand, among their kindred dear,
To soothe them in their dying agony ;
Nor friendship's voice, nor parent's fondness near
To whisper comfort or behold them die.

XXIV.

Feast thine eyes now on me with feverish stare,
And touch my vitals with corrosive hand ;
Watch my life's hour-glass with malicious care,
And laugh as thou behold'st the sinking sand.
Light up my eyes with thy consuming fire,
Instil thy poisonous venom in my breast ;
On with thy work ! complete thy fell desire,
And mock my ravings as I sink to rest.

XXV.

Foul-favor'd demon ! curse thy damning smile,
Which leaves a canker wheresoe'er 'tis seen ;
Curse on each damn'd insinuating wile,
Which blasts the home where all was bright and green.
Mysterious murderer ! curses on thee light,
Thou com'st with treacherous arm and noiseless tread ;
And, like the base assassin of the night,
Unseen the blow that lays thy victim dead.

XXVI.

The social circle gathers round the hearth,
Beauty and youth in manliness and pride ;
Young lips give vent to wild unbounded mirth,
Young hearts are filled with joy expanded wide,
And all are happy—Then thy spells begin—
This cheering sight thou canst not well endure ;
Thou breathest on them—and with horrid grin,
Laugh'st at thy work—thy victim's fate is sure.

XXVII.

Hast thou no pity? Can thy greedy eyes,
 Shew no remorseful feeling for thy deeds?
 Ah, no! no tender spark within thee lies—
 Thy heart is cold, thy bosom never bleeds.
 But here I stop—for if I do pursue
 My thoughts much longer on this horrid theme,
 I shall go wild—such scenes will meet my view—
 Like the strong nightmare in a troubled dream.

XXVIII.

I would forget them all—and in the scenes,
 Which here unfold them to my eager sight;
 Perhaps I may discover yet the means
 Of putting all these troubled thoughts to flight.
 Among thy wondrous works—my sire—my God,
 I will reflect, and may become resign'd
 To bear with patience thy chastising rod—
 I will away, and leave the earth behind.

XXIX.

When the cool breeze of evening wantons by,
 Just as the sun is resting on the sea,
 I have a secret nook to which I hie,
 Sacred to quiet solitude and me.
 I am there now—and all around is still,
 Save the grasshopper buzzing round my seat;
 The evening gold is on the eastern hill;
 A tiny stream is murm'ring at my feet.

XXX.

Rippling levadas^(d) murmur on their way,
A distant harp falls gently on my ear,
The birds sing farewell to departing day,
Watching the sunbeams as they disappear ;
Soft winds from off the sea are sporting round,
Fanning my cheeks in their delicious glee,
Sweeping the flowers with a rustling sound,
And bearing all their fragrant sweets to me.

XXXI.

'Tis Sabbath eve, and on the silent air,
Deep, measured, solemn sounds are bursting now ;
A thousand bells proclaim the hour of prayer—
The hour when earth should unto heaven bow.
Oh ! what a sacred feeling it awakes—
The voice that issues from that vesper bell—
The soul impatient, like a giant, breaks
Its chain of sorrow, as its echoes swell.

XXXII.

'Tis summer sabbath eve—in this sad life,
The holiest hour—All nature dressed in green,
Bright, beauteous robes, reposing from the strife
Of her own elements, looks *so* serene ;
Ev'n man himself enjoys the infectious calm,
The stamp of care seems from his forehead driv'n ;
His heart seems fill'd with some mysterious balm,
That leads his thoughts all silently to heav'n.

XXXIII.

Heigho ! this ling'ring death—this wearying pain,
This chilly smothering faintness in my breast ;
This hanging sickness in my throbbing brain,
When will it end ? When shall I be at rest ?
Is there no hope ? If I'm to be bereft
Of my existence by this poisonous fire,
Why does it tarry ? I have no wish left
To stay the vengeful promptings of its ire.

XXXIV.

For I am weary—day by day rolls on,
Monotonously languid—still the same ;
The morn brings hope, the ev'ning sees it gone—
One sickly, dreary, tantalizing game.
The friend of yesterday, to day lies low.
The friendship that to-morrow's sun may bring,
Will, ere 'tis ripe, beneath the spoiler bow.
So rolls the world on time's regardless wing.

XXXV.

Around the sun the earth moves as it moved
Thousands of years ago without a change ;
The heart still loves, just as of old it loved,
And in the circuit of creation's range
All is the same as when the fiat broke
On this mysterious orb—" Let there be light,"
When from its darkened sleep the earth awoke,
By the dread power of majesty and might.

XXXVI.

All is the same but man—the mighty clod,
Who, as his wayward inclination leads,
Sinks in the mire, or rises to a god.
Where ends his might? Behold his wondrous deeds;
The giant workings of his giant soul.
Where is its limits? Who can comprehend
Where is its end? How far the mental goal
Lies distant? or how far man's thoughts extend?

XXXVII.

But what to me is power now or wealth?
Can either ease the pangs within my brow;
Or give me back but one poor day of health,
Or quench what burns within my bosom now?
There was a time when my ambition leaped,
To gain on earth an honorable name;
But since I've been in this affliction steeped,
I have not thought, nor care to think, on fame.

XXXVIII.

Would I could sleep! and sleeping, dream away
This wretched frame of fast decaying flesh;
That when I woke again to beauteous day,
'Twould be with body new, and health afresh.
Would that my deepened slumber could recall
The weary hours that have since childhood past;
That on awaking, I should find them all
In the deep ocean of oblivion cast.

XXXIX.

It is too late—Experience—still and mute
 Confronts me with sad sorrow on her brow ;
 And points in silence to the bitter fruit
 Which I must eat, and eat in suffering now.
 She drew the curtain when I might have paus'd,
 And whisper'd counsel when I would not hear ;
 And now I groan for what myself have caus'd,
 'Tis my own work, the grinding ills I bear.

XL.

I might, perhaps, in part, impute the blame
 To other causes, faults not all my own ;
 To things which would not now avail to name,
 It would not bring back peace, nor ease one moan.
 It is too late ! yet when I am laid low,
 When all my failings may abroad be spread,
 It may rejoice some steadfast friend to know,
 That *all* is not deserved that may be said.

XLI.

I may have thought too sadly on my lot,
 And so increas'd the canker in my brain,
 Till the sweet joys of life I have forgot,
 Ne'er to be waken'd into life again.
 Most like—for oft I make a sudden start,
 And strive to shake my sadness into mirth ;
 In vain ! for thought breaks in upon the heart,
 And hurls the transient pleasure to the earth.

XLII.

Perhaps I think too bitterly of man,
And judge too harshly from what I have felt ;
It may be so—but in my little span—
My little life, that may be briefly spelt,
I have been smil'd on by such foul deceit,
And form'd such friendships with such bitter foes ;
'Neath virtue's garb, seen many a bosom beat
With cunning villany ; and seen such blows,

XLIII.

Dealt by the hand of seeming charity,
Both fast and thick upon the victim's head—
Blows dealt by those that seeming angels be,
Who teach forgiveness, but are never led
To seek or to bestow it. These I've seen ;
And who can wonder if I like not man ?
Not that I hate him—my conclusions lean,
With pity's eye, his actions all to scan.

XLIV.

Oh ! melancholy—beautiful thou art,
When thou com'st as a visitor alone,
To stay a little while and then depart,
Leaving behind thee not one tear or moan.
When thou com'st like a passing gauzy cloud,
That dims the sun a moment in its flight,
Enveloping its glories in a shroud,
Till it is past—when all again is bright.

XLV.

