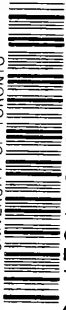


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POEMS OF PLACES



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POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees ; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.

CRABBE.

ENGLAND

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.



MADAME DE STAEL has somewhere said, that "travelling is the saddest of all pleasures." But we all have the longing of *Rasselas* in our hearts. We are ready to leave the Happy Valley of home, and eager to see something of the world beyond the streets and steeples of our native town. To the young, travelling is a boundless delight; to the old, a pleasant memory and a tender regret.

I have often observed that among travellers there exists a kind of free-masonry. To have visited the same scenes is a bond of sympathy between those who have no other point of contact. A vague interest surrounds the man whom we have met in a foreign land, and even reserved and silent people become communica-

tive when the conversation turns upon the countries they have seen.

I have always found the Poets my best travelling companions. They see many things that are invisible to common eyes. Like Orlando in the forest of Arden, they "hang odes on hawthorns and elegies on thistles." They invest the landscape with a human feeling, and cast upon it.

" The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Even scenes unlovely in themselves become clothed in beauty when illuminated by the imagination, as faces in themselves not beautiful become so by the expression of thought and feeling.

This collection of Poems of Places has been made partly for the pleasure of making it, and partly for the pleasure I hope it may give to those who shall read its pages. It is the voice of the Poets expressing their delight in the scenes of nature, and, like the song of birds, surrounding the earth with music. For myself, I confess that these poems have an indescribable

charm, as showing how the affections of men have gone forth to their favourite haunts, and consecrated them for ever.

Great is the love of English poets for rural and secluded places. Greater still their love of rivers. In Drayton's *Poly-Olbion* the roar of rivers is almost deafening; and if more of them do not run through the pages of this work, it is from fear of changing it into a morass, which, however beautiful with flowers and flags, might be an unsafe footing for the wayfarer.

Of one or two names I have been a little doubtful, not finding them in any map or gazetteer. They may be only pseudonymes. But doubtless the poets had some place in mind as they wrote, and the beauty of the verses must be my apology for inserting them.

I remember to have read in some book of the law, that, "if a man's land is not surrounded by any actual fence, the law encircles it with an imaginary enclosure, to pass which is to break and enter his close." In this work I fear the Poets will regard me as a great trespasser. I certainly have broken and entered their close; but as I

have done it with no evil intent, I trust they will pardon me.

The volumes now published will be followed by others of a like character, descriptive of other countries, till the "Voyage round the World," sketched by Mr. Montgomery in the poem which stands as Prelude, shall be brought to a safe and happy end.

H. W. L.

CAMBRIDGE, *March 17, 1876.*



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POEMS OF PLACES





PROLOGUE.



A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

EMBLEM of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless sea!
Let me launch my soul on thee.

Sail nor keel, nor helm nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

By a single glance of thought
Thy whole realm's before me brought,
Like the universe, from nought.

All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new;
Time nor tide thy power subdue.

All thy voices now I hear;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear,
Meet and mingle in mine ear.

All thy wonders are revealed,
Treasures hidden in thy field,
From the birth of nature sealed.

But thy depths I search not now,
Nor thy liquid surface plough
With a billow-breaking prow.

Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.

Here a breeze, I skim thy plain ;
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.

Where the surges never roll
Round the undiscovered pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul !

See o'er Greenland, cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled ;
Yet the mother loves her child,

And the wildernesses drear
To the native's heart are dear ;
All love's charities dwell here.

Next on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-storms roar,
Blinding, burying all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man the heir of all things roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and loves.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes ;
These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New England ! hail to thee !

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace, as thou hast stood.

The West Indies I behold,
Like the Hesperides of old,
Trees of life with fruits of gold.

No,—a curse is on their soil ;
Bonds and scourges, tears and toil,
Man degrade and earth despoil.

Horror-struck, I turn away,
Coasting down the Mexique bay ;
Slavery there hath had her day.

Hark ! eight hundred thousand tongues
Startle midnight with strange songs ;
England ends her negro's wrongs.

Loud the voice of freedom spoke,
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a fetter broke.

South America expands
Forest-mountains, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclose their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's Straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a glorious scene awaits !

The immense Pacific smiles,
Round ten thousand little isles,
Haunts of violence and wiles.

PROLOGUE.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the light of life revealed.

Rays from rock to rock it darts,
Conquers adamantine hearts,
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far,
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car :

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamschatka's storm-cliffs run,
South and east to meet the sun.

Jealous China, dire Japan,
With bewildered eyes I scan,
They are but dead seas of man,

Ages in succession find
Forms that change not, stagnant mind,
And they leave the same behind.

Lo ! the Eastern Cyclades,
Phoenix-nests and sky-blue seas,
But I tarry not with these.

Pass we drear New Holland's shoals,
Where no ample river rolls,
World of unawakened souls !

Bring them forth ;—'tis heaven's decree.
Man, assert thy liberty ;
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretched between ;
Ah ! what horrors here have been.

War, disguised as commerce, came ;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire,—lost her name.

But that name shall be restored,
Law and justice wield the sword,
And her GOD be here adored.

By the Gulf of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Woos the rose in every vale.

Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press through southern seas.

Cape of storms, thy spectre fled,
See, the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thine head ;

And where Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes from desert sands
Bless the sight with lifted hands.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep ;
There a warrior's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric tell :
On that theme all time shall dwell.

But henceforth, till nature dies,
These three simple words comprise
All the future : “ Here he lies.”

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves ;
O, t'were mercy to the slaves,
Were the maws of sharks their graves !

Not for all the gems and gold,
Which thy streams and mountains hold,
Or for which thy sons are sold,

Land of negroes ! would I dare
In this felon-trade to share,
Or to brand its guilt forbear.

Hercules ! thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land !
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Where, when Cato's word was fate,
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate,

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors ;
Ha ! the pirates seize their oars :
Haste we from the accurséd shores !

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm ;
Slaves turned despots hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.

Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent ;
Thou art thine own monument ;
But the sepulchre is rent,

And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach and poets sing.

Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud ;
Thy refulgent head is bowed.

Rome, in ruins lovely still,
On her Capitolian hill,
Bids thee, mourner, weep thy fill.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins ;
Look well, tyrants, to your chains !

Splendid realm of old romance,
Spain, thy tower-crowned crest advance,
Grasp the shield and couch the lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant bigotry would fly,
At thy voice oppression die.

Lusitania, from the dust,
Shake thy locks,—thy cause is just ;
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore ;
Thou art not the France of yore,
Thou art new-born France no more.

Great thou wast ; and who like thee ?
Then mad-drunk with liberty ;
What *now* ?—neither great nor free.

Sweep by Holland like the blast,
One quick glance on Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia,—all are past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay ;
Germany, beware the day
When thy schools again bear sway !

Now to thee, to thee, I fly,
Fairest isle beneath the sky,
To my heart, as in mine eye.

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be blest,
Britain is my home, my rest ;
Mine own land ! I love thee best.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



INTRODUCTORY.



AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail, thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil !
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore !
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er !

The Genius of our clime
From his pine-embattled steep
Shall hail the guest sublime ;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine,—
O'er the main our naval line
Like the Milky-Way shall shine
Bright in fame !

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,

POEMS OF PLACES.

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains ?

While the language free and bold
 Which the bard of Avon sung,
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of Heaven rung
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;
 While this, with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 From rock to rock repeat
 Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,—
 Between let Ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the Sun :
 Yet still from either beach
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 " We are One."

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
 And on its outer point, some miles away,
 The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
 A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
 Upheaving, break unheard, along its base,
 A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
 In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendour in the glare !

Not one alone ; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink ;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace ;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
 And steadily against its solid form
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
 Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
 Blinded and maddened by the light within,
 Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

“Sail on !” it says, “sail on, ye stately ships !
 And with your floating bridge the ocean span ;
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man !”

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE STEAMSHIP.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
 The ridged and rolling waves,
 As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
 She bows her surly slaves !
 With foam before and fire behind,
 She rends the clinging sea,
 That flies before the roaring wind,
 Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
 With heaped and glistening bells,
 Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
 With every wave that swells ;

And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
 In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
 And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
 She thunders foaming by !
When seas are silent and serene,
 With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
 She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
 Still sounding through the storm ;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
 The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
 The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
 Who trims his narrowed sail ;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
 Her broad breast to the gale ;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
 Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
 The rising mist of day.

Hark ! hark ! I hear yon whistling shroud,
 I see yon quivering mast ;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
 Is panting forth the blast !
An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,
 The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
 White as the sea-bird's wing !

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep ;
 Nor wind nor wave shall tire
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
 With floods of living fire ;
 Sleep on,—and when the morning light
 Streams o'er the shining bay,
 O, think of those for whom the night
 Shall never wake in day !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

O LONELY bay of Trinity,
 O dreary shores, give ear !
 Lean down unto the white-lipped sea
 The voice of God to hear !

From world to world his couriers fly,
 Thought-winged and shod with fire ;
 The angel of his stormy sky
 Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord ?
 “The world's long strife is done ;
 Close wedded by that mystic cord,
 Its continents are one.

“And one in heart, as one in blood,
 Shall all her peoples be ;
 The hands of human brotherhood
 Are clasped beneath the sea.

“Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain
 And Asian mountains borne,
 The vigour of the Northern brain
 Shall nerve the world outworn.

“From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread ;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead.”

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder ! beat
From answering beach to beach ;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each !

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tame and dumb below !
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war !

For lo ! the fall of Ocean's wall
Space mocked and time outrun :
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one !

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease ;
As on the Sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin ; his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths ; thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him ; thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth : there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts, not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play ;
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow ;
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now,

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed ; in breeze or gale or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,—
 The image of Eternity, the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made : each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers ; they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

TRAVELLING.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus ;
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits :
 Were't not affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
 I rather would entreat thy company
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than living dully sluggardised at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po ;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies ;

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
 My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee,
 Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE WORLD AT A DISTANCE.

'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
 To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations ; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And avarice that make man a wolf to man,
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land :
 The manners, customs, policy of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans ;
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return,—a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes

Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

WILLIAM COWPER.

HIGHWAYS.

WHO doth not love to follow with his eye
 The winding of a public way ? the sight,
 Familiar object as it is, hath wrought
 On my imagination since the morn
 Of childhood, when a disappearing line,
 One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
 The naked summit of a far-off hill
 Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
 Was like an invitation into space
 Boundless, or guide into eternity.
 Yes, something of the grandeur which invests
 The mariner who sails the roaring sea
 Through storm and darkness, early in my mind
 Surrounded too the wanderers of the earth ;
 Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom ! I retire
 From flattery, cards and dice, and din ;
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher
 Than the low cot or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign ;
 And every health which I begin
 Converts dull port to bright champagne ;
 Such freedom crowns it, at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate !
 I fly from Falsehood's specious grin !
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
 Which lackeys else might hope to win ;
 It buys what courts have not in store,
 It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome at an Inn.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

PLACES.

IN the heart's album there are treasured faces,
 Our household darlings, friends which are our own,
 And with them favourite haunts and cherished places,
 So dear, they seem but made for us alone.

Old age remembers over misty distance
 The brook the boy once loved ; its scent of flowers
 Comes wafted from it yet with sweet persistence,
 And builds again for him those vanished hours.

He feels once more his bare feet in the stubble,
 His jointed fishing-rod, his bat and ball,
 Till, flown from dreary days and thoughts of trouble,
 His pulses still sing music through it all.

Later, the sea-shore, haunt of vague emotion,
 Where his thoughts travelled on the gleaming wave,
 Or rose in flowering hopes, as smitten ocean
 Shot jets of thundrous splendour round his cave.

The sacred path, which two once trod enchanted,
And now but one, and he with faltering tread,
Feeling its grassy curves and hollows haunted
By watching eyes, whose light is with the dead.

Then there are favourite nooks of early travel,
Where dreaming idly on the summer grass,
He saw the Swiss cascades their threads unravel,
And evening strike above the shadowy pass.

Clitumnus' oxen wander by the plashing
Of Virgil's sacred river ; and the bees
Pillage the heavy flowers in sunlight flashing
While the doves murmur from the ilex-trees.

Here Como's nightingale above the rowing
Sings its lament ; and, doubled in the lake,
He sees himself and boat, and softly showing,
The clouds and distant hills a picture make.

Sorrento hangs there, crowned in memory's vision,
Starry with clustered orange, and below
An azure dream-world, soft with indecision,
Where dulse and tangle round mosaics grow.

Such is the album memory fills with treasures,
Hid in the heart, where love doth keep the key ;
There in procession pass life's pains and pleasures,
Fresh and undying till it cease to be.

THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

POEMS OF PLACES.

It drives me in upon myself,
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

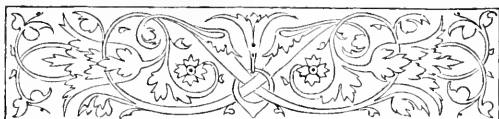
I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,
While journeying with another's feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



ENGLAND.



Aldborough.

THE FENS.

ON rode Orlando, counting all the while
The miles he passed, and every coming mile ;
Like all attracted things, he quicker flies,
The place approaching where the attraction lies ;
When next appeared a dam—so called the place—
Where lies a road confined in narrow space ;
A work of labour, for on either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied :
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between ;
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straitened flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud ;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side ;
The rushes sharp, that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow :
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume ;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed ;

Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
 Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume ;
 Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
 And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh ;
 Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
 And just in view appears their stony bound ;
 No hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun,
 Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun,
 Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE RIVER.

WITH ceaseless motion comes and goes the tide,
 Flowing, it fills the channel vast and wide ;
 Then back to sea, with strong majestic sweep
 It rolls, in ebb yet terrible and deep ;
 Here samphire-banks and salt-wort bound the flood,
 There stakes and sea-weeds withering on the mud ;
 And higher up, a ridge of all things base,
 Which some strong tide has rolled upon the place.

Thy gentle river boasts its pigmy boat,
 Urged on by pains, half grounded, half afloat ;
 While at her stern an angler takes his stand,
 And marks the fish he purposes to land
 From that clear space, where, in the cheerful ray
 Of the warm sun, the scaly people play,

For other craft our prouder river shows,
 Hoys, pinks, and sloops ; brigs, brigantines, and snows :
 Nor angler we on our wide stream descrie,
 But one poor dredger where his oysters lie :
 He, cold and wet, and driving with the tide,
 Beats his weak arms against his tarry side,
 Then drains the remnant of diluted gin,
 To aid the warmth that languishes within ;
 Renewing oft his poor attempts to beat
 His tingling fingers into gathering heat.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE HEATH.

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
 Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
 From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
 Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
 Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war;
 There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil;
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

GEORGE CRABBE.

TO THE SEA.

WRITTEN ON THE BEACH AT ALDBOROUGH.

THOU awful sea! upon this shingly beach
 Of Aldborough I pace: my gazing eye
 Thy world of waters lost in the dim sky
 Admiring, and thy echoing waves, that teach,
 In voice of thunder, more than tongue can preach;
 The knell of ages passed and passing by;
 And claim their ancient empire o'er the dry
 And solid earth; each animating each.
 Of towns long sunk, o'er which thy wild waves roar,
 Of sea to land, of land to ocean turned,
 I muse: and mourn, that who could amplest pour
 Homeric tones on thy resounding shore
 Porson is dead!—that sea of Grecian lore
 Unbounded, in the abyss of fate inured.

CAPEL LOFFT.

Aldershot.

CRIMEAN INVALID SOLDIERS REAPING AT
ALDERSHOT.

REAP ye the ripe, ripe corn,
 Ye have reaped the green and the young,
 The fruits that were scarcely born,—
 The fibres that just were strung.

Ye have reaped, as the Destinies reap,
 The wit and the worth of Man,
 The tears that we vainly weep,
 The deeds that we vainly plan.

Now reap as the generous life
 Of the pregnant Earth commands,
 Each seed with a future rife,
 And the work of a thousand hands.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Alnwick.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

HOME of the Percy's high-born race,
 Home of their beautiful and brave,
 Alike their birth and burial-place,
 Their cradle and their grave!
 Still sternly o'er the castle gate
 Their house's Lion stands in state
 As in his proud departed hours;
 And warriors frown in stone on high,
 And feudal banners "flout the sky"
 Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines
 Lovely in England's fadeless green,
 To meet the quiet stream which winds
 Through this romantic scene
 As silently and sweetly still
 As when, at evening, on that hill,
 While summer's wind blew soft and low,
 Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
 His Katherine was a happy bride
 A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile :
 Does not the succouring ivy, keeping
 Her watch around it, seem to smile,
 As o'er a loved one sleeping ?
 One solitary turret gray
 Still tells, in melancholy glory,
 The legend of the Cheviot day,
 The Percy's proudest border story.
 That day its roof was triumph's arch ;
 Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
 The light step of the soldier's march,
 The music of the trump and drum ;
 And babe, and sire, the old, the young,
 And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
 And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
 Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
 Are gay in their young bud and bloom ;
 They were born of a race of funeral flowers
 That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
 A templar's knightly tomb.
 He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
 On the holiest spot of the blessed land,
 Where the cross was damped with his dying breath
 When blood ran free as festal wine,
 And the sainted air of Palestine
 Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
 What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
 Those giant oaks could tell,
 Of beings born and buried here ;
 Tales of the peasant and the peer,
 Tales of the bridal and the bier,
 The welcome and farewell,
 Since on their boughs the startled bird
 First in her twilight slumbers heard
 The Norman's curfew-bell !

I wandered through the lofty halls
 Trode by the Percys of old fame,
 And traced upon the chapel walls
 Each high, heroic name,—
 From him who once his standard set
 Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
 Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,
 To him who, when a younger son,
 Fought for King George at Lexington,
 A major of dragoons.

That last half-stanza,—it has dashed
 From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;
 The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
 The power that bore my spirit up
 Above this bank-note world is gone ;
 And Alnwick's but a market-town,
 And this, alas ! its market-day,
 And beasts and borderers throng the way ;
 Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
 Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
 Men in the coal and cattle line ;
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,
 From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
 From Wooler, Morpeth, Hexham, and
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
 These are not the romantic times
 So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,

So dazzling to the dreaming boy ;
 Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
 Of knights, but not of the round table,
 Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy ;
 'Tis what " Our President " Monroe
 Has called " the era of good feeling ; "
 The Highlander, the bitterest foe
 To modern laws, has felt their blow,
 Consented to be taxed, and vote,
 And put on pantaloons and coat,
 And leave off cattle-stealing ;
 Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
 The Douglas in red herrings ;
 And noble name and cultured land,
 Palace and park and vassal band,
 Are powerless to the notes of hand
 Of Rothschild or the Barings.
 The age of bargaining, said Burke,
 Has come ; to-day the turbaned Turk
 (Sleep, Richard of the lion heart !
 Sleep on, nor from your cerements start !)
 Is England's friend and fast ally ;
 The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
 And on the cross and altar-stone,
 And Christendom looks tamely on,
 And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
 And sees the Christian father die ;
 And not a sabre-blow is given
 For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
 By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
 In the armed pomp of feudal state ?
 The present representatives
 Of Hotspur and his " gentle Kate "

Are some half-dozen serving-men
 In the drab coat of William Penn ;

A chambermaid whose lip and eye,
 And cheek, and brown hair bright and curling,
 Spoke nature's aristocracy ;
 And one, half groom, half seneschal,
 Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
 For ten and sixpence sterling.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Alum Bay.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE NEEDLES HOTEL, ALUM BAY,
 ISLE OF WIGHT.

How simple in their grandeur are the forms
 That constitute this picture ! Nature grants
 Scarce more than sternest cynic might desire,—
 Earth, sea, and sky, and hardly lends to each
 Variety of colour ; yet the soul
 Asks nothing fairer than the scene it grasps
 And makes its own for ever ! From the gate
 Of this home-featured Inn, which nestling cleaves
 To its own shelf among the downs, begirt
 With trees which lift no branches to defy
 The fury of the storm, but crouch in love
 Round the low snow-white walls whence they receive
 More shelter than they lend,—the heart-soothed guest
 Views a furze-dotted common, on each side
 Wreathed into waving eminences, clothed
 Above the furze with scanty green, in front
 Indented sharply to admit the sea,
 Spread thence in softest blue,—to which a gorge
 Sinking within the valley's deepening green
 Invites by grassy path ; the Eastern down
 Swelling with pride into the waters, shows
 Its sward-tipped precipice of radiant white,

And claims the dazzling peak beneath its brow
Part of its ancient bulk, which hints the strength
Of those famed pinnacles that still withstand
The conquering waves, as fortresses maintained
By death-devoted troops, hold out awhile
After the game of war is lost, to prove
The virtue of the conquered.—Here are scarce
Four colours for the painter ; yet the charm
Which permanence, 'mid worldly change, confers,
Is felt, if ever, here ; for he who loves
To bid this scene refresh his inward eye
When far away, may feel it keeping still
The very aspect that it wore for him,
Scarce changed by Time or Season ; Autumn finds
Scant boughs on which the lustre of decay
May tremble fondly ; Storms may rage in vain
Above the clumps of sturdy furze, which stand
The Forest of the Fairies ; Twilight gray
Finds in the landscape's stern and simple forms
Naught to conceal ; the Moon, although she cast
Upon the element she sways a track
Like that which slanted through young Jacob's sleep
From heaven to earth, and fluttered at the soul
Of Shadow's mighty Painter, who thence drew
Hints of a glory beyond shape, reveals
The clear-cut framework of the sea and downs
Shelving to gloom, as unperplexed with threads
Of pallid light, as when the summer's noon
Bathes them in sunshine ; and the giant cliffs
Scarce veiling more their lines of flint that run
Like veins of moveless blue through their bleak sides,
In moonlight than in day, shall tower as now
(Save when some moss's slender stain shall break
Into the samphire's yellow in mid-air,
To tempt some trembling life), until the eyes
Which gaze in childhood on them shall be dim.

Yet deem not that these sober forms are all
That Nature here provides, although she frames

These in one lasting picture for the heart.
 Within the foldings of the coast she breathes
 Hues of fantastic beauty. Thread the gorge,
 And, turning on the beach, while the low sea,
 Spread out in mirrored gentleness, allows
 A path along the curving edge, behold
 Such dazzling glory of prismatic tints
 Flung o'er the lofty crescent, as assures
 The orient gardens where Aladdin plucked
 Jewels for fruit no fable,—as if earth,
 Provoked to emulate the rainbow's gauds
 In lasting mould, had snatched its floating hues
 And fixed them here ; for never o'er the bay
 Flew a celestial arch of brighter grace
 Than the gay coast exhibits ; here the cliff
 Flaunts in a brighter yellow than the stream
 Of Tiber wafted ; then with softer shades
 Declines to pearly white, which blushes soon
 With pink as delicate as Autumn's rose
 Wears on its scattering leaves ; anon the shore
 Recedes into a fane-like dell, where stained
 With black, as if with sable tapestry hung,
 Light pinnacles rise taper ; further yet
 Swells out in solemn mass a dusky veil
 Of purple crimson,—while bright streaks of red
 Start out in gleam-like tint, to tell of veins
 Which the slow-winning sea, in distant time,
 Shall bare to unborn gazers.

If this scene
 Grow too fantastic for thy pensive thought,
 Climb either swelling down, and gaze with joy
 On the blue ocean, poured around the heights,
 As it embraced the wonders of that shield
 Which the vowed Friend of slain Patroclus wore,
 To grace his fated valour ; nor disdain
 The quiet of the vale, though not endowed
 With such luxurious beauty as the coast
 Of Undercliff embosoms ;—'mid those lines

Of scanty foliage, thoughtful lanes and paths,
 And cottage roofs, find shelter ; the blue stream,
 That with its brief vein almost threads the isle,
 Flows blest with two gray towers, beneath whose shade
 The village life sleeps trustfully,—whose rites
 Touch the old weather-hardened fisher's heart
 With childlike softness, and shall teach the boy
 Who kneels, a sturdy grandson, at his side,
 When his frail boat amidst the breakers pants,
 To cast the anchor of a Christian hope
 In an unrippled haven. Then rejoice,
 That in remotest point of this sweet isle,
 Which with fond mimicry combines each shape
 Of the Great Land that by the ancient bond
 (Sea-parted once, and sea-united now),
 Binds her in unity,—a Spirit breathes
 On cliff and tower and valley, by the side
 Of cottage-fire, and the low grass-grown grave,
 Of home on English earth, and home in heaven !

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

Amesbury.

GUINEVERE.

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat
 There in the holy house at Almesbury
 Weeping, none with her save a little maid,
 A novice : one low light betwixt them burned
 Blurred by the creeping mist, for all abroad,
 Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
 The white mist like a face-cloth to the face
 Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

* * * * *

“ You know me, then, that wicked one, who broke
 The vast design and purpose of the King.

O shut me round with narrowing nunnery-walls,
Meek maidens, from the voices crying 'Shame.'
I must not scorn myself : he loves me still.
Let no one dream but that he loves me still.
So let me, if you do not shudder at me
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you,
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you,
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts,
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,
But not rejoicing ; mingle with your rites ;
Pray and be prayed for, lie before your shrines,
Do each low office of your holy house,
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in His eyes
Who ransomed us, and halter too than I,
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own,
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King."

She said : they took her to themselves ; and she
Still hoping, fearing, " Is it yet too late ?"
Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died,
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life
And for the power of ministration in her,
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess, lived
For three brief years, and there, an Abbess passed
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ampton.

WRITTEN AT AMPTON, SUFFOLK.

WELCOME, stern Winter, though thy brows are bound
 With no fresh flowers, and ditties none thou hast
 But the wild music of the sweeping blast ;
 Welcome this chilly wind that snatches round
 The brown leaves in quaint eddies ; we have long
 Panted in wearying heat ; skies always bright,
 And dull return of never-clouded light,
 Sort not with hearts that gather food for song.
 Rather, dear Winter, I would forth with thee,
 Watching thee disattire the earth ; and roam
 On the black heaths that stretch about my home,
 Till round the flat horizon I can see
 The purple frost-belt ; then to fireside-chair,
 And sweetest labour of poetic care.

HENRY ALFORD.

WRITTEN AT AMPTON, SUFFOLK, JANUARY 1838.

ONCE more I stray among this wilderness
 Of ancient trees, and through the rustling fern,
 Golden and sere, brush forward ; at each turn
 Meeting fresh avenues in winter dress
 Of long gray moss, or yellow lichen bright ;
 While the long lines of intercepted shade,
 Spread into distance through the turfy glade,
 Checkered with rosy paths of evening light.
 Here first I learned to tune my youthful thoughts
 To themes of blessed import : woods and sky,
 And waters, as they rushed or slumbered by,
 For my poetic soul refreshment brought ;
 And now within me rise, unbidden long,
 Fresh springs of life, fresh themes of earnest song.

HENRY ALFORD.

Andredsweld, the Forest.

ANDREDSWELD.

A FOREST CONTAINING MOST PART OF KENT, SUSSEX,
AND SURREY.

To seaward, from the seat where first our song began
Exhaled to the south by the ascending sun,
Four stately wood-nymphs stand on the Sussexian
ground,
Great Andredsweld's sometime ; who, when she did
abound
In circuit and in growth, all other quite suppressed,
But in her wane of pride, as she in strength decreased,
Her nymphs assumed them names, each one to her
delight,—
As, Water-Downe, so called of her depressed site :
And Ash-Downe, of those trees that most in her do
grow,
Set higher to the Downs, as the other standeth low ;
Saint Leonard's, of the seat by which she next is placed
And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be graced.
These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breasts had long their griefs con-
cealed),
Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast came on
Under the axe's stroke, fetched many a grievous groan,
When as the anvil's weight and hammer's dreadful sound
Even rent the hollow woods, and shook the queachy
ground.
So that the trembling nymphs, oppressed through ghastly
fear,
Ran madding to the Downs, with loose dishevelled hair.
The Sylvans that about the neighbouring woods did
dwell,
Both in the tufty frith and in the mossy fell,

Forsook their gloomy bowers, and wandered far abroad,
 Expelled their quiet seats, and place of their abode,
 When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily trade,
 Where they in summer went to sport them in the shade.
 Could we, say they, suppose that any would us cherish,
 Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to perish?
 Or to our daily want to minister supply?
 These iron times breed none that mind posterity.
 'Tis but in vain to tell what we before have been,
 Or changes of the world that we in time have seen;
 When, not devising how to spend our wealth with waste,
 We to the savage swine let fall our larding mast.
 But now, alas, ourselves we have not to sustain,
 Nor can our tops suffice to shield our roots from rain.
 Jove's oak, the warlike ash, veined elm, the softer
 beech,
 Short hazel, maple plain, light aspe, the bending wych,
 Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether burn:
 What should the builder serve, supplies the forger's
 turn;
 When under public good, base private gain takes hold,
 And we poor woeful woods to ruin lastly sold.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Ankor, the River.

THE RIVER ANKOR.

CLEAR Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore,
 My soul-shrined saint, my fair Idea lies,
 O blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore
 Thy crystal stream refined by her eyes,
 Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the spring
 Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
 Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
 Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers;

Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,
 Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wandering years,
 And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
 And here to thee he sacrificed his tears :
 Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
 And thou, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Annesley.

ANNESLEY HALL.

I SAW two beings in the hues of youth
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
 Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs ;—the hill
 Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man.
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
 Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her ;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful :
 And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him ; he had looked
 Upon it till it could not pass away ;
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;

She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,
 For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
 Which coloured all his objects ;—he had ceased
 To live within himself ; she was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all : upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
 And his cheek change tempestuously,—his heart
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share :
 Her sighs were not for him : to her he was
 Even as a brother—but no more ; 'twas much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friendship had bestowed on him ;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honoured race. It was a name
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why ?
 Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
 Another : even now she loved another,
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

LORD BYRON.

Ansley Hall.

INSCRIPTION

IN A HERMITAGE AT ANSLEY HALL, WARWICKSHIRE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,
 I soothe to peace my pensive mind ;
 And while, to shade my lowly cave,
 Embowering elms their umbrage wave,
 And while the maple dish is mine,
 The beechen cup unstained with wine,

I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;
From busy scenes and brighter skies
To lurk with innocence she flies ;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my 'customed round
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount ;
Or o'er the sculptures quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portrayed with many a golden deed,
Martyrs crowned with heavenly meed ;
Then as my taper waxes dim
Chaunt ere I sleep my measured hymn,
And at the close the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state ?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot ?
Who but would cast his pomp away
To take my staff and amice gray,
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage ?

THOMAS WARTON.

Arun, the River.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

BE the proud Thames of trade the busy mart ;
 Arun, to thee will other praise belong :
 Dear to the lover's and the mourner's heart,
 And ever sacred to the sons of song.
 Thy banks romantic hopeless Love shall seek,
 Where o'er the rocks the mantling bind-weed flaunts ;
 And Sorrow's drooping form and faded cheek
 Choose on thy willowed shore her lonely haunts.
 Banks, which inspired thy Otway's plaintive strain !
 Wilds, whose lorn echoes learned the deeper tone
 Of Collins, powerful shade ! yet once again
 Another poet, Hayley, is thine own.
 Thy classic stream again shall hear a lay
 Bright as its waves and various as its way.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

ON thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
 No glittering fanes or marble domes appear :
 Yet shall the weeping muse thy course adorn,
 And still to her thy rustic waves be dear.
 For with the infant Otway lingering here
 Of early woes she bade her votary dream,
 While thy low murmurs soothed his pensive ear ;
 And still the poet consecrates the stream.
 Beneath the oak and birch that fringe thy side,
 The first-born violets of the year shall spring
 And in thy hazels, bending o'er the tide,
 The earliest nightingales delight to sing :
 While kindred spirits pitying shall relate
 Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE ARUN.

WHEN latest autumn spreads her evening veil,
 And the gray mists from these dim waves arise,
 I love to listen to the hollow sighs
 Through the half leafless wood that breathes the gale.
 For at such hours the shadowy phantom pale,
 Oft seems to fleet before the poet's eyes ;
 Strange sounds are heard, and mournful melodies
 As of night-wanderers who their woes bewail.
 Here by his native stream, at such an hour,
 Pity's own Otway I methinks could meet
 And hear his deep sighs swell the saddened wind !
 O Melancholy, such thy magic power
 That to the soul these dreams are often sweet
 And soothe the pensive visionary mind.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Athelstone.

CASTLE ATHELSTONE.

THROUGH porch and hall the ivies creep,
 In beauty's bower the wild winds weep,
 The raven haunts the turret alone ;
 Alas for fallen Athelstone !

No more the earls and knights of old,
 In pomp and pride of steel and gold,
 With nodding plumes and trumpet-tone,
 Come down to mighty Athelstone !

No more their sons, the rich and great,
 Receive the needy at their gate ;
 And call the fruitful shire their own :
 Their names are lost in Athelstone !

No more their daughters, fair and proud,
Demand the homage of the crowd ;
Their smiles made light where'er they shone :
Their place is dark in Athelstone !

Their last descendant toils for bread,
And mourns the glory that has fled ;
In distant lands he dwells unknown,
And sighs for ruined Athelstone !

CHARLES MACKAY.

Avon, the River (Upper).

TO THE AVON.

FLOW on, sweet river ! like his verse
Who lies beneath this marble hearse,
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once ;—I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge ;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows ;
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall ere long
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream ! That dream is o'er ;
 He stands upon another shore ;
 A vaster river near him flows,
 And still he follows where it goes.

ANONYMOUS.

THE AVON.

THE Avon to the Severn runs,
 The Severn to the sea ;
 And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
 Wide as the waters be.

ANONYMOUS.

Avon, the River (Lower).

THE EBB-TIDE.

SLOWLY thy flowing tide
 Came in, old Avon ! Scarcely did mine eyes
 As watchfully I roamed thy greenwood-side,
 Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
 The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars ;
 Yet little way they made, though labouring long
 Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
 The unlaboured boat falls rapidly along ;
 The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
 And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks, that lay
 So silent late, the shallow current roars ;
 Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way,
 Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze, and know
The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way :
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attained at last,
Thus from the summit of high Fortune's flood
They ebb to ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage ;
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS THE
RIVER AVON.

ENTER this cavern, Stranger! Here, awhile
Respiring from the long and steep ascent,
Thou mayst be glad of rest, and haply too
Of shade, if from the summer's westering sun
Sheltered beneath this beetling vault of rock.
Round the rude portal clasping its rough arms,
The antique ivy spreads a canopy,
From whose gray blossoms the wild bees collect
In autumn their last store. The Muses love
This spot; believe a Poet who hath felt
Their visitation here. The tide below,
Rising or refluent, scarcely sends its sound
Of waters up; and from the heights beyond,
Where the high-hanging forest waves and sways,
Varying before the wind its verdant hues,
The voice is music here. Here thou mayst feel
How good, how lovely, Nature! And when, hence
Returning to the city's crowded streets,

Thy sickening eye at every step revolts
 From scenes of vice and wretchedness, reflect
 That Man creates the evil he endures.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Axe, the River.

THE RIVER AXE.

FIRST of Devon's thousand streams
 (Beside whose banks no poet dreams,
 Since to her praise old Drayton framed
 His pastoral reed, yet scarcely named),—
 Silver Axe,—who, though her course
 She fetches from a distant source,
 And Dorset's Downs, as on she glides,
 From fruitful Somerset divides,
 Yet justly I Devonian name her,
 And for that nobler province claim her
 (No less than Exe, or western Tamar),
 Amongst whose nymphs she's always numbered,
 And christens seaport, burgh, and hundred.

From London cares and London follies,
 To Devon's verdant oaks and hollies,
 As, year by year, the dog-star leads me,
 And with sweet thoughts of childhood feeds me
 (Those best and purest thoughts that ever,
 Through life's long intermittent fever,
 Like health-restoring cordials enter,
 And in the inmost bosom center),
 Thee first, sweet nymph, my eyes salute,—
 Thee last, when autumn's faded fruit,
 Falling in lap of sad November,
 Bids me the waning months remember,
 And leave the country's tranquil joys
 For city crowds and wrangling noise.

Hail, modest streamlet!—on whose bank
 No willows grow, nor osiers dank,
 Whose waters form no stagnant pool,
 But ever sparkling, pure, and cool,
 Their snaky channel keep, between
 Soft swelling hills of tender green,
 That freshens still as they descend
 In gradual slope of graceful bend,
 And in the living emerald end,—
 On whose soft turf supinely laid
 Beneath the spreading beechen shade,
 I trace, in Fancy's waking dream,
 The current of thine infant stream.
 Then crowd upon my mental gaze
 Dim visions of the elder days ;
 Shrouded in black Cistercian cowl,
 They pass like spectres o'er my soul,
 On each pale cheek and furrowed brow
 Impressed the wretched exile's woe.

* * * * *

But pious Adeliza, there,
 Fair Devon's Countess,—rich as fair,
 And, more than fair or rich, devout,
 Beheld them on their homeward rout,
 With liberal hand relieved their woes,
 And Ford's majestic abbey rose.

Age after age since then has rolled,
 O'er generations dead and cold,
 From sire to son twice ten times told,—
 Yet flows, and will flow on forever,
 The current of that peaceful river,
 While priest and monk have passed away,
 And sable cowl, and amice gray,
 And 'broidered cope with jewels' shine,
 High rood, and consecrated shrine.
 In dust the holy relics lie,—
 The hands that rifled them hard by,—

The mitred abbot dispossess,
 The leveller with his ribald jest,
 The wily lawyer, by whose craft
 Was tempered the destructive shaft
 That kept its destined aim concealed
 Behind religion's frowning shield,
 The work of reformation ended,
 And in one common ruin blended
 All holy and all hallowed things,
 Altars and thrones, and priests and kings.

The solemn pageant passed away,
 Where next, sweet river, wilt thou stray?
 To Wycroft's bridge, and mouldering wall,
 Which faintly marks the embattled hall,
 By lordly Cobham once possess,
 And trod by high and princely guest.
 In Thorncombe's aisle you still may trace
 The features of a gentle face,
 Of knight's degree, and Cobham's race,—
 Glorious in brass,—and at his side,
 The image of his lady bride,
 And charactered in letters fair,
Thomas Brook, Knnyght engraven there.
 No more remains,—the when, the where,
 The how, he lived and fought and died,
 Or who the lady at his side,
 The brass has long forgot to tell ;
 Nor can the keen explorer spell
 (With all his pains) one smallest trace
 Of the short, pious prayer for grace
 That ends the monumental scroll,—
 "The Lord have mercy on his soul."
 Yet to the heart it teaches more
 Than tomes of theologic lore ;
 A proverb, or grave homily,
 Of most sententious brevity
 On mortal durability.

Such wisdom is in crumbled bones !
 Such are the sermons preached by stones !
 Let but a few short lustres pass,
 The tablet of recording brass
 (Raised for eternity) may show
 No more than he who sleeps below,—
 Nay, even his feeble fleshly form,
 Spite of corruption and the worm,
 Outlasts, within its bed of earth,
 The pompous verse that boasts its worth.

* * * * *

Now to old ocean's hollow cave
 Axe pours a broader, deeper wave,
 Swoln by a thousand nameless rills,
 Fast trickling from the western hills,
 That with their woody summits crown
 Old Colyton's baronial town,
 And Colcombe's walls (with ivy dark),
 And Shute's gray towers and mossy park,—
 No longer now defiance breathing,
 As when stout Devon's Earl, unsheathing
 The sword in sainted Henry's right,
 Challenged fierce Bonville to the fight
 (Plantagenet's devoted knight),
 This is no dream ! I see them yet,
 As when on Clyst's brown heath they met
 (Radiant in arms), and with them, set
 In meet array on either side
 (As swayed by favour, or allied
 In kindred ties of blood and name),
 All Devon's worthies crowding came,
 Eager to try the desperate game.
 Alike regardless of the cause,
 Each for his feudal chieftain draws
 The ready glaive, content to share
 With him the toils and meed of war,
 And leave the schoolmen to debate
 Those knottier subtleties of state,

Whether the red rose or the white,
 The king in fact or king by right,
 Holds Heaven's commission in the fight.

JOHN MERIVALE.

Axminster.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

O SWEET September, on the valley
 Carved through the green hills, sheer and straight,
 Where the tall trees crowd round and sally
 Down the slope sides with stately gait
 And sylvan dance; and in the hollow
 Silver voices ripple and cry,
 Follow, O follow!

Follow, O follow!—and we follow
 Where the white cottages star the slope,
 And the white smoke winds o'er the hollow,
 And the blithe air is quick with hope;
 Till the sun whispers, O remember!
 You have but thirty days to run,
 O sweet September!

O sweet September, where the valley
 Leans out wider and sunny and full,
 And the red cliffs dip their feet and dally
 With the green billows, green and cool;
 And the green billows, archly smiling,
 Kiss and cling to them, kiss and leave them,
 Bright and beguiling,—

Bright and beguiling as she who glances
 Along the shore and the meadows along,
 And sings for heart's delight, and dances
 Crowned with apples, and ruddy and strong;—

Can we see thee and not remember
 Thy sun-brown cheek and hair sun-golden,
 O sweet September ?

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Bala-sala.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
 And sound in principle, I seek repose
 Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose
 In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the Eternal Sire
 To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
 A gray-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee ;
 A shade,—but with some sparks of heavenly fire
 Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note
 The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
 Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
 Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
 I thank the silent monitor, and say,
 "Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Bamborough.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
 Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
 Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
 Assail you and the winds of winter sweep
 Round your dark battlements ; for far from halls
 Of Pride, here Charity hath fixed her seat,

Oft listening, tearful, when the tempests beat
 With hollow bodings round your ancient walls ;
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry ;
 Blessed if her aid some fainting wretch may save,
 And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Banwell Hill.

BANWELL HILL.

HERE let me stand, and gaze upon the scene ;
 That headland, and those winding sands, and mark
 The morning sunshine, on that very shore
 Where once a child I wandered. O, return
 (I sigh), return a moment, days of youth,
 Of childhood,—O, return ! How vain the thought,
 Vain as unmanly ! yet the pensive Muse,
 Unblamed may dally with imaginings ;
 For this wide view is like the scene of life,
 Once traversed o'er with carelessness and glee,
 And we look back upon the vale of years,
 And hear remembered voices, and behold,
 In blended colours, images and shades
 Long passed, now rising, as at Memory's call,
 Again in softer light.

I see thee not,
 Home of my infancy,—I see thee not,
 Thou fane that standest on the hill alone,
 The homeward sailor's sea-mark ; but I view
 Brean Down beyond ; and there thy winding sands,
 Weston ; and far away, one wandering ship,
 Where stretches into mist the Severn Sea.

There, mingled with the clouds, old Cambria draws
Its stealing line of mountains lost in haze ;
There in mid-channel sit the sister-holms,
Secure and tranquil, though the tide's vast sweep,
As it rides by, might almost seem to rive
The deep foundations of the earth again,
Threatening, as once, resistless, to ascend
In tempest to this height, to bury here
Fresh-weltering carcasses !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Barnard Castle.

BARNARD CASTLE.

THE MOON is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud ;
On Barnard's towers and Tees's stream
She changes as a guilty dream,
When Conscience with remorse and fear
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade, to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow ;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees,
Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,
Hears upon turret-roof and wall
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,

Lists to the breeze's boding sound,
 And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

* * * * *

Far in the chambers of the west,
 The gale had sighed itself to rest ;
 The moon was cloudless now and clear,
 But pale, and soon to disappear.
 The thin gray clouds wax dimly light
 On Brusleton and Houghton height ;
 And the rich dale that eastward lay,
 Waited the wakening touch of day,
 To give its woods and cultured plain,
 And towers and spires, to light again.
 But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,
 And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,
 And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,
 And Arkingarth, lay dark afar ;
 While, as a livelier twilight falls,
 Emerge proud Barnard's bannered walls.
 High crowned he sits, in dawning pale,
 The sovereign of the lovely vale.

What prospects, from his watchtower high,
 Gleam gradual on the warder's eye !—
 Far sweeping to the east, he sees
 Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
 And tracks his wanderings by the steam
 Of summer vapours from the stream ;
 And ere he pace his destined hour
 By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,
 These silver mists shall melt away,
 And dew the woods with glittering spray.
 Then in broad lustre shall be shown
 That mighty trench of living stone,
 And each huge trunk that, from the side,
 Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,
 Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
 Wears with his rage no common foe ;

For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
Condemned to mine a channelled way
O'er solid sheets of marble gray.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the ravished sight ;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam :
Staindrop, who, from her sylvan bowers,
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers ;
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Balder, named from Odin's son :
And Greta, to whose banks erelong
We lead the lovers of the song ;
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.
Who in that dim-wood glen hath strayed,
Yet longed for Roslin's magic glade ?
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change
Even for that vale so stern and strange,
Where Cartland's Crag, fantastic rent,
Through her green copse like spires are sent ?
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine !
Thou bid'st him who by Roslin strays
List to the deeds of other days ;
'Mid Cartland's Crag thou show'st the cave,
The refuge of thy champion brave ;
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To lend each scene the interest high
Which genius beams from Beauty's eye.

WALTER SCOTT.

Barnham Water.

BARNHAM WATER.

FRESH from the Hall of Bounty sprung,
 With glowing heart and ardent eye,
 With song and rhyme upon my tongue,
 And fairy visions dancing by,
 The midday sun in all his power
 The backward valley painted gay ;
 Mine was a road without a flower,
 Where one small streamlet crossed the way.

What was it roused my soul to love ?
 What made the simple brook so dear ?
 It glided like the weary dove,
 And never brook seemed half so clear.
 Cool passed the current o'er my feet,
 Its shelving brink for rest was made,
 But every charm was incomplete,
 For Barnham Water wants a shade.

There, faint beneath the fervid sun,
 I gazed in ruminating mood ;
 For who can see the current run
 And snatch no feast of mental food ?
 "Keep pure thy soul," it seemed to say ;
 "Keep that fair path by wisdom trod,
 That thou mayst hope to wind thy way
 To fame worth boasting, and to God."

Long and delightful was the dream,
 A waking dream that Fancy yields,
 Till with regret I left the stream,
 And plunged across the barren fields ;
 To where of old rich abbeys smiled
 In all the pomp of Gothic taste,
 By fond tradition proudly styled
 The mighty "City in the East."

Near, on a slope of burning sand,
 The shepherd boys had met to play,
 To hold the plains at their command,
 And mark the traveller's leafless way.
 The traveller with a cheerful look
 Would every pining thought forbear,
 If boughs but sheltered Barnham brook
 He'd stop and leave his blessing there.

The Danish mounds of partial green,
 Still, as each mouldering tower decays,
 Far o'er the bleak unwooded scene
 Proclaim their wondrous length of days.
 My burning feet, my aching sight,
 Demanded rest,—why did I weep?
 The moon arose, and such a night!
 Good Heaven! it was a sin to sleep.

All rushing came thy hallowed sighs,
 Sweet Melancholy, from my breast;
 " 'Tis here that Eastern greatness lies,
 That might, renown, and wisdom rest!
 Here funeral rites the priesthood gave
 To chiefs who swayed prodigious powers,
 The Bigods and the Mowbrays brave,
 From Framlingham's imperial towers."

Full of the mighty deeds of yore,
 I bade good night the trembling beam;
 Fancy e'en heard the battle's roar,
 Of what but slaughter could I dream?
 Blessed be that night, that trembling beam,
 Peaceful excursions Fancy made;
 All night I heard the bubbling stream,
 Yet Barnham Water wants a shade.

Whatever hurts my country's fame,
 When wits and mountaineers deride,

To me grows serious, for I name
 My native plains and streams with pride.
 No mountain charms have I to sing,
 No loftier minstrel's rights invade ;
 From trifles oft my raptures spring ;
 Sweet Barnham Water wants a shade.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Bath.

THE BATHS.

THEN Bradon gently brings forth Avon from her
 source :
 Which southward making soon in her most quiet course,
 Receives the gentle Calne : when on her rising side,
 First Blackmoore crowns her bank, as Peusham with
 her pride
 Sets out her murmuring shoals, till (turning to the west)
 Her Somerset receives, with all the bounties blest
 That nature can produce in that Bathonian spring,
 Which from the sulphury mines her medicinal force
 doth bring ;
 As physic hath found out by colour, taste, and smell,
 Which taught the world at first the virtue of the well ;
 What quickliest it could cure : which men of knowledge
 drew
 From that first mineral cause : but some that little
 knew
 (Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)
 Ascribed it to that skill which Bladud hither brought,
 As by that learned king the baths should be begun ;
 Not from the quickened mine, by the begetting sun
 Giving that natural power which by the vigorous sweat
 Doth lend the lively springs their perdurable heat
 In passing through the veins, where matter doth not need ;
 Which in that minerous earth inseparably doth breed ;

So Nature hath purveyed that during all her reign
 The baths their native power for ever shall retain :
 Where time that city built, which to her greater fame,
 Preserving of that spring, participates her name.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

WRITTEN NEAR BATH, 1755.

EACH saucy cit who strolls from town
 With scorn surveys my Gothic cell,^a
 Or wondering asks what sordid clown
 In this drear solitude can dwell.

These mouldering walls, with ivy crowned,
 That charm me with their solemn scene,
 These flowers that bloom spontaneous round,
 Provoke his mirth or raise his spleen.

Inured to smoke, throughout the year,
 Yon verdant meads unmoved he sees,—
 Those hills unsightly rocks appear,
 Yon sacred groves mere heaps of trees.

The lucid fount that murmuring falls,
 Then through my shrubs meandering steals,
 An useful stream the insipid calls,
 But no poetic rapture feels.

Hither from noisy crowds I fly ;
 Here dwells soft ease, and peace of mind ;—
 Yet think not Fancy's curious eye
 To these deep solitudes confined.

Whene'er at morn or eve I rove,
 Where yonder cliffs with pines are crowned,
 More splendid scenes my rapture move ;
 How charmed I range the horizon round.

There Allen's stately columns rise,
And glittering from the circling wood,
With constant beauty feed my eyes,
As he the poor with constant food.

Each pompous work, proud Bath! I share
That decks thy hills. Well pleased I see
Thy rising cirque eclipse thy square,
And Pitt and Stanhope build for me.

Here Bathurst rears the Gothic pile,
Here Riggs the roseate arbour twines;
There Seymour's groves serenely smile,
And Avon through the landskip shines.

Would I fair Eden's bloom restore!
Lo! Widcomb's cultivated vale,
Where Flora paints her slopes for Moore,
And all Arabia's sweets exhale.

Luxurious thus I freely rove,
Nor at the sons of wealth repine;
Mere tenant of each hill and grove,
Which sovereign Fancy renders mine.

Familiar grown by constant use,
The stateliest dome its master cloys,—
Then grant him but these transient views,
What you possess the bard enjoys.

RICHARD GRAVES.

Beachy Head.

BEACHY HEAD.

HAUNTS of my youth !

Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet !
 Where 't was so pleasant by thy northern slopes,
 To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
 By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
 Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
 There seeking shelter from the noonday sun ;
 And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
 To look beneath upon the hollow way,
 While heavily upward moved the labouring wain,
 And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
 To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
 The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,
 The prospect widens, and the village church
 But little o'er the lowly roofs around
 Rears its gray belfry, and its simple vane ;
 Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
 By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring ;
 When on each bough the rosy-tinctured bloom
 Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
 For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
 Which, as their owners mark the promised fruit,
 Console them, for the vineyards of the South
 Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash and beach,
 And partial copses fringe the green hill-foot,
 The upland shepherd rears his modest home ;
 There wanders by a little nameless stream
 That from the hill wells forth, bright now and clear,
 Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
 But still refreshing in its shallow course
 The cottage garden, most for use designed,

Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
 Mantles the little casement ; yet the brier
 Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers ;
 And pansies rayed, and freaked and mottled pinks,
 Grow among balm and rosemary and rue.
 There honeysuckles flaunt and roses blow
 Almost uncultured ; some with dark green leaves
 Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white ;
 Others, like velvet robes of regal state
 Of richest crimson ; while, in thorny moss
 Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
 The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
 With fond regret I recollect e'en now
 In spring and summer, what delight I felt
 Among these cottage gardens, and how much
 Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
 By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
 Were welcome to me, soon and simply pleased.
 An early worshipper at Nature's shrine,
 I loved her rudest scenes,—warrens and heaths,
 And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
 And hedge-rows bordering unfrequented lanes,
 Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Beccles.

BECCLES.

FORTH rode Orlando by a river's side,
 Inland and winding, smooth, and full and wide,
 That rolled majestic on, in one soft flowing tide ;
 The bottom gravel, flowery were the banks.
 Tall willows, waving in their broken ranks ;
 The road, now near, now distant, winding led
 By lovely meadows which the waters fed ;
 He passed the wayside inn, the village spire,

Nor stopped to gaze, to question, or admire ;
 On either side the rural mansion stood,
 With hedge-row trees, and hills high-crowned with wood,
 And many a devious stream that reached the nobler flood.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Bedfont.

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT.

ALAS! that breathing Vanity should go
 Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost,
 Uprisen from the naked bones below,
 In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast
 Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,
 Shedding its chilling superstition most
 On young and ignorant natures, as it wont
 To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bedfont !

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,
 Behold two maidens, up the quiet green
 Shining, far distant, in the summer air
 That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between
 Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were
 Two far-off ships,—until they brush between
 The churchyard's humble walls, and watch and wait
 On either side of the wide open gate.

And there they stand—with haughty necks before
 God's holy house, that points towards the skies—
 Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,
 And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes :
 And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,
 Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs,
 With pouting lips,—forgetful of the grace
 Of health, and smiles, on the heart-conscious face ;—

Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,
 May wear the happiness of rich attire ;
 And those two sisters, in their silly pride,
 May change the soul's warm glances for the fire
 Of lifeless diamonds ;—and for health denied,—
 With art, that blushes at itself, inspire
 Their languid cheeks,—and flourish in a glory
 That has no life in life, nor after-story.

The aged priest goes shaking his gray hair
 In meekest censuring, and turns his eye
 Earthward in grief, and heavenward in prayer,
 And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by.
 Good-hearted man ! what sullen soul would wear
 Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly
 Put on thy censure, that might win the praise
 Of one so gray in goodness and in days ?

Also the solemn clerk partakes the shame
 Of this ungodly shine of human pride,
 And sadly blends his reverence and blame
 In one grave bow, and passes with a stride
 Impatient :—many a red-hooded dame
 Turns her pained head, but not her glance, aside
 From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again,
 That heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain.

* * * * *

The aged priest goes on each Sabbath morn.
 But shakes not sorrow under his gray hair ;
 The solemn clerk goes lavendered and shorn,
 Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair ;—
 And ancient lips that puckered up in scorn,
 Go smoothly breathing to the house of prayer ;
 And in the garden-plot, from day to day,
 The lily blooms its long white life away.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,
 In pride of plume, where plumy Death had trod,

Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
 Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod ;—
 There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
 Two sombre Peacocks.—Age, with sapient nod
 Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
 How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.

THOMAS HOOD.

Belvoir Castle.

BELVOIR CASTLE.

WHEN native Britons British lands possessed,
 Their glory, freedom, and their blessing rest,
 A powerful chief this lofty seat surveyed,
 And here his mansion's strong foundation laid :
 In his own ground the massy stone he sought,
 From his own woods the rugged timbers brought ;
 Rudeness and greatness in his work combined,—
 An humble taste with an aspiring mind.
 His herds the vale, his flocks the hills, o'erspread ;
 Warriors and vassals at his table fed ;
 Sons, kindred, servants, waited on his will,
 And hailed his mansion on the mighty hill.

In a new age a Saxon lord appeared,
 And on the lofty base his dwelling reared :
 Then first the grand but threatening form was known,
 And to the subject vale a castle shown,
 Where strength alone appeared,—the gloomy wall
 Enclosed the dark recess, the frowning hall ;
 In chilling rooms the sullen fagot gleamed ;
 On the rude board the common banquet steamed ;
 Astonished peasants feared the dreadful skill
 That placed such wonders on their favourite hill :
 The soldier praised it as he marched around,
 And the dark building o'er the valley frowned.

A Norman baron, in succeeding times,
Here, while the minstrel sang heroic rhymes,
In feudal pomp appeared. It was his praise
A loftier dome with happier skill to raise ;
His halls, still gloomy, yet with grandeur rose ;
Here friends were feasted, here confined were foes.
In distant chambers, with her female train,
Dwelt the fair partner of his awful reign :
Curbed by no laws, his vassal tribe he swayed,—
The lord commanded and the slave obeyed :
No softening arts in those fierce times were found,
But rival barons spread their terrors round ;
Each, in the fortress of his power secure,
Of foes was fearless and of soldiers sure ;
And here the chieftain, for his prowess praised,
Long held the castle that his might had raised.

Came gentler times ;—the barons ceased to strive
With kingly power, yet felt their pomp survive ;
Impelled by softening arts, by honour charmed,
Fair ladies studied and brave heroes armed.
The Lord of Belvoir then his castle viewed,
Strong without form, and dignified but rude ;
The dark long passage, and the chambers small,
Recess and secret hold, he banished all,
Took the rude gloom and terror from the place,
And bade it shine with majesty and grace.

Then arras first o'er rugged walls appeared,
Bright lamps at eve the vast apartment cheered ;
In each superior room were polished floors,
Tall ponderous beds, and vast cathedral doors :
All was improved within, and then below
Fruits of the hardier climes were taught to grow ;
The silver flagon on the table stood,
And to the vassal left the horn and wood.
Dressed in his liveries, of his honours vain,
Came at the baron's call a menial train ;

Proud of their arms, his strength and their delight ;
Loud in the feast and fearless in the fight.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Belvoir (Bever), the Vale.

BEVER.

NOT Eusham, that proud nymph, although she still pre-
tend
Herself the first of vales, and though abroad she send
Her awful dread command, that all should tribute pay
To her as our great queen ; nor White-horse, though
her clay
Of silver seem to be, new-melted ; nor the Vale
Of Alsbury, whose grass seems given out by tale,
For it so silken is ; nor any of our kind,
Or what or where they be, or howsoe'er inclined,
Me Bever shall outbrave, that in my state do scorn
By any of them all (once) to be overborne,
With theirs do but compare the country where I lie,
My hill, and oulds will say, they are the Island's eye.
Consider next my site, and say it doth excell ;
Then come unto my soil, and you shall see it swell
With every grass and grain that Britain forth can bring :
I challenge any vale to show me but that thing
I cannot show to her (that truly is mine own) ;
Besides I dare thus boast, that I as far am known
As any of them all, the South their names doth sound,
The spacious North doth me, that there is scarcely found
A roomth for any else, it is so filled with mine,
Which but a little wants of making me divine :
Nor barren am of brooks, for that I still retain
Two neat and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and Deane,
That from the lovely oulds, their beauteous parent sprong
From the Lecestrian fields, come on with me along,

Till both within one bank, they on my north are meint,
And where I end, they fall, at Newarck, into Trent.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Benallay.

ANNOT OF BENALLAY.

AT lone midnight the death-bell tolled,
To summon Annot's clay :
For common eyes must not behold
The griefs of Benallay.

Meek daughter of a haughty line,
Was Lady Annot born :
That light which was not long to shine,
The sun that set at morn.

They shrouded her in maiden white,
They buried her in pall ;
And the ring he gave her faith to plight
Shines on her finger small.

The curate reads the dead man's prayer,
The silent leech stands by :
The sob of voiceless love is there,
And sorrow's vacant eye.

'Tis over. Two and two they tread
The churchyard's homeward way :
Farewell! farewell! thou lovely dead :
Thou Flower of Benallay.

The sexton stalks with tottering limb
Along the chancel floor ;
He waits, that old man gray and grim,
To close the narrow door.

“Shame! shame! these rings of stones and gold!”
 The ghastly caitiff said;
 “Better that living hands should hold,
 Than glisten on the dead.”

The evil wish wrought evil deed,
 The pall is rent away :
 And lo ! beneath the shattered lid,
 The Flower of Benallay.

But life gleams from those opening eyes,
 Blood thrills that lifted hand :
 And awful words are in her cries,
 Which none may understand.

Joy ! 'tis the miracle of yore,
 Of the city called Nain :—
 Lo ! glad feet thron'g the sculptured floor,
 To hail their dead again.

Joy in the hall of Benallay,
 A stately feast is spread :
 Lord Harold is the bridegroom gay,
 The bride the arisen dead.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Benhall.

BENHALL.

BENHALL! although I have not lately sought,
 As I had purposed, thy delightful shades,
 Their charms survive ; and oft by memory's aids,
 In living beauty are before me brought.
 No breeze that sweeps their flowers with perfume fraught ;
 Nor sun, nor moon-beam, whose soft light pervades,
 The coy recesses of thy loveliest glades,
 Sweeter, or fairer, than thou art to thought !

Yet not thy scenery only thus endears
 Thy memory,—deeper spell remains behind :
 Rich art thou in the lore of long-past years,
 The songs of bards, whose brows by fame are twined
 With deathless bays ; and, worthy such compeers,
 A poet of thy own, of taste refined.

BERNARD BARTON.

Berkeley Castle.

DEATH OF EDWARD THE SECOND.

LIGHTBORN. So now
 Must I about this gear ; ne'er was there any
 So finely handled as this king shall be.—
 Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart !

K. EDWARD. Who's there ? what light is that ?
 wherefore com'st thou ?

LIGHT. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

K. EDW. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy
 looks :

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

LIGHT. To murder you, my most gracious lord !

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery :

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most piteous state ?

K. EDW. Weep'st thou already ? list awhile to me,

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,

Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

LIGHT. O villains !

K. EDW. And there, in mire and puddle, have I
 stood

This ten days' space, and, lest that I should sleep,
 One plays continually upon a drum ;
 They give me bread and water, being a king ;
 So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
 My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
 And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
 O, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
 As doth this water from my tattered robes !
 Tell Isabel the queen I looked not thus
 When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
 And there unhorsed the Duke of Claremont.

LIGHT. O, speak no more, my lord ! this breaks
 my heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

K. EDW. These looks of thine can harbour naught
 but death :

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
 Yet stay awhile ; forbear thy bloody hand,
 And let me see the stroke before it comes,
 That even then when I shall lose my life,
 My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

LIGHT. What means your highness to mistrust me
 thus ?

K. EDW. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me
 thus ?

LIGHT. These hands were never stained with inno-
 cent blood,
 Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

K. EDW. Forgive my thought for having such a
 thought.

One jewel have I left ; receive thou this ;
 Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
 But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
 O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
 Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul !
 Know that I am a king : O, at that name
 I feel a hell of grief ! Where is my crown ?
 Gone, gone ! and do I remain alive ?

LIGHT. You're overwatched, my lord : lie down
and rest.

K. EDW. But that grief keeps me waking, I should
sleep ;

For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.

Now, as I speak, they fall ; and yet with fear

Open again. O, wherefore sitt'st thou here ?

LIGHT. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

K. EDW. No, no ; for if thou mean'st to murder
me,

Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay. (*Sleeps.*)

LIGHT. He sleeps.

K. EDW. (*waking.*) O let me not die ! yet stay, O,
stay awhile !

LIGHT. How now, my lord !

K. EDW. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,

And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake :

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus ;

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

LIGHT. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come !

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

K. EDW. I am too weak and feeble to resist.—

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul !

LIGHT. Run for the table.

K. EDW. O, spare me, or despatch me in a trice !

LIGHT. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,

But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

EDWARD *is murdered by holding him down on the bed with
the table, and stamping on it.*

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Berkhamstead.

BERKHAMSTEAD.

WHERE once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Beverley.

BEVERLEY MINSTER.

BUILT in far other times, those sculptured walls
 Attest the faith which our forefathers felt,
 Strong faith, whose visible presence yet remains ;
 We pray with deeper reverence at a shrine
 Hallowed by many prayers. For years, long years,
 Years that make centuries, those dim-lit aisles,
 Where rainbows play, from coloured windows flung,
 Have echoed to the voice of prayer and praise ;
 With the last lights of evening flitting round,
 Making a rosy atmosphere of hope,
 The vesper hymn hath risen, bearing heaven,
 But purified the many cares of earth.
 How oft has music rocked those ancient towers,
 When the deep bells were tolling ; as they rung,
 The castle and the hamlet, high and low,
 Obeyed the summons : earth grew near to God,
 The piety of ages is around ;
 Many the heart that has before yon cross
 Laid down the burden of its heavy cares,
 And felt a joy that is not of this world.
 There are both sympathy and warning here ;
 Methinks as down we kneel by those old graves
 The past will pray with us.

ANONYMOUS.

Binstead.

WRITTEN IN THE PORCH OF BINSTEAD CHURCH,
 ISLE OF WIGHT.

FAREWELL, sweet Binstead ! take a fond farewell
 From one unused to sight of woods and seas.
 Amid the strife of cities doomed to dwell,
 Yet roused to ecstasy by scenes like these,

Who could for ever sit beneath thy trees,
 Inhaling fragrance from the flowery dell ;
 Or, listening to the murmur of the breeze,
 Gaze with delight on Ocean's awful swell.
 Again farewell ! nor deem that I profane
 Thy sacred porch ; for while the Sabbath strain
 May fail to turn the sinner from his ways,
 These are impressions none can feel in vain,—
 These are the wonders that perforce must raise
 The soul to God in reverential praise.

HORACE SMITH.

Bishopstone.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring antiquarians search the ground
 Upturned with curious pains, the bard, a seer,
 Takes fire,—the men that have been reappear ;
 Romans for travel girt, for business gowned ;
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
 In festal glee : why not ? For fresh and clear,
 As if its hues were of the passing year,
 Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
 Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil ;
 Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
 Of tenderness,—the wolf, whose suckling twins
 The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins
 The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE FAVOURITE VILLAGE.

PLACE of my birth, O, fondly let me sing
 Thy pleasures multifarious, pass the sun
 Through what fair sign it will. Around a pool
 In a deep vale assemble thy warm huts,
 All overhung by intermingling elms,
 Save where the steep-ascending street (if street
 May yon loose chain of tenements be deemed)
 Girds the contiguous hill, roof above roof,
 And terminates above in farmer's close
 Or sawyer's pit with frequent boards beset.
 Hard by, o'ertopping fair the nether elms,
 But little showing of the verdant hill
 That underprops his columns, stands the church.
 A cheerful look athwart the vale he casts,
 Smiles at the distant ocean, half eclipsed
 Behind yon sudden intervening down,
 And blesses the proud eminence, whose steep,
 For ever flock-fed, shelters his loved elms
 Scattered wherever in the vale below.

JAMES HURDIS.

Black Comb.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB.

THIS height a ministering angel might select :
 For from the summit of Black Comb (dread name
 Derived from clouds and storms !) the amplest range
 Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
 That British ground commands :—low dusky tracts,
 Where Trent is nursed, far southward ! Cambrian hills
 To the southwest, a multitudinous show ;
 And, in a line of eyesight linked with these,
 The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
 To Teviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde :—

Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth,
 Gigantic mountains rough with crags ; beneath,
 Right at the imperial station's western base,
 Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
 Far into silent regions blue and pale ;—
 And visibly engirding Mona's Isle,
 That, as we left the plain, before our sight
 Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly
 (Above the convex of the watery globe)
 Into clear view the cultured fields that streak
 Her habitable shores, but now appears
 A dwindled object, and submits to lie
 At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,
 Is it a perishable cloud ? or there
 Do we behold the line of Erin's coast ?
 Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-swain
 (Like the bright confines of another world)
 Not doubtfully perceived.—Look homeward now !
 In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
 The spectacle, how pure !—Of Nature's works,
 In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
 A revelation infinite it seems ;
 Display august of man's inheritance,
 Of Britain's calm felicity and power !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Bodiam.

ON BEHOLDING BODIHAM CASTLE,
 ON THE BANK OF THE ROTHER IN SUSSEX.

O THOU, brave ruin of the passéd time,
 When glorious spirits shone in burning arms,
 And the brave trumpet, with its sweet alarms,
 Called honour at the matin hour sublime,
 And the gray evening ; thou hast had thy prime,

And thy full vigour, and the sating harms
 Of age have robbed thee of thy warlike charms,
 And placed thee here, an image in my rhyme ;
 The owl now haunts thee, and, oblivious plant,
 The creeping ivy, has o'er-veiled thy towers ;
 And Rother, looking up with eye askant,
 Recalling to his mind thy brighter hours,
 Laments the time, when, fair and elegant,
 Beauty first laughed from out thy joyous bowers !

LORD THURLOW.

Bodmin.

THE UNGRACIOUS RETURN.

I HAVE a startling tale to tell
 Of what in Bodmin town befell
 In the distant time long, long ago,
 When every man was his neighbour's foe,
 And lords like tigers prowled the land,
 Each with his own well-chosen band,
 To do his work of savagery ;
 When princes fought for sovereignty ;
 Who loyal was to-day to-morrow
 Might be called traitor, to his sorrow.

In Edward's time, at Bodmin town
 When sturdy Boyer wore the gown,
 The Royal Provost wrote a line
 He on a day with him would dine,
 And begged he would meanwhile prepare
 A gibbet for some stout rebels there.
 The mayor obeyed him to the letter,
 Thinking the stronger side the better ;
 And, with his maces, at the gate
 His Worship did his guest await.

And then into the common hall
 Mayor, provost, aldermen, burghers all
 Went with a rush and made good cheer,
 On beef and venison, wine and beer ;
 And many a loyal toast was given,
 And fear and doubt away were driven
 With bumpers full and foaming high :
 Yet wicked looked the provost's eye,
 But he laughed, and did not spare the sherry,
 While the mayor and aldermen were merry.

But while they feast within, without
 Hammers were heard, and then a shout
 Told that the gibbet was finished then.
 Forth came the mayor and aldermen,
 And burghers all, and the provost stern,
 Who had set his mind to make return
 To the mayor for his hospitality ;
 And how 't was done you soon will see,
 For on the gibbet, at his own door,
 His Worship swung in a moment more !

HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

Bodrigan Castle.

BODRIGAN'S LEAP.

FROM Bosworth's gory field where lay
 His king a mangled corse,
 With many a dint Sir Harry came,
 And spurred his blood-stained horse ;
 Which all that day in that fierce fray
 Had borne him proudly through,
 But still for leagues must carry him,
 Since fast the foes pursue.

From night to dawn they still went on,
 With followers few and faint ;

Resting brief while in forest drear
 By well of some old saint :
 On, on from day to day they fared,
 Shunning each bower and hall,
 Until they sight one starry night
 Bodrigan's castle wall.

The knight's loud blast is answered fast,
 And blithe the warder greets him ;
 And with a smile and with a kiss
 His lady-love soon meets him :
 And in that high embrasured tower
 His war-worn limbs may rest ;
 For place like that for wealth and power
 Was not in all the West.

And many a century it stood
 To prove its ancient fame ;
 Though but some lowly walls now bear
 Bodrigan's honoured name.
 Its princely hall, its bastions strong,
 Its chapel turrets fair,
 Are gone like cloud-built palaces,
 And castles in the air.

Not long the respite : on his track
 The Tudor bloodhounds follow ;
 And soon from Cornwall's rocky glens
 Echoes the fierce view-hollo :
 And now they gather round the walls,
 Nor care for kith or kin ;
 Certain if they can seize the knight
 His ample lands to win.

Ay, take the lands, but not the man !
 He knows their purpose stern,
 And not with his heart's blood that day
 Shall they their wages earn.

Down by a secret way the knight
 Has left his home for aye,
 And for the cliff he makes that hangs
 Over the Goran bay.

Fast, fast they spring upon his path,
 He hears their footsteps nigh ;
 Bold from the cliff he leaps, while shrill
 The baffled hunters cry.
 In the dark sea they think him drowned,
 As on the giddy steep
 They stand and look, and only see
 The waters wild and deep

They looked and jeered, and made the shore
 Ring with their savage shout ;
 And still they looked, perchance to see
 His dead bones tossed about :
 And then they saw a boat dash through
 The surge, and as she went
 The rescued knight above the roar
 His parting curses sent.

HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

Bolton Abbey.

BOLTON PRIORY.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
 The bells ring loud with gladsome power ;
 The sun shines bright ; the fields are gay
 With people in their best array
 Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
 Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
 Through the vale retired and lowly,
 Trooping to that summons holy.

And, up among the moorlands, see
 What sprinklings of blithe company !
 Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
 That down the steep hills force their way
 Like cattle through the budding brooms ;
 Path, or no path, what care they ?
 And thus in joyous mood they hie
 To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there ?—full fifty years
 That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,
 Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
 The bitterness of wrong and waste :
 Its courts are ravaged ; but the tower
 Is standing with a voice of power,—
 That ancient voice which wont to call
 To mass or some high festival ;
 And in the shattered fabric's heart
 Remaineth one protected part,—
 A chapel, like a wild bird's nest,
 Closely embowered and trimly drest ;
 And thither young and old repair,
 This Sabbath-day for praise and prayer.

Fast the churchyard fills ; anon,
 Look again, and they all are gone,—
 The cluster round the porch, and the folk
 Who sat in the shade of the Prior's Oak !
 And scarcely have they disappeared
 Ere the prelusive hymn is heard :
 With one consent the people rejoice,
 Filling the church with a lofty voice !
 They sing a service which they feel :
 For 't is the sunrise now of zeal,—
 Of a pure faith the vernal prime,—
 In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
 And all is hushed, without and within ;

For though the priest, more tranquilly,
 Recites the holy liturgy,
 The only voice which you can hear
 Is the river murmuring near.
 —When soft!—the dusky trees between,
 And down the path through the open green
 Where is no living thing to be seen,—
 And through yon gateway, where is found,
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
 Free entrance to the churchyard ground,—
 Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,
 Soft and silent as a dream,
 A solitary doe !
 White she is as lily of June,
 And beauteous as the silver moon
 When out of sight the clouds are driven,
 And she is left alone in heaven ;
 Or like a ship some gentle day
 In sunshine sailing far away,—
 A glittering ship, that hath the plain
 Of Ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead !
 Lie quiet in your churchyard bed !
 Ye living, tend your holy cares ;
 Ye multitude, pursue your prayers ;
 And blame not me if my heart and sight
 Are occupied with one delight !
 'Tis a work for Sabbath hours
 If I with this bright creature go :
 Whether she be of forest bowers,
 From the bowers of earth below ;
 Or a spirit for one day given,
 A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
 Wait upon her as she ranges

Round and through this pile of state
 Overthrown and desolate !
 Now a step or two her way
 Leads through space of open day,
 Where the enamoured sunny light
 Brightens her that was so bright ;
 Now doth a delicate shadow fall,—
 Falls upon her like a breath,
 From some lofty arch or wall,
 As she passes underneath ;
 Now some gloomy nook partakes
 Of the glory that she makes,—
 High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell
 With perfect cunning framed as well
 Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
 Of the elder's bushy head ;
 Some jealous and forbidding cell,
 That doth the living stars repel,
 And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering doe
 Fills many a damp, obscure recess
 With lustre of a saintly show ;
 And, reappearing, she no less
 Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
 A more than sunny liveliness,
 But say, among these holy places,
 Which thus assiduously she paces,
 Comes she with a votary's task,
 Rite to perform or boon to ask ?
 Fair pilgrim ! harbours she a sense
 Of sorrow or of reverence ?
 Can she be grieved for choir or shrine,
 Crushed as if by wrath divine ?
 For what survives of house where God
 Was worshipped, or where man abode ;
 For old magnificence undone,
 Or for the gentler work begun

By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing ?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth,
That to the sapling ash gives birth ;
For dormitory's length laid bare,
Where the wild rose blossoms fair ;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament ?
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone,—
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast ;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might :
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves,—with pace how light !
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down ;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side ;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace and lovingly.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BOLTON ABBEY.

ENTRANCED with varied loveliness, I gaze
 On Bolton's hallowed fane. Its hoary walls,
 More eloquent, in ruin, than the halls
 Of princely pomp, their solemn features raise
 Mid thick embowering elms. Meek cattle graze
 The peaceful pastures circling it around ;
 Old Wharf flows sparkling by with pensive sound,
 And heathery hills look down through purple haze.
 All lend their aid to prompt these humble lays ;
 Some kind and soothing influence all have given,—
 The mouldering abbey and the moss-grown grave,
 The breezy moorland and the rock-nurst wave,
 Cliff, meadow, forest,—all direct to heaven,
 All blend their voices in one psalm of praise.

NEWMAN HALL.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER ;

OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

“WHAT is good for a bootless bene?”
 With these dark words begins my tale ;
 And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
 When prayer is of no avail ?

“What is good for a bootless bene?”
 The falconer to the lady said ;
 And she made answer, “Endless sorrow !”
 For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,
 And from the look of the falconer's eye ;
 And from the love which was in her soul
 For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low ;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride !
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

The striding place is called the Strid,
A name which it took of yore :
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across the Strid ?

He sprang in glee ; for what cared he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep ?
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force ;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking sorrow :
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death ;
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow. ;

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow :
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave ;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave !

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, " Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately priory !"

The stately priory was reared ;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief !
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

O, there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of him to be our friend !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BOLTON ABBEY.

SPIRITS of wonder, loveliness, and fear,
Dwell in these groves, beneath o'erarching trees,
With the dim presence of their mysteries
Haunting the rocks and mountain shadows near :

They pass the lone enthusiast, wandering here,
 By strangled Wharfe, or Barden's ancient tower ;
 Pass him, nor shake a dewdrop from a flower,
 But with their whispers soothe his soul-taught ear,
 As with a dream of prayer ; until he starts,
 Awakened from deep thoughts of Time's calm might
 And Nature's beauty, and in awe departs ;—
 When, to the Abbey's moonlight-tinted walls,
 The demon of the spectred river calls,
 Mocked by the voices of mysterious night.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Borrodaile.

BORRODAILE.

THE gulfs of Borrodaile !—My soul delights
 In these drear deserts. Now methinks a sense
 Of something mightier than the common world
 Runs trembling through the heart. A spirit born
 Of mountain solitudes and sights sublime,
 Of earth and sky, and the wild-wandering air,
 Is present here. Unlike the royal power
 Of Skiddaw, or Helvellyn crowned with clouds,
 Or Kirkstone, guardian of the mountain way,
 Here vague and barren grandeur spreads abroad,
 And darkness and dismay and danger dwell.
 No grassy sward of green is nourished here,
 Like that which (as old song proclaims) sprang freshly
 On shore Sicilian and in Tempe's vale ;
 Nor streams of silver, such as echo once
 Haunted, or on whose banks the wood-nymphs played,
 Or pensive pale Narcissus loved to lie.
 But here a wilful, riotous torrent comes
 Mad from the mountains, and when July drought
 Scorches the hills, here all subdued yet wild
 The muttering river drags its lazy course,

And makes hoarse discord with the rocks and stones.
 No solitary tree puts forth its head,
 Nor flowering shrub : the "palmy fern" has left
 A place so desolate ; and the clinging moss,
 The last friend of the desert, here has died !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Boston.

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN.

Boston in Lincolnshire takes its name from its founder, St. Botolph, who flourished about the middle of the seventh century. At present the chief glory of the town is its church-tower, built after the model of that of Antwerp Cathedral, and renowned as one of the most beautiful in England.

St. Botolph's Town !—Hither across the plains
 And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
 There came a Saxon monk, and founded here
 A priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,
 So that thereof no vestige now remains ;
 Only a name, that spoken loud and clear,
 And echoed in another hemisphere,
 Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes.
 St. Botolph's Town !—Far over leagues of land
 And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
 And far around the chiming bells are heard ;
 So may that sacred name for ever stand
 A landmark, and a symbol of the power
 That lies concentrated in a single word.

ANONYMOUS.

BOSTON IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

It is not for what you are or do,
 Or for any treasures rare,
 That I turn my steps and heart to you,
 But for the name you bear.

Ancestral name ! that must cross the sea
Its farthest fame to know,
And to other soil transplanted be,
That its proudest branch might grow.

It is not that your minster-pile
Looks proudly toward the deep,—
The loftiest tower of Britain's isle
In valley or on steep,—

But that beneath that lordly tower
A simple chapel stands,
Which binds with an atoning power
Two great and kindred lands.

In days long gone it caught the sound
Of Cotton's earnest tongue ;
Now freshly is his memory found
His wonted haunts among.

Prelatic England drove him forth
Beyond the Western main ;
Free-thoughted England owns his worth,
And bids him back again.

Back in the name the chapel wears,—
Proscribed and then forgot.
That tablet's face more than repairs
The honours of the spot.

For here from afar the inscription came
By our statesman-scholar sent,
Reading, " Lest longer such a name
Should stay in banishment."

The brazen plate, so simply grand,
Is framed in Norman stone ;
The characters from English land,
The writer from our own.

Stand of forgotten feuds a sign,
 And the world's brighter age!
 Read on, long hence, thy filial line,
 Thou quaintly graven page.

Say, that henceforth the soul's full thought
 Need not in silence die;
 Nor one true man, all conscience-fraught,
 Must suffer or must fly.

Say, that two sovereign powers unite,
 Each on her ocean shore,
 To keep Faith, Friendship, Freedom bright,
 From this time evermore.

Hail and farewell, St. Butolph's fane,
 Seen in my thoughts so long!
 They failed to span your broad domain,
 And did your grandeur wrong.

Hail and farewell, St. Butolph's town!
 How dear that parent name!
 And no ill-favoured brow I crown
 With that auspicious claim.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

Bottreau.

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

TINTADGEL bells ring o'er the tide,
 The boy leans on his vessel side;
 He hears that sound, and dreams of home
 Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.

“Come to thy God in time!”
 Thus saith their pealing chime:
 Youth, manhood, old age past,
 “Come to thy God at last.”

But why are Bottreau's echoes still ?
 Her tower stands proudly on the hill ;
 Yet the strange chough that home hath found :
 The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
 "Come to thy God in time !"
 Should be her answering chime :
 "Come to thy God at last !"
 Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
 The daughter of a distant sea :
 Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
 The merry Bottreau bells on board.
 "Come to thy God in time !"
 Rung out Tintadgel chime ;
 Youth, manhood, old age past,
 "Come to thy God at last !"

The pilot heard his native bells
 Hang on the breeze in fitful swells ;
 "Thank God," with reverent brow he cried,
 "We make the shore with evening's tide."
 "Come to thy God in time !"
 It was his marriage chime :
 Youth, manhood, old age past,
 His bell must ring at last.

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
 But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,"
 The captain's voice above the gale :
 "Thank the good ship and ready sail."
 "Come to thy God in time !"
 Sad grew the boding chime :
 "Come to thy God at last !"
 Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea ! as if it heard
 The mighty Master's signal-word :

What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
 The death-groans of his sinking ship.
 "Come to thy God in time!"
 Swung deep the funeral chime:
 Grace, mercy, kindness past,
 "Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell—
 When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
 While those around would hear and weep—
 That fearful judgment of the deep.
 "Come to thy God in time!"
 He read his native chime:
 Youth, manhood, old age past,
 His bell rung out at last.

Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves
 Is wakening in his weedy caves:
 Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
 Peal their deep notes beneath the tide:
 "Come to thy God in time!"
 Thus saith the ocean chime:
 Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
 "Come to thy God at last!"

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Bowden.

SKETCH FROM BOWDEN HILL AFTER SICKNESS.

How cheering are thy prospects, airy hill,
 To him who, pale and languid, on thy brow
 Pauses, respiring, and bids hail again
 The upland breeze, the comfortable sun,
 And all the landscape's hues! Upon the point
 Of the descending steep I stand.

How rich,
 How mantling in the gay and gorgeous tints
 Of summer ! far beneath me, sweeping on
 From field to field, from vale to cultured vale,
 The prospect spreads its crowded beauties wide !
 Long lines of sunshine and of shadow streak
 The farthest distance ; where the passing light
 Alternate falls, 'mid undistinguished trees,
 White dots of gleamy domes, and peeping towers,
 As from the painter's instant touch appear.

As thus the eye ranges from hill to hill,
 Here white with passing sunshine, there with trees
 Innumerable shaded, clustering more,
 As the long vale retires, the ample scene,
 Warm with new grace and beauty, seems to live.

Lives ! all is animation ! beauty ! hope !
 Snatched from the dark and dreamless grave so late,
 Shall I pass silent, now first issuing forth,
 To feel again thy fragrance, to respire
 Thy breath, to hail thy look, thy living look,
 O Nature !

* * * * *

From yonder line, where fade the farthest hills
 Which bound the blue lap of the swelling vale,
 On whose last line, seen like a beacon, hangs
 Thy tower, benevolent, accomplished Hoare,
 To where I stand, how wide the interval !
 Yet instantaneous, to the hurrying eye
 Displayed ; though peeping towers and villages
 Thick scattered, 'mid the intermingling elms,
 And towns remotely marked by hovering smoke,
 And grass-green pastures with their herds, and seats
 Of rural beauty, cottages and farms,
 Unnumbered as the hedgerows, lie between !

Roaming at large to where the gray sky bends,
 The eye scarce knows to rest, till back recalled
 By yonder ivied cloisters in the plain,
 Whose turret, peeping pale above the shade,

Smiles in the venerable grace of years.
 As the few threads of age's silver hairs,
 Just sprinkled o'er the forehead, lend a grace
 Of saintly reverence, seemly, though compared
 With blooming Mary's tresses like the morn ;
 So the gray weather-stained towers yet wear
 A secret charm impressive, though opposed
 To views in verdure flourishing, the woods,
 And scenes of Attic taste, that glitter near.
 O venerable pile, though now no more
 The pensive passenger, at evening, hears
 The slowly chanted vesper, or the sounds
 Of "Miserere" die along the vale,
 Yet piety and honoured age retired,
 There hold their blameless sojourn, ere the bowl
 Be broken, or the silver cord be loosed.

Nor can I pass, snatched from untimely fate,
 Without a secret prayer, that so my age,
 When many a circling season has declined,
 In charity and peace may wait its close.

* * * * *

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Bramble-Rise.

BRAMBLE-RISE.

WHAT wonders greet my waking eyes
 At last ? Can this be Bramble-Rise,
 Once smallest of its shire ?
 How changed, and changing from my dream ;
 The dumpy church used not to seem
 So dumpy in the spire.

This village is no longer mine ;
 And though the inn has changed its sign,
 The beer may not be stronger :

The river, dwindled by degrees,
Is now a brook,—the cottages
Are cottages no longer.

The thatch is slate, the plaster bricks,
The trees have cut their ancient sticks,
Or else the sticks are stunted :
I'm sure these thistles once grew figs,
The geese were swans, and once the pigs
More musically grunted.

Where early reapers whistled shrill,
A whistle may be noted still,
The locomotive's ravings.
New custom newer want begets,—
I loved a bank for violets,—
I loathe a bank for savings.

That voice I have not heard for long !
So Patty still can sing the song
A merry playmate taught her ;
I know the strain, but much suspect
'Tis not the child I recollect,
But Patty, Patty's daughter ;

And has she too outlived the spells
Of breezy hills and silent dells
Where childhood loved to ramble ?
Then life was thornless to our ken,
And, Bramble-Rise, thy hills were then
A rise without a bramble.

* * * * *

FREDERICK LOCKER.

Bray.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous high-churchman was I,
 And so I got preferment.
 To teach my flock I never missed :
 Kings were by God appointed,
 And lost are those who dare resist
 Or touch the Lord's anointed.
 And this is the law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
 And popery grew in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the declaration ;
 The Church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution ;
 And I had been a Jesuit
 But for the revolution.
 And this is the law that I'll maintain, etc.

When William was our king declared,
 To ease the nation's grievance ;
 With this new wind about I steered,
 And swore to him allegiance ;
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance ;
 Passive obedience a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance.
 And this is the law that I'll maintain, etc.

When royal Anne became our queen,
 The Church of England's glory,

Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory ;
 Occasional conformists base,
 I blamed their moderation,
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.
 And this is the law that I'll maintain, etc.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men looked big, sir,
 My principles I changed once more,
 And so became a Whig, sir ;
 And thus preferment I procured
 From our new faith's defender ;
 And almost every day abjured
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is the law that I'll maintain, etc.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear,
 While they can keep possession :
 For in my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter ;
 And George my lawful king shall be
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is the law that I'll maintain, etc.

ANONYMOUS.

Bremhill.

SUN-DIAL IN THE CHURCHYARD OF BREMHILL.

So passes silent o'er the dead thy shade,
 Brief time ; and hour by hour, and day by day,
 The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
 And like a summer vapour steal away !

And have not they, who here forgotten lie
 (Say, hoary chronicler of ages past !)
Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye,
 Nor thought it fled, how certain, and how fast !

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
 Noting each hour o'er mouldering stones beneath ;
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
 And dust to dust proclaimed the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
 Careless alike ; the hour still seems to smile,
As hope and youth and life were in our power ;
 So smiling and so perishing the while.

I heard the village bells, with gladsome sound,
 When to these scenes a stranger I drew near,
Proclaim the tidings to the village round,
 While memory wept upon the good man's bier.

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells
 Ring merrily when my brief days are gone ;
While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,
 And strangers gaze upon my humble stone !

Enough, if we may wait in calm content,
 The hour that bears us to the silent sod ;
Blameless improve the time that heaven has lent,
 And leave the issue to thy will, O God !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Brereton.

THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE.

“Here [at Brereton in Cheshire] is one thing incredibly strange, but attested, as I myself have heard, by many persons and commonly believed. Before any heir of this family dies, there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies of trees swimming on the water for several days.”—CAMDEN'S *Britannia*.

YES! I have seen the ancient oak
 On the dark deep water cast,
 And it was not felled by the woodman's stroke,
 Or the rush of the sweeping blast ;
 For the axe might never touch that tree,
 And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
 By an arrow in the fight,
 And the old woods shook, to their loftiest leaf,
 At the crashing of its might ;
 And the startled deer to their coverts drew,
 And the spray of the lake as a fountain's flew !

'Tis fallen ! But think thou not I weep
 For the forest's pride o'erthrown,—
 An old man's tears lie far too deep
 To be poured for this alone :
 But by that sign too well I know
 That a youthful head must soon be low !

A youthful head, with its shining hair,
 And its bright quick-flashing eye ;
 Well may I weep ! for the boy is fair,
 Too fair a thing to die !
 But on his brow the mark is set,—
 O, could *my* life redeem him yet !

He bounded by me as I gazed
 Alone on the fatal sign,

And it seemed like sunshine when he raised
 His joyous glance to mine.
 With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
 So full of life,—but he must die !

He must, he must ! in that deep dell,
 By that dark water's side,
 'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell
 But an heir of his fathers died.
 And he,—there's laughter in his eye,
 Joy in his voice,—yet he must die !

I've borne him in these arms, that now
 Are nerveless and unstrung ;
 And must I see, on that fair brow,
 The dust untimely flung ?
 I must!—yon green oak, branch and crest,
 Lies floating on the dark lake's breast !

The noble boy !—how proudly sprung
 The falcon from his hand !
 It seemed like youth to see *him* young,
 A flower in his father's land !
 But the hour of the knell and the dirge is nigh,
 For the tree hath fallen, and the flower must die.

Say not 'tis vain ! I tell thee, some
 Are warned by a meteor's light,
 Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them home,
 Or a voice on the winds by night ;
 And they must go ! And he too, he !
 Woe for the fall of the glorious tree !

FELICIA HEMANS.

Bridlington.

A SEA PIECE.

AT nightfall, walking on the cliff-crowned shore,
 Where sea and sky were in each other lost ;
 Dark ships were scudding through the wild uproar
 Whose wrecks ere morn must strew the dreary coast ;
 I marked one well-moored vessel tempest-tossed,
 Sails reefed, helm-lashed, a dreadful siege she bore,
 Her deck by billow after billow crossed,
 While every moment she might be no more :
 Yet firmly anchored on the nether sand,
 Like a chained lion ramping at his foes,
 Forward and rearward still she plunged and rose,
 Till broke her cable ; then she fled to land,
 With all the waves in chase ; throes following throes ;
 She 'scaped,—she struck,—she stood upon the strand.

The morn was beautiful, the storm gone by ;
 Three days had passed ; I saw the peaceful main,
 One molten mirror, one illumined plane,
 Clear as the blue, sublime, o'erarching sky ;
 On shore that lonely vessel caught mine eye,
 Her bow was seaward, all equipt her train,
 Yet to the sun she spread her wings in vain,
 Like a caged eagle, impotent to fly ;
 There fixed as if for ever to abide ;
 Far down the beach had rolled the low neap-tide,
 Whose mingling murmur faintly lulled the ear :
 "Is this," methought,—“is this the doom of pride,
 Checked in the onset of thy brave career,
 Ingloriously to rot by piecemeal here ?”

Spring-tides returned, and Fortune smiled ; the bay
 Received the rushing ocean to its breast ;
 While waves on waves innumerably prest,
 Seemed, with the prancing of their proud array,

Sea-horses, flashed with foam, and snorting spray ;
 Their power and thunder broke that vessel's rest ;
 Slowly, with new expanding life possest,
 To her own element she glid away ;
 Buoyant and bounding like the polar whale,
 That takes his pastime ; every joyful sail
 Was to the freedom of the wind unfurled,
 While right and left the parted surges curled ;
 —Go, gallant bark ! with such a tide and gale,
 I'll pledge thee to a voyage round the world.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Brigham.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle, crowding round this beverage clear
 To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod
 The encircling turf into a barren clod,
 Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
 Born to be lost in Derwent, flowing near ;
 Yet o'er the brink, and round the limestone cell
 Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's well,"
 Name that first struck by chance my startled ear,)
 A tender spirit broods,—the pensive shade
 Of ritual honours to this fountain paid
 By hooded votaresses with saintly cheer ;
 Albeit oft the Virgin-Mother mild
 Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
 Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Brignall.

BRIGNALL BANKS.

O, BRIGNALL' banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there,
 Would grace a summer queen.
 And as I rode by Dalton hall,
 Beneath the turrets high,
 A maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily,—
 “O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green ;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
 Than reign our English queen.”

“If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life we lead,
 That dwell by dale and down ?
 And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
 As blithe as Queen of May.”—
 Yet sung she, “Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green ;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
 Than reign our English queen.—

“I read you, by your bugle-horn,
 And by your palfrey good,
 I read you for a ranger sworn,
 To keep the king's greenwood.”—
 “A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And 'tis at peep of light ;
 His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night.”—

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay ;
 I would I were with Edmund there,
 To reign his Queen of May !

"With burnished brand and musketoon,
 So gallantly you come,
 I read you for a bold dragoon,
 That lists the tuck of drum."—
 "I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear ;
 But when the beetle sounds his hum,
 My comrades take the spear.
 And O, though Brignall banks be fair,
 And Greta woods be gay,
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
 Would reign my Queen of May !

"Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die ;
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
 Were better mate than I !
 And when I'm with my comrades met,
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now.
 Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Brimham.

BRIMHAM ROCKS.

ROCKS ! sacred deemed to eldest fraud, when fear
 First darkened death's reality with dreams !
 The spirit of your cruel worship seems,

Like a wolf's shadow, yet to linger here,
 Deepening the gloom with peril still too near ;
 For guile and knowledge long have been allied,
 Most pious found when preaching blasphemies,
 Most treacherous when most trusted. But the year,
 Whose seasons are all winters, soon must close ;
 Knowledge hath joined the millions ; and mankind
 Are learning to distinguish friends from foes ;
 The eagle-eyed give sight unto the blind ;
 The eagle-winged are chasing crime-made woes ;
 The mighty-voiced are heard in every wind.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

TREES AT BRIMHAM.

GNARLED oak and holly ! stone-cropped like the stone !
 Are ye of it, or is it part of you ?
 Your union strange is marvellously true,
 And makes the granite, which I stand upon,
 Seem like the vision of an empire gone,—
 Gone, yet still present, though it never was,
 Save as a shadow,—let the shadow pass !
 So perish human glories, every one !
 But, Rocks ! ye are not shadows ; Trees ! ye cast
 The Almighty's shadow over the homeward bee,
 His name on Brimham ! yea, the coming blast,
 Beneath his curtains, reads it here with me,
 And pauses not to number marvels past,
 But speeds the thunder on o'er land and sea.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

ROCK IDOL AT BRIMHAM.

STONE ! did the hand of sacerdotal fraud
 Shape thee into this vital type of things ?
 Or did a million winters, on their wings
 Of scythe-like perseverance come abroad,

To bid Conjecture stand before thee awed,
 And, almost severing thee from parent-earth,
 Make thee a marvel? Vainly giv'st thou birth
 To solemn fancies, building an abode
 Around thee, for a world of shapeless ghosts ;
 Vainly they rise before me, calling up
 Kings and their masters, and imagined hosts
 That fight for clouds. What then? The heath-flower's cup
 With dewdrops feeds this fountain ever clear,
 And the winged ouzel whistles, "God is here!"

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Bristol.

BRISTOL.

How proud,
 Opposed to Walton's silent towers, how proud,
 With all her spires and fanes and volumed smoke,
 Trailing in columns to the midday sun,
 Black, or pale blue, above the cloudy haze,
 And the great stir of commerce, and the noise
 Of passing and repassing wains, and cars,
 And sledges grating in their underpath,
 And trade's deep murmur, and a street of masts
 And pennants from all nations of the earth,
 Streaming below the houses, piled aloft,
 Hill above hill ; and every road below
 Gloomy with troops of coal-nymphs, seated high
 On their rough pads, in dingy dust serene ;—
 How proudly amid sights and sounds like these,
 Bristol, through all whose smoke, dark and aloof,
 Stands Redcliff's solemn fane,—how proudly girt
 With villages, and Clifton's airy rocks,
 Bristol, the mistress of the Severn sea,—
 Bristol, amid her merchant palaces,
 That ancient city, sits !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON, IN THE CATHEDRAL
OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear ;
 Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave ;
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form ; she bowed to taste the wave,
 And died ! Does youth, does beauty, read the line ?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
 Speak, dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine :
 Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;
 And if so fair, from vanity as free ;
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die
 ('Twas even to thee), yet, the dread path once trod,
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

WILLIAM MASON.

Brixham.

THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

YOU see the gentle water,
 How silently it floats,
 How cautiously, how steadily
 It moves the sleepy boats ;
 And all the little loops of pearl
 It strews along the sand
 Steal out as leisurely as leaves,
 When summer is at hand.

But you know it can be angry,
 And thunder from its rest,
 When the stormy taunts of winter
 Are flying at its breast ;

And if you like to listen,
And draw your chairs around,
I'll tell you what it did one night,
When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham
Go out to search the seas,—
A stanch and sturdy fleet are they,
Who love a swinging breeze ;
And before the woods of Devon,
And the silver cliffs of Wales,
You may see when summer evenings fall
The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,
And gray winds hunt the foam,
They go back to little Brixham,
And ply their toils at home.
And thus it chanced one winter's day,
When a storm began to roar,
That all the men were out at sea,
And all the wives on shore.

Then as the wind grew fiercer,
The women's cheeks grew white,—
It was fiercer in the twilight,
And fiercest in the night.
The strong clouds set themselves like ice,
Without a star to melt ;
The blackness of the darkness
Was something to be felt.

The storm, like an assassin,
Went on its secret way,
And struck a hundred boats adrift
To reel about the bay.
They meet, they crash,—God keep the men !
God give a moment's light !
There is nothing but the tumult,
And the tempest and the night.

The men on shore were anxious,—
 They grieved for what they knew :
 What do you think the women did ?
 Love taught them what to do !
 Outspoke a wife : We've beds at home,
 We'll burn them for a light !
 Give us the men and the bare ground !
 We want no more to-night."

They took the grandame's blanket,
 Who shivered and bade them go ;
 They took the baby's pillow,
 Who could not say them no ;
 And they heaped a great fire on the pier,
 And knew not all the while
 If they were heaping a bonfire,
 Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame
 Shone bravely on the black,
 Till a cry rang through the people,—
 "A boat is coming back !"
 Staggering dimly through the fog,
 They see and then they doubt ;
 But, when the first prow strikes the pier,
 Cannot you hear them shout ?

Then all along the breadth of flame
 Dark figures shrieked and ran,
 With, "Child, here comes your father !"
 Or, "Wife, is this your man ?"
 And faint feet touch the welcome shore,
 And stay a little while ;
 And kisses drop from frozen lips,
 Too tired to speak or smile.

So, one by one, they struggled in,
 All that the sea would spare :
 We will not reckon through our tears
 The names that were not there ;

But some went home without a bed,
 When all the tale was told,
 Who were too cold with sorrow
 To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do,
 Who work in wind and foam ;
 And this is what the women bear,
 Who watch for them at home.
 So when you see a Brixham boat
 Go out to face the gales,
 Think of the love that travels
 Like light upon her sails.

M. B. S.

Brockley Coomb.

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF
 BROCKLEY COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft-reverted eye
 I climb the Coomb's ascent ; sweet songsters near
 Warble in shade their wildwood melody ;
 Far off the unvarying cuckoo soothes my ear.
 Up scour the startling stragglers of the flock
 That on green plots o'er precipices browse ;
 From the deep fissures of the naked rock
 The yew-tree bursts ! Beneath its dark-green boughs
 ('Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
 Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
 I rest ;—and now have gained the topmost site.
 Ah ! what a luxury of landscape meets
 My gaze ! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me,
 Elm-shadowed fields, and prospect-bounding sea !
 Deep sighs my lonely heart : I drop the tear :
 Enchanting spot ! O were my Sara here !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Brothers' Water.

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF
BROTHERS' WATER.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Brough.

BROUGH BELLS.

