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THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

THE
PLEASURES OF HOME;
DOMESTIC SCENES AND AFFECTIONS
CIRCLE ROUND THE HEARTH.

By STUART FARQUHARSON, D.C.L.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall.

COWPER.

Ridete, quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

CATULLUS.

Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of Home.

LEIGH HUNT.

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

MY LORD,

I dedicate to your Lordship the simple lays of "The Pleasures of Home," trusting that the learned, and elegant translator of Demosthenes, and the severe critics of a censuring age, may not altogether find disappointment in the perusal of that which has been to its author a source of amusement, affording both pleasures of memory and of hope.

Your Lordship's name has ever been a familiar and honoured word to myself since the early period, when in the "lower house" once dignified by your presence, my father was proud to call you friend. Your Lordship's talents are yet occupied in a country's

welfare ; but the grave has closed over my parent. Permit me to conclude in the language of Calderon this dedication to your Lordship, in a quotation free from metaphor and art, and as natural as the style I have wished to adhere to in "The Pleasures of Home."

Al rey la hacienda y la vida
Se ha de dar ; pero el honor.
Es patrimonio del alma,
Y al alma solo es de Dios.

I remain, my Lord,
Your Lordship's obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE,

WITH A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE ART OF POETRY.

I deliver this poem to the literary world, not without hopes of a candid and impartial reception, and an acknowledgment from many of a well-meant and earnest zeal to deserve their favor. For the choice I have made of a subject, I feel in no apprehension of incurring censure ; for what subject can come more closely to the best feelings of the heart, and likely to obtain a patronage, than that to which this book is devoted ; and of all the stirring interests that agitate the human breast, domestic interest has ever been the most powerful. Authors, in general, may persuade themselves that the success of their compositions is due to the intrinsic merit ;

should the public receive this work favorably, I shall be well aware that this in some considerable degree, is to be attributed to the deserved popularity of the subject, so closely interwoven with all our daily hopes and fears, “*et si in tantâ scriptorum turbâ mea fama in obscuro sit, me consoler,*” that I have employed the leisure and opportunity which an absence from the crowd and bustle of the world affords me, in the cultivation and prosecution of a useful and elegant art, which so largely contributes to the amusement, instruction, the ornament, and, I may add, the luxuries of human life ; for “even in the earliest periods, and among barbarous nations, the first attempts at composition are ever found to be Poetry and Song ; and the ordinary ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their

ignorance ; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined." I consider a Poet as a species of glow-worm, which little gem seems to have the faculty of absorbing light, as the Poet does Nature, and giving it out at pleasure.

Sweet child of stillness, midst the awful calm
Of pausing nature, thou art pleased to dwell
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

DR. WALCOTT.

Among the many blissful results certain to flow from a love of Home, is the impulse of moral, and mental culture.—To speak of Nature and Home, as merely contributing to our enjoyment, is to form an imperfect notion of the destiny of both, in the development of the individual. All must have experienced who have paid any attention to their

with studied simplicity of language as best suited to its homely subject. The scenes and imagery are not confined to the country alone, but are drawn both with episode and moral, from the busy haunts of the crowded city. And what subject, what painting can be more dear, more interesting to the best feelings of human nature, than those which this poem is intended to illustrate? In the pleasure of Home, of the circle round our family hearth and altar, an author may hope to touch the very essence, if I may be so allowed to speak, of the sensibility of the human heart. The very name will recall associations and memories of earlier and happier hours to the mind ill at ease, and perhaps far away from all we love, from country, home, and friends; and as few are without ambition, nor indifferent to the stamp of fame or voice of censure, the author hopes that the effect intended may be produced by his

verses, and thus afford the best of all evidence that he has not treated a thrilling poetical subject within a dull unmeaning strain. Who is there that does not remember the joyous mornings, when we disputed with our young companions the possession of some little flower in the smiling meadows round our home? Who is there that has not experienced the thrilling delight in witnessing the abode of our infancy slowly appearing among the trees, half-concealed by their dark foliage, and now again appearing, as with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, we approach the spot after temporary absence, or it may be years perhaps of toil and travel? And yet the poet who called his work the Task, did wisely; for truly it is a task of no mean difficulty to obtain attention in these stirring times of literary competition. The country teems with intelligence; the schoolmaster has been, and the scholar now is abroad; the press groans with

mental labours, and books, ay, clever, amusing, instructing books, rise up before us like the phantom to Macbeth, and “push us from our stools.” What subject has not been now sung in poetry, and sung sweetly? Who can desire more melody than sounds from the tuneful lyre of Rogers, or more daring boldness than breathes forth in the unearthly, wild, unchecked spirit of Lord Byron? The man who now ventures into the troubled waters of the stormy ocean of literature, and hopes to obtain a profitable adventure, embarks in a trade, the difficulties and dangers of which find no parallel designation in mercantile nomenclature, better than that of being compared to embarking in the “slave trade;” for, have we not Burns acknowledging his crime in that letter, wherein he states, “I then first committed the *sin* of rhyme.” And what says another author of no mean celebrity, and in such language and with such

pathos, as evidently stamps truth on the passage, "I expect neither profit or general fame from my writings ; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward ; it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared *solitude*, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." This is the language of the heart, the feelings of a poetical temperament, drawing ideas and imagery from nature around him, assured in the sincerity of his own breast, and living in that "Hope which can alone exclude despair." The "Pleasures of Home" were written in the fields, the *solitude* and rural walks once graced by Coleridge. Would that his mantle had fallen on the writer ! would that he had

" His rich materials, to regale the ear,
With strains it was a privilege to hear "

But what is poetry? Is it not the spontaneous language of the heart of one who cannot stand unmoved amidst the scenes of thrilling story or events of the olden time, of one who can embody thoughts and feelings in a musical flow of words, drawing imagery from the beautiful works of creation, and plainly, yet forcibly applying them to the theme he would illustrate? Let us observe how this can be shewn. We now go no further for a passage suited to the proof than this ;

—————bold with joy,
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
Portentous sight ! the owlet Atheism
Sailing on wings obscure, athwart the moon,
Drops his blue fringed lids, and holds them close ;
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, “ Where is it ? ”

This is a sketch from a lone evening at a solemn hour, and the appearance of the ominous bird seen crossing the lunar orb, furnishes a true poetical idea, which, when ele-

gantly clothed in musical cadence, forms what is Poetry. There is no need of rhyme, no lengthened sweetness long drawn out, the poetry consists in a natural observation which the genius of the man could apply to his intention, to his wish to express the theme of his story, or of the moral of what he is describing to his reader. The same poet, Coleridge, furnishes us with another passage, which is well suited to the definition of what I would alone consider as poetical composition.

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

“Low was our pretty cot, our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon, at eve, and early morn,
The sea’s faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed, and across the porch
Thick jasmines turned, the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye,
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The valley of seclusion.”

There is not a word or line of the above description, but what might be literally true ; and as brevity is the soul of wit, it has the additional excellence of comprising in the smallest compass a sweet painting from nature ; and poetry is nothing more than natural paintings, whose beauty previously admired in the colours and shades given by the Deity, are now transferred by the skill of man to the page he puts before his reader, —clear, transparent, and distinct, the excellence of which consists in the choice, as one landscape is chosen in preference to another, for

“ Nature profusely good with wealth o’erflows ;
but as all Nature is lovely, so is all true Poetry, which can never be exhausted ; and though we may be content with one favorite author, as a patriot may be with his own country, yet till the book of Nature is exhausted we can never want a theme or similes wherewith to clothe our language and

ideas ; and the more homely and simpler the better, as in the following :—

“ Which like the snow-flakes in the river,
A moment white—then gone for ever.

Here poetry has the advantage over her sister painting. No art of the limner could depict the above ; the fleeting transitory form of dissolving snow,

once a stream
And soon to slide into a stream again.

To be versed then in the art of Poetry, requires nothing more than a close observation of the world around us, and the discrimination requisite to select the most pleasing varieties of the beautiful objects which are there afforded for our use and instruction. As the art is thus taught, though it must be always remembered that “*poeta nascitur*,” skilful criticism may be learnt from the perusal and committing to memory of such passages as I have quoted above, not for-

getting the curious and interesting fact that what were at first only intended by their respective authors, to be mere occasional, or short and sportive pieces, have, by the creative power and force of genius which cannot be controlled, swelled into three of the finest poems in the language ; the Task, the Castle of Indolence, and the Rape of the Lock.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.

Far be it from me to decry the sublimity of the ancient poets, the grandeur of Homer, or the melody of Virgil ; but never need an Englishman go beyond the authors of his own land, for all that is sublime and beautiful. Classic models are not the only stepping stones to excellence ; he will find in his own language examples of every description of style, either for study or imitation. Poetical compositions have never been wanting in this country ; and as during the

barbarous ages, regular histories were almost all written in Latin by the monks ; the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the minstrels. It is also very certain, that both the Anglo Saxons, and the Franks, at their emigration into Britain and France, brought with them the fondness for the ancient songs of their forefathers which prevailed among other Gothic tribes ; and that all their very earliest annals were transmitted in popular oral poems, which fondness, even after conversion to Christianity, they always retained, as we learn from the examples of Charlemagne and Alfred. The famous Roman de Brut was by no means the first epic poem ; others more ancient are still extant ; and when the Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves by singing the exploits of Roland and the other heroes

of chivalry ; and a delight in poetry has from that period to the present existed in a very strong degree in this country. The sensualist may imagine that he enjoys the world, but to enjoy it truly is to be sensible of its beauty ; and this the lovers of poetry entertain in an eminent degree, for

“ Presented to the cultured eye of taste,
No rock is barren and no wild is waste.”

Those who would shrink from poring over an old black-letter volume, may not be displeased to see an extract from one or two of the ancient pieces, the Metrical Romances, though as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language, they may want the stamp of poems of classical antiquity.

The Romance of Horne Childe is preserved in the British Museum, where it is intitled “the Zeste of Kyng Horne :” the language is almost Saxon.

All heo ben blythe,
 That to my song ylythe ;
 A song ychulle ou sing,
 Of Allof the gode kynge,

which may be thus interpreted ;—May all they be blithe, that to my song listen : a song I shall you sing, &c. A beginning which the author of the “Pleasures of Home,” likewise recommends, and begs leave to address to his readers in perfect sincerity.

The poem of Ypolis is preserved in the Cotton library, and is a religious legend. It begins thus :—

He that wyll of wysdome here
 Herkeneth nowe ye may here
 Of a tale of holy wryte
 Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytnesseth hyt.

Libeaux Disconius has for its first stanza,

Jesus Christ christen kynge,
 And his mother, that sweet thyng,
 Helpe them at their neede,

That will listen to my tale
Of a knight I will you tell
A doughty man of deede.

So fervent and heart-breathed a prayer for the safety and welfare of his readers in this old poet, deserves imitation in his remote followers of this age, and should find an echo in every bosom.

Criticism is frequently but a mere waste of words. A writer in "Lectures on the English comic writers," has the following passage in his chapter on Cowley, Butler, &c.: "finally, there is a want of pathos and humour, but no want of interest in Hudibras." Pathos and humour surely constitute the chief interests in any book, consequently, if Hudibras be deficient in both these essential qualities, it must be deficient in interest.

A poem should not be destitute of wit, let it be on what subject it may. To express briefly what wit is, for "brevity is the soul of wit,"

were to define it thus. Wit consists in distinguishing a resemblance in objects which differ from each other, and judgment in distinguishing in what objects which resemble each other, are different. Jest lies in the nominal resemblance established by the same words expressing different ideas. Wit should be the only humour allowable in a tragedy, but this is not permitted by the French, probably from the inferiority of language, which though decidedly equal, if not superior to ours for comedy, most unquestionably wants that sublimity and elevation which so admirably adapts the English, like the Greek, for tragedy. The English language may be so arranged, like the notes of music, to express in the very pronunciation of some of its simplest words, sounds that shall express much of the meaning of the sentence. Pronounce slowly and with measured emphasis, "To be or not to be." Here are the simplest words

in the language, but a slow and distinct pronunciation will carry to the ear, and so furnish to the mind, the whole pith of the exquisite ideas which follow. In quoting, *vivâ voce*, well known passages, it frequently occurs that the person speaking continues to the end, as necessary to explain the ideas he would illustrate by the passage, and because the first line is only an introduction, and will not convey the sense of what follows ; now observe the difference in this passage, "To be, or not to be;" here the speaker pauses, he has conveyed in this short breath, the whole, not from the rest being too well known to require repetition, but it is already expressed,—*verbum sat*. Prolixity is the besetting sin of the moderns, and there is more true wit in a *spirited* weekly publication, called after an Italian character, in a single number, than is contained in Leonidas, or ten thousand hobbling lines which are an-

nually poured forth upon the public in the shape of detestable "Forget-me-nots," Evergreens, Violets, &c. The rushing at once into the subject, and boldly grappling with the tale used to be the Author's first desideratum.

In an ancient copy in black letter in the Pepys collection of a tragical ballad on the unfortunate love of Lord Thomas, and Fair Ellinor, together with the downfall of the "browne girl," we have the following dash and bold entrance at once into the tale.

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrester,
And a chaser of the king's deere,
Faire Ellinor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her deare.

These four short lines explain much, and lead one to expect a rapid and interesting story. Look at the quickness, the running, as it were, of the lines in the last stanza which concludes the piece, and tells the fate of the

unfortunate lovers, Lord Thomas, Fair Ellinor, and the rich “browne girl,

——— who has got houses and lands,
Faire Ellinor she has got none.”

The concluding stanza, after “cutting his bride’s head from her shoulder, and threwe it against the walle,” ends thus :

He set the hilt against the ground
And the point against his harte,
There never three lovers together did meete,
That sooner again did parte.

Such is the excellency of the brevity of the olden time.

It was an unobtrusive blaze,
Content in lowly shades to shine ;
How much I wish while thus I gaze,
To make thy modest merit mine.

