





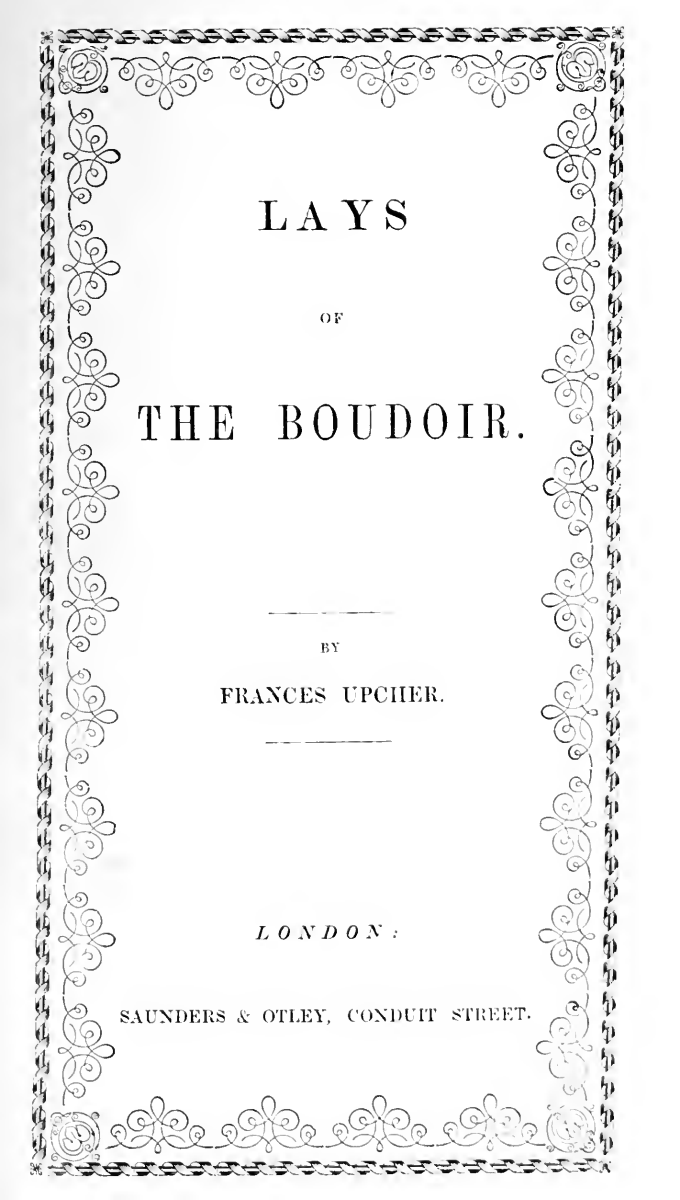
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LAYS
OF
THE BOUDOIR.

BY
FRANCES UPCHER.

LONDON :

SAUNDERS & OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

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PREFACE.

“WHAT'S in a name?” 'Tis a common expression, yet, in truth, involves a great question as far as books are concerned, so I have found from the difficulty I experienced in selecting a title for this little volume. It seemed that every appropriate appellation had been already adopted by some other writer; yet I was most anxious to find one that should be sufficiently attractive without misleading the purchaser or subscriber, as to its contents—some of the poems being of a religious nature, others bearing only a moral tendency, it could not be classed under either head, or addressed to either class of the community, yet, I trust the contents may be found worthy of admission in the Study as well as the Boudoir.

If some of the poems be inferior to the rest in manner and matter, the Reader will allow for them as the production of earlier years, several (including the three longest) were written under the age of sixteen, though it was deemed advisable to insert them as the stepping stones to higher and better things, having all of them fact as a groundwork, adorned by those imaginative colorings which poetic licence authorizes.

The only hesitation I feel in placing such a work in the hands of the public, is the mistaken ideas which are frequently formed with regard to the author. It is a common supposition, that every feeling, passion, or emotion, described in a work must be personal, or connected with the writer's private history or misfortunes; but such opinions are most erroneous, if my own experience, and the knowledge I have of other writers, be any criterion. The history of our own hearts, trials, or disappointments (of which each one has a share), would naturally be locked in the recesses of the bosom, and veiled, as far as possible, from the view of

those who could have no real interest in them, beyond the amusement of a leisure moment.

I venture on these remarks, because there are poems among this collection which were written for friends, and on particular occasions, of which it would be tedious to enter into the details: and as it was the desire of some of those friends that I should publish this volume, I could not omit all the poems in which they were interested. Though it may be requisite to offer some apology for intruding thus far on the patience of the reader, who will, in the variety of subjects I have selected, doubtless find something to condemn as well as to approve; yet, as my various avocations have of late prevented my giving so much time as I could have wished to literary pursuits, I must not omit the present opportunity of expressing my grateful sense of the ample encouragement given to my former humble productions by a liberal public, and which induces me to hope that this may be received with equal indulgence,

1, Titchfield Terrace Regent's Park,
December, 1816

TO THE READERS.

KIND friends, I almost tremble while I lay
My uncouth rhyme before the public eye,
Which can go forth amid the fairest flowers,
And gather from amongst the loveliest,
The brightest, and most rare ; amid whose bloom,
The buddings of my wild uncultur'd muse,
A simple weed appears ; and useful but
To help to make a barren spot look green ;
Yet would I crave indulgence, in the hope
That though such weeds may boast of little grace,
Or beauty, yet their leaves full oft distil
A healing balm ; so my unpolished rhyme
May serve to wile away some hour of gloom ;
To call back memories of life's earlier hours ,
Remembrance of some dear departed friends,
Once by both reader and by writer lov'd :
Or when more worthy cares are thrown aside,
Should strangers chance to glance its pages thro' .
My simple lines may serve, "*Pour se distraire.*"

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ERRATA.

Page 19, (sixth line in the second verse), read—
“*form'd*” for “*found.*”

Page 71, (third line in the third verse), read—
“*regret*” for “*forget.*”

Page 106, leave “*and*” out of the second line of the
third verse.

Page 134, read the third verse—“*and will E——*”
for “*and E——*”



LAYS OF THE BOUDOIR.

P O E M S.



TO MY FATHER ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.



My father, dear ! let my o'erflowing soul
Pour forth its tenderness without controul !
What theme more noble could my heart inspire,
Than thus to greet thy natal day, my sire ?

Long years have passed since first a mother's arms
Sheltered her boy, and gazed upon his charms ;
Since thou upon the sea of life embarked,
Years,—that have been by chance and changes
mark'd.

Some from that happy circle, Time hath mown—
Eldest and youngest in the grave lie down ;
But, oh ! my father, grateful must I be :
Kind Heaven hath spared me *all*—in sparing thee

And, oh ! may many future days pass o'er,
And thou become more blest than e'er before ;
May He, upon whose word our lives depend,
From future ill, or woe, my sire defend.

And while we reap fresh bounties from His hand,
May we the follies of the world withstand ;
And with o'erflowing hearts resound his praise,
Whose power is boundless, as unknown His ways.

Can I look back, and not the period see,
When in each pain or grief I fled to thee ?
And through my course of later years I know,
For all thy cares—what gratitude I owe !

Long may'st thou live, with pride and joy to see,
Myself and sister all thou'lt wish to be ;
And while our duteous love each care repays,
We'll strive to hallow thy declining days.

May the blest Guardian of the world bestow,
The boon of health, and pure content below ;
And may he make thee feel, as years increase,
That true Religion leads to perfect peace.

So, when the body dies, shall angels bear
The happy spirit to those realms so fair ;
And at the gate of Heav'n shall seraphs throng,
To hail the unfetter'd soul with joyful song.

Accept these heartfelt wishes, warm and true,
From her who fain would give thee half thy due :
Tho' far, far distant,—I'll be reconcil'd
To know that thou wilt bless thine absent child.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Bring violets—sweet violets,
The sweetest we have found ;—
Young violets —fresh violets,
To strew upon the ground.

The christmas and the mistletoe
But usher'd in her birth,
And vi'lets are the meetest things
To scatter o'er her earth.

Her little form was scarcely lent,
Before the Hand that gave
Issued its mandate: and, behold!
She slumbers in the grave.

But though her eyes unclose no more—
And though her heart be still,
Shall we on earth, who lov'd her most,
Dare murmur at His will?

No! let us bend before His throne,
Nor from His mercy turn;
But from the scented violet
Faith and submission learn.

Our mis-spent hours,—our talents lost,
Are register'd above;
And from the sad review of these
Our child is spared *in love*.

Thank Heav'n! that while so young and pure
With peace upon her brow,
He hath recall'd the spirit home
Untouch'd by care or woe.

And while the tears upon our cheeks
Will fall, like morning show'rs,
Our pray'rs and praises shall ascend
Like incense from sweet flow'rs.

For though, like vi'let roots, her form
Beneath the cold clod rest,
Her spirit lives to rise again,
And be for ever blest !

HOPES.

“ Hope is a fair and flattering thing,
Soothing the soul in its wandering ;
* * * * *
’Tis pleasant and bright, and false and dear,
It vows to gladden—deceives to cheer ;
Yet in love to man was this cherub given,
But ’tis only true when it points to Heaven.”

Alas ! for the hopes of youth !
E’en in their dawn they fade !
Those bright illusions that we fancy,—truth,
Like rainbow tints, that shade by shade—
Unconsciously depart—so soon decayed !—
Such are the hopes of youth !

Alas ! for the hopes of man !
High on the future’s wing
Are borne bright visions of his life’s short span :

Deeds, that the poet may be proud to sing!—
Pleasure and wealth, and honor, shall it bring!
Vain are these hopes! oh man!

And woe to woman's hope!
Not priceless gems, nor gold,
But love alone her inmost heart can ope;—
Affections, tried and true, that ne'er grow cold
Are thrown back on themselves to die—untold:
Then woe to woman's hope!

Is such the Christian's hope?—
Will 't perish with the clay?
Ah, no! for high and boundless is the scope:
The rock of Jesus too secure a stay!
Sublime realities, with endless day,
Confirm the Christian's hope!

DURNDALE.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Durndale! 'tis a spot to impress on the mind
Some sweet recollections of beauty and grace ;
Of fairy-like flowers,—of virtue refin'd,
While hearts cling like ivy around the old place.

A bright spell's about thee, a radiant light
That tells that thine inmates are spirits of love,
Whence discord and anger shall flee with affright !
Thy name shall be hail'd as a record above.

Tho' sorrow perchance, may thy precincts o'ershroud,
And tears that the lot of all mortals must be :
'T will quickly pass o'er, as a wind driven cloud,
And fresh rays of sunshine beam sweetly on thee.

Farewell! I may never behold thee again,
Yet to me thy remembrance long will be dear :
As the sounds of a sweet and well-belov'd strain,
When harp strings are silent, will ring in the ear.

BOULAY BAY.

JERSEY.

Sweet Boulay Bay! how fine—how grand

Thy changing magic scene!

The winding road on either hand,—

Hills,—fount,—and valleys green.

Far o'er our heads tall rocks uprise,

Where goats delight to browse:

And wheresoe'er we turn our eyes,

The sweetest wild thyme grows.

You hill, with fern so thickly clad:

That valley on the right,—

Teeming with orchards, cornfields glad,

With trees and flowers most bright:

While far beneath the rolling sea
Dashes its waves around !
Who can look on with unbent knee,
Nor feel his heart rebound ?

How like the path of human life
Is this tortuous way :—
Now steep,—now rugged—mark'd with strife,
Now gemm'd with blossoms gay :
Even like this, our path on earth
Has rocks on every side ;
But He, whose word gave all things birth,
Spreads flowers, their points to hide !

A moral here, no doubt, is meant,
That when life's woes are ours :
Good humour, patience, and content,
Bloom like unfading flow'rs :—
Such flow'rs be mine,—whate'er my lot !
Though here I must not stay,
I'll ne'er forget this lovely spot,—
Sweet, peaceful, Boulay Bay.

ON CROSSING ITCHEN FERRY.

“ Is it not poetry, at midnight hour,
To watch the starry fires ascend on high,—
Till ray by ray they pour the mingled shower
Of living glory o'er the quiet sky !”

