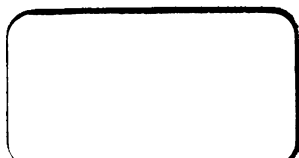


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THE

GENIUS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN SCAFE, ESQ.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

SHAKESPEARE.

Newcastle:

PRINTED BY S. HODGSON,  
FOR EMERSON CHARNLEY, BIGG-MARKET.

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1849.

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## PREFACE.

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FROM the indulgent remarks bestowed upon his former Publication, the author has been tempted to offer to Subscribers the same limited impression\* of the few following Poems. And here he stops: well knowing that the *Solos* of any but a first rate Performer may be too often repeated.

\* 150 Copies.

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### ERRATA.

Page.		Line.
6,	...	15, <i>for bid read bade.</i>
27,	...	4, <i>for fain read feign.</i>
97,	...	16, <i>for above read abode.</i>
124,	..	11, <i>for faith read fate.</i>

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## POEMS.

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### THE GENIUS.

---

**T**HERE was a youth, who wander'd wild,  
When the ruddy face of morning smil'd,  
Over the plain, and through the glade,  
Brushing the dew from the emerald blade;  
Breaking the gems, that night had spread  
To greet fair day on the mountain's head;  
Shaking the pearls from the blossom'd thorn,  
That darkness hung to deck the morn.

He wander'd thus o'er steep and dell,  
Till he reach'd the hermit's lonely cell.  
That cell was deem'd a magic place ;  
For sounds were heard, and sights were seen,  
When twilight glimmer'd on the green,  
That suited not with earthly race.  
And through the neighbouring plains it ran,  
That he, who pac'd its rocky floor,  
No shape of mortal lineage wore,  
But, victim of a dreadful ban,  
Mew'd, bark'd, or howl'd beside the door.  
That when the moonlight slept serene  
Upon the current gliding by,  
He, headless, shapeless, had been seen  
To flit along the shadowy green,  
Or o'er that brighten'd stream to fly.

The stripling was devoid of fears,  
Of courage far beyond his years,  
Of soul that never stoop'd its wing  
To forms of fancy's fashioning.  
He now approach'd that rocky cell,  
That fronted up the narrow dell,  
Where oak its giant attlers flung  
    Across the stream that stole below,  
And silv'ry birch its light twigs hung  
The stronger statelier trees among,  
    That saw that stream in silence flow.  
And rough-leav'd hazle dwelt around,  
And dropt its fruit upon the ground;  
No pilfering school-boy trod the green,  
To break the slumbers of the scene,

Nor elder footstep journey'd near,  
Without short pray'r, the child of fear.  
Before him rose the rocky wall,  
    Within whose grey and solid base  
He, who could weaker souls appall,  
    Had delv'd his tranquil resting-place ;  
Had scoop'd a low and dismal den,  
Where, from the clash of fellow men,  
He strove to find repose again.  
Ha ! thought the youth, I oft have heard  
    This cavern call'd a place of sin ;  
And many a strange and fearful word  
    Hath rung of him who dwells within.  
But I have ever liv'd in pray'r,  
—Thanks to a parent's loving care !

And trusted in the grace of heaven,  
That all my sins might be forgiven ;  
That he, to whom my spirit rose,  
Would guard my step from earthly woes.  
Then shall I hail, when wand'ring here,  
Perhaps imaginary fear ?  
No ;—Heaven may grant this tongue to tell  
Such truths as shall all doubt dispel,  
And clothe the tenant of the place  
In earthly form, and human face.  
As thus he thought, his step was turn'd  
    To the cavern's grated door,  
And his cheek with bright impatience burn'd  
    Its passage to explore :  
When, as he trod the lonely strath,  
A stranger stood before his path.

A stranger stood, a man of light,  
For his garments were all pearly white:  
His brow a chasten'd splendor shed,  
And flaxen ringlets grac'd his head,  
And sweetly spoke his eye of blue,  
And round a winning softness threw.  
"I know thee," said he, "thou darling youth,  
"Thy thoughts all flow from the shrine of truth.  
"Thou shalt approach the grate with me,  
"And this wight of woe thy lesson shall be;  
"Ah! more to be mourn'd than shunn'd is he!"  
He took the stripling by the hand,  
—Who could such mild grace withstand?—  
He led him to the cavern's door,  
And bid his eye its depths explore.

The youth look'd in,—and saw a hall

    Hung with gorgeous drapery ;

Mirrors grac'd the painted wall,

    Reflecting faces fair to see ;

    There was a beauteous company

Of females, in attendance all

Upon a child of pamper'd mien,

Who lay, the monarch of the scene.

Some brought toys, and sweetmeats some,

    To still his loud and fretful cry,

Successfully;—a moment dumb,

    The urchin laid his anger by.

    Again burst forth impatience high ;

Again, with glance uneasy round,

They strove to check the torturing sound.

—The youth disgusted turn'd aside,  
And thus his bright conductor cried:  
“This is the path, that in wilfulness shewn,  
“Leads to the footstool of misery's throne.  
“The morn of indulgence full brightly may glow,  
“But it sets in the nightfall of penance and woe.”  
Again he bade the youth behold,  
And read in mind the story told.  
He look'd again.—Two striplings stray'd  
Beneath an alley's pleasant shade,  
Two friends they seem'd, and arm in arm  
They tasted friendship's morning charm:  
Then glows that charm in all its pow'r,  
Never surpass'd in after hour.  
Then hearts are gay, and thoughts are free,  
Nor clogged by life's despondency.



One wore the features of the child,  
Who in that hall of grandeur lay ;  
On whose pale brow, save when he smil'd,  
A frown still mark'd its secret sway.  
His fellow was of aspect mild  
And open, as the break of day.  
And oft, when short contention grew,  
And stormy looks the other threw,  
He yielded, with affection true.  
At length they left that shady ground,  
And the youth gaz'd in silence round.  
"O sweet is the time," his conductor then spoke,  
"When youths draw together, with friendship the yoke !  
"But oft must the temper with pliancy bend  
"To the feelings, the habits, the good of a friend.

“ The trial is short, but the conquest is sure,  
“ And the bliss of their lives is the meed they secure.”  
He look'd again.—A pillar'd pile  
Was lighted through each length'ning aisle,  
And, at the sacred altar plac'd,  
The priest the holy book uncas'd.  
And at that sacred altar shone  
A pair, were rich in love alone,  
But since in earth's possessions strong,  
Their hours in joy *must* flow along.  
He now in blooming manhood smil'd,  
Who lay a restless, wayward child;  
And by his side a blushing maid  
Her aw'd and yielding heart display'd.  
Oh! she was fair!—the stamp she bore  
Of him, the valued friend before,

Now warmer grown, since manhood's day  
Had rivetted affection's sway.  
He too was there, and oft the smile  
A sister's tremblings would beguile:  
And a bright fair, of bolder mien,  
Was there, partaker of the scene.  
The priest performed the hallowed rite,  
—The rite of bliss or misery,—  
The book was clos'd; their footsteps light  
Died in faint echoes speedily.  
The youth here turn'd, with tranquil air,  
And gaz'd upon that stranger fair:  
“There never was heart more loving,” he cried,  
“Than the heart of that too too trusting bride.  
“There never was faith more lost and gone,  
“Than the faith that it fondly leans upon.

“ Better were death, in the nuptial day,  
“ Than the torment that eats a heart away.  
“ But turn again, and thou shalt see  
“ What the riddle means, that I read to thee.”

The youth again the cavern view'd:—

It was a chamber large and fair,  
No walls were seen of fashion rude,

But all was light and splendor there :  
And in it sat that gentle one,  
That lovely lady, all alone.

But O how chang'd her form and face !

Hollow and tearful was her eye ;  
Yet dwelt a melancholy grace

In every tear, in every sigh :  
As, with her head upon her hand,  
She ponder'd on life's ebbing sand.

The door unclos'd, and in *he* came,  
Who pledg'd her in that sacred hour,  
When love, enshrin'd in hearts of flame,  
Displays the glories of his pow'r.  
She rais'd her head,—a smile in vain  
Fix'd on her lip; it fled again,  
As transient as the watry ray,  
That beams upon a winter's day.  
But who is she, the haughty fair,  
That comes with bold triumphant air?  
She steps in splendor by his side  
Like a majestic eastern bride?  
Ha!—is it not that female friend,  
Who saw their fortunes sweetly blend,  
When at the altar's foot the priest  
Their means of happiness increas'd?

'Tis she:—but comes she then in paw'r  
To lord it o'er a drooping flow'r?  
Alas! that human hearts should grow  
To gather sport from human woe!  
That he, who in that holy nave  
Vow'd to protect, to love, to save,  
Should aid the partner of his vice  
In offering up her sacrifice!  
—He could not gaze; his bosom burn'd,  
With glowing cheek the stripling turn'd.  
“Deep tolls the bell,” his conductor then said,  
“It tolls for the saint that now drops to the dead.  
“Vice, that was cradled, hath grown from its birth,  
“And rears its dark head on the bosom of earth:  
“Awhile shall it stalk to completion of crime,  
“And triumph o'er all, but fulfilment of time.”

Again he bade the youth behold  
The lights, that cavern could unfold.  
The youth reluctant turn'd,—to spy  
A funeral sweeping slowly by.  
*Her* funeral 'twas; that drooping saint  
Had reach'd the end of all her woes:  
And as the choral voices faint  
Together sank in solemn close,  
The last low echoes, as they died;  
Seem'd as if kindred saints replied:  
And he of brow so mild and fair,  
The brother, was a mourner there:  
But now that brow with care was fraught,  
And that mild eye was fix'd in thought;  
The manly tear, his cheek that crust,  
In deeper feeling now was lost.

—Why stays the sad procession? why  
That short, convuls'd, indignant cry?  
Can it be possible, that he,  
Who at yon altar bent the knee,  
Can thus appear, in crime secure,  
And flaunt it with his paramour;  
To grace with jests the funeral knell  
Of one, who lov'd him—but too well?  
It is, it is!—Justice supreme,  
Where is thy lightning's vivid beam?  
It sleeps;—thy arm is slowly bar'd,  
But vice *shall* meet with its reward.  
'Tis he; and lo! that flushing cheek,  
That glassy eye, and gesture weak  
Proclaim that an immortal soul  
Was sunk within the midnight bowl.



