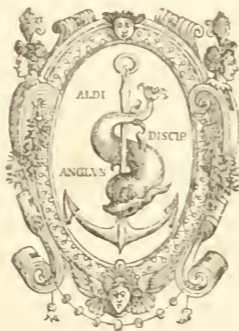


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REFLECTIONS FROM NATURE,
SCHOOLDAY REMINISCENCES,
AND OTHER ORIGINAL
P O E M S.

BY
RICHARD HARRIS.



LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING, PICCADILLY.
GEORGE BELL, FLEET STREET.
1853.

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THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION) TO

THE LADY LUCIE DUFF GORDON,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S MOST HUMBLE AND

OBEDIENT SERVANT

RICHARD HARRIS.

853835



PREFACE.

THE following few thoughts, when first written, were not intended to meet the public eye—and are merely the ebullition of the mind during a few hours when not engaged in business. The repeated entreaties of my friends to give them publicity, have at length induced me to listen to their solicitations, and embark them on the wide ocean of public opinion.

They may amuse, though I will not presume they will instruct, some of the many readers of the present day; but if they only for a short space recall the bright sunny moru of boyhood, and give but a faint retrospective view of their happy school-days, to those who have long forgotten or, at least, in the busy toil of manhood have little time to think upon them, I shall be abundantly rewarded.

Throughout the work it has been nevertheless my endeavour (from whatever humble or common-

place theme) to deduce something advantageous to the mind of the reader; how far I have succeeded in this respect I must leave to his judgment after the perusal of the *Reflections from Nature*: that good may indeed be little, but it should nevertheless be borne in mind that the lightest dew is invigorating to the plant; the faintest and the most transient peep of the sun on a winter's morning seems more lovely even than its continued blaze in the parching summer, and therefore should there be but a gleam (however dim) that falls on here and there a page, I shall be gratified by the reflection that so far as my pen has been employed for the public, it has not been *altogether* employed in vain.

With respect to the poem on "FRIENDSHIP AND FLATTERY," it will be, I think, at once evident to the reader that it is, as represented, *founded on fact*; a faintly drawn picture, it is true, yet drawn without *flattery* or exaggeration, and may perhaps be designated, without any extraordinary degree of vanity being ascribed to its author, as a somewhat faithful copy. The scenes of every-day life cannot fail to convince an attentive observer how often the flattering enemy, the bloodthirsty horseleech, is dis-

guised by the mask which is made to counterfeit Friendship; how often the extended arm of apparent Friendship is wrapt round the neck with deceitful embrace, (like the fatal coils of the boa-constrictor,) only to crush and to kill. But without noticing each poem respectively, I will leave the whole like a tattered beggar, as it is, on the charity of the refined, and (if I may employ the expression) wealthy taste of the criticising public.

It is not for me to endeavour to expand the little merit it may possess by a few aping flourishes of the pen, any more than it would be becoming to daub over its defects by the thin-spun and ill-designed excuses which the author's *youth* or circumstances might dictate; an attempt at any thing like this, I am well aware, would be ridiculous in an age like the present, abounding as it does with the most refined literature that the world will probably ever produce, and such as must descend to *Posterity's posterity*, (if I may so speak,) and yet lose none of its charms, but even then reflect a blaze of wonder and amaze, of honour and renown on the days of "the good old times."

I have, no doubt, left abundant space for criti-

cism, but I trust an indulgent public will make ample allowance for one who only *recently has finished his school-days*.

In conclusion, I have to return my sincerest thanks to those of my friends who have offered such a liberal encouragement to my first literary efforts, by honouring the work with their names as subscribers, and I must also express a hope that the perusal of its contents may be an inducement to them also to peruse a *second volume* by the same author, which probably a few months may bring forth.

RICHARD HARRIS.

May, 1853.

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ERRATA.

- Page 4, line 10, for *she* read *he*.
5, line 12, for *her* read *his*.
10, line 1, for *Sir* read *'Tis*.



“ THE GOOD OLD TIMES.”

HOW oft do we hear the days that are
gone
In warmest of language extolled ;
Those days that had birth, while the
sin-laden earth,
In darkness and mist was intralled !

How oft do we hear of “ the good old times,”
But tell us the date if you can,
When these glorious days, that extort so much praise,
Their journey so merrily ran !

Tell us the time when they ’gan to exist,
O say, is it long years ago ?
Is it centuries back, when deeds were so black,
As History’s begrimed pages show ?

Was it in days when a darkness prevailed
That hid the most odious crimes,
Which, like a thick cloak, or a huge cloud of smoke,
Veiled the deeds of "the good old times?"

Or were those the days when strength reigned as
king,
And might held a paramount sway;
When all but the great, for justice might wait,
Till the dawn of some distant day?

When man scarce could use his reasoning powers,
Without glancing the dismal grave;
When England's fair land showed the murderer's
brand,
And each of her sons was a slave!

But man with his lot is seldom content,
And now at day's glorious dawn,
He turns from the light, to dark dismal night,
And sighs for the days that are gone!

But these present days which the grumbler slights,
And charges with monstrous crimes,
As time passes on, shall he look back upon
As "the days of the good old times!"

REFLECTIONS FROM NATURE.



HE country's beauty! who that loves it
not?

Who sees and not admires the humble
cot

Fixed at the side of some slow rising mound,
With neatness compassed and with roses crowned?
A porch with flowers redolent creeping o'er,
Stands as a relic of the days of yore!
In part upheld by what has helped decay,
A work of youth perhaps fading fast away;
A building which, contrasted with the style
Of town-built mansions, makes the builder smile,
Is yet more lovely in its owner's eye,
Than courtliest mansions peering to the sky!
Although improvements that, year after year
Have crept along, are there reflected clear—
A fresh curve there and here a stone denied,
That ancient works more liberal supplied—

So travels taste; some progress made each day,
New plans devised, and old ones thrown away;
An edifice, long styled a work of art,
Becomes thus metamorphosed part by part,
Until at length the garb that once was worn,
So tasteful then, so workmanlike, is gone.
Not so the old and weather-beaten porch,
On whose rude builder perhaps the glaring torch,
That gaudy art upholds had never shed
The faintest gleam to show the route she led.
Or if it did, he saw the dazzling ray,
And after looking took another way,
Preferring much the light from gentle moon,
Than dazzling splendour of the rays of noon.
Now mark its build, four rude and crooked sticks
Support the roof without the aid of bricks,
Or mortar, plaster, stone, cement or glue;
Its tenons too and mortises are few,
As also are the tiles for roof required;
So small a portion of the work was hired,
In short, from Art himself, that makes appear
As though the great mechanic passed by here;
Presuming like a strolling actor perhaps,
The spot too little to undo his "traps,"

So went on further to a larger place,
Where more admirers met his eager face.
He hovered round it seems but made no stay,
And after glancing quickly marched away ;
But one more look upon the clumsy roof,
Which though nor slate nor tile is water proof.
Its rude materials taken as they grew
(With the exception of a thump or two
From lusty arm of one robust and hale,
That played a game in shirt-sleeves with his flail)
From Nature's workshop, well their office fill,
As those in which Art shows her greatest skill.
Twisted and carved and grained the uprights stand,
And decorated well by Nature's hand ;
However man with much strained skill might try,
To form a post so curiously wry,
So strangely wrought, so graved and so embossed,
His greatest energies would all be lost ;
Nor would he with his mountain stock of lore,
Well imitate the post at yonder door !
The straw thatched roof is thickly overgrown
With clasping tendrils that long have shown
A great affection for their old support,
And seem with gratitude unchanging fraught ;

Like grateful child repaying kindness past,
And like true friendship clinging to the last !
Forsaking not when wealth or beauty goes,
But shielding from the wind misfortune blows ;
Befriending still though friends be scattered wide,
And lending aid when dash'd on Sorrow's tide ;
Endearing still though beauty fast decays,
And firmest clinging in its latest days !
So dealeth friendship and so dealeth love,
When purely flowing from the Source above ;
When uncorrupted by that fetid stream
That quick evaporates in noxious steam,
As soon as heated by misfortune's sun,
Or turned where silent depths of sorrow run.

Such is the Porch, which is most rude, I own,
But in its rudeness is its beauty shown,
Had every knot which uprights crook'd display,
Been undervalued and so cut away ;
Or had the posts been trimmed to please the taste
Of him possessing none it had been waste
Of Nature's beauties so profusely spread,
From mountain peak to roof of lowest shed ;
And which thro' all their changes were designed
To guide the spirit and adorn the mind !

There's nought in Nature's gorgeous works so small,
But what demands a pensive look from all !
But he who vainly climbs up Pride's incline,
Oft sees no beauty where true beauties shine.
The contemplative mind will pensive tread,
Where'er a gleam from Nature's lamp is shed ;
It sees the traces of His mighty hand
No more in mountains than the grain of sand !
No greater skill, no more display of power,
Presents the forest than the simplest flower ;
'Tis wonder all ! a deep unfathom'd sea
On which the mind is wreck'd while roving free !
Stupendous power Omnipotence displayed
Who spoke the word, and what was not obeyed !
Mountains and hills in gaudy pomp arise,
The herbage springs, the feathered warbler flies.
He orders light, and darkness is no more ;
Again He speaks, and seas and oceans roar ;
The swelling streams commence a mazy race,
And finny tribes assume their destined place !
Ten thousand worlds peep from the dark abyss,
Though all appear subservient to this ;
An atmosphere encompasses the earth,
And myriads of insects have their birth,

Some of so small a structure as defy
The keenest searchings of the human eye ;
And some so small that on a needle's point
Might rove whole tribes endued with nerve and
joint !

Last comes the creature on immortal wing,
To wield the sceptre as creation's king !
That work by which the noblest are surpass'd,
The only work which was design'd to last !

But lest reflection's veil some part should hide,
At times 'twere more convenient thrown aside ;
The lowly Porch first meets my wandering eye,
As over Nature's broad expanse 'twould fly ;
An humble theme 'tis true, but shallower streams
Have been explored where purest beauty beams.
Wherever Nature's finger tip has been,
There grandeur rises and true beauty's seen ;
A view of nature never met my gaze,
But sent me floating on a sea of praise,
And depths of wonder at th' Eternal Mind,
Which roving worlds and " creeping things " de-
sign'd !

Now passed the rustic entrance of the cot,
A glance reveals the humble labourer's lot ;

Tho' humble yet perhaps happy as the lark
That chants the morning in and flits till dark ;
A chimney corner of gigantic size,
And of inviting mien now meets the eyes.
When Winter deals his unrelenting blast,
And binds the brooks once rippling, firm and fast ;
When, on the angular and leaded panes
Hard pelts the torrent of the winter rains,
When earth is coated with its garb of snow,
The moon is veiled, and all looks dull below ;
Then gives the friendly hearth a cheerful blaze,
And round the crackling log the flicker plays.
The reddening peat yields comfort to the swain,
And melts the Winter's adamant chain ;
Cold and his grim attendants stand aloof,
Scarcely daring to intrude beneath the roof ;
Or should they venture 'neath the garb of night,
They're soon assailed, and quickly take to flight ;
They stand without, and sharp their missiles pour,
But Industry's within and guards the door.
Attack with all their wonted rage they may,
But there he calmly stands and gains the day ;
Defying all their numbers and their power,
And reigning monarch of his ancient tower :

Sir Winter's victor, Hunger's bitterest foe,
The belly's friend and Health's far famed depôt ;
The aid in sickness and the stay in health,
The path of comfort and the road to wealth ;
The stock from whence pure Liberty shall spring,
Art's greatest patron, Peace's grandest king !
Joy speaking faces and the kettle's song,
Welcome the rustic who has toil'd so long ;
His duties done, his day of labour past,
He reaps the harvest of his toil at last ;
Hope's glorious halos compass him about,
And all is calm within though rage without.
Thus welcomed where a blest contentment lives,
He feels the comforts honest labour gives ;
Of which fatigue, if reckon'd up aright,
Amounts at least to one—an appetite ;
His system by exertion deeply pressed,
Pants for repose and hungers after rest ;
A meaning sleeps within that word repose,
Which nought but Labour's hand can well disclose.
Proceeding on his way at early dawn,
With good supply, the evening finds it gone,
And he returns on sweet repose to feast,
From all his cares and arduous tasks released.

O ye who seek your downy beds when night
Has passed away, and find there no delight!
Who have your florid curtains closely drawn,
And all the comforts sipped from Plenty's horn;
To whom sweet sleep scarce comes but when much
 press'd,
Or coming is a transient friend at best;
Could you but borrow for a single night,
The true felicity, the pure delight,
Of him who on his humble couch demands
The pleasure lavish dealt by Nature's hands,
Methinks you'd say that he was well supplied
With comforts which your comforts can't provide.
You have your pleasures, perhaps, and so has he,
But yours are self enslaved, while his are free;
Yours oft enslave yourselves, oft rack the mind,
Some fresh enjoyment from their source to find;
To real joys they oft make you a foe,
And on your smoothest paths rough brambles throw;
Your so called comforts oft cost you your health,
And chain you to your bed from whence your wealth,
Or aught beside can seldom make you rise,
Or rising more regain the shattered prize.
You seek your comfort where it does not dwell,

And strive to purchase that which none can sell ;
You worship, and well nigh on bended knees,
Things which the healthy labourer never sees ;
What you despise would ofttimes suit his taste,
And he a dainty meal could make from what you
waste.

Your skilful cooks may make your dishes nice,
And try wealth's greedy stomach to suffice,
But yet an appetite they cannot bring,
Or serve up with your dish what does not spring
From Luxury's but Labour's well dug soil,
And is a child whose Father's name is " Toil."

I would not court Wealth's daughter could I gain
Her diamonded hand, were she to chain
Her husband in some dungeon that she owns,
Handcuffed and thrust 'twixt walls of monstrous
stones!