I have in a former part of this preface, compared a poet to a glow-worm — I should rather have compared Nature to the glow-

worm ; for the insect is the wingless *female* of a beetle. The light which is of a beautiful sulphur colour, proceeds from the three last rings of the body. From the circumstance of the male being a winged animal, and the female not, it was necessary that some contrivance should be had recourse to for directing the rambler to his sedentary mate. What more beautiful, and at the same time sufficient, guide could possibly be conceived, than this self-lighted hymeneal torch ? Here Nature is the glow-worm, by her beautiful light attracting the poet, a close observer of her works, who borrows all his excellency from such an illumination ; and in the words of an old song, Nature and Poesy may be said, as,

Ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare ;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvvers deare.

We have read somewhere, perhaps in the Asiatic Annual Register, that there is a sparrow in Hindostan, that has the instinct to light up its nest in the night-time with glow-worms, which it collects for this purpose ; and that it attaches them to the inside of its nest by means of a tenacious kind of clay. This sparrow is a type of him, who clothes his book-shelves with the works of intelligence and skill, which shed a light from nature round his hearth and home, augmenting the stock of real pleasure ; and as light is capable of entering into bodies and of being afterwards extricated without any alterations, so the light emanating from the labours of the learned, illumines all and loses none.

“ Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapped
In unessential gloom.”

*Λυθρωνκε δειξον το μισοπονηρον αποστρεφoμενος
Μεν τας αμαρτίας υπερτιμων δε τας αρετας.*

And be the censure of criticism on my labours weak or strong, the solace will be found in the remembrance that I have waked no strain which virtue may condemn ; and the voice of peace may be found in the circle round our hearth, though it dwells not in the busy haunts of men, where we cannot say, with Armstrong, that the air inhaled is of the purest element, but rather that which drunk, would poison the balsamic blood, and rouse the heart to very fever's rage.

A poet ought never to make use of language or apply to the great First Cause, any imagery or ideas, which, for a moment, lessen the awful dignity, the grandeur, and reverence of the subject. To illustrate this, I quote from Yalden, who allows himself to write thus :

“ Let there be light the great Creator said,
His word the active child obeyed ;
Awhile the Almighty wondering viewed,
And then Himself pronounced it good.”

I do not consider it possible to have given a more profane, or truly unpoetical image or thought than the above unhappy lines contain, "Pray you avoid it." In giving ideas of work to the Almighty, the poet should remember that

"He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone
Seems not to work : with such perfection framed,
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things."

An essay on the art of Poetry should be redolent of the very language and passages of the poets themselves ; I therefore make no apology for the frequent quotations here used ; the light so wretchedly alluded to by Yalden, is thus apostrophised in language worthy of the subject.

"Great source of day ! for ever pouring wide
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam his praise."

Thus impressing us with the most sublime ideas of the economy of the universe, and

convincing us of the infinite divinity and power of the Divine Author. It is the absence of this feeling which renders so much of the poetry of the Satanic school a mere rhyme, now quickly being neglected in the disgust of a better taste and more dignified feeling of one's own immortal nature. These reflections must be understood not as carping criticism, if such they would, indeed, be misplaced, but in the pages of a poem I would always look for

“ One ray of light in this terrene abode,
To prove to man the goodness of his God ;”

without which there can be no poem, though there may be poetry, where the shortness of the stanzas, or particular subject affords no opportunity ; but the feeling remaining in the mind after the perusal of any poem of proportionate length, should be illustrated by thoughts and musings which

“ Exult in joys to grosser minds unknown,
A wealth exhaustless, and a world their own.”

For in the arrangement of the natural world we perceive nothing like a fortuitous concourse of atoms ; but, on the contrary, the same satisfactory marks of contrivance which are perceptible wherever we behold any of the great operations of Nature ; for

“ Lives there the man whose universal eye,
Hath swept at once the unbounded scheme of things.
Marked their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought ?”

The true poet will ever see that goodness, which through every age, through every moment up the tract of time, adjusts, accommodates, and blesses all, and makes all nature beauty to his eye, and music to his ear ; for him

“ No flower is born to blush unseen,
Or waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

But the irreligious and hardened writer, the follower of the Satanic school, is a mere savage, roaming through the woods and wilds, rough clad, devoid of every finer art and elegance of life ; an unenlightened man, a rhymers, poetaster, what you will, but no poet ; for who can say that Truth divinely breaking on his mind, elates his being and unfolds his powers ? No, far from me and my friends, be the contamination, the puerile inanity of such a school, the ignorance, the degradation of immortal powers, the sink of all the worst qualities that flow from a poetical temperament—*Αἰδώς οὐκ ἔστιν ἐν τῷ κοσμῷ.*

Niccolini observes of a writer of the Satanic school, that “though undoubtedly endowed with a powerful genius, he still deservedly drew down the hatred of his fellow-citizens.” The author of “Arnaldo da Brescia,” means hatred for his works, not personal dislike ; and this is true, if also he had added, mixed with

pity. A correspondent in the Foreign Quarterly Review, writing from Florence in 1844, says, "it is painful to cite such opinions as these from Niccolini ; what ! can the Signor really think that a man deserves hatred of his fellow-citizens, for holding opinions, &c.;" and then quotes a passage of Arnold, addressing Pope Adrian,

" Tu t'inganni, Adrian. Lingue il terrore
 Dei fulmini di Roma, e la ragione
 Scote le fasce che vorresti eterne,
 Le rompera ; non bene ancora e desta." &c.

That he might refute the opinions of Niccolini from his own writings. But there is an immeasurable distance between profanity and the patriotism of the Italian.

" Adrian thy hope deceives thee. Through the earth
 The terror of Rome's thunder-bolts grows weak :
 Reason has loosed the bonds thou fain wouldst make
 Eternal ; time will be, she will burst them." &c.

This translation is by the writer who informs us, that the " Gods have not made

him poetical," a piece of very unnecessary information. "Whoever is acquainted with the poetry of modern English writers, especially of the Satanic school, must know how wide is the difference between their taste and ours; and how intolerable their style is to whomsoever has been educated by a study of the Greek, Latin, and Italian classics, to a knowledge of the true, the *decorous*, and the beautiful."—NICCOLINI.

It is humiliating to an Englishman to feel, and feel he must, the truth of such observations as these from a talented author of another country; but he may console himself in the reflections arising from recollections of a host of poets of the modern English *decorous* school, the Campbells, the Bloomfields, the Grahams, or the Wilson and Rogers of the present day, who drew no scenery where

"Pale night had spread her spectral reign,
And death-like horror ruled the scene,"

but yield an all instructing page of sole delight.

The true end and aim of poetry is to excite pleasant and agreeable sensations in the mind, and cause the peruser to ponder with a lingering delight o'er the natural page. This is poetry ; though the language be ever so quaint or rustic, it still breathes of nature.

“ Hee that loves a rosie cheek,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires ;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires :
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

Or should the writer wish to be playful, what more elegant than this little sonnet which

is found in the third act of an old play, entitled, "Alexander and Campaspe," written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the time of Queen Elizabeth. This play was first printed in 1591 ; the song as it here stands, is taken from a later edition.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cardes for kisses—Cupid payd—
He stakes his quiver, bows and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows ;
Loses them, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
That 's on his cheek, but none knows how ;
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin—
All these did my Campaspe win !
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won—and Cupid blind did rise.
Oh love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

There is a simplicity, a bewitching softness, an elegance about the old songs and ballads, which tells upon the heart, and has irresistible charms for the lovers of pathos ;

and strokes of pleasantry, which, when they cease to be relished, and are consigned to oblivion—farewell to much that is beautiful, and what redeems us from the poison of the Satanic school. In illustration of these old gems, the reader will pardon the insertion of the “Shepherd’s Resolution,” where he will find both grace and wit.

Shall I wasting in despair,
Die because a woman’s fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
Because another’s rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pined,
Because I see a woman kind ?
Or a well disposed nature
Joined unto a lovely feature ?
Be shee meeker, kinder than
The turtle dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind shee be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love,
Or, her well deservings known,
Make her quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may merit name of Best,
If she be not such to me
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high
Shall I play the fool and die ?
Those that hear a noble mind
Where, they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo,
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair,
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve,
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go,
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

Were I to dwell longer on this theme, I should extend these prefatory remarks on the art of Poetry to a length not intended in the aim I had in view at the beginning. I have merely wished the reader to understand that my design in the following poem has been studied simplicity—Nature, and not art. I have always risen from a perusal of the “Farmer’s Boy,” by Bloomfield, with far more agreeable feelings and ideas, than from the more elaborate strains of the dark mysticism of the school of discontent, of men, who in the language of Homer, ὁδ’ ἦε νυκτὶ εοικώς, which Dryden calls

“Black as a stormy night, he ranged around.”

and Pope,

“Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread.”

and Voss,

“Er wandelte dusterer nacht gleich.”

Would that Byron in the blaze of his fame,

and when he appeared to be the first of England's poets, and who shall say in some degree he was not, had borne in mind the moral of an old Breton ballad,

“For if this world belongs to you,
The next belongs to God.”

And well may we add,

Το δυσσεβες γαρ εργον
Μετα μεν πλείονα τικτει
Σφετερα δ' εικота γεννα.

I will conclude these few observations on the art of Poetry, by introducing to the reader, three celebrated patriotic songs of the English, French, and German nations, of the modern school.

The immeasurable superiority of the two former over the latter, in addressing language and sentiment to the feelings of a man, and of the excellence which constitutes poetical imagery, will quickly be seen. To begin with the German song, as it is easily dismissed,

and its ravings mere rant, little space is required for its elucidation ; with the French, and the “Scots wha hae” of Robert Burns, I must beg a little longer attention. The “Song of Hatred,” is from Poems by George Herwegh, “Gedichte eines Lebendigen, mit einer dedikation au den Verstorbenen ;” “Poems of a living man, with a dedication to the dead.” This work is republican in every feature, is much read in Germany, and its author caressed and *fêted*, as it may be termed, “secundum artem.” This will be but the flash of a moment, the work contains no lasting poetry ; to shew that this observation is not hypercritical, I come to the “Das Lied vom Hasse,” of which a poetical translation is given in the Foreign Quarterly, but I have considered it best to translate it literally.

DAS LIED VOM HASSE.

I.

Wohlauf! wohlauf! wher berg und fluss,
Dem morgenrot entgegen!
Dem treuen weib den letzen kuss,
Und dann zum treuen degen!
Bis unsre hand in asche sticht,
Soll sie vom schwrt nicht lassen:
Wir haben lang genug geliebt,
Und wollen endlich hassen!

II.

Die liebe kann uns helfen nicht
Die liebe nicht erretten,
Halt die, O hass! dein jungst gericht
Brichdie O hass! die ketten,
Und wo es noch tyrannen giebt,
Da lasst uns keckerfassen,
Wir haben lang genug geliebt,
Und wollen endlich hassen!

III.

Wer noch ein herz lesitz, dem soll's
Im hasse nur sich ruhen;
Allukerall ist dures holz
Um unsre glut zu schuren
Die ihr die freiheit noch verbliebt
Singt durch die Deutschen strassen,
Wir haben lang genug geliebt,
Und wollen endlich hassen!

IV.

Bekampfet sie ohn unterlass
Des tyrannei auf erden;
Und heiliger wird unsre hass
Als unsre liebe werden!
Bis unsre hand in asche sticht
Soll sie vom schwrt nicht lassen.
Wir haben lang genug geliebt,
Und wollen endlich hassen!

THE SONG OF HATRED.

I.

Up! up! over mountain and streamlet,
To meet the morning dawn!
To your true wife a parting kiss,
And then to the trusty sword!
Till our hand be laid in dust,
It shall not leave the sword:
For we have loved long enough,
And now at last will hate!

II.

Love cannot help us,
Love cannot save us,
O hate! hold your judgment day.
Break thou, O hate! the chains,
And where the tyrants live,
There let us still be earnest;
For we have loved long enough,
And now at last will hate!

III.

He that has still a heart,
Hate alone shall move it;
Everywhere is dry wood
To feed our fiery wrath!
Those who still love freedom,
Let them sing through the German streets.
For we have loved long enough,
And now at last will hate!

IV.

Fight without intermission,
Against the tyranny on earth;
And our hatred will be holier
Than our love would be!
Till our hand be laid in dust,
It shall not leave the sword;
For we have loved long enough,
And now at last will hate!

The works of this author are for the present much admired, but on comparing the above song with the Marsellaise, and Bruce's Address, the inferiority, and in what the inferiority consists, will be perfectly plain. Compare

And our hatred will be holier
Than our love would be !

and,

For we have loved long enough,
And now at last will hate !

with the patriotic feeling, the sentiment, and expression of this passage in the Marsellaise.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups :
Epargnez ces tristes victimes
A regret s'armant contre nous !

How M. Rouget de Lisle rises over George Herwegh! this admired writer of the present German school.

I take the verses of Herwegh as those of the republican feeling chiefly existing in Germany at the present day, and also affording an illustration of much that sounds and looks like poetry, without being such. I cast no reflections on German literature, I know of nothing finer in its kind, than the "German Fatherland." Will the friendly and impartial reader allow of a very literal and verbatim translation of this poem, where a fine vein of true poetry is apparent? Delight will repay the few moments necessary to its perusal, and I will spare the infliction of the original German.

I.

Where is the German Fatherland ?

Is't Russia ? Is't Swabia ?

Is't where the grape grows beside the Rhine ?

Is't where the sea-bird flies ?

Oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! his Fatherland is larger !

II.

Where is the German Fatherland ?
Is't Bavaria ? Is't Styria ?
Is't where the Buffaloe stretches itself ?
Is't where the miner digs his iron ?
Oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! his Fatherland is larger !

III.

Where is the German Fatherland ?
Is't Pomerania ? Is't Westphalia ?
Is't where the sand of the Danube blows ?
Is't where the Danube rushes on ?
Oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! his Fatherland is larger !

IV.

Where is the German Fatherland ?
Oh tell to me the large country !
Is't Switzerland ? Is't the Tyrol ?
The country and people please me.
Oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! his Fatherland is larger !

V.

Where is the German Fatherland ?
Oh tell to me the large country !
Surely it is Austria, rich with honor and conquest ?
Oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! his Fatherland is larger !

VI.

Where is the German Fatherland ?
 Oh tell to me the large country !
 Is't what the deceit of Princes has conquered,
 Or robbed from the Emperor and country ?
 Oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! his Fatherland is larger !

VII.

