

**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS**



00009758264



Class PR 9167

Book .P6

PRESENTED BY 1848









1

# POEMS

BY

270  
1437

CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON

BELL.

AUTHORS OF

“JANE EYRE,” “WUTHERING HEIGHTS,” “TENANT  
OF WILDFELL HALL,” ETC.

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
LEA AND BLANCHARD.  
1848.

PR 4167

76  
1848

Gift.

W. L. Shoemaker

7 S '06





## CONTENTS.

Pilate's Wife's Dream . . . . .	<i>Page</i> 13
Faith and Despondency . . . . .	20
A Reminiscence . . . . .	22
Mementos . . . . .	23
Stars . . . . .	33
The Philosopher . . . . .	35
The Arbour . . . . .	38
Home . . . . .	39
The Wife's Will . . . . .	40
Remembrance . . . . .	43
Vanitas Vanitatum, Omnia Vanitas . . . . .	45
The Wood . . . . .	47
A Death-Scene . . . . .	52
Song . . . . .	55
The Penitent . . . . .	56
Music on Christmas Morning . . . . .	57
Frances . . . . .	58
Anticipation . . . . .	68
Stanzas . . . . .	71
Gilbert . . . . .	72
The Prisoner . . . . .	88
If this be all . . . . .	92
Life . . . . .	93
Hope . . . . .	94
Memory . . . . .	95
The Letter . . . . .	98
A Day-Dream . . . . .	101

To Cowper . . . . .	<i>Page</i> 104
Regret . . . . .	106
To Imagination . . . . .	108
The Doubter's Prayer . . . . .	109
Presentiment . . . . .	112
How clear she shines . . . . .	115
A Word to the Elect . . . . .	116
The Teacher's Monologue . . . . .	119
Sympathy . . . . .	122
Past Days . . . . .	123
Passion . . . . .	124
Preference . . . . .	127
Plead for Me . . . . .	130
The Consolation . . . . .	132
Evening Solace . . . . .	133
Self-Interrogation . . . . .	135
Lines composed in a Wood on a Windy Day	137
Stanzas . . . . .	138
Death . . . . .	140
Views of Life . . . . .	141
Parting . . . . .	149
Stanzas to ——— . . . . .	150
Appeal . . . . .	152
Honour's Martyr . . . . .	152
The Student's Serenade . . . . .	155
Apostasy . . . . .	157
Stanzas . . . . .	160
The Captive Dove . . . . .	161
Winter Stores . . . . .	162
My Comforter . . . . .	165
Self-Congratulation . . . . .	166
The Missionary . . . . .	169
The Old Stoic . . . . .	174
Fluctuations . . . . .	175

## P O E M S.

---

### PILATE'S WIFE'S DREAM.

I'VE quenched my lamp, I struck it in that start  
Which every limb convulsed, I heard it fall—  
The crash blent with my sleep, I saw depart  
Its light, even as I woke, on yonder wall ;  
Over against my bed, there shone a gleam  
Strange, faint, and mingling also with my dream.

It sunk, and I am wrapt in utter gloom ;  
How far is night advanced, and when will day  
Retinge the dusk and livid air with bloom,  
And fill this void with warm, creative ray ?  
Would I could sleep again till, clear and red,  
Morning shall on the mountain-tops be spread !

I'd call my women, but to break their sleep,  
Because my own is broken, were unjust ;

They've wrought all day, and well-earned slumbers  
steep  
Their labours in forgetfulness, I trust ;  
Let me my feverish watch with patience bear,  
Thankful that none with me its sufferings share.

Yet, Oh, for light ! one ray would tranquillize  
My nerves, my pulses, more than effort can ;  
I'll draw my curtain and consult the skies :  
These trembling stars at dead of night look wan,  
Wild, restless, strange, yet cannot be more drear  
Than this my couch, shared by a nameless fear.

All black—one great cloud, drawn from east to west,  
Conceals the heavens, but there are lights below ;  
Torches burn in Jerusalem, and cast  
On yonder stony mount a lurid glow.  
I see men stationed there, and gleaming spears ;  
A sound, too, from afar, invades my ears.

Dull, measured strokes of axe and hammer ring  
From street to street, not loud, but through the  
night  
Distinctly heard—and some strange spectral thing  
Is now upreared—and, fixed against the light  
Of the pale lamps ; defined upon that sky,  
It stands up like a column, straight and high.

I see it all—I know the dusky sign—  
A cross on Calvary, which Jews uprear

While Romans watch ; and when the dawn shall  
shine

Pilate, to judge the victim will appear,  
Pass sentence—yield him up to crucify ;  
And on that cross the spotless Christ must die.

Dreams, then, are true—for thus my vision ran ;  
Surely some oracle has been with me,  
The gods have chosen me to reveal their plan,  
To warn an unjust judge of destiny ;  
I, slumbering, heard and saw ; awake I know,  
Christ's coming death, and Pilate's life of woe.

I do not weep for Pilate—who could prove  
Regret for him whose cold and crushing sway  
No prayer can soften, no appeal can move ;  
Who tramples hearts as others trample clay,  
Yet with a faltering, an uncertain tread,  
That might stir up reprisal in the dead.

Forced to sit by his side and see his deeds ;  
Forced to behold that visage, hour by hour,  
In whose gaunt lines, the abhorrent gazer reads  
A triple lust of gold, and blood, and power ;  
A soul whom motives, fierce, yet abject, urge  
Rome's servile slave, and Judah's tyrant scourge.

How can I love, or mourn, or pity him ?  
I, who so long my fettered hands have wrung ;

I, who for grief have wept my eye-sight dim ;  
Because, while life for me was bright and young,  
He robbed my youth—he quenched my life's fair  
ray—  
He crushed my mind, and did my freedom slay.

And at this hour—although I be his wife—  
He has no more of tenderness from me  
Than any other wretch of guilty life ;  
Less, for I know his household privacy—  
I see him as he is—without a screen ;  
And, by the gods, my soul abhors his mien !

Has he not sought my presence, dyed in blood—  
Innocent, righteous blood, shed shamelessly ?  
And have I not his red salute withstood ?  
Aye,—when, as erst, he plunged all Galilee  
In dark bereavement—in affliction sore,  
Mingling their very offerings with their gore.

Then came he—in his eyes a serpent-smile,  
Upon his lips some false, endearing word,  
And, through the streets of Salem, clanged the  
while,  
His slaughtering, hacking, sacrilegious sword—  
And I, to see a man cause men such woe,  
Trembled with ire—I did not fear to show.

And now, the envious Jewish priests have brought  
Jesus—whom they in mockery call their king—

To have, by this grim power, their vengeance  
wrought ;  
By this mean reptile, innocence to sting.  
Oh ! could I but the purposed doom avert,  
And shield the blameless head from cruel hurt !

Accessible is Pilate's heart to fear,  
Omens will shake his soul, like autumn leaf ;  
Could he this night's appalling vision hear,  
This just man's bonds were loosed, his life were safe,  
Unless that bitter priesthood should prevail,  
And make even terror to their malice quail.

Yet if I tell the dream—but let me pause.  
What dream ? Erewhile the characters were clear,  
Graved on my brain—at once some unknown cause  
Has dimmed and razed the thoughts, which now  
appear  
Like a vague remnant of some by-past scene ;—  
Not what will be, but what, long since, has been.

I suffered many things, I heard foretold  
A dreadful doom for Pilate,—lingering woes,  
In far, barbarian climes, where mountains cold  
Built up a solitude of trackless snows,  
There, he and grisly wolves prowled side by side,  
There he lived famished—there methought he died ;

But not of hunger, nor by malady ;  
I saw the snow around him, stained with gore ;

I said I had no tears for such as he,  
And, lo! my cheek is wet—mine eyes run o'er ;  
I weep for mortal suffering, mortal guilt,  
I weep the impious deed—the blood self-spilt.

More I recall not, yet the vision spread  
Into a world remote, an age to come—  
And still the illumined name of Jesus shed  
A light, a clearness, through the unfolding gloom—  
And still I saw that sign, which now I see,  
That cross on yonder brow of Calvary.

What is this Hebrew Christ? To me unknown,  
His lineage—doctrine—mission—yet how clear,  
Is God-like goodness, in his actions shown!  
How straight and stainless is his life's career!  
The ray of Deity that rests on him,  
In my eyes makes Olympian glory dim.

The world advances, Greek or Roman rite  
Suffices not the inquiring mind to stay ;  
The searching soul demands a purer light  
To guide it on its upward, onward way ;  
Ashamed of sculptured gods—Religion turns  
To where the unseen Jehovah's altar burns.

Our faith is rotten—all our rites defiled,  
Our temples sullied, and methinks, this man,  
With his new ordinance, so wise and mild,  
Is come, even as he says, the chaff to fan



And sever from the wheat ; but will his faith  
Survive the terrors of to-morrow's death ?

\* \* \* \* \*

I feel a firmer trust—a higher hope  
Rise in my soul—it dawns with dawning day ;  
Lo ! on the Temple's roof—on Moriah's slope  
Appears at length that clear, and crimson ray,  
Which I so wished for when shut in by night ;  
Oh, opening skies, I hail, I bless your light !

Part, clouds and shadows ! glorious Sun, appear !  
Part, mental gloom ! Come insight from on high !  
Dusk dawn in heaven still strives with daylight  
clear,

The longing soul, doth still uncertain sigh.  
Oh ! to behold the truth—that sun divine,  
How doth my bosom pant, my spirit pine !

This day, time travails with a mighty birth,  
This day, Truth stoops from heaven and visits earth,  
Ere night descends, I shall more surely know  
What guide to follow, in what path to go ;  
I wait in hope—I wait in solemn fear,  
The oracle of God—the sole—true God—to hear.

CURRER.

## FAITH AND DESPONDENCY.

“THE winter wind is loud and wild,  
 Come close to me, my darling child ;  
 Forsake thy books, and mateless play ;  
 And, while the night is gathering grey,  
 We'll talk its pensive hours away ;—

“Iernë, round our sheltered hall  
 November's gusts unheeded call ;  
 Not one faint breath can enter here  
 Enough to wave my daughter's hair,  
 And I am glad to watch the blaze  
 Glance from her eyes, with mimic rays ;  
 To feel her cheek, so softly pressed,  
 In happy quiet on my breast.

“But, yet, even this tranquillity  
 Brings bitter, restless thoughts to me ;  
 And, in the red fire's cheerful glow,  
 I think of deep glens, blocked with snow ;  
 I dream of moor, and misty hill,  
 Where evening closes dark and chill ;  
 For, lone, among the mountains cold,  
 Lie those that I have loved of old.  
 And my heart aches, in hopeless pain,  
 Exhausted with repinings vain,  
 That I shall greet them ne'er again !”

“Father, in early infancy,  
When you were far beyond the sea,  
Such thoughts were tyrants over me !  
I often sat, for hours together,  
Through the long nights of angry weather,  
Raised on my pillow, to descry  
The dim moon struggling in the sky ;  
Or, with strained ear, to catch the shock,  
Of rock with wave, and wave with rock ;  
So would I fearful vigil keep,  
And, all for listening, never sleep.  
But this world’s life has much to dread,  
Not so, my Father, with the dead.

“Oh ! not for them, should we despair,  
The grave is drear, but they are not there ;  
Their dust is mingled with the sod,  
Their happy souls are gone to God !  
You told me this, and yet you sigh,  
And murmur that your friends must die.  
Ah ! my dear father, tell me why ?  
For, if your former words were true,  
How useless would such sorrow be ;  
As wise, to mourn the seed which grew  
Unnoticed on its parent tree,  
Because it fell in fertile earth,  
And sprang up to a glorious birth—  
Struck deep its root, and lifted high  
Its green boughs, in the breezy sky.

“ But, I’ll not fear, I will not weep  
For those whose bodies rest in sleep,—  
I know there is a blessed shore,  
    Opening its ports for me, and mine ;  
And, gazing Time’s wide waters o’er,  
    I weary for that land divine,  
Where we were born, where you and I  
Shall meet our Dearest, when we die ;  
From suffering and corruption free,  
Restored into the Deity.”

“ Well hast thou spoken, sweet, trustful child !  
    And wiser than thy sire ;  
And worldly tempests, raging wild,  
    Shall strengthen thy desire—  
Thy fervent hope, through storm and foam,  
    Through wind and ocean’s roar,  
To reach, at last, the eternal home,  
    The steadfast, changeless shore !”

ELLIS.

---

### A REMINISCENCE.

Yes, thou art gone ! and never more  
Thy sunny smile shall gladden me ;  
But I may pass the old church door,  
And pace the floor that covers thee,

May stand upon the cold, damp stone,  
And think that, frozen, lies below  
The lightest heart that I have known,  
The kindest I shall ever know.

Yet, though I cannot see thee more,  
'Tis still a comfort to have seen ;  
And though thy transient life is o'er,  
'Tis sweet to think that thou hast been ;

To think a soul so near divine,  
Within a form, so angel fair,  
United to a heart like thine,  
Has gladdened once our humble sphere.

ACTON.

---

MEMENTOS.

ARRANGING long-locked drawers and shelves  
Of cabinets, shut up for years,  
What a strange task we've set ourselves !  
How still the lonely room appears !  
How strange this mass of ancient treasures,  
Mementos of past pains and pleasures ;

These volumes, clasped with costly stone,  
With print all faded, gilding gone ;  
These fans of leaves, from Indian trees—  
These crimson shells, from Indian seas—  
These tiny portraits, set in rings—  
Once, doubtless, deemed such precious things ;  
Keepsakes bestowed by Love on Faith,  
And worn till the receiver's death,  
Now stored with cameos, china, shells,  
In this old closet's dusty cells.

I scarcely think, for ten long years,  
A hand has touched these relics old ;  
And, coating each, slow-formed, appears,  
The growth of green and antique mould.

All in this house is mossing over ;  
All is unused, and dim, and damp ;  
Nor light, nor warmth, the rooms discover—  
Bereft for years of fire and lamp.

The sun, sometimes in summer, enters  
The casements, with reviving ray ;  
But the long rains of many winters  
Moulder the very walls away.

And outside all is ivy, clinging  
To chimney, lattice, gable grey ;  
Scarcely one little red rose springing  
Through the green moss can force its way.

Unscared, the daw, and starling nestle,  
Where the tall turret rises high,  
And winds alone come near to rustle  
The thick leaves where their cradles lie.

I sometimes think, when late at even  
I climb the stair reluctantly,  
Some shape that should be well in heaven,  
Or ill elsewhere, will pass by me.

I fear to see the very faces,  
Familiar thirty years ago,  
Even in the old accustomed places  
Which look so cold and gloomy now.

I've come, to close the window, hither,  
At twilight, when the sun was down,  
And Fear, my very soul would wither,  
Lest something should be dimly shown.

Too much the buried form resembling,  
Of her who once was mistress here ;  
Lest doubtful shade, or moonbeam trembling,  
Might take her aspect, once so dear.

Hers was this chamber ; in her time  
It seemed to me a pleasant room,  
For then no cloud of grief or crime  
Had cursed it with a settled gloom ;

I had not seen death's image laid  
In shroud and sheet, on yonder bed.

Before she married, she was blest—  
Blest in her youth, blest in her worth ;  
Her mind was calm, its sunny rest  
Shone in her eyes more clear than mirth

And when attired in rich array,  
Light, lustrous hair about her brow,  
She yonder sat—a kind of day  
Lit up—what seems so gloomy now.  
These grim oak walls, even then were grim ;  
That old carved chair, was then antique ;  
But what around looked dusk and dim  
Served as a foil to her fresh cheek ;  
Her neck, and arms, of hue so fair,  
Eyes of unclouded, smiling light ;  
Her soft, and curled, and floating hair,  
Gems and attire, as rainbow bright.

Reclined in yonder deep recess,  
Ofttimes she would, at evening, lie  
Watching the sun ; she seemed to bless  
With happy glance the glorious sky.  
She loved such scenes, and as she gazed,  
Her face evinced her spirit's mood ;  
Beauty or grandeur ever raised  
In her, a deep-felt gratitude.

But of all lovely things, she loved  
A cloudless moon, on summer night ;



Full oft have I impatience proved  
To see how long, her still delight  
Would find a theme in reverie.  
Out on the lawn, or where the trees  
Let in the lustre fitfully,  
As their boughs parted momentarily,  
To the soft, languid, summer breeze.  
Alas ! that she should e'er have flung  
Those pure, though lonely joys away—  
Deceived by false and guileful tongue,  
She gave her hand, then suffered wrong ;  
Oppressed, ill-used, she faded young,  
And died of grief by slow decay.

Open that casket—look how bright  
Those jewels flash upon the sight ;  
The brilliants have not lost a ray  
Of lustre, since her wedding-day.  
But see—upon that pearly chain—  
How dim lies time's discolouring stain !  
I've seen that by her daughter worn :  
For, e'er she died, a child was born :  
A child that ne'er its mother knew,  
That lone, and almost friendless grew ;  
For, ever, when its step drew nigh,  
Averted was the father's eye ;  
And then, a life impure and wild  
Made him a stranger to his child ;  
Absorbed in vice, he little cared  
On what she did, or how she fared.

The love withheld, she never sought,  
She grew uncherished—learnt untaught ;  
To her the inward life of thought  
    Full soon was open laid.  
I know not if her friendlessness  
Did sometimes on her spirit press,  
    But plaint she never made.  
The book-shelves were her darling treasure,  
She rarely seemed the time to measure  
    While she could read alone.  
And she too loved the twilight wood,  
And often, in her mother's mood,  
Away to yonder hill would hie,  
Like her, to watch the setting sun,  
Or see the stars born, one by one,  
    Out of the darkening sky.  
Nor would she leave that hill till night  
Trembled from pole to pole with light ;  
Even then, upon her homeward way,  
Long—long her wandering steps delayed  
To quit the sombre forest shade,  
Through which her eerie pathway lay.  
You ask if she had beauty's grace ?  
I know not—but a nobler face  
    My eyes have seldom seen ;  
A keen and fine intelligence,  
And, better still, the truest sense,  
    Were in her speaking mien.  
But bloom or lustre was there none,  
Only at moments, fitful shone

An ardour in her eye,  
That kindled on her cheek a flush,  
Warm as a red sky's passing blush,  
And quick with energy.  
Her speech, too, was not common speech,  
No wish to shine, or aim to teach,  
Was in her words displayed :  
She still began with quiet sense,  
But oft the force of eloquence  
Came to her lips in aid ;  
Language and voice unconscious changed,  
And thoughts, in other words arranged,  
Her fervid soul transfused  
Into the hearts of those who heard,  
And transient strength and ardour stirred,  
In minds to strength unused.  
Yet in gay crowd or festal glare,  
Grave and retiring was her air ;  
'Twas seldom save with me alone,  
That fire of feeling freely shone ;  
She loved not awe's nor wonder's gaze,  
Nor even exaggerated praise,  
Nor even notice, if too keen  
The curious gazer searched her mien.  
Nature's own green expanse revealed  
The world, the pleasures, she could prize ;  
On free hill-side, in sunny field,  
In quiet spots by woods concealed,  
Grew wild and fresh her chosen joys,  
Yet Nature's feelings deeply lay

In that endowed and youthful frame ;  
Shrined in her heart and hid from day,  
They burned unseen with silent flame ;  
In youth's first search for mental light,  
She lived but to reflect and learn,  
But soon her mind's maturer might  
For stronger task did pant and yearn ;  
And stronger task did fate assign,  
Task that a giant's strength might strain ;  
To suffer long and ne'er repine,  
Be calm in frenzy, smile at pain.

Pale with the secret war of feeling,  
Sustained with courage, mute, yet high ;  
The wounds at which she bled, revealing  
Only by altered cheek and eye ;

She bore in silence—but when passion  
Surged in her soul with ceaseless foam,  
The storm at last brought desolation,  
And drove her exiled from her home.

And silent still, she straight assembled  
The wrecks of strength her soul retained ;  
For though the wasted body trembled,  
The unconquered mind, to quail, disdained.

She crossed the sea—now lone she wanders  
By Seine's, or Rhine's or Arno's flow ;

Fain would I know if distance renders  
Relief or comfort to her woe.

Fain would I know if, henceforth, ever,  
These eyes shall read in hers again,  
That light of love which faded never,  
Though dimmed so long with secret pain.

She will return, but cold and altered,  
Like all whose hopes too soon depart ;  
Like all on whom have beat, unsheltered,  
The bitter blasts that blight the heart.

No more shall I behold her lying,  
Calm on a pillow, smoothed by me ;  
No more that spirit, worn with sighing,  
Will know the rest of infancy.

If still the paths of lore she follow,  
'Twill be with tired and goaded will ;  
She'll only toil, the aching hollow,  
The joyless blank of life to fill.

And oh ! full oft, quite spent and weary,  
Her hand will pause, her head decline ;  
That labour seems so hard and dreary,  
On which no ray of hope may shine.

Thus the pale blight of time and sorrow  
Will shade with grey her soft, dark hair ;

Then comes the day that knows no morrow,  
And death succeeds to long despair.

So speaks experience, sage and hoary ;  
I see it plainly, know it well,  
Like one who, having read a story,  
Each incident therein can tell.

Touch not that ring, 'twas his, the sire  
Of that forsaken child ;  
And nought his relics can inspire  
Save memories, sin-defiled.

I, who sat by his wife's death-bed,  
I, who his daughter loved,  
Could almost curse the guilty dead,  
For woes, the guiltless proved.

And heaven did curse—they found him laid,  
When crime for wrath was rife,  
Cold—with the suicidal blade  
Clutched in his desperate gripe.

'Twas near that long-deserted hut,  
Which in the wood decays,  
Death's axe, self-wielded, struck his root,  
And lopped his desperate days.

You know the spot, where three black trees  
Lift up their branches fell,

And moaning, ceaseless as the seas,  
Still seem, in every passing breeze,  
The deed of blood to tell.

They named him mad, and laid his bones  
Where holier ashes lie ;  
Yet doubt not that his spirit groans,  
In hell's eternity.

But, lo ! night, closing o'er the earth,  
Infects our thoughts with gloom ;  
Come, let us strive to rally mirth,  
Where glows a clear and tranquil hearth  
In some more cheerful room.

CURRER.

---

STARS.

AH ! why, because the dazzling sun  
Restored our Earth to joy,  
Have you departed, every one,  
And left a desert sky ?

All through the night, your glorious eyes  
Were gazing down in mine,  
And, with a full heart's thankful sighs,  
I blessed that watch divine.

I was at peace, and drank your beams  
As they were life to me ;  
And revelled in my changeful dreams,  
Like petrel on the sea.

Thought followed thought, star followed star,  
Through boundless regions, on ;  
While one sweet influence, near and far,  
Thrilled through, and proved us one !

Why did the morning dawn to break  
So great, so pure, a spell ;  
And scorch with fire, the tranquil cheek,  
Where your cool radiance fell ?

Blood-red, he rose, and, arrow-straight,  
His fierce beams struck my brow ;  
The soul of nature, sprang, elate,  
But *mine* sank sad and low !

My lids closed down, yet through their veil,  
I saw him, blazing, still,  
And steep in gold the misty dale,  
And flash upon the hill.

I turned me to the pillow, then,  
To call back night, and see,  
Your worlds of solemn light, again,  
Throb with my heart, and me !



It would not do—the pillow glowed,  
And glowed both roof and floor ;  
And birds sang loudly in the wood,  
And fresh winds shook the door ;

The curtains waved, the wakened flies  
Were murmuring round my room,  
Imprisoned there, till I should rise,  
And give them leave to roam.

Oh, stars, and dreams, and gentle night ;  
Oh, night and stars, return !  
And hide me from the hostile light,  
That does not warm, but burn ;

That drains the blood of suffering men ;  
Drinks tears, instead of dew ;  
Let me sleep through his blinding reign,  
And only wake with you !

ELLIS

---

THE PHILOSOPHER.

“ ENOUGH of thought, philosopher !  
Too long hast thou been dreaming,  
Unlightened, in this chamber drear,  
While summer’s sun is beaming !  
Space-sweeping soul, what sad refrain  
Concludes thy musings once again ?

“Oh, for the time when I shall sleep  
Without identity,  
And never care how rain may steep,  
Or snow may cover me !  
No promised heaven, these wild desires,  
Could all, or half fulfil ;  
No threatened hell, with quenchless fires,  
Subdue this quenchless will !”

“So said I, and still say the same ;  
Still, to my death, will say—  
Three gods, within this little frame,  
Are warring night and day ;  
Heaven could not hold them all, and yet  
They all are held in me ;  
And must be mine till I forget  
My present entity !  
Oh, for the time, when in my breast  
Their struggles will be o'er !  
Oh, for the day, when I shall rest,  
And never suffer more !”

“I saw a spirit, standing, man,  
Where thou dost stand—an hour ago,  
And round his feet three rivers ran,  
Of equal depth, and equal flow—  
A golden stream—and one like blood ;  
And one like sapphire seemed to be ;  
But, where they joined their triple flood  
It tumbled in an inky sea.

The spirit sent his dazzling gaze  
Down through that ocean's gloomy night  
Then, kindling all, with sudden blaze,  
The glad deep sparkled wide and bright—  
White as the sun, far, far more fair  
Than its divided sources were !”

