

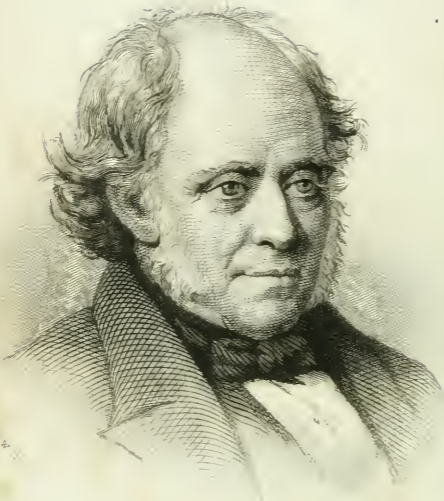




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J. Watson Dally.

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T A L E S ,

SONGS AND SONNETS,

BY

J. W. DALBY.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN AND GREEN,
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FANCHION AND DUBOIS.



“COME for a change,” exclaimed a friend one day,
“A country dinner, and back to the play.”
We left the city of the light and vain,
And rattled gaily by the banks of Seine,
Through environs which, picturesquely blest,
Lacked one charm more, and that, indeed, the best,
The sunshine that makes beauty everywhere,
Clothing with loveliness what else were bare,
Decking more brightly all the bright and fair;
By unhedged fields, but o’er good toll-less roads,
Past scattered farms, rude huts, and quaint abodes,
When, seated on the grass, beneath a tree,
In garb that time had treated scurvily,
In soldier’s well-worn garb, we saw one sit
Fiddle in hand, and well he humoured it,
With eye, and smile, and almost tender hug.
He looked up at us with a playful shrug
And courteous but still deprecating eyes
That said “Excuse me, but I cannot rise.”

A paradox we thought his painful plight,
And self-possession buoyed by spirits light ;
And looks that were compassionately bent,
His seemed to doubt—at first almost resent—
A nearer glance assured the wanderer, while
O'er his bronzed features stole a pleasant smile.
“A soldier,” said my friend, and closely prest
My arm ; 'twas easy to divine the rest :
That gallant heart could pass no sufferer by,
But owned with such a more than common tie.
“Brothers-in-arms” he still as brothers met,
And kindest when woe their path beset.
When raged the fight he was a Bayard there,
Nor with the battle ceased his generous care.

As we drew near the stranger, we espied
A wooden leg in fragments by his side.
“Comrade, what do you there ?” inquired my friend,
“To my own village home my way I wend,”
He answered. “I will be long ere you arrive,
If you no better carriage can contrive
Than those poor splints.”—“I wait my equipage
And all my suite, who have gone on a stage,
But will be here anon.”—Led by his eye,
To a not distant hill, we could descry,
Slowly descending, a small one-horse cart
On which that eye was fixed, and all his heart.
There sat a woman, and a peasant drove
The charioteer of a true-hearted love.
As they came on, he turned to us, to say
How he had lost his leg in Corsica,
And how, before he to the wars had gone,
They were betrothed, and friends looked smiling on,
But when months fled, and, the wars being o'er,
He came back maimed, her friends would smile no more.
But she was still unchanged, and they were now

Made one by fond irrevocable vow—
 Bound for his father's house, henceforth their own.
 " 'Tis not the worst disaster I have known,
 (Although enough provoking,) and will be
 Repaired, I doubt not, soon and easily."
 " And here," his voice grew tender, yet as bold,
 And prouder than before,—“ My friend, behold
 My Fanchon! no girl firmer, truer-hearted,
 Faithful and fond as when we first were parted.”

The girl sprang from the cart glowing all over ;
 Grasping the outstretched hand of her poor lover,
 She told him that a carpenter was found
 Whose “ legs ” were warranted for any ground
 As quickly made as lasting firm and sound ;
 To-morrow thus would see them on their way,
 Despite the misadventure of to-day.
 The soldier looked his thanks to her, and told
 So looking, more than words could well unfold.
 We, whom his story, honestly addrest
 To willing ears, kindled to interest
 In both, looked on admiringly, as yet
 Unheeded by the love-absorbed brunette ;
 A winsome girl, with a wild sparkling grace.
 Some twenty summers had embrowned a face
 Whence looked bright eyes, which, wheresoe'er they
 went,
 Rays of good feeling, sense, and spirit sent.
 The girl had ripened into woman ; still,
 Though blended with unconquerable will,
 (The strength that made her changeless,) unbereft
 By years, her girlhood's sprightliness was left.
 Yet love and loving care had made mature
 A spirit formed to strive and to endure,—
 To share or soothe all danger or distress,
 And double every chance-found happiness.

“Fatigued, my dear?” the gallant Marquis said.
Gravely towards my friend she turned her head,
And gravely too he marked those sweet lips move,—
“They never tire who work for those they love.”
The grateful impulse could Dubois resist?
Was ever fair hand with more fervour kissed?
“You see,” the Marquis said, “when girls of sense
Once fix their hearts as Fanchon’s has been fixed,
A leg or so will make no difference ;
As little all the ‘friends’ who come betwixt.”
“’Twas not his legs,” said Fanchon, “won my heart,
Though legs have sometimes got in love the start
Of nobler things, and I have seen the day
His might have done some mischief in that way.”
“Come,” said the Marquis briskly, “she has charmed me,
And this brave fellow’s patient courage warmed me ;
We have four legs, and they can count but three,
Our carriage they shall have if you agree ;
We to the village following, to see
How we may add to their felicity.
Something we may do, and it shall be done,
If it be but to help the weary on,
And give our friends a parting benison.”
I gave quick assent ; but in diffidence
The soldier paused. Then she, with subtler sense,
“Enter, Dubois, the honour done is great,
But less so than the kindness.”—“Both we rate
Done to ourselves,” the Marquis kindly said,
“And,” with a smile, “*Colonels* must be obeyed.”
Dubois saluted him, and, gently raised,
Leant on her arm on whom he fondly gazed.
My friend, whose stout arm needful aid supplied,
Said, “Not a coach in France, with you inside,
But would have cause for honourable pride,
And proud were I to make you happy.”—“Well,
“Leave that to me,” said Dubois, “Colonel.”

“I am as happy as a queen,” said she ;
And quickly moved away the *vis-à-vis*.

“Now,” said my friend, “you may observe to-day,
How Frenchmen gather pleasures on their way,
Like children gathering berries, and as gay.”
I acquiesced ; and, laughingly, he said,
“But how, in England, do they woo and wed ?
There happiness, I hear, costs something more.”
“How long will these poor people count their store ;”
I interposed,—“brief pleasure, dearly bought !”
“Ha ! ha !” he cried, “a truly *English* thought !
I own myself not prone to prophecy,
Or o’er the present cast forestalling eye,
Looking for ills that in the future lie.
Don’t meet, you English tell us, griefs half-way,
And I am for the pleasures of to-day.”
The Village reached, we found the Village Inn,
Dubois and Fanchon waiting us within.
They hailed our entrance gladly, and with eyes
Whose glance exceeded all amenities
Of studied etiquette and courtesy,
Masks oft of the cold heart’s inanity.
The fruit and wine discussed with easy flow
Of chat, which makes the moments smoothly go,
I asked Dubois how since they two were one,
Bread (for e’en Love gets hungry) would be won ?
“He who has learned to live on Soldiers’ pay,”
He answered, “has but little fear that way.
My Fiddle is my fortune, and in France
No Village like my own for song and dance,
And frequent weddings, and I trust to these
To win enough for our necessities.”
She said, “I weave silk-purses, and hair nets,
And can mend stockings—though that last work frets.
Two hundred livres too my uncle has

Of mine, and these shall from his coffers pass ;
 And though the Bailiff is his kinsman, and
Volontiers brutal, I will both withstand ;
 He shall withhold no longer what is due ;
 I'll make him pay the money, every sous !”
 “ I,” said the soldier, “ in my pocket hold ”
 (He touched it proudly,) “ fifteen coins in gold,
 Besides two louis to a poor farmer lent
 That he might meet the taxes and his rent.
 And these he will repay when he is able.”
 “ Ah, then,” I said, “ we'll not suspect your table.”
 “ Sir,” said Fauchon, a glow on either cheek,
 “ We court no aid, and no compassion seek,
 But have true thanks for those to whom we speak.”
 Then with a look of exquisite tenderness
 She to her lover turned, and added, “ Yes,
 We shall be happy with but bread and salt,
 We *must* be happy, save through our own fault !”
 “ If *you* are not,” he said, “ *ma douce amie*,
 How insupportable my grief will be !”
 Emotion shook me, and my comrade's eye
 Was turned upon me not untearfully.
 “ Faith ! 'tis a mournful comedy,” he sighed,
 And gently beckoned Fauchon to his side,
 “ For just one little favour I must pray ;
 Too small, too fairly sought, to have your Nay ;
 Till you get paid your livres, and my friend
 His louis, I must be your creditor ;
 But think not that you borrow, or I lend ;
 Some newer words this deed is waiting for,
 And you shall coin them.”

Fanchon's tearful eye
 Thanked him ; her trembling lips made no reply.
 He took the hand she offered,—“ May you live
 Happy as now ! with few things to forgive,

And all to love and trust in!—Let me know,
From time to time, how matters with you go;
But, Fanchon, when you call on me, be sure
You do not leave your husband at the door.”
“I shall not fear to trust her,” said Dubois,
“Alone, and when she pleases.”—“*Mais, ma fois,*”
Fanchon said gravely, “you were always bold,
And too confiding, that I knew of old.
Your serjeant told me when I questioned him,
’Twas too much venturing cost you that limb;”
Then added, smiling, “though I like your faith,
’Twere well to guard it from all risk or scathe.
I take the Marquis at his word; his deeds
Show from how good a heart that word proceeds;
But when in Paris I upon him wait,
My friend, you shall not linger at the gate.”

ZULEIKA IN THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN.



“ Think how often ‘clemency has succeeded where severity would have failed. What did that discreet Eastern emir, when he found his fair young wife sleeping in a garden where she had no earthly business to be?’—*Sword and Gown.*”

Who sees the wall and bolted gate
Enclosing fragrant scenes and fair,
Nor turns dismayed and inelate,
With baffled wish to enter there?
Who would not ope the Book of Fate,
Though blackest doom should from it glare?
Deny, and we desiderate;
Bestow, we cease to care.

We fondly people every star,
And long those distant worlds to know,
That shine so brightly, so afar,
Too far we deem for change or woe,—
So deemed because the things they are,
With all our thirst, we cannot know;
Who would not overleap the bar
Of earth, and thither go?

Aught to our frail imaginings
Becomes most precious if denied;
Of unrevealed and mystic things
The charms and worth are magnified;
To joys withheld the fancy clings,
The heart exalts a boon denied,—
Yet oft away the treasure flings,
By unthought chance supplied.

What has this common-place to do
With the sweet story I would tell,
Or moral which the writer drew
So wisely, searchingly, and well?
The rhyme I turn the passage to,
Cannot his graceful prose excel,
'Tis done but with the thrifty view
Both may in memory dwell.

An Emir rich in all that throws
A grace on indolent luxury,
Richest in her—his Queen—his Rose—
Zuleika of the dark bright eye,—
Her whom he from a thousand chose
Could he one gift, one joy deny,
And a fair Garden's beauties close
From Beauty's pleading sigh?

Deep was her wonder—vain her prayer,
Denial quickened her desire,
And mystery seemed lurking there,
More fevered longing to inspire.
One day she wandered forth,—beware,
Zuleika! think upon his ire.
Ah me! she had one only care
For which her heart beats higher.

Escaping eyes of watchful bands,
Enveloped well in robe and veil,
The gate is gained—awhile she stands
Trembling, irresolute, and pale.
An echo of those stern commands
Seems borne upon the passing gale;
It sinks,—and 'gainst those gentle hands
No barriers avail.

The interdicted Eden found
Its curious, rash, enjoying Eve,
The flowery paths she wandered round,
So sweet to win, so hard to leave.
Ambrosial airs and scents abound,
She could not pause to fear or grieve,
Or aught from odour, sight or sound,
But full delight receive.

The sun was warm, the shade was sweet,
Luscious the fruits around her spread,
But somewhat worn, and flushed with heat,
More languid grew the lady's tread.
Exhausted by her stolen treat,
She sank down on a mossy bed,
Where twining rose and jasmine meet
Above her drooping head.

In happy dreamless sleep she lay,
The breeze about her temples playing.
The Emir chanced to stroll that way,
In sooth without a thought of slaying.
But woe to those who disobey!
An Emir's will there's no gainsaying.
Sweet Sleeper! now awake and pray,
If life may be preserved by praying!
But has he heart to slay?

A moment's pause—relenting while
His thoughts the path of love retrace,
Memories that soften and beguile,
Of hasty anger take the place,
Recalling each infantine wile,
Her truth, her gentleness, her grace—
And then—too seldom there—a smile
Stole o'er his thoughtful face.

A kiss, he thought, were pardon's seal
On those mute lips ;—he shuns the snare ;
At least she must be made to feel
Her fault, and taught an after-care.
He gently laid the shining steel
Upon her neck so soft and fair,
At once what awful visions steal
Upon the sleeper there !

The sun is darkened—and the air
Is filled with many a ghastly sprite,
And shrieks as of a wild despair,
A death-cry, on her ear alight.
Close to her own with vengeful glare
A face is bending, stern and white,—
The glitter of the scimitar
Dazzles her failing sight.

She starts in terror—trembling hands
A little while the sabre hold.
The message then she understands,
And all its master would unfold.
Sacred henceforth are his commands,
And, every happiest moment told,
This in the Emir's memory stands
The happiest enrolled.

Thrice to her lips she pressed the blade,
And humble tears upon it fell,
With vows no saint has freelier made,
And few have ever kept so well.
And Hussein Bey the trembler laid
On his broad breast, whose fervid swell
Told all his grave lips left unsaid,
And all he cared to tell.

THE ARCHDUKE AND THE POSTMASTER'S DAUGHTER.



(RHYMED VERSION OF A STORY TOLD IN CHAMBERS'
JOURNAL.)

I.

THE Tyrol heights beheld him day by day
Warring with one who made the world his prey,
And rustic followers to the chieftain gave
The hope and heart stronger than bow or glaive ;
For with a nature timed to sympathize
(And there the secret of all influence lies)
He touched their hearts, his warm and joyous tone
In war or sport the echo of their own,
Till they and he in wants and ways were one.
When conflict ceased the Vorarlberg to rend,
Their chief no more, but, as of old, their friend,
'Mong simple frugal homes a home he found,
Peace in his heart and Nature's smiles around.

II.

One winter's night, the day's fierce riding done,
And each tired hunter to his homestead gone,
Saw him, among the mountains at Aussee,
Stand at the Postmaster's imploringly.
Herr Plochell is from home ; man, carriage, horse—
The country has monopolized his force.
The Duke can trust no more his weary legs,
And vainly he for one stage onward begs ;

But whilst he urges unavailing prayers,
A girl is gazing on him unawares,
And, moved to pity the poor pilgrim, says
Herself will drive him o'er the mountain ways.

III.

The little carriage starts, and breezes frore
Meet them as they the desolate heights pass o'er,
But neither found the journey dull or long,
He full of gravest thoughts as she of song—
Of Alpine ditties from her childhood heard,
The music of the heart in every word,—
Or chatting gaily till the Duke is stirred
From reverie, and finds strange charm in all
Her careless talk, so gay and natural.

IV.

And how felt Anna? In her lifted eyes
Could aught be seen except a sweet surprise,
Next day, when with his eager outstretched hands,
The Pilgrim of the night before her stands?
Some courtly words her pleased attention win,
And the Duke hies him to the Village Inn.
There for three days the lagging hours beguiled
In chat and play with the innkeeper's child,
The little Clara, who had learned to prate
To him of Anna, as a kind playmate,
And Anna Plochell, Anna all day long
The burthen was of their united song.

V.

And now the Duke must drop the pilgrim mask:
"Herr Plochell, I have seen, I love, I ask
Your daughter's hand."

Herr Plochell met the look

Of the bold wooer with a cold rebuke ;
 But softened by the honour in his eye,
 And won, despite himself, to courtesy,
 Demands his name and his profession. "I,"
 Answers the lover, "am the Archduke John,
 Soldier of late, but now that work is done."
 Herr Plochell was a man who loved no joke,
 And waxing angry as the Archduke spoke,
 He waved away his unsought visitor,
 Pointed significantly to the door,
 And sternly bade him enter it no more.

VI.

Amazed, and yet amused, as on he lies,
 Away to Grätz the foiled Prince Johann flies,
 And quick returns with neighbourly allies ;
 Whereat Herr Plochell opens wide his eyes,
 Believes the vouchers he before him sees,
 But blenches not, nor bends his rigid knees.
 "Archduke," he says, "good testimonies these ;
 Yet Archduke as you are, were you not more
 A genuine man, in vain would you implore.
 But being such, if Anna, as I guess
 By the girl's blush, says with her father 'Yes,'
 Why, take my daughter from this humble door—
 A wife that would not shame an Emperor!"

VII.

Nor was the Emperor ashamed when she
 Was led in bridal pomp and pageantry,
 Some three weeks after Johann lost his heart
 To the sweet singer of the two-wheeled cart.
 The Empress stormed with fury wild and weak ;
 The Hoffburg was all flutter, fume, and pique ;

The Kaiser laughed, kissed Anna's rosy cheek,
Cautioned his courtiers not at night to be
Belated near the village of Aussee,
Bade Anna keep by faith what kindness won,
And prove true helpmeet of trustworthy son.
And such she was—alike in bower and hall,
In spirit, mien, and grace, surpassing all
The born Court beauties who beheld her reign,
And owned her worth, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine ;
And still she lives (lamenting her good man,
An honest and heroic course who ran,
Lady of Brandof—Countess of Meran.

FAIRFAX'S MARCH TO NASEBY,

AND THE NIGHT OF JUNE 11, 1645, IN WOOTTON FIELD.

—0—

“ The army [Fairfax's] being come to Wootton from Stony Stratford, they found there none of the best accommodation for quarters; only what was wanting that way, was kindly and respectfully endeavoured to be supplied by the Mayor and Magistrates of Northampton, who, the same night, came to the General at the Head Quarters upon the errand of a congratulatory visit and present.”—*Joshua Sprigge's “Anglia Rediviva.”*

The next day the army proceeded to Kislingbury, and thence to GUILSBOROUGH and NASEBY, where the battle so fatal to the fortunes of King Charles I. was fought.

WESTERN glory tinted Heaven, and silence lulled the
plain,
A low sweet song the streams gave out, and birds their
vesper strain;
When there arose, as yet remote, a strange and
measured sound—
The tramp of thousand martial feet upon the startled
ground.

Slow and regular it came as the roll of waters deep,
But it gathered on the ear as when stormy breezes
sweep
The earth with whisper distant, but at length in fierce
array
That bringeth horror unto night, and darkness unto day.

The song is mute among the leaves, the rivulet is dumb,—
Only a muttering voice is heard that asks—"Who hither come?"
Checked in mid-song the nightingale is leaning 'gainst the thorn,
For the measured tramp comes nearer, upon the night-wind borne.

'Tis the tread of men who move for their God and Fatherland,
Who would win their rights and keep them with unvanquishable hand,
Whom great-hearted Hampden summoned, whom gallant Fairfax leads,
And whom aspiring Cromwell fires to high thoughts and daring deeds.

They have passed old Salcey's oaks and the groves of Courteenhall—
And bowery Quinton trembled as it felt the stern foot-fall.
They come—above them gentle skies, around them springing grain,
'Mid velvet lawns, and foliaged nests, and many a calm green lane;

And the people of the meadows, the hedge-rows, and the streams,
The winged, the finned, the ruminant, start from their quiet dreams,—
And they shrink as through them wendeth the dark embattled band
That moves along the proud and strong, the flower of all the land.

But the hearts that stoutly beat, they are borne by
 weary feet—
 Toilsome the long day's march to mailed men in
 Summer's heat.
 Cry "halt," and pitch the tent, and seek whatever
 scanty cheer
 A village may afford, for lo! Wootton field is here.

To the church's fine old tower if they turn no reverent
 eyes,
 They are thankful for the rest that within its shadow
 lies;
 But 'tis scanty cheer in sooth that the villager supplies,
 And of warriors lacking food, fast and far the story
 flies.

And it flieth not in vain, for the willing aid is near,
 And "the Good Old Cause" sends friends to its sol-
 diers fainting here;
 And they come from fair Northampton, the Mayor
 and foremost men,
 To welcome Fairfax, and to cry—"For England,
 strike agen!"

And *strike* they did, the Iron Hearts! the morrow's
 rising sun
 Fell cheerfully and grandly their burnished arms upon.
 So they passed the famous cross that a kingly love had
 reared,
 And in morning's roseate flush Kislingbury's bowers ap-
 peared.