CONCERNING these bells at Brough, there is a tradition that they were given by one Brunskill, who lived upon Stanemore, in the remotest part of the parish, and had a great many cattle. One time it happened that his bull fell a-bellowing, which in the dialect of the country is called cruning, this being the genuine Saxon word to denote that vociferation. Thereupon he said to one of his neighbours, "Hearest thou how loud this bull crunes? If these cattle should all crune together, might they not be heard from Brough hither?" He answered, "Yea."—"Well then," says Brunskill, "I'll make them all crune together." And he sold them all, and with the price thereof he bought the said bells.

* * * * *

"ON Stanemore's side, one summer eve,
John Brunskill sate to see
His herds in yonder Borrodale
Come winding up the lea.

"Behind them, on the lowland's verge,
In the evening light serene,
Brough's silent tower, then newly built
By Blenkinsop, was seen.

"Slowly they came in long array,
With loitering pace at will;
At times a low from them was heard,
Far off, for all was still.

"The hills returned that lonely sound
Upon the tranquil air:
The only sound it was which then
Awoke the echoes there.

"'Thou hear'st that lordly bull of mine,
Neighbour,' quoth Brunskill then;
'How loudly to the hills he crunes,
That crune to him again!

“ ‘Think’st thou if yon whole herd at once
Their voices should combine,
Were they at Brough, that we might not
Hear plainly from this upland spot
That cruning of the kine?’

“ ‘That were a crune indeed,’ replied
His comrade, ‘which, I ween,
Might at the Spital well be heard,
And in all dales between.

“ ‘Up Mallerstang to Eden’s springs,
The eastern wind upon its wings
The mighty voice would bear ;
And Appleby would hear the sound,
Methinks, when skies are fair.’

“ ‘Then shall the herd,’ John Brunskill cried,
‘From yon dumb steeple crune ;
And thou and I, on this hillside,
Will listen to their tune.

“ ‘So, while the merry Bells of Brough
For many an age ring on,
John Brunskill will remembered be,
When he is dead and gone,—

“ ‘As one who, in his latter years,
Contented with enough,
Gave freely what he well could spare
To buy the Bells of Brough.’

“ Thus it hath proved : three hundred years
Since then have passed away,
And Brunskill’s is a living name
Among us to this day.”

“ More pleasure,” I replied, “ shall I
From this time forth partake,
When I remember Helbeck woods,
For old John Brunskill’s sake.

“He knew how wholesome it would be,
 Among these wild, wide fells
 And upland vales, to catch, at times,
 The sound of Christian bells ;—

“What feelings and what impulses
 Their cadence might convey
 To herdsman or to shepherd-boy,
 Whiling in indolent employ
 The solitary day ;—

“That, when his brethren were convened
 To meet for social prayer,
 He too, admonished by the call,
 In spirit might be there ;

“Or when a glad thanksgiving sound,
 Upon the winds of heaven,
 Was sent to speak a nation’s joy,
 For some great blessing given,—

“For victory by sea or land,
 And happy peace at length ;
 Peace by his country’s valour won,
 And ’stablished by her strength ;—

“When such exultant peals were borne
 Upon the mountain air,
 The sound should stir his blood, and give
 An English impulse there.”

Such thoughts were in the old man’s mind,
 When he that eve looked down
 From Stanemore’s side on Borrodale,
 And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,
 Another herd of kine,
 John Brunskill, I would freely give,
 That they might crume with thine.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Bude Haven.

A CROON ON HENNACLIFF.

THUS said the rushing raven
 Unto his hungry mate,—
 “Ho ! gossip ! for Bude Haven :
 There be corpses six or eight.
 Cawk ! cawk ! the crew and skipper
 Are wallowing in the sea :
 So there’s a savoury supper
 For my old dame and me.”

“Cawk ! gaffer ! thou art dreaming,
 The shore hath wreckers bold ;
 Would rend the yelling seamen,
 From the clutching billows’ hold.
 Cawk ! cawk ! they’d bound for booty
 Into the dragon’s den :
 And shout, for ‘ death or duty,’
 If the prey were drowning men.”

Loud laughed the listening surges
 At the guess our grandame gave :
 You might call them Boanerges,
 From the thunder of their wave.
 And mockery followed after
 The sea-bird’s jeering brood :
 That filled the skies with laughter,
 From Lundy Light to Bude.

“Cawk ! cawk !” then said the raven,
 “I am fourscore years and ten,
 Yet never in Bude Haven
 Did I croak for rescued men,—
 They will save the captain’s girdle,
 And shirt, if shirt there be ;
 But leave their blood to curdle
 For my old dame and me.”

So said the rushing raven
 Unto his hungry mate,—
 “Ho! gossip! for Bude Haven:
 There be corpses six or eight.
 Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper
 Are wallowing in the sea:
 O, what a savoury supper
 For my old dame and me.”

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Burnham.

BURNHAM BEECHES.

A BARD, dear Muse, unapt to sing,
 Your friendly aid beseeches,
 Help me to touch the lyric string,
 In praise of Burnham beeches.

What though my tributary lines
 Be less like Pope's than Creech's,
 The theme, if not the poet, shines,
 So bright are Burnham beeches.

O'er many a dell and upland walk
 Their sylvan beauty reaches,
 Of Birnam Wood let Scotland talk
 While we've our Burnham beeches.

Oft do I linger, oft return
 (Say, who my taste impeaches),
 Where holly, juniper, and fern
 Spring up round Burnham beeches.

Though deep-embowered their shades among,
 The owl at midnight screeches,
 Birds of far merrier, sweeter song
 Enliven Burnham beeches.

If "sermons be in stones," I'll bet
Our vicar, when he preaches,
He'd find it easier far to get
A hint from Burnham beeches.

Their glossy rind here winter stains,
Here the hot solstice bleaches.
Bow, stubborn oaks! bow, graceful planes!
Ye match not Burnham beeches.

Gardens may boast a tempting show
Of nectarines, grapes, and peaches,
But daintiest truffles lurk below
The boughs of Burnham beeches.

Poets and painters, hither hie,
Here ample room for each is
With pencil and with pen to try
His hand at Burnham beeches.

When monks, by holy church well schooled,
Were lawyers, statesmen, leeches,
Cured souls and bodies, judged or ruled,
Then flourished Burnham beeches,

Skirting the convent's walls of yore,
As yonder ruin teaches.
But shaven crown and cowl no more
Shall darken Burnham beeches.

Here bards have mused, here lovers true
Have dealt in softest speeches,
While suns declined, and, parting, threw
Their gold o'er Burnham beeches.

O, ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest making breaches,
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham beeches.

Hold! though I'd fain be jingling on,
 My power no further reaches—
 Again that rhyme? enough,—I've done,
 Farewell to Burnham beeches.

HENRY LUTTRELL.

Burton Pynsent.

SUNSET AT BURTON PYNSENT, SOMERSET.

How bare and bright thou sinkest to thy rest
 Over the burnished line of the Severn sea!
 While somewhat of thy power thou buriest
 In ruddy mists, that we may look on thee.
 And while we stand and wonder, we may see
 Far mountain-tops in visible glory drest,
 Where 'twixt yon purple hills the sight is free
 To search the regions of the dim north-west.
 But shadowy bars have crossed thee,—suddenly
 Thou'rt fallen among strange clouds; yet not the less
 Thy presence know we, by the radiancy
 That doth thy shroud with golden fringes dress;
 Even as hidden love to faithful eye
 Brightens the edges of obscure distress.

HENRY ALFORD.

Butleigh.

EPITAPH IN BUTLEIGH CHURCH.

DIVIDED far by death were they whose names,
 In honour here united as in birth,
 This monumental verse records. They drew
 In Dorset's healthy vales their natal breath,
 And from these shores beheld the ocean first,
 Whereon in early youth, with one accord,
 They chose their way of fortune; to that course

By Hood and Bridport's bright example drawn,
Their kinsmen, children of this place, and sons
Of one who in his faithful ministry
Inculcated within these hallowed walls
The truths in mercy to mankind revealed.
Worthy were these three brethren each to add
New honours to the already honoured name ;
But Arthur, in the morning of his day,
Perished amid the Caribbean Sea,
When the Pomona, by a hurricane
Whirled, riven, and overwhelmed, with all her crew
Into the deep went down. A longer date
To Alexander was assigned,—for hope,
For fair ambition, and for fond regret,
Alas, how short ! for duty, for desert,
Sufficing ; and, while Time preserves the roll
Of Britain's naval feats, for good report.
A boy, with Cook he rounded the great globe ;
A youth, in many a celebrated fight
With Rodney had his part ; and having reached
Life's middle stage, engaging ship to ship,
When the French Hercules, a gallant foe,
Struck to the British Mars his three-striped flag,
He fell, in the moment of his victory.
Here his remains, in sure and certain hope,
Are laid, until the hour when earth and sea
Shall render up their dead. One brother yet
Survived, with Keppel and with Rodney trained
In battles, with the Lord of Nile approved,
Ere in command he worthily upheld
Old England's high prerogative. In the East,
The West, the Baltic and the Midland Seas,—
Yea, wheresoever hostile fleets have ploughed
The ensanguined deep,—his thunders have been heard,
His flag in brave defiance hath been seen ;
And bravest enemies at Sir Samuel's name
Felt fatal presage, in their inmost heart,
Of unavertible defeat foredoomed.

Thus in the path of glory he rode on,
 Victorious alway, adding praise to praise,
 Till, full of honours, not of years, beneath
 The venom of the infected clime he sunk
 On Coromandel's coast, completing there
 His service, only when his life was spent.

To the three brethren Alexander's son,
 (Sole scion he in whom their line survived,)
 With English feeling, and the deeper sense
 Of filial duty consecrates this tomb.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Buxton.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON IN A RAINY SEASON.

FROM these wild heights, where oft the mists descend
 In rains that shroud the sun and chill the gale,
 Each transient gleaming interval we hail,
 And rove the naked valleys, and extend
 Our gaze around where yon vast mountains blend
 With billowy clouds that o'er their summits sail,
 Pondering how little Nature's charms befriend
 The barren scene, monotonous and pale.
 Yet solemn when the darkening shadows fleet
 Successive o'er the wide and silent hills,
 Gilded by watery sunbeams :—then we meet
 Peculiar pomp of vision. Fancy thrills ;
 And owns there is no scene so rude and bare
 But nature sheds or grace or grandeur there.

ANNA SEWARD.

BUXTON.

YET for her caves and holes Peake only not excels,
 But that I can again produce those wondrous wells
 Of Buckston, as I have that most delicious fount,
 Which men the second Bath of England do account,

Which in the primer reigns, when first this well began
 To have her virtues known unto the blest Saint Anne,
 Was consecrated then, which the same temper hath,
 As that most dainty spring which at the famous Bath
 Is by the Cross enstyled, whose fame I much prefer,
 In that I do compare my daintiest spring to her,
 Nice sicknesses to cure, as also to prevent,
 And supple their clear skins, which ladies oft frequent ;
 Most full, most fair, most sweet, and most delicious
 source.

To this a second fount, that in her natural course,
 As mighty Neptune doth, so doth she ebb and flow,
 If some Welsh shires report that they the like can show,
 I answer those, that her shall so no wonder call,
 So far from any sea, not any of them all.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Cadland.

CADLAND, SOUTHAMPTON RIVER.

IF ever sea-maid from her coral cave,
 Beneath the hum of the great surge, has loved
 To pass delighted from her green abode,
 And, seated on a summer bank, to sing
 No earthly music ; in a spot like this
 The bard might feign he heard her, as she dried
 Her golden hair, yet dripping from the main,
 In the slant sunbeam.

So the pensive bard
 Might image, warmed by this enchanting scene,
 The ideal form ; but though such things are not,
 He who has ever felt a thought refined ;
 He who has wandered on the sea of life,
 Forming delightful visions of a home
 Of beauty and repose ; he who has loved
 With filial warmth his country, will not pass

Without a look of more than tenderness
 On all the scene ; from where the pensile birch
 Bends on the bank, amid the clustered group
 Of the dark hollies ; to the woody shore
 That steals diminished, to the distant spires
 Of Hampton, crowning the long lucid wave.
 White in the sun beneath the forest-shade
 Full shines the frequent sail, like Vanity,
 As she goes onward in her glittering trim,
 Amid the glances of life's transient morn,
 Calling on all to view her !

Vectis¹ there,

That slopes its greensward to the lambent wave
 And shows through softest haze its woods and domes,
 With gray St. Catherine's creeping to the sky,
 Seems like a modest maid, who charms the more
 Concealing half her beauties.

To the east,

Proud, yet complacent, on its subject realm,
 With masts innumerable thronged, and hulls
 Seen indistinct, but formidable, mark
 Albion's vast fleet, that, like the impatient storm,
 Waits but the word to thunder and flash death
 On him who dares approach to violate
 The shores and living scenes that smile secure
 Beneath its dragon-watch !

Long may they smile !

And long, majestic Albion (while the sound
 From East to West, from Albis to the Po,
 Of dark contention hurtles), mayst thou rest,
 As calm and beautiful this sylvan scene
 Looks on the reflux wave that steals below.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

¹ The Isle of Wight.

Caistor.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'T is because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

“ Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“ Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway ;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.”

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride
 Felt them in her bosom glow :
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died ;
 Dying hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BOADICEA.

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian
 legionaries
 Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and
 Druidess,
 Far in the East Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted,
 Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce
 volubility,
 Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony Cám-
 ulodúne,
 Yelled and shrieked between her daughters o'er a wild
 confederacy.

“They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's bar-
 barous populaces,
 Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me
 supplicating?”

Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be supplicated?
 Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!
 Must their ever-ravening eagle's beak and talon annihilate us?
 Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering!
 Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and blacken innumerable,
 Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a skeleton,
 Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfskin, from the wilderness, wallow in it,
 Till the face of Bel be brightened, Taranis be propitiated.
 Lo their colony half-defended! lo their colony, C  mulo  ne!
 There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary.
 There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous emperor-idiot.
 Such is Rome, and this her deity: hear it, Spirit of C  ssiv  laun!"

* * * * *

So the queen Bo  dic  a, standing loftily charioted,
 Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like,
 Yelled and shrieked between her daughters in her fierce volubility.
 Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,
 Madly dashed the darts together, writhing barbarous lineaments.
 Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,
 Roared as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,

Yelled as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a
 promontory.
 So the silent colony hearing her tumultuous adversaries
 Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid
 unanimous hand,
 Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice,
 Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremu-
 lously,
 Then her pulses at the clamouring of her enemy fainted
 away.
 Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds.
 Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous
 agonies.
 Perished many a maid and matron, many a valorous
 legionary.
 Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam,
 Cámulodúne.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE.

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
 Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,
 And nothing cheered our way till first we saw
 The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift
 Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
 Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
 A student clothed in gown and tasseled cap,
 Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
 Or covetous of exercise and air ;
 He passed,—nor was I master of my eyes
 Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
 As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
 It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.

Onward we drove beneath the castle ; caught,
 While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam ;
 And at the Hoop alighted, famous inn.

* * * * *

The Evangelist St. John my patron was :
 Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure ;
 Right underneath, the college kitchens made
 A humming sound less tunable than bees,
 But hardly less industrious ; with shrill notes
 Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.
 Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
 Who never let the quarters, night or day,
 Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours
 Twice over with a male and female voice.
 Her pealing organ was my neighbour too ;
 And from my pillow, looking forth by light
 Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
 The antechapel where the statue stood
 Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
 The marble index of a mind forever
 Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.

* * * * *

All winter long, whenever free to choose,
 Did I by night frequent the college groves
 And tributary walks ; the last, and oft
 The only one, who had been lingering there
 Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,
 A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
 Rang, with its blunt, unceremonious voice,
 Inexorable summons ! Lofty elms,
 Inviting shades of opportune recess,
 Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood
 Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree,
 With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed
 Grew there ; an ash which winter for himself
 Decked as in pride, and with outlandish grace :

Up from the ground, and almost to the top,
 The trunk and every master branch were green
 With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs
 And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds
 That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
 Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood
 Foot-bound, uplooking at this lovely tree
 Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
 Of magic fiction verse of mine perchance
 May never tread : but scarcely Spenser's self
 Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
 Or could more bright appearance create
 Of human forms with superhuman powers,
 Than I beheld, loitering on calm, clear nights,
 Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the architect who planned—
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed scholars only—this immense
 And glorious work of fine intelligence !
 Give all thou canst : high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingerin', and wandering on as loth to die ;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHAT awful perspective ! while from our sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
 Their portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
 In the soft checkerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or king, or sainted Eremite,
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming night !—
 But, from the arms of silence,—list ! O, list !—
 The music bursteth into second life ;
 The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife ;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here ;
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam ;
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
 Melts, if it cross the threshold ; where the wreath
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops : or let my path
 Lead to that younger pile, whose sky-like dome
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
 Infinity's embrace ; whose guardian crest,
 The silent cross, among the stars shall spread
 As now, when she hath also seen her breast
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
 Of grateful England's overflowing dead.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

I PAST beside the reverend walls .
 In which of old I wore the gown ;
 I roved at random through the town,
 And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes
 The storm their high-built organs make,
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake
 The prophets blazoned on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,
 The measured pulse of racing oars
 Among the willows ; paced the shores
 And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
 The same, but not the same ; and last
 Up that long walk of limes I past
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :
 I lingered ; all within was noise
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
 That crashed the glass and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art
 And labour, and the changing mart,
 And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
 But send it slackly from the string ;
 And one would pierce an outer ring,
 And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
 We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
 The wrapt oration flowing free

From point to point with power and grace,
 And music in the bounds of law,
 To those conclusions when we saw
 The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;
 And over those ethereal eyes
 The bar of Michael Angelo.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ON REVISITING TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I HAVE a debt of my heart's own to thee,
 School of my soul ! old lime and cloister shade !
 Which I, strange suitor, should lament to see
 Fully acquitted and exactly paid.
 The first ripe taste of manhood's best delights,
 Knowledge imbibed, while mind and heart agree,
 In sweet belated talk on winter nights,
 With friends whom growing time keeps dear to me ;—
 Such things I owe thee, and not only these :
 I owe thee the far-beaconing memories
 Of the young dead, who, having crossed the tide
 Of Life where it was narrow, deep, and clear,
 Now cast their brightness from the farther side
 On the dark-flowing hours I breast in fear.

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE BACKS.

DROPPING down the river,
 Down the glancing river,
 Through the fleet of shallops,
 Through the fairy fleet,
 Underneath the bridges,
 Carv'd stone and oaken,
 Crowned with sphere and pillar,
 Linking lawn with lawn,
 Sloping swards of garden,
 Flowering bank to bank ;
 'Midst the golden noontide,
 'Neath the stately trees,

Reaching out their laden
 Arms to overshadow us ;
 'Midst the summer evens,
 Whilst the winds were heavy
 With the blossom-odours,
 Whilst the birds were singing
 From their sleepless nests.

Dropping down the river,
 Down the branchéd river,
 Through the hidden outlet
 Of some happy stream,
 Lifting up the leafy
 Curtain that o'erhung it,
 Fold on fold of foliage
 Not proof against the stars.

Drinking ruby claret
 From the silvered "Pewter,"
 Spoil of ancient battle
 On the "ready" Can,
 Ne'er to be forgotten
 Pleasant friendly faces
 Mistily discerning
 Through the glass below.

Ah ! the balmy fragrance
 Of the mild Havanna !
 Downed amidst the purple
 Of our railway wrappers,
 Solemn-thoughted, glorious
 On the verge of June.
 Musical the rippling
 Of the tardy current,
 Musical the murmur
 Of the wind-swept trees,
 Musical the cadence
 Of the friendly voices

Laden with the sweetness
Of the songs of old.

JAMES PAYN.

Camelot.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And through the field the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot ;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges, trailed
By slow horses ; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth, silken-sailed,
 Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to towered Camelot :
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near,
 Winding down to Camelot :
 There the river-eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market-girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to towered Camelot ;

And sometimes through the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two :
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often through the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot :
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed ;
 "I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever kneeled
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden galaxy.
 The bridle-bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot :
 And from his blazoned baldric slung,
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick jewelled shone the saddle leather,

The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burned like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 As often through the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed ;
 On burnished hooves his war-horse trode ;
 From underneath his helmet flowed
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot,
 From the bank and from the river
 He flashed into the crystal mirror,
 " Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces through the room,
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide ;
 The mirror cracked from side to side ;
 " The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

IN the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over towered Camelot ;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
 Like some bold seër in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Through the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot ;

And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darkened wholly
 Turned to towered Camelot ;

For ere she reached upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer ;
 And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot :
 But Lancelot mused a little space ;
 He said, " She has a lovely face ;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

As it fell out on a Pentecost-day,
 King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,
 With his faire queene, Dame Guenever the gay ;
 And many bold barons sitting in hall ;
 With ladies attired in purple and pall ;
 And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,
 Cryed *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie.*

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas
 Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee ;
 With steven fulle stoute amids all the preas,
 Sayd : Nowe, Sir King Arthur, God save thee, and see !
 Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee,
 And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
 Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,
 With eleven kings' beards bordered about,
 And there is room lefte yet in a kantle,
 For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out :
 This must be done, be thou never so stout ;
 This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
 Maugre the teeth of all thy round table.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
 Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower :

The king fumed ; the queene screecht ; ladies were
 aghast ;
 Princes puffed ; barons blustred ; lords began lower ;
 Knights stormed ; squires startled, like steeds in a
 stower ;
 Pages and yeomen yelled out in the hall,
 Then in came Sir Kay, the king's seneschal.

Silence, my sovereigns, quoth this courteous knight,
 And in that stound the stowre began still :
 Then the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight ;
 Of wine and wassel he had his wille :
 And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
 An hundred pieces of fine coynd gold
 Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,
 That for his bold message I do him defye ;
 And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
 Out of North-gales ; where he and I
 With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye,
 Whether he or King Arthur will prove the best barbor,
 And therewith he shook his good sword Escalabor.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

CAMELOT (QUEEN'S CAMEL).

LIKE Camelot, what place was ever yet renowned ?
 Where, as at Caerleon oft he kept the Table Round,
 Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
 From whence all knightly deeds, and brave achievements
 sprung.
 As some soft-sliding rill, which from a lesser head
 (Yet in his going forth, by many a fountain fed)
 Extends itself at length into a goodly stream :
 So almost through the world his fame flew from this
 realm ;

That justly I may charge those ancient bards of wrong
 So idly to neglect his glory in their song :
 For some abundant brain, O, there had been a story
 Beyond the blind man's might to have enhanced our
 glory.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Carisbrooke.

CARISBROOKE CHIMES.

CARISBROOKE Church on the fifth of November
 Flung out the silver hid deep in her chimes ;
 This was her burden, " Be pleased to remember
 The ill which they did in papistical times !"

Over the woods and the fields rich with tillage,
 That fairest of islands embellishing still,
 People who walked in the streets of the village
 Might hear the sweet echoes chime back from the hill.

I think, my old church, you are somewhat ungracious,
 And do not remember from whence you descended ;
 Who planned you so skilfully, framed you so spacious,
 And laid your stone walls with zeal pious and splendid !

What was the fount of that bountiful spirit
 Which fashioned each porch to the innermost throne ?
 Who pierced the fair windows whose light we inherit,
 And carved the quaint heads of your corbels of stone ?

Do you forget how the people rejoicéd
 When first you stood finished, the crown of the vale ?
 What hymns of thanksgiving rose myriad-voicéd,
 What rich scent of incense was borne on the gale ?

Or have you forgotten how red were the roses
 Which wreathed the new altar now ancient and gray ?

Ah! many a witness around you reposes,
 Whose dead lips, unsealed, would remember that day!

Pacing the churchyard by moonlight in summer,
 Watching the rainbow when green leaves turn sere,
 I think to the heart of a thoughtful new-comer,
 Each trace of the old Faith should surely be dear.

All she did here was both noble and tender ;—
 God save her living core,—peace to her dust ;
 Inspired by her beauty, amazed by her splendour,
 The poet at least can afford to be just.

And I cannot endure to hear you assuring,
 At the top of your voice (though a sweet one, 'tis
 true !)

The mother who reared you with love so enduring,
 That she and her children are nothing to you.

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

Carlisle.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW-PANE AT THE OLD BUSH HOTEL.

HERE chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl ;
 Here godless boys God's glories squall ;
 Here heads of Scotchmen guard the wall ;
 But Corbie walks alone for all.

DAVID HUME.

THE SUN SHINES FAIR ON CARLISLE WALL.

SHE leaned her head against a thorn,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 And there she has her young babe born,
 And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

“ Smile no sae sweet, my bonnie babe,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa’;
 An ye smile sae sweet ye’ll smile me dead,”
 And the lyon shall be lord of a’.

* * * * *

She’s howket a grave by the light o’ the moon,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa’;
 And there she’s buried her sweet babe in,
 And the lyon shall be lord of a’.

As she was going to the church,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa’;
 She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
 And the lyon shall be lord of a’.

“ O bonnie babe, an ye were mine,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa’;
 I’d clead you in silk and sabelline,—
 And the lyon shall be lord of a’.”

“ O mother mine, when I was thine,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa’;
 To me ye were na half sae kind,
 And the lyon shall be lord of a’.

“ But now I’m in the heavens hie,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa’;
 And ye have the pains of hell to dree”—
 And the lyon shall be lord of a’.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE SHALL BE LORD OF ALL.

It was an English ladye bright,
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
 And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all.

That wine she had not tasted well,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
When dead in her true love's arms she fell
For Love was still the lord of all.

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall :—
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all !

And then he took the cross divine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine ;
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all !

WALTER SCOTT.

CARLISLE YETTS.

WHITE was the rose in his gay bonnet,
 As he faulded me in his broached plaidie,
 His hand whilk clasped the truth luvè,
 O it was ay in battle ready !
 His long, long hair in yellow hanks
 Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie ;
 But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
 In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.

My father's blood's in that flower-tap,
 My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom,
 This white rose was steeped in my luvè's blood,
 An' I'll ay wear it in my bosom.

* * * * *

When I came first by merry Carlisle,
 Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming ;
 The White Rose flaunted owre the wall,
 The thristled banners far were streaming !
 When I came next by merry Carlisle,
 O sad, sad seemed the town an' eerie !
 The auld, auld men came out an' wept,
 "O maiden, come ye to seek yer dearie ?"

* * * * *

There's ae drop o' blude atween my breasts,
 An' twa in my links o' hair sae yellow ;
 The tane I'll ne'er wash, an' the tither ne'er kame,
 But I'll sit an' pray aneath the willow.
 Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
 Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie,
 Which feasts in our richest Scottish blude,
 An' makes sae mony a doleful widow.

ANONYMOUS.

CARLISLE CASTLE.

How fair amid the depth of summer green
 Spread forth thy walls, Carlisle ! Thy castled heights
 Abrupt and lofty ; thy cathedral dome
 Majestic and alone ; thy beauteous bridge
 Spanning the Eden, where the angler sits
 Patient so long, and marks the browsing sheep
 Like sprinkled snow amid the verdant vales.
 Old Time hath hung upon thy misty walls
 Legends of festal and of warlike deeds,—
 King Arthur's wassail-cup ; the battle-axe
 Of the wild Danish sea-kings ; the fierce beak
 Of Rome's victorious eagle : Pictish spear
 And Scottish claymore in confusion mixed
 With England's clothyard arrow. Every helm
 And dinted cuirass hath some stirring tale,—
 Yet here thou sitt'st as meekly innocent
 As though thine eager lip had never quaffed
 Hot streams of kindred blood.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

Castle Clare.

CASTLE CLARE.

FROM holly-bush and leafless larch,
 From beech-tree rusty-red,
 Now music comes to wake the flowers
 That sleep on mossy bed.
 For blackbirds pipe upon the elms
 To the echoes hiding there ;
 And merry and strong the thrushes flute
 All round brave Castle Clare.

The deer feed in the sloping dell,
 The swans are on the wave,

The trout leap up for very joy
 In silver armour brave ;
 The lark above the fallow sings,
 Poised in the calm blue air,
 Rejoicing every breeze that blows
 Sweetly o'er Castle Clare.

Its towers stand grandly in the sun,
 That gilds their circling vanes ;
 Soft clouds of billowing white roll by
 Laden with gentle rains.
 The birds upon a thousand trees,
 Like children free from care,
 Carol in the green spreading parks
 Of leaf-clad Castle Clare.

Now foals in grassy paddocks pent
 Leap, welcoming the spring ;
 I am the happiest creature born,
 For Love has crowned me king.
 Nelly, to-day, with arm in mine,
 Said " Yes " to my fond prayer ;
 And now the meadows seem all flowers
 Around dear Castle Clare.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Chalgrove.

CHALGROVE.

FROM pious Britwell pass we now
 At freedom's honoured shrine to bow
 On Chalgrove's neighbouring field ;
 An undistinguished speck it seems,
 Where scarce the sun's refulgent beams
 One spark of light can yield,—
 A common spot of earth, where grows
 In summer time the yellow corn ;

Where now his grain the seedsman throws
 With careful hand from early morn,
 Yet pauses midst his toil to tell
 That in that field bold Hampden fell.

Hampden! thy name from age to age
 The patriot heart shall fire ;

The good, the fair, the brave, the sage,
 All weep thy funeral pyre.

Thy very enemy confest

The virtues of thy noble breast ;

Hard as it is amid the jar

Of falling thrones, of civil war,

To judge of man's inconstant state,

Even he confessed thee good and great.

How was the Stuart fallen, when thou

Didst brave his power with dauntless brow !

How raised when Falkland by him stood

As great as thou, as wise, as good !

O who, by equal fame misled,

Who shall the righteous cause decide,

When for his king Lord Falkland bled,

When Hampden for his country died !

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Channel, the English.

THE ARETHUSA.

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
 Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
 While English glory I unfold, —

Huzza to the Arethusa !

She is a frigate tight and brave
 As ever stemmed the dashing wave :

Her men are stanch

To their favourite launch,

And when the foe shall meet our fire,
 Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
 On board of the Arethusa.

'T was with old Keppel she went out,
 The English channel to cruise about,
 When four French sail, in show so stout,
 Bore down on the Arethusa.
 The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,—
 The Arethusa seemed to fly ;
 Not a sheet or a tack,
 Or a brace did she slack ;
 Though the Frenchman laughed, and thought it stuff ;
 But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
 On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
 The stoutest they could find in France ;
 We with two hundred did advance,
 On board of the Arethusa,
 Our captain hailed the Frenchman, "Ho !"
 The Frenchman then cried out, "Hallo !"
 " Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our admiral's lee."
 " No, no," says the Frenchman, " that can't be."
 " Then I must lug you along with me,"
 Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land ;
 We forced them back upon their strand ;
 For we fought till not a stick would stand
 On board of the Arethusa.
 And since we've driven the foe ashore,
 Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his favourite lass ;
 A health to our captain and officers too,
 And all who belong to the jovial crew
 On board of the Arethusa.

PRINCE HOARE.

Channel Islands.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

THUS scarcely said the Muse, but hovering while she
hung

Upon the Celtic wastes, the sea-nymphs loudly sung :
O ever-happy Isles, your heads so high that bear,
By nature strongly fenced, which never need to fear
On Neptune's watery realms when Eolus raiseth wars,
And every billow bounds as though to quench the stars :
Fair Jersey first of these here scattered in the deep,
Peculiarly that boast'st thy double-hornéd sheep :
Inferior nor to thee, thou Jernsey, bravely crowned
With rough-imbattled rocks, whose venom-hating ground
The hardened emeral hath, which thou abroad dost send
Thou Ligon, her beloved, and Serk, that dost attend
Her pleasure every hour ; as Jethow, them at need,
With pheasants, fallow deer, and conies, that dost feed :
Ye seven small sister Isles, and Sorlings, which to see
The half-sunk seaman joys, or whatsoe'er you be,
From fruitful Aurney, near the ancient Celtic shore,
To Ushant and the Seams, whereas those nuns of yore
Gave answers from their caves, and took what shapes
they please :

Ye happy Islands set within the British seas,
With shrill and jocund shouts the unmeasured deeps
awake,

And let the Gods of sea their secret bowers forsake,
Whilst our industrious Muse Great Britain forth shall
bring,

Crowned with those glorious wreaths that beautify the
spring ;

And whilst green Thetis' nymphs, with many an amor-
ous lay

Sing our invention safe unto her long-wished bay.

Upon the utmost end of Cornwall's furrowing beak,
Where Bresan from the land the tilting waves doth break ;

The shore let her transcend, the promont to descry,
 And view about the Point the unnumbered fowl that fly.
 Some, rising like a storm from off the troubled sand,
 Seem in their hovering flight to shadow all the land ;
 Some, sitting on the beach to prune their painted breasts,
 As if both earth and air they only did possess.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Charnwood.

CHARNWOOD.

O CHARNWOOD, be thou called the choicest of thy kind,
 The like in any place what flood hath happed to find ?
 No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,
 Can show a sylvan nymph for beauty like to thee :
 The satyrs and the fawns, by Dian set to keep,
 Rough hills and forest holts were sadly seen to weep,
 When thy high-palmed harts, the sport of bows and
 hounds,
 By gripple borderers' hands were banished thy grounds.
 The Driades that were wont about thy lawns to rove,
 To trip from wood to wood and scud from grove to
 grove,
 On Sharpley that were seen, and Chadman's aged rocks,
 Against the rising sun to braid their silver locks ;
 And with the harmless elves, on heathy Bardon's height,
 By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night by night,
 Exiled their sweet abode, to poor bare commons fled,
 They with the oaks that lived, now with the oaks are
 dead.
 Who will describe to life a forest, let him take
 Thy surface to himself, nor shall he need to make
 Another form at all, where oft in thee is found
 Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are crowned
 With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and sheep
 (To him that stands remote) do softly seem to creep,

To gnaw the little shrubs on their steep sides that grow ;
 Upon whose other part on some descending brow,
 Huge stones are hanging out as though they down
 would drop,

Where under-growing oaks on their old shoulders prop
 The others' hoary heads, which still seem to decline,
 And in a dimble near (even as a place divine,
 For contemplation fit) an ivy cieled bower,
 As nature had therein ordained some sylvan power :
 As men may very oft at great assemblies see,
 Where many of most choice and wondered beauties be :
 For stature one doth seem the best away to bear ;
 Another for her shape to stand beyond compare ;
 Another for the fine composure of a face ;
 Another short of these, yet for a modest grace
 Before them all preferred ; amongst the rest yet one,
 Adjudged by all to be so perfect paragon,
 That all those parts in her together simply dwell,
 For which the other do so severally excel.
 My Charnwood, like the last, hath in herself alone
 What excellent can be in any forest shown.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Chatsworth.

CHATSWORTH.

CHATSWORTH ! thy stately mansion and the pride
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
 To house and home in many a craggy rent
 Of the wild Peak ; where new-born waters glide
 Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,
 With every semblance of entire content ;
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried !
 Yet he whose heart in childhood gave her troth
 To pastoral dales, thin set with modest farms,

May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,
 That not for Fancy only pomp hath charms ;
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
 The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Chepstow.

THE NORMAN HORSESHOE.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds
 And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
 And armourers, with iron toil,
 Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
 Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
 Around the courser's thundering heel,
 That e'er shall dint a sable wound
 On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground !

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn :
 Was heard afar the bugle horn :
 And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
 Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
 They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
 In crimson light, on Rymny's stream ;
 They vowed, Caerphili's sod should feel
 The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore,—the sun arose,
 And Rymny's wave with crimson glows ;
 For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
 Rolled down the stream to Severn's tide !
 And sooth they vowed,—the trampled green
 Showed where hot Neville's charge had been :
 In every sable hoof-tramp stood
 A Norman horseman's curdling blood !

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
 That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil ;

Their orphans long the art may rue,
 For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
 No more the stamp of armed steed
 Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead ;
 Nor trace be there in early spring,
 Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Chertsey.

EPITAPH ON THE LIVING AUTHOR.

HERE, stranger, in this humble nest,
 Here Cowley sleeps ; here lies,
 'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
 And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
 And no inglorious ease,
 He braves the world, and can defy
 Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth, he asks, survey ;
 Is he not dead, indeed ?
 " Light lie that earth," good stranger, pray,
 " Nor thorn upon it breed !"

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
 Compass your poet round ;
 With flowers of every fragrant name
 Be his warm ashes crowned !

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Cherwell, the River.

TO THE RIVER CHERWELL, OXFORD.

CHERWELL ! how pleased along thy willowed hedge
 Erewhile I strayed, or when the morn began
 To tinge the distant turret's gleamy fan,
 Or evening glimmered o'er the sighing sedge !
 And now, reposing on thy banks once more,
 I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
 Whose music on my melancholy way
 I wooed : amid thy waving willows hoar
 Seeking awhile to rest,—till the bright sun
 Of joy return, as when Heaven's beauteous bow
 Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below :
 Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
 Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
 Till Eve's last hush shall close the silent scene,

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

CHERWELL, FROM THE TERRACE.

I.

'T IS evening ! With a mind to which the shade-
 Somewhat of its own sombre hues hath lent,
 On the old terrace-wall far forward bent,
 I watch, while slowly the last sunbeams fade
 Behind the trees of Christ-Church' lengthened glade,
 Cherwell, thy tributary waters glide
 Onward to Isis' breast, a silver tide,
 Winding, 'mid willow-drooping banks embayed ;
 Yes ! typical thine unambitious flow,
 Of those brief years to lone seclusion given,
 When studious days in modest current go,
 Noiseless, unruffled, swift, unsullied, even,
 Unrippled, foamless, eddyless, till hurled
 Into the larger waters of the world !

II.

ARISTOCRATIC stream ! Thou who dost brook
 No trade upon thy waters ! never soil
 Thy purity the barge and sons of toil !
 For gentle lovers only dost thou look :
 Ne'er hast thou been, ne'er shall thou be, forsook
 By Youth and Pleasure, who with dripping oar
 Through the green meadows on thy banks explore
 Each azure bend, and lily-bearing nook ;
 The pool by bathers sought, glassy and still :
 The shady reach where the dark willows bend :
 Thine angler-haunted current by the mill :—
 Beautiful river ! why should I rehearse
 Faintly thy charms, when he who was my friend
 Hath given thee sweeter and more burning verse ?

JOHN BRUCE NORTON.

Cheshire.

CHESHIRE.

O THOU thrice happy shire, confinéd so to be
 Twixt two so famous floods as Mersey is and Dee.
 Thy Dee upon the west from Wales doth thee divide ;
 Thy Mersey on the north, from the Lancastrian side,
 Thy natural sister shire ; and linked unto thee so,
 That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth go.
 As towards the Derbian Peak, and Moreland (which do
 draw
 More mountainous and wild) the high-crowned Shut-
 lingslawe
 And Molcop be thy mounds, with those proud hills
 whence rove
 The lovely sister brooks, the silvery Dane and Dove ;
 Clear Dove, that makes to Trent ; the other to the west.
 But, in that famous town, most happy of the rest

(From which thou tak'st thy name), fair Chester, called
of old
Carelegion ; whilst proud Rome her conquests here did
hold,
Of those her legions known the faithful station then,
So stoutly held to tack by those near North-Wales men ;
Yet by her own right name had rather calléd be,
As her the Briton termed, The Fortress upon Dee,
Then vainly she would seem a miracle to stand,
The imaginary work of some huge giant's hand.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Chester.

CHESTER.

How charmed we pilgrims from the eager West,
Where only life, and not its scene is old,
Beside the hearth at Chester's inn at rest,
Her ancient story to each other told !

The holly-wreath and dial's moon-orbed face,
The Gothic tankard crowned with beaded ale,
The faded aquatint of Chevy Chase,
And heirloom Bible, harmonised the tale.

Then roamed we forth as in a wondrous dream,
Whose visions truth could only half eclipse ;
The turret shadows living phantoms seem,
And mill-slucice brawl the moan of ghostly lips.

Night and her planet their enchantments wove,
To wake the brooding spirits of the past ;
A Druid's sickle glistened in the grove,
And Harold's war-cry died upon the blast.

The floating mist that hung on Brewer's hill
(While every heart-beat seemed a sentry's tramp),
In tented domes and bannered folds grew still,
As rose the psalm from Cromwell's wary camp.

From ivied tower, above the meadows sere,
We watched the fray with hunted Charles of yore,
When grappled Puritan and Cavalier,
And sunk a traitor's throne on Rowton Moor.

We tracked the ramparts in the lunar gloom,
Knelt by the peasants at St. Mary's shrine ;
With his own hermit mused at Parnell's tomb,
And breathed the cadence of his pensive line.

Beneath a gable mouldering and low,
The pious record we could still descry,
Which, in the pestilence of old De Foe,
Proclaimed that here death's angel flitted by.

At morn the venders in the minster's shade,
With gleaming scales and plumage at their feet,
Seemed figures on the canvas of Ostade,
Where mart and temple so benignly meet.

Of Holland whispered then the sullen barge,
We thought of Venice by the hushed canal,
And hailed each relic on time's voiceless marge,—
Sepulchral lamp and clouded lachrymal.

The quaint arcades of traffic's feudal range,
And giant fossils of a lustier crew ;
The diamond casements and the moated grange,
Tradition's lapsing fantasies renew.

The oaken effigies of buried earls,
A window blazoned with armorial crest,
A rusted helm, and standard's broidered furls,
Chivalric eras patiently attest.

Here William's castle frowns upon the tide ;
There holy Werburgh keeps aerial sway,
To warn the minions who complacent glide,
And swell ambition's retinne to-day.

Once more we sought the parapet, to gaze,
 And mark the hoar-frost glint along the dales ;
 Or through the wind-cleft vistas of the haze,
 Welcome afar the mountain-ridge of Wales.

Ah, what a respite from the onward surge
 Of life, where all is turbulent and free,
 To pause awhile upon the quiet verge
 Of olden memories beside the Dee !

ANONYMOUS.

Chichester.

EPITAPH IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL ON
 WILLIAM COLLINS,

WHO DIED THE 12TH OF JUNE 1759. AGED 39.

YE who the merits of the dead revere,
 Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
 Regard this tomb, where Collins, hapless name !
 Solicits kindness with a double claim.
 Though Nature gave him, and though Science taught,
 The fire of fancy and the reach of thought ;
 Severely doomed to penury's extreme,
 He passed in maddening pains life's feverish dream ;
 While rays of genius only served to show
 The thickening horror, and exalt his woe.
 Ye walls, that echoed to his frantic moan,
 Guard the due record of this grateful stone.
 Strangers to him, enamoured of his lays,
 This fond memorial to his talents raise ;
 For this the ashes of a bard require,
 Who touched the tenderest notes of Pity's lyre ;
 Who joined pure faith to strong poetic powers ;
 Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
 Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
 And rightly deemed the book of God the best.

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

Chillington.

INSCRIPTION FOR A STONE

ERECTED AT THE SOWING OF A GROVE OF OAKS AT
CHILLINGTON, THE SEAT OF T. GIFFORD, ESQ., 1790.

OTHER stones the era tell
When some feeble mortal fell ;
I stand here to date the birth
Of these hardy sons of earth.

Which shall longest brave the sky,
Storm and frost,—these oaks or I ?
Pass an age or two away,
I must moulder and decay ;
But the years that crumble me
Shall invigorate the tree,
Spread its branch, dilate its size,
Lift its summit to the skies.

Cherish honour, virtue, truth,
So shalt thou prolong thy youth.
Wanting these, however fast
Man be fixed and formed to last,
He is lifeless even now,
Stone at heart, and cannot grow.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Cinque Ports.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships ;

And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,

And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Clapham.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

AH me ! those old familiar bounds !
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls !
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls !

Ay, that's the very house ! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row !
Its chimneys in the rear !
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turned our table-beer !

There I was birched ! there I was bred !
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woful tree !—
The weary tasks I used to con !
The hopeless leaves I wept upon !
Most fruitless leaves to me !

The summoned class!—the awful bow!—
I wonder who is master now

And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S * * *?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favoured two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize—Bohea?

Ay, there's the playground! there's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read!—
Who sits there now, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of love and cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they're gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "The Greys,"
And some have perished young!—
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the wane of life;
And blithe Carew—is hung!

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To savages at Owhyee;
Poor Chase is with the worms!—
All, all are gone,—the olden breed!
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
"And push us from our forms!"

Lo ! where they scramble forth, and shout,
 And leap, and skip, and mob about,
 At play where we have played !
 Some hop, some run (some fall), some twine
 Their crony arms ; some in the shine,
 And some are in the shade !

Lo ! there what mixed conditions run :
 The orphan lad ; the widow's son ;
 And fortune's favoured care,—
 The wealthy born, for whom she hath
 Macadamised the future path,—
 The nabob's pampered heir !

Some brightly starred, some evil born ;
 For honour some, and some for scorn ;
 For fair or foul renown !
 Good, bad, indifferent,—none may lack !
 Look, here's a White, and there's a Black !
 And there's a Creole brown !

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
 And wish their frugal sires would keep
 Their only sons at home ;
 Some tease the future tense, and plan
 The full-grown doings of the man,
 And pant for years to come !

A foolish wish ! There's one at hoop ;
 And four at fives ! and five who stoop
 The marble taw to speed !
 And one that curvets in and out,
 Reining his fellow cob about,—
 Would I were in his steed !

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
 That boyish harness off, to swop
 With this world's heavy van,—
 To toil, to tug. O little fool !
 While thou canst be a horse at school,
 To wish to be a man !

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
 To wear a crown,—to be a king !
 And sleep on regal down !
 Alas ! thou know'st not kingly cares ;
 Far happier is thy head that wears
 That hat without a crown !

And dost thou think that years acquire
 New added joys ? Dost think thy sire
 More happy than his son ?
 That manhood's mirth ?—O, go thy ways
 To Drury Lane when——plays,
 And see how forced our fun !

Thy taws are brave !—thy tops are rare !—
 Our tops are spun with coils of care,
 Our dumps are no delight !—
 The Elgin marbles are but tame,
 And 'tis at best a sorry game
 To fly the Muse's kite !

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
 Our topmost joys fall dull and dead,
 Like balls with no rebound !
 And often with a faded eye
 We look behind, and send a sigh
 Towards that merry ground !

Then be contented. Thou hast got
 The most of heaven in thy young lot ;
 There's sky-blue in thy cup !
 Thou'lt find thy manhood all too fast,—
 Soon come, soon gone ! and age at last
 A sorry breaking up !

THOMAS HOOD.

Clevedon.

HALLAM'S GRAVE.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
 I know that in thy place of rest
 By that broad water of the west
 There comes a glory on the walls :

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
 As slowly steals a silver flame
 Along the letters of thy name,
 And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away ;¹
 From off my bed the moonlight dies ;
 And closing eaves of wearied eyes
 I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :

And then I know the mist is drawn
 A lucid veil from coast to coast,
 And in the chancel like a ghost
 Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Clifton.

CLIFTON.

CLIFTON, in vain thy varied scenes invite,—
 The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height ;
 The sheep, that, starting from the tufted thyme,¹
 Untune the distant churches' mellow chime :
 As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
 And shake above our heads the craggy steps.
 Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower
 While light and darkness seize the changeful oar ;
 The frolic Naiads drawing from below
 A net of silver round the black canoe.

Now the last lonely solace must it be
 To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea.
 Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
 My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN CLIFTON AND LEIGH
 WOODS.

FROWN ever opposite, the angel cried,
 Who, with an earthquake's might and giant hand,
 Severed these riven rocks, and bade them stand
 Severed forever ! The vast ocean-tide,
 Leaving its roar without at his command,
 Shrank, and beneath the woods through the green land
 Went gently murmuring on, so to deride
 The frowning barriers that its force defied !
 But Art, high o'er the trailing smoke below
 Of sea-bound steamer, on yon summit's head
 Sat musing ; and where scarce a wandering crow
 Sailed o'er the chasm, in thought a highway led ;
 Conquering as by an arrow from a bow,
 The scene's lone genius by her elfin-thread.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Clovelly.

CLOVELLY.

'Tis eve ! 'tis glimmering eve ! how fair the scene,
 Touched by the soft hues of the dreamy west !
 Dim hills afar, and happy vales between,
 With the tall corn's deep furrow calmly blest :
 Beneath, the sea ! by Eve's fond gale caressed,
 'Mid groves of living green that fringe its side ;
 Dark sails that gleam on ocean's heaving breast
 From the glad fisher-barks that homeward glide,
 To make Clovelly's shores at pleasant evening-tide.

Hearken ! the mingling sounds of earth and sea,
 The pastoral music of the bleating flock,
 Blent with the sea-bird's uncouth melody,
 The waves' deep murmur to the unheeding rock ;
 And ever and anon the impatient shock
 Of some strong billow on the sounding shore :
 And hark ! the rowers' deep and well-known stroke,
 Glad hearts are there, and joyful hearts once more
 Furrow the whitening wave with their returning oar.

But turn where Art with votive hand hath twined
 A living wreath for Nature's grateful brow,
 Where the lone wanderer's raptured footsteps wind
 'Mid rock, and glancing stream, and shadowy bough ;
 Where scarce the valley's leafy depths allow
 The intruding sunbeam in their shade to dwell,
 There doth the sea-maid breathe her human vow,—
 So village maidens in their envy tell,—
 Won from her dark-blue home by that alluring dell.

A softer beauty floats along the sky,
 The moonbeam dwells upon the voiceless wave ;
 Far off, the night-winds steal away and die,
 Or sleep in music in their ocean cave :
 Tall oaks, whose strength the giant-storm might brave,
 Bend in rude fondness o'er the silvery sea ;
 Nor can yon mountain raun forbear to lave
 Her blushing clusters where the waters be,
 Murmuring around her home such touching melody.

Thou, quaint Clovelly ! in thy shades of rest,
 When timid Spring her pleasant task hath sped,
 Or Summer pours from her redundant breast
 All fruits and flowers along thy valley's bed :
 Yes ! and when Autumn's golden glories spread,
 Till we forget near Winter's withering rage,
 What fairer path shall woo the wanderer's tread,
 Soothe wearied hope and worn regret assuage ?
 Lo ! for firm youth a bower, a home for lapsing age.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Cockermouth.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH,
WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS FATHER'S
REMAINS ARE LAID.

A POINT of life between my parents' dust
And yours, my buried little ones ! am I ;
And to those graves looking habitually,
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just,
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent ;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must :
And you, my offspring ! that do still remain,
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
We breathed together for a moment's space,
The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH
CASTLE.

“THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
Poet ! that, stricken as both are by years,
We, differing once so much, are now compeers,
Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink
Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
United us ; when thou, in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
Of light was there ; and thus did I, thy tutor,
Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave ;
While thou wert chasing the winged butterfly
Through my green courts ; or climbing, a bold suitor,

Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Corby.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE BANKS
OF THE EDEN.