“And even for that spirit, seer,  
I've watched and sought my life-time long ;  
Sought him in heaven, hell, earth, and air—  
An endless search, and always wrong !  
Had I but seen his glorious eye  
Once light the clouds that wilder me,  
I ne'er had raised this coward cry  
To cease to think, and cease to be ;  
I ne'er had called oblivion blest,  
Nor, stretching eager hands to death,  
Implored to change for senseless rest  
This sentient soul, this living breath—  
Oh, let me die—that power and will  
Their cruel strife may close ;  
And conquered good, and conquering ill  
Be lost in one repose !”

ELLIS.

## THE ARBOUR.

I'LL rest me in this sheltered bower,  
 And look upon the clear blue sky  
 That smiles upon me through the trees,  
 Which stand so thickly clustering by ;

And view their green and glossy leaves,  
 All glistening in the sunshine fair ;  
 And list the rustling of their boughs,  
 So softly whispering through the air.

And while my ear drinks in the sound,  
 My winged soul shall fly away ;  
 Reviewing long-departed years  
 As one mild, beaming, autumn day ;

And soaring on to future scenes,  
 Like hills and woods, and valleys green,  
 All basking in the summer's sun,  
 But distant still, and dimly seen.

Oh, list ! 'tis summer's very breath  
 That gently skakes the rustling trees—  
 But look ! the snow is on the ground—  
 How can I think of scenes like these ?

'Tis but the *frost* that clears the air,  
 And gives the sky that lovely blue ;  
 They're smiling in a *winter's* sun,  
 Those evergreens of sombre hue.

And winter's chill is on my heart—  
 How can I dream of future bliss ?  
 How can my spirit soar away,  
 Confined by such a chain as this ?

ACTON.

---

HOME.

How brightly glistening in the sun  
 The woodland ivy plays !  
 While yonder beeches from their barks  
 Reflect his silver rays.

That sun surveys a lovely scene  
 From softly smiling skies ;  
 And wildly through unnumbered trees  
 The wind of winter sighs :

Now loud, it thunders o'er my head,  
 And now in distance dies.  
 But give me back my barren hills  
 Where colder breezes rise ;

Where scarce the scattered, stunted trees  
Can yield an answering swell,  
But where a wilderness of heath  
Returns the sound as well.

For yonder garden, fair and wide,  
With groves of evergreen,  
Long winding walks, and borders trim,  
And velvet lawns between ;

Restore to me that little spot,  
With grey walls compassed round,  
Where knotted grass neglected lies,  
And weeds usurp the ground.

Though all around this mansion high  
Invites the foot to roam,  
And though its halls are fair within—  
Oh, give me back my HOME !

ACTON.

---

THE WIFE'S WILL.

SIR still—a word—a breath may break  
(As light airs stir a sleeping lake,)  
The glassy calm that soothes my woes,  
The sweet, the deep, the full repose.

O leave me not ! for ever be  
Thus, more than life itself to me !

Yes, close beside thee, let me kneel—  
Give me thy hand that I may feel  
The friend so true—so tried—so dear,  
My heart's own chosen—indeed is near ;  
And check me not—this hour divine  
Belongs to me—is fully mine.

'Tis thy own hearth thou sitt'st beside,  
After long absence—wandering wide ;  
'Tis thy own wife reads in thine eyes,  
A promise clear of stormless skies,  
For faith and true love light the rays,  
Which shine responsive to her gaze.

Aye,—well that single tear may fall ;  
Ten thousand might mine eyes recall,  
Which from their lids, ran blinding fast,  
In hours of grief, yet scarcely past,  
Well may'st thou speak of love to me ;  
For, oh ! most truly—I love thee !

Yet smile—for we are happy now.  
Whence, then, that sadness on thy brow ?  
What say'st thou ? “ We must once again,  
Ere long, be severed by the main ?”  
I knew not this—I deemed no more,  
Thy step would err from Britain's shore.

“Duty commands?” ’Tis true—’tis just ;  
Thy slightest word I wholly trust,  
Nor by request, nor faintest sigh  
Would I, to turn thy purpose, try ;  
But, William—hear my solemn vow—  
Hear and confirm !—with thee I go.

“Distance and suffering,” did’st thou say ?  
“Danger by night, and toil by day ?”  
Oh, idle words, and vain are these ;  
Hear me ! I cross with thee the seas.  
Such risk as thou must meet and dare,  
I—thy true wife—will duly share.

Passive, at home, I will not pine ;  
Thy toils—thy perils, shall be mine ;  
Grant this—and be hereafter paid  
By a warm heart’s devoted aid :  
’Tis granted—with that yielding kiss,  
Entered my soul unmingled bliss.

Thanks, William—thanks ! thy love has joy,  
Pure—undefiled with base alloy ;  
’Tis not a passion, false and blind,  
Inspires, enchains, absorbs my mind ;  
Worthy, I feel, art thou to be  
Loved with my perfect energy.

This evening, now, shall sweetly flow,  
Lit by our clear fire’s happy glow ;



And parting's peace-embittering fear,  
Is warned, our hearts to come not near ;  
For fate admits my soul's decree,  
In bliss or bale—to go with thee !

CURRER.

---

## REMEMBRANCE.

COLD in the earth—and the deep snow piled above  
    thee,  
Far, far, removed, cold in the dreary grave !  
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,  
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover  
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,  
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves  
    cover  
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,  
From those brown hills, have melted into spring :  
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers  
After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,  
While the world's tide is bearing me along ;  
Other desires and other hopes beset me,  
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong !

No later light has lightened up my heaven,  
No second morn has ever shone for me ;  
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,  
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,  
And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;  
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,  
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—  
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine ;  
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten  
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,  
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;  
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,  
How could I seek the empty world again ?

ELLIS.

## VANITAS VANITATUM, OMNIA VANITAS.

IN all we do, and hear, and see,  
 Is restless Toil and Vanity.  
 While yet the rolling earth abides,  
 Men come and go like ocean tides ;

And ere one generation dies,  
 Another in its place shall rise ;  
*That*, sinking soon into the grave,  
 Others succeed, like wave on wave ;

And as they rise, they pass away.  
 The sun arises every day,  
 And, hastening onward to the West,  
 He nightly sinks, but not to rest :

Returning to the eastern skies,  
 Again to light us, he must rise.  
 And still the restless wind comes forth,  
 Now blowing keenly from the North ;

Now from the South, the East, the West,  
 For ever changing, ne'er at rest.  
 The fountains, gushing from the hills,  
 Supply the ever-running rills ;

The thirsty rivers drink their store,  
 And bear it rolling to the shore,

But still the ocean craves for more.  
'Tis endless labour everywhere !  
Sound cannot satisfy the ear,

Light cannot fill the craving eye,  
Nor riches half our wants supply ;  
Pleasure but doubles future pain,  
And joy brings sorrow in her train ;

Laughter is mad, and reckless mirth—  
What does she in this weary earth ?  
Should Wealth, or Fame, our Life employ,  
Death comes, our labour to destroy ;

To snatch the untasted cup away,  
For which we toiled so many a day.  
What, then, remains for wretched man ?  
To use life's comforts while he can,

Enjoy the blessings Heaven bestows,  
Assist his friends, forgive his foes ;  
Trust God, and keep his statutes still,  
Upright and firm, through good and ill ;

Thankful for all that God has given,  
Fixing his firmest hopes on heaven ;  
Knowing that earthly joys decay,  
But hoping through the darkest day.

## THE WOOD.

BUT two miles more, and then we rest !  
 Well, there is still an hour of day,  
 And long the brightness of the West  
 Will light us on our devious way ;  
 Sit then, awhile, here in this wood—  
 So total is the solitude,  
     We safely may delay.

These massive roots afford a seat,  
 Which seems for weary travellers made.  
 There rest. The air is soft and sweet  
 In this sequestered forest glade,  
 And there are scents of flowers around,  
 The evening dew draws from the ground ;  
     How soothingly they spread !

Yes ; I was tired, but not at heart ;  
 No—that beats full of sweet content,  
 For now I have my natural part  
 Of action with adventure blent ;  
 Cast forth on the wide world with thee,  
 And all my once waste energy  
     To weighty purpose bent.

Yet—say'st thou, spies around us roam,  
 Our aims are termed conspiracy ?

Haply, no more our English home  
An anchorage for us may be ?  
That there is risk our mutual blood  
May redden in some lonely wood  
    The knife of treachery ?

Say'st thou—that where we lodge each night,  
In each lone farm, or lonelier hall  
Of Norman Peer—ere morning light  
Suspicion must as duly fall,  
As day returns—such vigilance  
Presides and watches over France,  
    Such rigour governs all ?

I fear not, William ; dost thou fear ?  
So that the knife does not divide,  
It may be ever hovering near :  
I could not tremble at thy side,  
And strenuous love—like mine for thee—  
Is buckler strong, 'gainst treachery,  
    And turns its stab aside.

I am resolved that thou shalt learn  
To trust my strength as I trust thine ;  
I am resolved our souls shall burn,  
With equal, steady, mingling shine ;  
Part of the field is conquered now,  
Our lives in the same channel flow,  
    Along the self-same line ;

And while no groaning storm is heard,  
Thou seem'st content it should be so,  
But soon as comes a warning word  
Of danger—straight thine anxious brow  
Bends over me a mournful shade,  
As doubting if my powers are made  
    To ford the floods of woe.

Know, then it is my spirit swells,  
And drinks, with eager joy, the air  
Of freedom—where at last it dwells,  
Chartered, a common task to share  
With thee, and then it stirs alert,  
And pants to learn what menaced hurt  
    Demands for thee its care.

Remember, I have crossed the deep,  
And stood with thee on deck, to gaze  
On waves that rose in threatening heap,  
While stagnant lay a heavy haze,  
Dimly confusing sea with sky  
And baffling, even, the pilot's eye,  
    Intent to thread the maze—

Of rocks, on Bretagne's dangerous coast,  
And find a way to steer our band  
To the one point obscure, which lost,  
Flung us, as victims, on the strand ;—  
All, elsewhere, gleamed the Gallic sword,  
And not a wherry could be moored  
    Along the guarded land.

I feared not then—I fear not now ;  
The interest of each stirring scene  
Wakes a new sense, a welcome glow,  
In every nerve and bounding vein ;  
Alike on turbid Channel sea,  
Or in still wood of Normandy,  
I feel as born again.

The rain descended that wild morn  
When, anchoring in the cove at last,  
Our band, all weary and forlorn,  
Ashore, like wave-worn sailors, cast—  
Sought for a sheltering roof in vain,  
And scarce could scanty food obtain  
To break their morning fast.

Thou didst thy crust with me divide,  
Thou didst thy cloak around me fold ;  
And, sitting silent by thy side,  
I ate the bread in peace untold :  
Given kindly from thy hand, 'twas sweet  
As costly fare or princely treat  
On royal plate of gold.

Sharp blew the sleet upon my face,  
And, rising wild, the gusty wind  
Drove on those thundering waves apace,  
Our crew so late had left behind ;  
But, spite of frozen shower and storm,  
So close to thee, my heart beat warm,  
And tranquil slept my mind.



So now—nor foot-sore nor opprest  
With walking all this August day,  
I taste a heaven in this brief rest,  
This gipsy-halt beside the way.  
England's wild flowers are fair to view,  
Like balm is England's summer dew,  
Like gold her sunset ray.

But the white violets, growing here,  
Are sweeter than I yet have seen,  
And ne'er did dew so pure and clear  
Distil on forest mosses green,  
As now, called forth by summer heat,  
Perfumes our cool and fresh retreat—  
These fragrant limes between.

That sunset ! Look beneath the boughs,  
Over the copse—beyond the hills ;  
How soft, yet deep and warm it glows,  
And heaven with rich suffusion fills ;  
With hues where still the opal's tint,  
Its gleam of prisoned fire is blent,  
Where flame through azure thrills !

Depart we now—for fast will fade  
That solemn splendour of decline,  
And deep must be the after-shade  
As stars alone to-night will shine ;  
No moon is destined—pale—to gaze  
On such a day's vast Phœnix blaze,  
A day in fires decayed !

There—hand-in-hand we tread again  
The mazes of this varying wood,  
And soon, amid a cultured plain,  
Girt in with fertile solitude,  
We shall our resting-place descry,  
Marked by one roof-tree, towering high  
Above a farm-stead rude.

Refreshed, ere long, with rustic fare,  
We'll seek a couch of dreamless ease ;  
Courage will guard thy heart from fear,  
And Love give mine divinest peace :  
To-morrow brings more dangerous toil,  
And through its conflict and turmoil  
We'll pass, as God shall please.

CURRER.

[The preceding composition refers, doubtless, to the scenes acted in France during the last year of the Consulate.]

---

A DEATH-SCENE.

“ O DAY ! he cannot die  
When thou so fair art shining !  
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,  
So tranquilly declining ;

He cannot leave thee now,  
While fresh west winds are blowing,  
And all around his youthful brow  
Thy cheerful light is glowing !

Edward, awake, awake—  
The golden evening gleams  
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—  
Arouse thee from thy dreams !

Beside thee, on my knee,  
My dearest friend ! I pray  
That thou, to cross the eternal sea,  
Would'st yet one hour delay :

I hear its billows roar—  
I see them foaming high ;  
But no glimpse of a further shore  
Has blest my straining eye.

Believe not what they urge  
Of Eden isles beyond ;  
Turn back, from that tempestuous surge,  
To thy own native land.

It is not death, but pain  
That struggles in thy breast—  
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again ;  
I cannot let thee rest !”

One long look, that sore reprov'd me  
For the woe I could not bear—  
One mute look of suffering mov'd me  
To repent my useless prayer :

And, with sudden check, the heaving  
Of distraction pass'd away ;  
Not a sign of further grieving  
Stir'd my soul that awful day.

Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting ;  
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze ;  
Summer dews fell softly, wetting  
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary,  
Weigh'd beneath a mortal sleep ;  
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,  
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they chang'd not,  
Never mov'd, and never clos'd ;  
Troubled still, and still they rang'd not—  
Wander'd not, nor yet repos'd !

So I knew that he was dying—  
Stoop'd, and rais'd his languid head ;  
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,  
So I knew that he was dead.

ELLIS.

## SONG.

THE linnet in the rocky dells,  
 The moor-lark in the air,  
 The bee among the heather bells,  
 That hide my lady fair :

The wild deer browse above her breast ;  
 The wild birds raise their brood ;  
 And they, her smiles of love caressed,  
 Have left her solitude !

I ween, that when the grave's dark wall  
 Did first her form retain ;  
 They thought their hearts could ne'er recall  
 The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow  
 Unchecked through future years ;  
 But where is all their anguish now,  
 And where are all their tears ?

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,  
 Or pleasure's shade pursue—  
 The dweller in the land of death  
 Is changed and careless too.

And, if their eyes should watch and weep  
 Till sorrow's source were dry,

She would not, in her tranquil sleep,  
Return a single sigh !

Blow, west-wind, by the lonely mound,  
And murmur, summer streams—  
There is no need of other sound  
To soothe my lady's dreams.

ELLIS.

---

### THE PENITENT.

I MOURN with thee, and yet rejoice  
That thou shouldst sorrow so ;  
With angel choirs I join my voice  
To bless the sinner's woe.

Though friends and kindred turn away,  
And laugh thy grief to scorn ;  
I hear the great Redeemer say,  
“ Blessed are ye that mourn.”

Hold on thy course, nor deem it strange  
That earthly cords are riven :  
Man may lament the wondrous change,  
But “ there is joy in heaven !”

ACTON.

## MUSIC ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Music I love—but never strain  
 Could kindle raptures so divine,  
 So grief assuage, so conquer pain,  
 And rouse this pensive heart of mine—  
 As that we hear on Christmas morn,  
 Upon the wintry breezes borne.

Though Darkness still her empire keep,  
 And hours must pass, ere morning break ;  
 From troubled dreams, or slumbers deep,  
 That music *kindly* bids us wake ;  
 It calls us, with an angel's voice,  
 To wake, and worship, and rejoice ;

To greet with joy the glorious morn,  
 Which angels welcomed long ago,  
 When our redeeming Lord was born,  
 To bring the light of Heaven below ;  
 The Powers of Darkness to dispel,  
 And rescue Earth from Death and Hell.

While listening to that sacred strain,  
 My raptured spirit soars on high ;  
 I seem to hear those songs again  
 Resounding through the open sky,  
 That kindled such divine delight,  
 In those who watched their flocks by night.

With them, I celebrate His birth—  
Glory to God, in highest Heaven,  
Good-will to men, and peace on Earth,  
To us a Saviour-king is given ;  
Our God is come to claim His own,  
And Satan's power is overthrown !

A sinless God, for sinful men,  
Descends to suffer and to bleed ;  
Hell *must* renounce its empire then ;  
The price is paid, the world is freed,  
And Satan's self must now confess,  
That Christ has earned a *Right* to bless :

Now holy Peace may smile from heaven,  
And heavenly Truth from earth shall spring :  
The captive's galling bonds are riven,  
For our Redeemer is our king ;  
And He that gave his blood for men  
Will lead us home to God again.

ACTON.

---

FRANCES.

SHE will not sleep, for fear of dreams,  
But, rising, quits her restless bed,  
And walks where some beclouded beams  
Of moonlight through the hall are shed.



Obedient to the goad of grief,  
Her steps, now fast, now lingering slow,  
In varying motion seek relief  
From the Eumenides of woe.

Wringing her hands, at intervals—  
But long as mute as phantom dim—  
She glides along the dusky walls,  
Under the black oak rafters, grim.

The close air of the grated tower  
Stifles a heart that scarce can beat,  
And though so late and lone the hour,  
Forth pass her wandering, faltering feet ;

And on the pavement, spread before  
The long front of the mansion grey,  
Her steps imprint the night-frost hoar,  
Which pale on grass and granite lay.

Not long she stayed where misty moon  
And shimmering stars could on her look,  
But through the garden arch-way, soon  
Her strange and gloomy path she took.

Some firs, coeval with the tower,  
Their straight black boughs stretched o'er her head  
Unseen, beneath this sable bower,  
Rustled her dress and rapid tread.

There was an alcove in that shade,  
Screening a rustic-seat and stand ;  
Weary she sat her down and laid  
Her hot brow on her burning hand.

To solitude and to the night,  
Some words, she now, in murmurs, said ;  
And, trickling through her fingers white,  
Some tears of misery she shed.

“ God help me in my grievous need,  
God help me, in my inward pain ;  
Which cannot ask for pity’s meed,  
Which has no license to complain ;

Which must be borne, yet who can bear,  
Hours long, days long, a constant weight—  
The yoke of absolute despair,  
A suffering wholly desolate ?

Who can for ever crush the heart,  
Restrain its throbbing, curb its life ?  
Dissemble truth with ceaseless art,  
With outward calm, mask inward strife ?”

She waited—as for some reply ;  
The still and cloudy night gave none ;  
Erelong, with deep-drawn, trembling sigh,  
Her heavy plaint again begun.

“ Unloved—I love ; unwept—I weep ;  
Grief I restrain—hope I repress :  
Vain is this anguish—fixed and deep ;  
Vainer, desires and dreams of bliss.

My love awakes no love again,  
My tears collect, and fall unfelt ;  
My sorrow touches none with pain,  
My humble hopes to nothing melt.

For me the universe is dumb,  
Stone-deaf, and blank, and wholly blind ;  
Life I must bound, existence sum  
In the strait limits of one mind ;

That mind my own. Oh ! narrow cell ;  
Dark—imageless—a living tomb !  
There must I sleep, there wake and dwell  
Content, with palsy, pain, and gloom.”

Again she paused ; a moan of pain,  
A stifled sob, alone was heard ;  
Long silence followed—then again,  
Her voice the stagnant midnight stirred.

“ Must it be so ? Is this my fate ?  
Can I nor struggle, nor contend ?  
And am I doomed for years to wait,  
Watching death’s lingering axe descend ?

And when it falls, and when I die,  
What follows? Vacant nothingness?  
The blank of lost identity?  
Erasure both of pain and bliss?

I've heard of heaven—I would believe;  
For if this earth indeed be all,  
Who longest lives may deepest grieve,  
Most blest, whom sorrows soonest call.

Oh! leaving disappointment here,  
Will man find hope on yonder coast?  
Hope, which, on earth, shines never clear,  
And oft in clouds is wholly lost.

Will he hope's source of light behold,  
Fruition's spring, where doubts expire,  
And drink, in waves of living gold,  
Contentment, full, for long desire?

Will he find bliss, which here he dreamed?  
Rest, which was weariness on earth?  
Knowledge, which, if o'er life it beamed,  
Served but to prove it void of worth?

Will he find love without lust's leaven,  
Love fearless, tearless, perfect, pure,  
To all with equal bounty given,  
In all, unfeigned, unfailing, sure?

Will he, from penal sufferings free,  
Released from shroud and wormy clod,  
All calm and glorious, rise and see  
Creation's Sire—Existence' God ?

Then, glancing back on Time's brief woes,  
Will he behold them, fading, fly ;  
Swept from Eternity's repose,  
Like sullyng cloud, from pure blue sky ?

If so—endure, my weary frame ;  
And when thy anguish strikes too deep,  
And when all troubled burns life's flame,  
Think of the quiet, final sleep ;

Think of the glorious waking-hour,  
Which will not dawn on grief and tears,  
But on a ransomed spirit's power,  
Certain, and free from mortal fears.

Seek now thy couch, and lie till morn,  
Then from thy chamber, calm, descend,  
With mind nor tossed, nor anguish-torn,  
But tranquil, fixed, to wait the end.

And when thy opening eyes shall see  
Mementos, on the chamber wall,  
Of one who has forgotten thee,  
Shed not the tear of acrid gall.

The tear which, welling from the heart,  
Burns where its drop corrosive falls,  
And makes each nerve, in torture, start  
At feelings it too well recalls :

When the sweet hope of being loved,  
Threw Eden sunshine on life's way ;  
When every sense and feeling proved  
Expectancy of brightest day.

When the hand trembled to receive  
A thrilling clasp, which seemed so near,  
And the heart ventured to believe,  
Another heart esteemed it dear.

When words, half love, all tenderness,  
Were hourly heard, as hourly spoken,  
When the long, sunny days of bliss,  
Only by moonlight nights were broken.

Till drop by drop, the cup of joy  
Filled full, with purple light, was glowing,  
And Faith, which watched it, sparkling high,  
Still never dreamt the overflowing.

It fell not with a sudden crashing,  
It poured not out like open sluice ;  
No, sparkling still, and redly flashing,  
Drained, drop by drop, the generous juice.

I saw it sink, and strove to taste it,  
My eager lips approached the brim ;  
The movement only seemed to waste it,  
It sank to dregs, all harsh and dim.

These I have drank, and they for ever  
Have poisoned life and love for me ;  
A draught from Sodom's lake could never  
More fiery, salt, and bitter, be.

Oh ! Love was all a thin illusion ;  
Joy, but the desert's flying stream ;  
And, glancing back on long delusion,  
My memory grasps a hollow dream.

Yet, whence that wondrous change of feeling,  
I never knew, and cannot learn,  
Nor why my lover's eye, congealing,  
Grew cold, and clouded, proud, and stern.

Nor wherefore, friendship's forms forgetting,  
He careless left, and cool withdrew ;  
Nor spoke of grief, nor fond regretting,  
Nor even one glance of comfort threw.

And neither word nor token sending,  
Of kindness, since the parting day,  
His course, for distant regions bending,  
Went, self-contained and calm, away.

Oh, bitter, blighting, keen sensation,  
Which will not weaken, cannot die,  
Hasten thy work of desolation,  
And let my tortured spirit fly !

Vain as the passing gale, my crying :  
Though lightning-struck, I must live on ;  
I know, at heart, there is no dying  
Of love, and ruined hope, alone.

Still strong, and young, and warm with vigour,  
Though scathed, I long shall greenly grow,  
And many a storm of wildest rigour  
Shall yet break o'er my shivered bough.

Rebellious now to blank inertion,  
My unused strength demands a task ;  
Travel, and toil, and full exertion,  
Are the last, only boon I ask.

Whence, then, this vain and barren dreaming  
Of death, and dubious life to come ?  
I see a nearer beacon gleaming  
Over dejection's sea of gloom.

The very wildness of my sorrow  
Tells me I yet have innate force ;  
My track of life has been too narrow,  
Effort shall trace a broader course.



The world is not in yonder tower,  
Earth is not prisoned in that room,  
'Mid whose dark pannels, hour by hour,  
I've sat, the slave and prey of gloom.

One feeling—turned to utter anguish,  
Is not my being's only aim ;  
When, lorn and loveless, life will languish,  
But courage can revive the flame.

He, when he left me, went a roving  
To sunny climes, beyond the sea ;  
And I, the weight of woe removing,  
Am free and fetterless as he.

New scenes, new language, skies less clouded,  
May once more wake the wish to live ;  
Strange, foreign towns, astir, and crowded,  
New pictures to the mind may give.

New forms and faces, passing ever,  
May hide the one I still retain,  
Defined, and fixed, and fading never,  
Stamped deep on vision, heart, and brain.