The brother gaz'd:—that eye so mild  
Now glow'd with indignation wild;  
He sprang before the mournful van,  
“—Lead hence this miserable man;—  
“O lost to virtue's holy light!  
“Go;—shock me not with such a sight.”  
The staggering wretch in fury turn'd,  
The demon in his bosom burn'd,  
And nerv'd his frame with impulse new;  
A dagger from his vest he drew,  
And rush'd upon that only friend  
Who ever strove his heart to mend.  
The brother fell;—the assassin fled;—  
The youth here turn'd away his head,  
His eye quick sign of feeling bore,  
His brow a shade of anguish wore.

“’Tis done,” cried the bright one, “thy crimes are  
complete,

“ And the friend of thy bosom now writhes at thy feet.

“ He shall tranquilly sleep, till awaken’d to bliss,

“ But thine eyelids no balm-breathing slumber shall kiss.

“ Thy heart shall be cold, and thy brain shall be dry,

“ And the strange forms of fantasy round thee shall fly.”

Again he urg’d the youth to gaze,

And study Heaven’s all-righteous ways.

The youth look’d in.—A grated room

Almost approach’d to dungeon gloom,

And, on a bed of straw reclin’d,

A wretched maniac was confin’d:

And practis’d eye could scarcely trace

A gleam of that expressive face,

That, seen from pamper'd childhood's day,  
O'er memory held imperious sway.  
A chain his wasted body bound  
To the dark walls, that hemm'd him round.  
His hollow eye shot gleams of light,  
Like short-liv'd meteors of the night.  
It was a fearful thing to view  
The gaze on vacancy he threw,  
When fancy's forms before him stood,  
With threat'ning scowl, and bath'd in blood :  
Around he wav'd his meagre arms,  
And shook, and howl'd with dire alarms ;  
Whilst the shrill cadence of his chain  
Smote on the ear with double pain.  
"I cannot look," the stripling cried,  
As horror-struck he turn'd aside,

“Behold,” said his guardian, “the poisonous fruit  
“That the tree of life bears, when blood waters its root.  
“Lo! the tempests of conscience tremendously roll,  
“And shake to its centre the orb of the soul:  
“But again shall that ray of divinity beam,  
“And mercy shall flow in a health-giving stream.  
“Look once again,” he mildly said;  
The youth obedient turn’d his head,  
Again approach’d the grated door,  
And gaz’d attentive as before.  
But now he saw, or seem’d to see  
That cell in its reality.  
Its walls of stone were damp and green;  
Large drops upon its roof were seen;  
And on its floor, as wet and chill  
As bed of subterraneous rill,

Before a crucifix of wood  
The hermit knelt in humble mood.  
His arms were creast upon his breast,  
Deep sighs his penitence exprest ;  
His quivering lip, and bending air  
Seem'd breathing fearfully a pray'r.  
But for his gown of darkest dye,  
And alter'd feeling of his eye,  
And absence of that pond'rous chain,  
He seem'd the maniac o'er again.  
The youth gaz'd on, and scarce believ'd,  
That fancy now his glance deceiv'd ;  
No fiction here could rest,—the cell  
Accorded with the scene so well.  
At length he turn'd, and anxious ey'd  
The smiling guardian at his side.

“Thou art right,” said the genius, “no fiction is here;  
“The penance is earthly, and true is the tear,  
“This cell is the scene where such penance shall cease,  
“And death shall receive him to mansions of peace.  
“Thou hast view’d him through life, thou hast witness’d  
the flow  
“Of a will uncontroul’d;—’tis to guilt and to woe.  
“With such,—when ye fondly presume on the best,—  
“Lo! love is pollution, and friendship a jest:  
“It can trample on kindness that twines round the heart,  
“But it bars for its own erring bosom the dart!”  
He took the stripling by the hand,  
And with a smile,—as noon-day bright,  
When summer’s blossom crowns the land,—  
He vanish’d from his wond’ring sight.

**But these sweet tones still hung in air,**

**“—Adieu, dear youth; be good as fair.**

**“ Revere the lesson taught by me;**

**“ It is thy Genius tutors thee.”**

**The youth roam'd back through flow'ry ways,**

**And liv'd—with every good man's praise.**

TO A YOUNG LADY.

©



TRUST not those tresses,  
Like tendrils of gold :  
He, who professes  
Love uncontroul'd,  
Kneels for a season,  
Hoodwink'd and blind,  
Till light of reason  
Dawns in his mind.



**Captive to features**

**Beaming and gay,**

**—Like starry meteors,**

**Leading astray,—**

**Shall you for ever**

**Call him your own?**

**Faithful, where never**

**Union was known?**

**Beauty, that blushes**

**Bright on the plains—**

**Young blood, that rushes**

**Warm through the veins—**

**Dimness inherits ;**

**Lingers at last ;**

But mental merits  
    Bloom through the blast.  
He, whom *they* fetter,  
    Lives not a slave :  
Kinder and better,  
    E'en to the grave :  
Features and tresses  
    Fade like a dream ;  
Gentleness blesses  
    To life's latest gleam.

Then value not blindly  
    Those tendrils of gold ;  
And think not too kindly  
    Of vows, often told :

Like waves of the ocean,  
The tongues of the vain  
Are ever in motion  
To sneer and to fain.

Bugles when sounded,  
Startle the deer ;  
Towns, when surrounded,  
Stratagems fear :  
Then watch well the lover ;  
True to your task,  
You may discover  
The string of his mask.

## THE PARTING.

---

Go,—since I may not detain thee,  
Yet still on that face would I dwell:  
Some happier mortal may gain thee,  
But ah! will he love thee as well?

Go,—where thy fancy may lead thee,  
It never can lead thee to ill:  
Long have I gloried to read thee,  
—Thou art pure as the dew on the hill.

Bright be thy brow, and before it  
Be every heart mild as the dove ;  
Should a shade of distress e'er come o'er it,  
Let it be when thou think'st on my love.

Few be the tears that thou sheddest,  
—But no ; thou shalt not weep for me !  
Pleasure shall bloom where thou treadest,  
And mine be the sorrow—for thee.

Go,—where the turf is the greenest,  
Where flower's shall spring up in thy way ;  
Where the clime and the sky are serenest ;  
For thine should be Heaven's clearest day.

Kind be the looks, that shall meet thee,

And smiles in thy presence be shown;

Soft be the words, that shall greet thee;

—But ne'er can they melt like thy own.

Should the wild harp chase thy slumbers,

Or poesy bend at thy shrine,

Think then of my indolent numbers;

—I sang, but the merit was thine.

This hour of the twilight shall ever

Be stamp'd with remembrance of thee;

Have I caus'd thee a tear, love? Oh never!

—That thought all my comfort will be.

Yet how shall I wander without thee,  
And live on thy form in my heart?  
—Oh! bear not *my* sadness about thee,  
But smile,—or we never can part.

There may not a beauty come near me,  
But thou wilt be called to my view;  
Nay, the smiles, that are destin'd to cheer me,  
Will tell how my happiness flew.

Go,—and the blessings of Heaven,  
The greatest that flow from above,  
Be all to my orisons given,  
And shower'd upon her that I love.

---

## THE LARK.

---

HARK!—the lark

So sweetly singing :

His upward way,

To hail the day,

Through mid-air winging.

Now he carols a roundel clear ;

No trouble he knows,—for no hawk is near.

Now, like a speck, he hangs on high,

Cheering with song both earth and sky ;

He tastes his joys, like a spirit of light

Escap'd from the fears and the gloom of night.



There is a bliss the bosom feels,  
When from earth the footstep steals.  
And even from such pigmy towers  
As mark the range of human powers,  
Doth not the soul expansive swell,  
As on the scenes beneath we dwell?  
We seem as though our station fair  
Was then above all mortal care;  
As though, in pride, we left our woe  
A legacy to those below.  
But if, while still enchain'd to earth,  
The bosom can call such bliss to birth,  
Oh! how shall we feel, in that destin'd day,  
When the spirit escapes from its bonds of clay?  
When, from this worldly lazar-house free,  
It rises, O Father of all! to thee?

## THE OLD MAID AND HER CATS.

---

IN a family mansion that look'd o'er the Dee,  
Dwelt Miss Grizzly Golightly, just turn'd sixty three ;  
The last of a race, who in habits and fame  
Had gone lightly through life, as inspired by a name.

No relatives had she, to gape for her pelf,  
So she liv'd at her ease, and took care of herself ;  
And of neighbours but few, and those few, I'm afraid,  
Would not stir themselves much, just to see an old maid.

So Miss Grizzy had wisely determined to try  
For such sociable comforts as home could supply :  
And since old was the mansion, and haunted by rats,  
She had cheriah'd a beautiful breed of black cats,

Her cats were all males; now the reason must be,  
That two of a kind can but seldom agree ;  
Just a dozen they were,—with a butler and maid ;  
And behold her establishment, fully pourtray'd !

Oh! the sounds were delightful, when dinner came on,  
And they chim'd into concert of mews, one by one ;  
When they claw'd at the table, with tiger-like eye,  
And she tenderly patted each head, with " O fie !"

Now Death, who in discord is ever most busy,  
Had taken a wonderful *gout* for Miss Grizzy;  
Perhaps he was tir'd of this musical hum;  
However, her time—as we call it—was come.

One day, when the dinner was scarcely half o'er,  
And the glee of grimalkins was loud as before,  
He enter'd abruptly; unfolded the case,  
And hop'd she was fully prepar'd to say grace.

The lady was shock'd,—as indeed well she might,  
For death, with most folks, is a subject of fright,—  
And own'd herself humbly a life in his debt,  
But hop'd he would think her scarce old enough yet.

Would he not be contented just twelve months to stay,  
And then he might freely escort her away :  
In the meantime she begg'd he'd accept of a cat;  
Just nine lives for one ;—and how liberal was that !

Death bow'd, and attempted to smile ; but 'twas plain  
He had long been unus'd to the comical vein ;  
It was more like a grin, that his worship achiev'd,  
And so thought Miss Grizzy, or I'm much deceiv'd.

Then he stoop'd, and between his gaunt finger and thumb  
The nearest performer was soon rendered dumb :  
And the short dying notes of convulsion and fear  
Smote awfully sad on his mistress's ear.

---

Twelve months glided past:—ah! how quickly they  
fly!—

Though the lady had often embodied a sigh,  
And grown pale on recalling the late conversation,  
Yet the sight of her cats gave her some consolation.

