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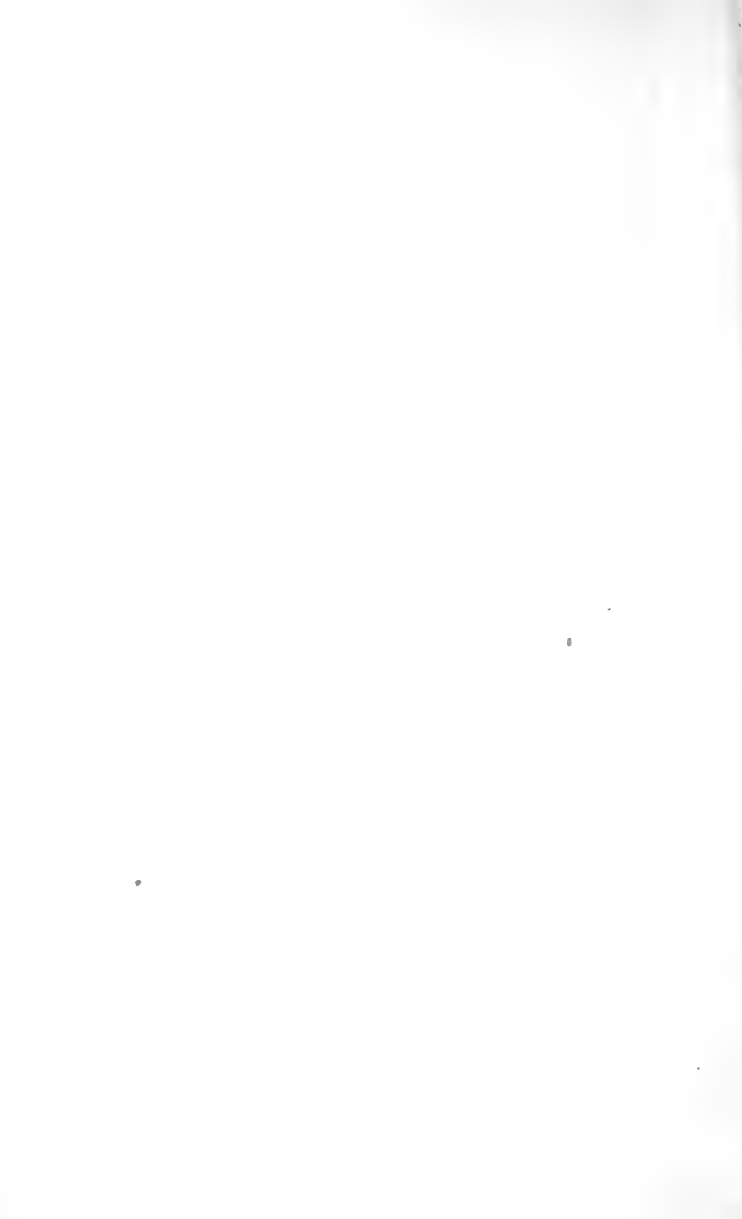
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THE  
WALK ON A DAY IN SUMMER.



## THE WALK ON A DAY IN SUMMER.

---

“I rose anon and thought I would gone  
Into the wood to hear the birds sing,  
When that the misty vapour was agone,  
And clear and faire was the morrowing.”

*Chaucer.*

---

VISIBLE good, by nature shewn, accords  
With human action, ill defined by words :  
On such a day as this, with primal glow  
Light had invested Eden—heaven below :  
Then the first orisons in grove and glade  
Aerial voices sang—ere man was made.  
On such a day as this the Poet pure\*  
Pour'd forth his grateful verse, that will endure

\* Thomson.

As long as the revolving seasons bring  
Those changes wonderful he loved to sing.

As a saloon-frequenting poet vain,  
Struts Chanticleer before his cackling train.

Rising o'er flowery meads soft gales upbear \*  
A thousand odours through the balmy air ;  
Pure is that air as love of seraphs, sweet  
The flowers that freshly rise our steps to greet.  
Hence Poesy, as Flora deck'd the earth,  
Bodied her rosy-bosom'd hours forth.

And brightest things that chilling winds destroy,  
To-day are on the wing elate with joy ;  
Thus Fashion's minion, while on his affairs  
Smiles fortune, wantons—with her frown, despairs.  
Though fortune smiles again, his day is past ;  
He irrecoverably *loses caste*.

\* *Aurarumque leves animæ*—Lucretius, *Lib. v., v. 237.*

Familiar nods, how eloquently mute!  
Of high-born friends no more the youth salute.  
But petrifying as Medusa's locks,  
His nerves the stare unrecognising shocks.

The gentle stream flows on like human life  
When undisturbed (how rare) by pain or strife;  
The ripples on it glittering in the beam,  
Like healthy movements of employment seem.  
Here all is natural joy, the even flow  
Of happiness, of love the genial glow.  
Roses are wreathed around the cottage walls,  
And ivy o'er the crumbling ruin falls;  
Thus blooms the rose on rural maiden's cheek,  
And age looks cheerful though infirm and weak.  
The sweetest flower is shelter'd from our gaze,  
The bird most tuneful shuns the solar blaze;  
Oft wines that sparkle in translucent glass  
In flavour those gemm'd goblets hold surpass.

Like many-colour'd schemes, all fancy-born,  
Of youth, is gone the "opal-colour'd" morn.  
As noon advances deepens to the view  
Intensely through the skies one azure hue :  
And thus ambition gives *its* hue alone  
To manhood, tints enchanting youth are gone !  
Float in the suntide gorgeous insects bright  
In colours as an idle carpet-knight.

Far as the eye may distant views command,  
Here—there—vast oaks in pride of foliage stand :  
Thus view we through the vista of past ages  
Those columns bright of fame, Athena's sages.  
Temple and tower decay, the winter's blast  
Rends forests—works of genius perish last :  
Through generations lights transmitted down,  
Till o'er the world oblivion's pall is thrown.  
They, as this glorious day's pervading charm  
Delights the sense, the mind illumine and warm.

As feudal chieftains o'er their vassals spread  
Protection, thus far-branching overhead  
Trees of columnar growth their underwood  
Shield from the thunder-storm's down rushing flood:  
Thus would high-minded man protect from harms  
Fair woman, timid with her thousand charms.  
Woman, whatever orbs this world illumine,  
Here give to life "its lustre and perfume;"  
A beauteous plant, hereafter to arise  
And flourish in her second paradise  
With everlasting verdure, fresh as May—  
For aye to-morrow lovely as to-day.  
Beautiful objects that around us shine,  
Above, below—flowers, gems, and light divine,  
Illustrate faintly, faintly *words* express  
The radiant charms of female loveliness.

The lofty fir, as sunshine gilds its bark,  
E'en towering o'er the oak in grove, or park,

Stands like some high-born Thane whom exercise  
Has bronzed, and health irradiates his eyes.

Like boding ravens among birds who sing  
As if life was for them one endless spring,  
Ascetics haunt not our green fields but towns,  
And social mirth there trembles at their frowns.  
He who deems rites all powerful to save,  
An overweening self-esteem may have :  
May boast of realms from sway of error won,  
Yet would with lights on earth enlarge the sun !

Thus Preachers eloquent, who well discern  
Pure gospel-truths, to pride their incense burn.  
Astrology has had its day, but now  
Thousands to vainer superstitions bow :  
And ceremonial pageant supersedes  
Heart-worship, vital principle of creeds !  
Oh not to acts external grace is given,  
But to integrity of thought, by Heaven.



Sun of the soul is truth, though oft the cloud  
Of pride obscures it—mists of passion shroud.

If knowledge were the *all in all*, the good  
Supreme, then Lucifer unchanged had stood ;  
Had still above angelic hosts outshone  
Myriads who brighten round the sapphire throne,  
Countless, as ocean-waves seen far and far  
Glowing beneath the Day-God's blazing car.  
But knowledge is to good or ill allied  
As colour'd by humility or pride.

As wave atlantic, urged by wintry gales,  
A mural pile of porphyry assails ;  
Thus mob-impelled, ambitious spirits strive  
Old institutions from their base to drive :  
Prophets of woes themselves create, disdain  
To aid their living instruments of gain,  
And burdens that they ought themselves to bear  
On others' shoulders place, and fix them there.

They, as the swallows that perplex the eye,  
With rapid and erratic movements fly,  
With tortuous fancies, useless to mankind,  
Vex, dazzle, and distract the public mind.  
Panting for fame, these spirits soar above  
The sober flights of charity and love ;  
While lightnings flashing round their course presage  
Commutations on the earth, and civic rage !  
Though zealous for the public good, they deem  
Self-sacrifice to be an idle dream.  
(The Priest refused his money to the knave  
That ask'd for alms, and yet his blessing gave.)  
Balm to hurt minds their eloquence affords ;  
Cheap virtue is humanity in words.

Brilliant as sunbeams are the sons of song  
(As transient too,) the stirring crowd among,  
Ere revolution darkens to deform  
The moral world—they perish in the storm.

But shadow like, more solemn things appear,  
Such as fatigue the Town year after year ;  
Their looks by fashion trimm'd have such pretence,  
They almost seem to be informed with sense :  
Why may they not, though seldom they unlock  
Their cabinets, of wit possess a stock  
For gaudy days reserved as presents, then  
To be profusely lavished—Heaven knows when !  
The flush of summer clouds that evening gilds,  
Excels in splendour shrines that grandeur builds ;  
Or famed Cleopolis, with golden spires  
That glitter through mid-air like spiral fires.  
Art is but art, even when to taste allied  
It rears a palace for imperial pride.

If on this earth such rays of glory fall,  
What splendours, where God's presenee gladdens all,  
Through regions of interminable day,  
Unveiled as spirits onward progress, play !

There gifts of grace are as the stars untold,  
And rich as fabled groves of verdant gold :  
And minds reflect, as mirrors of the sky  
Its lights, a brighter day-spring from on high.

June, 1842.

NOTES  
TO  
THE WALK ON A DAY IN SUMMER.

---

P. 3, l. 5, 6.

*Then the first orisons in grove and glade  
Aerial voices sang—ere man was made.*

“Sole and responsive each to others’ note  
Singing their great Creator.”

MILTON, *book 4th, line 683.*

P. 3, l. 7, 8, 9, 10.

*On such a day as this the Poet pure  
Pour’d forth his grateful verse, that will endure  
As long as the revolving seasons bring  
Those changes wonderful he loved to sing.*

The Poets Burns and Collins have hallowed the memory of Thomson in some beautiful stanzas. The late accomplished Sir George Beaumont was wont to say that it were

better for the young Artist to copy from the descriptions in Thomson's Seasons, in painting his landscapes, than even from the works of the greatest masters. The Castle of Indolence is, in my humble opinion, far superior to the Seasons. There is an admirable comparison of the respective merits of Cowper and Thomson in Campbell's Selection of the Poets, vol. v. page 217.

P. 6, l. 53—58.

*Thus view we through the vista of past ages  
Those columns bright of fame, Athena's sages.  
Temple and tower decay, the winter's blast  
Rends forests—works of genius perish last :  
Through generations lights transmitted down,  
Till o'er the world oblivion's pall is thrown.*

“ When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing,”

The works of the great writers of antiquity consecrated by the admiration of ages : the universally acknowledged models of excellence, shall be studied and illustrated by unborn generations in distant lands that are yet untrodden by the foot of man. Thousands will read with delight the “ Ædipus Coloneus ” when Athens shall be no more.