And we might meet—time may have changed him ;  
Chance may reveal the mystery,  
The secret influence which estranged him ;  
Love may restore him yet to me.

False thought—false hope—in scorn be banished !  
I am not loved—nor loved have been ;  
Recall not, then, the dreams scarce vanished,  
Traitors ! mislead me not again !

To words like yours I bid defiance,  
'Tis such my mental wreck have made ;  
Of God alone, and self-reliance,  
I ask for solace—hope for aid.

Morn comes—and ere meridian glory  
O'er these, my natal woods, shall smile,  
Both lonely wood and mansion hoary  
I'll leave behind, full many a mile.

CURRER.

---

ANTICIPATION.

How beautiful the earth is still,  
To thee—how full of happiness !  
How little fraught with real ill,  
Or unreal phantoms of distress !  
How spring can bring thee glory, yet,  
And summer win thee to forget

December's sullen time !  
Why dost thou hold the treasure fast,  
Of youth's delight, when youth is past,  
And thou art near thy prime ?

When those who were thy own compeers,  
Equals in fortune and in years,  
Have seen their morning melt in tears,  
To clouded, smileless day ;  
Blest, had they died untried and young,  
Before their hearts went wandering wrong,  
Poor slaves, subdued by passions strong,  
A weak and helpless prey ?

“ Because, I hoped while they enjoyed,  
And, by fulfilment, hope destroyed ;  
As children hope, with trustful breast,  
I waited bliss—and cherished rest.  
A thoughtful spirit taught me, soon,  
That we must long till life be done ;  
That every phase of earthly joy  
Must always fade, and always cloy :

This I foresaw—and would not chase  
The fleeting treacheries ;  
But, with firm foot and tranquil face,  
Held backward from that tempting race,  
Gazed o'er the sands the waves efface,  
To the enduring seas—

There cast my anchor of desire  
Deep in unknown eternity;  
Nor ever let my spirit tire,  
With looking for *what is to be!*

It is hope's spell that glorifies,  
Like youth, to my maturer eyes,  
All Nature's million mysteries,  
    The fearful and the fair—  
Hope soothes me in the griefs I know;  
She lulls my pain for others' woe,  
And makes me strong to undergo  
    What I am born to bear.

Glad comforter! will I not brave,  
Unawed, the darkness of the grave?  
Nay, smile to hear Death's billows rave—  
    Sustained, my guide, by thee?  
'The more unjust seems present fate,  
The more my spirit swells elate,  
Strong, in my strength to anticipate  
    Rewarding destiny!"

ELLIS.

## STANZAS.

OH, weep not, love ! each tear that springs  
 In those dear eyes of thine,  
 To me a keener suffering brings,  
 Than if they flowed from mine.

And do not droop ! however drear  
 The fate awaiting thee ;  
 For *my* sake combat pain and care,  
 And cherish life for me !

I do not fear thy love will fail ;  
 Thy faith is true, I know ;  
 But, oh, my love ! thy strength is frail  
 For such a life of woe.

Were 't not for this, I well could trace  
 (Though banished long from thee,)   
 Life's rugged path, and boldly face  
 The storms that threatened me.

Fear not for me—I've steeled my mind  
 Sorrow and strife to greet ;  
 Joy with my love I leave behind,  
 Care with my friends I meet.

A mother's sad reproachful eye,  
 A father's scowling brow—  
 But he may frown and she may sigh :  
 I will not break my vow !

I love my mother, I revere  
 My sire, but fear not me—  
 Believe that Death alone can tear  
 This faithful heart from thee.

ACTON.

---

GILBERT.

I.

THE GARDEN.

ABOVE the city hung the moon,  
 Right o'er a plot of ground  
 Where flowers and orchard-trees were fenced  
 With lofty walls around :  
 'Twas Gilbert's garden—there, to-night  
 Awhile he walked alone ;  
 And, tired with sedentary toil,  
 Mused where the moonlight shone.

This garden, in a city-heart,  
Lay still as houseless wild,  
Though many-windowed mansion fronts  
Were round it closely piled ;  
But thick their walls, and those within  
Lived lives by noise unstirred ;  
Like wafting of an angel's wing,  
Time's flight by them was heard.

Some soft piano-notes alone  
Were sweet as faintly given,  
Where ladies, doubtless, cheered the hearth  
With song, that winter-even.  
The city's many-mingled sounds  
Rose like the hum of ocean ;  
They rather lulled the heart than roused  
Its pulse to faster motion.

Gilbert has paced the single walk  
An hour, yet is not weary ;  
And, though it be a winter night,  
He feels nor cold nor dreary.  
The prime of life is in his veins,  
And sends his blood fast flowing,  
And Fancy's fervour warms the thoughts  
Now in his bosom glowing.

Those thoughts recur to early love,  
Or what he love would name,

Though haply Gilbert's secret deeds  
Might other title claim.  
Such theme not oft his mind absorbs,  
He to the world clings fast,  
And too much for the present lives,  
To linger o'er the past.

But now the evening's deep repose  
Has glided to his soul ;  
That moonlight falls on Memory,  
And shows her fading scroll.  
One name appears in every line  
The gentle rays shine o'er,  
And still he smiles and still repeats  
That one name—Elinor.

There is no sorrow in his smile,  
No kindness in his tone ;  
The triumph of a selfish heart  
Speaks coldly there alone ;  
He says : " She loved me more than life ;  
And truly it was sweet  
To see so fair a woman kneel,  
In bondage, at my feet.

There was a sort of quiet bliss  
To be so deeply loved,  
To gaze on trembling eagerness  
And sit myself unmoved.



And when it pleased my pride to grant,  
At last, some rare caress,  
To feel the fever of that hand  
My fingers deigned to press.

'Twas sweet to see her strive to hide  
What every glance revealed ;  
Endowed, the while, with despot-might  
Her destiny to wield.  
I knew myself no perfect man,  
Nor, as she deemed, divine ;  
I knew that I was glorious—but  
By her reflected shine ;

Her youth, her native energy,  
Her powers new-born and fresh,  
'Twas these with Godhead sanctified  
My sensual frame of flesh.  
Yet, like a god did I descend  
At last to meet her love ;  
And, like a god, I then withdrew  
To my own heaven above.

And never more could she invoke  
My presence to her sphere ;  
No prayer, no plaint, no cry of hers  
Could win my awful ear.  
I knew her blinded constancy  
Would ne'er my deeds betray,

And, calm in conscience, whole in heart,  
I went my tranquil way.

Yet, sometimes, I still feel a wish,  
The fond and flattering pain  
Of passion's anguish to create,  
In her young breast again.  
Bright was the lustre of her eyes,  
When they caught fire from mine ;  
If I had power—this very hour,  
Again I 'd light their shine.

But where she is, or how she lives,  
I have no clue to know :  
I 've heard she long my absence pined,  
And left her home in woe.  
But busied, then, in gathering gold,  
As I am busied now,  
I could not turn from such pursuit,  
To weep a broken vow.

Nor could I give to fatal risk  
The fame I ever prized ;  
Even now, I fear, that precious fame  
Is too much compromised.”  
An inward trouble dims his eye,  
Some riddle he would solve ;  
Some method to unloose a knot,  
His anxious thoughts revolve.

He, pensive, leans against a tree,  
 A leafy evergreen,  
 The boughs, the moonlight, intercept,  
 And hide him like a screen ;  
 He starts—the tree shakes with his tremor,  
 Yet nothing near him pass'd,  
 He hurries up the garden alley,  
 In strangely sudden haste.

With shaking hand, he lifts the latchet,  
 Steps o'er the threshold stone ;  
 The heavy door slips from his fingers,  
 It shuts, and he is gone.  
 What touched, transfixed, appalled, his soul ?  
 A nervous thought, no more ;  
 'Twill sink like stone in placid pool,  
 And calm close smoothly o'er.

## II.

### THE PARLOUR.

WARM is the parlour atmosphere,  
 Serene the lamp's soft light ;  
 The vivid embers, red and clear,  
 Proclaim a frosty night.  
 Books, varied, on the table lie,  
 Three children o'er them bend,  
 And all, with curious, eager eye,  
 The turning leaf attend.

Picture and tale alternately  
Their simple hearts delight,  
And interest deep, and tempered glee,  
    Illumine their aspects bright ;  
The parents, from their fireside place,  
Behold that pleasant scene,  
And joy is on the mother's face,  
Pride, in the father's mien.

As Gilbert sees his blooming wife,  
Beholds his children fair,  
No thought has he of transient strife,  
Or past, though piercing fear.  
The voice of happy infancy  
Lisps sweetly in his ear,  
His wife, with pleased and peaceful eye,  
Sits, kindly smiling, near.

The fire glows on her silken dress,  
And shows its ample grace,  
And warmly tints each hazel tress,  
Curled soft around her face.  
The beauty that in youth he wooed,  
Is beauty still, unfaded,  
The brow of ever placid mood  
No churlish grief has shaded.

Prosperity, in Gilbert's home,  
Abides, the guest of years ;  
There Want or Discord never come,  
And seldom Toil or Tears.

The carpets bear the peaceful print  
Of comfort's velvet tread,  
And golden gleams from plenty sent,  
In every nook are shed.

The very silken spaniel seems  
Of quiet ease to tell,  
As near its mistress' feet it dreams,  
Sunk in a cushion's swell ;  
And smiles seem native to the eyes  
Of those sweet children, three ;  
They have but looked on tranquil skies,  
And know not misery.

Alas ! that misery should come  
In such an hour as this ;  
Why could she not so calm a home  
A little longer miss ?  
But she is now within the door,  
Her steps advancing glide ;  
Her sullen shade has crossed the floor,  
She stands at Gilbert's side.

She lays her hand upon his heart,  
It bounds with agony ;  
His fireside chair shakes with the start  
That shook the garden tree.  
His wife towards the children looks,  
She does not mark his mien ;  
The children, bending o'er their books,  
His terror have not seen.

In his own home, by his own hearth,  
He sits in solitude,  
And circled round with light and mirth,  
Cold horror chills his blood.  
His mind would hold with desperate clutch  
The scene that round him lies ;  
No—changed, as by some wizard's touch,  
The present prospect flies.

A tumult vague—a viewless strife  
His futile struggles crush ;  
'Twixt him and his, an unknown life  
And unknown feelings rush.  
He sees—but scarce can language paint  
The tissue Fancy weaves ;  
For words oft give but echo faint  
Of thoughts the mind conceives.

Noise, tumult strange, and darkness dim,  
Efface both light and quiet ;  
No shape is in those shadows grim,  
No voice in that wild riot.  
Sustained and strong, a wondrous blast  
Above and round him blows ;  
A greenish gloom, dense overcast,  
Each moment denser grows.

He nothing knows—nor clearly sees,  
Resistance checks his breath,  
The high, impetuous, ceaseless breeze  
Blows on him, cold as death.

And still the undulating gloom  
    Mocks sight with formless motion ;  
Was such sensation Jonah's doom,  
    Gulphed in the depths of ocean ?

    Streaking the air, the nameless vision,  
    Fast-driven, deep-sounding, flows ;  
Oh ! whence its source, and what its mission ?  
    How will its terrors close ?  
Long-sweeping, rushing, vast and void,  
    The Universe it swallows ;  
And still the dark, devouring tide,  
    A Typhoon tempest follows.

More slowly it rolls ; its furious race  
    Sinks to a solemn gliding ;  
The stunning roar, the wind's wild chase,  
    To stillness are subsiding.  
And, slowly borne along, a form  
    The shapeless chaos varies ;  
Poised in the eddy to the storm,  
    Before the eye it tarries.

A woman drowned—sunk in the deep,  
    On a long wave reclining ;  
The circling waters' crystal sweep,  
    Like glass, her shape enshrining ;  
Her pale dead face, to Gilbert turned,  
    Seems as in sleep reposing ;  
A feeble light, now first discerned,  
    The features well disclosing.

No effort from the haunted air  
The ghastly scene could banish ;  
That hovering wave, arrested there,  
Rolled—throbbed—but did not vanish.  
If Gilbert upward turned his gaze,  
He saw the ocean-shadow ;  
If he looked down, the endless seas  
Lay green as summer meadow.

And straight before, the pale corpse lay,  
Upborne by air or billow,  
So near, he could have touched the spray  
That churned around its pillow.  
The hollow anguish of the face  
Had moved a fiend to sorrow ;  
Not Death's fixed calm could raze the trace  
Of suffering's deep-worn furrow.

All moved ; a strong returning blast,  
The mass of waters raising,  
Bore wave and passive carcase past,  
While Gilbert yet was gazing.  
Deep in her isle-conceiving womb,  
It seemed the Ocean thundered.  
And soon, by realms of rushing gloom,  
Were seer and phantom sundered.

Then swept some timbers from a wreck,  
On following surges riding ;  
Then sea-weed, in the turbid rack  
Uptorn, went slowly gliding.



The horrid shade, by slow degrees,  
A beam of light defeated,  
And then the roar of raving seas,  
Fast, far, and faint, retreated.

And all was gone—gone like a mist,  
Corse, billows, tempest, wreck ;  
Three children close to Gilbert prest  
And clung around his neck.  
Good night ! good night ! the prattlers said  
And kissed their father's cheek ;  
'Twas now the hour their quiet bed  
And placid rest to seek.

The mother with her offspring goes  
To hear their evening prayer ;  
She nought of Gilbert's vision knows,  
And nought of his despair.  
Yet, pitying God, abridge the time  
Of anguish, now his fate !  
Though, haply, great has been his crime  
Thy mercy, too, is great.

Gilbert, at length, uplifts his head,  
Bent for some moments low,  
And there is neither grief nor dread  
Upon his subtle brow.  
For well can he his feelings task,  
And well his looks command ;  
His features well his heart can mask,  
With smiles and smoothness bland

Gilbert has reasoned with his mind—  
He says 'twas all a dream ;  
He strives his inward sight to blind  
Against truth's inward beam.  
He pitied not that shadowy thing,  
When it was flesh and blood ;  
Nor now can pity's balmy spring  
Refresh his arid mood.

“And if that dream has spoken truth,”  
Thus musingly he says ;  
“If Elinor be dead, in sooth,  
Such chance the shock repays :  
A net was woven round my feet,  
I scarce could further go,  
Ere Shame had forced a fast retreat,  
Dishonour brought me low.

“Conceal her, then, deep, silent Sea,  
Give her a secret grave !  
She sleeps in peace, and I am free,  
No longer Terror's slave :  
And homage still, from all the world,  
Shall greet my spotless name,  
Since surges break and waves are curled  
Above its threatened shame.”

## III.

## THE WELCOME HOME.

ABOVE the city hangs the moon,  
 Some clouds are boding rain,  
 Gilbert, erewhile on journey gone,  
 To-night comes home again.  
 Ten years have passed above his head,  
 Each year has brought him gain ;  
 His prosperous life has smoothly sped,  
 Without or tear or stain.

'Tis somewhat late—the city clocks  
 Twelve deep vibrations toll,  
 As Gilbert at the portal knocks,  
 Which is his journey's goal.  
 The street is still and desolate,  
 The moon hid by a cloud ;  
 Gilbert, impatient will not wait,—  
 His second knock peals loud.

The clocks are hushed ; there's not a light  
 In any window nigh,  
 And not a single planet bright  
 Looks from the clouded sky ;  
 The air is raw, the rain descends,  
 A bitter north-wind blows ;  
 His cloak the traveller scarce defends—  
 Will not the door unclose ?

He knocks the third time, and the last ;  
His summons now they hear,  
Within, a footstep, hurrying fast,  
Is heard approaching near.  
The bolt is drawn, the clanking chain  
Falls to the floor of stone ;  
And Gilbert to his heart will strain  
His wife and children soon.

The hand that lifts the latchet, holds  
A candle to his sight,  
And Gilbert, on the step, beholds  
A woman, clad in white.  
Lo ! water from her dripping dress  
Runs on the streaming floor ;  
From every dark and clinging tress,  
The drops incessant pour.

There's none but her to welcome him ;  
She holds the candle high,  
And, motionless in form and limb,  
Stands cold and silent nigh ;  
There's sand and sea-weed on her robe,  
Here hollow eyes are blind ;  
No pulse in such a frame can throb,  
No life is there defined.

Gilbert turned ashy-white, but still  
His lips vouchsafed no cry ;  
He spurred his strength and master-will  
To pass the figure by,—

But, moving slow, it faced him straight,  
It would not flinch nor quail :  
Then first did Gilbert's strength abate,  
His stony firmness quail.

He sank upon his knees and prayed ;  
The shape stood rigid there ;  
He called aloud for human aid,  
No human aid was near.

An accent strange did thus repeat  
Heaven's stern but just decree :  
"The measure thou to her didst mete,  
To thee shall measured be !"

Gilbert sprang from his bended knees,  
By the pale spectre pushed,  
And, wild as one whom demons seize,  
Up the hall-staircase rushed ;  
Entered his chamber—near the bed  
Sheathed steel and fire-arms hung—  
Impelled by maniac purpose dread,  
He chose those stores among.

Across his throat, a keen-edged knife  
With vigorous hand he drew ;  
The wound was wide—his outraged life  
Rushed rash and redly through.  
And thus died, by a shameful death,  
A wise and worldly man,  
Who never drew but selfish breath  
Since first his life began.

## THE PRISONER.

## A FRAGMENT.

IN the dungeon-crypts, idly did I stray,  
 Reckless of the lives wasting there away ;  
 “ Draw the ponderous bars ! open, Warder stern ! ”  
 He dared not say me nay—the hinges harshly turn.

“ Our guests are darkly lodged, ” I whisper’d, gazing  
     through  
 The vault, whose grated eye showed heaven more  
     grey than blue ;  
 (This was when glad spring laughed in awaking  
     pride ;)   
 “ Aye, darkly lodged enough ! ” returned my sullen  
     guide.

Then, God forgive my youth ; forgive my careless  
     tongue ;  
 I scoffed, as the chill chains on the damp flag-stones  
     rung :  
 “ Confined in triple walls, art thou so much to fear,  
 That we must bind thee down and clench thy fetters  
     here ? ”

The captive raised her face, it was as soft and mild  
 As sculptured marble saint, or slumbering unwean’d  
     child ;

It was so soft and mild, it was so sweet and fair,  
Pain could not trace a line, nor grief a shadow  
there!

The captive raised her hand and pressed it to her  
brow ;  
“I have been struck,” she said, “and I am suffer-  
ing now ;  
Yet these are little worth, your bolts and irons  
strong,  
And, were they forged in steel, they could not hold  
me long.”

Hoarse laughed the jailor grim : “ Shall I be won to  
hear ;  
Dost think, fond, dreaming wretch, that *I* shall  
grant thy prayer ?  
Or, better still, wilt melt my master’s heart with  
groans ?  
Ah ! sooner might the sun thaw down these granite  
stones.

“ My master’s voice is low, his aspect bland and kind,  
But hard as hardest flint, the soul that lurks behind ;  
And I am rough and rude, yet not more rough to see  
Than is the hidden ghost that has its home in me.”

About her lips there played a smile of almost scorn,  
“ My friend,” she gently said, “ you have not heard  
me mourn ;

When you my kindred's lives, *my* lost life, can re-  
store,  
Then may I weep and sue,—but never, friend,  
before!

Still, let my tyrants know, I am not doomed to wear  
Year after year in gloom, and desolate despair;  
A messenger of Hope, comes every night to me,  
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with western winds, with evening's  
wandering airs,  
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the  
thickest stars.  
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,  
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with  
desire.

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,  
When Joy grew mad with awe, at counting future  
tears.  
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,  
I knew not whence they came, from sun, or thunder  
storm.

But, first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm  
descends;  
The struggle of distress, and fierce impatience ends.  
Mute music soothes my breast, unuttered harmony,  
That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.



Then dawns the Invisible ; the Unseen its truth  
    reveals ;  
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels :  
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour  
    found,  
Measuring the gulf, it stoops, and dares the final  
    bound.

Oh, dreadful is the check—intense the agony—  
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins  
    to see ;  
When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think  
    again,  
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the  
    chain.

Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less,  
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will  
    bless ;  
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly  
    shine,  
If it but herald death, the vision is divine !”

She ceased to speak, and we, unanswering, turned  
    to go—  
We had no further power to work the captive woe ;  
Her cheek, her gleaming eye, declared that man had  
    given  
A sentence, unapproved, and overruled by Heaven.

ELLIS.

## IF THIS BE ALL.

O GOD! if this indeed be all  
 That Life can show to me ;  
 If on my aching brow may fall  
 No freshening dew from Thee,—

If with no brighter light than this  
 The lamp of hope may glow,  
 And I may only *dream* of bliss,  
 And wake to weary woe ;

If friendship's solace must decay,  
 When other joys are gone,  
 And love must keep so far away,  
 While I go wandering on,—

Wandering and toiling without gain,  
 The slave of others' will,  
 With constant care, and frequent pain,  
 Despised, forgotten still ;

Grieving to look on vice and sin,  
 Yet powerless to quell  
 The silent current from within,  
 The outward torrent's swell :

While all the good I would impart,  
The feelings I would share,  
Are driven backward to my heart,  
And turned to wormwood, there ;

If clouds must *ever* keep from sight  
The glories of the Sun,  
And I must suffer winter's blight,  
Ere summer is begun ;

If Life must be so full of care,  
Then call me soon to Thee ;  
Or give me strength enough to bear  
My load of misery.

ACTON.

---

LIFE.

LIFE, believe, is not a dream  
So dark as sages say ;  
Oft a little morning rain  
Foretells a pleasant day.  
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,  
But these are transient all ;  
If the shower will make the roses bloom,  
O why lament its fall ?

Rapidly, merrily,  
 Life's sunny hours flit by,  
 Gratefully, cheerily,  
 Enjoy them as they fly !

What though Death at times steps in,  
 And calls our Best away ?  
 What though sorrow seems to win,  
 O'er hope, a heavy sway ?  
 Yet hope again elastic springs,  
 Unconquered, though she fell ;  
 Still buoyant are her golden wings,  
 Still strong to bear us well.  
 Manfully, fearlessly,  
 The day of trial bear,  
 For gloriously, victoriously,  
 Can courage quell despair !

CURRER.

---

HOPE.

HOPE was but a timid friend ;  
 She sat without the grated den,  
 Watching how my fate would tend,  
 Even as selfish-hearted men.

She was cruel in her fear ;  
Through the bars, one dreary day,  
I looked out to see her there,  
And she turned her face away !

Like a false guard, false watch keeping,  
Still, in strife, she whispered peace ;  
She would sing while I was weeping ;  
If I listened, she would cease.

False she was, and unrelenting ;  
When my last joys strewed the ground,  
Even Sorrow saw, repenting,  
Those sad relics scattered round ;

Hope, whose whisper would have given  
Balm to all my phrenzied pain,  
Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven,  
Went, and ne'er returned again !

ELLIS.

---

MEMORY.

BRIGHTLY the sun of summer shone,  
Green fields and waving woods upon,  
And soft winds wandered by ;

Above, a sky of purest blue,  
Around, bright flowers of loveliest hue,  
Allured the gazer's eye.

But what were all these charms to me,  
When one sweet breath of memory  
Came gently wafting by?  
I closed my eyes against the day,  
And called my willing soul away,  
From earth, and air, and sky;

That I might simply fancy there  
One little flower—a primrose fair,  
Just opening into sight;  
As in the days of infancy,  
An opening primrose seemed to me  
A source of strange delight.

Sweet Memory! ever smile on me;  
Nature's chief beauties spring from thee;  
Oh, still thy tribute bring!  
Still make the golden crocus shine  
Among the flowers the most divine,  
The glory of the spring.

Still in the wall-flower's fragrance dwell;  
And hover round the slight blue bell,  
My childhood's darling flower.

Smile on the little daisy still,  
The buttercup's bright goblet fill  
    With all thy former power.

For ever hang thy dreamy spell  
Round mountain star and heather bell  
    And do not pass away  
From sparkling frost, or wreathed snow,  
And whisper when the wild winds blow,  
    Or rippling waters play.

Is childhood, then, so all-divine ?  
Or Memory, is the glory thine,  
    That haloes thus the past ?  
Not *all* divine ; its pangs of grief,  
(Although, perchance, their stay be brief,)  
    Are bitter while they last.

Nor is the glory all thine own,  
For on our earliest joys alone  
    That holy light is cast.  
With such a ray no spell of thine  
Can make our later pleasures shine,  
    Though long ago they passed.

ACTON.

## THE LETTER.

WHAT is she writing? Watch her now,  
 How fast her fingers move !  
 How eagerly her youthful brow  
 Is bent in thought above !  
 Her long curls, drooping, shade the light,  
 She puts them quick aside,  
 Nor knows, that band of crystals bright,  
 Her hasty touch untied.  
 It slips adown her silken dress,  
 Falls glittering at her feet ;  
 Unmarked it falls, for she no less  
 Pursues her labour sweet.

The very loveliest hour that shines,  
 Is in that deep blue sky ;  
 The golden sun of June declines,  
 It has not caught her eye.  
 The cheerful lawn, and unclosed gate,  
 The white road, far away,  
 In vain for her light footsteps wait,  
 She comes not forth to-day.  
 There is an open door of glass  
 Close by that lady's chair,  
 From thence, to slopes of mossy grass,  
 Descends a marble stair.