Oh! then, indeed, most beautiful art thou—
The summer eve—the melancholy hour—
The gentle breeze just playing on the brow—
All solitude and silence—these have pow'r
To calm and settle down the troubled soul,
To lighten all our dreary load of care,
To make a bitter past from memory roll,
And make a clouded future bright and clear.

XLVI.

Thou comest then, a comforter from Heav'n,
Thy mission sacred, and thy balm divine.
But when thou comest where all joy is driv'n
From the sick heart, as thou hast come to mine,
And there abidest—an unwelcome guest—
Without one hope of riddance—endless grief
Becomes the portion of the poison'd breast—
The grave—the only prospect of relief.

XLVII.

And I have watch'd, and often has my lips,
In my stern agony, been mov'd in prayer,
That I might but behold thy tardy steps,
Wending their way from me—but I despair.
Thou art too deeply nestled in my heart,
Thou wilt *not* go—destroyer of my peace—
Till thou hast seen my soul and body part;
Then thou *must* go—for then thy power will cease.

XLVIII.

But whither have I wander'd? I've been led
By these, my thoughts, unto a lovely spot—
I stand, alone, amid'st the sleeping dead,
Their struggles ended, and their woes forgot.
Death has no terrors in a place like this ;
All is so beautiful. The yew tree waves—
The willow hangs its head—and sunbeams kiss
The flowers that bloom for ever round these graves.

XLIX.

There is not here that shudd'ring sense of cold,
That chilly damp we oft in grave-yards feel ;
All is so sunny that we here behold,
And such delirium o'er the soul will steal,
That one may gaze, and almost envy those,
Who sleep thus soundly in so gay a bed,
And sigh to join them in their blest repose,
'Neath the warm earth so lightly o'er them spread.

L.

Last home on earth—no sound breaks on the ear,
Save the soft gurgling of the tranquil sea ;
There is no fellow mortal hov'ring near,
To interrupt the Dreamer's reverie.
The birds seem all struck silent as they pass,
Or change their notes into a solemn strain ;
Here a still voice proclaims—"All flesh is grass,"
And fancy hears the summons—" Rise again."

LI.

A stranger's tomb—a melancholy sight ^(e)—
 Far from his home he sleeps in foreign soil—
 A goodly lamp, with but a treacherous light,
 All prematurely spent for lack of oil.
 But slumber on, in all thy youthful pride ;
 Thou hast escap'd the cares of ling'ring years—
 But what was that? Methought thy spirit sigh'd
 Perchance to hallow these—a brother's tears.

LII.

An *only* son—oh ! what a tale of woe
 Does that one word impart !—cut off in bloom—
 Just in thy very spring to be laid low !
 Would that 't were me that filled, instead, thy tomb !
 My place would not be missed—another son,
 And others after him *my* sire has left ;
 But *thine*, he has—no—*had* but only one,
 Of whom, in all his pride, he is bereft.

LIII.

But now the shades of evening gather round,
 The signal gun proclaims departed day ;
 The dew is falling on the parch'd-up ground,
 I am weary, and will haste away.
 The birds have sought the shelter of their nests,
 And I will home, and in their slumbers join ;
 The toil-worn peasant on his pallet rests,
 And I will hence, and seek repose on mine.

LIV.

But what is this, that shakes my feeble frame?
My pulse grows fever'd, and my brow is chill;
And in my breast I feel a burning flame,
That pains me sorely—I am sick and ill.
What is it stealing thus before my eyes?
This airy substance that arrests my sight?
Methinks I see a beauteous form arise,
Like the pale moon that breaks on blacken'd night.

LV.

Can it be death? it comes with noiseless tread,
And is so lovely—Oh! 'tis not of earth—
It showers such sweet delirium o'er my head,
That all my thoughts to blissful dreams give birth.
For it comes with a mother's fondest smile,
So soft and tender that I bid it stay;
And then its arms seem stretching to beguile
My willing spirit from its worn-out clay.

LVI.

And thou art welcome. I have waited long,
As for a much loved and expected friend;
Thou shalt but hear the last notes of my song,
And then with thee my deathward course I'll wend;
For I have been so "toss'd and tempest driven,"
Among the shoals and rocks of weary life,
That from the world my thoughts have long been riven,
And I would fain forget its care and strife.

LVII.

Methinks, in life's deep struggles, I have borne
My share of anguish—drank its bitterest cup ;
A mixture of the willow and the thorn—
In youth the fount of happiness dried up.
And joy has all my fond advances spurn'd,
And all my fairest dreams have been as nought ;
My fairest hopes to disappointment turn'd,
My every act with sad despondence fraught.

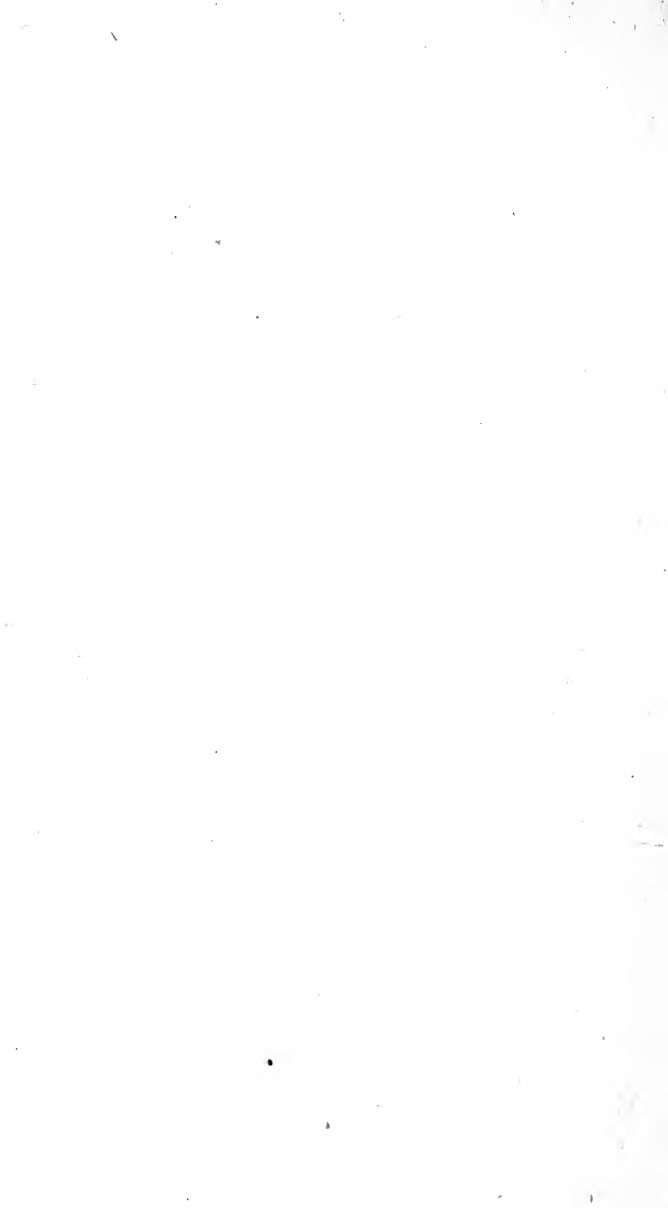
LVIII.

But now 'tis over—all is growing black,
The hand of death is hovering o'er my breast ;
My weary eyes begin their strength to lack—
They long to close and usher me to rest.
Care is no more—it ceases with my breath,
My thoughts leave earth, and up to Heaven fly ;
The scene is closing fast—Come then, dear Death,
And bear my soul unto its home on high.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

THE DREAMER.

Canto Third.



THE DREAMER.

Canto Third.

I.