* * * * * 'T was ev'ning,

And the last bright beams of fading sunlight
Tinted with gold the calm unruffled waves,
And the dark trees, while o'er the distant hills
The blue mists gather'd and obscur'd the view.
Softly the boats and bridge cross'd o'er the ferry
And the bright dock fires burst upon the gaze
With which the pensive eye, was searching far
The first pale moonbeam, or the ev'ning star !
Such are the moments of our lives,—most dear,—
Most fondly priz'd,—long stored in memory :
When, with a kindred heart, (by cruel fate

Long parted from our view), we meet again
To taste the bliss of such an hour as this,
And feel the beauties of the twilight scene ;
Recalling years of absence and of youth,—
Of air built castles—vanish'd long ago.
Yes! then we feel a pure and holy love
Stirring within the breast, too fond and full,
To spend itself in empty words : we long
Retain the sweet impression, as it were,
The stamp of innocence, just plac'd by Heav'n
Upon a sleeping infant's placid brow.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER ATTENDING
DIVINE SERVICE IN WHITEHALL.

(FORMERLY THE BANQUETTING ROOM).

“ For low they are sleeping the sleep of the slain;
They are laid in death's long slumber;
And that altar's stone hath a crimson stain,
From the best heart's-blood of numbers;”

The curtains hang with crimson fold,
Around the windows high;
The richly painted ceiling told
A tale of years gone by.

The fluted pillars lend their aid
Within that lofty room,
Where once a martyr king was made
T' await his cruel doom.

The noble and the rich are there,
On humbly bended knee ;
The deep toned organ swells, I ween,
With holiest minstrelsy.

'Tis meet, indeed, to set that hall
Apart for praise and pray'r ;
And England's sons do well to call
For peace and pardon there.

For long that tragic death must leave
On England's page a stain ;
And long ought Britain's sons to grieve
That impious deed,—and vain.

No more the shouts of revelry
Within these walls shall sound ;
But, in their place, may piety
Extend its influence round.

Instead of puns, rough games, or glees,
With cups of rosy wine,

Let Christian people meet in peace
To share the feast divine.

So may the Judge of all look down
In mercy from above,
And banish the avenger's power
In smiles of pard'ning love.

ON QUITTING JERSEY.

“ Thy name reminds me
Of dear friends all true, and tried ;
And that name, like magic binds me
Closer—closer to thy side ”

Why should I sigh to say farewell to thee ?
A few months since and all were strangers here :
I scarcely heeded that in yon blue sea
Uprose the Isle of Jersey. Whence was this ?
’Twas that no cherished beings of my heart
Had made it their abode : no bosom friend
Oft drew my thoughts by magic influence here ;
But time works wond’rous changes on the earth,
And I’ve the name of Jersey learn’d to love :
To love thy rocks with purple heather crown’d :
To watch the crested waves break on thy shore :
To linger in thy green and shady vales :
To gaze with glistening eyes, each balmy eve,

Upon thy gorgeous sunset's golden streaked.
With half drawn breath I love to stand and mark
Tint after tint fade slowly o'er the fort,
Feeling as though each rapid dying hue
Was like the hopes that linger in the breast
Till life's dark shadows cloud them—one by one.
(Hope the bright seraph—pensive memory,—
In these doth woman's happiness consist).
Yet, ah! how oft the proudest—the most bright
Of youthful hopes are blighted in their bud.
And nought but memory is left to cheer
The sorrowing heart. 'Tis more than likely those
I latest cherished will decay as soon :—
Aye! long ere I forget thee! Though the knell
Of my departure seems too close at hand,
And slight the prospect, once I quit these shores
That e'er my foot shall press thy turf again ;
Yet, though I look on thee no more, how long
Shall I remember my enjoyments here,—
My friends so dearly lov'd : and when the sound—
The name—of Jersey breaks upon my ear,
My heart shall pay the tribute of a sigh.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Ah, no ! my bark I must not steer
 Again to yonder distant shore ;
My heart will ever prize it dear,—
 Yet thither I return no more.

The sun may shine, the trees be green,
 The flowers may gem each rock and hill,
But though unchanged each fairy scene,
 A something would be wanting still.

The shadow by the rainbow made,
 Is ever seen reversed and pale,
And tones that magic music played,
 Long since have died upon the gale ;
The merry laugh, the song, the jest,
 Found each a link in memory's chain,
That time has hallowed in my breast,
 Oh ! nought would seem so bright again.

The butterfly's empurpled wings,
The slightest touch will break or bruise,
So Time, as o'er the past he springs,
Must brush away its fairest hues ;
Then lest the spell should broken be,
I'll seek some spot unknown before,
In dreams *that* may revisit me,
But thither I return no more.

LINES ADDRESSED BY A WIDOW TO HER
DECEASED HUSBAND.

“ Coulez, coulez, mes pleurs,
Il n'est plus ! de ma main je fermai sa paupiere.”

Sleep softly my beloved one,
For thy repose I pray ;
Twelve circling moons have nearly run
Since thou wert called away
To join the choir at Heaven's gate,
And left me lone and desolate.

Sleep softly my beloved one !
While sadly, I confess
How long I strove against the hand

That caus'd my deep distress ;
I turn'd from friendship, light, and sun,
Nor would my spirit say, " God's will be
done !"

Sleep softly my much loved one !
Still many a league must lay
Between my fond and loving heart
And thy cold senseless clay ;
Yet shall it cherish, aye, for thee,
Its pure unchang'd fidelity.

Sleep softly my beloved one !
Although our darling child,
Must miss thy tender guardianship,
Upon life's desert wild ;
Yet for her own dear sake and thine,
I strive to make her pleasures mine.

Sleep softly my much loved one !
The mother's heart, though riv'n,
Will nerve her for th' appointed task

To train our child for heav'n :
So that, couldst thou from thence look down,
Thou needst not blush thy child to own.

Sleep softly my much lov'd one !
Though sad my widow'd heart ;
I'm grateful thou canst never feel
The lone bereav'd one's smart ;
That while I vainly *mourn* for thee,
Thou wilt not shed one tear for me.

Sleep softly, then, my mourned one,
Across th' Atlantic wave ;
I kiss the faded flowers that friends
Have gather'd off thy grave :
And grateful must I feel, though lone,
That friends will watch thy distant stone.

Sleep softly my beloved one,
Within thy quiet tomb !
Where oft my spirit wandereth,

In hours of night and gloom :
But safe beyond the cloudless skies,
No sorrow dims thy beaming eyes.

Then softly rest beloved one !
(Life's journey is not long),
Until our souls unite again,
In never dying song.
Oh ! may my spirit soar above,
To dwell with thee in endless love.

SONG.

(ADAPTED FOR ROUSSEAU'S DREAM).

In the days of youth and pleasure,
While no sorrow dims the bowl ;
Hope and love, life's sweetest treasure,
Glow like sunbeams in the soul :
 'Tis the sunbeam !
Love's the sunbeam of the soul !

When stern death from us hath wrested,
Those round whom our heartstrings twin'd,
False we prove, whom most we trusted,
And e'en Fortune seems unkind ;
 Then like twilight,
Sorrow shrouds the fairest mind.

When long years have floated o'er us,
All our youthful dreams depart,
Memory brings the past before us,—
Throws a halo round the heart ;
Like a moonbeam—
Memory brightens then the heart.

TWELVE MONTHS AGO.

“ 'Tis thus with our life while it passes along
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song.”

“ She lifteth up her stately head,
And saileth joyfully,
A lovely path before her lies,
A lovely path behind ;
She sails amid the loveliness,
Like a thing with heart and mind.”

Twelve months ago—and oh ! what changeful hues
The world has worn since then ! Four seasons
pass'd

In all their bright varieties away.

Twelve months ago ! The day was bright as this,
The wind more biting cold—the sky as blue—
The earth was frost-bound, and our hearts were
light.

We sat among a gay and motley crowd

Assembled there, to see a vessel launch'd.—
All eyes were fix'd, and breathless silence kept;
The guns were fir'd! the signal giv'n—and lo!
She glided off the stock majestically;
A sudden splash was heard amid the cheers,
Her banners floated in the clear cold air;
And gracefully upon the river's tide
She floats with swan-like motion—as a queen;
The little boats surround her tow'ring sides,
Triumphing hail her entrée on the world—
The wond'rous and unfathom'd—wat'ry world.
How beautiful! though “*Terrible*” in name;
How child-like she began her bright career,
And what may be its close?

Perchance the doom
Of hundreds hangs upon those fragile planks;
How many fortunes may she make or mar?
What trophies for her country may she win?
In after years, perchance, her time-worn sides,
By many a tar shall be in reverence held;
Or, on some hidden rock, her keel be driv'n,
And she with all her crew at once engulf'd,

Till but the record of their doom remain.
Her destiny—like man's— is yet unknown,
Who, launch'd upon the changeful sea of life,
Wists not what the next wave may wash ashore.

Twelve months ago! what chance and change has
come

Athwart the lot of those assembled there;
And many a form is bent, and many a heart
Has tasted bliss, or bitterness, since then.
Alas! some hearts that then were blithe and gay,
Now break beneath the weight of care and gloom;
And faces that were deck'd in smiles and flow'rs,
Are shaded in the widow's mournful garb.
How many of the youngest, fairest there,
Now rest in peace among the mourn'd, the miss'd—
The dear—the unforgotten?—yet, whose place
Will ne'er be fill'd in some bereaved hearts.
On Britain's shore no funeral pyres we burn,
Our sweetest incense is a shower of tears—
Our dearest tribute—is a deep drawn sigh,

Twelve months ago! How short the space appears!
And yet how long it seem'd to look before;
How with its circling months have hopes and fears
Been born and cherished—been crush'd and quell'd,
And now fade fast into forgetfulness.
And twelve months hence — our brightest joys
 may be
Departed on the rainbow wings of Time.
And, oh! as onward fleet our years below,
May every hope and wish be purified;
On dovelike pinions may they upward soar
To that bright sphere where changes never come—
Where time has no beginning, and no end;
And where no soul reverts, with tear or sigh,
To those events that pass'd—Twelve months ago.

February 6, 1846.

COMPOSED FOR A FRIEND,
AND ADDRESSED TO A MINIATURE
WHICH SHE WORE.

Oh! that those lips had language! life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard them last;
Those lips are thine—thine own sweet smile.

Companion of my lonely hours!
Sweet simile of One I love,
No brilliant hues, nor fragrant flowers,
To me could half so precious prove.

How oft, when tired with daily toil,
I hie me to my quiet room,
And gaze on that unchanging smile,
Till I forget all care and gloom.

I gaze on thee, until my heart,
Has far from thee to India flown ;
Then sadly from my reverie start,
And find myself with thee—alone.

I look into those quiet eyes,
That seem to pay me glance for glance ;
And oh ! how fondly then I prize
The art that doth my soul entrance.

But vainly thus I 'plain to thee,
While tears unbidden dim each eye ;
Thou canst not hear or feel for me,
Nor frame one kind, one fond reply.

When sad suspense the bosom wrings,
The heart will cling in hours of need,
E'en to the world's most fragile things,
A straw—a rush—a very weed.

So close to Thee my faithful heart
Clings even in the hours of sleep ;
While, 'neath my pillow, if thou art,
It seems a watch o'er me thou 'lt keep.

Emblem of hope ! thou seem'st to tell—
(Grant that such hopes be not all vain,)
That *he* whom thou resemblest well,
Will fold me to his heart again.

HAPPINESS.

(FROM THE FRENCH).

Has happiness fled from this beautiful sphere ?

Will it never again return ?

Ah ! cease frail mortals to seek it here,

While its transient value ye learn.

Like a brilliant dream,

Which we wake to find,

Has left not a gleam,

Nor a trace behind.

A fond illusion

That none may clasp ;

A dancing shadow

Eluding our grasp ;

To reach it on earth we may strive in vain,

We must rise to Heaven the prize to obtain.

TO W. W. L.

(ON THE IMPORTANT EVENT OF HIS BIRTH).

For thee sweet babe I pen my lay,
Thou'st enter'd on life's rugged way,
Where all is strange and new ;
Of weeks thou hast not number'd sev'n,
Yet would I breathe a pray'r to heav'n,
For blessings not a few.

Thine early years be bright and blest,
Reposing on thy mother's breast,
No care shall cloud thy brow ;
Her hand now wipes thy falling tears ;
But thou, dear boy, in after years
Must soothe her ev'ry care.