Where is the German Fatherland ?
 At last tell me the country !
 So far as the German tongue is heard,
 And sings songs to God in heaven ;
 That is it ! that is it ! then worthy German ! call it thine.

VIII.

That is the German Fatherland !
 Where true pledges accompany the press of the hand,
 Where clear truth starts from the eye,
 And true love sits queen in the heart !
 That is it ! that is it ! then worthy German ! call it thine.

IX.

That is the German Fatherland !
 Where anger destroys the Italian's idle talk !
 Where every murderer is stamped an enemy,
 And every benefactor is a friend.
 That is it ! that is it ! then worthy German ! call it thine.

X.

The whole shall it be !
Oh God in heaven, look to it !
And give us real German hearts,
That we should truly love it !
And the whole of Germany it shall be, it shall be !

This is worthy of any author, and shews that the human heart, human feelings, are the same in every land. We are all children of the same first parents ; what is beautiful and natural in one language, and seems excellent to the people of that nation, is the same, and creates the same feelings of pleasure when perused by another. However different in language, customs, and climate, still the human heart is the same everywhere, and natural poetry will ever live and be relished, though occasional fashion may temporarily interfere. I now come to the elucidation of this fact, as much exemplified in "La Marsellaise," and "Scots, wha

hae," the admired and beautiful compositions of two unlearned men.

Gray in one of his letters observes, "that there is a *tout ensemble* of sound as well as of sense, in poetical composition always necessary to its perfection. What is gone before still dwells upon the ear, and insensibly harmonizes with the present line, as in that succession of fleeting notes which is called melody."

The above truth, the experience and knowledge of a learned man, has found a most excellent illustration in the lines of Burns. What skill and education had done for Gray, Nature and Nature's God had done for Burns.

I have, in the second part of the Poem, attempted a translation of this Ode to Liberty, a difficult undertaking, which can only be fully appreciated by those who may be induced to make a similar attempt, for I am

not aware of any translation at present in English. The original is as follows,

LA MARSELLAISE.

HYMNE PATRIOTIQUE PAR M. ROUGET DE LISLE.

I.

Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé,
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces ferores soldats,
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras,
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes ?
Aux armes, citoyens ! formez vos bataillons,
Marchons !—qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons !

II.

Qui veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de rois conjurés,
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers dès long temps préparés ?
Français !—pour nous, ah ! quel outrage !
Quels transports il doit exciter ;
C'est nous, qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage !

Aux armes, citoyens ! formez vos bataillons,
 Marchons !—qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons !

III.

Quoi ! des cohortes étrangères
 Feraient la loi dans nos foyers ?
 Quoi ! ces phalanges mercenaires,
 Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers !
 Grand Dieu !—par des mains enchainées,
 Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient
 De vils despotes deviendraient,
 Les moteurs des nos destinées !
 Aux armes, citoyens ! formez vos bataillons,
 Marchons !—qu'un sang impure abreuve nos sillons.

IV.

Tremblez, tyrans ! et vous perfides,
 L'opprobre de tous les partis,
 Tremblez !—vos projets parricides
 Vont enfin recevoir le prix !
 Tout est soldat pour vous combattre,
 S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
 La terre en produit de nouveaux,
 Contre vous tout prêts à se battre ;
 Aux armes, citoyens ! formez vos bataillons,
 Marchons ! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

V.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes
Portez, ou retenez vos coups,
Epargnez ces tristes victimes,
A regret s'armant contre nous.
Mais le despote sanguinaire,
Mais les complices de Bouillé,
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié
Déchirent le sein de leur mère !
Aux armes, citoyens ! formez vos bataillons,
Marchons !—qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons !

VI.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs ;
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs.
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accens ;
Que tes ennemis expirans,
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, citoyens ! formez vos bataillons,
Marchons ! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons !

There is a striking resemblance between many of the sentiments of the above, and

in Robert Bruce's address to his army at Bannockburn : the following lines will amply illustrate this ; for,

“ Le jour de gloire est arrivé,”

we have the almost literal translation,

“ Now's the day and now's the hour.”

and for,

“ Entendez vous dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces feroces soldats.”

See, the front of battle lower,
See, approach proud Edward's power.

and in,

Ces fers dès long temps préparés,
De rendre à l'antique esclavage.

The sentiment is fully expressed in the brief exclamation, “chains, and slavery! M. Rouget de Lisle asks, “Quels transports il doit exciter !” and our poet demands,

“ Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a cowards grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?

Again,

“ We will drain our deepest veins,
But they shall be free !

has its corresponding lines in the French.

Tout est soldat pour vous combattre,
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La terre en produit de nouveaux.

While,

Oppression's woes and pains,

are not unforcibly depicted in

Grand Dieu ! par des mains enchainées,
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient !

The conclusion of both are strikingly parallel.

Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs.

Liberty's in every blow,
Forward, let us do, or die !

How superior in moral force to the German,
with his “ Song of Hatred.”

Both poets admirably understood the language most adapted to thrill through the

heart, and find a response in the breasts of their countrymen, what could be more applicable, what more inducive to a Scotchman to raise his passions and excite patriotic feelings, than the words of the address,

Scots, wha hae wi' *Wallace* bled,
Scots, wham *Bruce* has often led.—

It is impossible to conceive any greater inducement to a North Briton than the remembrance of the halo of glory which circles round these names—names which pour “a Scottish prejudice into the veins, which will boil along these, till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.” But it is not in the fame of past glory, that the most forcible appeal can be made to a Frenchman. The memory of Napoleon is indeed cherished, but the sentiment at the bottom of their hearts, is not what he did, but what France accomplished through him. The nation are vain, glorious,

of the present, it is the existing population, the existing manners, customs, and habits, not the good old times, the “Days of good Queen Bess,” as we talk of, but the present day, the march of intellect, and civilization of the current times.

They have no *King of France*, that might be a king of the empire of Charlemagne, but they have a *King of the “French,”* a king in whose glory every individual may feel a part and parcel ; to such a nation then, what could be better conceived than the commencement of the Marsellaise.

Allons, enfans de la patrie !

To be the children of the soil, sons of their country, to awake to its distresses, or its slavery, to live in its glory, or to blush at its shame, is the feeling of a Frenchman. The French poet, therefore, as well as our own, has shown consummate skill in the

deep insight they had both obtained into the feelings of their countrymen, men who on one side could be roused by the name of "Wallace," as on the other by "Français." In any address to particular feelings in individuals, there must be a similarity on many points ; both poets naturally call their hearers to arms, thus,

Aux armes, citoyens !—formez vos bataillons,
Marchons !—

and Burns,

"Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's swords will strongly draw,
Caledonian ! on with me !

"Citoyens !" — "Marchons," is as direct an appeal as the "Caledonian, on with me !" — That knowledge of the feelings of the human heart, the nature of the "stuff the world is made of," necessary to form a true poet, has been admirably shown by both in this address to the Caledonian with his glory of

ages, and the Citoyen with his dreams of to-day. However unjust the decision of the world may sometimes be, I do not charge it with being generally so ; and the writer who feels and forms his lines as gentleness and amiability, and a thorough understanding of the human heart will dictate, may hope sooner or later to find a reward in the applauding voices of his countrymen. This must and will stimulate him to persevere in the arduous task of literary life, and to shut his ear to the bewailing of the degeneracy of modern times, and the superior purity of ancient manners. No man should be more grateful to the public for applause conferred on his works than an author, especially a poet, if he would but consider the daily excellencies offered to the palate of a greedy παντοφάγος, with an avaricious and craving desire for novelty and change.

Fashion will sometimes temporarily inter-

fere, but cannot stamp lasting fame : a Don Juan may obtain three thousand pounds, and a Task may be presented to a publisher, with thanks for its gratuitous entrance into life, but which of the above poems will have the more enduring fame? will the Task ever die? Not while nature is itself, and the critic does not forget

“ What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shade.”

Fame will be granted in its due season to all who more or less deserve it ; would that I could add, it always comes during life, when it might have soothed a desponding bosom, or lengthened a life too short for friendship, not for fame. The following extract from Hayley will amuse the reader, as showing the fallibility of first impressions. Alluding to the first publication of Cowper, he observes, “ It may perhaps console some

future diffident poet on his first appearance in public, if his merits happen to be depreciated by the presumptuous sentence of periodical criticism—it may console him to be informed, that when the first volume of Cowper was originally published, one of the critical journals of the day represented him as a good devout gentleman without a particle of true poetical genius ;” what say the critics of the present day, what says the world ?

“ The mind that feels indeed the fire
The Muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force and kindles with a zeal,
Whate’er the theme, that others *never* feel.”

Of this attempt to obtain a niche among the poets of old England, it becomes not the author to speak. Should he have the happiness to interest his readers in the simple manners, joys, or distresses of home and country scenes, his wish will be eminently

gratified, nor has he in the composition given utterance or thought to

“ A line which dying he would wish to blot.

Any further as to style or execution, he cannot be qualified to speak ; to decry it were affectation, to praise were presumption ; a young author in his first attempt can hope for little more than to escape any glaring deformity, and to wait for the impartial critic, and a good-natured public, to be the first to inform him of that, which, however much he may hope for, from his own experience he can never be certain of, the sterling value of his poetical composition, or what he has more to be prepared for and to dread, mediocrity, and that which may resemble, but is not, poetry.

Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.

Which approbation prosper ever mine.

It will be found that, however far removed

by birth and education individuals may be, still the heart may be reached by a tone that will thrill in all alike. Who has not listened with delight to the last waltz of Weber? who among the fashionable and the gay has not owned its power; and yet this air is known, and has its origin in the wilds of Hungary, bordering on the confines of Turkey, among a peasantry steeped in ignorance. The air has been beautified by Weber, and his masterly hand has added a grace to the *original*; but there it exists, and has existed from an unknown period. I have in vain attempted to translate the song which is sung to this melody; but it is written in a *patois*, and the copy in my possession is in old character, which even the truly elegant English scholar, the Countess Appony, whose husband's broad domains stretch in leagues over that country, also attempted to render into English, but with no success.

Das Herzenload

Wie i bin gewunchen zer mein Diendal gschliechen,
Hab bein fenster freude nie i guckt ;
Da fiach ist drin, &c.

Das Herzenload means leid, or the “heart’s sorrow ;” and for the rest, it may be considered as intelligible only to the peasantry around Funfkirkchen, or the five Churches, a district in Hungary. The air to which this song is set is the original of Weber’s last waltz, and but little altered, having certainly harmony added by that great master’s hand, but still essentially the same. True fame can only be obtained by him who can write for all, the poor peasant under the scorching sun of Hungary, and the gartered noble in the saloons of royalty ; the heart can be reached in each alike, by studying nature, and not classical models.

What’s in a name ? But little, for the rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but

were I to designate the modern English school against the Satanic, it would be to call it the Decorous School, where, as before observed,

—Truth, divinely breaking on the mind,
Elates our being, and unfolds its powers.

THOMSON.

Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square,
March, 1846.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE PLEASURES OF HOME, PART I.	1
ADDRESS TO HOME	3
INTRODUCTION TO PART I., OR FLOWERS SCATTERED O'ER THE OPENING PAGES, REDOLENT OF HOME AND CHILDHOOD	5
TO A SPIRIT'S HOME	9
ANALYSIS OF PART I.	11
STANZA I.	13
THE PLEASURES OF HOME, PART II.	83
DEDICATION	85
INTRODUCTION TO PART II., OR THE POET SPEAKING FROM THE CHIMNEY-CORNER	87
ANALYSIS OF PART II.	89
STANZA I.	91
THE POEM DIES AWAY IN ECHO	165
NOTES	169

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

PART I.

**Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.**

L. E. L.

TO HOME.

Oh, Home's old Memories ! sweet Home's dear name .
Be ne'er Forsaken for the " price of Fame ;"
Fast flow the tears o'er moments that are gone,
In life's dark crowd we feel ourselves alone ;
Whose spirit yet was ever truly gay,
When Home's soft minstrelsy was far away ?
Where, then, the haven of the Christian's breast,
" Esteemed the earliest, and still loved the best ?"
Land of our birth, most eloquent of Home,
Though God saw *all* were *good*, the *best's* our own.

INTRODUCTION TO PART I.

OR,

THE AUTHOR SPEAKS TO THE READER THROUGH AN INTERESTING
ANECDOTE OF HOME AND CHILDHOOD.

Well does Hubert read its look,
Glance of innocent rebuke.

BISHOP HUBERT.

GENTLE READER,

HAVE you a home, and Home's Altar? Do you love its peaceful scenes; and do you love the young? If you love not the artless innocence of childhood, I am afraid you will not like the subject of my poem. What success can it meet with from one, who does not feel that they scatter flowers on life's weary pilgrimage, 'midst many thorns,

though still, there's "balm in Gilead?" Man, if he will, may have a Home.

It was during a calm serene evening, about the darkest gloaming of the twilight hour, that I was beholding the firmament of stars so gloriously shining, when a little one, but five summers old, asked, with sweet prattling tongue, "What are the stars?" "The stars, my child, are worlds, great, large worlds, like this we live on." "I do not understand this," was the expected reply. "How can they be worlds?—They seem to me to be little holes in the dark ceiling of the sky, behind which God is; and *through which the beautiful clear light of his radiant glory is shining!*" Majestic idea! I stood entranced: I beheld, as it were, the black expanse of the circling canopy bursting open, and glory indescribable, immeasurable, appearing in all the magnificence

of the throne of light,—a dazzling brilliancy no words can convey. How beautiful is the evening star on the brow of heaven; how clear its ray! yet this is but a twinkling hole through which the glory that is beyond is shining!—Gentle reader; if you find *delight* in the thoughts and language of childhood, with its “thornless crown of amaranthine bloom;” and *love* in the circle round your hearth, then—read my story.

TO THE EVENING STAR,

A SPIRIT'S HOME.

I.

Sweet Star of eve, that thro' the azure sky,
Soft winds a silent solitary way ;
Oft have I watched thee, as swift fleeting by,
The deep'ning shadows marked the closing day :
I stood upon a cliff, and saw thy ray,
Dance on the summit of a limpid wave,
As tho' it kissed the Ocean's wanton spray,
Then pale in Heaven, its bashful twinklings gave
A sense of modest shame,—and not a cloud to save !