P. 9, l. 107, 108.

*As wave atlantic, urged by wintry gales,  
A mural pile of porphyry assails.*

“ But the most sublime scene is where a mural pile of porphyry escaping the progress of disintegration that is devastating the coast, appears to have been left as a sort of rampart against the inroads of the Ocean ; the Atlantic when provoked by wintry gales batters against it with all the force of real artillery, the waves having in their repeated assaults forced themselves an entrance.”—*Lyell's "Principles of Geology,"* vol. ii. p. 41. *Sixth edition.*

P. 10, l. 128.

*Cheap virtue is humanity in words.*

“ Il en coûte,” says the “Garçon barbier” in Gil Blas, “trop pour acquérir le fonds des vertus : on se contente aujourd’hui d’en avoir les apparences ;” or, as Joseph Surface says in “The School for Scandal,” “The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man’s good qualities, whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead, makes just as good a show and pays no tax.”

P. 11, l. 133.

*But shadow like, more solemn things appear.*

Shakspeare probably alludes to these “walking Gentlemen

about Town” in the “Merchant of Venice,” where Gratiano says

“ There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, *profound conceit* ;”

The *species* in these days may be somewhat different ;  
“ At genus immortale manet.”

P. 11, l. 150.

*Unveiled as spirits onward progress.*

“ In these principles,” says the eloquent author of ‘Saturday Evening,’ “ there is comprehended a provision never to be exhausted for supplying new enjoyments to pure and intelligent beings. It is evident that to active natures, endowed with the power and desire of advancement, the eras of protracted duration must impart continually fresh accessions of capacity for discerning the perfections of the Infinite God.

“ That which might not be at all known or conceived of in an early stage, may be comprehended in a stage more advanced ; and thus the Boundless Felicity which none shall ever fathom, will be to all and for ever a spring of perpetual pleasures.”—*Saturday Evening*, p. 431.



HYMN.



## HYMN,

SUNG BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN, ON LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF  
THE CHAPEL OF EASE ON WESTWOOD HEATH, IN THE PARISH  
OF STONELEIGH.

---

WE lift to God our hands and hearts \*—

He comes—prepare the way :

He to our rising church imparts

His grace this blessed day.

To Thee, to whom all nations bow,

A house for prayer we raise ;

Our handy-work O prosper Thou,

Accept our humble praise.

\* “ Sursum corda.”

Thy blessings shall our labours crown ;  
And when our work is o'er,  
Here we shall worship and fall down  
Before Thee, and adore.

Our children, too, Thy holy word  
Shall hear with awe and love ;  
Here shall the sacred song be heard,  
Ascend to Thee above.

For Thee, within the city's round,  
While lofty temples rise,  
The lowliest place where truth is found  
Is sacred in thine eyes.

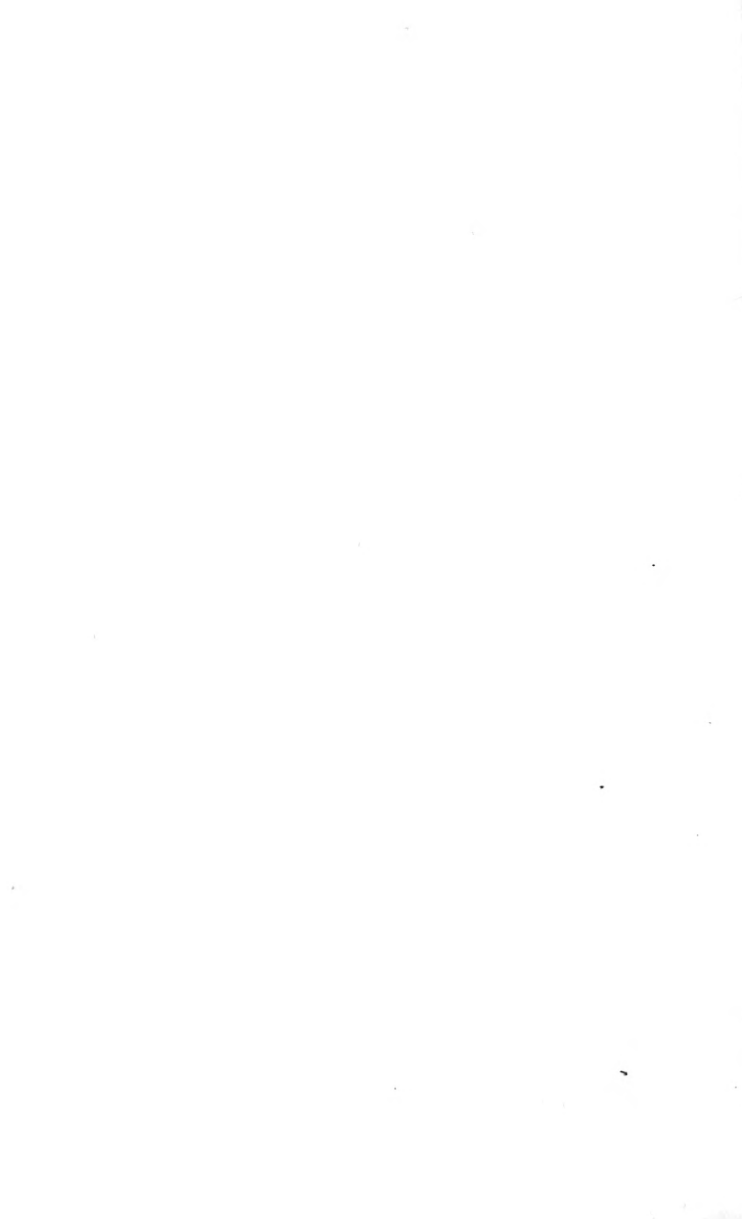
Though shrines are for thy service given  
That all may join in prayer ;  
Thy footstool earth—Thy throne is heaven,  
Thy presenee everywhere.

A while we sojourn on the earth,  
Like shadows soon are gone ;  
Our offerings all are nothing worth ;  
We trust in Thee alone.

The want of all we wish to give  
Thou only canst supply ;  
Our pure heart-worship keep alive,  
And raise our thoughts on high.



THE GREAT OAK.





## THE GREAT OAK.\*

---

“ O dia Quercus quæ nemorum sinus  
Superbienti vertice despicias,  
Et brachia ad ventum coruscas  
Regifico tenebrosa fastu.”

*Wellesley.*

“ This mighty oak,  
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem  
Almost annihilated—not a prince  
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
Thy hand has graced him.”

*Bryant.*

---

Monarch of all this world of shade,  
Of full-leaved trees, on hill, in glade,  
There separate, here massed ;

\* The Oak that is the subject of the following stanzas, stands at about two hundred yards to the north of the old Abbey gate-way entrance, at Stoneleigh Abbey, contiguous to a path leading to the village of Stoneleigh.

Or nobly towering, rank o'er rank,  
Along the gently swelling bank,  
Or in the river glassed—

It proudly stands, 'mong many more  
Coeval oaks, *now* as of yore,

Majestic in repose:

And maidens fair, knights proud and brave,  
Their plighted troth received and gave  
Beneath its ample boughs.

See, where pre-eminent it rears

Its swelling foliage o'er compeers,

Like patriarchal sage.

Thus looked the matchless Shaksperc, placed

Among those master-bards, who graced

Eliza's golden age.

Our present race it will survive,

By those who may hereafter live

In veneration held:

If by the lightning's stroke unrent,

Still flourishing, too prominent

In grandeur to be fell'd

And youth elate, in sportive mood,

Outrushing from the deep'ning wood

That bounds the interspace

So green, where couch the antler'd deer,

Shall strive with laughter-moving cheer

The giant to embrace.

How many changes, dark and bright,

Shadow and sun-burst, has the flight

Of years around it cast!

It flourishes, while things decay

That had their birth but yesterday,

It braves the tempest's blast.

How many hearts shall beat with joy,

And cease to beat, ere time destroy

Its storm-defying frame:

How many scenes of weal and woe  
Shall acted be, ere earth will shew  
No vestige of its name.

This forest-scenery among  
Rise others beautiful and strong ;  
Perchance in after times,  
As yon untiring sun returns,  
To canopy a bard who mourns  
In meditative rhymes.

Of their columnar greatness proud,  
Their leafy fulness, like a cloud  
Of verdure to the eye ;  
Outlasting rising hall or tower,  
They unborn Dians will embower,  
As summers onward fly.

NOTE  
ON  
THE GREAT OAK.

—♦—  
P. 27, stanzas 6 and 7.

“ Oh couldst thou speak.  
As on Dodona once thy kindred trees  
Oracular, I would not curious ask  
The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth  
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.”

*Cowper's Yardley Oak.*



MAY, IN 1843.





MAY, IN 1843.

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“Largus item liquidi fons luminis, ætherius Sol  
Inrigat assidue cælum candore recenti,  
Suppeditatque novo confestim lumine lumen.”

*Lucretius, Lib. v. v. 22.*

---

Now garlands for her daughters pleasure wreathes,  
Sweet odours beauty love-inspiring breathes :  
Now life is sprightly up, and cheering morn  
Laughs out, and Nature is as 'twere new-born.  
Now through saloons young maidens brighten, gay  
As young gazelles, and beautiful as May.

On pamper'd steeds of their fair riders proud,  
The park at six what lovely Dians crowd !

Now moves the pageant near the Serpentine,  
 Of equipages gay a double line.  
 Where is distress ? here all is life and joy !  
 Yet ills at home may fashion's train annoy.  
 Where is distress ? in several alleys moan  
 Thousands, in garrets wretched, friendless, lone.  
 And lives through misery waste, and minds decay,  
 That while hope cheer'd them had been bright and gay.  
 Vainly for them now smiles the morning's dawn ;  
 The light that pierc'd through life's dull cloud withdrawn.

Oh ! there is sympathy at feasts with those  
 Who are in want while round the goblet goes ;  
 If you would hope that charities might thrive,  
 Equivalent in fêtes and dinners give.—  
 And then with self-laudation hearts dilate ;  
 That talisman subscriptions to inflate.

Oft is a spirit of exclusion shewn  
 By territorial magnates plumed in town :

And country neighbours whom they lov'd to greet  
In fields, are scarce acknowledged in the street.  
There what our wits would call *bucolic* worth  
At zero is, if not upheld by birth.

Blown by young bards gay fancy's bubbles first  
Mount, glitter in the sun of glory, burst :  
Ambition's next by statesmen are upblown,  
Swell as they mount, till more inflated grown,  
They suddenly dissolve, as nations stare  
At their portentous grandeur, into air.

Now science is enthron'd in sun-bright halls,  
Though somewhat pamper'd at great festivals,  
Where men are tempted to prefer display  
Of wit's gay lights to truth's more sober ray.  
Yet poesy may with her golden hue  
Colour develop'd facts sublimely true.

Gifts to the altar fair Armonia brings,  
Of grateful science the fine offerings :  
While with a radiance pure devotion gilds  
The system science-loving woman builds.

Through the long vista arch'd by green boughs gaze,  
See, where it terminates, the solar blaze.  
Thus through the eye of reason through the glass  
Of faith we lights behold that suns surpass.

Men who their own vile interests pursue,  
Boast that they have the public good in view.  
With what contentious spirit is display'd  
Fierce agitation for, against, free Trade !  
Each hates his brother, striving to restrain  
Or ope the ports for import free of grain.

Each disputant his opposite by turns  
Dazzles with wit or with invective burns :

As the logomachists in fencing mood  
 Stand, and pour forth of eloquence a flood,  
 Sage against sage by Commons back'd or Lords,  
 Shoots forth his arrows, even bitter words.

Many that strive to win the people's love,  
 Most doubtful, onward 'gainst their conscience move :  
 Yet much would grieve if theories they hail  
 With loud applause, in practice should prevail.  
 The selfish hope is theirs, that in their day  
 The storm impending might not come—it may.

The *millionnaire* commercial, the proud squire  
 Ruffled like game cocks crow with mutual ire !  
 At market-place, in pulpits, is the song  
 Of triumph heard free-trading crowds among !

Caught in the “Liberator's” artful fold  
 Pants Erin, he will ne'er relax his hold,

While thousands at his feet their offerings pour,  
And as a god the demagogue adore.