IT did not come—the welcom'd shadow fled,
The dart of Death again was turn'd away ;
Th' expected shaft flew o'er the Dreamer's head,
And he awoke once more to earthly day.
The sweet oblivion that so gently steals
Upon the senses e're they fall asleep ;
The placid calmness which the sufferer feels,
As from the world his soul begins to creep.

II.

The sudden ceasing of harrassing thought,
The glorious prospect opened to the sight,
The silent joy with which the heart is fraught,
The sense of happiness and pure delight,
The joy of shaking off the dust of earth,
To rush unspotted to the home on high,
The change from sorrow to a hallowed mirth—
The Dreamer felt all these—yet did not die.

III.

It did not come—a little longer yet
Must I continue on this pilgrimage ;
My task is not yet finished—and my debt
Of drear existence yet extends a page.
I will take up my melancholy lyre,
And wake in fitful bursts its notes again ;
The sickly blaze of its fast sinking fire,
Shall yet emit a last enfeebled strain.

IV.

Time has roll'd on since last I held my pen,
A few short months, albeit an age to me ;
I have both seen and suffer'd much since then,
More than I wish or care again to see.
The furrows in my mind have grown more thick,
I feel as tho' I am condemn'd to bear
A hideous load, and be for ever sick,
And duller grow the things that once were fair.

V.

And I am chang'd, as tho' my yet young life,
Had from its spring to snowy winter leap'd,
And scooped my summer out with vengeful knife.
As tho', within my brain, old age hath creep'd,
And made my thoughts as tho' I were fourscore.
For I've met few who equal me in years,
But I have felt, aye—felt it o'er and o'er,
How young their thoughts to what in me appears.

VI.

I care no more to smile, nor yet to weep,
The hour is past for both; and, in my breast,
I feel a something sinking very deep,
That seems to poison life—I sigh for rest.
I would be cheerful—'tis my wish, but yet,
Whene'er the smile is seen upon my lips,
By some embitter'd thought half way 'tis met,
Like some fair flower, when frost its beauty nips.

VII.

I wait like one expecting to be call'd,
To be disburthen'd of a load of debt,
In which he is so tangled and enthrall'd,
That he seems fetter'd in an endless net;
Waiting the summons with expectant ears,
To bear him to his only rest—the grave,
Which pays all debts, and dries the debtor's tears,
Seals up all slav'ry, and sets free the slave.

VIII.

Thus far bear with me—when the sickly mood
Comes o'er my spirit, and when troubled thought
Grows wild with hunger, and cries out for food,
I feel my spirits with such sadness fraught,
That I must give it vent. But now once more
(Gazing in sorrow on this syren land,
Sighing a silent farewell to its shore,
Which I no more shall see) on deck I stand.

IX.

I leave it with strange feelings—some regret,
A deal of pleasure, and a little pain;
There dwell some kind hearts there which I have met,
But which, perchance, I ne'er may meet again.
I have spent hours, as in a lovely dream,
In perfect happiness, without alloy;
I thought 'twould last, nor did I ever deem
There dwelt on earth the envier of my joy.

X.

Enough to say, I found a jealous foe
Enveloped in a robe of flattery;
And all unseen, I felt the treacherous blow,
Which hurl'd me to the earth—What could he see
To poison friendship's ears with subtle tongue;
To turn his rabid venom'd tooth on me?
To crush my peace, and see my bosom wrung,
With sudden spirit-crushing misery,

XI.

And anguish undeserved. I know the cause;
'Twas envy, vanity, or both combin'd;
It was that I found grace—but let me pause;
I would not willing grieve a noble mind.
So let it pass; and let the slanderer rest
In the content pretended virtue brings;
And if he has a conscience in his breast,
I leave him to the quiet song it sings.

XII.

Reluctant I depart—tho' on its soil
I leave behind some ill-spared blood of mine,
Which was not drawn in honorable broil,
But for some cause I never could define.
But 'tis no wonder, where the horrid knife
Is ever in the assassin's deadly hand ;
One simple little word may cost a life—
So runs the custom in this beauteous land.

XIII.

I love it for itself—its glorious sun,
Which one sees ev'ry day—and all day long,
Its beauteous summer which is never done,
Its tranquil evenings, when the peasant's song
Join'd to the sweet diminutive guitar,
Awakes the holiest feelings of the mind.
I love them all ; but now I haste afar,
And soon shall leave their loveliness behind.

XIV.

The anchor's up—the sea is almost still—
Slowly we move upon its golden face,
With scarce a puny puff our sails to fill.
Our ship is like a fairy—full of grace—
A tiny thing, that looks ill-fit to brave
The mighty tempest on the ocean wide ;
The roaring anger of the dashing wave
We must encounter, as along we ride.

XV.

But listen to the seamen's sonorous song,
 Its measured chorus, as they trim their sails ;
 As now with quickening speed we glide along,
 While every heart the fresh'ning breezes hails.
 Its sound is solemn. 'Tis an ocean dirge,
 That floats melodious on this lightsome air ;
 Perhaps, some invocation to the surge ;
 Some sweetly rudely chanted ocean prayer.

XVI.

Dear island of beauty, farewell ;^(a)
 Quick fades thy shore from our sight ;
 Long in our hearts thy brightness shall dwell,
 Sweet pearl of the ocean, good night.
 Cheerly ! boys, cheerly, hi, ho,
 Cheerly ! boys, cheerly, hi, ho,
 Cheerly ! boys, ho-o, cheerly, hi, ho,
 Sweet pearl of the ocean, good night.

XVII.

Blow, then, ye breezes, blow soft !
 As over the waters we sail ;
 Up ! man the yards,—quick ! messmates aloft,
 And shake ev'ry wing to the gale.
 Cheerly ! boys, cheerly, hi, ho,
 Cheerly ! boys, cheerly, hi, ho,
 Cheerly ! boys, ho-o, cheerly, hi, ho,
 Sweet pearl of the ocean, good night.

XVIII.

'Tis gone ! its outlines are no longer seen ;
Come ! then, companions that awhile must be,
The sky above,—below, the waters green,
Amidst your beauties, unrestrained and free,
My thoughts again shall wander. I shall find,
What, on the busy land, I never found—
A somewhat tranquil calmness in my mind,
And, 'mid thy solitude, my lyre shall sound.

XIX.

For I feel happy. Here there is no eye,
But that which sees the motive thro' the deed ;
Not one that gazes in hypocrisy
To find some cause to make a bosom bleed.
But one that looks directly in the breast,
And tho' that breast may oft be folly fill'd,
And that eye frowns ; let folly be confest
In one short prayer, and ev'ry frown is still'd.

XX.

Here, one finds peace ; here, passion finds no vent ;
Here, the vexed soul its troubles may forget ;
For all seems awe struck ; it was never meant
For human tumult ; here, he who may fret
Beneath the grinding hand of power, may find
Somewhat to cheer him, if he but beholds
These billows, for the pow'r of man combined,
Shows no such strength as that one wave unfolds.

XXI.

Here, envy has no home ; no slanderer's tale
Finds nurture on the ocean—'tis no place
To search for ears that malice would assail
With cruel calumny ; for on each face,
The deep-imprinted consciousness appears,
That o'er the head is held a mighty rod ;
And ev'ry mute expression of his fears
Tells man thinks less of man, but more of God.

XXII.

He who loves silence, finds it on the deep ;
He who loves tumult, finds it also there ;
He, who himself in solitude would steep,
And from the noisy world his senses tear,
Let him come hither, for there is no calm,
Like the still calmness of a tranquil sea ;
He who, bow'd down with grief, would find a balm,
Here will he find a salve for misery.

XXIII.