On to fields unstoried yet, but full soon to fill a page
 With a glory ne'er to set, and a light for every age;

By Saint Ethelreda's tower and through Ostorius'
burrow—
Where they pause to breathe awhile in beautiful
Guilsboro'.

Brief pause! for scarce a day shall intermit the fateful
fray,
Ere Monarch's aims and People's claims will know
which holdeth sway.
And Naseby opens on them, and Heaven is with the
cause,
Whose only holy watch-word was—"Our Liberties
and Laws!"

HYDER ALI'S CHOICE.



[The occurrence which suggested these lines is quoted from the narrative of Col. Wilks, in "Thornton's Gazetteer of the Territories under the Government of the East India Company," vol. 3, p. 621. The child who was attracted by the brilliant little dagger, was of the same name as his predecessor, Cham Raj, and was the father of the Raja ruling in 1854, who was placed by the English at the head of the Hindoo house of Mysore, on the subversion of the Mahomedan dynasty in 1799.]

“CALL forth the royal children—let them all
Be brought together in the audience hall.
Let fate decide who shall be fittest found
To build anew our house, ‘the golden round’
To wear, and scatter glory, as of yore,
Over the hills and rivers of Mysore.”

Thus the stern chieftain, wily and alert,
To lure with pageantry and so divert,
The land grown weary, disappointed, sore ;—
An art his policy had tried of yore,
The regal trickster's game ;—nor lacked the hour
All splendour offers at the shrine of Power.

With buoyant gestures and with eyes serene,
Bounded the laughing infants to the scene.
No dream of kingdoms, no ambitious thought,
On gentle brows the ill-timed furrows wrought.
The hall was a new playground, grandly strown
With all the young heart seeks to make its own.
Fruits ripe and juicy, sweetmeats, heaps of flowers
The fragrant offerings of Hindustan bowers ;

Playthings to suit the ever-changing whim,
 The languid mood or the elastic limb;
 Arms for the embryo warrior, and in nooks
 The unfledged philosopher might pore on books.
 Around chains, rings, and jewelled gewgaws lay,
 Of either sex the coveted array;
 And money bags!

All things in short, that woo
 The young or old to sigh for and pursue.
 But *these* were young, and sought sufficing joys
 In mellow fruits, rich cates, and novel toys,
 Which eagerly were clutched by all but one,
 Before whose eyes a glittering weapon shone,
 Near it a citron.

He a moment gazed;
 Then in his hands the fruit and steel he raised.
 The action seemed significant—sublime!
 His right the dagger grasped—his left the lime.

“That is the Raja!” Hyder cried,—“He cares,
 First to protect the land whose crown he wears,
 And next, to bless the toil that makes *it* blest.
 Bring him to my embrace!”

And thus caressed—
 The fabric trembling to the myriad shout—
 The boy, Mysore's next prince, was carried out.

HELEN IRVING.

A TALE OF THE KIRTLE BANKS.



[Towards the close of the last century might be seen, in the ruined chapel of Kirkeconnel, a monumental inscription recording the events on which this ballad is founded; and authentic family documents then in the possession of a worthy baronet residing near the spot, corroborated their actual occurrence. Adam Fleming was the son of a small farmer in Scotland, *temp.* Mary, Queen of Scots; his education, manners, and personal attractions, won for him the affection of a lovely heiress in Dumfriesshire. There were other suitors, and one of these, infuriated by disappointed hopes and thwarted passion, tracked the lovers to a favourite rendezvous, and levelled a carbine at his unconscious rival. Helen heard the rustling of the leaves, and, turning quickly, saw the deadly purpose of their pursuer, threw herself before her lover, and sank lifeless into his arms. To lay the bleeding corse on the ground, chase the ruffian, and plant a dagger in his heart, was the work of a few moments; but the horror of the two events was a lifelong agony to Fleming. He fled to the sea-coast, found a vessel outward bound, and sailed to Lisbon. He entered into the service of the King of Portugal, and distinguished himself in the Brazils. Amply and honourably rewarded, and reluctantly dismissed by his royal master, he, in the spirit of the times, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Haunted even there by the memory of Helen, he resolved on returning to Scotland and visiting the place of her interment. He did so; but his debilitated frame was unequal to the toil of travel and the emotions excited by the scene; and soon after his arrival, he died on the earth which covered the remains of his lost love]

I.

THE Kirtle banks are fair to view,
And none may coldly eye them;
They have their flowers of varying hue,
And bright the stream runs by them.
And they've a tale too sad and true,
For all who linger nigh them.

II.

They heard rich Helen Irving plight
 Her troth to Adam Fleming,
 Though suitors strong in mammon-might,
 Stood fuming and condemning ;
 Richer than they in true love's sight
 Was humble Adam Fleming.

III.

The Kirtle banks, how oft they saw,
 When daylight was declining,
 Two hearts that owned one gentle law,
 Their every thought entwining.
 Alas! another scene they saw—
 Beyond those hearts' divining.

IV.

The Kirtle banks—they saw a deed
 Whose memory darkens o'er them ;
 They saw the jealous maniac speed
 Where baffled passion bore him,—
 They saw the helpless maiden bleed,—
 Self-sacrificed before him.

V.

The Kirtle banks beheld the scathe—
 They saw the fleet pursuer
 Winged by revenge, and love, and death,
 Overtake the evil-doer,
 Alas, he speedy vengeance hath,—
 Bereft, heart-maddened wooer !

VI.

And Fleming leaves the Kirtle banks,
 Where love no more may lure him,

And wins in foreign lands and ranks
 All courage can ensure him :
 But what of peace may kingly thanks,
 Or fame, or wealth, procure him ?

VII.

The Kirtle banks filled every dream
 With phantom-shapes beside them ;
 Red were the shrubs and stained the stream,—
 'Twas Helen's blood had dyed them !
 But ah ! with what a ghastrer gleam
 His own rash deed supplied them !

VIII.

How heavily he drew the breath
 Of life,—wan and wayfaring,—
 His every feeling withereth,
 Remorseful and despairing.
 How fervently he prayed for death,
 Where death oft meets the daring !

IX.

A chain there is that ever clanks,
 Corroding in his bosom ;
 His heart it chills, his life it blanks—
 Nor hope nor comfort woos him.
 The memory of the Kirtle banks
 Through every scene pursues him.

X.

He wends him to the Holy Land,
 A pilgrim pale and weary ;
 With scallop-shell and staff in hand,
 And bosom worn and dreary,
 To find that every sea or strand
 Becomes more lone and eerie.

XI.

And Fleming's pilgrimage is o'er—
The Kirtle banks are near him,
He thought to gaze on them once more
Might soothe—it could not cheer him.
Nought shall that stricken form restore—
To Helen's grave they bear him.

XII.

Kirkeconnel chapel held her tomb—
And thitherward they bore him
With hasty steps—the murky gloom
Of death was gathering o'er him ;
And Fleming found his long-sought doom
With Helen's grave before him.

THE RETURN OF ADMIRAL BLAKE.

SEE THE "LIFE OF BLAKE," BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.



I have won the fame I sought for—that I stood my
country's friend ;
I would see the land I fought for, ere the strife of being
end ;
O, one last glimpse of the meadows by the feet of boy-
hood prest,
Though they gleam through gathering shadows forerun-
ning dreamless rest !

Thus exclaimed the hero, weary, as he left Lisboa's
shore,
And the tempest wild and dreary shook the old St.
George once more,
And his pennant proudly floated as it did in days gone
by,
When the brave and the devoted forward went to do
or die.

As they fade—the spires and cupolas, the gigantic
towers and mast—
His unsleeping watch expires, and he homeward turns
at last,
Then anew in Cascaë's road was heard the patriot sigh,
"O that my native sod may glad my closing eye !"

And many a deep prayer muttered as pale faces o'er
him bent,
Echoed the prayer he uttered, and heav'nward was
sent.
May the sea that knows his master fail that last behest
to do?
Speed, gallant ship! speed faster, till the white cliffs
come in view.

And bring him Cromwell's letter, and, with the Senate's
thanks,
The jewelled ring that better may tell what thrills all
ranks.
The ring, the thanks, the letter, together found him
where
He burst each servile fetter, doing all that heroes dare.

But loves that prondly greet him, the homage of his
peers,
Fain would he have them meet him on the dear land
he nears.
To that land he had given single heart and stainless
steel,
As ever yet had striven to uphold the common weal.

Through stormy waters speeding, as on the good ship
went,
Past glories little heeding, his thoughts on home were
bent.
"God strengthen him to see it!" was the seamen's
hourly prayer,
"A lengthened blessing be it when his country hails
him there."

And though his frame was shattered the old spirit
would break out,
Till friendly care was flattered in its agony of doubt.
But the eyes which now are brightening too soon will
look their last ;
'Tis but the fevered lightning of a spirit fleeting fast.

The white cliffs that he sighed for, and the enfranchised
towns
Whose rights he would have died for, and the green-
swelling downs,
And the goodly churches standing in reverent beauty
fair,
His own beloved land in—what wanted he else-
where ?

And in accents low and broken he would ask if they
drew near,
And ere the words were spoken he was answered with
a tear ;
For in mournful silence near him his cherished brethren
stand,
Nor words can speak to cheer him that sorrow-stricken
band.

Though the ship is homeward flying, nor far the happy
shore,
They know that he is dying, nor may behold it
more.
Their own eyes have grown dimmer in straining weary
whiles,
Where speck or line might glimmer of those expecting
isles.

And the glory which surrounds them as on their way
they go,
Is a glory that confounds them, and which death is
laying low ;
Not a heart that trembles sadly, not a sailor strong
and brave,
But would give his own life gladly his heroic chief to
save.

Now they closely round him gather the latest words to
hear,
Of their captain and their father—and lo! England's
coasts appear,
Thronged with thousands who would meet him on his
own rejoicing sod,
And who wildly rush to greet him, whilst his spirit
seeks its God.

OVER THE WAY:

“SENSATIONAL” BUT STRICTLY TRUTHFUL.

“Rough-hewn, but dug from the quarry of actual fact.”



THE Angels have borne up Marguerite,*
The crowds are hurrying through the street,—
The midnight street of the mighty city,
With its sad strange scenes of Pain and Pity,
The last too oft but a passing stare,
A shrug, a sigh, or quick-breathed—“Beware!”
Leave Love to plead, and the wise to plan
What can be done for perishing man,
We’ve homes—let’s pass the wretch who has none;
They are so many—I am but one.
Pass the young wreck with her bosom bare,
Her kindled cheeks, and her streaming hair,
And her fierce cry “I’ll *have* my five pound
These fellows have stol’n, and say they’ve found”—
Her drunken oaths, and her glances wild,
“I’ll *have*”—again are coarse threats piled—
“My five pounds—for my rent—and *my child!*”
Past the saloons whence issue flushed throngs
With leer, sneer, slang, and bits of bad songs;

* Last scene of the Opera of “Faust.”

Pass the Gin Palaces shining bright
 As flames of the realm to which they invite ;
 Pass curtained windows, well-secured doors,—
 Whilst bedless and starving huddle by scores,
 East and West, in the Square, in the Park,
 Or in dank and loathsome alley dark,
 Life's scarce-living outcasts squalid and stark !

* * * * *

What sudden stoppage of slippery breath !
 What undreamed-of leaps from life to death !
 The reckless and loud, last eve so gay,
 The young, and the strong, are mute to-day.
 Here there's a Farce, and there a dull Play,
 It is a Tragedy—over the way.
 Young still, and sometimes loving, no doubt,
 Love's ling'ring fires 'tis hard to put out ;
She was gay—but light smiles are not crimes ;
He was grave—but impulsive at times ;
 And the course of his life led him on
 Where or traffic impelled, or mirth shone,
 Yet if doomed to a quieter nook,
 He perchance had been wed to a book,
 For not yet quite forgotten, the lore,
 That exalted his spirit before
 Trade enthralled him. The lay that of yore
 Won his heart, was a pure solace yet,
 And could teach the worn mind to forget
 For awhile all the strife and the din,
 And the struggle of men who would win,
 At the price of their souls' health and peace,
 Of this world's worthless dross an increase.
 Thus he lost for a moment the real
 (Or what seemed such) in pictures ideal.

But one week since, none dreamt that the tide,
 Darkly rushing, of Time would divide
 Those two, who but lived as the living
 Do mainly, assailed and forgiving,
 Now as demons, now angels, as spite
 And as Love for the mastery fight,
 But we still to the eye of the world
 Keep the flag of antipathy furled.

* * * * *

There's a stir in the dead of the night,
 Knockers plied wildly, gathering feet
 Waken weird echoes—startle the street—
 Hoarse shouts of alarm, shrieks of affright!
 Dreamers bewildered say "What ails the night?"
 From open windows glaring with light,
 Faces are thrust forth eager and white—
 Stars shining o'er the scene placidly bright,
 Ah those unmoved and pitiless stars!
 With the same cold gaze on our petty jars
 That they bend o'er mad and murderous wars!—
 Fly, fly for the leech! the life blood flows!
 "Was it meant?" cry crowds—alas, who knows?
 But there in that red and fatal flow
 Lies the hale and strong of an hour ago!
 And rings in our ears the outcry wild
 Of frantic widow with fatherless child!

GARIBALDI'S SECOND MARRIAGE.*

—0—

If you have been to Italy, you saw
The Lake of Como—custom 'tis and law ;
If but a traveller by your own fireside,
How oft has picture or a book supplied
That lovely scene, till every feature grew
Familiar as the spot that best you knew.
Queen of the northern lakes ! in beauty strong
And swift, yet placid, glide her waves along,
Whilst in her waters mirrored faithfully
Her guardian banks and their proud villas be.
If that of Este to the English mind
Bring shame and sorrow, let no thought unkind
Visit the memory of poor Caroline,
Who suffered if she sinned.

But here divine
And purifying Nature seems to cleanse
And cast away the noisome stuff that men's
Follies and crimes engender. Here alights
Adda, from Lepontine and Rhetian heights,
Blending with Como's lake her loveliness,
Till Lecco woos her with a bland caress.

* A writer in the *Victoria Magazine*, calling himself "The Parson," gave the version of Garibaldi's second marriage, which suggested this poem. The statement current at the time of the event, was that the signora had eloped with one of her husband's lieutenants. Accepting the "Parson's" narrative, it is reasonable to infer that the escort of an officer of Garibaldi, having the unfortunate lady in his charge, was construed by the public into an elopement.

Stories she tells as on her way she goes,
 Of Alpine hills, their wonders and their woes,
 Of wrongs that linger, wasting, withering—
 Mean as momentous—such their double sting—
 For *priest* and *brigand* mean the same vile thing.

But back to Como,—her first villa claims
 Your eye, and the indignant song that shames
 To mingle, as it must, th' ungenial names
 Of Garibaldi and another; one
 That rises daily on men's minds—a sun
 Of spotless glory—and the other dun
 As Erebus—stained with unnatural crimes
 Akin to those of Rome in other times,
 But startling ours.

There the Marchesa lives
 Who to these lines their gloomiest horror gives.
 A *mother*, with her own vice so in love,
 So doting in disgraces, that she strove
 To make her daughters as herself sin-stained,
 And over *one* the devilish mastery gained.

Young Italy had started from the sloth,
 The deathlike sleep, of centuries the growth,
 Dashed from her limbs dishonouring chains at last,
 And *was* what her own Dante had forecast
 In his prophetic song of love and wrath.
 His stern sad spirit hovered o'er her path
 When she the consecrated weapon drew
 'Gainst her oppressors, and her warriors flew
 To aid the sacred cause, and mountains knew,
 And lakes, the red shirts of guerillas, who
 Clothed them with new wild life.

But hill or lake
 Ne'er saw such charms as now upon them break:
 Naiad or Nymph—what form the water skims
 That seems enamoured of those lovely limbs
 And locks of glossy beauty, ample veil

For charms they cover, but can scarce conceal?
 Eyes whose blue beauty makes Heav'n's own seem
 pale,
 Are lifted from the water's fond embrace,
 And to one gazer seem devouring space,
 Till, heedless of the rude and wondering bands,
 Panting and pale before the chief she stands,
 A statue sprung to life! and living grace
 Informs each gesture, whilst upon her face
 And her broad forehead dwells the fervid light
 Of passionate strength and intellectual might.
 She swam the lake that she might bring the chief
 News it may be of warning or relief,
 And this alone would touch the tenderest part
 Of Garibaldi's great and loving heart,
 But when her ruby lips grew eloquent
 (And, sooth to say, they breathed but what she
 meant,)

On his dear country's wrongs and woes, and all
 Which had befallen, or might yet befall
 Her and her struggling sons, the Hero felt
 All lonely shadows from his spirit melt;
 Anita's* spirit hallowed sure the thought,
 Though ne'er before was found, and never sought
 Another who could fill Anita's place,—
 But even *she* would smile on such a face,
 And answer to such words.

And so he wooed

The woman won already; and he stood
 On pleasure's brink, to plunge in the abyss
 Of misery, and hear the serpent-hiss
 Of shame, which ne'er before assailed the ears
 That tingle now with the world's grateful cheers.
 The wedding morn was come, the wedding bread

* The devoted and glorious first wife of Garibaldi, whose affecting history every true heart knows, and has wept over.

Was scarcely broken, when a letter read,
Disclosed the life that his young bride had led.

The shaft had pierced the hero's lofty soul;
But calmly folding up the awful scroll,
The breakfast was resumed, and, at its close,
Heart-stricken, but still calm, nay, kind, he rose,
And led his silent, not unconscious, bride,
To an adjoining chamber. By his side
She stood, while he to the Marchese penned
Words such as high hearts wronged to the deceiver
send.

Then handed her the letter, "which," he said,
"Would tell her sire why two, so newly wed,
Were parted ere united."

Rolls away

The bridal carriage, on whose cushion lay,
Alone, astounded,—shame her only dower,
A mother's victim, wife of one dark hour.



The "Parson" tells us this—not I; 'tis he
Who vouches for the tale's veracity.
He saw the General at Saint Angelo,
And fancied that the lines of this great woe,
Were written on his face.

We, too, have seen
That face, as seraph's rapt, and as serene.

THE EXHIBITION UNVISITED.



'Tis an heroic story
Wherewith the wide world rings,
The triumph and the glory
Each good and glad heart sings.
All honour to strong labour,
Whose products hither flow,
Honour to every neighbour!
No stranger now, nor foe.

The heart of earth and ocean,
Its very inmost core,
Is stirred by an emotion
It felt not heretofore ;
It had been stung and shattered
By many a blow of yore,
When demon-War was flattered
And his hell-cup brimmed with gore ;

But now 'tis leaping, leaping !
With newer life embued,
That braces souls long sleeping
In loveless hebetude.

And Heaven bending o'er it
Smiles with benigner light,
As anxious to restore it
The sense of Truth and Right.

In my garden's leafy quiet,
From the marvel far away,
Winged Fancy runneth riot—
Let it have its wanton play!
The rush of iron horses
Falling hourly on mine ear,
Linked with their fiery courses,
I seem borne on their career;

And they bear me with their thunder
To the Fairy-built Dome,—
To the Love, and Peace, and Wonder,
Where the world has a found a home,—
Where the tongues of millions mingle,
And the tone is understood,
With a feeling pure and single,
And a purpose deep and good.

The Sage's cherished vision,
The Patriot's life-pledged aim,
The Christian's hopes elysian
Make here a common claim.
Peal joy-bells louder, faster!
Be peaceful flags unfurled!
Here toil is crowned the Master,—
The mainstay of the world!

SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHDAY.

(AN EPISTLE.)



“On the 5th of May was born SHAKSPERE, according to the necessary allowance made for the change from old to new style. We write his name large that we may sound it with what trumpet we can, being unable to indulge ourselves with saying more. We only wish we could lift it in flame and beauty upon every house in England, the most universal of illuminations, as he was of poets.”

LEIGH HUNT.

UP, ere the lark, that near my window sings
A lusty carol as he heavenward springs ;
UP, while night's sable pall enshrouds the morn,
And not a single day-tinged cloud is born,
Yet envy not, my friend, this dear-bought boon,
This joyless power of being up *too soon* !
I pray for blessed slumber many a time,
Though not as Wordsworth does, in lovely rhyme.
Sweet verse ! that makes us half forget the want—
The grief—whose murmured sorrows so enchant,
And almost wish, so well the pain is spoken,
The Poet's nightly rest were oftener broken !

Ungential morn ! if *ought* ungenial be,
Shakspere, immortal humanist ! to thee,
In whom the storm we shrink from only woke
Thoughts that in loving lessons gravely spoke,
(As when that weird, wild, maddened, poor old form
Of kingly woe and wrong, bewailed the storm

For *other* wretches' sakes,) piercing the shroud
 Of Night and Tempest, showing every cloud
 To have its sunshine somewhere—what though now
 No bird is twittering on the shaken bough—
 What though the skies one straggling beam deny,
 They cannot shut thy volumes from the eye ;
 They cannot bar from us the splendour there
 Shedding a sunlight glory everywhere.