Repeal the Union, Erin shouts repeal!  
Repeal the Corn Laws for the public weal!  
The word Repeal hereafter may disclose  
More ills than from Pandora's box arose.

Now Adam Smith is oft invoc'd extreme  
Opinions to support—to prop a scheme!  
Appeals to passion, poor attempts at wit,  
Mar subjects for calm reasoning most fit.

Old institutions, that unhurt oppose  
The force collective of assailing foes,  
Worn by the ever-undermining stream  
Of time decay while yet untouched they seem.  
Who would in permanency of systems trust?  
The feudal fabric crumbles into dust.

Still speculation on untiring wing  
Flies round the world home fancied wealth to bring.  
Commeree a richer crown adorns thy brow—  
And China is an El Dorado now.  
While Albion boasts that streams of silver run  
Into the coffers of her merchant-son.  
Yet other nations rush her spoils to share,  
Sowing the seeds of future contests there.

Again ambitious to become the scourge  
Of nations—strife beyond her confines urge,  
France may relume the war-torch, shake the throne,  
When from this world her master-mind is gone.  
Then all the fiery spirits that by peace  
For years have been enchain'd shall strife release :  
While rising from the nether world in swarms  
Shall hell's black agents heighten earth-born storms :  
And claims of state, that mutual fears suspend,  
Shall like the warring elements contend.

As rose the giant Andes, thus the power  
Of Russia rose old nations to o'er-tower :  
Destin'd perchance to sink beneath the weight  
Of some new empire yet in embryo state.

Though such sad bodings anxious bosoms fill,  
Visible good outweighs contingent ill.  
Not yet from Israel is her glory gone ;  
Homaged by all smiles virtue on the throne :  
And full of hope religion bears the tome  
Of priceless value to each cottage-home.

Far where the flag of Britain is unfurl'd  
Triumphant, gospel-truths pervade the world :  
There millions will proclaim with general voice  
One God, one Saviour—in the Word rejoice.  
The Word that shall redeem them from the grave  
And their sons' sons,—omnipotent to save.



Lands, where the savage war-cry late was heard,  
With hymnings to the Prince of Peace are cheer'd.  
Where once the seed is sown it will remain,  
A thousand times is multiplied the grain.

Onward runs emigration's restless tide,  
Hope is the young adventurer's star-like guide.  
*His* rising family, of wealth a mine,  
Not doom'd o'ertasked in penury to pine,  
Draw, while increase of gain o'er-pays the toil,  
Exhaustless riches from a virgin soil.

And distant lands regarded late as waste  
Shall furnish plants to suit capricious taste;  
Some herb, or esculent perchance to change  
The course of commerce, or extend its range.

Oh may the spirit from above dethrone  
The brute-god in our breasts, there rule alone.—

Then stars that have their lustre lost, to cheer  
The world with pristine light may re-appear  
Shedding their influence, till all shall be  
From the enchantments base of mammon free.  
Howards will walk the earth with port erect,  
And heart to heart by ties of love connect.

As vernal sun with equal warmth supplies  
Multiform flowers that in communion rise ;  
Thus pure benevolence, our sun below,  
Diffuses through the world a genial glow ;  
And never rests, its energy unspent,  
With its transmitted effluence content ;  
But daily renovates its virtue, still  
Created things with joy intense to fill.

## NOTES

to

MAY, IN 1843.



P. 33, l. 3, 4.

*Now life is sprightly up, and cheering morn  
Laughs out, and Nature is as 'twere new-born.*

“So when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up.”—MILTON.

“The besy larke, the messenger of day  
Saleweth in hire song the morwe gray ;  
And firy Phebus riseth up so bright  
*That all the orient laugheth of the sight,*  
And with his stremes drieth in the greves  
The silver dropes, hanging on the leves.”

CHAUCER,—*The Knight's Tale, verse 1493, Folio Edition.*

P. 35, l. 7.

*Ambition's next by statesmen are upblown.*

“ Mon enfant quel éclair sinistre !  
 C'était l'astre d'un favori,  
 Qui se croyait un grand ministre  
 Quand de nos maux il avait ri.  
 Ceux qui servaient ce dieu fragile  
 Ont déjà caché son portrait—  
 Encore une étoile qui file  
 Qui file, file et disparaît.”—BÉRANGER.

“ It has long been known that certain stars are liable to great and periodical fluctuations in splendour, and Sir J. Herschel has lately ascertained (January, 1840,) that a large and brilliant star, called *alpha* Orionis, sustained, in the course of six weeks, a loss of nearly half its light.” It is no difficult matter metaphorically to apply this fact.

P. 35, l. 15, 16.

*Yet poesy may with her golden hue  
 Colour develop'd facts sublimely true.*

The admirable articles written by Sir John Leslie, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, on various subjects of natural and chemical science, combine the truth of science with the poetry of romance ;

“ clothing the palpable and familiar  
 In golden exhalations of the dawn.”

In eloquence of description, and beauty of language, few works of fiction excel Lyell's comprehensive work on Geology.

P. 36, l. 3, 4.

*White with a radiance pure devotion gilds  
The system science-loving woman builds.*

How simple yet sublime the conclusions of Mrs. Somerville's excellent work, on the Physical Sciences.

“These formulæ, emblematic of Omniscience, condense into a few symbols the immutable laws of the Universe. This mighty instrument of human power itself originates in the primitive constitution of the human mind, and rests upon a few fundamental axioms, which have eternally existed in Him who implanted them in the breast of man when he created him after His own image.”

SOMERVILLE, *on the Physical Sciences*, p. 418.

P. 37, l. 13, 14.

*At market-place, in pulpits, is the song  
Of triumph heard free-trading crowds among!*

“These things, indeed, you have articulated,  
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches.”

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry IV.*, Act v. scene i.

I deprecate the application of the lines that follow.  
Who can forget the Tyrtæan odes of Dr. Bowring—

“quo non præstantior ullus  
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu”?

Or the oratory of Messrs. Cobden and Bright, those “idols of the theatre,” in Drury Lane and elsewhere ?

“Who was so firm, so constant that this coil  
Would not infect his reason? not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mind.”

\* \* \* \* \*

However, the subject of the *vexata quæstio* of the Corn Laws to be discussed fairly, should be discussed with temper, and not made a handle for furious invective against Landlords. Self-love seduces us all to take a one-sided view of any question in which our own particular interests are involved ; nor do I see any particular virtue in the “Leaguers” that exempts them from this common infirmity of human nature. The honesty of Landlords is, at least, on a par with the honesty of those by whom they are arraigned.

The cold calculations of the political Œconomist are opposed to those feelings that should animate the breast of the Poet, but no doubt Mr. Cobden would complain of the unfairness of that speaker who would quote the beautiful lines of Campbell, on “revisiting the banks of the Clyde,” as a fair illustration of the manufacturing system ; yet, Mr. Campbell is not (I believe) a Landlord.

P. 37, l. 15. ,

*Caught in the Liberator's artful fold.*

The ancients believed that the volcanic mountain Chimæra was presided over by an Agathodæmon that rendered its flames innoxious ; thus the wise in their generation fancy that the "Liberator" controls by his restraining influence the fiery disposition of his countrymen that would otherwise flame out into rebellion : a restraining influence, similar to that which is exercised by an equestrian worthy in Hyde Park,

"While his off heel insidiously aside  
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide."

P. 38, l. 15, 16.

*Who would in permanence of systems trust ?  
The feudal fabric crumbles into dust.*

"A day will arrive in the progress of the human race when every record or trace of our existing establishments will be regarded with the same curiosity with which we now regard those of the Roman power before its decline.—

"The feudal arrangements which sprung up and over-spread its ruins, are in their turn, decaying and giving place to other ideas and principles ; and in this slow, but certain succession of one system of human affairs to another, like the

successive formations of rocks in geological science, the philosopher and the truly pious man hail in every change an evident amelioration of the moral and physical condition of mankind, a wonderful advance in morality, religion, good government, and well being, and leave to the bigots in legislation and religious forms the inconsistent and fruitless attempt to hold back this mighty movement of divine and beneficent will for the improvement of the moral and physical condition of its creatures."—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller*, 8vo. p. 408.

“We have often thought that the motion of the public mind in our country resembles that of the sea when the tide is rising. Each successive wave rushes forward, breaks, and rolls back, but the great flood is steadily coming in. A person who looked on the waters only for a moment might fancy that they were retiring. A person who looked on them only for five minutes, might fancy that they were rushing capriciously to and fro. But when he keeps his eye on them for a quarter of an hour, and sees one sea-mark disappear after another, it is impossible for him to doubt of the general direction in which the ocean is moved. Just such has been the course of events in England. In the history of the national mind, which is in truth the history of the nation, we must carefully distinguish between that recoil which regularly follows every advance and a great



general ebb.”—*Critical and Historical Essays, by Thomas Babington Macaulay*, vol. 2, pp. 228—9.

There is certainly, at present, a “recoil”; the utilitarian system, whether it be for good or for evil, is now out of fashion.

“Sic volvenda ætas commutat tempora rerum,  
 Quod fuit in pretio : fit nullo denique honore :  
 Porro aliud succedit, et è contemptibus exit,  
 Inque dies magis appetitur, floretque repertum  
 Laudibus, et miro’st mortaleis inter honore.”—LUCRETIUS.

It is, however, a good “sign of the times” that the works now in demand with our Booksellers are those that are published for the spiritual as well as physical well-being of the people, works on religion and agriculture. Even the Author of “Past and Future,” that extraordinary book, truth-telling in many respects, yet unpalatable to the few who understand it, admits that “a sacred religion,” “if you like the name, does live in the heart of strange froth-ocean, not wholly froth, which we call Literature; and will more and more disclose itself therefrom; not now as scorching fire: the red smoky scorching fire has purified itself into white sunny Light.”—*Past and Present, by T. Carlyle*, p. 317.

Our Kebles and our Wordsworths are now more highly honoured than our Byrons, and Maturins.

As the elegant author of “L’Espagne sous Ferdinand VII.” truly says,—

“Ce qui fait le bonheur des sociétés ce n'est pas telle ou telle institution, c'est l'irrésistible adoucissement des mœurs, c'est le progrès des idées communes à tout le genre humain.

“Les peuples les plus avancés sur cette route sont les peuples sincèrement religieux.”

P. 40, l. 13, 14.

*There millions will proclaim with general voice  
One God, one Saviour—in the Word rejoice.*

In prophetic anticipation of this glorious consummation of all things, the Poet Cowper rises to an elevation unusual even with him, and bursts out into the following rapturous strain—

“One song employs all nations, and all cry,  
‘Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us.’  
The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks  
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,  
Till nation after nation taught the strain  
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.  
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd.  
See Salem built, the labour of a God !  
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;  
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands  
Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy  
And endless her increase.”

Again—

“Eastern Java there  
Kneels with the native of the *farthest west*,

And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand  
And worships."