She thought, that if death could be thus bribed away,  
Deferring for twelve months the much dreaded day,  
She might count on eleven more years to her store,  
Though lessen'd in comforts, she priz'd so before.

Some kittens might soon be procur'd, to withstand  
The vacancies caus'd by death's merciless hand:  
And if once the succession unbroken could flow,  
She might add to the term, till it pleas'd her to go.

Twelve months glided past. At the moment so pat  
Again enter'd death; and was paid with a cat :  
Some sable musician again ceas'd his note,  
As the cold hand of death was applied to his throat.

For four weary years the same drama was acted,  
The tax of a cat every year was exacted :  
She sigh'd as the board its attendants resign'd,  
She sigh'd, as the strength of the concert declin'd.

To the thought of the kittens for aidance she fled,  
They were seen, they were bought, they were hous'd,  
they were fed;  
But their gambols were rude, and their notes were too  
clear,  
They prey'd on her nerves, and offended her ear.

She dismiss'd them ;—sat down, and repiningly saw  
Five more yield their throats to death's nut-cracking  
claw :

But he now had contracted the date of his call,  
And the close of six months saw each favourite fall.

At length with grimalkin, the last at the board,  
She sat grave as a mute, and he dull as a lord :  
And each sorrowful look, that she threw on his face,  
Rais'd a mew, that possess'd neither music nor grace.

Death came, and she gave him the last of the band ;  
And he left her reclining her head on her hand.  
—What will not we do for an hour or two more  
Of a life that we heedlessly wasted before !



Miss Grizzy had linger'd three months from the date,  
When her last furry friend was consign'd to his fate,  
When she groan'd, as she sat in her high elbow chair,  
And she wished the time o'er, that but doom'd her to care.

That wish was no sooner pronounc'd, than behold!  
Death stood by her side, all ~~so bony~~ and cold:  
He grinn'd,—but she cried, unappall'd at the view,  
“Since my comforts are gone; you may e'en take me  
too!”

So fares it with all. Our companions around,  
The friends of our boyhood, are laid in the ground:  
We strive to engraft some fresh buds on the heart;  
But youth suits not age,—and we gladly depart.

## THE RAVEN AND THE SCULL.

A FABLE.

---

A Raven sat on a lonely yew,  
Shaking his plumes, still damp with dew,  
Above a fresh-dug grave:  
And many a glance he downward threw  
And snuff'd the breeze that round him blew,  
And a croak of pleasure gave.  
That Raven had not broken his fast  
Since twenty summer hours had past;  
Though he had flown both far and near,  
Through noonday bright, and evening clear.

There lay a Scull, by the sexton found,  
As he whistling delv'd the thirsty ground,

In the narrow home he made :

And an earth-worm o'er the crumbling mound  
Its slimy progress slowly wound

To the Scull's attractive shade.

The Raven had seen that trailer go,

And he was soon on the soil below,

And stood prepar'd the prize to gain ;

When from the mouldy Scull,

That seem'd so hollow, dark, and dull,

Arose these accents of disdain.

“ Know you, before whom you stand ?

“ —I was a noble of the land :

“ One of pedigree and pow'r :

“ Lord of meadow, stream, and tow'r ;

“One, who robes of splendor ware ;

“One, whom vassals bow'd before !”

“You may have been these, I freely allow.”

The Raven croak'd hoarsely ; “but what are you now ?

“You may have been handsome,—though I fear

“Few would believe it, who look'd on you here.

“Then vaunt not yourself, my empty friend,

“For honours, like other things, will have an end.

“For your pedigree,—peace to the whimsical term !

“And as for your pow'r,—protect me this worm !”

So saying, with his sturdy beak

He roll'd the Scull aside ;

Eager his slimy prey to seek,

That, writhing, died.

## THE LANDSCAPE.

---

CLEAR is the air, and mild the breeze,  
That gently waves these aged trees,  
    And sweeps the verdant hills;  
Yon woodbine hedge that breeze supplies  
With perfume, rich as woman's sighs,  
When love speaks softly from her eyes,  
    And through her bosom thrills.

How calmly glides the summer's day,  
When from the sun's now fervid ray  
    I seek this friendly shade!  
And, as the thoughts successive flow,  
O'er the wild landscape spread below,  
My pen attempts, with earnest glow,  
    To tell them ere they fade.

As sweetly falls the morning beam  
Upon yon sportive shallow stream,  
    When night's cold breeze is gone—  
So radiant hope will sometimes light  
Our pathway with a gleam as bright;  
Then, wrapt in melancholy night,  
    We, sighing, journey on.

As chequer'd is the wide domain—

So is our life, with bliss and pain;

Now sorrowful, now gay:

So are the tempers that we meet,

The rough, the smooth, the wild, the sweet,

As down the vale of years so fleet

We hold our varied way.

Yon mountain, cap'd with hoary cloud,

Is but an emblem of the proud

Who strive for grandeur's height;

Where misty fears their peace molest,

And dark suspicion chills the breast,

While humbler souls with joy are blest;

And innocence, and light.

Yon moss-grown tow'r, its splendor past,  
Shrinks from the brunt of winter's blast,  
    And hastens to its doom:  
Who built it rests within the grave,  
And trusted those firm walls would save  
His name from deep oblivion's wave  
    To ages, yet to bloom!

The village church peeps o'er your stile;  
—To man the venerable pile  
    A monitor is given;—  
And hark!—the bell's funereal toll  
Reminds us of our earthly goal:  
—Retire into thyself, my soul,  
    And make thy peace with Heav'n!



ODE TO TIME.

FROM THE FRENCH.

---

Who shall unfold thy mystic birth,  
O Time? what grovelling child of earth  
Can pierce, with unanointed eye,  
To where thy hallow'd sources lie?  
Before this world's broad base was laid,  
Before the smallest star was made,  
Thou reignedst o'er the boundless shade.

The gates of chaos wide expand  
Before that one Almighty hand,  
Ethereal fires dispel the gloom:  
Then did the eternal fix thy doom.  
To nature spake the voice divine,  
“—Time shall your settled bounds define;  
“Eternity alone be mine.”

Such is thy essence, God of love;  
Thou sit'st in majesty above,  
Whilst o'er this transitory world  
The awful car of time is hurl'd:  
Night chang'd to day, and day to night,  
Nay, ages in their circling flight  
Seem but a moment in thy sight.

But I, upon this ball of sand,  
In vain extend the opposing hand ;  
Time o'er my head his standard rears,  
And quickly whelms my hopes and fears.  
One point this universe supplies  
To feel my cares, and breathe my sighs,  
That point beneath my footstep flies.

Destruction its wide empire lays  
Before my half-averted gaze :  
Here, moss-grown tombs that scarcely shroud  
The mould'ring relics of the proud ;  
There, columns tott'ring to their fall,  
The desert town, the scatter'd wall,  
In tones of awful warning call.

Earth wanes as time relentless rolls ;  
The elements his hand controuls.  
But whilst that hand, in silence spread,  
Shakes this world's fabric o'er my head,  
My soul it's daring flight can steer,  
Whilst earth's vain baubles disappear,  
To the dread goal of time's career.

Ages, that long have wing'd away,  
And ye, that bear the future day,  
I call ye :—heed the summons bold,  
Be with the present hour enroll'd.  
The past I raise with magic hand ;  
The present halts at my command ;  
Futurity's dark leaves expand .

The sun's bright source shall lose its stream,  
As fountains in the summer beam ;  
The wheels of life shall cease to turn ;  
The soul of life shall cease to burn ;  
Whilst, as huge fragments from on high,  
The stars athwart the troubled sky  
Shall in wide sparkling ruin fly.

Then shall eternity around  
His fair, his mighty empire found ;  
And in that gulf, it's journey o'er,  
Time shall his shallow streamlet pour :  
Then shall the pure, immortal soul  
See nature's wreck around it roll,  
Enrapt, resign'd, confirm'd, and whole.

O God, who said'st unto the sea,  
"—Thus far thy raging course shall be,"  
Thou, as seem'd fittest in thy sight,  
Hast limited time's circling flight.  
Ah! when shall that dread moment rise?  
—Thou only know'st; all-good; all-wise.  
When thou shalt launch that moment forth  
In thunders on the sons of earth,  
Their death shall be that moment's birth!

## THE SNAIL AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

### A FABLE.

---

As slowly travell'd forth a snail,  
With horned brow, and slimy trail,  
Bearing aloft his nodding tow'r,  
In triumph o'er the daisy's flow'r,  
A grasshopper haply came along,  
All *nonchalant*, with trilling song,  
With light and airy tread:

And having survey'd Don Snail right well,  
Leapt three times o'er his dusky shell,

Then turn'd him round and said:

“Methinks, good sir, you travel slow;

“I trust you have not far to go:

“And that great burden that you bear

“Must tire you sadly;—have a care!

“Mind how you cross that stem of clover,

“Or, on my word, you'll both be over!”

Our friend, the snail, look'd up in scorn,

And, as he play'd each flexile horn,

Said to the coxcomb, “Mind yourself;

“'Twere quite enough for such an elf.

“As to the house I bear, 'tis true

“I cannot skip with it like you;



“ But wait till summer torrents fall,  
“ And you, half-drown’d, to shelter crawl,  
“ —Whilst I stick snugly on the wall.  
“ You frolic, heedless, gay, resplendent ;  
“ But know, vain fool, I’m *independent*.”

**PSALM XC. PARAPHRASED.**

---

O Lord, in thee our hope hath sped,  
To thee the spirit hath ever fled,  
    When wordly woes opprest :  
Before the mountain's trackless height,  
    Before the earth's green vest,  
Before the universe so bright,  
    Rose from chaotic rest,  
Thou wert the everlasting God,  
Who endless paths of glory trod.

Thy lightnings flash, thy thunder peals,  
Or dire disease insidious steals,  
    And man the victim dies ;  
Or, prompted by wild passion's voice,  
    His foot to ruin flies :  
Again thou bidd'st his soul rejoice,  
    And merey lulls his sighs :  
And ages in thy sight display  
The little bounds of yesterday.

A dreamy night, a darkness past,  
A voice, as of the winter's blast,  
    May mark our shadowy years :  
The grass that creepeth o'er the plain,  
    Ah ! such our life appears !