II.

I stood in solitude ; my thoughts were driven
Beyond the circling shadows of the gloom,
And to the poet's heart the dream was given,
That from the narrow confines of the tomb,
My spirit in thy world might find a home
Of love and beauty, like thy wondrous flight,—
Then as the stars, 'midst which thy flashes roam,
With eye of knowledge, pierce the shades of night,
Which hover o'er this earth, in perfect Gospel light !

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

It is attempted to trace and illustrate in the following poem domestic happiness and love of Home in different climes, from childhood to old age. We may affirm the love of Home to be universal; adored by "saint, by savage, and by sage."—Sensations on quitting Home for the first time.—Sketches of our own Homes and domestic circle.—The morning walk, and pleasing association of ideas on observing the curling smoke from many Homes in a distant valley.—The dairyman's cottage; the poacher and his dog.—The walk continued; we pause under a ruined archway to observe our own Home appearing among the trees; a rainbow spans the house and lawn.—The recruit, or false glory.—Domestic scenes, a description of the "Pleasures of Home."—Love and death of the young.—Episode of the sailor's return; fear for the life and happiness of beloved objects after long absence; his story, the storm; the surprise, and wedding of the village queen, procession, and children scattering flowers.—The festival—The pastor of the hamlet, and prayer for nuptial blessing.—Sweet remembrances of childhood; the truant schoolboy, and ramble in the woods.—Constant

recollections of Home. — Serva, the Brazilian Pirate, in his dungeon. — Christmas and the carol. — Festivities of the olden time. — The Yule log, wassailing the apple tree, the misletoe, the mummers, chant of old Father Christmas, ancient superstitions of the water and bread. — Apostrophe to Home. — The Exile. — The Christian's and man of the world's death-bed contrasted. — Home not confined to the country. — Found amidst the busiest haunts of men. — The missionary. — Scene changed. — The fox chase.

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

PART I.

I.

Ah ! who the pleasures of his Home can tell ?
The hopes, and smiles, and joys, that breathe of heaven ?
Or who can paint the sighs the bosom swell,
When from our home the mourning heart is riven ?
Be mine the theme !—for in the crimson even,
I 've stood upon a distant foreign shore,
While memory o'er the wild waves fondly driven,
Recalls in tears the scenes which then were o'er,
And oft the frequent pang, that they should be no more.

II.

Fair tho' the spot, and lovely is the view,
Where genial nature smiles on all around,
And glowing skies are tinged with radiant hue,
And many a flower bedecks the richer ground,
Yet still no hope, or joy may there be found—
But tears alone, that shadow forth the tale,
As echo softly may these words resound,
“Bright is the scene, and perfumes scent the gale,
“Yet ah ! 'tis not our own, our much-loved native vale.”

III.

Why turns the lonely traveller on his way,
And backwards casts a melancholy look?
'Tis that his footsteps now must wand'ring stray,
Nor hear the words of love so often spoke,
His hearth, his friends, and Home, all—all forsook ;
Hope from his bosom flutter'd in farewell
To his dear cottage near the rippling brook—
And fled, alas ! what he hath loved so well,
His own sweet cherished Home, his own wild fragrant dell,

IV.

Thro' flowery groves, of many verdant hues,
Where spicy perfumes float upon the gale,
The thoughtless heart, as pleasure it pursues,
Will often sigh, and sad'ning thoughts prevail,
If haply to our view, a distant sail
Is seen careering o'er the pathless main,
With streaming pennant pointing to the vale,
Which every pulse, awakened to regain,
Beats for the Home we love, without which all is vain.

V.

How sad the heart, when we must quit the scene,
Of happy childhood's ever pleasing days,
When from our Home, upon the village green,
We wander forth upon the world's wide ways,
And bid adieu to those, where every praise,
For virtue, health, and love, is fondly due ;
Oh ! what emotions must that parting raise !
When from our sight, sad, mournful, fades the view,
And we have breathed a long, perhaps a last adieu !

VI.

Oh, bitter is the cup which he must quaff,
Who roams a stranger, desolate and drear,
No joy to glad his thoughts, or merry laugh ;
But on the pallid cheek a trickling tear,
Bespeaks the breast which pleasures cannot cheer,
No Home hath he ! for ever sadly flown
Its joys and smiles, which to the heart more dear,
Than all the pomp and glitter of a crown,
The pageant of a court, or splendour of a throne !

VII.

Such are the thoughts and feelings I would sing,
And picture scenes of joy, and some of care :
Aimed with no shaft but such as Virtues bring
To the mind's eye, serene, and sweetly fair ;
Such be thy theme, such ever be my care,
Nor stain a page with aught that would deface
The Poet's noblest aim ; 'tis his to share,
Religion's glow, and Nature's varying grace,
As o'er each page and line the eye with beauties trace.

VIII.

Draw in the curtains; 'tis the hour of even,
The daylight darkens, hast'ning to a close ;
Stir up the fire, the village clock tolls seven,
The weary labourer courts his brief repose ;
The night is chill, the garden pond is froze ;
Now let the circle of our Home sit down,
While social converse, tales in verse or prose,
Will claim attention, and dispel a frown,
If such could enter in, where so much love is shown.

IX.

Young heads grow sleepy, and young eyes grow dim,
The merry joke has ceased to make us laugh ;
Sweet music lingers, and the page we skim
Of fairy wonders ; little hearts feel safe ; (¹)
Reach hither to old age his leaning staff,—
Repose invites us, and the hour grows late ;
Let tender hands the feeble limb well chafe ;
The fire is mouldering in the dusty grate,
And peaceful slumbers each of that dear Home await.

X.

But are the duties of the day all done ?
Not so ; the world has claim'd the greatest share ;
The best and loveliest is yet to come,
It is the holy, solemn hour of prayer.
Oh God, and Saviour, king, and lord be there !
Illume the depths of sin-engender'd night,—
From earthly dross our waken'd conscience clear,
Arise with Grace divine, our hearts invite,
And crown our rescued souls with perfect Gospel light.

XI.

Is there among that kneeling, list'ning few,
A heart still dead—for living is not *life* ?
Oh may this present hour such heart renew,
Free from its stain, and banish this world's strife—
The child, or servant, husband, or the wife ;
Then would the altar of our Home be fram'd
Purer than blood of goats, fresh from the knife
Of sacrificing priest, with incense stain'd,
Our Home a Heaven on Earth, a Paradise regain'd !

XII.

The morning dawns ; up with the merry lark,
The vocal choir of coppice, and the grove
Makes tuneful melody, and echoing, hark !
The hunter's horn, afar their figures move ;
Who would not in such sweetness wish to rove ?
Hold converse with the early shepherd swain ?
Hear all his wants, how slowly he has throve,
How hard he labours, and his thrifty dame,
Yet with his thread-bare clothes, their poverty proclaim.

XIII. .

With smiles invited, see his humble home ; (²)
With careful industry looks clean and neat ;
From such, though lowly, he's no wish to roam,—
Of cares in rural life the calm retreat,—
We enter in with greetings soft, and sweet,
And much we're pressed the frugal meal to share,
Though oft refusing, yet at last we eat,—
For welcome is with them most true, sincere,
And far above all modes and fashions must appear.

XIV.

He sets before us milk and homely cheese,
A cup of cider, and the home-baked bread,
Attentive waits though pleased not quite at ease,
Nor asks a question, but with bended head
Respectful listens to what may be said ;
His master and his mistress both are kind,
And gave to Annie dear, when lately wed,
A bible, purse, with money ; thus resigned,
Contentment dwells with them, and sanctifies the mind.

XV.

The frugal meal is o'er, let's walk around
The garden plot, the dairy, and the road,
That marks the boundary of his little ground,
And runs between it and the beechen wood ;
Here list'ning to his tale, attentive stood,—
How well 'tis tilled, and many an hour beguiled
Of weary idleness, and brought them food,—
Here is his hive of bees ; his youngest child,
Presents a fragrant flower, and bashful, sweetly smiled.

XVI.

'Tis early morn, the Sun is high, and clear,
The dew-drop sparkling on the pendant bough,
Our walk pursue, another cottage near,
With roof of thatch, and gable long and low,
How many pleasing spots, the vale below, (³)
Of cotters' homes, with curling smoke displays,
Some near at hand, and some remote, we go
Slowly, and musing as the glittering rays,
Shine in the wreathing mist, and many a step delays.

XVII.

Can there be sorrow here, beneath one roof?
Where all seems beautiful, so peaceful, fair:—
Death's in this chamber, of much sin the proof—
A father, husband sinks in stern despair;
His feeble hands are clenched, his matted hair,
Is grey and tangled, trembling, he would live,
Cut off in wickedness, how can he dare
Call on his God? Oh! will he now receive
So late a penitence, to pity and forgive?

XVIII.

A gun is on the wall, a dog is hid ;
Beneath a cloak thrown loosely on the ground ;
No weeping children, such his crimes forbid,
Few comforts seem beside him, or around.—
The Poacher dies !—perhaps his lonely hound
May miss his master's hand, and for a day,
Whine o'er his grave with melancholy sound,
Then frightened by the loneliness away,
Desert the spot, and none care where his ashes lay.

XIX.

Thus Home hath sorrows too, as well as joy ;
Scenes of affliction, as of friendship dear,—
'Tis in ourselves to make, or to destroy
The charm of life, or many hopes to rear
Of future promise in this lower sphere ;
Not the blind goddess, fickle Fortune, brings
The many ups and downs in man's career ;
But each and all have wove the various springs,
That give to life its hopes, or death its double stings.

XX.

We now turn homewards, pass the ruined tower,
And underneath the ivied crumbling gate,
Pause for a moment as the early shower,
The radiant bow will beautiful create ;
Beneath its loveliness, on yonder height
Of sloping lawn, our own glad Home appears ;
The wide domain, the lordly and the great,
Will not bring happiness or check our tears ;
The humble, lovely Home, more real blessing shares.

XXI.

How beautiful it seems ; the rustic porch
Is hung with creeping plants, the China rose,
Clematis joined, above the glittering arch
Of rain drops formed, with purple radiance glows,
Sweet spot for refuge, and for life's repose.—(4)
Turn to the heavens, behold the smiling sky,
The vale below, the streamlet as it flows :
All Nature's graces bursting on the eye,—
Who could look on such scenes, and Providence deny ;

XXII.

We gaze, and gaze again, as by our side
A gentle voice points out the varied scene,
Sweet voice, beloved o'er all the world beside,
Soothing, and soft as seraphs must have been ;
The view seems lovelier the oftener seen ;
As fresh and gladsome as in childhood's days,
The hills as lofty, and the woods as green,—
And from the hamlet break the merry lays
Of peasant girls afield, whom laughter loud betrays.

XXIII.

A holy feeling fills the morning air,
And hark ! the babbling of the rustic mill,
With wakeful sound disturbs the list'ning ear,
We pass it by, and all again is still.
While o'er the summit of yon distant hill,
The Rainbow sheds her party-coloured light,
Now glancing here along the mountain rill,
Now seeming near to the bewildered sight,
The arch is broken now, a moment, 'twill unite.

XXIV.

It was a day in Autumn, and the sky
Serenely bright : and by her cottage sat
An aged widow, but you heard a sigh
Steal from her bosom as her neighbours chat,
While flaunting streamers from a rustic hat,
Bedeck her only boy, whom frolic's hour
Had woke, and called to manhood ; more than that,
Rich golden fame, earth's noblest, fairest dower,
And rescued nation's prayers, saved from the invader's power.

XXV.

He was a soldier now, and seemed to feel
His stature grow, and earnest for the fight,
His heaving breast and flashing eye reveal .
The conscious knowledge of a cause that 's right ;
He seemed already at the topmost height
Of stirring glory, of the world's renown, (5)
Had trod oppression underneath his feet,
Had gained a laurel and a victor's crown,
And triumphed in the shouts, which sounded all his own.

XXVI.

Away ! he must not loiter, Fame attends,
Away ! away ! For many a path's to tread,
And many a foreign scene his fancy lends,
Ere comes the bright reward, the soldier's meed,
And laurel wreaths encircle round his head,
“ Adieu, adieu, my mother, friends, I go—”
He waved his hand, perhaps a tear he shed,
What in such thrill of joy, could bid it flow ?
His thoughts were full of Home !—they must, will mournful grow.

XXVII.

'Tis night. He's far away. The bounding wave
Now rolls between him, and his humble home,
Sad thoughts arise, tho' still his heart is brave,
Sad dreams of her who's left forlorn, alone.
He wakes affrighted ; starts ; it was a groan,
Unheeded there, where many feel the dart
Of bitter anguish, as for ever flown,
Seem childhood's happy scene, oh ! who could part,
From such without a sigh, wrung from a bursting heart ?

XXVIII.

'Tis Autumn once again ; the twilight hour,
Serenely bright, he doth remember well ;—
Now shrieks of agony and dark despair,
In many fainting bosoms fiercely swell,
And Death and Terror, progeny of hell,
* Shriek in the gale, and madden in the cry,
While loud, and frantic are the shouts that tell,
The battle o'er, the foe, they fly ! they fly !—
And Victory spreads her wings, and Triumph hovers nigh.

XXIX.

And soon to Home and country, tidings come,
Causing the widow's and the mother's tear,
For few may smile, as round the echoing drum,
With pipe, and tabor, piercing, shrill, and clear,
Falls on the heart, they vainly seek to cheer.
Say, can the sorrows of the heart recall
The loved, the lost, the cherished, and the dear ?
Ah no !—the thought may rise, but idle all,
And paints with solemn black, the sad funereal pall.

XXX.

Now let the shout proclaim the battle done,
And echoing cannon loud announce the joy,
While smiles and mirth all hail the Victory won !—
What o'er her pleasure casts its drear alloy ?
Is it that she has lost her only boy ?
They left him on the field, all coldly dead,
Not those the pangs her fondest hopes destroy,
His sword he drew, and for his country bled ;
But in far distant lands he lays his hapless head.

XXXI.

And when at Eve the closing shades of day,
With deep'ning twilight all the plains obscure,
Her footsteps to his grave can never stray,
And o'er his ashes shed the tear-drop pure ;
Then memory, busy with her portraiture,
Would trace each grace that marked his gentle mind,
And thus his loss learn calmly to endure,
And quit the spot, with piety resigned,
As calm contentment springs, nor leaves a pang behind.