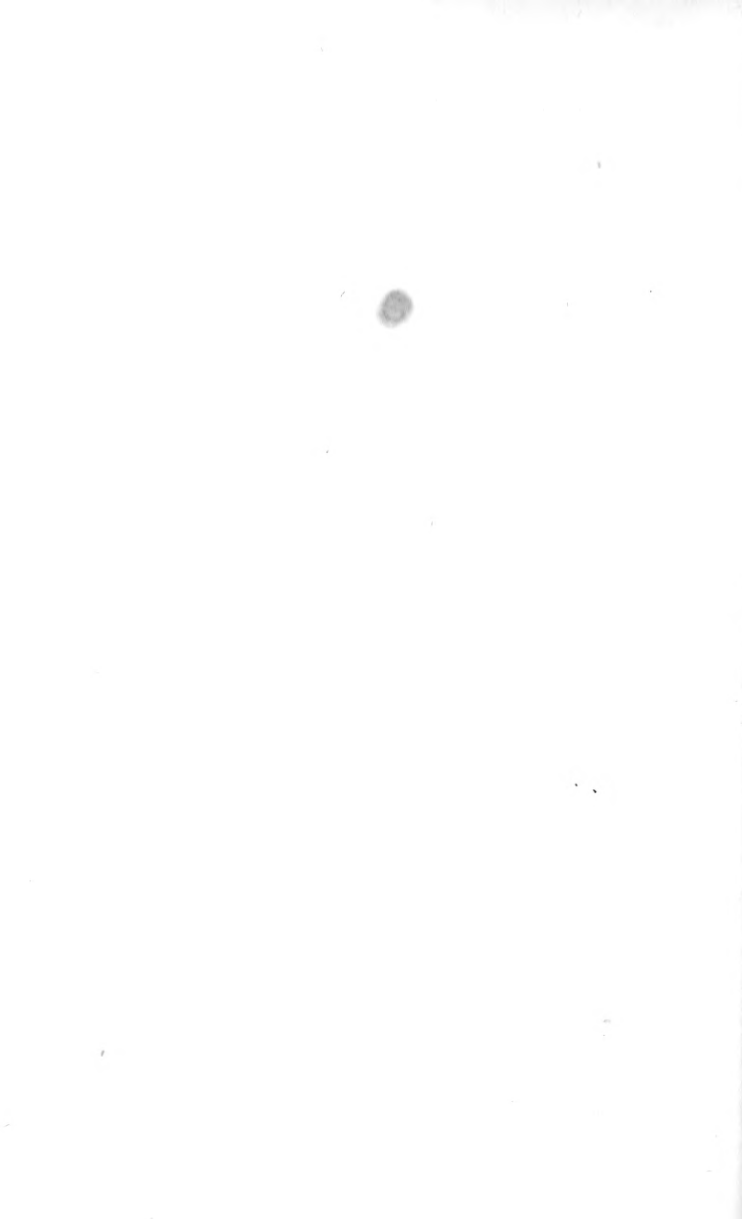
COWPER, *The Task*, Book 6. "The winter walk at noon."

See Fareham's *Travels in the Western Prairies*, vol. ii. p. 129, where he describes the devotions of the Indians in Oregon. "A wandering Savage in Oregon calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ." "*The Indian family engaged in their evening devotions, and singing a hymn in the Nez Percés language.*"

Thus "the stream of divine knowledge unobserved, is flowing in new channels, winding its course among humble valleys, refreshing thirsty deserts, and enriching with far other and far higher blessings than those of commerce the most distant climes and nations, until, agreeably to the prediction of the prophecy, the *knowledge of the Lord shall cover the whole earth.*"—ROBERT HALL.



FAITH. HOPE.



FAITH, HOPE.

---

As mind toward uncreated Light  
Upsprings from bondage free,  
Still Faith and Hope attend her flight,  
Where truths evolved shall be.

Progressively unveil'd appear  
New glories, more remain  
Yet unreveal'd, bright hope to cheer ;  
Faith's ardour to sustain.

Through grades of endless life the mind  
Still rises, higher—higher—  
Fresh trial there for faith to find ;  
For hope, increased desire.





## NOTE

TO

### FAITH, HOPE.



“As the perfections of God are infinite they are capable of being eternally manifested: and after all manifestations, there must be an infinitude of perfections still to be brought to view.”—ADAM CLARKE.



GENIUS.



## GENIUS.



GENIUS or with pure light brightens—

Ray, no mist can shroud ;

Or with glare sinister lightens

Through passion's sanguine cloud.

Genius is the talent given,

Still to be improved,

Rather lent to Man, of Heaven,

If misused, unloved.

Genius with high aspirations

Man ennobles here,

Faith-infusing intimations

Of a nobler sphere.

Genius Heaven-descending turns  
From its course aside ;  
The spirit that within it burns  
Darken'd then by Pride.

A DAY IN AUTUMN.





## A DAY IN AUTUMN.

---

THE Sun autumnal rising pours his flood  
Of light on redd'ning foliage of the wood ;  
Brightens the varied tints with golden hue,  
And cheers with radiant smiles the Ocean blue.  
As through the bracing air health's current flows,  
The mind with renovated ardour glows.  
Would it on social good its powers employ—  
How many now deprest might life enjoy.

The fashion of the world must pass away—  
How emblem'd in the wither'd leaf's decay !  
Man feels it as he contemplates the lost  
Pride of the woods by whirling breezes tost.

Link of a chain that far far stretches forth  
Into eternity is life on earth ;  
Part of continuous being overprized  
It cannot be—alone—to be despised.  
Yet Man toils on incessantly, his aim  
Through life or present wealth, or future fame.  
*This* a mere phantom, *that* acquired with pain  
Hardens the heart the more we strive to gain.

How clear the noonday, luminous as thought  
Of seraph with celestial wisdom fraught !  
How clear the noonday ! you green hill is crown'd  
With lofty oaks, their foliage all imbrown'd ;  
Noble as Roman Senators who heard  
Unmoved that Rome her foe victorious near'd.

How mild the air, yet thousands fear to-day  
The coming on of winter's icy sway ;

When wretches homeless wander, shivering lie  
Through long, long nights beneath th' inclement sky,  
And starving perish ; in her chariot Pride  
Views their sad plight, and turns her head aside.

How every change of aspect Nature takes,  
A new emotion in the mind awakes !  
Pensive the blackbird's mellow song we hear,  
That sweet farewell to the declining year.  
In youth's gay spring, in summer's manhood, glows  
The love of fame, life's autumn loves repose !

In age, the good man's virtues are matured,  
Like autumn fruit, but more from storms secured :  
And spiritual graces in him glow,  
As mingled colours their rich embroidery show,  
Setting each other off ; but who can trace  
Th' Invisible hand that works out every grace.

And say to which priority is given  
In this the loveliest pattern fit for Heaven !

The year is waxing old, the world unworn  
Discoveries new improve, new arts adorn.  
No signs of calm decay it shews but life  
Vigorous, deriving strength increased from strife.  
The mighty heart of social action beats  
As strong as ever, knave with knave competes.

Movement checks movement—freedom, though opprest,  
Rebreathes in Greece, “hope elevates her crest.”  
Yet flourishes, by adverse states unawed,  
An empire based on force, enlarged by fraud.

Religion pours forth her vitalities  
Through streams the fount unsealed of truth supplies ;  
Though various, all are gladden'd by the Sun  
Of suns, and catch His splendour as they run.

Heaven speed the plough ! Oh ! on his natal soil  
May the bold husbandman ne'er vainly toil :  
Long may the cheering voice of praise impel  
His work, with honest pride his bosom swell.  
All charms with which our social life is graced,  
Varied enjoyments, to the plough are traced.  
Homaged by science, Ceres waves her wand,  
And lo ! exuberant crops adorn the land.  
Her foison to increase inventive skill  
Creates improvements yearly—ever will.  
And learned Chemists generously impart  
To tillers of the earth their secret art ;  
In what proportion clay with sand to mix,  
And how ammonia volatile to fix.

Now statesmen strive each other to surpass,  
In speaking on guano, stock, and grass.

And tell you, with their calculations sure,  
What weight of turnips gives some pet manure.  
And farmers wonder, how that minds immersed  
In state affairs in farm-craft are so versed.

When her last floating garland gentle eve  
Around the setting sun has ceased to weave,  
Rush burghers to the theatre in crowds  
To see young Peris spring from roseate clouds ;  
To see sweet fancy's child through scenic aid  
Shine forth embodied in a graceeful maid.  
Even moneey-getting drudges seek relief  
In the ideal world from care and grief.

How beautiful the night ! the stars appear  
With their prophetic lustre man to cheer.  
If the unseen economy we knew  
Of one of those most glorious orbs we view,

The habitants of that fair globe may have  
*Their* course of action closing in the grave :  
Then spirits “ finely touched for issues fine ”  
Mount into higher spheres like gods to shine :  
To carry out of virtue plans, begun  
In their first natal world, from sun to sun :  
Reciprocating joys ne'er ne'er to cease  
Where all is active energy—yet peace.

*October, 1843.*





THOUGHTS AT WHITSUNTIDE.

1841.

---

“ Sermons in Stones, and good in every thing.”

SHAKSPERE.



## THOUGHTS AT WHITSUNTIDE.



AN all-pervading Beauty, if you will  
Love call it, roseate smiles o'er dale and hill.<sup>7</sup>  
Lo! what a stream of light the heavens outpour,  
As with a glory-robe earth mantling o'er.  
Each passing gale, a still small voice from heaven,  
Whispers to man promise of sin forgiven.  
For every dew-drop glistening in the light,  
There glows an infant spirit pure and bright.  
With flowers numberless the banks are rife ;  
So gay, they seem to brighten into life.

When May appears with all her charms as now,  
The meanest hearts expand, the coldest glow—

E'en sorrow smiles—to homage May, her queen,  
The earth profusely gay with flowers is seen.  
The venerable oaks, as if in scorn  
Of time, renew their green age though time-worn ;  
Still throwing out their foliage green in spring,  
As virtues in old age are blossoming.  
Oh! Nature, how prevailing is thy power!  
The veriest drudge with pride beholds his flower.

In all their full-blown grandeur reappear  
The woods, as gorgeous Summer draweth near.  
As proud, but not as beautiful, the dame,  
Last Summer's glory, still would homage claim ;  
Such is of fashion the transmuting power,  
The weed in Autumn is a Summer flower.

O sick'ning adulation of the great,  
As if this faded thing could conquer fate!

Suspend the laws of nature at her will,  
And, a time-wrinkled dame, be Hebe still!

She will around unfledged patricians draw  
Her circle, force them to obey her law,  
To turn from Beauty, radiant as the morn,  
But not in her collateral sphere, with scorn;  
And since in her exclusive taste is seen,  
She is in spite of years an evergreen.

As the fresh flowers that in our garden bloom  
Lose all they have of freshness in a room,  
Thus the vain child of fortune spoil'd in town  
Loses all generous worth in boyhood shown:  
He knows not that a supercilious gaze  
A weak heart and a narrow mind betrays:  
The creeping insect fancies that he soars,  
When he, a noble idol, self adores.

The fool a double character affects ;  
That which he courts abroad, at home neglects.  
Gratitude, fashion has *her* moral code,  
Is not indeed a virtue à la mode.  
But triflers such as these need not engage  
Our thoughts, not worthy e'en of satire's page.

If by some chance a wealth-encumber'd Peer  
(Accumulating gold year after year)  
To starving operatives gives fifty pounds,  
The world with pæans to his praise resounds :  
The journal teems with comments on his worth,  
So naturally allied to noble birth !  
Will he to aid the poor relinquish toys  
Superfluous he possesses, *not* enjoys ?  
Or will he give, when pitying distress,  
To high-born Beauty's stores one diamond less ?  
The mite by self-denying virtue given  
Fruetifies into countless wealth in heaven.

O happy great, whate'er to do you choose,  
Your movements all are chronicled as news.  
Touch'd by the press, your banquets and your balls  
Swell into more than orient festivals !  
Each fête is splendid as the sun at noon,  
Each room a most magnificent saloon.  
Around you are illusions thrown to hide  
You from yourselves, and gratify your pride.

The restless spirit Claudius, tired of Town,  
To Brighton flies, a change important, down ;  
To trifle, as he can, his hours away,  
Or in pursuit of pleasure, or of play.  
This great event, that country-cousins read,  
Is posted through the land with railway speed.  
So trumpet-tongued the feats of Claudius seem ;  
They claim attention like a Premier's scheme.

To gain, no matter how to gain, a name,  
All burn—resistless are the charms of fame :  
And each in his vocation strives to win her  
Smiles with a “splendid speech,” or “sumptuous dinner.”  
Thus to the sun, while eaglets view his blaze  
Unblench’d, the peacock proud his fan displays.