When thine infantine days are past,
And stores of knowledge new and vast,
 Have filled thy dawning mind ;
Honor and truth thy life shall mark,
Thy spirit bounding like the lark,
 A resting place to find.

Mayst thou when up to manhood grown,
Avoid the ills around thee strewn ;
 There 's poison in the flow'r
That brightest and most lovely blooms,
And whosoe'er imbibes its fumes,
 Has cause to rue the hour.

May Providence a countless store
Of blessings on thee deign to pour,
 Be wealth and wisdom thine ;
May worth and virtue in thee dwell,
And let thy every action tell,
 How honor can refine.

Should Heaven please thy life to spare,
Oh ne'er forget thy mother's care,
 All she has borne for thee,
Her watchfulness by day and night,—
Her pray'rs that never grief may blight
 The blossom on her knee.

While I, who cannot, even now,
Press one fond kiss upon thy brow
 My fervent love to tell,
Must wait a long and weary time,
Ere you can read my simple rhyme,
 Sweet William Warlters L.

THE CONVERTED CHIEF.

The following poem was founded on facts related by one of the secretaries, at a Bible meeting held at Battersea, previous to the death of the Rev. J. Hughes, who was one of the first instigators, and the warmest supporter of the Bible Society,

Far o'er Arabia's dry and desert sands,
The famous city of the prophet stands,
There Mah'met long hath slept in solemn peace,
And Islamism daily did increase ;
And there the wand'ring tribes of Ismael dwell,
God's ancient prophecy fulfilling well—
“ Against their fellow men shall their hands be,
And this shall future generations see.”
They will not live in peace, content to toil,
But still hunt, fight, steal, and share the spoil ;—

They yet shall bless the spark, whose kindling pow'r,
Lighten'd Arabia in her darkest hour.

A youth of English birth and name,

A missionary hither came,

The Holy Saviour's name to preach,—

The scriptures to expound and teach ;

Still on conversion was he bent,

His actions spoke his good intent ;

And as he came his bounteous hand

Dispensed the scriptures thro' the land ;

He was the guardian of the cause,—

He taught them God's engraven laws,

And wheresoe'er his pious footsteps came,

The people learned to reverence his name.

One day as he from Mecca pass'd,

The sky with gloom seemed overcast ;

O'er sands he trod, no prospect new

To cheer his heart, a desert view

Before him lay,—a waste most drear,—

His means exhausted very near.

With Bibles, money, clothes a load,
His friends had gone a nearer road;
The sand in heaps before him lay,
He was a stranger to the way ;
Sad was the picture then his fancy drew,
The Arab's av'rice and self-love he knew.

The circling sun had nearly set,
No human creature had he met ;
His wand'ring steps became more slow,
His thoughts had made his spirits low ;
For how could he his journey end,
In want of money and a friend ;
He must upon the desert stay,
Perchance of brutes might fall the prey,
His bed must be the open sand,
Poor traveller in a foreign land ;
He fear'd not the surrounding danger,
For God can save the meanest stranger ;
This checked his sighs, and drove away his fears,
For well he knew they reach'd his Saviour's ears.

Quickly his knees he fell upon,—
“ Oh Lord !” he cried, “ thy will be done !
What fear should thus appal my soul ?
My fate is under thy controul ;
Here let me wait returning light,
By thee protected pass the night ;
Our Saviour here, divinely good,
The tempter’s wily words withstood ;
For forty years the Jews, like me,
Were wanderers by divine decree,—
Unworn the soles on which they tread,
And daily by thy mercy fed ;
And while I rest upon the sand,
Protect me with a heav’nly band ;
With holy thoughts my spirit fill,
Nor let me murmur at thy will,
Calmly I’ll rest till morning sun shall rise,
Or wakeful, contemplate the starry skies.”

He spread his mantle on the ground,
Then cast a ling’ring look around,

And fancies that his roving eye
A distant figure can descry ;
Nearer it comes—his heart elate,
No longer in suspense can wait :—
“ A man,” he cries with sudden bound
He vaults upon a sandy mound.
They met, and thus an Arab spoke—
“ Stranger, thy blessing I invoke :
Our Sheik’s tent lies far before,
I come to guide thee to the door.”
In silence then, the distant tent they sought,
The missionary’s heart with rapture fraught.

Such hospitality to find,
So unexpected too, his mind
With wonder and surprise was chain’d,
To think he such a friend had gain’d.
How did he bless th’ Almighty pow’r,
Whom conscience taught him to adore.
While thus he mus’d, they onward went,
And gain’d at length the wish’d for tent ;

But ere within its door they came
He softly asked the Sheik's name ;
Then quickly enter'd, took the offer'd seat
Upon a mat, and wash'd his weary feet.

This grateful task perform'd, he now
Within the inner tent must go.
The chief was seated on the ground,
His followers were plac'd around :
(A carved bowl before him stood,
Where fragrant steam'd the snow-white food ;
How grateful to the trav'lers eyes !)
While thus, the gen'rous chieftain cries,
" Stranger ! to us no thanks are due,
Whate'er we have we give to you,
We offer all we have to give,
And you are welcome, as we live.
You 're without money, sir, and I,
Can give you some, or, by the bye—,
You can return it ; at Medina—
My agent lives, his name's Yerlina,

And he 'll remit it unto me ;
But mind, my friend, I give it thee,
Should you not meet him, for I 'm sure,
Three gold crowns will not make me poor.”
The missionary thank'd him with surprise,
Which from the chief, he could not well disguise.

The supper o'er, a slave retires
To execute the chief's desires ;
On his return a parcel brings,
In a white cloth tied round with strings.
The chief continued, “ Dr, P.,
Be not surprised at what you see,
A stranger, *now*, I ne'er deceive,
Listen, my tale you 'll then believe—
“ Some five or six years past and gone,
A missionary here alone,
Like you, sir, was surprised by night,
On yonder desert. With a light
I sought him, brought him to my tent,
(On sordid gain though I was bent) ;

Being of all his gold bereft,
This was the legacy he left,
Which plainly shewed my guilt to me,
And taught me hospitality.”
Then swiftly off the strings he drew,
When, lo! a Bible met his view,
The Doctor held it to the lamp,
With joy beheld the British stamp.
Thus does this volume so divine,
A light among the Arabs shine,
To guide them in the way of peace,
And may the sale each year increase.
Reader! support the cause while here you live,
These feeble lines peruse, the faults forgive,
And ere you close the well-intended leaf,
Breathe a short prayer for—*The Converted Chief.*

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. J. HUGHES
OF BATTERSEA.

“ And nobly his pledge he kept—
For the truth he stood up alone ;
And his spirit never slept,
And his march was ever on !
Oh ! deeply and long shall his loss be wept,
The brave old man that 's gone.”

He 's gone to his rest, while on earth we deplore
The loss that another can never restore,
We hopelessly weep, 'tis in vain that we mourn,
He's gone to his rest, he will never return.

In vain do we seek him, and fain would we tread,
The path he has trod to his last narrow bed ;
How bright his example—his manners how mild—
How oft has his gentle voice sinners beguil'd ?

How kind was his nature—his heart how sincere ?
His gentle reproof could not fail to endear
What kindness suggested, (though others might
 pause),
He ever was zealous and true to the cause.

How great was that Cause, which to him owes its
 birth—
That of sending the scriptures to all on the earth ?
How oft were those labours to many blest here ?
And many for him shed a sorrowing tear.

How placid ! how patient ! when great was his
 pain !
We know in our hearts 'twas not suffer'd in vain ;
His will was his Maker's,—to live, or to die—
To fall and to suffer,—to vanquish on high.

Yet though we lament him, we feel he is blest ;
Who would, if they might, call him back from his
rest ?

Though the flock is bereav'd, and the shepherd is
gone,

We see not his face, and we hear not his tone.

Oh ! who can replace him ? for where shall we find
One so active in duty, so noble in mind ?
How bright his example ! how mild his address !
Few like him, so kindly can soften distress.

He has fought the good fight—his course he has
run—

He gilded his path like a fine setting sun ;
We glory, the while, we lament his decease,
His name shall be hail'd as an emblem of peace.

ON THE PRIVATE MARRIAGE OF A
DEAR FRIEND.

The word has been spoken,
And given the vow,
Home's circle is broken,
And desolate now ;
Her parents deplore her,
Her sister is lone,
And nought can restore her,
The lov'd one is gone.

At the altar she bended,
But knelt not alone ;

No bridesmaids attended,
 No witness but one ;
 The one who hath won her,
 To whom she must give ,
 Her duty, faith, honor,
 And love, if she live.

But why should I linger
 O'er what could not last,
 May ev'ry year bring her
 More joys than the past ;
 May sorrow ne'er grieve her,—
 Nor care shade her brow,
 May her father receive her—
 More happy than now.

And may he for whose side
 She quitted their hearth,
 Be her comfort, stay, guide,
 And guardian on earth ;—

So that when of their love
Death divideth the chain,
They may both meet above,
And be happy again.

SONG.

Come forth ! come forth ! my darling Jane,
There is no wind, no sign of rain ;
Come ! saunter down the shady lane,
Where first I lov'd ye dearly.

Ah ! mind ye, many years ago,
How oft I scrambled through the snow
To watch which way to school ye 'd go,
Because I lov'd ye dearly ?

I sought the violets' early bloom,
And cull'd each flow'r to deck your room,
Though much I priz'd their sweet perfume,
I lov'd ye, far more dearly.

Ah! those bright days when we were young,
(’Neath boughs that o’er the streamlet hung),
’Twas long ere I could teach my tongue,
 To say—I love ye dearly.

Till one bright eve—yon stile beside—
I thus implor’d ye, “Be my bride!”
While you, with blushing cheek, replied,
 “Ah, yes! I love ye dearly.”

Full twenty years have pass’d—and how?
I never did repent the vow,
That bound my heart to yours,—and now,
 I love ye—most sincerely.

SOUVENIR OF ROZEL BAY,

JERSEY.

While o'er my native land I fondly stray,
And mark new growing beauties day by day,—
The rising hills, the trees, and valleys green,
Remind me of a sweet and distant scene,
Far o'er the rolling waves, whose foam and swell,
So charm'd our eyes in thy bright bay Rozel.

And "Oh, the merry days when we were young,"
Mong other songs, there first I heard it sung;
And oft that simple lay by mem'ry fraught,
Upon my cheeks unbidden tears hath brought,
When fancy, with her magic, wand-like spell,
Brings back those friends, and scenes, I lov'd so well.

Strange, to reflect that in so short a space,
How far and wide we're scatter'd from the place,
And ne'er while in this world of woe and pain,
Our sep'rate courses may converge again ;
Yet, doubtless, ev'ry heart remembers well,
That happy—picnic party—at Rozel.

EDWARD AND EMILY.

Away! away! 'tis now the hour,
The moon shines brightly o'er the bow'r,
Where roses and clematis twine,
And both their mingled sweets combine,—
Their boughs and tendrils meet above ;
The night-bird trills its lay of love ;
And Emily, *her* love to meet,
Presses the turf with nimble feet ;
And she within this alcove fair,
Has found her lover waiting there..
Fondly he greets her : with a sigh
She hears him bless her constancy ;

Then smil'd and said, as women can,
"Inconstancy thy name is man."
"Could I inconstant be," he cries,
"To that lov'd form, to those bright eyes ;
To me thou art become so dear,
Would I could ever linger here ;
But, ah ! my unpropitious star,
Has mark'd me for the field of war ;
And I must leave this peaceful shore,
Perchance to visit it no more :
Weep not, belov'd, thy tears are vain,
If spar'd, I soon return again :
Thou would'st go with me dearest ! nay,—
I dare not bear thee hence away,
To share my doom in battle-field,
And should I fall, without a shield
To save thee from the foeman's pow'r,
Without a friend when dangers low'r ;
But grieve thee not so bitterly,
Take courage for the love of me,
For when to morrow's sun hath set,
And we, once more, my love, have met,

I must at once from hence depart,
And leave thee with a breaking heart."

While as he strove to calm her fears,

He gently wip'd her falling tears ;

" And still remember," whisper'd he,

" The happy hours I've spent with thee ;

And while that orb shines bright above,

[Remember how sincere my love ;

Ne'er doubt my truth, 'twould give me pain,

To know thou held'st my promise vain."