To-day we cannot have him in the fields,
 Where truest taste of joy his teaching yields.
 What then? the voyage surely suits as well—
 He wafts us o'er the earth with Ariel ;
 Or leads us with a light invisible hand,
 On to the gentle haunts of Fairy Land
 Where floateth Puck along in tricksome joy,
 And where Titania keeps her Indian boy ;
 And then once more our feet on earth he sets
 Where Perdita is gathering violets.

Wine we have none—but what the need of wine
 Near Fountain so exhaustless, so divine?
 So, let us have a draught of Shakspeare song—
 A Shakspeare air—the pleasure to prolong—
 A Shakspeare drama—where the fair, the free,
 The bright, the noble, make the company—
 And who are truer worshippers than we?

Your Warwick neighbours held this Festival
 Last month ; the *love* and not the *date* is all.
 'Tis well to keep it *then—now—ever, ever!*
 But heavy shame to those that keep it never.
 Shame to their hearts that have no warmth
 within them!
 Shame to their spirits! no great thought can win
 them.

Who may not keep it? Simply as they please,
 With playful love, or prond solemnities,
 (For his large spirit comprehends all these,)
 With laurel leaves about his portrait or
 His bust, to greet one in the corridor.
 Part of the day abroad, where brisk airs come,
 And part, the closer part, with *him* at home.
 Something about him sung, and something said,
 Then with mind widened, heart improved, clear
 head,
 'Tis wise to say—"To bed, to bed, to bed!"

 AT ULCOMB.

—0—

FIELDS of bright eye-refreshing green,
 Trees that afford an ample shade,
 Streams on whose banks 'tis sweet to lean,
 And list their murmuring through the glade.

Woods, dark, majestic, mazy, wild,
 Where contemplation loves to roam,
 Fit haunts for Fancy's wayward child,
 Thought's chosen realm—the Poet's home!

Silence, that hath a holy tongue,
 Songs, that have music deep and true,
 The kindly old, the taintless young,
 These do I feel and hear and view.

THE GOLDEN ORGAN OF EUSSERTHAL.



ONE hour from Albersweiler, and you see
The vale of Eusserthal in beauty rare,
So named from a once-famous Convent there,
Famous, but now departed utterly.
Resplendent shrine and sacred effigy,
Magnificent, they say, beyond compare,
Dazzling the gazer, and distracting prayer,
All passed; no shred of that proud pageantry
Survives. But for the Convent church's choir,
No stones were left to mark its ancient place,
No relic of the treasures there amassed,
To talk of which the peasants never tire,
The grandeur, and the glory, and the grace,
And of one marvel never yet surpassed.

The foe is on the wall! in mad affright
Hurry the monks with many a precious load,
But this, the chiefest, where shall this be stowed,
This, vowed to God, and holy in man's sight?
“The Marsh!” they whisper, and borne through the
night,
Whose darkness as they went a moment glowed,
The Golden Organ sank, and o'er it flowed

Waters impure as souls who forced its flight.
Now breathe, ye saintly men! a last farewell
To the loved voice that bore your hearts above;
 And quell your agony for hidden dross—
And lie to other lands the tale to tell,
Whilst ruin wears the home wherein ye strove
 To shun the world, and fitly bear your cross.

Once in seven years the buried glory wakes,
 Filling the lowland with its solemn tone,
 And reaching the far hills. Nor may earth own
Aught like to its entrancement when it breaks
On Night's still ear, and a weird music shakes
 From golden pipes, until, to thunder grown,
 It rushes through the vale, then with wild moan,
And echo light, the forest it forsakes.
And thus the peasants of sweet Eusserthal
Mysteriously their Golden Organ hold,
 Or rather, it holds them, in happy thrall,
Telling of beauty, deathless, manifold;
And though no organist their eyes behold,
 In strong and simple faith they cherish all.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CEMETERY AT
KENSAL GREEN.

“I feel the daisies growing over me.”—KEATS.

—O—

WERE it not sweet reposing here,
Life's fret and fever passed away,
To feel nor Hate, nor Hope, nor Fear,
Discomfort our unconscious clay?

The flowers beneath—blue skies above—
The soft green stretching wide around—
Oh, fittest burial place of Love,
Here God's great guerdon, PEACE, is found!

Here “earth to earth,” and “dust to dust”
Are deep and pregnant words indeed,
That breathe a feeling and a trust
For the yet fettered—from the freed.

Oh, happy things! reposing thus,
What is the one bliss left behind,
For which ye would return to us,
And quit the quiet rest ye find?

For WEALTH?—the very idiot laughs
At the long toil and sordid strife,
And knows that Mammon's follower quaffs
The bitterest poison-cup of life.

What wins he here? the cringing knee,
The lying look, the fawning smile—
Great golden calf! thus worshipped be,
While Worth looks on, and laughs the while.

FOR FREEDOM?—glorious were the choice,
 But that her strength is sternly crushed.
 FOR TRUTH?—alas, her holy voice
 Is feebly heard, or foully hushed.

FOR VIRTUE?—better from the grave
 Her never-dying truths ye preach,—
 Truths which the sceptic and the slave
 In Life's fierce turmoil fail to reach—

Which the proud Roman's word could slur*
 With more than a despairing doubt ;
 Though who can meanly *do* with her,
 And who can greatly *dare* without ?

FOR FAME?—a boy and bubble dream,
 A shadow from no substance thrown,
 A fleeting *ignis-fatuus* gleam
 That lures, misleads us, and is gone !

FOR LOVE?—and have ye then forgot
 With what false lights that Angel shone ?
 Far more he vexed than blest your lot,—
 Oh, enviable dead ! *sleep on.*

* I find myself corrected and Brutus vindicated in Godwin's "Enquirer."—Dion Cassius had falsely represented Brutus as saying, "Oh, virtue! I followed thee as a substantial good, but I find thee to be no more than a delusive shadow."—The death-bed words of Brutus were:—"I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake. For, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies, the conquerors, shall never attain unto."—*Plutarch*, by SIR THOMAS NORTH.

THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS.

—0—

MAN of Labour, Child of Song,
Lift the glass, and weave the sonnet,
Since he did to both belong,
Let his day have honour done it.

By that sterling soul were sown
Seeds of which the fruit is ours,
In the myriad hearts that own
Holier aims and finer powers.

Dullest clouds had he to pierce
With undimmed, unbaffled vision ;
Struggle hard and battle fierce,
Braved he on his lofty mission.

But, his hand upon the plough,
He could cast no look behind ;
And the clods he wrought in, now
Glow with golden sheaves of mind.

He, the Muse's gifted son,
Raised men to their rightful stature ;
And he taught them to be one
With themselves, with God, and Nature.

Brief his life, and low his sphere,
Yet of all our Bards and Sages,
Whose more sad or bright career ?
Whose more true or touching pages ?

Who so real, thoughtful, tender ?
Who with such a trumpet-swell
Fills his lyrics ? Who in splendour
Mates our Ayrshire miracle ?

“Jesting, praying, ploughing, sowing,
Reading Shakspeare,” casting gauges !
Such the soil for him to grow in,
Marvel and delight of ages.

Shrink the Giants of the Schools,
Puzzled and abashed before him ;
Apes of forms, and slaves of rules,
They stared at him, *we* adore him !

Man of Labour, Child of Song,
Lift the glass and weave the sonnet ;
Since he did to both belong,
Let his day have honour done it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



LET fall the wreaths, and quench the lamp whose beams
Mock with their ghastly glare our stricken hearts ;
Friend of our happiest hours, our brightest dreams,
Teacher and trusted, Thackeray departs !

Leaves us amid the revels and the songs,
Himself had furnished forth a thousand times,
Filling the memory with undying throngs
Of richest fancies clothed in riotous rhymes.

He tore the mask from meanness, and struck down
Unholy strength that wantons in its might ;
Yet blind were they who saw not 'neath the frown,
The sorrowing awe wherewith he rose to smite.

Life opened in its every phase for him ;
How beautiful his pencil made the good !
The praise he gave them seemed a spirit's hymn
In homage of some great beatitude.

Look ! scarce a week since, and he stands upon
The ground so hallowed by his matchless pen,
Within those walls of which henceforth each stone
Shall speak of a true Man to unborn men.

Lost when we least could spare him ! when we gazed
On our heaped stores less as result than promise ;
At the o'erwhelming blow we stand amazed—
Could he be ours, and thus be wrested from us !

Lingering o'er recollections of a spot,
A time, a season, that from out the maze
Of Life's confusion cometh unforget,
Shining the summer-most of summer days ;

Let me re-picture how, yet in the thrall
Of Clifton's many charms, I entered in
The crowded, eager, and expectant hall,
And joined in the enthusiastic din.

Hailing the stately Lecturer, who came
With modest step, but frank uplifted face,
Strength in the nobly-built, well-knitted frame,
In every gesture intellectual grace.

How shook our spirits in that thoughtful hour,
Swayed by the spell that Heav'n-taught Genius owns !
How thrilled the hearts that now may thrill no more ;
No more may hear those deep and varying tones.

Yet in the hour that severs us, 'tis well,
And not unwise it may be to rejoice,
That those loved features may in memory dwell,
That once we heard that now departed voice.

ROSETTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.



REGARDLESS of your own spring time,
You woo me with love's smiles and tears ;
Even me, whose fast departing prime
Bows 'neath the weight of forty years.
Ah, erst my willing heart caught fire
At one poor maiden's glance of light.
Why can *you* not the flame inspire,
That made my boyhood's hours so bright ?

You ride amidst the glittering throng,
Day after day, in jewelled dresses ;
Rosette tripped laughingly along
With no adornment but her tresses.
Her witching glance the wanton threw
In spite of me, at all she met ;
Alas, why cannot I love *you*,
As once I loved the wild Rosette ?

Your splendid mirrors well reflect
Your smiles, and they are fair to see ;
One splintered glass her cabin decked—
It mirrored every grace for me !
No curtain had her little bed,
On which Aurora earliest smiled.
Oh, whither hath the passion fled
Which then so well my heart beguiled ?

The brilliant lightning of your wit
Might well the poet's lyre awake.
Why blush to own it? Poor Rosette
Could hardly read the songs they make!
Untaught in language to excel,
Love served her as interpreter;—
Why can my heart not love as well
You, fairest, as I once loved her?

Rosette had fewer charms than you,
Nor was her fickle heart so soft;
And her eyes turned less fondly, too,
On him who listened to her oft.
But then—all others to excel—
She had Life's spring, from me departed;
And so thou art not loved so well,
Though thou art fonder—truer-hearted.

“*DOLCE FAR NIENTE.*”

Suggested by a Portrait painted by MISS LUCY ADAMS.



I.

How shall we name the picture? 'tis a child
With watchful dog and unregarded book,
And feet crossed carelessly, and tresses wild,
Glossy and rich, that no confinement brook.
“Into what dream hath she been thus beguiled?”
Poor Pompey seems to ask, with wistful look,
Wooing the wonted pat and fond caress,
And plainly wondering at the long forgetfulness.

II.

But though she sitteth in a listless mood,
Profuse locks flowing o'er the rounded arm
Whereon her head reclines, it were not good
To deem her indolent; perchance some charm
Of memory or of hope,—scarce understood
By her sweet self,—hath wrought this gentle harm.
Hath lured her thoughts thus from the down turned
book,
And given that dreamy calm and brightness to her
look.

III.

Or hath the page itself, profound or gay,
Caught and abstracted its fair reader's mind?

Is volant fancy at creative play,
 Luxurious—amidst summer flowers reclined?
 Or hath it reached some mountain top to-day;
 And gazing thence in wonder, doth it find
 How small are things familiar in the vale?
 Well may the moral teach, though thousand lessons
 fail.

IV.

As dwindle the tall poplars on the plain,
 If seen afar, from some cloud-reaching height,
 So if our reason soar with Heav'nward strain
 Dwindles and shrinks the sum of Earth's delight;
 And vain seem things that erst engrossed us—vain
 Seems Love itself—a lure too false and light.
 Ah! be it thine to find that love no lure,
 Linking its passing joys to joys that aye endure.

V.

Dream on, then, if thou dreamest. Fairyland
 Is truer and more durable than ours,
 And Fancy has its splendours at command,
 And fills and beautifies its many hours,
 With an unsparing and a fostering hand
 Colouring its skies, and cherishing its flowers.
 Dream on! enough will come of real and dull,
 Now let young Hope explore the bright and beautiful.

VI.

But what thou hast of real be ever thine!
 A home where Art brings her exalting skill,
 And Harmony still comes with breathings fine,
 And the domestic graces linger still;
 And the Historian's page—the Poet's line
 Thy mind illumine, and thy bosom thrill,
 So shall the Future but reflect the Past,
 And truthful, peaceful thoughts be with thee to the last.

VII.

No, no, it is not idleness ;—the eyes
Soft, dewy, beautiful, give meaning out.
Some speculation or some arch surmise,
Some playful project or some girlish doubt.
The smile speaks quiet mirth, with no disguise,—
And ne'er such language be those lips without ;
Still may they wear this frank and joyous light,
When time hath written *woman* on that forehead white.

VIII.

Oh wondrous art ! what skill and power are thine
To chain the passing—fix the fleeting—tie
To the mute canvas by a spell divine,
Loved faces and prized scenes, else gliding by
And vanishing ; and leaving us to pine.
But thou—kind hoarder for the heart and eye—
The dead, the past, the absent canst recal,
And dost restore, preserve, illumine, and hallow all.

JOHN ANDERSON.



“JOHN ANDERSON!” a holy song
Embalmed by truth and tears,
Whose melody has lingered long
’Mid all that home endears.
Henceforth the name, with echo strong
And fierce, shall startle ears
Closed to the cries of bitter wrong—
The unavenged of years!

No more a soft domestic lay,
It comes—a thunder-tone
To men who weep—to men who pray—
To slaves who gasp and groan;
To mothers, mourning on their way,
Babes answering the moan;
To wretches taught to goad and slay
God’s image in their own!

Freemen! the shallow lie is borne
O’er mountain, lake, and sea,
To be hurled back with utter scorn
Where’er *true* Freemen be!
They own no Monarch—yet are shorn
Of worth that marks the free—
Worse slaves than they enslave, slave-born
In *self*’s worst slavery!

And *dare* they ask the victim back
Who 'scaped the bloody lair?
As well recal the fleeting rack
That traverses the air!
Bloodhounds may follow in his track,
With bloodier hounds behind them;
But England frees the slaves she sees
And breaks the chains that bind them.

SONNETS ON THE CRIMEAN WAR.

—0—

I.

THERE AND HERE.

TOIL—endless toil—the toil of night and day—
Toil in the trenches—struggle in the swamp—
Pause short and sleepless, racked with chill and
cramp ;

Slow agonies that wear the life away.

The life ! their country's safeguard and its stay.

Wearisome hours ! and lacking even the lamp,
Shining albeit amidst dirt and damp,

That poorest cottages at home display.

And, overlooking martyrdom like this,

Sleek, well-fed English eulogists proclaim

His "greatness," Bible-gifts, and goodness,—his !

Whom honest hearts swell madly but to name,

The miscreant followed by the wide world's hiss,

And damned by dastard deeds to deathless shame.

II.

THE PRESS.

THEN spake the voice which with its trumpet-tone,
Startles the soul as it enchains the ear—

Shall these things be, and we sit moveless here ?

And be they English spirits that ye own ?

First, doubt, next marvel, then numanly moan ;

Shunned duty giving place to sordid fear,

Or withering 'neath a fool's complacent sneer.—

Is this the stuff that shook a Stuart's throne?
 The stuff of Cromwell? making England stand
 The pride—the glory—terror of the world—
 Lifting above the weak a godlike hand—
 Bidding the meteor-flag be aye unfurled;
 Striking for truth and right in every land
 To which the bark or waving sword was whirled.

III.

DEATH AND PEACE.

MEANWHILE, the Power that stirs, howe'er supine
 Its creature, strikes the master-mischief down;
 Stark, rigid, lies the thing that wore a crown.
 Drawled, droned, and drivelled eulogy and whine,
 Not one recanting whisper shall be mine;
 No curse I uttered dare I now disown—
 No flowers o'er Nero's grave by me be strown—
 Still lives the wrong he did to mine or thine.
 But Falkland's gentle prayer I hourly breathe,
 The prayer that in no generous breast can cease;
 That war's red knife we safely may ensheath,
 And hymn to heaven its own strain—Love and
 Peace.
 Far better these than Glory's dubious wreath,
 Or foul breath of triumphant enmities.

THE WAYSIDE SAILOR.

—0—

GRAVELY that old wayfaring tar
Upon the green bank bent
And trimmed his little bark, whilst far
His busy thoughts were sent.
Far back those aged messengers
Were borne with swift consent ;
Of earth and sea the traversers,
A weary way they went.

Now they were parched on Egypt's sand—
Now buoyant on the Nile,
Where Lion-Nelson and his band
Fought in good English style.
That recollection nerves his hand—
That memory wakes his smile—
Mark how the veteran kindles, and
Forgets his woes the while.

And now they pause at Trafalgar—
France frowns—Spain pales with fear
At yell and shout of maddening war,
And dreary death-cries near :
But Fate strikes England's loftiest star
And ends his bright career :—
Gallant and unforgetful Tar,
I understand thy tear.

GARIBALDI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

—o—

VICTORIA had her weather,
And, among hearts elated,
Till "Queen's weather" grew a proverb,
The sun upon her waited.
Our Hero-guest has also *his*,
And when folks flock together,
The pleasant word is often heard
" 'Tis Garibaldi-weather!"
Yet on Saturday, I grant ye,
'Twas wet, and rather cool,
But *exceptio, et cetera*—
You know all about "the rule."
Yet e'en then, though late, Apollo
From idle slumber woke,
And as they sang "*all' alba*,"
O'er all in splendour broke.
To-day he will not sleep at all,
But, an untiring star,
He rushes o'er the realms of space
In his empyreal car.
Blue are the skies as Italy's,
And the piled fleeces roll,
Gentle as Garibaldi's smile,
White as the hero's soul.
But I get before my story—
Out-strip my rambling song;
In the first flush of the morning

We were hurrying along :
Halloa ! a crowd already met
E'en in these busy haunts,
O'er whom the hope-inspiring flag
Its brave tri-colour flaunts ;
And eager horses paw the ground,
And eager eyes look out.
And now the lookers-on have raised
The hearty farewell shout ;
And the expectant thousands
Are dashing on their way ;
Has Sydenham—has England
Before seen such a day ?
Yes, *one*—that will be calendared
In every English heart
Which at that glorious welcoming
Played but a gazer's part,
When London sent its myriads,
With but one voice and mind,
To hail the Hero's entrance,
In the name of all mankind !

“ Be no laggard at the Station,
Or your struggle will be vain,”
Is the frequent exclamation
Of folks bound to “ catch the train.”
And the light of expectation
Is on all eyes and cheeks,
And the glow of inspiration
On every tongue that speaks :
For there is pleasant meeting
For those who meet no more,
And for those a cordial greeting
Who never met before :
One name breaks down the barriers
That keep us oft apart,

One sunny name has melted
The icy Northern heart.
O, hours that wear out patience,
Where hours were wont to fly !
Has Time, that hasty traveller,
Become Eternity ?
And looks he on the struggle
With an indifferent eye,
Whilst still increasing thousands
The coil intensify ?
No gazing on heaped treasures,—
These are for common days,—
No lingering by fountains,
For Art no pause or praise.
Squeeze—jostle of the concourse,
The fainting frame benumbs,
Whilst the false cry arises,
And cheers us, of—“ He comes !”
At length the head which Freedom
And Victory have crowned,
Is seen ! and benedictions
Through all the place resound,
Till bray of martial music
Is in the clamour drowned ;
And children are uplifted,
With eyes of wondering awe,
That they may boast hereafter,
The great good man they saw !
Youth its vigorous shout prolongs,
Pipes the shrill voice of age ;
Each emulates the other
In strife of generous rage
To catch but transient glimpses
Of that ennobled stage
Where, pale and unimpassioned,
Sits the hero of the hour,

With smile of childlike sweetness,
 And brow of godlike power ;
 Placid and almost wan, until
 He started from his seat,
 Of Kosciusko's martyred land
 The mournful sons to meet.
 And then his voice came sadly
 And dirge-like on the ear,
 "Poland! forget not Poland!"
 God! were there none to hear?
 And English soldiers shouting,*
 Stalwart figures in the van,
 "*Viva Italia! Polonia!*"
 And "God bless the great good man!"
 Tall men, strong and self-denying,
 With an impulsive grace,
 Lift smaller ones to snatch a look
 At that worn saintly face.
 For pale and worn it is, alas,
 Though the soul, brave and true,
 Illumes with transient flashes
 The wan pervading hue.
 Love has wrought the fearful work
 No bitter hate could do,
 Save that *Italian* bullet
 Which at Aspromonte flew!
 Brand on the fame of Italy
 No ages shall efface!
 Shame! that with thousand kingly shames
 Shall run a deathless race!
 But the final rapture waits us
 Beneath the open sky:
 Where the hero maimed and glorious
 Leans from the balcony,—
 Looks on that sea of faces

* Not of "the Legion," but the Line,—a fact, and significant.