XXXII.

Where is our Home ? The scene, it matters not ;
If proud or humble, poor or vainly great,
A pillar'd mansion, palace, or a cot,
A life of labour, or a life of state,—
It is the same ; for many hopes elate,
Cling to the soul, 'neath rafters or a dome ;
For heaven hath dealt to all an equal fate
Of joys and sorrows ; not the rich alone
Hath God uplifted high. The poor man has a Home !

XXXIII.

I will not sing the castle's embattled wall ;
The crimson chamber, or the golden roof,
The sculptured baubles in that lofty hall ;
From such, and all, my heart will stand aloof,—
But happy where a busy hand, the proof
Of virtue, health, and diligence supplies,
The table, chair, spread with a homely woof,
Of humble pattern, not of Tyrian dyes,
Yet not unworthy all, at least to parents' eyes.

XXXIV.

One simple piece I do remember well,
A sheet of water, and a graceful swan
Of purest white, it was a theme to tell,
How much was done to day, and then, anon,
'Twas laid aside, forgotten.—Oft the sun
Had run his daily course, and decked the wave
With crimson radiance, as it glanced along
The rolling waters, which our island lave ;
The boundless and the free, the sailor's home and grave.

XXXV.

'Tis still unfinished.—Resolution ! come
And aid the work that seems so long delayed ;
No sooner said, than lo ! the thing was done ;
And some admired the light, and some the shade,
And some would have an alteration made ;
This was too dark, and that too bright a hue ;
Here might a rose or willow be displayed ;
Here crimson, green, or scarlet, modest blue,
Would much become the scene, enrich the charming view !

XXXVI.

And much we laughed, and some dispute arose,
So fickle is the taste of many minds,
For each had his opinion ; and there grows
In every heart a confidence which blinds :
Then one did speak, “ Is any here who finds
A fault again, let him in turn essay
To do as well.” The thought did make amends,
And with a smile the piece was put away,—
For all would call it good, not one a fault to say !

XXXVII.

And was there pleasure in that homely hour ?
Yes, much appeared of paradise and love ;
Ah, would mankind such humble scenes adore,
Life would grow brighter, earth would much improve ;
Sweet interchange of thought, mild as the dove,
Would wing the many hours which, alas !
Now coldly dead to feelings which remove
From weary bosoms, wiped as from a glass,
The stain of heavy hours, oh ! let such quickly pass.

XXXVIII.

And by the copse a little rivulet glides
With sparkling waye, a glittering babbling stream ;
Not Pactolus amidst its golden tides,
Rolls with a purer flood, or brighter gleam ;
And circling round the hill, a diadem
Of Nature's hand, of silvery lucid foam ;
The evening star sleeps in it as a gem
Of purest ray ; the diamond well might own
The lustre of the brook that circles round my Home.

XXXIX.

And on the chequered side of a steep hill,
Where gloomy pines, and weeping birch have made,
With yellow beech, that overhang the rill,
A dark, mysterious, sombre, deep'ning shade,
High broken walls, with crumbling arch o'erhead,
Bespeak the tribute of a passing sigh,
And to the mind pourtray the mighty dead,
If mighty minds and thoughts can ever die,
For mortal moulds have such, like spirits of the sky.

XL.

Ascend the ruin, mark the deep'ning shade,
Nor falter, stop,—tho' fitful is the gleam ;
Here let us wander ; oft my footsteps stray'd,
Wrapt in the musings of a thoughtful dream,
And on this mossy stone, beside the stream,
Sit calmly wondering the fleeting hour,
While fancy throws a momentary beam
Of brightness o'er the now dismantled tower,
Proud relic of the past, a fane of kingly power.

XLI.

Mark well the walls, they stand but to decay ;
Where prowls the fox, and eagles fiercely scream,
Once thronged the proud, the noble, and the gay,
And mirth, and joy, and revelry once been ;
But ah ! how changed the spot, how sad the scene ;
These princely towers that raise their heads on high,
Here decked with myrtle, there with ivy green,
Oft echoed back the laugh, the joyous cry
That long has ceased to peal ; alone the tempests sigh.

XLII.

How silent all ! hushed as the lengthened sleep
Of those who rest beneath the grassy sod,
Without one sympathising eye to weep,
Or mark the place where late in life they trod ;
Such, such is man—along the silent flood
Of youth and age, we all shall glide away,
To seek a better, happier abode,
Freed from this fragile tenement of clay,
Where hope triumphant reigns, far from the realms of day.

XLIII.

I stood upon that height, in summer time,
When years had rolled o'er childhood's happy hour,
The smiling fields, enriched with fragrant thyme,
And cowslip's bell, were lovely as of yore ;
But not to me flew open wide the door—
A stranger held the sway, in other hands
Had passed the right, I was unknown—no more ;—
It seemeth strange time could dissolve such bands,
And make me feel so lone in once my father's lands.

XLIV.

There grew a tree, a lofty spreading tree,
 And high in air it reared its branching head,
 And oft beneath its leafy canopy
 Our hours would pass, which converse sweetly made
 A cup of pleasure, quaffed beneath its shade ;
 And fairy music oft the branches threw,
 By winds revealed, whose breezes as they played,
 Gave tones of thrilling softness, such as drew
 The humble, hoping heart, its sorrows to subdue.

XLV.

And in the hedge-row grew a simple flower,
 Unmarked of all, save by one eye alone ;
 Lowly it grew, and springing 'neath the shower
 Of April skies, I claimed it all my own ;
 I gathered it, of modest violet tone,
 And for its sake I loved the rustic spot,
 I thought it richer than a monarch's crown,
 Nor craved ambition to enrich my lot ;
 I loved, and was beloved again. Oh sweet "Forget me not !"

XLVI.

And there was one I loved—who hath not loved? —
Who would not love? Sweet passion! much we owe
To thy endearing virtues, oh, removed
From sensual feelings, let thy virtues grow
Strong in the heart, and blossom ever new!
Solace for sorrow, 'tis at least, to claim
One heart our own, and feel that every glow
Of fervent hopes without a worldly stain,
Is breathed from lips sincere—oh, say not love is vain!

XLVII.

Let me not linger o'er a theme so fair,
Oh, memory, memory! live not in the past;
I will not picture now the auburn hair,
The sparkling eyes, whose brilliant radiance cast
Love o'er the soul, enchanting every breast,
For such were vain, and often have been sung
By harps of loftier strain.—No, silent rest
The beauties of that form and mind which flung
A magic grace and power, for truth was on her tongue.

XLVIII.

And did she live or die ? Could saint on earth,
Bright essence of all purity and love,
Ethereal beauty, innocence, and worth,
Not sigh to hasten to her home above ?
Alas, for me, not her !—I still must rove
The wild world's desert, like a guilty thing,
Fearful, and fainting, trembling every nerve,
With fluttering heart, which death alone can bring
Glad freedom from its chains, and mount on seraph's wing.

XLIX.

And they did bear her to the sculptured tomb,
A stately train, whose measured footsteps trod
The marble pavement, 'midst monastic gloom,
Of pillar'd aisles, once Tyranny's abode ;
Fierce tyrants they, who chained the Word of God
From craving millions, anxious to be fed
With bread of life, but trembling at the rod,
They knelt to images, and bowed the head
To sinners like themselves, but saints on high when dead !

L.

And there was one remained, when all had passed,
Save him who sorrowed for the much-loved's sake ;
Anon he wept, and long ; his was the last
Whose footsteps did that lofty pile forsake ;
And from his bosom he did seem to take,
A painted tablet, which he kissed and pressed,
And tears were on his cheek ; and he did make
And weave much moral from the sleeper's rest,
And looked to heaven above, and smiled. Was she not blest ?

LI.

All powerful love makes me forget my theme,
If I could e'er forget a scene so fair ;
How beautiful to all their home will seem,
Each tree, each shrub, each leaf, that flutters there,
They are to me, I know not why, more rare,
Far better, loftier, than the rest around,
And purer, milder, breathes the healthful air,
And sweeter flowers deck my garden ground,
Than grow in nobler halls, which proudly rise around.

LII.

Say why is this ? I ask the question—none
Can tell me why—but all will say, ‘ ’tis true,’
They seem to feel a freer, healthier tone
Rise in the breast, and quickly to pursue
Most pleasing recollections ; fancies grew
Much at the question, and the silent eye
Seems dimmed, yet sparkling,—and full well I knew
What thoughts were rising, and from whence a sigh,
As though of sorrow? no—the heart, the *heart* was full of joy.

LIII.

It is the joy which ever will arise,
Where’er we roam, where’er we chance to stray,
At thought of Home and country ; let the skies
Boast every hue, or darkened Araby,
Whose burning sands obscure the dawning day,
No matter which or where, the joy ’s the same ;
And o’er the features will in softness play,
The smile, which at the magic summons came,
The magic thought which lights a bright, undying flame.

LIV.

Dost thou forget in Afric's burning sand,
The weary traveller o'er that desert waste,
Saw in a cave of that barbaric land,
A well known name upon a weapon chased ;
What mingled fancies o'er his feelings haste,
Speaking of friends and kindred, far away ?
There came a smile and tear, the one did last,
For it had touched a cord, which, grave or gay,
Will vibrate in the heart, 'till it shall cease to play.

LV.

'Twas on a lovely morn, and brightly shone
Apollo's beams, and every pulse was joy ;
But hush ! amidst the breeze there seemed a tone
Akin to sorrow ; could it be, alloy
Had mixed with aught so fair, bent to destroy
The charm of beauty which had centered there ?
And soon before me came a sailor boy,
And with clasped hand, and face of anxious care,
He gazed upon the scene, and seemed to breathe a prayer.

LVI.

The landscape was before him ; all displayed,
The village church, the river, and the wood,
The brightened coppice, or the yew-tree's shade ;
And he did gaze as one in thoughtful mood,
As on the stile for some short time he stood ;
Then whispered something, which the breeze away,
Scattered unheard, unnoticed ; much subdued,
Unseen I watched the stranger's features play,
With more than language mine would venture to essay.

LVII.

He hath passed onwards, and, with hasty strides,
Descends the valley, leaps the rippling brook,
Which at the bottom gently murmuring glides ;
A calm, sequestered, solitary nook,—
Nor doth he cast behind one single look,
But presses onwards with an anxious haste,
As one might read a deeply thrilling book,
Till village, church, and river, all are passed,
And seen each cottage door, he soon hath reached the last.

LVIII.

He pauses now, and seems afraid to stir,
Looks all around ; his tall and manly form
Bespeaks a soul which surely cannot err ;
Why then a fear ? He hath beheld the storm,
Nor blanched his cheek, as ghastly visions form
Above, around him, and the howling wind
Seems demon's voices, mocking to deform
The feeble works of man ; the startled mind,
As wave rebounds on wave, to death sinks all resigned.

LIX.

He had not known a fear ; but firmly stood
Upon the deck, and nobly braved the roar
Of madden'd waters, as a maiden would
Behold a peaceful wave, and fear'd no more ;
As onwards to an iron-bounded shore,
The vessel sped with haste to dusky death,
And demons of the storm, on pinions soar,
Around that fated bark, above, beneath,
And clamorous on the wind their fearful terrors breathe.

LX.

He who hath fear'd not, might well learn to fear,
As all aghast, he eyes the foaming flood :
The murky rocks, at hand appearing near,
Might chilly curdle the heart's best blood,—
I have seen this, and on the deck have stood,—
Oh ! God, it is a fearful sight to see,
The wild waves dancing in mad brotherhood ;
And from the cheek, the colour well may flee,
And e'en the scoffer bow, and lowly bend the knee.

LXI.

I said he fear'd not ; he now walks the path
Of peaceful husbandry, a village scene ;
But seems afraid, as if some passion hath
A thralldom o'er his soul, some evil been
Deep buried there, tho' hid, yet dimly seen,—
Now he hath gently push'd aside the door,
As one who would not break the calm-serene
Of those who are within, but still forbore
To tempt the hidden spot he trembles to explore.

LXII.

Thus for a moment stood, and gazed within,—
Was it familiar? was there one he knew?
Or was it all unknown? to venture in,
He seemed reluctant, for none met his view:
Tho' memory to each look was fondly true;
And now he enters, stops and looks around,
He is perceiv'd, a shriek—can tears bedew
That aged pair? Ah! yes, and on the ground,
One would have sunk, but swift his arms are clasped around.

LXIII.

It was his Home, forsaken, not forgot;
His parents too: can verse of mine impart,
Or paint the scenes that graced that humble spot?
• Life from the bosom fluttering to depart;
No—vainly would I call the poet's art,
The silence of the soul alone can share,
In deepest thought, the feelings of each heart,
Sometimes a smile, and then anon a tear,
The tear and smile of love, oh! both how doubly dear.

LXIV.

And much was said, and oft of wonder, too :—
How tall he was, how darker, older grown,
And what strange sights had seen, and all so true,
And so much money there, and all his own !
Thus winged the moments, hours quickly flown
Unheeded passed, amidst such general joy ;
Oh seldom are such pleasures, raptures known,
As welcome back to home, a long lost boy,
The joyous welcome home, where care throws no alloy.

LXV.

He must not go again, they could not part :
And neighbours round came flocking in to share,
Their homely joys, such greetings have no art,
For all is truth, and wishes most sincere,—
Oh ! that on earth such feelings should be rare ;
And long they chat, and dark the shadows fell,
'Ere all had risen from the chamber, where
So much had each to hear, and one to tell,
And many a list'ner smiled, and whispered, 'it was well.'

LXVI.

A lamp is burning on a cottage sill,
The hour is late, all seem retired to rest,
No sound was heard ! how solemn, and how still !
The moon-beams sleep upon earth's dewy breast ;
When lo ! a shadow, deeper than the rest,
Hath o'er the gate and through the garden passed,
What could it be at that lone hour ? no guest
Would come so stealthily,—hush, hush ! the blast
Hath o'er a listening ear a well known signal cast.

LXVII.