But nests that topmost boughs of cedars crown,  
When visited by winds may topple down\*.  
*They* are dismiss’d scarce noticed to the grave,  
*Whose* acts, when living, fashion’s journal gave :  
Their sons, with flattery’s grateful sweets perfumed,  
Sparkle in fashion’s annals, till inhumed.

Fast as light shadows o’er the meadow sweep,  
Come, go, frail fashion’s train, love, laugh, and weep ;

\* Our æry buildeth in the cedar’s top,  
And dallies with the winds, and scorns the sun.

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard III.*, Act 1, Scene 4.



Now glittering like wavelets that reflect  
The sun, anon o'erdarken'd by neglect ;  
Radiant to-day, 'mid scenes no care has gloom'd,  
To solitudes unsought, to-morrow doom'd.  
Thus roseate splendours heralding the morn,  
Precede black pageants, ominous, sky-born.

Though minds of mighty statesmen cannot reach  
The height of "argument" that women teach,  
(Errors transmissive are from sire to son  
Like heir-looms, e'en when Truth her cause has won)  
Yet social men a clearer view will take  
Of their own interests, and to truth awake ;  
And their auxiliar energies unite,  
So to illumine, that all may see the right ;  
When truths, that clamorous prejudice has chased  
Away, return to be as truths embraced ;  
And independent genius, when it turns  
Truthward, to free the soul from thralldom burns.

Like formalists the well-rank'd poplars stand,  
But oaks throw out their branches wildly grand,  
And million-leaved—thus, though irregular  
Genius may be, its products splendid are.  
Thus swoln streams, bursting o'er with wild turmoil  
Their banks, enrich while they invade the soil.

Boast not self-love, man is to man akin,  
The worst some virtues have, the best may sin.  
All spiritual good in man revere,  
As intimations of Heaven's presence here.  
Trustful we are that virtue will increase  
With knowledge, not indeed that crime will cease!

Capacities for good, that none can see,  
Latent in wayward spirits yet may be ;  
Evoked by art of a discerning mind,  
They must spring forth to benefit mankind :

As wild phenomena in nature may  
Be brought by skill utility t' obey ;  
And energies, else wasted, misapplied,  
Knowledge will now enlist on virtue's side.  
Gather the fragments up that nought be lost—  
Mind may regain its course though tempest-tost.  
Thus through the moral atmosphere diffused,  
Float qualities that may be fix'd and used.  
E'en in an erring brother's downcast eye  
Pure rays of hope the Christian may descry ;  
These Charity will more and more essay  
To show, as skill the gem's most hidden ray,  
When from that gem, of value great, though clouded.  
Sparklets reveal the worth within it shrouded.  
One generous feeling by a worldling shown,  
Encouraged, keeps opposing vices down :  
One noble thought express'd, or on the stage,  
Or in the senate, dignifies the age.

As different flowers in sweet communion thrive,  
From the same solar orb their strength derive ;  
Thus noble souls from the same Heaven have caught  
Their lustre, each with different hues of thought ;  
All beautiful, but not with equal charms,  
All Heaven's invigorating influence warms.  
The impress they of their Creator bear,  
As flowerets like the stars in form appear.

Each fresh discovery opens to their view,  
Like light shot through the glade, more wonders new.  
Others, these grown familiar, are unroll'd,  
As further vistas woodland walks unfold.  
And principles are understood, and clear  
As skies to-day, the grounds of truth appear.  
Gilt clouds of sophistry away have past,  
Erst o'er them by the muse historic cast :

'Tis thus, gay parasites that cling around  
Columnar shafts, to weaken them are found.

As various streamlets toward yon river glide ;  
There to roll on, one broad and mighty tide ;  
Thus consentaneously in order move  
Onward, truth, science, piety, and love ;  
Their glorious object is the good of man,  
Progressive, on an ever-widening plan :  
For that the heart is beating, works the mind,  
Intelligence, affection, both combined.  
Virtue and knowledge on religion based  
Tower like twin-oaks, sky-pointing, interlaced ;  
And from above, 'tis nature's general law,  
An ever-quickening energy they draw.  
And pure Religion to Philosophy  
A pillar luminous, a guide may be :  
No priests vindictive now a sanguine cloud  
Around her raise ; and captive lead the crowd.

The truths from Heaven each rising art attests,  
As now increase of verdure earth invests ;  
Thus Chalmers' blaze of genius far display'd  
Illumines gospel-truths by Herschell's aid.  
On the Geologist's labour, as on mines  
Reveal'd the sun's, the light of Scripture shines.  
As after vernal showers the plants apace  
Flush into beauty, thus the dews of grace  
On young hearts falling, bid them above earth  
Rise, and put forth their spiritual worth :  
Such the celestial light, that will endure  
When suns shall perish, visits to mature.

A more than light supernal soon shall glow  
On Zion's hill, Seers hail its advent now.  
Soon every shade of error driven down,  
Truth in her visible glory Faith shall crown.

While pure devotion shall awake the lyre  
Again, the Church be perfect and entire ;  
As yon green tree, o'er which the sunlight flows,  
Shows on all sides luxuriant wealth of boughs.  
The sacred muse to heaven ascending sings,  
"Up-borne on indefatigable wings."

O'er hearts renew'd the Holy Spirit broods,  
Dove-like, like calm intense o'er yonder woods ;  
And as anon the woods are gently stirr'd,  
Its sacred influences are felt and heard.  
The soul's emotions more and more shall be  
Heighten'd, to an indefinite degree ;  
When, casting off their elements inert,  
They will their sovereignty o'er mind assert.  
They will through cycles new of ages live,  
Accretions new of bliss receive, and give ;

They will, emaning from a purer ray  
Celestial, powers of intellect o'ersway:  
With co-eternal strength, from joy to joy  
Progressing, (still for action fresh employ,)  
They will for exercise have ample scope,  
Certain of bliss, yet buoyant as with hope.  
They with continuous energy from height  
To height will rise, increasing in their might;  
Thus *now* through light and heat the plant each hour  
Shoots up, with ampler charms expands the flower.



NOTES  
TO  
THOUGHTS AT WHITSUNTIDE.

—◆—  
P. 85, l. 13, 14.

*And from above, 'tis nature's general law,  
An ever-quickenning energy they draw.*

See Liebig's "Organic Chemistry," p. 16, (Playfair's translation).

P. 86, l. 1.

*The truths from Heaven each rising art attests.*

"And in this manner, divine truth, while it hath made the substance of religion sure and immutable, hath yet in a manner tied its evidence to the restless wheel of man's endeavour, and mingled them with the other motives of his impelling desires; that so every step made in the prosecution of sound study and humble inquiry may give them also a new advance, and varied position; on which the reflecting

mind may dwell with surpassing admiration.”—*Wiseman's Lectures on Connexion between Science and revealed Religion*, vol. ii. page 142.

P. 87, l. 11, 12.

*The soul's emotions more and more shall be  
Heighten'd.*

“ The affections of the Spirit, and their power of intimate Communion with the Infinite Spirit, not only raise the mind immeasurably above the level of the visible world, and carry it clear of the fate of that world ; but raise it even above the range of the merely intellectual faculties, so that a state may be conceived far better and higher than that of the highest exercise of reason.”—*Physical Theory of another World*, page 293.

A VISION.



## A VISION.

(ALLEGORICAL.)

1.

LEGIONS of splendours there I saw, as stars

Numberless, bright'ning o'er a river clear,

Winnowing the air unruffled; din of wars

They know not, nor approaching tempests fear;

But endless songs of joy and triumph hear.

And each, distinctly beautiful, at will

In various hues, as fancy prompts, appear;

Gay as the flowers that with their fragrance fill,

Above the sun-bright stream, the air so mild, so still.

## II.

Action, with them, swift follows thought, and thought  
Is almost intuition ; and awake  
Their senses are, with strength co-equal fraught,  
All in one instant : thus the orbèd lake  
Reflects gilt clouds, green mountains, bush and brake :  
And, as phenomena magnetic change  
Their forms, still varying with the hues they take,  
They through the light-impurpled ether range,  
Glittering like blazonry of arms, rich in devices  
strange.

## III.

The river windeth on through vales immense,  
Where "myriad-minded" beings ever reap  
Harvests of knowledge, with delight intense ;  
These in their memories they treasured keep :  
(Not, such as ours is, an ill-sorted heap),

And love in them, entire affection, dwells ;

While zeal benevolent, that ne'er will sleep,

Their energy of intercourse impels :

Though vast their wisdom is, their virtue *that* excels.

## IV.

Fast interchange of virtues, knowledge, powers,

(For by communion only joys increase)

Is theirs ; idlesse *our* energies devours,

*Their* rapid interactions never cease ;

That, which we toil to grasp, they win with ease.

And, as at rest a quick-revolving wheel

Appears when lit by flash of lightning, these

Bright beings of repose the strength reveal,

As with excess of ardour burns their vivid zeal.

## V.

The stream rolls on o'er rubies, sapphires, stones

Of wond'rous virtue, of which e'en the least

Had been the richest gems of orient thrones,  
Or goblets at the proud Belshazzar's feast,  
Collective wealth of the exhaustless East :  
Then darkling, on it flows, through forest-shades  
That harbour the plumed gryphon, mystic beast ;  
That world of verdure no rude thing invades,  
But nature's loveliest works are seen in all their grades.

## VI.

A thousand thousand milk-white unicorns  
There rove, fair types of virtue join'd to grace  
And independent strength ; of gold their horns  
Shine through the glades, as comets flame through  
space,  
And golden-hoof'd they are, this glorious race.  
Through forest-depths, sportive as virgins full  
Of life and joy, gazelles each other chase ;  
Their beautiful movements to behold, e'en dull  
Spirits would happy be, and garlands for them cull.



## VII.

These emblem innocence that fears not ill,  
 And gaiety, from trust in Heaven that springs :  
 But there are other creatures fairer still,  
 Now here, now there, careering ; beauteous things,  
 With eyes like living sapphires in their wings ;  
 Such to the Sage of Patmos in his dream  
 Sublime appear'd before the " King of kings : "  
 Types of angelic natures that supreme  
 Are, for the sun of suns on them pours forth his beam.

## VIII.

Ever-green trees I saw with fruit of gold,  
 For ages have they lived, yet undecay'd  
 And undecaying, ever young though old :  
 Unlike the upas-tree, beneath whose shade  
 Pernicious all that blooms must quickly fade,

And sicken living things, they vigour give  
 Unwonted to the wights that seek the aid  
 Of their life-giving branches, all to *live*,  
 Not as here *dreamy* man to vegetate, revive.

## IX.

These signify the mighty power of faith  
 That renovates the mind by sin unstrung :  
 Omnipotent to save, the Gospel saith,  
 Is faith ; the golden fruit, on branches hung,  
 Typify virtues that from faith have sprung.  
 Far, far above the forest's verdurous mass,  
 Resembling that of which great Dante sung,  
 Eagles, as many-colour'd globes of glass  
 Glitter in sunlight, brighten, stellar lights surpass.

## X.

Emblems of highest wisdom, that perceives  
 All the relations of all worlds, the chain

Of causes and effects that nature weaves,

All truths that unevolved in one remain,

Like future harvests in a single grain,

These eagles are :—in depths yet deep'ning lies,

More wonderful than aught Romance can feign,

A vast succession of realities :

A miracle is earth—with wonders teem the skies !



## NOTES TO A VISION.

(ALLEGORICAL).



S. 3, l. 2.

*Where "myriad-minded" beings ever reap.*

"Myriad-minded" is the noble epithet Coleridge applies to Shakspeare. No other human being deserves it, and probably no other human being ever will.

S. 4, l. 6, 7.

*And, as at rest a quick-revolving wheel  
Appears, when lit by flash of lightning,—*

"The velocity of Electricity is so great, that the most rapid motion that can be produced by art appears to be actual rest when compared with it. A wheel revolving with celerity sufficient to render its spokes invisible, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, is seen for an instant, with all its spokes distinct, as if it were in a state of absolute repose."—*Somerville's Connection of the Sciences*, page 313.

