



*with many additions to the  
previously published Volume 1*



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



the  $\frac{1}{2}$  ...

P O E M S.

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/poemsoriginal00kenn>

# POEMS;

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED,

BY

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, Esq.

AND

## TWO POEMS

BY

THE REV. RANN KENNEDY.

NEW EDITION.

BY CHARLES RANN KENNEDY,

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

LONDON :

WILLIAM WALKER, 196, STRAND.

---

1857.

DIPROSE AND BATEMAN, PRINTERS, 19, CURSITOR STREET,  
CHANCERY LANE.



PR

4839

K 375 A17

1857

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
THE POET'S DREAM . . . . .	1
WOMAN . . . . .	13
MORNING . . . . .	16
CHANTICLEER . . . . .	18
THE STREAM OF LIFE . . . . .	21
HUMANITY . . . . .	22
COURAGE . . . . .	24
THE PARTING LOOK . . . . .	25
A SERENADE . . . . .	26
THE ROSE . . . . .	28
THE ROSES'S ADDRESS ON HER SEVENTH BIRTHDAY	29
DO.          ON HER EIGHTH BIRTHDAY	30
DO.          ON HER NINTH BIRTHDAY	31
PROLOGUE TO AN ALBUM . . . . .	32
THE DANCING CHILD . . . . .	34
THE MAID OF LUCERNE . . . . .	35
ELYSIUM . . . . .	39
THE SOLAR SYSTEM . . . . .	42

917933

	PAGE
SCIENCE AND POESY . . . . .	43
FAME . . . . .	45
THOUGHT AND DEED . . . . .	47
THE MURDERER . . . . .	48
THE RIVER WYE . . . . .	52
THE RAILWAY . . . . .	58
THE HORSES . . . . .	64
TO C. W. . . . .	69
BIRTH OF THE PRINCE . . . . .	70
THE BRITISH EMPIRE . . . . .	74
PRINCE ALBERT . . . . .	87
PATIENCE SWINFEN . . . . .	88
DR. SAMUEL WARNEFORD . . . . .	89
A DECEASED LADY . . . . .	90
MY COTTAGE IN HERTFORDSHIRE . . . . .	
VIEW OF A MANUFACTURING TOWN . . . . .	91
MALTHUSIAN THEORY . . . . .	92
NATIONAL IMMORALITY . . . . .	
ALARMISTS . . . . .	93
ENGLAND'S GLORY . . . . .	94
DEMAGOGUES . . . . .	
CHARTISTS . . . . .	95
BRITAIN AND IRELAND . . . . .	96
THE THIRTY YEARS' PEACE . . . . .	
THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL . . . . .	97
THE LATE LORD DENMAN . . . . .	98
SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON . . . . .	
FRIENDSHIP . . . . .	99

	PAGE
CHARITY . . . . .	100
PHILANTHROPY . . . . .	
DEMOSTHENES . . . . .	101
MARS AND MINERVA . . . . .	102
THE REFERENCE . . . . .	107
THE WEDNESBURY MINER . . . . .	113

## TRANSLATIONS.

SEMELE . . . . .	<i>(From Schiller)</i>	118
THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE . . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	147
ARCHIMEDES AND THE SCHOLAR . . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	153
AMELIA . . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	154
FORTUNE AND WISDOM . . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	155
LONGING . . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	156
THE CARD-CASTLE . . . . .	<i>(Gellert)</i>	157
THE OLD MAN . . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	158
THE GOLDEN TIME . . . . .	<i>(Rückert)</i>	159
THE WAKER IN THE DESERT . . . . .	<i>(Freiligrath)</i>	160
OUR MOTHER TONGUE . . . . .	<i>(Uhland)</i>	162
THE MOUNTAIN SONG . . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	164
THE SWORD. . . . .	<i>(Körner)</i>	166
ENTHUSIASM . . . . .	<i>(Lamartine)</i>	169
THE RETURN . . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	172
THE ALMOND BOUGH . . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	173
MEMORY. . . . .	<i>(do.)</i>	174
ODE TO NAPOLEON . . . . .	<i>(Manzoni)</i>	178

	PAGE
SONNET TO LAURA . . . . . ( <i>Petrarch</i> )	183
DITTO . . . . . ( <i>do.</i> )	184
THE SIEGE OF THEBES . . . . . ( <i>Æschylus</i> )	185
HERCULES AND ACHELOUS . . . . . ( <i>Sophocles</i> )	188
HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON . . . . .	190
EPITAPH ON THE FALLEN AT CHERONEA . . . . .	191

### LATIN POEMS.

THE TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE . . . . .	193
THE POWER OF LOVE . . . . . ( <i>Sophocles</i> )	200
HERCULES AND ACHELOUS . . . . . ( <i>do.</i> )	201
ÆGISTHUS AND CLYTEMNESTRA . . . . . ( <i>do.</i> )	202
PARIS AND HELEN . . . . . ( <i>Æschylus</i> )	204
HYMN TO ADVERSITY . . . . . ( <i>Gray</i> )	206
SONG OF THE ISRAELITES . . . . . ( <i>Milman</i> )	208
THE GRAY OLD MAN . . . . . ( <i>Gellert</i> )	211
THE CARD-CASTLE . . . . . ( <i>do.</i> )	212
THE ROSE'S ADDRESS . . . . .	213
THE CONFESSION . . . . .	214
THE GOLDEN TIME . . . . . ( <i>Rückert</i> )	215

### POEMS BY RANN KENNEDY.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE . . . . .	219
THE REIGN OF YOUTH . . . . .	234

# POEMS.

---

## THE POET'S DREAM.

### I.

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

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

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

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

## II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## III.

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

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

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

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

## IV.

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

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

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

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

## v.

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

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

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

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



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

## VI.

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

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

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

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

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

## VII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## VIII.

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

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

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

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

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

## IX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## X.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## XI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## XII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## W O M A N .

LOVELY Woman, honour to thee !

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

Man in Eden wander'd lonely ;

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

Woman came ; with new-born feeling

Thrill'd through all his frame was he,  
As when waters uncongealing  
Dance in light and liberty :

Warmer life his soul dilated,

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

## II.

As the zephyr lightly roving

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

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

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

## III.

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

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

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

## IV.

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

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

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

## v.

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

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

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

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

## M O R N I N G.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

CHANTICLEER.

---

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

Like water from a hollow mountain springing,  
Like silver chimes from out the steeple ringing

Thy song is, Chanticleer :

Glad tidings thou to sons of earth revealest,  
To dreams and darkness an alarm pealest  
Scattering their spectres drear.

The owl within her ivy watch-tower sitting,  
The bat in air with drowsy murmur flitting,

They hide them, Chanticleer :

The famish'd wolf about the graveyard howling,  
The midnight robber in the forest prowling,  
They slink away for fear.

The larks, already of reposing weary,  
Have quit their dewy glens as blithe and cheery

As thou art, Chanticleer :

What glee, when all the air with song they sprinkle,  
A thousand plumes aloft with splendour twinkle,  
The sun approaching near !

The housewife restless on her pillow turning  
Thinks of her toilsome task and scanty earning,

Till warn'd by Chanticleer,

Her lamp and embers she prepares to kindle,  
Then says her early prayer, and plies her spindle,  
To feed the children dear.

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

Thou neighbour Chanticleer :

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

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

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

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



THE STREAM OF LIFE.

---

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

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

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

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

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

---

HUMANITY.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## COURAGE.

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

THE PARTING LOOK.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

A SERENADE.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THE ROSE.

*Written for my Daughter Rose's First Birthday.*

---

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

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



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

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

---

THE ROSE'S ADDRESS.

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

---

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

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

---

### THE ROSE'S ADDRESS

*On her Eighth Birthday.*

---

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

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

---

---

### THE ROSE'S ADDRESS

*On her Ninth Birthday.*

---

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

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

---

## PROLOGUE TO AN ALBUM.

---

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

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

## THE DANCING CHILD.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

THE MAID OF LUCERNE.

---

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

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

She gazed upon the mirror-deep :

“ Oh, all is sad to me ;”

She said—“ I cannot choose but weep,

Whene'er this spot I see.

Here last did we together speak

Under the linden bough :

The tears were falling down my cheek,

As they are falling now.

Wilhelm was standing by my side,

My gallant mountaineer :

And gently he my fears did chide,

And kiss'd away the tear.

A scarlet cloak and helm he wore,

His long white plume it waved ;

His broad sword-hilt he grasp'd and swore

Danger and death he braved :

He said he braved it all for me,

That he would rich return,

And happy then our days should be

In his own dear Lucerne.

But I with him had been content

In poverty to bide :

For surely riches ne'er were meant

Fond lovers to divide.



Oh, what have we to do with war ?

Why should the Switzer roam ?

The mountain heights our castles are,

The pleasant vale our home ;

The herd-boy milks his kine at eve,

And sings his country song ;

He hath no care his heart to grieve ;

Merry he trips along :

Each village youth in festal guise

On holidays is seen,

Contending for the rustie prize,

Or dancing on the green ;

There bounds he lightly as the roe,

And clasps his maiden dear,

And sweetly smiles, and whispers low

What she is pleased to hear :

And thus Wilhelm would clasp me oft

And look'd so fond and true,

And whisper'd words so warm and soft

That to my heart he grew.

Then sparkling flew the moments by,

Each swifter than the last :

But now I only weep and sigh

To think upon the past.

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

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

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

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

ELYSIUM.

---

Devenere locos letos et amœna vireta  
 Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.  
                                           Quæ gratia currum  
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes  
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

---

BEYOND the Acherontian pool  
 And gloomy realms of Pluto's rule  
                   The happy Soul hath come :  
 And hark, what music on the breeze ?  
 Twas like the tune of summer-bees,  
                   A myriad-floating hum.

From spirits like himself it flowed,  
 A welcome to his blest abode,  
                   That melody of sound :  
 And lo, the sky all azure-clear,  
 And liquid-soft the atmosphere :  
                   It is Elysian ground.

To mortals who on earth fulfil  
 The great Olympian Father's will  
                   Are given these happy glades ;  
 Where they from all corruption free  
 In unrestricted liberty  
                   May dwell, ethereal shades.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

SCIENCE AND POESY.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

---

---

FAME.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THOUGHT AND DEED.  

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

---

## THE MURDERER.

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

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

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

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

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

---



---

THE RIVER WYE.

—

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

—

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

---

### THE RAILWAY.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

## THE HORSES.

---

### RACER:

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

### HUNTER.

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

## WAR-HORSE.

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

## RACEB.

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

## HUNTER.

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

## WAR-HORSE.

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

## RACER.

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

## HUNTER.

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

## WAR-HORSE.

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

## RACER.

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

## HUNTER.

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

## WAR-HORSE.

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

## RACER.

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

## HUNTER.

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

## WAR-HORSE.

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

## RACER.

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

## HUNTER.

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

## WAR-HORSE.

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

## RACER.

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

## HUNTER.

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

## WAR-HORSE.

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



To C. W.

---

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

---

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

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

---

### ODE

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

---

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

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

The tread far and near of thousands I hear ;  
     From street to street in throngs they meet ;  
 Men are there with brows of care,  
 Children by the mother led ;  
 Sickness hath forsook her bed,  
 Poverty hath ceased to toil,  
 Hush'd is angry strife and broil ;

    All one thought inspires :

    Quick and anxious hurrying by,  
 They ask each other eagerly

If 'tis a dream that mocks their fond desires.