Upturned with ardent gaze,
Lists the more than ocean's roar
Which, as he comes, they raise.
O, tale for England's history!
Hope-spreading through all climes!
O, warning to all tyrants!
O, lesson for all times!
This Nizzard peasant standing now
In simple greatness here,
Is the Apostle of a creed
To banish hate and fear.
Slow marches Right, and Justice halts,
But Truth and Right must be
Resistless in such times as these,
Wielded by such as HE.
Monarchs he braved! King, whom he saved!
All ye he soars above,
King in a People's Palace,
Crowned with a People's love!

RETROSPECTION.



LIE by some idle stream lingering o'er youthful dream,
Worn heart of mine !
Hie to some sullen shade sunbeams may not invade—
There droop and pine.
What in this glorious earth, teeming with light and
mirth,
What canst thou see ?
Not the kind hearts and leal bound to thy woe or weal,
Once *all* to thee.
No ! o'er the firm and true, Death his cold mantle threw,
Silent they lie :
Others—the proud and cold, things of earth's meanest
mould—
How they stalk by !
Yet be thou unforlorn, fling back the scorn with scorn,
Deep as their own :
Bid thy fond fancies go—though tears and blood may
flow—
Bid them begone !

CHALMERS.



THREESCORE and ten, and not a day mis-spent ;
A giant has departed, one who planned
Gigantic things, and built them ; and they stand
His own sufficing deathless monument.
Devote to loftiest aims, and yet content
(Nay, giving them more eager heart and hand
Knowing who highest soars must humblest stand)
With lowliest duties—on the Teacher went.
So, whom the great admired, the small adored ;
This be his memory's distinguished praise,
The world he worked for gives the high award,
Party or sect no narrow offerings raise
To that great spirit labouring always ;
Not lost to us, though to his God restored.

ON THE ABSENT.



'Twas a hurried day, for thought unfit,
Yet the thought of thee came often ;
And care's most gloomy recess it lit,
And her sharpest pangs did soften ;
'Twas the fleeting sunshine of the past
That brightened away all sorrows,
And which, were its brightness born to last,
Would make heavens of our morrows.

'Twas a fevered day—the busy crowd
With their heartless noise, were near me ;
Yet a voice was at my heart more loud,
And well did its accents cheer me !
Fondly did I respond to the tone
With its accents of past pleasure,—
I raised the cup, 'mid many alone,
And pledged one I dearly treasure.

Strong are the ties binding generous hearts
That meet and are mingled daily ;
O'er a bright smooth sea their vessel darts,
And the breeze plays round it gaily ;
A stronger tie hath the fate that parts—
Sure bond that no chance may sever ;
And closer are drawn divided hearts
Than those that seemed blended ever.

SONNET:

ON READING "MAMILIUS'S STORY," BY MRS. COWDEN
CLARKE.



OVER the sea there came, how still and wise!
A voice well known, and never vainly heard.
'Mid the rough winds I listened, and it stirred
Some buried thoughts, and slumbering sympathies.
And if it keenly probed what often lies
Coched 'neath the hollow smile and mocking word,
If it tore off the mask, and showed the blurred
And broken spirit all its sacrifice—
With what a gentle and sufficing hand
It raised the shattered thing, and taught it how
With resolute faith and tenderness, to stand
And say—*I am at one with Heaven now.*
And the mute angel, Death, removes the brand
From the repentant soul and placid brow.

DEATH IN THE BALL-ROOM.



(At a ball given at Port Louis, near l'Orient, while a young lady was waltzing, she felt the hand by which she was supported become stone cold, and on looking into the face of her partner, found his features deadly pale and horribly contracted. She fainted at the sight, and fell to the ground, while her cavalier dropped by her side. The lady was taken up and recovered, but the life of the gentleman was extinct. She maintains that he was dead several seconds before she knew it, and that "she made one turn round the room with him after he was a corpse."—*Journal de Maine et Loire.*)

"In the midst of life we are in death."

SUMMON the cunning in magic sounds,
And bring the flowers, and wreath them ;
Let lights be high in the lordly hall,
And gay be the hearts beneath them !

The music came, and the flowers were wreathed,
The lights were profuse and splendid,
And, oh, I ween, 'twas a radiant scene
Where wild joy and grace were blended

Ne'er was more eloquent melody
Than through the proud hall resounded,
Whilst full hearts spoke in the beaming eye,
As on in the dance they bounded.

Has life a care?—it was now forgot—
Has love a hope?—it was now redoubled,
Brightly the stream of being rolled on,
As if ne'er to be darkened or troubled.

A stifled cry, and a sudden pause,
The chain of delight is broken :—
Even here where life was loveliest,
The deep voice of death has spoken.

Prone lie two forms that a moment since
In the dance were bounding fleetly,
But a moment since excited blood
In their bosoms circled sweetly.

And slowly to sense awakens one,
But one shall no more awaken,
Till the universal sepulchre
By the last dread trump is shaken.

Icy cold grew the hand that circled
That form now so faint and sunken ;
Sudden she looked in his glazing eyes,
And life from those orbs had shrunken.

All unbidden came Death to the dance,
Ghastly he smiled on the meeting ;
“Friends, I greet ye !” the grim shadow cried,
Joy changed to gloom at the greeting.

The harp became dumb at his entrance,
The flowers felt the blight of his breath,
Away with the music and garlands !
They fit not the Chamber of Death !

THE BOY AND BOOK.



“’Tis true as Fiction :

Ay. true as tears or smiles that fiction makes
Waking the ready heav’n in men’s eyes.”

LEIGH HUNT.

Young Voyager! thy bark is on strange seas,
And soon will leave thee on a stranger shore,
Out-wondering every wonder dreamed before,
And filling thee with rough perplexities ;
Then shalt thou dig, build, hunt, fish, shoot, and seize
Thy needs from out untiring Nature’s store ;
Till loneliness awhile seem pain no more,
But lordly strength—calm, self-dependent ease.

Thou ask’st with quiet wonder, “Is it true ?”
Lifting thy dark and lustrous eyes the while,
And thy deep earnest brow. The tale pursue—
And at the question e’en thyself wilt smile ;
For that phenomenon the world ne’er knew,
That wanted faith in Crusoe and his Isle.

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FROM BERANGER.

—O—

“ Adieu, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois tant cherir !
Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
Adieu ! te quitter c'est mourir.”

BEAUTIFUL France ! adieu, adieu !
First claimant of my heart ;
Where happy childhood's breath I drew,
'Tis death from thee to part,—
From thee, mine own adopted land,
To feel myself exiled !—
France ! take my parting blessing, and
Forget not thine own child.
Avail me nothing, tears, nor prayers
For storms to bind me to thy shore ;
With favouring winds the vessel bears
Away—thy coast I see no more.

When crowned 'midst those I idolized,
The liliated diadem I wore,
My lofty state they little prized,
My budding spring they valued more ;
That lofty state may still be mine
Partaken with the gloomy Scot,—
But, France !—I wish no throne but thine—
No love but thine to soothe my lot.

Love, and genius and glory,
 Lighted all my summer days ;
But the clouds will gather o'er me,
 Treading Scotia's sterile ways.
By omen sad—foreboding drear,
 Alas, e'en now my soul is bowed ;
In dreams the scaffold gloometh near—
 The lifted axe—the bloody shroud !

Let fate bring what alarms it may—
 Danger to dread, or loss to mourn—
As in this tearful parting day,
 To thee will Mary Stuart turn.
But, Heav'n ! the vessel onward wends
 Sailing 'neath new, ungenial skies !
And now the night's dark veil descends
 To steal thee wholly from mine eyes.
Beautiful France ! adieu, adieu !
 First claimant of my heart ;
Where happy childhood's breath I drew,
 ' Tis death from thee to part !

THE TINY STREAMLET.



WHEN Time hath dulled the spirit in thine own,
Take thou a young heart to the sunny meads,
And hear it echo Nature's every tone,
And mark thou on what honied things it feeds.
How rich its banquetings! how small its needs!
How rare yet rife the treasures round it strown!
And lo! to what its sportive fancy leads:—

A quivering line of light 'neath cliffs obscure,
Seen but by skies, or Childhood's eye as pure,
Yet to its ceaseless song moss and wild flowers
Grow and get beautiful through summer-hours.—
So passes peaceful life from day to day,
Its sweetness felt beyond its own small bowers,
Making eternal music on its way.

PAX, GLORIA? NON LIBERTAS.

—0—

BOOMED the glad tidings over hill and plain—
 One blessing more on a blest season piled;
 And laughing Paris shook her gilded chain,
 And London's sombre sabbath grimly smiled.
 The thundering fiat pealed above the Seine,
 And o'er the crowded Thames re-echoed wild.
 The silvery Bosphorus in beauty mild,
 Returned with softened sound the welcome strain,
 Whilst Neva murmured, but in humble vein.
 The world was for a little space beguiled,
 And poor Humanity rose half-reconciled,—
 Then looked around, and sighed in doubt and pain;
 For Peace is mockery, sowing discontent,
 That leaves ascendant Wrong, and lands in thral-
 dom bent.

And let Historian or Bard descant
 On Glory in each hyperbolic tome,—
 Shaken, but shameless, still is dominant
 The hoary Falsehood that o'ershadows Rome;
 And fettered France breathes meanly servile vows;
 And shattered Poland groans with her great want,
 As o'er her bleeding heart the Trampler goes.
 And Germany writhes in her dreamy doze;
 And Hungary is still the Tyrant's home,
 And still must Italy for Freedom pant:
 But Peace, Earth's exiled Angel, back is come,
 And therefore are the people jubilant,
 And we—the strong, the conquering—we carouse,
 And “o'er one bailed despot”^{*} proudly vaunt.

* “O'er one fallen despot boast no more.”—BYRON.

RAIN COMING.



DUSTY atoms! they whirl about,
A blackening, blinding, insolent rout!
No asking them in, no shutting them out—
They roll, leap, and dance to the wintery shout.

One bird flutters by with its half-baffled wings,
One song wild and high the eastern wind sings,
One cloud o'er the landscape its misty veil flings,
One promise the whole to the panting earth brings.

Trees, looking glad in the sunshiny hour,
Wave a welcome as glad to the skies now they lour;
There is hope in the blossom and joy in the flower,
For all are athirst for the imminent shower.

Thanks for the boon so ardently prayed,
Thanks for the blessing so long delayed,
In house and by altar the tribute be paid,
God smiles, and the future looms bright thro' the
 shade.

"I WISH THE CUCKOO WOULD COME!"

SUDDEN EXCLAMATION OF A CHILD FOUR YEARS OF AGE.



THINE have been only balmiest hours,
The songs of birds and breath of flowers,
And thine all beauty-giving powers,
Heaven's gentle blue, and Earth's recurring bloom.
And yet the passing winter-elond,
And the wild breezes piping loud
Thus make the natural wish avowed,
For softer hours that with the Cuckoo come.

Grave moral here, unconscious boy,
Thou teachest, in thy pause of joy :
Life's battle fierce and stern employ,
Have still at times a plaintive wish like thee.
And baffled hopes and weary cares
Are ever seeking unawares
The Cuckoo's note and summer-airs—
It is the sigh of poor humanity.

TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

—0—

NOT for the sanction of foul wrong to Rome,
 When hands that freed themselves assaulted her ;
 Not for the bloody stairs by which you clomb
 To regal power, through mire and massacre ;
 Nor yet that to make safe a footing there,
 The wise and brave were banished from the land ;
 Nor yet that Poets sang your praises, where
 As yet your saving, self-repaying hand
 Had not been felt,—men shuddering the while,
 And hurrying from the scene with saddened heart,
 As runs the lapping dog by banks of Nile,
 Fearing some horrid monster may upstart :
 Not for thy *Past*—with its grim mask and guile,
 Its mystical and all-portentous part :

But for thy *Future*!—On the flood that drifted
 Thy Cæsar's bark to haven so secure,
 Be Freedom's flag at length in glory lifted,
 So shall thy sway potential be as pure ;
 "Man of the Age" they deem thee—make them
 sure !
 So shalt thou soar while time-worn Anarchs stoop.
 Yes! for thy *Future* are men's eyes uplifted,
 In hope—strange, sudden, and unlooked for—hope
 That Fortune's darling, so supremely gifted
 With armour for the world that is—to cope
 With mightiest thrones and nations—he who shifted
 The Adventurer's tattered cloak for Emperor's robe,
 May wear it yet, first of a Patriot group,
 And win the willing homage of the globe.

ON THE STORM OF THE NIGHT OF
FEB. 20—21, 1861.

—o—

SLEEP! when the house above and the bed under
Shook with a sympathetic natural fear,
When the wild winds careering far and near,
With maniac shriek, roar of redoubled thunder—
'Midst agonising moans 'twas sad to hear—
Stormed as if perishing Earth to demon air,
Praying its last prayer ere 'twas rent asunder,
Gave up the ghost in uttermost despair.

Sleep!—I arose to look into the Night—
The weird Night that could no more sleep than I,
And peering through the casement wet and white,
Saw but the boundless and untroubled sky,
And thought, thus, on the things that man affright,
Falls God's all-provident and loving eye.

SONNET: ON A PORTRAIT (S. R. T. M.).

—o—

WE fancy it like Keats ; but not the Keats
That balks one in the Portrait Gallery,
So cunningly disposed that none can see
What the young bard is like. The “hanger” treats
The Poet as the world does, which gives seats
In “pride of place” to dull Prosperity,
Letting poor Genius in dark corners lie.
No matter—still the heavenly light it meets.

Here we have Intellect, combating sharp cares—
Grand forehead, intense eye that looks afar—
Face in which thought and suffering equal shares
Hold,—but their contests all unequal are,
For Mind the indisputable mastery bears,
And turns to spiritual peace corporeal war.

SPRING, AND LOST SPRING-MATES.

—0—

SPRING, with her angel face and robe of green,
 (Greener, more genial never has she worn,)
 Maturing now to summer, and upborne
 In her bright car by Western airs serene,
 Has blest and blesses us, and yet, I ween,
 Looks graver than of yore, and half forlorn,
 Of the old buoyant pride and archness shorn;
 For eyes that mirrored both are now unseen.

I have been dreaming through the sunny hours
 (And was it not likewise a winter dream?)
 Of those dear eyes and their deserted bowers—
 And what did I amid my visions seem?
 Alas, a *Clennam*, looking on the flowers
 That float upon the unreturning stream.*

* "When he had walked on the river's brink in the peaceful moonlight, for some half-an-hour, he put his hand in his breast, and tenderly took out the handful of roses. Perhaps he put them to his heart, perhaps he put them to his lips, but certainly he bent down on the shore, and gently launched them on the flowing river. Pale and unreal in the moonlight, the river floated them away. * * * * * Thus do greater things that once were in our breasts and near our hearts, flow from us to the eternal seas."—*Little Dorrit*, p. 250.

SONNETS TO ONE WHO MISLIKETH THEM.

—o—

I.

NAY gentle Critic, do not spoil thy brow—
For thine own sake and mine unknit that frown!
A man may rhyme whose quest is not renown;
Heedless of even the fame *thou* canst bestow.
As flowers crowd common paths, as waters flow,
Sparkling and glad, and careless where they go,—
As on the air floateth the thistle-down
One of the fairy veils of Summer's dazzling crown.

As western clouds lighted by lambent fires
Take many a shape that Painter most desires
When he would proudly cope with phantasy—
Temples and towers and simple village spires,
Whereto the road winds, and you almost see
The meek groups walking thither quietly.

II.

As perfume that from thymy hillocks thrown,
Wooeth the winds and with their being blends—
Careless as hum of bees, or dove's soft moan,
Sigh of a love or joy that never ends—
As when the drowsy noon is insect sown,
And myriad dancers their fantastic show
Weave for the traveller who onward wends—
The dreaming rhymier's fancies chase each other so.

A cordial voice like one our village knows—
 A girl's frank smile, flowers round a casement
 twined—
 Ladies with books seated 'neath summer boughs—
 Sunshine and stars—awake the answering mind,
 Stirring it into poetry, as we find
 Pictures made by the Sun, and music by the Wind.

ON RECEIVING A POT OF LILIES OF THE
 VALLEY.

—o—

BEAUTIFUL present—brought by lovely hands
 Whose native dower is grace and gentleness,
 And on whose forehead fair the proud impress,
 The hereditary mark of genius stands—
 Beautiful cluster of white trembling bells
 Reposing amidst ample leaves of green,
 Bright are the tales your modest beauty tells
 Of gentle things,—the pure and the serene.

How exquisite a heap of natural beauty—
 What charms of shape—what ecstasy of scent!
 These are the boons that make enjoyment duty,
 The untoiled-for blessings that bring rich content:
 Oh Nature—kindest mother!—who can see
 Thy prodigal care, and turn untaught from thee?

SONNETS, WRITTEN IN 1849.

—o—

I.

STARS rise, but rise to tell us it is night—
 Sun after sun departs, and worlds wax cold.
 We miss, oh Elia, thy playful light ;
 Gone are the rays of Coleridge manifold ;
 The luminous soul that rose with gentle might
 In Goethe, may no more its rays unfold ;
 Extinct is Schiller's grandeur : bleeding right
 Mourns Hazlitt's sturdy war-cry, brief and bold.
 The thunders of false France have vainly pealed
 Over the graves of England's sons in Rome ;*
 Not one indignant tone those Lyrists yield,
 Whose shattered hearts found there a fitting home ;
 But ONE—a host—yet keeps the battle-field,
 Prophet and Poet ! sealing 'Tyrants' doom.†

II.

ANOTHER‡ lives, to whom so many owe
 And I, the meanest, much of truthful life ;
 Who taught us where serenest virtues grow,
 Divinely nurtured even by storm and strife—
 Yet lives, to see what troops of loved ones go,
 As grass swept by th' inevitable knife ;
 But gathers from the dust he valued so
 Hopes that are with immortal harvests rife.
 Great Healer ! fall with thy exhaustless dew
 On parched hearts shrinking from that sudden knell.
 To the worn mortals let the Angel new
 Her tale of undivided sweetness tell—
 That Death but hallowed her whom he withdrew—
 That Heaven and Earth hold *Mary Florimel*.

* Keats and Shelley. † Walter Savage Landor. ‡ Leigh Hunt.

TO LEIGH HUNT, OCTOBER 19, 1854.*

—0—

THROUGH wailing winds and falling leaves
A little streak of sunshine stirred—
Blush he who murmurs, he who grieves,
Was our first thought, our earliest word.
'Midst plans destroyed, and hopes deferred,
Once to have held in ours *his* hand,
But once *his* accents to have heard,
Should make us strong and smiling stand.

Years that have made us grey, leave green
The memory of him—we find
Nor lapse of time, nor change of scene,
Though these have many ties untwined,
Lessen the sympathies that bind—
That bound us long, that bound us first
To Genius struggling for its kind,
And loving most when most aspersed.

Go, Verse! and ask him how he fares;
Thou need'st not fear a churlish gate;
'Twill ope for thee, whatever cares
Or clouds upon the Master wait.
In other days thou went'st elate,
The messenger of peace and love;
What meaneth now thy tardy gait?
Move as of old, and hopeful move.

* The birthday of Leigh Hunt.

And when beneath those kindly eyes,
 So seraph-soft, so searching keen,
 Tell him, and look for no surprise,
 How hallowed all the day has been.
 Nor was the evening less serene
 If, unrestrained, the tear would start
 As two (one missing) fondly lean
 O'er his "Religion of the Heart."

WRITTEN IN LANDOR'S "PERICLES AND
 ASPASIA."



THE honeysuckle breathes o'er words as sweet,—
 The passing storm broods over thoughts as stern,—
 Birds pause o'er verse, more liquid songs to learn,—
 Fragrance from hayfields comes the book to greet,
 That does an odour finer still return.
 Streams that refresh us, and the rays that burn,
 The hurried city and the lone retreat,
 Glow with its soul whichever way we turn.

O indolent noon, and breezy morn and eve,
 How can ye from the great magician sever?
 Can ye this scorn and exquisite tenderness leave
 For fevered aims, and sordid, vain endeavour,
 Nor ask of fate perdurable reprieve,
 That Greece and Glory may be with ye ever!

ON SOME LILIES FROM THE WYE.

—o—

“LILIES from the Wye!”

The words make music to the ear,
And seem to murmur audibly
Of waters pure, and balmy skies,
Of hallowed haunts for lovers' sighs,
And shades befitting sorrow's tear.