It springeth with the morning rain,  
    And noon the harvest rears ;  
But evening brings the mower's sweep,  
And lo ! it lies a wither'd heap !

So we consume, when thy dread eye  
Darts righteous judgment from the sky,  
    We feel the deadly blight ;  
Thy thunders roll,—our conscience pleads,  
    We shun the flashing light ;  
For thou hast man's unruly deeds  
    For ever in thy sight :  
His secret sins before thee show  
Bright as the summer's orient glow.

Before thy wrath, Almighty One,  
Our tale is told, our days are done,  
    Our years have wing'd away :  
All number'd see the truants fly,  
    Their dusky pinions play !  
Though strength may time's career defy,  
    And hope one moment stay,  
Soon flows that strength to sorrow's shore,  
And hope departs, and life is o'er.

Oh! teach us so our days to tell,  
With hearts that o'er thy bounties swell,  
    With love, with chasten'd fear,  
That all the dictates of thy will  
    Our bosoms may revere ;

---

That wisdom may from earthly ill

Secure our footsteps here :

Till, at the last, thy mercy rise,

And end our journey in the skies.

And may that mercy soon diffuse

O'er growing hearts its kindly dews,

And bid their blossoms beam ;

Joy, hope eternal, kindling faith,

Such blossoms brightly gleam :

Wake us from temporary death,

Oh ! let thy comfort stream !

Reward us for the years gone by,

When flow'd the frequent sorrowing sigh.

**And let thy servants raptur'd gaze**

**Upon the glory of thy ways,**

**And to their children cry,**

**“ Thus doth the God of Heaven and earth,**

**“ Who rules the starry sky,**

**“ Who summon'd light and life to birth ;**

**“ —O praise the Lord on high !”**

**And let thy Majesty descend,**

**Our steps to shield, our works to mend !**

THE LAY OF ISABELLE.

TRUE love,—like that pallid rose  
That peeps through winter's fleecy snows,—  
Blooms when all around is cheerless;  
Kindling, glowing, trusting, fearless,  
Living long, and bearing fruit;  
Hope supports it at the root!  
Morning dawns and clarions swell  
Beneath the tower of Isabelle;



Summer sun sheds brightness round,  
And music pours its "silver sound."  
Proudly march the tuneful throng;  
List,—and you shall hear the song.

Waken, lady gay;

Morning beams to greet thee;

Lo! in rich array

He who loves shall meet thee:

Then from eyes, that aid the day,

Send one glance to cheer his way.

Waken, lady gay;

Can sweet slumber fold thee?

He, who breathes of May,

Hasteth to behold thee:

When the feast, the harp, the lay  
Shall soothe thee on thy bridal day.

And did she wake with fluttering breast,  
Like one whom hope and fancy blest?  
And did she hail the coming hour,  
When bridal pomp should deck her bow'r?  
Ah! no:—a dreary vista rose,  
A scene of grief and wizard woes,  
Before that maiden's waking sight,  
And made her dread the morning light.  
But who so blithe as Isabelle,  
Ere this hated wooing fell?  
Who with eye so bright and mild,  
And heart as light as playful child?

Till her father's death-bed brought  
Injunction harsh to maiden's thought.  
Ere twelve moons their horns decreas'd,  
From the day his breath had ceas'd,  
She must at the shrine attend  
Sir Gorgonel, his ancient friend,  
There with ready hand and heart  
To play (alas!) a bridal part,  
Or forfeit, to the next degree,  
Her large estate in Gascony.  
Hand indeed she might bestow,  
But could the heart go with it? No:  
That had gone, in early youth,  
To one all gentleness and truth.  
Raimonde he, of lineage fair,  
But doom'd not fortune's gifts to bear:

Whom her father's tyrant right  
Had banish'd from the maiden's sight.  
To the wars he turn'd his feet,  
To purchase fame in battle's heat.  
But whether in that stormy hour,  
Or lull'd within the tranquil bow'r,  
His thought still went, disturb'd or free,  
To one sweet spot in Gascony ;  
Where dwelt, in sadness and alone,  
A heart as loving as his own.

Thus twelve moons had nearly sped,  
(With her mute time too quickly fled)  
And called to birth that dreaded hour,  
That wak'd the song beneath her tow'r.  
And lo! he comes, in bright array,  
The gallant wight who "breathes of May!"

He comes, this bridegroom fair and fond,  
Upon a steed caparison'd,  
Whose velvet housings, edg'd with gold,  
Are rich and beauteous to behold:  
Whilst liveried pages round him wait,  
Deck'd forth to grace the bridal state.

But say, sweet Muse, can fancy tell  
The features of Sir Gorgonel?  
It must indeed, those traits to hit,  
Be fancy in a wayward fit.  
Essay we then, with pencil faint,  
The bridegroom's op'ning charms to paint.  
His eyes were blear'd, minute, and grey,  
And twinkled with a feeble ray;  
With nose so small, it seem'd, in space,  
A horse-bean glued upon his face;

His lips were thin, and dark, and dry ;  
His teeth were mourn'd, as things gone by ;  
His chin, to aid the lack of nose,  
A goodly promontory rose ;  
His skin a sickly colour shed,  
And stragglng hairs adorn'd his head.  
His back a hunch in triumph bore ;  
His paunch was prominent before ;  
And lest too ponderous weight above  
This mountain off its poize should move,  
His legs were of grotesque dimensions,  
And widely spread, with best intentions.  
His cloak with spangle bright was speck'd ;  
His brow with hat and feather deck'd ;  
His boots were red, and spurs of gold  
The honours of his knighthood told.

Such was the form, that now drew near  
To whisper love in maiden's ear;  
Such was the gentle swain, that came  
To grace a bridegroom's hallow'd name.  
The pages muster'd left and right,  
And help'd this porpus to alight;  
Then led him through the portal wide,  
Where menials bow'd on either side:  
To the high hall they turn'd their feet,  
And wedg'd him in an elbow'd seat.  
“—Where is my lady and my love?  
“Go, summon forth my gentle dove.”  
She came;—the downcast Isabelle.  
But who would looks of sadness tell?  
Were it a smile the maiden wore,  
I could describe it o'er and o'er;

Compare it to a flow'r, a ray,  
A blissful dream we court to stay :  
But she, who view'd that tender wight,  
And thought upon the spousal rite,  
Must feel the horrors of her doom,  
And look—like patience on a tomb.

The hour approach'd; the word had pass'd,  
The bridal train were gathering fast,  
When Isabelle her chamber sought,  
To weep in agony of thought.

“—O Raimonde, Raimonde, wert thou here,

“I would resign this worldly gear;

“Would prove my heart from avarice free,

“And live alone for love and thee!”

Again she sought the hall of state,

To look resign'd, and bow to fate.



The bridegroom met his lovely prize,  
And merrily wink'd his small grey eyes ;  
And many a loving phrase he tried,  
And plagued his asthma, till he sigh'd ;  
When loud the warder's horn was heard,  
And sav'd him many a gasping word.  
A stranger to the portal came,  
Upon a steed of gallant frame,  
High-seated on his warlike selle,  
And crav'd to see Sir Gorgonel.  
Then lighted at his courser's side  
With such a clang as echo'd wide ;  
And, ere the page could reach the hall,  
He followed, striding through them all ;  
Nor stay'd he till the knight he found,  
Who paus'd, and look'd dismay'd around :

Whilst backward shrank the gazing croud,  
In silence now, though late so loud.  
And well they might,—for every day  
Reveals not such uncouth array.  
A huge montero cap he wore,  
With silvery death's heads studded o'er;  
From whence a sable plumage hung,  
And round his brow its shadows flung.  
The same costume his cloak display'd,  
And on the ground its skirts pourtray'd:  
Beneath, a sabre large and strong  
Its steel-fram'd scabbard trail'd along.  
His eye was dark, of piercing light,  
Like stars amid the murky night:  
His cheek was of a swarthy hue,  
And huge mustachios forward grew.

Those huge mustachios thrice he twirl'd ;

These accents then his lips unfurl'd.

“ Sir knight, with thee my errand lies ;

“ The ears of underlings it flies.

“ I bear thy lot, or grief, or glee ;

“ Pause not, but boldly follow me.

“ Thus far I deign to tell thee here,

“ —This step decides thy love's career :

“ Remain,—and meet thy adverse fate ;

“ Follow,—and happy is thy state.”

At the first word that stranger said,

The maiden's cheek grew blushing red ;

And then all deadly pale became,

And sudden faintness seiz'd her frame.

Yet her blue eye a radiance bore

That had in vain been sought before :

Her bosom throb'd with action keen,  
And something like a smile was seen.

The knight in features I design'd,  
But not a word about his mind.  
It bore, unlike his form or face,  
An outline difficult to trace.

The leading trait in its condition  
Was a large share of superstition :  
Enough to lead him, like a bear,  
To Mecca, or the Lord knows where.  
He could interpret dreams right well,  
And firmly trusted in a spell :  
Nor venture o'er the threshold durst  
Unless the lucky foot went first.  
'Tis plain, that what the stranger said  
Work'd strange effects in such a head ;

And made him deem no march too great  
To learn the crisis of his fate.

Nay,—as the mind will sometimes do,—  
Wrought vigour in the body too :  
So, with a wondrous strong devotion,  
He put that body into motion.

The stranger turn'd him slowly round,  
And trod with measur'd step the ground :  
Nor spoke ;—but stept in silent pride ;  
Till, passing near the trembling bride,  
A moment's pause he check'd his pace,  
And said, with slow and solemn grace,  
“ Lady, when the hawk is nigh,  
“ 'Twere danger in the dove to fly ;  
“ But tether the hawk in hempen string,  
“ And then the dove may imp her wing.”

No more he said ; but passing on,  
Soon from the hall they both were gone.

The maiden smil'd with inward glee,  
And stole from forth the company ;  
And told her page with secret care  
Her milk-white palfrey to prepare,  
To lead it to the postern gate,  
And there her coming to await.

Meantime the stranger trod full slow,  
—The lover could no faster go,—  
Till to the turret stair they came,  
That view'd the evening sky of flame.  
Up that turret stair they went,  
And almost reach'd the battlement,  
When into a chamber rude  
The stranger's step our knight pursued.