    It is no dream ! That chime of bells  
     With all its power from the lofty tower

    The tale of gladness tells :

    And lo where on high, saluting the sky,  
 Our country's loyal banner is unfurl'd :  
 Arise, arise, rejoice, thou City of the world !

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

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

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

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

In Cambrian vales the minstrel wild

Llewellyn's heir shall sing,

Llewellyn's heir and England's child

The mountain echoes ring.

Nor Scotia's voice, nor Erin shall be dumb ;

Her song of triumph o'er the wave shall come :

Some hand of fire shall seize the lyre,

And to a sacred rapture wake the string.

Rejoice, ye Britons ! But with holier thought

Your mirth be temper'd : bend the knee

To Him who for our Queen hath wrought

From pangs of death delivery :

To Him whose mercies never end

Let this our lowly orison ascend.

O Thou, from whom all blessings flow,

To prince and peasant, high and low,

Look, we beseech, with aspect mild

Upon the Mother and the Child !

The Mother to her strength restore,

Upon the Child thy mercies pour !

Grant that he grow

To manhood's prime and kingly majesty,

And learn his people and himself to know :

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

---



---

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Prerogative of bliss,  
 True royalty is this ;  
 To feel how sacred is a people's charge,  
 Imperial care with empire to enlarge,  
 A nation's hopeful destinies to guide,  
 For weal of coming ages to provide ;  
     On far and near, on great and small  
     With equal light and warmth to shine,  
     Of wisdom bounteous and benign  
     An omnipresence felt by all.

Thus at the sun's command the planets roll :  
 He of that radiant universe the soul,  
 Abiding in his majesty supreme,  
 Creation's law proclaims ; the tuneful theme  
 Each planet echoing as it whirls along,  
 Responsive to his mighty thunder-song,  
 The fountain of their joy they circle round,  
 And thro' eternal space their harmonies resound.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

---

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

---

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

TO PATIENCE SWINFEN.

---

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

---

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

THE LATE DR. SAMUEL WARNEFORD.

---

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

---

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

## ON A DECEASED LADY.

---

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

---

## MY COTTAGE IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

---

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

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

---

VIEW OF A MANUFACTURING TOWN.

---

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

## MALTHUSIAN THEORY.

1839.

---

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

---

## NATIONAL IMMORALITY.

1839.

---

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



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

---

 ALARMISTS.

 1842.
 

---

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

## ENGLAND'S GLORY.

1842.

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

## DEMAGOGUES.

1843.

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

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

## CHARTISTS.

1843.

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

BRITAIN AND IRELAND.  
1844.

---

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

---

THE THIRTY YEARS PEACE.  
1845.

---

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

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

## THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

1844.

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

## THE LATE LORD DENMAN.

1851.

---

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

---

## SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON.

---

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

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

---

 FRIENDSHIP.
 

---

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

## CHARITY.

---

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

---

## PHILANTHROPY.

---

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



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

---

 DEMOSTHENES.
 

---

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

## MARS AND MINERVA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" Sure, my Cyllenius, you're in joke."  
 " I never more in earnest spoke:  
 If Mars should wed the fair Virago,  
 For aught I see, to pot we may go.

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

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

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

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

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

---

THE REFERENCE.

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WEDNESBURY MINER.

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ A fight ! fair play’s a jewel ! ”

Was echoed from the crowd :

“ Come on, and I’ll pound you to gruel ! ”

The Miner call’d aloud :

The Blackman he grew blacker,

Soon as the challenge he heard ;

“ The devil then be my backer !

I’ll take you at your word ! ”

That voice made all of ’em nervous,

Unearthly was the sound ;

They whisper’d “ Lord preserve us ! ”

But form’d a circle round :

The fight not long continued,

For at the very first blow

The Miner the iron-sinew’d

Was in the dust laid low :

And all the people assembled

Turn’d pale when the sight they saw ;

They shiver’d and quaked and trembled,

And looked at old Niek with awe :

They looked, but oh, how horrid !

A change came over his mien ;

And horns appear’d on his forehead,

Where none before had been :



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

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

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

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

---

# TRANSLATIONS.

---

## S E M E L E,

A Drama.

(TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.)

---

### FIRST SCENE.

JUNO.

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

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

*(Chariot and cloud vanish.)*

Ha !

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

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

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

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

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

[*She retires.*]

SEMELE (*calling within.*)

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

JUNO. .

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

Praise be to all the Gods ! My daughter !

SEMELE.

Ha !

Am I awake ? or dream I ?      Beroe !

JUNO.

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

SEMELE.

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

JUNO.

Thy mother ? Once thou call'dst me so.

SEMELE.

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

JUNO.

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

SEMELE.

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

JUNO.

I said so ; yes. But wherefore scoffest thou

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

SEMELE.

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

JUNO.

Said I, a God?

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

SEMELE.

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

JUNO.

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

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

SEMELE (*with vehemence*).

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

JUNO (*with astonishment*).

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

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

## SEMELE.

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

## JUNO.

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



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

SEMELE.

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

JUNO (*smiling*).

Thou 'rt in a jesting humour, I perceive.

SEMELE.

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

JUNO.

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

SEMELE.

No, Beroe ; no, by Jupiter !

JUNO.

Thou swearest ?

SEMELE.

By Jupiter ! my Jupiter !

SEMELE.

JUNO.

Thou swearest ?

Unhappy girl !

SEMELE.

What ails thee, Beroe ?

JUNO.

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

SEMELE.

Not Jupiter ?

Oh, horrible !

JUNO.

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

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

## SEMELE

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

Oh, Beroe !

## JUNO.

Yet comfort thee, my heart !

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

## SEMELE.

Oh, no !

I should then find him not—

SEMELE.

JUNO.

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

SEMELE

*(Hiding her face in Juno's bosom).*

Ah ! he is not !

JUNO.

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

SEMELE *(starting up)*.

Yes ! he must reveal himself !

JUNO *(quickly)*.

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

SEMELE.

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

JUNO (*hastily, forgetting herself.*)

He promis'd ? Ha !

So soon again ? to-day ?

(*Recovering herself.*)

Well, let him come :

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

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

## SEMELE.

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

JUNO (*aside, angrily*).

Worm, for this scoff thou diest !

## SEMELE.

How now, my Beroe ? What mutterest thou ?

## JUNO.

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

SEMELE.

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

JUNO (*bursting into a fury*).

No more of this !

SEMELE.

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

JUNO.

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

SEMELE.

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

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

JUNO (*aside*).

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

[*To Semele.*

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

SEMELE (*smiling with pleasure*)

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

JUNO.

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

SEMELE

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

Beroe !



## JUNO.

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

SEMELE (*in ecstasy*).

Pythia ! Apollo ! Let him only come !

## JUNO.

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

## SEMELE.

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

JUNO (*aside*).

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

(*To Semele.*)

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

SEMELE.

Beroe !

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

JUNO

(*Looking after her, with exultation.*)

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

(*In an ecstasy of rage.*)

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

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

---

SECOND SCENE.

*(The hall as before—a sudden light.)*

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

JUPITER.

Son of May !

MERCURY *(kneeling)*.

Jupiter !

JUPITER.

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

MERCURY *(rising)*.

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

## JUPITER.

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

## MERCURY.

Father,

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

## JUPITER.

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

(*Exit* MERCURY.)

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

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

*(A pause.)*

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

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

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

JUPITER.

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

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

Thou fleest—in silence—Semele ! Thou fleest ?

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

Away !

JUPITER *(after a pause of astonishment).*

Dreams Jupiter ? Will nature fall

To pieces ? Thus speaks Semele ?—No answer ?

Mine arm to thee with passionate desire

Extends itself. So never beat my heart

Before Agenor's daughter ; never so

Throbb'd it on Leda's breast ; ne'er burn'd my lips

For kisses of imprison'd Danae,

As now—

SEMELE.

139

SEMELE.

Hold, traitor !

JUPITER.

Semele !

SEMELE.

Away !

JUPITER.

I am thy Jupiter !

SEMELE.

Thou Jupiter !

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

JUPITER.

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

SEMELE.

Impostor ; thou art not !

JUPITER.

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

SEMELE.

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

JUPITER.

Thou doubtest? And can Semele still doubt  
My Godhead?

SEMELE (*mournfully*).

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

JUPITER.

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

*(Falling at her feet.)*

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



Shall sing to thee a song of victory !  
 Command—

SEMELE.

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

JUPITER.

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

SEMELE.

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

JUPITER.

Jupiter ? He who at thy feet is lying ?

SEMELE.

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

JUPITER.

Ha ! Semele and Juno ! Who a worm ?

SEMELE.

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

JUPITER (*rising*).

I am !

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

Now know'st thou me ?

SEMELE.

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

JUPITER.

Still, still in doubt ? And think'st thou my power  
Is borrow'd of the Gods, and not divine ?  
Gods often, Semele, to mortals lend  
Their powers beneficent, but not their terrors :  
Death and destruction is the seal of Godhead.  
Behold ! Destroying Jove reveals himself !

(*He stretches out his hand. Thunder, lightning, smoke, and  
earthquake. Music as before.*)

SEMELE.

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

JUPITER.

Foolish girl !

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

To move the firm-set earth exceeds his power :

That only Jove can do.

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

SEMELE (*falling at his feet*).

Almighty one !

Could'st thou but love !

*(Daylight appears again.)*

JUPITER.

Doth Cadmus' daughter ask

Saturnius, if Saturnius can love ?

A word, and he will cast his Godhead off,

Be flesh and blood, and die, and be beloved.

SEMELE.

Would Jove do that ?

JUPITER.

Speak, Semele : what more ?

Apollo's self confest, 'twas ecstasy

To be a man among mankind. A look

From thee—and I am one.

SEMELE.

O Jupiter !

The Epidaurian women laugh at me,

And call thy Semele a foolish girl,

Who, though the Thunderer loves her, can obtain

No favour from him.

SEMELE.

JUPITER.

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

SEMELE.

By that word

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

JUPITER (*with a cry of terror*).

Stay—stay !

SEMELE.

Saturnia—

JUPITER (*trying to stop her mouth*).

Hold—hold !

SEMELE.

Embraces thee.

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

Too late ! The word

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

SEMELE.

Is this thy love ?

JUPITER.

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

*(Looking at her with horror).*

Thou art undone—for ever !

SEMELE.

Jupiter !

JUPITER.

*(Looking away, and wrathfully.)*

Now do I understand thy triumph, Juno !

Curse on thy jealousy ! This rose must die !

Too precious—ah ! too fair for Acheron !

SEMELE.

Thou grudgest to display to me thy glory.

JUPITER.

Curse on my glory, which hath dazzled thee !

Curse on my greatness, which must be thy ruin !

Curse, curse upon myself, that I have built

My happiness on rotten dust of earth !

SEMELE.

These are mere bugbears, Jupiter. I care not

For all thy threats !

SEMELE.

JUPITER.

Infatuated child !

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

SEMELE.

Ungenerous ! The Styx !

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

JUPITER.

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

MERCURY.

Fire-winged, tearful

Thanksgivings of the blest—

JUPITER.

Kill them again !

MERCURY (*in astonishment*).