“Lilies from the Wye!”

The whole sweet story there is read :
Or, lacking aught for ear or eye,
Let beauty and the scent supply—
Chaste beauty, tremulous fragraney!—
All that they may have left unsaid.

“Lilies from the Wye!”

Borne by kind hands, a sister brood,
Though reared 'neath less resplendent sky,
Once in a lone small cottage stood ;
In light revived of memory
Your far-come loveliness is viewed,
Sweet “Lilies from the Wye!”

“Lilies from the Wye!”

Too near that light are shadowings
All lovely loving things supply
For Love and Life, alas, have wings ;
When we would closely clasp, they fly,
Like ye, pale “Lilies from the Wye!”

“Lilies from the Wye!”

On your sheltering sheaths of green,
 Like love on truth confidingly,
 Or hope on perfect faith, ye lean.
 Perfume my lares, that serene
 Their visions may be, when ye die
 And they have caught your latest sigh,
 Dear “Lilies from the Wye!”

THE LONGEST DAY.

—o—

THE longest day! not long enough for all
 The sweet sad thoughts that crowd into its span:
 How the mild winter to spring's brisk arms ran,
 And birds and flowers came at her joyous call,
 And field, and tree, and streamlet musical,
 Joined in the general joy; till, pale and wan,
 Averting tearful eyes from haunts of man,
 It was her turn on summer's breast to fall.

The longest day! we fill it with fond dreams
 Of days gone by, and of belovèd friends
 Who made the long hours short—whose memory gleams
 O'er Time's abyss, like rays that Heaven sends
 On day like this—so balmy that it seems
 The spirit of the dearest o'er us bends.

LINES

ON READING "LIFE, LETTERS AND LITERARY REMAINS OF
JOHN KEATS, EDITED BY RICHARD MONCKTON
MILNES" [LORD HOUGHTON].

—O—

I.

THE awe of other years was in my heart,
The tears of other years were in my eyes,—
More, and the last of Keats, before me lies,
I said, and held th' unopened tome apart.
My pleasant friends were left beneath the moon,
And I must listen now another tune.
And it arose, grand as the billows' cry
When, storm-impregnate, they affront the sky,
And reeling worlds see love and life depart.

II.

Loved ever, but ne'er known till now, O Keats,
Great heart and bursting, what a fate was thine!
The cup o'erbrimmed with agonising sweets,
The poisoned shaft empurpling every line,
The glory that looks high o'er low defeats,
The sympathy embracing all it meets,
Quaffing, though it be poison, all the wine
That shines in marvellous cups for thirsting lips,
The struggle 'twixt demoniac and divine,
World-lighting sun-bursts, ghastly cold eclipse.

III.

Take ye the holiest nook upon our shelves,
 For genial is the heart that sends ye there,
 'Midst Shakspeare's godlike things and Spenser's elves,
 Near Hunt's large heart, and breathing Shelley's air,
 Where fancy soars, or insight boldly delves,
 Or daring wrestles with a gaunt despair,
 Noblest, most vital portion of ourselves,
 Best blood of our hearts! be with us everywhere.

LANDOR.

—o—

ANGELS, they say, are with us unawares,
 Earth's noblest elbow those who know them not;
 I went—a pilgrim to no nameless spot—
 And amidst up-piled terraces and squares,
 And wood-clad hills and pleasantest parterres,
 Held in my soul but one pervading thought—
 Even here has England's greatest cast his lot,
 Eyeing the world for which he thinks and cares.

The Sage—whence flows the wisdom that exalts?
 The Poet—whence the splendours that illumine?
 The Man—who cheers the virtues, chides the faults,
 Where's "the old garden" which his thoughts
 perfume?
 His path who in his proud course never halts?
 None know—and humbled, I my way resume.

ENJOY—ENCOUNTER—AND ENDURE.

—o—

I.

WHY droop and change we thus, as years
 Their heavy pall throw o'er us—
 Why quench our smiles and shed our tears
 For things no tears restore us?
 True that our bark the haven nears,
 Yet raise the welcome chorus
 That fed the hopes and quelled the fears
 Of those who've gone before us:
 Life is fleeting, and Death is sure—
 Enjoy—Encounter—and Endure.

II.

Enjoy—existence else were given
 As God gives nothing to us,
 In mockery of earth and heaven,
 And all delights that woo us;
Encounter—be the huge rocks riven
 That rise and frown unto us;
Endure—and vainly storms are driven
 Whose roar and gloom pursue us:
 Life is fleeting, and Death is sure—
Enjoy, Encounter, and ENDURE!

SONG.

—o—

SPRING came in her glory
All sunshine and shower
But did not restore me
The pride of my bower ;
And sadness came o'er me
Alone—and apart—
I turned to deplore thee—
Lost love of my heart !

The skies in their splendour,
The streams in their light,
To others may render
Rich stores of delight ;
A feeling more tender
Enthralleth my heart,
One it ne'er may surrender—
Loved, lost as thou art !

Where sweet winds were blowing,
And meadows were green,
Where fair streams were flowing,
My footsteps have been ;
Though these were about me
I turned to depart—
All joyless without thee—
Lost love of my heart !

And so the spring found me,
 So summer will find.
 The chain that thus bound me
 No time may unbind.
 Though absence be lengthened
 And long years depart ;
 Thy power is but strengthened—
 Lost love of my heart !

A WINTER NIGHT.

—0—

THE sheep-bell lured me to my cottage door,
 For there is music in that pastoral sound.
 And listening I stood and gazed around ;
 Slumbered the leafless trees mine eyes before,
 Or stirred at intervals their branches frore ;
 The stars were out in glittering multitude,
 And night's pale traveller her course pursued
 In crescent splendour ; such as erst she wore,
 When to Endymion's brow she stooped with lips
 Of lingering love :—what saw I else, or heard ?
 Nought that could mar that sweet scene, or eclipse ;
 The roll of distant car, the dim hedge stirred
 By intermittent breeze with icy nips,
 For Winter now is here, though long deferred.

MACREADY READING *HAMLET* AT
RUGBY.

—o—

THERE came into that thronged and eager room,
 The noble volume underneath his arm,
 The *Actor* it had well inspired to charm
 And teach the world's wide beating heart. No plume,
 No sable mantle marked him,—but the head
 Loftily borne, the firm and stately tread
 Told the quick-breathing crowd what *Man* had come
 To show how Shakspeare might be felt and read.
 And while both Man and Woman thrilled to hear
 The story of the Dane so grandly told,
 Responding with the irrepressible cheer,
 Or tears more eloquent that unbidden rolled,
His eye fell like a Father's on the Boys,
His heart was with his Boyhood's cares and joys.

.....

GARIBALDI.

—o—

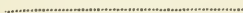
GRATEFUL illusion! but of vision dim!
 Ask you what Italy should do for *him*?
 A guerdon bright as that he won for her,
 'Tis not in kings or nations to confer.
 In solitary grandeur let him go—
 The world's gaze following—'tis better so.
 So Kosciusko went—so Washington—
 So Cincinnatus, with their great work done.

TO A SKYLARK IN DECEMBER.



POOR bird! the month, though mild, is not for thee,
 Nor are its fitful sunbursts like the Spring;
 Heavily flaggeth thy December wing;
 Though through the mist thy loftiest flight we see,
 More bounded yet thy lessening circles be;
 Feeble and few thy notes, and breathing all
 Not the proud challenge, but the dying fall,—
 Spiritless flight and soulless minstrelsy.

And now thou droppest into dumb despair,
 Even as the beaten struggler of the world
 Whose bark sailed bravely when the skies were fair,
 Sinks 'neath the storm, his tattered colours furled;
 So dies thy song, lost in ungenial air,
 To dull earth and unwilling silence hurled.

MILTON'S WATCH: AT THE BRITISH
MUSEUM.

SILENT, it gives no note of passing time,
 But in its silent eloquence sublime,
 For what has time to do with such as he?
 Heaven-born inheritors of Eternity!
 Handless—it points not to the fleeting hour—
 Yet fills all memories with a mystic power.
 His eyes once looked upon it; his fine hand
 When eyes were sightless, the smooth circle spanned.

ON THE DEATH OF W. S. LANDOR,

AT FLORENCE, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

“I know not whether your kind letter or your noble poetry gave
me most pleasure.”

—o—

THUS wrote the man who, I had fondly thought,
Would bend the old indulgent eyes on verse
That once or twice his kindly glances sought,
And won approval which the heart prefers
To the world's praise. FLORENCE, that sees his hearse
Darken her fair streets, prondly weeps, while we
Lament the Exile's loss more bitterly,
And with a throe more unrelieved than hers.

But, “*It is common.*” Words of dubious balm!
So Shakspeare wrote, and Goethe echoed him.
The common lot!—Is that a thought to calm
The spirit, or dry eyes with sorrow dim?
In hope of after-union only lies
Comfort for those who mourn earth's broken ties.

SONNETS.

ON RECEIVING THE PAINTING OF A COTTAGE AT RUISLIP.

—o—

I.

It is a book of Memory and Emotion!—

And as I turn each precious leaf, I read

Of matters that might make the worn heart bleed

To think how many a shrine at which devotion,

The warm, full, fresh devotion of pure mind

Was paid, hath passed away, and left behind

But spectral thoughts that on the spirit feed

Till it grows faint and weak with their corrosion.

But quickly turn those saddened pages over—

Hide with impetuous hand those dark blurred pages ;

And seek for some where Poet, Friend, or Lover

Brightens the leaf, and Memory's pang assuages ;

And dream as then, in those green lanes a rover,

Heart-linked with deathless bards and truth-taught

sages.

II.

'Tis an Enchanter ; and its welcome wand

Hath conjured up the scenes of other years :

And even though I look on them through tears,

They still are beautiful as Fairyland,

And peopled with a lovely fairy band—

Children whose laughter rings in gladdened ears ;

And one, soft voiced, straw-hatted, now appears,

The green lane echoing with his joyous shout ;
 Or 'mid the orchard grass you see him stand,
 The rosy fruit o'erflowing tiny hand—
 Ah, still that elfin boy shall rove about
 The spirit of this well-beloved retreat ;
 Child still, and still unchanged beyond a doubt,
 As when the artist saw him at his feet.

III.

BUT hold the *magic mirror* yet awhile ;
 Let it reflect those soft calm moonlight nights,
 Those lengthened strolls, those innocent delights—
 O'er whose sweet recollection grief may smile.
 The rustic one-planked bridge, the sparkling stream,
 The bowery nook so fit for poet's dream—
 The sweet companionship that made a stile
 So dear a resting place—
 Doth it not seem
 That Time for ten long years hath stood stock-still,
 That death and startling change are mockeries
 Which for a night made prisoner of the will,
 That hearts are close-linked yet, and tenderest ties
 Unriven?—

Oh, then let us gaze our fill !
 The *pictured past* spell-binds both heart and eyes.

THE UNWELCOME SPRING.

FROM BERANGER.



I SAW her from my window, seated
 Before her own all winter through ;
We loved—yet each knew not the other,
 Across the air our kisses flew.
Between those leafless boughs to gaze
Was all the task that filled our days ;
Thou bring'st the trees their bowery reign—
Unwelcome Spring ! thou *wilt* come back again.

I've lost her in your arching shadow—
 The dazzling girl whose ready hand
Scattered their food before the robins
 When frost had whitened all the land :
Those wily birds ! their tricks became
Unconscious helpers of our flame.
No ! nought like winter's snowy reign !—
Unwelcome Spring ! thou *wilt* come back again.

Wer't not for thee, fresh from her slumbers,
 I should behold her when she wakes ;
Fresh as the painters tint Aurora,
 Day's curtains when aside she takes.
At evening too I still might say
My star has sped her radiant way ;
She sleeps ! her lamp is out ! in vain—
Unwelcome Spring ! thou *wilt* come back again.

'Tis winter that my heart imploreth,
 Ah, would that I again might hear
 Bounding against the pane sonorous
 That welcome season's frozen tear!
 What is thine empire old to me,
 Thy flowers, long days, and breezes free?
Her smile for me is sweet in vain—
 Unwelcome Spring! thou *wilt* come back again.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE SITE OF THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
 HORTICULTURAL AND FLORAL EXHIBITION.

—o—

NEAR this same spot, how brief a while ago,
 Two revellers, in no irreverent mood,
 Beneath the starred and silent heavens stood,
 Listening the nightingale's exuberant flow;
 That passing joy comes o'er the memory now,
 As to the present scene a fit prelude;
 As if the glorious triller were ended
 Not more with song than with prophetic glow;
 For that harmonious spirit seems upon
 Flower, fruit and tree, and woman's lighted face;
 Which never with more radiant beauty shone,
 Lending this paradise a crowning grace.
 Oh, day of natural pleasure, stand alone—
 Or only to the peerless night give place!

I KNEW THAT PRETTY VILLAGER.

—0—

I KNEW that pretty villager
When she was but a child,
And often paused to look upon
Her gambols arch and wild.

She had an air of the warm south—
Her eye was darkly bright—
And profuse locks of sable hue
Fell on her shoulders white.

It was a charming picture—once,
When gazing on the sky,
She stood enwrapt, and unaware
Of any passer-by.

The moment made her fervent glance,
Though sweet, seem sadly bright,
As it had caught from heaven itself
A portion of its light :

And mingling with its light there seemed
The grandeur and the gloom
Of eve's gorgeous clouds attending
Their Monarch to his tomb.

Years have rolled on—that peasant girl
Is almost woman now,
And Time's stern hand has written care
And thought on her young brow.

Her look is unassured—her step
 Not buoyant as of yore—
 Her proud, wild spirit seems subdued—
 Her laugh is heard no more.

I marvel what hath wrought this change
 In interval so brief—
 Oh, learned in the human heart,
 Say, is it love or grief?

SONNET.

—o—

OLD haunts and loved ones! Oh how many a day
 I sought ye, or in glad or gloomy mood,
 Gathering bright fancies when my heart was gay,
 From sparkling streams by which enwapt I stood;
 Or finding in green covert far away
 From human turmoil, a fit solitude,
 Where I might sound my spirit's depth, and weigh,
 Stern question!—what, if aught, of it were good.
 Death makes no vacuum in your rich array,
 Old haunts and loved ones! Bright as when first
 viewed,
 Nought of your beauty goeth to decay;
 Or, if it doth, 'tis but to be renewed.
 Oh, ever with ye let your wanderer stay,
 Nor mark change write her admonitions rude!

SONG.

—0—

BANKS where the Fairies
Verdant nests choose ;
Meadow and green lane
Bathed in the hues
Gorgeous and golden
Painter would use
O'er deathless canvas
Grace to diffuse :
These formed the Temple
At whose fair shrine
Worshipped the young hearts
Love made divine.

Time with his plough-share
Furrowed their brows ;
Winter brought frowning
Tempests and snows.
Worldlings around them—
Sorrows within—
Strange was the Temple
Then worshipped in !
Oh, for the Temple !
Oh, for the shrine !
Oh, for the young hearts
Love made divine.

Other thoughts woo them,
 Sadly they glide
 On the dark journey
 Still side by side.
 Hope may come to them
 But 'tis supplied
 From sources holier—
 Struggle and pride
 Sink in the Temple
 Fade at the shrine
 Love, the Immortal,
 Still makes Divine.

ON THE DEATH OF LEIGH HUNT.

—o—

I HEARD; and sudden clouds came o'er the day:
 And, in communion with the weeping skies,
 Were heavy hearts and tear-suffus'd eyes,
 Unwont to let external signs betray
 The secret pangs that on their spirits prey.
 And mine was hovering where in silence lies
 The tongue that only spoke to humanise—
 Pulseless the heart, no lord but Love could sway.

No more for me the grasp of that kind hand
 I thought to hold again within my own—
 The eye soft-searching, and the aspect bland,
 The cordial frankness breathed in every tone,
 These shall we sadly miss, and mourn for, and
 The world lament a gifted spirit flown.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE LETTERS OF KATE, DUCHESS
OF BUCKINGHAM, TO HER HUSBAND AT THE SIEGE OF
ROCHELLE.

—0—

AWAY, ye heavy thunder-clouds of war,
With the red streak of past or coming storms.
Give place to gentler, more endearing forms.
Let the hearts speak that, crushed beneath the car
Of carnage, show us what they feel and are.
The clash and clangour of conflicting arms,
Glory and guilt! What are they to the charms
Of one soft pleading voice heard from afar?

Fond Kate! a million sorrows groaned in thine.
Wives, sisters, mothers, echo the sad moan
Of wringing fear for victims at the shrine
Of Moloch sacrificed. Not earth alone—
May heaven to these sad cries its ear incline,
And make the peoples wiser than the throne!*

* "War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

COWPER.

SONNET,

ON HEARING THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD, M.A., AT
WHITEHALL CHAPEL, SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 1863.

—O—

BROOKFIELD!—a pleasant name that fills the ear
And takes the fancy, with its two-fold charm;
Air, grass, and water gathering round some farm
Or peaceful cottage, are suggested here;
The very brook ('tis June) rippling and clear,
Sings of the long bright day and all it yields
Of balm to hearts, and beauty to the fields;—
A name to love, a preacher to revere:
Painting “Man’s Life”—that thing of flowers and
weeds,
And showing all its purport, all its needs;
Its duties, and the Faith by which to steer:
Painting “Man’s Death,” where mingled flowers and
weeds
Are mowed—and, climax wakening awful fear,
“God’s Judgment” on the mortal and his deeds.

MALIBRAN.

—o—

GENIUS beams round thee, thing of passionate art ;
Music breaks from thee, angel of sweet sounds ;
Gleams of wild fancy—tones from the warm heart,
Soothing the tortured spirit's deepest wounds ;
Consummate artist, playing well thy part,
Thou ne'er outstepest truth's so delicate bounds.

Feeling—that in thy veriest depths art stirred—
Coin some expression eloquent of her worth ;
Gather thy stores into one burning word,
Emotion, and so pour thy treasures forth :
Speak all that painting—all that poetry can—
'Tis but this magic word—'tis Malibran !
Regal enchantress ! who resists her sway ?
Let speaking tears—let speechless wonder say !

CAVOUR.

—o—

DEAD! And we mourn with Italy; we mourn
With all who love the right and hail the free!
And with a bitter lamentation see
High intellect committed to that bourn.
But no desponding lesson therefore learn—
No fears, to fill despotic hearts with glee;
No nation's destinies can wholly turn
On one man's life or death;—not thine, oh Italy!

He dies: but his example lives, and fills
A million hearts with emulative fire;
From emptied cell to love-built throne yet thrills
The strain sublime of Dante's prophet-lyre;
And faith that trusts, and energy that wills,
Guide grief to purpose strong and soarings higher!

ON RECEIVING A SKETCH OF A RUSTIC
BRIDGE, RUISLIP.

—O—

“Close by, from bank to bank,
A little bridge there is—a one-rail'd plank,
And all is woody, mossy, watery.”

LEIGH HUNT.

DID these beloved meadows want a charm?
Thronged as they are with rich remembrances
Of poesy, lovely shapes, and sunny ease—
Of eyes glad sparkling—and the emphatic arm
Whose pressure said in language dear and warm,
That sky how glorious, and these fields how fair!
Stately these trees, that rustic bridge how rare!
The scene how blessed from rudeness or alarm.

Aye, even a spot like this could be more graced!
That little bridge become more beautiful,—
The fieldpath find a charm not known before;
Supplied by friendship, feeling, skill and taste,
That in one instant wreaths for memory cull
Prized by the heart, and fresh for evermore.

MARY STUART IN CAPTIVITY.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.



OH, straining eye and unavailing clasp!

Oh, fruitless warfare with a dire mischance!

Beneath wide Heaven's blue and white expanse

I stand—my prison wall I feebly grasp,

And with a fevered longing groan and gasp.

And through day's torpor, and night's hideous trance,

I feel a poison through each pulse advance—

Slower—but sure as Cleopatra's asp.

When earth grows glad the more my spirit grieves;

Flowers trail in mockery o'er that blinding wall,

In mockery the trees put forth their leaves;—

I hear the free birds to each other call,

And from the summer winds sad Fancy weaves

With their wild songs a chant funereal.

SONNET.



LEAN on thyself—the only truthful staff!
The strongest bonds of earth are brittle ties.
Light thy way with thine own, not others' eyes;
Yet, if thou giv'st thy heart give all, not half,
Heedless of crafty sneer or workling laugh,
That smite life's faith and scathe its charities.
But squander no affections—timely wise
Pause for the golden grain—fling off the chaff.

Dote not at all—nor yet too much demand—
So shalt thou still sustain thy soul's content;
For change or circumstance shall circumvent
The closest union Friendship ever planned.
Be *thyself*; and whatever love thou'st lent
Shall be repaid thee in a better land!

MEMORY.