There it paus'd; and thus he spoke,  
Whilst echo from her slumbers woke :  
" Far is now the jocund train,  
" Distant is each ear profane ;  
" Now thy blissful fate I tell,  
" If thou should'st obey the spell."  
The knight, all wond'ring, closer drew,  
When the stranger held to view  
A hempen girdle, strongly bound,  
And work'd with mystic numbers round :  
One end a brazen buckle grac'd ;  
Behind an iron ring was plac'd.  
" Behold," he cried, " the valued gift  
" My master offers to thy thrift.  
" The sage Grinulfo deigns to pour  
" His blessing on thy bridal hour.

“This girdle whilst thy body bears,  
“Thy heart shall taste no nuptial cares :  
“Thy spouse shall constant prove and kind,  
“Still to thy will alone inclin’d.  
“Bow then with awe, nor else presume  
“To meet the gift that seals thy doom.”  
Low bent the knight, and clos’d his eyes,  
Nor dar’d to view the hallow’d prize.  
The stranger stoop’d with ready hand,  
And buckled fast the hempen band ;  
Then with strong grasp, and blood-shot eye,  
He swung the living mass on high ;  
And on a beam that memory knew  
From wall to wall its frame work threw,  
Upon a hook, remember’d well,  
He hung the astonish’d Gorgonel :



And, ere he took his backward tread,  
These keen sarcastic words he said :  
“ Toothless age will vainly seek  
“ To feed upon youth’s damask cheek.  
“ Thus doth sage Grinulfo pour  
“ His blessing on thy nuptial hour.  
“ Distant is each ear prophane,  
“ Thou wilt stretch thy lungs in vain.  
“ Hang there, sweet Sir Gorgonel,  
“ Whilst I wed thy bride :—Farewell.”

He told the pages at the gate,  
They need not for their master wait :  
His gallant steed he then bestrode,  
And slowly from the portal rode.  
The warder saw him turn aside,  
And past the postern gateway ride,

Then to the greenwood held he on,  
And pierc'd its shade,—but not alone.

Who from the greenwood speed away,  
With heartfelt smiles, and gesture gay?  
'Tis Raimonde with his bride so true:  
But where is now the swarthy hue,  
The huge montero cap, and cloak,  
That on the ground in drapery broke?  
—The mask is off, the game is done,  
And lo! he rides an alter'd one;  
His cheek is fair, his brow is bold,  
His doublet is of green and gold:  
Save the dark eye, of piercing light,  
You could not know the stranger wight.

Then Raimonde told the happy fair  
That, by a kind relation's care,

He now could boast of wealth, to bless  
The object of his tenderness.

How, when the dear bequest he knew,  
Upon the wings of love he flew  
To snatch her from a dreaded fate,  
In doubt such aid might come too late.  
But could a life of kindness prove  
A just repayment of her love?

An hour elaps'd, nor could they tell  
What had befallen Sir Gorgonel:  
The stranger (such that mass of clay)  
Could never bear the knight away!  
At length the searchers trod the stair,  
And heard a feeble moaning there:  
And they, who to the chamber sped,  
Found him suspended and half dead.

Like a stuff'd alligator clasp'd :  
At intervals, indeed, he gasp'd,  
Like some fat carp, by *gourmands* set  
In bag of moss kept duly wet,  
And fed with milk and sops awhile ;  
And such he seem'd, in shape and style.

Love, in high or low degree,  
Is nurs'd alone by sympathy :  
And age with youth will vainly strive  
To keep that heavenly spark alive.  
Mild, as blue autumnal skies,  
Yet strong, as wintry whirlwinds rise,  
Love repels the tyrant's sway,  
And flies before that word "obey :"  
But sympathy can bind it ever  
In wreaths that death alone shall sever.

ODE.

---

THOUGH loud may howl the wintry blast  
Around our earthly bowers,  
Though deep the shadow care may cast  
Upon life's sunny hours,  
Yet in the breast a spirit lives,  
A pulse, that active throbbing gives  
Though nature's welkin widely lowers:  
That points to good, that tends to ill,  
Prompt to seduce, oppose, fulfil,  
Obedient to the sovereign will.

As these unite, decree, and plan,  
They stamp their impress on the man.

In worldly dreams that spirit flies,  
Nor heeds devotion's fervid sighs,  
Nor hears the orison, that swells  
Where pale repentance lies,  
And sorrow dwells  
In secret dells,  
Or bids her murmur'd strains arise  
From dark monastic cells.  
How should such sounds arrest the ear,  
That bides the hum of folly near?  
Whilst at each sprightly tone,  
That hangs round pleasure's roseate throne,  
Smiles on the lip appear.

How should such sights attract the eye?  
The rout, the masque, the dance are nigh;  
And beauty streams  
Alluring beams,  
That through the circle fly.  
The laugh, the song, the midnight bowl,  
The mirthful fever of the soul,  
Hold undisputed sway:  
The voice of conscience, feebly sent,  
Is whelm'd in sounds of merriment;  
Not yet hath beam'd the day,  
When its vibrations, loud and long,  
Shall stay the dance, shall hush the song,  
And scare delight away.  
The canvass fills: mortals, ye sail  
To scenes, shall make the stoutest quail,

That fancy cannot e'en discern :  
Hold on your course, and woo the gale,  
Short space will youth and health allow ;  
Though hope, with bright bewitching brow,  
Reclines beside the billowy prow,  
Remorse usurps the stern.

The scene is chang'd : and pleasure's throng,  
In sensual ardour borne along,  
Recede before the chosen few,  
That chaunt the classic song.  
Or they, in nature's secrets strong,  
Who draw the warm admiring crew,  
To the false glare of science true,  
There letter'd shades among.



Through mazy paths the footsteps stray,  
As vanity directs their way,  
Beneath the cloudless day :  
And error, deck'd in vizor bright,  
—Poor semblance to display  
Of truth's unalter'd look of light,—  
Leads each deluded wight  
At her unhallow'd shrine to pray.  
He kneels, and gladsome homage doth  
At that fair idol reason's feet.  
Or stern philosophy; of growth  
Gigantic, is a sure retreat,  
When, to mild gospel doctrines loath,  
The pride of intellect is sweet.  
List,—mark,—reflect: high justice beams  
From Heaven's ethereal seat ;

Yet mercy's mildest influence streams,  
And woos thee, from such midnight dreams,  
To light, to love, to life,—to themes  
The christian glows to greet.

Thou art the ruler of the land,  
The rod of power is in thy hand,  
Thy delegates around thee stand,  
And justice flows from thee.  
On thee the eyes of millions gaze ;  
A nation bows the knee :  
Around thee rings the voice of praise,  
The prayer that wills thee length of days,  
Peace, and prosperity.  
And canst thou hear that praise resound,  
And yet be undeserving found ?

It is a satire that they raise,  
Unless thy zeal abound:  
Zeal to direct, controul, and bless,  
Rights to support, and wrongs redress,  
For such thy station should profess,  
And therefore wert thou crown'd.  
And canst thou hear that fervent pray'r  
Rise, like sweet incense, through the air,  
And taste the blessings, duly shed  
By Heaven, upon thy guardian head,  
Nor feel thy spirit burn  
To pour the large return,  
And wide thy genial bounties spread  
Where subject mortals mourn?  
The hand, that plac'd thee o'er a realm,  
Weighs well thy conduct at the helm.

Pause then, whilst yet the beam on high  
Hangs trembling, lest thine alter'd eye  
View the light scale ascend ;  
When he, thy king, thy only friend,  
Is deaf to thy imploring cry.

But who is he of brow intent,  
Type of the spirit firmly bent  
Its purpose to fulfil ?  
—One, who hath walk'd through each event  
The slave of interest still :  
One, in whose frame the passions slept,  
Subservient to the will.  
Whose base-born soul hath tamely crept  
Where rank and splendor trod :  
Who balanc'd not the good and ill,  
If power bestow'd its nod.

Yet oft the beauteous vista rose  
That hope before the sordid throws ;  
When wealth should realize its claim,  
And he be dubb'd, ere life may close,  
The founder of a name.  
Earth hath thy thoughts, and earthward driven,  
Thy spirit cannot look to Heaven.  
Could time arrest thee on the brink  
Of nature's pitfall, wouldst thou think?  
Aye,—of the grandeur that shall shine  
Around the mansions of thy line:  
But upward,—no,—thou canst not rise;  
Earth owns not such a bar, as lies  
Between thy spirit and the skies.  
Mistaken man ! kneel and adore  
The bounty that still grants thee more,

Though at thy threshold lay,  
Rankling from day to day,  
Ingratitude before.

Fair is the bower; the tendril creeps  
Its portico around;  
And light through lattic'd casement peeps,  
With fragrant blossoms crown'd;  
Below, the liquid crystal sleeps,  
Or steals with gentlest sound:  
And smoothest lawn, and arching grove  
Invite the welcome foot to rove.  
This is the home of indolence;  
—Hence, spirit-stirring ardour, hence!  
Oh! come not to this magic seat,  
That stupifies the sense.

The lawn, the grove, the flowers so sweet

Contaminating gales dispense.

In this retreat

The hours may fleet,

And though no storms around them beat,

They shed no roses in their flight :

Can we then trace them with delight ?

—But see, from trackless hour to hour,

With drowsy eye, but fretful mind,

The votary, in that sacred bower,

Lies list'ning to the wind.

Why doth his lip convulsive move

In murmurs at his lot ?

Why doth his glance alternate rove

O'er bower, and stream, and lawn, and grove,

As though they were on earth a blot ?

Lo! care, to other gaze unseen,  
Sits near, and with derisive mien,  
Holds the broad mirror to his eye,  
And whispers, "that the dream shall fly!"

The dream hath past: and hoary age,  
Hath written words on life's dark page,  
That blanch the cheek,  
And every thought engage.  
In vain the boastful would be meek,  
The fool would act the sage;  
Tir'd nature's voice is weak,  
And cannot blissful tidings speak:  
E'en fancy's warmest glow,  
But creeps o'er scenes below.



And that last tyrant treads the stage,  
His skulking slave to seek.  
Where is the consolation given  
By words that man can pour?  
Where is the eye that dwells on Heaven  
In that distressful hour?  
No ling'ring part of mortal leaven  
Shall gain a saintly dower.  
The eye, that lifts its feeble light  
To that celestial dome,  
The soul, that wings its trembling flight  
To virtue's tranquil home,  
Must aye have fix'd their hope and might,  
Where Scripture beams its radiance bright,  
Nor joy'd to wealth's high-trodden road;  
To infidelity's above,

Or blooming bowers where pleasure glow'd,  
Unheedingly to roam.