" Forget thee ! thou wilt change as soon—

The maiden pointed towards the moon,

" Behold," she said, "'tis clouded o'er,

A token that we meet no more ;

I have a sad misgiving heart,

That tells me that for aye we part ;

Thou wilt be chang'd, or thou wilt die

Ere I am thine,—and I must fly,—

So fare thee well, beloved, best,"

Sadly in mind she seem'd distress,

He press'd her fondly in his arms,

And strove to soothe her vain alarms.

3 Farewell mine own ! and thus they part,
The maid in grief, he sad at heart.
But as he homeward wends his way,
'Tis thus he trills his parting lay :—

“ And must I bid farewell to thee,
Whose welfare most I prize,
While never more may beam on me,
The light of those soft eyes.

“ I leave thee, many a tedious day
Must pass—ere on my ear,
The tones of thy sweet voice may play
Unheard—yet ever dear.

“ Oh ! nothing now can joy impart,
Nought can my peace restore,
Till I can press thee to my heart,
To part with thee no more.”

When hidden by the tangled trees,
His voice is borne upon the breeze ;
As he descends the shady dell,
Softly his parting accents fell.
Away ! away ! far hence he 's gone.
And the maiden weeps in her bow'r alone.

* * * * *

Away ! away ! let 's haste away,
To join upon this happy day,
The friends who now to church repair,
To hear the nuptial rites, and share
The pleasures of this wedding feast.
The sun just rising in the east,
No fairer than the bride appears,
Her bright smiles breaking thro' her tears,
Which long restrain'd at length will flow,
As Edward breathes the solemn vow,
That whatsoe'er their destiny,

Nought shall dissolve this sacred tie,
But sickness, poverty, withstand ;
And then upon that trembling hand,
He plac'd the golden ring, to be,
A symbol of eternity.

While she beside him meekly kneels,
Her upward glance deep love reveals ;
And mantling blushes on her cheek,
Of varying emotions speak.

Low as she kneels, her shoulders fair,
Are covered with her golden hair.

He gazes on his lovely bride,
He loves her more than all beside ;
But see, they rise ! the blessings giv'n,
The happy pair towards home are driv'n.
Away ! away ! leave them to day,
Happines will, alas ! decay.

* * * * *

Away, away, to yonder hill,
The sun has set, the waves are still,

The moon slow rises o'er the trees,
Which rustle in the evening breeze ;
The stars are bright, the sky is fair,
And all looks calm and peaceful there.
Who for that lovely world on high,
Would not leave life's uncertainty ?
What is there in this world to love,
To charm us from that sphere above ?
But who is this, now silence reigns,
Upon the hill so late remains ;
In supplication all alone,
The maiden kneels upon a stone ;
Her hands are clasp'd, her upturn'd eye,
Bespeaks her spirit's fervency.
Her raven hair, in ringlets low,
Has fallen from her marble brow ;
Her ruby lips are mov'd in pray'r,
Like rose leaves in the ev'ning air ;
But soon she rises from her knees,
And sweetly sings—her words are these :—
“ Fair Queen of Heaven, shed thy light
O'er the blue and ruffled main :

For morn, alas ! however bright,
Will not bring him back again.
We must see his seat vacated,
We, with whom he us'd to dwell,
Must, with sorrow unabated,
Oft recal his last farewell.

“ When we round the table meet,
Sadly shall we think on him,
And miss his song so wild and sweet.
While our eyes with tears were dim,
He, to lead a warrior band,
Left the home he lov'd so well,
And, destin'd to a foreign land,
Sighing, bade his friends—farewell.

“ Oft gazing o'er the waters dark,
Thy rising crest we see ;
And seek in vain his distant bark,
Softly whisp'ring—‘ where is he ? ’

He's far upon a foreign shore,
Echo, sadly, seems to tell ;
But, in our hearts for evermore,
Is cherished his fond farewell."

Away ! away ! let's hasten on,
The voice has ceas'd, the maiden gone !

* * * * *

Away ! away ! the lighted hall,
Proclaims a gay and lively ball,
Where viol, harp, and lute, resound,
And fairy feet scarce touch the ground ;
Where maidens, lovely as the graces,
Trip like fairies to their places ;
See their tresses, light as air,
Falling o'er their necks so fair ;
See their eyes, like diamonds bright,
Reflect each flash of dazzling light ;

But who is this, whose downcast eye,
Proclaims a sadder destiny?
Calmly she sits, nor joins the dance;
She rises at a friend's advance;
A female, beautiful as can be,
Gaily exclaims, "dear Emily!
I little hoped to meet you here!
We've parted been for many a year:
What brought you far from England's isle?
I'm glad to see that you can smile,
But why that downcast look? and why,
So pale and silent sit you by?
Say, dearest friend, you are not well,
Why are you suffering, prythee tell!"
"Ah! think not on my looks, dear Mary,
Your step is light as any fairy,
And time upon your lovely face,
Of care has never left a trace,
You seem as cheerful, blythe, and gay,
As when we wil'd young hours away
In girlish merriment. We spent

Such happy hours ! ah ! with them went
My happiness ——.”

“ Hush ! love, believe me,
To hear you talk thus, much does grieve me,
Forget the sorrows that are past,
And happiness may come at last.
But you, no doubt, have heard ere this,
A something of my wedded bliss.
I'm glad we've met, for you must come,
And make my house awhile your home,
And very soon, dear girl, we'll try
To lighten up that downcast eye ;
But ere I chatter any faster,
Let's introduce my lord and master.
She calls in her own gentle tone ;
A colonel comes : alas ! tis done.
In Mary's husband, at one view,
Emily, her faithless Edward knew.
She scream'd, (all started at the sound),
Then sank as lifeless on the ground ;
And shortly was convey'd away,

Pale, swooning, and as cold as clay.
Away ! away ! her fate deplore,
The lights are out, the dance is o'er.

* * * * *

Away ! away ! with voices low ;
I hear the funeral bell toll slow :
See ! see ! a hearse with sable plumes,
How slow and mournfully it comes.
As it approaches near, more near,
The mourners pause,—now on the bier
The coffin stands,—the velvet pall
Hangs all around with graceful fall.
But what beneath its folds are hid ?
And what is graven on the lid ?
I read it with a mournful sigh,—
It bears the name of Emily !
It but her name and age records,
What need is there of empty words ?

The poor heart-broken father cries,
And shows his grief, in sobs and sighs.
Mary and Edward, hand in hand,
At th' brink of the grave in silence stand ;
Mary—shedding many a tear,
He—neither moves, nor seems to hear.
The coffin sinks with hollow sound,
He groans and falls upon the ground.
Farewell my Mary ! murmurs low,—
She by his side doth quickly bow ;
In vain her aid, he 'll ne'er revive,
Emily's death he can't survive ;
No tears he shed for his relief,
But sleeps in death.

With poignant grief,
A hapless widow, she must bend
Her steps from the tomb of her earliest friend,
Away ! away ! our tears must cease,
Their bodies now repose in peace.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,
M. E. S.

And must we, indeed, lay her fair young form,
Down, down, in the darksome grave ?
Must the rude March winds, and cold winter's storm
Unheeded, above her rave ?

And must those sweet eyes of radiant blue,
Close seal'd and fix'd remain ;
And the ears, that merry voice oft rung through,
Now list for that voice in vain.

Oh, say, will the sound of those lightsome feet,
Be ever unheard and still ?
Must we turn each day to the vacant seat,
We wish no other to fill ?

For aye hath she left us? That treasur'd head!

Its music and mirth are gone!

And she rests in peace in her silent bed,

Her soul seeks a world unknown.

And her mortal body now feels no pain,

No sorrow that heart can wring;

The grave o'er her can no vict'ry gain;

Even death hath lost its sting.

How swiftly her journey through life was done!

And she left us in sorrow—oh why

Did we fix our hearts on that fragile boon,

Which shrunk from our grasp—to die?

Her voice in this world will be heard no more,

(So dearly lov'd and well);

'Twill be rais'd in song, on that blissful shore,

In a loud triumphant swell.

For with seraph's tongue, and with angel's song,
 She mingles in chorus there ;
 And number'd among the celestial throng,
 Their heav'nly blessings to share.

And the body that once to us was lent,
 We laid 'neath the fun'ral stone ;
 Shall rise on that day when the rocks are rent,
 To sit on a heav'nly throne.

Then shall *we*, whose eyelids with tears o'erflow,
 Whose eyes are with sorrow dim;
 Forget that she lingers on earth no more,
 To share in life 's troubles grim.

Or mourn that a kind and a gracious hand,
 Hath guided her safe to port ;
 Whence sickness and sorrow far distant stand,
 And the carnal fight is fought.

No ! Father on high ! give us faith to trace,
The beauties of yonder sphere ;
Where she sees her Redeemer face to face,
With eyesight undimm'd and clear.

But do thou forgive each murmuring thought,
That may rise 'gainst thy decree ;
And make us thankful as Christians ought,
To feel—that her soul is free.

Freed from the trammels of sin and care,
As we hope our souls may be ;
And ransom'd by Christ, may we join her there,
To dwell for ever with Thee.

ARRIA AND PÆTUS.

“ Vain were thine efforts, Pætus ! thou must die !

’Tis the reward for thy conspiracy !

An exile—doom’d to quit thy native land—

Thy fate is vested in thy sovereign’s hand.

Mercy denied thee !—Yes, thou must away,

Nor linger here to see a new born day.”

Thus, Arria wept, a sorr’wing faithful wife,

She sought to follow him, nor ask’d his life.

Down at her sovereign’s feet she fain would kneel,

And there her supplication would reveal—

“ The custom here is, Claudius, that the great

Are slaves, allow’d, upon their will to wait :

To go with Pætus, I, a slave would be,

Allow him but one slave, that slave be—me !”

Her suit denied, he in the ship must sail,
His wife, alone, will brave the cutting gale :—
She follows him direct—unmov'd is she—
And in an open boat she dares the sea !
Safely arriv'd, her husband joins at last,
And happy, thinks the greatest danger past.
But soon to death her Pætus is decreed,
And his own hand must execute the deed :
There 's no escape ! 'tis Claudius' command !
Then Arria takes a dagger in her hand ;
She seeks her husband, hiding it awhile,
And thus addresses him with cheerful smile.—
“ The hour is come, when we must parted be,
But, dearest Pætus, do not grieve for me ;
Nought can assail me, love, when you are gone,
For in one instant, see—the deed is done.”
Deep in her side she struck the pointed steel,—
“ It is not painful Pætus,—scarcely I feel
What I have done ;—but you can never know,
How much I feel what Pætus has to do.
Farewell beloved !” Sinking at his side,
The faithful, the devoted, Arria—died.

FAREWELL TO TEMPLE GROVE,

SHEEN, SURREY.

“ The thoughts that cling to the things of yore,
Have wound me in their spell.”

Adieu fair grove ! ere I depart from hence,
Some tributary lines I'll pen for thee,
A ling'ring regret I fain would hide
Lurks in my heart when I would say—farewell !
In Autumn, I beheld thy fading charms,
The ground was overstrewn with fallen leaves ;

The bright red berries glitt'ring with the frost,
Yet hung, upon the leaf dismantled boughs ;
While here and there a straggling flow'r bloom'd
out.

And I have wander'd round thy bounds full oft,
While Winter cloth'd thee in a robe of white ;
Building bright airy castles, while fond Hope
Pictured full soon their sweet reality !
Till many a nook within thy walls was link'd
With some fair mental vision, and e'en then—
I almost learn'd to feel some love for thee ;
But now, when smiling Spring has deck'd thy trees
With pearly blossoms, and with vernal buds ;
The primroses and violets beneath
My feet, have waken'd to the balmy breath
Of fair and genial Spring. The calm clear lake
No longer chok'd with brown decaying leaves,
Reflects in kindest mood the bright blue sky.
The little boat lies pillow'd on the bank ;
The white ducks dabble in and out with glee ;
The hoarse Canadian geese their rage would shew

At each infringement on their wat'ry rights.
The voices of a merry troop of boys
Break oft the wonted stillness : happy they !
Scarcely yet waken'd to the woes of life,
Sportive and gay, their pleasure centred in
The granted holiday ; nor little heed
How many of their race, in former years,
Gay, thoughtless as themselves, have gamboll'd
here,
Men, who long since, the world's hard lesson
learn'd,
Never again to be forgotten.