STRETCHED on the dying mother's lap lies dead
Her new-born babe ; dire ending of bright hope !
But sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head
So patiently ; and through one hand has spread
A touch so tender for the insensate child,—
(Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled),—
That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered ;
Feel with the mother, think the severed wife
Is less to be lamented than revered ;
And own that art, triumphant over strife
And pain, hath powers to eternity endeared.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Corston.

CORSTON.

As thus I stand beside the murmuring stream,
And watch its current, Memory here portrays
Scenes faintly formed of half-forgotten days,
Like far-off woodlands by the moon's bright beam
Dimly descried, but lovely. I have worn
Amid these haunts the heavy hours away,
When childhood idled through the sabbath day ;

Risen to my tasks at winter's earliest morn ;
 And, when the summer twilight darkened here,
 Thinking of home, and all of heart forlorn,
 Have sighed, and shed in secret many a tear.
 Dreamlike and indistinct those days appear,
 As the faint sounds of this low brooklet, borne
 Upon the breeze, reach fitfully the ear.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE RETROSPECT.

CORSTON, twelve years in various fortunes fled
 Have passed with restless progress o'er my head,
 Since in thy vale, beneath the master's rule,
 I dwelt an inmate of the village school.
 Yet still will Memory's busy eye retrace
 Each little vestige of the well-known place ;
 Each wonted haunt and scene of youthful joy,
 Where merriment has cheered the careless boy ;
 Well pleased will Fancy still the spot survey
 Where once he triumphed in the boyish play,
 Without one care where every morn he rose,
 Where every evening sunk to calm repose.

Large was the house, though fallen, in course of fate,
 From its old grandeur and manorial state.
 Lord of the manor, here the jovial squire
 Once called his tenants round the crackling fire ;
 Here, while the glow of joy suffused his face,
 He told his ancient exploits in the chase,
 And, proud his rival sportsmen to surpass,
 He lit again the pipe and filled again the glass.

But now no more was heard at early morn
 The echoing clangour of the huntsman's horn ;
 No more the eager hounds with deepening cry
 Leaped round him as they knew their pastime nigh ;

The squire no more obeyed the morning call,
 Nor favourite spaniels filled the sportsman's hall ;
 For he, the last descendant of his race,
 Slept with his fathers, and forgot the chase.
 There now in petty empire o'er the school
 The mighty master held despotic rule ;
 Trembling in silence all his deeds we saw,
 His look a mandate and his word a law ;
 Severe his voice, severe and stern his mien,
 And wondrous strict he was, and wondrous wise I ween.

* * * * *

Such was my state in those remembered years,
 When two small acres bounded all my fears ;
 And therefore still with pleasure I recall
 The tapestried school ; the bright, brown-boarded hall ;
 The murmuring brook, that every morning saw
 The due observance of the cleanly law ;
 The walnuts, where, when favour would allow,
 Full oft I went to search each well-stripped bough ;
 The crab-tree, which supplied a secret hoard
 With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board :
 These trifling objects then my heart possessed,
 These trifling objects still remain impressed ;
 So, when with unskilled hand some idle hind
 Carves his rude name within a sapling's rind,
 In after-years the peasant lives to see
 The expanding letters grow as grows the tree ;
 Though every winter's desolating sway
 Shake the hoarse grove, and sweep the leaves away,
 That rude inscription uneffaced will last,
 Unaltered by the storm or wintry blast.

* * * * *

Cold was the morn, and bleak the wintry blast
 Blew o'er the meadow, when I saw thee last.
 My bosom bounded as I wandered round
 With silent step the long-remembered ground,
 Where I had loitered out so many an hour,
 Chased the gay butterfly, and culled the flower,

Sought the swift arrow's erring course to trace,
 Or with mine equals vied amid the chase.
 I saw the church where I had slept away
 The tedious service of the summer day ;
 Or, hearing sadly all the preacher told,
 In winter waked and shivered with the cold.
 Oft have my footsteps roamed the sacred ground
 Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep around ;
 Oft traced the mouldering castle's ivied wall,
 Or aged convent tottering to its fall ;
 Yet never had my bosom felt such pain,
 As, Corston, when I saw thy scenes again ;
 For many a long-lost pleasure came to view,
 For many a long-past sorrow rose anew ;
 Where whilom all were friends I stood alone,
 Unknowing all I saw, of all I saw unknown.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Coventry.

GODIVA.

I WAITED for the train at Coventry ;
 I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
 To watch the three tall spires : and there I shaped
 The city's ancient legend into this :—
 Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
 New men, that in the flying of a wheel
 Cry down the past ; not only we, that prate
 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well
 And loathed to see them overtaxed ; but she
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
 The woman of a thousand summers back,
 Godiva, wife to that grim earl who ruled
 In Coventry : for when he laid a tax
 Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
 Their children clamouring, “ If we pay, we starve ! ”

She sought her lord, and found him where he strode,
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?"—"But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul;
Then filled at the diamond in her ear,
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeat it"; and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides, among his dogs!

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition, but that she would loose
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing, but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:

The deep air listened round her as she rode,
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
 The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
 Had cunning eyes to see ; the barking cur
 Made her cheek flame ; her palfrey's footfall shot
 Light horrors through her pulses ; the blind walls
 Were full of chinks and holes ; and overhead
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared : but she
 Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
 The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
 Glean through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity :
 And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
 The fatal byword of all years to come,
 Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
 Peeped ; but his eyes, before they had their will,
 Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
 And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
 On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused ;
 And she, that knew not, passed : and all at once,
 With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
 Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
 One after one : but even then she gained
 Her bower ; whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
 And built herself an everlasting name.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Croglin, the River.

NUNNERY DELL.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary ;
 Down from the Pennine Alps how fiercely sweeps
 Croglin, the stately Eden's tributary !
 He raves, or through some moody passage creeps,
 Plotting new mischief ; out again he leaps
 Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,

That voice which soothed the nuns while on the steeps
 They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
 That union ceased ; then, cleaving easy walks
 Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
 Came studious Taste ; and many a pensive stranger
 Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
 What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell ?
 Canal, and viaduct, and railway tell !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Croyland.

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
 Ere yet his last he breathed,
 To the merry monks of Croyland
 His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
 And drank from the golden bowl,
 They might remember the donor,
 And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
 And bade the goblet pass ;
 In their beards the red wine glistened
 Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
 They drank to Christ the Lord,
 And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
 Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the saints and martyrs
 Of the dismal days of yore,
 And as soon as the horn was empty
 They remembered one saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
 Like the murmur of many bees,
 The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
 And Saint Basil's homilies ;

Till the great bells of the convent,
 From their prison in the tower,
 Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
 Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
 And the abbot bowed his head,
 And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
 But the abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
 He clutched the golden bowl,
 In which, like a pearl dissolving,
 Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
 The jovial monks forbore ;
 For they cried, " Fill high the goblet !
 We must drink to one saint more ! "

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Culbone (Culborne).

CULBONE, OR KITNORE, SOMERSET.

CULBONE is a small village, embowered in lofty wooded hills, on the coast between Porlock and Linton. For three months in winter its inhabitants are unvisited by the sun.

HALF-WAY upon the cliff I musing stood
 O'er thy sea-fronting hollow, while the smoke
 Curled from thy cottage chimneys through the wood
 And brooded on the steps of glooming oak ;
 Under a dark green buttress of the hill
 Looked out thy lowly house of sabbath prayer ;

The sea was calm below ; only thy rill
 Talked to itself upon the quiet air.
 Yet in this quaint and sportive-seeming dell
 Hath, through the silent ages that are gone,
 A stream of human things been passing on,
 Whose unrecorded story none may tell,
 Nor count the troths in that low chancel given,
 And souls from yonder cabin fled to heaven.

HENRY ALFORD.

Cumnor Hall.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall ;
 The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
 The sounds of busy life were still,
 Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
 That issued from that lonely pile.

“Leicester,” she cried, “is this thy love,
 That thou so oft has sworn to me,
 To leave me in this lonely grove,
 Immured in shameful privy ?

“No more thou com'st with lover's speed
 Thy once beloved bride to see ;
 But be she alive or be she dead,
 I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

“Not so the usage I received
 When happy in my father's hall ;
 No faithless husband then me grieved,
 No chilling fears did me appal.

- “ I rose up with the cheerful morn,—
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay ;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.
- “ If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized ?
- “ And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was ! you oft would say ;
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.
- “ Yes ! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily’s dead ;
But he that once their charms so prized
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.
- “ For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love’s repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay :
What floweret can endure the storm ?
- “ At court, I’m told, is beauty’s throne,
Where every lady’s passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.
- “ Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?
- “ ’Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair ;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

- “ But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows ;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.
- “ Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine!)—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?
- “ Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day ?
- “ The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go ;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.
- “ The simple nymphs ! they little know
How far more happy's their estate ;
To smile for joy than sigh for woe,
To be content than to be great.
- “ How far less blest am I than them !
Daily to pine and waste with care,
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.
- “ Nor, cruel Earl ! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude ;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.
- “ Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear ;
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
' Countess, prepare, thy end is near !'

“ And now, while happy peasants sleep,
 Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
 No one to soothe me as I weep,
 Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

“ My spirits flag, my hopes decay,
 Still that dread death-bell smites my ear ;
 And many a boding seems to say,
 ‘ Countess, prepare, thy end is near ! ’ ”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
 In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear ;
 And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
 And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
 Full many a piercing scream was heard, :
 And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring
 An aerial voice was heard to call,
 And thrice the raven flapped its wing
 Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
 The oaks were shattered on the green ;
 Woe was the hour ; for never more
 That hapless countess e'er was seen !

And in that manor now no more
 Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball ;
 For ever since that dreary hour
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids with fearful glance
 Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
 Nor ever lead the merry dance
 Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
 And pensive wept the countess' fall,
 As wandering onwards they've espied
 The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Dale Abbey.

DALE ABBEY.

A SOLITARY arch in the middle of an open meadow, and a small oratory more ancient than the monastery itself,—now the chapel of ease for the hamlet,—are alone conspicuous of all the magnificent structures which once occupied this ground. The site is about five miles north-east from Derby.

I.

THE glory hath departed from thee, Dale!

Thy gorgeous pageant of monastic pride,—
 A power that once the power of kings defied,
 Which truth and reason might in vain assail,
 In mock humility usurped this vale,
 And lorded o'er the region far and wide ;
 Darkness to light, evil to good allied,
 Had wrought a charm, which made all hearts to quail.

What gave that power dominion on this ground,
 Age after age?—the Word of God was bound!—

At length the mighty captive burst from thrall,
 O'erturned the spiritual bastile in its march,
 And left of ancient grandeur this sole arch,
 Whose stones cry out, "Thus Babylon herself shall
 fall."

II.

More beautiful in ruin than in prime,
 Methinks this frail yet firm memorial stands,
 The work of heads laid low, and buried hands :
 Now slowly mouldering to the touch of time,
 It looks abroad, unconsciously sublime,

Where sky above and earth beneath expands :
 And yet a nobler relic still demands
 The grateful homage of a passing rhyme.

Beneath the cliff yon humble roof behold !
 Poor as our Saviour's birthplace ; yet a fold,
 Where the good shepherd, in this quiet vale,
 Gathers his flock, and feeds them, as of old,
 With bread from heaven :—I change my note ;—all
 hail !
 The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, Dale !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Darley Dale.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY
 DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

'TIS said that to the brow of yon fair hill
 Two brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
 Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
 Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
 A chosen tree ; then, eager to fulfil
 Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
 In opposite directions urged their way
 Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
 Or blight that fond memorial ;—the trees grew,
 And now entwine their arms ; but ne'er again
 Embraced those brothers upon earth's wide plain ;
 Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew,
 Until their spirits mingled in the sea
 That to itself takes all, Eternity.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Dart, the River.

THE RIVER DART.

THE quiet of the moonlight hour
 Is stealing softly o'er my heart ;
 It has a deep yet nameless power,
 That language cannot all impart.
 I turn my steed upon the hill,
 The silver Dart glides on below ;
 And all the vale, so lone and still,
 Is bathed in one broad moonlight glow.

Beneath the garish beam of day
 I've often marked this scene before,
 When field and hill and moorland gray
 One aspect broad of beauty wore.
 I've seen the hills' majestic sweep
 Reflected from the waters clear,
 But never felt a charm so deep
 As this which now enchains me here.

It is the solemn, silent thought,
 Evoked by this impressive scene,
 That makes it more with beauty fraught,
 And dearer than it erst has been.
 There's such a silence o'er the hills,
 Such softness o'er the stream below,
 My heart with so much rapture fills,
 I pause, and cannot turn to go.

I've never known a fairer scene,
 A beauty matched with thine, sweet Dart !
 Thou leav'st, like some soft passing dream,
 An endless memory on the heart.
 Like gems upon the brow of Sleep
 The moonbeams on thy waters rest ;
 And I could almost turn and weep,
 So strangely do they move my breast.

* * * *

I would my life were like thy stream,
 O silent and majestic Dart !
 Of what wild beauties should I dream,
 What visions sweet would throng my heart.
 Eternal pleasures round my way
 Would never cease to rise and shine ;
 And girt with beauty, day by day,
 O what a matchless course were mine !

I linger still, and still I gaze,
 And deeper grows my heart's delight ;
 My spirit swells to silent praise,
 And mingles with the infinite.
 O beauteous night ! O starry skies !
 O stream below ! O moon above !
 Such mingled glories round me rise,
 I have no words to speak my love.

Across my spirit as I gaze
 There comes a calmer sense of life,
 Whose influence seems my soul to raise
 Above the common toil and strife.
 A pensive calm, an inward glow
 Of holy thoughts too seldom given,
 That seem to bless me as I go,
 And whisper like a voice from heaven.

SYDNEY HODGES.

Dartmoor.

DARTMOOR.

WILD Dartmoor ! thou that 'midst thy mountains rude
 Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
 As a dark cloud on summer's clear blue sky,—
 A mourner circled with festivity !
 For all beyond is life !—the rolling sea,
 The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee.

Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare
But man has left his lingering traces there!
E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,
Where noon with attributes of midnight reigns,
In gloom and silence fearfully profound,
As of a world unwaked to soul or sound.
Though the sad wanderer of the burning zone
Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
And naught of life be near, his camel's tread
Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!
Some column, reared by long-forgotten hands,
Just lifts its head above the billowy sands,—
Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the scene,
And tells that glory's footstep there hath been.
There hath the spirit of the mighty passed,
Not without record; though the desert blast,
Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away
The proud creations reared to brave decay.
But *thou*, lone region! whose unnoticed name
No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,
Who shall unfold thine annals? who shall tell
If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
In those far ages which have left no trace,
No sunbeam, on the pathway of their race?
Though, haply, in the unrecorded days
Of kings and chiefs who passed without their praise,
Thou might'st have reared the valiant and the free,
In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild
Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled,
But hallowed by that instinct which reveres
Things fraught with characters of elder years.
And such are these. Long centuries are flown,
Bowed many a crest and shattered many a throne,
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,
With what they hide,—their shrined and treasured dust.
Men traverse alps and oceans, to behold

Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her mould ;
 But still these nameless chronicles of death,
 Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
 Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
 The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
 The eternity of nature with the forms
 Of the crowned hills beyond, the dwellings of the storms.

* * * *

But ages rolled away ; and England stood
 With her proud banner streaming o'er the flood ;
 And with a lofty calmness in her eye,
 And regal in collected majesty,
 To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze
 Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas ;
 And other lands, redeemed and joyous, drank
 The lifeblood of her heroes, as they sank
 On the red fields they won ; whose wild flowers wave
 Now in luxuriant beauty o'er their grave.

'Twas then the captives of Britannia's war
 Here for their lovely southern climes afar
 In bondage pined ; the spell-deluded throng
 Dragged at Ambition's chariot-wheels so long
 To die,—because a despot could not clasp
 A sceptre fitted to his boundless grasp !

Yes ! they whose march hath rocked the ancient
 thrones
 And temples of the world,—the deepening tones
 Of whose advancing trumpet from repose
 Had startled nations, wakening to their woes,—
 Were prisoners here. And there were some whose dreams
 Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountain streams,
 And of the vine-clad hills, and many a strain
 And festal melody of Loire or Seine ;
 And of those mothers who had watched and wept,
 When on the field the unsheltered conscript slept,
 Bathed with the midnight dews. And some were there

Of sterner spirits, hardened by despair ;
 Who, in their dark imaginings, again
 Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,
 Drank in their victim's shriek as music's breath,
 And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death !

* * * *

Yes! let the waste lift up the exulting voice !
 Let the far-echoing solitudes rejoice !
 And thou, lone moor! where no blithe reaper's song
 E'er lightly sped the summer-hours along,
 Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain source
 Rushing in joy, make music on their course !
 Thou, whose sole records of existence mark
 The scene of barbarous rites, in ages dark,
 And of some nameless combat ; Hope's bright eye
 Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy !
 Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,
 And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast !
 Yet shall thy cottage-smoke, at dewy morn,
 Rise in blue wreaths above the flowering thorn,
 And, 'midst thy hamlet-shades, the embosomed spire
 Catch from deep-kindling heavens their earliest fire.

FELICIA HEMANS.

DARTMOOR.

IN sunlight and in shade,
 Repose and storm, wide waste ! I since have trod
 Thy hill and dale magnificent. Again
 I seek thy solitudes profound, in this
 Thy hour of deep tranquillity, when rests
 The sunbeam on thee, and thy desert seems
 To sleep in the unwonted brightness, calm,
 But stern ; for, though the spirit of the Spring
 Breathes on thee, to the charmer's whisper kind
 Thou listenest not, nor ever puttest on
 A robe of beauty, as the fields that bud

And blossom near thee. Yet I love to tread
 Thy central wastes, where not a sound intrudes
 Upon the ear but rush of wing or leap
 Of the hoarse waterfall. And O, 'tis sweet
 To list the music of thy torrent streams ;
 For thou too hast thy minstrelsies for him
 Who from their liberal mountain-urn delights
 To trace thy waters, as from source to sea
 They rush tumultuous.

NOEL THOMAS CARRINGTON.

Dartside.

DARTSIDE. 1849.

I CANNOT tell what you say, green leaves,
 I cannot tell what you say ;
 But I know that there is a spirit in you,
 And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
 I cannot tell what you say ;
 But I know that there is a spirit in you,
 And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
 I cannot tell what you say ;
 But I know that in you too a spirit doth live,
 And a word doth speak this day.

“ O green is the colour of faith and truth,
 And rose the colour of love and youth,
 And brown of the fruitful clay.
 Sweet Earth is faithful and fruitful and young,
 And her bridal day shall come ere long,
 And you shall know what the rocks and the streams
 And the whispering woodlands say.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Dawlish.

A DEVONSHIRE LANE.

A SIMILE.

IN a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself I have hit on a strain,—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet ;
For, howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long it is not very wide,—
For two are the most that together can ride ;
And even then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And Care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight ;
And hence you'll allow,—'tis an inference plain,—
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But, thinks I too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly besprent ;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam
Looks lovely, when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife
Smooths the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey and narrow the way !
 I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay ;
 And, whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
 Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

JOHN MARRIOT.

Dean-Bourn.

DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON.

DEAN-BOURN, farewell ; I never look to see
 Deane, or thy warty incivility.
 Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,
 And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames,
 To my content, I never sho'd behold,
 Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold.
 Rockie thou art ; and rockie we discover
 Thy men ; and rockie are thy wayes all over.
 O men, O manners ! now, and ever knowne
 To be a rockie generation !
 A people currish, churlish as the seas,
 And rude, almost, as rudest salvages ;
 With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when
 Rockes turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Dean Priory.

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

MORE discontents I never had
 Since I was born then here,
 Where I have been, and still am sad,
 In this dull Devonshire.
 Yet justly too I must confesse,
 I ne'r invented such
 Ennobled numbers for the presse,
 Then where I loathed so much.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Dee, the River.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

“ O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land ;
And never home came she.

“ Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—
A tress of golden hair,
O drownéd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea ;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Derbyshire, the Peak.

AN ODE WRITTEN IN THE PEAK.

THIS while we are abroad
 Shall we not touch our lyre ?
 Shall we not sing an ode ?
 Shall that holy fire,
 In us that strongly glowed,
 In this cold air expire ?

Long since the summer laid
 Her lusty bravery down,
 The autumn half is way'd,
 And Boreas 'gins to frown,
 Since now I did behold
 Great Brute's first builded town.

Though in the utmost Peak
 Awhile we do remain,
 Amongst the mountains bleak
 Exposed to sleet and rain,
 No sport our hours shall break
 To exercise our vein.

What though bright Phœbus' beams
 Refresh the southern ground,
 And though the princely Thames
 With beauteous nymphs abound,
 And by old Camber's streams
 Be many wonders found :

Yet many rivers clear
 Here glide in silver swathes,
 And what of all most dear,
 Buxton's delicious baths,
 Strong ale and noble cheer,
 To assuage breem winter's scathes.

Those grim and horrid caves,
Whose looks affright the day,
Wherein nice Nature saves
What she would not bewray,
Our better leisure craves
And doth invite our lay.

In places far or near,
Or famous or obscure,
Where wholesome is the air,
Or where the most impure,
All times and everywhere
The Muse is still in ure.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE PEAK MOUNTAINS.

EMERGING from the caverned glen,
From steep to steep I slowly climb,
And, far above the haunts of men,
I tread in air sublime :
Beneath my path the swallows sweep ;
Yet higher crags impend,
And wild-flowers from the fissures peep,
And rills descend.

Now on the ridges bare and bleak,
Cool round my temples sighs the gale :
Ye winds ! that wander o'er the Peak,
Ye mountain spirits, hail !
Angels of health ! to man below
Ye bring celestial airs ;
Bear back to Him from whom ye blow
Our praise and prayers.

Here, like the eagle from his nest,
I take my proud and dizzy stand ;
Here, from the cliff's sublimest crest,
Look down upon the land :

O for the eagle's eye to gaze
Undazzled through this light !
O for the eagle's wings to raise
O'er all my flight !

The sun in glory walks the sky,
White fleecy clouds are floating round,
Whose shapes along the landscape fly,—
Here, checkering o'er the ground,
There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
With changing lights between ;
Yonder they climb the upland steep,
Shifting the scene.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
Heights over heights exalt their head
Of many a sombre hue ;
No waving woods their flanks adorn,
No hedge-rows, gay with trees,
Encircled fields, where floods of corn
Roll to the breeze.

My soul this vast horizon fills,
Within whose undulated line
Thick stand the multitude of hills,
And clear the waters shine ;
Gray mossy walls the slopes ascend ;
While roads, that tire the eye,
Upward their winding course extend,
And touch the sky.

With rude diversity of form,
The insulated mountains tower ;
Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
And partial darkness lower,
While yonder summits far away
Shine sweetly through the gloom,

Like glimpses of eternal day.
Beyond the tomb.

* * *

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Dereham, East.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's
decaying,—

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their
praying :

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence
languish !

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave
her anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac's tongue was poured the death-
less singing !

O Christians ! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand
was clinging !

O men ! this man in brotherhood your weary paths
beguiling,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while
ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming
tears his story,

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds and wan-
dering lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-
hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adora-
tion ;

Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named sottly as the household name of one whom God
hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon
him,

With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven
hath won him,—

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to his own love to
blind him,

But gently led the blind along where breath and bird
could find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic
senses

As hills have language for, and stars harmonious in-
fluences !

The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its
number,

And silent shadow from the trees refreshed him like a
slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his
home-caresses,

Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses ;
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's
ways removing,

Its women and its men became beside him true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the
guiding,

And things provided came without the sweet sense of
providing,

He testified this solemn truth though frenzy desolated,—
Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst
she blesses,

And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
kisses ;

That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother!
where's my mother?"—

As if such tender words and looks could come from any
other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending
o'er him,

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love
she bore him!—

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever
gave him,

Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death
to save him!

Thus? O, not thus! no type of earth could image that
awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round
him breaking,

Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew, "My Saviour! not
deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in
darkness rested

Upon the Victim's hidden face no love was manifested!

What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning
drops averted!

What tears have washed them from the soul, that one
should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from his own essence
rather,

And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son
and Father;

Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath
shaken,—

It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,

That, of the lost, no son should use those words of
 desolation,
 That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar
 not hope's fruition,
 And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a
 vision!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ST. EDMUND'S CHAPEL.

YE who with warmth the public triumph feel
 Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
 Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
 Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
 England, exulting in his spotless fame,
 Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
 Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
 So clear a title to affection's praise;
 His highest honours to the heart belong;
 His virtues formed the magic of his song.

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

Derwent, the River.

THE RIVER DERWENT.

 WAS it for this
 That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
 To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
 And from his alder shades and rocky falls,
 And from his fords and shallows sent a voice,
 That flowed along my dreams? For this didst thou,
 O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
 Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
 Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
 To more than infant softness, giving me,
 Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind,

A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
 That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.
 When he had left the mountains and received
 On his smooth breast the shadow of those towers
 That yet survive, a shattered monument
 Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed
 Along the margin of our terrace walk ;
 A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.
 O, many a time have I, a five-years' child,
 In a small mill-race, severed from his stream
 Made one long bathing of a summer's day ;
 Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again
 Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured
 The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves
 Of yellow ragwort ; or when rock and hill,
 The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height,
 Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood alone
 Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
 On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
 Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,
 A naked savage, in the thunder-shower.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD
 ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENT WATER.

If thou in the dear love of some one friend
 Hast been so happy that thou know'st what thoughts
 Will sometimes in the happiness of love
 Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
 This quiet spot ; and, Stranger ! not unmoved
 Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
 The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's cell.
 Here stood his threshold ; here was spread the roof
 That sheltered him, a self-secluded man,
 After long exercise in social cares
 And offices humane, intent to adore

The Deity, with undistracted mind,
 And meditate on everlasting things,
 In utter solitude. But he had left
 A fellow-labourer, whom the good man loved
 As his own soul. And when, with eye upraised
 To heaven, he knelt before the crucifix,
 While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
 Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
 Along the beach of this small isle and thought
 Of his companion, he would pray that both
 (Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
 Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
 So prayed he ;—as our chronicles report,
 Though here the hermit numbered his last day
 Far from St. Cuthbert, his beloved friend,
 Those holy men both died in the same hour.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream !
 Thou near the eagle's nest, within brief sail,
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
 Where thy deep voice could lull me ! Faint the beam
 Of human life when first allowed to gleam
 On mortal notice. Glory of the vale,
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
 Of thy soft breath ! Less vivid wreath entwined
 Nemæan victor's brow ; less bright was worn
 Meed of some Roman chief, in triumph borne
 With captives chained, and shedding from his car
 The sunset splendours of a finished war
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Derwent Water.

DERWENT WATER AND SKIDDAW.

DEEP stillness lies upon this lovely lake.
 The air is calm, the forest trees are still ;
 The river windeth without noise, and here
 The fall of fountains comes not, nor the sound
 Of the white cataract Lodore : the voice—
 The mighty mountain voice—itself is dumb.
 Only, far distant and scarce heard, the dash,
 Of waters, broken by some boatman's oar,
 Disturbs the golden, calm monotony.
 The earth seems quiet, like some docile thing
 Obeying the blue beauty of the skies ;
 And the soft air, through which the tempest ran
 So lately in its speed, rebels no more :
 The clouds are gone which but this morning gloomed
 Round the great Skiddaw ; and he, wide revealed,
 Outdurer of the storms, now sleeps secure
 Beneath the watching of the holy moon.
 But a few hours ago and sounds were heard
 Through all the region : rain and the white hail sang
 Amongst the branches, and this placid lake
 Teased into mutiny ; its waves (these waves
 That lie like shining silver motionless)
 Then shamed their gentle natures, and rose up
 Lashing their guardian banks, and, with wild cries
 Complaining, called to all the echoes round,
 And answered rudely the rude winds, which then
 Cast discord in the waters, until they
 Amongst themselves waged wild and glittering war.

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Skiddaw ! Eternal mountain, hast thou been
 Rocked to thy slumber by the howling winds,
 Or has the thunder or the lightnings blue
 Scared thee to quiet ? To the sounding blast

Thou gavest answer, and when thou didst dash
 The white hail in its puny rage aside,
 Thou wast not dumb, nor to the rains when they
 Ran trembling from thee :—me thou answerest not.

Art thou indignant then, or hear I not ?
 Or, like the double-visaged god who sate
 Within the Roman temples, dost thou keep
 High watch above the northern floods to warn
 Lone ships from erring, while thy southern front
 Is sealed in sleep ? Thy lofty head has long
 Stood up an everlasting mark to all
 Who wander ; haply now some wretch, whose bark
 Has drifted from its path since set of sun,
 Beholds thee shine, and kneeling pours his soul
 In thanks to heaven, or towards his cottage home
 Shouts amidst tears, or laughter sad as tears.
 And shall I, while these things may be, complain ?
 Never : in silence as in sound thou art
 A thing of grandeur ; and throughout the year
 Thy high protecting presence (let not this
 Be forgot ever) turns aside the winds
 Which else might kill the flowers of this sweet vale.

BRYANT WALLER PROCTER.

Ditchling.

STANZAS

ON THE CEMETERY AT DITCHLING.

The graves in the Dissenters' burial-ground at Ditchling have no monumental stones, but are covered with evergreens and flowering shrubs.

WHAT though no marbles mark this hallowed spot,
 Where youth and age and worth and beauty sleep,
 Nor epitaphs declare the mortal lot
 Of those who here eternal silence keep,

Yet o'er these mossy beds the willows weep,
And yew and cypress shed a solemn gloom,
And morning's mists with dew their tresses steep,
Diffusing freshness o'er the verdant tomb.

Mute but expressive emblems ! well ye teach
The fate of those whose relics here repose ;
More forcibly than moralist can preach,
Their present, past, and future state disclose.
For who that views yon fragrant blushing rose,
Shedding its sweetness through the balmy air,
Nor deems that loveliness from all its woes
And all its wrongs hath found a shelter there !

Yes, that fair flower blooms o'er a brother's boast,
A mother's joy, a doating father's pride ;
Brief is the tale : her fondest hopes were crossed,—
She loved,—was slighted,—murmured not,—but died !
And sweetly by that flower is typified
Her loveliness and spotless purity ;
And the green myrtle, waving by its side,
Her certain hope of immortality !

The sable yew-tree throws its solemn shade
O'er yon green mound in dreary loneliness,
And tells that he who there in death is laid,
While living was the victim of distress ;
His youth was folly, and his age no less ;—
But let that pass : his was the lot of all
Who seek in vanity for happiness,
And when too late their hours would fain recall.

Beneath those cedars rest a gentle pair,
Of lowly station and of humble name ;
Their peaceful course was free from pain and care ;—
In life they were but one, in death the same :
And well their virtues may the tribute claim
With which affection has adorned the spot.
Ah ! who would covet wealth or power or fame,
If happiness like theirs could be his lot ?

Where yonder bay erects his graceful form,
 There sleeps the hapless, gifted child of song ;
 No more exposed to envy's bitter storm,
 Nor longer keenly feeling every wrong :
 And there is one who loves to linger long
 Where the green turf his hallowed dust enshrines ;
 And, hiding from the giddy, senseless throng
 Her hopeless misery, o'er his fate repines !

Yon holly marks the village lawyer's grave,
 Those oaks the patriot's ashes canopy,
 The laurels o'er the sleeping warrior wave,
 And yonder spring flowers shelter infancy.
 Lady ! when in the dust this form shall lie,
 If then thy breast my memory would recall,
 Let the dark cypress tell my destiny,
 And the green ivy form my funeral pall.

GIDEON ALGERNON MANTELL.

Donnerdale.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive poets, had they seen,
 Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains
 Thy waters, Duddon ! mid these flowery plains,
 The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
 Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
 Had beautified Elysium ! But these chains
 Will soon be broken ;—a rough course remains,
 Rough as the past ; where thou, of placid mien,
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
 Shalt change thy temper, and, with many a shock
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
 Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Donnington.

ON VISITING DONNINGTON CASTLE,

SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE LATEST RESIDENCE OF
CHAUCER, AND CELEBRATED FOR ITS RESISTANCE
TO THE ARMY OF THE PARLIAMENT DURING THE
CIVIL WARS.

O FOR some gentle spirit to surround
With clinging ivy thy high-seated towers,
Fair Donnington, and wipe from Chaucer's bowers
The last rude touch of war! All sight, all sound
Of the old strife boon nature from the ground
Hath banished. Here the trench no longer lours,
But, like a bosky dell, begirt with flowers
And garlanded with May, sinks dimpling round
A very spot for youthful lover's dreams
In the prime hour. Grisildis' mournful lay,
The "half-told tale," would sound still sweeter here.
O for some hand to hide with ivy spray
War's ravages, and chase the jarring themes
Of King and State, Roundhead and Cavalier!

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Dorchester.

DORCHESTER HILLS.

WHO may misprize Dorchestrian hills? What though
They tower to no such height as looks with scorn
Over a dwindled plain; what though no crags
Be there to fortify; no forest belts
To gird them midway round; yet theirs, instead,
Are graceful slopes with shadowy dips between,
And theirs are breezy summits, not too high
To recognise familiar sights, and catch
Familiar sounds of life,—the ploughman's call,
Or tinkling from the fold. Yet thence the eye

Feeds on no stinted landscape, sky and earth
 And the blue sea ; and thence may wingéd thought,
 Which ever loves the vantage-ground of hills,
 Launch amid buoyant air, and soar at will.

Fair, amid these, art thou, camp-crested Mount,
 In some far time, for some forgotten cause,
 Named of the maiden.¹ Nor doth surer lore
 Attest if Briton or if Roman wound
 These triple trenches round thee ; regular
 As terraces, by architect upbuilt
 For princely pleasure-ground, or those, far-famed,
 By ancient hunters made—so some have deemed—
 Or else by Nature's self in wild Glenroy.
 Along thy sides they stretch, ring above ring,
 Marking thee from afar ; then vanish round
 Like the broad shingly banks which ocean heaves
 In noble curves along his winding shore.
 The passing wayfarer with wonder views,
 E'en at imperfect distance, their bold lines,
 And asks the who, the wherefore, and the when ;
 Wafting his spirit back into far times,
 And dreaming as he goes. But whoso stays,
 And climbs the turf-way to thy tabled top,
 Shall reap a fuller wonder ; shall behold
 Thy girdled area, of itself a plain,
 Where widely feeds the scattered flock ; shall mark
 Thy trenches, complicate with warlike art,
 And deep almost as natural ravine
 Cut in the mountain ; or some startling rent
 In the blue-gleaming glacier ; or as clefts,
 Severing the black and jagged lava-walls,
 Which old Vesuvius round his crater flings,—
 Outworks, to guard the mysteries within.
 But these are smooth and verdant. Tamed long since,
 Breastwork abrupt and palisaded mound
 Are, now, but sloping greensward ; as if Nature,

¹ Maiden Castle is a hill, with a camp on it, near Dorchester.

Who vainly her mild moral reads to man,
 Still strove to realise the blessed days,
 By seers avouched, by statesmen turned to dreams,
 When war shall be no more.

So mused I there !

As who had failed to muse ? But now the sun,
 Silently sunken, with departing light
 Had fused the whole horizon ; not alone
 His western realm, but flooded refluent gold
 Back to the southern hills, along whose tops
 Are seen to stretch, in far continuous line,
 Sepulchral barrows. Brightly-verdant cones
 I marked them rise beneath his earlier ray ;
 But now they stood against that orange light
 Each of a velvet blackness, like the bier
 Before some high-illumined altar spread
 When a king lies in state ; and well might seem
 To twilight fantasy like funeral palls,
 Shrouding the bones of aboriginal men,
 Who there had lived and died, long ere our tribes,
 Had heard the name or felt the conquering arms
 Of Rome or Roman ; or as yet had seen,
 Mocking their hearths of clay and turf built-huts,
 The prætor's quaint mosaic or tiled bath ;
 Or heard our hard school-task, the phrase of Terence
 Bandied in common parlance round the land.

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JOHN KENYON.

Doulting.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON DOULTING SHEEP-SLATE, NEAR
 SHEPTON MALLETT, SOMERSETSHIRE.

I KNELT down as I poured my spirit forth by that gray
 gate,
 In the fulness of my gratitude and with a joy sedate ;

Alone on that wild heath I stood, and offered up apart
The frankincense of love that, fount-like, gushed from my
deep heart.

And while I breathed that thankfulness, and felt its holy
glow,
And my heart gathered gladness in its calm and equal
flow,
While the sun shone within me, and the air elastic
played,
And to and fro the wheat-field like the wavy ocean
swayed ;

And while the black firs tossed their boughs against the
intense blue,
Light glinting on the grassy sward as broken rays flashed
through,
I felt that nature answered like an angel from her throne,
And echoed back the rapture of my bosom from her own.

I saw the rich red pathway in the opening distance rolled,
As if it led through vistas to some throne or shore of
gold,
And while the light breeze murmured there like sighs of
love suppressed,
My heart poured forth its blessing on the loveliness it
blessed.

I felt I stood on sacred ground that hallowed was to me,
To boyhood's years far faded on the verge of memory :
Sacred to me the gray-haired man who drank God's
blessed air,
Though thirty years had rolled away since last I entered
there !

The oak drooped o'er that gate, a withered thing in
dead repose.
Gray Douling's spire above the waste a sheeted spectre
rose ;

And Mendip's bleak and barren heights again enclosed
me round,

Like faces of forgotten friends met on forgotten ground.

But heath and landscape, boundless once, were shrunken :
all was changed :

I felt I stood a stranger there, the place and me estranged:
Each glance was memory, each step a joy, a welcome
sense

Of gratitude's fine ecstasy, calm, voiceless, but intense.

All stirring impulses of life were sobered by the scene,
While staid Reflection looked within the glass of what
had been ;

For not a mound I trod upon was unforget, nor tree
Rose in that surging scene whose image had not entered
me.

* * * *

JOHN EDMUND READE.

Dovedale.

THE SPRINGS OF DOVE.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh !
The difference to me !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IN DOVEDALE.

ISAAC! still thou anglest near me
 By the green banks of thy Dove,
 Still thy gentle ghost may hear me
 Breathe my reverence and love.

Thou, whose ears drank in the warble
 Of all streams in crystal play,—
 Will thy bones beneath cold marble
 Lie in peace so far away?¹

O my kindly old piscator,
 See'st thou not these waters clear?
 Time, thou changeling, Time, thou traitor,
 Give him back,—his home was here!

Lo! at yonder bend he standeth,
 Where round rocks the wave bells out,
 See! with skilful touch he landeth
 Now a grayling, now a trout.

Stream of beauty! winding, singing
 Through the world's divinest dale,
 Ever to thy music bringing
 That old spirit calm and pale!

Learnéd in all honest learning,
 Trustful, truthful, pure of heart;
 Peaceful, blameless honour earning
 By the magic of his art.

In life's fitful turmoil often
 Have I longed to be like him,
 And have felt my nature soften
 Musing on that phantom dim,—

¹ He is buried in Winchester Cathedral.

Now a trout and now a grayling
 Luring from the shaded pool,
 God's white clouds high o'er him sailing,
 All around the beautiful !

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

THE RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy world ! and may
 We never meet again !
 Here I can eat and sleep and pray,
 And do more good in one short day
 Than he who his whole age outwears
 Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
 Where naught but vanity and vice do reign.

Good God ! how sweet are all things here !
 How beautiful the fields appear !

How cleanly do we feed and lie !
 Lord ! what good hours do we keep !
 How quietly we sleep !

What peace ! what unanimity !
 How innocent from the lewd fashion
 Is all our business, all our recreation !

O how happy here's our leisure !
 O how innocent our pleasure !
 O ye valleys ! O ye mountains !
 O ye groves and crystal fountains,
 How I love at liberty,
 By turns, to come and visit ye !

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
 That man acquainted with himself doth make,
 And all his Maker's wonders to entend,
 With thee I here converse at will,
 And would be glad to do so still,
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake

How calm and quiet a delight
 Is it, alone
 To read and meditate and write,
 By none offended and offending none !
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease ;
 And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph ! fair Dove !
 Princess of rivers ! how I love
 Upon the flowery banks to lie,
 And view thy silver stream
 When gilded by a summer's beam !
 And in it all thy wanton fry
 Playing at liberty ;
 And, with my angle, upon them
 The all of treachery
 I ever learned industriously to try.

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
 The Iberian Tagus or Ligurian Po ;
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
 Are puddle-water all, compared with thine ;
 And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
 With thine much purer to compare ;
 The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
 Are both too mean,
 Beloved Dove, with thee
 To vie priority ;
 Nay, Thame and Isis when conjoined submit,
 And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks ! that rise
 To awe the earth and brave the skies ;
 From some aspiring mountain's crown,
 How dearly do I love,
 Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
 And from the vales to view the noble heights above !
 O my beloved caves ! from Dog-star's heat
 And all anxieties my safe retreat,

What safety, privacy, what true delight,
 In the artificial night
 Your gloomy entrails make,
 Have I taken, do I take !
 How oft, when grief has made me fly
 To hide me from society
 Even of my dearest friends, have I
 In your recesses' friendly shade
 All my sorrows open laid,
 And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy !

Lord ! would men let me alone,
 What an over-happy one
 Should I think myself to be,
 Might I, in this desert place,
 Which most men in discourse disgrace,
 Live but undisturbed and free !
 Here in this despised recess
 Would I, maugre winter's cold
 And the summer's worst excess,
 Try to live out to sixty full years old !
 And all the while,
 Without an envious eye
 On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
 Contented live, and then—contented die.

CHARLES COTTON.

Dover.

THE CLIFFS.

THERE is a cliff whose high and bending head
 Looks fearfully in the confinéd deep.

* * * *

COME on, sir ; here's the place ;—stand still. How fear-
 ful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles : half-way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
 The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice ; and yond' tall anchoring bark
 Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

* * * *

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn
 Look up a-height ; the shrill-gorged lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

ROCKS of my country ! let the cloud
 Your crested heights array,
 And rise ye like a fortress proud
 Above the surge and spray !

My spirit greets you as ye stand
 Breasting the billow's foam :
 O, thus forever guard the land,
 The severed land of home !

I have left rich blue skies behind,
 Lighting up classic shrines,
 And music in the southern wind
 And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
 Have floated o'er my way ;
 The pilgrim's voice, at vesper hours,
 Hath soothed me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
 The purple heavens of Rome,—
 Yes, all are glorious ; yet again
 I bless thee, land of home !

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land !
 And thine the guarded hearth ;
 And thine the dead,—the noble band
 That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,
 Their steps are on thy plains ;
 Their names, by old majestic trees,
 Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
 Of thine exulting sea ;
 O, be it still a joy, a pride,
 To live and die for thee !

FELICIA HEMANS.

LINES

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER ON THE
 DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
 The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
 Of bells ;—those boys who in yon meadow-ground
 In white-sleeved shirts are playing ; and the roar
 Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore ;—
 All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
 With joy in Kent's green vales ; but never found
 Myself so satisfied in heart before.
 Europe is yet in bonds ; but let that pass,
 Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
 My country ! and 'tis joy enough and pride
 For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
 Of England once again, and hear and see,
 With such a dear companion at my side.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NEAR DOVER.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood ;
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
 The coast of France,—the coast of France how near !
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
 I shrunk ; for verily the barrier flood
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
 A span of waters : yet what power is there !
 What mightiness for evil and for good !
 Even so doth God protect us, if we be
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
 Strength to the brave, and power, and Deity ;
 Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree
 Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
 Only, the nations shall be great and free.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DOVER HOTEL.

DON JUAN now saw Albion's earliest beauties,
 Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover, harbour, and hotel ;
 Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties ;
 Thy waiters running mucks at every bell ;
 Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
 To those who upon land or water dwell ;
 And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
 Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

LORD BYRON.

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
 Uprear their shadowing heads, and at their feet
 Hear not the surge that has for ages beat,
 How many a lonely wanderer has stood !
 And, whilst the lifted murmurs met his ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave

To-morrow, of the friends he loved most dear ;
 Of social scenes, from which he wept to part !
 Oh ! if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
 The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,—
 The world his country, and his God his guide.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

DOVER BEACH.

THE sea is calm to-night,
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the Straits ; on the French coast the light
 Gleams, and is gone ; the cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night-air !
 Only from the long line of spray
 Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
 Listen ! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery ; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
 The sea of faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled ;
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating to the breath
 Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear.
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another ! for the world which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain ;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed
 The comet of a season, and I saw
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
 With name no clearer than the names unknown
 Which lay unread around it ; and I asked
 The gardener of that ground, why it might be
 That for this plant strangers his memory tasked
 Through the thick deaths of half a century ?
 And thus he answered : “ Well, I do not know
 Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so ;
 He died before my day of sextonship,
 And I had not the digging of this grave.”
 And is this all ? I thought ; and do we rip
 The veil of immortality, and crave
 I know not what of honour and of light
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight,
 So soon, and so successful ? As I said,
 The Architect of all on which we tread—
 For earth is but a tombstone—did essay
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,
 Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
 Were it not that all life must end in one,
 Of which we are but dreamers. As he caught

As 'twere the twilight of a former sun,
 Thus spoke he : " I believe the man of whom
 You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
 Was a most famous writer in his day,
 And therefore travellers step from out their way
 To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er
 Your honour pleases." Then most pleased I shook
 From out my pocket's avaricious nook
 Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
 Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
 So much but inconveniently :—ye smile,
 I see ye, ye profane ones ! all the while,
 Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
 You are the fools, not I ; for I did dwell
 With a deep thought and with a softened eye
 On that old sexton's natural homily,
 In which there was obscurity and fame,—
 The glory and the nothing of a name.

LORD BYRON.

Duddon, the River.

TO THE RIVER DUDDON.

CHILD of the clouds ! remote from every taint
 Of sordid industry thy lot is cast ;
 Thine are the honours of the lofty waste ;
 Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
 Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
 Thy cradle decks ;—to chant thy birth, thou hast
 No meaner poet than the whistling blast,
 And Desolation is thy patron-saint !
 She guards thee, ruthless power ! who would not spare
 Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
 Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair,
 Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,
 Thousands of years before the silent air
 Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling rill insensibly is grown
 Into a brook of loud and stately march,
 Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch ;
 And, for like use, lo ! what might seem a zone
 Chosen for ornament,—stone matched with stone
 In studied symmetry, with interspace
 For the clear waters to pursue their race
 Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
 Succeeding,—still succeeding ! Here the child
 Puts, when the high-swollen flood runs fierce and wild,
 His budding courage to the proof ; and here
 Declining manhood learns to note the sly
 And sure encroachments of infirmity,
 Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

O MOUNTAIN stream : the shepherd and his cot
 Are privileged inmates of deep solitude ;
 Nor would the nicest anchorite exclude
 A field or two of brighter green, or plot
 Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
 Of stationary sunshine :—thou hast viewed
 These only, Duddon ! with their paths renewed
 By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
 Thee hath some awful spirit impelled to leave,
 Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
 Though simple thy companions were and few ;
 And through this wilderness a passage cleave,
 Attended but by thy own voice, save when
 The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
 Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
 A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold ;
 A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray ;

In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
 Some statue, placed amid these regions old
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
 Startling the flight of timid yesterday !
 Was it by mortals sculptured ?—weary slaves
 Of slow endeavour ! or abruptly cast
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
 Tempestuously let loose from central caves ?
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
 Then when o'er highest hills the deluge passed ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHENCE that low voice ? A whisper from the heart,
 That told of days long past, when here I roved
 With friends and kindred tenderly beloved ;
 Some who had early mandates to depart,
 Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
 By Duddon's side ; once more do we unite,
 Once more beneath the kind earth's tranquil light,
 And smothered joys into new being start.
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
 Of time, breaks forth triumphant Memory ;
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
 On gales that breathe too gently to recall
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO WORDSWORTH.

ON VISITING THE DUDDON.

I.

So long as Duddon, 'twixt his cloud-girt walls
 Thridding the woody chambers of the hills,
 Warbles from vaulted grot and pebbled halls
 Welcome or farewell to the meadow rills ;

So long as linnets chant low madrigals
 Near that brown nook the labourer whistling tills,
 Or the late-reddening apple forms and falls
 Mid dewy brakes the autumnal redbreast thrills,
 So long, last poet of the great old race,
 Shall thy broad song through England's bosom roll,
 A river singing anthems in its place,
 And be to later England as a soul.
 Glory to Him who made thee, and increase
 To them that hear thy word, of love and peace !

II.

WHEN first that precinct sacrosanct I trod
 Autumn was there, but Autumn just begun ;
 Fronting the portals of a sinking sun,
 The queen of quietude in vapour stood,
 Her sceptre o'er the dimly crimsoned wood
 Resting in light. The year's great work was done ;
 Summer had vanished, and repinings none
 Troubled the pulse of thoughtful gratitude.
 Wordsworth ! the autumn of our English song
 Art thou ; 'twas thine our vesper psalms to sing :
 Chaucer sang matins ; sweet his note and strong,
 His singing-robe the green, white garb of Spring :
 Thou like the dying year art rightly stoled,—
 Pontific purple and dark harvest gold.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Dupath Well.

DUPATH WELL.

HEAR how the noble Siward died !
 The leech hath told the woful bride
 'Tis vain : his passing hour is nigh,
 And death must quench her warrior's eye.

“ Bring me,” he said, “ the steel I wore,
 When Dupath spring was dark with gore ;
 The spear I raised for Githa’s glove,
 Those trophies of my wars and love.”

Upright he sate within the bed,
 The helm on his unyielding head ;
 Sternly he leaned upon his spear,
 He knew his passing hour was near.

“ Githa ! thine hand !” How wild that cry,
 How fiercely glared his flashing eye !

“ Sound ! herald !” was his shout of pride !
 Hear how the noble Siward died.

A roof must shade that storied stream,
 Her dying lord’s remembered theme ;
 A daily vow that lady said,
 Where glory wreathed the hero dead.

Gaze, maiden, gaze on Dupath Well.
 Time yet hath spared that solemn cell,
 In memory of old love and pride :
 Hear how the noble Siward died.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Durham.

DURHAM.

THIS city is celebrated
 In the whole empire of the Britons.
 The road to it is steep.
 It is surrounded with rocks,
 And with curious plants,
 The Wear flows round it,
 A river of rapid waves ;
 And there live in it
 Fishes of various kinds,

Mingling with the floods.
And there grow
Great forests ;
There live in the recesses
Wild animals of many sorts ;
In the deep valleys
Deer innumerable.
There is in this city
Also well known to men
The venerable St. Cudberth ;
And the head of the chaste King
Oswald, the lion of the Angli ;
And Aiden, the Bishop :
Aedbert and Aedfrid,
The noble associates.
There is in it also
Aethelwold, the Bishop ;
And the celebrated writer Bede ;
And the Abbot Boisil,
By whom the chaste Cudberth
Was in his youth gratis instructed ;
Who also well received the instructions.
There rest with these saints,
In the inner part of the Minster,
Relicks innumerable,
Which perform many miracles,
As the chronicles tell us,
And which await with them
The judgment of the Lord.