Tall plants of bright and spicy bloom  
    Around the threshold grow ;  
Their leaves and blossoms shade the room,  
    From that sun's deepening glow.  
Why does she not a moment glance  
    Between the clustering flowers,  
And mark in heaven the radiant dance  
    Of evening's rosy hours ?  
O look again ! Still fixed her eye,  
    Unsmiling, earnest, still,  
And fast her pen and fingers fly,  
    Urged by her eager will.

Her soul is in th' absorbing task ;  
    To whom, then, doth she write ?  
Nay, watch her still more closely, ask  
    Her own eyes' serious light ;  
Where do they turn, as now her pen  
    Hangs o'er th' unfinished line ?  
Whence fell the tearful gleam that then  
    Did in their dark spheres shine ?  
The summer-parlour looks so dark,  
    When from that sky you turn,  
And from th' expanse of that green park  
    You scarce may aught discern.

Yet o'er the piles of porcelain rare,  
    O'er flower-stand, couch, and vase,  
Sloped, as if leaning on the air,  
    One picture meets the gaze.

'Tis there she turns ; you may not see  
Distinct, what form defines  
The clouded mass of mystery  
Yon broad gold frame confines.  
But look again ; inured to shade  
Your eyes now faintly trace  
A stalwart form, a massive head,  
A firm, determined face.

Black Spanish locks, a sunburnt cheek,  
A brow, high, broad and white,  
Where every furrow seems to speak  
Of mind and moral might.  
Is that her god ? I cannot tell ;  
Her eye a moment met  
Th' impending picture, then it fell  
Darkened and dimmed and wet.  
A moment more, her task is done,  
And sealed the letter lies ;  
And now, towards the setting sun  
She turns her tearful eyes.

Those tears flow over, wonder not,  
For by the inscription, see  
In what a strange and distant spot  
Her heart of hearts must be !  
Three seas and many a league of land  
That letter must pass o'er,  
E'er read by him to whose loved hand  
'Tis sent from England's shore.

Remote colonial wilds detain  
Her husband, loved though stern ;  
She 'mid that smiling English scene,  
Weeps for his wished return.

CURREN.

---

A DAY-DREAM.

ON a sunny brae, alone I lay  
One summer afternoon ;  
It was the marriage-time of May  
With her young lover June.

From her mother's heart, seemed loath to part  
That queen of bridal charms,  
But her father smiled on the fairest child  
He ever held in his arms.

The trees did wave their plummy crests,  
The glad birds caroled clear ;  
And I, of all the wedding guests,  
Was only sullen there !

There was not one, but wished to shun  
My aspect void of cheer ;  
The very grey rocks, looking on,  
Asked, " What do you do here ?"

And I could utter no reply ;  
    In sooth, I did not know  
Why I had brought a clouded eye  
    To greet the general glow.

So, resting on a heathy bank,  
    I took my heart to me ;  
And we together sadly sank  
    Into a reverie.

We thought, " When winter comes again,  
    Where will these bright things be ?  
All vanished, like a vision vain,  
    An unreal mockery !

The birds that now so blithely sing,  
    Through deserts, frozen dry,  
Poor spectres of the perished spring,  
    In famished troops, will fly.

And why should we be glad at all ?  
    The leaf is hardly green,  
Before a token of its fall  
    Is on the surface seen !"

Now, whether it were really so,  
    I never could be sure ;  
But as in fit of peevish woe,  
    I stretched me on the moor,

A thousand thousand gleaming fires  
Seemed kindling in the air ;  
A thousand thousand silvery lyres  
Resound far and near :

Methought, the very breath I breathed  
Was full of sparks divine,  
And all my heather-couch was wreathed  
By that celestial shine !

And, while the wide earth echoing rung  
To their strange minstrelsy,  
The little glittering spirits sung,  
Or seemed to sing, to me :

“O mortal! mortal! let them die ;  
Let time and tears destroy,  
That we may overflow the sky  
With universal joy !

Let grief distract the sufferer's breast,  
And night obscure his way ;  
They hasten him to endless rest,  
And everlasting day.

To thee the world is like a tomb,  
A desert's naked shore ;  
To us, in unimagined bloom,  
It brightens more and more !

And, could we lift the veil, and give  
One brief glimpse to thine eye,  
Thou wouldst rejoice for those that live,  
*Because they live to die.*"

The music ceased ; the noonday dream,  
Like dream of night, withdrew ;  
But Fancy, still, will sometimes deem  
Her fond creation true.

ELLIS.

---

TO COWPER.

SWEET are thy strains, celestial Bard ;  
And oft, in childhood's years,  
I've read them o'er and o'er again,  
With flood of silent tears.

The language of my inmost heart,  
I traced in every line ;  
*My* sins, *my* sorrows, hopes, and fears,  
Were there—and only mine.

All for myself the sigh would swell,  
The tear of anguish start ;

I little knew what wilder woe  
Had filled the Poet's heart.

I did not know the nights of gloom,  
The days of misery ;  
The long, long years of dark despair,  
That crushed and tortured thee.

But, they are gone ; from earth at length  
Thy gentle soul is pass'd,  
And in the bosom of its God  
Has found its home at last.

It must be so, if God is love,  
And answers fervent prayer ;  
Then surely thou shalt dwell on high,  
And I may meet thee there.

Is he the source of every good,  
The spring of purity ?  
Then in thine hours of deepest woe,  
Thy God was still with thee.

How else, when every hope was fled,  
Couldst thou so fondly cling  
To holy things and holy men ?  
And how so sweetly sing,

Of things that God alone could teach ?  
And whence that purity,

That hatred of all sinful ways—  
That gentle charity ?

Are *these* the symptoms of a heart  
Of heavenly grace bereft :  
For ever banished from its God,  
To Satan's fury left ?

Yet, should thy darkest fears be true,  
If Heaven be so severe,  
That such a soul as thine is lost,—  
Oh ! how shall *I* appear ?

ACTON.

---

REGRET.

LONG ago I wished to leave  
"The house where I was born ;"  
Long ago I used to grieve,  
My home seemed so forlorn,  
In other years, its silent rooms  
Were filled with haunting fears ;  
Now, their very memory comes  
O'ercharged with tender tears,



Life and marriage I have known,  
Things once deemed so bright ;  
Now, how utterly is flown  
Every ray of light !  
'Mid the unknown sea of life  
I no blest isle have found ;  
At last, through all its wild wave's strife,  
My bark is homeward bound.

Farewell, dark and rolling deep !  
Farewell, foreign shore !  
Open, in unclouded sweep,  
Thou glorious realm before !  
Yet, though I had safely pass'd  
That weary, vexed main,  
One loved voice, through surge and blast,  
Could call me back again.

Though the soul's bright morning rose  
O'er Paradise for me,  
William ! even from Heaven's repose  
I'd turn, invoked by thee !  
Storm nor surge should e'er arrest  
My soul, exulting then :  
All my heaven was once thy breast,  
Would it were mine again !

CURRER.

## TO IMAGINATION.

WHEN weary with the long day's care,  
 And earthly change from pain to pain,  
 And lost and ready to despair,  
 Thy kind voice calls me back again :  
 Oh, my true friend ! I am not lone,  
 While thou canst speak with such a tone !

So hopeless is the world without ;  
 The world within I doubly prize ;  
 Thy world, where guile, and hate, and doubt,  
 And cold suspicion never rise ;  
 Where thou, and I, and Liberty,  
 Have undisputed sovereignty.

What matters it, that, all around,  
 Danger, and guilt, and darkness lie,  
 If but within our bosom's bound  
 We hold a bright, untroubled sky.  
 Warm with ten thousand mingled rays  
 Of suns that know no winter days ?

Reason, indeed, may oft complain  
 For Nature's sad reality,  
 And tell the suffering heart, how vain  
 Its cherished dreams must always be ;  
 And Truth may rudely trample down  
 The flowers of Fancy, newly-blown :

But, thou art ever there, to bring  
The hovering vision back, and breathe  
New glories o'er the blighted spring,  
And call a lovelier Life and Death,  
And whisper, with a voice divine,  
Of real worlds, as bright as thine.

I trust not to thy phantom bliss,  
Yet, still, in evening's quiet hour,  
With never-failing thankfulness,  
I welcome thee, Benignant Power ;  
Sure solacer of human cares,  
And sweeter hope, when hope despairs !

ELLIS.

---

THE DOUBTER'S PRAYER.

ETERNAL Power, of earth and air !  
Unseen, yet seen in all around,  
Remote, but dwelling everywhere,  
Though silent, heard in every sound.

If e'er thine ear in mercy bent,  
When wretched mortals cried to Thee,  
And if, indeed, Thy Son was sent,  
To save lost sinners such as me :

Then hear me now, while, kneeling here,  
I lift to thee my heart and eye,  
And all my soul ascends in prayer,  
*O give me—give me Faith!* I cry.

Without some glimmering in my heart,  
I could not raise this fervent prayer ;  
But, oh ! a stronger light impart,  
And in Thy mercy fix it there.

While Faith is with me, I am blest ;  
It turns my darkest night to day ;  
But while I clasp it to my breast,  
I often feel it slide away.

Then, cold and dark, my spirit sinks,  
To see my light of life depart ;  
And every fiend of Hell, methinks,  
Enjoys the anguish of my heart.

What shall I do, if all my love,  
My hopes, my toil, are cast away,  
And if there be no God above,  
To hear and bless me when I pray ?

If this be vain delusion all,  
If death be an eternal sleep,  
And none can hear my secret call,  
Or see the silent tears I weep !

Oh, help me, God ! For thou alone  
Canst my distracted soul relieve ;  
Forsake it not : it is thine own,  
Though weak, yet longing to believe.

Oh, drive these cruel doubts away ;  
And make me know, that Thou art God !  
A faith, that shines by night and day,  
Will lighten every earthly load.

If I believe that Jesus died,  
And, waking, rose to reign above ;  
Then surely Sorrow, Sin, and Pride,  
Must yield to Peace, and Hope, and Love.

And all the blessed words He said  
Will strength and holy joy impart :  
A shield of safety o'er my head,  
A spring of comfort in my heart.

ACTON.

## PRESENTIMENT.

“SISTER, you’ve sat there all the day,  
 Come to the hearth awhile ;  
 The wind so wildly sweeps away,  
 The clouds so darkly pile.  
 That open book has lain, unread,  
 For hours upon your knee ;  
 You’ve never smiled nor turned your head ;  
 What can you, sister, see ?”

“Come hither, Jane, look down the field ;  
 How dense a mist creeps on !  
 The path, the hedge, are both concealed,  
 Ev’n the white gate is gone ;  
 No landscape through the fog I trace,  
 No hill with pastures green ;  
 All featureless is nature’s face,  
 All masked in clouds her mien.

“Scarce is the rustle of a leaf  
 Heard in our garden now ;  
 The year grows old, its days wax brief,  
 The tresses leave its brow.  
 The rain drives fast before the wind,  
 The sky is blank and grey ;  
 O Jane, what sadness fills the mind  
 On such a dreary day !”

“ You think too much, my sister dear ;  
You sit too long alone ;  
What though November days be drear ?  
Full soon will they be gone.  
I’ve swept the hearth, and placed your chair,  
Come, Emma, sit by me ;  
Our own fireside is never drear,  
Though late and wintry wane the year,  
Though rough the night may be.”

“ The peaceful glow of our fireside  
Imparts no peace to me :  
My thoughts would rather wander wide  
Than rest, dear Jane, with thee.  
I’m on a distant journey bound,  
And if, about my heart,  
Too closely kindred ties were bound,  
’T would break when forced to part.

“ ‘ Soon will November days be o’er ;’  
Well have you spoken, Jane :  
My own forebodings tell me more,  
For me, I know by presage sure,  
They’ll ne’er return again.  
Ere long, nor sun nor storm to me  
Will bring or joy or gloom ;  
They reach not that Eternity  
Which soon will be my home.”

Eight months are gone, the summer sun  
Sets in a glorious sky ;  
A quiet field, all green and lone,  
Receives its rosy dye.  
Jane sits upon a shaded stile,  
Alone she sits there now ;  
Her head rests on her hand the while,  
And thought o'ercasts her brow.

She's thinking of one winter's day,  
A few short months ago,  
When Emma's bier was borne away  
O'er wastes of frozen snow.  
She's thinking how that drifted snow  
Dissolved in spring's first gleam,  
And how her sister's memory now  
Fades, even as fades a dream.

The snow will whiten earth again,  
But Emma comes no more ;  
She left, 'mid winter's sleet and rain,  
This world for Heaven's far shore.  
On Beulah's hills she wanders now,  
On Eden's tranquil plain ;  
To her shall Jane hereafter go,  
She ne'er shall come to Jane !

CURRER.



## HOW CLEAR SHE SHINES.

How clear she shines ! How quietly  
 I lie beneath her guardian light ;  
 While heaven and earth are whispering me,  
 " To-morrow, wake, but dream to-night."  
 Yes, Fancy, come, my Fairy love !  
 These throbbing temples softly kiss ;  
 And bend my lonely couch above  
 And bring me rest, and bring me bliss.

The world is going ; dark world, adieu !  
 Grim world, conceal thee till the day ;  
 The heart, thou canst not all subdue,  
 Must still resist, if thou delay !

Thy love I will not, will not share ;  
 Thy hatred only wakes a smile ;  
 Thy griefs may wound—thy wrong may tear,  
 But, oh, thy lies shall ne'er beguile !  
 While gazing on the stars that glow  
 Above me, in that stormless sea,  
 I long to hope that all the woe  
 Creation knows, is held in thee !

And this shall be my dream to-night ;  
 I'll think the heaven of glorious spheres

Is rolling on its course of light  
 In endless bliss, through endless years;  
 I'll think, there's not one world above,  
 Far as these straining eyes can see,  
 Where Wisdom ever laughed at Love,  
 Or Virtue crouched to Infamy ;

Where, writhing 'neath the strokes of Fate,  
 The mangled wretch was forced to smile ;  
 To match his patience 'gainst her hate,  
 His heart rebellious all the while.  
 Where Pleasure still will lead to wrong,  
 And helpless reason warn in vain ;  
 And Truth is weak, and Treachery strong ;  
 And Joy the surest path to Pain ;  
 And Peace, the lethargy of Grief ;  
 And Hope, a phantom of the soul ;  
 And Life, a labour, void and brief ;  
 And Death, the despot of the whole !

ELLIS.

---

A WORD TO THE "ELECT."

You may rejoice to think *yourselves* secure ;  
 You may be grateful for the gift divine—  
 That grace unsought, which made your black hearts  
     pure,  
 And fits your earth-born souls in Heaven to shine.

But, is it sweet to look around, and view  
Thousands excluded from that happiness  
Which they deserved, at least, as much as you,—  
Their faults not greater, nor their virtues less?

And, wherefore should you love your God the more  
Because to you alone his smiles are given ;  
Because he chose to pass the *many* o'er,  
And only bring the favoured *few* to Heaven ?

And, wherefore should your hearts more grateful  
    prove,  
Because for ALL the Saviour did not die ?  
Is yours the God of justice and of love ?  
And are your bosoms warm with charity ?

Say, does your heart expand to all mankind ?  
And, would you ever to your neighbour do—  
The weak, the strong, the enlightened, and the  
    blind—  
As you would have your neighbour do to you ?

And, when you, looking on your fellow-men,  
Behold them doomed to endless misery,  
How can you talk of joy and rapture then?—  
May God withhold such cruel joy from me !

That none deserve eternal bliss I know ;  
Unmerited the grace in mercy given :

But, none shall sink to everlasting woe,  
That have not well deserved the wrath of Heaven.

And, oh! there lives within my heart  
A hope, long nursed by me ;  
(And, should its cheering ray depart,  
How dark my soul would be !)

That as in Adam all have died,  
In Christ shall all men live ;  
And ever round his throne abide,  
Eternal praise to give.

That even the wicked shall at last  
Be fitted for the skies ;  
And, when their dreadful doom is past,  
To life and light arise.

I ask not, how remote the day,  
Nor what the sinners' woe,  
Before their dross is purged away ;  
Enough for me, to know

That when the cup of wrath is drained,  
The metal purified,  
They'll cling to what they once disdained,  
And live by Him that died.

ACTON.

## THE TEACHER'S MONOLOGUE.

THE room is quiet, thoughts alone  
 People its mute tranquillity ;  
 The yoke put off, the long task done,—  
 I am, as it is bliss to be,  
 Still and untroubled. Now, I see,  
 For the first time, how soft the day  
 O'er waveless water, stirless tree,  
 Silent and sunny, wings its way.  
 Now, as I watch that distant hill,  
 So faint, so blue, so far removed,  
 Sweet dreams of home my heart may fill,  
 That home where I am known and loved :  
 It lies beyond ; yon azure brow  
 Parts me from all Earth holds for me ;  
 And, morn and eve, my yearnings flow  
 Thitherward tending, changelessly.  
 My happiest hours, aye ! all the time,  
 I love to keep in memory,  
 Lapsed among moors, ere life's first prime  
 Decayed to dark anxiety.

Sometimes, I think a narrow heart  
 Makes me thus mourn those far away,  
 And keeps my love so far apart  
 From friends and friendships of to-day ;

Sometimes, I think 'tis but a dream  
I treasure up so jealously,  
All the sweet thoughts I live on seem  
To vanish into vacancy ;  
And then, this strange, coarse world around  
Seems all that's palpable and true ;  
And every sight, and every sound,  
Combines my spirit to subdue  
To aching grief, so void and lone  
Is Life and Earth—so worse than vain,  
The hopes that, in my own heart sown,  
And cherished by such sun and rain  
As Joy and transient Sorrow shed,  
Have ripened to a harvest there :  
Alas ! methinks I hear it said,  
“Thy golden sheaves are empty air.”

All fades away ; my very home  
I think will soon be desolate ;  
I hear, at times, a warning come  
Of bitter partings at its gate ;  
And, if I should return and see  
The hearth-fire quenched, the vacant chair ;  
And hear it whispered mournfully,  
That farewells have been spoken there,  
What shall I do, and whither turn ?  
Where look for peace ? When cease to mourn ?

'Tis not the air I wished to play,  
The strain I wished to sing ;  
My wilful spirit slipped away  
And struck another string.  
I neither wanted smile nor tear,  
Bright joy nor bitter woe,  
But just a song that sweet and clear,  
Though haply sad, might flow.

A quiet song, to solace me  
When sleep refused to come ;  
A strain to chase despondency,  
When sorrowful for home.  
In vain I try ; I cannot sing ;  
All feels so cold and dead ;  
No wild distress, no gushing spring  
Of tears in anguish shed ;

But all the impatient gloom of one  
Who waits a distant day,  
When, some great task of suffering done,  
Repose shall toil repay.  
For youth departs, and pleasure flies,  
And life consumes away,  
And youth's rejoicing ardour dies  
Beneath this drear delay ;

And Patience, weary with her yoke,  
Is yielding to despair,  
And Health's elastic spring is broke  
Beneath the strain of care.

Life will be gone ere I have lived ;  
 Where now is Life's first prime ?  
 I've worked and studied, longed and grieved,  
 Through all that rosy time.

To toil, to think, to long, to grieve,—  
 Is such my future fate ?  
 The morn was dreary, must the eve  
 Be also desolate ?  
 Well, such a life at least makes Death  
 A welcome, wished-for friend ;  
 Then, aid me, Reason, Patience, Faith,  
 To suffer to the end !

CURRER.

SYMPATHY.

THERE should be no despair for you  
 While nightly stars are burning ;  
 While evening pours its silent dew  
 And sunshine gilds the morning.  
 There should be no despair—though tears  
 May flow down like a river :  
 Are not the best beloved of years  
 Around your heart for ever ?



They weep, you weep, it must be so ;  
 Winds sigh as you are sighing,  
 And winter sheds his grief in snow  
 Where Autumn's leaves are lying :  
 Yet, these revive, and from their fate  
 Your fate cannot be parted :  
 Then, journey on, if not elate,  
 Still, *never* broken-hearted !

ELLIS.

---

PAST DAYS.

'Tis strange to think, there *was* a time  
 When mirth was not an empty name,  
 When laughter really cheered the heart,  
 And frequent smiles unbidden came,  
 And tears of grief would only flow  
 In sympathy for others' woe ;

When speech expressed the inward thought,  
 And heart to kindred heart was bare,  
 And Summer days were far too short  
 For all the pleasures crowded there,  
 And silence, solitude, and rest,  
 Now welcome to the weary breast—

Were all unprized, uncourted then—  
 And all the joy one spirit showed,  
 The other deeply felt again ;  
 And friendship like a river flowed,  
 Constant and strong its silent course,  
 For nought withstood its gentle force :

When night, the holy time of peace,  
 Was dreaded as the parting hour ;  
 When speech and mirth at once must cease,  
 And Silence must resume her power ;  
 Though ever free from pains and woes,  
 She only brought us calm repose.

And when the blessed dawn again  
 Brought daylight to the blushing skies,  
 We woke, and not *reluctant* then,  
 To joyless *labour* did we rise ;  
 But full of hope, and glad and gay,  
 We welcomed the returning day.

ACRON.

---

PASSION.

SOME have won a wild delight,  
 By daring wilder sorrow ;  
 Could I gain thy love to-night,  
 I'd hazard death to-morrow.

Could the battle-struggle earn  
One kind glance from thine eye,  
How this withering heart would burn,  
The heady fight to try !

Welcome nights of broken sleep,  
And days of carnage cold,  
Could I deem that thou wouldst weep  
To hear my perils told.

Tell me, if with wandering bands  
I roam full far away,  
Wilt thou, to those distant lands,  
In spirit ever stray ?

Wild, long, a trumpet sounds afar ;  
Bid me—bid me go  
Where Seik and Briton meet in war,  
On Indian Sutlej's flow.

Blood has dyed the Sutlej's waves  
With scarlet stain, I know ;  
Indus' borders yawn with graves,  
Yet, command me go !

Though rank and high the holocaust  
Of nations, steams to heaven,  
Glad I'd join the death-doomed host,  
Were but the mandate given.

Passion's strength should nerve my arm,  
Its ardour stir my life,  
Till human force to that dread charm  
Should yield and sink in wild alarm,  
Like trees to tempest-strife.

If, hot from war, I seek thy love,  
Darest thou turn aside ?  
Darest thou, then, my fire reprove,  
By scorn, and maddening pride ?

No—my will shall yet control  
Thy will, so high and free,  
And love shall tame that haughty soul—  
Yes—tenderest love for me.

I'll read my triumph in thine eyes,  
Behold, and prove the change ;  
Then leave, perchance, my noble prize,  
Once more in arms to range.

I'd die when all the foam is up,  
The bright wine sparkling high ;  
Nor wait till in the exhausted cup  
Life's dull dregs only lie.

Then Love thus crowned with sweet reward,  
Hope blest with fulness large,  
I'd mount the saddle, draw the sword,  
And perish in the charge !

## PREFERENCE.

Not in scorn do I reprove thee,  
 Not in pride thy vows I waive,  
 But, believe, I could not love thee,  
 Wert thou prince, and I a slave.  
 These, then, are thine oaths of passion?  
 This, thy tenderness for me?  
 Judged, even, by thine own confession,  
 Thou art steeped in perfidy.  
 Having vanquished, thou wouldst leave me,  
 Thus I read thee long ago;  
 Therefore, dared I not deceive thee,  
 Even with friendship's gentle show.  
 Therefore, with impassive coldness  
 Have I ever met thy gaze;  
 Though, full oft, with daring boldness,  
 Thou thine eyes to mine didst raise.  
 Why that smile? Thou now art deeming  
 This my coldness all untrue,—  
 But a mask of frozen seeming,  
 Hiding secret fires from view.  
 Touch my hand, thou self-deceiver;  
 Nay—be calm, for I am so:  
 Does it burn? Does my lip quiver?

Has mine eye a troubled glow ?  
Canst thou call a moment's colour  
To my forehead—to my cheek ?  
Canst thou tinge their tranquil pallor  
With one flattering, feverish streak ?  
Am I marble ? What ! no woman  
Could so calm before thee stand ?  
Nothing living, sentient, human,  
Could so coldly take thy hand ?  
Yes—a sister might, a mother :  
My good-will is sisterly :  
Dream not, then, I strive to smother  
Fires that inly burn for thee.  
Rave not, rage not, wrath is fruitless,  
Fury cannot change my mind ;  
I but deem the feeling rootless  
Which so whirls in passion's wind.  
Can I love ? Oh, deeply—truly—  
Warmly—fondly—but not thee ;  
And my love is answered duly,  
With an equal energy.  
Wouldst thou see thy rival ? Hasten,  
Draw that curtain soft aside,  
Look where yon thick branches chasten  
Noon, with shades of eventide.  
In that glade, where foliage blending  
Forms a green arch overhead,  
Sits thy rival thoughtful bending  
O'er a stand with papers spread—  
Motionless, his fingers plying

That untired, unresting pen ;  
Time and tide unnoticed flying,  
There he sits—the first of men !  
Man of conscience—man of reason ;  
Stern, perchance, but ever just ;  
Foe to falsehood, wrong, and treason,  
Honour's shield, and virtue's trust !  
Worker, thinker, firm defender  
Of Heaven's truth—man's liberty ;  
Soul of iron—proof to slander,  
Rock where founders tyranny.  
Fame he seeks not—but full surely  
She will seek him, in his home ;  
This I know, and wait securely  
For the atoning hour to come.  
To that man my faith is given,  
Therefore, soldier, cease to sue ;  
While God reigns in earth and heaven,  
I to him will still be true !