So

These too must learn : and 'mid the motley band,
The most attach'd, the dearest friends must part,
Must widely distant rove,—of boyhoods' friends
And thee, fair Grove, forgetful. Even I
May soon forget that here I lived so long,
The tenant of a little world, to some
Unknown—not many loving—fewer yet,
Gave me the tribute of affection true.

Soon will the mem'ry of my name grow dim ;
Yet, in far distant lands, in future years,
Some shady spot may meet my wand'ring gaze,
Recalling, in the mirror of the mind,
A fond remembrance of Temple Grove.

I MET HIM.

I met him in my youthful days,
 We both were children then ;
He join'd in all our merry plays—
 We may not meet again !
His mother watch'd our childish glee,
 Oh ! she was lovely then ;
She sleeps beneath the green sod—she
 Will watch us ne'er again.

We fish'd beside the little stream,—
 We shot upon the hill :

The past seems only like a dream—
It flits before me still.
We cross'd the mead with nimble feet,
At eve, and early day ;
We parted, thinking soon to meet :—
Eight years have pass'd away !

We met again ! How alter'd though !
He is to manhood grown ;
And neither did the other know,
Remembrance was gone.
The childish form that once he wore,
I now can scarcely trace :—
My frocks are banish'd, and no more—
My hair curls round my face.

We chatted o'er the hours gone by,
Of joys that would not last ;
And each had stor'd in memory,
Some record of the past,

Some pleasure of an earlier day,—
 We both were children then ;
But even life may pass away
 Before we meet again.

MUSIC.

Yes ! music shall hallow this hour,
As night breezes freshen each flow'r,
Our hearts shall revive 'neath its pow'r,
To bound again merrily.

Our lives, like its harmonies change
From gladness to sorrow, most strange,
Through sunshine or darkness, we range,
Now sadly—now merrily !

Yes ! music shall hallow our dreams,
As shadows reflected in streams,
Each vision with melody teems,
While night passeth rapidly.

Oh ! wake then the cadence of mirth !
The harpstrings to joy shall give birth,
While fairy feet dance on the earth,
All gaily and merrily.

THE EXILES.

Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.—Jer. xxii, 10.

We will not weep for the silent dead,
Who slumber beneath the earth;
Though the smile from sunny lips hath fled,
And hush'd is their song of mirth.

Ah, no! for the slumb'rer sheds no tear,—
The eyelids that wept are dry;
For death hath banish'd all strife and fear,
And sooth'd is the mourner's sigh.

Weep not for the dead, their course is run,—
Now they rest eternally ;
Their toil is ended, the goal is won,—
Ah ! weep not for those that die.

But weep for those who are doom'd to stray
Afar from their childhood's home ;
Who have still to tread life's weary way—
Through its stony paths to roam.

Who toss'd upon life's treach'rous wave,
With bosoms for home that burn,
Must lay their bones in a foreign grave,
And never again return.

For those estrang'd from the friends they love,
And whom no fond welcome cheers,
Who ling'ring pine for rest above,—
Aye ! 'tis these who need our tears.

THE FUTURE.

“ Oh! the present time forgets
What the future was to give,
And the further off seems happiness
The longer that we live! ”

Trust not to the future,
When bright its prospects are ;
Trust not to the future,
'Twill only bring us care !
There are fond hopes now ideal,
That may never become real ;
Forget—is written on his wings ;
Forget—the sweetest song he sings.

Trust not to the future,
Whose promises are vain ;
Reliance on the future,
Will only bring us pain ;
Perchance, we never may possess,
The needful for our happiness ;
And ev'ry look we cast before,
But makes the disappointment more.

Trust not to the future, ...
'Tis a deceptive glass ;
For promise of the future
May never come to pass
And rolling years will rend apart
The ties that bind each youthful heart ;
'Tis but forgetting all the past.
Will bring us peacefulness at last.

Trust not to the future,
For aught this world can give ;

Trust that in the future,
The right'ous soul shall live ;
Hearts here, by sorrow blighted—
By stern death disunited,
Shall meet on Canaan's peaceful shore,—
Shall meet in bliss—to part no more.

THE ORPHAN'S TEARS.

“ Oh ! leave her, let her weep alone,
Why should ye stay her grief !
She 's mourning for the dear ones' gone ;
These tears will give relief ;
Those tears will ease that breaking heart,
Will check that bursting sigh ;
Alas ! for she has felt the smart—
Of seeing lov'd ones die.”

* * * * And she had wept
At the sad tidings of her father's death ;
And she had look'd upon the vacant chair ;
Oft had she knelt upon the silent grave,
And water'd the green turf with scalding tears,

When none had heard th' outbreakings of her grief,
None seen the heavings of her breast save Heav'n ;
And when she had pour'd out her anguish'd soul
In pray'r and supplication, at his Throne,
She would arise refresh'd, and homeward bend
Her falt'ring steps, and smooth her aching brow ;
Striving with smiles to meet her mother's eye,
And with her winning words, and gentle art,
She tried to wile away her parent's grief.
Vain were those efforts, for the widow's eye
Grew daily dim and sunken, and her cheek
Glow'd often with a burning flush, and then
Her form became more wasted, and her strength
Kept failing hour by hour.

This Rosa knew,

And saw with anguish ; yet was she so young,
So inexperienced, that whene'er she view'd
The hectic bloom flush o'er her mother's face,
And heard her whisper—"Better," she would hope ;
Trusting that summer's air, and brighter days,
Would bring the suff'rer renovatèd health ;
While the physican shook his head and sigh'd,

Yet dar'd not tell th' unwelcome truth : nor break
That fragile web—the treasur'd dream of hope,
So soon to be dispell'd for ever,
And which she clung so blindly to—in vain.
But, ah ! too soon the awful hour arriv'd,
When the fond mother sat, with straining eyes,
Long gazing on her child, the only chain
That bound her still to earth, and feebly strove
Her quiv'ring lips to press upon the brow
Of that belov'd one, a long—parting—kiss,
Then slowly clos'd her failing orbs, to be
No more unclos'd on earth. Long Rosa watch'd
In silence and in awe—that quiet sleep,
Till softly touching her cold hand, she found
Her mother slumber'd in the arms of death.
With one long piercing scream, she threw herself
Upon the cold inanimate remains.
Three days pass'd on, and not one single word
Broke from her lips—untasted was her food—
Fix'd was her gaze—her eyes seem'd rivetted
On nought. Vain were all efforts to remove
He from the room in which her mother lay ;

And long drawn sighs alone betoken'd life.
At length th' attendants brought the sable dress
That for a time she must be doom'd to wear,
And with officious hands at once they spread
The mournful garb before her eyes. At this—
The tide of mem'ry rush'd across her brain,
A sense of her own loneliness, called forth
A torrent of refreshing tears, that pour'd
Freely and unconstrain'd ; these sav'd her life—
Or intellect had fled—for ever.

THE ORPHAN'S SUPPORT.

* * Was she indeed so desolate ?
And were there none on earth to care for her—
To share her sorrows, or with her to weep
The loss she had sustain'd ? Relations—none
Of the domestic circle now remain'd,
Nor father, mother, brother, sister dear,
Were left to share her loneliness and woe.
But what were earthly friends compar'd with Him

Who sticketh closer than a brother,—who
Heareth young ravens when they cry for food ?
To whom the orphan and the fatherless,
May flee for help, and sympathy, and love.
His chast'ning hand it was that dealt the blow ;
His mercy, that hath cut the string which bound
Her youthful heart to vanity and earth.
And he hath taken all her idols home,
To teach her, that the dear and worshipp'd,
Are human—perishable—mortal things ;
Form'd but to bloom, then fall into decay.
But she has also learn'd, that there is One
Will never perish, neither fade, nor change ;
Whose ear is never stopp'd, nor eyelid clos'd.
And now her thoughts are mostly upward turn'd,
Wean'd from the world, her heart begins to soar,
For all her precious treasures are in Heav'n.
So she, when mem'ry prompts a tender tear,
Looks onward to their resting place Above,
And to the home that Jesus has prepar'd,
For those who seek Him : and with fervent mind,

She strives with gratitude, to bend and smile
Beneath the rod that chastens her ! Would she,
Were hers the power to call them back to earth,
Those free and disembodied spirits clog
With mortal clay, and human hopes and fears ?
Ah ! no ; her gain must be their loss, and she
Would rather tread alone the path of life,
And lie down in her silent grave unmourn'd.
Fear not for her ! such cannot be her case,
For Heav'n will raise up to the mourner friends :
And though that shatter'd spirit form no tie
To bind her to the world, her aspect meek
Must touch the chord of sympathy, that dwells
In ev'ry human heart, yet has she more—
The ear in which she may repose her woes—
A breast on which her weary head may lean—
A fountain—from which ev'ry draught is peace—
A refuge from the storm—a strong defence—
A promise, that when life's drear winter's past,
A spring eternal shall arise. Her spirit freed
From earthly bonds, is destin'd to ascend

Into a more exalted sphere than this,
Vicissitudes—death—sorrow—all forgot,
She shall become an heir of paradise,
Associate with angels, and a friend
Of the Eternal Son of God, to dwell
Henceforth in Immortality.

SPRING FLOWERS.

“ The flowers that first
In springtide burst
The earliest wither too,”

But no it is not always so,—

When spring-flowers open late,
They fade before they fairly blow ;
Yet scarce we mourn their fate :

Who, shrank most from the wint'ry wind,
Droop 'neath the summer's sun ;

They fade as doth the o'ertask'd mind,
Ere half their work is done.

And better thus then left alone,
Of wint'ry storms the sport ;
To wish our worldly work were done,
Our vessel safe in port.

For, on the leafless branch, again
Fresh blossoms may be seen ;
But in the barren heart—'tis vain
To seek one spot of green.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR GIVEN ME IN
CHILDHOOD.

Yes, thou must perish ! with a sad adieu
I must consign thee to the circling flame ;
Token of friendship, tears will still bedew
Thee, all unconscious, whence thou'rt doom'd, or
came.

Long treasur'd lock, ere with thee I can part,
One last sad tribute let me pay to thee ;
Exchange of youth, each hair twines round my
heart,
Reminding me of those I ne'er may see.

It may be folly thus to dwell, with pain,
On dream-like relics of the by-gone past ;
To call back feelings, thoughts, which now are vain,
The memory of days—too bright to last.

Farewell ! yet stay ! I cannot—cannot—yet,
With trembling hand consign thee to the fire ;
Awaken'd feelings, I would fain forget,
With hallow'd spells withhold the vain desire.

And hint, perchance, should I retain thee still,
And guard thee through this world of woe and strife,
Unchang'd, unfaded, kept through good and ill,
Thy past, thy present owner, late in life

May meet again, and in that future hour,
Talk o'er affections past—youth's joys and fears—
Hopes early blighted, like an April flow'r—
The changes of our intervening years.

Then, little lock, perchance when both are grey,
Thou may'st revive the memory of the dead,
The games and follies of an earlier day,
When tears dried up ere they were fairly shed.

It shall be so ! I'll once again consign
Thee, to the draw'r where thou so long hast laid ;
With hopes like these, that curl I'll ne'er resign,
Till by me nature's last sad debt is paid.

1839.

POSTSCRIPT :

How vain the hope ! That fairy head,
Where years ago the waving ringlet grew,
Is pillow'd in a cold and narrow bed,
Oft gently water'd by the ev'ning dew.

1846.

THE BACHELOR'S REASONS.

" A bachelor! a bachelor! How pleasant it must be,
A welcome guest at every feast, a happy fellow he ;
Whate'er he earns, he freely spends, for home he has no care,
The young and merry bachelor, his home is every where."

I am a bachelor, 'tis true,
Folks laugh at me as such,
Perhaps if they my reasons knew,
They would not laugh so much.

The world may think me hard of heart,
And scorn me all the while ;
They cannot see its inmost part,
Or sure they would not smile.

Insensible although I seem,
 To radiant lips and eyes,
Yet once they were my only theme,
 They were my dearest prize.

But now they nothing can avail,
 With fate one cannot strive,
Against it 'tis no use to rail !
 I now am forty-five.—

My early youth has pass'd away,
 And left me in my prime ;
I do not chide its long delay,
 Nor wish away the time.