It was a whisper ; and the cottage door
Was softly opened, timorous accents spoke,
“ Who could at such a time, so late an hour,
Disturb the sleep, and wakeful dogs provoke ? ”—
Then cast a fearful and a searching look
At the tall figure, in the darkened gloom,
Full well she knew the stranger, but she spoke
As one who heeded not, and only come
To know his errand there,—perhaps mistook his home.

LXVIII.

The voice was one he loved to hear, tho' long
Had been the time since it had ceased to flow
In tender accents from a silvery tongue ;
Yet often in his dreams, would fancy throw,
In full, melodious, and thrilling flow,
Its music o'er his heart, so light and clear ;
And now before him, in youth's freshest glow,
There stood the form and face so sweetly fair,
Hope springs triumphant, see!—and Love, young Love was there.

LXIX.

Dull is the heart that could look cold on thee,
Nor feel as lovers feel, sweet smiles and joy,
The rapturous hours in quick succession flee
With envious haste such pleasures to destroy,
Where Virtue rules the heart they never cloy :
And now they part, but 'tis to meet again,
Or count each lingering hour: sweet employ
For hearts which beat in that light golden chain,
Where Friendship blends with Love, and holds a double reign.

LXX.

The bells are ringing merrily and gay,
Each smiling face a laughing, jocund scene ;
The month is joyous, 'tis the month of May,
And groups assembling on the dappled green,—
It is a wedding day ! The village Queen
Doth give her hand and heart to that fond boy,
Proud was his bearing, manly was his mien,
He led her through the throng ; was there not joy
On every dimpled cheek ? The maidens blushed, looked coy.

LXXI.

A lovely train of children, scattering flowers,
Before them walked, the elders followed next ;
You may have seen far richer royal dowers,
But never love more truly ruled the breast,
Not in a poet's theme or turtle's nest :
And aged hands would shake, and hearts invoke
A blessing on the pair, who thus caress'd,
Passed onwards bashful, and not often spoke,
But sweetly smil'd around, or glanc'd a parting look.

LXXII.

The service o'er, the holy blessing given,
They homewards bend, and friends are quickly met
Around the cheerful hearth, foretaste of Heaven ;
They were a lively, peaceful, merry set,
And quicker, faster flew the nimble feet
Of rustic dancers, as the old kept time,
And thought them young again ; who could forget,
In such an hour, their early manhood's prime ?
Or with the youthful throng, in pleasures fail to chime ?

LXXIII.

Within a curtain'd room from noise secure,
A spot for meditation, much intent
On holy thoughts and musings sweetly pure,
The pastor of the hamlet lowly bent,
And from his heart a fervent prayer was sent,
In speechless love for these two hearts, that were
That morning in the bonds of wedlock blent,
Oh God ! let Virtue rule that youthful pair ;
To Heaven the orison flew, and found admittance there,

LXXIV.

Who has a heart, and can forget the scene?
When through the flowery meads we bent our way,
In childhood's happy evanescent dream ;
The village school, the boisterous holiday,
Joy ruled the breast, for care was far away :
Or sitting close upon our nurse's knee,
To court repose from pure but breathless play,
Beneath the shadow of the old oak tree,
And childish laughter rang both loud and merrily.

LXXV.

Oft would our hearts beat quicker with affright,
As hideous spectres, or the giant crew,
Our nursery terrors, yet a sweet delight
Before our minds in wondering horror grew,
Tho' often heard still seeming ever new,—
Or shipwreck'd sailor on the winding shore,
From little hearts how many a tear he drew,
As still we sought the tale told o'er and o'er,
With anxious, lisping tongue, 'Oh yet! oh yet, once more.'

LXXVI.

Ah, happy days ! so free from every guile,
When love was passion's essence, and there grew
From cares a pleasure, and from tears a smile,
And oft will memory the hours renew ;
And youthful pastimes brighten to the view,
While in the breast there springs a holier flame,
Which Life's dark bitterness will oft subdue
With soothing magic of the thrilling name
Of country, and of Home,—loved first and last the same.

LXXVII.

I see the Captive in the dungeon laid, (°)
A wretched man, of every hope bereft,
Deep are the furrows Misery has made ;
His woe is voiceless, and his spirit cleft
From every earthly tie ; no friend is left,—
But fix'd his doom, and heard without a groan ;
The Crime was Murder, and remorseless theft
Of fellow man.—Yet from his heart of stone
A tear was seen to glide at thoughts of love and Home.

LXXVIII.

Awake ! awake ! 'tis early Christmas morn ;
 And deck the cheerful hearth with holly green,
 The merry Minstrels at your window scorn
 The biting cold of Winter's frozen scene,
 And Christmas Carols joyously begin :
 Loud sounds the ditty with the wondrous tale
 Of Man's Redemption, and the station mean
 Of Him who loved us, and whose tears avail
 The sinner's lost estate, the hapless and the frail.

The Christmas Carol. (?)

I.

Sweet rest ye, happie Christians,
 'Tis earlie Christmas dave,
 When Christ our Lord and Savioure
 Became the Sinner's stape,—
 Arise, and for such benefits,
 His precepts all obepe.
 Joyful tidinges let us singe,
 Christ our refuge, Christ our Kinge,
 To hallowe Christmas dave.

XX.

In Judah's lands in Bethlehém,
The lobellie Babe was born,
Upon a Manger poorlie laid,
On Christmas happie Morn.
God speede ye, merrie gentlemen,
And Christian Grace adorn
Joyful tidinges let us singe,
Christ our refuge, Christ our Kinge,
To hallowe Christmas Morn.

LXXIX.

But ere festivities shall crown the day
With famed Sir Loin, and toast in humming ale,
In wassail-bowl, and jocund roundelay ;
Such are the plesantries that will regale
The Christmas revelries, and still prevail,
Where friends are met the oft-told jest to tell,
Yet ere we pass the cup, and pleasure hail,
Let holier thoughts the conscious bosom swell,
Nor pass unheeding by, where tolls the solemn bell.

LXXX.

The service o'er, now homewards through the glade,
Where hides the Primrose in its warm retreat,
As sauntering slowly down the mossy shade,
How many a beauteous gem beneath our feet,
Of Flora's treasures in our path we meet,
With Nature's elegance so meekly gay,
And violet's perfume, odorous and sweet,
Enrich the pleasing travel of the way,
And deck the sylvan bank in Winter's stern array.

LXXXI.

The ancient Yule log blazes on the fire, (°)
The branching Mistletoe hangs in the hall,
The stolen kiss, and maiden's bashful ire,
With merry struggle, and the harmless fall,
Each has its laughter loud, and will recall,
The good old times of revelry and joke,
For Mirth has liberty, and blameless all
Such freedom of the heart, and will invoke
Both Innocence and Love, nor envious thought provoke.

LXXXII.

All flock to Wassail now the Apple-tree, ⁽⁹⁾
 The song to sing, and throw the magic toast,
 Ensuring next year's crop shall plenteous be,
 Our orchard's wonder, and the rustic's boast,
 Or listening now in admiration lost,
 As hoary elders will recite the tale.
 How on this night, when birds are on their roosts,
 And all lie sleeping, see the brimming pail
 Of water changed to wine, such miracles prevail. ⁽¹⁰⁾

A Carol ;

Wassailing the Apple-tree.

Oh ! the tree ! the tree !
 The Orchard tree !
 Good friends and all, now come with me.
 The song I sing,
 The toast I sing,
 That thou next year shalt fruitful be.
 Then sing the song right merrily,
 Good neighbours ye,—
 Oh ! come with me !
 Oh ! come with me !
 Let's go and Wassail the Apple-tree,

LXXXIII.

The new-baked cake will never mouldy grow,
 But last in sweetness on from year to year,—
 The tales are hushed, for with a curious show,
 Fantastic figures in rude guise appear,
 The Mummers come, our childhood's love and fear, (11)
 With gaudy colours clad, of various hue,
 And glittering spangle, sword, and warrior's spear,
 And well the way to please each one they knew,
 And acted dramas strange, and sung their Carols too.

Carol

Of old Father Christmas.

I.

Oh! the days! the good old days!
 The rare old days, when Earth was young,
 Then rose the merry Minstrels' lays,
 And Virgins danced as Shepherds sung.

II.

Oh! the days! the good old days!
 When Love was in his early prime,
 When honour had its ready praise,
 In days of old, the Golden time.

XXX.

Oh ! the days ! the good old days !
The halcyon days are nearly sped,
How well a day ! now well a day !
The Lord of Misrule hangs his head.

Oh ! the days ! the good old days !
The rare old days are well-nigh flown,—
But gentles all, I end my lays,
And pray you not the Mummers scorn.

LXXXIV.

Thus ended he, and now the mail-clad Knight,
The Lord of Misrule, and the Jester vain,
The merry Minstrel, and a fairy sprite,
With soft simplicity of rustic Swain,
Played each their part in the right motley train,
While Wisdom marvelled, and fair Childhood smiled,
E'en thoughtful Care forgot his frequent pain,
And Age itself, for one short hour beguiled,
Found entertainment too, and seemed again a child.

LXXXV.

Each in his character was proudly great,—
Alas, we now grow wiser, and have paid
For polished manners and the high estate,
Much that was innocent, and pleasures made ; ⁽¹²⁾
The branching Palm, and Primrose neatly laid
On oaken sideboard, are no longer seen ;
The ponderous Candle, and the berries red,
Of Holly branch, with Cymlet cake between,
Had each and all their share to make the happy scene.

LXXXVI.

Oh, transient hours ! how oft your Memory gleams
In pleasing fancies as our course we run,
A musing picture of our waking dreams ;
Then Boyhood's days had only just begun,
Nor bronzed the manlier brow beneath the sun.
Who has not then thought Life all smiles and joy ?
A lasting pleasure, and the prize soon won !
Nor feared that toils could reach the happy boy,
Or Pastimes ever fail, or Manhood hopes destroy.

LXXXVII.

Some hunt the slipper, some the trencher twirl,
Amidst the circle round with noise and glee ;
Or blindman's buff, as thrice the youngest girl
Turns round to guess who first must hooded be ;
Now o'er the raven hair, and tresses free,
The hand will rove to name the panting child,
Whose stifled laugh in this extremity
Would all betray—the captor is beguiled,—
Then springs away in joy, and screams with laughter wild.

LXXXVIII.

Each holds his brimming cup, and eyes the fire, (¹³)
And when with crackling sound the binding breaks
Of twisted wreaths around the hissing pyre
Of ashen faggot, with its varied streaks—
Then raise the glass, and fittingly he speaks,
The patriarchal sire, with pleasing grace,
And bids them drain the bowl, and pleasure seeks
In smiles and laughter on each happy face,
As with each bursting wreath the brimming glass keeps place.


LXXXIX.

It was a sight to see the leafless bough,
Full six feet long, cut from the waving tree,
And many such entwined with rustic show,
And homewards dragged with wondrous noise and glee,
Each ran in haste the coming train to see,
Careless of wintry wind, and falling snow ;—
Some had known larger, yet must all agree
Our own glad hearth would burn with ruddy glow,
And wreathing smoke and sparks in circling eddies throw.

The Carol.

Bringing in the Yule Log.

Oh, the old Yule Log! the brave Yule Log!
From the king of the forest-trees comes he;
The Pew will wake
O'er the darksome grave,
And the iby creeps
Where the wild fox sleeps—
But the old Yule Log is the bough for me!
Then bring him in,
And sing him in,
And merrily, merrily, cheer him in,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!



XC.

In days of old the calendar could boast,
No happier time in all the circling year,
The Lord of Misrule gambols free imposed,
The Boar's-head ushered in would oft appear,
With loudest minstrelsy and thrilling cheer ;
The Abbot of Unreason held his sway,
And games for Counters, Nayles and Points, endear
The Christmas revel, from Allhalloned day
Till Candlemas be passed, when ends the Mummer's play.

XCI.

I see before me in the mind's clear eye,
A pageant of old days, such as has been,
But is no longer ; passed for ever by,—
The Boar's-head revelry, an ancient scene,—⁽¹⁴⁾
The guests arrive, and many will convene,
The goodly frolic and the sport to share ;
Some clad in purple, some in Lincoln green ;
Joy seemed himself to be a partner there,
And dimpled many a cheek that blushed with beauty rare.

XCII.

With sprigs of Bay and Rosemary around,
 In dish capacious by the Sewer brought,
 And trumpet, fife, and drum, a clashing sound,
 And loud huzzas, the sturdy yeomen's shout,
 The Boar's-head comes, and echo swells without
 The lengthened carol of the Christmas song,
 As old and young, and all will go about,
 In mazy dance, a wild and laughing throng,
 And with these glowing lines the minstrel's chant prolong.

A Carol.

Bringing in the Boar's-head.

Caput apri defero
 Reddens laudes Domino.

†.

The Boar's-head in hand bring I,
 With garlands gay, and rosemary,
 I pray you all spnge merrily,
 Qui estis in convivio !

XX.

The Boar's-head, I understande,
Is the chiefe service in the lande,
Loke, whereever it be lande
Serbite cum Cantico !

XCIII.

The mind is ever on a constant wing,
Now thoughts of sorrow, now of joy arise,
From grave to gay, from gay to grave we spring,
And joy or terror sparkles in our eyes,
As each by turns in wayward fancy flies :
Emblem of fleeting sunshine of a day,—
Yet every passion has its ardent prize,
A seeming good that dazzles to betray,
And leads us on to age, with life to sink away.

XCIV.

Approach where yon pale ray with fitful light,
Thro' ivied lattice wet with pearly dew,
Glances afar thro' deep'ning shades of night,
A lowly cottage rises to the view ;
There poverty is felt, and comforts few
Will crown the board and cheer the aged pair,
For life is labour, and will hope subdue
With constant task, and anxious carking care,
And goodness seems a name, and charity but rare.

XCV.

Yet hear the hymn of praise, the holy sound,
As plaintive voices swell the solemn strain,
In sweetness float from that low Home ; around
It dies away, and then 'tis heard again,
And louder rolls and wafts across the plain ;
How will the words salute the listening ear,
And claim attention from the passing swain,
Who startled muses, and well pleased would hear,
The words of life and love in accents sweet and clear.

XCVI.