CURRER.

## PLEAD FOR ME.

OH, thy bright eyes must answer now,  
 When Reason, with a scornful brow,  
 Is mocking at my overthrow !  
 Oh, thy sweet tongue must plead for me  
 And tell, why I have chosen thee !

Stern Reason is to judgment come,  
 Arrayed in all her forms of gloom :  
 Wilt thou, my advocate, be dumb ?  
 No, radiant angel, speak and say,  
 Why I did cast the world away.

Why I have persevered to shun  
 The common paths that others run,  
 And on a strange road journeyed on,  
 Heedless, alike, of wealth and power—  
 Of glory's wreath and pleasure's flower.

These, once, indeed, seemed Beings Divine :  
 And they, perchance, heard vows of mine,  
 And saw my offerings on their shrine ;  
 But, careless gifts are seldom prized,  
 And *mine* were worthily despised.



So, with a ready heart I swore  
To seek their altar-stone no more ;  
And gave my spirit to adore  
Thee, ever-present, phantom thing ;  
My slave, my comrade, and my king.

A slave, because I rule thee still ;  
Incline thee to my changeful will,  
And make thy influence good or ill :  
A comrade, for by day and night  
Thou art my intimate delight,—

My darling pain that wounds and sears  
And wrings a blessing out from tears  
By deadening me to earthly cares ;  
And yet, a king, though Prudence well  
Have taught thy subject to rebel.

And am I wrong to worship, where  
Faith cannot doubt, nor hope despair,  
Since my own soul can grant my prayer ?  
Speak, God of visions, plead for me,  
And tell why I have chosen thee !

ELLIS.

## THE CONSOLATION.

THOUGH bleak these woods, and damp the ground  
 With fallen leaves so thickly strown,  
 And cold the wind that wanders round  
 With wild and melancholy moan ;

There *is* a friendly roof, I know,  
 Might shield me from the wintry blast ;  
 There is a fire, whose ruddy glow  
 Will cheer me for my wanderings past.

And so, though still, where'er I go,  
 Cold stranger-glances meet my eye ;  
 Though, when my spirit sinks in woe,  
 Unheeded swells the unbidden sigh ;

Though solitude, endured too long,  
 Bids youthful joys too soon decay,  
 Makes mirth a stranger to my tongue,  
 And overclouds my noon of day ;

When kindly thoughts, that would have way,  
 Flow back discouraged to my breast ;—  
 I know there *is*, though far away,  
 A home where heart and soul may rest.

Warm hands are there, that, clasped in mine,  
 The warmer heart will not belie ;  
 While mirth, and truth, and friendship shine  
 In smiling lip and earnest eye.

The ice that gathers round my heart  
 May there be thawed ; and sweetly, then,  
 The joys of youth, that now depart,  
 Will come to cheer my soul again.

Though far I roam, that thought shall be  
 My hope, my comfort, everywhere ;  
 While such a home remains to me,  
 My heart shall never know despair !

ACTON.

---

EVENING SOLACE.

THE human heart has hidden treasures,  
 In secret kept, in silence sealed ;—  
 The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the  
     pleasures,  
 Whose charms were broken if revealed.  
 And days may pass in gay confusion,  
 And nights in rosy riot fly,  
 While, lost in Fame's or Wealth's illusion,  
 The memory of the Past may die.

But, there are hours of lonely musing,  
Such as in evening silence come,  
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,  
The heart's best feelings gather home.  
Then in our souls there seems to languish  
A tender grief that is not woe ;  
And thoughts that once wrung groans of  
    anguish,  
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,  
Float softly back—a faded dream ;  
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,  
The tale of others' sufferings seem.  
Oh ! when the heart is freshly bleeding,  
How longs it for that time to be,  
When, through the mist of years receding,  
Its woes but live in reverie !

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,  
On evening shade and loneliness ;  
And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer,  
Feel no untold and strange distress—  
Only a deeper impulse given  
By lonely hour and darkened room,  
To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,  
Seeking a life and world to come.

CURRER.

## SELF-INTERROGATION.

“THE evening passes fast away,  
 ’Tis almost time to rest ;  
 What thoughts has left the vanished day,  
 What feelings, in thy breast ?

“The vanished day ? It leaves a sense  
 Of labour hardly done ;  
 Of little, gained with vast expense,—  
 A sense of grief alone !

“Time stands before the door of Death,  
 Upbraiding bitterly ;  
 And Conscience, with exhaustless breath,  
 Pours black reproach on me :

“And though I’ve said that Conscience lies,  
 And Time should Fate condemn ;  
 Still, sad Repentance clouds my eyes,  
 And makes me yield to them !

“Then art thou glad to seek repose ?  
 Art glad to leave the sea,  
 And anchor all thy weary woes  
 In calm Eternity ?

“Nothing regrets to see thee go—  
Not one voice sobs ‘farewell,’  
And where thy heart has suffered so,  
Canst thou desire to dwell?”

“Alas! The countless links are strong  
That bind us to our clay;  
The loving spirit lingers long,  
And would not pass away!

“And rest is sweet, when laurelled fame  
Will crown the soldier’s crest;  
But, a brave heart, with a tarnished name,  
Would rather fight than rest.”

“Well, thou hast fought for many a year,  
Hast fought thy whole life through,  
Hast humbled Falsehood, trampled Fear;  
What is there left to do?”

“’Tis true, this arm has hotly striven,  
Has dared what few would dare;  
Much have I done, and freely given,  
But little learnt to bear!”

“Look on the grave, where thou must sleep,  
Thy last, and strongest foe;  
It is endurance not to weep,  
If that repose seem woe.

“The long war closing in defeat,  
Defeat serenely borne,  
Thy midnight rest may still be sweet,  
And break in glorious morn !”

ELLIS.

---

LINES COMPOSED IN A WOOD ON A  
WINDY DAY.

My soul is awakened, my spirit is soaring  
And carried aloft on the wings of the breeze ;  
For above and around me the wild wind is roaring,  
Arousing to rapture the earth and the seas.

The long withered grass in the sunshine is glancing,  
The bare trees are tossing their branches on high ;  
The dead leaves, beneath them, are merrily dancing,  
The white clouds are scudding across the blue sky.

I wish I could see how the ocean is lashing  
The foam of its billows to whirlwinds of spray ;  
I wish I could see how its proud waves are dashing,  
And hear the wild roar of their thunder to-day !

ACTON.

## STANZAS.

IF thou be in a lonely place,  
     If one hour's calm be thine,  
 As Evening bends her placid face  
     O'er this sweet day's decline ;  
 If all the earth and all the heaven  
     Now look serene to thee,  
 As o'er them shuts the summer even,  
     One moment—think of me !

Pause, in the lane, returning home ;  
     'Tis dusk, it will be still :  
 Pause near the elm, a sacred gloom  
     Its breezeless boughs will fill.  
 Look at that soft and golden light,  
     High in the unclouded sky ;  
 Watch the last bird's belated flight,  
     As it flits silent by.

Hark ! for a sound upon the wind,  
     A step, a voice, a sigh ;  
 If all be still, then yield thy mind,  
     Unchecked, to memory.  
 If thy love were like mine, how blest  
     That twilight hour would seem,  
 When, back from the regretted Past,  
     Returned our early dream !



If thy love were like mine, how wild  
Thy longings, even to pain,  
For sunset soft, and moonlight mild,  
To bring that hour again !  
But oft, when in thine arms I lay,  
I've seen thy dark eyes shine,  
And deeply felt, their changeful ray  
Spoke other love than mine.

My love is almost anguish now,  
It beats so strong and true ;  
'Twere rapture, could I deem that thou  
Such anguish ever knew.  
I have been but thy transient flower,  
Thou wert my god divine ;  
Till, checked by death's congealing power,  
This heart must throb for thine.

And well my dying hour were blest,  
If life's expiring breath  
Should pass, as thy lips gently prest  
My forehead, cold in death ;  
And sound my sleep would be, and sweet,  
Beneath the churchyard tree,  
If sometimes in thy heart should beat  
One pulse, still true to me.

CURRER.

## DEATH.

DEATH! that struck when I was most confiding  
 In my certain faith of joy to be—  
 Strike again, Time's withered branch dividing  
 From the fresh root of Eternity !

Leaves, upon Time's branch, were growing brightly,  
 Full of sap, and full of silver dew ;  
 Birds beneath its shelter gathered nightly ;  
 Daily round its flowers the wild bees flew.

Sorrow passed, and plucked the golden blossom ;  
 Guilt stripped off the foliage in its pride ;  
 But, within its parent's kindly bosom,  
 Flowed for ever Life's restoring tide.

Little mourned I for the parted gladness,  
 For the vacant nest and silent song—  
 Hope was there, and laughed me out of sadness ;  
 Whispering, " Winter will not linger long !"

And, behold ! with tenfold increase blessing,  
 Spring adorned the beauty-burdened spray ;  
 Wind and rain and fervent heat, caressing,  
 Lavished glory on that second May !

High it rose—no winged grief could sweep it ;  
 Sin was scared to distance with its shine ;

Love, and its own life, had power to keep it  
From all wrong—from every blight but thine !

Cruel Death! The young leaves droop and languish ;  
Evening's gentle air may still restore—  
No! the morning sunshine mocks my anguish—  
Time, for me, must never blossom more !

Strike it down, that other boughs may flourish  
Where that perished sapling used to be ;  
Thus, at least, its mouldering corpse will nourish  
That from which it sprung—Eternity.

ELLIS.

---

VIEWS OF LIFE.

WHEN sinks my heart in hopeless gloom,  
And life can show no joy for me :  
And I behold a yawning tomb,  
Where bowers and palaces should be ;

In vain you talk of morbid dreams ;  
In vain you gaily smiling say,  
That what to me so dreary seems,  
The healthy mind deems bright and gay.

I too have smiled, and thought like you,  
But madly smiled, and falsely deemed :  
*Truth* led me to the present view,  
I'm waking now—'twas *then* I dreamed.

I lately saw a sunset sky,  
And stood enraptured to behold  
Its varied hues of glorious dye :  
First, fleecy clouds of shining gold ;

These blushing took a rosy hue ;  
Beneath them shone a flood of green ;  
Nor less divine, the glorious blue  
That smiled above them and between.

I cannot name each lovely shade ;  
I cannot say how bright they shone ;  
But one by one, I saw them fade ;  
And what remained when they were gone ?

Dull clouds remained, of sombre hue,  
And when their borrowed charm was o'er,  
The azure sky had faded too,  
That smiled so softly bright before.

So, gilded by the glow of youth,  
Our varied life looks fair and gay ;  
And so remains the naked truth,  
When that false light is passed away.

Why blame ye, then, my keener sight,  
That clearly sees a world of woes,  
Through all the haze of golden light,  
That flattering Falsehood round it throws ?

When the young mother smiles above  
The first-born darling of her heart,  
Her bosom glows with earnest love,  
While tears of silent transport start.

Fond dreamer ! little does she know  
The anxious toil, the suffering,  
The blasted hopes, the burning woe,  
The object of her joy will bring.

Her blinded eyes behold not now  
What, soon or late, must be his doom ;  
The anguish that will cloud his brow,  
The bed of death, the dreary tomb.

As little know the youthful pair,  
In mutual love supremely blest,  
What weariness, and cold despair,  
Ere long, will seize the aching breast.

And, even, should Love and Faith remain,  
(The greatest blessings life can show,)  
(Amid adversity and pain,  
To shine, throughout with cheering glow ;

They do not see how cruel Death  
 Comes on, their loving hearts to part :  
 One feels not now the gasping breath,  
 The rending of the earth-bound heart,—

The soul's and body's agony,  
 Ere she may sink to her repose.  
 The sad survivor cannot see  
 The grave above his darling close ;

Nor how, despairing and alone,  
 He then must wear his life away ;  
 And linger, feebly toiling on,  
 And fainting, sink into decay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, Youth may listen patiently,  
 While sad Experience tells her tale ;  
 But Doubt sits smiling in his eye,  
 For ardent Hope will still prevail !

He hears how feeble Pleasure dies,  
 By guilt destroyed, and pain and woe ;  
 He turns to Hope—and she replies,  
 “ Believe it not—it is not so !”

“ Oh, heed her not !” Experience says,  
 “ For thus she whispered once to me ;

She told me, in my youthful days,  
How glorious manhood's prime would be.

When, in the time of early Spring,  
Too chill the winds that o'er me pass'd,  
She said, each coming day would bring  
A fairer heaven, a gentler blast.

And when the sun too seldom beamed,  
The sky, o'ercast, too darkly frowned,  
The soaking rain too constant streamed,  
And mists too dreary gathered round ;

She told me, Summer's glorious ray  
Would chase those vapours all away,  
And scatter glories round ;  
With sweetest music fill the trees,  
Load with rich scent the gentle breeze,  
And strew with flowers the ground.

But when, beneath that scorching ray,  
I languished, weary, through the day,  
While birds refused to sing,  
Verdure decayed from field and tree,  
And panting Nature mourned with me  
The freshness of the Spring.

'Wait but a little while,' she said,  
'Till Summer's burning days are fled ;  
And Autumn shall restore,

With golden riches of her own,  
And Summer's glories mellowed down,  
The freshness you deplore."

And long I waited, but in vain :  
That freshness never came again,  
Though Summer passed away,  
Though Autumn's mists hung cold and chill,  
And drooping nature languished still,  
And sank into decay.

Till wintry blasts foreboding blew  
Through leafless trees—and then I knew  
That Hope was all a dream.  
But thus, fond youth, she cheated me ;  
And she will prove as false to thee,  
Though sweet her words may seem."

Stern prophet ! Cease thy bodings dire—  
Thou canst not quench the ardent fire  
That warms the breast of youth.  
Oh, let it cheer him while it may,  
And gently, gently die away—  
Chilled by the damps of truth !

Tell him, that earth is not our rest ;  
Its joys are empty—frail at best ;  
And point beyond the sky.



But gleams of light may reach us here ;  
And hope the *roughest* path can cheer :  
Then do not bid it fly !

Though hope may promise joys, that still  
Unkindly time will ne'er fulfil ;  
Or, if they come at all,  
We never find them unalloyed,—  
Hurtful perchance, or soon destroyed,  
They vanish or they pall ;

Yet hope *itself* a brightness throws  
O'er all our labours and our woes ;  
While dark foreboding Care  
A thousand ills will oft portend,  
That Providence may ne'er intend  
The trembling heart to bear.

Or if they come, it oft appears,  
Our woes are lighter than our fears,  
And far more bravely borne.  
Then let us not enhance our doom ;  
But e'en in midnight's blackest gloom  
Expect the rising morn.

Because the road is rough and long,  
Shall we despise the skylark's song,  
That cheers the wanderer's way ?

Or trample down, with reckless feet,  
The smiling flowerets, bright and sweet,  
Because they soon decay ?

Pass pleasant scenes unnoticed by,  
Because the next is bleak and drear ;  
Or not enjoy a smiling sky,  
Because a tempest may be near ?

No ! while we journey on our way,  
We'll smile on every lovely thing ;  
And ever, as they pass away,  
To memory and hope we'll cling.

And though that awful river flows  
Before us, when the journey's past,  
Perchance of all the pilgrim's woes  
Most dreadful—shrink not—'tis the last !

Though icy cold, and dark, and deep ;  
Beyond it smiles that blessed shore,  
Where none shall suffer, none shall weep,  
And bliss shall reign for evermore !

ACTON.

## PARTING.

THERE'S no use in weeping,  
Though we are condemned to part :  
There's such a thing as keeping  
A remembrance in one's heart :

There's such a thing as dwelling  
On the thought ourselves have nurs'd,  
And with scorn and courage telling  
The world to do its worst.

We'll not let its follies grieve us,  
We'll just take them as they come ;  
And then every day will leave us  
A merry laugh for home.

When we've left each friend and brother,  
When we're parted wide and far,  
We will think of one another,  
As even better than we are.

Every glorious sight above us,  
Every pleasant sight beneath,  
We'll connect with those that love us,  
Whom we truly love till death !

In the evening, when we're sitting  
By the fire perchance alone,  
Then shall heart with warm heart meeting,  
Give responsive tone for tone.

We can burst the bonds which chain us,  
Which cold human hands have wrought,  
And where none shall dare restrain us  
We can meet again, in thought.

So there's no use in weeping,  
Bear a cheerful spirit still ;  
Never doubt that Fate is keeping  
Future good for present ill !

CURRER.

---

STANZAS TO ———.

WELL, some may hate, and some may scorn,  
And some may quite forget thy name  
But my sad heart must ever mourn  
Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame  
'Twas thus I thought, an hour ago,  
Even weeping o'er that wretch's woe ;

One word turned back my gushing tears,  
And lit my altered eye with sneers.  
Then "Bless the friendly dust," I said,  
"That hides thy unlamented head!  
Vain as thou wert, and weak as vain,  
The slave of Falsehood, Pride, and Pain,—  
My heart has nought akin to thine;  
Thy soul is powerless over mine."

But these were thoughts that vanished too;  
Unwise, unholy, and untrue:  
Do I despise the timid déer,  
Because his limbs are fleet with fear?  
Or, would I mock the wolf's death-howl,  
Because his form is gaunt and foul?  
Or, hear with joy the leveret's cry,  
Because it cannot bravely die?  
No! Then above his memory  
Let Pity's heart as tender be;  
Say, "Earth, lie lightly on that breast,  
And, kind Heaven, grant that spirit rest!"

ELLIS.

## APPEAL.

OH, I am very weary,  
 Though tears no longer flow ;  
 My eyes are tired of weeping,  
 My heart is sick of woe ;

My life is very lonely,  
 My days pass heavily,  
 I'm weary of repining,  
 Wilt thou not come to me ?

Oh, didst thou know my longings  
 For thee, from day to day,  
 My hopes, so often blighted,  
 Thou wouldst not thus delay !

ACTON.

---

 HONOUR'S MARTYR.

THE moon is full this winter night ;  
 The stars are clear though few ;  
 And every window glistens bright,  
 With leaves of frozen dew.

The sweet moon through your lattice gleams  
And lights your room like day ;  
And there you pass, in happy dreams,  
The peaceful hours away !

While I, with effort hardly quelling  
The anguish in my breast,  
Wander about the silent dwelling,  
And cannot think of rest.

The old clock in the gloomy hall  
Ticks on, from hour to hour ;  
And every time its measured call  
Seems lingering slow and slower :

And, oh, how slow that keen-eyed star  
Has tracked the chilly grey !  
What, watching yet ! how very far  
The morning lies away !

Without your chamber door I stand ;  
Love, are you slumbering still ?  
My cold heart, underneath my hand,  
Has almost ceased to thrill.

Bleak, bleak the east wind sobs and sighs,  
And drowns the turret bell,  
Whose sad note, undistinguished, dies  
Unheard, like my farewell !

To-morrow, Scorn will blight my name,  
And Hate will trample me,  
Will load me with a coward's shame—  
A traitor's perjury.

False friends will launch their covert sneers ;  
True friends will wish me dead ;  
And I shall cause the bitterest tears  
That you have ever shed.

The dark deeds of my outlawed race  
Will then like virtues shine ;  
And men will pardon their disgrace,  
Beside the guilt of mine.

For, who forgives the accursed crime  
Of dastard treachery ?  
Rebellion, in its chosen time,  
May Freedom's champion be ;

Revenge may stain a righteous sword,  
It may be just to slay ;  
But, traitor, traitor,—from *that* word  
All true breasts shrink away !

Oh, I would give my heart to death,  
To keep my honour fair ;  
Yet, I'll not give my inward faith  
My honour's *name* to spare !



Not even to keep your priceless love,  
Dare I, Beloved, deceive ;  
This treason should the future prove,  
Then, only then, believe !

I know the path I ought to go ;  
I follow fearlessly,  
Inquiring not what deeper woe  
Stern duty stores for me.

So foes pursue, and cold allies  
Mistrust me, every one :  
Let me be false in others' eyes,  
If faithful in my own.

ELLIS.

---

THE STUDENT'S SERENADE.

I HAVE slept upon my couch,  
But my spirit did not rest,  
For the labours of the day  
Yet my weary soul oppress ;

And, before my dreaming eyes  
Still the learned volumes lay,  
And I could not close their leaves,  
And I could not turn away.

But I oped my eyes at last,  
And I heard a muffled sound ;  
'Twas the night-breeze, come to say  
That the snow was on the ground.

Then I knew that there was rest  
On the mountain's bosom free ;  
So I left my fevered couch,  
And I flew to waken thee !

I have flown to waken thee—  
For, if thou wilt not arise,  
Then my soul can drink no peace  
From these holy moonlight skies.

And, this waste of virgin snow  
To my sight will not be fair,  
Unless thou wilt smiling come,  
Love, to wander with me there.

Then, awake ! Maria, wake !  
For, if thou couldst only know  
How the quiet moonlight sleeps  
On this wilderness of snow,

And the groves of ancient trees,  
 In their snowy garb arrayed,  
 Till they stretch into the gloom  
 Of the distant valley's shade ;

I know thou wouldst rejoice  
 To inhale this bracing air ;  
 Thou wouldst break thy sweetest sleep  
 To behold a scene so fair.

O'er these wintry wilds, *alone*,  
 Thou wouldst joy to wander free ;  
 And it will not please thee less,  
 Though that bliss be shared with me.

ACTON.

---

APOSTASY.

THIS last denial of my faith,  
 Thou, solemn Priest, hast heard ;  
 And, though upon my bed of death,  
 I call not back a word.  
 Point not to thy Madonna, Priest,—  
 Thy sightless saint of stone ;  
 She cannot, from this burning breast,  
 Wring one repentant moan.

Thou say'st, that when a sinless child,  
I duly bent the knee,  
And prayed to what in marble smiled  
Cold, lifeless, mute, on me.  
I did. But listen! Children spring  
Full soon to riper youth ;  
And, for Love's vow and Wedlock's ring,  
I sold my early truth.

'Twas not a grey, bare head, like thine,  
Bent o'er me, when I said,  
"That land and God and Faith are mine,  
For which thy fathers bled."  
I see thee not, my eyes are dim ;  
But, well I hear thee say,  
"O daughter, cease to think of him  
Who led thy soul astray.

Between you lies both space and time ;  
Let leagues and years prevail  
To turn thee from the path of crime,  
Back to the Church's pale."  
And, did I need that thou shouldst tell  
What mighty barriers rise  
To part me from that dungeon-cell,  
Where my loved Walter lies ?

And, did I need that thou shouldst taunt  
My dying hour at last,  
By bidding this worn spirit pant  
No more for what is past ?

Priest—*must* I cease to think of him ?  
How hollow rings that word !  
Can time, can tears, can distance dim  
The memory of my lord ?

I said before, I saw not thee,  
Because, an hour ago,  
Over my eye-balls, heavily,  
The lids fell down like stone.  
But still my spirit's inward sight  
Beholds his image beam  
As fixed, as clear, as burning bright,  
As some red planet's gleam.

Talk not of thy Last Sacrament,  
Tell not thy beads for me ;  
Both rite and prayer are vainly spent,  
As dews upon the sea.  
Speak not one word of Heaven above,  
Rave not of Hell's alarms ;  
Give me but back my Walter's love,  
Restore me to his arms !

Then will the bliss of Heaven be won ;  
Then will Hell shrink away,  
As I have seen night's terrors shun  
The conquering steps of day.  
'Tis my religion thus to love,  
My creed thus fixed to be ;  
Not Death shall shake, nor Priestcraft break  
My rock-like constancy !

Now go ; for at the door there waits  
 Another stranger guest :  
 He calls—I come—my pulse scarce beats,  
 My heart fails in my breast.  
 Again that voice—how far away,  
 How dreary sounds that tone !  
 And I, methinks, am gone astray  
 In trackless wastes and lone.

I fain would rest a little while :  
 Where can I find a stay,  
 Till dawn upon the hills shall smile,  
 And show some trodden way ?  
 “ I come ! I come ! ” in haste she said,  
 “ ’Twas Walter’s voice I heard ! ”  
 Then up she sprang—but fell back, dead,  
 His name her latest word.

CURRER.

STANZAS.

I’LL not weep that thou art going to leave me,  
 There’s nothing lovely here ;  
 And doubly will the dark world grieve me,  
 While thy heart suffers there.

I’ll not weep because the summer’s glory  
 Must always end in gloom ;

And, follow out the happiest story—  
It closes with the tomb !

And I am weary of the anguish  
Increasing winters bear ;  
Weary to watch the spirit languish  
Through years of dead despair.

So, if a tear, when thou art dying,  
Should haply fall from me,  
It is but that my soul is sighing,  
To go and rest with thee.

ELLIS.

---

THE CAPTIVE DOVE.