But in the devious language of my song,
I would not nubilate the right by wrong :
If wealth becomes our friend, 'tis well to use
The happy blessings that his hands diffuse ;
If Fortune's kind, and kindly lends us aid,
She does not mean her kindness to degrade,
To sink us lower in Creation's scale,

Or make us our well favoured lot bewail ;
She sends her blessings to supply our needs,
To render barren wastes prolific meads.
Wealth ceases to be wealth when tenants cease
To keep the covenants of the short termed lease ;
These once profaned endangers much the prize,
The barriers break and off the prisoner flies.
Is he not poor who turns his well-filled purse
From heavenly blessing to a hellish curse ?
Is he not poor who's thrust upon his bed
By gouty limbs or worse—*a gouty head* ?
Is he not poor who seeks but cannot find
Repose of body or repose of mind ?
Methinks those belts his body should sustain,
Too tightly press, and prove a girth of pain.
Thus wealth makes poor—such poverty, alas !
May I ne'er see reflected from the glass
That me reflects—I'd rather till the field
Than be possess'd of all that earth can yield,
If dispossessed of what wealth cannot buy,
Nor its purveyors numerous supply.
If I have wealth and evils great attend,
I still am poor, and Fortune is no friend ;
Whereas, if labour were my humble lot,

With Nature's blessings I would grumble not.
The sum is this, the man is poor whose wealth
Divests of virtue, or deprives of health.
Go, glance within the labourer's low retreat,
Where all is rude but yet where all is neat ;
Where wealth contaminate ne'er spreads a veil,
To hide the moral of our life's short tale ;
Nor magnifies the present to a size
That future years shall look on and despise !
'Tis like the valley sheltered and secluse,
Secure from burning friends, or chill abuse ;
Ne'er overwhelmed by summer's furious blaze,
(For neighbouring peaks refract his darting rays,)
Nor much alarmed when winter wields his wand,
And plants his foot on ev'ry stream and pond ;
Where in the sweet tranquillity of eve,
The moon appears when daylight takes his leave ;
Where thick exhalations from the pool of pride,
By gold evaporated, never hide
The modest grandeur of her gentle face,
Or dim the path she treads with princely grace.
Fame's airy form ne'er hovers round the spot,
And there Ambition never aims a shot ;
That stands afar and scarce a glance bestows,

This never comes but in its humblest clothes ;
Array'd in garbs humility has spun,
And coveting the robe denied to none.
'Tis here his hope, his proud ambition lies,—
To gain a lasting mansion in the skies !
Ambition worthy of a king to own,
And such as sets the labourer on a throne !
He takes it at the close of life's brief day,
And reigns thereon when thrones have passed away :
And would that scenes like this were not so rare,
That life breathed freely Eden's purest air !

The country ! oh, there's music in the word !
'Tis only there that Nature's music's heard ;
'Tis there alone her notes resounding clear,
Hails each successive season of the year ;
'Tis there alone she strikes the sonorous strings,
And there in sweet celestial strains she sings ;—
The spring advances, and melodious lays
Deluge the earth with floods of joyful praise ;
The lark ascends in triumph toward the skies,
And drops a lovely carol in its rise !
With twittering notes the new born sun it hails,
While earth is ravish'd by its sweet told tales ;
Before the glimmer of day's earliest dawn,

It bids us rise to taste the breath of morn ;
The rippling brooks take up the cheerful song,
And sweetly chant, the while they haste along.
There is a pleasure in the early stroll,
Which strikes the tenderest chords within the soul ;
While yet the sun with slumbering, half-closed eyes,
Reluctant creeps out from the eastern skies ;
While yet the meadow's robe its jewels displays,
And early songsters warble hymns of praise ;
The moon is blushing and conceals her face,
The stars withdraw and seem to yield their place ;
The sky is flushed and looks as if on fire,
And greeting beams make shades of night retire ;
Then let the spirit have its wonted sway,
And wander unrestricted on its way !
Mark then, the extensive orb which it pursues,
The wide expanse its wandering eye reviews ;
The sceptre of the realms of thought it wields,
And blissful basks within Elysium fields !
It sits quiescent on the seat of bliss,
And longs to give the world its parting kiss ;—
It sits as he once sat in Eden's bowers,
Ere noxious weeds were sown among its flowers ;
Earth seems a paradise, and its survey

Transmits the spirit to the scene of day.
It loves the earth, yet longs to take its flight,
For earth reflects a far more pure delight;—
Earth's landscapes are its telescopes which bring
In close approximation that bright spring
Which winter ne'er succeeds, nor clouds obscure,
The sun ne'er scorches, and where all is pure.
Can artist's pencil, poet's pen portray,
This gorgeous miniature of real day?
I praise their efforts, and the hand admire
Which sets the nature-loving soul on fire;
Which blows the spark into a brilliant flame,
And kindles love for Nature's sacred name;
That from the soul's unfathom'd ocean draws
Just admiration and a meet applause;
But brightest samples of artistic skill,
Which cannot fail the emptiest souls to fill
With deepest wonder, and extort their praise
On him who Nature's portrait thus displays;
Too seldom lead the wonder-stricken mind
So far back as the Artist who design'd
That great original, that broad expanse,
Which thought scarce reaches, and the eyes ne'er
glance.

But this grand picture leads the wondering soul
On swiftest wings to Him who made the whole;
Whose works are mighty, but He, mightier far,
Who circles earth, and makes the wind his car;
Who strides eternity, and spanneth time;
Extends His wings o'er Saturn's chilly clime,
Yet stands on earth, yet wheels thro' boundless space,
Yet reigns in heaven and filleth every place!

First tread the labyrinth of the mazy world,
The crowded deck where Nature's sails are furled,
Or droop as sick, fill'd by no freshening air,
But seeming sunk and rent by rough despair—
Here Nature shines, but with so faint a glow
As just suffices all her wants to show.
Then tread within her unmolested glen,
Away from noisy town and grovelling men;
Just take the pass between her graceful hills,
Or walk the meandering circuit of her rills;
Trip o'er the carpet her own hand has spread,
And in the richness of her valleys tread;
Pursue her route through tangled wood and brake,
And pensive follow in her peaceful wake;
Recline within her chambers at your ease,
And sip the fragrance of the air she breathes;

List to the music of her joyous song,
And watch the movements of the feathered throng.
See Nature in her early spring-tide dress,
The enrapturing beauty of each flowing tress
That lightly dances to the zephyr's lay,
And laughingly beguiles our life away !
Behold the gorgeous trappings of her feet,
So delicately pompous, yet so neat !
Here weeps the bluebell in its rugget bed,
And there the violet meekly hangs its head ;
Here lives the cowslip, humble and retired,
There climbs the rose as by ambition fired ;
Here does the daisy unassuming dwell,
And there the hearts-ease seems fond tales to tell ;
Here sleeps the tulip in its grand attire,
And there " sweet williams " fragrant scent respire ;
Here rove wild creepers and the crowfoot blows,
And there the pink in modest splendour shows ;
Carnations here redolent scent the air,
And fondly blush the light geraniums there ;
Here let the spirit ramble as it will,
Here contemplate the traits of heavenly skill—
Thus let it tread where Nature's feet have trod,
And it will quickly soar to Nature's God !

Once more its wings thus unrestrain'd will roam,
And bear their burden to its native home.

But why all this? how came the circling earth
To give such pure transcendent beauty birth?
Why those harmonious tones so shrill, so clear,
Why all the changes of the varied year?
Why peeps the sun unerring in its rise,
For what those lustrous stars that deck the skies?
Why bears the ground its many varied flowers,
And why the voice that cheers our gloomy hours?
Need truth be polish'd ere its splendours shine,
Or need we wonder long what great design
Omnipotence had drawn that traced the route
Each world should follow ere it started out?
Without Earth's beauties she might stay her course,
Nor more retain her centrifugal force;
The sun might set, and set to rise no more,
The moon take flight to some undreamt of shore,
Man cease to live, for he would be at best
But labour wasted, misery full drest;
Deep enveloped in darkness and despair,
Without such beauties of the earth and air!
Divest the earth of these, hide Beauty's face,
(If Fancy's giant powers can efface

For one brief moment such a beauteous prize
As in the smallest blade and floweret lies !)
And mark the course the blinded race pursues,
In darkness groping, soon its way 'twould lose ;
No trace of bliss would cheer the roving soul,
And all would seem a deep, unfathomed hole ;
On seas of darkness 'twould be devious driven,
And soon forsake the only route to heaven !
Pure Revelation quick would lose its hold,
And be by deepest ignorance controlled—
The gospel truths be resolutely spurn'd,
Be tried by Disbelief, by Folly burn'd !
What surer sign on earth can there be found
That Truth's no bubble, no unmeaning sound,
That its a fixed, undeviating mark
Set up to guide us through a way so dark,
So oft beset with quagmires, traps and snares ;
So oft alloying fondest hopes with cares ;
What more required, Fiction's book to close,
What surer signs than earth's fair surface shows ?
Were all these blessings then design'd for man,
Who, soon as his ne'er-ending course began,
Swerved from the peaceful and umbrageous route,
The joy-strew'd path that heavenly love marked out ?

Were beasts that graze the mountain and the plain,
The tribes of air and those which swim the main,
And earth itself with blessings so profuse,
Created solely for this creature's use?
Was every floweret that earth's surface yields,
The exuberant crops that deck surrounding fields,
The ocean's waters and all else beside,
For all the numerous needs of man supplied?
Important then in the Creator's sight—
A creature formed express for his delight—
Frail man must be, and destined for an end
O'er which his feeble eye can scarce extend!
There must be something God's deep wisdom sees
In man that's worthy blessings such as these;
Something for which such kindness was displayed,
For which a world, a *universe* was made!
Who knows if yonder stars, yon dazzling sun,
And placid moon, that through their courses run,
Were settled there for any higher plan
Than that of tending to the wants of man!
There fixed in the immensity of space,
(Each one preserving his allotted place;)
They wheel the seasons, lighten every clime,
Give day its boundary and measure time.

Was there among them a rebellious one,
Earth might be crush'd, the universe undone !
Did but the smallest violate its law,
May be 'twould travel on its course no more ;
Surrounding worlds would tremble at the stroke,
Nor only tremble perhaps, their order broke,
The whole, methinks, would in convulsions shake,
And with a deafening crash the whole might break ;
Earth bound away, and thro' dark regions fly,
The sun be lost, and all creation die !

'Tis man alone, ennobled from his birth,
(Not by his old connection with the earth,
But nobler far, related to the King
Of countless worlds, that on His outstretch'd wing
Flits through all space and stands on worlds afar,
And with His care encircles every star,)
That dares to break and even to despise
The laws fixed by the Ruler of the skies,
To guide man's course and check his wayward flight,
Efface obscurity, make darkness light !

Where stands the Atheist ? where rest his views ?
What darken'd orbit is't his soul pursues ?
To him do sun and moon and stars appear ?
Or do they ne'er approach his chilly sphere ?

Has something fixed his wild, unchanging gaze,
Or wherefore all the scenes that earth displays?
Does hope ne'er deck th' horizon of his breast,
Or does no straggling beam his eye arrest?
What weaves the veil that thus mysterious blinds,
And where the joy that lightens purer minds?
Where lives the fear diffused in brighter souls,
And where the happiness that fear controls?
What servile spirit is't within him reigns,
And what the summit that his joy attains?
He sees the world, perhaps marks its varied scenes,
But there he halts—some shadow intervenes!
His vision rolls a deviating course,
For ever check'd by some unconquered force.
He surveys life; perhaps marks its rapid stream,
And owns its title just—"a transient dream!"
But here he stops, and thinks his closing breath
Will rock him calm into the sleep of death!
He hopes (if ever hope emits a ray)
That with his life, existence fades away;
Presuming not when Death's rough grasp shall shake,
That the profoundest dreamer will *awake*—
That when the fleeting dream of life is o'er,
Realities he ne'er dreamt of before

Will rise before him in the light of morn,
Make fiction real, and laugh his dreams to scorn,
He thinks (if e'er such creatures think at all)
That when the last grain of life's sand shall fall,
He'll creep into Oblivion's dark bowers,
And thus cheat Death of all his boasted powers.
Now turn to Nature, hear the tale she tells,
And learn a sermon from the hills and dells!
Does she to such fallacious reasoning yield?
Go—seek her answer in the silent field!
Why came the earth if man was but a spark
Which death puffed out and all beyond was dark?
What vain design gave the creation birth
If man, her lord, was of no higher worth
Than meanest of the grand empire he sways,
His greatness centered in a few short days?
What called him forth, what made the earth so fair,
And why came reason, if his hopes were there?
For what vain purpose was man settled here,
If there's no future port where he may steer?
If when this narrow, troubled sea is cross'd,
The whole is finished and the future lost,
Just like an exhalation quick dispersed,
Or but a bubble which a breath can burst;

Why halts he oft before some whispering voice,
And what 'twixt numerous paths gives him the
choice ?

Why cares he what encircling route he goes,
If all converge and all at length shall close ?
O infidel, can thy untutor'd mind
Keep wandering on and yet, yet never find
In its erratic path the slightest trace
Of Him that form'd each world, suspended it in space !
Canst think such mighty works for thee were wrought
As Nature shows thee, and yet thou for nought ?
Created but to glut thy taste and eye,
Live as the beasts, and then as beasts to die !
Canst ponder Nature, contemplate her laws,
And think all were produced without a cause ?
Peruse her book, and scan each sacred page,
And mark her constancy from age to age ;
Successive generations rise and fall,
But she tho' changing keeps unchanged thro' all.
The morning breaks, the orb of day appears,
And on his destined pathway pompous steers ;
He lights the world, sends down his cheerful rays,
Makes earth prolific, and his homage pays ;
Noon follows in his wake, then comes the eve,

And in his crimson car the sun takes leave.
The twilight blends sweet evening with the night,
And all seems rest till morn again sheds light ;
The spring appears with all her joyous train,
And Renovation acts his part again ;
Renascent herbage clothes the numerous hills,
And with exultance all creation fills.
She sows her seeds, with blossom decks the trees,
And sports awhile upon the western breeze,
Then makes her exit, takes no further care,
But yields her charges to the Summer air.
He furious comes, repairs the spring-tide gap,
And pours Spring's produce into Autumn's lap ;
Then comes again old Winter's snowy head,
Which seems to mourn the seasons that are dead ;
His visage pallid, frowning, dark and drear,
He seems the tomb of the departed year !
Thus all is change, yet Nature still retains
Her infant form, and all unchanged remains !

A book is Nature strewed with pretty plates,
And to one well skilled Artist each relates ;
In all there is one mighty truth to learn,
And to one point their numerous currents turn.
On yonder brow I see a beauteous scene,

A glowing picture, placid and serene ;
No eloquent harangue my ear assails,
And yet a sonorous voice the spirit hails ;
It sends me fluttering to earth's infant days,
Rocks fear to sleep, and wakes the slumbering
praise ;

It points the hour when man insatiate,
Relinquish'd manhood for a childish state ;
When tried by strong Temptation's searching probe,
He threw away his only needed robe ;
Till then Man's comforts were complete without,
Or silks or satins cumbering him about ;
Supplied with all that Heavenly wisdom thought
Convenient for the noble work he'd wrought,
Man listened to the insidious serpent's lay,
And soon incurred a debt he could not pay ;
A contract sign'd securing him the grave,
And lasting bondage had no heavenly wave
Wash'd from his soul the hellish colour'd stains,
And from a bankrupt world broke off the chains.
Soon as " the robe of righteousness " was torn,
He felt the need that something should be worn ;
From Eden's glory and pure angels' bliss,
He sank to settle in a world like this.