Hide now the livid frame below,  
Let earth to earth in silence grow ;  
For there it was ordain'd to go,  
When gasping breath  
Had sated death,  
And dealt to pride its mortal blow.  
But man's high nature ends not so ;  
Mark what the holy record saith,  
—In glorious panoply of faith,  
Or lock'd in bonds of fear  
For guilt, for judgment near,  
Man ends his varied short career  
To happiness or woe !

## THE MAGPIE AND THE COCKATOO.

A FABLE.

---

A Magpie o'er a marrow bone  
Was playing well his part :  
He peep'd, and talk'd in merry tone,  
And pick'd—with all his heart.

A Cockatoo above him sat  
Within a splendid cage,  
And listen'd to the Magpie's chat,  
With air demure and sage.

At length he rais'd his golden crest,  
And bridling in his head,  
The busy Magpie he address,  
And "Cockatoo!" he said.

The Magpie heeded not the while,  
But pick'd with might and main,  
And chatter'd in right flippant style,  
And peep'd, and pick'd again.

Again his crest the stranger rear'd,  
And saw'd from side to side ;  
Then at the Magpie down he peer'd,  
And "Cockatoo!" he cried.

But here the Magpie, at the call,  
A moment check'd his way :  
Look'd up, with " Bless us ! is that all  
" Your worship has to say ?  
  
" Do drop that dull unvaried strain ;  
" Change it,—I prythee do :"  
His crest the stranger rais'd again,  
And utter'd " Cockatoo !"  
  
—And thus, thought I, as on we go,  
Mankind still meet our view :  
Some prate with ever-changeful flow,  
And some say " Cockatoo !"

The 'squire on sporting topics dwells;

Lawyers to cases fly;

The soldier rears his crest, and swells;

—'Tis "Cockatoo!" they cry.

The politician prosing dreams

O'er mails arrived or due;

The merchant o'er commercial themes;

—'Tis only "Cockatoo!"

But some one, light of heart, may say,

"Good friend, one word to you:

"Morality usurps your lay,

"And that's all "Cockatoo!"

SONNET I.

---

THOU com'st, O lovely Health!—The wanton breeze  
Hath painted roses on thy cheek so fair :—  
Thou com'st,—with smiles, with footstep light as air ;  
Endearing emblems of a heart at ease !  
Where hast thou stray'd, sweet truant ?—It agrees  
Ill with thy active habits to repair  
To the throng'd haunts of labour, strife, and care :

'Tis on the hills thy form the hunter sees.

Yet let me woo thy presence. Didst thou know

The homage of each prayer this tongue hath dealt ;

Vows, where truth bade each word sublimer grow,

Thy soul had tenderest vibrations felt.

Thou say'st I courted Patience :—Ah ! not so !

—She smooth'd the cushion,—but to thee I knelt.



SONNET II.

---

HAIL, charming Innocence!—on earth indeed  
Thy cheek is paler, and thine eye less bright,  
Than when in that first seat of true delight,  
In paradise (so righteous power decreed)  
Thou didst the chosen pair in garlands lead  
To joys—alas! now whelm'd in jarring night.  
When beast, bird, reptile, all that bless'd the sight,  
Thy presence own'd,—harmoniously agreed.

Still thou art charming:—and what endless sighs

Do mortals breathe, feeling the spirit yearn

As memory bids those days of peace arise,

When childhood did thy happy lessons learn!

They call thee;—but no soothing voice replies:

They fled from thee;—and Heaven grants no return.

STANZAS.

---

I Am not one to cringe and bend  
    Before the lordly will of any ;  
I would that each should be my friend,  
    And hope that I could muster many :  
But in compacted brotherhood  
    Be reciprocity of feeling ;  
Contention, but for mutual good,  
    In deeds, not words the heart revealing.

I am not one in flattery bred,  
    Not e'en to ladies, gentle creatures !

They are enough with nonsense fed,  
With compliment to mind or features:  
They are the treasures of our way,  
The wholesome sweet'ners of existence;  
And man, proud man, would often stray,  
Bereft of woman's dear assistance.

I am not one—I freely own—  
To suffer wrong with holy meekness;  
My spirit speaks rebellious tone,  
Alas! it is unchristian weakness:  
Are you disdainful? Be it so;  
Pride in my glance may be detected;  
But doth your soul with kindness glow?  
Oh! you shall find that warmth reflected!

## THE DILEMMA.

---

A Nose is surely a becoming feature!

—At least the major part of those I've seen;

And man without one is a queerish creature,

However elegant his form and mien;

That he, who wears one, is by far completer,

In fact, e'en critics dare not contravene:

And he, who hath that feature lost, 'tis plain,

Looks like a steeple that hath lost its vane.

There is a great variety in noses;

—Some long and sharp, seem made for sticking flies;

Capacious some, for snuff, as one supposes;  
Some arch'd for spectacles, look wondrous wise;  
This a huge bristly orifice discloses;  
That scarce exceeds a hazle nut in size;  
Some, thin and flexible, like trumpets sound;  
Some, cock'd on high, seem gazing pertly round.

Now Farmer Plunkett had a huge proboscis,  
—But not like any I've above pourtray'd,—  
That subjected its lord to many a process,  
Where deep vexation on his spirits prey'd;  
Till the man's temper, by repeated crosses,  
As ticklish as an unrein'd colt was made.  
'Twas of a sort that bottle-form'd we call,  
And of a fine dark purplish red withal.

It needed the philosophy of Cato

To bear the gibes that chased him through the street ;

One swore, 'twas like an Irish red potatoe ;

Another, like a noble root of beet ;

One rivall'd, in a poem on its state, O

Darwin ! thy alliterations sweet ;

Another long'd to touch ;—“ It false appear'd !”

“ Do ;” said his friend, “ and get your fingers sear'd.”

Whene'er he rode by night, the watch dogs bay'd it,

Just as in skies serene they bay the moon ;

Astronomers, in terms of wonder, made it

The comet, that they all expected soon ;

Through telescopes of ev'ry size survey'd it,

From close of twilight till night's spectred noon :

And gaz'd, and por'd; and dire conclusions drew,  
So marvellously near the earth it flew.

Poor man! he was distress'd beyond all measure;  
As you or I, no doubt, would also be,  
If between us and every earthly pleasure  
Our noses stood oppos'd thus sturdily:  
Though snuff-takers may think a nose a treasure,  
He did not with such pungent thoughts agree;  
He wish'd it off, he wish'd it any where,  
Than thus to stand, a beacon to his care.

In this dilemma to a friend he hied him,  
One, who was ever deem'd a sapient wight;  
Told how the aim of all was to deride him,  
—His nose was in his way by day and night:



Since doom'd their jest whenever they descried him,

He fain would hide the object from their sight ;  
Ask'd, if he thought a bag could not be made,  
In which it might unnotic'd be convey'd.

“ Why,” said his friend, and ey'd him most demurely,

“ The scheme is not a bad one you propose ;

“ Bags can be made, to carry things securely,

“ I never heard of bags though for the nose :

“ But you have weigh'd the matter well ; and surely

“ You hope not thus to silence all your foes,

“ For I should doubt, good man, some wicked wag

“ Would ask you, what you'd got within the bag.

“ 'Tis very red indeed !—you must have fed it

“ Right well, to bring it to so rich a hue ;

- “’Twould turn it somewhat paler if you bled it,  
“—Nine or ten leeches might the business do :  
“Nay, think not of the pain,—you need not dread it,  
“Particularly if such good ensue.  
“But then, in truth, after that care and pain  
“’Twould very shortly grow as red again.
- “Now you might paint it; that would both be sightly,  
“And bid defiance to the roguish eye;  
“If well prepar’d, and laid on thin and lightly,  
“The effect would be quite striking, by the bye;  
“And in your journeys, or by day, or nightly,  
“No wind or rain would make such covering fly.  
“One thing is much against it, be it said,—  
“Nothing so deleterious as white lead!

“Suppose you powder’d it;—a hasty sprinkling,

“Just now and then, would dim its ruddy glow;

“Would interpose its curtain in a twinkling

“Between the hapless culprit and the foe;

“No more would jests and laughter then be tinkling

“Within your ears, as through the crowd you go:

“In drizzly rain, or when the wind was high,

“You might about you bear a fresh supply.”

“Powder my nose?—a good suggestion truly!

“Thanks, thanks, my friend; I’ll lay in ample store;

“You’ve hit the nail indeed; I’ll puff it duly;

“And have no doubt my troubles will be o’er:

“I scarce can think upon the subject coolly;

“Farewell,—I feel much happier than before!”

—And Farmer Plunkett, through the tittering throng,  
With nose full powder'd, gravely jogg'd along.

How are we thus by wayward fancy cheated!

She plays with us, as kittens play with mice;  
She calls us happy, when by care we're seated,

And true she speaks,—we are so in a trice:  
In July shiv'ring, in December heated,

Just as her freakish fingers turn the dice.  
She shuts our eyes and ears,—for well she can;  
Then whispers—of the dignity of man!

## THE MANIAC.

---

*Traveller.*

WHAT maiden wandereth o'er the wild,  
And singeth like a sportive child?  
Binding her hair with willow wreaths,  
    With harebells, and wild roses,  
And hawthorn sleek, whose blossom breathes  
    The sweets that May uncloses?  
The harebell matches her eye of blue,  
    But the rosebud shines alone,

For her cheek is seen of the lily's hue,

And her lip's high tint is gone.

She seemeth one of gentle race,

In beauty, and in native grace.

*Herdsmen.*

Stranger,—for such thou surely art,

That o'er this wild moor rideth,—

Dost thou boast a generous heart,

Where pity's throb abideth?

Thou may'st sigh in pity's tone

O'er that fair but hapless one;

All benighted on her way,

And lost to reason's guiding ray.

She singeth, aye, and sweetly too,

Full many an ancient air,

And gathereth plants of varied hue  
    To weave amidst her hair ;  
And sometimes reason's glimmering ray  
Her song and posy will display.

*Traveller.*

Yes, Heaven will sometimes thus bestow  
That spark again on wand'ring woe.  
And when we pitying listeners deem  
The mind must feel the cheering beam,  
And that the gushing eye shall pour  
The tributary healing show'r,  
And show the heart alive again  
To hope, to joy, and tender pain,  
Quick, as a meteor leaves the sky,  
Those dawning lights of reason fly ;

Again disjointed visions gleam,  
And night and folly point the dream.