Poor restless dove, I pity thee ;  
And when I hear thy plaintive moan,  
I mourn for thy captivity,  
And in thy woes forget mine own.

To see thee stand prepared to fly,  
And flap those useless wings of thine,  
And gaze into the distant sky,  
Would melt a harder heart than mine.

In vain—in vain ! Thou canst not rise :  
Thy prison roof confines thee there ;  
Its slender wires delude thine eyes,  
And quench thy longings with despair.

Oh, thou wert made to wander free  
In sunny mead and shady grove,  
And, far beyond the rolling sea,  
In distant climes, at will to rove !

Yet, hadst thou but one gentle mate  
Thy little drooping heart to cheer,  
And share with thee thy captive state,  
Thou couldst be happy even there.

Yes, even there, if, listening by,  
One faithful dear companion stood,  
While gazing on her full black eye,  
Thou mightst forget thy native wood.

But thou, poor solitary dove,  
Must make, unheard, thy joyless moan ;  
The heart, that Nature formed to love,  
Must pine, neglected and alone.

ACTON.

---

WINTER STORES.

WE take from life one little share,  
And say that this shall be  
A space redeemed from toil and care,  
From tears and sadness free.



And, haply, Death unstrings his bow  
And Sorrow stands apart,  
And, for a little while, we know  
The sunshine of the heart.

Existence seems a summer eve,  
Warm, soft, and full of peace ;  
Our free, unfettered feelings give  
The soul its full release.

A moment, then, it takes the power,  
To call up thoughts that throw  
Around that charmed and hallowed hour,  
This life's divinest glow.

But Time, though viewlessly it flies,  
And slowly, will not stay ;  
Alike, through clear and clouded skies,  
It cleaves its silent way.

Alike the bitter cup of grief,  
Alike the draught of bliss,  
Its progress leaves but moment brief  
For baffled lips to kiss.

The sparkling draught is dried away,  
The hour of rest is gone,  
And urgent voices, round us, say,  
“ Ho, lingerer, hasten on !”

And has the soul, then, only gained,  
From this brief time of ease,  
A moment's rest, when overstrained,  
One hurried glimpse of peace ?

No ; while the sun shone kindly o'er us,  
And flowers bloomed round our feet,—  
While many a bud of joy before us  
Unclosed its petals sweet,—

An unseen work within was plying ;  
Like honey-seeking bee,  
From flower to flower, unwearied, flying,  
Laboured one faculty,—

Thoughtful for Winter's future sorrow,  
Its gloom and scarcity ;  
Prescient to-day, of want to-morrow,  
Toiled quiet Memory.

'Tis she that from each transient pleasure  
Extracts a lasting good ;  
'Tis she that finds, in summer, treasure  
To serve for winter's food.

And when Youth's summer day is vanished,  
And Age brings Winter's stress,  
Her stores, with hoarded sweets replenished,  
Life's evening hours will bless.

## MY COMFORTER.

WELL hast thou spoken, and yet, not taught  
 A feeling strange or new ;  
 Thou hast but roused a latent thought,  
 A cloud-closed beam of sunshine, brought  
 To gleam in open view.

Deep down, concealed within my soul,  
 That light lies hid from men :  
 Yet, glows unquenched—though shadows roll,  
 Its gentle ray cannot control,  
 About the sullen den.

Was I not vexed, in these gloomy ways  
 To walk alone so long ?  
 Around me, wretches uttering praise,  
 Or howling o'er their hopeless days,  
 And each with Frenzy's tongue ;—

A brotherhood of misery,  
 Their smiles as sad as sighs ;  
 Whose madness daily maddened me,  
 Distorting into agony  
 The bliss before my eyes !

So stood I, in Heaven's glorious sun,  
 And in the glare of Hell ;

My spirit drank a mingled tone,  
Of seraph's song, and demon's moan ;  
What my soul bore, my soul alone  
    Within itself may tell !

Like a soft air, above a sea,  
    Tossed by the tempest's stir ;  
A thaw-wind, melting quietly  
The snow-drift, on some wintry lea ;  
No: what sweet thing resembles thee,  
    My thoughtful Comforter ?

And yet a little longer speak,  
    Calm this resentful mood ;  
And while the savage heart grows meek,  
For other token do not seek,  
But let the tear upon my cheek  
    Evince my gratitude !

ELLIS.

---

SELF-CONGRATULATION.

ELLEN, you were thoughtless once  
    Of beauty or of grace,  
Simple and homely in attire,  
    Careless of form and face ;

Then whence this change ? and wherefore now  
So often smooth your hair ?  
And wherefore deck your youthful form  
With such unwearied care ?

Tell us—and cease to tire our ears  
With that familiar strain—  
Why will you play those simple tunes  
So often, o'er again ?  
“ Indeed, dear friends, I can but say  
That childhood's thoughts are gone ;  
Each year its own new feelings brings,  
And years move swiftly on :

“ And for these little simple airs—  
I love to play them o'er  
So much—I dare not promise, now,  
To play them never more.”  
I answered—and it was enough ;  
They turned them to depart ;  
They could not read my secret thoughts,  
Nor see my throbbing heart.

I've noticed many a youthful form,  
Upon whose changeful face  
The inmost workings of the soul  
The gazer well might trace ;  
The speaking eye, the changing lip,  
The ready blushing cheek,  
The smiling, or beclouded brow,  
Their different feelings speak.

But, thank God ! you might gaze on mine  
For hours, and never know  
The secret changes of my soul  
From joy to keenest woe.  
Last night, as we sat round the fire  
Conversing merrily,  
We heard, without, approaching steps  
Of one well known to me !

There was no trembling in my voice,  
No blush upon my cheek,  
No lustrous sparkle in my eyes,  
Of hope, or joy, to speak ;  
But, oh ! my spirit burned within,  
My heart beat full and fast !  
He came not nigh—he went away—  
And then my joy was past.

And yet my comrades marked it not :  
My voice was still the same ;  
They saw me smile ; and o'er my face  
No signs of sadness came.  
They little knew my hidden thoughts ;  
And they will *never* know  
The aching anguish of my heart,  
The bitter burning woe !

ACTON.

## THE MISSIONARY.

PLOUGH, vessel, plough the British main,  
 Seek the free ocean's wider plain ;  
 Leave English scenes and English skies.  
 Unbind, dissever English ties ;  
 Bear me to climes remote and strange,  
 Where altered life, fast-following change,  
 Hot action, never-ceasing toil,  
 Shall stir, turn, dig, the spirit's soil ;  
 Fresh roots shall plant, fresh seed shall sow,  
 Till a new garden there shall grow,  
 Cleared of the weeds that fill it now,—  
 Mere human love, mere selfish yearning,  
 Which, cherished, would arrest me yet.  
 I grasp the plough, there's no returning,  
 Let me, then, struggle to forget.

But England's shores are yet in view,  
 And England's skies of tender blue  
 Are arched above her guardian sea.  
 I cannot yet Remembrance flee ;  
 I must again, then, firmly face  
 That task of anguish, to retrace.  
 Wedded to home—I home forsake,  
 Fearful of change—I changes make ;  
 Too fond of ease—I plunge in toil ;  
 Lover of calm—I seek turmoil :

Nature and hostile Destiny  
Stir in my heart a conflict wild ;  
And long and fierce the war will be  
Ere duty both has reconciled.

What other tie yet holds me fast  
To the divorced, abandoned past ?  
Smouldering, on my heart's altar lies  
The fire of some great sacrifice,  
Not yet half quenched. The sacred steel  
But lately struck my carnal will,  
My life-long hope, first joy and last,  
What I loved well, and clung to fast ;  
What I wished wildly to retain,  
What I renounced with soul-felt pain ;  
What—when I saw it, axe-struck, perish—  
Left me no joy on earth to cherish ;  
A man bereft—yet sternly now  
I do confirm that Jephtha vow ;  
Shall I retract, or fear, or flee ?  
Did Christ, when rose the fatal tree  
Before him, on Mount Calvary ?  
'Twas a long fight, hard fought, but won,  
And what I did was justly done.

Yet, Helen ! from thy love I turned,  
When my heart most for thy heart burned ;  
I dared thy tears, I dared thy scorn—  
Easier the death-pang had been borne.



Helen! thou mightst not go with me,  
I could not—dared not stay for thee!  
I heard, afar, in bonds complain  
The savage from beyond the main;  
And that wild sound rose o'er the cry  
Wrung out by passion's agony;  
And even when, with the bitterest tear  
I ever shed, mine eyes were dim,  
Still, with the spirit's vision clear,  
I saw Hell's empire, vast and grim,  
Spread on each Indian river's shore,  
Each realm of Asia covering o'er.  
There, the weak, trampled by the strong,  
Live but to suffer—hopeless die;  
There pagan-priests, whose creed is Wrong,  
Extortion, Lust, and Cruelty,  
Crush our lost race—and brimming fill  
The bitter cup of human ill;  
And I—who have the healing creed,  
The faith benign of Mary's Son;  
Shall I behold my brother's need  
And, selfishly, to aid him shun?  
I—who upon my mother's knees,  
In childhood, read Christ's written word,  
Received his legacy of peace,  
His holy rule of action heard;  
I—in whose heart the sacred sense  
Of Jesus' love was early felt;  
Of his pure full benevolence,  
His pitying tenderness for guilt;

His shepherd-care for wandering sheep,  
For all weak, sorrowing, trembling things,  
His mercy vast, his passion deep  
Of anguish for man's sufferings ;  
I—schooled from childhood in such lore—  
Dared I draw back or hesitate,  
When called to heal the sickness sore  
Of those far off and desolate ?  
Dark, in the realm and shades of Death,  
Nations and tribes and empires lie,  
But even to them the light of Faith  
Is breaking on their sombre sky :  
And be it mine to bid them raise  
Their drooped heads to the kindling scene,  
And know and hail the sunrise blaze  
Which heralds Christ the Nazarene.  
I know how Hell the veil will spread  
Over their brows and filny eyes,  
And earthward crush the lifted head  
That would look up and seek the skies ;  
I know what war the fiend will wage  
Against that soldier of the cross,  
Who comes to dare his demon-rage,  
And work his kingdom shame and loss.  
Yes, hard and terrible the toil  
Of him who steps on foreign soil,  
Resolved to plant the gospel vine,  
Where tyrants rule and slaves repine ;  
Eager to lift Religion's light

Where thickest shades of mental night  
Screen the false god and fiendish rite ;  
Reckless that missionary blood,  
Shed in wild wilderness and wood,  
Has left, upon the unblest air,  
The man's deep moan—the martyr's prayer.  
I know my lot—I only ask  
Power to fulfil the glorious task ;  
Willing the spirit, may the flesh  
Strength for the day receive afresh.  
May burning sun or deadly wind  
Prevail not o'er an earnest mind ;  
May torments strange or direst death  
Nor trample truth, nor baffle faith.  
Though such blood-drops should fall from me  
As fell in old Gethsemane,  
Welcome the anguish, so it gave  
More strength to work—more skill to save.  
And, oh ! if brief must be my time,  
If hostile hand or fatal clime  
Cut short my course—still o'er my grave,  
Lord, may thy harvest whitening wave.  
So I the culture may begin,  
Let others thrust the sickle in ;  
If but the seed will faster grow,  
May my blood water what I sow !

What ! have I ever trembling stood,  
And feared to give to God that blood ?

What ! has the coward love of life  
Made me to shrink from the righteous strife ?  
Have human passions, human fears  
Severed me from those Pioneers,  
Whose task is to march first, and trace  
Paths for the progress of our race ?  
It has been so ; but grant me, Lord,  
Now to stand steadfast by thy word !  
Protected by salvation's helm,  
Shielded by faith—with truth begirt,  
To smile when trials seek to overwhelm,  
And stand 'mid testing fires unhurt !  
Hurling hell's strongest bulwarks down,  
Even when the last pang thrills my breast,  
When Death bestows the Martyr's crown,  
And calls me into Jesus' rest.  
Then for my ultimate reward—  
Then for the world-rejoicing word—  
The voice from Father—Spirit—Son :  
“ Servant of God, well hast thou done ! ”

CURREN.

## THE OLD STOIC.

RICHES I hold in light esteem ;  
And Love I laugh to scorn ;  
And lust of fame was but a dream  
That vanished with the morn :

And if I pray, the only prayer  
That moves my lips for me  
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,  
And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,  
'Tis all that I implore ;  
In life and death, a chainless soul,  
With courage to endure.

ELLIS.

---

FLUCTUATIONS.

WHAT though the Sun had left my sky ;  
To save me from despair  
The blessed Moon arose on high,  
And shone serenely there.

I watched her, with a tearful gaze,  
Rise slowly o'er the hill,  
While through the dim horizon's haze  
Her light gleamed faint and chill.

I thought such wan and lifeless beams  
Could ne'er my heart repay,  
For the bright sun's most transient gleams  
That cheered me through the day :

But as above that mist's control  
She rose, and brighter shone,

I felt her light upon my soul ;  
But now—that light is gone !

Thick vapours snatched her from my sight,  
And I was darkling left,  
All in the cold and gloomy night,  
Of light and hope bereft :

Until, methought, a little star  
Shone forth with trembling ray,  
To cheer me with its light afar—  
But that, too, passed away.

Anon, an earthly meteor blazed  
The gloomy darkness through ;  
I smiled, yet trembled while I gazed—  
But that soon vanished too !

And darker, drearier fell the night  
Upon my spirit then ;—  
But what is that faint struggling light ?  
Is it the Moon again ?

Kind Heaven ! increase that silvery gleam,  
And bid these clouds depart,  
And let her soft celestial beam  
Restore my fainting heart !

ACTON.

THE END.

## MISCELLANEOUS WORKS,

IN VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF LITERATURE,

PUBLISHED BY LEA AND BLANCHARD.



- ACTON'S MODERN COOKERY, with cuts, 12mo, cloth.
- AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY, by Prince Charles Bonaparte, in 4 vols. folio, half bound, colored plates.
- AMERICAN MILITARY LAW AND PRACTICE OF COURTS MARTIAL, by Lieut. O'Brien, U. S. A., 1 vol. 8vo, cloth or law sheep.
- ANSTED'S ANCIENT WORLD, OR PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF CREATION, 1 vol. 12mo, numerous cuts.
- ADDISON ON CONTRACTS, 1 large vol. 8vo, law sheep.
- ARNOTT'S ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS, 1 vol. 8vo, sheep, with many wood-cuts.
- BOZ'S COMPLETE WORKS, in 7 vols. 8vo, extra cloth, with numerous plates.
- Same work, common edition, in paper, 8 parts, price \$3 50.
- Same work in 3 large vols., good paper, fancy cloth, price \$3 75.
- BENTHAMIANA: Extracts from Bentham, in 1 vol. 12mo.
- BROWNE'S RELIGIO MEDICI, 1 vol. 12mo, extra cloth.
- BOLMAR'S FRENCH SERIES, consisting of—
- A Selection of One Hundred Perrin's Fables, with a Key to the Pronunciation.
- A Series of Colloquial Phrases.
- The First Eight Books of Fenelon's Telemachus.
- Key to the same.
- A Treatise on all the French Verbs, Regular and Irregular.
- The whole forming five small volumes, half bound to match.
- BUTLER'S ATLAS OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY, 8vo, half bound.
- BUTLER'S GEOGRAPHIA CLASSICA, 1 vol. 8vo.
- BIRD'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, 1 vol. with many cuts, (at press).
- BRIGHAM ON MENTAL CULTIVATION, &c., 12mo, cloth.
- BRIDGEWATER TREATISES. The whole complete in 7 vols. 8vo, various bindings: containing—
- ROGET'S ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, in 2 vols. with many cuts.
- KIRBY ON THE HISTORY, HABITS, AND INSTINCT OF ANIMALS, 1 vol. with plates.
- PROUT ON CHEMISTRY.
- CHALMERS ON THE MORAL CONDITION OF MAN.
- WHEWELL ON ASTRONOMY.
- BELL ON THE HAND.
- KIDD ON THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF MAN.
- BUCKLAND'S GEOLOGY, 2 vols. with numerous plates and maps.
- Roget, Buckland, and Kirby are sold separate.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

---

- BROUGHAM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1 vol. paper.
- BOY'S TREASURY OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES, 1 vol. 18mo, crimson cloth, 400 illustrations.
- BARNABY RUDGE, by "Boz," paper or cloth.
- BROWNING'S HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS, 1 vol. 8vo.
- BREWSTER'S TREATISE ON OPTICS, 1 vol. 12mo, cuts.
- BABBAGE'S "FRAGMENT," 1 vol. 8vo.
- CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS, 3 vols. crown 8vo, extra cloth.
- CHIMES, by Dickens, plates, 18mo, fancy cloth.
- CHRISTMAS STORIES—The Chimes, Carol, Cricket on the Hearth, and Battle of Life, together with Pictures from Italy, by Dickens, 1 vol. 8vo, paper, price 37½ cents.
- COMPLETE COOK, paper, price only 25 cents.
- COMPLETE CONFECTIONER, paper, 25 cents.
- COMPLETE FLORIST, paper, 25 cents.
- COMPLETE GARDENER, paper, 25 cents.
- CURIOSITY SHOP, by "Boz," paper or cloth.
- CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES, 1 vol. 18mo, neat cloth; being vol. I. of Schmitz and Zumpt's Classical Series for Schools.
- CAMPBELL'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, in 1 vol. crown 8vo, cloth gilt or white calf, plates.
- COOPER'S NAVAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, complete in 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, with plates and maps.
- COOPER'S NOVELS AND TALES, in 23 vols. sheep gilt, 12mo, or 47 vols. paper.
- COOPER'S SEA TALES, 6 vols. 12mo, cloth.
- COOPER'S LEATHER STOCKING TALES, 5 vols. 12mo, cloth.
- CARPENTER'S COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY, with numerous wood-cuts, (preparing).
- CARPENTER'S ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY, with 300 wood-cuts, (preparing).
- CROLY'S HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, to be complete in 3 vols., (at press).
- CLATER ON THE DISEASES OF HORSES, by Skinner, 1 vol. 12mo.
- CLATER'S CATTLE AND SHEEP DOCTOR, 1 vol. 12mo, cuts.
- CAMPBELL'S FREDERIC THE GREAT, 2 vols. 12mo, extra cloth.
- DON QUIXOTE, with numerous illustrations by Johannot; 2 vols., (nearly ready).
- DAVIDSON, MARGARET, Memoirs of and Poems, in 1 vol. 12mo, paper 50 cents, or extra cloth.
- DAVIDSON, LUCRETIA, Poetical Remains, 1 vol. 12mo, paper 50 cents, or extra cloth.



## LEA AND BLANCHARD'S MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

---

- DAVIDSON, Mrs., Poetry and Life, in 1 vol. 12mo, paper 50 cents, or extra cloth.
- DANA ON CORALS, 1 vol. royal 4to, with Atlas of Plates, (at press).
- DOMBEY AND SON, by Dickens, publishing in numbers, with two plates each, at 8 cents.
- Same work, Part I., to be complete in 2 parts, price 25 cents each.
- DOG AND SPORTSMAN, by Skinner, plates, 1 vol. 12mo, cloth.
- DUNGLISON ON HUMAN HEALTH, 1 vol. 8vo, cloth or sheep.
- ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY, in 3 octavo vols. many cuts and maps, various bindings.
- ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA, 14 vols. 8vo, various bindings.  
Vol. 14, bringing the work up to 1846, sold separate.
- EAST'S KING'S BENCH REPORTS, edited by G. M. Wharton, 16 vols. in 8, large 8vo, law sheep.
- EDUCATION OF MOTHERS, 1 vol. 12mo, cloth or paper.
- ENDLESS AMUSEMENT, neat 18mo, crimson cloth, with cuts.
- FIELDING'S SELECT WORKS, in 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, or 4 parts, paper.
- FRANCATELLI'S MODERN FRENCH COOK, in 1 vol. 8vo, with many cuts.
- FOWNES' RECENT WORK ON CHEMISTRY, second edition, by Bridges, 1 vol. 12mo, many cuts, sheep or extra cloth.
- GRAHAME'S COLONIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 2 vols. 8vo, a new edition.
- GRAHAM'S ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, 1 vol. large 8vo, many cuts, (new edition, in press).
- GIESELER'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, 3 vols. 8vo.
- GRIFFITHS' CHEMISTRY OF THE FOUR SEASONS, 1 vol. 12mo, many cuts.
- GRIFFITH'S MEDICAL BOTANY, 1 vol. large 8vo, extra cloth, nearly 400 cuts.
- GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE, to form a neat 12mo series.
- HAWKER ON SHOOTING, Edited by Porter, with plates and cuts, 1 vol. 8vo, beautiful extra cloth.
- HERSCHELL'S TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY, 1 vol. 12mo, cuts and plates.
- HALE'S ETHNOLOGY AND PHILOLOGY OF THE U. S. EXPLORING EXPEDITION, 1 vol. royal 4to, extra cloth.
- HEMANS' COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, in 7 vols. 12mo.
- HEMANS' MEMOIRS, by her Sister, 1 vol. 12mo.
- HOLT'HOUSE'S LAW DICTIONARY, by Penington, 1 vol. large 12mo, law sheep.
- HILLIARD ON REAL ESTATE, new and much Improved Edition, 2 large vols. 8vo, law sheep.
- HILL ON TRUSTEES, by Troubat, 1 large vol. 8vo, law sheep.

## LEA AND BLANCHARD'S MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

---

- INGERSOLL'S HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR, 1 vol. 8vo.
- IRVING'S ROCKY MOUNTAINS, 2 vols. 12mo, cloth.
- JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY OF GARDENING, by Landreth, 1 vol. large royal 12mo, 650 pages, many cuts.
- KNAPP'S TECHNOLOGY, OR CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO THE ARTS AND TO MANUFACTURES. Translated and Edited by Ronalds. In 1 vol., with numerous illustrations, (preparing).
- KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR, in 32mo, extra cloth, Illuminated title.
- KIRBY AND SPENCE'S ENTOMOLOGY, 1 large 8vo vol. with plates, plain or colored.
- LOVER'S IRISH STORIES, 1 vol. royal 12mo, with cuts, extra cloth. Same work, paper, price 50 cents.
- LOVER'S RORY O'MORE, 1 vol. royal 12mo, with cuts, extra cloth. Same work, paper, price 50 cents. Same work, 8vo, price 25 cents.
- LOVER'S SONGS AND BALLADS, 12mo, paper, 25 cents.
- LIGHTS, SHADOWS, &c., of Whigs and Tories, 1 vol. 12mo.
- LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS, eighth edition, 1 vol. 18mo, colored plates, crimson cloth, gilt.
- LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER, for 1848, royal 12mo, many cuts, price 15 cents. Copies for 1847 still on sale.
- LOVES OF THE POETS, by Mrs. Jamieson, 12mo.
- MARSTON, OR THE SOLDIER AND STATESMAN, by Croly, 8vo, sewed, 50 cents.
- MACKINTOSH'S DISSERTATION ON ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY, 1 vol. 8vo, cloth.
- MOORE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, in 2 vols. 8vo, cloth. Second volume sold separate.
- MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, by "Boz," cloth or paper.
- MULLER'S PHYSICS AND METEOROLOGY, 1 vol. large 8vo, 2 colored plates, and 550 wood-cuts.
- MILLWRIGHT'S AND MILLER'S GUIDE, by Oliver Evans, in 1 vol. 8vo, sheep, many plates.
- METCALF ON CALORIC, 1 vol. 8vo, (at press).
- MILL'S HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES, AND CHIVALRY, in one octavo volume.
- MILL'S SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY, 1 vol. 12mo, extra cloth.
- NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES' EXPLORING EXPEDITION, by Captain Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., in 6 vols. 4to, \$60; or 6 vols. imperial 8vo, \$25, with very Numerous and Beautiful Illustrations, on wood, copper, and steel; or 5 vols. 8vo, \$10, with over three hundred wood-cuts and maps.
- NIEBUHR'S HISTORY OF ROME, complete, 2 large vols. 8vo.
- NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, by "Boz," cloth or paper.