Jupiter !

JUPITER.

No one shall be happy more !

She dies !

## THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

[SCHILLER.]

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

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

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

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



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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

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

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

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

\*                    \*                    \*

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

\*                    \*                    \*

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

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

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

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

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

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

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

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

\* \* \*

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

---

## ARCHIMEDES AND THE SCHOLAR.

[SCHILLER.]

—

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

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

---



---

AMELIA.

[FROM THE ROBBERS OF SCHILLER.]

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

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

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

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

## FORTUNE AND WISDOM.

[SCHILLER.]

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

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

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

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

## LONGING.

[SCHILLER.]

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

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

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



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

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

---

THE CARD-CASTLE.

[GELLERT.]

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

### THE OLD MAN.

[GELLERT.]

---

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

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

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

---

THE GOLDEN TIME.

[RÜCKERT.]

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

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

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

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

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

---

THE WAKER IN THE DESERT.

[FREILIGRATH.]

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

### OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

[UHLAND.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---



---

THE MOUNTAIN SONG.

[UHLAND.]

---

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



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

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

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

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

## THE SWORD.

[KÖRNER.]

---

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## ENTHUSIASM

[LAMARTINE.]

## I.

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

## II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

No ; never did the peaceful breast  
 Conceive the godlike muse,  
 Whose spirit soaring unrepres't  
 With song the world subdues.  
 The children of the lyre, who strike  
 Its chord with hand sublime, are like  
 The stone o'er Memnon's tomb that sighs ;  
 To stir whose magic sound  
 No inward power is found ;  
 The morning beams awake its melodies.

## VIII.

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

## THE RETURN.

[LAMARTINE.]

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

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



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

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

## THE ALMOND-BOUGH.

[LAMARTINE.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

MEMORY.

[LAMARTINE.]

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## ODE TO NAPOLEON.

[MANZONI.]

*(Il cinque Maggio.)*28

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

True glory was it? The unborn  
Alone can this decide.

Let us to the Almighty bow,  
To God, who chose in him  
Of the creative power divine  
A trace more vast to leave.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

•

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

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

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

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

## SONNET TO LAURA.

[FROM PETRARCH.]

---

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

---

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

## THE SAME.

---

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

## THE SIEGE OF THEBES.

[FROM THE SEVEN CHIEFS OF ÆSCHYLUS.]

---

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

---

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

From his depths hath sent for our nourishment ?

Ye Guardian Gods, to those without

Panic send and rout,

And the glory be yours for ever !

Hear our cry piteous,

Listen and stay with us,

Never desert us, oh never !

Twere shame to let the Achæan seize

A city of old Ogyges,

To give her to the sword a prey,

Her honor in the dust to lay :

Foul shame it were,

For women to be captive borne,

Young and old, their garments torn,

Dragg'd like horses by the hair !

Woe to the God-forsaken,

In the toils of destruction taken !

A many-tongued crowd,

They cry to heaven aloud :

The virgin fondly cherish'd

Is torn from her parents away,

Never to see her nuptial day ;

Twere a happier doom to have perish'd !

Sad and fearful is the scene,

When a city storm'd hath been :

A medley of ruin and smoke and glare,

Of burning and slaughter,

Blood flowing like water,

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

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

## HERCULES AND ACHELOUS.

[FROM THE TRACHINIE OF SOPHOCLES.]

---

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

---

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



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

## HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

---

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

---



---

### EPITAPH

[ON THE ATHENIANS WHO FELL AT CILERONNA.]

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

---

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

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

## LATIN POEMS.

---

### THE TAKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

---

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

Quae nuper altis principis urbium  
 Concussit arces : at gravior quies  
     Succedit, incertumque victis  
     Crastina quid minuetur hora.

Illic hiporum more rapacium  
 Portum atque muros innumerabilis  
     Circundat hostis, fusa cunctis  
     Finibus ex Asiae caterva,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Supra eadentem fit sociis via,  
Omniq; parte in mœnia curritur :  
Fossas inundantes cruore  
Jam videas ; furi ante portas

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

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

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

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

Jurat, nefandum ! Quis quatit æthera  
 Longè atque latè se repetens fragor ?  
 An fulmen è cœlo caducum  
 Intonuit ? Cadit alta plagâ

Disjecta turris, culmina mœnium  
 Et celsa propugnacula corruunt,  
 Interque fumantes ruinas  
 Sanguineo stetit ense Turca :

Cessere muris agmina civium,  
 Quos turba passim præcipites agit  
 Immitis instans : deinde longas  
 Per plateas et in urbe totâ

Concursus atrox, et fuga prælio  
 Commista, clamorque et gemitus simul  
 Cantusque discors tympanorum  
 Funeribus miseroque planctu ;

Fletusque tectis et muliebria  
 Lamenta, cùm vis impia proruat  
 Quodecunque pulchri, cunque cari,  
 In thalamos penetraliumque

Sanctos recessus omnia polluens  
 Invadat : infans sub pede ferreo  
 Calcatur, et passis ab arâ  
 Rapta comis trahitur sacerdos,

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

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

Interque cantus et citharæ modos  
 Mersare blandâ pectus inertiâ,  
 Sceptrique regalisque curæ  
 Immemorem ? Dapibus vacare

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

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

Illic, ubi ultor ceu patriæ Deus  
 Stabat refulgens sanguine barbaro,  
 Ipsius extractum videbis  
 Ense Patriologi sepulchrum.

## THE POWER OF LOVE

*As exemplified in the case of Hæmon and Antigone.*

[FROM THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES.]

INVICTE bello Dive cupidinum,  
 Qui pungis œstro fervidus ingruens  
 Armenta, qui molli puellæ  
 Excubias agis in labello ;

Pontumque transis, lustraue devia  
 Intras ferarum, et vulnere pereutis  
 Divosque mortalesque turbas  
 In furias acuens et ignem :

Et sæpe mentes tu prius integras  
 Injuriousum proripis ad scelus :  
 Jam dira te suadente rixa  
 Distinet à genitore natum ;

Vicit cupido virginis Hæmona ;  
 Nam vi paternâ fortior est Amor,  
 Contraque fas et jura Cypris  
 Fraude valet facilique ludo.

## HERCULES AND ACHELOUS.

FROM THE TRAGICÆ OF SOPHOCLES.

*See ante, page 188.*

MIRAS reportat Cypris adoras,  
 Ubique victrix. Haud opus est Deum  
 Cantare flammæ; quâ Tonantem,  
 Quâ Stygium domet arte Regem,

Vel te, tridenti qui mare concutis.  
 At Dejaniræ non humiles proci  
 Venere flagrantés amore, et  
 Lethiferae genus omne pugnae

Commiscuerunt. Hic fluvii genus,  
 Taurique tollens cornigerum caput,  
 Reliquit Ætolos recessus  
 Et proprias Achelous undas.

At ille Thebis et Semeleâ  
 Ex arce venit, tela valentior  
 Vibrare nodosamque clavam  
 Et rigidum, Jove intus, arcum.

Quos egit acres in fera praelia  
 Nymphæ cupido, dum medio aggere  
 Consedit aspectura litem  
 Causa Venus pariterque iudex.

Tum cornuum vis, tunc manuum simul  
 Strepebat ingens, et fragor arcuum,  
 Et frontium ictus et palæstræ  
 Et vehemens utriusque planctus.

At pulchra mœrens in tumulo procul  
 Virgo sedebat, conjugium manens,  
 Cui fata servâssent marito  
 Sanguinei pretium duelli :

Fluxitque molles lachryma per genas :  
 At mox relictæ more juvenulæ  
 Repente maternis ab ulnis  
 Et patrio procul ibat agro.

---



---

ÆGISTHUS AND CLYTEMNESTRA.

[FROM THE ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES.]

---

AUT me vaticinans ludit inanibus  
 Mens cæca auguriis, aut veniet brevi  
 Oppressura nocentes  
 Vindex Justitiæ manus.

Spes audita novas somnia concitant:  
 Haud rex est Danaûm sanguinis immemor ;  
 Haud extincta bipennis,  
 Hunc qui faucibus æreis

Occidit lanians immiserabilem.  
Jam nunc centimanum centipedem Deam  
Justum tempus Erynnin  
Egressam insidiis vocat.

Par infame ruens per vetitum et nefas  
Fædatas iniit sanguine nuptias :  
Credo, non levis ira  
Tantum scelerum reos

Portentis monuit. Nulla fides Deum  
Responsis dabitur, nullaque somniis,  
Hæc miracula noctis  
Ni fructus habeant bonos.

Eheu quadrijugis clarus equis Pelops,  
Et victoria certaminis ardui,  
Quantis illa Pelasgum  
Afflixit patriam malis !

Namque ut curriculo jactus ab aureo  
Præceps in pelagus Myrtilus occidit,  
Huic incumbere terræ  
Nunquam tristia desinunt.

## PARIS AND HELEN.

[FROM THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.]

ERGO nefandas jungere nuptias  
 Ultrix Erinny's perpulit Ilium,  
 Nec rector insultare Divûm  
 Hospitio sociæque mensæ

Impune turpem passus adulterum.  
 Fatalis hymen Troibus ingruit ;  
 Fatale cognati sinistris  
 Ominibus cecinere carmen.

Jam vœ Lacænæ ! vœ Paridis toro !  
 Hanc urbs querelam connubialibus  
 Mutavit hymnis ; hoc suorum  
 Clade gemit madefacta tellus.

Est qui feroci matris ab ubere  
 Raptum leonem nutrit in domo :  
 Mansuetus apparebat ille,  
 Et senibus puerisque carus,

Infantis instar, sæpe soventium  
 Ludens in ulnis, sæpius appetens  
 Pascique tractarique palmâ, et  
 Blanditiis dominum salutans ;



Donec paternam prodidit indolem  
Firmatus annis ; tunc in ovilia  
Pastoris oblitumque curæ  
Sæva dapis rapuit cupido ;

Tum cæde luctuque et trepido metu  
Turbavit ædes : sic voluit Deus ;  
Crudelis ut lethi sacerdos  
Cresceret in genus ac penates.

Simulque Troum ad limina principum  
Visus sereni spiritus atheris  
Venisse, mordax flos amoris,  
Dulce decus locupletis aulae,

Praestans figurâ, luminibus potens  
Mollissimarum tela cupidinum  
Torquere : nec pestis paternæ  
Quàm foret exitiosa terræ,

Sensere fronti gens male credula ;  
Sed nuptiarum flebilis exitus  
Ostendit, et tracti ruinâ  
Priamidae Priamique regnum.

## HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

[FROM GRAY.]

O QUÆ Tonantis filia perdomas  
 Mortale pectus, quæ Dea ferreo  
 Terres scelestorum catervas,  
 Percutis immeritos flabello ;

Tu ferre pœnæ supplicium doces  
 Vinco superbos dans adamantino ;  
 Affligit in terram gementes  
 Purpureos tua vis tyrannos.

Tu, dia Virtus cùm foret inferis  
 Mittenda terris, sic voluit Pater,  
 Tu jussa dilectam fovere  
 Progeniem, rigidoque cultu

Mentem tenellam fingere. Tristia  
 Te, torva nutrix, auspice pertulit,  
 Suisque volventes per annos  
 Docta malis aliena flevit.