ANGLO-SAXON POEM.

THE AISLE OF TOMBS.

THE interior of Chester-le-Street Church, Durham, contains a singular collection of monuments, bearing effigies of the deceased ancestry of the Lumley family, from the time of Liulphus to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE quiet and the chillness
 Of the aisle of tombs ;
 The shadow and the stillness
 A rosy light illumes :
 Like the memory of the past,
 On the carved arms delaying,
 On the marble pall
 O'er the blood-red scutcheon playing
 With a crimson fall,
 Into sudden sunshine cast
 Are the ancient warriors,
 The warriors of olden time.

So with kindled heart we love them,
 Dwelling on their fame ;
 So doth memory fling above them
 Its shadow of a name,
 Noblest shadow flung on earth :
 We remember many a story
 Of the old chivalric day,
 When the red-cross, like a glory,
 Shone above the fray ;
 'T was a glorious age gave birth
 To the ancient warriors,
 The warriors of olden time.

Though the sword no more be trusted
 As it was of old,
 Though the shining spear be rusted
 And the right hand cold,
 They have left their fame behind ;

Still a spirit from their slumbers
 Rises true and brave,
 Asks the minstrel for his numbers,
 Music from their grave :
 Noble, gentle, valiant, kind,
 Were the ancient warriors,
 The warriors of olden time.

All their meaner part hath perished,
 In the earth at rest ;
 And the present hour hath cherished
 What of them was best,
 What a knight should be we keep.
 For the present doth inherit
 All the glories of the past ;
 We retain what was its spirit,
 While its dust to dust is cast.
 All good angels guard the sleep
 Of the ancient warriors,
 The warriors of olden time.

ANONYMOUS.

Eden, the River.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN ! till now thy beauty had I viewed
 By glimpses only, and confess with shame
 That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,
 Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name :
 Yet fetched from Paradise that honour came,
 Rightfully borne ; for Nature gives thee flowers
 That have no rival among British bowers,
 And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.
 Measuring thy course, fair Stream ! at length I pay
 To my life's neighbour dues of neighbourhood ;
 But I have traced thee on thy winding way
 With pleasure sometimes by this thought restrained,

For things far off we toil, while many a good
Not sought, because too near, is never gained.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE MONUMENT.

COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS,
NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my spirit,—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years,—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast,—
Speak, giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,
The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Edenhall.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
“ Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall.”

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again

The drinking-glass of crystal tall :
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord ; “ This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal ! ”
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys ;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord and waves it light :
“ This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the fountain-sprite ;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall ! ”

“ ’Twas right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Edenhall ! ”

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale ;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;
Then mutters at last like the thunder’s fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

“ For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;
It has lasted longer than is right ;
Kling ! klang !—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall ! ”

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;
And through the rift the wild flames start ;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall ! ”

In storms the foe, with fire and sword ;
 He in the night had scaled the wall.
 Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
 But holds in his hands the crystal tall,
 The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
 The graybeard in the desert hall,
 He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
 He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
 The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside,
 Down must the stately columns fall ;
 Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;
 In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
 One day like the Luck of Edenhall !”

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.
Tr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Edmonton.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE
 INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A trainband captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 “Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

- “ To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.
- “ My sister, and my sister’s child,
 Myself, and children three,
 Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
 On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “ I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

- “ I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, “ That’s well said ;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
 O’erjoyed was he to find,
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came ; the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allowed
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
 Where they did all get in ;
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels ;
 Were never folks so glad !
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again ;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down-stairs,
 "The wine is left behind !"

"Good lack !" quoth he ; "yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul !)
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she loved,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles be had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, " Well done !"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around,
" He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound !

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here’s the house,”
 They all at once did cry ;
 “ The dinner waits, and we are tired.”
 Said Gilpin, “ So am I !”

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there ;
 For why ?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So did he fly,—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender’s
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him :

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
 Tell me you must and shall.—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all ?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

“ I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit :
“ My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“ But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face :
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware.”

So, turning to his horse, he said,
“ I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away
She pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
“ This shall he yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry :—

“ Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman ! ”
 Not one of them was mute ;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space ;
 The tollmen thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town ;
 Nor stopped till where he had got up
 He did get down again.

Now let us sing, “ Long live the king,
 And, Gilpin, long live he !
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see ! ”

WILLIAM COWPER.

Ely.

ELY ABBEY.

MERIE sungen the muneches binnan Ely,
 Tha Cnut ching reuther by ;
 Roweth, cnihtes, noer the land.
 And here we thes muneches sang.

ANGLO-SAXON RHYME.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the mere,
 From monks in Ely chanting service high,
 While-as Canute the king is rowing by.
 "My oarsmen," quoth the mighty king, "draw near,
 That we the sweet song of the monks may hear!"
 He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
 Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
 Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
 The royal minstrel, ere the choir is still,
 While his free barge skims the smooth flood along,
 Gives to that rapture an accordant rhyme.
 O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest clime
 And rudest age are subject to the thrill
 Of heaven-descended piety and song.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CATHEDRAL TOMBS.

"Post tempestatem tranquillitas."

Epitaph in Ely Cathedral.

THEY lie, with upraised hands, and feet
 Stretched like dead feet that walk no more,
 And stony masks oft human sweet,
 As if the olden look each wore,
 Familiar curves of lip and eye,
 Were wrought by some fond memory.

All waiting: the new-coffined dead,
 The handful of mere dust that lies
 Sarcophagused in stone and lead
 Under the weight of centuries:
 Knight, cardinal, bishop, abbess mild,
 With last week's buried year-old child.

After the tempest cometh peace,
 After long travail sweet repose;

These folded palms, these feet that cease
 From any motion, are but shows
 Of—what? *What rest? How rest they? Where?*
 The generations naught declare.

Dark grave, unto whose brink we come,
 Drawn nearer by all nights and days;
 Each after each, thy solemn gloom
 We pierce with momentary gaze,
 Then go, unwilling or content,
 The way that all our fathers went.

Is there no voice or guiding hand
 Arising from the awful void,
 To say, "Fear not the silent land;
 Would He make aught to be destroyed?
 Would He? or can He? What know we
 Of Him who is Infinity?"

Strong Love, which taught us human love,
 Helped us to follow through all spheres
 Some soul that did sweet dead lips move,
 Lived in dear eyes in smiles and tears,—
 Love, once so near our flesh allied
 That "Jesus wept" when Lazarus died;—

Eagle-eyed Faith that can see God
 In worlds without and heart within;
 In sorrow by the smart o' the rod,
 In guilt by the anguish of the sin;
 In everything pure, holy, fair,
 God saying to man's soul, "I am there;"

These only, twin-archangels, stand
 Above the abyss of common doom,
 These only stretch the tender hand
 To us descending to the tomb,
 Thus making it a bed of rest
 With spices and with odours drest.

So, like one weary and worn, who sinks
 To sleep beneath long faithful eyes,
 Who asks no word of love, but drinks
 The silence which is paradise,
 We only cry, "Keep angelward,
 And give us good rest, O good Lord!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

ELY.

OF all the Marshland Isles, I Ely am the queen :
 For winter, eachwhere sad, in me looks fresh and green.
 The horse, or other beast, o'erweighed with his own mass,
 Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in grass :
 And in the place where grows rank fodder for my neat,
 The turf which bears the hay is wondrous needful peat :
 My full and bating earth needs not the plowman's pains ;
 The rills which run in me are like the branched veins
 In human bodies seen ; those ditches cut by hand
 From the surrounding meres to win the measured land,
 To those choice waters I most fitly may compare,
 Wherewith nice women use to blanch their beauties rare.
 Hath there a man been born in me that never knew
 Of Watersey the Leame, or the other called the New ?
 The Frithdike near'st my midst ; and of another sort,
 Who ever fished or fowled that cannot make report
 Of sundry meres at hand, upon my western way,
 As Ramsey Mere, and Ug, with the great Whittelsey ?
 Of the abundant store of fish and fowl there bred.
 Which whilst of Europe's isles Great Britain is the head,
 No meres shall truly tell, in them, than at one draught,
 More store of either kinds hath with the net been caught :
 Which though some petty isles do challenge them to be
 Their own, yet must those isles likewise acknowledge me
 Their sovereign. Nor yet let that islet Ramsey shame,
 Although to Ramsey Mere she only gives the name ;
 Nor Huntingdon, to me though she extend her grounds,
 Twit me that I at all usurp upon her bounds.

Those meres may well be proud that I will take them in,
 Which otherwise perhaps forgotten might have been.
 Besides my towered fane, and my rich citted seat,
 With villages and dorps, to make me most compleat.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Emont (Eamont), the River.

MONASTIC RUINS.

THE varied banks

Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,
 And that monastic castle, 'mid tall trees,
 Low standing by the margin of the stream,
 A mansion visited (as fame reports)
 By Sidney, where, in sight of our Helvellyn,
 Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might pen
 Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love
 Inspired,—that river and those mouldering towers
 Have seen us side by side, when, having clomb
 The darksome windings of a broken stair,
 And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,
 Not without trembling, we in safety looked
 Forth, through some Gothic window's open space,
 And gathered with one mind a rich reward
 From the far-stretching landscape, by the light
 Of morning beautified, or purple eve ;
 Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's head,
 Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell flowers
 Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,
 Given out while midday heat oppressed the plains.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Eskdale.

ESKDALE, CUMBERLAND.

O NO, I do not wish to see
The sunshine o'er these hills again ;
Their quiet beauty wakes in me
A thousand wishes wild and vain.

I hear the skylark's matin-songs
Breathe of the heaven he singeth near ;
Ah, heaven, that to our earth belongs,
Why is thy hope so seldom here ?

The grass is filled with early flowers,
Whereon the dew is scarcely dry ;
While singing to the silent hours
The glittering waves are murmuring by.

And fancies from afar are brought
By magic lights and wandering wind ;
Such scene hath poet never sought
But he hath left his heart behind.

It is too sad to feel how blest
In such a spot might be our home ;
And then to think with what unrest
Throughout this weary world we roam.

ANONYMOUS.

Esthwaite.

LINES

LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A YEW-TREE, WHICH STANDS
NEAR THE LAKE OF ESTHWAITE, ON A DESOLATE
PART OF THE SHORE, COMMANDING A BEAUTIFUL
PROSPECT.

NAY, traveller! rest. This lonely yew-tree stands
Far from all human dwelling; what if here
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
What if the bee love not these barren boughs?
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

Who he was

That piled these stones and with the mossy sod
First covered o'er, and taught this aged tree
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,
I well remember. He was one who owned
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
A favoured being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude. Stranger! these gloomy boughs,
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper;
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath
And juniper and thistle sprinkled o'er,

Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour
 A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
 An emblem of his own unfruitful life ;
 And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze
 On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
 Thou seest !—and he would gaze till it became
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
 The beauty, still more beauteous ! Nor, that time
 When Nature had subdued him to herself,
 Would he forget those beings to whose minds,
 Warm from the labours of benevolence,
 The world and human life appeared a scene
 Of kindred loveliness ; then he would sigh,
 With mournful joy, to think that others felt
 What he must never feel ; and so, lost man !
 On visionary views would fancy feed,
 Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale
 He died,—this seat his only monument.

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
 Of young imagination have kept pure,
 Stranger ! henceforth be warned ; and know that pride
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness, that he who feels contempt
 For any living thing hath faculties
 Which he has never used, that thought with him
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
 Is ever on himself doth look on one
 The least of nature's works,—one who might move
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
 Unlawful, ever. O, be wiser, thou !
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love ;
 True dignity abides with him alone
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
 In lowliness of heart.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Eton.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade ;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way :

Ah happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace ;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
 The captive linnet which enthrall ?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,
 Their murmuring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty,
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play ;
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day :
 Yet see how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murderous band !
 Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,—
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
 And shame that skulks behind ;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
 And envy wan and faded care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this will tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy.
 The stings of falsehood those shall try,
 And hard unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
 And keen remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen :
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage ;
 Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

THOMAS GRAY.

Exeter.

ON IDE HILL.

OVERLOOKING EXETER.

O FAIREST native city, thou art crowned
 With an enthralling beauty. Ay! a queen
 Enthroned conspicuous o'er the glorious scene,
 Tak'st homage from the gazing hills around.
 A thousand years protecting watch and ward
 These guardians have held, and loving wiles
 Oft used to pleasure thee, now wreathed in smiles,
 And in gray glooms anon. Their influence reared
 Thy tall cathedral's majesty: it stands
 In eloquent calm grandeur, and its tale
 Speaks to the stars,—how works by human hands
 And through man's brain the Universal Soul!
 Fringes thee round with leafy dusk the vale,
 And 'neath the blue a pomp of cloud doth roll!

WALTER REW.

Falmouth.

FALMOUTH HAVEN.

HERE Vale a lively flood, her nobler name that gives
 To Falmouth, and by whom it famous ever lives,
 Whose entrance is from sea so intricately wound,
 Her haven angled so about her barbarous sound,
 That in her quiet bay a hundred ships may ride,
 Yet not the tallest mast be of the tall'st descried.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Farrington.

A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

“SOME cotton has lately been imported into Farrington, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them.”—*Spectator* of May 14, 1863.

“ PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow.”
 Praise him, who sendeth joy and woe.
 The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,—
 O praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,
 But why, we cannot understand ;
 Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
 And yet is still all-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
 The mystery of God and man.
 We women, when afflictions come,
 We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
 He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,
 We look up, and through black clouds riven,
 We recognise the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
 We have no deep philosophies :
 Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
 For he who loveth knoweth God.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX.”

Farringford.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

COME, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy :

Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy,

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,

Should eighty thousand college-councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you ;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,

Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight.

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown

All round a careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,

And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand ;

And farther on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand ;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,

And on through zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin ;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances ;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win :

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood ;
Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God ;

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor ;
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come : the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet ;
But when the wreath of March has blossomed,
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear ;
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Fletching.

THE BELLS OF FLETCHING.

THE Fletching bells, with silver chime,
Come softened o'er the distant shore ;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never sang so sweet before.

A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air ;
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

ANONYMOUS.

Flodden.

FLODDEN FIELD.

KING JAMIE hath made a vow,
 Keep it well if he may !
 That he will be at lovely London
 Upon Saint James his day.

“ Upon Saint James his day at noon,
 At fair London will I be,
 And all the lords in merry Scotland,
 They shall dine there with me.”

Then bespake good Queen Margaret,
 The tears fell from her eye :
 “ Leave off these wars, most noble king,
 Keep your fidelity.

“ The water runs swift and wondrous deep
 From bottom unto the brim ;
 My brother Henry hath men good enough,
 England is hard to win.”

“ Away,” quoth he, “ with this silly fool !
 In prison fast let her lye :
 For she is come of the English blood,
 And for these words she shall die.”

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,
 The Queen’s chamberlain that day ;
 “ If that you put Queen Margaret to death,
 Scotland shall rue it alway.”

Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
 “ Away with this foolish mome !
 He shall be hanged, and the other burned,
 So soon as I come home.”

At Flodden field the Scots came in,
 Which made our Englishmen fain ;
 At Bramstone-green this battel was seen,
 There was King Jamie slain.

Then presently the Scots did fly,
 Their cannons they left behind ;
 Their ensigns gay were won all away,
 Our souldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain
 That to the fight did stand,
 And many a prisoner took that day
 The best in all Scotland.

That day made many a fatherless child,
 And many a widow poor,
 And many a Scottish gay lady
 Sate weeping in her bower.

* * * * *

RITSON'S ANCIENT SONGS.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

AT length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears ;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave
 Floating like foam upon the wave ;
 But naught distinct they see :
 Wide ragged the battle on the plain ;
 Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;

Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;

Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,

With Huntly, and with Home.
Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'T was vain :—but Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :
Loud were the clanging blows ;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,

The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear :
“ By heaven and all its saints ! I swear,
I will not see it lost !
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host.”

And to the fray he rode amain,
 Followed by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made for a space an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.
 Then Eustace mounted too :—yet stayed,
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And—Stanley ! was the cry,—
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye :
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory !—
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FLODDEN FIELD.

'T WAS on a sultry summer noon,
 The sky was blue, the breeze was still,
 And Nature with the robes of June
 Had clothed the slopes of Flodden Hill,—

As rode we slowly o'er the plain
 'Mid wayside flowers and sprouting grain ;
 The leaves on every bough seemed sleeping,
 And wild bees murmured in their mirth,
 So pleasantly, it seemed as earth
 A jubilee was keeping !

And canst thou be, unto my soul
 I said, that dread Northumbrian field,
 Where war's terrific thunder's roll
 Above two banded kingdoms pealed ?
 From out the forest of his spears
 Ardent imagination hears
 The crash of Surrey's onward charging ;
 While curtel-axe and broadsword gleam
 Opposed, a bright, wide coming stream,
 Like Solway's tide enlarging.

Hark to the turmoil and the shout,
 The war-cry, and the cannon's boom !
 Behold the struggle and the rout,
 The broken lance and draggled plume !
 Borne to the earth, with deadly force,
 Comes down the horseman and his horse ;
 Round boils the battle like an ocean,
 While stripling blithe and veteran stern
 Pour forth their life-blood on the fern,
 Amid its fierce commotion !

Mown down like swaths of summer flowers,
 Yes ! on the cold earth there they lie,
 The lords of Scotland's bannered towers,
 The chosen of her chivalry !
 Commingled with the vulgar dead,
 Perhaps lies many a mitred head ;
 And thou, the vanguard onwards leading,
 Who left the sceptre for the sword,
 For battle-field the festal board,
 Liest low amid the bleeding !

Yes! here thy life-star knew decline,
 Though hope, that strove to be deceived,
 Shaped thy lone course to Palestine,
 And what it wished full oft believed :—
 An unhewn pillar on the plain
 Marks out the spot where thou wast slain ;
 There pondering as I stood, and gazing
 On its gray top the linnet sang,
 And, o'er the slopes where conflict rang,
 The quiet sheep were grazing.

And were the nameless dead unsung,
 The patriot and the peasant train,
 Who like a phalanx round thee clung,
 To find but death on Flodden Plain ?
 No ! many a mother's melting lay
 Mourned o'er the bright flowers wede away ;
 And many a maid, with tears of sorrow,
 Whose locks no more were seen to wave,
 Wept for the beauteous and the brave,
 Who came not on the morrow.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

Fonthill Abbey.

FONTHILL ABBEY.

THE mighty master waved his wand, and, lo !
 On the astonished eye the glorious show
 Burst like a vision ! Spirit of the place !
 Has the Arabian wizard with his mace
 Smitten the barren downs, far onward spread,
 And bade the enchanted palace rise instead ?
 Bade the dark woods their solemn shades extend
 High to the clouds yon spiry tower ascend ?
 And starting from the umbrageous avenue
 Spread the rich pile, magnificent to view ?

Enter! from the arched portal look again
 Back on the lessening woods and distant plain!
 Ascend the steps! the high and fretted roof
 Is woven by some elfin hand aloof:
 Whilst from the painted windows' long array
 A mellow light is shed as not of day.
 How gorgeous all! O, never may the spell
 Be broken that arrayed those radiant forms so well!

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Forest Hill.

FOREST HILL.

"THE village from which Milton married his first wife, Miss Mary Powell, and the supposed scene of *L'Allegro*. For a very interesting account of this interesting spot the reader is referred to a letter from Sir William Jones to Lady Spenser, contained in Lord Teignmouth's edition of Sir William Jones's Works."—MISS MITFORD'S *Recollections*.

O WHEN I dared the Muse to name,
 Did it not wake my spirit's flame?
 Did it not guide my eye, my soul,
 To yonder distant shadowy knoll?
 And whisper in each joyous thrill
 'Tis Milton's home, 'tis Forest Hill?
 Yes, there he lived, and there he sung,
 When life and hope and love were young;
 There, grace and genius at his side,
 He won his half-disdainful bride;
 And there the lark "in spite of sorrow"
 Still at his "window bade good morrow
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine."
 O happy hill! thy summer vest
 Lives in his richest colouring drest;
 O happy hill! thou saw'st him blest.

Thou saw'st him blest, the greatest man
 That ever trod life's grovelling span,—
 Shakspeare alone with him could try,
 Undazzled and untired, the sky.
 And thou didst view his blooming charm,
 That eagle plumed like the dove,
 Whose very sleeping grace could warm
 The Italian maiden's heart to love.
 Thou saw'st him in his happier hour,
 When life was love, and genius power ;
 When at his touch the awakened string
 All joyous hailed the laughing spring ;
 And, like the sun, his radiant eyes
 Glanced on thy earthly Paradise.
 Thou did'st not see those eyes so bright
 Forever quenched in cheerless night ;
 Thou didst not hear his anguished lays
 Of "evil tongues and evil days ;"
 Thou saw'st but his gay youth, fair spot,—
 Happiest for what thou sawest not.
 And happy still ! Though in thy sod
 No blade remain by Milton trod ;
 Though the sweet gale that sweeps thy plain
 No touch of Milton's breath retain ;
 Yet here the bards of later days
 Shall roam to view thee and to praise.
 Here Jones, ere yet his voice was fame,
 A lone romantic votary came ;
 He too is gone, untimely gone !
 But lured by him full many a one
 Shall tread thy hill on pilgrimage ;
 And minstrel, patriot, or sage,
 Who bent not o'er his Indian bier,
 Shall mourn him with his Milton here,
 For till our English tongue be dead,
 From freedom's breast till life be fled,
 Till Poesy's quick pulse be still,
 None shall forsake thee, Forest Hill.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

FOREST HILL.

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine !
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest !

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

JOHN MILTON.

Fountain's Abbey.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

ALAS, alas ! those ancient towers,
 Where never now the vespers ring,
 But lonely at the midnight hours
 Flits by the bat on dusky wing.

No more beneath the moonlight dim,
 No more beneath the planet ray,
 Those arches echo with the hymn
 That bears life's meaner cares away.

No more within some cloistered cell,
 With windows of the sculptured stone,
 By sign of cross and sound of bell,
 The world-worn heart can beat alone.

How needful some such tranquil place,
 Let many a weary one attest,
 Who turns from life's impatient race,
 And asks for nothing but for rest.

How many, too heart-sick to roam
 Still longer o'er the troubled wave,
 Would thankful turn to such a home,—
 A home already half a grave.

ANONYMOUS.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

ABBEY ! forever smiling pensively,
 How like a thing of Nature dost thou rise,
 Amid her loveliest works ! as if the skies,
 Clouded with grief, were arched thy roof to be,
 And the tall trees were copied all from thee !
 Mourning thy fortunes,—while the waters dim
 Flow like the memory of thy evening hymn ;
 Beautiful in their sorrowing sympathy,
 As if they with a weeping sister wept,
 Winds name thy name ! But thou, though sad, art calm,
 And Time with thee his plighted troth hath kept ;
 For harebells deck thy brow, and at thy feet,
 Where sleep the proud, the bee and redbreast meet,
 Mixing thy sighs with Nature's lonely psalm.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Furness Abbey.

TO FURNESS ABBEY.

I.

GOD, with a mighty and an outstretched hand,
 Stays thee from sinking, and ordains to be
 His witness lifted 'twixt the Irish Sea
 And that still beauteous, once faith-hallowed land.
 Stand as a sign, monastic prophet, stand !
 Thee, thee the speechless, God hath 'stablished thee
 To be his Baptist, crying ceaselessly
 In spiritual deserts like that Syrian sand !
 Man's little race around thee creep and crawl,
 And dig, and delve, and roll their thousand wheels ;
 Thy work is done : henceforth sabbatical
 Thou restest, while the world around thee reels ;
 But every scar of thine and stony rent
 Cries to a proud, weak age, " Repent, repent ! "

II.

VIRTUE goes forth from thee and sanctifies
 That once so peaceful shore whose peace is lost,
 To-day doubt-dimmed, and inly tempest-tost,
 Virtue most healing when sealed up it lies
 In relics, like thy ruins. Enmities
 Thou hast not. Thy gray towers sleep on 'mid dust ;
 But in the resurrection of the just
 Thy works, contemned to day, once more shall rise.
 Guard with thy dark compeer, cloud-veiled Black Coombe,
 Till then a land to nature and to grace
 So dear. Thy twin in greatness, clad with gloom,
 Is grander than with sunshine on his face :
 Thou 'mid abjection and the irreverent doom
 Art holier—O how much !—to hearts not base.

AUBREY DE VERE.

FURNESS ABBEY.

“CONSIDERING every day the uncertainty of life, and that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors, and dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay ; and that all things with an uninterrupted course tend to dissolution and death.”—*Charter of the Abbey.*

ON Norman cloister and on Gothic aisle
 The fading sunset lingers for a while ;
 The rooks chant noisy vespers in the elms ;—
 Then night's slow-rising tide the scene o'erwhelms.

So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,
 And crowns and palms decay with humbler things ;
 All works built up by toil of mortal breath
 Tend in unbroken course to dust and death.

Pillar and roof and pavement all are gone ;
 The lamp extinguished and the prayers long done ;
 But faith and awe, as stars, eternal shine ;—
 The human heart is their enduring shrine.

O Earth, in thine incessant funerals,
 Take to thyself these crumbling, outgrown walls !
 In the broad world our God we seek and find,
 And serve our Maker when we serve our kind.

Yet spare for tender thought, for beauty spare,
 Some sculptured capital, some carving fair ;
 Yon ivied archway, fit for poet's dream,
 For painter's pencil, or for preacher's theme !

Save, for our modern hurry, rush, and strife,
 The needed lesson that thought, too, is life !
 Work is *not* prayer, nor duty's self divine,
 Unless within them Reverence hath her shrine.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Glastonbury.

GLASTONBURY.

O THREE times famous isle, where is that place that
 might
 Be with thyself compared for glory and delight,
 Whilst Glastonbury stood? exalted to that pride,
 Whose monastery seemed all other to deride :
 O, who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not fill
 With their great fathers' pomp, devotion, and their skill ?
 Thou more than mortal power (this judgment rightly
 weighed),
 Then present to assist, at that foundation laid ;
 On whom for this sad waste should justice lay the crime ?
 Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to time ?
 Or was there error such, that thou couldst not protect
 Those buildings which thy hand did with their zeal erect ?
 To whom didst thou commit that monument to keep,
 That suffered with the dead their memory to sleep,
 When not great Arthur's tomb nor holy Joseph's grave
 From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to save ?

He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
 Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles fought.
 What! did so many kings do honour to that place,
 For avarice at last so vilely to deface?
 For reverence to that seat which had ascribed been,
 Trees yet in winter bloom, and bear their summer's green.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE BALLAD OF GLASTONBURY.

GLASTONBURY, anciently called Avalon, is a place much celebrated both in tradition and history. It was here, according to old legends, when the neighbouring moors were covered by the sea, that St. Joseph of Arimathea landed, and built the first church in England. It was here that the glorious king Arthur was buried, with the inscription :

Hic jacet Arturus, rex quondam, rexque futurus.

THE hills have on their royal robes
 Of purple and of gold,
 And over their tops the autumn clouds
 In heaps are onward rolled ;
 Below them spreads the fairest plain
 That British eye may see,—
 From Quantock to the Mendip range,
 A broad expanse and free.

As from those barriers, gray and vast,
 Rolled off the morning mist,
 Leaving the eyesight unrestrained
 To wander where it list,
 So roll, thou ancient chronicler,
 The ages' mist away ;
 Give me an hour of vision clear,
 A dream of the former day.

At once the flood of the Severn sea
 Flowed over half the plain,

And a hundred capes, with huts and trees,
 Above the flood remain :
 'Tis water here and water there,
 And the lordly Parret's way
 Hath never a trace on its pathless face,
 As in the former day.

Of shining sails that thronged that stream
 There resteth never a one,
 But a little ship to that inland sea
 Comes bounding in alone ;
 With stretch of sail and tug of oar
 It comes full merrily,
 And the sailors chant, as they pass the shore,
 Tibi gloria, Domine.

* * * * *

By this the vessel had floated nigh
 To the turf upon the strand,
 And first that holy man of joy
 Stepped on the Promise-land ;
 Until the rest, in order blest,
 Were ranged, and, kneeling there,
 Gave blessing to the God of heaven
 In a lowly chanted prayer.

Then over the brow of the seaward hill
 In their order blest they pass,
 At every change in the psalmody
 Kissing the holy grass,
 Till they come where they may see full near
 That pointed mountain rise,
 Darkening with its ancient cone
 The light of the eastern skies.

“ This staff hath borne me long and well,”
 Then spake that saint divine,
 “ Over mountain and over plain,
 On quest of the Promise-sign ;

For aye let it stand in this western land,
And God do no more to me
If there ring not out from this realm about,
Tibi gloria, Domine."

A cloud is on them,—the vision is changed,
And voices of melody,
And a ring of harps, like twinkles bright,
Comes over the inland sea ;
Long and loud is the chant of praise,—
The hallowed ages glide ;
And once again the mist from the plain
Rolls up the Mendip side.

With mourning stole and solemn step,
Up that same seaward hill,
There moved of ladies and of knights
A company sad and still ;
There went before an open bier,
And, sleeping in a charm,
With face to heaven and folded palms
There lay an arméd form.

It is the winter deep, and all
The glittering fields that morn
In Avalon's isle were over-snowed
The day the Lord was born ;
And as they cross the northward brow,
See white, but not with snow,
The mystic thorn beside their path
Its holy blossoms show.

They carry him where from chapel low
Rings clear the angel-bell,—
He was the flower of knights and lords,
So chant the requiem well :
His wound was deep, and his holy sleep
Shall last him many a day,
Till the cry of crime in the latter time
Shall melt the charm away.

A cloud is on them,—the vision fades,
 And cries of woe and fear,
 And sounds unblest of neighbouring war,
 Are thronging on mine ear ;
 Long and loud was the battle-cry,
 And the groans of them that died ;
 And once again the mist from the plain
 Rolls up the Mendip side.

From the postern-door of an abbaye pile,
 Passes with heavy cheer
 A soldier-king in humble mien,
 For the shouting foes are near :
 The holy men by their altars bide,
 In alb and stole they stand ;
 The incense-fumes the temple fill
 From blesséd children's hand.

Slow past the king that seaward brow,
 Whence turning he might see,
 Streaming upon Saint Michael's Tor,
 The pagan blazonry ;
 Then a pealing shout and a silence long,
 And rolling next on high
 Dark vapour, laced with threads of flame,
 Angered the twilight sky.

The cloud comes on,—the vision is changed,
 And songs of victory,
 And hymns of praise to the Lord of Peace,
 Come over the inland sea ;
 The waters clear, the fields appear,
 The plain is green and wide ;
 And once again the mist from the plain
 Rolls up the Mendip side.

The plats were green with lavish growth,
 And, like a silver cord,

Down to the northern bay the Brue
 Its glittering water poured.
 Far and near the pilgrims throng,
 With staff and humble mien,
 Where Glastonbury's crown of towers
 Against the sky is seen.

By the holy thorn and the holy well,
 And Saint Joseph's silver shrine,
 They offer thanks to highest Heaven
 For the light and grace divine ;
 In the open cheer of the abbaye near
 They dwell their purposed day,
 And then they part, with blessed thoughts,
 Each on his homeward way.

* * * *

The winds are high in Saint Michael's Tor,
 And a sorry sight is there,—
 A dark-browed band, with spear in hand,
 Mount up the turret-stair ;
 With heavy cheer and lifted palms
 There kneels a holy priest ;
 The fiends of death they grudge his breath
 To hold their rapine-feast.

The cloud comes on them, the vision is changed,
 And a crash of lofty walls,
 And the short dead sound of music quenched,
 On the sickened hearing falls ;
 Quick and sharp is the ruin-cry,
 Unblest the ages glide ;
 And once again the mist from the plain
 Rolls up the Mendip side.

Low sloping over sea and field
 The setting ray had past,
 On roofs and curls of quiet smoke
 The glory-flush was cast.

Clustered upon the western side
 Of Avalon's green hill,
 Her ancient homes and fretted towers
 Were lying bright and still ;

And lower in the valley-field,
 Hid from the parting day,
 A brotherhood of columns old,
 A ruin rough and gray ;
 And over all, Saint Michael's Tor
 Spired up into the sky,—
 Most like to Tabor's holy mount
 Of vision blest and high.

The vision changeth not,—no cloud
 Comes down the Mendip side ;
 The moors spread out beneath my feet
 Their free expanse and wide ;
 On glittering cots and ancient towers
 That rise among the dells,
 On mountain and on bending stream,
 The light of evening dwells.

I may not write,—I cannot say
 What change shall next betide ;
 Whether that group of columns gray
 Untroubled shall abide,
 Or whether that pile in Avalon's isle
 Some pious hand shall raise,
 And the vaulted arches ring once more
 With pealing chants of praise.

* * * * *

HENRY ALFORD.

GLASTONBURY.

ON thy green marge, thou vale of Avalon,
 Not for that thou art crowned with ancient towers
 And shafts and clustered pillars many an one
 Love I to dream away the sunny hours ;

Not for that here in charmed slumber lie
 The holy relics of that British king
 Who was the flower of knightly chivalry,
 Do I stand blest past power of uttering ;—
 But for that on thy cowslip-sprinkled sod
 Alit of old the olive-bearing bird,
 Meek messenger of purchased peace with God ;
 And the first hymns that Britain ever heard
 Arose, the low preluding melodies
 To the sweetest anthem that hath reached the skies.

HENRY ALFORD.

AT THE TOMB OF KING ARTHUR.

THROUGH Glastonbury's cloister dim
 The midnight winds were sighing ;
 Chanting a low funereal hymn
 For those in silence lying,
 Death's gentle flock 'mid shadows grim
 Fast bound, and unreplying.

Hard by the monks their mass were saying ;
 The organ evermore
 Its wave in alternation swaying
 On that smooth swell upbore
 The voice of their melodious praying
 Toward heaven's eternal shore.

Erelong a princely multitude
 Moved on through arches gray,
 Which yet, though shattered, stand where stood
 (God grant they stand for aye !)
 Saint Joseph's church of woven wood
 On England's baptism day.

The grave they found ; their swift strokes fell,
 Piercing dull earth and stone.
 They reached erelong an oaken cell,
 And cross of oak, whereon

Was graved, "Here sleeps King Arthur well,
In the isle of Avalon."

The mail on every knightly breast,
The steel at each man's side,
Sent forth a sudden gleam ; each crest
Bowed low its pluméd pride ;
Down o'er the coffin stooped a priest,—
But first the monarch cried :

"Great King ! in youth I made a vow
Earth's mightiest son to greet ;
His hand to worship ; on his brow
To gaze ; his grace entreat.
Therefore, though dead, till noontide thou
Shalt fill my royal seat !"

Away the massive lid they rolled,—
Alas ! what found they there ?
No kingly brow, no shapely mould ;
But dust where such things were.
Ashes o'er ashes, fold on fold,—
And one bright wreath of hair.

Genevra's hair ! like gold it lay ;
For Time, though stern, is just,
And humbler things feel last his sway,
And Death reveres his trust.—
They touched that wreath ; it sank away
From sunshine into dust !

Then Henry lifted from his head
The Conqueror's iron crown ;
That crown upon that dust he laid,
And kuelt in reverence down,
And raised both hands to heaven, and said,
"Thou God art King alone !"

* * * *

AUBREY DE VERE.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY AND WELLS CATHEDRAL.

GLORY and boast of Avalon's fair vale,
How beautiful thy ancient turrets rose!
Fancy yet sees them, in the sunshine pale,
Gleaming, or, more majestic in repose,
When, west-away the crimson landscape glows,
Casting their shadows on the waters wide.
How sweet the sounds, that, at still daylight's close,
Came blended with the airs of eventide,
When through the glimmering aisle faint "Misereres"
died.

But all is silent now! silent the bell,
That, heard from yonder ivied turret high,
Warned the cowled brother from his midnight cell;
Silent the vesper-chant, the litany
Responsive to the organ!—scattered lie
The wrecks of the proud pile, 'mid arches gray,
Whilst hollow winds through mantling ivy sigh!
And even the mouldering shrine is rent away,
Where in his warrior weeds the British Arthur lay.

Now look upon the sister fane of Wells!
It lifts its forehead in the summer air;
Sweet o'er the champaign sound its sabbath bells;
Its roof rolls back the chant, or voice of prayer.
Anxious we ask, Will Heaven that temple spare,
Or mortal tempest sweep it from its state?
O, say, shall time revere the fabric fair,
Or shall it meet, in distant years thy fate,
Shattered, proud pile, like thee, and left as desolate?

No! to subdue or elevate the soul,
Our best, our purest feelings to refine,
Still shall the solemn diapasons roll
Through that high fane! still hues reflected shine
From the tall windows on the sculptured shrine,

Tingeing the pavement ! for He shall afford,
 He who directs the storm, his aid divine,
 Because its Sion has not left thy word,
 Nor sought for other guide than thee, Almighty Lord !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

KING ARTHUR'S FUNERAL.

WHEN Arthur bowed his haughty crest,
 No princess, veiled in azure vest,
 Snatched him, by Merlin's potent spell,
 In groves of golden bliss to dwell,
 Where, crowned with wreaths of mistletoe,
 Slaughtered kings in glory go ?
 But when he fell, with wingéd speed,
 His champions, on a milk-white steed,
 From the battle's hurricane,
 Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
 In the fair vale of Avalon :
 There, with chanted orison,
 And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 The stoléd fathers met the bier :
 Through the dim aisles, in order dread
 Of martial woe, the chief they led,
 And deep intombed in holy ground,
 Before the altar's solemn bound.
 Around no dusky banners wave,
 No mouldering trophies mark the grave :
 Away the ruthless Dane has torn
 Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn ;
 And long o'er the neglected stone
 Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown.

THOMAS WARTON.

NEAR AVALON.

A SHIP with shields before the sun,
Six maidens round the mast,
A red-gold crown on every one,
A green gown on the last.

The fluttering green banners there
Are wrought with ladies' heads most fair,
And a portraiture of Guenevere
The middle of each sail doth bear.

A ship with sails before the wind,
And round the helm six knights ;
There heaumes are on, whereby, half blind,
They pass by many sights.

The tattered scarlet banners there
Right soon will leave the spear-heads bare.
Those six knights sorrowfully bear
In all their heaumes some yellow hair.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Glen Nectan.

THE SISTERS OF GLEN NECTAN.

IN a rocky gorge, midway between the castles of Bottreau and Dundagel, there is a fall of waters into a hollow caldron of native stone, which has borne for ten centuries the name of St. Nectan's Kieve.

IT is from Nectan's mossy steep
The foamy waters flash and leap ;
It is where shrinking wild-flowers grow
They lave the nymph that dwells below.

But wherefore in this far-off dell
The reliques of a human cell,

Where the sad stream and lonely wind
Bring man no tidings of his kind ?

“ Long years ago,” the old man said,—
’T was told him by his grandsire dead,—
“ One day two ancient sisters came ;
None there could tell their race or name.

“ Their speech was not in Cornish phrase,
Their garb had signs of loftier days ;
Slight food they took from hands of men,
They withered slowly in that glen.

“ One died,—the other’s sunken eye
Gushed till the fount of tears was dry ;
A wild and withering thought had she,
‘ I shall have none to weep for me.’

“ They found her silent at the last,
Bent in the shape wherein she passed,
Where her lone seat long used to stand,
Her head upon her shrivelled hand.”

Did fancy give this legend birth,—
The grandame’s tale for winter hearth ?
Or some dead bard, by Nectan’s stream,
People these banks with such a dream ?

We know not ; but it suits the scene
To think such wild things here have been :
What spot more meet could grief or sin
Choose, at the last, to wither in ?

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Gloucestershire.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

BELIEVE me, noble lord,
 I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
 These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
 Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome,
 And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
 Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
 But, I bethink me, what a weary way
 From Ravenspurge to Cotswold will be found,
 In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company ;
 Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
 The tediousness and process of my travel.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Gordale.

GORDALE.

AT early dawn, or rather when the air
 Glimmers with fading light and shadowy eve
 Is busiest to confer and to bereave ;
 Then, pensive votary ! let thy feet repair
 To Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair
 Where the young lions couch ; for so, by leave
 Of the propitious hour, thou mayst perceive
 The local deity, with oozy hair
 And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn
 Recumbent : him thou mayst behold, who hides
 His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
 Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
 Or, if need be, impediment to spurn,
 And force their passage to the salt-sea tides !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Grasmere.

THE WISHING-GATE.

IN the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.

HOPE rules a land forever green :
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen
 Are confident and gay ;
 Clouds at her bidding disappear ;
 Points she to aught ?—the bliss draws near,
 And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes,—there
 Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
 And thoughts with things at strife ;
 Yet how forlorn, should ye depart,
 Ye superstitions of the heart,
 How poor, were human life !

When magic lore abjured its might,
 Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
 One tender claim abate ;
 Witness this symbol of your sway,
 Surviving near the public way,
 The rustic Wishing-gate !

Inquire not if the faery race
 Shed kindly influence on the place,
 Ere northward they retired ;
 If here a warrior left a spell,
 Panting for glory as he fell ;
 Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
 Composed with Nature's finest care
 And in her fondest love,—

Peace to embosom and content,—
 To overawe the turbulent,
 The selfish to reprove.

Yea ! even the stranger from afar,
 Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
 Unknowing and unknown,
 The infection of the ground partakes,
 Longing for his beloved, who makes
 All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious spirits fear
 The mystic stirrings that are here,
 The ancient faith disclaim ?
 The local genius ne'er befriends
 Desires whose course in folly ends
 Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
 If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
 Here crave an easier lot ;
 If some have thirsted to renew
 A broken vow, or bind a true
 With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
 Upon the irrevocable past,
 Some penitent sincere
 May for a worthier future sigh,
 While trickles from his downcast eye
 No unavailing tear.

The worldling, pining to be freed
 From turmoil, who would turn or speed
 The current of his fate,
 Might stop before this favoured scene,
 At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
 Upon the Wishing-gate.

The sage, who feels how blind, how weak
 Is man, though loath such help to seek,
 Yet, passing, here might pause,
 And thirst for insight to allay
 Misgiving, while the crimson day
 In quietness withdraws ;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
 To Time's first step across the bound
 Of midnight makes reply ;
 Time pressing on with starry crest,
 To filial sleep upon the breast
 Of dread Eternity.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LINES

WRITTEN AT GRASMERE, ON TIDINGS OF THE
 APPROACHING DEATH OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

LOUD is the Vale ! the voice is up
 With which she speaks when storms are gone,
 A mighty unison of streams !
 Of all her voices, one !

Loud is the Vale ! this inland depth
 In peace is roaring like the sea ;
 You star upon the mountain-top
 Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
 Importunate and heavy load !
 The Comforter hath found me here,
 Upon this lonely road ;

And many thousands now are sad,—
 Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;
 For he must die who is their stay,
 Their glory disappear.

A power is passing from the earth
 To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;
 But when the great and good depart
 What is it more than this,—

That man, who is from God sent forth
 Doth yet again to God return ?
 Such ebb and flow must ever be ;
 Then wherefore should we mourn ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O VALE and lake, within your mountain urn
 Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep !
 Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
 Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
 With light Elysian ; for the hues that steep
 Your shores in melting lustre seem to float
 On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
 Isles of the blest, and in our memory keep
 Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
 Most loved by evening and her dewy star !
 O, ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed, jar
 The perfect music of thy charm serene !
 Still, still unchanged, may one sweet region wear
 Smiles that subdue the soul to love and tears and prayer.

FELICIA HEMANS.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

THE Rothay's stream is running near,
 Its voice is very glad and clear,
 The voice that was to him so dear ;
 But the poet doth not hear.

All around his dwelling rise,
 With their gray heads in the skies,

The noble hills that made him wise ;
 But he doth not ope his eyes.

From the little church the hum
 Of his old friends' prayers doth come,
 As is most fit, unto his tomb ;
 But the godlike lips are dumb.

What and if he deaf doth lie ?
 What and if he ope not eye ?
 If death that tuneful tongue doth tie ?
 With God and us such ne'er can die.

JAMES PAYN.

GRASMERE.

SHUT out from all that wars against the soul,
 The shocks that jar the music of the heart,
 The pleasures lasting only in the smart
 Of that regret which feigns a perfect whole
 Where naught was full ; the frequent rubs that wear
 Our loves away, and strip us for the fight
 With the rough world ; alone in calm delight
 Of peace, content, and joy, art thou, Grasmere !
 O lake most fair set round with mountain-guards,
 Sweet birds, swift streams, eternal waterfall,
 Crag-lichen, and wild vale-flower, all, yea, all
 Shall eye and ear in love oft turn towards :
 I thank thee for much lore that doth not dwell
 With books nor men : farewell, bright spot, farewell !

JAMES PAYN.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

RETURN to memory that lovely night,
 Some few years sped, when first I saw the tomb
 Of the great poet of simplicity ;
 Soft fell the twilight of November eve,

Early November, ere the leaves had fallen
 Upon the silence of sweet Grasmere Lake ;
 Each wave, each pebble, and each mountain high,
 Was emulously still, and not one sound
 Contended with the holy silence save
 Thy voice, thou constant mourner o'er the dead,
 Rothay, blue darling of the poet's eye !
 A yew sepulchral bending o'er his dust ;
 Long grass unstirred by any breath of breeze,
 Yet laden with a soft and soundless awe,—
 There slept the poet-king of Cumberland,
 And of all simple scenes and hearts on earth ;
 And at his feet a little grave proclaimed
 How a poor wayward one had stolen near,
 Even as a truant child has often crept
 In darkness and in silence to the feet
 Of an old sleeping sire, and nestled there.

GEORGE GILFILLAN.

Great Bealings.

MEDITATIONS IN GREAT BEALING CHURCHYARD.

BEAR witness, many a loved and lovely scene
 Which I no more may visit, are ye not
 Thus still my own ? Thy groves of shady green,
 Sweet Gosfield ! or thou, wild, romantic spot !
 Where by gray craggy cliff, and lonely grot,
 The shallow Dove rolls o'er his rocky bed :
 You still remain as fresh and unforgot
 As if but yesterday mine eyes had fed
 Upon your charms ; and yet months, years, since then
 have sped

Their silent course. And thus it ought to be,
 Should I sojourn far hence in distant years,
 Thou lovely dwelling of the dead ! with thee :
 For there is much about thee that endears

Thy peaceful landscape ; much the heart reveres,
 Much that it loves, and all it could desire
 In meditation's haunt, when hopes and fears
 Have been too busy, and we would retire
 Even from ourselves awhile, yet of ourselves inquire.

Then art thou such a spot as man might choose
 For still communion : all around is sweet
 And calm and soothing ; when the light breeze woos
 The lofty limes that shadow thy retreat,
 Whose interlacing branches, as they meet,
 O'ertop and almost hide the edifice
 They beautify ; no sound, except the bleat
 Of innocent lambs, or notes which speak the bliss
 Of happy birds unseen. What could a hermit miss ?

* * * *

BERNARD BARTON.

Green-head Ghyll.

GREEN-HEAD GHYLL.

If from the public way you turn your steps
 Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
 You will suppose that with an upright path
 Your feet must struggle ; in such bold ascent
 The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.
 But courage ! for around that boisterous brook
 The mountains have all opened out themselves,
 And made a hidden valley of their own.
 No habitation can be seen ; but they
 Who journey thither find themselves alone
 With a few sheep, with rocks, and stones, and kites
 That overhead are sailing in the sky.
 It is, in truth, an utter solitude.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Greenwich.

GREENWICH HILL.

THOUGH clouds obscured the morning hour,
And keen and eager blew the blast,
And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
As, doubtful, to the skiff we passed,

All soon, propitious to our prayer,
Gave promise of a brighter day ;
The clouds dispersed in purer air,
The blasts in zephyrs died away.

So have we, love, a day enjoyed,
On which we both—and yet who knows ?—
May dwell with pleasure unalloyed,
And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

How pleasant from that dome-crowned hill
To view the varied scene below,
Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
The encircling Thames' majestic flow !

How sweet, as indolently laid,
We overhung that long-drawn dale,
To watch the checkered light and shade
That glanced upon the shifting sail !

And when the shadow's rapid growth
Proclaimed the noontide hour expired,
And, though unwearied, nothing loath,
We to our simple meal retired ;

The sportive wile, the blameless jest,
The careless mind's spontaneous flow,
Gave to that simple meal a zest
Which richer tables may not know.

The babe that on the mother's breast
Has toyed and wantoned for a while,
And, sinking in unconscious rest,
Looks up to catch a parting smile,

Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
When, ere thy ruby lips could part
(As close to mine thy cheek was laid),
Thine eyes had opened all thy heart.

Then, then I marked the chastened joy
That lightly o'er thy features stole,
From vows repaid (my sweet employ),
From truth, from innocence of soul ;

While every word dropt on my ear
So soft (and yet it seemed to thrill),
So sweet that 'twas a heaven to hear,
And e'en thy pause had music still.

And O, how like a fairy dream
To gaze in silence on the tide,
While soft and warm the sunny gleam
Slept on the glassy surface wide !

And many a thought of fancy bred,
Wild, soothing, tender, undefined,
Played lightly round the heart, and shed
Delicious languor o'er the mind.

So hours like moments winged their flight,
Till now the boatmen on the shore,
Impatient of the waning light,
Recalled us by the dashing oar.

Well, Anna, many days like this
I cannot, must not, hope to share ;
For I have found an hour of bliss
Still followed by an age of care.

Yet oft when memory intervenes—
 But you, dear maid, be happy still,
 Nor e'er regret, 'midst fairer scenes,
 The day we passed on Greenwich Hill.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

COME to these peaceful seats, and think no more
 Of cold, of midnight watchings, or the roar
 Of Ocean tossing on his restless bed !
 Come to these peaceful seats, ye who have bled
 For honour, who have traversed the great flood,
 Or on the battle's front with stern eye stood,
 When rolled its thunder, and the billows red
 Oft closed, with sudden flashings, o'er the dead.
 O, heavy are the sorrows that beset
 Old age ! and hard it is,—hard to forget
 The sunshine of our youth, our manhood's pride !
 But here, O aged men ! ye may abide
 Secure, and see the last light on the wave
 Of Time, which wafts you silent to your grave ;
 Like the calm evening ray, that smiles serene
 Upon the tranquil Thames, and cheers the sinking scene.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Greta, the River.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening ! when huge stones
 Rumble along thy bed, block after block ;
 Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
 Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans :
 But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
 Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named
 The mourner, thy true nature was defamed,

And the habitual murmur that atones
 For thy worst rage forgotten. Oft as Spring
 Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie
 With liveliest peals of birthday harmony ;
 To a grieved heart the notes are benisons.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Grisedale.

GRISEDAL BECK.