My Home and Country ! Pleasant are thy scenes,
Not more in joyous spring, than winter's reign,
When chilling sleet the howling north wind brings,
In storm careering o'er the frozen plain,
Or dashing wildly o'er the foaming main ;
In that dark season, terrible and drear,
The hearth will blaze, and pleasure banish pain,
And with a blessing crown the dying year,
As friends around us come, the long dark night to cheer.

XCVII.

'Tis an old custom of the good and wise,
For scattered relatives and friends to come,
From many a distant spot to glad the eyes
Of parents dear, who fondly welcome home
The loved, endeared, the cherished—all, save one,
And he to other climes had bent his way,
From friends and country banished, and become
In other lands a settler, far away
From all that he had known in childhood's holiday.

XCVIII.

They pledge him oft ; the thoughtless little deem
His absence casts a shadow o'er the feast,
But aged hearts, as in a wayward dream,
Will feel his memory steal o'er the breast,
And call the well known form so oft caressed ;
The solemn midnight sounds, the stars shine bright,
One parting glass—it is the last request
Of joyous youth with spirits ever light—
Then each betakes him home, and kindly bids ‘ good night.’

XCIX.

When in the balmy hush of closing day,
The pensive exile treads the winding shore,
Far o'er the limpid wave his fancies stray,
And sigh for Home and Country, now no more ;
And musing heedless of the ocean's roar,
Adown his cheek the trickling tear will fall,
In sad remembrance of the days of yore,
A token of the heart that would recall
The mountain Home of youth, the glen, and waterfall.

C.

The evening star reigns lovely o'er the view,
And Beauty's eyes are bright and fair to see,
As in the land in which his boyhood grew ;
The ocean wave as boundless and as free,
Careering far, the child of liberty ;
Yet weary, sad the path of fleeting day,
And few the friends or patriot breasts which he
In desolation claimed, as slow decay
His broken heart usurped—bear ye the dead away.

CI.

Oh it is bliss to think, to feel, to know,—
And absence may be borne, and can beguile,
As o'er the distant scene we musing go,
With thoughts of other days, 'twill call a smile,
And gladness o'er the heart may reign awhile,
And spring from hopes that rushing wildly come,
And light the daily task of cheerless toil—
To hear in thought the bursting welcome home,
With friends of early youth o'er each loved scene to roam.

CII.

Oh let me hear the strain I loved in youth,
That breathes so plaintive of the olden time,
It sounds of innocence, of Home, and truth,
And pleasant hours when the village chime
Rang gaily forth, and rustic games combine,
Unchecked by sorrow, undefiled by art ;
It brings youth, friendship, love, again to shine,
And eloquent of all that soothes the heart,
It calls a trickling tear, yet will sweet joy impart.

CIII.

How blessed the chamber where the good man dies,
And hears with joy his summons to depart,
With placid dreams his slumbering spirit lies,
No terrors seize his meek and lowly heart ;
The Christian's death-bed ere from life we part,
Foretaste of Heaven, seraphic hope will share,
Conscious of sin, he chose the better part,
No striving, querulous repining there,
For faith beholds his God, and enters Heaven with prayer.

CIV.

Say, can this world be left without a sigh ?
It has by him been conquered or forgot,—
Can wealth and honours without sorrow fly ?
How small at such an hour earth's narrow spot,
The riches of eternity his lot !
His placid mind beholds the brighter day,
And angels wait around his hallowed cot,
And sweet the visions of his faith that play,
A Home that 's undefiled, and passeth not away.

CV.

But ah ! the death-bed of the proud and great,
When all life's cherished vanities are fled :
The boast of knowledge, and the high estate,
The warrior's panoply, or poet's meed,
In murky shadow from the soul recede ;
In such a state how fearful 'tis to die :—
The phrenzied soul its coming doom would read,
And Reason, Conscience, Scripture will reply
With a dread voiceless thought, how dark Eternity !

CVI.

My Home and Country ! May thy verdant plains,
The Patriot's boast o'er every land beside,
In strength of Virtue, own no tyrant's chains,
But with thee Peace, and every good abide,
A bright example and each Nation's guide ;
Oh, not unequal to the Spartan's name,
The Grecian's elegance, or Roman's pride,
Well may thy sons the minstrel's laurels claim,
The warrior's knightly meed, or Freedom's nobler flame.

CVII.

My Home and Country ! Thou hast good in all
The varied life, with which thy Millions teem,
Though cities curb in chambers dark and small,
The pale mechanic, and his labours seem
A picture of despair, where few hopes gleam—
Ill judging thought ! what tho' no flow'ret grows,
Or silver fountain yields a babbling stream,
Yet Intellect its magic influence throws,
And pleasure from his toils in expectation flows.

CVIII.

In the dark chamber of the crowded street, ⁽¹⁵⁾
Midst noise and all the catalogue of strife,
Will spring the bright idea with thought replete,
To raise and elevate the social life,
A nation's future weal with blessings rife—
Thou art the birth-place of the soaring mind,
Of science, arts, and tho' it may be grief,
Will sadden youth, to daily task confined,
Here labour in their love, who dignify mankind.

CIX.

And more or less, sweet entertainment flings
Her pleasant hours round the closing day,
And calm enjoyment in remembrance springs,
Of sunny lawns and woodlands far away ;
But Nature is not banished : pleased, survey
The light of usefulness, and Truth must own,
The Poet errs, who in his Task did say,
“ God made the country, and man made the town,”
Is he not Lord of all, in each his Glory shown ?

CX.

The children nestling round the blazing hearth,
Will listen to the tales of fairy song ;
No sweeter moment in life's sadden'd path
Than that, which such enjoyment will prolong :
The shutters closed, the curtains warmly hung
Around the window, hush, the pelting rain,
The whistling wind may howling sweep along,
But all unheard : attentive to the strain,
Each little heart beats quick, and scarce can tears refrain.

CXI.

The gentle chaffinch in his cage confined, (¹⁶)
Sings notes of sweetest melody around,
Poor sightless chorister, a prisoner blind,
Flows there no tear of pity at the sound ?
Thy lay is sweeter for thy blighting wound,
That dimmed the radiance of thy sparkling eye,
No more from spray to spray thou'lt freely bound,
In joyous spirit of thy liberty,
In far Thuringia's woods, beneath her lovely sky.

CXII.

Poor plaintive captive, does thy sweetness come,
In tones that breathe so melancholy wild,
To soothe the sorrows of thy prison home ?
Or art thou gay, and sovereign mercy willed
Thy cage shall pleasure to thy bosom yield ?
We may not know, yet I would set thee free,—
Thy happiest lay with thrilling love seems filled,
And artless too, for none is taught to thee ;
Still do thy joyous notes sound sadly harsh to me.

CXIII.

Ah, no ! thou art not happy. Every flower
In thy far home of hills is dropping dew,
Thy feather'd mates in each sequestered bower,
Love's dawning dream of bliss in spring pursue
A carnival of Nature—all save thou ;
Then, art thou happy, victim, in thy chain ?
The heart will pity, as it answers, No,
Thou art the sweetest songster of the plain,
Each throb thy wild heart gives, is for thy *Home* again.

CXIV.

From England's fair and happy peaceful shore,
Across the ocean's wildly dashing foam,
To bear the crown of thorns his Saviour bore,
The lonely Missionary quits his Home ;
To desert wilds his footsteps gladly roam,
To many a hapless night-enslaved strand,
To rear the cross that smiling saint will come,
To point the way to Heaven's promised land,
And speak the words of life in accents sweet and bland.

CXV,

From sunny lawns to plunge in forest's shade,
From all that memory, love, rendered dear,
From hallowed scenes by truth and friendship made
Foretaste of Heaven, he quits without a tear,
That lonely man has God's own love to cheer,
A task to teach the saving words of life,
To bring glad tidings to the startled ear,
To hush the voice of Sin's destroying strife,
To break the venomed shaft with Death and sorrow rife.

CXVI.

‘ The vessel speeds her long and stormy way,
Right onward o’er the crystal rolling wave,
The mind from bonds of heathen sadd’ning sway,
With grace and mercy he has come to save ;
He breaks their fetters, frees the veriest slave
That bows beneath the Idol’s crushing chains,
Awoke by faith, for pardon each will crave,
Triumphant now his own Messiah reigns,
And holy sounds proclaim the victory o’er the plains.

CXVII.

Around that lonely man the heathen throng,
And gaze upon his face with trembling fear,
The words of Truth and Love are on his tongue,
And saving grace and hopes of Heaven appear :
They marvel much, his themes such wonders bear ;
The warrior trembles in his wild abode,
Lays down his shield and quits his poisoned spear,
Atoning blood has o’er his follies flowed,
Saved by the light of love, he owns the stranger’s God.

CXVIII.

Glory to God—good will to ruthless men,
The banner of his hopes, which flutters light ;
Richer than wealth, or prince's diadem,
The Martyr's crown with glory sparkles bright,
The sword of faith, the rays of Gospel light,
With shield of love his breast alone to guard—
Thro' toil and travel, sin-engendered night,
On earth but sorrow, tears for man incurred,
Are all his lot below ; in Heaven alone reward.

CXIX.

Calm and content, he feels Religion's glow
In heavenly peace steal o'er his soothed mind,
Tho' man may threaten and the tempests blow,
Glad teacher of God's love thou art resigned,—
Honour and wealth thy thoughts can never blind.
Go, lowly heart, my wishes go with thee,—
If aught of bliss the human breast may find,
'Twill dwell in thine : far o'er the rolling sea,
The altar of thy God, thy Home on earth will be.

CXX.

Mine is a song of rural scenes ; and praise
Is in my heart for mercies freely given ;—
The crowded street, the world's distracting maze,
Where vice and folly, in mad circles driven,
Reign in the breast, and close the gates of Heaven.
I crave not such, nor fashion, earthly fame ;
Oh ! from my soul, from every wish be riven
The gilded tinsel of a flatter'd name,
That springs from such career ; be mine a holier flame.

CXXI.

The hunter's horn rings with a clanging cry,
All life and joyousness ; they freely rove
O'er yon hill's summit, on the dawning sky
Their figures seem gigantic as they move.
It is the very morn the sportsmen love !
And loud resounds their mirth-invoking strain,
And o'er the meadow, and yon copse above
The notes sound cheerily, and o'er the plain
They die away so sweet but to begin again.

CXXII.

The curling mist in light fantastic form,
Hangs on each shrub and gently waving tree,
The glittering rays of early day adorn
A smiling landscape with soft brilliancy ;
The mind feels peaceful and as lightly free,—
Kind Nature breathes in love o'er each and all,
The little birds hymn sounds of liberty,
With wood-notes wild so sweetly musical,
As tho' they sang a day-spring's joyous Carnival.

CXXIII

Oh health-inspiring chace ! we bound away
O'er park and meadow, hill and valley green,
'Midst sights and sounds delightful, ever gay,
An English landscape, English is the scene,—
Haste, sportsmen, haste, with spirits light and keen ;
The old, the young, the peasant and the peer,
'The brush ! the brush !' shall soon be proudly seen,
With shout triumphant, echoing far and near,
The pride of him who haply such honour well may bear.

CXXIV.

‘ Spur, spur ! ’ the valleys echo all around,
The coursers neigh : and well their pace maintain,
On, on, they dash ; spurn’d seems the yielding ground,
Till now at fault, their speed is all in vain,
The wily fox has left the open plain,
The friendly word has proved a transient stay ;
But soon he ’s off—and now they dash again,
While shouts the huntsman, ‘ stolen, stole away,’
On, on my willing lads, ’twill be a glorious day !

CXXV.

Nor early sank the fox, tho’ sore beset,
But bore him nobly in the lengthened race,
His swift pursuers, see, he baffles yet,
With dashing speed, he keeps his foaming pace,—
It is a headlong and a gallant chase ;
On foot and horseback follow many a foe,
In thirst of glory, tho’ some find a place,
But not of honour, for they’re fallen low,
In ditch or slimy pit, the rest loud laughing go.

CXXVI.

They rise them in the stirrup proudly high—
And nerve the frame and joy is in the eyes,
And whip and spur they skilfully apply,
As with the best the lagging huntsman vies,
O'er fence, and plain the panting courser flies ;
Alas ! his failing strength can chase no more,
The weary steed stops, wavers, sinks and dies :
His race is run, his triumphs all are o'er,
The flower of Western land his master may deplore.

CXXVII.

The baying hounds have passed the river's side,
The eye beholds no more a numerous field ;
Few only can their weary coursers guide,
The pace is deadly, and the timid yield
The prize to other hands, nor wish to wield
The brush in triumph, or be known to song,
As shout on shout and echo echoes pealed,
The leafy woods and flowery meads along,
And oft a hunter's voice would fain the notes prolong.

CXXVIII.

The purple clouds have tinged the glowing west,
With all the crimson of their bright array ;
The lowing herds have sought their wonted rest,
And sleeps in shadows Twilight's soften'd ray ;
The chace had lasted till the close of day.
The toil-worn labourer hieing to repose,
Startled with shouts, that peal on peal away,
Beholds the triumphs, and his bosom glows
With pleasure o'er the foe, whose prowling thefts he knows.

CXXIX.

Night falls in beauty, scarce a fleeting cloud
Hangs round the halo of the lunar orb,
But clear, transparent, radiant brilliance flowed,
In streams of silver light no shades disturb.
Now homewards each, with slackened rein and curb,
Health in the manly limb, glee in the heart ;
While silence seems the huntsman to absorb,
Who sees again in thought each rider's art,
Yet fain would troll a stave ere time comes to depart.

CXXX.

Now let the blazing hearth its scenes disclose,
When welcomed back the truants of the day,
On easy sofa tired limbs repose,
And well-stored viands tempting boards display,
And many a lively toast shall crown the day,
While lovely lips the feats and jokes enquire,
Or pressed to sing the sportsman's merry lay,
Their fingers touch the sweetly sounding lyre,
And witching smiles breathe love, and love again require.

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

PART II.

The proudest fame the world can give
Scarce pays the Bard whose wishes roam ;
The fame for which 'tis sweet to live
Must come from eyes, lips, hearts—at home.

BERNARD BARTON.

TO CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "CRICKET ON THE HEARTH," &c.

I.

The gentle "Cricket on the Hearth,"
Chirps "fairy tales of Home" to thee,
With voice of Love, so sweet that Earth,
"Foretaste of Heaven," with joy must be !