Oh ! how I love the sea, in all its forms !
I feel no terror when I'm on its breast ;
I love its peacefulness, I love its storms ;
Let it in smiles or in its frowns be drest,
I love it dearly, and could ever dwell
Amid its joys and terrors, so to roam
For ever there ; and, bidding land farewell,
Revel in pleasure on my boundless home.

XXIV.

And I have read what poets oft have sung,
But ne'er have read so much as I now feel ;
There never yet has been the pen or tongue,
That has described such joys as o'er me steal.
As with an eye lit up with pure delight,
I view these heaving waters all around,
In pleasing wonder at their sportive might—
'Tis here alone my heart with joy will bound.

XXV.

The moon has risen ere the sun has set,
And both illumine the blue unclouded sky ;
Smiling like lovers who have only met
For one brief interview, alone on high—
Each in its brightest glory is array'd—
The gorgeous queen of night, the king of day ;
The one all white, chaste as a spotless maid,
Kissing the sunbeams as they fade away.

XXVI.

But in the west, a curtain wide is spread,
Black, thick, and fearful—now the sun has set ;
And on those cloud-tops has his glories shed ;
Sure such a sight on earth is seldom met.
It looks like one vast city all on fire,
Castles and palaces all wrapp'd in flame ;
The lofty turret, and the tapering spire ;
Compared with sights like this, the land how tame.

XXVII.

Tis wonderfully grand ! Behind that veil,
A thousand chasms of different shapes appear ;
The giant ravine, and the simple dale,
Mountains and forests, all distinct and clear ;
But all enveloped in a golden blaze.
Such is the gorgeous scene I gaze upon.
But fainter grow the sun's departing rays,
And now 'tis black again—the sun is gone.

XXVIII.

Again 'tis midnight, and the clouds of heav'n,
Far o'er our heads in shapeless masses fly,
In flaky shoals, by mighty Boreas driv'n,
As if affrighted, thro' the threat'ning sky.
The sea is heaving up its giant waves,
Covering with foaming spray our little bark ;
The wind is rising, and the tempest raves,
No stars or moon are seen—'tis very dark—

XXIX.

And I am watching with intense delight,
The tumbling porpoise. Its electric trail,
Curving and winding, beautifully bright,
Appears like some sea serpent.^(b) On the gale,
Which, tho' 'tis wild, awakes in me no fear,
A melancholy chaunt is borne along ;
Its notes are wondrous pleasing to the ear—
It is the helmsman—listen to his song.—

XXX.

“ Once again the ocean crossing,
On the heaving billows tossing ;
Angry winds around are howling,
And the heaven looks black and scowling.
In the tempest we may perish,
Still there is a thought to cherish,
While our ship drives thro’ the foam,
Dashing onward to our home.”

XXXI.

“ ’Tis the thought that aye will cheer us,
Home ! its spell is ever near us ;
Dearer when the waters bubble,
In their wild and stormy trouble.
Hiss ! ye boiling waves that bound us,
Howl ! ye biting winds around us ;
What care we for wind or foam,
While our ship is pointing home.”^(c)

XXXII.

In this deep ocean dell, this dark abyss,
I think of thee, my sister, and my friend ;
And to thy forehead this fraternal kiss,
Upon the wings of this mad blast I send.
A bitter moment did behold us part,
A better moment may behold us meet ;
For ’neath thy smile my wounds forget to smart,
Thy voice awakes a joy, serene and sweet.

XXXIII.

When those who should have smooth'd my rugged path,
Prov'd all unkindly in my day of need,
And when the torrent of malicious wrath
Fell on my head, thou wert my friend indeed.
'Twas thy tongue then, my sister, that was raised
In my defence. And when the cheering voice
Of the stern critic my poor efforts praised,
'Twas thou alone did o'er my fame rejoice.

XXXIV.

The road has been a rough one, sister dear,¹
Which we have trod thro' life, and struggled sore ;
Our prospect oft has cloudy been, and drear,
And poverty's black waves has whelm'd us o'er.
Perchance, awaits us yet a happier time,
I feel a something tells me 'twill be so ;
When fate and fortune may together chime,
And yet untasted joys around us flow.

XXXV.

Oh! that my wish could plead its cause in heaven !
And from a wish become reality ;
With what sincere delight it should be given,
Beloved sister, and dear friend, to thee.
I would not wish thee ought that e'er could fade,
Nought that could perish or be swept away ;
Nor would I wish for pomp in pride array'd,
Nought that till death's last moment could decay.

XXXVI.

My wish would not include one thought of gold,
For 'tis too oft the canker of the heart ;
No earthly treasure should its power unfold,
For *only* treasure cannot peace impart.
Thou should'st have HAPPINESS, and if the prayer
Of ardent friendship can avail on high ;
For thee, mine is not breath'd in empty air,
But carried upwards—far beyond the sky.

XXXVII.

The wind is whistling in strange music round,
And I am list'ning with attentive ear ;
For there is something in its solemn sound,
Which seems more solemn on the waters—here.
It seems to speak of all the deeds of earth,
Which it has witness'd on its forward way ;
And 'mid the thoughts to which its sound gives birth,
On land once more, my wayward Muse shall stray.

XXXVIII.

Methinks I smell convulsion in the air,
The rushing sounds of discord cast their spells
Upon the world ; and, as with eager stare,
I gaze into the future, all it tells
Is blood and carnage ; fearful times draw nigh ;
Thrones shake ev'n now ; and it but little needs
To venture on the verge of prophecy,
If one the *coming* from the *present* reads.

XXXIX.

War! War! and art thou not yet dead?
 Methought man had grown wiser from the past,
 And thou wert buried in thy bloody bed—
 Alas! 'twas but a dream, too sweet to last.
 It was but yesterday that I beheld
 God's glorious rainbow arching o'er the sea,
 And such pure thoughts upon my bosom swell'd—
 The very essence of tranquillity.

XL.

Men war beneath that bow, and give the lie
 To what they hypocritically preach;
 Laughing to scorn that mute voice in the sky,
 And heeding not that symbol, which would teach
 Them how to live in brotherhood. But still,
 Tho' I hate strife, no censure I bestow;
 'Tis said that good is oft produced from ill,
 Who then, from war, can tell what good may flow.

XLI.

Gaul has, once more, o'erturned her fickle throne,
 And once again with terror shook the world—
 Her crown, which had its potency out-grown,
 Is, once more, into deep oblivion hurl'd.
 And from that brow, upon whose mighty nod
 Earth gazed with wonderment, all power is riven;
 His fate—the steps his predecessor trod—
 A very outcast—into exile driven.

XLII.

“ Ill-weaved ambition ! ” * Were the lessons vain ?
 Vain the experience of thy changeful life ?
 They were—or else thou wouldest still retain
 Thy throne, built up for thee on blood and strife—
 Built up for thee at such a fearful cost.
 Thou wert too much the slave of thine own will ;
 Grasping the shadow, thou the substance lost ;
 Now thou art nothing—there I leave thee still.

XLIII.

Thou pride of poets—glorious Lamartine,^(f)
 What rapture seized me, when I learnt that thou
 Had with thy country’s fate invested been ;
 Albeit no diadem upon thy brow.
 And not thy country’s fate alone—the world
 Stood like the monarch ’neath the hair-held sword ;
 Gazing upon the banner thou unfurled,
 And ope’d its ears to catch thy potent word.

XLIV.

That word was PEACE, and then the world breath’d free.
 And then thou had’st all truly good men’s praise,
 Which with thy conscience must have been to thee,
 Worth all the fickle, unsubstantial blaze
 Of rabble adulation. ’Tis thy pride
 To war with prejudice, and to destroy
 All night-black bigotry, and o’er the wide
 World, ’tis thy aim to scatter sense and joy.