## LEA AND BLANCHARD'S MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

---

- OLIVER TWIST, by "Boz," cloth or paper.
- PICCIOLA, — The Prisoner of Fenestrella, illustrated edition, with cuts, royal 12mo, beautiful crimson cloth.  
Same work, fancy paper, price 50 cents.
- PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT MADE SCIENCE IN EARNEST, 1 vol. 18mo, neat crimson cloth, with cuts.
- POPULAR VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, by Carpenter, 1 vol. 12mo, many cuts.
- PICKWICK CLUB, by "Boz," cloth or paper.
- RUSH'S COURT OF LONDON, 1 vol. 8vo.
- RANKE'S HISTORY OF THE POPES OF ROME, 1 vol. 8vo, cloth.
- RANKE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY, to be complete in 1 vol. 8vo.
- RANKE'S HISTORY OF THE OTTOMAN AND SPANISH EMPIRES, 8vo, price 50 cents.
- ROGERS' POEMS, a splendid edition, Illustrated, imperial 8vo.
- ROGET'S OUTLINES OF PHYSIOLOGY, 1 vol. 8vo.
- ROSCOE'S LIVES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND, a 12mo Series to match Miss Strickland's Queens.
- STRICKLAND'S LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, 10 vols. 12mo, cloth or paper.  
Same work, crown 8vo, extra cloth, two vols. in one; large type, and fine paper, beautiful crimson cloth.
- SELECT WORKS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT, cloth or paper.
- SIMPSON'S OVERLAND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD, crown 8vo, extra cloth.  
Same work, 2 parts, paper, price \$1 50.
- SIBORNE'S WATERLOO CAMPAIGN, with maps, 1 vol. large 8vo.
- SCHMITZ AND ZUMPT'S CLASSICAL SERIES FOR SCHOOLS, in neat 18mo volumes, in cloth.
- STABLE TALK AND TABLE TALK, FOR SPORTSMEN, 1 volume, 12mo.
- SPENCE ON THE JURISDICTION OF THE COURT OF CHANCERY, vol. I., large 8vo, law sheep.  
Vol. II., embracing the PRACTICE, (nearly ready).
- SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS; a neat 18mo series, price 25 cents each:—
- No. 1. "PHILOSOPHICAL THEORIES AND PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIENCE."
  - No. 2. "ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN PHYSIOLOGY AND INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE."
  - No. 3. "ON MAN'S POWER OVER HIMSELF TO PREVENT OR CONTROL INSANITY."
  - No. 4. "AN INTRODUCTION TO PRACTICAL ORGANIC CHEMISTRY."
  - No. 5. "A BRIEF VIEW OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY UP TO THE AGE OF PERICLES."

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

---

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS:—

No. 6. "A BRIEF VIEW OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY FROM THE AGE OF SOCRATES TO THE COMING OF CHRIST."

No. 7. "CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE IN THE SECOND CENTURY."

No. 8. "AN EXPOSITION OF VULGAR AND COMMON ERRORS, ADAPTED TO THE YEAR OF GRACE 1845."

No. 9. "AN INTRODUCTION TO VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, WITH REFERENCES TO THE WORKS OF DE CANDOLLE, LINDLEY, &c."

No. 10. "ON THE PRINCIPLES OF CRIMINAL LAW."

No. 11. "CHRISTIAN SECTS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

No. 12. "PRINCIPLES OF GRAMMAR," &c.

Or the whole done up in three volumes, extra cloth.

TAYLOR'S MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE, Edited with respect to American Practice, by Griffith, 1 vol. 8vo.

TAYLOR'S TOXICOLOGY, by Griffith, 1 vol. 8vo, (nearly ready).

TRAILL'S OUTLINES OF MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE, 1 small vol. 8vo, cloth.

TRIMMER'S GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY, 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, many cuts.

THOMSON'S DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT OF THE SICK ROOM, 1 vol. 12mo, extra cloth.

TOLEAH, by Sealsfield, price 25 cents.

VIRGILII CARMINA, 1 neat 18mo vol., extra cloth, being vol. II. of Schmitz and Zumpt's Classical Series.

WALPOLE'S LETTERS, in 4 large vols. 8vo, extra cloth.

WALPOLE'S NEW LETTERS TO SIR HORACE MANN, 2 vols. 8vo.

WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS OF GEORGE THE THIRD, 2 vols. 8vo.

WHITE'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY, a new and Improved work for Schools, Colleges, &c., with Questions by Professor Hart, in 1 vol. large 12mo, extra cloth, or half bound.

WEISBACH'S PRINCIPLES OF THE MECHANICS OF MACHINERY AND ENGINEERING, in 2 vols., with five hundred cuts, (preparing).

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, Life of, by Roscoe, 1 vol. 12mo, extra cloth or fancy paper.

WHEATON'S INTERNATIONAL LAW, 1 vol. large 8vo, law sheep, or extra cloth, third edition, much improved.

WRAXALL'S POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS, 1 vol. 8vo, extra cloth.

WRAXALL'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS, 1 vol. 8vo, do. do.

YOUATT ON THE HORSE, &c., by Skinner, 1 vol. 8vo, many cuts.

YOUATT ON THE DOG, with plates, 1 vol. crown 8vo, beautiful crimson cloth.

YOUATT ON THE PIG, 1 vol. 12mo, extra cloth, with cuts.

Same work in paper, price 50 cents.

---

Together with numerous works in all departments of Medical Science, Catalogues of which can be had on application.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

## DICKENS'S WORKS.

VARIOUS EDITIONS AND PRICES.

---

CHEAPEST EDITION IN NINE PARTS, PAPER,  
AS FOLLOWS:

- THE PICKWICK PAPERS, 1 large vol. 8vo., paper, price 50 cents.  
OLIVER TWIST, 1 vol. 8vo., paper, price 25 cents.  
SKETCHES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE, 1 vol. 8vo., paper, price 37½ cents.  
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, 1 large vol. 8vo., paper, price 50 cents.  
THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, 1 vol. 8vo., paper, with many Cuts, price 50 cents.  
BARNABY RUDGE, 1 vol. 8vo., with many Cuts, price 50 cents.  
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, 1 vol. 8vo., with plates, price 50 cents.  
CHRISTMAS STORIES.—THE CAROL, THE CHIMES, THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, and THE BATTLE OF LIFE—together with PICTURES FROM ITALY, 1 vol. 8vo., price 37½ cents.  
DOMBEY AND SON, Part. I., to be completed in two Parts, price 25 cents each.

Forming a neat and uniform Edition of these popular works. Any work sold separately.

---

ALSO,

### A UNIFORM AND CHEAP EDITION,

In Three large and beautiful Octavo Volumes, done up in Extra Cloth,

CONTAINING ABOUT TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY LARGE DOUBLE COLUMNED PAGES.

PRICE FOR THE WHOLE, ONLY THREE DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This Edition comprehends the first seven parts, and will be completed with the issue of the Fourth Volume, on the completion of "Dombey and Son," now in progress of publication, containing that work, the "Christmas Stories," and "Pictures from Italy." Purchasers may thus rely on being able to perfect their sets.

---

ALSO, AN EDITION PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH  
ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOUR PLATES, AND  
ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY WOOD-CUTS.

In imperial octavo, extra cloth, on fine white paper.

☞ The above are the only Complete and Uniform Editions of Dickens's Works now before the public.

---

NOW PUBLISHING,

## DOMBEY AND SON.

FINE EDITION.

In twenty numbers, price 8 cents each, with two illustrations by Hablot K. Browne in each number.

This is the only edition which presents the plates accompanying the text to which they refer.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

THE NARRATIVE OF THE  
UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION,  
DURING THE YEARS 1838, '39, '40, '41, AND '42.  
BY CHARLES WILKES, ESQ., U. S. N.

COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION, ETC.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

A New Edition, in Five Medium Octavo Volumes, neat Extra Cloth, particularly done up with reference to strength and continued use: containing TWENTY-SIX HUNDRED PAGES of Letter-press. Illustrated with Maps, and about THREE HUNDRED SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

PRICE ONLY TWO DOLLARS A VOLUME.

The attention of persons forming libraries is especially directed to this work, as presenting the novel and valuable matter accumulated by the Expedition in a cheap, convenient, and readable form.

SCHOOL and other PUBLIC LIBRARIES, should not be without it, as embodying the results of the First Scientific Expedition commissioned by our government to explore foreign regions.

"We have no hesitation in saying that it is destined to stand among the most enduring monuments of our national literature. Its contributions not only to every department of science, but every department of history, are immense; and there is not an intelligent man in the community—no matter what may be his taste, or his occupation, but will find something here to enlighten, to gratify, and to profit him."—*Albany Religious Spectator.*

---

ANOTHER EDITION.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

IN FIVE MAGNIFICENT IMPERIAL OCTAVO VOLUMES;  
WITH AN ATLAS OF LARGE AND EXTENDED MAPS.  
BEAUTIFULLY DONE UP IN EXTRA CLOTH,  
WITH OVER ONE HUNDRED SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

ALSO, A FEW COPIES STILL ON HAND.

THE EDITION PRINTED FOR CONGRESS,  
IN FIVE VOLUMES AND AN ATLAS.  
LARGE IMPERIAL QUARTO, STRONG EXTRA CLOTH.  
PRICE SIXTY DOLLARS.

JUST ISSUED,

THE ETHNOGRAPHY AND PHILOLOGY OF THE UNITED  
STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

UNDER THE COMMAND OF CHARLES WILKES, ESQ., U. S. NAVY.

BY HORATIO HALE,  
PHILOLOGIST TO THE EXPEDITION.

In one large imperial octavo volume of nearly seven hundred pages. With two Maps, printed to match the Congress copies of the "Narrative."

Price TEN DOLLARS, in beautiful extra cloth, done up with great strength.

\*.\* This is the only edition printed, and but few are offered for sale.

The remainder of the scientific works of the Expedition are in a state of rapid progress. The volume on Corals, by J. D. Dana, Esq., with an Atlas of Plates, will be shortly ready, to be followed by the others.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

**THE AMERICAN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.**  
BROUGHT UP TO 1847.

---

**THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA:**  
A POPULAR DICTIONARY  
OF ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS,  
AND BIOGRAPHY.

IN FOURTEEN LARGE OCTAVO VOLUMES OF OVER SIX HUNDRED  
DOUBLE COLUMNED PAGES EACH.

For sale very low, in various styles of binding.

Some years having elapsed since the original thirteen volumes of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA were published, to bring it up to the present day, with the history of that period, at the request of numerous subscribers, the publishers have just issued a

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME (THE FOURTEENTH),  
BRINGING THE WORK UP TO THE YEAR 1847.

EDITED BY HENRY VETHAKE, LL.D.

Vice-Provost and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania, Author  
of "A Treatise on Political Economy."

In one large octavo volume of over 650 double columned pages.

The numerous subscribers who have been waiting the completion of this volume can now perfect their sets, and all who want

A REGISTER OF THE EVENTS OF THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS,  
FOR THE WHOLE WORLD,

can obtain this volume separately: price Two Dollars uncut in cloth, or Two Dollars and Fifty cents in leather, to match the styles in which the publishers have been selling sets.

Subscribers in the large cities can be supplied on application at any of the principal bookstores; and persons residing in the country can have their sets matched by sending a volume in charge of friends visiting the city.

"This volume is worth owning by itself, as a most convenient and reliable compend of recent History, Biography, Statistics, &c., &c. The entire work forms the cheapest and probably now the most desirable Encyclopædia published for popular use."—*New York Tribune*.

"The Conversations Lexicon (Encyclopædia Americana) has become a household book in all the intelligent families in America, and is undoubtedly the best depository of biographical, historical, geographical, and political information of that kind which discriminating readers require."—*Silliman's Journal*.

"This volume of the Encyclopædia is a Westminster Abbey of American reputation. What names are on the roll since 1833!"—*N. Y. Literary World*.

"The work to which this volume forms a supplement, is one of the most important contributions that has ever been made to the literature of our country. Besides condensing into a comparatively narrow compass, the substance of larger works of the same kind which had preceded it, it contains a vast amount of information that is not elsewhere to be found, and is distinguished, not less for its admirable arrangement, than for the variety of subjects of which it treats. The present volume, which is edited by one of the most distinguished scholars of our country, is worthy to follow in the train of those which have preceded it. It is a remarkably felicitous condensation of the more recent improvements in science and the arts, besides forming a very important addition to the department of Biography, the general progress of society, &c., &c."—*Albany Argus*.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

## CAMPBELL'S LORD CHANCELLORS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

---

### LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS AND KEEPERS OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE IV.,

BY JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, A.M., F.R.S.E.

First Series, forming three neat volumes in demy octavo, extra cloth.

*Bringing the work to the time of Lord Jeffries.*

THE SECOND SERIES WILL SHORTLY FOLLOW IN FOUR VOLUMES TO MATCH.

"The volumes teem with exciting incidents, abound in portraits, sketches, and anecdotes, and are at once interesting and instructive. The work is not only historical and biographical, but it is anecdotal and philosophical. Many of the chapters embody thrilling incidents, while as a whole, the publication may be regarded as of a high intellectual order."—*Inquirer*.

---

## MURRAY'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.

---

### THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY,

COMPRISING

A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE EARTH, PHYSICAL, STATISTICAL, CIVIL, AND POLITICAL.

EXHIBITING

ITS RELATION TO THE HEAVENLY BODIES, ITS PHYSICAL STRUCTURE, THE NATURAL HISTORY OF EACH COUNTRY, AND THE INDUSTRY, COMMERCE, POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS, AND CIVIL AND SOCIAL STATE OF ALL NATIONS.

BY HUGH MURRAY, F.R.S.E., & c.

Assisted in Botany by Professor HOOKER—Zoology, &c., by W. W. SWAINSON—Astronomy &c., by Professor WALLACE—Geology, &c., by Professor JAMESON.

**REVISED, WITH ADDITIONS,**

BY THOMAS G. BRADFORD.

THE WHOLE BROUGHT UP, BY A SUPPLEMENT, TO 1843.

*In three large octavo volumes,*

VARIOUS STYLES OF BINDING.

This great work, furnished at a remarkably cheap rate, contains about NINETEEN HUNDRED LARGE IMPERIAL PAGES, and is illustrated by EIGHTY-TWO SMALL MAPS, and a colored MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, after Tanner's, together with about ELEVEN HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS, executed in the best style.



LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

---

A NEW AND ELEGANT EDITION  
OF  
LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM  
OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,  
PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Forming a handsome series in crown octavo, beautifully printed with large type on fine paper, done up in rich extra crimson cloth, and sold at a cheaper rate than the former editions.

Volume One, of this edition, contains Volumes I., II., and III., of the duodecimo edition; Volume Two, embraces Volumes IV. and V.; Volume Three, Volumes VI. and VII.; Volume Four, Volumes VIII. and IX.; and Volume Five will contain Volumes X. and XI. The whole will thus form an elegant set of one of the most popular histories of the day. The publishers have gone to much expense in preparing this from the revised and improved London edition, to meet the frequent inquiries for the "Lives of the Queens of England," in better style, larger type, and finer paper than has heretofore been accessible to readers in this country. Any volume of this edition sold separately.

A few copies of the duodecimo edition still on hand. Ten volumes are now ready, in fancy paper, or neat green extra cloth.

---

JUST PUBLISHED,

**VOLUME TEN:**

CONTAINING

**MARY OF MODENA, AND MARY II.**

Price 75 cents in fancy paper.—Also, in extra green cloth.

"These volumes have the fascination of a romance united to the integrity of history."—*Times*.

"A most valuable and entertaining work."—*Chronicle*.

"This interesting and well-written work, in which the severe truth of history takes almost the wildness of romance, will constitute a valuable addition to our biographical literature."—*Morning Herald*.

"A valuable contribution to historical knowledge, to young persons especially. It contains a mass of every kind of historical matter of interest, which industry and research could collect. We have derived much entertainment and instruction from the work."—*Athenæum*.

"The execution of this work is equal to the conception. Great pains have been taken to make it both interesting and valuable."—*Literary Gazette*.

"A charming work—full of interest, at once serious and pleasing."—*Monsieur Guizot*.

"A most charming biographical memoir. We conclude by expressing our unqualified opinion, that we know of no more valuable contribution to modern history than this ninth volume of Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens."—*Morning Herald*.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

**DON QUIXOTE—ILLUSTRATED EDITION.  
NEARLY READY.**

**DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.**

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

**MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,  
BY CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.**

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED, WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR  
AND A NOTICE OF HIS WORKS.

**WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS,  
BY TONY JOHANNOT.**

In two beautifully printed volumes, crown octavo, rich extra crimson cloth.

The publishers are happy in presenting to the admirers of Don Quixote an edition of that work in some degree worthy of its reputation and popularity. The want of such a one has long been felt in this country, and in presenting this, they have only to express their hope that it may meet the numerous demands and inquiries. The translation is that by Jarvis, which is acknowledged superior in both force and fidelity to all others. It has in some few instances been slightly altered to adapt it better to modern readers, or occasionally to suit it to the inimitable designs of Tony Johannot. These latter are admitted to be the only successful pictorial exponents of the wit and humour of Cervantes, and a choice selection of them have been engraved in the best manner. A copious memoir of the author and his works has been added by the editor. The volumes are printed in large clear type, on fine paper, and handsomely bound, and the whole is confidently offered as worthy the approbation of all readers of this imperishable romance.

---

**PICCIOLA.**

**ILLUSTRATED EDITION.**

**PICCIOLA, THE PRISONER OF FENESTRELLA;  
OR, CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE.**

**BY X. B. SAINTINE.**

A NEW EDITION, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

In one elegant duodecimo volume, large type, and fine paper; price in fancy covers 50 cents, or in beautiful extra crimson cloth.

"Perhaps the most beautiful and touching work of fiction ever written, with the exception of *Undine*."—*Atlas*.

"The same publishers have shown their patriotism, common sense, and good taste by putting forth their fourth edition of this work, with a set of very beautiful engraved embellishments. There never was a book which better deserved the compliment. It is one of greatly superior merit to Paul and Virginia, and we believe it is destined to surpass that popular work of St. Pierre in popularity. It is better suited to the advanced ideas of the present age, and possesses peculiar moral charms in which Paul and Virginia is deficient. St. Pierre's work derived its popularity from its bold attack on feudal prejudices; Saintine's strikes deeper, and assails the secret infidelity which is the bane of modern society, in its stronghold. A thousand editions of *Picciola* will not be too many for its merit."—*Lady's Book*.

"This is a little gem of its kind—a beautiful conceit, beautifully unfolded and applied. The style and plot of this truly charming story require no criticism; we will only express the wish that those who rely on works of fiction for their intellectual food, may always find those as pure in language and beautiful in moral as *Picciola*."—*New York Review*.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

## HAWKER AND PORTER ON SHOOTING.

### INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

IN-ALL THAT RELATES TO GUNS AND SHOOTING.

BY LIEUT. COL. P. HAWKER.

FROM THE ENLARGED AND IMPROVED NINTH LONDON EDITION,

TO WHICH IS ADDED THE HUNTING AND SHOOTING OF NORTH AMERICA, WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS, CAREFULLY COLLATED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BY W. T. PORTER, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

In one large octavo volume, rich extra cloth, with numerous illustrations.

"Here is a *book*, a hand-book, or rather a text-book—one that contains the whole routine of the science. It is the Primer, the Lexicon, and the Homer. Everything is here, from the minutest portion of a gun-lock, to a dead Buffalo. The sportsman who reads this book understandingly, may pass an examination. He will know the science, and may give advice to others. Every sportsman, and sportsmen are plentiful, should own this work. It should be a "vade mecum." He should be examined on its contents, and estimated by his abilities to answer. We have not been without treatises on the art, but hitherto they have not descended into all the minutiae of equipments and qualifications to proceed to the completion. This work supplies deficiencies, and completes the sportsman's library."—*U. S. Gazette*.

"No man in the country that we wot of is so well calculated as our friend of the 'Spirit' for the task he has undertaken, and the result of his labours has been that he has turned out a work which should be in the hands of every man in the land who owns a double-barrelled gun."—*N. O. Picayune*.

"A volume splendidly printed and bound, and embellished with numerous beautiful engravings, which will doubtless be in great demand. No sportsman, indeed, ought to be without it, while the general reader will find in its pages a fund of curious and useful information."—*Richmond Whig*.

## YOUATT ON THE DOG.

### THE DOG,

BY WILLIAM YOUATT,

Author of "The Horse," &c.

WITH NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED BY E. J. LEWIS, M. D., &c., &c.,

In one beautifully printed volume, crown octavo.

#### LIST OF PLATES.

Head of Bloodhound—Ancient Greyhounds—The Thibet Dog—The Dingo, or New Holland Dog—The Danish or Dalmatian Dog—The Hare Indian Dog—The Greyhound—The Grecian Greyhound—Blenheims and Cockers—The Water Spaniel—The Poodle—The Alpine Spaniel or Bernardine Dog—The Newfoundland Dog—The Esquimaux Dog—The English Sheep Dog—The Scotch Sheep Dog—The Beagle—The Harrier—The Foxhound—Plan of Goodwood Kennel—The Southern Hound—The Setter—The Pointer—The Bull Dog—The Mastiff—The Terrier—Skeleton of the Dog—Teeth of the Dog at seven different ages.

"Mr. Youatt's work is invaluable to the student of canine history; it is full of entertaining and instructive matter for the general reader. To the sportsman it commends itself by the large amount of useful information in reference to his peculiar pursuits which it embodies—information which he cannot find elsewhere in so convenient and accessible a form, and with so reliable an authority to entitle it to his consideration. The modest preface which Dr. Lewis has made to the American edition of this work scarcely does justice to the additional value he has imparted to it; and the publishers are entitled to great credit for the handsome manner in which they have got it up."—*North American*.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

## BOY'S TREASURY OF SPORTS. THE BOY'S TREASURY OF SPORTS, PASTIMES AND RECREATIONS.

WITH FOUR HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

IS NOW READY.

In one very neat volume, bound in extra crimson cloth; handsomely printed and illustrated with engravings in the first style of art, and containing about six hundred and fifty articles.

A present for all seasons.

### PREFACE.

This illustrated Manual of "Sports, Pastimes, and Recreations," has been prepared with especial regard to the Health, Exercise, and Rational Enjoyment of the young readers to whom it is addressed.

Every variety of commendable Recreation will be found in the following pages. First, you have the little Toys of the Nursery; the Tops and Marbles of the Play-ground; and the Balls of the Play-room, or the smooth Lawn.

Then, you have a number of Pastimes that serve to gladden the fireside; to light up many faces right joyfully, and make the parlour re-echo with mirth.

Next, come the Exercising Sports of the Field, the Green, and the Play-ground; followed by the noble and truly English game of Cricket.

Gymnastics are next admitted; then, the delightful recreation of Swimming; and the healthful sport of Skating.

Archery, once the pride of England, is then detailed; and very properly followed by Instructions in the graceful accomplishment of Fencing, and the manly and enlivening exercise of Riding.

Angling, the pastime of childhood, boyhood, manhood, and old age, is next described; and by attention to the instructions here laid down, the lad with a stick and a string may soon become an expert Angler.

Keeping Animals is a favourite pursuit of boyhood. Accordingly, we have described how to rear the Rabbit, the Squirrel, the Dormouse, the Guinea Pig, the Pigeon, and the Silkworm. A long chapter is adapted to the rearing of Song Birds; the several varieties of which, and their respective cages, are next described. And here we may hint, that kindness to Animals invariably denotes an excellent disposition; for, to *pet* a little creature one hour, and to treat it harshly the next, marks a capricious if not a cruel temper. Humanity is a jewel, which every boy should be proud to wear in his breast.

We now approach the more sedate amusements—as Draughts and Chess; two of the noblest exercises of the ingenuity of the human mind. Dominoes and Bagatelle follow. With a knowledge of these four games, who would pass a dull hour in the dreariest day of winter; or who would sit idly by the fire?

Amusements in Arithmetic, harmless Legerdemain, or sleight-of-hand, and Tricks with Cards, will delight many a family circle, when the business of the day is over, and the book is laid aside.

Although the present volume is a book of amusements, Science has not been excluded from its pages. And why should it be? when Science is as entertaining as a fairy tale. The changes we read of in little nursery-books are not more amusing than the changes in Chemistry, Optics, Electricity, Magnetism, &c. By understanding these, you may almost become a little Magician.

Toy Balloons and Paper Fireworks, (or Fireworks *without* Fire,) come next. Then follow Instructions for Modelling in Card-Board; so that you may build for yourself a palace or a carriage, and, in short, make for yourself a little paper world.

Puzzles and Paradoxes, Enigmas and Riddles, and Talking with the Fingers, next make up plenty of exercise for "Guess," and "Guess again." And as you have the "Keys" in your own hand, you may keep your friends in suspense, and make yourself as mysterious as the Sphinx.

A chapter of Miscellanies—useful and amusing secrets—winds up the volume.

The "Treasury" contains upwards of four hundred Engravings; so that it is not only a collection of "secrets worth knowing," but it is a book of pictures, as full of prints as a Christmas pudding is of plums.

It may be as well to mention that the "Treasury" holds many new games that have never before been printed in a book of this kind. The old games have been described afresh. Thus it is, altogether, a new book.

And now we take leave, wishing you many hours, and days, and weeks of enjoyment over these pages; and we hope that you may be as happy as this book is brimful of amusement.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

YOUATT AND SKINNER'S  
STANDARD WORK ON THE HORSE.

THE HORSE,

BY WILLIAM YOUATT.

A NEW EDITION, WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

TOGETHER WITH A

**GENERAL HISTORY OF THE HORSE;**

A DISSERTATION ON

**THE AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE,**  
HOW TRAINED AND JOCKEYED.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES;

AND

AN ESSAY ON THE ASS AND THE MULE,

BY J. S. SKINNER,

Assistant Post-Master-General, and Editor of the Turf Register.

This edition of Youatt's well-known and standard work on the Management, Diseases, and Treatment of the Horse, has already obtained such a wide circulation throughout the country, that the Publishers need say nothing to attract to it the attention and confidence of all who keep Horses, or are interested in their improvement.