Tu quum minaris, Stultitiæ cohors  
 Vanescit omnis ; diffugiunt leves  
 Risusque clamorque et tumultus,  
 Seria quo vacui sequamur :

Tum ditiora ad limina transvolant  
 Falsi clientes, in nova pignora  
 Jurare non segnes, novosque  
 Fallere blanditiis patronos :

At sancta nee mortalia cogitans,  
 Pullata virgo, te Sapiaientia  
 Seetatur, ac terras petente  
 Tristities taciturna vultu,

Cunctisque ridens alma Benignitas,  
 Seque ipsa culpans Justitia, et piū  
 Clementia humectans ocellū  
 Lachrymulis teneroque rore.

Numen verendum ! nos tua corrīgat  
 Imposita leni consilio manus :  
 Ne plena terrorum propinques,  
 Dira tuens furiisque cincta,

Qualem videri mos tuus impiis :  
 Iræ tonantes sint procul et minæ,  
 Morbique dementesque luctus,  
 Pædaque pauperies, et horror

Ferale frendens. Quin potius, Dea,  
 Vultu sereno mitior adveni ;  
 Tecumque non læsura pectus,  
 Sed nimios domitura fastus,

Huc se bonarum gens ferat artium :  
 Sic nôsse meipsum, nôsse alios queam ;  
 Sic lenem in errantes amicos  
 Præstem animum, mihi durus uni.

## SONG OF THE ISRAELITES.

[FROM MILMAN.]

REGUM Rex, dominis altior omnibus !  
 Ædem, sancte Parens, aggredimur tuam :  
 En ut mœsta caterva  
 Defessos trahimus pedes,

Et vix in numerum cymbala concinunt :  
 Ædem, sancte Parens, aggredimur tuam :  
 Infelicibus illa  
 Pacemque et requiem dabit.

Ad te, sicut aves vulnere sauciæ,  
 Tristes per tenebras fugimus aeris :  
 Mitem porriget umbram  
 Alæ præsidium tuæ.

En quæ palmitibus vestiit uvidis  
 Colles Isacidum, sub pede barbaro  
 Vitem proterit hostis :  
 Et nos sevus aper petit,

Qui frons ultima, qui pars viridissima  
 Ramorum fuimus, nec sine gratiâ  
 Aucti in colle Sionis  
 Rorem combibimus sacrum.

At non saucte tuos destitues Pater :  
 Per miracula, per multaque magnaque  
 Juro, quæ tua nostris  
 Effecit proavis manus !

Per rubrum pelagus, quâ male concitos  
 Currus armaque Busiridis efferi  
 Ingens inque eruenta  
 Clades fluctibus obruit !

Nostris ante oculos pontus erat maris,  
 A tergo ferus Ægyptius insequens :  
 Vili stratus in algâ  
 Exspes et miser Israel,

Tendens ad Dominum suppliciter manus,  
 Implorabat open : tollit ad æthera  
 Virgæ insigne Propheta,  
 Eurique auxilium vocat :

Ille ortus subito flamine dividit  
 Undarum cumulos, ut quasi vitreus  
 Staret murus utrinque,  
 Stratâ per medium viâ ;

Aut extracta freto mœnia crederes  
 Urbis marmoreæ : Sol iter avium  
     Lustrat lumine mirans  
     Cæcarumque cubilia

Gazarum et nitidos coraliò specus :  
 Regum Rex, dominis altior omnibus !  
     Patrum carmen abyssi  
     Rumpit longa silentia.

Vexillisque micans instat et arcubus  
 Ægyptus ; strepuit quadrupedantium  
     Pulsu campus equorum,  
     Arserunt volucres rotæ ;

Stipatusque globo dira minantium  
 Rex ibat medius : quos Pater ætheris  
     Despectabat ab arce,  
     Ut sicci in gremium maris

Egit se graviter tota acies ruens :  
 Extemplo tumidorum ardua fluctuum  
     Moles præcipitavit,  
     Horrendus tonuit fragor

Collabentis aquæ, se super agmina  
 Volventis, super arma et pavidos duces  
     Regalemque coronam ;  
     At cùm turbida poneret

Sese diluvies, omnia sederunt  
 Plumbi more simul mersa sub æquore,  
 Nec planetus neque clamor  
 Auditus pereuntium.

Turmas mane virum Sol ibi fulgidas  
 Lustravit radiis; at medio die  
 Latam præter arenam  
 Pulsatam pelago nihil.

---



---

THE GREY OLD MAN.

[FROM GELLERT.]

*See ante, page 158.*

---

CANUM dicere me carminibus, qui generi suo  
 Centenas hyemes intererat, fert animus senem.  
 Vates fidus ero, quæque jubet dicere veritas,  
 Ipsi nota mihi visaque, nil præterea loquar.  
 Vos, quorum ingeniis imperitant Pierides Deæ,  
 Heroasque ducesque et celebrum nomina principum,  
 Donec fessi eritis, perpetuis tollite laudibus :  
 At nobis canere hunc albicomum sufficiet senem.  
 Cantus incipe : tu magna canas, vox mea, posteris ;  
 Auscultent hominum terricolum quotquot ubique sunt.  
 Nasci contigit huic et superis luminibus frui,  
 Adsevit thalamo conjugium, summum obiit diem.

## THE CARD-CASTLE.

[FROM GELLERT.]

*See ante. page 157.*

CASTELLA cartis parvus adolescentulus  
 Ludo laborans construit,  
 Spectatque votis tardius surgentia,  
 Et ferre vix potest moram.  
 Stat celsa turris, et sibi plaudit puer ;  
 Heu plausus ille perbrevis ;  
 Nam mensa subito quatitur, ex alto ruunt  
 Tabulata dilabentia.  
 Haud ejus omnes alcâ pecunias  
 Damnosus abstulit canis,  
 Sic angit ora mæror, ut tristi vice  
 Torquentur ora parvuli.  
 At cuncta vincit pervicax constantia :  
 Orditur ille protinus  
 Alterius apparare fabricam domûs,  
 Quæ stet priori firmior.  
 Nee spes fefellit : mensa jam firmo pede  
 Arcem renatam sustinet ;  
 Compacta cernit architectus omnia,  
 Votique sese compotem.



Bis terque totum lustrat admirans opus,  
 Satiatque se spectaculo ;  
 Mox ipse demolitur ædium struem,  
 Ut rursus instauret novas.

## THE ROSE'S ADDRESS.

*See ante, page 29.*

SEPTIMA nunc annis teritur volventibus æstas,  
 Ex quo nata die parvula gemma fui :  
 Tempore mutamur : nisi me mea fallit imago,  
 Panditur in nitidam parvula gemma rosam.  
 Mensis erat claro sub sidere Junius ardens,  
 Affulsit tenebris lux ubi prima meis :  
 Hunc mihi natalem semper voluero parentes  
 Esse sacrum ludo lætitiæque diem ;  
 Et celebrent ut rite, jubent de flore rosarum  
 Nectere virginicæ suavia sarta comæ.  
 Nec tamen ut fastu mea frons decoretur inani,  
 Illa nitet facili texta corolla manu :  
 Flos novus inseritur, quoties novus advenit annus,  
 Ut monear celeri quam volet hora fugâ ;  
 Utendumque ætate brevi ; nîl corporis auctu,  
 Nacta bonas artes mens nisi crescat, agi.

## THE CONFESSION.



WHEN Damon to his Lesbia sigh'd  
 And vow'd that he adored her,  
 He took the hand she half denied,  
 And kneeling he implored her :

Her eyes the maiden downward cast,  
 Her hand in Damon's trembled,  
 And on the youth a look there pass'd  
 That ill her thoughts dissembled :

Deep glow'd the blush upon her cheek  
 That still more lovely made her,  
 And tho' her tongue refused to speak,  
 Cheek, hand, and eye betray'd her.



## THE SAME.



MOLLIA suspirans Celadon in Chloridis aurem  
 Edidit ingenuus qualia suasit amor ;  
 Assumpsitque manum quam pene negaverat illa,  
 Inflexoque genu fudit ab ora preces.

Chloris humi timidos tacitè demittit ocellos,  
 Inque manu tremor est haud fugiente premi ;  
 At rapido prius intuitu respexit amantem ;  
 Ille parum vultus dissimulantis erat.

Tinxit et ora rubor, qualis solet esse rosarum,  
 Fervida cùm teneros explicat aura sinus :  
 Ergo ea virgineo puduit quæ voce fateri  
 Prodidérant juveni lumina, palma, genæ.

---



---

THE GOLDEN TIME.

[FROM RÜCKERT.]

*See ante, page 159.*

NE fugisse putes aurea sæcula,  
 Nam semper nova sunt atque recentia ;  
 Auri copia mortalibus affluit,  
 Illis si superest amor.

Cælum nocte tenent aurea sidera  
 Et sublime canunt æthereum melos,  
 Humanum unde genus concitet aureum  
 Auratæ sonitum lyre.

Terræ dulce merum spumat ab ubere,  
Nictant aureolis flumina bullulis,  
Quæ conviva, micent ut magis aureum,  
Aureis e cyathis bibit.

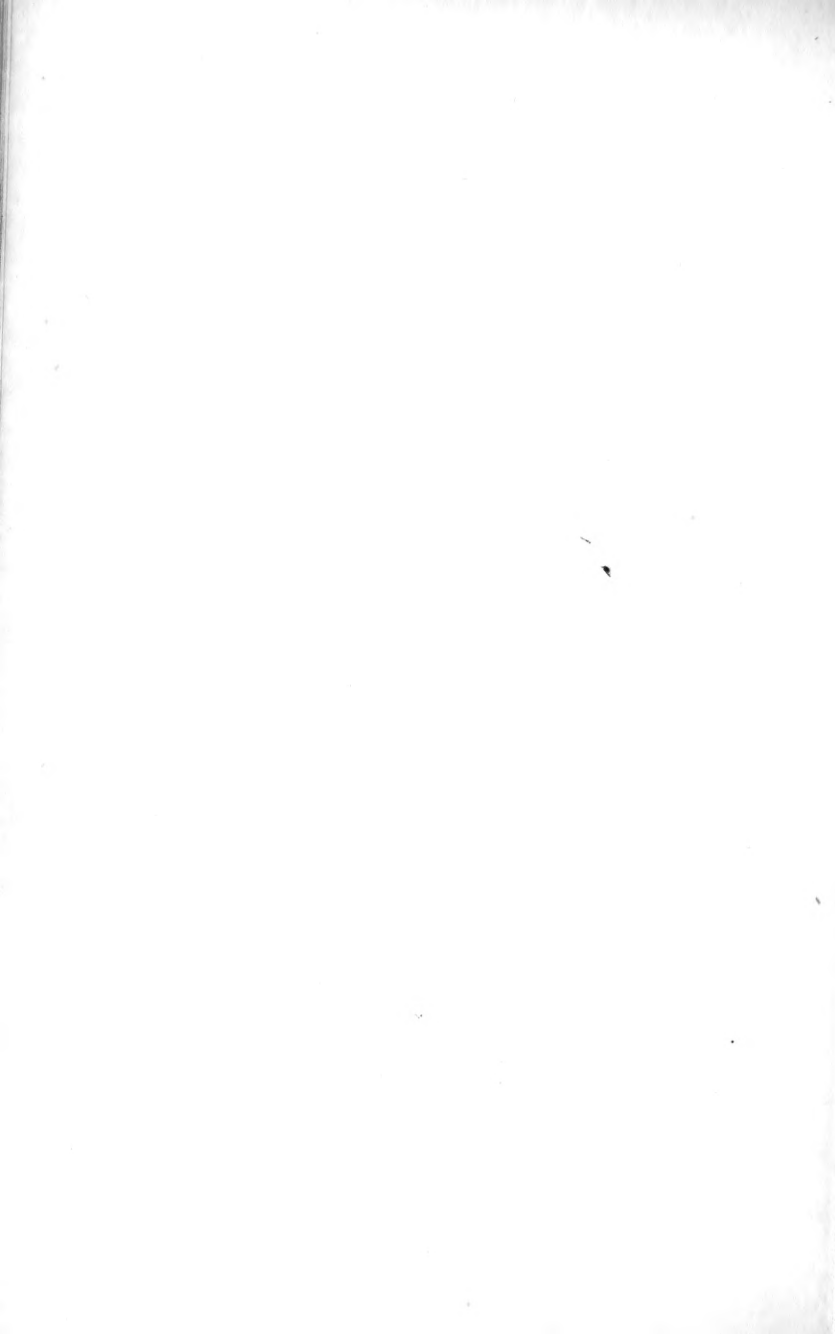
Nodo se religat suaviter aureo  
Pulchræ cæsaries aurea virginis,  
Et subter radians ex oculis micat  
Auri fulgor amabilis.