MY gentle stream, with constant smile and bright,
 I miss thy loving looks and winding ways,
 Thy murmurous accents glad of yesternight,
 Sweet as from earnest lips the words of praise ;
 Where art thou, friend ? I hear the impetuous noise
 Of hurried passion, the unmeaning roar
 Of some wild torrent : it is not thy voice !
 Nor doth thy wave respect its wonted shore,
 But arrowy-straight in frantic fury springs.
 I grieve that I e'er knew thee : happy heart
 And noble, that with either moods hath part :
 Mine hath not ; but with timid love it clings
 Conscious of weakness : and it doth so lean
 To some boy-friends grown hard and headstrong men.

JAMES PAYN.

Haddon Hall.

HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE, JULY 1836.

NOR fond displays of cost, nor pampered train
 Of idle menials, me so much delight,
 Nor mirrored halls, nor roofs with gilding bright,
 Nor all the foolery of the rich and vain,

As these time-honoured walls, crowning the plain
 With their gray battlements ; within bedight
 With ancient trophies of baronial might,
 And figures dim, inwoven in the grain
 Of dusky tapestry. I love to muse,
 In present peace, on days of pomp and strife ;
 The daily struggles of our human life,
 Seen through Time's veil, their selfish colouring lose,
 As here the glaring beams of outer day
 Through ivy-shadowed oriels softened play.

HENRY ALFORD.

HADDON HALL.

RUTLAND, Vernon, whatsoever
 The boasted rank, the lordly name,
 All have melted into air,
 Ceased like an extinguished flame.

Solemn in the summer noon,
 Memory-ridden, hope-bereft,
 Ghost-like 'neath the midnight moon
 By some trailing shadow cleft ;

Vacant chamber of the dead,
 Through whose gloom fierce passions swept ;
 Mouldering couch whereon 'tis said.
 The majesty of England slept ;

Hall of wassail, which has rung
 To the unquestioned baron's jest ;
 Dim old chapel, where were hung
 Offerings of the o'erfraught breast ;

Moss-clad terrace, strangely still,
 Broken shaft, and crumbling frieze,
 Still as lips that used to fill
 With bugle-blasts the morning breeze !

Careless river, gliding under,
 Ever gliding, lapsing on,
 With no sense of awe or wonder
 At the ages which have gone ;

Thou in thy unconscious flow
 Know'st not sorrows which destroy,
 Yet this truth thou dost not know, —
 Sorrows give a zest to joy.

Every record of the past
 Makes the present more intense,
 Love's old temple overcast
 Wakes to love the living sense.

In the long-deserted hall,
 In dead beauty's withered bower,
 Closer clings the heart to all
 That makes glad the fleeting hour ;—

Closer cling we unto those
 Who must leave us or be left ;
 Brighter in the sunset glows
 Life's mysterious warp and weft.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

Hales Owen.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN every village marked with little spire,
 Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name,
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;
 They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
 And oftimes, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low,
 And as they looked they found their horror grew,
 And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden placed,
 So doth it wonton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast ;
 Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green
 On which the tribe their gambols do display.
 And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
 The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little tenement betray ;
 Where sits the dame disguised in look profound
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
 Her apron, dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
 As is the harebell that adorns the field ;
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious fear entwined,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled,
 And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
 And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Hampstead.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

MY heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singingst of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainéd 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 the 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 gray 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.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain,—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that ofttimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy-lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music : Do I wake or sleep ?

JOHN KEATS.

Hampton.

HAMPTON.

THUS with imagined wing our swift scene flies
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.
 Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing,
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confused ; behold the threaten sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think,
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing !
 For so appears this fleet majestic
 Holding due course to Harfleur.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Hampton Court.

HAMPTON COURT.

CLOSE by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home ;
 Hear thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
 In various talk the instructive hours they past,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last :
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
 At every word a reputation dies.
 Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Harrow-on-the-Hill.

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF
 HARROW.

SPOT of my youth ! whose hoary branches sigh,
 Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky ;
 Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
 With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod ;
 With those who, scattered far, perchance deplore,
 Like me, the happy scenes they knew before :

O, as I trace again thy winding hill,
 Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
 Thou drooping elm ! beneath whose boughs I lay,
 And frequent mused the twilight hours away ;
 Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
 But ah ! without the thoughts which then were mine :
 How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
 Invite the bosom to recall the past,
 And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
 " Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell ! "

When fate shall chill, at length, this fevered breast,
 And calm its cares and passions into rest,
 Oft have I thought, 't would soothe my dying hour,
 If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,
 To know some humble grave, some narrow cell,
 Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell.
 With this fond dream, methinks, 't were sweet to die—
 And here it lingered, here my heart might lie ;
 Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose ;
 Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose ;
 Forever stretched beneath this mantling shade,
 Pressed by the turf where once my childhood played,
 Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
 Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved ;
 Blest by the tongues that charmed my youthful ear,
 Mourned by the few my soul acknowledged here ;
 Deplored by those in early days allied,
 And unremembered by the world beside.

LORD BYRON.

HARROW.

If some good fairy granted me to play
 A chosen portion of my life again,
 I would not ask an Oxford hour. The vain
 Attempt to ape the follies of the day,
 How soon it palls ; while ever fresh and gay

Riseth the vision of the school-boy train
 Who shouted, thoughtless, on dear Harrow's plain,
 And clomb the hill when eve was growing gray.
 O for the careless days, the dreamless nights ;
 The broken bounds, the plunge into the pool ;
 The elastic feet that ne'er the leap refuse ;
 The summer games, the winter's mimicked fights :
 O for the guileless friendships formed at school,
 The first shy whispers of the natural muse !

JOHN BRUCE NORTON.

Hartland.

THE CELL.

How wildly sweet, by Hartland Tower,
 The thrilling voice of prayer ;
 A seraph, from his cloudy bower,
 Might lean to listen there.

For time and place and storied days
 To that gray fane have given
 Hues that might win an angel's gaze,
 'Mid scenery of heaven.

Above, the ocean breezes sweep
 With footsteps firm and free ;
 Around, the mountains guard the deep ;
 Beneath, the wide, wide sea.

Enter ! the arching roofs expand,
 Like vessels on the shore,
 Inverted, when the fisher-band
 Might tread their planks no more.

But reared on high in that stern form,
 Lest faithless hearts forget
 The men that braved the ancient storm
 And hauled the early net.

The tracery of a quaint old time
Still weaves the chancel screen ;
And tombs, with many a broken rhyme,
Suit well this simple scene.

A Saxon font, with baptism bright,
The womb of mystic birth ;
An altar where, in angels' sight,
Their Lord descends to earth.

Here glides the spirit of the psalm,
Here breathes the soul of prayer ;
The awful church, so hushed, so calm,—
Ah ! surely God is there.

And lives no legend on the wall ?
No theme of former men ?
A shape to rise at fancy's call,
And sink in graves again ?

Yes ! there, through yonder portal stone,
With whispered words they tell,
How once the monk with name unknown
Prepared that silent cell.

He came with griefs that shunned the light,
With vows long breathed in vain :
Those arches heard, at dead of night,
The lash, the shriek, the pain,

The prayer that rose and fell in tears,
The sob, the bursting sigh :
Till woke with agony of years
The exceeding bitter cry.

This lasted long,—as life will wear,
E'en though in anguish nursed,—
Few think what human hearts can bear,
Before their sinews burst.

It lasted long, but not for aye ;
The hour of freedom came :
In that dim niche the stranger lay,
A cold and silent frame.

What sorrows shook the strong man's soul,
What guilt was rankling there,
We know not,—time may not unroll
The page of his despair.

He sleeps in yonder nameless ground,
A cross hath marked the stone :
Pray ye, his soul in death hath found
The peace to life unknown.

And if ye mourn that man of tears,
Take heed lest ye too fall ;
A day may mar the rest, that years
Shall seek but not recall.

Nor think that deserts soothe despair,
Or shame in cells is screened ;
For Thought, the demon, will be there,
And Memory, the fiend.

Then waft, ye winds, this tale of fear,
Breathe it in hall and bower,
Till reckless hearts grow hushed to hear
The Monk of Hartland Tower.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Hart-Leap Well.

HART-LEAP WELL.

HART-LEAP WELL is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg.

THE knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor,
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud ;
And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
" Bring forth another horse ! " he cried aloud.

" Another horse ! " That shout the vassal heard,
And saddled his best steed, a comely gray.
Sir Walter mounted him ; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes ;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair ;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar ;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all :
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain ;
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The knight halloed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern ;
But breath and eyesight fail, and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race ?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?
This chase it looks not like an earthly chase ;
Sir Walter and the hart are left alone.

The poor hart toils along the mountain-side ;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died ;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn ;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy :
He neither cracked his whip nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat ;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned,
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the hart was lying stretched ;
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot !)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill (it was at least
Four roods of sheer ascent), Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes ;
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

“ I’ll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
 And a small arbour, made for rural joy ;
 ’Twill be the traveller’s shed, the pilgrim’s cot,
 A place of love for damsels that are coy.

“ A cunning artist will I have to frame
 A basin for that fountain in the dell !
 And they who do make mention of the same
 From this day forth shall call it Hart-Leap Well.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Hastings.

HASTINGS.

O MOON, that shinest on this heathy wild
 And light’st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
 How am I with thy sad delight beguiled,
 How hold with fond imagination play !
 By thy broad taper I call up the time
 When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
 Though great in glory, overstained with crime,
 And fallen by his fate from kingly sway !
 On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
 Torn banners, and the dying steeds you shone,
 When this fair England and her peerless charms,
 And all but honour, to the foe were gone !
 Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,
 But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes.

LORD THURLOW.

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL, NEAR HASTINGS.

IN the deep blue of eve,
 Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
 Or the lark took his leave
 Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,

I climbed to yon heights,
 Where the Norman encamped him of old,
 With his bowmen and knights,
 And his banner all burnished with gold.

At the Conqueror's side
 There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
 In pavilion wide ;
 And they chanted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
 With a vision my fancy inspires,
 And I hear the trump sound,
 As it marshalled our chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
 Stood the captors of England's domains,
 That ennobled her breed
 And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
 As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
 Thence they looked o'er a realm,—
 And to-morrow beheld it their own.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Hathern.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE RUIN OF A VILLAGE CROSS, HATHERN,
 LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE simple folk once used to throng
 These mouldering steps beneath,
 And every child that passed along
 Its soft petitions breathe,
 In pious days of yore.

The working-men at dawn of day
 Were here assembled kneeling,
 And to their labour bore away
 A calm of holy feeling
 In Christian days of yore.

Till once a stalwart company
 Of men with gloomy faces,
 Unlike the men ye used to see
 In such-like holy places
 In quiet days of yore,

With savage hands pulled down the sign
 Of our Redeemer's sorrow,
 And promised in more force to join,
 And break the rest to-morrow,—
 Hating the days of yore.

But Providence from then till now
 This remnant hath befriended,
 And by this shaft and time-worn steps
 The memory hath defended
 Of the good days of yore.

And still, whene'er the good and great
 On common times pass nigh me,
 Though no petition they repeat,
 Nor kneel in silence by me,
 As in the days of yore ;

Yet blessed thoughts upon their hearts
 From Heaven come gently stealing,
 And each from his gray ruin parts
 With calmer, holier feeling,
 Blessing the days of yore.

HENRY ALFORD.

Hatfield Broadoak.

THE OLD OAK-TREE AT HATFIELD BROADOAK.

A MIGHTY growth ! The countyside
 Lamented when the giant died,
 For England loves her trees :
 What misty legends round him cling !
 How lavishly he once did fling
 His acorns to the breeze !

To strike a thousand roots in fame,
 To give the district half its name,
 The fiat could not hinder ;
 Last spring he put forth one green bough, —
 The red leaves hang there still,—but now
 His very props are tinder.

Elate, the thunderbolt he braved :
 Long centuries his branches waved
 A welcome to the blast :
 An oak of broadest girth he grew,
 And woodman never dared to do
 What time has done at last.

The monarch wore a leafy crown,
 And wolves, ere wolves were hunted down,
 Found shelter at his foot ;
 Unnumbered squirrels gambolled free,
 Glad music filled the gallant tree
 From stem to topmost shoot.

And it were hard to fix the tale
 Of when he first peered forth a frail
 Petitioner for dew ;
 He took no ill from Saxon spade,
 The rabbit spared the tender blade,
 And valiantly he grew,

And showed some inches from the ground
 When Saint Augustine came and found
 Us very proper Vandals ;
 When nymphs owned bluer eyes than hose,
 When England measured men by blows,
 And measured time by candles.

Worn pilgrims blessed his grateful shade
 Ere Richard led the first crusade,
 And maidens led the dance
 Where, boy and man, in summer time,
 Sweet Chaucer pondered o'er his rhyme ;
 And Robin Hood, perchance,

Stole hither to maid Marian
 (And if they did not come, one can
 At any rate suppose it) ;
 They met beneath the mistletoe,—
 We did the same, and ought to know
 The reason why they chose it.

And this was called the traitors' branch,—
 Stern Warwick hung six yeomen stanch
 Along its mighty fork ;
 Uncivil wars for them ! The fair
 Red rose and white still bloom,—but where
 Are Lancaster and York ?

A churchman once was England's hope,
 He saw that bold man beard the Pope ;
 In persecution's reign
 He mourned our martyrs at the stake,
 And sent his kin to sea with Drake,
 When Tudor humbled Spain.

A time-worn tree, he could not bring
 His heart to screen the merry king,
 Or countenance his scandals ;

Then men were measured by their wit,
 And then the mimic statesmen lit,
 At either end their candles.

When Blake was busy with the Dutch
 They gave his poor old arms a crutch ;
 And thrice four maids and men ate
 A meal within his rugged bark,
 When Coventry bewitched the park,
 And Chatham swayed the senate.

His few remaining boughs were green,
 And dappled sunbeams danced between,
 Upon the dappled deer,
 When, clad in black, a pair were met
 To read the Waterloo Gazette,—
 They mourned their darling here.

They joined their boy. The tree at last
 Lies prone,—discoursing of the past,
 Some fancy-dreams awaking,
 Resigned, though headlong changes come,
 Though nations arm to tuck of drum,
 And dynasties are quaking.

Romantic spot ! By honest pride
 Of old tradition sanctified ;
 My pensive vigil keeping,
 I feel thy beauty like a spell,
 And thoughts, and tender thoughts, upwell,
 That fill my heart to weeping.

* * * * *

FREDERICK LOCKER.

Hawkshead.

HAWKSHEAD.

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
 Was set, and visible for many a mile
 The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
 I heeded not their summons : happy time
 It was indeed for all of us,—for me ;
 It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud
 The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse
 That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
 We hissed along the polished ice in games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
 The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
 And not a voice was idle ; with the din
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
 Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
 The orange sky of evening died away.
 Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
 To cut across the reflex of a star
 That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
 Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
 The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,

Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
 Wheeled by me,—even as if the earth had rolled
 With visible motion her diurnal round !
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
 Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye presences of nature in the sky
 And on the earth ! Ye visions of the hills,
 And souls of lonely places ! can I think
 A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
 Such ministry, when ye through many a year
 Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,
 On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
 Impressed upon all forms the characters
 Of danger or desire ; and thus did make
 The surface of the universal earth
 With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
 Work like a sea ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Heartholm.

HEARTHOLM.

ONCE more upon this happy hill
 Doth yet my free foot bound at will ;
 About those cliffs, whose hearts of stone
 To spade and mattock inly groan,
 Well to reward the miner's pains,
 In wealth from out a thousand veins,
 Poor and past use, in age resigned
 To ruin like our human kind,
 And now and then o'erwhelming all,
 'Midst sullen thunder, in their fall ;
 Above the moorlands, brown and shorn,
 On whose rough beds the winds are born,

From hardy north-blast, flinging wreaths
 Of cradled snow, to that which breathes
 Too infant-like to bear its tale
 Of heathery sweetness to the vale ;
 And through those woods, my boyhood knew
 And loved so well, whose memories strew
 Their pathways thick as leaves
 Upon the dreary autumn eyes ;
 Once more I tread these pleasant fields
 With chainless heart, fair Devon yields
 Once more the old accustomed rest,
 Most welcome as most absent guest.

* * * *

JAMES PAYN.

Helvellyn.

HELVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
 wide ;
 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
 And starting around me the echoes replied.
 On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bend-
 ing,
 And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
 One huge, nameless rock in the front was ascending,
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had
 died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain
 heather,
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
 Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst
 thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
 And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
 Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
 gleaming;
 In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
 When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
 With but one faithful friend to witness thy dying
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To —,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF
HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a mountain dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn ;
Awed, delighted, and amazed !

Potent was the spell that bound thee,
Not unwilling to obey ;
For blue Ether's arms flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo the dwindled woods and meadows !
What a vast abyss is there !
Lo the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings,—heavenly fair !

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield ;
Ridge and gulf and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield !

Now take flight ; possess, inherit
Alps or Andes,—they are thine !
With the morning's roseate spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line ;

Or survey their bright dominions
In the gorgeous colours drest
Flung from off the purple pinions
Evening spreads throughout the west !

Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains ;
Listen to their songs !—or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,
 Whither spiteful Satan steered ;
 Or descend where the ark alighted,
 When the green earth reappeared ;—

For the power of hills is on thee,
 As was witnessed through thine eye
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
 To confess their majesty !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB,

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn ?
 Where may the grave of that good man be ?—
 By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
 Under the twigs of a young birch-tree !
 The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
 And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
 And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
 Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.
 The knight's bones are dust,
 And his good sword rust ;—
 His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

HELVELLYN.

HELVELLYN ! blue Helvellyn ! Hill of hills !
 Giant amongst the giants ! Lift thy head
 Broad in the sunlight ! no loose vapour dims
 Thy barren grandeur ; but with front severe,
 Calm, proud, and unabashed, thou look'st upon
 The heights around,—the lake and meadows green,
 Whereon the herded cattle, tiny things,
 Like flowers upon the sunny landscape lie ;
 Behind thee cometh quick the evening pale,

Whilst in the west an amphitheatre
 Of crags (such as the deluge might have washed
 In vain) against the golden face of heaven
 Turns its dark shoulder, and insults the day.

With no imposing air, no needless state,
 Thou risest, blue Helvellyn!—no strange point
 Lends thee distinction, no fantastic shape
 Marks thee a thing whereon the mind must rest ;
 But in thine own broad height, peerless and vast,
 Leviathan of mountains ! thou art seen
 Fairly ascending amidst crags and hills
 The mightiest one,—associate of the sky !

I see thee again, from these bleak sullen moors,
 Boundless and bare,—long, dreary, wintry wastes,
 Where the red waters, stagnant, lie amidst
 Black rocks, and treacherous moss, and rushes white
 With age, or withered by the bitter blast ;—
 Thou lookest out on thy huge limbs that lie
 Sleeping far, far beneath ; and on the plains
 Below, and heaven which scarcely o'er thy head
 Lifts its blue arch ; and on the driven clouds
 That loiter round thee, or impetuous burst
 About thy summit with their stormy showers.
 There, in thy lonely state, thou livest on
 Through days and years, and ages,—still the same,
 Unshaken, undecaying,—not alone
 A thing material haply, for within
 Thy heart a secret spirit may now abide ;
 The same that fills thy veins in spring with green,
 And hangs around thee long the summer thyme ;
 And when the winds of autumn moan away
 Solemn and sad, from thy supremest brow
 Poureth the white stream bright and beautiful.

The winds!—are they thy music? (who shall say
 Thou hearest not!) Thy echoes which restore
 The rolling thunder, fainting fast away,

From death to a second life, seem now, methinks,
 Not mere percussions of the common air,
 But imitations high of mightier sense, —
 Of some communicable soul that speaks
 From the most inward earth, abroad to men
 And mountains, bird and beast, and air and heaven.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Holmedon.

HOLMEDON.

MY liege, I did deny no prisoners,
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reaped,
 Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
 He was perfuméd like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose and took 't away again ;
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff. And still he smiled and talked ;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He questioned me ; among the rest demanded
 My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 Out of my grief and my impatience
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
 He should or he should not ; for he made me mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk, so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds—God save the
 mark !—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous saltpetre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answered indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Ilfracombe.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

YES, I delight, when winds and waters roar,
 To tread with shrinking foot the craggy shore ;
 And watch each billow with collected force
 Urge o'er the whirling sands its frothy course :
 O'er yon black rock whose frowning bastion braves,
 And breaks, the onset of the wintry waves,
 To mark it dash in snowy showers its spray,
 That flames and flashes in the blaze of day ;
 Or fall from ledge to ledge like mountain stream,
 Its foam-balls reddened by the evening beam.

Lulled by the tumult, oft, in thoughtful mood,—
 On yonder rock how often have I stood,
 And breathed moist air, and wooed the briny shower,
 Absorbed, and reckless of the passing hour ;

Nor moved until the tide, with deafening sound,
 Circled my narrowing station close around ;
 Then, as the exhausted wave forsook the strand,
 With foot elastic pressed the yielding sand ;
 And, ere its force regathered, with a bound
 Gained the dry shore, and spurned the grassy ground.
 Thence with rude toil I clomb yon cliff's steep brow,
 And viewed, enraptured, all the scene below,
 A vast expanse of heaving billows, crowned
 With trembling, snowlike foam, exulted round ;
 And 'neath my feet, between each watery vale,
 I marked the white-winged sea-gull slowly sail.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

Inglewood Forest.

INGLEWOOD FOREST.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN
 INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
 Is but a name ; nor more is Inglewood,
 That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood :
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone ;
 Yet still, though unappropriate wild be none,
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,
 To kill for merry feast their venison.
 Nor wants the holy abbot's gliding shade
 His church with monumental wreck bestrewn ;
 The feudal warrior-chief, a ghost unlaid,
 Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
 That he may watch by night, and lessons con
 Of power that perishes and rights that fade.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Irwan.

A FAREWELL TO THE VALLEY OF IRWAN.

FAREWELL the fields of Irwan's vale,
 My infant years where Fancy led,
 And soothed me with the western gale,
 Her wild dreams waving round my head,
 While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
 Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale !

The primrose on the valley's side,
 The green thyme on the mountain's head,
 The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
 The wilding's blossom blushing red ;
 No longer I their sweets inhale.
 Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale !

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
 Has evening closed my careless eye !
 How oft along those banks I've strayed,
 And watched the wave that wandered by ;
 Full long their loss shall I bewail.
 Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale !

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
 To mark the close of parting day,
 Along yon flowery banks to rove,
 And watch the wave that winds away,
 Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
 Though far from these and Irwan's vale.

JOHN LANGHORNE.

Isis, the River.

THE ISIS.

RIVER, who with thy two soul-stirring names
 Speak'st, one of Rhedicyna's youthful dream,

And one of Commerce', Empire's mighty stream
 At proud Augusta's foot,—Isis, and Thames,—
 From Godstow, where the fairest of frail dames,
 Ros'mund, with epitaph uncourteous lies,
 Down to the reach where the tired skiffer ties
 His boat for Newnham's summer feast and games,
 These are the limits of my Isis : there,
 Or up or down, I cleft my swift-oared way
 Nightly, alone, with little heed or care,
 Through the full stream with racing cutters gay ;
 Oft laughing at the imperious steersman's shout,
 As from his very bows I glided out !

JOHN BRUCE NORTON.

Isle of Man.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY.

“Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.”

THE feudal keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
 Even when they rose to check or to repel
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
 Just limits ; but yon tower, whose smiles adorn
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence :
 Blest work it is of love and innocence,—
 A tower of refuge to the else forlorn.
 Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
 Struggling for life, into its saving arms !
 Spare, too, the human helpers ! Do they stir
 'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die ?
 No ; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
 And they are led by noble Hillary.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling brine,
 With wonder smit by its transparency,
 And all enraptured with its purity?—
 Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline
 Have ever in them something of benign;
 Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
 A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
 Of a young maiden, only not divine.
 Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
 For beverage drawn as from a mountain well.
 Temptation centres in the liquid calm;
 Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
 To instantaneous plunging in, deep sea!
 And revelling in long embrace with thee.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound
 (Still marked with green turf circles narrowing
 Stage above stage) would sit this island's king,
 The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned;
 While, compassing the little mount around,
 Degrees and orders stood, each under each;
 Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,
 The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.
 Off with yon cloud, old Snafell! that thine eye
 Over three realms may take its widest range;
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
 If the whole state must suffer mortal change,
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Itchin, the River.

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN.

ITCHIN ! when I behold thy banks again,
 Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
 On which the selfsame tints still seem to rest,
 Why feels my heart a shivering sense of pain ?
 Is it that many a summer's day has past
 Since in life's morn I carolled on thy side ?
 Is it that oft since then my heart has sighed
 As youth and hope's delusive gleams flew fast ?
 Is it that those who gathered on thy shore,
 Companions of my youth, now meet no more ?
 Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend,
 Sorrowing ; yet feel such solace at my heart
 As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
 From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Kenilworth.

THE IVY OF KENILWORTH.

HEARD'ST thou what the Ivy sighed,
 Waving where all else hath died,
 In the place of regal mirth,
 Now the silent Kenilworth ?

With its many glistening leaves,
 There a solemn robe it weaves ;
 And a voice is in each fold,
 Like an oracle's of old.

Heard'st thou, while with dews of night
 Shone its berries darkly bright ?

Yes! the whisperer seemed to say,
 "All things, all things pass away.

"Where I am the harp hath rung
 Banners and proud shields among,
 And the blood-red wine flowed free,
 And the fire shot sparks of glee.

"Where I am, now last and lone,
 Queenly steps have come and gone,
 Gorgeous masques have glided by,
 Unto rolling harmony.

"Flung from these illumined towers,
 Light hath pierced the forest bowers,
 Lake and pool and fount have been
 Kindled by their midnight sheen.

"Where is now the feasting high?
 Where the lordly minstrelsy?
 Where the tourney's ringing spear?—
 I am sole and silent here!

"In my home no hearth is crowned,
 Through my hall no wine foams round;
 By my gates hath ceased the lay;
 All things, all things pass away!"

Yes, thy warning voice I knew,
 Ivy! and its tale is true;
 All is passing, or hath passed,—
 Thou thyself must perish last!

Yet my secret soul replied,
 "Surely one thing shall abide;
 'Midst the wreck of ages, one,—
 Heaven's eternal Word alone!"

FELICIA HEMANS,

Keswick.

KESWICK.

ONCE more I see thee, Skiddaw ! once again
 Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
 Where, like the bulwark of this favoured plain,
 Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene,—
 Thou glorious mountain, on whose ample breast
 The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to rest.

Once more, O Derwent ! to thy awful shores
 I come, insatiate of the accustomed sight,
 And, listening as the eternal torrent roars,
 Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight ;
 For I have wandered far by land and sea,
 In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

Twelve years (how large a part of man's brief day !)
 Nor idly nor ingloriously spent,
 Of evil and of good have held their way,
 Since first upon thy banks I pitched my tent.
 Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
 And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here,
 Where childless and oppressed with grief I came ;
 With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere,
 Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim :
 Here I possess—what more should I require ?—
 Books, children, leisure,—all my heart's desire.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

KESWICK.

'T WAS at that sober hour when the light of day is reced-
 ing,
 And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has
 adorned them

Fade, like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of earth is
departed,—
Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window,
beholding
Mountain and lake and vale ; the valley disrobed of its
verdure ;
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection,
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a
mirror,
Under the woods reposed ; the hills that, calm and
majestic,
Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from far Glaramara,
Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Grizedal and westernmost
Withop.
Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gathered
above them
High in the middle air,—huge, purple, pillowy masses ;
While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the
twilight,
Green as a stream in the glen whose pure and chrysolite
waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the
righteous.
Earth was hushed and still ; all motion and sound were
suspended :
Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of
insect,—
Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in
stillness.
Pensive I stood, and alone ; the hour and the scene had
subdued me ;
And as I gazed in the west, where infinity seemed to be
open,
Yearned to be free from time, and felt that this life is a
thralldom.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Kirkstone.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,
 A deep delight the bosom thrills,
 Oft as I pass along the fork
 Of these fraternal hills :
 Where, save the rugged road, we find,
 No appanage of human kind,
 Nor hint of man ; if stone or rock
 Seem not his handiwork to mock
 By something cognizably shaped ;
 Mockery,—or model roughly hewn,
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,
 Or from the flood escaped :
 Altars for Druid service fit
 (But where no fire was ever lit,
 Unless the glowworm to the skies
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice) ;
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument ;
 Green, moss-grown tower ; or hoary tent ;
 Tents of a camp that never shall be raised,—
 On which four thousand years have gazed !

Ye ploughshares sparkling on the slopes !
 Ye snow-white lambs that trip
 Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
 Of restless ownership !
 Ye trees that may to-morrow fall
 To feed the insatiate prodigal !
 Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
 All that the fertile valley shields ;
 Wages of folly, baits of crime,
 Of life's uneasy game the stake,
 Playthings that keep the eyes awake
 Of drowsy, dotard Time ;—

O care! O guilt! O vales and plains,
 Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
 A genius dwells, that can subdue
 At once all memory of you,—
 Most potent when mists veil the sky,
 Mists that distort and magnify ;
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,
 Sigh forth their ancient melodies !

List to those shriller notes !—that march
 Perchance was on the blast,
 When through this height's inverted arch
 Rome's earliest legion passed !
 They saw, adventurously impelled,
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,
 This block,—and yon, whose church-like frame
 Gives to this savage pass its name.
 Aspiring road ! that lov'st to hide
 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
 Not seldom may the hour return
 When thou shalt be my guide ;
 And I (as all men may find cause,
 When life is at a weary pause,
 And they have panted up the hill
 Of duty with reluctant will)
 Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
 For the rich bounties of constraint ;
 Whence oft invigorating transports flow
 That choice lacked courage to bestow !

My soul was grateful for delight
 That wore a threatening brow ;
 A veil is lifted,—can she slight
 The scene that opens now ?
 Though habitation none appear,
 The greenness tells man must be there ;
 The shelter—that the perspective
 Is of the clime in which we live ;
 Where Toil pursues his daily round ;

Where Pity sheds sweet tears ; and Love,
 In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
 Inflicts his tender wound.
 Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
 How beautiful the world below ;
 Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
 The brook adown the rocky steeps.
 Farewell, thou desolate domain !
 Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
 Carols like a shepherd-boy ;
 And who is she ?—can that be Joy !
 Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide :
 While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
 “ Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,
 Thy lot, O man, is good, thy poriton fair ” ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Knarborough.

ST. ROBERT'S CAVE,

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER OF DANIEL CLARKE BY
 EUGENE ARAM.

WE gazed intent upon the murderous cave ;
 Too fair a place, methinks, for deeds of blood.
 Above, the rocks, dappled with pendent wood,
 Rose sheltering ; and below with rippling wave
 The crystal Nidd flowed by. The wondrous tale
 That from of old had turned our young cheeks pale,
 Came crowding on the present ; yonder stood
 The guilt-worn student, skilled without avail
 In ancient lore ; and yonder seemed to lie
 The melancholy corse, year after year
 Sending to Heaven its silent vengeance-cry,

Till Aram's hour was come, and He, whose ear
 Was open, tracked the murderer where he fled,
 And wrath's right-aiming stroke descended on his head.

HENRY ALFORD.

Lacock.

LACOCK NUNNERY.

I STOOD upon the stone where Ela lay,
 The widowed founder of these ancient walls,
 Where fancy still on meek devotion calls,
 Marking the ivied arch and turret gray,—
 For her soul's rest—eternal rest—to pray ;
 Where visionary nuns yet seem to tread,
 A pale dim troop, the cloisters of the dead,
 Though twice three hundred years have flown away !
 But when with silent step and pensive mien,
 In weeds, as mourning for her sisters gone,
 The mistress of this lone monastic scene
 Came, and I heard her voice's tender tone,
 I said, Though centuries have rolled between,
 One gentle, beauteous nun is left, on earth alone.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Laken.

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAKEN IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day,
 Thou standest by the margin of the pool ;
 And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
 To patience, which all evil can allay :
 God has appointed thee the fish thy prey ;
 And given thyself a lesson to the fool

Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
 And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
 There need not schools nor the professor's chair,
 Though these be good, true wisdom to impart :
 He who has not enough for these to spare
 Of time or gold may yet amend his heart,
 And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair :
 Nature is always wise in every part.

LORD THURLOW.

Lancell's Tower.

THE RINGERS OF LANCELL'S TOWER.

THEY meet once more ; that ancient band,
 With furrowed cheek and failing hand ;
 One peal to-day they fain would ring,
 The jubilee of England's king !

They meet once more ! but where are now
 The sinewy arm, the laughing brow,
 The strength that hailed, in happier times,
 King George the Third with lusty chimes ?

Yet proudly gaze on that lone tower,
 No goodlier sight hath hall or bower ;
 Meekly they strive, and closing day
 Gilds with soft light their locks of gray.

Hark ! proudly hark ! with that true tone
 They welcomed him to land and throne ;
 So e'er they die they fain would ring
 The jubilee of England's king.

Hearts of old Cornwall, fare ye well !
 Fast fade such scenes from field and dell ;
 How wilt thou lack, my own dear land,
 Those trusty arms, that faithful band !

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Langdale.

DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.

Ghyll, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and for the most part a steep, narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy ;
 Among the hills the echoes play
 A never, never ending song,
 To welcome in the May.
 The magpie chatters with delight ;
 The mountain raven's youngling brood
 Have left the mother and the nest,
 And they go rambling east and west
 In search of their own food,
 Or through the glittering vapours dart
 In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
 Two boys are sitting in the sun ;
 Their work, if any work they have,
 Is out of mind, or done.
 On pipes of sycamore they play
 The fragments of a Christmas hymn ;
 Or with that plant which in our dale
 We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
 Their rusty hats they trim :
 And thus, as happy as the day,
 Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
 The sand-lark chants a joyous song ;
 The thrush is busy in the wood,
 And carols loud and strong.
 A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
 All newly born ! both earth and sky

Keep jubilee, and more than all,
 Those boys with their green coronal ;
 They never hear the cry,
 That plaintive cry ! which up the hill
 Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
 “ Down to the stump of yon old yew
 We’ll for our whistles run a race.”
 Away the shepherds flew ;
 They leapt, they ran ; and when they came
 Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
 Seeing that he should lose the prize,
 “ Stop ! ” to his comrade Walter cries.
 James stopped with no good-will :
 Said Walter then, exulting, “ Here
 You’ll find a task for half a year.

“ Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross,—
 Come on, and tread where I shall tread.”
 The other took him at his word,
 And followed as he led.
 It was a spot which you may see
 If ever you to Langdale go ;
 Into the chasm a mighty block
 Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock :
 The gulf is deep below,
 And in a basin black and small
 Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
 The challenger pursued his march ;
 And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
 The middle of the arch.
 When list ! he hears a piteous moan.
 Again !—his heart within him dies ;
 His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
 He totters, pallid as a ghost,
 And, looking down, espies

A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne ;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn,⁴
The lamb still swimming round and round,
Made answer in that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was
That sent this rueful cry, I ween
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task ;
Nor was there wanting other aid :
A poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had hither strayed ;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light ;
The shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight !
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared ;
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side ;
And gently did the bard
Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Lansdown.

LANSDOWN HILL.

WITH many a weary step at length I gain
 Thy summit, Lansdown ; and the cool breeze plays
 Gratefully round my brow, as hence I gaze
 Back on the fair expanse of yonder plain.
 'T was a long way, and tedious ; to the eye
 Though fair the extended vale, and fair to view
 The autumnal leaves of many a faded hue,
 That eddy in the wild gust moaning by.
 Even so it fared with life : in discontent,
 Restless through fortune's mingled scenes I went,
 Yet wept to think they would return no more.
 But cease, fond heart ! in such sad thoughts to roam ;
 For surely thou ere long shalt reach thy home,
 And pleasant is the way that lies before.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SIR BEVILLE.—THE GATE SONG OF STOWE.

ARISE ! and away ! for the king and the land ;
 Farewell to the couch and the pillow :
 With spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand,
 Let us rush on the foe like a billow.

Call the hind from the plough and the herd from the fold,
 Bid the wassailer cease from his revel ;
 And ride for old Stowe, where the banner's unrolled,
 For the cause of King Charles and Sir Beville.

Trevanion is up, and Godolphin is nigh ;
 And Harris of Hayne's o'er the river ;
 From Lundy to Looe, " One and all ! " is the cry,
 And the King and Sir Beville forever.

Ay ! by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornish men,
 'Mid the names and the nobles of Devon ;
 But if truth to the king be a signal, why then,
 Ye can find out the Granville in heaven.

Ride ! ride ! with red spur, there is death in delay,
 'Tis a race for dear life with the devil ;
 If dark Cromwell prevail, and the king must give way,
 This earth is no place for Sir Beville.

So at Stamford he fought, and at Lansdoune he fell,
 But vain were the visions he cherished ;
 For the great Cornish heart, that the king loved so well,
 In the grave of the Granville it perished.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Lechlade.

A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCHYARD.

LECHLADE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
 Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray ;
 And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair
 In duskier braids around the languid eyes of Day.
 Silence and Twilight, unbeloved of men,
 Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells toward the departing day,
 Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea ;
 Light, sound, and motion own the potent sway,
 Responding to the charm with its own mystery.
 The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass
 Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aerial pile, whose pinnacles
 Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,

Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,
 Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,
 Around whose lessening and invisible height
 Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres ;
 And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,
 Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,
 Breathed from their wormy beds all living things
 around ;
 And, mingling with the still night and mute sky,
 Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnised and softened, death is mild
 And terrorless as this serenest night ;
 Here could I hope, like some inquiring child
 Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human
 sight
 Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
 That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

PERCY BYSSIE SHELLEY.

Ledbury.

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

WHEN human touch (as monkish books attest)
 Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells
 Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,
 And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest ;
 Sweet tones, and caught by a noble lady blest
 To rapture ! Mabel listened at the side
 Of her loved mistress ; soon the music died,
 And Catherine said, Here I set up my rest.
 Warned in a dream, the wanderer long had sought
 A home that by such miracle of sound
 Must be revealed : she heard it now, or felt
 The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought ;

And there, a saintly anchoress, she dwelt
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Leeds.

LEEDS.

WIDE around

Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile ;
And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear,
Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving : all is joy ;
And trade and business guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of slow-paced steeds.
As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumbered, eager for their work ;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
With warm affection to each other's aid ;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life :
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn ;
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads ;
The neat-dressed housewives, for the festal board
Crowned with full baskets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on ; the echoing hills repeat
The stroke of axe and hammer ; scaffolds rise,
And growing edifices ; heaps of stone,
Beneath the chisel, beauteous shapes assume
Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,
New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
And the straw cottage to a palace turns,

Over the work presides. Such was the scene
 Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
 First viewed her growing turrets. So appear
 The increasing walls of busy Manchester,
 Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields
 Rise and enlarge their suburbs.

JOHN DYER.

Leicester.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S DEATH.

AT last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
 Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably received him ;
 To whom he gave these words,—“ O father abbot,
 An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
 Give him a little earth for charity ! ”
 So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Leiston Abbey.

LEISTON ABBEY.

BEAUTIFUL fabric ! even in decay
 And desolation beauty still is thine :
 As the rich sunset of an autumn day,
 When gorgeous clouds in glorious hues combine
 To render homage to its slow decline,
 Is more majestic in its parting hour,

Even so thy mouldering, venerable shrine
 Possesses now a more subduing power
 Than in thine earlier sway with pomp and pride thy
 dower.

To voice of praise or prayer, or solemn sound
 Of sacred music, once familiar here,
 Thy walls are echoless ; within their bound,
 Once holy deemed, and to religion dear,
 No sound salutes the most attentive ear
 That tells thy former destiny ; unless
 It be when fitful breezes wandering near
 Wake such faint sighs as feebly might express
 Some unseen spirit's woe for thy lost loveliness.

Or when on stormy nights the winds are high,
 And through thy roofless walls and arches sweep,
 In tones more full of thrilling harmony
 Than art could reach, while from the neighbouring
 deep
 The roar of bursting billows seems to keep
 Accordant measure with the tempest's chime ;
 O, then, at times have I, aroused from sleep,
 Fancied that thou, even in thy proudest prime,
 Couldst ne'er have given birth to music more sublime.

But to the eye revolving years still add
 Fresh charms, which make thee lovelier to the view ;
 For Nature has luxuriantly clad,
 Thy ruins, as if wishing to renew
 Their claim to homage from those hearts that woo
 Her gentle influence : with indulgent hand
 She has atoned for all that Time could do,
 Though she might not his ravages withstand ;
 And now thou art her own : her skill thy beauties planned.

The mantling ivy's ever-verdant wreath
 She gave thee as her livery to wear :

Thy wall-flowers, waving at the gentlest breath,
 And scattering perfume on the summer air,
 Wooing the bee to come and labour there ;
 The clinging moss, whose hue of sober gray
 Makes beautiful what else were bleak and bare,—
 These she has given thee as a fit array
 For thy declining pomp and her delightful sway.

* * * * *

BERNARD BARTON.

Lewesdon Hill.

LEWESDON HILL.

FROM this proud eminence on all sides round
 The unbroken prospect opens to my view,
 On all sides large ; save only where the head
 Of Pillesdon rises, Pillesdon's lofty Pen :
 So called (still rendering to his ancient name
 Observance due) that rival height south-west,
 Which, like a rampire, bounds the vale beneath.
 There woods, there blooming orchards, there are seen
 Herds ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
 Of some wide-branching oak ; there goodly fields
 Of corn, and verdant pasture, whence the kine,
 Returning with their milky treasure home,
 Store the rich dairy : such fair plenty fills
 The pleasant vale of Marshwood, pleasant now,
 Since that the spring hath decked anew the meads
 With flowery vesture, and the warmer sun
 Their foggy moistness drained ; in wintry days
 Cold, vapourish, miry, wet, and to the flocks
 Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
 To drench the spongy turf ; but ere that time
 The careful shepherd moves to healthier soil,
 Rechasing,¹ lest his tender ewes should coath²

¹ Changing pasture.

² Become distempered

In the dank pasturage. Let not the fields
 Of Evesham, nor that ample valley named
 Of the White Horse, its antique monument
 Carved in the chalky bourn, for beauty and wealth
 Might equal, though surpassing in extent,
 This fertile vale, in length from Lewesdon's base
 Extended to the sea, and watered well
 By many a rill ; but chief with thy clear stream,
 Thou nameless Rivulet, who, from the side
 Of Lewesdon softly welling forth, dost trip
 Adown the valley, wandering sportively.

* * * * *

How is it vanished in a hasty spleen,
 The Tor of Glastonbury ! Even but now
 I saw the hoary pile cresting the top
 Of that north-western hill ; and in this Now
 A cloud hath passed on it, and its dim bulk
 Becomes annihilate, or, if not, a spot
 Which the strained vision tires itself to find.

* * * * *

But hark ! the village clock strikes nine ; the chimes
 Merrily follow, tuneful to the sense
 Of the pleased clown attentive, while they make
 False-measured melody on crazy bells.
 O wondrous power of modulated sound !
 Which, like the air (whose all-obedient shape
 Thou mak'st thy slave), canst subtilly pervade
 The yielded avenues of sense, unlock
 The close affections, by some fairy path
 Winning an easy way through every ear,
 And with thine unsubstantial quality
 Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all,—
 All but some cold and sullen-tempered spirits
 Who feel no touch of sympathy or love.

WILLIAM CROWE.

Lichfield.

EPITAPH

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD.

AMID these aisles, where once his precepts showed
 The heavenward pathway which in life he trode,
 This simple tablet marks a father's bier,
 And those he loved in life in death are near ;
 For him, for them, a daughter bade it rise,
 Memorial of domestic charities.
 Still wouldst thou know why, o'er the marble spread,
 In female grace the willow droops her head ;
 Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
 The minstrel harp is emblematic hung ;
 What poet's voice is smothered here in dust
 Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—
 Lo ! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
 Honoured, beloved, and mourned, here Seward lies !
 Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say,—
 Go seek her genius in her living lay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lincolnshire.

LINCOLN FENS.

BUT on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides : a meagre fiend
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Compressed the slothful Naiad of the Fens.

From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With feverish blasts subdues the sickening land :
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burdened brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints and every torpid limb ;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow : a short relief from former ills.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF
 LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers ran by two, by three ;
 " Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 " Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
 Ply all your changes, all your swells,
 Play uppe, 'The Brides of Enderby !'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde,—
 The Lord that sent it, he knows all ;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall :
 And there was naught of strange, beside
 The flights of mewes and peewits pied,
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes !
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,—
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

“Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !” calling,
 Ere the early dewes were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.

“Cusha ! Cusha !” all along,
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth
 Faintly came her milking song.

“Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !” calling,
 “For the dewes will soone be falling ;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed.”

If it be long, aye, long ago,
 When I beginne to think howe long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;
 And all the aire it seemeth mee
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be scene,
 Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene ;
 And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
 Till floating o'er the grassy sea
 Came downe that kyndly message free,
 The " Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.
 They sayde, " And why should this thing be,
 What danger lowers by land or sea ?
 They ring the tune of Enderby !

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
 Of pyrate galleys warping downe ;
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne ;
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ? ' "

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
 Came riding downe with might and main.
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin rang again,
 " Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! "
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

" The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
 The rising tide comes on apace,
 And boats adrift in yonder towne
 Go sailing uppe the market-place."
 He shook as one that looks on death :
 " God save you, mother ! " straight he saith ;
 Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? "

“ Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
 With her two bairns I marked her long ;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,
 Afar I heard her milking song.”
 He looked across the grassy sea,
 To right, to left, “ Ho Enderby !”
 They rang ‘ The Brides of Enderby !”

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
 For lo ! along the river’s bed
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;
 Then madly at the eygre’s breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came down with ruin and rout,—
 Then beaten foam flew round about,—
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at our feet :
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the rooffe we sate that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by :
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church-tower, red and high,—
 A lurid mark and dread to see ;
 And awsome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang “ Enderby.”

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
 And I,—my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 “ O come in life, or come in death !
 O lost ! my love, Elizabeth.”

And didst thou visit him no more ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare !
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass ;
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
 To manye more than myne and mee :
 But each will mourn his own (shee sayth).
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis' shore,
 “ Cusha, Cusha, Cusha ! ” calling,
 Ere the early dews be falling ;
 I shall never hear her song,
 “ Cusha, Cusha ! ” all along.
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth ;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver :

Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
 To the sandy lonesome shore ;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 " Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot ;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow :
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow ;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head ;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty to the milking shed."

JEAN INGELOW.

LINCOLNSHIRE FENS.

THE toiling fisher here is towing of his net,
 The fowler is employed his limed twigs to set.
 One underneath his horse to get a shoot doth stalk ;
 Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk :
 There other with their spades the peats are squaring out,
 And others from their cars are busily about,
 To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and stover fit,
 That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit,
 Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes be stored
 Than Germany or France or Thuscan can afford ;
 And for that part of me which men High Holland call,
 Where Boston seated is, by plenteous Wytham's fall,
 I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field
 Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Linden Lea.

MY ORCHET IN LINDEN LEA.

DORSET DIALECT.

'ITHIN the woodlands, flow'ry gledaed,
 By the woak tree's mossy moot,
 The sheenen grass-bleades, timber-sheaded,
 Now do quiver under voot ;
 An' birds do whissle auver head,
 An' water's bubblen in its bed,
 An' there vor me the apple tree
 Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that leately wer a-springin
 Now do feade 'ithin the copse,
 An' painted birds do hush ther zingen
 Up upon the timber's tops,
 An' brown-leav'd fruit's a-turnen red,
 In cloudless zunsheen, auver head,
 Wi' fruit vor me the apple tree
 Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other vo'k meake money vaster
 In the air o' dark-room'd towns,
 I don't dread a peevish measter ;
 Though noo man do heed my frowns,
 I be free to goo abrode,
 Or teake agean my hwomeward road
 To where vor me the apple tree
 Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

WILLIAM BARNES.

Lindisfarne.

THE HOLY ISLAND.

AND now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland ;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;
They passed the tower of Widdrington,
Mother of many a valiant son ;
At Coquet Isle their beads they tell
To the good saint who owned the cell ;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;
And next they crossed themselves to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore ;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown ;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay.

The tide did now its flow-mark gain,
And girdled in the saint's domain ;
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle ;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;

Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.
As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The castle with its battled walls,
The ancient monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain ;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and Northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been ;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower ;
Yet still entire the abbey stood.
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE REAPERS OF LINDISFARNE.

IN his abbey cell Saint Cuthbert
 Sate burdened and care-dismayed :
 For the wild Northumbrian people,
 For whom he had wrought and prayed,
 Still clung to their warlike pastime,
 Their plunder and border raid ;

Still scouted all peaceful tillage,
 And queried with scowling brow,
 " Shall we who have won our victual
 By the stout, strong hand till now,
 Forswearing the free, bold foray,
 Crawl after the servile plough ? "

" Through year and through year I have taught them
 By the word of my mouth," he said,

" And still, in their untamed rudeness,
 They trust to the wilds for bread ;
 But now will I teach henceforward
 By the toil of my hands instead.

" In their sight I will set the lesson ;
 And, gazing across the tarn,
 They shall see on its nether border
 Garth, byre, and hurdled barn,
 And the brave, fair field of barley
 That shall whiten at Lindisfarne. "

Therewith from his Melrose cloister
 Saint Cuthbert went his way :
 He felled the hurst, and the meadow
 Bare him rich swaths of hay,
 And forth and aback in the furrow
 He wearied the longsome day.

And it came to pass when the autumn
 The ground with its sere leaves strawed,

And the purple was over the moorlands,
 And the rust on the sunburnt sod,
 That, ripe for the reaper, the barley
 Silvered the acres broad.

Then certain among the people,
 Fierce folk who had laughed to scorn
 The cark of the patient toiler,
 While riot and hunt and horn
 Were wiling them in the greenwood,
 Cried : " Never Northumbrian born

" Shall make of his sword a sickle,
 Or help to winnow the heap :
 The hand that hath sowed may garner
 The grain as he list,—or sleep,
 And pray the hard Lord he serveth,
 That his angels may come and reap."

Right sadly Saint Cuthbert listened ;
 And, bowing his silvered head,
 He sought for a Christ-like patience
 As he lay on his rush-strewn bed,
 And strength for the morrow's scything,
 Till his fears and his sadness fled.

Then he dreamed that he saw descending
 On the marge of the moorland tarn
 A circle of shining reapers,
 Who heaped in the low-eaved barn
 The sheaves that their gleaming sickles
 Had levelled at Lindisfarne.

In the cool of the crispy morning,
 Ere the lark had quitted her nest
 In the beaded grass, the sleeper
 Arose from his place of rest ;
 " For," he sighed, " I must toil till the gloaming
 Is graying the golden west."

He turned to look at his corn-land ;
 Did he dream ? Did he see aright ?
 Close cut was the field of barley,
 And the stubble stood thick in sight ;
 For the reapers with shining sickles
 Had harvested all the night !

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Linn (Lyn), the River.

WATERS-MEET.