A garden once, laid out by taste Divine,
Warm'd by a sun that ne'er had ceased to shine,
Had man received its unrefracted light,
And put the infernal cloud of Hell to flight !
But now a plot beset with plants that bear
Prolific crops of toil, disease and care ;
Bestrewed with thorns and rank luxurious weeds,
On which the uncultured mind for ever feeds.
Look yonder, man, and see thy weakness traced
Back to creation, and thyself debased !
Seen as thou art, say where thy glory lies,
And what the intrinsic worth thy follies prize !
Seen as thou art, bare, helpless and forlorn,
Say, in what sphere do all thy beauties dawn ?
Thy poverty, alas ! God only knows,
Dependent on inferiors for clothes !
See man array'd in all his gaudy suit,
That first adorn'd the back of yonder brute ;
A garment second-hand he's glad to own,
Nor scorns the dress that on a beast has grown.
And can Pride live in such an humble sphere,
Or Vanity through such deep mists appear ?
Where springs it then, and what propitious earth
Produces creepers that betray thy worth ?

Thou'rt rich, may be, thy stomach never felt
A pang but from thy blessings wrongly dealt ;
Thy back well clad and pocket lined with gold,
Secure from Summer's heat or Winter's cold,
And if thou'rt prudent health may fill the place
Which in Wealth's list is oft an empty space.
And further still, thy catalogue of worth,
May be, is honoured by—“ *a noble birth !*”
Thy father, perhaps the grandson of a peer,
A pass which many a gilded gate will clear.
(How lucky and praiseworthy he that's born
Heir to a gem that's been for ages worn !
How great the worth, how worthy is the fame
That springs but from a father's ancient name !)
Such then are the unprofitable seeds
From whence the obnoxious plant of Pride proceeds,
Seeds planted ill or cultivated wrong,
Seeds fostered badly by a giddy throng !
O thou who thus art chosen as the soil,
In which spontaneous spring no plants of toil,
Say, why thus favour'd, wherefore were they sown,
And what the crop there destined to be grown ?
May be, they serve a stercoraceous cause,
And raise a fertile crop of rank applause !

Rich harvest too, and one befitting well
Subverted granaries where vermin dwell !
Thou'rt great, of course, thy riches make thee so,
But perhaps thy greatness centres in vain show ;
When poised by Truth and weighed in Virtue's
scales,
Thy grovelling worth in tainted gas exhales —
The spectre vanishes, the rock is cleft,
And in its place a heap of dust is left !
Weigh Wealth with Worth, divest it of its coat,
And like a bubble on Worth's stream 'twill float !
But thou art rich ! Misfortune scarce hast met,
Dark clouds of sorrow ne'er assailed thee yet !
All has been sunshine, weather bright and calm,
No threatening aspect ever caused alarm.
'Tis well ! thy lot is fair, enclosed in bliss,
And seems secure from poverty's abyss ;
But came such good for such a futile end,
Or came such wealth for Vanity to spend ?
A clod of earth with flowers adorn'd may gain
A gazing world's applause as weak as vain,
But that no longer than the flowers last ;
Should they be scattered by Misfortune's blast,
Thou'lt look in vain for friends thou once could'st
own,

Be spurned by many and to all unknown !
Do Heaven's blessings then lead thee to scorn
A fellow mortal 'cause he's lowly born ?
One who ne'er tasted pleasures such as thine,
And who ne'er bask'd within thy warm sunshine ;
Is he beneath thy notice 'cause he's forced
To labour till Life's stormy ocean's cross'd ?
Say, is it thus ? do blessings such as these
Instead of warming tend those streams to freeze
Which thro' the vale of Poverty should flow,
And on unfertile lands make Comfort grow ?
'Twere well at once to stop their worthless force,
And turn their current in another course ;
As well to lay thy talents on the shelf,
As to monopolize their fruit thyself !
And better too, for when thy lord demands
The interest of all placed in thy hands,
With what composure wilt thou meet his eye,
And what the trust abused will satisfy ?
(Forgive the truth, for truth itself must tell)
Thy soul a bankrupt, prison'd fast in hell !
When thou shalt glance o'er Life's unfolding page,
And read the *travelling cost* thro' every stage,
O how the sight thy drooping soul will cheer,

When items long effaced again appear !
When thou shalt see so much misspent for pain,
So much for pleasures frivolous and vain.
So much for vanity with trifles fraught,
So much for traps in which thyself wast caught !
If such be pride and all that Pride can give,
In Poverty's drear cot I'd rather live
Than soar on wings of wealth above its cloud,
And lastly share the dungeon of the proud !
Are flesh and blood throughout the world the same,
Or do Wealth's trappings hide some nobler frame ?
When Death strips all and lays each bosom bare,
Does Wealth convey to some more genial air ?
Secure its tenant some far nobler home,
Or with him through more blissful regions roam
Than he will enter who slides off the earth
Unknown, unnoticed and of little worth ?
'Tis Reason asks, let Reason then reply,
And mortals listen, for she'll speak no lie !
Blest he who finds when Life's frail thread is spun.
An item in his book which thus shall run—
" So much a year to poverty supplied,
So many pounds to craving self denied !"
Yes ! he's the man, and happy is he now,

Bright wreaths of happiness shall deck his brow ;
And he shall win an everlasting fame,
A greater honour than a gilded name !
Rank weeds will spring in most uncultured ground,
And more uncultured it they more abound ;
And such is pride, a weed we oftenest find
Luxuriant most in most unfertile mind.

When Fancy roves and Pegasus takes flight,
'Tis no mean task to check their wayward flight ;
Throughout Creation's wondrous space they fly,
And flit through regions of the ethereal sky ;
Embark on seas unseen, unknown before,
And steer their course to some unheard of shore.
'Tis hard for strongest ever to retain
The mastership and check the tugging rein,
But how much more so for a weakly hand
Like mine to hold an absolute command !
My quill resembles some frail barque at sea,
Toss'd here and there, enslaved yet ranging free ;
What aideth some o'erwhelms my feeble speck,
And winds that lightly toss make mine a wreck !
What forwards some strikes mine with such a force,
As sends it reeling in another course.
But once more righted it resumes its track,

For Nature's mellow language calls it back.

Now change the scene, let daylight slide away,
And placid Evening have her gentle sway ;
On Twilight's wings she reaches Night's deep lake,
Halts at its verge with darkness in its wake.
She comes as in half mourning suit array'd,
The harbinger of night's approaching shade ;
Her reign is transient, but her modest crown
Diffuses peace and calls Enjoyment down.
Within the bosom of the quiet vale,
When Eve relates her first enamour'd tale,
While moon and stars and all that stand around,
Appear intent to catch the gentle sound,
There let the spirit quench its parching thirst
With waters which from Eve's pure fountain burst.
Within these realms no jarring discord breaks
The blest serenitude and peace she makes ;
Here Pleasure dwells, and in her purest form,
Here Peace's fulness leaves no room for storm ;
Here Virtue's pencil seems to tincture all,
Here rays from stars of Hope appear to fall !
In modest grandeur peers the orb of night,
Throughout the shaded vale diffusing light ;
Like some huge ball of fire she rives the trees,

Yet seemeth loth to quit earth's genial breeze ;
Ascending still her topmost rim appears,
And still ascending soon the tree-top clears ;
No boughs or hills now intercept her way,
And on she wheels, a mimic show of day.
A net of shadow overspreads the earth,
And evening's gloom is lit by evening's mirth ;
O, would that pen of mine could sketch the scene,
And some few traits from so much beauty glean ;
Could show in miniature the spangled sky,
And spread earth's richness all before the eye !
Preserve the music which the valley gives,
And always roam where so much beauty lives.
Within this vale does Nature seem to show
A heavenly scene reflected here below ;
The garb of placidness invests the place,
And adds a charm to Nature's happy face,
While music softly playing to the soul,
Is set like gems to decorate the whole !
There hover round such spots celestial joys,
Which nought pollutes and nothing base alloys ;
Now tune the ear, unveil the eager sight,
Unlock the soul and welcome pure delight.
See Nature now, clad in her evening's dress,

And hear the lesson that her tones impress ;
The twittering larks the air no longer cleave,
The throstle's tired, and long has taken leave ;
But there is music still from yonder trees,
Borne gently on by evening's whispering breeze ;
Soft comes the shrill reverberating strain,
And wakes the slumbering fancy up again ;
Bears on Reflection's busy train of thought,
And meets the soul with glad emotions fraught.
I hear thee, gentle songster of the night,
Arrester of the soul's unbounded flight ;
(But though arresting yet imparting force,
And sending it more joyful on its course),
I hear thee, spring time warbler of the eve,
And wish thy happy form might never leave ;
But all is transient as the buds of spring,
Awhile Joy flutters, Hope is on the wing ;
But soon a shaft from Fate's unerring bow,
Brings down the one and makes the other go.
Now wherefore strikes such music on the ear,
And why the winter left with nought to cheer ?
Why comes the spring in all her grandeur decked,
While Nature looks in winter tossed and wrecked ?
Why earth so beautiful in every change,

And what vast Power could all her scenes arrange ?
Did winter come not, spring would lose its charm,
And earth chilled not would want no spring to warm :
'Tis change makes change agreeable thro' the earth,
'Tis winter gives the summer half its worth.
But thee, sweet nightingale, wherefore thy song,
And why the warblings of the happy throng
That ushers in the season's pompous queen,
And lends a charm to Nature's fairest scene ?
For one brief moment let the mind unbend,
And by Reflection's aid o'er space extend ;
Within the compass of its outstretched wings
Lay fertile fields of hope, and pleasure springs—
Yes, pleasure springs, the shade of future bliss,
If e'er it falls upon a world like this ;
If e'er a beam from Heaven's orb can stray,
'Tis surely here it wends its lonesome way ;
'Tis here it sports and cheers the pensive mind,
And if it goes leaves no dark trace behind.
Time was, but 'twas when time's career began,
That beams like these came down direct on man ;
Refracted not by that chill atmosphere
Thro' which its disk can scarce be noticed here ;
Ere hell sent forth its thick and tainted cloud,

Which darken'd earth and made for man a shroud !
Say then, sweet songster, in that brilliant time,
And in the trees of that celestial clime,
Didst thou send forth thy clear unrivalled lay,
Thy maiden hymn when earth first closed the day ?
Within the calm retreat of Eden's bowers,
Didst thou first sing in man's untarnished hours ?
And did that sweet enraptured bosom swell
With tones as mellow when thy listeners fell ?
When came the gloomy eve of vain regret,
And earth's bright sun of Happiness was set ?
Methinks I see thee on a trembling sprig,
With gloom encompassed and with sorrow big ;
Methinks I hear thee chant a funeral dirge,
When man in tremor stood on Eden's verge !
And when at length the gates were bolted fast,
The air was rent with hot Displeasure's blast ;
When Adam forthwith from his throne was hurl'd,
And lay a bleeding mass upon the world ;
And when with countenance weighed down with
 woe,
He looked askance and knew not where to go ;
Or taking survey saw the dreary waste
In which his partner and himself were placed,

And keen remembrance stole across his mind,
Reflecting clear the scenes he'd left behind ;
When on his rough, unshaded, dreary way
Grew poignant thorns, and brambles thickly lay ;
While thus he gazed, dejected and forlorn,
The stream of Peace was stay'd, and Hope was
gone ;

When as an exile on the world's rough face,
He stood a heap of terror and disgrace ;
When flames of hot despair consumed his rest,
The angelic peace once thriving in his breast,
Methinks I hear thee striving to destroy
Hell's fiendish taunts, and yet foretelling joy !
Diffusing warmth throughout the chilly air,
And bringing hope in contact with despair ;
Striving in scenes of deepest gloom to cheer,
And whispering joyful sounds in Sorrow's ear ;
I hear thee now in no less happy strains,
Speak freedom to the soul tho' bound in chains—
Such chains as time like friction wears away,
Until much worn they lose at length their sway.

O Nature, thou art lovely, lovely all,
Or decked by spring, or spread by Winter's pall ;
Or when the earth thy morning ray first hails,

Or when the sunshine in the evening fails ;
As viewed in part or in thy mighty whole,
When all is calm, or when thy thunders roll !
'Tis wonder all ! and yet no mystery hides,
(Except where Sophistry's weak staff resides)
'Tis such a wonder as disperses doubt,
And such as finds its wondrous Author out ;
Puts Error and its doctrines in the rear,
And makes e'en Truth itself stand out more clear ;
E'en makes the Atheist's thin fallacy reveal
The very truth it striveth to conceal.
Now take the flimsy unbecoming veil,
And spread it where the purest truths prevail ;—
Or where there seems the faintest trait of all,
E'en there allow the frail disguise to fall ;
See then that outline of Truth's radiant face,
Which earth and hell combined can ne'er erase !
Just like yon star that glitters through the night,
The darker it, the purer seems its light !
Let Truth and Error bend at Judgment's shrine,
The one in her own radiant beauty shine,
The other beam in all her borrowed flare,
Which never burns save in its native air ;
And dazzles but not lightens those who gaze,

Or madly flutter in its Hellish rays ;
And let impartial Reason's searching eyes
Look into both, and see where beauty lies.
'Twere vain to say when brought to such a test,
How vain the garb in which the doll is dressed !
So thinly wove that through its thickest folds,
The weakest eye its wooden form beholds.
Now call in Nature if such aid's required,
And see then Truth in all her robes attired ;
See Atheism's mansion overturn'd,
Her pencilled scenes effaced, her reasonings
 spurn'd ;
But what *is* Nature, and where dwells the soul
That sheds this light resplendent o'er the whole ?
Now look around with eager, pensive mind,
And see if in Creation thou canst find
The slightest trace of Him that fixed her laws,
The lightest shadow of a First Great Cause ?
If not, what throws obstruction in thy way,
Diffuses gloom and holds thee in its sway ?
There must be something that obscures thy route,
And surely light like thine can find it out !
If man were what he seems to thee, a beast,
Made for the world and there his glory ceased ;

Transient as flies that flit in noonday sun,
And coming night found all his purpose done ;
If all his hopes and all his thinking powers
Were just subservient to Life's brief hours ;
The rapid stream which bears his frail barque,
Rushed on to some abyss unknown and dark,
And he there dashed where all had fallen before,
To be forgot and never rising more ;
Just launched to float in vain upon the world,
And in Death's storm the sails of Hope were furled,
Or rent in pieces by its shivering blast,
And all proved but a hapless wreck at last ;
Then why so struggle on the raging sea
Of dire misfortune, pain and misery,
That overwhelms him in each route he steers,
And batters every hope with doubts and fears ?
Why stand the target at which Time may aim
His poignant shafts, if there's no prize to claim,
When all is finished and the warfare done,
Old Time defeated, and the victory won ?
Can then the mixture of life's cup be such
(So truly pleasant) that we ask so much ?
Nay, long experience has fully shown,
That on the fairest plots sharp thorns have grown !