CLATER AND YOUATT'S CATTLE DOCTOR.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN CATTLE DOCTOR;

CONTAINING THE CAUSES, SYMPTOMS, AND TREATMENT OF ALL DISEASES INCIDENT TO OXEN, SHEEP, AND SWINE;

AND A SKETCH OF THE

**ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF NEAT CATTLE.**

BY FRANCIS CLATER.

EDITED, REVISED, AND ALMOST RE-WRITTEN, BY

WILLIAM YOUATT, AUTHOR OF "THE HORSE."

WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS,

EMBRACING AN ESSAY ON THE USE OF OXEN AND THE IMPROVEMENT  
IN THE BREED OF SHEEP,

**BY J. S. SKINNER.**

WITH NUMEROUS CUTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In one 12mo. volume, cloth.

"As its title would import, it is a most valuable work, and should be in the hands of every American farmer; and we feel proud in saying, that the value of the work has been greatly enhanced by the contributions of Mr. Skinner. Clater and Youatt are names treasured by the farming communities of Europe as household-gods; nor does that of Skinner deserve to be less esteemed in America."—*American Farmer*.

CLATER'S FARRIER.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FARRIER;

CONTAINING THE CAUSES, SYMPTOMS, AND MOST APPROVED METHODS  
OF CURE OF THE DISEASES OF HORSES.

**BY FRANCIS CLATER,**

Author of "Every Man his own Cattle Doctor,"

AND HIS SON, JOHN CLATER.

FIRST AMERICAN FROM THE TWENTY-EIGHTH LONDON EDITION.

WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS,

**BY J. S. SKINNER.**

In one 12mo. volume, cloth.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

POPULAR SCIENCE.

---

PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT, MADE SCIENCE  
IN EARNEST;

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO ILLUSTRATE THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, BY THE AID OF THE POPULAR TOYS AND SPORTS OF YOUTH.

FROM THE SIXTH AND GREATLY IMPROVED LONDON EDITION.

In one very neat royal 18mo. volume, with nearly one hundred illustrations on wood. Fine extra crimson cloth.

"Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have issued, in a beautiful manner, a handsome book, called 'Philosophy in Sport, made Science in Earnest.' This is an admirable attempt to illustrate the first principles of Natural Philosophy, by the aid of the popular toys and sports of youth. Useful information is conveyed in an easy, graceful, yet dignified manner, and rendered easy to the simplest understanding. The book is an admirable one, and must meet with universal favour."—*N. Y. Evening Mirror*.

---

ENDLESS AMUSEMENT.

JUST ISSUED.

---

ENDLESS AMUSEMENT,

A COLLECTION OF

NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED ENTERTAINING EXPERIMENTS IN  
VARIOUS BRANCHES OF SCIENCE,

INCLUDING

ACOUSTICS, ARITHMETIC, CHEMISTRY, ELECTRICITY, HYDRAULICS, HYDROSTATICS, MAGNETISM, MECHANICS, OPTICS, WONDERS OF THE AIR PUMP, ALL THE POPULAR TRICKS AND CHANGES OF THE CARDS, &c., &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF PYROTECHNY,

OR THE ART OF MAKING FIRE-WORKS:

THE WHOLE SO CLEARLY EXPLAINED AS TO BE WITHIN REACH OF  
THE MOST LIMITED CAPACITY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

FROM THE SEVENTH LONDON EDITION.

In one neat royal 18mo. volume, fine extra crimson cloth.

"It contains everything that can please the grave or the gay. It is 'endless amusement,' and the publishers might have added, instruction. What a help to a dull gathering, or what an able adjunct to a children's party! It may be introduced to the scientific or to the family circle, and to each it will give instruction and pleasure. It is filled with illustrations. We shall give extracts from it occasionally."—*Lady's Book*.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

---

### ANSTED'S ANCIENT WORLD.

JUST ISSUED.

#### THE ANCIENT WORLD, OR, PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF CREATION,

BY D. T. ANSTED, M. A., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c.

PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY, IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

In one very neat volume, fine extra cloth, with about One Hundred and Fifty Illustrations.

The object of this work is to present to the general reader the chief results of Geological investigation in a simple and comprehensive manner. The author has avoided all minute details of geological formations and particular observations, and has endeavoured as far as possible to present striking views of the wonderful results of the science, divested of its mere technicalities. The work is printed in a handsome manner, with numerous illustrations, and forms a neat volume for the centre table.

"As a resume of what is at present known on the subject of fossil remains, it is worthy to be a companion to the author's 'Descriptive Geology,' a work of which we have spoken in the highest terms. This volume is illustrated in the style of all Van Voorst's Natural History works, and that is sufficient recommendation. Our extracts will convey a notion of the style of the work, which is, like all that Professor Ansted has written, clear and pointed.—*Athenæum*.

---

#### CHEMISTRY OF THE FOUR SEASONS, SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, AND WINTER.

AN ESSAY, PRINCIPALLY CONCERNING NATURAL PHENOMENA, ADMITTING OF INTERPRETATION BY CHEMICAL SCIENCE, AND ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

**BY THOMAS GRIFFITHS,**

Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c.

In one large royal 12mo. volume, with many Wood-Cuts, extra cloth.

"Chemistry is assuredly one of the most useful and interesting of the natural sciences. Chemical changes meet us at every step, and during every season, the winds and the rain, the heat and the frosts, each have their peculiar and appropriate phenomena. And those who have hitherto remained insensible to these changes and unmoved amid such remarkable, and often startling results, will lose their apathy upon reading the Chemistry of the 'Four Seasons,' and be prepared to enjoy the highest intellectual pleasures. Conceived in a happy spirit, and written with taste and elegance, the essay of Mr. Griffiths cannot fail to receive the admiration of cultivated minds; and those who have looked less carefully into nature's beauties, will find themselves led on step by step, until they realize a new intellectual being. Such works, we believe, exert a happy influence over society, and hence we hope that the present one may be extensively read."—*The Western Lancet*.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

KIRBY AND SPENCE'S ENTOMOLOGY, FOR POPULAR USE,

**AN INTRODUCTION TO ENTOMOLOGY,**  
OR, ELEMENTS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS; COMPRISING AN AC-  
COUNT OF NOXIOUS AND USEFUL INSECTS, OF THEIR METAMORPHOSES,  
FOOD, STRATAGEMS, HABITATIONS, SOCIETIES, MOTIONS,  
NOISES, HYBERNATION, INSTINCT, &c., &c.

**With Plates, Plain or Colored.**

BY W. KIRBY, M.A., F.R.S., AND W. SPENCE, ESQ., F.R.S.  
FROM THE SIXTH LONDON EDITION, WHICH WAS CORRECTED AND MUCH ENLARGED.

In one large octavo volume, extra cloth.

"We have been greatly interested in running over the pages of this treatise. There is scarcely, in the wide range of natural science, a more interesting or instructive study than that of insects, or one that is calculated to excite more curiosity or wonder. "The popular form of letters is adopted by the authors in imparting a knowledge of the subject, which renders the work peculiarly fitted for our district school libraries, which are open to all ages and classes."—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

---

## JOHNSON AND LANDRETH ON FRUIT, KITCHEN, AND FLOWER GARDENING.

**A DICTIONARY OF MODERN GARDENING,**  
BY GEORGE WILLIAM JOHNSON, ESQ.

Author of the "Principles of Practical Gardening," "The Gardener's Almanac," &c.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY WOOD-CUTS.

EDITED, WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS, BY DAVID LANDRETH, OF PHILADELPHIA.

In one large royal duodecimo volume, extra cloth, of nearly Six Hundred  
and Fifty double columned Pages.

This edition has been greatly altered from the original. Many articles of little interest to Americans have been curtailed or wholly omitted, and much new matter, with numerous illustrations, added, especially with respect to the varieties of fruit which experience has shown to be peculiarly adapted to our climate. Still, the editor admits that he has only followed in the path so admirably marked out by Mr. Johnson, to whom the chief merit of the work belongs. It has been an object with the editor and publishers to increase its popular character, thereby adapting it to the larger class of horticultural readers in this country, and they trust it will prove what they have desired it to be, an Encyclopædia of Gardening, if not of Rural Affairs, so condensed and at such a price as to be within reach of nearly all whom those subjects interest.

---

## GRAHAME'S COLONIAL HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

FROM THE PLANTATION OF THE BRITISH COLONIES TILL  
THEIR ASSUMPTION OF INDEPENDENCE.

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION, ENLARGED AND AMENDED,

WITH A MEMOIR BY PRESIDENT QUINCY.

IN TWO LARGE OCTAVO VOLUMES, EXTRA CLOTH, WITH A PORTRAIT.

This work having assumed the position of a standard history of this country, the publishers have been induced to issue an edition in smaller size and at a less cost, that its circulation may be commensurate with its merits. It is now considered as the most impartial and trustworthy history that has yet appeared.

A few copies of the edition in four volumes, on extra fine thick paper, price eight dollars, may still be had by gentlemen desirous of procuring a beautiful work for their libraries.



LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

## SCHOOL BOOKS.

---

### ARNOTT'S PHYSICS.

---

ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS; OR, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,  
GENERAL AND MEDICAL.

WRITTEN FOR UNIVERSAL USE, IN PLAIN, OR NON-TECHNICAL LANGUAGE.

BY NIELL ARNOTT, M. D.

A NEW EDITION, BY ISAAC HAYS, M. D.

Complete in one octavo volume, with nearly two hundred wood-cuts.

This standard work has been long and favourably known as one of the best popular expositions of the interesting science it treats of. It is extensively used in many of the first seminaries.

---

## ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL,

BY GEORGE FOWNES, PH. D.,

Chemical Lecturer in the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, &c., &c.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH ADDITIONS,

BY ROBERT BRIDGES, M. D.,

Professor of General and Pharmaceutical Chemistry in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, &c., &c.

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION.

In one large duodecimo volume, sheep, or extra cloth, with nearly two hundred wood-cuts.

The character of this work is such as to recommend it to all colleges and academies in want of a text-book. It is fully brought up to the day, containing all the late views and discoveries that have so entirely changed the face of the science, and it is completely illustrated with very numerous wood engravings, explanatory of all the different processes and forms of apparatus. Though strictly scientific, it is written with great clearness and simplicity of style, rendering it easy to be comprehended by those who are commencing the study.

It may be had well bound in leather, or neatly done up in strong cloth. Its low price places it within the reach of all.

*Extract of a letter from Professor Millington, of William and Mary College, Va.*

"I have perused the book with much pleasure, and find it a most admirable work; and, to my mind, such a one as is just now much needed in schools and colleges. \* \* \* All the books I have met with on chemistry are either too puerile or too erudite, and I confess Dr. Fownes' book seems to be the happiest medium I have seen, and admirably suited to fill up the hiatus."

Though this work has been so recently published, it has already been adopted as a text-book by a large number of the higher schools and colleges throughout the country, and many of the Medical Institutions. As a work for the upper classes in academies and the junior students of colleges, there has been but one opinion expressed concerning it, and it may now be considered as THE TEXT-BOOK for the Chemical Student.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

## SCHOOL BOOKS.

---

### BOLMAR'S FRENCH SERIES.

New editions of the following works, by A. BOLMAR, forming, in connection with "Bolmar's Levizac," a complete series for the acquisition of the French language:—

#### **A SELECTION OF ONE HUNDRED PERRIN'S FABLES,**

ACCOMPANIED BY A KEY,

Containing the text, a literal and free translation, arranged in such a manner as to point out the difference between the French and English idiom, &c., in 1 vol., 12mo.

#### **A COLLECTION OF COLLOQUIAL PHRASES, ON EVERY TOPIC NECESSARY TO MAINTAIN CONVERSATION.**

Arranged under different heads, with numerous remarks on the peculiar pronunciation and uses of various words; the whole so disposed as considerably to facilitate the acquisition of a correct pronunciation of the French, in 1 vol., 18mo.

#### **LES AVENTURES DE TELEMAQUE PAR FENELON,**

In 1 vol., 12mo., accompanied by a Key to the first eight books, in 1 vol., 12mo., containing, like the Fables, the text, a literal and free translation, intended as a sequel to the Fables. Either volume sold separately.

#### **ALL THE FRENCH VERBS,**

Both regular and irregular, in a small volume.

---

### BUTLER'S ANCIENT ATLAS.

---

#### **AN ATLAS OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY,**

BY SAMUEL BUTLER, D. D.,

Late Lord Bishop of Litchfield.

CONTAINING TWENTY-ONE COLOURED MAPS, AND A COMPLETE ACCENTUATED INDEX.

In one octavo volume, half-bound.

---

### BUTLER'S ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.

---

#### **GEOGRAPHIA CLASSICA,**

OR, THE APPLICATION OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY TO THE CLASSICS,

BY SAMUEL BUTLER, D. D., F. R. S.

REVISED BY HIS SON.

FIFTH AMERICAN, FROM THE LAST LONDON EDITION.

WITH QUESTIONS ON THE MAPS, BY JOHN FROST.

In one duodecimo volume, half-bound, to match the Atlas.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

WHITE'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

LATELY PUBLISHED,  
**ELEMENTS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY,**  
ON A NEW AND SYSTEMATIC PLAN;  
FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE TREATY OF VIENNA; TO WHICH  
IS ADDED, A SUMMARY OF THE LEADING EVENTS SINCE  
THAT PERIOD, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS  
AND PRIVATE STUDENTS.

BY H. WHITE, B.A.,  
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WITH ADDITIONS AND QUESTIONS,  
BY JOHN S. HART, A.M.,

Principal of the Philadelphia High School, and Professor of Moral and Mental Science, &c., &c.

In one volume, large duodecimo, neatly bound with Maroon Backs.

This work is arranged on a new plan, which is believed to combine the advantages of those formerly in use. It is divided into three parts, corresponding with Ancient, Middle, and Modern History; which parts are again subdivided into centuries, so that the various events are presented in the order of time, while it is so arranged that the annals of each country can be read consecutively, thus combining the advantages of both the plans hitherto pursued in works of this kind. To guide the researches of the student, there will be found numerous synoptical tables, with remarks and sketches of literature, antiquities, and manners, at the great chronological epochs.

The additions of the American editor have been principally confined to the chapters on the history of this country. The series of questions by him will be found of use to those who prefer that system of instruction. For those who do not, the publishers have had an edition prepared without the questions.

This work has already passed through several editions, and has been introduced into many of the higher Schools and Academies throughout the country. From among numerous recommendations which they have received, the publishers annex the following from the Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools for New York:

Secretary's Office, }  
Department of Common Schools. }

State of New York,  
Albany, Oct. 14th, 1845.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard:

Gentlemen:—I have examined the copy of "White's Universal History," which you were so obliging as to send me, and cheerfully and fully concur in the commendations of its value, as a comprehensive and enlightened survey of the Ancient and Modern World, which many of the most competent judges have, as I perceive, already bestowed upon it. It appears to me to be admirably adapted to the purposes of our public schools; and I unhesitatingly approve of its introduction into those seminaries of elementary instruction.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL S. RANDALL,

Deputy Superintendent Common Schools.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

## SCHOOL BOOKS.

---

### BIRD'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

NEARLY READY.

---

#### **ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,**

BEING AN EXPERIMENTAL INTRODUCTION TO THE  
PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER THREE HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS.

BY GOLDING BIRD, M.D.,

Assistant Physician to Guy's Hospital.

FROM THE THIRD LONDON EDITION.

In one neat volume.

"By the appearance of Dr. Bird's work, the student has now all that he can desire in one neat, concise, and well-digested volume. The elements of natural philosophy are explained in very simple language, and illustrated by numerous wood-cuts."—*Medical Gazette*.

"A volume of useful and beautiful instruction for the young."—*Literary Gazette*.

"We should like to know that Dr. Bird's book was associated with every boys' and girls' school throughout the kingdom."—*Medical Gazette*.

"This work marks an advance which has long been wanting in our system of instruction. Mr. Bird has succeeded in producing an elementary work of great merit."—*Athenæum*.

---

### HERSCHELL'S ASTRONOMY.

---

#### **A TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY,**

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHELL, F. R. S., &c.

WITH NUMEROUS PLATES AND WOOD-CUTS.

A NEW EDITION, WITH A PREFACE AND A SERIES OF QUESTIONS,

BY S. C. WALKER.

In one volume, 12mo.

---

### BREWSTER'S OPTICS.

---

#### **ELEMENTS OF OPTICS,**

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS, BY A. D. BACHE, LL.D.

Superintendent of the Coast Survey, &c.

In one volume, 12mo., with numerous wood-cuts.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

## MULLER'S PHYSICS AND METEOROLOGY.

NEARLY READY.

### PRINCIPLES OF PHYSICS AND METEOROLOGY,

BY J. MULLER,

Professor of Physics at the University of Freiburg.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,  
AND TWO COLORED PLATES.

In one octavo volume.

#### TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

In laying the following pages before the public, it seems necessary to state that the design of them is to render more easily accessible a greater portion of the general principles of Physics and Meteorology than is usually to be obtained, without the sacrifice of a greater amount of time and labour than most persons can afford, or are willing to make. The subjects of which this volume treats are very numerous—more numerous, in fact, than at first sight it would seem possible to embrace in so small a compass. The Author has, however, by a system of the most judicious selection and condensation, been enabled to introduce all the most important facts and theories relating to Statics, Hydrostatics, Dynamics, Hydrodynamics, Pneumatics, the Laws of the Motions of Waves in general, Sound, the Theory of Musical Notes, the Voice and Hearing, Geometrical and Physical Optics, Magnetism, Electricity and Galvanism, in all their subdivisions, Heat and Meteorology, within the space of an ordinary middle-sized volume. Of the manner in which the translator has executed his task, it behoves him to say nothing; he has attempted nothing more than a plain, and nearly literal version of the original. He cannot, however, conclude this brief introductory note without directing the attention of his Readers to the splendid manner in which the Publishers have illustrated this volume.

August, 1847.

"The Physics of Muller is a work, superb, complete, unique: the greatest want known to English Science could not have been better supplied. The work is of surpassing interest. The value of this contribution to the scientific records of this country may be duly estimated by the fact, that the cost of the original drawings and engravings alone has exceeded the sum of 2000*l*."—*Lancet*, March, 1847.

"The plan adopted by Muller is simple; it reminds us of the excellent and popular treatise published many years since by Dr. Arnott, but it takes a much wider range of subjects. Like it, all the necessary explanations are given in clear and concise language, without more than an occasional reference to mathematics; and the treatise is most abundantly illustrated with well-executed wood engravings.

"The author has actually contrived to comprise in about five hundred pages, including the space occupied by illustrations, Mechanics, the Laws of Motion, Acoustics, Light, Magnetism, Electricity, Galvanism, Electro-Magnetism, Heat, and Meteorology.

"Medical practitioners and students, even if they have the means to procure, have certainly not the time to study an elaborate treatise in every branch of science; and the question therefore is, simply, whether they are to remain wholly ignorant of such subjects, or to make a profitable use of the labours of those who have the happy art of saying or suggesting much in a small space.

"From our examination of this volume, we do not hesitate to recommend it to our readers as a useful book on a most interesting branch of science. We may remark, that the translation is so well executed, that we think the translator is doing himself injustice by concealing his name."—*London Medical Gazette*, August, 1847.

## GRAHAM'S CHEMISTRY.

NEARLY READY.

### ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY,

INCLUDING

### THE APPLICATIONS OF THE SCIENCE IN THE ARTS.

BY T. GRAHAM, F. R. S., &c.

SECOND AMERICAN, FROM THE SECOND LONDON EDITION.

EDITED AND REVISED BY ROBERT BRIDGES, M. D.,

Professor of Chemistry in the Franklin Medical College, Philadelphia.

In one large octavo volume, with numerous wood-engravings.

This edition will be found enlarged and improved, so as to be fully brought up to a level with the science of the day.

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

SCHOOL BOOKS.  
SCHMITZ AND ZUMPT'S CLASSICAL SERIES.

VOLUME I.

C. JULII CÆSARIS,

COMMENTARII DE BELLO GALLICO.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND A GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX IN ENGLISH.

ALSO, A MAP OF GAUL, AND ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS.

In one handsome 18mo. volume, extra cloth.

This Series has been placed under the editorial management of two eminent scholars and practical teachers, DR. SCHMITZ, Rector of the High School, Edinburgh, and DR. ZUMPT, Professor in the University of Berlin, and will combine the following advantages:—

1. A gradually ascending series of School Books on a uniform plan, so as to constitute within a definite number, a complete Latin Curriculum.

2. Certain arrangements in the rudimentary volumes, which will insure a fair amount of knowledge in Roman literature to those who are not designed for professional life, and who therefore will not require to extend their studies to the advanced portion of the series.

3. The text of each author will be such as has been constituted by the most recent collations of manuscripts, and will be prefaced by biographical and critical sketches in English, that pupils may be made aware of the character and peculiarities of the work they are about to study.

4. To remove difficulties, and sustain an interest in the text, explanatory notes in English will be placed at the foot of each page, and such comparisons drawn as may serve to unite the history of the past with the realities of modern times.

5. The works, generally, will be embellished with maps and illustrative engravings, —accompaniments which will greatly assist the student's comprehension of the nature of the countries and leading circumstances described.

6. The respective volumes will be issued at a price considerably less than that usually charged; and as the texts are from the most eminent sources, and the whole series constructed upon a determinate plan, the practice of issuing new and altered editions, which is complained of alike by teachers and pupils, will be altogether avoided.

From among the testimonials which the publishers have received, they append the following, to show that the design of the series has been fully and successfully carried out:—

*Central High School, Phila., June 29, 1847.*

*Gentlemen:—*

I have been much pleased with your edition of Cæsar's Gallic Wars, being part of Schmitz and Zumpt's classical series for schools. The work seems happily adapted to the wants of learners. The notes contain much valuable information, concisely and accurately expressed and on the points that really require elucidation, while at the same time the book is not rendered tiresome and expensive by a useless array of mere learning. The text is one in high repute, and your reprint of it is pleasing to the eye. I take great pleasure in commending the publication to the attention of teachers. It will, I am persuaded, commend itself to all who give it a fair examination.

Very Respectfully, Your Obt. Servt.,

JOHN S. HART,

*Principal Phila. High School.*

To Messrs. Lea & Blanchard.

---

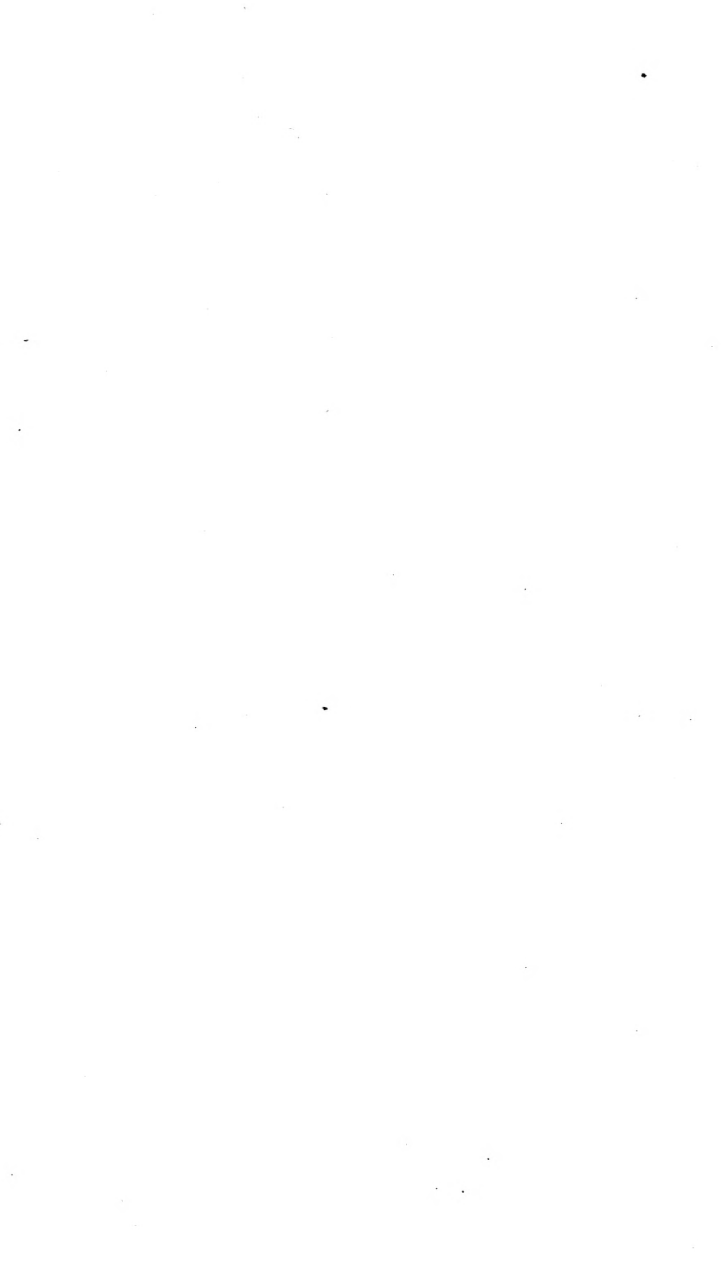
VOLUME SECOND,  
P. VIRGILII MARONIS CARMINA.  
NEARLY READY.

BM 21









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2009

**Preservation Technologies**

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