(Recollection of Homer.)

EVEN thus, methinks, in some Ionian isle,
 Yielding his soul to unrecorded joy,
 Beside a fall like this, lingered awhile
 On briery banks that wondrous minstrel boy ;
 Long hours there came upon his vacant ear
 The rushing of the river, till strange dreams
 Fell on him, and his youthful spirit clear
 Was dwelt on by the power of voiceful streams.
 Thenceforth began to grow upon his soul
 The sound and force of waters ; and he fed
 His joy at many an ancient river's head,
 And echoing caves, and thunder, and the roll
 Of the wakeful ocean,—till the day when he
 Poured forth that stream divine of mighty melody.

HENRY ALFORD.

LINN-CLEEVE.

THIS onward-deepening gloom ; this hanging path
 Over the Linn that soundeth mightily,
 Foaming and tumbling on, as if in wrath
 That aught should bar its passage to the sea ;
 These sundered walls of rock, tier upon tier,
 Built darkly up into the very sky,

Hung with thick woods, the native haunt of deer
 And sheep that browse the dizzy slopes on high,—
 All half unreal to my fancy seem ;
 For opposite my crib, long years ago,
 Were pictured just such rocks, just such a stream,
 With just this height above and depth below ;
 Even this jutting crag I seem to know,—
 As when some sight calls back a half-forgotten dream.

HENRY ALFORD.

Liverpool.

THE MERSEY AND THE IRWELL.

SUGGESTED by a very curious and interesting model of the little town of Liverpool, as it existed in the earlier part of the last century.

A CENTURY since the Mersey flowed
 Unburdened to the sea ;
 In the blue air no smoky cloud
 Hung over wood and lea,
 Where the old church with the fretted tower
 Had a hamlet round its knee.

And all along the eastern way
 The sheep fed on the track ;
 The grass grew quietly all the day,—
 Only the rooks were black ;
 And the pedler frightened the lambs at play
 With his knapsack on his back.

Where blended Irk and Irwell streamed
 While Britons pitched the tent,
 Where legionary helmets gleamed,
 And Norman bows were bent,
 An ancient shrine was once esteemed
 Where pilgrims daily went.

A century since the pedler still
 Somewhat of this might know,—
 Might see the weekly markets fill
 And the people ebb and flow
 Beneath St. Mary's on the hill
 A hundred years ago.

Since then a vast and filmy veil
 Is o'er the landscape drawn,
 Through which the sunset hues look pale,
 And gray the roseate dawn ;
 And the fair face of hill and dale
 Is apt to seem forlorn.

Smoke, rising from a thousand fires,
 Hides all that passed from view ;
 Vainly the prophet's heart aspires,—
 It hides the future too ;
 And the England of our slow-paced sires
 Is thought upon by few.

Yet man lives not by bread alone,—
 How shall he live by gold ?
 The answer comes in a sudden moan
 Of sickness, hunger, and cold ;
 And, lo ! the seed of a new life sown
 In the ruins of the old !

The human heart, which seemed so dead,
 Wakes with a sudden start ;
 To right and left we hear it said,
 " Nay ; 't is a noble heart,"
 And the angels whisper overhead,
 " There's a new shrine in the mart !"

And though it be long since daisies grew
 Where Irk and Irwell flow,
 If human love springs up anew,
 And angels come and go,

What matters it that the skies were blue
A hundred years ago?

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

LIVERPOOL.

IN Liverpool, the good old town, we miss
The grand old relics of a reverend past,—
Cathedrals, shrines that pilgrims come to kiss,—
Walls wrinkled by the blast.

Some crypt or keep, historically dear,
You find, go where you will, all England through :
But what have we to venerate,—all here
Ridiculously new.

We have our Castle Street, but castle none ;
Redcross Street, but its legend who can learn ;
Oldhall Street, too, we have, the old hall gone ;
Tithebarn Street, but no barn.

Huge warehouses for cotton, rice, and corn,
Tea and tobacco, log and other woods,
Oils, tallow, hides that smell so foully foreign,
Yea, all things known as goods,—

These we can show, but nothing to restore
The spirit of old times, save here and there
An ancient mansion with palatial door,
In some degenerate square.

Then rise the merchant princes of old days,
Their silken dames, their skippers from the strand,
Who brought their sea-borne riches, not always
Quite free from contraband.

And these their mansions, to base uses come,—
Harbours for fallen fair ones, drifting tars ;
Some manufactories of blacking, some
Tobacco and cigars.

We have a church that one almost reveres,—
St Nicholas, nodding by the river-side,—
In old times hailed by ancient mariners
That came up with the tide.

And there's St. Peter's, too, not quite so frail,
Yet old enough for antiquated thoughts :
Ah, many a time I lean against the rail
To hear its sweet cracked notes.

For when the sun has clomb the middle sky,
And wandered down the short hour after noon,
Then to the heedless world that hurries by
The clock bells clink a tune.

They give us "Home, Sweet Home," in plaintive key,
And in its turn breaks out "The Scolding Wife,"
To show that home, however sweet it be,
Is yet not free from strife.

But sometimes "Auld Lang Syne" comes clinking forth,
And surely every listening heart is charmed ;
For what are even the sorrows of the earth
When, past, they are transformed ?

Yet all is so ridiculously new,
Except, perhaps, the river and the sky,
The waters and the immemorial blue
Forever sailing by.

Ay, they are old, but new as well as old,
For old and new are just the same sky dream,—
One metal in a slightly different mould,
The same refiltered stream.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

THE DINGLE.

STRANGER ! that with careless feet
Wanderest near this green retreat,
Where through gently bending slopes
Soft the distant prospect opes ;

Where the fern, in fringed pride,
Decks the lonely valley's side ;
Where the white-throat chirps his song,
Flitting as thou tread'st along :

Know, where now thy footsteps pass
O'er the bending tufts of grass,
Bright gleaming through the encircling wood,
Once a Naiad rolled her flood.

If her urn, unknown to fame,
Poured no far extended stream,
Yet along its grassy side
Clear and constant rolled the tide.

Grateful for the tribute paid,
Lordly Mersey loved the maid ;
Yonder rocks still mark the place
Where she met his stern embrace.

Stranger, curious, wouldst thou learn
Why she mourns her wasted urn ?
Soon a short and simple verse
Shall her hopeless fate rehearse.

Ere yon neighbouring spires arose,
That the upland prospect close,
Or ere along the startled shore
Echoed loud the cannon's roar,

Once the maid, in summer's heat,
Careless left her cool retreat,

And by sultry suns opprest,
Laid her wearied limbs to rest ;

Forgetful of her daily toil,
To trace each humid tract of soil,
From dews and bounteous showers to bring
The limpid treasures of her spring.

Enfeebled by the scorching ray,
She slept the circling hours away ;
And when she oped her languid eye,
She found her silver urn was dry.

Heedless stranger ! who so long
Has listened to an idle song,
Whilst trifles thus thy notice share,
Hast thou no urn that asks thy care ?

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

Lockswell.

LOCKSWELL.

PURE fount, that, welling from the wooded hill,
Dost wander forth, as into life's wide vale,
Thou to the traveller dost tell no tale
Of other years ; a lone, unnoticed rill,
In thy forsaken track, unheard of men,
Melting thy own sweet music through the glen.

Time was when other sounds and songs arose :
When o'er the pensive scene, at evening's close,
The distant bell was heard ; or the full chant
At morn came sounding high and jubilant ;
Or, stealing on the wildered pilgrim's way,
The moonlight Miserere died away,
Like all things earthly.

Stranger, mark the spot ;
No echoes of the chiding world intrude.
The structure rose and vanished ; solitude

Possessed the woods again ; old Time forgot,
 Passing to wider spoil, its place and name.
 Since then, even as the clouds of yesterday,
 Seven hundred years have well-nigh passed away ;
 No wreck remains of all its early pride ;
 Like its own orisons, its fame has died.

But this pure fount, through rolling years the same,
 Yet lifts its still small voice, like penitence,
 Or lowly prayer. Then pass admonished hence,
 Happy, thrice happy, if through good or ill,
 Christian, thy heart respond to this forsaken rill.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Loddon Hall.

LODDON HALL.

STILL on he rode ! a mansion fair and tall
 Rose on his view,—the pride of Loddon Hall :
 Spread o'er the park he saw the grazing steer,
 The full-fed steed, and herds of bounding deer :
 On a clear stream the vivid sunbeams played,
 Through noble elms, and on the surface made
 That moving picture, checkered light and shade ;
 The attended children, there indulged to stray,
 Enjoyed and gave new beauty to the day ;
 Whose happy parents from their room were seen
 Pleased with the sportive idlers on the green.

* * * * *

Home went the lovers through that busy place,
 By Loddon Hall, the country's pride and grace ;
 By the rich meadows where the oxen fed,
 Through the green vale that formed the river's bed ;
 And by unnumbered cottages and farms,
 That have for musing minds unnumbered charms ;
 And how affected by the view of these
 Was then Orlando,—did they pain or please ?

Nor pain nor pleasure could they yield,—and why ?
 The mind was filled, was happy, and the eye
 Roved o'er the fleeting views, that but appeared to die.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Loddon, the River.

ON REVISITING THE RIVER LODDON.

AH ! what a weary race my feet have run
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
 And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
 Beneath the azure sky and golden sun,—
 When first my muse to lisp her notes begun !
 While pensive memory traces back the round
 Which fills the varied interval between,
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
 Sweet native stream ! those skies and suns so pure
 No more return to cheer my evening road !
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
 Nor useless all my vacant days have flowed
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
 Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed.

THOMAS WARTON.

Lodore.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

“ How does the water
 Come down at Lodore ? ”
 My little boy asked me
 Thus once on a time ;
 And moreover he tasked me
 To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word,
 There first came one daughter,
 And then came another,
 To second and third
 The request of their brother,
 And to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore,
 With its rush and its roar,
 As many a time
 They had seen it before.

So I told them in rhyme,
 For of rhymes I had store ;
 And 't was in my vocation
 For their recreation
 That so I should sing,
 Because I was Laureate
 To them and the king.

From its sources which well
 In the tarn on the fell ;
 From its fountains
 In the mountains,
 Its rills and its gills,—
 Through moss and through brake
 It runs and it creeps
 For a while, till it sleeps
 In its own little lake.
 And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,
 And through the wood shelter,
 Among crags in its flurry,
 Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling ;
 Now smoking and frothing
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 Till, in this rapid race
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

The cararact strong
 Then plunges along,
 Striking and raging,
 As if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among ;
 Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and sweeping,
 Showering and springing,
 Flying and flinging,
 Writhing and wringing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around
 With endless rebound !
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in ;
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,

And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and going,
 And running and stunning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And gurgling and struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And moaning and groaning ;

And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And thundering and floundering ;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar ;
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHHEY.

London.

LONDON.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
 When injured Thales bids the town farewell,
 Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
 I praise the hermit, but regret the friend ;
 Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
 And, fixed on Cambria's solitary shore,
 Give to St. David one true Briton more.
 For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land,
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand ?
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all whom hunger spares with age decay :
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON.

A MIGHTY mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight, then lost amidst the forestry

Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy ;
 A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head,—and there is London Town !

LORD BYRON.

LONDON.

To live in London was my young wood-dream,—
 London, where all the books come from, the lode
 That draws into its centre from all points
 The bright steel of the world ; where Shakspeare wrote,
 And Eastcheap is, with all its memories
 Of gossip Quickly, Falstaff, and Prince Hal ;
 Where are the very stones that Milton trod,
 And Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and the rest ;
 Where even now our Dickens builds a shrine
 That pilgrims through all time will come to see,—
 London ! whose street names breathe such home to all :
 Cheapside, the Strand, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill,
 Each name a very story in itself.
 To live in London !—London, the buskined stage
 Of history, the archive of the past,—
 The heart, the centre of the living world !
 Wake, dreamer, to your village and your work.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

LONDON.

THERE was a time when whatsoe'er is feigned
 Of airy palaces, and gardens built
 By Genii of romance ; or hath in grave
 Authentic history been set forth of Rome,
 Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis ;
 Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
 Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
 Among Tartarian wilds,—fell short, far short,

Of what my fond simplicity believed
 And thought of London,—held me by a chain
 Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.
 Whether the bolt of childhood's fancy shot
 For me beyond its ordinary mark,
 'Twere vain to ask ; but in our flock of boys
 Was one, a cripple from his birth, whom chance
 Summoned from school to London : fortunate
 And envied traveller ! When the boy returned,
 After short absence, curiously I scanned
 His mien and person, nor was free, in sooth,
 From disappointment, not to find some change
 In look and air, from that new region brought,
 As if from Fairyland. Much I questioned him ;
 And every word he uttered on my ears
 Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,
 That answers unexpectedly awry,
 And mocks the prompter's listening. Marvellous things
 Had vanity (quick spirit that appears
 Almost as deeply seated and as strong
 In a child's heart as fear itself) conceived
 For my enjoyment. Would that I could now
 Recall what then I pictured to myself
 Of mitred prelates, lords in ermine clad,
 The King and the King's palace, and, not last,
 Nor least, Heaven bless him ! the renowned Lord
 Mayor :

Dreams not unlike to those which once begat
 A change of purpose in young Whittington,
 When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,
 Sat on a stone, and heard the bells speak out
 Articulate music. Above all, one thought
 Baffled my understanding : how men lived
 Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet still
 Strangers, not knowing each the other's name.

O wondrous power of words, by simple faith
 Licensed to take the meaning that we love !

Vauxhall and Ranelagh ! I then had heard
 Of your green groves, and wilderness of lamps
 Dimming the stars and fireworks magical,
 And gorgeous ladies, under splendid domes,
 Floating in dance, or warbling high in air
 The songs of spirits ! Nor had Fancy fed
 With less delight upon that other class
 Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent :
 The river proudly bridged ; the dizzy top
 And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's ; the tombs
 Of Westminster ; the giants of Guildhall ;
 Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the gates,
 Perpetually recumbent ; statues—man,
 And the horse under him—in gilded pomp
 Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast squares ;
 The Monument, and that Chamber of the Tower
 Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,
 Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic shape
 Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch wore,
 Whether for gorgeous tournament addressed,
 Or life or death upon the battle-field.
 Those bold imaginations in due time
 Had vanished, leaving others in their stead :
 And now I looked upon the living scene ;
 Familiarly perused it ; oftentimes,
 In spite of strongest disappointment, pleased
 Through courteous self-submission, as a tax
 Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain
 Of a too busy world ! Before me flow,
 Thou endless stream of men and moving things !
 Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—
 With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—
 On strangers of all ages ; the quick dance
 Of colours, lights, and forms ; the deafening din :
 The comers and the goers face to face,
 Face after face ; the string of dazzling wares,

Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,
And all the tradesman's honours overhead :
Here fronts of houses, like a title-page,
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian saints ;
There, allegoric shapes, female or male,
Or physiognomies of real men,
Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head
Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud !
At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,
And sights and sounds that come at intervals,
We take our way. A raree-show is here,
With children gathered round ; another street
Presents a company of dancing dogs,
Or dromedary, with an antic pair
Of monkeys on his back ; a minstrel band
Of Savoyards ; or, single and alone,
An English ballad-singer. Private courts,
Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes
Thrilled by some female vender's scream, belike
The very shrillest of all London cries,
May then entangle our impatient steps ;
Conducted through those labyrinths, unawares,
To privileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets
Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls ;

Advertisements, of giant size, from high
 Press forward, in all colours, on the sight ;
 These, bold in conscious merit, lower down ;
 That, fronted with a most imposing word,
 Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.
 As on the broadening causeway we advance,
 Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong
 In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
 'Tis one encountered here and everywhere ;
 A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
 And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb
 Another lies at length, beside a range
 Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed
 Upon the smooth flat stones : the nurse is here,
 The bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
 The military idler, and the dame,
 That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub,
 where

See, among less distinguishable shapes,
 The begging scavenger, with hat in hand ;
 The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,
 Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
 Upon his head ; with basket at his breast,
 The Jew ; the stately and slow-moving Turk,
 With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm !

Enough ;—the mighty concourse I surveyed
 With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note
 Among the crowd all specimens of man,
 Through all the colours which the sun bestows,
 And every character of form and face :
 The Swede, the Russian ; from the genial South,
 The Frenchman and the Spaniard ; from remote
 America the hunter-Indian ; Moors,
 Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
 And negro ladies in white muslin gowns.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LONDON.

It is a goodly sight through the clear air,
From Hampstead's heathy height to see at once
England's vast capital in fair expanse,—
Towers, belfries, lengthened streets, and structures fair.
St. Paul's high dome amidst the vassal bands
Of neighbouring spires, a regal chieftain stands,
And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
With distance softly tinted, side by side
In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,
The towers of Westminster, her Abbey's pride :
While far beyond the hills of Surrey shine
Through thin soft haze, and show their wavy line.
Viewed thus, a goodly sight ! but when surveyed
Through denser air when moistened winds prevail,
In her grand panoply of smoke arrayed,
While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,
She is sublime. She seems a curtained gloom
Connecting heaven and earth,—a threatening sign of
doom.

With more than natural height, reared in the sky,
'Tis then St. Paul's arrests the wondering eye ;
The lower parts in swathing mist concealed,
The higher through some half-spent shower revealed,
So far from earth removed, that well, I trow,
Did not its form man's artful structure show,
It might some lofty alpine peak be deemed,—
The eagle's haunt, with cave and crevice seamed.
Stretched wide on either hand, a rugged screen
In lurid dimness, nearer streets are seen
Like shoreward billows of a troubled main
Arrested in their rage. Through drizzly rain
Cataracts of tawny sheen pour from the skies,
Of furnace smoke black curling columns rise,
And many-tinted vapours slowly pass
O'er the wide draping of that pictured mass.

So shows by day this grand imperial town,
 And, when o'er all the night's black stole is thrown,
 The distant traveller doth with wonder mark
 Her luminous canopy athwart the dark,
 Cast up, from myriads of lamps that shine
 Along her streets in many a starry line :
 He wondering looks from his yet distant road,
 And thinks the northern streamers are abroad.
 "What hollow sound is that?" Approaching near,
 The roar of many wheels breaks on his ear.
 It is the flood of human life in motion !
 It is the voice of a tempestuous ocean !
 With sad but pleasing awe his soul is filled,
 Scarce heaves his breast, and all within is stilled,
 As many thoughts and feelings cross his mind,—
 Thoughts, mingled, melancholy, undefined,
 Of restless, reckless man, and years gone by,
 And time fast wending to eternity.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

RETURN TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping west,
 To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
 Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
 To thee, blest place of my nativitie !
 Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
 With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
 O fruitful genius ! that bestowest here
 An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
 O place ! O people ! manners ! fram'd to please
 All nations, customes, kindreds, languages !
 I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then,
 That I amongst you live a citizen.
 London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
 Into a long and irksome banishment,
 Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
 O native countrey, repossess by thee !

For, rather than I'll to the west return,
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
 Give thou my sacred reliques buriall.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LONDON.

RANK abundance breeds,
 In gross and pampered cities, sloth and lust
 And wantonness and gluttonous excess.
 In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
 Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught
 By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
 Beyond the achievements of successful flight.
 I do confess them nurseries of the arts,
 In which they flourish most ; where, in the beams
 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
 Of public note, they reach their perfect size.

Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaimed
 The fairest capital of all the world,
 By riot and incontinence the worst.
 There, touched by Reynolds a dull blank becomes
 A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
 All her reflected features. Bacon there
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
 Nor does the chisel occupy alone
 The powers of sculpture, but the style as much,
 Each province of her art her equal care.

With nice incision of her guided steel
 She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
 So sterile with what charms so'er she will
 The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.
 Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?

In London. Where her implements exact,
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
 Measures an atom and now girds a world?
 In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
 So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied,
 As London,—opulent, enlarged, and still
 Increasing London? Babylon of old
 Not more the glory of the earth than she,
 A more accomplished world's chief glory now.

WILLIAM COWPER.

EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
 Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
 And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
 In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited;

I met a preacher there I knew, and said,
 "Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"
 "Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
 Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread.*"

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
 Set up a mark of everlasting light,
 Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam,
 Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
 Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WEST LONDON.

CROUCHED on the pavement close by Belgrave Square,
 A tramp I saw, ill, moody, and tongue-tied:
 A babe was in her arms, and at her side
 A girl; their clothes were rags, their feet were bare.

Some labouring men, whose work lay somewhere there,
 Passed opposite ; she touched her girl, who hied
 Across, and begged, and came back satisfied.
 The rich she had let pass with frozen stare.

Thought I : Above her state this spirit towers ;
 She will not ask of aliens, but of friends,
 Of sharers in a common human fate.

She turns from that cold succour which attends
 The unknown little from the unknowing great,
 And points us to a better time than ours.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S ADVANCEMENT.

“THERE is something so fabulous,” says the editor of *Old Ballads*, following Grafton and Stow, “or at least, that has such a romantic appearance, in the history of Whittington, that I shall not choose to relate it, but refer my credulous readers to common tradition or to the penny histories. Certain it is there was such a man ; a citizen of London, by trade a mercer, and one who has left public edifices and charitable works enow behind him to transmit his name to posterity.”

HERE must I tell the praise
 Of worthy Whittington,
 Known to be in his dayes
 Thrice Maior of London.
 But of poor parentage
 Born was he, as we heare,
 And in his tender age
 Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorely to London than
 Came up this simple lad,
 Where with a marchant-man
 Soone he a dwelling had ;

And in a kitchen plast,
 A scullion for to be,
 Whereas long time he past
 In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
 Turning spitts at the fire ;
 And to scour pots of brasse,
 For a poore scullion's hire.
 Meat and drinke all his pay,
 Of coyne he had no store ;
 Therefore to run away
 In secret thought he bore.

So from this marchant-man,
 Whittington secretly
 Towards his country ran,
 To purchase liberty.
 But as he went along,
 In a fair summer's morne,
 London's bells sweetly rung,
 " Whittington, back return ! "

Evermore sounding so,
 " Turn againe, Whittington ;
 For thou in time shall grow
 Lord-Maior of London."
 Whereupon back againe
 Whittington came with speed,
 A prentise to remaine,
 As the Lord had decreed.

" Still blessed be the bells "
 (This was his daily song) ;
 " They my good fortune tells,
 Most sweetly have they rung.
 If God so favour me,
 I will not proove unkind ;
 London my love shall see,
 And my great bounties find."

But see his happy chance !
 This scullion had a cat,
 Which did his state advance,
 And by it wealth he gat.
 His maister ventred forth,
 To a land far unknowne,
 With marchandise of worth,
 As is in stories showne.

Whittington had no more
 But this poor cat as than
 Which to the ship he bore,
 Like a brave marchant-man.
 “ Vent’ring the same,” quoth he,
 “ I may get store of golde,
 And Maior of London be,
 As the bells have me told.”

Whittington’s marchandise,
 Carried was to a land
 Troubled with rats and mice,
 As they did understand.
 The king of that country there,
 As he at dinner sat,
 Daily remain’d in fear
 Of many a mouse and rat.

Meat that in trenchers lay,
 No way they could keepe safe ;
 But by rats borne away,
 Fearing no wand or staff.
 Whereupon, soone they brought
 Whittington’s nimble cat ;
 Which by the king was bought ;
 Heapes of gold giv’n for that.

Home againe came these men
 With their ships loaden so,
 Whittington’s wealth began
 By this cat thus to grow.

Scullions life he forsooke
 To be a marchant good,
 And soon began to looke
 How well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
 Shriefe of the citty heere,
 And then full quickly rose
 Higher, as did appeare.
 For to this cities praise,
 Sir Richard Whittington
 Came to be in his dayes
 Thrise Maior of London.

More his fame to advance,
 Thousands he lent his king,
 To maintaine warres in France,
 Glory from thence to bring.
 And after, at a feast
 Which he the king did make,
 He burnt the bonds all in jeast,
 And would no money take.

Ten thousand pound he gave
 To his prince willingly,
 And would not one penny have ;
 This in kind curtesie.
 God did thus make him great,
 So would he daily see
 Poor people fed with meat,
 To shew his charity.

Prisoners poore cherish'd were,
 Widdowes sweet comfort found ;
 Good deeds both far and neere,
 Of him do still resound.
 Whittington Colledge is
 One of his charities ;
 Records reporteth this
 To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded faire,
 For prisoners to live in ;
 Christs-Church he did repaire,
 Christian love for to win.
 Many more such like deedes
 Were done by Whittington ;
 Which joy and comfort breeds,
 To such as looke thereon.

Lancashire, thou hast bred
 This flower of charity :
 Though he be gon and dead,
 Yet lives he lastingly.
 Those bells that call'd him so,
 " Turne again, Whittington,"
 Call you back many moe
 To live so in London.

ANONYMOUS.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighbouring lands
 'Midst greens and sweets a regal fabric stands,
 And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
 A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers,
 The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
 To groves and lawns and unpolluted air.
 Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
 They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies ;
 Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
 Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
 Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
 And chintz, the rival of the showery bow.
 Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
 Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
 Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
 Stands fairest of the fairer kind confessed,

Formed to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first preferred them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners waved in British air,
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Poured in his Danes, ere elder Julius came,
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name,
A prince of Albion's lineage graced the wood,
The scene of wars, and stained with lover's blood.

THOMAS TICKELL.

LINES

WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

IN this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand ;
And at its head, to stay the eye,
Those black-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand.

Birds here make song, each bird has his,
Across the girdling city's hum.
How green under the boughs it is !
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come !

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy ;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless, active life is here !
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass !
An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.

In the huge world which roars hard by
Be others happy, if they can !
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I, on men's impious uproar hurled,
Think often, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world,
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace forever new !
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass ;
The flowers close, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine'
Man did not make and cannot mar !

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give !
Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

THOU hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears !
How sweet where once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air !

How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noontide shadow and the evening breeze !
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade,
 From other ills, however fortune frowned,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found ;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing ;
 And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.

THOMAS TICKELL,

SONNET

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3,
 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

MORTALITY, behold and fear,
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones ;
 Here they lie, had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands
 Where from their pulpits, soiled with dust,
 They preach, in greatness is no trust.
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest, royal'st seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin ;
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 Though gods they were, as men they died ;
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

TWO QUEENS IN WESTMINSTER.

IN the Chapel of Henry the Seventh,
 Where the sculptured ceilings rare
 Show the conquered stone-work, hanging
 Like cobweb films in air,
 There are held two shrines in keeping,
 Whose memories closely press :
 The tomb of the Rose of Scotland,
 And that of stout Queen Bess.

Each side of the sleeping Tudor
 They rest ; and over their dust

The canopies mould and darken
 And the gilding gathers rust ;
 While low on the marble tablet,
 Each effigied in stone,
 They lie,—as they went to judgment,—
 Uncrowned, and cold, and alone.

Beside them pass the thousands
 Each day ; and hundreds strive
 To read the whole of the lesson
 That knoweth no man alive,—
 Of which was more to be pitied,
 And which was more to be feared,—
 The strong queen, with the nerve of manhood,
 Or the woman too close endeared.

One weakened her land with faction,
 One strengthened with bands of steel ;
 One died on the black-draped scaffold,
 One broke on old age's wheel :
 And both—O sweet heaven, the pity !—
 Felt the thorns in the rim of the crown
 Far more than the sweep of the ermine
 Or the ease of the regal down.

Was the Stuart of Scotland plotting
 For her royal sister's all ?
 Was it hatred in crown or in person
 Drove the Tudor to work her fall ?
 Was there guilty marriage with Bothwell
 And black crime at the Kirk of Field ?
 And what meed had the smothered passion
 That for Essex stood half revealed ?

Dark questions !—and who shall solve them ?
 Not one, till the great assize,
 When royal secrets and motives
 Shall be opened to commonest eyes ;—

Not even by bookworm students,
 Who shall dig and cavil and grope,
 And keep to the ear learned promise,
 While they break it to the hope !

Ah, well,—there is one sad lesson
 Made clear to us all, at the worst :¹
 Of two forces made quite incarnate,
 And that equally blessed and cursed.
 With the English woman, all-conquering
 Was Power, and its handmaid, Pride ;
 With the Scottish walked fierce-eyed Passion,
 Calling lovers to her side ;

And the paths were the paths of ruin,
 Of disease and of woe, to both,
 With their guerdon the sleepless pillow,
 And their weapon the broken troth ;
 And each, when she died, might have shuddered
 To know she had failed to find
 A content, even poorly perfect,
 As that blessing some landless hind !

Ah, well, again,—they are sleeping
 Divided, yet side by side ;
 And the lesson were far less perfect
 If their sepulchres severed wide.
 And well for Bess and for Marie
 That the eyes, to judge them at last,
 Will be free from the gloss and glamour
 Blinding ours through present and past !
 HENRY MORFORD.

POETS' CORNER.

O WORLD, what have your poets while they live
 But sorrow and the finger of the scorner ?
 And, dead, the highest honour you can give
 Is burial in a corner.

Not so, my poets of the popular school
 Disprove that mean, yet prevalent conception.
 Once in an age that may be ; but the rule
 Is proved by the exception.

And so, good World, the poet still remains
 To all your benefices a poor foreigner ;
 Considered well rewarded if he gains
 At last rest in a corner.

Here in Westminster's sanctuary, where
 Some two-three kings usurp one half the Abbey,
 Whole generations of the poets share
 This nook so dim and shabby.

So when we come to see Westminster's lions,
 The needy vergers of the Abbey wait us ;
 And while we pay to see the royal scions,
 We see the poets gratis.

Some in corporeal presence crowd the nook,
 While others, who in body are not near it,
 Are here as in the pages of a book,—
 Present only in spirit.

White-bearded Chaucer's here, an honoured guest,
 His sword of cutting humour in its scabbard ;
 And, sooth, he did not find such quiet rest
 In Southwark at the Tabard !

Here's Michael Drayton in his laurelled tomb,
 And Shakespeare over all the host commanding ;
 And rare Ben Jonson, who got scanty room,
 And so was buried standing.

Spenser is here from faerie land, his eyne
 Filled with the glamour of some dreamy notion,
 Admired the more that half his "Faerie Queen"
 Was lost in middle ocean.

Here's Prior, who was popular no doubt ;
 And Guy, with face and cowl round as a saucer ;
 And Dryden, who, some think, should be put out
 Because he murdered Chaucer.

And Milton, after all his civil shocks,
 Is here with look of sweet, yet strong decision,—
 John Milton, with the soft poetic locks
 And supernatural vision.

Beaumont of the firm of B. and F. is here ;
 And Cowley, metaphysical and lyric ;
 And Addison, the elegant and clear ;
 And Butler, all satiric.

Gray, of the famous Elegy, who found
 His churchyard in the country rather lonely,
 Lies with the rest in this more classic ground,
 Although in spirit only.

And Goldsmith at the Temple leaves his bones,
 Comes here with tender heart and rugged feature,
 And mingles through this wilderness of stones
 His milky human nature.

And here is he that wrote the Seasons four ;
 And so is Johnson, who discovered "Winter,"
 And Garrick, too, who had poetic lore
 Enough to bid him enter.

And Southey, who for bread wrote many a tome,—
 Of prose and verse a progeny plethoric,—
 And he that sung the lays of ancient Rome,—
 Macaulay, the historic.

Campbell is here in body as in soul,—
 He for a national song eclipsed by no land ;
 And in whose grave the patriotic Pole
 Sprinkled the earth of Poland.

Of other famous names we find the trace,
 And think of many from their non-appearance ;
 Byron, for one, who was denied a place
 Through priestly interference.

Now most upon their own true genius stand ;
 A few, perhaps, on little else than quackery ;
 But all in all, they are a glorious band,
 From Chaucer down to Thackeray.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

THE TOMB OF ADDISON.

CAN I forget the dismal night that gave
 My soul's best part forever to the grave ?
 How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings !
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
 The pealing organ and the pausing choir,
 The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
 And the last words that dust to dust conveyed !
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend !
 O, gone forever ! take this long adieu,
 And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.

* * * * *

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
 Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown ;
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hallowed mould below :
 Proud names ! who once the reins of empire held,
 In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled ;
 Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of blood,
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given,
 And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

THOMAS TICKELL.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.¹

'TIS well to see these accidental great,
 Noble by birth, or Fortune's favour blind,
 Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
 To the more noble eminence of mind,
 And doing homage to a bard
 Whose breast by Nature's gems was starred,
 Whose patent by the hand of God himself was signed.

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,
 Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame ;
 The builders of the pyramids, who reared
 Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.
 Though Homer's tomb was never known,
 A mausoleum of his own
 Long as the world endures his greatness shall proclaim.

What lauding sepulchre does Campbell want ?

'Tis his to give, and not derive renown.

What monumental bronze or adamant,

Like his own deathless lays can hand him down ?

Poets outlast their tombs : the bust

And statue soon revert to dust ;

The dust they represent still wears the laurel crown.

The solid Abbey walls that seem time-proof,

Formed to await the final day of doom ;

The clustered shafts and arch-supported roof,

That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb,

¹ He was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, his pall being supported by six noblemen.

Become a ruined, shattered fane,
 May fall and bury him again :
 Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still shall
 bloom.

Methought the monumental effigies
 Of elder poets that were grouped around,
 Leaned from their pedestals with eager eyes,
 To peer into the excavated ground
 Where lay the gifted, good, and brave,
 While earth from Kosciusko's grave
 Fell on his coffin-place with freedom-shrieking sound.

And over him the kindred dust was strewed
 Of Poet's Corner. O misnomer strange !
 The poet's confine is the amplitude
 Of the whole earth's illimitable range,
 O'er which his spirit wings its flight,
 Shedding an intellectual light,
 A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no change.

Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,
 As if to form a halo o'er his head,
 Not few of England's master spirits stood,
 Bards, artists, sages, reverently led
 To waive each separating plea
 Of sect, clime, party, and degree,
 All honouring him on whom Nature all honours shed.

To me the humblest of the mourning band,
 Who knew the bard through many a changeful year,
 It was a proud sad privilege to stand
 Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.
 Seven lustres had he been my friend,
 Be that my plea when I suspend
 This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

HORACE SMITH.

BRIDEWELL.

CARDINAL WOLSEY ON THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

GATESHEAD, WESTMINSTER.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates ;
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates ;
 When I lye tangled in her haire,
 And fettered to her eye,

The birds that wanton in the aire
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our carelesse heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grieffe in wine we steepe,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes, that tipples in the deepe,
 Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my King ;
 When I shall voyce aloud, how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Inlarged winds, that curle the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Mindes innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage ;
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soule am free,
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THE BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.

Like the great bell of St. Paul's, which only sounds when the
 King is dead."

TOLL! toll, thou solemn bell !
 A royal head lies low,
 And mourners through the palace halls
 Slowly and sadly go.

Lift up thine awful voice,
 Thou, silent for so long !
 Say that a monarch's soul has passed
 To join the shadowy throng.

Sound yet again, thou bell !
 Mutely thine iron tongue,
 Prisoned within yon high church-tower,
 For many a year has hung.
 Now, while thy mournful peal
 Startles a nation's ear,
 The echo rings from shore to shore,
 That the whole world may hear.

whisper from the past
 Blends with each solemn tone
 That from those brazen lips of thine
 Upon the air is thrown.
 Never had trumpet's peal,
 Or "clarion wild and shrill,"
 Such power as that low undertone
 The listener's heart to thrill.

Come, tell us tales, thou bell,
 Of those of old renown,
 Those sturdy warrior kings who fought
 For sceptre and for crown !
 Tell of the Lion-heart
 Whose pulses moved the world ;
 Of her whose banners flew so far
 O'er land and sea unfurled.

From out the buried years,—
 From many a royal tomb,
 Whence neither pomp nor power could chase
 The dim, sepulchral gloom,
 Lo ! now a pale, proud line,
 They glide before our eyes !—
 Art thou a wizard, mighty bell !
 To bid the dead arise ?

Toll on ! toll on, thou bell !
Once more lift up thy voice,
Though never yet did peal of thine
Bid human hearts rejoice !
Solemn and stern thou art,
In silence and in pride,
Ne'er lifting up thy thunder tones
Save when a king has died.

Yet they to whom a world
Has bowed in reverence,
And on their graves poured gushing tears
Of voiceless eloquence,—
Kings in the realm of mind,
Princes in that of thought,
Who for themselves, by word and deed,
Immortal names have wrought,—

Have to the dust gone down,
And thou, O haughty bell,
For these—old England's kingliest sons—
Tolled no funereal knell !
Ah ! happier far than thou
In all thy silent pride,
The humblest village bell that rings
For bridegroom and for bride ;
That calls the babe to baptism,
The weary soul to prayer,
And tolls when loved ones spring from earth
To heaven's serener air !

JULIA C. R. DORR.

London Streets.

WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day and safe by night ;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall and when resign,
I sing : thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along ;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way ;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays :
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound ;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name ;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown :
But more my country's love demands my lays ;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise !

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "Clean your shoes !" resounds from every voice ;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow ;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries,—
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide :
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned ;

Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
 Through freezing snows and rains and soaking sleet.
 Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
 Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside ;
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
 Thy cracking joint unhinge or ankle sprain ;
 And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
 You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care,
 To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
 Now in thy trunk thy d'Oily habit fold,
 The silken drugget ill can fence the cold ;
 The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
 And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain
 True Witney broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
 Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn :
 Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
 Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear ?
 Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
 Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends,
 Whose ample form without one plait depends ;
 By various names in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true surtout alone :
 Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command :
 Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce ;
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.

In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease ;
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To court, to White's assemblies, or the play,—
 Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane ;
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
 And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.
 O, may I never such misfortune meet !
 May no such vicious walkers crowd the street !
 May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
 While the bold Muse experienced danger sings !

JOHN GAY.

BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. LEVETT.

CONDEMNED to hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blast or slow decline
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
 See Levett to the grave descend ;
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind,
 Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
 And hovering death prepared the blow,
 The vigorous remedy displayed,
 The power of art, without the show.

In misery's darkest caverns known,
 His useful care was ever nigh ;
 Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
 And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdained by pride,
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
 And sure the eternal Master found
 The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by :
 His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
 Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throb of fiery pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

WOOD STREET.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud,—it has sung for three
 years ;

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven ; but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
 And the colours have all passed away from her eyes !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

67 WIMPOLE STREET.

DARK house, by which once more I stand
 Here in the long unlovely street,
 Doors, where my heart was used to beat
 So quickly, waiting for a hand,—

A hand that can be clasped no more,—
 Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
 And like a guilty thing I creep
 At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here ; but far away
 The noise of life begins again,
 And ghastly through the drizzling rain
 On the bald street breaks the blank day.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OXFORD STREET.

LIFE in its many shapes was there,
 The busy and the gay ;
 Faces that seemed too young and fair
 To ever know decay.

Wealth, with its waste, its pomp, and pride,
 Led forth its glittering train ;

And Poverty's pale face beside
Asked aid, and asked in vain.

The shops were filled from many lands,
Toys, silks, and gems, and flowers ;
The patient work of many hands,
The hope of many hours.

Yet, 'mid life's myriad shapes around
There was a sigh of death ;
There rose a melancholy sound,
The bugle's wailing breath.

They played a mournful Scottish air,
That on its native hill
Had caught the notes the night-winds bear
From weeping leaf and rill.

'Twas strange to hear that sad wild strain
Its warning music shed,
Rising above life's busy train,
In memory of the dead.

There came a slow and silent band
In sad procession by ;
Reversed the musket in each hand,
And downcast every eye.

They bore the soldier to his grave ;
The sympathising crowd
Divided like a parted wave
By some dark vessel ploughed.

A moment, and all sounds were mute,
For awe was over all ;
You heard the soldier's measured foot,
The bugle's wailing call.

The gloves were laid upon the bier,
The helmet and the sword ;

The drooping war-horse followed near,
As he, too, mourned his lord.

Slowly—I followed too—they led
To where a church arose,
And flung a shadow o'er the dead,
Deep as their own repose.

Green trees were there,—beneath the shade
Of one was made a grave ;
And there to his last rest was laid
The weary and the brave.

They fired a volley o'er the bed
Of an unconscious ear ;
The birds sprang fluttering overhead,
Struck with a sudden fear.

All left the ground, the bugles died
Away upon the wind ;
Only the tree's green branches sighed
O'er him they left behind.

Again, all filled with light and breath,
I passed the crowded street ;
O great extremes of life and death,
How strangely do ye meet !

ANONYMOUS.

PICCADILLY.

THE sun is on the crowded street ;
It kindles those old towers,
Where England's noblest memories meet,
Of old historic hours.

Vast, shadowy, dark, and indistinct,
Tradition's giant fane,
Whereto a thousand years are linked
In one electric chain.

So stands it when the morning light
First steals upon the skies,
And, shadowed by the fallen night,
The sleeping city lies.

It stands with darkness round it cast,
Touched by the first cold shine ;
Vast, vague, and mighty as the past,
Of which it is the shrine.

'Tis lovely when the moonlight falls
Around the sculptured stone,
Giving a softness to the walls,
Like love that mourns the gone.

Then comes the gentlest influence
The human heart can know,
The mourning over those gone hence
To the still dust below.

The smoke, the noise, the dust of day,
Have vanished from the scene ;
The pale lamps gleam with spirit ray
O'er the park's sweeping green,

Sad shining on her lonely path,
The moon's calm smile above,
Seems as it lulled life's toil and wrath
With universal love.

Past that still hour, and its pale moon,
The city is alive ;
It is the busy hour of noon,
When man must seek and strive.

The pressure of our actual life
Is on the waking brow ;
Labour and care, endurance, strife,
These are around him now.

How wonderful the common street !
Its tumult and its throng,
The hurrying of the thousand feet
That bear life's cares along.

How strongly is the present felt,
With such a scene beside ;
All sounds in one vast murmur melt
The thunder of the tide.

All hurry on,—none pause to look
Upon another's face :
The present is an open book
None read, yet all must trace.

The poor man hurries on his race,
His daily bread to find ;
The rich man has yet wearier chase,
For pleasure's hard to bind.

All hurry, though it is to pass
For which they live so fast,—
What doth the present but amass
The wealth that makes the past ?

The past is round us,—those old spires
That glimmer o'er our head ;
Not from the present is their fires,
Their light is from the dead.

But for the past the present's powers
Were waste of toil and mind,
But for those long and glorious hours
Which leave themselves behind.

ANONYMOUS.

PALL MALL.

MY little friend, so small and neat,
Whom years ago I used to meet
 In Pall Mall daily ;
How cheerily you tript away
To work,—it might have been to play,
 You tript so gaily.

And time trips too. This moral means
You then were midway in the teens
 That I was crowning ;
We never spoke, but when I smiled
At morn or eve, I know, dear child,
 You were not frowning.

Each morning when we met, I think
Some sentiment did us two link,
 Nor joy nor sorrow ;
And then at eve, experience-taught,
Our hearts returned upon the thought,—
 We meet to-morrow !

And you were poor ; and how ?—and why ?
How kind to come, it was for my
 Especial grace meant !
Had you a chamber near the stars, '
A bird,—some treasured plants in jars,
 About your casement ?

I often wander up and down,
When morning bathes the silent town
 In golden glory ;
Perhaps, unwittingly, I've heard
Your thrilling-toned canary-bird
 From some third story.

I've seen great changes since we met ;
A patient little seamstress yet,
 With small means striving,

Have you a Liliptian spouse ?
 And do you dwell in some doll's house ?
 Is baby thriving ?

My heart grows chill ; can bloom like thine
 Have past from this dear world of mine
 To one far meeter ?
 To one whose promised joys are worth
 The best, and more, of Mother Earth,
 And is it sweeter ?

Sometimes I to Pall Mall repair,
 And see the damsels passing there ;
 But if I try to
 Obtain one glance, they look discreet,
 As though they'd some one else to meet ;
 As have not *I* too ?

Yet still I often think upon
 Our many meetings, come and gone !
 July—December !
 Now let us make a tryst, and when,
 Dear little soul, we meet again,—
 The mansion is preparing,—then
 Thy friend remember !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

ST. JAMES'S STREET.

St. James's Street, of classic fame !
 The finest people throng it !—
 St. James's Street ? I know the name !
 I think I've passed along it !
 Why, that's where Sacharissa sighed
 When Waller read his ditty ;
 Where Byron lived, and Gibbon died,
 And Alvanley was witty.

A famous street. It skirts the Park
 Where Rogers took his pastime ;
 Come, gaze on fifty men of mark,
 And then call up the fast time !
 The *plats* at White's, the play at Crock's,
 The bumpers to Miss Gunning ;
 The *bonhomie* of Charlie Fox,
 And Selwyn's ghastly funning.

The dear old street of clubs and cribs,
 As north and south it stretches,
 Still smacks of Williams' pungent squibs,
 And Gillray's fiercer sketches ;
 The quaint old dress, the grand old style,
 The *mots*, the racy stories ;—
 The wine, the dice,—the wit, the bile,
 The hate of Whigs and Tories.

At dusk, when I am strolling there,
 Dim forms will rise around me ;
 Old Pepys creeps past me in his chair,
 And Congreve's airs astound me !
 And once Nell Gwynne, a frail young sprite,
 Looked kindly when I met her ;
 I shook my head, perhaps,—but quite
 Forgot to quite forget her.

The street is still a lively tomb
 For rich and gay and clever,
 The crops of dandies bud and bloom,
 And die as fast as ever.
 Now gilded youth loves cutty-pipes,
 And slang that's rather rancid,—
 It can't approach its prototypes
 In tone,—or so I've fancied.

In Brummell's day of buckle shoes,
 Starch cravats, and roll collars,
 They'd fight, and woo, and bet,—and lose
 Like gentlemen and scholars :

I like young men to go the pace,
 I half forgive old Rapid ;
 These louts disgrace their name and race,—
 So vicious and so vapid !

Worse times may come. *Bon ton*, alas !
 Will then be quite forgotten,
 And all we much revere will pass
 From ripe to worse than rotten ;
 Rank weeds will sprout between yon stones,
 And owls will roost at Boodle's,
 And Echo will hurl back the tones
 Of screaming Yankee Doodles.

I like the haunts, and many such,
 Where wit and wealth are squandered,
 The gardened mansions, just as much,
 Where grace and rank have wandered,—
 The spots where ladies fair and leal
 First ventured to adore me !—
 And something of the like I feel
 For this old street before me.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK.

I HOPE I'm fond of much that's good,
 As well as much that's gay ;
 I'd like the country if I could,
 I like the Park in May :
 And when I ride in Rotten Row,
 I wonder why they called it so.

A lively scene on turf and road,
 The crowd is smartly drest :
 The Ladies' Mile has overflowed,
 The chairs are in request :
 The nimble air, so soft and clear,
 Can hardly stir a ringlet here.

I'll halt beneath these pleasant trees
 And drop my bridle-rein,
 And, quite alone, indulge at ease
 The philosophic vein :
 I'll moralise on all I see,—
 I think it all was made for me !

Forsooth, and on a nicer spot
 The sunbeam never shines ;
 Young ladies here can talk and trot
 With statesmen and divines :
 Could I have chosen, I'd have been
 A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean !

What grooms ! what gallant gentlemen !
 What well-appointed hacks !
 What glory in their pace,—and then
 What beauties on their backs !
 My Pegasus would never flag
 If weighted as my lady's nag.

But where is now that courtly troop
 Who once rode laughing by ?
 I miss the curls of Cantilupe,
 The smile of Lady Di ;
 They all could laugh from night to morn,
 And Time has laughed them all to scorn.

I then could frolic in the van
 With dukes and dandy earls ;
 I then was thought a nice young man
 By rather nice young girls ;
 I've half a mind to join Miss Browne,
 And try one canter up and down.

Ah, no ! I'll linger here awhile,
 And dream of days of yore ;
 For me bright eyes have lost the smile,
 The sunny smile they wore :—

Perhaps they say, what I'll allow,
That I'm not quite so handsome now.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

REGENT STREET.

I.

HEAVENS! what a scene of splendour and of dash!
What seeming maze, and yet what perfect order!
We feel as if upon destruction's border
The crowd were treading; we have seen the flash,
And, breathless, look, expecting the loud crash;
Yet all moves on harmonious as the spheres:
Coach, chariot, cab appears and disappears,
And prancing horseman with gay plume and sash;
The lumbering dray with horses huge, the van,
And omnibuses,—count them if you can!
Heavens, what a sight! and yet to ponder well,
The scene has less of grandeur than of gloom,
For, viewed aright, what is this spectacle?
What but a vast procession to the tomb?

II.

AWAY with all the tales good men devise
(Good easy men, to their kind feelings dupes)
Of holes and hovels in which misery troops!
Away with all statistics,—they are lies!
Can man misdoubt the witness of his eyes,—
Believe that poverty and suffering dwell
Where old and young are streaming on pell-mell
To Circe's temple, eager votaries?
It cannot be that mitred heads can loll
In cushioned chariots, drawn by pampered steeds;
That woman, who her tears can scarce control
At Misery's tale, such flaunting follies heeds,
While thousands, near, are pining with disease,
Whom one kind look of sympathy would ease!

JAMES COCHRANE.

TEMPLE BAR.

ONCE more I greet thee, Temple Bar,
 That hast so often from afar
 Risen amid my dreams ;
 When avalanches round me roared,
 Or where the Tagus, sunlit, poured
 Its stately golden streams ;

And where, above the torrent-bed,
 The Alp-peaks flushed with rosy red
 The sunset dyes arrayed ;
 And where, below on lily banks,
 The half-wild goats in straggling ranks
 Fed, leaped, or, butting, played ;

And even where Niagara roared,
 And, like a final deluge, poured
 Majestically calm ;
 And where arose the Pyramid,
 At starry twilight almost hid,
 And waved the lonely palm.

Well I remember all thy ways,
 The glimmering, horny light that plays
 Around thy window-panes ;
 Thy posture-making kings, and she
 Who brought proud Spain upon his knee,
 And still up yonder reigns.

No grinning traitors' heads on poles
 Strike terror now to Tory souls,
 (Thank God, those days are altered !)
 A statesman now may lose his head
 Many a year before he's dead,
 Long ere his last word's faltered.

How often, like a furnace mouth,
 I've seen in days of summer drouth
 The archway flaming red

With sunset crimsons fold on fold,
That turned the Strand to burning gold.
Then darkened overhead.

And on how many a fairy night
I've seen the sprinkling silver light
Transmute thy royalty ;
Invest thy kings with saintly gleams,
Crowning with halo of moonbeams
Thy transient majesty.

Few burly Doctor Johnsons now
At midnight bend their chiding brow
On Boswells reeling home ;
Nor Goldsmith curses German kings,
And wishes among other things,
For Chevalier from Rome.

Yes, Chatterton has lingered here,
Gazing upon a sky, dark, drear,
Holding his bated breath ;
While moonshine blanched the windowed arch,
That howling, bitter night in March,
He pondered upon death.