XLV.

Thou did'st not want a crown upon thy head
To tell *thy* dignity,—it would have hid
The beams of virtuous intellect which spread
Around thy temples ; and no voice can rid
Thee of such glory ; and, tho' slander's tongue
May at thy bright career its venom dart ;
Living and dead, thy praises will be sung,
And Time shall echo them from ev'ry heart.

XLVI.

Lovely in sentiment, and pure in deed,
Sublime in language, giant-like in thought ;
Immortal patriot ! thou shalt never need,
To blush for what thy eloquence has taught.
The world thy country ; 'tis thy fond desire
To see mankind one kindred family ;
For which thou'rt labouring—thou canst aim no higher.
On with thy task ! Prince of Sincerity.

XLVII.

There are two lands, which, from my earliest years,
I have felt much for, and the feeling grows ;
And their long suffering but the more endears
Them to me ; and my burning bosom glows
With feelings strong and deep—that when the hour,
When the bold struggle shall be once more made,
I may behold it, and possess the pow'r
To lend my arm within their ranks array'd.

XLVIII.

Poland, rejoice! lift up thy drooping head,
'Mid the wild discord which now reigns on earth;
A sound will come to wake thee from the dead,
And tell of thy regenerated birth.
Time has unfolded wide her mystic scroll,
And with a silent finger points to thee;
Be of good cheer, the storms that round thee roll,
Are but the death shrieks of thy slavery.

XLIX.

Heed not the thunder that around thee roars,
Not against thee is raised its angry voice;
Its awful sound thy liberty restores,
And every echo bids thee to rejoice.
A present foe may yet a suppliant be,^(d)
That from thy memory thou the past will blot;
Then aid thee in thy efforts to be free,
Thy wrongs redress'd, and all thy faults forgot.

L.

In days departed did I solemn vow,
That I would make this weaken'd arm thine own,
When thou should'st need it—I repeat it now;
And tho' long changeful years since then have flown,
There is no change in me. Thy many woes,
Have but increased my sympathies; and when
My breast no more that cherish'd feeling knows,
'Twill be when breath is gone, but not till then.

LI.

And thou, fair Italy, methinks I see
Thy broad green loveliness before me spread ;
Thy verdant beauties stretched from sea to sea ;
While fancy imperceptibly is led
Back to thine ancient glories—when the world
Bow'd at thy nod, and when thy sons ne'er deemed
A stranger banner would be wide unfurled,
O'er the bright land where once *thy* banner stream'd.

LII.

Terrestrial Paradise ! Home of romance !
Beauty in ruins ! Splendour in decay !
Where are thy sons ? Will they no more advance ?
Has all that mighty spirit passed away,
Which once could conquer with its very name,
And make whole kingdoms tremble to their base ?
Feel they no spur from their ancestral fame ;
Their blood more watery than the ancient race ?

LIII.

Be quick ! there is a sound which bids ye wake !
Why should ye stay, when summon'd thus to rise !
Get up ! arouse ! your galling fetters break !
Gird up your loins, and ope your slumbering eyes !
There bursts a sunshine which will light you on ;
That sun is by the oil of freedom fed ;
Arise ! and view it, or it will be gone,
And all your hopes of liberty be fled.

LIV.

Ye will arise, and make one noble stand
Against the usurpers of your native plains ;
Ye will arise—an undivided band ;
And tho' it may be, that the gory stains
Of life blood reds thy every verdant field,
And deepened horror on thee rests awhile,
Before thy conquering arm thy foes shall yield,
And freedom once again shall on thee smile.^(e)

LV.

And thou, poor Erin ! ne'er shall want a tongue,
In this, thy time of grief, for thee to speak,
While mine can wag. For thy poor heart is wrung,
And, all in vain, for comfort thou dost seek.
On thy fair verdant fields the notes of woe
Are heard, where should be heard the joyous song ;
In place of smiles thy bitter tears do flow ;
Thy hopes all crushed, by wrong succeeding wrong.

LVI.

Perhaps some patriot statesman yet may rise,
One who will lead, instead of being led ;
One who will search with strained and anxious eyes,
To find the cause for which thou long hast bled.
Till that day comes, there is no hope for thee,
For in the statesman thou must find the friend ;
If he beholds *himself* thy misery,
He cannot help but sympathy extend.

LVII.

In the deep bosom of departed years,
Lies many a lesson, would but rulers learn ;
'Tis one wide gulph of misery and tears,
Which speak of sufferings not well to spurn—
Ill repaid patience,—ill-rewarded toil,—
Confided power abused,—and worse—far worse—
That slavery which damns the very soil,
And turns its every blessing to a curse.

LVIII.

Britain ! my country, 'mid the threat'ning roar,
By which whole empires are around thee rent ;
May Peace take up its dwelling on thy shore,
And may its spirit to thy throne be sent.
Thou hast thy wrongs, thy deep and lasting wrongs ;
Beneath their weight long patient thou hast stood ;
To seek their remedy to thee belongs,
But 'tis not wise to seek for it in blood.

LIX.

If in my boyish moments I have been
Too premature in judging of thy laws ;
I have beheld me other lands, and seen
Enough to make me in such judgment pause.
There is upon this earth no other spot,
That can compare to thine for liberty ;
And I feel happy that it is my lot,
That I can boast a Fatherland so free.

LX.

These are the thoughts which have rush'd in my brain,
 While list'ning to the wind which wails around ;
 Its notes are changed,—'tis now a moaning strain,
 A low, unearthly, melancholy sound.

What does it mean? What is the tale it tells?
 It seems to speak of universal woe.
 It makes me shudder 'neath its frightful spells—
 Oh! heaven! I see it now—the foe! the foe!

LXI.

The foe! the plague! the pestilence draws nigh ;
 Man! set thine house in order and prepare !
 The world wants weeding—and the weeds must die ;
 The foe! the plague! I see its demon glare,
 Marking the victims of its coming feast ;
 There will be dreadful wailings in the land,
 Before the fury of its wrath has ceased ;
 The foe! 'gainst whom no power on earth can stand,

LXII.

I fear it not, it may come madly on,
 And in its madness it may stop my breath ;
 What matter, where all love of life is gone?
 With me 'tis past—the bitterness of death.
 No! let him quail who feels his conscience prick
 For deeds which rankle in his guilty breast ;
 The thought of death will touch him to the quick,
 And make his heart with coward fear opprest.

LXIII.

But how the hours of late have glided by !
My native land appears once more in sight ;
Upon its fields I once more cast my eye,
Lovelier than ever—beautifully bright.
Oh ! who can paint the fullness of the heart,
When the drear days of exile all are o'er,
Of one, like me, who had from home to part,
Without a hope to see that home once more.

LXIV.

I have return'd, but I am altered now,
Since last I breath'd my native island air ;
Increased experience is upon my brow,
I feel more strength my sufferings to bear ;
I have grown wiser from what I have seen,
I have thought deeply, and more tranquil feel ;
And tho' not light my mental wounds have been,
They are less painful, tho' they ne'er will heal.

LXV.

I have return'd, but I shall scarce find one
To smile a welcome with a heart sincere ;
Around a mother's hearth I may find none,
To greet me with affection sweet and dear.
I feel no spur, when those who should me love
Become my bitterest foes, and jealous grown,
With envious hatred thwart my every move,
Poison my peace, and on my efforts frown.

LXVI.

I love them still, beloved, I may be not—
The thought has made me careless of my life;
I have long since its pleasures all forgot,
And care not now to mingle in the strife
That leads to fame or fortune; for no eye
Will view my fame with pride. There is no heart
Will glow if I succeed; or heave one sigh
If I am spurn'd,—or soothing words impart.