S. 9, l. 7.

*Resembling that of which great Dante sung.*

E quietata ciascuna in suo loco  
 La testa e 'l collo d' un' aquila vidi  
 Rappresentare a quel distinto foco.

DANTE *del Paradiso*, Canto 18.

“Where,” says Jeremy Taylor, at the close of his magnificent ‘Sermon preached to the University of Dublin,’ “Where is Ignatius, in whom God dwelt? Where is Dionysius the Areopagite, that bird of Paradise, that celestial Eagle?”—*Taylor's Works*, vol. vi. page 407. *Heber's edition.*

S. 10, l. 4.

*All truths that unevolved in one remain.*

“There may be created powers of some high order, as we know that there is one Eternal Power, able to feel in a single comprehensive thought all those truths of which the generations of mankind are able, by successive analysis, to discover only a few, that are perhaps to the great truths which they contain, only as the flower that is blossoming before us is to that infinity of future blossoms enveloped in it, with which, in ever-renovated beauty, it is to adorn the summers of other ages.”—*Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. ii. p. 513.

S. 10, lines 6—8.

——— *in depths yet deep'ning lies,*  
*More wonderful than aught Romance can feign,*  
*A vast succession of realities.*

“When we see such magnificent bodies united in pairs (revolving double stars), undoubtedly by the same bond of mutual gravitation which holds together our own system, and sweeping over their enormous orbits, in periods comprehending many centuries, we admit at once that they must be accomplishing ends in creation which will remain for ever unknown to man; and that we have attained a point in science where the human intellect is compelled to acknowledge its weakness, and to feel that no conception the wildest imagination can form will bear the least comparison with the intrinsic greatness of the subject.”—*Herschell's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.*

“All the Systems of Worlds, judging from analogy, have probably a great common centre round which they revolve as the planets round the sun.

“The centre of the immeasurable universe we may conceive to be the most perfect scene of material existence, unspeakably exceeding in grandeur and beauty anything that we can represent to ourselves in this our dark abode.”—*Sheppard.*

“And man now appears on a small planet almost imperceptible in the vast extent of the Solar System, ITSELF ONLY AN INSENSIBLE POINT IN THE IMMENSITY OF SPACE!”—*Laplace's System of the World*, vol. ii. p. 342. *Hart's Translation.*



CENTRALISATION.



## CENTRALISATION.

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“Partout l'état arrive de plus en plus à diriger par lui-même les moindres citoyens, et à conduire seul chacun d'eux dans les moindres affaires.”—*De la Démocratie en Amérique*. TOCQUEVILLE, tome iv. p. 287.

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WHERE is man's boasted self-reliance? gone,—

He cannot walk in his own paths alone!

And central governments around him draw

Their thousand chains, he is begirt by law:

The Despot, sole or aggregate, his will

Directs, a mere machine for good or ill.

An all-pervading Power affects the Jove,

O'er-ruling social movements from above!

While men like children are, who deem *their* might,  
And not the boatman's, makes the bark go right.  
Through labyrinthine course of life's details,  
The state its pupil guides—through fear he fails.  
So much have public agencies engrost,  
That individual energy is lost:  
And regulating spirits are so mild,  
That man with them must ever be a child.  
Corporate bodies slumber on content,  
Mock'd with the semblance of self-government:  
Ambitious subjects of a state or king  
Are emulous to pull the puppets' string.  
The State-Arachne lengthens out her net  
To draw towards her all that she can get.  
This net-work of constraining kindness spread  
Around the great and small, no statesmen dread,  
Though Power expands his wings, and men become  
Of their free-will curtail'd, abroad, at home.

Those who should be self-radiant, borrow'd light  
From others seek, their own extinguish'd quite.  
A tutelary Angel, to protect  
Those who their own self-interests neglect,  
The Fay commission girdles with her zone  
All ranks, conditions, none escape, not one!  
Though the machine is, when state-guided, found  
Perfect as clock-work, beautifully round,  
No vital strength to that of life akin  
Supports the social union, aets within.  
The mightiest intellect is but the thrall  
Of Briarean power, that reaches all  
With his forthgoing arms, as from the sun  
Toward several objects rays diffusive run.  
Absolute order moves, how unlike zeal,  
In one dull circle round the social wheel;  
From centre to circumference is felt  
His fiat, e'en where independence dwelt.

While little arts are prized, and things that are  
Valueless, men esteem as rich and rare.  
King-craft, to *liberalise* the world, employs  
Obedient science in pursuit of toys :  
To calculate the numerous arteries  
That go to form an insect's wing, or eyes,  
Conclusive, as the writings on outworn  
Themes seem to be, on currency or corn.  
To *thought* prescribes the state, that primal source  
Of education, its allotted course !

NOTES  
TO  
CENTRALISATION.

—◆—  
P. 110, line 5.

*To calculate the numerous arteries.*

See Macculloch's "Attributes of God," vol. ii. page 158. In his observations on the Eyes of the Drone and the Dragon-fly, he says: "There is a spheroidal hollow shell perforated by holes which amount to 7000 in the former insect, and upwards of 12,000 in the latter, mathematically true, and each of them containing a cornea, or a lens. If we look at the precision of the workmanship, the number of the parts, the difference of the materials, it is fruitless to attempt conjecturing where the arteries that produced all these things could exist, producing them also point by point. How many were required for each hexagonal opening alone? and yet how few were there out of all that must have existed to

produce the retinae for each with that interior complicated structure which I need not here describe, and that nervous branch which terminates in each retina.”

P. 110, lines 7, 8.

*Conclusive, as the writings on outworn  
Themes seem to be, on currency or corn.*

Those who have read the several works on “Currency and Corn,” that have been written by numerous authors, from Smith to Tooke, have probably found in the “multitude of counsellors,” not wisdom but confusion. Great authorities are opposed to each other, and are often at variance with themselves. Yet on these nice and difficult questions of political economy much angry feeling has been excited, and men who maintain certain opinions are often accused by their opponents of being influenced by interested, or factious motives in maintaining them.



WHAT IS TASTE ?



## WHAT IS TASTE ?

---

“Taste, like the silent dial’s power,  
That when supernal light is given,  
Can measure inspiration’s hour,  
And tell its height in heaven.”—CAMPELL.

---

TASTE in harmonious adaptation shines,  
Grandeur with grandeur, grace with grace combines ;  
And in a cottage may her judgment show,  
Distinctive, as at Blenheim or at Stowe.  
At noon-day gaudy birds are on the wing,  
At eve the russet nightingales will sing,  
And Taste adores, as Lights for every age,  
While man is man, our Fielding, or Le Sage.

Let pleasure-gardens, rustic fence, enclose  
The rose, it is the Queen of Flowers, the rose ;  
And Beauty or enrobed in splendid dress  
Or clad in peasant's garb is loveliness.

Taste in the balance of her judgment weighs  
All that is worthy more or less of praise ;  
Finds in the ore of Shakspeare wealth untold  
By thousand Commentators, *all, all* Gold ;  
And, as if God-directed, gives the place  
Unquestion'd or to Genius or to grace.  
Each delicate thought, that comes like light unbid,  
Brightens for Taste, no beauties from her hid :  
She with one word associate feelings links,  
And half imagines what the Poet thinks.  
Hence from our glorious orbs we may divine,  
What suns through space interminable shine.

And Taste delighted, through a fairy grove  
Of flowering rhododendrons loves to rove ;  
Luxuriantly full, the lovely mass  
Brings before fancy's eye what Eden was !

Through Poesy's bright temple, full of eyes,  
Rapid in movement as Cerito, flies  
Gay Fancy, with her sister Fiction, they,  
Though wild, the laws that Taste prescribes obey.

The trees all glowing in the sunlight view !  
They seem the King of Glory's retinue ;  
Here is Cuypp's sunny warmth, there shadows deep,  
Like Poussin's, rest on distant mountain-steep ;  
Heaven o'er the intermediate landscape flings  
Her purple hue, as bright as Angel's wings.

Of this variety that God creates,  
Each several grade Taste well discriminates.

Taste in the master form of sculpture sees  
All that with sense of excellence agrees  
Embodied, strength, ease, beauty, life, repose :  
Seldom in man this union nature shows.

Art images perfections that in Heaven  
Exist, to Taste perception of them given.  
A spiritual instinct, guide to good  
Is Taste, 'tis Nature's law well understood.

## NOTES

TO

### WHAT IS TASTE ?

P. 117, lines 5—7.

*Through Poesy's bright temple, full of eyes,  
Rapid in movement as Cerito, flies  
Gay Fancy—*

Cerito, the celebrated opera-dancer, of whom it may be truly said, that

“ Her step is of light, her home is of air,  
And she only, *par complaisance*, touches the ground.”—MOORE.

P. 118, lines 5, 6.

*Art images perfections that in Heaven  
Exist, to Taste perception of them given.*

“ Conceiving, as men have done of angels, we can imagine an angel to be, or to possess the standard of Taste, or to feel thoroughly and perfectly every beauty that exists.”—*Macculloch ; Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God.* &c., vol. iii. p. 270.

“ But ye, the true children of heaven, rejoice in the living profusion of beauty. The creative essence which works and lives through all time, embraces you within the happy bounds of love ; and what hovers in changeful seeming, do ye fix firm with everlasting thoughts.”—(*Translation of Faust.*) The interpretation of this (as the translator says) is, “ there being in the divine creation a ceaseless flow of beautiful phenomena, which the divine intellect fixes, as it were, by contemplation and thought.”



WHAT IS SENTIMENT ?



## WHAT IS SENTIMENT ?

---

FEELINGS, affections, on romance expended,  
Active in real life, the world had mended ;  
This waste of virtuous sentiment we owe  
To those who charm us with ideal woe.  
The lights that young enthusiasts call divine,  
Like gaudy flowers in putrid marshes shine.  
Misery that is not by theatric glare  
Set off, is beggarly, not worth our care.  
Laffarge, as heroine of romance, is prized  
In France ; with Fauntleroy *we* sympathized.

In o'er-worked labour sentiment can find  
Nought to lament, but weeps for woes refined ;  
Pities the knave, when punishment befalls  
A wit, but turns from vulgar criminals.  
Dull rogues may hang, but sentiment would save  
Him who denounces laws he dares to brave.

Most hearts, when join'd to beauty, talent wins,  
Covering, it seems, a multitude of sins !  
The rebel bold, who perpetrates a crime  
That Scapins wonder at, has thoughts sublime !  
When Sophistry a lustre gives to guilt,  
Sentiment sees no crime if blood be spilt.  
Glory eclipsed, devouring once as fire,  
Not worth by sorrow clouded, all admire.  
But do we less the spotted panther fear,  
Because his spots so beautiful appear ?

Pure Haller's matron woes, there 's sentiment !  
Move those who ne'er the death of friends lament.

Many Sterne's story of Lefevre read,  
And tearful read it, yet are harsh indeed.  
Hence sentimental dames with laurels crown  
Authors on whom *weak* moralists will frown ;  
And self-idolaters in drawling tone  
Whine about " brethren dear," yet care for none.

As selfishness is sentiment abused,  
The gentle dram for medicine is used ;  
In spite of self-deception, each the same  
Pernicious thing with an emollient name.

Ye who recline on couches, and inhale  
Perfumes, intent upon the gorgeous tale  
Of Lalla Rookh, sweet ladies, think of forms  
Lovely as yours, by chilling winds and storms

Bronzed and bow'd down, *they* ask your sympathy,  
More than the Peri o'er whose woes you sigh.

While gay retainers like their masters feed,  
Affect the cant of fashion, journals read,—  
Ill fed, worse taught, the land an equal tills,  
The ballad grudged with which he soothes his ills.

Some would all knowledge to the poor refuse,  
A luxury too costly for *their* use.