I grieve not that my youth is gone,
 Nor do I fear to rest,
A pilgrim in this world alone,
 A bachelor unblest.

Why linger o'er my childhood's years,
Two sisters were my pride,—
The sharers of my joys and tears,
My cares, and sports beside.

An elder brother, too, had I,
Whose heart with mine was knit ;
We lov'd each other tenderly,
We love each other, yet.

While still at school, a thoughtless boy,
And hardly in my teens,
My brother went (our parents' joy)
To college. Oh ! those scenes,

Of early youth, when I review,
How throbs my foolish heart :
(Why are those days, so fleet and few,
Life's fairest brightest part ?)

Three years, perhaps not quite so long,
My evening's spent at home,—
With drawing, music, books, and song,
I could not wish to roam.

For oft my sisters' youthful friends
Would come and pass a week ;
Among them (guess what this portends),
Came one, so fair and meek.—

Lovely she was in form and face,
Of every charm possest ;
Her every attitude was grace,
My sisters lov'd her *best*.

Affection only seem'd her due,
While from her eyes it pour'd ;
The name of Love I scarcely knew,
Yet saw her—and ador'd.

In her there dwelt so much of all
That in the sex we seek,
The proudest at her feet might fall,
The wisest head grow weak.

And when she sang some simple lay,
(A seraph's voice was hers),
How often would I turn away,
To hide my foolish tears :

Our years were nearly equal, and
And our tastes resembled too ;
Love, o'er my soul, held full command,
Ere I his art could know.

For though I linger'd at her side,
In bower—in hall—and grove—
To none my passion I implied,
Nor spoke to her—of love,

At length my father made decree,
To Oxford I must go,—
Where Charles had taken his degree,
(Then who can paint my woe?)

He bore away respect and fame,
With many a prize beside :
While to his kindly greeting, I
Ungraciously replied.

Some time had pass'd since we had met, *
Unchang'd his handsome face ;
His figure manly grown, and set,
His voice a deeper bass.

I felt the dreaded hour was near,
When I must leave behind,
My home, and all that earth held dear,
Then how could *I* be kind?

I left sweet Mina silently,
My heart with anguish wrung ;
My words of love, I know not why,
Died noiseless on my tongue.

I went to college,—nought occurred
While there, I've need to quote,
But frequently from home I heard,—
My sisters often wrote.

* I need not tell my earliest thought
Whene'er a letter came ;
Nor how I through its pages sought,
To find my loved one's name.

Until my brother wrote me, that
His marriage day was near ;
Like one transfix'd, I gazing sat,
Yet knew not what to fear.

You know full well, the letter said,
The lady of my choice ;
'Tis settled, all our plans are laid,
With one accord and voice.

And therefore come at once, we pray,
Because we all design,
The twenty-first shall be the day,
That makes dear *Mina*, mine !

I saw no more, the letter fell—
From my cold nerveless hand :
What happen'd then, I cannot tell,
But this I understand,

That ere my senses were restor'd,
Or chance appeared of life,
The being I so much ador'd,
Became my brother's wife.

* * * * *

But when long years had onward flown,
My brother wrote for me ;
My children are to you unknown,
And will as strangers be.

I went—I found her lovely still,
(What happiness was theirs) !
How well did she her station fill—
A wife's, a mother's cares,—

To her were pleasures ; and how fond
Was every word, and look :
How could I see—and not despond ?
Oh, no ! I could not brook,—

Beneath their happy roof to dwell,
 What could to me atone,
That I, who 'd lov'd her just as well,
 Was sad, depressed, and lone.

One chubby boy, most fair to see,
 Was christen'd by my name ;
And when he climb'd his mother's knee,
 My fits of horror came.

But when I spoke of taking leave,
 My brother would not heed ;
The children pulled me by the sleeve,
 And Mina used to read ;

At length, she said, in gentle tone—
 Why should you leave us? Come,
No longer live a life so lone,
 But make our house your home !

“ I ’ll sing you songs of ‘ Auld Lang Syne,’
We will do all we can,—
To rouse and cheer you—so incline
Your heart, to this our plan.”

’Tis said, “ if one has truly lov’d,
The feeling never dies ; ”
The truth of which I dearly prov’d,
When gazing in her eyes.

I took her hand in mine, and said,
With voice she scarce could hear,
As o’er it I inclin’d my head,
To hide, a gath’ring tear.

(Remembrance of life’s youthful dream,
Occasion’d this I own,)
“ Forgive me, Mina, do not deem
Such weakness, oft I ’ve shewn.

“Forget this quite,—again we’ll part,—
Near you I could not live ;
Grant me the pity of your heart,
For more you cannot give.

“Once more farewell ! may heav’n and earth,
Their blessings on you pour !
And may your virtues and your worth,
Shine brightly as before !”

That day I left them,—such my case,—
Judge of me, as you will ;
Ne’er tell me, of my handsome face,
Such folly makes me ill.

Who that hath known the paths of life,
Its trouble and its pain—
Who that hath battl’d through the strife,
Would tread them o’er again ?

I sometimes mingle with the gay,
At soiréé, ball, or rout ;
(And dames to me much homage pay,
Whose daughters have " come out,")

Perchance, among the merry girls,
I hear a sudden pause ;
While from beneath their waving curls,
Come whispers of applause.

But compliments are lost on me,
Since I'm resolv'd to rest—
A widow'd heart—and, aye, shall be,
A bachelor unblest.

My conduct has been right, I feel,
I ne'er shall love another ;
But Mina can, and ever will,
Regard me as a brother.

One boon of fate I hope to prove,
That when her vot'ry dies !
The hand of her—my only love,
Be near to close my eyes !

1834

BIRTH-DAY LINES TO MY MOTHER.

My pen unus'd in measur'd feet to trace
Poetic lines, hath lost full half its grace ;
Yet would I fain, at duty's call renew,
The annual tribute of affection true.
Should I imperfectly my task fulfil,
Thou for the deed, wilt sure accept the will.
While I commem'rate th' auspicious ray
That brighten'd years ago, thy natal day,
And bless the hand benign that plac'd thee here,
A pilgrim, in this transitory sphere.

Yes, darling mother! though thou'rt young no
more,
And time thy brow hath slightly silver'd o'er,

Thine eye reverts to thine infantine years,
And fancy traces changing hopes and fears,—
When pains and pleasures past, rush o'er thy mind,
Remembrance of thine early friends so kind,
And for the moment all may real seem,
Then fade and vanish like a fairy dream.
Yet wilt thou own, though rugged seems the way,
Through which thy path of life hath seem'd to lay,
'Mid ups and downs, in tempests and in calm,
Yet round thee hath been thrown a gracious arm,
To guard and guide thee, when life's trials press'd,
And yielded comfort to the mind distress'd.
What though no son remain thy name to bear,
Yet may thy girls prove worthy all thy care;
And in their fond affection, and their smiles,
May'st thou, the harvest reap of all thy toils,
May many future anniversaries,
Pass o'er thy head, ere death dissolve the ties
That bind in union all our kindred hearts.
And, oh! may He who ev'ry gift imparts,
Bless thee, and prosper thee; may grace and peace,
And faith and love, within thy breast increase;

And when the stroke (by sin entail'd on all
Of mortal birth), on thee dear mother fall,
Thou may'st be found prepar'd to change thy clay,
And like a sunbeam—gently pass away.

August 1321.

ON THE REV. F. W. S.

“ He whom the wretched and the poor knew best,
Whom when the ear his footstep heard, it blest ;—
To whom the eye, with age or sorrow dim,
Gave witness : and whose works shall follow him ;—
Who silently his Saviour's steps pursued :—
Whose creed was love—whose life was gratitude.”

How doth his mild and pallid face,
Bear impress of disease,
Behold him at the Throne of Grace,
Upon his bended knees !
Devotion sheds a holy calm,
Upon his placid brow ;
His mild and gentle voice would charm
Away, both sin and woe.

How many hear that voice and sigh,
As round him oft they come ;
With fear, lest he too soon must die—
Too soon be taken home.
With sorrow many look upon
That face, so thin, and pale :
That slender form—those hands so wan—
That tell us “ life is frail !”

Yet many years, may he be spared,
To bless his foll'wers here ;
For He who for poor sinners cared,
Can yet preserve the dear ;
Can bid the hue of health once more
Upon his features glow :
Can guard, and guide him, and restore,
The flow'r anew to blow.

Lord, hear the prayer,—his life preserve,
And make him,—day by day,

More faithfully his God to serve,—
More prompt his vows to pay !
And may his labours prosper still,
While he doth here remain
Our priest ;—and let it be thy will,
He shall not live in vain.

Oh ! spare him yet awhile on earth,
Some precious souls to save ;
But if the fiat hath gone forth
Which dooms him to the grave ;—
Grant that the hearts which lov'd him here,
Struck by the stern decree,
May ev'ry day be drawn more near,
Most gracious God, to Thee.

April 1830.

OH! SING AGAIN.

(COMPOSED FOR JANE.)

Oh sing again ! although from me
Nor word of grateful rapture flows,
And though my mien may tranquil be,
You must not judge my heart by those :
Thy song is magic to my ears,
And I'll repay thee with my tears.

Though sorrow's hand hath spar'd my heart,
Nor crush'd it with her iron chain,—
I've seen each youthful dream depart,
And learn'd that ev'ry hope is vain,—
Aye? even from my earliest years,
My ev'ry joy, was bought with tears.

The very flow'rs I cherish most,
Fade in their vernal op'ning hours :
And what have I on earth to boast ?
Life has for me no fairy flowers :
But I through all my future years,
Must buy my happiness with tears.

Then sing again—some lay that breathes
Of love—of spring—of childhood fled ;
For love and friendship are the wreaths
That bind us living—mourn us dead !
Thus, while my heart enraptur'd hears,
'Twill pay thy melody with tears.

LINES,

(OCCASIONED BY HEARING A GENTLEMAN WISH
HE WERE A WOMAN.)

Oh, who would be a woman? Never, sure,
One human being who has known and felt
A woman's duties, or a woman's fate.
Is it profane to ask, by suff'ring bow'd,
Why the great God, who placed her on the earth
To be man's idol, or his slave—oh, why
Did he not steel her gentle heart, instead
Of filling it with tenderness and love?
Wherefore did he bestow such dangerous gifts?
And why those cravings for affection? which

Man's deep devotion, can but half repay.
Oh! none that ever felt a woman's cares,
Her tenderness anxieties or fears;
Doom'd from her hour of birth to be in turns,—
Caressed, forsaken; slighted, now admired;—
Flatter'd, and then forgotten, Or, what is worse,
To linger in suspense and painful doubt,
Without the power of knowing how to act,
Whether to love, or whether to withhold
That precious tide, that in her bosom flows
Pure, fresh, and endless; *even* when the frost
Of man's ingratitude has bound her heart
(At least its surface) in his icy chains;
To see the pearls most precious in her eyes
Trampled beneath the foot of vulgar scorn,
And crush'd beyond redemption. Such her life!
Were I a mother, surely I would weep
A daughter's birth, but that the memory
Of the Messial's death,—forbids my tears.
While I remember, that to Woman's care
The great Creator gave his only Son,
That for our sakes, his Virgin mother bore

Sorrow and grief, "as though a very sword
Her gentle soul had pierced," while she beheld
Her much lov'd Son upon th' accursed tree!
Yet *He*, while in his deepest agony,
Cared *for*, and *pitied*, that lone woman's woe;
Wherefore my heart has faith, and blessed hope,
That, for that mother's sake, *He cares for us.*

ACROSTIC ON A YOUNG FRIEND,

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM AFTER HER DEATH,

JULY 31, 1845.

S he liv'd a life of purity on earth,
U nited virtues of intrinsic worth ;
S incere yet gentle ; true in word, and deed ;
A nd those who knew her, found a friend in need ;
N o heart—more open to another's woe,—
N o hand—so prompt, its blessings to bestow,
A nd seem'd the last her loveliness to know.

Cressed, admir'd, beloved, where'er she went,
 O h! never fairer face to earth was lent,—
 R oses of beauty, blossom'd on her cheek ;
 D eath paus'd, as envious of a soul so meek ;
 E ncircled in his cold embrace she slept ;
 L ong round her grave the sorr'wing mourners
 wept,

I n silent tears lament th' unwelcome blow,
 A nd time alone, can soothe the mother's woe.