LXVII.

Almighty God! if in thy wisdom just
These many ills upon my head are sent;
If 'tis Thy will that I—poor child of dust—
Should feel these sufferings as a punishment;
Humbly I bow to thee; altho' my share
Of mental anguish, which consumes me now,
Has well-nigh grown too burdensome to bear,
And presses sorely on my throbbing brow.

LXVIII.

Farewell! old ocean! it has been my lot,
For many a month to see thee every day;
To-morrow's dawn—and I shall see thee not—
Upon the land I shall be far away;
I shall awake me from a troubled sleep,
To gaze (so long my wont) upon thy breast;
I shall not see thee, and these eyes will weep,
To find that I no longer am thy guest.

LXIX.

Oh ! I shall miss thee—holy, hoary sea !
For on thy mighty waters I have spent
So many hours of sweet tranquillity,
And felt my brow so peacefully unbent ;
That at the recollection I shall sigh,
And ne'er be happy till we meet again,
When I once more shall hear thy lullaby.
Farewell ! Farewell ! thou vast and wondrous main !

LXX.

Donjon of Mystery—London ! where I've pass'd
So many solitary years of life ;
I do revisit thee again at last,
Again to mingle in thy busy strife.
My future fate awakes in me no thought—
For I so long have been by sorrow nurst,
That I am callous, and I care for nought,
And have prepared my mind to meet the worst.

LXXI.

No more of this—but let me now conclude,
With one more subject, and the pleasing theme
Shall be a register of gratitude,
In language which, unworthy tho' it seem,
Will be at least sincere ; and if my hand
Fails to describe the feelings of the heart ;
It is because I cannot now command
The strength to utter what I would impart.

LXXII.

In my dark hour, when fortune on me scowl'd,
Withering each ray of hope with grinding rage ;
When cold blasts came, and all around me howl'd,
And chill'd my very blood ; and when my page
Of health was blotted, never to return ;
And when stretch'd out on poverty's sick bed,
I felt upon my brow the fever burn—
When life itself seem'd to have well-nigh fled.

LXXIII.

My reason shatter'd, and the fiend Despair
Had undermined my peace ; and when the thread
Of that existence which once promised fair,
Was rotting fast ; and when no friendly eye,
In pity gazed upon my wasted form
And pallid cheek ; when ne'er a soul came nigh
To sooth within my breast the wintry storm ;
And none to care if I might live or die.

LXXIV.

In that dark hour, there fell upon my ears,
In accents mild, a heaven speaking voice ;
Which like the summer sun dried up my tears,
And bade my sinking heart once more rejoice.
It bade me hope, and Hope sprang up apace,
As if by magic touch the storm was hush'd ;
My slumber was less fretful, and my face
Became less pallid—my despair was crush'd.

LXXV.

'Twas yours, my patrons, ever honored pair !
Your hands, your voices, that upheld me then,
That made my gloomy day again look fair,
And changed my grief to joyfulness ; and when
All the world shunn'd me, and I had no friend,
And on life's ocean was by tempests driven ;
Oh ! it was then your friendship did descend
Upon my head—fresh as the dews of heaven.

LXXVI.

And I *am* grateful—in this humble verse
I do record it—for it may be so,
That these rude lines my feelings may rehearse,
And still speak out my thanks, when I am low—
And if by accident the Dreamer's name
Shall be remembered in far distant days,
Yours too, my friends, will mingle with his fame,
And many an unborn heart your deeds will praise.

LXXVII.

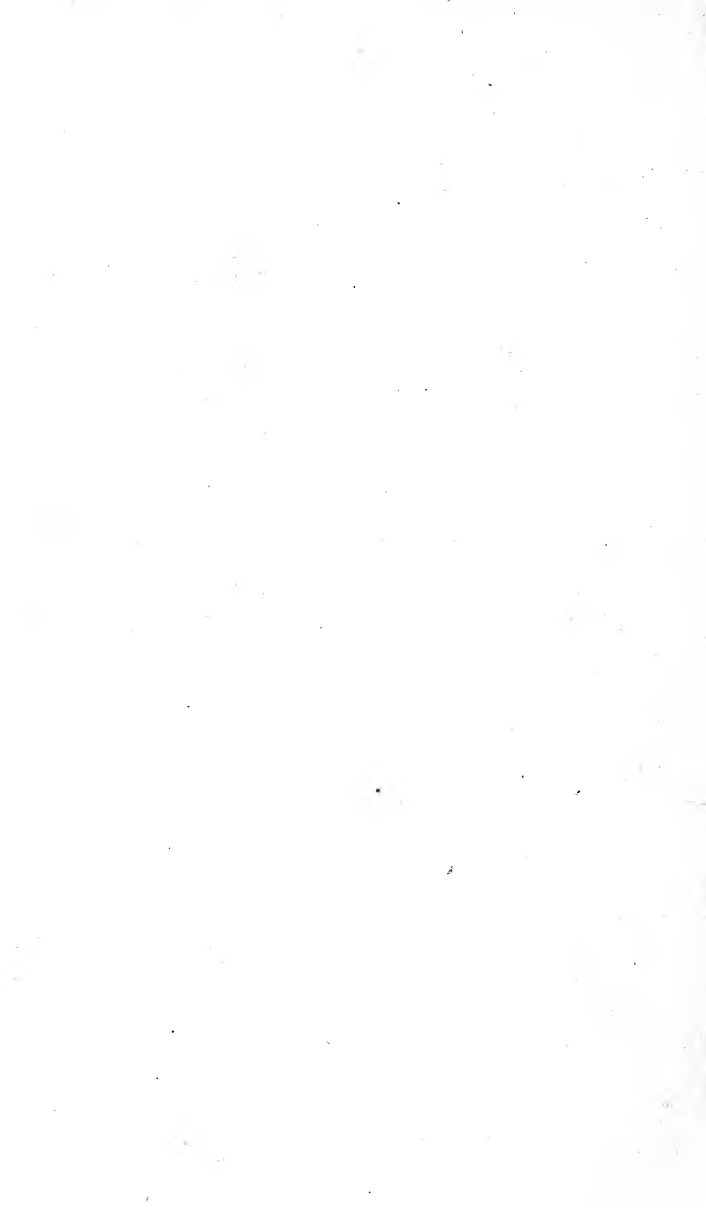
Farewell to all ! for now the Dreamer's lyre,
Grows faint, and soon its echoes will be dead ;
The hand which tuned it now begins to tire—
Again the dark clouds gather o'er my head—
And I know not how soon my sun may set,
For strange, strange feelings play around my heart—
I would be gone—I long to pay my debt,
I feel bow'd down with age, and would depart.

LXXVIII.

And if too mournfully the feeble chords,
Have seem'd to sound to cheerful happier ears ;
Let me express in these my parting words,
My parting wish to them—that what appears
Of suffering in this the Dreamer's song,
May ne'er to them be stern reality ;
But that thro' life they all may pass along,
In health—and peace—and kind prosperity.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

NOTES TO THE DREAMER.



NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

Note (a). Page 64.

“ There is a joy in sorrow, when peace dwells in the breast
of the sad.”

OSSIAN—*Croma.*

In the same poem there is to be found as pathetic and touching a burst of sorrow as ever was uttered by mortal, in Malvina's lament for her departed lord and love, Oscar :—
“ I was like a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches around me ; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low ; the spring returned with its showers, but no leaf of mine arose.” This is the very essence of uneradicable grief.

Note (b). Page 69.

“ The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature.”

BURNS.

Note (c). Page 71

“ Quem Deus vult perdere,
Prius dementat.”