He who beholds with joy (the mists unroll'd)  
A widening landscape beautiful and bold ;  
Cornfields, as Wordsworth says, like shields of gold  
Dropp'd from above, green meadows, mountains, glades,  
With all the interchange of lights and shades,  
He feels for toiling man, whose labour rears  
Much of the glittering show that there appears.

Triumphs successful art, the vast domain  
Of cultivation brightens rich in grain.

And Nature teaches (what but Nature can ?)  
The noble sympathy of man with man ;  
Where 'mid her visible works are seen display'd  
*Those* labouring poverty for wealth has made.  
He who reads Nature's book *there* learns to feel  
Love for his brethren, to assist them zeal.

O might the poor man of delights partake  
In the new Edens that he toils to make,  
Life's hues would then harmoniously agree  
With splendours we on earth around us see.

Can the poor Peasant chainèd to the soil,  
Enjoy the charms of nature 'mid his toil ?  
No ! his best feelings wither'd are by grief,  
As shrivellèd in late autumn is the leaf.

Thousands have heard no music but the clank  
Of chains, seen but the walls of prison dank.

Well, well, the bondsman, he he now opprest,  
Through ages after ages shall be blest :  
The poorest mortals in this world that breathe  
May shine like glorious angels after death ;  
Though by the cold side of life's mountain they  
Unblest by light of joy wend on their way,  
*That* past, for them far lovelier vales expand  
Than fancy dreams to be in fairy land,—  
Scenes, that in imagery to our state  
On earth adapted, holy men relate.

In the rude hind what worth intreasured lies !  
Material good, that Nature boon supplies,  
Is dross in value with the soul compared ;  
The noblest gifts by all alike are shared.



Yon gleam is partial, clouds gloom o'er the mass  
Of wood, the gospel-light glads every class  
Of men, to few is wealth, is honour given,  
But there is no exclusive right to heaven.  
Wondrous effect of the Redeemer's love.  
The more diffused, the stronger will it prove!

Piety is not sentiment nor song,  
But love to do God's will, and hate of wrong.  
A thousand homilies no more can teach ;  
These feelings to excite good pastors preach ;  
Too simple to adore the glittering haze  
Tradition, on which mystics love to gaze.

The humble scripture-searcher prays for grace,  
And has it, he shall see God face to face ;  
By faith assured, he in his chimney nook  
Reads, and interprets well, the sacred book.

Though not on him is inspiration's light  
Thrown, as on seers, faith guides the Peasant right.  
Clear to his mental eye the Word of Truth  
Appears, as when the world was in its youth  
The Word in visions homeless Patriarchs cheer'd  
With things eye never saw, ear never heard.

## NOTES

10

### WHAT IS SENTIMENT ?

---

P. 123, lines 5, 6.

*The lights that young enthusiasts call divine.*

*Like gaudy flowers in putrid marshes shine.*

“So that when we look at the shining wits, poets, and philosophers of that age, they appear like gaudy flowers growing in a putrid marsh.”—*Foster, on Popular Ignorance.*

P. 126, line 9.

*He who beholds with joy (the mists unroll'd).*

“What soul was his, when from the naked top  
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
Rise up and bathe the world in light !”

WORDSWORTH ; *Excursion*. b. i.

P. 128, line 13.

*In the rude hind what worth intreasured lies.*

“Tous les corps, le firmament, les étoiles, la terre, et les royaumes, ne valent pas le moindre des esprits, car il connaît tout cela, et soi-même, et le corps rien.”—*Pensées de Pascal.*

P. 129, lines 11, 12.

*Too simple to adore the glittering haze  
Tradition, on which mystics love to gaze.*

“The causes of superstitions are pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies, excess of outward and Pharisaical holiness : *overgreat reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the Church.*”—BACON.

WHAT IS TRUTH?



## WHAT IS TRUTH?

•

TRUTH is a conscious harmony between  
Goodness in Man, and excellence unseen,  
As in Apollo's form, unrivall'd shine,  
The charms of Poesy and light divine!

And gifted spirits, in his proper sphere  
Each mighty, Truth developes every year.  
Truth, as great Bacon says, sought after, woo'd  
And won, is human nature's sovereign good.

Truth is God manifest, wherever found,  
In worlds above us, or on earth around.

As the star in the East the Magi led,  
Till it stood o'er the infant Saviour's head,  
The Lights of Knowledge thus inquirers lead  
Onward, till they behold Truth's form indeed.

*22.9* He, who ambitious to seek Truth's abode,  
Must not delay, nor falter on his road ;  
Nor stoop for toys of fancy glittering near,  
But rapidly move on in his career.

As in the world pass-words of error may  
Inflict more evil than a tyrant's sway,  
They who before our eyes Truth's mirror bring,  
Outshine in doing good a patriot king.

That mirror they must gradually unveil,  
Lest men, beholding there bright thoughts, grow pale  
At their too sudden splendour, turn away,  
And used to twilight, fly the burst of day.



Hence Truth must be attemper'd to our sight,  
As through humanity the Light of Light.

Preached to the slave the rights of man awake  
Madness in man, and social order shake.

If unprepared by culture be the soil,  
To sow the seed is but a bootless toil.

Hence Turgot's wisdom, far too premature  
For France, could not his master's throne secure.

Philosophy a many-sided view  
Of things on earth may take—yet not the true;  
The garb of Truth since specious errors wear,  
Why marvel we that men mistrustful are?  
But Truth once proved, the uses will explain  
Of what might seem anomalous or vain;  
As of a puzzle, when you find the key,  
Parts that appear'd incongruous, agree.

On slight analogies we often build  
Systems imagination loves to gild ;  
Ixion thus a goddess would embrace,  
And witless grasp'd a cloud that fill'd her place.

Truth is not here omnipotent, we err  
With schoolmen, and blind guides to Truth prefer,  
Opinion, custom, prejudice, and pride,  
And low class-interests thought obscure beside.  
More knowledge one new sense to man would give,  
Than seers who ever lived, may ever live ;  
Even though another Shakspeare might appear,  
The world fatigued by mystic bards to cheer.

As Damocles beheld above his head  
A sword suspended by a single thread,  
For ever burns the bigot's fiery wrath  
Near him who dares to quit thought's beaten path.

'Tis a hard task that which we learn'd in youth  
To disbelieve, to search anew for truth ;  
'Tis a hard task to disenchant the mind  
Of charms, that it in age to habit bind.  
Few, like Canova when before his view  
Light came from Greece, would learn their art anew.  
E'en when the scales have fallen from *his* eyes,  
Small light the seer illumed to man supplies.  
The mist of prejudice, that earth exhales,  
The mind o'erelouding, long, too long prevails.

Woman who writes with feeling argues best,  
Her words with truthful energy express ;  
The thunderbolt of Truth, by woman hurl'd,  
Struck from his throne the master of a world !  
A great example of what has been done  
By those on whom the sun of genius shone.

“He hath a Devil,” loudly cries self-love,  
Who dares to censure that which we approve :  
Ominous *æe*, as writing on the wall  
Smote the great king’s the firmest heart appal.

Though fresh streams from the fount of science flow,  
When all is learned how little do we know !  
Who have, how through sensorial organ mind  
Is acted on by matter e’er divined ?  
Who, the fine boundary-lines that lie between  
Attraction and repulsion, e’er have seen ?  
What is the nervous system? who discerns  
Its nature, who its operation learns ?

Truth in the natural world is shown by facts :  
In things divine, through faith on mind she acts.  
No oracles of sense may supersede  
By reasoning, faith, through grace is *felt* her creed.

Affection, charity, are given by grace  
To faith, unerringly *they* Truth embrace.

Thou vesper light to this our wintry day  
Of ignorance, still, still on us thy ray  
Emit, most glorious Truth, the time will come  
When we shall view thee in thy sun-like home ;  
And bright'ning with thy crescent light shall know  
More, more,—as infinite ages onward flow.



NOTES  
to  
WHAT IS TRUTH ?

---

P. 135, line 7.

*Truth, as great Bacon says, sought after, woo'd.*

“ Truth which only doth judge itself teaches that, the enquiry of Truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it—the knowledge of Truth, which is the presence of it—and the belief of Truth, which is the enjoying of it—is the sovereign good of human nature.”—*Bacon's Essay on Truth.*

P. 136, line 13.

*That mirror they must gradually unveil.*

“ The subjection of the soul to former usage, till roused by circumstances of more than common energy, is like the *inertia* that retains bodies in the state in which they happen to be, till some foreign force operate to suspend their motion or rest.

And it is well upon the whole, in the great concerns of life—those which relate not to speculative science but to the direct happiness of nations—this intellectual *inertia* subsists. The difficulty of moving the multitude, though it may often be the unfortunate cause of preventing benefits which they might readily receive, still has the important advantage of allowing time for reflection before their force, which is equally irresistible for their self-destruction as for their preservation, could be turned to operate greatly to their own prejudice. The restless passions of the individual innovator, *Man*, thus find an adequate check in the general principles of mankind. The same power who has balanced the causes of action and repose in the material world, has mingled them with equal skill in the intellectual; and in the one as much as in the other, the very irregularities that seem at first sight to lead to the destruction of that beautiful system of which they are a part, are found to have in themselves the cause that leads them again from apparent confusion into harmony and order.” —*Brown's "Philosophy of the Human Mind,"* vol. ii. p. 413. See also *Adam Smith's "Moral Sentiments,"* vol. ii. p. 110.

P. 137, line 7.

*Hence Turgot's wisdom, far too premature.*

See *Professor Smyth's "Lectures on the French Revolution,"* vol. i. p. 100.



P. 133, lines 1, 2.

*On slight analogies we often build  
Systems—*

“In all the sciences there are many volumes that teach little, as there is a conventional language which passes for knowledge, encumbering, not enlightening, him who desires to understand and know in what knowledge consists.”—*Macculloch*.

“It would be easy to form theories referring the action of blood impregnated with nitrous oxide, to its power of supplying the nervous and muscular fibre with such proportions of condensed nitrogen, oxygen, and light, or ethereal fluid, as enabled them more rapidly to pass through those changes which constitute their life; but such theories would be only collections of terms derived from known phenomena, and applied by loose analogies of language to unknown things.”—*Sir Humphry Davy's Works*, vol. iii. p. 267.

P. 133, line 12.

*The world fatigued by mystic bards—*

These geniuses are like planetary nebulae—hollow, emitting light only from their surfaces.

P. 139, lines 5, 6.

*Few, like Canova when before his view  
Light came from Greece, would learn their art anew.*

When Canova viewed the Elgin Marbles, in the British Museum, he declared, that he had to learn his Art anew.

P. 139, lines 13, 14.

*The thunderbolt of truth by woman hurl'd,  
Struck from his throne the master of a world.*

Madame de Staël, it is said, wrote the celebrated manifesto of Bernadotte that roused the nations of Europe against the tyranny of Napoleon, and finally caused the overthrow of his colossal Power.

P. 140, lines 15, 16.

*No oracles of sense may supersede  
By reasoning, faith—*

“Those who consider reason not the handmaid but the mistress of religion, totally mistake both her office and her power. They plunge at once into the depths of error. They do not consider that reason is only perception and judgment, that perception is much limited in regard to many of the phenomena of nature, and that judgment, in reference to many objects on earth, thus with difficulty perceived, is often defeated, and much embarrassed, in deciding on the force of different kinds and degrees of evidence—‘but the things which are in heaven, who hath searched out?’”—TATHAM’S *Chart and Scale of Truth*, vol. ii. p. 49.

THE MILLENNIUM.



## THE MILLENNIUM.

---

WHEN Prefects shall with equal measure mete  
Justice to all, plebeian, or élite :  
When France shall be ingenuous, nor pretend  
A zeal for national honour as the end  
Of Pacha-loving policy, and feel  
A love, new-born indeed, for Europe's weal ;  
When men shall individually become  
That which they laud collectively, at home ;  
When Schoolmen *fállible*, who deprecate  
Infallibility in those they hate,

Shall cease of language to assume a tone  
Imperative, that suits a Pope alone ;  
When Authors, without bias, Truth shall woo,  
And having won, support her nobly too ;  
When Poland shall be integral and free ;  
Then Saints may the Millennium hope to see.