Still, luckless Chattertons, alas !
Through this dark gate of time will pass,
Forced by their cruel star ;
And many Boswells, Johnson-led,
Will pass through you when I am dead,
To heavens that lie afar.

Great arch of Time's swift rolling river,
It makes my blood in ague shiver,
To think how fast life's flowing ;
And how our little frail canoes,
No bigger than a giant's shoes,
Sink ere we know they're going.

WALTER THORNBURY.

THE NOVEMBER FOG OF LONDON.

FIRST, at the dawn of lingering day,
 It rises of an ashy gray ;
 Then deepening with a sordid stain
 Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
 Vapour importunate and dense
 It wars at once with every sense.
 The ears escape not. All around
 Returns a dull, unwonted sound.
 Loath to stand still, afraid to stir,
 The chilled and puzzled passenger,
 Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
 To feel his way along the rails ;
 Or at the crossings, in the roll
 Of every carriage dreads the pole.
 Scarce an eclipse with pall so dun
 Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
 But soon a thicker, darker cloak
 Wraps all the town ; behold the smoke,
 Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
 From all her furnaces and forges,
 In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
 Descends rejected from the skies ;
 Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
 At noon gives place to candle-light.

HENRY LUTTREL.

London Taverns.

TAVERN SIGNS.

I'M amused at the signs,
 As I pass through the town,
 To see the odd mixture,—
 A Magpie and Crown,
 The Whale and the Crow,
 The Razor and Hen,

The Leg and Seven Stars,
 The Scissors and Pen,
 The Axe and the Bottle,
 The Tun and the Lute,
 The Eagle and Child,
 The Shovel and Boot.

BRITISH APOLLO, 1707.

THE TABARD INN.

BEFELLE, that, in that seson on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
 To Canterbury with devoute corage,
 At night was come into that hostelrie
 Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
 Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
 In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
 That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
 The chambres and the stables weren wide,
 And wel we weren esed atte beste.

And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
 That I was of hir felawship anon,
 And made forword erly for to rise,
 To take oure way ther as I you devise.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

SOULS of poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's Canary wine?

Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his maid' Marian,
 Sup and browse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's sign-board flew away,
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story,—
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new old-sign
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

JOHN KEATS.

THE SUN, THE DOG, THE TRIPLE TUN.

ODE TO BEN JOHNSON.

All Ben!
 Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts,
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tun:
 Where we such clusters had
 As made us nobly wild, not mad;
 And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben !
 Or come again,
 Or send to us
 Thy wit's great overplus ;
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it,
 Lest we that talent spend :
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.
ROBERT HERRICK.

THE MERMAID.

WHAT things have we seen
 Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
 So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest
 Of his dull life ; that when there hath been thrown
 Wit able enough to justify the town
 For three days past,—wit that might warrant be
 For the whole city to talk foolishly
 Till that were cancelled ; and when that was gone,
 We left an air behind us, which alone
 Was able to make the two next companies
 (Right witty, though but downright fools) more wise.
FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

THE RED LION, DRURY LANE.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
 Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
 Where Calvert's butt and Parson's black champagne
 Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane ;
 There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
 The Muse found Scroggen stretched beneath a rug.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE COCK.

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE.

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port :
But let it not be such as that
You set before chance-comers,
But such whose father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse,
But may she still be kind,
And whisper lovely words, and use
Her influence on the mind,
To make me write my random rhymes,
Ere they be half forgotten ;
Nor add and alter, many times,
Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips
Her laurel in the wine,
And lays it thrice upon my lips,
These favoured lips of mine ;
Until the charm have power to make
New lifeblood warm the bosom,
And barren commonplaces break
In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board ;
Her gradual fingers steal
And touch upon the master-chord
Of all I felt and feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble ;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

Through many an hour of summer suns,
By many pleasant ways,
Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days :
I kiss the lips I once have kissed ;
The gas-light wavers dimmer ;
And softly, through a vinous mist,
My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth and wit and sense,
Unboding critic-pen,
Or that eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men,
Who hold their hands to all, and cry
For that which all deny them,—
Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,
And all the world go by them.

Ah yet, though all the world forsake,
Though fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood ;
There must be stormy weather ;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes ;
If old things, there are new ;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
Yet glimpses of the true,
Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,
We lack not rhymes and reasons,
As on this whirligig of Time
We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid ;
With fair horizons bound :
This whole wide earth of light and shade
Comes out, a perfect round.

High over roaring Temple Bar,
 And, set in Heaven's third story,
 I look at all things as they are,
 But through a kind of glory.

Head-waiter, honoured by the guest
 Half-mused or reeling ripe,
 The pint you brought me was the best
 That ever came from pipe.
 But though the port surpasses praise,
 My nerves have dealt with stiffer.
 Is there some magic in the place?
 Or do my peptics differ?

For since I came to live and learn,
 No pint of white or red
 Had ever half the power to turn
 This wheel within my head,
 Which bears a seasoned brain about,
 Unsubject to confusion,
 Though soaked and saturate, out and out,
 Through every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,
 With many kinsmen^{gay},
 Where long and largely we carouse
 As who shall say me nay:
 Each month, a birthday coming on,
 We drink defying trouble,
 Or sometimes two would meet in one,
 And then we drank it double;

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,
 Had relish fiery-new;
 Or, elbow-deep in sawdust, slept,
 As old as Waterloo;
 Or stowed (when classic Canning died)
 In musty bins and chambers,
 Had cast upon its crusty side
 The gloom of ten Decembers.

The Muse, the jolly Muse, it is !
 She answered to my call,
 She changes with that mood or this,
 Is all-in-all to all :
 She lit the spark within my throat,
 To make my blood run quicker,
 Used all her fiery will, and smote
 Her life into the liquor.

And hence this halo lives about'
 The waiter's hands, that reach
 To each his perfect pint of stout,
 His proper chop to each.
 He looks not like the common breed
 That with the napkin dally ;
 I think he came, like Ganymede,
 From some delightful valley.

The Cock was of a larger egg
 Than modern poultry drop,
 Stept forward on a firmer leg,
 And crammed a plumper crop ;
 Upon an ampler dunghill trod,
 Crowed lustier late and early,
 Sipt wine from silver, praising God,
 And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,
 Till in a court he saw
 A something-pottle-bodied boy,
 That knuckled at the taw :
 He stooped and clutched him, fair and good,
 Flew over roof and casement :
 His brothers of the weather stood
 Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farm-stead, thorpe, and spire,
 And followed with acclaims,
 A sign to many a staring shire
 Came crowing over Thames.

Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,
 Till, where the street grows straiter,
 One fixed forever at the door,
 And one became head-waiter.

But whither would my fancy go ?
 How out of place she makes
 The violet of a legend blow
 Among the chops and steaks !
 'Tis but a steward of the can,
 One shade more plump than common ;
 As just and mere a serving-man
 As any, born of woman.

I ranged too high : what draws me down
 Into the common day ?
 Is it the weight of that half-crown
 Which I shall have to pay ?
 For, something duller than at first,
 Nor wholly comfortable,
 I sit (my empty glass reversed),
 And thrumming on the table :

Half fearful that, with self at strife,
 I take myself to task ;
 Lest of the fulness of my life
 I leave an empty flask :
 For I had hope, by something rare,
 To prove myself a poet :
 But, while I plan and plan, my hair
 Is gray before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,
 Till they be gathered up ;
 The truth, that flies the flowing can,
 Will haunt the vacant cup ;
 And others' follies teach us not,
 Nor much their wisdom teaches ;
 And most, of sterling worth, is what
 Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone !
 We know not what we know.
 But for my pleasant hour, 'tis gone,
 'Tis gone, and let it go.
 'Tis gone : a thousand such have slept
 Away from my embraces,
 And fallen into the dusty crypt
 Of darkened forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou ! thy betters went
 Long since, and came no more ;
 With peals of genial clamour sent
 From many a tavern-door,
 With twisted quirks and happy hits,
 From misty men of letters ;
 The tavern-hours of mighty wits,—
 Thine elders and thy betters.

Hours, when the poet's words and looks
 Had yet their native glow :
 Nor yet the fear of little books
 Had made him talk for show ;
 But, all his vast heart sherris-warmed,
 He flashed his random speeches ;
 Ere days, that deal in ana, swarmed
 His literary leeches.

So mix forever with the past,
 Like all good things on earth !
 For should I prize thee, couldst thou last,
 At half thy real worth ?
 I hold it good, good things should pass :
 With time I will not quarrel :
 It is but yonder empty glass
 That makes me maudlin-moral.

Head-waiter of the chop-house here,
 To which I must resort,
 I too must part : I hold thee dear
 For this good pint of port.

For this, thou shalt from all things suck
 Marrow of mirth and laughter ;
 And, wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
 Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from hence,
 The sphere thy fate allots :
 Thy latter days increased with pence
 Go down among the pots :
 Thou battenest by the greasy gleam
 In haunts of hungry sinners,
 Old boxes, larded with the steam
 Of thirty thousand dinners.

We fret, we fume, would shift our skins,
 Would quarrel with our lot ;
 Thy care is, under polished tins,
 To serve the hot-and-hot ;
 To come and go, and come again,
 Returning like the pewit,
 And watched by silent gentlemen,
 That trifle with the cruet.

Live long, ere from thy topmost head
 The thick-set hazel dies ;
 Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread
 The corners of thine eyes :
 Live long, nor feel in head or chest
 Our changeful equinoxes,
 Till mellow Death, like some late guest,
 Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease
 To pace the gritted floor,
 And, laying down an unctuous lease
 Of life, shalt earn no more ;
 No carved cross-bones, the types of Death,
 Shall show thee past to heaven :
 But carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,
 A pint-pot, neatly graven.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

London Tower.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

METHOUGHT that I had broken from the Tower
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;
 And in my company, my brother Gloster :
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches : thence we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Heaven ! methought what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

* * * * *

I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cried aloud, " What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?"

And so he vanished : then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,
 " Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !"
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howléd in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES.

THE tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were fleshéd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like to children, in their death's sad story.
 " O thus," quoth Dighton, " lay the gentle babes."—
 " Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, " girdling one another
 Within their alabaster innocent arms ;
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
 Which once," quoth Forrest, " almost changed my mind ;
 But, oh ! the Devil"— there the villain stopped ;
 When Dighton thus told on,— " We smotheréd
 The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
 That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed."
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !
 A merry heart and true !
 King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when
 And shall Trelawny die ?
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he :
 " If London Tower were Michael's hold
 We'll set Trelawny free !

" We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
 The Severn is no stay,—
 With one and all, and hand in hand,
 And who shall bid us nay ?

" And when we come to London Wall,
 A pleasant sight to view,
 Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all !
 Here's men as good as you.

" Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
 Trelawny he may die ;
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why !"

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

LORD STRAFFORD'S MEDITATIONS IN THE TOWER.

Go, empty joys,
 With all your noise,
 And leave me here alone,
 In sweet sad silence to bemoan

The fickle worldly height,
Whose danger none can see aright,
Whilst your false splendours dim his sight.

Go, and ensnare
With your trim ware
Some other easy wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light ;
Rain on his head a shower
Of honours, favour, wealth and power ;
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

Fill his big mind
With gallant wind
Of insolent applause ;
Let him not fear all-curbing laws,
Nor king, nor people's frown ; .
But dream of something like a crown,
Then, climbing towards it, tumble down.

Let him appear
In his bright sphere
Like Cynthia in her pride,
With starlike troops on every side ;
For number and clear light
Such as may soon o'erwhelm him quite
And blend them both in one dead night.

Welcome, sad night,
Grief's sole delight,
Thy mourning best agrees
With honour's funeral obsequies !
In Thetis' lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose too much sunshine dims his eyes.

Was he too bold,
Who needs would hold
With curbing reins the Day,
And make Sol's fiery steeds obey ?

Then, sure, as rash was I,
 Who with ambitious wings did fly
 In Charles's Wain too loftily.

I fall, I fall !
 Whom shall I call ?
 Alas ! can he be heard,
 Who now is neither loved nor feared ?
 You who have vowed the ground
 To kiss, where my blest steps were found,
 Come, catch me at my last rebound.

How each admires
 Heaven's twinkling fires,
 Whilst from their glorious seat
 Their influence gives light and heat ;
 But O, how few there are,
 Though danger from the act be far,
 Will run to catch a falling star.

Now 'tis too late
 To imitate
 Those lights whose pallidness
 Argues no inward guiltiness ;
 Their course one way is bent ;
 Which is the cause there's no dissent
 In Heaven's High Court of Parliament.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BURDEN OF LONDON.

LONDON ! thou more than Tyre a thousand-fold,
 Who will take up the burden against thee ?
 Wilt thou too fall, Queen City of the Sea ?
 Will all the bullion thy vast coffers hold
 Under the Northern waves one day be rolled,
 And from thee stand far off the merchant-ships
 As from that city in the Apocalypse ?

Art thou the mighty city there foretold?
 But what say these, so busy yet so proud,
 With the hard features of Ezekiel's race,
 Who, like their fathers in the Tyrian crowd,
 Mingle yet mix not, while their elders pace
 Back-streets with frowsy bags and guttural cry?
 Do they of worn-out England prophesy?

HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

Longleat.

JOHN OF PADUA.

A LEGEND OF LONGLEAT.

LONGLEAT, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, situated on the borders of Wiltshire, is a beautiful example of the Italian architecture of the Elizabethan age. It took some forty years in building, cost a fabulous sum of money, and was the work of John, an architect of Padua, who also built old Somerset House.

JOHN of Padua duly came,
 A grave wise man with a dark pale face,
 He sat him down with a pondering brow,
 And rule and compass to plan and trace
 Each door and window, and terrace and wall,
 And the tower that should rise to crown them all.

Ha! many a summer sunrise found
 Wise John at his great and patient toil,
 At his squares and circles, and legends and lines,
 And many a night he burnt the oil,
 Till the house with its pillared porch began
 To slowly grow in the brain of that man.

Long lines of sunny southern wall,
 With mullioned windows, row on row,
 And balustrades, and parapets,
 Where the western wind should wildly blow;

And cresting all the vanes, to burn
And glisten over miles of fern.

When thirteen Junes had burnt away,
The house arose as out of a dream :
Wide and stately, and tall and fair,
With windows to catch the sunset gleam ;
Fifteen fair miles of subject lands
Girdle it round where it proudly stands.

Two hundred feet of western front,
And chapel and turret, and acres of roof,
And porch, and staircase, and welcoming hall,
And gate that would keep no beggar aloof ;
Three kings had died since it began,
And John had grown old and pale and wan.

One day the builder smiling sat,
His red-lined parchments slowly rolled,
His work was ended,—the night had come,—
He bound and numbered them, fold by fold ;
And sat as gravely in the sun,
As if his toil had scarce begun.

Yes, there his life's work stately stood,
With its shining acres of beaten lead,
Its glittering windows, row on row,
That centuries hence, when he was dead,
Should shine as they were shining then,—
A landmark unto other men.

And there were the long white terraces,
And the great wide porch, like an open hand
Stretched out to welcome, and the tower
That rose like a fountain o'er the land ;
And the great elms bosoming round the walls,
The singing-birds' green citadels.

They found him there when daybreak came,
In the selfsame posture, selfsame place,

But the plans had dropped from his thin wan hands,
 A frozen smile was on his face ;
 And when they spoke no word he said,
 For John of Padua sat there—dead !

WALTER THORNBURY.

Lorton Vale.

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
 Which to this day stands single, in the midst
 Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore ;
 Not loath to furnish weapons for the bands
 Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
 To Scotland's heaths ; or those that crossed the sea
 And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
 Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
 Of vast circumference and gloom profound
 This solitary tree ! a living thing
 Produced too slowly ever to decay ;
 Of form and aspect too magnificent
 To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
 Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
 Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;
 Huge trunks ! and each particular trunk a growth
 Of intertwined fibres serpentine
 Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved ;
 Nor uninformed with fantasy, and looks
 That threaten the profane ;—a pillared shade,
 Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
 By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
 Perennially,—beneath whose sable roof
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
 With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
 May meet at noontide,—Fear and trembling Hope,
 Silence and Foresight ; Death the skeleton

And Time the shadow,—there to celebrate,
 As in a natural temple scattered o'er
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
 United worship ; or in mute repose
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Lowther.

LOWTHER.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic pile are seen
 Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
 With the baronial castle's sterner mien :
 Union significant of God adored,
 And charters won and guarded by the sword
 Of ancient honour ; whence that goodly state
 Of polity which wise men venerate,
 And will maintain, if God his help afford.
 Hourly the democratic torrent swells ;
 For airy promises and hopes suborned
 The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.
 Fall if ye must, ye towers and pinnacles,
 With what ye symbolise ; authentic story
 Will say ye disappear with England's glory!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN LADY LONSDALE'S ALBUM, AT LOWTHER
 CASTLE.

SOMETIMES in youthful years,
 When in some ancient ruin I have stood,
 Alone and musing, till with quiet tears
 I felt my cheeks bedewed,

A melancholy thought hath made me grieve
 For this our age, and humbled me in mind,
 That it should pass away, and leave
 No monuments behind.

Not for themselves alone
 Our fathers lived ; nor with a niggard hand
 Raised they the fabrics of enduring stone,
 Which yet adorn the land :
 Their piles, memorials of the mighty dead,
 Survive them still, majestic in decay ;
 But ours are like ourselves, I said,
 The creatures of a day.

With other feelings now,
 Lowther ! have I beheld thy stately walls,
 Thy pinnacles, and broad embattled brow,
 And hospitable halls.
 The sun those wide-spread battlements shall crest,
 And silent years unharmed shall go by,
 Till centuries in their course invest
 Thy towers with sanctity.

But thou the while shalt bear
 To after-times an old and honoured name,
 And to remote posterity declare
 Thy founder's virtuous fame.
 Fair structure, worthy the triumphant age
 Of glorious England's opulence and power !
 Peace be thy lasting heritage,
 And happiness thy dower !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Lyme Regis.

AT LYME REGIS.

CALM, azure, marble sea,
 As a fair palace pavement largely spread,
 Where the grey bastions of the eternal hills
 Lean over languidly,
 Bosomed with leafy trees, and garlanded !

Peace is on all I view ;
 Sunshine and peace ; earth clear as heaven one hour ;
 Save where the sailing cloud its dusky line
 Ruffles along the blue,
 Brushed by the soft wing of the silent shower.

In no profounder calm
 Did the great Spirit over ocean brood,
 Ere the first hill his yet unclouded crest
 Reared, or the first fair palm
 Doubled her maiden beauty in the flood.

* * * * *

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Lynn.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
 An evening calm and cool,
 And four-and-twenty happy boys
 Came bounding out of school ;
 There were some that ran and some that leapt
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
 And souls untouched by sin ;

To a level mead they came, and there
 They drave the wickets in :
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
 And shouted as they ran,—
 Turning to mirth all things of earth,
 As only boyhood can ;
 But the usher sat remote from all,
 A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
 To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
 For a burning thought was in his brow,
 And his bosom ill at ease ;
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
 The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
 Nor ever glanced aside ;
 For the peace of his soul he read that book
 In the golden eventide ;
 Much study had made him very lean
 And pale and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;
 With a fast and fervent grasp
 He strained the dusky covers close,
 And fixed the brazen hasp :
 " O God ! could I so close my mind,
 And clasp it with a clasp ! "

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he took,—
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook,—
 And, lo ! he saw a little boy
 That pored upon a book !

“ My gentle lad, what is't you read,—
 Romance or fairy fable ?
 Or is it some historic page,
 Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”
 The young boy gave an upward glance,—
 “ It is ‘ The Death of Abel. ’ ”

The usher took six hasty strides,
 As smit with sudden pain,—
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again ;
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves ;
 And lonely folk cut off unseen,
 And hid in sudden graves ;
 And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
 Shriek upward from the sod ;
 Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
 To show the burial clod ;
 And unknown facts of guilty acts
 Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain,—
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,
 And flames about their brain ;
 For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know, for truth,
 Their pangs must be extreme,—
 Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
 Who spill life's sacred stream !

For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

“ One that had never done me wrong,—
A feeble man and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill !

“ And, lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame ;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame ;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name !

“ O God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain !
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

“ My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;

My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned,—the dead
Had never groaned but twice !

“ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice,—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite :
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight !'

“ And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
The sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme :
My gentle boy, remember ! this
Is nothing but a dream !

“ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“ O Heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn ;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim !

“ And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red !

- “ All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep ;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep !
- “ All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime ;
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time, —
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime, —
- “ One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave !
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave, —
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave !
- “ Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accurséd pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.
- “ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing ;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.
- “ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began, —

In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man !

“ And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere ;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there,—
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

“ Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,—
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“ So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones !

“ O God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again,—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

“ And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now !”
The fearful boy looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,

Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
 Through the cold and heavy mist ;
 And Eugene Aram walked between,
 With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD

Malmesbury.

RESTORATION OF MALMESBURY ABBEY.

MONASTIC and time-consecrated fane !
 Thou hast put on thy shapely state again,
 Almost august as in thy early day,
 Ere ruthless Henry rent thy pomp away.
 No more the mass on holidays is sung,
 The Host high raised or fuming censer swung ;
 No more, in amice white, the Fathers slow
 With lighted tapers in long order go ;
 Yet the tall window lifts its archéd height,
 As to admit heaven's pale but purer light ;
 Those massy clustered columns, whose long rows,
 Even at noonday, in shadowy pomp repose
 Amid the silent sanctity of death,
 Like giants seem to guard the dust beneath.
 Those roofs re-echo (though no altars blaze)
 The prayer of penitence, the hymn of praise ;
 Whilst meek religion's self, as with a smile,
 Reprints the tracery of the holy pile,
 Worthy its guest, the temple. What remains ?
 O mightiest Master ! thy immortal strains
 These roofs demand ; listen ! with prelude slow,
 Solemnly sweet, yet full, the organs blow.
 And hark ! again, heard ye the choral chant
 Peal through the echoing arches, jubilant ?
 More softly now, imploring litanies,
 Wafted to heaven, and mingling with the sighs
 Of penitence, from yonder altar rise ;

Again the vaulted roof "Hosannahs" rings,—
 "Hosannah! Lord of lords, and King of kings!"
 Rent, but not prostrate; stricken, yet sublime;
 Reckless alike of injuries or time;
 Thou, unsubdued in silent majesty,
 The tempest hast defied, and shalt defy!
 The temple of our Sion so shall mock
 The muttering storm, the very earthquake's shock,
 Founded, O Christ, on thy eternal rock!

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Maltby.

THE MALTBY YEWES.

FAMED Maltby yews, with trunks like stone!
 Are you or these gray rocks the older?
 Like "death-in-life," ye strangely grow,
 And, dead alive, they sternly moulder.
 Memorials grand of death and life,
 That seem from time new life to borrow!
 Full many a race have ye outlived
 Of men whose lives were crime and sorrow.

Age after age, while Time grew old,
 Your writhen boughs here slowly lengthened;
 Storm-stricken trees! your stormy strength
 Five hundred years have darkly strengthened.
 Yet safe beneath your mighty roots
 The busy bee hath made its dwelling;
 And, at your feet, the little mouse,
 With lifted hands, its joy is telling.

And high above the full-voiced lark
 The sun, that loves to see you, bemeath
 On lonely rock or mossy trunk,
 That with the rock coeval seemeth;

While, all around, the desert flowers,
 Where breezes drink their freshness, gather,
 As children come to kneel and bend
 In prayer around their father's father.

O, could I write upon your gloom
 A solemn verse that would not perish,
 My written thoughts should warn and bless,
 And nations saved the precept cherish ;
 For I would bid the dark and strong
 Be greatly good, and daily stronger,
 That power to wrong, and will to wrong,
 Like fiends divorced, might pair no longer.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Malvern.

AT MALVERN.

I SHALL behold far off thy towering crest,
 Proud mountain ! from thy heights as slow I stray
 Down through the distant vale my homeward way,
 I shall behold upon thy rugged breast
 The parting sun sit smiling : me the while
 Escaped the crowd, thoughts full of heaviness
 May visit, as life's bitter losses press
 Hard on my bossm ; but I shall beguile
 The thing I am, and think that even as thou
 Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,
 Proud mountain ! whilst the scattered vapours fly
 Unheeded round thy breast, so, with calm brow,
 The shades of sorrow I may meet, and wear
 The smile unchanged of peace, though pressed by care !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

MALVERN HILLS.

EREWHILE I saw ye faintly through far haze
 Spread many miles above the fields of sea ;
 Now ye rise glorious, and my steps are free
 To wander through your valleys' beaten ways,
 And climb above, threading the rocky maze ;
 And trace this stream alive with shifting light,
 With whose successive eddies silver-bright
 Not without pleasant sound the moonbeam plays.
 My dear, dear bride, two days had made thee mine,
 Two days of waxing hope and waning fear,
 When under the night-planet's lavish shine
 We stood in joy, and blessed that rillet clear ;
 Such joy unwarning comes and quickly parts,
 But lives deep-rooted in our "heart of hearts."

HENRY ALFORD.

THE VISION OF PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

IN a somer seson
 Whan softe was the sonne,
 I shoop me into shroudes
 As I a sheep weere,
 In habite as an heremite
 Unholy of werkes,
 Wente wide in this world
 Wondres to here ;
 Ac on a May morwenyng
 On Malverne hilles
 Me bifel a ferly,
 Of fairye me thoghte.
 I was wery for-wandred,
 And wente me to reste
 Under a brood bank
 By a bournes syde ;

And as I lay and lene,
 And loked on the watres,
 I slombred into a slepyng,
 It sweyed so murye.

Thanne gan I meten
 A merveillous swevene,
 That I was in a wildernesse,
 Wiste I nevere where,
 And as I biheeld into the eest
 An heigh to the sonne,
 I seigh a tour on a toft
 Trieliche y-maked,
 A deep dale byneth,
 A dongeon therinne,
 With depe diches and derke
 And dredfulle of sighte.
 A fair feeld ful of folk
 Fond I ther bitwene,
 Of alle manere of men,
 The meene and the riche,
 Werchyng and wandryng,
 As the world asketh.

PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

Margate.

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
 I saw a little vulgar Boy; I said, "What make you
 here?"

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything
 but joy;"

Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar
 Boy?"

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy,—he deemed I mean
to scoff,—

And when the little heart is big, a little “sets it off.”
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

“Hark! don’t you hear, my little man?—it’s striking
nine,” I said,

“An hour when all good little boys and girls should be
in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold,
—O fie!

It’s very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!”

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbbed with agony,—he cried like anything!
I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him mur-
mur,—“Ah!

I haven’t got no supper, and I haven’t got no Ma!

“My father, he is on the seas,—my mother’s dead and
gone!

And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world
alone;

I have not had this livelong day one drop to cheer my
heart,

Nor ‘brown’ to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a
tart.

“If there’s a soul will give me food, or find me in em-
ploy,

By day or night, then blow me tight!” (he was a vulgar
Boy;)

“And now I’m here, from this here pier it is my fixed
intent

To jump as Mr. Levi did from off the Monument!”

“Cheer up! cheer up! my little man,—cheer up!” I
kindly said,

“ You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head ;
 If you should jump from off the pier you'd surely break your legs,
 Perhaps your neck,—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs is eggs !

“ Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup ;
 My landlady is Mrs. Jones,—we must not keep her up,—
 There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you,—
 Come home, you little vulgar Boy,—I lodge at No. 2.”

I took him home to No. 2, the house beside “ The Foy,”
 I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
 And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
 “ Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X.”

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
 She said she “ did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys.”
 She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the delf,
 Said I “ might go to Jericho, and fetch the beer myself.”

I did not go to Jericho,—I went to Mr. Cobb,—
 I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a Bob),—
 It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child,—
 And I said, “ A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild !”

When I came back I gazed about,—I gazed on stool and chair,—
 I could not see my little friend, because he was not there !
 I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the sofa too,—
 I said, “ You little vulgar Boy ! why what's become of you ?”

I could not see my table-spoons,—I looked, but could not
 see
 The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I'm at tea ;
 I could not see my sugar-tongs, my silver watch,—O
 dear!
 I knew 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for
 beer.

I could not see my Macintosh,—it was not to be seen !
 Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed and
 lined with green ;
 My carpet-bag,—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce
 and soy,—
 My roast potatoes !—all are gone !—and so's that vulgar
 Boy !

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below.
 “O Mrs. Jones, what *do* you think? ain't this a pretty
 go ?
 That little horrid vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-
 night
 He's stolen my things and run away !” Says she, “And
 sarve you right !”

Next morning I was up betimes,—I sent the Crier round,
 All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a
 pound
 To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me
 so ;
 But when the Crier cried, “O yes !” the people cried
 “O no !”

I went to “Jarvis' Landing-Place,” the glory of the
 town,
 There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down,
 I told my tale,—he seemed to think I'd not been treated
 well,
 And called me “Poor old Buffer !”—what that means I
 cannot tell.

The Sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
 A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,—
 A little "gallows-looking chap,"—dear me, what could he mean?—
 With a "carpet-swab," and "mucking togs," and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"—
 It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer;
 And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,—
 It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
 He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away
 In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,
 And they were now, as he supposed "somewheres"
 about the shore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap,—he's been upon the Mill,—
 And 'cause he 'gammons' so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeeping Bill!"
 He said "he'd done me werry brown" and nicely
 "stowed the *swag*."
 That's French, I fancy for a hat, or else a carpet bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
 He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back."
 I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come about."
 He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know you're out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
 And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd
 "done me brown."
 His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
 But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar
 boys about."

He sent for Mr. Whitehare there, and I described "the
 swag,"
 My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-
 bag ;
 He promised that the New Police should all their powers
 employ,
 But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

MORAL.

Remember, then, that when a boy I've heard my
 Grandma tell,
 "BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHER'S HARM, AND YOU
 SHALL DO FULL WELL!"
 Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no
 fixed abode,
 Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they
 may be blowed!"
 Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night
 go out
 To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring
 your stout!
 And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring
 the bell,
 Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

Marston Moor.

MARSTON MOOR.

HOT Rupert came spurring to Marston Moor ;
 Praise we the Lord !

Came spurring hard with thousands a score :
 Praise we the Lord !

Beleaguered York, that we lay before,
 He knew would be ours ere a week was o'er,
 So to scatter our hosts he fiercely swore.
 To the Lord our God be glory !

To Newcastle's succour he swore to come ;
 Praise we the Lord !

And at morning we heard his march's hum ;
 Praise we the Lord !

And with blare of trumpet and roll of drum,
 Into York, in their pride, did the scorners come ;
 But to-night are the cursing lips not dumb ?
 To the Lord our God be glory !

God gave them to drink of pride, we knew,
 Praise we the Lord !

That his saints his wrath on their hosts might do ;
 Praise we the Lord !

He bade us flee, that they might pursue :
 So from trench and leaguer straight off we drew,
 But we halted on Marston Moor anew :
 To the Lord our God be glory !

There, biding pursuit, stood our long array,
 Praise we the Lord !

While slow hours came and passed away ;
 Praise we the Lord !

“ They will not come to the strife to-day,”
 We said, and southwards our march then lay,
 But the Lord had doomed them that hour our prey ;
 To the Lord our God be glory !

But Leslie's regiments had left the ground,
 Praise we the Lord !
When the fierce Prince bade his trumpets sound ;
 Praise we the Lord !
Then was spurring and running and fronts faced round.
Upon us they came, with the burst and sound
Of tempests ; but ready his own they found ;
 To the Lord our God be glory !

Then the shot of their guns through our stilled ranks tore ;
 Praise we the Lord !
Then a pause and a hush fell on the war ;
 Praise we the Lord !
Then their squadrons thickened, and down once more
Came Rupert and Hell with a rush and a roar,
More fierce and fell than they came before ;
 To the Lord our God be glory !

With Leslie and Fairfax the saints were few ;
 Praise we the Lord !
Not theirs the hearts that our God well knew ;
 Praise we the Lord !
Vessels uncleansed, what would they do !
The godless had ridden them through and through ;
The accurséd slay and slay and pursue ;
 To the Lord our God be glory !

Not so, O Lord, was it with thine own ;
 Praise we the Lord !
To us were thy truth and mercy shown ;
 Praise we the Lord ?
Through our closed-up ranks were our trumpets blown ;
Then no shout, but a deep psalm rose alone, .
And we knew that our God would his might make known.
 To his holy name be glory !

And Cromwell, his servant, spoke the word ;
 Praise we the Lord !

“ On! smite for the Lord! spare not!” we heard ;
 Praise we the Lord !
 Hotly our spirits within us stirred ;
 Reins were loosened and flanks were spurred,
 And the heathen went down before God and his word.
 To his name alone be the glory !

Lo, the bow of the Lord was strung this day ;
 Praise we the Lord !
 And the arm of our God was strong to slay ;
 Praise we the Lord !
 He gave us the proud ones for a prey ;
 He chased the mighty from out our way ;
 He gave us the high ones low to lay.
 To the Lord alone be the glory !

Where are ye, ye noble and ye proud ?
 Praise we the Lord !
 Where are ye who cried 'gainst his saints aloud ?
 Praise we the Lord ;
 The great of the earth in death are bowed ;
 They who vaunted their strength his breath has cowed ;
 Bloody they lie, where the kite screams loud.
 To the Lord our God be glory !

Lo, the Lord, our helper, hath heard our cries ;
 Praise we the Lord !
 He hath raised the foolish and shamed the wise ;
 Praise we the Lord !
 In him our rock and our sure hope lies ;
 To him shall the cry of his servants rise ;
 Woe to them who his chosen dare despise !
 To the Lord our God be glory !

Ho ! Baal-priests, did we cry in vain ?
 Praise we the Lord !
 He shall break ye, ye sons of Dagon, again ;
 Praise we the Lord !

He shall winnow the chaff from the priceless grain ;
 He shall skim the pot till no dross remain ;
 And the Lord our God and his saints shall reign !
 To the Lord alone be glory !

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

Matlock.

MONODY WRITTEN AT MATLOCK.

MATLOCK ! amid thy hoary-hanging views,
 Thy glens that smile sequestered, and thy nooks
 Which yon forsaken crag all dark o'erlooks,
 Once more I court the long-neglected Muse,
 As erst when by the mossy brink and falls
 Of solitary Wainsbeck, or the side
 Of Clysdale's cliffs where first her voice she tried,
 I strayed a pensive boy. Since then, the thralls
 That wait life's upland road have chilled her breast,
 And much, as much they might, her wing depressed.
 Wan Indolence, resigned, her deadening hand
 Laid on her heart, and Fancy her cold wand
 Dropped at the frown of fortune ; yet once more
 I call her, and once more her converse sweet,
 'Mid the still limits of this wild retreat,
 I woo ;—if yet delightful as of yore
 My heart she may revisit, nor deny
 The soothing aid of some sweet melody !

I hail the rugged scene that bursts around ;
 I mark the wreathed roots, the saplings gray,
 That bend o'er the dark Derwent's wandering way ;
 I mark its stream with peace-persuading sound
 That steals beneath the fading foliage pale,
 Or at the foot of frowning crags upreared,
 Complains like one forsaken and unheard.
 To me, it seems to tell the pensive tale
 Of spring-time and the summer days all flown :

And while sad autumn's voice even now I hear
 Along the umbrage of the high-wood moan,
 At intervals, whose shivering leaves fall sere ;
 Whilst o'er the group of pendant groves I view
 The slowly spreading tints of pining hue,
 I think of poor humanity's brief day,
 How fast its blossoms fade, its summers speed away !

* * * * *

Yet the bleak cliffs that lift their head so high
 (Around whose beetling crags with ceaseless coil
 And still-returning flight the ravens toil)
 Heed not the changeful seasons as they fly,
 Nor spring nor autumn ; they their hoary brow
 Uprear, and ages past, as in this now,
 The same deep trenches unsubdued have worn,
 The same majestic frown and looks of lofty scorn.

So Fortitude, a mailed warrior old,
 Appears ; he lifts his scar-intrenchéd crest ;
 The tempest gathers round his dauntless breast ;
 He hears far off the storm of havoc rolled ;
 The feeble fall around : their sound is past ;
 Their sun is set, their place no more is known :
 Like the wan leaves before the winter's blast,
 They perish ;—he unshaken and alone
 Remains, his brow a sterner shade assumes
 By age ennobled, whilst the hurricane
 That raves resistless o'er the ravaged plain
 But shakes unfelt his helmet's quivering plume.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Medway, the River.

THE RIVER MEDWAY.

THEN came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
 Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare
 And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
 That seem'd like silver sprinkled here and there
 With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare
 And wavy'd upon, like water chamelot,
 To hide the metall, which yet every where
 Bewrayd itselfe, to let men plainly wot
 It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
 Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
 The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
 To all about, and all her shoulders spred
 As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
 A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
 From under which the deawy humour shed
 Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
 Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

On her two pretty Handmaides did attend,
 One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane;
 Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
 And both behind upheld her spreading traine;
 Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
 Her silver feet, faire washt against this day;
 And her before there paced Pages twaine,
 Both clad in colours like and like array,
 The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepard her
 way.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Melhuach.

MAWGAN OF MELHUACH.

'T WAS a fierce night when old Mawgan died,
Men shuddered to hear the rolling tide :
The wreckers fled fast from the awful shore,
They had heard strange voices amid the roar.

“ Out with the boat there,” some one cried, —
“ Will he never come ? we shall lose the tide :
His berth is trim and his cabin stored ;
He's a weary long time coming on board.”

The old man struggled upon the bed :
He knew the words that the voices said ;
Wildly he shrieked, as his eyes grew dim,
“ He was dead ! he was dead ! when I buried him.”

Hark yet again to the devilish roar,
“ He was nimbler once with a ship on shore ;
Come ! come ! old man, 't is a vain delay,
We must make the offing by break of day.”

Hard was the struggle, but at the last
With a stormy pang old Mawgan passed,
And away, away, beneath their sight,
Gleamed the red sail at pitch of night.

R. S. HAWKER.

Mendip Hills.

MENDIP HILLS OVER WELLS.

How grand beneath the feet that company
Of steep grey roofs and clustering pinnacles
Of the massy fane, brooding in majesty
Above the town that spreads among the dells !

Hark ! the deep clock unrolls its voice of power ;
 And sweetly mellowed sound of chiming bells
 Calling to prayer from out the central tower
 Over the thickly timbered hollow dwells.
 Meet worship-place for such a glorious stretch
 Of sunny prospect, for these mighty hills,
 And that dark solemn Tor,¹ and all that reach
 Of bright-green meadows, laced with silver rills,
 Bounded by ranges of pale blue, that rise
 To where white strips of sea are traced upon the skies.

HENRY ALFORD.

Middleton.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD AT MIDDLETON IN
 SUSSEX.

PRESSED by the Moon, mute arbitress of tides,
 While the loud equinox its power combines,
 The sea no more its swelling surge confines,
 But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.
 The wild blast, rising from the western cave,
 Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed ;
 Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,
 And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave !
 With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore,
 Lo ! their bones whiten in the frequent wave ;
 But vain to them the winds and waters rave ;
 They hear the warring elements no more :
 While I am doomed, by life's long storm oppressed,
 To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

¹ Glastonbury Tor.

Mongewell.

MONGEWELL.

MONGEWELL is a small and scattered village, delightfully situated on the banks of the Thames in Oxfordshire, about a mile from Wallingford.

THERE'S a quiet place where I often go
When the sun is in the west,
And the evening breezes, as they blow
O'er the trees above and the lake below,
Seem sighing themselves to rest ;

Where under the bank beneath the feet
There lies a hidden well ;
Where the hanging boughs the waters meet,
And the moor-hen finds a safe retreat,
And the white swan loves to dwell.

For there have I heard the cuckoo's call,
And the lay of the nightingale,
The cooing of doves in the tree-tops tall,
And the distant sound of the waterfall
Come creeping up the vale.

And in the far-off haze I have seen
The slopes of the circling hill,
And, the arching boughs of the trees between,
The broad expanse of the meadows green
Lie peacefully and still.

I have seen the water smooth as glass,
Or the ripples o'er it fleet,
When the winds that move it as they pass
Bear the scent of dew-besprinkled grass
And the odour of flowers sweet.

I have watched the shades of twilight glide
Over the peaceful scene,

Till the stars stole forth on the heavens wide,
 And the moonbeams fell on the tranquil tide
 In floods of silver sheen.

O, there is no vale that ever I knew
 That has such charms for me,
 Where the earth assumes a brighter hue,
 And the sky seems tinged with a deeper blue,
 And the flowers more fair to see.

And still contented shall be my lot,
 Whether I laugh or weep,
 If, the busy cares of the world forgot,
 I may visit that sweet, secluded spot,
 Where the woods and waters sleep.

W. BLAKE ATKINSON.

Morwenstow.

MORWENNA STATIO.

THE Stow, or the place, of St. Morwenna; hence by abbreviation,
 Morwenstow.

My Saxon shrine! the only ground
 Wherein this weary heart hath rest;
 What years the birds of God have found
 Along thy walls their sacred nest:
 The storm, the blast, the tempest shock,
 Have beat upon those walls in vain;
 She stands,—a daughter of the rock,—
 The changeless God's eternal fane.

Firm was their faith,—the ancient bands,
 The wise of heart in wood and stone,
 Who reared with stern and trusting hands
 These dark gray towers of days unknown:
 They filled these aisles with many a thought,
 They bade each nook some truth reveal;

The pillared arch its legend brought,
 A doctrine came with roof and wall.

Huge, mighty, massive, hard, and strong,
 Were the choice stones they lifted then :
 The vision of their hope was long,
 They knew their God, those faithful men.
 They pitched no tent for change or death,
 No home to last man's shadowy day ;
 There ! there ! the everlasting breath
 Would breathe whole centuries away.

See, now, along that pillared aisle
 The graven arches, firm and fair :
 They bend their shoulders to the toil,
 And lift the hollow roof in air.
 A sign ! beneath the ship we stand,
 The inverted vessel's arching side ;
 Forsaken—when the fisher-band
 Went forth to sweep a mightier tide.

Pace we the ground ! our footsteps tread
 A cross,—the builder's holiest form ;
 That awful couch where once was shed
 The blood, with man's forgiveness warm.
 And here, just where his mighty breast
 Throbbled the last agony away,
 They bade the voice of worship rest,
 And white-robed Levites pause and pray.

Mark ! the rich rose of Sharon's bowers
 Curves in the paten's mystic mould ;
 The lily, lady of the flowers,
 Her shape must yonder chalice hold.
 Types of the mother and the son,
 The twain in this dim chancel stand ;
 The badge of Norman banners one,
 And one a crest of English land.

How all things glow with life and thought
 Where'er our faithful fathers trod !
 The very ground with speech is fraught,
 The air is eloquent of God.
 In vain would doubt or mockery hide
 The buried echoes of the past ;
 A voice of strength, a voice of pride,
 Here dwells amid the storm and blast.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell ;
 The solemn arches breathe in stone ;
 Window and wall have lips to tell
 The mighty faith of days unknown.
 Yea, flood and breeze and battle-shock
 Shall beat upon this church in vain ;
 She stands,—a daughter of the rock,—
 The changeless God's eternal fane.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

THE STORM.

WAR 'mid the ocean and the land !
 The battle-field Morwenna's strand,
 Where rock and ridge the bulwark keep,
 The giant warders of the deep.

They come ! and shall they not prevail,—
 The seething surge, the gathering gale ?
 They fling their wild flag to the breeze,
 The banner of a thousand seas.

They come, they mount, they charge in vain,
 Thus far, incalculable main !
 No more ! thine hosts have not o'erthrown
 The lichen on the barrier stone.

Have the rocks faith, that thus they stand,
 Unmoved, a grim and stately band,

And look, like warriors tried and brave,
Stern, silent, reckless, o'er the wave ?

Have the proud billows thought and life,
To feel the glory of the strife,
And trust, one day, in battle bold,
To win the foeman's haughty hold ?

Mark where they writhe with pride and shame,
Fierce valour, and the zeal of fame !
Hear how their din of madness raves,
The baffled army of the waves !

Thy way, O God, is in the sea ;
Thy paths where awful waters be ;
Thy spirit thrills the conscious stone :
O Lord, thy footsteps are not known !

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

THE VINE.

HEARKEN ! there is in old Morwenna's shrine,
A lonely sanctuary of the Saxon's days,
Reared by the Severn sea for prayer and praise,
Amid the carved work of the roof, a vine :
Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall,
First in the chancel, then along the wall ;
Slowly it travels on, a leafy line,
With here and there a cluster, and anon
More and more grapes, until the growth hath gone
Through arch and aisle. Hearken ! and heed the sign.
See at the altar side the steadfast root,
Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit :
So let a meek and faithful heart be thine,
And gather from that tree a parable divine.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

THE WELL OF ST JOHN.

ON MORWENSTOW GLEBE.

THEY dreamed not in old Hebron, when the sound
 Went through the city, that the promised son
 Was born to Zachary, and his name was John,—
 They little thought that here in this far ground,
 Beside the Severn sea, that Hebrew child
 Would be a cherished memory of the wild ;
 Here, where the pulses of the ocean bound
 Whole centuries away, while one meek cell,
 Built by the fathers o'er a lonely well,
 Still breathes the Baptist's sweet remembrance round :
 A spring of silent waters with his name,
 That from the angel's voice in music came,
 Here in the wilderness so faithful found,
 It freshens to this day the Levite's grassy mound.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Muston.

THE STREAMLET.

CAN scenes like these withdraw thee from thy wood,
 Thy upland forest or thy valley's flood?
 Seek then thy garden's shrubby bound, and look,
 As it steals by, upon the bordering brook ;
 That winding streamlet, limpid, lingering, slow,
 Where the reeds whisper when the zephyrs blow ;
 Where in the 'midst, upon her throne of green,
 Sits the large lily as the water's queen ;
 And makes the current, forced awhile to stay,
 Murmur and bubble as it shoots away.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Naseby.

NASEBY.

O, WHEREFORE come ye forth in triumph from the north,
 With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
 And wherefore do your rout send forth a joyous shout?
 And whence are the grapes of the wine-press that ye
 tread?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the
 strong,
 Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses
 shine,
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced
 hair,
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the
 Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight;
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into
 a shout
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billow on the shore,
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line:
 For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
 For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his trumpets and his
 drums,
 His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;

They are bursting on our flanks ! Grasp your pikes ;
close your ranks !

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here,—they rush on—we are broken— we are
gone—

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the
right !

Stand back to back, in God's name ! and fight it to the
last !

Stout Skippen hath a wound,—the centre hath given
ground.

But hark ! what means this trampling of horsemen in the
rear ?

What banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he ! thank God !
'tis he, boys !

Bear up another minute ! Brave Oliver is here !

Their heads are stooping low, their pikes all in a row :
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the
dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestinéd to rot on Temple Bar.
And he,—he turns ! he flies ! shame to those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war !

Ho, comrades, scour the plain, and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make the quest secure ;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad pieces
and locketts,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts
were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;

And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the
rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven and
hell and fate?

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your
oaths?

Your stage-plays and your sonnets? your diamonds and
your spades?

Down! down! forever down, with the mitre and the
crown!

With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the
Pope!

There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham
stalls;

The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop rends his cope.

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's
ills,

And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
sword;

And the kings of earth in fear shall tremble when they
hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and
the Word!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Nether Stowey.

NETHER STOWEY.

A GREEN and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope

Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
 All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
 Which now blooms most profusely ; but the dell,
 Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
 As vernal cornfield, or the unripe flax,
 When through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
 The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
 O, 'tis a quiet, spirit-healing nook !
 Which all, methinks, would love ; but chiefly he,
 The humble man, who in his youthful years
 Knew just so much of folly as had made
 His early manhood more securely wise !
 Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
 While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
 The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
 And from the sun and from the breezy air,
 Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame ;
 And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
 Made up a meditative joy, and found
 Religious meanings in the forms of nature !
 And so, his senses gradually wrapt
 In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
 And dreaming, hears thee still, O singing-lark,
 That singest like an angel in the clouds !

* * * * *

But now the gentle dewfall sends abroad
 The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze :
 The light has left the summit of the hill,
 Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
 Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
 Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot !
 On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
 Homeward I wind my way ; and lo ! recalled
 From bodings that have well-nigh wearied me
 I find myself upon the brow, and pause,
 Startled ! And after lonely sojourning
 In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
 This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main

Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
 Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
 And elmy fields, seems like society,—
 Conversing with the mind, and giving it
 A livelier impulse and a dance of thought !
 And now, belovéd Stowey ! I behold
 Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
 Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend ;
 And, close behind them, hidden from my view,
 Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
 And my babe's mother dwell in peace ! With light
 And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
 Remembering thee, O green and silent dell !
 And grateful that by nature's quietness
 And solitary musings all my heart
 Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
 Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human-kind.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

AN EVENING IN AUTUMN, NEAR NETHER
 STOWEY, SOMERSET.

How soothing is that sound of far-off wheels
 Under the golden sheen of the harvest-moon !
 In the shade-checked road it half reveals
 A homeward-wending group, with hearts in tune
 To thankful merriment ;—father and boy,
 And maiden with her gleanings on her head ;
 And the last waggon's rumble heard with joy
 In the kitchen with the ending-supper spread.
 But while I listening stand, the sound hath ceased ;
 And hark, from many voices lustily
 The harvest-home, the prelude to the feast,
 In measured bursts is pealing loud and high ;
 Soon all is still again beneath the bright
 Full moon, that guides me home this autumn night.

HENRY ALFORD.

Netley Abbey.

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALLEN pile ! I ask not what has been thy fate ;
 But when the winds slow wafted from the main,
 Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once majestic in their prime
 Stood smiling at decay, till, bowed by time
 Or injury, their early boast forgot,
 They may have fallen like thee ! Pale and forlorn,
 Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
 They lift, still unsubdued, as they would scorn
 This short-lived scene of vanity and woe ;
 Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear
 The trace of creeping age, and the pale hue of care.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

NETLEY ABBEY.

IN Netley Abbey,—on the neighbouring isle,
 The woods of Binstead shade as fair a pile,—
 Where sloping meadows fringe the shores with green,
 A river of the ocean rolls between,
 Whose murmurs, borne on sunny winds, disport
 Through oriel windows and a cloistered court ;
 O'er hills so fair, o'er terraces so sweet,
 The sea comes twice each day to kiss their feet ;—
 Where sounding caverns mine the garden bowers,
 Where groves intone, where many an ilex towers,
 And many a fragrant breath exhales from fruits and
 flowers ;—
 And lowing herds and feathered warblers there
 Make mystic concords with repose and prayer ;

Mixed with the hum of apiaries near,
The mill's far cataract, and the sea-boy's cheer,
Whose oars beat time to litanies at noon,
Or hymns at complin by the rising moon ;
Where, after chimes, each chapel echoes round
Like one aerial instrument of sound,
Some vast harmonious fabric of the Lord's.

NICHOLAS THIRNING MOILE.

END OF VOL. I.



sworth

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