C ould those who lov'd her most, behold her face,
 O 'ershadow'd now with more seraphic grace!
 U ntouch'd by sorrow, free from care, or pain,
 S ay! would they call her spirit back again?
 E ach heart responds in silence, No! 'tis best ;
 N ow is she thron'd 'mid the redeem'd and blest,
 S o may we hope with her in Heav'n to rest. }

THE OLD MAN'S REQUEST.

Come sing to me ?

But not a warlike strain ;

No tale of battle-field delights me now :

I've seen the wreath fade on the hero's brow—

E'en sculptur'd trophies vain,—

The hearse close foll'wing the triumphal car :

Sing—but sing not of war !

Come sing to me ?

But not a lay of spring,

Of bright and od'rous blossoms, verdant glade ;

Of purling brooks beneath the leafy shade,—

Nor cloudless skies,—but bring

Some balmy flow'rs my aged eyes to please :

Sing—but sing not of these !

Come sing to me ?

But not of earthly love ;

Mine ears would close them to that wild sweet
strain ;

The sound might lure my thoughts to earth again,

Which fain would soar above ;

I've known of love—its agony—and bliss :

Sing—but sing not of this !

Come sing to me ?

But sing to me of Heav'n !

I long to burst the cords that bind me here,—

To turn my eyes from those intensely dear,—

To feel my sins forgiv'n !

And while I pray that heav'nly home to see,

Sing thou of that to me !

A DAY AT BURY SAINT EDMUNDS,

“ The ivy’s twining wreath is there—
And brighter from that ivy’s gloom ;
Shedding its perfume on the air,—
The wall-flower’s golden bloom, ’

You request me to write the events of the day ;
But what more on the subject can I find to say ?
Its adventures were few, that I call to my mind—
For nought has occurred of the marvellous kind ;
’Twas a day like most others, that come in its train,
And like life ’twas a compound of sunshine and
rain !—
But, indeed, ’tis a day on my memory fix’d,

In which no ingredients of sorrow were mix'd :
 And how few of the days of our lives are like this ?
 Tho' it might not partake of most exquisite bliss ?
 Yet, how few are the hours, when mortal can dare
 To pronounce them exempt both from sorrow and
 care ;

There are moments when happiness mounts into
 pain—

'Tis too pure for the world, and too sweet to
 remain !—

When the cup brims with honey, 'tis found by us
 all,

Ere we 've drain'd to the bottom, 'tis mingled with
 gall !

But this day I shall ever remember through life :
 Untinged with the hues of woe, sorrow, or strife.
 There were three met together, in friendship, each
 heart

Then partook of the pleasures, which peace can
 impart ;

'Twas friendship's bright wreath did the circle
 surround,—

Neither love, wrath, or jealousy, with us was
found :

We had all just emerg'd from our infantine years ;
But youth still remained, with its hopes and its fears :
For how know we in parting, what fate shall
ordain,

Or, if ever we all meet together again ;
Far apart thro' this world, may the paths that we
tread

Throughout life to the tomb, from this moment be
spread :

And the ring that we kept, when 'twas broken in
twain,

Can never (we are sure) be united again ;
But as long as we keep them, will memory last—
And 'twill warn us to think and look back on the
past.

Oh, say ! if far hence, when these tokens we see,
Will our hearts be from guilt and from trouble as
free?—

Though we fear not, alas ! yet we none of us
know

If again we shall meet at Bury or Stow!
 But why more on the subject should I moralize—
 'Tis a subject of doubt, and not one of surprise;
 As far as concerns me, I have only to say—
 That I long shall look back to this pleasant spent
 day;
 And like yonder old ruins, in green ivy clad,
 Will memory cling to the enjoyment we had.—
 But will H**** and E****, 'mid their friends new
 and many,
 Remember the day spent at Bury with F****.

ANSWER

TO SOME VERSES ADDRESSED TO A HEARTSEASE
BEGINNING—

“I LOVE THEE NOT, THOU SIMPLE FLOWER.”

There are, who say they love thee not,
Blossom of pale and purple hue,
Because thou tell'st of hopes forgot—
Of pleasures past, when life was new.

But, oh ! believe them not the while—
'Tis only in some clouded hour,
When nought around them seems to smile—
When faded lies life's brightest flower.

Sure none, who own a feeling heart,
Would turn from thy bright hues for aye,
Or 'cause they feel keen sorrow's smart,
Would dash all others' joys away.

Still let them love thee, fairy flow'r,
And when their lot shall happiest be :
An emblem of such transient hour,—
As heartsease, let them hallow thee.

But when misfortune turns the scale,
The broken heart owns not that name ;
As pensée then thou'lt tell the tale,
Of some fond heart for aye the same.

For not in fortune's brightest rays,
The faithful heart its truth can prove :
And thou shalt bloom in darkest days
An emblem of unchanging love.

AN APOLOGY

FOR THE USE OF ARTIFICIAL HAIR AND TEETH.

(Composed for a friend who was joked about wearing them.)



Do you deem it disgrace ?
It is surely no crime,
That we try to replace
The sad thefts of Old Time ;
That we fill up each gap
In the ivory row,
Or with curls and a cap
Would re-shadow the brow.

If you deem that 'tis wrong,
To fill up with the lute,
Each sweet pause in the song,
I no more will dispute :
Or, when summer's sweet flow'rs,
We no longer retain,
May we not deck our bow'rs,
Artificially then ?

When the sunbeams so bright
Have all faded away,—
By candle or lamp-light,
Is it wrong to be gay ?
E'en the moon you might blame,
For 'tis very well known,
She dissembles the same,
With a light, not her own.

Can you mention the face,
On whose beautiful smile,

You reliance can place
That 'tis free from all guile ?
May not that smile cover,
Either anger, or grief ?
Put on to gloss over,
Tho' it can 't give relief.

E'en our bodies deceive ;
'Tis deception, the whole ;
To the body we give
What is due to the soul.
Oh ! then deem it no crime,
That weak mortals should try,
The sad thefts of Old Time,
By their art to supply.

ON THE BAPTISM OF R. N. B.

He hath been enter'd on the lists,
The seal is on his brow ;
Although as yet, he little wists,
The meaning of the vow,—

That, as a soldier of the cross,
He must be firm and true ;
And struggle on, through gain, or loss,
The tempter to subdue.

The wealthy and the great may love,
The rich befriend him here ;

He hath a firmer friend, above
This transitory sphere.

And may he make God's Word his guide,
Throughout his life's short span ;
His father's joy, his mother's pride,
Belov'd by God and man.

So, when his earthly comforts fail,
And death's dark hour shall come ;
He, all his earthly friends may hail,
In an eternal home.

A LA PREMIERE FLEUR DU PRINTEMPS.

Jolie, jolie, petite fleur,
Venant dès la première heure,
En un mois si rigoureux,
Portant plaisir à nos yeux.
Chère aux amâns, jolie fleur,
Chère à tous les sensibles cœurs.

Aux heureux, vous semblez dire—
C'est le comble de vos desirs ;
Aux pauvres mortelles en détresse,
Parlant pitié, et tendresse :
Aux amântes, et jeunes, et belles.
Promettant des âmes fideles.

Quoique Flore, entre autres faveurs,
Donne souvent, de plus belles fleurs,
Même la rose, nous ne l'aimons pas
Comme vous, petite fleur de Mars.
A votre vue chaque cœur s'enivre—
Car la Printemps, va vous suivre.

Ni nos instances, ni nos pleurs,
Peuvent étendre vos courtes heures ;
Puisqu'en mourant vous nous direz
Ainsi, belle, il faut expirer,
Vous êtes mortelle—jeune—et chère,
Vous irez dans la cimitière.

DEADMAN'S HOLE.

There is a small field situated on the high road between Putney and Wandsworth, where, it is said, the victims of the Plague were buried nearly two centuries back, and which still bears this appellation. I have been in the habit of passing the spot daily, and never, but on one occasion, saw a human being there.

“ And it was so—from day to day
The spirit of the Plague went on ;
And those at morning blithe and gay,
Were dying at the set of sun.”

The traveller along the public road,
That leads him from the city's clam'rous din,
To Richmond's lovely Hill, (whose verdant slope,
Luxuriant trees, and silver stream, pourtray
The fairest picture drawn by Nature's pen !)

Has many sunny views of winding Thames :
Now widely straying—now close at his feet
Its rippling tide among the rushes plays ;
And many a cottage home attracts his eye,
And seems to tell of love, content, and peace.

About midway, he finds a quiet nook,
Bounded by palings and by hedge-rows high,
O'ershadow'd on the west by some tall trees ;
Its bright green turf, begemm'd with daisies white,
The sun shines brightly on it : and the stars
Twinkle as brilliantly, as o'er a bow'r
Of regal splendour : and the pale fair moon
Sheds her calm rays in kindness : while the trees
Cast their long shadows o'er it, and the dews
Refresh the grass each night with gentle tears.
The weary cattle may luxuriate there,—
A flock of sheep is oft turn'd in to graze ;
And in the holiday of bright springtide,
The sheep-bell tinkles with unwearied sound, —
The little lambs bound merrily the while ;

And 'mid the gently waving trees, the tribes
Of varied feather'd songsters nestle there,
Chirping and twittering their notes of love
And praise to their Creator.

Seldom there,

The foot of man is seen to press the turf;—
No milkmaid hither comes at early dawn;—
No merry boys within its bound'ries play
Their wanton gambols on a summer's eve;
There is a silence and a solitude
That makes it desolate:—'Tis DEADMAN'S HOLE!
One shudders at the name: yet wonders why!
Is there a spot on England's glorious isle;
On Scotia's mountains, or 'mid Erin's bogs;
On Iceland's, Afric's, or Canadian shores,
Unvisited by that stern tyrant—Death?
Search through the world, in almost ev'ry nook,
The bones of some brave Englishman are found;
Yet, rather we revere, than shun the spot.
How many love to rove, at evening's close,

Among the tombs in village churchyard rear'd,
To muse upon the sleeping clay beneath,
And con the lessons which are graven there !

Why, then, should "Deadman's Hole" such dread
impart ?

Why turn we from the field with awe and fear ?
Beneath this sod, bright though its surface be,
Repose the victims of the direful "Plague"
For here in days gone by the Pest House stood,
When at the name the stoutest heart would quail.
And fear o'ermaster'd nature's dearest ties :
Those who in life were rich, belov'd, admir'd,
Were left in solitude—unwatch'd, to die,—
No gentle hand prepar'd refreshing draughts,—
No tender nurse, laid out with anxious care,
The once fair form for funeral obsequies,—
No kiss of love was press'd on the pale lips,
So lately listen'd to, with eager ears,—
No fresh blown flow'rs were in the coffin strew'd,—
No bitter tears bedew'd the velvet pall,—

No nodding plumes—no mourners follow'd slow,—
No pray'rs were offer'd o'er the new made grave :
But nightly through the dark deserted streets
The pest-cart pass'd, and then the solemn cry—
“Bring out your dead !”—“Cast out your dead !”
was heard,
And chill'd the heart with its unwelcome sound.
The young, the wealthy, lovely, poor, and old,
Were thrown by torchlight, in the common pit
That yawning stood in loneliness, as far
From life and human dwellings as might be.
The living shrunk from the pestif'rous mount,
Whose fathers, mothers, wivcs, or children lay,
In undistinguish'd heaps, to moulder there ;
And even though a century, and more,
Has glided onward to the final day,
And all the busy crowd, existing then,
Have mingled with the dust, and but the name
Of plague, and the sad records of its sway
In sad historic details handed down !
Thank Heav'n, on Britain's shore this dire disease
Is but a stranger visitant ; though still,

In some less favour'd climes, it rages yet ;
But like the curse denounc'd on Jewish race,
That frightful doom of leprosy, we hear its name,—
We read of all its devastating pow'r,
And shudder ;—while we raise the grateful notes
Of pray'r and incense, to the Paschal Lamb,
Who stands (like Aaron with his censor) 'twixt
The dead and living, till the plague be stay'd.

But Britain's isle, from thralldom hardly free,
Bows to a potent idol.