Then why delay to breathe the closing breath,
And calmly sink into the sleep of death?
What inward impulse says, "Forbear thy hand!"
And what that listens to the dread command?
Life, then, so bitter must be sweet as well,
Else must advancing death some horror tell
That claims attention, makes the hearer shrink,
And even struggle on *Oblivion's* brink!
Ask him bowed down and crushed at sorrow's feet,
If he can say his rugged life is sweet;
Enquire of him whom Fortune has despised,
If life is something highly to be prized;
And next of him so courted and caress'd,
Admired and loved by all, by Fortune bless'd;
Of him who hopes indeed, yet fears to die,
Believing nought except that 'Truth's a lie;
And last of him who craves no longer stay
Than Fate ordains, nor fears to pass away;
Who calmly trudges on his rugged road,
And lightens at each step the pilgrim's load:—
Ask these, for they can tell if life is joy,
So much to be desired, or but a toy;
With which Time sports and trifles year by year,
Till last of all Death's gloomy face appear!

Ask these, for they can tell if human life
Is mix'd with pain, a scene of ceaseless strife.
'Tis nought but death then gives to life its charm,
The latest storm that makes the sea so calm !
But what this *death*, this terrible ordeal,
And what dread spectacle can it reveal ?
It ends life's pangs, all fiction then is o'er,
Truth's proved a falsehood, and deceives no more !
The body turns a mouldering heap of clay,
And life has then for ever passed away.
Ah ! is it thus ? let Nature have a word,
And let her undisguised appeal be heard !
Let thought rove back through ages of the past,
And see ! the lofty summit's gain'd at last !
Was there a time when Nature's course began,
Or has she trod Eternity's vast span ?
Thought cannot breathe in atmosphere so rare,
And Unbelief itself must sicken there ;
When time was not then and the stars were none !
Earth had not peeped nor called the blazing sun,
A vital Spirit through the darkness came,
Sent forth a spark and puffed it to a flame ;
When, lo ! creation's mighty birth took place,
And worlds were scatter'd thro' the wilds of space.

What follow'd then? A something touch'd the
 whole,
And on the vast machine began to roll;
Then man in undisguis'd beauty came,
And call'd these mighty works by Nature's name.
But what this *something*? what this unseen power,
That rais'd from nought Creation's wondrous tower?
A fabric so stupendous that the mind
Might rove for years unnumber'd, and ne'er find
The boundary of Nature's vast demesne,
Or e'en thro' Fancy's glass trace every scene!
What, but that Spirit that exists in all,
And at whose word must man and Nature fall!
This like an exhalation be dispersed,
That enter life when Life's thin shell is burst;
'Twere vain for Sophistry to tread this route,
For there she blushes while the Truth stands out.
Then touch her not, engage in no such fight,
Lest all thine airy bubbles take to flight!
The simple beauty of the grassy blade
Will cast thy deepest reasonings in the shade!

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY! what volumes thou dost
 speak!
 How frail the wings of 'Thought whene'er
 they seek

To reach thy summit or thy depth to find,
 Their greatest efforts leave them far behind!
 When countless millions of long years have run,
 Their lengthen'd course, *thou* wilt have just begun!
 The grains of sand that strew the ocean's shore
 Are numberless, but thy long years are more;
 And were the earth reduced to grains so small
 That through a needle's eye each one might fall,
 Their number, like a stream, would soon be cross'd,
 And in thy broad expanse of years be lost!
 Were ocean's waters drawn by sparrow's bill,
 At but one dip per hundred years, e'en still,
 Eternity would see the ocean spent,
 As slowly filled, and nought of her be rent!
 There's no comparison betwixt the two,

Thy years are many, whereas these are few ;
Time from thine orb is but a transient ray,
Which gleams awhile but quickly goes away ;
A quick revolving, changing satellite,
Which shines with borrow'd rays throughout the
 night ;

And setting soon begins thy sun to rise,
Or scorch in Hell, or gently light the skies !—
A hill it is too high for thought to gain,
A word too hard by far for man to explain.—
Life might be spent and all creation die,
Ere thought throughout thy wide domain could fly.
When millions of long ages have been born,
E'en then there will no part of thee be gone !
Absorbing thought ! too vast for human mind !
For it were just as easy task to find
How many particles compose the air,
As thy extent to measure by the year.
Imagination in its rapid rise
Revieweth much, and o'er vast regions flies ;
It girds the earth and strides to distant stars,
Now sits on Saturn, perches now on Mars ;
And now Time's little isle, may be, explores,
But almost ere't has reach'd thy boundless shores

It 'gins to fag, and fluttering for a time,
Returns much shatter'd to its native clime.
But why thus strive to rove through thy expanse,
Or take with eyes like these a feeble glance?
Were time our footstool it would still be vain
To try to gaze through all thy vast domain.
But as we climb Life's ladder round by round,
'Twere well to see the point to which we're bound!
If, when the dizzy height of time's attain'd,
Rewards await us which our life has gain'd,
'Twere well to see what hopeful prospects dawn,
When, in Life's wake appears thy lengthened morn;
If after-life shall through thy years extend,
And man thro' all thy space his route shall wend,
'Twere well to see in what propitious sphere
Life's sun shall set, and thine at length appear!
If man is destined for a future state,
'Tis time to think, for time is growing late;
He's waxing old, and daily fainter grows,
And soon shall all his varied seasons close!
How soon the abyss of death may stop his course,
And time give way to Time's destroying force,
Remains unknown, enveloped in a veil
Which Time must lift ere Death relate his tale!

Then let us pause while on Time's wing we're borne,
And let's *determine* ere brief time be gone.
Once more then let us our strayed thoughts reclaim,
And then despatch them with a surer aim
To some more fixed undeviating mark,
Some hopeful star which lights a way so dark!

Eternity! of thee we cannot think
Too deeply or too long, e'en if we shrink,
As from some hideous monster when we gaze
Upon that dark, unknown, and dreary maze,
Which thou presentest to the guilty eye
Of him who looks, and vainly hopes to die!
Die! no; Man is not born the heir to death,
Though life takes wing upon his latest breath!
That life but leaves to breathe more genial air,
Throws off the changing garb that Time must wear,
And stands full clad in robes that he has made,
But which Eternity itself can't fade.
'Tis then, unshackled by the Winter's cold,
The bud expands and all its leaves unfold;
The germ bursts into life, the shell decays,
And lo! a tree springs up that blooms for endless
days!

Life is the narrow path through which we wind

With rapid steps, which leave their tracks behind ;
As in a pathway of unsullied snow,
The steps or lineal or erratic show ;
At length when all the wayside scenes are pass'd,
The weary traveller gains the end at last ;
The door unfolds and man is usher'd in,
To lose all hope or all his hopes to win.
Here 'gins the voyage that will never end,
The expanse to which Life's winding streamlets tend :
To some a placid and unruffled lake
Where winds are none, whose calm no tempests
break ;
There floats quiescent but with sails unfurl'd,
The bark so batter'd by the boisterous world !
No winds assail it *now*, it fears no blast,
No treacherous sands, for it is anchor'd fast ;
And there its freedom and its bliss arise
Tho' anchor'd, free ; tho' free, restrain'd by ties ;
On floods of bliss the bark uerring glides,
For One who needs nor helm nor compass guides !
Like earth it wheels round its effulgent sun,
While stars attendant through their courses run—
Stars which nor rise nor slink unseen away,
But radiant gleam throughout an endless day !

Did Truth not call, and bid the soul take flight,
From scenes of day to those of dreary night,
No pen need try to lift the flimsy veil,
Which strives to hide truth's ascititious tale!
But lo! she calls so with unflinching eye,
Gaze where the wrecking forms of misery lie;
Look on the gulf of overwhelming pain,
The realms of gloom where direst horrors reign!
Eternity's wide sea, too, opens there,
And dashes high its billows of despair;
A sea whose broad extent can ne'er be cross'd,
Where all are devious driven, and all are lost!

Eternity! no mind can pause too long
To hear thy thrilling groan or joyous song,
To glance thy mansions or thy dismal cell,
Where souls for ever and for ever dwell
High raised in Heaven or debased in Hell!
'Tis no light bubble meets the wondering sight,
But endless day or an eternal night!

SPRING.

HOW beauteous when the winter's pass'd
 Appears the youthful queen;
 Her lovely form defeats the storm,
 And clothes earth's naked scene!

Old Winter and his clan take flight,
 Their clamour's heard no more;
 Spring's genial air wafts peace along,
 And stills the tempest's roar.

The fragrant odour she respire,
 Deluges earth and air;
 Her brilliant crown throws plenty down,
 Her pencil makes it fair!

She speaks of pleasures yet to come,
 And bids earth courage take;
 Drives Frost and all his host away,
 And says to all, "Awake!"

“ Awake, awake, your work commence,
To work ye sluggards go;
The victory’s won, but there are none
Will reap who do not sow.”

The twittering birds remind us all
That it is time to rise :
They say, “ Make haste, no moments waste,
For time so quickly flies ?”

With steady and attentive eye,
Behold their quicken’d pace ;
With hope refill’d, they haste to build
Homes for a future race.

They cannot stay, for instinct says
The season will not last ;
The longest day will slide away,
The brightest spring flit past.

In gaudy robes each tree is deck’d,
Each branch is gaily clad ;
A verdant carpet spreads the meads,
Earth smiles, and all looks glad !

The long pent waters now escape
From winter's dismal cell ;
Bold spring again takes off their chain,
And on they joyous swell.

And as they rush o'er pebbly bed,
Or sluggish drag their way,
They seem to sing to genial spring,
And grateful homage pay.

The croaking frog now roused from sleep,
In stagnant pool is heard ;
Each blooming tree seems fraught with glee,
Each branch a twittering bird.

Then welcome, welcome happy time,
Thrice welcome is thy voice ;
Its lovely sound spreads joy around,
And makes the heart rejoice.

It tells us all, and glad the news,
That hostile winter's gone ;
And bids us gaze on brighter days,
Although they're yet unborn.

And while its end is nearer brought
By each succeeding day;
It bids us seek t' enjoy the spring
Which shall not pass away!

EARLY SCHOOLDAY REMINISCENCES.

LLOUD call'd by dear Remembrance to
 sing
 The transient days of Life's unclouded
 spring!

Sweet is the call, and I delight to hear
 Those not far distant days brought still more near
 By Recollection's sweetly echoing voice,
 Which softly whispers that had I my choice
 Of days that since Life's dawn have pass'd away,
 'Twould hover round the scenes of youthful play.
 Nor wrong my choice if happiness were sought,
 Nor would those days methinks be dearly bought,
 Were I to gain them at the heavy cost
 Of those which losing fast I've not yet lost.
 Could I a bargain strike with Mr. Time,
 Once more to take me to that sunny clime,
 Once more to yield the joyous days he stole,
 Methinks 'twould be a fortune to my soul!
 A fortune! yes, if happiness can claim

A rightful heirship to so great a name ;
 I would not part from happiness to live
 Where dwell the pleasures that earth's riches give ;
 Alluring gold with all its scenes so bright,
 Would fail methinks to turn my eager sight,
 Were it once fix'd on what is often sought,
 Pursued by all but yet so seldom caught !
 What leads us on o'er hill and marsh and dale,
 The time beguiling by some well-told tale.
 Ambitious he who seeks (though seldom gains)
 The lofty realms where Bliss unsullied reigns !
 And I am one who with a striving world,
 The more I try seem further from it hurl'd ;
 Half led to think 'twere no more vain to try
 To stand on earth and reaching touch the sky,
 Where they appear in mutual embrace,
 Than try with mortal's feet her route to trace.
 O could I find her gate I'd knock aloud,
 And raise my voice above the murmuring crowd ;
 But not so easy, while we onward go,
 Each distant hill-top seems its form to show ;
 We push along warm'd by the hopeful ray,
 But reaching, find that all is moved away !
 And thus decoy'd till all have come in view,

The final grasp bids all our hopes adieu ;
 Then slide we off forgetting and forgot—
 The race hard run, the prize awarded not.
 Some perhaps deny the reasoning of my song,
 Or say my argument is argued wrong ;
 But yet not so, whoever seeks will find
 'The game indeed in sight, but he far off behind ;
 He gains the hill where Hope reflected clear
 This brilliant form, but yet it is not here.
 Another peak invisible before,
 Now rises perhaps across some distant moor ;
 He's seeking something, what he cannot tell,
 And thus lets fall the kernel, holds the shell !
 But still my bow tho' some may think much bent,
 I will not ease, nor say it's Discontent,
 Or e'en Ambition that has been denied
 The words to coyish Happiness applied.
 'Tis Happiness, or in its purest guise,
 Or clothed in rags, that meets Ambition's eyes ;
 Man scarcely knoweth when the gem's possess'd,
 Tho' bare so long he feels not when he's dress'd.
 Sometimes he's held perhaps in her gracious arms,
 But yet sees not the radiant face that charms ;
 With converse sweet his moments she beguiles,

And like a parent smooths his head and smiles ;
 But he unconscious of so dear a friend,
 Soon brings her frequent visits to an end ;
 Her light soon dwindles to a feeble spark,
 Or disappearing leaves him in the dark ;
 And then the darkness like a mirror shows
 Beauties which else he never sees nor knows.
 'Tis so with me, methinks I once could own
 The fairy object ere her charms had flown.