NAPOLION.





## NAPOLEON.

---

“In none of his arrangements did Napoleon think of securing to his cause the attachment of nations. Astonishment, awe, and force were his weapons, and his own great name the chosen pillar of his throne.”—

CHANNING.

---

WHAT has he done, great man, for France,  
Has he her *mind* sought to advance,  
To cherish aught but lust of strife?  
The “fire-eyed maid of smoking war”  
His Goddess was, and to her ear  
Yoked the foul fiends that trouble life.  
Millions on battle-field lay gory,  
That France might cover'd be with glory.

Shaker of many an o'er-rank state,  
He could destroy but not create :

    Though Monarchs in his presence quail'd,—  
No institutions free he gave  
To Nations, none sought he to save  
    By neighbour-tyrants when assail'd.  
Chivalrous aid to suffering man  
Was no part of his selfish plan.

His power that soon colossal grew  
Through fear, opinion overthrew,

    When arm'd its terrors to oppose :  
It had not in the social frame  
Permanent place, since none became

    Wiser or happier as it rose :  
To renovated states allied  
It might have stood, and worlds defied.

*Dec. 15, 1840.*

NOTES  
TO  
N A P O L E O N.

---

P. 153, line 4.

*The "fire-eyed maid of smoking war."*

Shakspeare.

P. 154, line 1.

*Shaker of many an o'er-rank state.*

"Oh, great corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou great decider  
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood  
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world  
O' th' pleurisy of people."

*"Two Noble Kinsmen."* by FLETCHER and SHAKSPEARE.



4  
3  
2  
1  
2

“SINCE FIRST I GAZED UPON THIS  
PLAIN.”



“SINCE FIRST I GAZED UPON THIS  
PLAIN.”



i.

DAYS, weeks, and years have quickly past,  
Since first I gazed upon this plain ;  
And now the time's approaching fast  
When I shall ne'er “ look on 't again.”

ii.

And cattle that have daily fed  
Successive generations, there  
Have been devour'd—men have bled  
On battle-field, and died elsewhere.

iii.

While some have trifled life away,  
Poetic flowers gaily wreathing ;  
Others have through *their* little day  
Raved, slaughter against Christians breathing.

iv.

Warrior, and Sage who seem'd to think  
Old truths as new with pomp inditing ;  
One spilling blood, the other ink—  
Have uselessly been scribbling, fighting.

v.

New Shepherds have o'erlook'd new flocks,  
Crowns have been won, lost, won again ;  
And Bramah has contrived new locks  
Since first I gazed upon this plain :



VI.

Its verdant carpet by the sun  
Oft brightened, is embrown'd by clouds ;  
Children of enterprise and fun  
The darkness of the grave enshrouds.

VII.

Into a thousand forms I'd shape  
The mists that there at night-fall rose ;  
Napoleon—Cribb—the giant, ape—  
Nature's abortions, men of blows.

VIII.

Though the clear sky has often given  
Unwonted clearness to the mind ;  
Thoughts, as the thistle down is driven,  
Are scattered by a blighting wind.

ix.

We hurry on with railway speed ;

In railroads there is "something new."

We build, we plant, we laugh, we read,

Then sicken, and to life adieu.

## NOTES

TO

“SINCE FIRST I GAZED UPON THIS PLAIN.”

---

P. 160, line 6.

*Old truths as new with pomp inditing.*

“We,” says Swift, “whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of *modern Authors*, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavour had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind.”

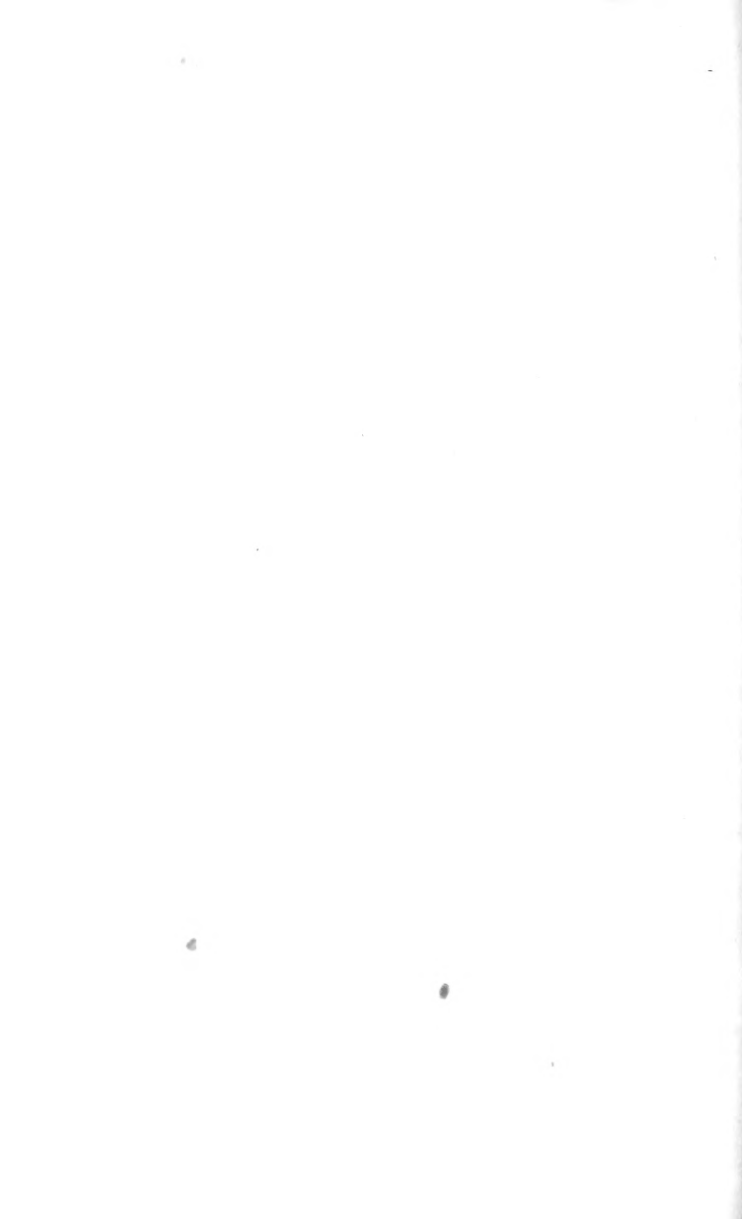
This sarcasm is as applicable now to the self-laudatory cackling of authors.

P. 161, lines 5, 6.

*Into a thousand forms I'd shape  
The mists that there at night-fall rose.*

“And while the mists,  
Flying and rainy vapours, call out shapes  
And phantoms from the craigs and solid earth.”

WORDSWORTH.



THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.



THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.



i.

ALL, all is Poetry around ;

How merrily the rivers flow !

Favonius has the Earth unbound,

With health renew'd she seems to glow.

ii.

And, Dian-like, comes beauty forth,

Her ringlets in the gentle wind

Dancing, less joyously from earth

Upsprings the lark when heaven is kind,

## III.

Than beauty bounds the lawn along,  
Brilliant as is the genial light;  
She carols forth her favourite song,  
Expressive of her heart's delight.

## IV.

And streamlets from the rock leap out,  
Musical, sparkling, light, and life:  
And birds within the woods, without,  
Outbreast each other in tuneful strife.

## V.

And mirth full of vitalities,  
Leading up Flora in her prime,  
Sportive as childhood runs or flies—  
Yes, Spring *is* come, it is spring-time.



## VI.

And Sport, a youth untiring, brown  
    With exercise, comes rushing by—  
And Pleasure with her vernal crown,  
    Sweet flower herself, is flushing nigh.

## VII.

E'en Ease, the languid maid, looks gay,  
    So fresh'ning is the balmy air:  
So clear is the life-giving day,  
    It smooths, like Love, the brow of care.

## VIII.

Lambkins are frisking in the sun,  
    Wild deer are bounding thro' the glades,  
And children o'er the meadows run;  
    One soul of joy the world pervades.

## ix.

The uplands green, the uplands green,  
Save where along distinctly east  
Shadows of giant oaks are seen,  
Brighten around, luxuriant, vast.

## x.

There graceful Ariels, fancy-born,  
Might love the vernal air to breathe ;  
And Hebes, blooming as the morn,  
Might garland-wise the gay dance wreathe.

NOTE  
TO  
THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

---

P. 168, line 8.

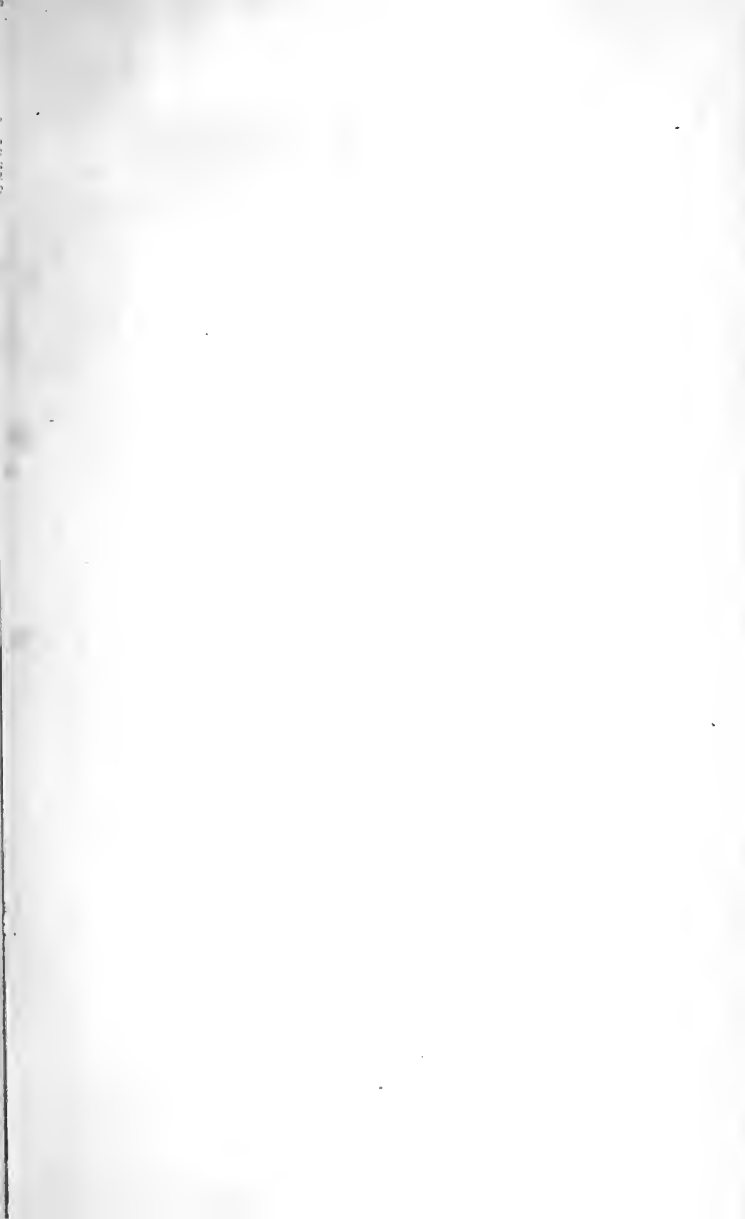
*Outbreast each other—*

“ I have heard  
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o’ th’ night  
With their contentious notes ; now one the higher,  
Anon the other, then again the first,  
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense  
Could not be judge between.”

“ *Two Noble Kinsmen.*” by FLETCHER and SHAKSPEARE.  
*Act v. Scene iii.*

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