 Though from hence
The plague and leprosy have vanishéd,
There is a dread and pestilential foe,
Whose very breath her bravest people flee ;
And, if the taint once rest on any house,
Or any of its fairest members,—woe
Betide ! away with friendship and with love !
What boots it that the victim lovely be ?
Brave—honest—upright—talented—or good ?
Of what avail the virtue, or the fame ?

What boots it that the blood of noblest race,
Pure and untainted, circles through the veins?
All! all! are valueless before the world,—
Friends, brothers, relatives, will turn aside,—
They dare not risk contagion, and would blush
To own their fellowship in broad daylight!
The mark of the *red cross* is needed not!
The most esteem'd—shrink from its very name!
What, then, in these enlighten'd days, can work
Such havoc, in a free and polish'd isle?
Ye need not ask—the *Plague* is POVERTY.

THE TRULY WISE.

And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—
St Matt, ii. 10

Who were the wise, to whom the star
Appeared among the hosts of Heav'n?
Who, from their splendid homes afar,
Were by the blessed token driv'n.

By faith and love conducted o'er
Steep rocky hills and deserts drear,
The Saviour to bow down before,
To hail Him, to behold Him near.

The tidings through Jerus'lem ring,
That strangers came, to seek e'en there,
The birth-place of the new-born King,
Nor prince, nor people, tell them—where !

“Go to the priests,” proud Herod cries,
“And whom ye seek enquire of them !”
These turn them to their prophecies,
And find for answer, “Bethlehem.”

Unwearied still, uncheck'd by fears.
They wander forth again to try ;
Once more that wond'rous Star appears,
And they rejoice exceedingly.

Still onward by that token led,
These wise men follow'd, day by day ;
More wise, that they unshackled sped,
Nor lost their faith, by long delay.

At length their guiding star stood still,
And then, beneath a humble roof
They found the infant, gaz'd their fill,
Nor sought a stronger, further proof.

Were they not wise to seek a king?
Wise—to desire himself to greet?
Wise—when they found him poor, to bring
Their choicest off'rings to his feet?

No earthly crown bedeck'd his brow,
Yet did their wisdom pure prevail,
For WISEST were they then to bow,
A Heav'nly King, on earth to hail.

TO C*****,

ON THE EVENT OF HER MARRIAGE.

So long my lyre, of late, at rest hath lain,
It scarce remembers one domestic strain,
The voice of friendship wakes its melody,
To twine a nuptial lay of love for thee.
They tell me thou hast left thy mother's side,
And chang'd thy maiden name, for that of bride,
Short liv'd and transient, yet throughout thy life,
Cause may'st thou have, to bless the name of wife.

What though no youthful bridesmaids, gaily dress'd,
With words and cares unnumber'd, round thee
press'd ; -

What though no childish hands, in fragrant show'rs,
Bestrew'd thy path with newly blossom'd flow'rs,
Believe, that hearts of faithful friends, for thee
Have earnest blessings sought, on bended knee,—
May peace, with holiness and virtue, meet,
To strew unfading blossoms at thy feet.

May he, whose future life must shadow thine,
With earth's best qualities, such love combine :
That while to him, thy heart and hopes are giv'n,
Each onward step shall bring thee nearer Heav'n.
And may the Heav'nly Pilot safely guide,
Thy matrimonial bark, o'er life's rough tide,
Should e'er the storm arise, to bid it cease,
Until it anchors in the Port of Peace.

L' ESPERANCE.

L' Espoir c'est à l'âme,
 (Trompeur quoiqu'il est);
Comme aux fleurs est la baume
 De la rafraîchissante rosée

Qu'il fait plaisir au cœur,
 Quoique souvent c'est vaine;
D' Esperer, en malheur
 Le bonheur demain.

Le destin le plus noir
 Ne m'arrache pas un cri:
Si un rayon d'espoir
 Peut embellir ma vie.

RETROSPECTION.

Too surely every setting day,
Some lost delight we mourn !
The flow'rs all die along our way,
Till we too, die forlorn.

How vainly we look back to youth,
For childhood's pleasures yearning ;
Embark'd upon life's treach'rous waves,
Back, there is no returning ;
Its golden days are past and o'er,
Love, hope, and youth, return no more.

Alas ! there is no going back
When once the step is taken ;
For once the breast has ceas'd to heave,

No pow'r the dead can waken ;
Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor life's best worth,
Can win the spirit back to earth.

The hasty word once uttered,
Deep in the mind is galling ;
It ne'er again can be unsaid,
'Tis done, and past recalling ;
And all our anxious cares are vain,
To heal the broken heart again.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HAVING REVISITED MY BIRTHPLACE
AFTER MANY YEARS ABSENCE.

“When those who so long have been absent return
To the scenes of their childhood, 'tis only to mourn,”

A stranger by my childhood's home I pass'd,
When long and youthful years had fled by ;
The child had grown to womanhood too fast,
But had not dimm'd my childhood's memory.

Yet not one smile, one welcome voice to greet,
My brief return unto my native place ;
The house and grounds are trod by stranger feet,
Nor do I gaze on one familiar face.

The jess'mine that my father's fost'ring hand
Had train'd about the doorway, scarce was seen ;
And where the moss rose, us'd of yore to stand,
Is mantled now with ivy bright and green.

So like that ivy, Time's resistless wing,
Has thrown a veil o'er hearts, that once were ours ;
A stranger's name is there, and ev'ry spring
Has welcom'd strangers in those garden bowers.

Some years ago, and I had doubtless met
A welcome smile at ev'ry neighbour's door ;
But now I stray unheeded, all forget,
That they on earth have seen my face before.

In vain I gaze on ev'ry passer by,
No smile of recognition cheers me now ;
And while sad tears are stealing from each eye,
I feel, 'tis but the fate of all below.

I must depart ! ere long my present home
May hail another mistress in its hall,
While I lie shrouded in my silent tomb,
Few will remember that I liv'd at all.

REFLECTIONS

IN THE ARCHERY GARDENS AT SAINT LEONARDS-
ON-SEA.

" Our books are Nature's flowery vales
And heathery hills so high,—
The waving trees —the foaming tides,—
And—Heaven's bespang'ed sky."

How bright ! how beautiful !
Exclaims the awaken'd tongue, when first
The eye rests on the sunny spot beneath,
Now clad in all the rainbow color'd hues,
That Nature's hand has gifted Flora with

To deck the balmy fav'rites of her train.
There, side by side, are stores of blossoms rare,
Of roses, fuschias, heather, pinks, and broom,
And winding paths, and mossy beds, and lawn.
Can this bright spot have been a brick-kiln once ?
'Tis difficult indeed to credit this !
A brick-kiln, from whose bed were dug and form'd
The elements of those fine buildings, that
High tow'ring o'er the sea-worn beach, became
The residence of many an English dame
Of high descent ; and even royalty
Has sought a calm retreat, beneath the roofs
Of such a fabrication, and has gaz'd
With heart's delight upon this lovely scene.
Yet, while we look and wonder at the change,
That female taste and genius, combin'd
With manual labour, has effected here.
What various reflections must arise,
Within the pious well directed mind !
What similarity may not be traced
Between this garden in its pristine state,

And the poor toil-worn burden'd Israelites,
In Egypt's bondage held, compelled each day,
In mud and straw to find th' accustom'd tale,—
Scourg'd and oppressed, while their hearts became
Hard and unfruitful as the clay they wrought,
Until the Great Avenger led them forth
Beyond the waves of danger ; and each day,
With manna, not with stubble, strew'd the ground ;
Instead of straw they gather'd bread, till He,
Forgetful of their faithless wanderings,
The Land of Promise gave the faithful few,
A land of milk, of honey, and of flowers.
Yet sterner truths and morals may be read
By those more skilled, in Wisdom's deeper lore.
May not a picture of the human heart
Be here delineated ; like this kiln
It grovels in the clay of earthly sins,
And unregen'rate has no higher aim
Than thus to revel in its own device ;
But when religion's pure and holy rays,
Beam with refulgence on the darken'd soul,

And dissipate the clouds of ignorance,
What once was barren and unfruitful yields
A plenteous harvest of the fruits of grace,—
Blossoms of love and kindness flourish there,
With gentleness, and peace, and gratitude,
And like this garden, shines in loveliness,
With flow'rs that bear a never fading bloom.

FAREWELL STANZAS.

How chequer'd is our lot in life !
How many meet and part !
Some few in peace, and some in strife,
Some,—with a wounded heart ;
Yet all directed by His pow'r,
Who doeth nought in vain,
Who only knows the place, or hour,
When *we* shall meet again.

And should we cast our eyes around,
When years have fled on ;
Of early friends how few are found ?
Most from our side have gone ;
Some slumber in the silent grave,
Beyond this world of care ;

And some are o'er the distant wave,
Others,—we know not where!

Some yet we know of, but how chang'd
Their state from low to high ;
Whom once we lov'd, are now estrang'd,
Now—coldly pass us by.
But one there is we cannot see,
Will ever near us stay,
And from the hearts that seek Him, He
Will never turn away.

Though never more in converse sweet,
Our hearts will union prove ;
And though no more on earth we meet
The friends whom most we love ;
Tho' snapp'd for ever be the bands
Of love and friendship's chain ;
We know there is a better land,
Where we shall meet again.

As some bright flow'r, whose tiny cup
 Bends down, o'ercharg'd with dew,
The morning sun will raise it up,
 To blossom forth anew ;
And as upon the face of night
 O'erhanging clouds are cast,
The moon sheds forth her gentle light,
 To chase the gloom at last.

So, if our prospects, grief should shade,
 And earthly friends be fled,
There is a light shall never fade,
 If on our hearts 'tis shed ;
There is, what all who seek shall find—
 A rock—a home—a stay—
A friend—unchangeable and kind,
 That ne'er shall pass away.



L. J. UPCHER, Printer, High Street, Wandsworth.



STORIES ON THE COMMANDMENTS;
OR, THE
COMMANDMENTS EXPLAINED:
WITH
SHORT HISTORIES FROM THE BIBLE.
BY
FRANCES UPCHER.

WITH FIVE ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

NOTICES OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

MISS UPCHER presents us, in this book with that which will do more than many excellent sermons to explain the **C**ommandments to the mind of a Child, and to fix them in his understanding. We think that inspired summary of "all the law" is in the education of very many, greatly neglected, while in other cases the words of it are known—

and that is all that is known of it. We are sure this volume would correct both errors; and they are seriously important too. Most of the book is in the form of dialogue, written in a simple and interesting style, that much attracted us, and made us agree with MRS. HOFLAND'S remark in a letter to the authoress, (not ostentatiously, but we think, modestly, inserted in the preface,) that "it can hardly fail to elicit the approbation of parents and teachers, and become extensively useful to those for whom it is designed. It is adapted even for children of five years old, but would suit and interest one of eight or ten." It is we collect the first publication on which MISS UPCHER has ventured; it deserves, and we hope will receive, the greatest encouragement.—*Evangelical Register.*

When blasphemy and infidelity are hawked about the town, and blurted in the faces of all who can read, under the pretence that the diffusion of knowledge is necessary to the well-being of Society, every person who can prepare an antidote to

the poison, and administer it in such a way, as to counteract the evil, is a commendable member of the community, and deserves the best thanks of its constituents. MISS FRANCES UPCHER is such a person, who has put together a little volume entitled *Stories on the Commandments, or the Commandments explained, with short Histories from the Bible*. The work is intended for young persons and it will go a good way, if put into their hands to fortify their principles against the insidious but execrable trash which a junta or self-styled Liberals have been for some time past anxiously endeavouring to bring into universal circulation. To such these *Stories* will be a matter of importance, because they convey instruction, not by dogma, but by example, and in a way capable of being understood by all, and applicable to all the vicissitudes of life. The book is a little commentary upon the grandest and best of all codes: and the preface contains many very judicious observations. This little work deserves to be very generally circulated amongst the young, and will be read by many an

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“To rear the tender thought”

for, to them it will furnish at once a guide and an exemplar of the tact and method, by means of which, the attention and interest of their youthful charge may be successfully arrested; and what is of infinitely greater importance, and still rarer attainment of the facility with which the vivacity and inquisitiveness of the yet juvenile mind, may be turned to subjects of religion.—*East Anglian Circular.*

BY THE SAME AUTHORESS.

EDITH TEMPLETON;

OR,

A LITTLE GIRL'S DUTY.





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