*Herdsmen.*

But hark!—the notes now clearer rise,  
The maiden's wand'ring this way lies.  
She comes like one oppress'd and sad;  
In mockery of beauty clad,

As 'twere a thing of nought:

Anon, her step so dull and slow  
Now trips with light and alter'd flow,

Like magic turns of thought:

And now the cadence of her song  
Like gurgling streamlet glides along.



*Maniac. (Sings.)*

Earl Walter was a peer of worth,  
It was a sight to see,  
He brought the bravest knights to earth  
By one, by two, by three.

The lady from the tow'r look'd out,  
And to her maids said she,  
"Is that Earl Walter rides so stout,  
"And all for love of me?"

---

And will you walk, my true love,  
Among the leaves so green?  
The daisies spring for you, love,  
And summer smileth sheen.

Where have they laid him?

Under the grass.

How have they clad him?

Darkly, alas!

Who thither bore him?

Field mouse and mole.

What was said o'er him?

Hoots of the owl.

Now on a cloud he rules the spheres,

The sun is his smile, and the dews are his tears;

His laugh is the lightning, the thunder his moan,

And I'll go to my love, he shall not live alone.

Then press me nat, Sir Archibald,

And come not to my bow'r;

For winter's snow so white and cold

Will nip fair summer's flow'r.

---

*(Addressing the Traveller.)*

O holy man, thy beads thou tellest,

And in sacred walls thou dwellest.

When the matin bell thou ringest,

And the hallow'd hymn thou singest,

Think of those, who nightly wander,

Think of my love, who sitteth yonder ;

And, ere my heart shall wholly wither,

Call down a star, to take me thither.

---

Away, away, to the woodlands away ;

The game is up, and we must not stay.

*Herdsmen.*

She's gone : as light as foot of deer,  
That bounds along the mountains here.  
She feels not touch of earthly woe,  
As to the breeze she sings,  
And yet her songs a memory show,  
That dwells on earthly things ;  
For still their burthen seems to be  
The features of her history.

*Traveller.*

What hapless faith hath stol'n the key  
Of reason from so fair a shrine ?  
And sent her forth the sport to be  
Of those, who feel not touch divine ?  
Who think not Heaven will recompense  
These moments of the wand'ring sense.

Who dry not pity's gentle tear,  
And say, "The hand of God is here!"

*Herdsmen.*

Stranger, I will not tax thy time  
And patience at too great a cost,  
Lest thou should'st lose the day's fair prime,  
Ere these lone mountains thou hast cross't ;  
But in the fewest words will tell  
A tale, that memory treasur'd well ;  
The rather, as its end displays  
The wrath of God on sinful ways.  
Few years have past since Ellen Scroop,  
Whom beauty yet may call her own,  
Mid Westmoreland's sweet maiden group  
In wit as well as beauty shone.

Sir James the bold, of Lamerside,  
Had vow'd to make the fair his bride :  
And sooth, if ever bosom burn'd,  
His love by Ellen was return'd.  
But the Lord of Buley saw the maid,  
And his proud homage soon display'd.  
Though all unmeet, I trow, was he,  
Had e'en the maiden's heart been free,  
That heart to win, or faith to hold :  
He was a widower, and old ;  
And one fair daughter grac'd his board,  
The heiress of his ample hoard.  
But Buley's Lord could sorely brook  
Repulsive speech and chilling look  
From a heart that ne'er could feign :  
He and Sir James too had renew'd

In bitterness an ancient feud,

And ripp'd the half-heal'd wound again.

Affairs thus stood, in doubtful style,

Till there chanc'd a tilting at merry Caude :

And many a knight and baron went

To the glories of that tournament.

The Lord of Buley burnt to prove

His title to sweet Ellen's love ;

And vanity so dimm'd his eyes,

He saw no object but the prize ;

So forth he rode in gallant guise.

It boots not here their names to tell,

Who gain'd applause, or backward fell

Unhors'd upon the field ;

Suffice it, that proud Buley came,

With his device, a heart in flame,

Depicted on his shield :

And, prancing to the knightly group,  
Sent forth the name of "Ellen Scroop."  
No sooner were those accents known,  
Than from the train stepp'd forward one,  
    In dusky armour bound;  
And, vaulting on a courser strong,  
Alertly rode the lists along,  
    And took the appointed ground.  
No device his buckler spread,  
Nor crest adorn'd his helmed head:  
His vizor had been clos'd, with care,  
Since first the champions marshal'd there.  
They met;—as in some stormy bay,  
When tides conflicting hold their way.  
The dusky warrior bore the brunt,  
    Unshaken on his selle;



But on proud Buley's crested front

The dire concussion fell

With such tremendous crash, as when

Cloud answers thund'ring cloud again.

Back he recoil'd upon the croup;

The stranger cried, "Let Ellen Scroop

"Behold thee now,"—then, wheeling round,

He hurl'd his foeman to the ground;

Where, stung with rage, proud Buley lay

Till borne unto his tent away.

The dusky knight, 'mid shouts of glee,

Then turn'd him from his victory;

And with a graceful ease, he bent

To those who loud applauses sent,

Then call'd his page, and forth he went:

Nor rais'd his vizor once, to claim  
The well-accorded praise, by name.  
Ah! would his lips had been but seal'd  
In silence on that fatal field!  
For in the words, that stranger cried,  
    The Lord of Buley had discern'd  
Sir James the bold of Lamerside,  
    And with revenge his bosom burn'd;  
Yet to no mortal ear he told  
    The secret of that hour,  
Nor held he to Sir James the bold  
    The former pride of pow'r;  
Professing ever and anon,  
That feelings of dislike were gone;—  
As, ere the flame to Heaven aspires,  
Sweet verdure screens volcanic fires.

Six months elaps'd; and soon the rite  
These lovers should in bliss unite;  
Nay, some affirm the bridal day  
Was fix'd, and all in meet array,  
When, as the twilight clos'd around,  
    Within a valley girt by wood,  
Some peasants, hast'ning homeward, found  
Sir James upon the mossy ground  
    Breathless, and welt'ring in his blood.  
A wounded page, beside him laid,  
    Show'd feeble signs of life;  
And foot-marks, deep-imprest, display'd  
    That fierce had been the strife.  
They bore him home to Lamerside;  
But who could tell the expectant bride?

He, who had pour'd his latest groan,  
Their leader, by the page was known ;  
A trusted wight, he own'd the call  
Of Buley's Lord in banner'd hall.

    This strong suspicion rais'd the din  
    Of execration on his name ;  
And soon Sir James's next of kin

    Had startled at the voice of fame,  
And at the court had urg'd his right  
To try the issue of the fight.  
King John—who yet dominion grasp'd,  
For soon but shadowy power he clasp'd,—  
Straight summon'd Buley's haughty Lord  
This charge to answer by his sword :  
And nam'd the day, when death or life  
Must prove the sequel of the strife ;

When Heav'n, consulting human weal,  
Would point, if just, the avenging steel.

The day arriv'd, the lists were set,  
The King, the lords, the people met,

It was a goodly sight :  
The accusation had been read,  
The gauntlet cast, denial said,

And now approach'd the fight,  
When Buley's Lord—to strike the breast  
With air of innocence opprest,  
And hoping by such guiltless show  
To daunt the courage of his foe,—  
In solemn guise his helm unlac'd,  
And from his furrow'd brow displac'd:  
Then thus in hollow tones began :—

“ Barons, behold an injar'd man !

“Why stand I here, to stain my sword  
“For crime my nature hath abhorr’d?”  
Then, with stern passion, rais’d his eyes  
To the blue mantle of the skies,  
And cried, “may Heav’n upon this head  
“Launch its loud bolt, and lightnings red,  
“If e’er I saw his kinsman bleed,  
“Or know the authors of the deed!”  
He ceas’d;—when lo! whilst yet around  
Hung the terrific tone,  
—Whilst yet his eye  
Dwelt on the sky,—  
He dropt upon that measur’d ground,  
With a long stifled groan:  
And, ere they flung him o’er his horse,  
Proud Buley was a blacken’d corse.

*Traveller.*

Good friend, I thank thee. 'Tis a tale  
Might e'en o'er heedless mirth prevail :  
Might bow the soul to kiss the rod,  
And own the warning voice of God.  
And now farewell.

*Herdsmen.*

The same I say,  
And more,—Heav'n speed thee on thy way,  
To pass these wilds ere close of day.

## THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

---

LORD Arthur was comely, Lord Arthur was young,  
Lord Arthur rode proudly the nobles among,  
With the plume o'er his brow, and the sword on his thigh,  
You might long look around you his equal to spy.

At dawning he rose, to his pages he cried,  
"Go, saddle my steed, through the forest to ride;  
"And call my fleet greyhounds,—that dart, in the race,  
"Like a shaft from the bow-string,—the roe-buck to  
chase."



Away then he rode, with his greyhounds so fleet,  
He rode through the brake, but no game did he meet :  
The sun was at noon, and the breezes were still,  
When he turn'd to a fountain that well'd from a hill.

That fountain ran pleasantly 'mid the grey stones,  
It talk'd to each flow'ret, and sweet were its tones ;  
And the plane trees hung o'er it their roofing of green,  
Oh ! fays might have sought, and bards sung of the scene !

Lord Arthur look'd round, for it shone like a dream,  
—Whilst his greyhounds were laving their sides in the  
stream,—

He look'd down the course of the rill as it ran,  
And was then first aware of a Little Brown Man.

That Little Brown Man on the turf had his seat,  
With a tree at his back, and the stream at his feet,  
And a scowl and a smile on his visage were seen,  
And the glance, that he darted, was crafty and keen.

Lord Arthur was caught by the light of his eye,  
It held him enthral'd, though he could not tell why;  
When the Little Brown Man spoke with utterance slow,  
In tones that at once were both solemn and low.

“Lord Arthur, Lord Arthur, two wishes be thine;  
“In the field or the bow'r it is granted to shine;  
“Speak freely;—in battle thy prowess to prove,  
“Or with tongue of persuasion to win lady's love.”

Lord Arthur then thought of the maiden he priz'd,  
Of the maid, who his courtship and service despis'd ;  
He thought of the pride, that such graces would move,  
And he wish'd—O delusion!—to win lady's love.