—o—

HOURLY I turn an aching eye
Where dearest treasures buried be
More precious far than gems that lie
In the unfathomable sea.
Long cherished hopes that now are dead
And joys that wooed me but to flee—
And dazzling dreams for ever fled,
Are thine, oh Memory!

And therefore am I dowered above
All heart can wish or eye can see;
For all the ecstasy of love,
The burning glow of social glee,
The panting struggle for the good,
The aspiration to be free—
All that was rich in breath or blood
Are thine, oh Memory!

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF RUSSIA.



[The Empress Elizabeth met the children of her rival, the mistress of Alexander I., at the Vienna Congress. She kissed them, and bade them "tell their mother that she envied her."]

His children!—let me with one holy kiss
Bind them with other ties, and make them mine:
Their mother's breast glows not with more divine
And eager love than burns and bleeds in this:
I envy her that she has all I miss.

Perchance she envies much I would resign—
The mocking crown, the desecrated shrine—
The hollow gauds that gleam o'er life's abyss.

Thus thought the childless woman, as she gave
To infant brows that angel-like salute;
Then turned aside to bury in the grave
Of her wrung heart all hopes save such as suit
The desolate on earth, who, worn and mute,
Wait the oblivious tomb, whose peace they crave.

SONG.



ETERNITY hath not in store
Days like the past for me ;
I know that spring will come once more
In beauty and in glee,
And bear the gifts she ever bore,
And bright and glorious be ;
But happy smiles, the smiles of yore—
These eyes shall never see.

No willing augurer of ill,
Which more than death I dread—
My heart feels a prophetic chill
That seals what I have said.
The hopes that led it forward still
Lie trampled on and dead ;
What dreams can Fancy re-instil ?
Even Fancy's self is fled.

The eyes that dimmed the rays of spring
When most these did abound ;
The voice whose slightest murmuring
Had music in the sound ;
The glossy curls that used to fling
Their golden gleams around ;
The sparkling looks none else could bring—
Where, where, shall these be found ?

The spirit, the simplicity,
The tenderness, the thought—
The dear approval prized by me
Above all earthly lot ;
The manner lightsome, salient, free,
With graces equalled not—
(Oh, beautiful variety—
How loved—how unforgot !)

The ready but unwounding wit,
That ne'er made others rue it—
The lips for music's language fit—
Dear lips! how well they do it!*
The song by none exceeded yet,
Poured from the heart and to it,
With spell so strong and exquisite—
Alas, that e'er I knew it!

Or in the fields—or by the brook—
Or in the wood or lea—
In vain for these my heart shall look—
They never more may be!
And how may I their absence brook—
What springtime shall I see?
Or how in sun, stream, flower, or book,
Find love and harmony!

“Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do't.”—*Cymbeline*.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A NIGHT OF VIVID DREAMS OF LEIGH
HUNT.



It was a cherished thought of his
That loved ones gone before us,
May bend from homes of peace and bliss
And tenderly watch o'er us ;
That Love in other realms survives,
The son clings to the father,
And husbands round their weeping wives,
Unseen, yet fondly, gather.

And sisters, holy spirits, watch
And warn their struggling brothers,
Children to shadowy bosoms catch
Their lorn, worn, tearful mothers.
A happy dream ! that still unites
The blest, whose days are numbered,
With those, through weary days and nights,
Who toil on, clay-encumbered.

To mine, last night, *his* spirit came,
Perchance on such a mission :
Presumptuous ? No, *he* would not blame
That thus I read the vision.
A " Ministering Angel " here,
Our wants he still discovers,
And prompt to help, as prone to cheer,
Around our pillow hovers.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "THE DEATH
OF MARLOWE," BY R. H. HORNE.

—0—

A DREAM of Life and Death—a passionate dream!
Genius, self-borne in fierce and wild career,
Unconscious of the gulf that yawneth near,
Black, rayless, save with life's last flickering gleam;
Lost child of pride and power! May none redeem?
With straining eye and with outstretching hands,
Lo, on the lightning-rifted rock he stands
That sternly shadows Lethe's sluggard stream.

A moment! and strange sorrow fills the air—
Grief hath no sadder voice—a woman's wail!
And in that cry there is no vulgar tale;
'Tis not the outburst of a passing care;
He dies who lifted from her soul its veil,
And life to her henceforth is fathomless despair.

"A brevity"—Ay, but the tragic soul
Is here: here the entire soul in its fiery strength!
What need of many lines—of breadth and length?
Truth stamps these scenes a nobly moulded whole.
Here burning genius rusheth to his goal:
And here wrecked beauty, touched by earnest passion,
Feeleth pollution yield to inspiration,
And from her nature clouds of darkness roll.
Proud may we be of beauty and of power
And thankful for each fine delineation
Of forms that fill the closet and the bower,
And haunt us with their life-like animation.
Prouder that *he* who boasts this glorious dower
Hath *heart* to match his spirit's elevation.

SONNET.

“So complete an absence as mine from my earlier haunts and acquaintances is a trying business after all; at my age one ceases to contract new attachments, whether to persons or places.”



If, with Rome's tasteful Consul,* we could say
 To Time, whose ravages are so severe,
 When the heart's precious things are borne away,
 “If thou tak'st these thou shalt bring some as dear,”
 Perhaps more calm endurance might be ours,
 When chance bids friends we fondly prize, remove
 To other lands or to remoter bowers,—
 And death makes phantoms of the forms we love.

But young affection's ties once disentwined,
 Rarely the feelings wear a later chain;
 The sympathies which once could bless and bind,
 Were youth's proud dower, which manhood seeks
 in vain.

Fancy may paint the hill—we cannot mount;
 We have the deep thirst still—but where the fount?

* L. Mummius, who, removing the most celebrated remains of Grecian antiquity to Rome, assured the persons charged with conveying them, that if they injured any they should make others to replace them.

STANZAS ON THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE
OF BEDFORD, AT CHENIES, 1839.

—o—

AGAIN the year was mellow
And falling leaves were yellow,
And trees, though rich in colours,
Had voices breathing dolours,—
And not the happy rustle
Of nestlings, or the hustle
Of squirrel, nut-pursuing ;
Woods were disrobed Kings, viewing
Wrecks of their vanished pomp, yet glorious amid
ruin.

And Death once more had spoken—
Life's golden bowl was broken—
What Heaven had dealt with kindly
His summons took not blindly ;
If time for Heaven mature us,
And truth its joys assure us,
Then is the blessing granted
For which that spirit panted—
Whose toils are over now, of earth's spell disenchanted.

His was the worth that giveth
To rank *its* work, and liveth
Green in the heart for ever ;
His was the wise endeavour

To show how titles splendid
 Are by the *man* transcended:
 And therefore hearts deplore him
 That never bent before him,
 And eyes his greatness dazzled not do now weep o'er
 him.

The chamber, where Art gathers
 Of this high line the fathers,
 Wherein mute reverence bound us,
 Calm silence brooding round us,
 And round the sculptured story
 Of by-gone heirs of glory,
 We passed from, and descended
 The vault, wherein lay blended
 The dust of a proud house in history untranscended.

Here rests the brave and gifted,*
 Whom true desert uplifted,
 His honours nobly earning
 By chivalry and learning;
 Monarchs were proud to grace him,
 Pride prouder grows to trace him,
 Glory and valour leading
 His onward course firm speeding,
 First Baron of his race, aye in the same path treading.

Here, *now* scarce disunited,
 Two hearts a tyrant blighted
 Lie in the peace so holy
 Death yields the great and lowly.†
 But who with knee unkneeling,
 Who with unkindled feeling

* John Russell, first Earl of Bedford, one of the most accomplished gentlemen and most eminent scholars of his time.

† The coffins of the patriot William, Lord Russell, and of his heroic wife, Rachel, are now close together.

Shall bend o'er Freedom's martyr
 Whose blood is on her charter?
 The feeling that now thrills me, for worlds I would
 not barter.

And she, that heart of sweetness,
 And truth's own calm completeness,
 Firm woman, loving, serving,
 And from no duty swerving—
 Whose name the whole world prizes,
 And Love immortalises—
 Well may the pilgrim feel in
 Such presence, as if kneeling
 Before the hallowed shrine of glory past revealing!

BABY LUCY.

—o—

O, FOR Baby Lucy's eyes,
 Strangest heart-nets to devise,
 Beaming with blue mysteries!

O, for Baby Lucy's smile!
 That can bless and not beguile,
 Innocent of trick or wile.

Were our bosoms pure as hers,
 Eyes less cold and less perverse,
 Smiles that no false part rehearse—

These and chaster holier powers
 Than now chequer Life's drear hours—
 Such as hers are, would be ours.

HENRI DE LAROCHEJAQUELEIN.

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT IN M. A. THIERS' "HISTORY
OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."



I PAUSE amid the terrors of a tale
Of unimaginable strife and blood—
Of massacre of beautiful and good—
(Beauty and goodness! what could these avail
'Gainst reasonless rage, and universal bale?)
I pause to look upon a face that blends
All beauties profuse favouring Nature lends,
Reflecting which, Art triumphs, words grow pale.

Fair flowing locks that woman's might beseem,
Arched brows that crown a fine, full, dauntless eye,
Lips where all resolute calmness seems to lie,
A face of oval sweetness, which we deem
Was meant for quiet scenes, for reverie,
For Lover's rapture, or for Poet's dream.

Rather for these than for the clash of arms,
The cannon's roar, and the tumultuous cry
That heralds or defeat or victory,—
Days full of horrors, midnights of alarms,
And all the hardening misery that disarms,
At times, best natures of humanity,
Even when fighting 'gainst such tyranny
As glory gilds not with its treacherous charms.

But these were destined for him,—like our own
Pure Falkland, struggling for but dubious ends,
Imbecile Princes, and uncertain friends;
With gallant hope to raise a fallen throne,
When not a throne that then dishonoured earth
The sacrifice of one great heart was worth.

AN EVENING STROLL.

—o—

THE stars—the moon—the cottages—the trees—

We gazed at all,—more with the heart than eye,

And felt a kindling of deep sympathy

With Nature and her bright eternities.

The stars were pale as world-free purities ;

The moon—large lamp of love that filled the sky—

Shone mirrored in the stream—or from on high

Poured through bewildered hearts brief dreams of ease.

Lights glimmered from embowered cottages ;

And one afar, like watch-light of some tower,

Showed us the distant hills. What phantasies

Won our charmed spirits !—heightened by the power

Of Fays which Fancy in the foliage sees,—

Wild, pranksome revellers of the moonlight hour.

SONG.

—o—

WHEN the stream runs less swiftly life's channel along,
 When the clouds gather dark and the sunshine de-
 parts—

When the votaries through life of that sorceress, song,
 Find the springs of her ocean get dry at their
 hearts—

When we feel the world's turmoil, its stings and its
 smarts,

We shall know, as we turn from the bickering throng
 " 'Tis only fair friendship, good humour, and truth,
 " Can charm us in age as they charmed us in youth."

When the cup has been dashed from the answering lip,
 When years, labour, and care leave us where we
 began—

When for honey we look and but gall-drops we sip—
 When the vigorous boy becomes withering man—
 When we gaze back fatigued on the race that we
 ran,

And see winter approach hope's last leaflet to nip—
 We shall find that but "friendship, good humour
 and truth

" Can charm us in age as they charmed us in youth."

And these still let us cherish—by these let us bound
 Our desires and our hopes as life's evening comes on,
 Then though much may be lost and but little be found,
 We shall feel that the truest and best is not gone ;
 If we still keep beside us firm hearts we have won,
 At false idols we'll smile that lie broken around ;

" 'Tis only fair friendship, good humour and truth,
 " That can charm us in age as they charmed us in
 youth."

JOSHUA'S TRIUMPH AT THE WATERS OF
MEROM.

THE monarchs were many and mighty
Who had leagued at King Hazor's command ;
The North saw them rush from his mountains,
The South felt them trample her land ;
They thronged in the valleys,—the borders
Were compassed with hosts on the West,
As sands on the sea-shore in numbers,
On with chariots and horses they prest.

They met at the Waters of Merom :
And all proud in their battle-array,
Deemed Joshua conquered and captive,
And Israel a scorn and a prey ;
For they knew not the Lord was with Israel,
And they dreamt not the morrow would see
How Warriors, and Monarchs, and Nations,
At the breath of the Lord cease to be.

They fought by the Waters of Merom,
Which ran red with the blood of the foe ;
Israel followed the flying to Zidon,
And her sword laid the fugitives low :
For the Lord was with Joshua and Israel,
And 'twas well that the godless should see
How Warriors, and Monarchs, and Nations,
At the breath of the Lord cease to be.

A NOVEMBER DAY AND NIGHT.

—o—

ART thou November? With no mist or cloud,
No skies of darkness, and no dreary days—
No choking fog nor even miry ways—
Nought that did erst the shrinking frame enshroud;
The bright sun fills the air—songsters are loud—
Meadows still green, though thin their verdure be—
The air, if sharp at times, breathes genially,
And trees, if lacking green, are gold-endowed.

No Autumn moon sails through serener skies—
No summer stars shed more benignant light
Than those which greet us now with loving eyes,
Whilst we with reverence mark their glory bright.
And humbly ask that we may deeply prize,
All-gracious Nature, this November night.

SONG.



THOUGH sorrow and care
 May darken the hearth,
There are songs in the air
 And sunshine on earth ;
While meadows are fair
 And flowers have birth,
With sighs of despair
 Mix carols of mirth.

Though sorrow with years,
 As night follows day,
Brings trials and tears,
 They all pass away.
With rolling of spheres
 In starry array,
Pass fancies and fears
 And hopes frail as they.

This Dreamland is ours,
 And Love is the light
Turns deserts to bowers
 Fay-fashioned and bright.
Through tempest that lours,
 Through wrongs that affright,
The sun of all hours
 Unfollowed by night.

SONNET TO A BEAUTIFUL SUPPORTER OF
TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

—o—

If Temperance yield that grace and glow
To thy surpassing beauty,
Give but *one* glance, and all must know
That Temperance is duty.

How sweetly truth upon that fair brow sate,
And ne'er before took such triumphant shape!
For would we from the argument escape,
Who could forget or fly the advocate?
Henceforth bright eyes alone shall make elate
The subject hearts they so intoxicate;
And, from proud claret down to humble cape,
All—all shall shun the cups that dissipate!

Brandy, heroic drink! a long adieu!
And thou, too tempting home-brewed, fare-thee-well!
BURNS I must take without his "mountain-dew"—
PHILLIPS must bring no cyder from his cell;*
ANACREON MOORE must be forgotten too,—
Truth, as of old, is found within a *well!*

* Author of "Cyder, a Poem."

CHARLES KINGSLEY

PREACHING AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL.

—0—

Two of us who loved his books
Went with eager feet,
To dwell upon his words and looks,
And *himself* to greet.
Struggling through a dark dense crowd,
Hurriedly we went,
Of our very struggle proud,
With our toil content.
This, we thought, is true renown,
This is earnest fame—
Deep heart of our cold vast town
Stirred thus by a name!
Gleams that dark eye in its lustre
'Neath a thoughtful brow;
And he pauses, as to muster
Words that calmly flow.
Then he tells how JESUS came
Both to save the soul,
And to make the blind and lame
And the leper whole.
Rugged the unstudied style,
Very plain the speech,
Not to flatter or beguile,
But to move and teach.
Generous war with wealth he wages,
For the sufferer pleads;
Paints the succour that assuages,
Paints the woe that needs.

Bright eyes that tear-stained his pages,
 Wonder as they gaze,
 What can this man care for praises?
 All he looks and says
 In our hearts the feeling raises,
 That through his there only ran
 Fervent love of God and Man.
 What marvel that we followed,
 Blessing the path he trod,
 And thought his footsteps hallowed
 Even the senseless sod :
 This good Priest—faithful Pastor—
 True servant of his Master,
 Friend of Man and God !

LIFE ANTE-NATAL.

—o—

AMID the perturbations of the hours
 That startle us from sleep, seem there not breaking,
 In misty sense that stirs through sleep and waking,
 Gleams of another life that once was ours,
 More glorious than gilds Earth's prose or rhyme,
 When Bard or Rhapsodist grows most sublime ?
 Even so we see upon a summer night,
 As we stand gazing from some mountain height,
 The fore and after of a day's sun-light,
 Our own no more, but bright on other shores.
 Sleep-walkers ! Dreamers in a life of dreams !
 How wild, how weak, our struggles and our cares !
 The whence—the whither—those bewildering themes
 Give to the winds, with all unwise despairs.

ON READING "PAUL FERROLL."

—o—

THOUGH with the startling frankness of the Moor,
 He says "I did it"—was it with his hand?
 The crime was his, if his the mind that planned,
 And his the retribution stern and sore.
 Strong passion sowed the seed; the fruit it bore,
 Was poison to a soul that could adore,
 And, whilst it revered, every ill withstand,
 But fled when it might reverence no more.

Grand lessons hath the book! Few grander e'er
 Hath Genins scattered in Life's devious path;
 The last the noblest, bidding man beware
 "Rash judgments." Since small power to judge he
 hath,
 Even his fellow-men, how shall he dare
 Measure his Maker's mercy or His wrath?*

* "Some men, Janet, will say I can be forgiven—some will say
 I cannot. I have thought much.—There is a God, and He knows."

PAUL FERROLL.

“MINE EYES AND HEART HAVE SORROWED
LONG.”

“So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done
under the sun.” *Ecclesiastes, chap. 4, v. 1, 2, 3.*



MINE eyes and heart have sorrowed long,
To mark, beneath the sun,
Success awaiting still the strong,
And woe the vanquished one.
Th’ oppressed in vain shed bitter tears
In grief’s unsolaced hour ;
Th’ oppressor stands amidst his peers
Girt with unholy power.

No comforter the feeble finds,
No hour aught joyous brings ;
For him no balmy summer winds
Bear healing on their wings ;
Whilst pomp, and luxury, and state,
Earth’s mighty one attend ;
His menials are at his gate,
His hall hath many a friend.

Heart-sickened by the sight, I said,
How much more blest are they
Who sleep with the unconscious dead
Than our surviving clay !
Yea, happier than either, he,
More blest, who hath not been ;
Undoomed those evil works to see,
Our weary eyes have seen.

WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX.

—o—

WELL for us that he lived, and well for him
To leave a world he struggled for in vain,
Watching with wearied brain and eyes grown dim
Its sad slow progress, and its thriftless gain.
True, he impelled it onward, but it falls
Back to its cherished, old, corrupted ways.
Vainly the Sage forewarns, the Poet calls,
The Hero strives,—the Saint as vainly prays.
“Shams” gather round us, cunning circumvents,
The blood of brothers makes one awful river;
There is no courage save with low intents,
No honest hope, no generous endeavour;
And were not Earth at times by such men trode,
As Fox, no light would gild Life’s drear abode.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

—0—

God said "Let there be light"—and there was light,
 And the Creator's works stood all revealed:
 Sun, moon, and stars,—waters in sleeping might,
 And rolling worlds as that great fiat pealed,
 And gorgeous day succeeded jewelled night.
 External vision! glorious boon! but sealed
 From subtlest apprehension, sense, and sight,
 The all man pants and gasps to see unveiled.

Blind gropers we at best, in our great need—
 Cyclopean gropers in a twilight dark.
 I ask, is there such difference, indeed,
 'Twixt Light and Darkness? having failed to mark,
 Though Light (too dazzling) may sometimes mislead,
Always we sadly stumble in the dark.

MORE LIGHT.

"MORE light"—Colenso, with your glasses on,
 With gauging rod in hand, and in your head
 Keen calculation, noting, as you read
 The miles and multitudes, the pro and con,—
 You got more light, and gave it us. Anon
 Rose the Church-militant, with anger red,
 Too angry to confute the things you said,
 Too silly to be silent thereupon.

In you 'twas brave, who could not fail to count
 The mighty cost—but they are unletted too.
 "More light"—perchance more truth—but what th'
 amount?

What gain, what loss that souls should greet or rue?
 You leave us still the Imperishable Fount—
 The Lord Christ—and His Sermon on the Mount.

A DREAM AND AN AWAKING.

—0—

Two forms were in my last night's pillowed sleep,
Friends of an early day were with me there,
One lustrous dark, the other passing fair,
And to each gentle breast a child did creep.
Bright were their eyes as yet untanght to weep.
With smile and song they filled the charm'd air,
And did the spirit of the Listener steep
In luxury of a music now too rare.

I woke; and found a mother and a child,
Both dear as heart's blood, and one passing fair;
But they who had my dreaming thoughts beguiled,
And mirrored the sweet past, lingered not there.
Both gone—(O Patience! bring thy aspect mild!)
One in the quiet grave—the other—*where?*

HYMN.

“There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear,”
I. JOHN, IV. 18.

—O—

GREAT Mystery of Infinitude

Whose space the aching vision tires—
 Almighty Giver of all good!