I would not say we always seek in vain,
 Or that this prize will ne'er return again ;
 Will not be found by those who search the place
 Where clouds of guilt ne'er veil her beauteous face.
 But here it is not, never has return'd
 In that pure form which human folly spurn'd ;
 Who finds it now will find it far less pure,
 And mix'd with much that grovelling hands procure ;
 A piece of steel once bright, ate in with rust,
 A stately mansion once, now turn'd to dust ;
 A sturdy oak so noble in its day,
 Now hollow trunk'd and sinking to decay ;
 A gem the brightest man could ever own,
 Now substituted by a transient stone ;
 It once adorn'd the crown that rules the earth,

But man, poor dupe beguiled, forgot its worth !
 A travelling cheat beheld the glittering prize,
 And by a counterfeit allured his eyes.
 Man saw and liked the fascinating toy,
 Unconscious and regardless of alloy ;
 He saw and bartered, and that hapless hour
 Saw razed to earth a heaven-constructed tower !
 Its few remains lie scatter'd here and there,
 And blest is he who gets his humble share !

Sweet Recollection shows my wandering eyes
 A pleasing landscape though reduced in size ;
 A lovely picture this by Memory drawn,
 A daybreak scene, Life's unpolluted morn.
 Where'er chance leads me still I love to gaze
 On thee, dear picture of my early days !
 So legibly in every touch I trace
 The pencill'd outline of a happy face ;
 It shines in all, tho' somewhat dimm'd by time,
 Or getting fagg'd as Life's steep hill we climb
 The distance now from whence I view the scene,
 (Though misty clouds at times will intervene,)
 Reveals such traits as Time shall ne'er efface,
 But which then seem'd to occupy no place ;
 The graceful shadow of that happy form

Is one of these that outlives every storm.

O picture hung on walls of Memory's room,
 Tho' fleeting years may perhaps construct thy tomb ;
 Tho' leaves so lovely Time's rough winds may blast,
 Its scent redolent long as time shall last.

As one first starting from his parent's hands,
 Just 'scaping from the soft restraining bands,
 With steps reluctant and sight lingering yet,
 Moves slow along unwilling to forget,
 So I with steady pace and wandering quill,
 Pursue my dreary way, but lingering still ;
 And now methinks I've reach'd some lofty place,
 From whence a steady eye each route can trace,
 Each early path as meandering along
 Thro' sheltering woods away from clam'rous throng,
 Or now bisecting some well laid out plot,
 Where 'midst umbrageous bowers it was my lot
 A few brief years in sport to pass away,
 Unconscious of their worth or transient stay ;
 And even thinking at that early stage,
 My road most dreary, and each day an age.
 Although each vacant hour was soon beguiled,
 Ambition's language whisper'd to a child ;
 When first it spoke I scarce knew what it meant ;

It spoke again and taught me discontent ;
 With finger raised it pointed to a hill,
 Which promised every visitor his fill
 Of what the world " sweet happiness " would call.
 (It did not say, " Take heed tho' lest thou fall.")
 Replete with hope I raised my glistening eye,
 And saw a hill which seem'd to pierce the sky !
 My hope, alas ! soon winged itself away,
 For ere I reach'd so far full many a day
 Methought must come and sluggishly depart,
 And thus Despair quell'd Hope's frail, quivering
 dart !

Methought she show'd me what I could not get,
 Just lit a flame to damp with vain regret ;
 Thus I condemned, the while I never thought
 I was accusing what I did not ought.
 The dreamy fancy wrapp'd in mantle old,
 Of restless Discontent it was that told
 A foolish listener such a flattering tale
 Of glittering objects spread beyond the vale !
 But hope return'd ; I ever hoped to gain
 This fairy island, but I hoped in vain !
 When from the noisy playground disengaged,
 While yet Ambition's flood was unassuaged,

On its impetuous surge my bark was toss'd,
 And hope fair promised when the whole was cross'd.

Some five or six, may be, of friends long sworn,
 Assembled oft to talk when tasks were gone ;
 Of what great deeds would be by them achieved,
 No sooner named than they were all believed.
 Some urchin perhaps no bigger than the rest,
 In pinafore and collar duly dress'd,
 (Tempted, no doubt by sugar-plum or tart,
 Before he was prevailed upon to start,)
 'Gins yet to think of honours, riches, pelf,
 And heaping worldly treasures for himself ;
 Inventing traps which promise well to catch,
 In short bids fair to prove a sordid wretch.
 Another perhaps though slighting none the more
 The points touch'd on by him in pinafore,
 Yet takes another and perhaps wider view
 Of what is seen by all but known by few ;
 Of Life's broad scene he gets a flattered sight,
 And speaks of all he sees with much delight.
 My turn comes next, may be ; hope comes again
 Just like a butterfly that flits the plain ;
 Now here, now gone, now settling in my breast,
 Now off once more, for there it finds no rest !

Imagination paints transplendent views,
And tints the whole with rich and glowing hues ;
But one eye blind, my magic pen prevents
From sketching all the numerous seams and rents
That Life's unfolding canvass oft presents ;
My gaudy picture shows no darkened side,
And foremost soars the gold-tipped hill of Pride.
Next it, Ambition of stupendous size,
Whose summit's lost within the blazing skies !
What next appears ? Has happiness no place,
Or does no part reflect her smiling face ?
O, yes ! 'tis she, methinks, gives me the call,
'Tis her soft pencil seems to tincture all ;
Although unfinish'd, I must yet compare
A scene so promising, so bright, so fair,
With present views, and with a scornful look
Contrast it with the rigid cane and book !
While thus each one displays his brilliant choice,
The whole are startled with the master's voice :
And glancing, perhaps, the dreaded beckoning hand,
Prepare to obey the unexpressed command.
Farewell to Hope ! the scenes are thrown aside ;
Once flowing streams of Fancy now are dried ;
The little group starts up as one from sleep,

And much resemblance bears to flock of sheep
 Aroused from grazing, and o'ercome with dread,
 Which some sheep-biting cur's loud noises spread.
 And now with steps reluctant they proceed
 To soil more paper ; or " stand up to read "

With tones monotonous, while fingers trace
 Each word to keep the eye fixed on the place ;
 As though determined to rely no more
 On what had truant played oft-times before.
 My half-drawn picture's on its easel left,
 While Fancy, of her wakeful charms bereft,
 No longer treads the paths so lately trod,
 But, getting sleepy, soon begins to nod ;
 And falls at length to sleep, although a dream
 May launch us still upon a shallow stream !
 The wayward mind then snaps the strongest bands,
 And after several flights excursive, stands
 Precarious on the narrow dizzy peak,
 Of which it heard Imagination speak.
 Now mark the boy's unconscious, steady form,
 Regardless quite of any future storm ;
 He's gazing as if gazing at the air,
 And stands a silent heap of thought and care ;
 He's looking not at something of to-day,

And, though in school, yet wanders far away ;
His left hand still supports the tattered frame,
Which time gone by dishonoured not its name ;
But now dogs-eared, thumb-marked and pages torn,
Is well nigh down to leather-cover worn.

His right-hand guide, as by Ambition forced
To intrude on other's ground, its own has lost ;
His turn to read comes next perhaps, when alack !
The cane impartial comes down on his back !
As quick as thought his wandering mind returns,
And once more centres on its own concerns ;
The cane has acted with a magic stroke,
And all his train of thought completely broke ;
Its sudden touch has turned the fair landscape
Into an object of a different shape.

He seeks the place, although with tearful eyes ;
Each tear globose the letters magnifies ;
All seems confused—each letter upside down,
And intermixed with cane and master's frown !

As in retracing paths we once passed o'er,
We oft see things we did not see before ;
Or seeing perhaps spared but a transient look ;
So when I trace the paths that once I took,
Each step unfolds fresh beauties to the eye,

And in each path like stones does beauty lie ;
 The veil outspread by Time's gigantic hand,
 Withdraws itself at Memory's command.
 Blest Memory ! companion sweet thou art,
 When I companionless peruse Life's chart !
 'Tis small, but thou keen-sighted, true and kind,
 Its narrow and sequestered paths dost find.
 Can I be dull when thus engaged with thee,
 Or be enslaved so long as thou art free ?
 Nay, nay, did chains and fetters bind me fast,
 And were I into some dark dungeon cast,
 Thou still would'st take me to the time that's gone,
 And I should seem on Freedom's billows borne ;
 Once more enjoying Life's enchanting ride
 In Memory's bark, on Youth's impatient tide.
 O Memory ! and may thy scenes thus always glow,
 For, as we like, we make thee friend or foe !
 Thou art a building whose foundation's laid
 Ere time has caused youth's full-blown leaves to
 fade ;
 Each day's a stone which time cementeth fast,
 And which falls not when time has hurried past ;
 By us constructed and by us designed,
 It clear reflects the image of the mind ;

Oft built at random just as if each stone
Into some dark unfathom'd hole were thrown ;
As if when life should all the parts adjust,
Time would again convert it into dust ;
As if when Death arrived, if not before,
'The whole should crumble and be seen no more !
But is this mighty fabric that we raise
From out the wrecks of 'Time's fast fleeting days,
Erected solely for the passing hours,
To stand awhile, then fade like spring-tide flowers ?
Nay, nay, 'tis man himself that makes it rise,
'Tis man himself that lastly occupies.
Now mark the rise and progress of the piece,
Observe it bit by bit each day increase ;
At first nought but a little knee-deep wall
A few brief days to see, and that is all.
Time passes and the house gets higher yet,
While each stone's laid for pleasure or regret ;
As years roll on, perhaps, here and there a stone
Towards the base with moss gets overgrown ;
But lo ! the outline of the building peers
Through all the dusk and dimness of its years ;
'Tis no vain mark engraven on the sands,
But like the steadfast rock unmoved it stands ;

And future years shall look with joy or pain
 On work well done, or labour spent in vain.
 If such is memory, 'twere surely wise
 To build as though we're building for the skies,
 And to maintain a grace throughout the whole,
 As though 'twere destined for an unbound soul!
 Is not it thus? if Memory dies with man,
 'Twere vain to build from Truth's unchanging plan;
 But if the structure stands when time is gone,
 'Twere well to see where grace and beauty dawn;
 And having, after careful searching, found,
 A temple fair shall rise on surest ground.

O, were I called upon to sketch once more
 That rough dishevelled tract which lies before,
 Methinks the scene would more dark valleys show
 Than that I drew some few short years ago;
 In colours faded and mixed up with fear,
 Holes there would lurk, deceitful quagmires here;
 There passes winding and beset with snares,
 Here overhanging rocks of toils and cares;
 There pools of trouble with their tainted mire,
 And here some volcano, that vomits fire
 And pours its lava streaming down the breast,
 Corrupting streams of peace, destroying rest;

Here wayside brambles tearing oft my clothes,
 And there a dreary wood, concealing foes.
 Few green-sward lanes like those that I have
 passed,
 Few paths at all but what were overcast ;
 My hand, methinks, would shake as filled with dread,
 My pen refuse such dismal hues to spread !
 Rough narrow passes, dull and dark as night,
 Would take the place of scenes so fair and bright ;
 Far in the background I might perhaps portray
 The closing scene of all this dreary way ;
 The narrow pit to which our footsteps tend,
 Sin's greatest foe and Misery's greatest friend !
 That place where danger shall assault no more,
 The bark which bears us to another shore.
 But from such dismal work I will refrain,
 And rather picture what has passed, again ;
 What Wisdom has concealed, I will not try
 To lay uncovered to a tearful eye,
 But wait till Time, through each revolving year,
 Shall wade the future and make darkness clear.

'Tis Saturday—the season, early spring,
 When Nature's finger strikes the golden string ;
 Our schoolboy scene now takes another hue,

And for awhile bids cane and books adieu.
 Like water that, long pent, has broken way,
 Goes rushing on and throwing wide its spray;
 Now bounding o'er some stones that would impede,
 And now committing some destructive deed ;
 Now boisterous and now calmer moves along,
 Now madly roars, or chants its gurgling song ;
 So they pent up in school throughout the week,
 Now sally forth t'indulge in boyish freak ;
 The nauseous dose o'er which so many cried,
 Is now (of course reluctant) thrown aside.
 Till Monday, pen and ink may take repose,
 The forms may rest, the books and school may close ;
 Off go the boys like hounds in chase of deer,
 O'er hedge and ditch, no hounds were ever freer !
 Twang goes the bow and off the arrow flies,
 And now the wood resounds with shouts and cries ;
 The umbrageous wood ! with limbs outstretching
 wide,
 While towards the top some parts seem well nigh
 tied
 And twisted to a roof, impervious quite,
 If not to soaking wet, at least to light.
 Betwixt its rafters builds the glossy rook,

That at Creation's birth possession took ;
There sits its nest though in construction rude,
And there it hatches out its gaping brood.
The winds may blow and drive their furious blast,
But there the rocking cradle holdeth fast ;
What strews the ground that echoes to the tread,
And what this shroud with which the earth is spread ?
Some voice replies, " The wreck of beauty see,
Each fading cone's an emblem fit of thee ! "
Earth seems imprisoned, and with walls enclosed,
As if since her creation she'd reposed ;
As if she bore some mark of deep disgrace,
And blushing felt ashamed to show her face ;
Or cautious lest a glimmering beam might stray,
And through some trifling loophole find its way ;
Yet not quite smothered she, for here and there
An opening's made as though t' admit the air,
The entrance to the subterranean road
Which leads the rabbit to his dark abode ;
Far stretching 'neath the most gigantic trees,
And sheltered well from Winter's chilling breeze.
More passages than noblest mansions own,
More secret pathways than Romance has shown
In all her pencilled scenes, has this retreat,

Scarce trod by aught except the cony's feet ;
 But yet 'tis not secure from burglar's works,
 For oft a treacherous enemy there lurks,
 In weasel's form, blood-thirsty at the door,
 Or else with latent steps slow creepeth o'er
 The meandering and unobstructed way,
 And with embrace deceitful holds its prey.
 In vain the poor defenceless creature cries,
 And vainly through her mazy windings flies ;
 Fast seated on its back the thirsty foe
 Gulps down its heated blood the while they go.

'Tis thus if Contemplation's aid be sought,
 The soul is led through fertile fields of thought ;
 It fondles Nature's works or great or small,
 And loves to rove in freedom through them all.
 Now mark the boys ! see Contemplation there,
 As gasping for a breath of vital air ;
 'Twere vain to think them pensively inclined,
 When as from Bedlam bursts the buoyant mind !
 'Twere vain to think them arm in arm locked fast,
 And silent meditating on the past,
 Or pondering some huge, uprooted form
 Which stood the blast of many a winter's storm,
 Before it yielded to its rigid hand,

And bent obedient to Time's command.