No sooner he spoke, than the Little Brown Man  
A laugh of contempt so terrific began,  
That the greyhounds, that lay on the green mossy sward,  
Fled yelling away from the side of their Lord.

Amaz'd was Lord Arthur, and wrath fill'd his eye,  
Yet, ere it burst forth in indignant reply,  
He halloo'd to his hounds,—but the faster they ran ;  
Then he turn'd,—but he saw not the Little Brown Man.

Soon homeward he rode, nor continued his sport,  
And the scene was dismiss'd 'mid the joys of a court ;  
Where the proud one was tender, and true as the dove,  
And who like Lord Arthur to win lady's love ?

The clangour of war was now loud in the land,  
And the flower of the nobles rode forth in a band :  
With the plume o'er his brow, and the sword on his  
thigh,  
Lord Arthur was seen 'mid the foremost to hie.

But when lance came to lance, and the contest was keen,  
And in each rolling eye death's dominion was seen ;  
When the blood of the slain like a rivulet ran,  
Lord Arthur then thought on the Little Brown Man.

His bosom was chill'd, and his nerves were unstrung,  
And the battle-cry falter'd; and died on his tongue;  
Down dropt his good sword, all confus'd was his sight,  
He turn'd his proud steed, and he spurr'd from the fight.

He fled, but in flying was met by a train  
Of the foemen he fear'd, and his courser was slain;  
And Lord Arthur the winning, Lord Arthur the gay,  
A recreant, in loathsome captivity lay.

Sore sigh'd he, and gaz'd on the dew-dripping walls,  
For he thought of the court, of its splendor, and halls;  
But what shame and what rage in his bosom began,  
When he spy'd in a corner the Little Brown Man!

Yet in vain were his feelings ; the light of that eye  
Again bound him fast in its meaning so sly ;  
No foot could he move, or to flee, or advance,  
And he gaz'd, as one gazes who stands in a trance.

Then the Little Brown Man spokè with utterance slow,  
In tones that at once were both solemn and low,  
“ Know, fool,—who hast chosen thy folly to prove,—  
“ That the bold in the battle *must* win lady's love.”

Then that laugh of contempt he again shouted round,  
Till the walls of the dungeon re-echo'd the sound ;  
Lord Arthur then started, and wild was his mien,  
—But the Little Brown Man was no more to be seen.

## THE FROG AND THE OX.

---

A FROG survey'd an Ox when feeding,  
And envy, in his bosom breeding,  
Urg'd him to stretch his bloated figure,  
Then ask his neighbours, "Am I bigger?"  
They answer, "No." Again so wide  
He puffs and swells his yellow hide.  
"Which has it now?" He panting cries;  
"The Ox," each smiling friend replies.  
Again, indignant, he distends,  
When lo! he bursts,—the drama ends.

Here Phædrus, dry sarcastic bard,  
Hath hit some people pretty hard :  
Hath read a lesson to their pride,  
Might make them lay that garb aside,  
And own that satire could avail,  
Were they but conscious *where* they fail.  
Pride is a vice we own not, *ergo*  
*Pendet in manticâ a tergo :*  
And though we are by no means blind,  
What if we never look behind ?  
*Blind* have I said ? Oh ! no ;—we view  
Our faulty neighbours through and through :  
And not a tittle can respect them  
In which we cannot *well* dissect them.  
The man of rank across his way  
Will find some envious upstart stray :



One, like the Frog, who bursts his bound,  
To spread vain consequence around.  
Sir Solomon, so lately knighted,  
For servile votes at length requited,  
Views my Lord's dinners with a smile,  
And *he* too must affect a style.  
Good Madam Dip, whose ill-bred ease  
Well with her vulgar speech agrees,  
Adopts each fashion strange and new,  
And she must have her *carriage* too :  
Sports an "at home" to humble friends,  
And like a duchess *condescends*.  
Wealth sees its ardent votaries toil,  
And envy haunts the golden soil :  
Fast flows to ruin dear-bought gain  
Where idle competitions reign.

Lo! letter'd fame triumphant sits,  
And views the herd of minor wits,  
Who puff, and pant, and upward press,  
In pride of full-blown emptiness.

    Could each contented pace along,  
Nor quit his station in the throng,  
Nor upward gaze with envious eye,  
Nor faults around him anxious spy,  
Nor nurse his spleen when merit rose,  
Nor wake, by pride, the host of foes,  
Nor joy o'er greatness downward hurl'd,  
Oh! it would be a different world!

## THE TWIN BROTHERS.

---

THOU look'st o'er the valley, where late they were seen,

Lo! there did they peacefully stray;

O stranger, thou look'st on the thing that hath been,

And that fled like a night-dream away.

Since they walk'd in their beauty two moons have scarce  
past,

Their foot-marks are still on the sod;

They fell like two lilies, when struck by the blast,

And now bloom in the garden of God.

They had wealth, they had wit, they had titles and worth,  
They had all that man's wishes can bound ;  
But the scythe of the mower, that sweeps o'er the earth,  
Regards not the crop on the ground.

I saw them the last,—of the friends that were dear,—  
We sat by their favourite tree ;  
Their talk was like beings set loose from this sphere,  
And they look'd unembodied, and free.

I came to their dwelling, when night dropt her pall,  
And shadows so mournfully wave ;  
I call'd on my friends, but none answer'd my call,  
—They lay in the sleep of the grave !

A FABLE.

FROM THE LATIN OF FATHER COMMIRE.



ONCE on a time contention keen  
Amongst the animals was seen,  
And presently they chose the Ass,  
His *fiat* 'mid disputes to pass:  
Because forsooth his ear's expanse,  
And formal solemn countenance,  
Gave promise of an umpire rare,  
Upright and patient, to a hair.

First at the new tribunal stood

The Bees, and deem'd their case was good:

“ Their honey shrunk, their cells despoil'd;

“ For thievish Drones they only toil'd.”

The judge here rais'd his voice in *alt*,

“ —The Bees, the Bees were quite in fault!”

And to the Drones, from trouble freed,

The liquorish combs he straight decreed.

Next stood a Gander of condition,

And gabbled o'er a grave petition,

In which his tribe most humbly pray'd,

That due consignment might be made

To them, and to their heirs for ever,

Of each particular lake and river:

Nor Swans such rightful tenure brave.

The judge a nod assenting gave.

Then claim'd a Jackdaw, from the throng,  
The glory of melodious song ;  
And call'd the Nightingale to prove  
His claim to lead the tuneful grove.  
" Behold, a righteous judge !" he cried,  
" His sentence shall our strife decide."  
" Sing both ;" the judge laconic said.  
The bird of night such music shed,  
As, rivalling the touch of art,  
Thrills on the fibres of the heart.  
The very trees that grew around  
Wav'd their light branches to the sound.  
In vain. The harsh discordant note  
That left his rival's leathern throat,  
Spoke to the judge in sweeter tone,  
And why ?—It was more like his own.

Enough. The Dove, by such decree,  
Soar'd o'er the Hawk in victory.  
The Peacock—since he judg'd it so,—  
Yielded in beauty to the Crow.  
And Lambs—for thus his *dictum* stood,—  
Surpass'd grim Wolves in thirst of blood.

The Fox, with tone and aspect sly,  
Said to the hissing standers-by,  
“What could you hope in *him* to meet,  
“To whom a thistle is a treat?”



TO POESY.

---

SHALL the worn pilgrim bless the shade  
That screens him from the sultry beam,  
When slumber o'er his eyelids play'd,  
And wrapp'd him in some soothing dream?  
Shall the benighted traveller bless  
The ray from cottage casement thrown,  
When night birds mock'd at his distress,  
And strength and hope were nearly gone?  
And shall not I, sweet Poesy,  
Acknowledge what I owe to thee?

Wand'ring abroad in early days,  
With heart serene and footstep light,  
Careless (too much!) of blame or praise,  
A wayward, but a cheerful wight,  
I found thee, by a streamlet clear,  
Reclin'd beneath a spreading tree;  
I paus'd thy melody to hear,  
—Alas, too dearly sweet for me!—  
The fascination of thy song  
Bound my young heart in fetters strong.

Thenceforth with thee I loiter'd on,  
I softly caroll'd by thy side,  
Delighting to thy ear alone  
Each whimsied secret to confide:

With thee I gaz'd on nature's face,  
On her sublime exalted mien ;  
And spied minuter traits of grace,  
Which, but for thee, had not been seen :  
And every thought my bosom knew,  
Was cloth'd in thy peculiar hue.

With proud chivalric enterprise  
—When knighthood claim'd thy tuneful pow'r,—  
I felt my kindling spirit rise,  
And emulation rul'd the hour:—  
When moonlight fays thy song pourtray'd,  
Beside some winding crystal stream  
Dancing beneath the dewy shade,  
How slept my soul in tranquil dream !

Whether to awe, to soothe, or guide,  
I hail'd thee, ever at my side.

Years roll'd away, and manhood rose,  
And needful absence then was ours,  
For life led on a host of foes,  
Who trample over pleasure's flow'rs ;  
And years of trouble interpos'd,  
Years that might never be call'd thine ;  
But toilsome days at length had clos'd,  
Thy pleasing smiles again were mine :  
Yet still we sometimes breath'd the sigh,  
O'er scenes and feelings long gone by.

Life has its hours of joy and pain,  
A chequer'd board it stands to view ;

Were I in grave or merry vein,

Oh! thou didst mope or revel too:

Thou hast such rare endowments shewn,

As oft in friends we vainly seek;

A sympathy in mental tone,

A pleasing echo when we speak,

A wish to lighten sorrow's load,

And scatter sweets round life's abode.

Thus have we stray'd through blissful bow'rs,

Thus have we toil'd o'er heaths of care,

Culling from hope's balsamic flow'rs

An antidote against despair:

No pilgrim, o'er the trackless brine,

Felt warmer throbs of energy,

Kneeling before Loretto's shrine,  
Than have my pulses own'd for thee :  
And yet,—whilst dearest to my heart,—  
Adieu, sweet Poesy :—we part !

---

L'ENVOI.

To those who own poetic fire,  
To those whom tender thoughts inspire,  
To those in whom light fancies glow,  
To those who steal an hour from woe,  
I dedicate these idle lays ;  
And wish them joy and length of days.

END.

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