Curis vos igitur solvite tristibus,  
Maturæque animos lætitiæ date :  
Aureâ quisque sibi materiâ paret  
Usum temporis aurei.

P O E M S ,

BY

THE LATE REV. RANN KENNEDY.



# P O E M

ON THE

DEATH OF CHARLOTTE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1817.

---

CHARLOTTE, Princess of Wales, daughter of George IV, and heir apparent to the crown, died in child-birth in the year 1817. The following poem was written immediately after the sad event, and was, on the part of the author, a sincere tribute of loyal homage to her memory. Many are yet old enough to remember, others will have learned from history, the profound grief which penetrated the heart of the British nation upon the death of that amiable Princess. There were more than ordinary causes for the sorrow which was then so deeply felt and so loudly expressed. The virtues of the Princess herself, which had endeared her to the people, and which were the more prized from their contrast with the vices of the reigning monarch—the general sympathy for her unfortunate and persecuted mother—the uncertainty about the succession; for our present gracious Queen was not then born—all these circumstances caused the loss, which the country had sustained, to appear at the time a great national calamity; and that loyal grief, which never fails to move the hearts of Englishmen, when the abode of royalty has been visited by death or affliction, was in this instance increased tenfold. Upon some of the topics, to which I have adverted, it was hardly possible for the author to express in verse what I know he felt, and what was fully understood by his readers. The favourable reception which this poem met with on its first edition, and which from its intrinsic merits it well deserved, was owing in great measure to the public feeling, whose sympathies were so ready to be awakened.

Subjoined is a letter written about that time to the Author by Washington Irving, who has quoted and eulogised the poem in his Sketch Book :

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of expressing to you, while my feelings are still warm on the subject, the great delight which I have received from your Poem. It was put into my hands yesterday morning, and I read it through three times in the course of the day, and each time with increased gratification. It both excited and affected me : some of your periods seemed to roll through my mind with all the deep intonations and proud swell of Milton's verse. They have the same density of thought and affluence of language. Your varied descriptions of popular feeling are pictured off with a graphic touch that reminds me of Shakspeare's descriptions : they fill your Poem with imagery, and make it in a manner to swarm with population. It is like one of those little mirrors on which we see concentrated, in a wonderfully small space, all the throng and bustle of a surrounding world.

I am, dear Sir,

With great respect,

Your Friend,

December 29th, 1817.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

---

HATH song a balm for grief ? Can warbled dirge  
 Console the living, as they fondly pay  
 A bootless tribute to th' unheeding dead ?  
 Can the sad spirit teach the voice a charm  
 For a brief interval to cheat itself ?  
 Then will I seize the lyre, whose random strains  
 Could conjure up wild dreams to please my youth,  
 And though a heaviness weighs on my heart,  
 Though my hand trembles as I touch the chords,  
 Their deepest sorrows will I aim to strike  
 In unison with that deep solemn knell  
 Which now is rung upon a nation's ear.



Whose knell is toll'd, what British tongue will ask?  
Turn'd are uncounted eyes, and hands stretch'd out  
Towards the abode of Kings. There is reveal'd  
That which all feel, as all can understand,  
Beholding Royalty herself bow down  
Beneath Affliction's load; while at her feet  
Envy is mute, and Want in pity weeps.  
Mortality has paid a visit there,  
Crying to all that walk upon the earth,  
"Mark, I am doing now in regal tents  
The deed whereby, at each vibration quick  
Of Time's unstaying pendulum, the rich,  
Mean, lofty, poor, learn'd, simple, as they show  
Joy, trouble, hope, shrunk age, and rosy youth,  
Are made, in myriad multitudes at once,  
Alike; then live, as fellow-heirs of death."  
The knell is toll'd: again from palace heights  
Weeping declares the levelling ruthless blow  
Struck; and still louder lamentation sounds.  
Woe too is there in the mind's depth, that knows  
Nor sound nor sign. What hand shall lift the veil  
Which hides parental grief, the childless fate  
That finds no medicine in pomp or power,  
The void of soul an empire cannot fill?  
How would the feebleness of words but mock  
The Husband's agony! who sitting now  
In widow'd desolation, where so late  
He own'd a Paradise of nuptial bliss,  
Feels all the love that warm'd his bosom there

Increas'd each moment by the maddening thought  
 That it is shared and can be shared no more ;  
 That she, o'er whom he bends, who loved him best  
 Of all on earth, and as a shape of Heaven  
 Before him spake and smiled, is senseless clay ;  
 That, when most prizing her he would have shamed  
 His tenderest ways by ways more tender still,  
 She knows it not, and never shall again  
 Return affection's pressure with the hand  
 Design'd to wield a sceptre, that dear hand,  
 Which gave him with itself a noble heart  
 That all earth's sceptres would have cheaply bought.

With step inaudible and ghastly cheek  
 Imagination from such scenes retires,  
 While speechless Pity beckons her away,  
 And upward looks to that all-seeing Power .  
 Who, as He made it, can alone restore  
 Peace to the troubled world within the breast,  
 Where thoughts, when rous'd by keen affliction's storm,  
 Are often rapid as the lightning's flash,  
 Revealing and enhancing dreariness,  
 Or they are black as night, than winds more wild,  
 And multitudinous as ocean-waves.

Such grief be sacred, wheresoe'er it racks  
 A kindred bosom : but, my countrymen,  
 The grief that I would now unload is mine,  
 Is yours, the common grief of all the realm.

Tis look'd from eye to eye, from tongue to tongue  
Tis echoed ; oft it gushes forth in tears ;  
Oft with maternal fondness 'tis beguiled  
By its own prated tale ; or labouring speech  
Is choked, and dies in long convulsive sobs :  
Nature, as Fashion, now to feeling gives  
One character, to dress one sable hue,  
Poor outward emblem of our country's heart,  
Whose emanations so infect the time,  
That grief becomes an element we breathe.  
Some muse in lone dejection ; more in groups,  
Round hearths, in streets, in lanes, are comforted  
By talk and mutual gaze, unconsciously  
Seeking in others to forget themselves :  
Now form and ceremony unawares  
Lose half their stiffness ; greetings now are made  
(From secret sense of fellowship in woe)  
With kinder accent and a warmer grasp.  
Labour and busy art now pause to sigh ;  
A nation's loss suspends the keen pursuit  
Of private gain ; and Pleasure's cup is pass'd  
Neglectingly, uncourted by the lip.  
The witching pipe of Mirth is thrown aside,  
Useless, for all have left her wonted haunts.  
Dishevell'd Beauty sits in pensive guise,  
And hath no smile to point ; her fairest wreaths  
And costliest ornaments discarded lie.  
A shade from elder seriousness is cast  
O'er youth's unfurrow'd brow. E'en boys awhile

Desist from play, or follow their blithe bent  
As in the presence of surrounding gloom :  
Our sorrow's theme hath such contagious spread,  
That oft th' unweeting infant lisps a word  
At which the mother's bosom bleeds afresh,  
And on the prattler's lips her tearful spouse  
Prints stifling kisses, feeling that the stroke,  
By which our parent land is agonized,  
Too bitterly endears his happier lot.  
For she, our recent joy, hath turn'd us all  
To mourners, as for one of nearest kin ;  
So by her virtues was the reverence due  
To princely station kindled into love.  
On one side of her Father's ruling power,  
Reclined on trophies gain'd from foes abroad,  
Slept War, with sheathed sword upon the ground ;  
On th' other side, that Father's second self,  
She, as an Angel in the robe of Peace,  
By her mere presence there was every hour  
In still retirement conquering hearts at home.

Through each gradation, from the castled hall,  
The city dome, the villa crown'd with shade,  
But chief from modest mansions numberless  
In town or hamlet sheltering middle life,  
Down to the cottaged vale and straw-roof'd shed,  
Our Western Isle hath long been famed for scenes  
Where Bliss domestic finds a dwelling place ;  
Domestic Bliss, that, like a harmless dove,

Honor and sweet Endearment keeping guard,  
Can centre in a little quiet nest  
All that Desire would fly for thro' the earth ;  
That can the world eluding, be itself  
A world enjoy'd ; that wants no witnesses  
But its own sharers and approving Heaven ;  
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,  
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky :  
Or, if it dwell where cultur'd Grandeur shines,  
And that which gives it being, high and bright,  
Allures all eyes, yet its delight is drawn  
From its own attributes and powers of growth,  
Affections fair that blossom on its stem,  
Kissing each other, and from cherish'd hope  
Of lovely shoots to multiply itself.

Such home-born blessedness, in its effect  
And virtuous cause, that princely Woman knew :  
Whom, as our British garden's blooming pride,  
Death's frost hath nipp'd, destroying flower and stalk,  
When not one living germ had met the day :  
Yet by our love her memory embalm'd  
In its own spicy odours ne'er shall die.

She lived for us by setting (where most view'd  
It most attracted admiration's gaze)  
Pattern of that which gives to social life  
Its charm, and forms a kingdom's moral strength :

She lived for us by piety to God,  
Which taught her how to love her brother Man,  
Befriending wretchedness, as meant to be  
A people's nursing mother. Privacy  
By virtuous action train'd her for a sphere  
Of boundless good. Thus in some woodland scene  
A spring with murmurs musical imparts  
Freshness and verdure to the banks around,  
As though it spake of mightier coming joy  
In wealth of waters roll'd throughout a land.  
She lived for us, by learning in the Wife  
Things most befitting for a destin'd Queen,  
And how to feel for an espoused realm.  
She lived for us by many a token shown  
Of properties and habits, suited well  
To the free genius of our British state ;  
A spirit quick to feel, and firm to guard  
Her dignity and due ; yet wisdom just,  
In her own rights to mark and venerate ours ;  
To keep in view the source and end of power,  
Whose noblest use is blessing what it rules ;  
To know that Majesty then greatest shows,  
When, like the Sun, it smiles upon all eyes,  
And sees all eyes reflecting it again ;  
To prize our Liberty, by form and law  
Temper'd, yet thus more strong and sacred made,  
As Sovereignty's best ornament and guard,  
Giving most energy, most will inspiring,  
To shine in arts, in science, and in arms,

To enrich a land, refine and sweeten life,  
 Unfold the mind, and still the nature raise  
 Of moral, social, intellectual man.  
 'Twas hers to view such Freedom as the life  
 Of a grand complex whole, whose central bond  
 Is kingly rule: she felt that it could pay  
 A homage of the heart unknown to slaves;  
 And for a throne's just glory or defence,  
 Made all that honor, mind, and fearless strength  
 In millions are, when guarding what they love,  
 Would round it form an adamant wall.