'Twere vain to think their tongue with Truth
resounds,

When on the pliant twigs the squirrel bounds ;
From every mouth proceeds a thrilling shout,
Like that of dogs when first the game is out.
Now comes a brisk demand for stick or stone,
Or, failing these, may serve the rugged cone ;
Each one designed to work the squirrel's fall,
And bring a cruel laurel on them all.

But o'er the elastic road he nimbly moves,
And every missile unsuccessful proves ;
Stone after stone is hurled until they're forced
To stay their charge ; the little dancer's lost ;
Or else, may be their ammunition's used,
Before the object of their sport is bruised.

But undefeated they the wood explore,
With eyes keen searching every nook for more,
While one as sentinel is posted by,
To mark the route in case the game should fly.
Once more successful, they renew their charge,
But unsuccessful still the game's at large ;
Triumphantly from limb to limb he skips,
And from the reach of shafts and hunters slips.

The group remains, the wood resounding now
 With clattering stones' descent from bough to
 bough ;

Defeated in the object which they sought,
 They mark some gnarl or branch, or aim at nought ;
 Their quiver used the mark is left at rest,
 And on they go to seek the hidden nest.
 Eyes gazing here and there, as eager they
 As beast rapacious hunting for his prey ;
 Success this time, may be, their toil rewards,
 For great delight some peeping nest affords !
 Unmindful quite of tearing hands or clothes,
 A moment's pause, and up some urchin goes ;
 To gaping mates he calls one, two or three,
 " She sets " or " young uns " as the case may be.
 If eggs, what next concerns him, is the way
 By which the treasure he may safe convey
 To those beneath, not ignorant of the fact,
 That pressure least too hard the whole are cracked !
 So delicate the prize he fears to move,
 Lest all his arduous toil in vain should prove ;
 One hand in nest, the other holding fast,
 He fears to stir lest he be beat at last.
 Plan comes from plan ; at length some thoughtful

“ chap ”

Proposes he should drop them in his lap ;
The pinafore outstretched then meets his eyes ;
He feels inclined yet fears a broken prize ;
So waits till they some better one devise.
It comes ! with tenderest touch each one he takes,
And of his mouth a little basket makes ;
With due success his labours all to crown,
He “ pulls the nest ” and roughly hurls it down ;
Then next himself with careful step descends
Thro’ crackling boughs, and thus his venture ends.
Regardless as to whether clothes be torn,
With eager step he seeks the poignant thorn ;
With trembling hand and careful press or two,
He gently thrusts his tapering lancet through,
And anxiously presented to his lips,
The yelk with glare translucent from it drips ;
Last comes the threadling on the piece of grass,
And, having safely strung them, on they pass.
The hedge and copse, may be, they next explore,
And hedge-rows, fences, ditches, scramble o’er ;
Each tracking each that should the first not find,
The prize may not escape the ones behind.
Now rambled far, and limbs and stomach tired,
And gained perhaps as many as required,

With pending prizes, they their steps retrace,
 Yet duly looking in each tempting place ;
 Of adding to their wealth ambitious yet,
 Like misers losing not what they can get ;
 Themselves loud praising for their happy sport,
 And proudly viewing all the game they've caught.

'Twere not unwise, if on an humble theme,
 There fell from Truth's bright star the faintest
 gleam,

Which spread a happy tint upon the whole,
 And served to chase some dimness from the soul ;
 If we should bring Reflection to its aid,
 And make it glow through all its deepest shade.
 The soul of man is naked and forlorn,
 Its hopes eclipsed and half its glory gone ;
 Seen by itself an unenlightened speck,
 And on Eternity a hapless wreck—
 As on the world an exile at the best ;
 With chains beset, by hunger deeply pressed,
 It craveth food, and food around is spread,
 But oft its chains prevent its being fed.
 Life's varied scenes with nourishment are filled,
 Her barren wastes want only to be tilled ;
 Where'er these are, is food, and it were wise

On every tract to make some profit rise.
There is no scene which changing life can show,
But what, if cultured, some fair crop would grow ;
Then surely ours, however small, is one
On which a skilful hand, a genial sun,
Might raise a produce of that happy sort,
Which mortal's tongue scarce praises as it ought ;
That fills the garner of the human mind
With food as pure as Heaven first designed ;
And would that such a sickly hand as mine
Could scare the mist, and make its beauty shine ;
Could lead the mind just where its food is placed,
And show the field within this rugged waste ;
The starving mind's large wants are scarce supplied,
It oft solicits but oft gets denied ;
'Tis like the beggar hungering at the gate,
Exposed to all the fearful storms of fate ;
Oft turned adrift upon the boisterous world,
With helm unnoticed and its sails unfurled ;
Throughout the pathless ocean hurried fast,
Until she founder on some rock at last !
It surely then can be no great surprise,
If here and there a mind so ailing dies ;
That when at length its weak resources fail,

It drags its owner to the dismal jail !
Were inquest held on victims such as those,
'Gainst whom the world by Virtue backed is closed,
What verdict oft would meet the astonished ear,
And what bright phasis of Life's orb appear ?
A disk but brilliant in its own disgrace,
That lit the scene for some sad hand to trace.
How oft the jury in a solemn breath
Would say that poverty had caused its death.
'Tis well to seek then, tho' the prize be small,
In every stream, for good may come from all.
In yonder scene the outline well portrays
Life's riper actions in her later days ;
No searching eye is needed to discern
The point to which its rippling currents turn.
Who seeketh wealth resembles much the boy,
Although he trifles with a larger toy ;
His mind pursues the same attractive theme,
Although he floats upon a larger stream ;
The never changing object of his hope
Is all his toil, his life and all his scope ;
And round this sun his dazzled mind revolves,
Till all is heated and the whole dissolves.
He bends his bow and makes this point of fame

His only object and his only aim ;
He strains his muscle and his every nerve,
And beats his way through every game preserve ;
And (unless some shrewd keeper should surprise)
The tapering shaft in all directions flies ;
As eager he as boys in search of nest,
And it is hard to judge which prize is best ;
O'er hill and dale with anxious step he tears,
Nor yet for clothes nor aught besides he cares ;
With steady zeal he climbs the highest trees,
Now soars aloft, now grovels on his knees ;
Now somewhat higher and he'll reach the prize,
So long he view'd with bold Ambition's eyes ;
A little higher and his object's gain'd,
The summit of the loftiest hill's attain'd ;
And now fatigued and careworn with his toil,
He takes survey of all his heap of spoil.
But Time soon meets him, and his tale soon tells
That riches are no more than threadled shells ;
A little while he satisfies his mind,
And then departing leaves his prize behind ;
And oft before he meets the final stroke,
His shelly baubles by mishap get broke.
An idle life then sure my song commends,

And praises him who lifetime idly spends ;
Who takes no thought for coming rainy day,
But idly flutters all his life away,
Like butterflies that flit from flower to flower,
In midday sun, nor think of later hour ;
Who, in to-day's sure rock no anchor casts,
To hold him firm through all the future's blasts ;
Who has no hope, no industry, no fears,
No rule to guide him through the future years.
“ 'Tis well for thee,” I hear some voice exclaim,
“ To stroll at leisure and thy shafts to aim,
With such a weak indifferent skill, at those
Who strive to welcome every wind that blows ;
Who, up and stirring in industrious strife,
Are wedded fast to industry for life ;
Are thus united, not from choice but force,
Yet strive to gain the coveted divorce ;
Are busy schoolboys seeking hard the nest
Which hope espies, and where Old Age may rest !
'Twere better far to check the wandering muse,
Than idleness in active minds infuse ;
But we thy blunted arrows need not fear,
We're much too busy, lazy tales to hear.
So sing you in what idle strain you like,

Our iron's hot, red-hot, and we must strike."
Then strike, and wrong is he thine arm would stay,
Or bid thee in Life's fleeting moments play ;
That would conduct thee in the bark of Pride,
And bid thee sail at ease on Life's swift tide.
I speak of Wealth ! who seeks and seeks alone,
The bubble toy will find when life has flown,
Or feebly flutters on its latest wings,
How much sweet consolation from it springs !
I speak of wealth ! who seeks it likens much
Egg-seeking school-boy, for his prize is such
As school-boy seeks ; his hopes, his toils the same,
And both are seeking but a hollow fame !
Unsatiated being who canst view
Nought but thy wealth, for it bid all adieu !
Be careful as thou canst and hold it fast,
Yet thou shalt go and leave it all at last.
When such at length shall end his toilsome race,
He'll find his joys more center'd in the chase
Than in possession of the hard-earn'd prize,
For Death commands and all his pleasure flies !
He speaks the word, the victim quick obeys,
Sinks to the dreary tomb, and there decays ;
Lock'd arm in arm with Death he quits the crowd,

And barter all his riches for the shroud !

Our group methinks another picture shows,
 Of all the fertile fields where pleasure grows ;
 Who seeks his share of happiness to gain,
 Gets often foil'd, and often seeks in vain.
 And why oft foil'd ? (forgive me, if I tell)
 He prizes oft too much the tinted shell ;
 So dazzled by the lustre it reflects,
 He gladly takes it, and the rest rejects ;
 So prone to err, so apt to judge amiss,
 That oft we glad accept a treacherous kiss,
 And oft a foe's extended hand receive,
 Unmindful of the dagger in its sleeve !
 Blest he who holds the shell up to the light,
 And ere he chooses proves his choice is right ;
 Who not contented with its pretty hue,
 And smooth appearance, searches thro' and thro',
 To prove if it be nought but tattooed skin,
 Or whether there's a something real within.
 'Tis instinct bids the timid bird beware
 How it approach the fascinating snare ;
 'Tis instinct bids the reptile fly for fear,
 Whene'er a secret foe is lurking near ;
 But man endowed with Reason's brilliant gem,

Oft falls behind the wisdom shown in them ;
He sees the signal of a dangerous way,
Yet madly walks just where the dangers lay ;
He hears the rattle of the deadly snake,
Yet oft declines another route to take ;
The bird is foolish that the scarecrow drives,
For its mistrustful sight of food deprives ;
But still more foolish and blame-worthy we,
Deceived and tempted by each bait we see ;
Or from what's real scared off by false alarm,
Deprived of food by what can do no harm.
Who seeketh happiness oft seeks a shell,
And dips his bucket in an empty well ;
For something hoping that he'll never get,
He flings it deeper and still deeper yet.
He's fill'd with hope, perhaps, in its descent,
But draws a vain supply of discontent :
Methinks I see him stooping at the brink,
And straining hard for something pure to drink ;
At length fatigued and fagged in seeking nought,
He sees the place is faulty where he sought ;
His limbs are weak, and all his strength is gone,
His bucket lost, and hope's fair garment torn.
'Tis thus with some, while others who have found

The favour'd well where purest joys abound,
 Are still unable to secure the prize,
 Though depths unfathom'd roll before their eyes !
 How comes it thus ? demands some thirsty soul,
 Unconscious that his vessel has a hole !
 Nor only one, but some of various shapes,
 Through which the freshening fluid quick escapes ;
 No sooner in than it returns again,
 Deceives his hopes, and proves his efforts vain.
 A waste of time and toil and pleasure too,
 Is his who seeks it with a mind untrue.
 O ye who eager seek yet always fail,
 Just look, the fault lies in your *well* or *pail* !
 If in the well, 'twere well that you should leave
 The trap that tempts, and tempts but to deceive,
 If in the pail, no useless labour spend,
 But strain your nerves each gaping breach to mend ;
 But careful, lest some sharp projecting stone,
 While watching yours should perforate my own.
 No harm to look but still I must confess,
 My own wants careful watching none the less ;
 A shaky and mistrustful vessel mine,
 Although as yet age has not graved a line.

Blest he who strives this blessing to procure,


Who labours much but yet who labours sure ;
 Who oft fatigued oft findeth sweet repose,
 And oft athirst, oft drinks of that which flows,
 Not down the channels of this crumbling clod,
 But from the stream whose fountain head is God !
 Who scared nor tempted by each worldly sight,
 Basks calmly in the sunshine of delight ;
 Who takes not every glittering form for gold,
 Nor plucks the bud before its leaves unfold ;
 Allows no gaudy covering to guide,
 But eager looks to see if aught's inside.

O come, blest Happiness ! whate'er thy form,
 Come, speak the word, and quell the raging storm ;
 Be thou the Captain of this humble bark,
 And all shall safely ride though all be dark !
 Come, thou, and all the furious blasts shall cease,
 Once speak the word, and then shall all be peace !
 Once more beside this dark and rugged road,
 Consent to live and ease the pilgrim's load ;
 Then shall the way so craggy and so drear,
 Be reuder'd smooth, and all again be clear ;
 If thou attend us up this steep ascent,
 No vacant heart shall fag with discontent ;
 All shall be lit with thine effulgent ray,

And with a lightsome step pursue their way !
Then poverty around our huts may prowl,
The tempests roar, the angry winds may howl,
But hope and peace above the storm shall rise,
And blunt the point of every shaft that flies ;
Then may Misfortune raise his threatening hand,
But on a calm assurance we shall stand !

Return, then, as in Life's unclouded dawn,
And bid each mist, each threatening cloud begone !
It matters little, and I little care,
If clothes be tatter'd, or thy back be bare !
E'en should no shoes protect thy wandering feet,
Thy presence shall a hearty welcome meet !
Wandering indeed ! like some frail bark at sea,
Come, then, return, and find a port in me !

TIME.


 TIME like a giant moves along,
 How rapid are his strides !
 O'er hill and dale and plain he roves,
 And Life's frail vessel guides.
 Wherever chance may lead our steps,
 Through life's unfolding scene ;
 The deep plough'd furrows he has left,
 Say, " Here Old Time has been
 With his sharpen'd blade,
 And his mighty spade,
 Performing his silent work ! "

Years long since gone, and long forgot,
 Except in History's page,
 Beheld a mighty fabric rise
 That seem'd to defy old age ;
 Its lofty turrets proudly soar'd,
 As though they fain would climb

Above the clouds, to watch the course
Of the greedy monster Time,
 With his sharpen'd blade
 And his mighty spade,
 Performing his silent work !

They look'd and seem'd to mock his steps,
And laugh at his bony form ;
The winter's wind they dreaded not,
Nor fear'd the angry storm.
Time moved along with latent pace,
His visage assumed a frown,
And as he glanced the turrets proud,
He resolved to have them down ;
 So with sharpen'd blade,
 And his mighty spade,
 He commenced his silent work !