(I forget the author.)

Note (d). Page 75.

Cape Garajao, or the Brazen Head.

See Introductory Epistle.

Note (e). Page 79.

“ God, Love, and Poetry—these are the three only words I should wish engraved on my monument.”

LAMARTINE—*Voyage en Orient.*

As there is a kind of affinity of sentiment between the immortal French bard and myself in this particular, I may here mention, lest I be accused of plagiarism, that at the time I committed my line to paper, I had not read any of Lamartine's writings.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

Note (a). Page 85.

MY friend and constant companion in Madeira—Joseph Lees, Esq., of Manchester, thus wrote to me from the mountains :—“ I have often heard it said, that nature could never teach man the existence of a Supreme Being. I think that there lives not the man, however degraded and lost to all sense of religion he may be, that could travel over Madeira, and behold the grandeur of its scenery, its tall, towering, majestic mountains, its rich, luxuriant vallies, its deep ravines and fearful precipices, without lifting up his hands to Heaven, and exclaiming—‘ Surely this is the work of an Almighty God!’ ”

Note (b). Page 87.

The *machete* is a small guitar-shaped instrument, with four strings, the light pretty tones of which always appeared to me exactly to harmonise with the clear beautiful evenings of a Madeira summer. In the cool of the evening, I used to smoke my cigar with greater pleasure than I ever experienced in England, for whichever way I turned my eyes, I beheld a young lady playing her machete upon the balcony at the back of her house. Two or three of these instruments in concert create a very pretty effect.

Note (c). Page 88.

This was my poor friend, John Hornsey Trenholm, a young gentleman of great promise, my friend and companion

during a brief quarter of a year. His was a most melancholy case. On the Sunday before his departure, he came into my room, and such a lamentable and emaciated picture of suffering humanity did he present, that I shall never forget it. His language cut me to the heart. After telling me what his prospects had been, (and they were bright ones), he concluded, with tears in his eyes,—“Who would have thought two years ago that ever it would have come to this?” In order to cheer him up a little, I prevailed upon him to allow me to assist him to church, and he appeared to rally as the service proceeded; but when the minister in the concluding prayer, poured forth his supplications to the Almighty to strengthen all those to whom all hope in this world was denied, and to afford consolation and solace to the absent relatives of those whose hour of departure was at hand, his sobs were audible, and his heart appeared to be bursting. Shortly after our return home, he went to his bed, and in five days afterwards was in his grave—leaving me the last of four who had been alive under the same roof with me within a month.

Note (d). Page 93.

Levadas are watercourses, by means of which the town of Funchal is well supplied with water from the mountains. *The Levada, par excellence*, is situated at the back of the town, and forms the margin of a very beautiful valley, by the side of which is a delightful promenade, the view from which is very fine. My favorite spot was at the foot of a waterfall which descends from a rocky torrent bed, and forms the base of the cliff upon which is situated the comfortable-looking retreat called Palmyra, the quinta of (I believe) H. H. Temple, Esq.

Note (e). Page 100.

These stanzas were written at the grave of Henry Shiel, Esq. (*only* son of the Right Honorable Richard Lalor Shiel, M.P.) whose mortal remains are covered by a raised tomb

railed round, which is situated at the west side of the beautiful Portuguese cemetery. There are two English cemeteries in Madeira; one for residents, and the other for strangers. The latter is a delightfully quiet, sunny spot. For hours have I stood absorbed in contemplation, gazing upon the flower-bedecked graves of the many youthful victims of consumption sleeping *within* the walls; and thinking how many there were *without* the walls, whose last hour was speedily approaching; and my imagination has often singled out one of the little birds hopping carelessly about, and I have repeated to myself Keats' beautiful lines, when, addressing the nightingale, he longs for—

“ A beaker, full of the blissful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

“ Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among thy leaves hast never known—
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.”

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

Note (a). Page 110.

“Cheerly, boys! cheerly hi-ho!” or, as the sailors call it, “chilly boys!” is one of the most beautiful sea choruses I ever heard. The occasion upon which I first heard it was while dining on board the “Rossendale,” of Liverpool, then lying in Funchal roads. My friend, Mr. J. Lees, was with me at the time, and the exquisite melody created such a sensation in both of us, that we could not rest till *he* had arranged it for the piano-forte, and *I* had put words to it, the words the seamen sung to it being perfectly ridiculous.

Note (b). Page 114.

Extract from my Diary, May 24th, 1848.

“Midnight—I have just left the deck—The sea is perfectly calm—There is just enough wind to carry us along at the rate of three knots an hour—I have been witnessing one of the most splendid sights ever beheld—I was smoking my cigar, and gazing over the lee bow, when my attention was arrested by what appeared to be a vast fire on the sea at some distance off, but which was rapidly approaching us—It turned out to be an immense shoal of porpoises, tossing and tumbling a-head of us. *Each fish*, as it darted by us, left behind it a curved and winding trail of phosphoric fire, resembling a huge serpent. The sight was very grand.”

Note (c). Page 115.

Extract from my Diary, May 27th, 1848.

“Midnight—Been on deck two hours—stormy weather—While enjoying the warmth of the fire in the caboose, I was much struck with the deep manly voice of the helmsman, who was singing, what appeared to me at the distance I was off, to be a very pretty song; and under the influence of the weather and his song, I gave vent to my feelings in rhyme. When I had finished, I drew a little nearer, in order to hear if his song was any thing in the style of my verses. I was soon satisfied. I found the burden of his ditty to be

“Some say nay, but I say still,
Old England is going down the hill.”

From the sublime to the ridiculous, &c.

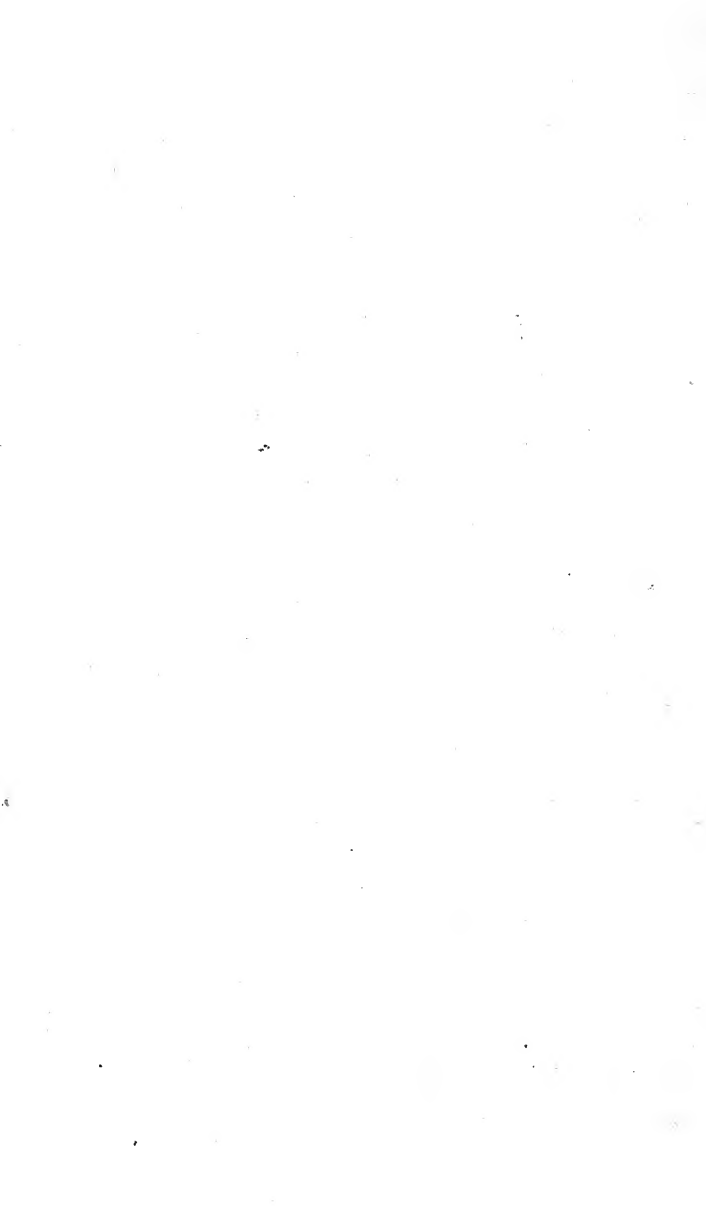
Note (d). Page 121.