It was a part of her sweet home's employ  
 (So was she tutor'd through paternal care),  
 To travel over England's storied page,  
 Achievements chronicled, enacted laws:  
 To trace in peace or war each reign's effect,  
 Changes in times and manners, and their source;  
 And thus her own and her loved Husband's thoughts  
 She led to note what'er in men or things  
 Was useful, wise, or glorious: as the bees  
 Wander with busy pinion to make boot  
 On the field's flowery sweets, and store a hive  
 With honied treasure for the general weal.

In such a course, the comment of their tongues  
 Waked more and more their harmony of soul:  
 Her eye would kindle his, when'er she read  
 Of king-becoming graces, and perchance  
 Might oft exclaim, "Thus let it be, aye thus,

If regal care (which long may Heaven avert)  
Descend to me." Amid their virtues' rays  
Love joy'd to bask, and in new triumph waved  
His purple wings, to see them play with smiles  
Tender and soft as pastoral innocence,  
Yet, issuing from a godlike source of thought,  
Royal as sunbeams that give light and heat.  
Twas thus they drank the cup of life together,  
Making each sip as nectar to the taste,  
And of more worth than Egypt's melted pearl.  
So sweet a cup was theirs ; but when they look'd  
With thirsting lips to find it sweeter still,  
Death dash'd it to the ground : for him who shared  
And made it sweet twas hers to live no more.  
Twas his to read in her last failing gaze  
All she to him and he to her had been.  
For us no more with blessings in her heart  
She lived, yet gave a lesson when she died,  
In her meek deference to the Will supreme,  
How we should bear to lose her peerless self.

But is it wonderful that we should weep ?  
Our sympathies, so late in gallant trim  
To glisten bright before joy's rising beam,  
Now fare like morning dews, which from a tree  
Bent downwards by a sudden pitiless blast  
Are shook with leaves that lodg'd them to the ground.  
Our expectations all on tip-toe stood,  
Breathless for tidings, which o'er hill and dale  
Steeds would have borne, more fleet than winged winds,



As proudly conscious wherefore they were deck'd  
With trappings gay, why shoutings fill'd the skies,  
And why the towns and villages had sent  
Thousands to meet them in the crowded ways.  
Night would have then in every peopled scene  
Of Britain's Isle her dark dominion lost ;  
Bright signals would have told the moon and stars,  
If light they gave, it was not needed there :  
Yet what were these, in contrast with the looks,  
The mind-illumin'd looks, that would have lent  
A richer brightness to the brightest day ?  
Cannons would harmlessly have thunder'd forth  
A kingdom's joy sublime ; bells would have roll'd  
Their pealing merriment from shore to shore :  
Yet these in melody could not have vied  
With the sweet chimes of tenderness and glee  
In countless bosoms, tuning every tongue  
To one glad theme. The present would have beam'd  
More cheerily than Bard has power to tell,  
And to his mind, in Nature's wonted course,  
A vision of the future would have shewn  
One like a Fairy Queen on throne of state  
With Britain's chivalry collected round,  
A people's strength reclined in smiling peace,  
While cherub forms might point to vistas bright  
Of unborn ages opening to the view.

Thus high our promis'd joys and hopes had risen,  
Like exhalations that mount up the skies,  
Masses of gold and purple forming there,

Showing to Fancy images of bliss  
Beauteous and grand, rich groves and shining towers  
And fair Elysian fields. But all our hopes  
Have fallen downward, in a flood of woe  
And disappointment deluging the land.

Princess, adieu ! Though thou art set in death  
And seen no more, yet our recording love  
Shall be an ocean-mirror, where thy name  
August and star-like shall for ever shine.  
Thou hast not reign'd : it was thy filial wish,  
In long subjection to thy Father's rule,  
His glory might enhance, his love endear  
Thy private bliss ; while that, in sweet return,  
Might soften and relieve his public cares ;  
And thou shouldst recompense his duteous pangs  
For a beloved and venerable sire,  
By solacing his own decline of life  
With all that he could hope for in a child.  
Thou hast not reign'd, except in British hearts,  
Where, in the thought of what thou wouldst have been,  
Thou in a dear brief space hast reign'd an age.  
Thou art not mother to a line of kings ;  
Yet shalt thou so transmit thy worth's fair fame,  
That regal excellence, when blazon'd most,  
Shall mind all times of what we pictur'd thee.  
Thy spouse hath lost in thee a promised Queen :  
Yet can no foreign honor equal that  
Which pointing cries, " this is the Leopold

Whom English Charlotte loved ;” and in our land  
 Thy mere remembrance with imperial power  
 Shall hover, as a Seraph at his side,  
 Securing him, wherever he shall move,  
 Love and obeisance for a guard of state.  
 From streets and windows throug’d smiles mix’d with sighs,  
 Rais’d hands and gazing silence, shall proclaim  
 What blessings on his head a nation pours.  
 Eyes oft around him shall be fill’d with tears,  
 With pearly tears, more precious to the heart  
 Than the rich jewels of a kingly crown.  
 Then, fare thee well ! Britannia’s buried boast !  
 Our bright but lost expectancy, farewell !

Thus had my soul indulg’d her sorrowing mood,  
 And was awhile in musing stillness wrapt :  
 When dreaming or entranced a strain I heard  
 Mournful and soft, yet gradually rais’d  
 To such mellifluous triumph, that almost  
 It stole my breath away. The strain it seem’d  
 By which a spirit from this vale of tears  
 Is welcom’d and attuned to heavenly joys.  
 I look’d and saw beyond a dark vast cloud  
 A beauteous form, enrobed in purest white  
 Refulgent, that uprising to the sky  
 Glanced on the earth beneath a pitying smile.  
 Below that cloud, on elevated ground,  
 A mighty temple oped its folding gates  
 Eastward and westward, to the north and south,

While thither wearing grief's habiliments  
 And in long order crowds from every side  
 Moved, with one shade of sadness on all brows,  
 Ranks and degrees, from penury to pomp.  
 Ascending its high steps with mien devout  
 They bow'd, and to Jehovah, God of Gods,  
 A solemn worship paid ; where voices now  
 Responded, now in supplication join'd,  
 Or now in choral praises swell'd the tide  
 Of instrumental harmony, which, roll'd  
 Thro' aisles and fretted vaults, bore up to heaven  
 Concordant aspirations from all hearts  
 In one deep volume of collective sound.  
 Meanwhile a cheering radiance through the cloud  
 Glean'd, as they spake or sang ; and of their words  
 This, the clear import, vibrates on my soul :

“ Ruler of all events in earth and heaven,  
 Author of life and death, eternal King,  
 As creatures of the dust, we bend to Thee,  
 And cry with smitten hearts, Thy will be done.  
 Thy will be done, whose wisdom can at once  
 Discern all things past, present, and to come,  
 In all their issues. Let thy will be done,  
 Parent of all, whose mercy and whose love,  
 In measures infinite beyond our ken  
 And soaring thought, are over all thy works.  
 Give us true blessings in thy time and mode,  
 Nor let our granted wishes prove our bane.

Still teach us, when afflicted, so to pray,  
And in such spirit, that each outward ill  
And each petition may to us become  
A good, and fit us for receiving good.  
Teach us to mark in every earthly change  
What shades we are, what shadows we pursue ;  
And thence to seek the bliss that dwells with Thee,  
Substantial, perfect, ever-during bliss.  
We pray that on our land thy Countenance  
May shed its light, and make a common woe  
Knit us in mutual concord. May the tree  
Of England's Polity and Brunswick's Line,  
Water'd and nourish'd by a nation's tears,  
Strike deeper roots, and gain with ampler shade  
New strength and beauty from maturing time.  
May sceptred Rule and Loyalty contend  
Which most shall homage pay, or most deserve.  
May the reft Father in our sympathies  
Behold a people warm'd with filial love,  
While in his sway they own parental care.  
Long may he live to see the reign of peace  
Surpassing in true glory war's renown,  
By bloodless proofs of virtue, skill, and power  
Gladdening his country with their blest effects,  
By triumphs over ignorance and vice,  
Conquests o'er all that darkens or afflicts  
The lot or mind of man ; in present joy  
Advancing mortal life's immortal ends."

## THE REIGN OF YOUTH.

[A LYRICAL POEM.]

---

THE following poem, or the greater part of it, was composed by my Father in his younger days, and received high commendation from the poets Wordsworth and Coleridge, with whom he was on terms of friendship. It was first published in the year 1840, at which time an analysis of it, in the shape of a letter to the Author, was written by Dr. Eccles, an eminent physician of Birmingham. This was printed, together with my Father's own argument: and I need make no apology for reprinting it now: for, to use my Father's own words, "it may be read with interest as a separate essay in prose, by no ordinary metaphysician, on the characteristics of the youthful mind."

C. R. K.

---

### ARGUMENT OF THE POEM.

BY THE AUTHOR.

---

THE following Ode is designed to illustrate with the colouring of poetry, yet at the same time with philosophical correctness, the attributes and passions of youth, as they manifest themselves in the order of nature. When the mind is in the first stage of development through the exercise of the senses, one of its earliest emotions is Wonder; a term intended to designate the interest, frequently mingled with apprehension, which is excited by the novelty of the objects that awaken the attention of a child. The succeeding characteristics of boyhood are obviously sportiveness and mirth, an impatience of restraint, and that bounding elasticity of spirit which is the natural concomitant of vigorous health. But the enlarging capacity of the youthful mind soon creates a general desire of some undefined enjoyment which it has not yet experienced; and the world having been already coloured by the imaginative faculty,

visionary anticipations are successively formed and dispersed, like the bubbles which arise upon a bright stream. It is only after such anticipations have been disappointed, that Hope, as a passion, is called into action; and that the mind, dissatisfied with the present, looks for happiness to the future. Not unconnected with this deepening interest in the drama of life is the strong excitement produced by the terrible, the marvellous, and the supernatural. But this is followed by the still more powerful influence of those intellectual and physical energies which give birth to a thirst for independence, to daring enterprise, and noble aspirations. These are the distinctive properties of that generous Ambition which is predominant in youth, and which yields only to the ascendancy of Love.

---

### ANALYSIS OF THE POEM.

BY JOHN ECCLES, M.D.

---

MY DEAR SIR,

I have lately been attempting to draw up a metaphysical analysis (as I sometimes threatened that I would do) of your allegorical poem entitled *THE REIGN OF YOUTH*, with a view to ascertain the degree of philosophical accuracy displayed in your disposition and grouping of the passions according to the different periods of that season of life.