Maker of worlds Thy love inspires!
 We come in awe, but not in fear,
 To the high Throne which we revere.

The Earth—with her unfailing seeds—

The Heavens—with their appointed stars—
 Our soaring dreams—our servile needs—

The very doubt that often wars
 With Faith—all help to draw us near
 To the high throne which we revere.

Thy countless worlds, through countless years,

In order's glorious course have rolled;
 Oh, Supreme Ruler of the Spheres,

Whom we may worship, not behold!
 We come in hope, and not in fear
 To the high Throne which we revere.

Our Father, in that holiest name

We invoke, we supplicate—
 Preferring no self-righteous claim

And conscious of our erring state.
 Father! In love, and not in fear,
 We seek the Throne which we revere.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

—0—

CALMLY from earth she turned those gentle eyes
That were a light and gladness while they shone,
Mirthful or saddened, the thrilled earth upon,—
Calmly she turned to those effulgent skies
Wherewith she commerced hourly in sighs
And songs, which still of the sweet Lyrist gone
Speak to the world, but most to those who moan
Beside the hearth where none her place supplies.
Deepest they speak to *him*,—the Bard and Sire,—
From whom she caught the too ethereal spark,
That shone awhile, still soaring high and higher
To leave the sphere it brightened doubly dark.
Oh watchful loves, round the bereft one gather!
Heav'n, that hath ta'en the child, sustain the father!

A MARCH MORNING.

—0—

WHITE-FROSTED morning woke in the moonlight,
 And fell a listening to a diverse throng—
 To larks whose spirits spurn the heavy night,
 And greet young day with quick continuous song;
 To redbreasts chirping from the oaken bough
 Whose withered leaves are waiting for the new;
 To whirr of startled partridge, hurrying now
 To safer covert: to sounds neither few,
 Nor faint, nor scarce definable; the rush
 Of the swoll'n stream;—the crash of hurrying wheel,
 And now, o'ertopping all, the sudden gush
 Of horn from coach or barrack;—yet these steal,
 Even whilst bright morning listens, all away—
 Lost in the one loud voice of universal day.

.....

TO —.

—0—

You said this little plot
 Of ground 'twas well to till;
 You said this rugged knot
 Of flowers had fragrance still.
 Take the "Forget-me-Not,"
 Or any flower you will,
 With your smile on the lot,
 No frost has power to kill.

THE FOUNTAIN IN VICTORIA PARK.

—o—

THE name which rang through England, in the days
When Freedom's friends were few, is honoured yet.
Nor, near this princely gift, can we forget
Whose generous blood warms in a thousand ways—
All high and good, and none mere baits for praise—
Our daily course—the daughter of BURDETT!
Who, mindful of the meanest, here has set
A temple, whereon reverent eyes shall gaze
In after years; and grateful lips proclaim
Goodness is oft an heir-loom of the great;
That Wealth may have its virtues, Rank its claim;
And that on acts which bless the lowly, wait
Meeds Courts cannot bestow, transcending Fame—
The immortal loves Love only can create.

THE ROSE AND THE BEE.

—o—

DEEP into her bosom
Plunging, amorous bee,
How the lady Rose thrills
Thus embraced by thee.
Summer winds would woo her,
Suns their glory shed,
All fair things that knew her,
Sought to win and wed—
Ne'er till *thou* cam'st to her,
Blushed she *all* her red!

Gone the Western splendour,
Winds their whispers cease,
Stars are in the Heavens,
And on Earth is peace.
But *her* dreams are glowing,
And her heart beats high—
Perfumed sighs are flowing,
For *thou* art not nigh.
Winged Amorist! come to her,
Lest she fade and die.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

—o—

So shook the Nation's heart with sudden throe
Of wondering grief, two years ere he was born ;
When the fair " Daughter of the Isles " was torn
From happy dreams and cherished hopes that grow
Round untried Princes : England's tears now flow
For one who, on the world's high currents borne,
Sailed well and wisely : if for *him* we mourn,
Oh mourn for Her, who yet survives the blow !

If this sad desolation wore the garb
Of lowlier life, it were not so unblest ;
Mourn for the regal splendours that but barb
The arrow entering that faithful breast,
Piercing Her yet green wound of recent days,
A Husband by a Mother's side who lays !

SOUTHWOOD SMITH.

—o—

How bright the years, yet of what olden date,
 When life was in its earliest buoyant spring,
 Ere yet had fallen the cold shadowing
 Of Time and Change o'er spirits too elate,—
 Ere yet had deepened the depressing weight
 Of Death—that comes to scathe and separate—
 Did earnest lips that name before me bring,
 And teach me what to love and venerate!

The Factory children bless that honoured name,
 Suffering embalms it with a grateful tear.
 Famous—what cared the grand old man for Fame?
 Write on the grave of him whom all revere—
 “The friend” (comes a higher praise from mortal pen?)
 “Of Bentham, of Leigh Hunt, of all good men.”

THE FLOWER-CROWNED CANNON.

—0—

“The taking of Palermo, and the withdrawal of the Neapolitan column, again gave courage to the natives; the guns were dug out, and new carriages made. * * * This morning they made their public entry, *crowned with flowers*, and amid deafening cheers.”—*Times' Correspondent*, June, 1860.

EMBLEM of thy great heart, heroic chief!

“The cannon crowned with flowers”—the deadly
gun

Made softly fragrant, sweet to look upon,
Glory and Freedom written on each leaf;
Its death-bolts dealt for the downfall and grief
Of blood-stained tyrants only—the relief
And the upraising of the trodden-on.

Emblem of thy great heart—whose duty done

Lets Mercy follow, with her blessèd oil
And hallowed wine!—Bayard of Italy!

Sans peur et sans reproche! No slur, no soil,
Rests on thy laurel-wreath. God of the Free!
Guard it from meddling hands, from treachery,
In strife and struggle of this grand turmoil!

PROGRESS AND A PHANTOM.*

—0—

A VIGOROUS world—to its own music turning,
Flowers wreathing it, and golden lamps aye burning,
And ever fresher airs and brighter flowers,
And kindlier hopes than filled its earlier bowers,
With godlike-food to man no more forbidden,
And aspirations for all good unhidden—
Saw a black shadow on its noon-tide rising,
And heard strange sounds less awful than surprising.
“Stand still!” “Go back!” the sombre phantom
muttered:
And men waxed wroth with what the nothing uttered.
And strong arms smote the air with lusty cleavings,
And scorn could not keep down its bosom-heavings.
Whereat the angels smiled. The wrath was glorious,
And the shade fled before the frown victorious.

* This title was suggested by Mr. Leigh Hunt, who inserted the lines in “Leigh Hunt’s Journal,” Feb. 8, 1851.

OUR PRINCE'S PEARL.



THERE came from the land of the Dane,
A light that illumined our own,
It scattered the shadows of pain
From the lowliest cot to the throne.
Of the past it softened the sting,
Hope's banner it taught to unfurl,
In fullness of joy let us sing
Hail, all hail to our Prince's Pearl.

We gaze on that beautiful face,
Where feeling and firmness unite ;
In that regal forehead we trace
To high regal station the right.
All womanhood's loveliest grace
We see in each clustering curl ;
All hail to the pride of her race !
Hail ! all hail to our Prince's Pearl.

Our old rule is pledge for the new,
The blessings 'twill bring we forecast :
The future unfolds to our view
The glory that brightens the past.
Then let Britons, with true hearts and strong,
Wherever the wild winds may whirl,
Respond to the prayer of our song—
Heav'n prosper our Prince and his Pearl.

SONNETS TO E. J. W.

—0—

I.

WE talked of you on Sunday in such style
As made your cheek burn, if the saying's true,
That cheeks assume that sudden roseate hue,
When friendly hearts, severed by many a mile,
With balm of memory their cares beguile,
And burnish up old accidents anew,
And conjure faces of the kind and true,
Until one almost *sees* the sunny smile.

And but the night before your letter found me,
I dreamed of Gill Mee, who in fervent mood
Was throwing his poetic spells around me.
Were our thoughts blended then? it came unwooded.
Prevision oft has tended to confound me,
This once I hold the fancy true and good.

II.

Was it in that Cathedral* shadow grand,
'Neath which in a snug garden once I smoked
A pleasant pipe, whilst those around me joked,
You penned your missive with frank hasty hand?
Next day, most fugitive Edward, did you stand

* Gloucester Cathedral.

'Midst hoary walls,* to olden memories yoked,
 (The ghost of the stern Regicide invoked—)
 And greet me thence again with message bland?
 Most welcome message, but more welcome still,
 Will be the writer, if he hold his mind,
 And let no tempting of his fitful will,
 Make promise see performance lag behind.
 "The road that leads to Nowhere," he may find,
 But somewhere hopeful hearts await him still.

* Those of Chepstow Castle.

AT DULWICH.

—o—

"LUSTRE the tree receives
 From setting sun, behold!"
 For gleams stole through the leaves
 That turned them all to gold.
 Smiling my friend replied,
 "For once you're cheated, as
 Those gleams that golden glide,
 Are gleams of earthly gas!"
 'Twas welcome to the full
 As by Apollo given;
 Beauty is beautiful,
 Come it from Earth or Heaven.

THE RIVALS.

A PAINTING BY WATTEAU.



His hand laid on the heart he offers her
With her large and wide-open soulless eyes,
Expressive only of a cold surprise,
Though from that clasping pressure we infer,
Her hand may be more warm interpreter
Of answering passion. Is the lover wise
(What lover is?) who leaves that richer prize,
Standing, heart-struck, behind the wanderer?

He seems about to lavish all life's wealth
On one poor pretty plaything, who has torn
His fickle fancy by some trick of stealth,
From worth and glorious beauty, now forlorn,
Whose lifted arms, and wild distracted air,
Show us not rage or scorn but wonder and despair.

TO HENRY CORT SMITH,
ON HIS PAINTING OF "HUBERT AND ARTHUR."

—0—

HUBERT.—If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead,
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

ARTHUR.—Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick:
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me."

King John, Act. iv. s. 1.

I HAVE seen living pictures, grandly done,
To Nature faithful and to Shakespeare just,
Of Hubert's struggle, Arthur's child-like trust,—
And these are stamped on memory; never one
More truly typical of Constance son,
Smiling unconscious, while the passionate gust
Shakes the strong gaoler—playful fingers thrust
Into his hair,—with words of anxious tone;
And eyes—those eyes so full of life and love,
Brighter, more beautiful, because thereon
The shadow of eternal darkness drove,
And even while they looked their light was gone!
And imminent Death did in that darkness move,
And the great wronged prond mother stood alone.

Artist! resume the story; if no strain
Of Poet hath restored it—if no line
Of Painter hath embodied the divine,
And chronicled the Tragic Muse's reign,

When Kings' "unbidden bowed to her"—be't *thine*,
 Siddonian splendour flashing on thy brain—
 To make of that huge grief a holy shrine,
 And turn that queenly scorn to the world's gain.
 'Tis a good school for all; but most for him
 Who feels the stirrings of "creative art;"
 Not that Earth's glories can be ever dim
 To such; if earth hath fields, man hath a heart.
 Dive into both; and treading paths like this,
 The goal that Genius seeks thou shalt not miss.

(WRITTEN IN THE STUDIO OF THE ABOVE.)

Ogni fatica vuol premio.

"EXCELSIOR!" exclaims Columbia's bard,
 Onward and upward! be the motto thine;
 Ruggedest paths but lead to the Divine,
 And high the guerdon if the strife be hard.
 Brave lowly labour guarantees reward,
 If heart and soul and hand and hope combine;
 If day by day be piled the line on line;
 If duty toil, and self-respect keep guard.
 Nor, as I look upon these classic walls
 Which art ennobles, and which beauty decks,
 Dare I have prescience that the shadow falls,
 Foreboding thine amid doomed talent's wrecks.
 No! by the eye's delight, the mind's emotion,
 I see success—handmaid of deep devotion.

TO MY SOLITARY SNOWDROP.



PALE maiden flower, my rugged garden's gem,
Emblem of patient hope—safe innocence ;
Drooping thy fair head o'er thy fragile stem
In yielding weakness—thy most sure defence :
Amidst mild airs, beneath illusive skies,
Promise of the young year ! thou had'st thy birth,
And thy first days were gentle : but there rise
Fierce winds, and kingly storms sweep o'er the earth.
They shake thee, but cannot subdue : thy port
Is brave as meek ; and still thy snowy crest
(Whence gains its thin green stem such fixed support ?)
Sheds soft light o'er thy gladdened mother's breast.
Oh, let me win, whilst thus I gaze on thee,
Some glimpse of peace, truth, and simplicity !

JOHN CLARE,

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT POET.



A LIFE of dreams! the first and the most real
Begun in boyhood, when his spirit went,
Mate of birds, trees, and flowers, glad and content,
'Mong sylvan haunts, embracing the ideal
Which is the Poet's worship, who would see all
God gives of true, and good, and lovely blent
In Nature and Man's heart. Then Fame was sent,
The dream of dreams! the towering hope to be all
Man can be of supreme in worlds of thought.
Then came the last dream, in our sight how sad!
And yet, perchance, unfettered Fancy caught
From that more joy than when cool Reason had
Its reign, and ranged o'er realms too darkly fraught
With cloud and change to keep such spirit glad.

Let me recal him when kind Inskip led
The unconscious Poet to your home, De Wilde,
And we sat listening, as to some fond child,
The wayward unconnected words he said,—
Prattle, by confused recollections fed,
Of famous times gone by,—how Byron piled
Praise on him in the *Quarterly*,* and styled

* This was one of Clare's pleasant delusions. He told us that Lord Byron reviewed him in the *Quarterly Review*, devoting no less than five and twenty pages to praises of his poetry. The ingenuity of insanity "could no farther go." The impression had its origin, doubtless, in a vague remembrance of Byron's intimacy with Giffard, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

Him of all Poets as the very head!
 Still dreaming!—Happy dreamer! all is o'er—
 All this world's visions, sober or insane.
 Discord shall mar the harmony no more,
 That poured upon us, and, like summer rain
 To the parched earth, oft filled the bosom frore
 With sunshine, as it drank the flowing strain.

.....

ON A VIEW OF CLEVEDON.



THE mighty sea before me—the glad hills—
 The bowery nooks—the woodland's gorgeous clasp,
 And, best of all, a dear friend's cordial grasp,
 With all of these the little picture fills
 A bosom that, escaping present ills,
 Drinks in the sea-air with a lusty gasp.
 We rove once more as then "at our *wild* wills,"
 Which know no intermitting pause, until
 The cottage Coleridge hallowed chains our feet,
 Or we have reached the brow of that calm hill
 Where Hallam rests,—a rest made sacred-sweet,
 By verse to rule all hearts, and rush for ever
 On its bright course like yon unchanging river
 Whose murmur seems his requiem to repeat.

SONNETS

TO THE SOLITARY ROSEBUD THAT LOOKS IN AT MY WINDOW.



I.

EVE after eve, and as morn follows morn,
Even as the earliest ray on thee alights,
Or a chance splendour falls from Western heights,
I watch thy embryo beauty, frail, forlorn ;
Yet swells thy breast with tiny leaf untorn,
Serene, through stormy days and chilling nights ;
So patient virtue with disaster fights,
And so calm courage is to conquest borne.

Lonely, and yet unshrinking from the cloud,
And smiling, grateful in the rare sunshine,
The keen north-easter finds thee still unbowed.
Oh thou small struggler, make thy wisdom mine !
I too have lost the sunshine and the crowd—
Teach me a self-sustaining power like thine !

II.

“SLOW swelled thy breast,” but it is opening now,—
And slow beside thee sister-buds are swelling,—
Their blood in May’s fair influence up-welling,
Till every petal is with life a-glow.
How bright the wreaths that round the window bow,

Late least adorned of all that lit the dwelling.
 Now has it breath and beauty, and is telling
 Sweet tales of what long summer days will show.
 Long summer days! with book against the pane,
 The great Elme's shadow o'er the rustling leaves,—
 The welcome rush of wind,—the "great good rain,"*
 The dewy mornings,—the calm moon-lit eves—
 The balm of hope renewed,—the pause from pain,—
 And all pure joy the chastened heart conceives.

* Leigh Hunt.

TO ——.

—o—

SOME words of mine have won your praise,
 But love, already won,
 Measured the value of the lays,
 Which, but for love, had none.

And now that I would fondly wake
 An unaccustomed lyre,
 And be a poet, for your sake,
 Who might the best inspire,

The idle strings no more vibrate,
 And every wish and prayer
 Falls on my heart—a wordless weight—
 To sink and struggle there.

A BIRTHDAY SONG,

TO G. J. DE W.

—0—

HERE'S a health to thee, bright health to thee!
Though not with wine our cup is flowing;
We pledge thee in the healthful breeze,
The inspiring breeze around us blowing.

Here's a health to thee, bright health to thee!
For wine, I cried, shall now do duty,
The stream 'neath yonder rustic bridge,
By fond hearts called "the Brook of Beauty."

Here's a health to thee, bright health to thee!
I said, the crystal streamlet quaffing:
Sweet voices to the pledge replied—
'Twas the Naiads, glad and cordial, laughing.

"Here's a health to him, bright health to him!"
They all exclaimed, "For well we know him;
And as he nature loves, and us,
Let breezes bear our blessing to him."

Here's a health to thee, bright health to thee!
Without it life is scarcely living;
And every fair boon else be thine
For aye, of God's and Nature's giving.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. FLETCHER
(M. J. JEWSBURY.)



SHE brought to her land's music
A pure and gentle song,
Such as the heart must utter
When its love is deep and strong.

She filled her home with beauty,
Whose memory ne'er departs;
Kind Heaven! what now shall solace
Those lonely aching hearts?

Whilst gliding o'er the waters,
Sad lays she oft would pour
To loved ones and the country
She might behold no more.*

And then a livelier measure,
A light and hopeful lay,
She sent us o'er the ocean
From her new home far away:

For the Eastern clime of wonder
Now burst upon her sight;
And the unaccustomed glory
Turned regret into delight.

* Some of Mrs. Fletcher's sweetest poems were written on her passage to India, whether she had accompanied her husband, and where she died. The brilliance of her talents was exceeded by the goodness of her heart.

Like strains from unseen spirits
 Fell her songs upon the ear—
 Such was their spell of sweetness
 And such their holy cheer.

Alas, for song and beauty!
 Alas, for truth and worth!
 What bitter lessons teach us,
 "Their home is not on earth."

RUIN BEAUTIFIED, AND POWER REBUKED.



A MASSIVE wreck! Time or fierce strength had rent
 The knitted walls, yet mouldering ruins told
 That fabric had been stately to behold,
 Gorgeous in hall, and proud in battlement.
 Now peaceful as the sky above it bent,
 Nature had cast her beauties manifold
 O'er the gray fragments, and her green and gold,
 Her hues and sweets to every nook were lent.

Power! see a lesson of this mystery born,
 Ruthless disturber of the pure and free;
 Raze to the earth, submerge it in the sea,
 Deface, disgrace, o'erwhelm it with all scorn,
 Beauty in some shape reigns eternally,—
 Most potent o'er men's hearts when most forlorn.

FATHER GAVAZZI AT NORTHAMPTON.



STRANGE scene! how few of the excited throng,
Chained to an eager and impassioned priest,
And as by a tornado borne along,
His Southern sorcery could half invest
With English meaning! Thus Italian song
Thrills, through the untaught ear, the vulgar breast,
Feeling its quick interpreter, as strong
And quick as when by native tones address.

Marvellous artist!—there Rienzi stood
The pride of Rome, or sank, its prostrate prey;
There Antony, as o'er Imperial blood
He breathed his artful eloquence. Away
With Tribune and Triumvir! See renewed
Cato's calm aspect, feel the kingly sway
Of Socrates, when to the death pursued,
For seeking what Gavazzi seeks to-day!

ADA.

[DIED SEPT. 8TH, 1860, AGED 22.]

—o—

“ALL angel now, yet little less than all,”
While bound to earth by very fragile ties,
Pale, statuesque, what *was* our Ada lies.
And yet the change leaves little to recall.
Rarely more slow or silently the footfall
Of the inevitable has been heard. Our eyes
Deem the still loveliness an arch disguise,
The dear old smile seems to await our call.

Brief was her life, but one of utter truth,
And blessèd are the tears we shed for her,
The early doomed though not the prey of ruth,
Sinless, though human and a sufferer.
Her life and death to teach us both unite—
Patience and Faith on her young grave we write.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF MARY CAROLINE DE W., WHO DIED
MAY 26, 1841.

—0—

“Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark.”