It has always been my firm conviction, and recent events have greatly tended to confirm me in it, that Poland will be one day restored to her nationality, principally by the sympathy and assistance of Prussia.

Note (e). Page 123.

Looking at the posture of affairs in Italy at the present time, Lord Byron's prophecy is worth remembering:—

“Yet Italy! tho' every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall from side to side;
Mother of arts! as once of arms, thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide.
Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven.
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.”



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

To MISS C———— W————

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

(Written in her Album.)

ALTHO' I ne'er have seen thy face,
Within my mind its form I trace ;
I see thy features plain and clear,
Distinct as tho' thyself wert near ;—
And in my fancy's wanderings wide,
I think that thou art by my side,
Attentive—listening silently,
Unto the poet's rhapsody—

Dear Girl ! what wilt thou have me say,
On this, to thee important day ?
My benison thou hast secure—
I wish thee joy—of that thou'rt sure—
I must say something—if I preach,
Thou wilt not spurn at what I teach—

I'll speak from that which I have learn'd
By sage experience—hardly earn'd—

Thou'rt told, perhaps, that in this life,
Nought thou wilt meet, but pain and strife ;
That ev'ry turn with woe is fraught,
That every sorrow comes unsought,
As if our heavenly Sire can see
Delight in dealing misery—
Believe it not—but let me show,
A salve for every mortal woe—

If it should be thy lot to meet
The bitter oftener than the sweet ;
If want should come, with angry frown,
And bow thy gentle spirit down ;
If sickness hovers o'er thy head,
And from thy frame sweet health be fled ;
If sorrow should around thee flow,
And stamp its furrows on thy brow ;
If fill'd thy bosom e'er should prove,
With pangs of disappointed love ;
If cruel death should ever send
Its dart to rob thee of a friend ;
If thy young heart be fill'd with grief,
And nought around can yield relief ;
Bow humbly down beneath the rod,
And let thy soul commune with God—

If thou a friend shouldst ever want,
When friends upon the earth are scant ;
If thou should'st ever seek to know,
How to be happy here below ;
If e'er the wicked arts of earth,
Should chase away thy artless mirth,
And wither up thy bosom's calm,
And thou would'st seek a solid balm—
If thou'lt commune with God on high,
Thou'lt find for all a remedy—

For I much suffering have seen,
And fill'd with sorrow oft have been ;
But when all has been dark around,
And hope nigh dead—I ever found
The canker from my bosom driven,
By holding sweet converse with heaven.

Hear now my wish—may all thy life
Be free from worldly woe and strife ;
Be always with thee joy and health ;
(In them thou'lt find a store of wealth ;)
May thou no cup of sorrow sip ;
A smile be ever on thy lip ;
And may thou thro' thy life possess,
A penny for the pennyless—
A tear of pity for the sad ;
An eye to sparkle with the glad ;

And that when death thy cheek shall kiss,
Thy soul may wend its way to bliss ;
And that kind heaven will grant my prayer,
That I may meet thy spirit there.

Adieu ! dear maid—this is my lay—
God keep on thy natal day !

TO THE "LITTLE GIRL AT HOME."

Extract from my Diary.—Madeira, November 10, 1847.

"Sitting at my window this afternoon, there came by a silver-haired veteran, the Captain of the "United States," American Frigate, who happening at that instant to meet with a very beautiful English child, suddenly caught up the infant to his bosom, and with much emotion, began passionately to kiss it on the face and hands. He appeared deeply affected, and upon parting with the child, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes,—“ I cannot help it, it reminds me so much of the little girl at home.” —The incident touched me, and led to the following (nearly extempore) verses."

SWEET blossom of a shining land,
Where holy freedom reigns ;
Thy sire hath mov'd a poet's soul,
And rous'd his humble strains.

Thy father's bark at anchor rides
Upon a distant sea ;
But yet, fair child, tho' far away,
His heart is still with thee.

I lonely at my window sat,
My heart was sick and sore ;
An exile, thinking on the home,
He might behold no more.

A fair hair'd lovely child was near,
Laughing with infant glee ;
And *three* were gazing on that child,
Thy God, thy sire, and me,

Thy father seized its little hand ;
And kiss'd it o'er and o'er,
Yes ! fondly kiss'd that little cheek,
He ne'er had seen before.

“ Dear child, ” he cried, “ at sight of thee,
“ Fond memory will roam
“ To where I left my own sweet gem,
“ My little girl at home.”

The veteran heav'd a ling'ring sigh,
And sadly turn'd away !
And left the child to sport again,
And me to pen my lay.

Oh ! never mayst thou raise a pang
Within thy father's heart ;
Nor cause a blush upon his cheek,
Nor bitter tears to start.

Remember that for thee he braves
The tempest and the deep ;
And often lifts for thee a prayer
When thou art wrapp'd in sleep.

The winter of his years may come,
When thou art woman grown ;
And when he needs another's care
That task will be thine own.

The blissful toil affection loves,
To thee will then be given ;
To be a parent to thy sire,
And guide his steps to heaven.

A poet's blessing on thy head,
There may it ever dwell ;
God bless thee ! for thy father's sake,
And now, dear child, farewell !

HOPE.

WHEN life's fair morn becomes o'ercast,
With clouds of grief and gloom ;
And sorrow's withering wintry blast,
Nips all its spring tide bloom—
When all around is dark and drear,
With sad and sick'ning care
Hope—whispers comfort in the ear,
And bids us not despair.

When mid-day comes, and youth's fond dreams
Are blighted, dead, and gone ;
And not one ray of comfort beams,
To cheer a wand'rer on—
When earth has lost its fairest charms,
And life is hard to bear ;
Hope—clasps us fondling in its arms,
And bids us not despair.

But when at length life's evening sun
The brow with age has prest ;
Our toilsome, weary journey done,
We seek the grave—to rest—
Then sorrow from the heart is driven,
And all again is fair ;
For Hope—exulting, points to heaven,
And tells of comfort there.

LINES,

ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND IN MADEIRA.

HERE—first we met, upon this foreign shore—
Here—now we part, perhaps to meet no more—
The vessel rides upon yon' tranquil sea,
That bears you in a few short hours from me—
Yet ere you go, to God I breathe a prayer,
That he may guard you home with special care ;
And if there is on earth a wish sincere,
True from the heart, I do record it here ;
And one poor word, a thousand such will tell,
'Tis short—but utters much—I wish you—well.

FINIS.

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Wilson, John, Esq., 47, Gower Street.

ERRATA.

Page 17, line 3, for " e'er," read ere.

Page 30, line 21, dele inverted commas.

Page 69, stanza 31, line 2, for "thoughts," read thought.

Page 72, stanza 41, line 9, for "it might," read 'tmight.

Page 73, stanza 43, line 9, for "to" read too.

Page 119, stanza 43, line 1, dele "(f)."



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