And bit by bit they crumbling fell,
And mix'd with the dust beneath ;
For his sharpen'd blade ne'er halted,
Nor rested within its sheath.
And now a heap of crumbling stones
On the once proud site is seen,

And these proclaim with hollow voice,
That here old Time has been
 With his sharpen'd blade
 And his mighty spade,
 Performing his silent work !

The shady forest's shelter'd not
From his impartial blast ;
The sturdy oak is forced to yield
And bend 'neath its force at last.
The excoriate tree whose hollow form
The wind comes whistling through,
Gives forth a sound that loudly tells
That here old Time has been too.
 With his sharpen'd blade,
 And his mighty spade,
 Performing his silent work.

On man he glances, and his sword
Goes working its deadly way ;
He takes the infant in his arms,
And beholds it as his prey !
The snowy lock and the shaven head,
And the deeply furrow'd face,

Soon show that Time is marching on,
And leaving behind his trace ;
 With his sharpen'd blade
 And his mighty spade,
 Performing his silent work !

And where the towering steeple stands,
Where the sombre yew-tree grows,
An unseen hand uplifts the veil,
And Time's grim visage shows !
The sleeping mound in silent strains
To the spirit chants an air,
Or whispers softly in the ear,
That Time's rough hand has been there,
 With his sharpen'd blade,
 And his mighty spade,
 Performing his silent work !

VALUE OF TIME.



WENT to the cot where health's fair
form

Was stamp'd on each smiling face ;
Where Luxury's pencil added not
A line to destroy her grace ;
And I thought perchance that I might learn,
Where peace and contentment fell,
The value of Time that glides so fast,
I ask'd, but they could not tell !

I went to the dull and dreary hut,
Where direst poverty lay,
Where the child of Misfortune was forced
To doze on his couch of hay ;
'Tis here methought the question's solved,
Where pain and misery dwell,
And I ask'd the bony, tatter'd form,
But alas ! he could not tell !

He turn'd his pallid and careworn face,
And a tear stole down his cheek,
As he fix'd his glazed and sunken eye,
And essay'd in vain to speak.
At last he spoke, and his shrivelled hand
Was raised to his tearful eye ;
And he said 'twere sweet to *some* to live,
But sweeter to him to die !

I bent my steps to a mansion proud,
Where Wealth's fair blessings were spread ;
And where a once blooming plant was stretch'd
Sun-scorched on a downy bed ;
And there the question again I ask'd,
And as from my lips it fell,
Remorse's hand seem'd to shake his frame,
And I knew that *he* could tell !

While a faltering tone summed up his wealth,
A voice from his fleeting soul
Affirm'd that for one short bygone hour,
'Twould gladly barter the whole !

LIFE.



THE transient bubble Life floats down
 Time's ever-changing stream,
 And as it bursts it echoes loud,
 "Life's but a fleeting dream!"

The unconscious infant as it rests
 Within its wicker cot,
 Is like a closely folded bud,
 Which Winter harmeth not ;

It sees no future, knows no past,
 Nor marks the present hour,
 Till Time's warm hand drives winter off,
 His pencil tints the flower.

Expanding then the graceful plant,
 With youthful beauty teems,
 But looking o'er the past it says,
 " 'Twas one of Life's short dreams !"

The future then takes all his thought,
Ambition leads his feet ;
And on he dashes, thinking not
That Time's a noted cheat ;

'Till manhood with his travelling bag,
Close packed with thought and care,
Comes sily creeping after him,
And deals him out his share.


'Tis then again he looks behind
To glance the fading gleam,
And turning slow acknowledges
'Twas but a fleeting dream !

Then 'gins the autumnal scythe to work,
And cuts the future short ;
While Time sets up a barrier
That checks his feeble thought.

But Memory still retains her hold,
And though the future's black,
He still may survey Life's broad plain,
And call some pleasure back !

And as his dim and feeble eyes
Some bygone scene redeem,
His faltering voice is heard to say,
“ ’Twas all a fleeting dream ! ”

THE FUNERAL BELL.


 HE death-bell is tolling,
 How solemn the sound!
 The sleeper 'tis calling,
 To rest in the ground.
 How loudly it speaketh!
 What warning it gives!
 It tells us that some one
 On earth no more lives.
 'Tis no doubt some loved one,
 To many that's dear,
 For whom they are shedding
 A heart-broken tear!

May be 'tis a parent,
 That Death has now made,
 Like a transient flower,
 To droop and to fade!
 Reminding us all, that
 Time slideth away;


That age will fall quickly,
When all shall decay ;
That Time will bring all to
The same dismal gate,
Which thousands have pass'd through :
'Tis never too late.

Perhaps 'tis an infant,
Whom Life's shiv'ring blast
Hath scatter'd like blossom,
Ere spring time had pass'd ;
Reminding us all, that
Stern Death spareth none,
That buds fresh and blooming
May fade 'neath his sun ;
That youth nor yet beauty
Can offer a boon ;
That he surely will come :
'Tis never too soon !

List, list to the sound then,
Of yon tolling bell ;
Its voice is most solemn,
A truth it will tell !

O listen all ye then
Who carelessly live ;
To you 'twill call loudly,
And warning 'twill give !
'Twill bid you remember
That Life's fairest bloom
May soon be all scatter'd,
And fade in the tomb !

HAPPINESS.


 HERE shall the soul depress'd, forlorn,
 A barefoot traveller, steer
 To find the garb that few have worn,
 A garb so clean, so dear ?

Where shall it seek the long-lost prize,
 Man once could call his own,
 Ere Satan in his damned disguise
 Capsized his blissful throne ?

Man seated once within the shade
 Of Eden's glorious plot,
 Ne'er dreamt that all his hopes would fade,
 Hell taint his happy lot !

In unsuspecting innocence
 The blissful hours were pass'd ;
 Nor yet appear'd the place from whence
 Destruction came at last !

Man stood the mark, and Satan drew
His bow with all his strength ;
When forth the deadly arrow flew,
And man was stretch'd at length !

There weltering on the ground he lay,
Of all his joy bereft ;
Hope from the wound flow'd fast away,
The rock of peace was cleft.

Pure happiness was seen no more,
To brighter realms it soar'd ;
It sail'd in haste to its native shore,
While man on earth was moor'd !

And now he seeks with eager eyes,
Hands holding on his knees,
On earth the pure celestial prize,
Which earth's cold clime would freeze !

Ambition points a meandering rill
Where Wealth so pleasing smiles,
Where Life's light sails joy seems to fill,
And waft away her trials !

But is all peace? does peace live there?
Is Wealth's inconstant reign
Unmix'd with aught that genders care,
Or darts the sting of pain?

Do seasons come when Wealth would yield
Her purse and all her power,
And go, embrace the clodded field
To gain a happy hour?

He who would seek for happiness,
From earth must travel far;
Must soar through realms of heavenly bliss
In Truth's eternal car!

LET US NOT BE IDLE.


LET'S work before the close of day,
 The sun will soon have set ;
 Let's hasten, for it will not stay,
 But lower, lower get !

Let's struggle as life's hill we climb,
 To get our portion done ;
 Let's not be idle while we've time,
 For victory's to be won !

Death's gloomy veil will on us fall
 Ere many years go by,
 With latent steps 'twill creep on all,
 And now may e'en be nigh !

Then let us on and not forget,
 Time will not *ever* be ;
 'Tis but a little rivulet
 That rushes to the sea.

A CENTURY TO COME.


 HAT mighty changes earth shall see,
 What wrecks of pomp be found,
 Before revolving Time shall wheel
 Another century round !

The world may keep its destined course,
 And through its orbit steer ;
 Earth's changing seasons keep unchang'd
 Throughout each passing year ;

And man's bright orb like sun and moon
 Shall have its transient reign,
 But soon 'neath Life's horizon sink,
 And prove his glory vain !

But like the lucent king of day
 That fires the western skies,
 Where all his transient glory sets,
 There he again shall rise !

The proudest monarch of the earth
Must from his throne be hurl'd ;
A storm is coming when his gay
Proud sails shall all be furl'd !


It threatens, and will reach us all,
I hear the distant sound ;
And few shall stand till Time shall wheel
Another century round !

Life's flimsy sails can ill bear up
On such a boisterous tide ;
And ere the tempest's fury's spent,
They'll all be scattered wide.

Survey the earth, and mark the place
Where pomp and grandeur fall ;
Then take a glance at future days,
And see the end of all.

But look impartial where both wealth
And poverty abound,
And ask where all shall be ere Time
Shall wheel a century round !

LOVE.


WHAT'S Love? it scarce can be defined
 By deeds, much less the pen ;
 'Tis often said that love is blind,—
 It surely blindeth men ;

Now watch its works, its power behold,
 In yonder valley gaze ;
 What see you there midst rain and cold,
 Midst frost, or snow, or haze ?

What see you there ? O look again,
 'Tis no uncommon sight ;
 'Tis Cupid's car ! Love holds the rein,
 And furious drives Delight !

'Tis two poor creatures wounded sore
 By that unerring dart,
 Which always wends its fatal course
 Direct towards the heart !

But Love's a fountain, strange to say!
Whence different waters flow ;
Some burst forth lucent as the day,
Pure as the drifted snow ;

While others ooze out with a stream
As dark and black as night,
Which looks as though the blinded god's
Young steed had taken fright.

Is't true that Love did ne'er give birth
To Hatred's odious form,
Did never hurl man to the earth,
A wreck from Murder's storm ?


Go to the wretched culprit's cell,
To him that's doom'd to die ;
Maybe, a long love tale he'll tell,
That brought his end so nigh !

Perhaps, 'twas jealousy, he'll say,
That fix'd his wretched fate ;
If so, 'twas love first made the way
To jealousy and hate.

Then what is love, I ask again,
Whose power we know so well;
O it is that which we in vain
Should try to buy or sell!

'Tis something gold knows nought about,
Which silver cannot win;
A light misfortune cannot dout,
And sorrow cannot dim!

MEMORY.


 HAT shows us oft the days gone by,
 And time's thick gloom dispels ;
 Brings bygone scenes before our eyes,
 And opens life's dark cells ?

Takes off the moss from time's thick walls,
 And shows their sad defects ;
 Or, like a glass, life's beauteous form
 In graceful garbs reflects ?

Again unfolds life's gliding scene,
 A plot laid out with taste ;
 Bedeck'd with sweet, redolent flowers,
 Or else a barren waste ?

'Tis Memory's unrelenting hand
 That lifts the time-spread veil,
 And in the hours of solitude,
 Pours forth her silent tale.


When Night has spread her gloom around,
And no disturber's near,
She hovers round the pensive soul,
And whispers in its ear.

She speaks of deeds, and acts perform'd,
In childhood's youngest days ;
And paints the chequer'd map of life
With all its winding ways.

She shows us friends of years ago,
To life calls up the dead ;
And oft repeats the cherish'd words
Some long-lost friend has said !

And when time's work is nigh complete,
The tomb just comes in sight,
If sense shall not take wing before,
'Twill torture or delight !

LET US BE MERRY.

OME let us be merry,
 For time glides away,
 The hours are fleeting,
 The sun will not stay!
 Come let us be cheerful,
 Nor mind Life's rough blasts;
 While here let's be happy,
 For short our time lasts!
 The day may look gloomy,
 And nature look sad;
 But cheer up, the morrow
 May make our hearts glad!

If fortune is frowning,
 And raises her hand,
 Behold her unflinching,
 And resolute stand!
 Receive her correction,
 With smiles on your face,

And bend in subjection,
But yield not your place ;
The gloomiest winter
That sorrow can bring,
Shall yield in its season
To smiling young spring !

There yet may be gladness
In store for us all,
Though life's dismal curtains
With darkness enthral ;
They may be uplifted,
The clouds be dispersed,
And Joy from his prison
May suddenly burst !
And like a bright sunbeam,
Spread hope in our way ;
Dispel night's thick blackness,
And usher in day !

Then come, let's be merry,
And gloom let us chase
Away from our bosoms,
And sadness efface ;

For life is fast gliding,
And Time soon shall bear
Its bark on his bosom
To hope or despair.
Man's sent to be happy,
Else life is no more
Than waves which will dash him
To some dismal shore !

GOLD.

HOW great the empire o'er which gold
 Her mighty sceptre sways ;
 How great the tribute she exacts,
 How willingly man pays !

A subject loyal, constant, true,
 And ready to obey,
 Is man who gladly waits to serve
 His liege by night or day !

She bids him kneel and kiss the dust,
 Or wallow in the mire ;
 And he unhesitating yields
 To all she may require !

The order comes for him to leave
 His home and all he knows ;
 And as some voice from Heaven spoke,
 He lists, and forward goes.

'Tis she that oft has urged man on
To depths of sin unknown,
And in the dread abyss of crime,
From whence all hope has flown ;

Has left him naked and forlorn,
A bleeding mass of care ;
The victim of the thirsty leech
Of unconceived despair !

If gold but leads, man follows close,
And every storm will brave ;
In bloody strife he'll risk his life,
And face the yawning grave !

He'll risk his life, and in the dens
Of fiendish wolves will dwell ;
And oft will strike a bargain with
The flattering king of hell !

But gold's a curse and blessing too,
A blessing used aright ;
And blest are they, their lamps display
The most in darkest night.

THE LABOURER'S SONG OF CONTENT.



GIVE me the neat little cot
 That stands on the green hillock side,
 I care not how humble my lot,
 If Happiness with me reside!

What care I for power or wealth?
 What care I for Honour's long train?
 They're worth nought compared with good health,
 Nor can they this jewel obtain!

No, 'tis not for power I crave,
 Nor gold that I'm seeking to win;
 For these will take flight when the grave
 Shall open to swallow us in!

But give me a strong healthy frame,
 Then labour I never will fear;
 Nor those will I envy who gain
 Their hundreds every year!

What care I for all the nice things
The most skilful cooks can prepare?
With the appetite toil always brings,
I relish the simplest fare.

And better by far perhaps than they
Whom riches or curse or else bless,
Whose table is spread every day
With joints in their new fashion'd dress.

Then give me the neat little cot
That stands on the green hillock side,
A strong, healthy frame for my lot,
A good temper'd girl for my bride!

THE WIND.

HOW lovely the sound of the rushing wind,
 As it sweeps through the leafless trees ;
 O its howling blast speaks loud of the
 past,

And so does the whispering breeze !