The characteristics of boyhood are, as you represent or imply, principally if not exclusively Wonder and Curiosity, the social and imitative propensities, the sentiment of the beautiful and sublime, unceasing elasticity of spirit, and boundless love of action. Some of these attributes clearly belong to our earlier stage of existence, viz., infancy and childhood, during which we have become acquainted with the ordinary course of events in the little world around us; yet retaining no recollection, and having been almost unconscious of the state of mind accompanying our sensations, we cannot form a conjecture as to the nature of our primary feelings. It is probable, as philosophers have supposed, that the feeling of Wonder would not arise in the infant mind on the occurrence of any events, all of which may be regarded as originally new to it; whereas Wonder implies such a knowledge of things as to cause an expectation

of their continued recurrence as heretofore. It is when any apparent deviation from this course takes place, that we are seized with astonishment.

This passion therefore may be justly considered as coeval with that period of youth, at which you represent it as called into existence; nor need I observe that, so far as the mental development is concerned, and indeed the happiness of that happy age, it is, whilst almost the first, at the same time the most important. It is by the first impressions of Wonder that Curiosity is awakened, and by the constant repetition of them that it is perpetually kept up; being at once an unfailing source of agreeable surprise, and also a stimulus to active efforts for the attainment of its own gratification. It thus gives rise to the desire and eager pursuit of knowledge; and with what success at the dawning, as also in the more advanced periods of boyhood, we need hardly stop to inquire. It is universally allowed to be almost marvellous.

If all human science and attainments were to be divided (as an eloquent writer suggests) into two portions, the one comprehending what is common to all, and principally acquired in the years of infancy and youth; the other that stock of truths which is peculiar to the wise and the learned; it can scarcely be an extravagant paradox to assert, that the latter portion would seem very trifling in comparison with the former.

But your portraiture of Wonder embraces two other affections frequently inseparable from it, and highly influential on the youthful mind; the one an active principle, the other a passive but powerful sentiment. In the existence of these causes of surprise which are beyond our reach, we are content to have our curiosity satisfied by explanation alone; but in those excited by the agency of other human beings, however great the pleasure received, it is never complete without an effort on our own part to imitate and perform the same. No sooner have we seen or heard and wondered at such effects, than we feel in eager haste to assure ourselves that we also can produce them. But even in the pleasurable act, from our ignorance of their mode of production, we are never perhaps entirely exempt from apprehension. The influence of this imitative principle may in part be imagined from the above-mentioned operation of Curiosity alone; and such curiosity, combined with this new principle, so unceasingly active in the youthful heart, and the constant love of action, is converted into an almost omnipotent engine in the development of the corporeal and intellectual faculties both in youth and manhood, and also in a great measure in the formation of the present and future character. What pleasure do we feel, even at the earliest periods, in the consciousness and exercise of our bodily energies and senses. The infant is delighted with no wonders so much as those of its own production; when capable of executing one thing, he rejects it,



and grasps at another, so often as new objects and new actions are exhibited before him.

To complete the analogies, and fill up the picture of youth and his mind at this the opening tide of existence, it remains to add the passive but strong sentiment of the beautiful and sublime, which is evidently depicted in the movement of your ideal personification of Wonder, and is in nature equally elicited with Wonder by such objects as you have presented before your allegorical creature, the rising sun, the glassy lake, the woody glade, and music's delicious strains. This sentiment is perhaps even deeper and more pure than at a maturer age; for it springs directly from the aspect of the sublime and beautiful object itself, unwarped by numerous associations, and not weakened, as it sometimes may be, by the light which science shall afterwards throw upon it. Last, but not least, in this part of your drama cheerfulness and social glee are exhibited in all their various characters and forms. To impel and sustain the unbounded activity of youth, so essential to the growth of its faculties and powers, it was necessary that pleasure should be annexed to its pursuits. Accordingly, to use the words of Dr. Brown—"In the early period of life the alacrity of spirit is like that bodily alacrity with which every limb, as it bounds along, seems to have a delightful consciousness of its vigour. To suspend the mental cheerfulness for any length of time, is then as difficult as to keep fixed for any length of time those muscles to which exercise for a while is almost a species of repose, and repose itself fatigue." But the hilarity of youth is not all of this unconscious kind and origin. The senses at every turn are pouring in a continual succession of objects and events, to surprise, gratify, and instruct; and the social principle, so strong and so unreserved in youth, is constantly awakening or agreeably exciting those delightful sympathies of the heart, which, pleasant in themselves, unite us to each other, and double our joys, whilst they almost annihilate our sorrows. Yet activity will tire, and pleasure long pursued and often repeated will satiate, and be followed by listlessness and languor. This state, whether of body or mind, is represented in your picture of Leisure, who brings up the rear of the sportive train. It consists in a temporary suspension of the alacrity and vigour of both; in which the body receives a sort of luxurious pleasure from indolence or repose, and the mind is suffered to wander passively wheresoever it will without stimulus or control, both of them to renew with recruited strength the long-accustomed round of pleasure, or to find some new and larger theatre of action.

This larger scene is anticipated by Desire, which indeed is not limited to any one period of life more than another; inasmuch as in every period it is the source of all our voluntary actions and pursuits; yet in the season of boyhood the desires, while they are ardent and impetuous, are almost

equally evanescent, their objects few and unimportant, scarcely extending to the future, and of short-lived momentary interest. It is only when, with the growing expansion and consciousness of its capacities and powers, the mind takes an onward and prospective aim, and feels the want of objects of a more permanent interest, that Desire can be said to exist as a fixed and powerful passion. Yet while the wishes of youth, on the confines of boyhood and juvenescence, must necessarily be vague, unsettled, and visionary, the attempts to fill up the void which is felt are attended, as you have shown, with pain and disappointment.

Hope however is almost ever at hand, to dissipate the fears and encourage the aspirations of youth. It is almost coeval and commensurate with our desires themselves, and especially at this confident era of life, when the pride of our awakened and increasing powers (before doubt has been raised by failure or defeat) persuades us that every thing practicable is within the reach of our ability. This hope is always in proportion to the value we feel for the objects of our wishes, (which, though undefined, are always in youth dazzling), and to the degree of our assurance in the capability of accomplishing them. But fear is the correlative of hope, and notwithstanding the confidence of this stage of youth, and its susceptibility of hope, it is also the age when the susceptibility of the marvellous, the supernatural, and the terrible is at its greatest height. We see it in the avidity for legendary fictions, the wonders of mythology, and the deeds of fabulous heroes. It is true that this passion is greatly assisted by the imaginative faculty, which then exerts itself with uncontrollable activity; but it is felt independently of this. We do not read such things when young as in maturer years, admiring the art and beauty with which the wonderful and superhuman are worked up into enchanting fictions, but rather for the great interest of the tale itself, an almost undoubting belief in its reality during the perusal, and a vague apprehension of its possibility even in soberer moments. It is Burke I think who has said, that in the dark the boldest and least credulous mind is not exempt from fear; but it is of dangers of a different kind and far less formidable than the ideal ones conjured up by the young.

These however are soon to be dispelled by the increasing light of nature, and the enlargement of reason, and are replaced by the clear view, the settled purpose, and independent feeling derived from knowledge, which in their turn are to be exerted and brought into action through the instrumentality of mental and corporeal strength, enterprise, and valour.

A new period has thus arrived, contrasted with that imitative process which for a time is used by Providence in bringing our nature towards its perfection. Yet, as Burke observes, if men gave themselves up to imitation entirely, and each followed the other as in an eternal circle, it

is easy to see that there never could be any improvement. To prevent this, there is implanted in man a sense of ambition, a satisfaction arising from a contemplation of his excelling his fellows in something deemed valuable amongst them.

Up to this period our pride and aspirations seem to be confined to the possession and acquisition of personal qualities either of the mind or body, and to the pleasure and admiration which they can obtain for us as such, and to the deeds which of themselves they can effect. We have first seen it in the delighted and conscious display of our superior bodily energies. We are afterwards equally desirous and proud of the like possession, and fame of superior mental endowments. But in a short time the results contemplated by youthful ambition are the objects of its desire and self-congratulation, as much as the distinction which attends them. When the passion is of a generous and patriotic nature (as it then commonly is), these objects necessarily affect, and are intended to affect the interests and fate of whole classes and communities, even more than of the individual himself. Your picture of Ambition is of this noble character, and its qualities are beautifully implied and illustrated in that fine stanza of Gray :

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

The next and last passion, Love, is evidently in its right place. It is intelligible to all; and the use which you make of Fancy and Pity for its formation in the mind, is equally recommended by its philosophy and its poetry. I need not give any analysis of it: but, as they relate chiefly to your delineation of this passion, I shall take leave to conclude my letter with quoting the purport of some of the observations which were made upon *THE REIGN OF YOUTH* by your late friend, the distinguished philosopher and poet, S. T. Coleridge:—"Like a skilful magician, you have purposely kept yourself out of sight, as far as you could, while you caused a scenic exhibition to move before us. You have therefore properly given us description without sentiment—I mean sentiment expressed—for it is often implied, and finely implied in such lines as those beginning—"Her eyes proclaimed that in her bosom dwelt," &c. On this account, however, I should conceive that, notwithstanding the lyrical harmony of its measures, your *Ode* is not, as a whole, well adapted to music, while no composition of the same length affords more scope for painting. In saying this I am aware, that in general painters had better not take their subjects from allegory; but allegory here is only a veil of gauze thrown over reality, and your personifications are but other names for boys and girls acted upon, as you have repre-

sented them, under certain circumstances. Other parts may be quite as well worked up, but wonder, desire, and love seem to me the most original, especially the last. The movement indeed in your Love scene is slower and less dramatic than it had been, and something didactic is unavoidably admitted. But you have here treated a trite and therefore difficult topic with most ingenious novelty, and with so much of the truth of nature, that the figures in your metaphysical machinery have the vivid appearance of flesh and blood."

I am, Dear Sir,

Your sincerely attached and faithful friend,

*Feb. 6th, 1840.*

J. ECCLES, M.D.

---

## THE REIGN OF YOUTH.

---

WHEN Youth from regions of eternal Spring  
 On Earth's expecting vales descended,  
 The laughing Hours that round attended  
 Proclaim'd the Fairy King.  
 With graceful vigour and elastic bound  
 He lightly touch'd the ground,  
 As though his feet could leave behind  
 The pinions of the Wind.  
 His breath had Nature's fresh perfume,  
 His cheek her vivid bloom,  
 Rich as the roses that his temples crown'd :  
 A sceptre in his hand was seen  
 Wreath'd with budding evergreen ;

His mantle as it flow'd  
 The vernal Year's impietur'd beauty show'd.  
 And lo, from bowers and dells,  
 Where'er within their cells  
 The Passions lay entranced,  
 Swift on the plain, his subject train,  
 The loveliest of their tribe advanced  
 To keep the fairy reign.

First, newly waken'd by the breeze and wave,  
 The young-eyed Wonder sallied from his cave.  
 With step abrupt and wilder'd gaze  
 He trod the scene's mysterious maze :  
 Now he mark'd with eoy delight  
 The Sun all-glorious on the mountain height,  
 Now shrank affrighted by the glancing rays,  
 Again recoiling, as the lake display'd  
 His unknown image, and across the glade  
 Moved like an airy sprite his lengthen'd shade.