THE season came to which she looked
With longing heart and eyes,
The season of the opening leaf,
And of the genial skies,—

The season Fancy paints so bright
Through Winter's dreary hours,
That brings us wealth of warmth and light,
And balmy airs and flowers,—

That bringeth riches to the hedge,
And glory to the tree,
And to the charmed day and night
A ceaseless minstrelsy ;

That makes each wood a Temple,
Each little mound a shrine,
Where loving hearts and humble,
May worship the Divine,—

That makes us all forgetful
Of cloud and tempest gone,
In the luxury and lustre
Of a new world begun—

A world of life and loveliness,
A world of sparkling cheer,
Through which the cuckoo's song is sent
To tell us "Summer's here!"

And hers who poureth day and night
Her wild and vinous strain,
Telling of love renewed on earth,
And music born again.

Oh, gentle friend! how dear to her
That season soft and mild!
Dear as the mother's bosom
To sometime severed child.

And now among the flowers she loved,
A bright and grateful race,
The minor children of her care—
Was seen her happy face.

Alas, how suddenly withdrawn
Into that curtained gloom!
The splendour of the opening spring
Changed to the darken'd room.

Yet still, amid the graver thoughts
That to the sufferer came—
The thoughts that test and purify,
That search us and reclaim,—

Would come the sweet one of her flowers;—
And he who by her side,
Watched with a lover's eagerness,
And every want supplied,—

Oft brought the choicest of the tribes
Nursed with so fond a care,
In all their pride of scent and hue,
To smile upon her there.

And smiles of hope came with the flowers,
And love's low anxious tone,—
And smiles of hope and tones of love
Were answered by her own.

And never, never while he lives
Will smile or tone depart,
Or cease to fill with holy power
An else despairing heart.

The memory will be to him,
When care his bosom bows,
And lonely sorrows pierce his soul,
"An angel in the house."

And most because no bitter sting
Of late remorse is his,—
No thought of undeservèd wrong,
Wrought with a heart amiss,—

No memory of heavy hours
His presence might have lightened,—
No memory of darkened days
His kindness might have brightened—

No sting—no thought—no memory
Save of a ceaseless care,
That through life's course upheld her heart,
And at its close was there.

And this and Heaven's supporting arm
Shall solace and sustain,
And strengthen him for duty's tasks,
And loved ones that remain.

The future has grown dim for us—
'Tis blighted and o'ercast ;
And we have neither eye nor heart,
Nor hope—save for the past.

A shadow has been flung upon
Creation's brightest spot ;
And in its fairest page we read
The glory that *is not*.

The lamp lies broken at our feet—
Its guiding light gone out ;
Blind gropers we in all this maze
Of agony and doubt.

For ever and anon we feel
Repellent of the blow,
And lift our foreheads from the dust,
And ask, can this be so ?

Alas, the momentary doubt
But deepens our despair,—
The grave has awful tones for us,
That tell us—she is there !

And it would seem but yester-morn
That to our home she bore
The maiden-smile of hope and faith,
The true heart's loving store.

Not that her life had then no cloud,
Nor without care her brow ;
But faith that bade her look above,
Armed her for all below.

And thus to strugglers less resigned,
She brought the joyous look,
And casting her worst cares behind,
Taught them their own to brook.

Then, changed into the happy wife,
 We saw her onward move,
 The star and blessing of her house—
 A very nest of love.

And still a spirit good and fair,
 In every scene we found her,
 When years had brought her holier tasks,
 And dearer ties were round her.

That mother 'mid her children bright,
 Caressed and caressing—
 The coldest gazer looking on,
 Was moved to prayer and blessing.

God help them in this trying hour!
 He strikes, but will sustain,
 And fit the broken-hearted
 For strife and toil again.



This lovely spot*—where life might dream
 How beautiful were death!
 Sleeping within its peaceful shades,
 Lulled by its perfumed breath.

Feeling the very airs that blow
 Discourse of lasting rest,—
 Feeling the very daisies† grow
 Above the stilled breast,—

And far as wearied hearts should be
 From toil and coil of life—
 And calm as hearts would wish to be,
 Long worn with din of strife—

* The Cemetery at Highgate.

† "I feel the daisies growing over me."—JOHN KEATS.

This lovely spot when last I saw,
'Twas lingering by her side,
And thanks were in her glowing eye,
For health no more denied.

And now 'mid those belovèd scenes
Her fancy hallowed well,
And poetry made bright and pure,
Her mouldering form shall dwell ;

And thoughts of her be sweet as flowers,
To mourners left behind her—
As flowers that o'er the grave shall spring,
To which we have resigned her.

It was a glorious union,
That intellect and heart
Where power and perfect gentleness
Were never seen apart.

And where sincerity and truth
In simple beauty shone,
Giving a lustre to the eye,
A magic to the tone—

A charm to every change of life,
A grace ev'n to its cares,
And to her mien the majesty
That genuine Woman wears.

The pen and pencil were her dower,
Hers was creative art,—
She gave me proofs of both—I hold
Those grateful to my heart.

I gave her but a rhymers' thanks,
She did not scorn the rhyme ;
The smile that welcomed that poor verse
Lives with me through all time.

All harsh things and ungentle
Felt in her sight reprov'd,
The ear that heard her blessed her,
The eye that saw her loved.

Friends! who above her grave
Have sadly bent to-day,
'Tis but a little of herself
That death has borne away.

Be patient! still with ye remains
Her bright, her better part,
The memory of her noble mind,
And of her matchless heart.

A solemn lesson thine, O Death!
And over hard to learn,
Yet bring'st thou sweet and kindly thoughts,
Unchastened spirits spurn:

Thou teachest us at times to look
Beyond the dim To-day,
That what the Present fails to teach
The certain Future may—

The brittleness of earthly ties,
How loved so e'er the chain,—
And O, more precious, and less stern,
The worth of what remain,—

Thou teachest us through all life's course
To love and to forbear;
For who the dreary retrospect,
The vain remorse would dare,

That comes when all is past and o'er,
And nought can be redrest,
To tell of kindness left undone,
Of passion uureprest?

On me this bitter day bestows
 A lesson wrung from pain,
 And vowed to virtue on her dust,
 I mix with life again.

.....

A LEAF FROM A GRAVE IN HIGHGATE
 CEMETERY.

—o—

THERE the laburnum's yellow glories are,
 Half mournful, half protecting,—for its leaves
 Hide the heart's record over which it grieves ;
 And at the foot, 'mid other flowerets fair,
 Things that love quiet, and make sweet the tomb,
 Repelling thence stern or repining gloom,
 The bland geranium, wooed by grateful air,
 Hath beauty, and "a leaf for all that come."

And one I bear away—for other eyes
 And other hearts—for here with thee are mine ;
 And dear, with all its bitterness, the prize,
 For its sad silence hath a voice divine,
 That says a thousand things, gentle and wise,
 Of thy "dear memory," Mary-Caroline.

TO PSYCHE.

—o—

OTHER friends and dearer claim thee,—
Still it may be mine to name thee
In a verse which I would render
Gentle as thy name, and tender :
Bright as hopes that thou createst,
Sweet as dreams that thou elatest,
Were my heart, not pen, the speaker—
Reflection weak, and echo weaker.

Psyche ! Psyche let us call thee !
So, though joy or grief befall thee,
Though or gloom or gladness greet thee,
In thy name a light shall meet thee,
Caught from hopes that perish never,
And from Faith exulting ever,
Leading through earth's changing story
Up to climes of changeless glory.

Tells it not of Plato's dreaming,
The ethereal, the redeeming ?
What dull sordid thought can free us
From its spell in Apuleius ?
Where we see poor Love and Beauty
Sternly lessoned into Duty.
Till the Gods reverse the measure,
Crowning it with deathless Pleasure.

Thou'rt to *me* a shadow only,
Shining afar off, and lonely ;
But a half discovered vision
Though thy dawning be elysian ;

I may see thee not nor hold thee
 Nor in arms of kindness fold thee ;
 Therefore shall I better like thee—
 Unseen sweetness, if called Psyche.

Psyche! breathes it not of flowers,
 Balmy airs in summer bowers,
 Morning with its ruddy flushing,
 Evening with its western blushing,
 Waters with their freshest gushing—
 Roses only just disclosing
 All the riches they repose in?
Psyche let the stanza close in.

ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT.

—o—

O, sonnet-payment! what is now thy quest?
 How poor the offering for this long-sought prize!
 But what the guerdon amply to attest
 My sense of all this portraiture supplies?
 It is not that it offers to the *eyes*
 Faithful presentment of the earliest
 Almost of living friends, and surely, best,—
 It gives the heart what most beside denies.

It speaks (does it not speak?) with that calm brow
 And that kind look, of long-departed years,
 Whose cherished memory is with us now,—
 Cherished, though dashed with gravest thoughts
 and tears;
 Yet all the future seems of cares beguiled,
 Thus looking on thy cordial face, De Wilde.

TO T. C. D.



AND have we lost thee all?—
 Light heart and infant glee!
No more to hear thy singing,
 No more thy smiles to see?
Ay, in the moon-lit morning,
 We kissed and said farewell
On the threshold of the home
 Where thou no more might'st dwell.

That home is joyless now :
 A light is from it gone ;
We miss the happy music
 That filled each merry tone.
Yet thy quick step at times
 Still seems to greet mine ear ;
Thy laugh and sparkling voice
 At times I surely hear !

Alas, the cheating fancy
 That will nor fly nor stay !
It gives me but the shadow
 Of my bright boy far away.
I miss thy pouting lip,
 But more thy joyous eyes :
I miss thy frequent questions,
 I miss thine arch replies.

I miss thee morn and even,—
 I miss thee all the while!
 I miss thy kisses nightly,
 I miss thy morning smile.
 I miss thy eager foot
 Amid the woodlands free—
 Dear child, how much I miss
 Of nature, missing thee!

TO EDWIN ARNOLD, ESQ.,

ON HIS SPEECH AT THE POLYGRAPHIC HALL,
 JUNE 13, 1865.

—o—

My spirit will be restless till you hear
 One thankful word—you'll not impeach its claim
 To seek you with an utterance sincere:
 Reporters know you not—miscall your name,—
 One journal worketh up elaborate sneer,
 Frothy and feeble as its patrons' beer,—
 But they who knew and heard you, will not shame,
 To say they hold the recollection dear.

No voucher needed for the Thinker's worth,
 But teachers thus expounded by the taught,
 Their free and glorious lineaments come forth,
 And in the mirror of an Arnold's thought,—
 Whilst 'neath his varied eloquence we thrill—
 Glows, and grows grander, even the mind of Mill.

To E. F.,

AT SYDNEY, IN AUSTRALIA.

—o—

Go thou to that far distant world,
Adventurous verse! and prove
That those who may be thither whirled
Lose not our care or love.
The waves that round their vessel curled
No deeper law may stir,—
Or planets in the heavens impearled,
Than Love, the Wanderer.

The Wanderer—who follows still
Those she once makes her own,
Partaking all their good or ill,
Sharing their mirth or moan,
Rejoicing in their strength and skill
And ardent effort shown,—
Proud when success, and come it will,
Comes patient toil to crown.

So, Edward, have we watched the course
Your wayward fortunes took,
Silent for years, but mute perforce,
For whither could we look,
And say, "Our friend has reached the source
In search of which he broke
The old world's chains."

With no remorse
Those fetters off he shook.

And wandered forth—and wandered far,
But let us hope, at last
Beneath some prosperous fostering star
His happy lot is cast,
And that the fever and the war
Of chance and change are past,
Leaving but little scathe or scar,
Or cloud to overcast.

The hopeful future in which *one*
Has now a sacred share,
Whom yet we know not, but unknown,
Believe her fit to share
The name of him she made her own ;
And *his* will be the care
That guise by *Son* and *Brother* shown,
The *Husband* too will wear.

Go to that rising Colony,
Ye simple lines, and say
Our hearts are with them, and that we
Still for their welfare pray.
Welcome, we know, the words will be
That find them, grave or gay,
And tell of the fidelity
Of three hearts far away.

TO EMILY.

—0—

LITTLE antic Emily,
Let me have a word with thee ;
Stay those feet that patter round,
Drop those arch eyes to the ground ;
But preserve the accustomed smile,
Though I know 'tis but a wile.
Much more wily would'st thou be
Wert thou to look grave at me !

Standing now beside my knee,
Listen while I lecture thee :
Though to thee no word I say,
Shall a gleam of sense convey,
('Tis the fate of rhyming bores
Oft to have such auditors)
N'importe, I shall still continue
And a " song or sermon " spin you.

Now in smiles and now in tears,
You shall pass a few brief years ;
To infant hearts in life's first spring,
Sensation is a glorious thing
Transient pain or truant bliss,
Not unwelcome either is.
This shall woo and that appal thee,
But no apathy enthral thee.

Suddenly before thine eyes
A world, till now undreamt-of, lies.
Wonders yet unheard, untold,
Such as dreaming bards behold ;

These shall, with a sudden spell,
 Strange and indescribable,
 With a proud and wild control,
 Seize, shake, fix, or free thy soul.

Is the fairy vision flown—
 Girlhood's dream no more thine own?
 Are life's sterner features shown,
 And its dull cold shadows known?

God forbid, my Emily!
 Fairer fortune fall to thee!
 Be thou of the happy throng,
 If such live, to whom belong
 Hearts opening to pleasure's ray,
 But closing against passion's sway;
 Minds self-controlling—self-relying—
 Self-sustaining—self-denying!

May the faith that fills thy soul
 See God compassing the whole:
 In the earth on which we tread,
 As in stars above our head.
 Be thy faith the LOVE which holds
 In the bosom's inmost folds
 All human things, and o'er the ill
 Sheds tears of human pity still.

Little antic Emily,
 Has my "sermon" wearied thee?
 Now to child-like games away,
 Hie thee to thy ceaseless play,
 Saying, "Thank you for the dose, Sir,—
 You're a most provoking proser!—
 When again a call you make, Sir,
 Bring no *sermon*—bring a *cake*, Sir!"

“EMILY, THIS DAY OF DAYS.”

—0—

EMILY, this days of days
Better things than fill sweet books,—
Pretty things as “Cosey” says,
Loving things as Sylvan looks,—
Would that I could whisper to you!
But at distance I must woo you.

Woo you for a willing ear,
Woo you for a pleasant smile,
Such as charms those “near and dear,”
Such as charmed myself erewhile.
Smiles which light that face of yours
As the sunshine lights the flowers.

I am on the “wood-crowned height”
Where I hoped, ere this, to see
You and yours, with spirits light,
Underneath the beechen tree;
Whence, through green and golden screen
Our low-lying town is seen.

Where are you? I see you stand
By the sweet-voiced instrument,
That beneath the skilful hand
Breathes calm concord, soft content;
Or gazing, full of glad surprise,
Whilst graces from the pencil rise.

Or else practising your own;
Sylvan, with his wondering eyes,
Scrawling too, or looking on,
Whilst his hand, too, Cosey tries,

And quickly covers all your desk
With fancies droll and forms grotesque.

Are you in your garden new,
Wherein such flowers *shall* be growing ;
Each with gardener's work to do,
Digging, weeding, planting, sowing ?
'Twill be a garden rich and rare,
If it produce us aught as fair.

Fairy ! be you where you may,
May no thing of evil flout you ;
Lusty Winter, smiling May,
Kindest Heaven bring about you !
With no more taste of sorrow's spring
Than just makes life a sweeter thing.

TO C. T.

—0—

THE *aura popularis* is a breath
Prized for its passing fragrance, and no more ;
The true good man, both after and before,
Wins better than the best it sings or saith.
He whose life enters by the quiet door
Of duty, feels that if he sink or soar,
Safety his forthright path encompasseth,
And honour, which outlives the hireling roar.

Go, thou of earnest heart and open hand,
Back from the tangled path with thorns bestrown.
Love, and the kind and lovely by thee stand,
And that pale thoughtful brow thy household's crown.
Work for the day—books, music, pictures, and
Smiles for the night,—what more need mortal own ?

ON A PORTRAIT.

(INSCRIBED TO M. C. E. P.)

—0—

By others deemed a courtly dame
Of haughty mien and lofty name,
Becoronetted and bedecked,
Golden-zoned and jewel-necked.
Diamonds gleaming, bright and rare
Amid the darkness of her hair,—
Although the lustre of her eyes
The meaner ornament outvies—
Of ancient lineage and grand,
A gentle magnate of the land—
And fit in right of birth and pride
To stand her Sovereign's self beside.

But unto me another thing ;
Thrown by all rich apparelling—
Silk, velvet, jewel, gaud thrown by
I see with more revering eye
My playmate in her infancy ;
Who knows not—heeds not—gem or pearl
The laughing, lovely, English girl !
Yes, even here the searching gaze
Brings back the unforgotten traits
Of childhood, and its busy ways ;
And I can see the arch one stand
With her tiniest brush in hand,
Or tripping o'er the carpet sly
With backward turned and watchful eye,
Brimful of fun and frolic fear
That asks “ Is the pursuer near ? ”

Then childhood's aspect half-demure
(To make its rogneish shafts hit sure)
Shifts to expression more mature,
Such as we saw her girlhood wear,
Among our woods and meadows fair
Where for awhile her buoyant sprite
Gave even these a new delight—
A morning beam—a spell at night—
That made our hearts a very nest
Of changeful fancies blythe and blest.

And now yet deeper feeling lies
Within those dark and lustrous eyes ;
Intenser thought seems on that brow,
(I look in Fancy's mirror now—
For that which memory supplies
Is lovelier still, but not so wise!)
A richer mischief wreathes those smiles
Than sparkled in her infant wiles,
And rounded Beauty everywhere,
Emphatically cries—"Beware!"

NINA.

—o—

GERTRUDE would have me pen a delicate line :
 “Somewhat *de trop* those mournful strains of thine—
 Here is a theme well fitted to awake
 Pure thoughts and bright—do thou the subject take.”
 And her words gave but utterance to the thought
 That came right pleasantly, and came unsought,
 When first I gazed upon that gentle face,
 Trying, as all of us are wont, to trace
 Familiar features, likeness that is dear
 For memory’s sake, and hope’s.

I find it here :

Faintly, perchance, but yet in clear outline
 Of rounded cheek, full eye, and forehead fine.
 Or fancy that I find—the aspect mild,
 But gay and arch, her mother’s when a child.

What the heart wishes for the fancy feigns,
 They say ; but here the living truth remains.
 Proclaiming, as it gilds Love’s early path
 Proclaiming, as it smiles upon their hearth,
 A piece of Heaven come down to gladden earth—
 “Here shall there be of happiness no dearth!”

For who that looks upon those scarce closed eyes,
 Love’s half sealed fountain, augurs otherwise ?
 The sweet, soft mouth, with its curved upper lip—
 Expressly formed her mother’s own to clip—
 And the recumbent arm, now strong to press
 That mother’s neck with infant tenderness,
 All prophesy of bliss ; nor can we deem
 Of aught to dissipate life’s opening dream.

TO MINNIE.

—o—

MINNIE! could thy father see
 (Who shall say he sees not?)
All thine arch infantile glee
 Would the sight appease not
Memory of many a woe,
Many a wrong he would not show.

Link thou art of gentlest mirth,
 Link 'twixt Earth and Heaven;
Giving bloom to barren earth,
 And a foretaste even
Of that bliss beyond the skies
To which such as thou art rise.

From that eye of azure hue
 Mother's love is gleaning
Thoughts all beautiful and true,
 Full of subtlest meaning:
Time! turn these imaginings
Into life-long happy things.

As that placid face is bent,
 Bent with mother's loving,
O'er the cherub, heaven-sent,
 Be no shadow moving—
Not a cloud of fear or doubt,
To shut gladsome visions out.

Little sounds already breathe
Of some thoughtful matter ;
Little fingers fondly wreathe,
Little feet go patter.
Each day, from life's mystic fount,
Swells the embryo mind's amount.

Bird, and clock, and tree, and flowers,
In their bright unwindings,
Marvels of earth's earliest hours,
Are familiar findings :
Pretty pointed finger shows
How much little Minnie knows.

See her where you may, you meet
Pleasant crowing, baby-laughter,
If you pass her in the street,
Her sweet glances follow after.
Recognitions dearer far
Than those of older proud ones are !

May I hope, in other years,
These poor verses bending over,
She will say, with smiles and tears,
" Well, I had an early lover !
May the lovers I now see
As true and un-selfseeking be ! "

ON VISITING THE STUDIO OF ALEXANDER
GLASGOW, ESQ., APRIL 4, 1865.



THESE are the men to mingle with, and learn
Great thoughts and true (Laurence, I think of thine!)
Enter their silent chambers, and divine
What feelings bear them up to toil and earn
Sweet bread with serious joy,—and inly spurn,
The sordid outer world that has no shrine
For Art's pure worship. One brief hour was mine,
Of such communion—may such hours return!

But if they come not, still these storied walls,
Are Memory's treasures, not to pass away;
And *one* shall answer to my spirit's calls,
Whilst Truth attracts or Loveliness has sway—
Nature's chaste freedom and patrician grace
Circle that form, glow on that peerless face.

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