Yes, its musical voice speaks of days gone by
 In a language of mighty powers ;
 Its shrill sounding tone calls days long since flown,
 And lightens the time shaded hours !

'Tis pleasant to sit by the clump of firs,
 And list to its murmuring song ;
 To the woods to repair, and hear its voice there,
 Away from the bustling throng.

'Tis sweet in the silent forest to pause,
 When nought but fair Nature is near,
 To stroll through the vale, and list to the tale
 She chants through the varying year.

It shouts to the young, it sings to the old,
It gives a loud warning to all;
And it seems to say, " Prepare for the day
When you shall receive the dread call !"

Let us listen then to its murmuring song,
Let us list to its howling blast ;
And as the boughs creak, let us hear it speak
Of the future, as well as the past !

THE STORM.

DARK, gloomy clouds are gathering fast,
 And day is on the close ;
 The atmosphere's dull, murky cast,
 Approaching storm foreshows.

Take shelter then, take shelter then,
 Before the clouds give way,
 And pour their long pent torrents down,
 Ere night shall hold his sway.

'Twill last but for a little time,
 So let not hope forsake ;
 The storm shall cease, the night shall fade,
 And morn again shall break.

And so with all the dismal clouds
 That o'er life's pathway roll,
 A silent breath shall waft them on,
 And peace shall light the soul !

Take courage then, take courage then,
And never be downcast ;
The roughest storm that earth can deal,
Will not for ever last !

A pleasant calm it shall precede,
The clouds will clear away ;
And unobscured bright stars shall shine
Refulgent as the day !


Then be not sadden'd though the night
A threatening aspect bear ;
All soon shall cease, Time's wiud shall chase
Away the mists of care.

Take shelter then, take shelter then,
Where shelter's to be found ;
Take shelter ere the storm shall come,
And mock its angry sound.

O cast your anchor speedily,
Ye on the proud waves borne ;
Furl all your sails, and patient wait,
Till all the danger's gone.

What need we care then for life's clouds,
For they will soon fly past ;
E'en death's last storm we need not fear,
If we are anchor'd fast !

THE WINTER IS COMING.


 HE cold winter time is coming again,
 When all looks so dull and so drear,
 When no warbler of Spring will be with
 us to sing
 A farewell to the dying year !

When the hard frozen earth is covered once more
 With Nature's fair mantle of snow ;
 When the wind's roughen'd blast sweepeth
 hurriedly past,
 And the flowers no longer blow !

When the trees are bereft of every leaf,
 And Nature seems stripped to the skin,
 When the water's a slave in the cold dismal cave,
 With which it has closed itself in.

'Tis coming again, and soon 'twill be here,
 But spite of its terrible form,

When its deep frowning face shall again take its
place,

Let us make his reception *warm* ;


For I love the clear, starry, moonlit night,

That oft in its season appears,

And the hearth's cheerful blaze, as it flickers and
plays,

In cold winter-time only cheers !

THE OLD YEAR.


WHAT! one more year so soon pass'd by;
 It seems but the other day
 We hail'd its birth with joyful mirth,
 When the old one pass'd away.

What! can it be twelve months ago
 Since New Year's day was seen?
 Then wondrous fast those months have pass'd,
 Their rounds they've quickly been!

Those months have gone like twelve short weeks,
 The weeks have passed like days;
 And th' end is near, for the feeble year
 Sinks, trembles, and decays!

'Tis all but gone, 'tis gasping now,
 The hard death struggle's come;
 Soon 'twill be said "the Old year's dead,
 The New one has begun!"

Farewell then to the year that's gone,
That's sunk into decay ;
May the infant year bring better cheer
Than that that's passed away !

A SAILOR TO HIS WIFE—
THINK OF ME!

WHEN far away from land I am,
Toss'd on the raging sea,
While round me howls th' impetuous
blast;

Say, wilt thou think of me?

While seated snugly in thy cot,
Rocking thy babe to sleep,
O wilt thou but one moment spare
For him that's on the deep?

O surely there'll be one stray thought,
That thou wilt send at times
To the weather-beaten sailor
In far, far distant climes!

When round thy cottage howls the wind,
I ask thee not to weep,
But only to remember him
That's on the briny deep.

And when the shades of night are fallen,
And all looks dull and drear,
Shall present scenes take all thy thoughts,
Or shall the past appear?

When the radiant rays of morning
Betwixt thy curtains creep,
O say, wilt thou remember him,
That's on the raging deep?

THE WIFE'S REPLY.

THERE shall not pass a single day,
 Nor yet an hour go by,
 There shall no prayer from me ascend
 Unto the throne on high,

Without some sweet and kindly thought
 Recurring oft to me,
 Of the weather-beaten sailor
 That's far, far out at sea!

Whene'er I tread the much loved paths
 'Long which we oft have stroll'd,
 Each step, just like an opening bud,
 Shall sweeter scenes unfold.

For it shall call thee to my mind,
 As though thou still wert there ;
 Memory shall repeat thy voice,
 While I repeat a prayer !

I'll fancy that I still behold,
(How foolish though 'twill be!)
The weather-beaten sailor
That's far, far out at sea!

And while sweet Fancy thus delights
My never-tiring eyes,
Thy words like odour of the rose,
Continually shall rise.

However sweet though be my dream,
A pang there'll be to feel.—
The thought will surely cross my mind.
The scene is far from real!

But Hope shall be the balm I'll use
To cure the wound thus made,
Like dew it shall refresh the flower
That otherwise would fade!

When I thus dream delightfully,
Then fancy it is vain;
The thought that time once saw it real,
Shall kindle hope again.

And when I'm seated in my cot,
Almost from danger free,
O think you that I *can* forget
The loved one that's at sea ?

When listening to the dismal blast
At night or in the day,
These words 'twill utter in my ears,
" 'There's one far, far away !"

When on that little beauteous form
That in the cradle lies,
A miniature of thyself,
I cast my tearful eyes ;

Again 'twill call thee to my mind,
As though thou still wert here ;
I'll hope for brighter days to come,
And hope shall dry the tear.

And when the veil of night descends,
Before I fall to sleep,
A fervent prayer I'll breathe for him
That's on the briny deep !

When sleep hath come with latent steps,
And set my spirit free,
'Twill wing its flight far, far away,
And settle close to thee.

There's nought but death can e'er conceal
Such visions from my sight ;
Nor death, methinks, if life's beyond,
Can quench a flame so bright !

For when he comes and snaps life's thread,
And I shall soar above,
Unquench'd will be the dear delight,
Unsnapp'd the cord of love.

And now, farewell ! and may we meet
Before life's journey's o'er ;
And meet at last where storms are none,
Safe on that blissful shore !

Hope ! dearest hope, come now descend
Like a refreshing shower ;
Tell us there'll be a long, bright day,
For every gloomy hour !

Farewell! once more, may't be the last
That e'er shall make me weep
For the weather-beaten sailor
That's on the briny deep!

A TALE OF FRIENDSHIP AND FLATTERY—

FOUNDED ON FACT.



ONCE lived a man whose name was Wealth,
 And many a friend had he ;
 Acquaintances unnumbered came,

This goodly man to see.

Amongst them Friendship, honest, plain,
 In simple garb attired ;
 A dress which well became the man,
 But was not much admired.

It fitted close, and all could see
 It clothed a graceful form,
 And was composed of such a stuff
 As kept the body warm.

No useless daubs of gaudy dye
 Flow'd vainly down the back,
 But all was neat and graceful too,
 A suit of honest black !

Now be it said 'twas such a dress
As was but little worn,
Though one which suited Summer's heat,
Or Winter's chilly morn.

Another in a gaudy robe
Of varied colours came,
All flowing with a pompous grace,
And *Flattery* was his name !

His converse was of such a tone
As many an hour beguiled ;
And oft was screw'd to such a pitch,
That Wealth delighted, smiled.

The robe with which this wit was clad
Was pleasing to the eye,
And seem'd more handsome far to Wealth
Than that of sombre dye.

But Friendship not so satisfied,
Obtain'd a closer view,
And aided by the window's light,
He look'd it through and through.

And much to his surprise he saw
That it was old and thin ;
Nor only proved a patch'd concern,
But hid a dirty skin !

And hid it well from Wealth's dim eye,
And pleased beyond a doubt ;
For all he seemed to notice was,
A goodly form without.

But Friendship harmless and sincere
Proceeded as before ;
Nor strove to spoil the flimsy dress
That his companion wore.

He knew full well that such a robe,
And with such constant wear,
Would either lose its brilliant hues,
Else by mishap would tear !

And so he wisely left it all,
(And blame him those who may)
To see how long 'twould stand unharm'd,
How soon 'twould wear away !

And time wore on, and plain he saw
That it was wearing too ;
Though still much better than his own,
In Wealth's ungrateful view.

Now be it said that Fate look'd down,
And saw how they were dress'd ;
But moved by curiosity
Determined each to test.

He thought a moment by what means
Their virtues he might know ;
And looking on his servants all,
Demanded which would go.

A consultation soon was held,
And some the venture fear'd ;
But after one brief moment's pause,
Misfortune volunteer'd.

And on his destined way he went,
For all things well prepared ;
To see which of the friendly twain
The greatest merit shared.

With latent steps he slowly came,
And to the mansion stole ;
And after listening for awhile,
Peep'd through a little hole,

Which, though not made for such an end,
Yet served his purpose well ;
For through the key's exclusive pass,
He, all his foes could tell.

And there they sat, a motley group ;
Poor Friendship plain and blunt,
Was seated humbly at the side,
While Flattery sat in front.

The latter still pursued his trade,
On folly still intent ;
While Friendship spoke but now and then,
Or nodded an assent.

Wealth looked and listened, smiled and laughed
As hearty as before ;
Unconscious of the silent foe
That lurked about his door !

He seem'd much pleased with Flattery, while
The other seemed to scorn ;
But this their foe attributed
To different dresses worn.

Misfortune pensive for a time,
At last resolved to call ;
But just to ask Wealth how he did,
Enquire, and that was all.

He went, and as might be supposed,
Unwelcome quite was he ;
The trio timid and alarmed,
All thought him very free.

But as you all might *not* suppose,
He made no lengthen'd stay ;
And after whispering to Wealth,
Went calmly on his way.

His exit made, Wealth look'd so sad,
That Flattery 'gan to ask ;
For why he fear'd a friend who wore
An unbecoming mask ?

“ Had he been what he seemed,” quoth he,
“ I had not sat so cool ;
But strove my utmost to capsize
The weak, presumptuous fool !”

Bold words like these which Friendship heard,
Provoked him to a smile ;
For well he knew Misfortune’s ear
Was listening all the while.

But Flattery, bold as any cock
Perch’d on a lofty wall,
Still prophesied what he would do,
If he again should call.

With all his might and all his worth,
He swore he’d have at him ;
And if he did not soon withdraw,
He’d tear him limb from limb !

Such talk as this fell sweet of course
On Wealth’s untutor’d ear ;
Who by degrees appeared to get
Divested of his fear.

Poor Friendship still sat calm, and seem'd
Quite willing to believe
The victory won, the tempest past,
If talking could achieve !

But yet the question stood unsolved,
The battle was not o'er ;
And ere the speech had ended quite,
A blow smash'd in the door !

And with a harsh, menacing frown,
Mixed with a savage grin,
Again the bold intruder's form
Came quickly marching in !

Wealth trembled every limb and joint,
While Friendship sat unmoved,
As waiting for the other guest's
Assertions to be proved.

The latter scarcely raised his head,
But cast a timid glance ;
And now it seem'd as if poor Wealth
Would have to take his chance !

Misfortune still kept marching on,
For war he had design'd ;
And Flattery now began to shake,
For Wealth soon crept behind.

And as the foe was drawing close,
With vengeance in his eye,
The bold protector gave a groan,
And thought he sure must die !

He stood the first, and was the first
That Wealth depended on ;
Who did not think his courage fail'd,
Or that he looked so wan.

Misfortune now unsheath'd his sword,
And threatened much a blow ;
And as he raised it o'er his head,
Wealth's shield essay'd to go.

He had not thought for very long,
Ere he'd made up his mind ;
And so he rose to take his leave,
But Wealth had hold behind.

Now when he found such was the case,
He raged and stamped and swore ;
Nor did he struggle very long,
Before his garment tore !

But just before he got away,
Of course he made a stand ;
And as he left his friend he left
A fragment in his hand.

Now Wealth forsaken, where he thought
His strength was to be found,
Was by the unexpected jerk,
Dashed backwards on the ground !

And there he lay with broken head,
And watery downcast eyes ;
And never thinking that he should
Be able more to rise !

This was not all, nor did his *friend*
Escape the foe so well ;
For when his rotten garment tore
Against his breast he fell !

'Tis not to be supposed of course,
He strove to save his friend ;
For all his courage and his might
Betray'd the gaping rend.

Not pleased with conduct such as this,
From such a worthless lout ;
Misfortune seized him by the throat,
And *turn'd him inside out !*

And never such a filthy sight,
So huge a heap of lies,
Was ever seen as when this rogue
Was laid before the eyes !

Wealth still lay stretch'd, nor dared to move,
His strongest hopes were torn ;
And as he groan'd he wondering thought,
If Friendship, *too*, was gone !

Some little time elapsed, and then
A clashing sound was heard ;
But yet he fear'd to cast a glance,
Or utter e'en a word !

Still louder grew the horrid sound,
And all his fears increased,
Until at length it seemed t'assuage,
And ultimately ceased.

Then all was calm ; but still he lay
As bound by some strong band,
Until a friendly form drew near,
And took him by the hand.

With tones as soft as ever fell
On any mortal's ear,
The being spoke, and bid him throw
Away his childish fear.

The words spoke hope, and shed a beam
Of pleasure o'er his eyes ;
Nor was this all, the friendly hand
Assisted him to rise.

And once more looking round he saw
The danger all was past ;
For Friendship, like an earnest friend,
Had stayed there to the last !

He looked for Flattery, but he saw
Where he had put his trust,
Was but a piece of polish'd steel
Misfortune turned to rust !

While Friendship, on the other hand,
Was like the iron ore,
Which after fused in sorrow's fire,
Got brighter as it wore !

To him he turn'd with grateful eye,
And said in great delight,
“ Blest is the flame that in the dark
Diffuses warmth and light ! ”

Learn then from such an humble tale,
Misfortune is the test,
By which we only can discern
In what our friends are dress'd.

And now my song, though somewhat long,
Is fairly at an end ;
May all perceive the difference 'twixt
A *Flatterer* and a FRIEND !

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