But who th' effect can tell,  
 When Musle met him with her speaking shell ?  
 He saw, he heard the chords obey  
 Her cunning fingers, and he hied away,  
 Till soon o'ertaken by the tuneful spell  
 Back to her side th' unconscious captive stole ;  
 Then, as awhile she stay'd her sweet control,  
 On that strange shell in playful mood  
 He dared a mimic blow to try,  
 Yet still like one pursued,

Had half retreated ere it made reply ;  
 And when her touch drew forth a louder strain  
 By viewless Echo mock'd from caverns nigh,  
     On every side, at every sound,  
         Starting he look'd around,  
 And still he smiled of thought beguiled,  
     And starting look'd again.

Next, O Youth, to welcome thee,  
 Sport prepared his jubilee.  
     From thickets pearl'd with dew  
 He on impatient tiptoe sprang to view  
 With shrill uplifted horn, and call'd his sylvan crew.  
     Redoubling shouts before them sent,  
     Forth they rush from his greenwood tent,  
 With their high-flourish'd weapons of merriment,  
     Thy eireled throne to greet ;  
     Triumphal in air a standard they bear  
 With many a garland deck'd, the prize of many a feat.  
  
 At the sight a transport showing  
 From the bosom fresh and glowing,  
 Through the bright eye overflowing,  
 Loose or linked hand in hand  
 Mirth leads up her frolic band,  
 With obliquely darted smiles  
 Watching 'gainst invited wiles.  
 Health is there, that with the dawn  
 Climbs the mountain, skims the lawn,

Oft on nectar feasted high,  
 Borne by zephyrs from the sky :  
 Wit, that strikes with gay surprise,  
 Jollity, that grief defies,  
 And loving every touch to flee  
 The random-footed Liberty.  
 With half-shut eyes eestatic Laughter  
 Almost breathless totters after ;  
 One hand holds her bending breast,  
 While t'other points at antic Jest.  
 Leisure winding here and there  
 Dallies hindmost, heedless where.

Thus, O Youth, to honour thee,  
 Thus they kept their jubilee ;  
 Thus to greet thee all conspire,  
 All enchanted, all on fire,  
 As joys could never fail and never tire.

Next by a lonely stream along the vale,  
 Where murmurs float upon the scented gale,  
 Desire came wandering with unsettled air :  
     Behind him scatter'd blossoms lay,  
 Pluck'd in his eager haste and idly thrown away :  
 For light and fickle in the lack of care  
     His visionary mind  
 Still pants for objects undefined ;  
     And as where'er he turns

The wistful ardour burns,  
 Amid the peopled beams  
 Before him many a phantom gleams  
 In every varied hue ;  
 Though, hail'd in vain by his extended arm,  
 At some rude wind they take alarm  
 And vanish from his view.  
 Twas then a chillness on his bosom crept ;  
 He gazed around and wonder'd till he wept.

But he has lost the quick-forgotten tear ;  
 For Hope, the beauteous Hope, is near,  
 Earth-delighting prophetess  
 That ever comes to bless.  
 Bright as the morn that rises to behold  
 Ascending vapours turn to clouds of gold,  
 She dances on the plain,  
 As if her listening ear  
 Caught from afar a blithe inviting strain.  
 She courts the Future. Can he aught deny  
 To the simplicity of her bespeaking eye ?  
 Between them Fays are on the wing,  
 And pledges of his favour bring.  
 She courts the Future, till successive Hours  
 In distant light array'd  
 Look forth from arches open'd through the shade  
 That still is rolling round his misty bowers :  
 This prankt with flowers her notice greets,



That seems to sip with ruby lip  
    A chalice full of sweets ;  
The next with gleaming torch displays  
Fair blissful scenes, yet most attracts the gaze  
By signs that fill the mind with more than vision meets :  
    Each is welcom'd as it lingers  
    With her kiss'd and beckoning fingers ;  
    If one should haply rise  
    In less alluring guise,  
Hope does but mark all cheerily the while  
Another close behind peep o'er it with a smile.

Yet ah ! with gloomy tidings on his brow,  
A giant Wizard of the mountains now  
Pale Terror came ; and while with cowering mien  
A spell-bound troop were round him seen,  
His lips essay'd dark mysteries to unfold :  
    But soon those quivering lips were lock'd,  
And his glazed eye-balls in distortion roll'd,  
    Betokening things too dread for speech  
    Or shuddering thought to reach :  
    The earth beneath him rock'd,  
While mixt with thunder and the voice of waves  
    From black unfathom'd caves  
    Was heard a dreary cry,  
That echoing seem'd in other worlds to die :  
    Then silence reign'd, but such as threw  
On Expectation's front a ghastlier hue ;

For soon a scowl of grim delight  
     Told that from realms of night  
 Unearthly shapes were hastening into sight :  
     As thus the charm more fearful grew,  
 A wilder eagerness his votaries thrill'd,  
     And at each stir or sound,  
     Above, below, around,  
 Shrinking they turn'd or fell upon the ground,  
 Nor rais'd their heads till his behest was known :  
 For he could keep suspended as he will'd  
 Their sense and breathing, by his look alone  
 Could give them winged speed, or freeze them into stone.

But hence ye tremblers ! Who are these in motion,  
     Brisk as the tide of ocean ?  
 Tis Intellect, arous'd as from a trance,  
     Intent by nature's clue  
 To wind through labyrinths, where at each advance  
 Her unveil'd secrets meet the courting view :  
     Tis young Disdain, with smile half turn'd  
     On bounds his vaulting feet have spurn'd :  
     Tis Strength, that lifts his rampant form  
     As he could ride and curb the storm :  
     Tis Independence, on a height,  
     Free as the eagle pois'd for flight :  
     Tis Valour, that has met the eyes  
     Of spirit-stirring Enterprise,  
     And watches for a prompted aim  
     At which to rush through flood and flame.

Yet these are but a herald band ;  
 The crested Chieftain is himself at hand :  
 These shall but wait on his heroic state,  
     And act at his command.  
 He comes ; Ambition comes ! His way prepare !  
     Let banners wave in air,  
 And loud-voiced trumpets his approach declare !  
 He comes : for Glory has before him rais'd  
     Her shield with godlike deeds emblaz'd :  
 He comes, he comes : for purposes sublime  
 Dilate his soul, and his exulting eye  
 Beams like a sun, that in the vernal prime  
 With golden promise travels up the sky,  
     Onward looking far and high,  
     While before his champion pride  
     Vallies rise and hills subside ;  
 His mighty thoughts, too swift for lagging Time,  
     Thro' countless triumphs run ;  
 Each deed conceiv'd appears already done,  
     Foes are vanquish'd, fields are won ;  
 E'en now with wreaths immortal crown'd  
     He marches to the sound  
     Of gratulating lyres,  
 And Earth's applauding shout his generous bosom fires.  
  
 Yet ruder sounds, O Youth, were hush'd awhile,  
 Nor had Ambition run his purpos'd race,  
 When Love at last appear'd to claim thy smile,  
 And at thy side obtain the dearest place.

Leaving a diviner scene  
 Where her dwelling erst had been,  
 By zephyrs wafted in a pearly car,  
 To this sublunar element

Her gliding course she bent,  
 And came thro' vernal mists emerging like a star.

But first, O Youth, that she might be  
 Duly train'd for Earth and thee,  
 On ambrosia Love was fed

In Fancy's charmed bowers,  
 Where his wand her footsteps led  
 Thro' mazes gemm'd with flowers,  
 Making Earth to her appear  
 Like a higher kindred sphere.

Yet Pity there, benignly meek,  
 With faltering voice and moisten'd cheek,  
 Reveal'd that Pain and Woe  
 Had found a place below ;

And often as she paus'd, from grove and hill  
 A sound was borne of Nature's plaint,  
 Melancholy, low, and faint,  
 A whisper to the heart when all around was still ;  
 Love scarcely breathing bent her head  
 And listen'd till her colour fled,  
 But, as it mantling came again,  
 Her eyes all eloquent express'd  
 An answer to the mournful strain,

Proclaiming that within her bosom dwelt  
 Softness ineffable, a power and will  
 To conquer Strength, the fiercest Rage to melt,  
 To find a balm for life's severest ill  
 And lull the sorrows of the earth to rest.

Thus Pity's influence o'er her soul  
 Heighten'd Fancy's rich control :  
 Love from Pity learnt the sigh,  
     That saddens but endears ;  
 From Fancy learnt the rapture high,  
     That trembles into tears.  
 Each o'er her slumbers bent  
 And both their inspirations lent,  
 Like rainbow tints in dewy lustre blent.  
 Once, as in a cave she slept,  
 Bees that had from Eden stray'd  
 Its honey to her lips convey'd,  
 And by the murmuring which they kept  
     About her golden hair  
 Lured from the sky such visions fair  
 As Eden knew when Innocence was there :  
 Love woke, and moving with impassion'd grace  
 Attentive to the music of her thought,  
 She look'd as one that trod the liquid air,  
     While from some angel-presence caught  
     A radiance blush'd upon her face ;  
 Then, as a drooping flower with moisture fraught,  
 By her own consciousness opprest

At Pity's side she knelt with heaving breast,  
 And seem'd to ask in gentle grief  
 If sweet illusion mock'd her fond belief :  
 But Fancy near in triumph mute  
     Still round her waved his wings ;  
 For, though she courted Pity's lute,  
     And bade it speak of tears,  
     Of sighs and tender fears,  
 Yet would she bend to kiss the strings,  
 As in their tone of bliss alone  
 Yet breath'd the spirit of her dream ;  
 Her brow she rais'd and upward gazed,  
 As she on one exhaustless theme  
     Would fain for ever dwell,  
 Then smiled, as bidding mortal tongues despair  
 That wondrous theme's entrancing power to tell,  
 And still would sighs pursued by smiles declare,  
 She felt a pain that spurn'd relief and bliss too sweet to bear.

Thus taught to smile and sigh,  
 Love now to Youth drew nigh :  
 The Heavens o'er her head  
     Their blandest influence shed,  
 And on the Earth her very sight  
 Had all things waked to soft delight :  
 The Elements with mutual greeting  
 Gave sign that Love and Youth were meeting ;  
 The balmy air with humming sound  
 And sun-kiss'd pinions quivering o'er the ground

Calls verdure, fragrance, life and bloom around :  
    Forests with smoother brow  
    Their shaggy honours bow,  
And up from lowly nests in mead or glen  
    Ambitious warblers rise,  
That task with twinkling plumes the dazzled ken,  
Or lost in light convey Earth's gladness to the skies :  
    Voices meanwhile from other spheres,  
    Saluting mortal ears,  
With chime of song from laud and ocean sent  
    Mingled their melting ravishment ;  
And this the lay to wood and vale and shore  
That each enamour'd wind in tuneful concert bore :—  
    Turn hither, turn thine eyes, O Youth,  
    Love's choice ordain'd to be,  
And haste to learn the blissful truth,  
    That Love was form'd for thee.  
Take her, that Love in thee may find  
All that is imaged in her mind ;  
Take her, that Love to thee may give  
What most shall make it life to live.  
No sweeter prize can Earth provide  
    To crown thy guardian care ;  
Oh ! take her as a Queen and Bride,  
    Thy golden reign to share.







UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-32m-8,'57 (C8680s4) 444

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



AA 000 382 748