II.

Existence, tumult o'er, the mind
Looks back on Life's deserted path,
And, with the calm of "Hope resigned,"
Dreams with "the Cricket on the Hearth !"

III.

Give me the lyre ! I fain would string,
An artless tale, if such may be ;—
Oh ! Home's sweet spirit ! Cricket, bring,
A tone that 's eloquent of thee !

INTRODUCTION TO PART II.

“These verses may be very pathetic and interesting,” quoth Friar Bacon ;
“but I really do not understand one word of what you are saying !”

“Neither do I,” replied Marco ; “but that makes no difference at all in poetry. I like the *sound* of them,—that is quite enough for me, and so I learned the verses by heart.”

The Merchant and the Friar.

Most true, worthy Merchant ! Poetry like every thing else, must submit to fashion to gain attention, or please the world ; thus mannerism becomes a substitute for sense, and “*that makes no difference at all in poetry.*” —To a tale so simple, unvarnished as mine, and *not* bowed down to the yoke of fashion, innumerable difficulties will spring up, and render its progress to the reading portion of the public, a matter of no little trouble. The apology for this contempt of fashion and the custom of the times, must be found

in the question; “Do your thoughts never recur to the scenes of early home, when your spirits ever light, ever joyous, had not become saddened by the trammels of worldly cares? does your imagination never transport you in absence, or your memory, when they are fled, again realise their events?

I know you *do* recur to them, I know you *do* think of them: and pleasant thoughts they are, worthy of being embodied, worthy of being placed on the page of the Poet, and worthier of a better fate than to be shackled with the tyranny of Fashion.—

This, then, is my apology for daring to write as Nature teaches, as common sense approves, and as such a theme dictates. Farewell, gentle reader, I address you from the chimney corner in apology or preface, no more.—

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

The subject is now to be pursued in a wider sphere.—Reflections on the state of Ireland ; patriots and patriotism.—Detraction.—The outward-bound ship.—Northern regions, with savage life and scenes ; the hut and Home of the savage ; Aurora Borealis.—The deepest reasoning of the human mind, without revelation, unable to form the *Truth*.—Chace of the whale ; the Henrietta's crew.—Shipwreck and death.—Love and Home found in the desert.—Scenes in Africa.—The Marsellaise, and revolution of 1830, Paris.—Italy ; Florence in vintage time.—The Bandit's Home and bride.—Judah, and the Homeless Jew ; Sermon on the Mount.—Sin and Death vanquished on the cross.—Destruction of Jerusalem, and the scattering of the Jews over all nations.—Apostrophe to man's last Home on Earth, the grave.—The Christian's hope, and everlasting Home in Heaven.—Conclusion.—A tribute of loyal affection and praise to the Briton's pride and boast, the Domestic Portraiture of Windsor Castle.—The Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales.

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

PART II.

I.

Mine is a theme of Home and country too—
Oh ! happy England, peaceful, lovely Isle,
Pleasures are round thee, pleasures which are *true*,
And fruitful fields with constant verdure smile ;
And many a care will cheerfulness beguile,
Where holy, pure religion, Gospel light,
Is frequent heard, beneath the fretted aisle,
Or lowly chapel, clearing deepest night (‘)
Of sin and sorrow both,—the truth, the *Truth* shines bright.

II.

Is there a part of thee that hath not such ?
Is Erin but a dark and barren spot ? ⁽²⁾
Home seldom smiles ! Her griefs I fearful touch,
With care, and sorrow ; I have not forgot,
Tho' penury and labour be their lot,
Her sons are brave, her daughters modest, fair ;
Let Hope arise, and deck the peasant's cot
With peace and plenty, virtues rich and rare,
A bright renewing scene, to last for ever there.

III.

Such has been and such will be once again ;
Your hardy sons are willing for the toil,
Your mountain valleys, or the even plain,
Are rich in verdure, fruitful in the soil ;
Oh ! let not faction's fights the scene embroil ; ⁽³⁾
Dare to be free from rapine and from strife,
Who can behold thy smiling verdant Isle,
And not be anxious for thy better life ?
To see thee soar again, with many a blessing rife.

IV.

The fault lies not with *thee*, but in the *land*
That calls thee sister, pleasant to the ear
That sound will fall, and many thoughts command,
To recollections, fancies, feelings dear,
But 'tis in *thought* alone, to love and cheer,
To foster, cherish, yet the deeds to do,
And much will Wisdom have thro' fogs to steer,
Ere she can right thee ; rise, ye noble few,
Of England's manly sons, that yield thee what is due.

V.

And thou, great Patriot, whom I must admire, (4)
I see thee able in a country's cause,
Forget not truth and virtue ; never tire,
Their paths pursue, nor court the world's applause,
But constant ever, let not Valour pause,
Invoke a blessing on the hopeful deed ;
Strictly follow, and not break the laws ;
And thou perchance may gain the wished for meed ;
A country's hopes and fears—it must and will succeed. (5)

VI.

I mean for all an honourable Home,
Where peace and plenty crown the festive board,
And Discontent no longer sighs to roam,
But to the palace, or the cot afford
A plenteous meal, where Piety adored
Will smile upon the land, and blessings fall
Of Industry and Care, a sure reward ;
For such are virtues, which will ever call
A glory round the cottage porch, or lordly hall.

VII.

But some there are who think thee not sincere,
Who mark thee not with honour, but with shame,
Will at thy purpose only scornful jeer,
Can see Ambition, not the patriot's flame,
Burn in thy soul, thou hast no higher aim.
Forgive them all, 'tis ever thus with worth,
It dims a poet or a warrior's name,
'Tis but a portion of the curse of Earth,
It sprang in early days, and grew strong from its birth.

VIII.

Pierced, Scandal, by thy envy-poisoned dart,
How doth thy victim writhe in mental pain !
To paint the torture thy fell wounds impart
Imagination's powers would strive in vain,
Thine is a harrowing and a crushing chain,
That cankers to the soul, its inmost core,
And in the sinking bosom fiercely reign
The thoughts of blackened reputation ; more
And deadlier far than ills on poverty that pour.

IX.

The pangs arising from an injured name,
And friendship's ties dissolved, will tear away
From life Hope's brightest lustre, yet the flame
Of conscious truth shall shine, and candour's rays,
To all the freshness of unclouded day,
Convert the shadows that on thee await,
Like as the sun-beams o'er the whirlwind play.
And thy foiled malice, Scandal, but create
Alike the wise and good, the just man's scorn and hate.

X.

List to the scandal of the village love,
Where witless men pursue an endless theme
Of idle talk, as often, o'er and o'er,
They plan their neighbour's welfare ; pleasant dream
Of kind benevolence ! and much they scheme,
While nodding o'er the oft-replenished ale,
The nation's good ; 'twere wise to copy them !
For much of folly does in all prevail,
Save they who hear, and he who tells the ready tale.

XI.

My Home and hearth ! what magic in the name !—
Home is Love's altar ! where all joyous things,
The laugh, the hope, the bliss, religion's flame,
Are daily offered, and the incense flings,
Sweet savour of affection, such as brings
Its genial influence o'er the troubled mind,
And soothes the heart which care no longer stings ;
Soft, beautiful, endearing, there resigned,
The old may solace seek, the young will pleasure find.

XII.

How sweet in Winter's Eve around the fire
To nestle close, and talk of all we saw,
The pendent icicle, the frozen mire,
The biting wind, and now the chilling thaw ;
The howling tempest whistles cold and raw,
The pattering sleet is heard against the pane,
While round the hearth the chairs we closer draw,
And warm and safe, regardless of the rain,
List to the storm without, dream of the foaming main.

XIII.

But not alone our native land has scenes
Of Home and beauty, such as I have sung,
Go where that bounding ship afar careens,
Ascend its topmast, let a thought be flung
O'er many climes, as it hath pass'd among :
In every spot a habitation's found
For friendly interest, affections strong,
Tho' bleak and arid be the soil around,
And storms eternal rage, nor verdure decks the ground.

XIV.

There is a spot of earth, 'tis barren all,
And cold and bleak the biting north winds blow,
And darkness spreads a black funereal pall
O'er half the year, and summer's feeble glow
Scarce thaws the icicle, and lonely, slow,
The weary traveller o'er a Greenland waste,
With anxious steps a timid glance will throw ;
As howling wolves in terror rushing past,
Awake the frantic thought, that hour may be his last.

XV.

Can there be beauty here ? This desert scene,
So wan and wretched, can it aught supply ?
Behold the heavens so calm and bright serene,
With crimson radiance, or the Tyrian dye,
Amazed and wondering, the startled eye (')
Fixed on the clouds, sees richest beauty there,
What earthly loveliness with this can vie,
The tints of yellow, green, now dark, now fair,
Of meteors glancing free ; with such what can compare ?

XVI.

Aurora Borealis is the name (⁸)
Of this majestic wonder of the skies ;
A radiant arch, a lovely diadem,
Of many hues, of frequent changing dyes ;
Now with the lightning's motion quickly flies,
In vivid flashes, with a rustling sound,
Then pearly tears seem trickling down the skies,
From faintest glow, to deepest tone embrowned,
It tinges every star, and crimsons all around.

XVII.

A gentle motion, undulating now,
If scarce a breath of air is felt to play,
Is in the lustre of the purple bow,
And shines with calmer and a milder ray,
Of tints resembling the Milky-way.
The storm arises, not the brightest flash
Of vivid lightning can with it essay,
In wild, unchecked career, to madly dash
Amidst the heavenly host, and seem with them to clash. (⁹)

XVIII.

Who can behold thee and not own the power
Of Nature's God in this most wondrous scene ?
Still not the less in every simple flower,
In high, or low, the truth is clearly seen—
Nature might teach had Scripture never been ;
Ah ! no, the thought this scene alone controls,
The deepest reasoning, and knowledge keen,
Is like the Indians', fancying as it rolls,
Their fathers' spirits' roaming through a land of souls.

XIX.

Thus is there good in all, and beauty too,—
Look on the ground, the clear transparent ice
Shines in the sun, to every colour true,
Reflecting each as in the polished glass ;
Now o'er the crystal streams we freely pass,
The valleys glittering in unclouded day,
Here have a curious, hardy, sturdy race
Found this a Home, and never wish to stray,
Contented with their lot, hark ! to their merry lay.

XX.

This seems a habitation ; enter in,
Why starts the stranger ? has he aught to fear ? ⁽¹⁰⁾
A curious sight awaits him, but will win
The gaze of admiration ; bright and clear
The lucid rays of light through slabs appear
Of well formed ice, of colours green or blue,
Which o'er the dome-shaped edifice they rear
Firmly and strong ; and if the ice be new,
Most dazzling rays of light meet the enraptured view.

XXI.

And many forms are seen ; the children play,
The hungry dogs look sulkily around,
The smoke is curling mistily away,
And spears and boat-hooks strew the littered ground ;
While dance and music of a hollow sound,
Cheer the long hours of lengthened winter's reign.
With strong andromeda their beds are bound,
Nor feel they much of sorrow or of pain,
In so confined a spot, where luxury is vain.

XXII.

No ornaments they wear, unless they boast
The curious Kakeen, mystically wrought,
On arm, or breast, a shield against a host
Of dire distempers, sickness, evil thought
Of fearful spirits, such have often sought
The yielding heart in frequent sin to snare,
But careful armed, have 'gainst their malice fought,
As oft they hear them in the murky air,
And see their shadowy forms in darkness hovering near.

XXIII.

Young love is in the eyes, and seems to shine (²⁴)
As bright and strong, in that cold chilling sphere,
As in a richer and a warmer clime,
Where burning passions, glowing, fierce, appear :—
The proud Italian, or Circassian fair,
More roguish looks, and smiles have seldom cast,
Nor whispered softly to the listening ear :
While jokes and laughter round the circle passed,
And long the boisterous play, and merry tales will last.

XXIV.

What, though no flowers gem the sterile field,
Or mountain rose the arid wilds adorn,
Nor sparkling suns their brightest influence yield,
With golden radiance o'er a land forlorn,
While howling winds with constant sighings mourn,
And stormy waves break o'er a foaming strand,
Where lightnings flash amidst the brooding storm ;
Yet oh ! how dear, how rich, and sweetly bland
Appears the sterile soil, our much-loved native land.

XXV.

Oh ! let my grave be made beneath the soil
Of Britain, happiest island of the main ;
Then should this life prove only weary toil,
And sorrows o'er my heart have constant reign,
Yet in the grave will cease life's dreary pain,
And o'er my dust the mourning heart will weep,
As Cynthia rising lights the dark'ned plain,
And o'er my grave the wild flowers freshly creep,
And deck the native soil, where mouldering ashes sleep.

XXVI.

That hour I love to roam, unsought, unseen,
With wandering steps across the dewy lawn,
Musing perchance o'er childhood's happy theme,
O'er joys and sorrows, days and years long gone :
Sweet are the joys of incense-breathing morn,
Sweet are the fancies of the mid-day dream ;
But sweeter far to soothe a heart forlorn,
The solemn stillness of the moonlit scene,
A harbinger of peace, and hopes, all glad serene.

XXVII.

My Home, my Home, there fancy lends the view,
And through a lapse of years recalls the past,
The hours of sorrow, care, and now the few
Bright cheerful days which were too fair to last,
The fond remembrance with a shadow cast
O'er present hours, and awake a sigh,
Like yonder cloud which o'er the moon hath passed,
And for a moment deep obscurity
Broods o'er the fairy scene, but soon flits passing by.

XXVIII.

Slow breaks the early dawn along the hills.
The gallant bark is mann'd, the wind is fair, ⁽¹²⁾
And gently flowing every white sail fills;
The joyous crew with plaudits rend the air,
The parted wife and mother linger near:—
The anchor's weigh'd, the flutt'ring signal flies,
From drooping eyelids creeps the trickling tear,
Away, away, the ready captain cries,
And laughs at age's fears, or friend's embitter'd sighs.

XXIX.

'Tis morn once more, the hardy whaler sees
Around him mountains of eternal snow,
Majestic, irresistible, the breeze
O'er lands unknown will sparkling snow-wreaths blow,
As ploughing thro' the wave with speed they go;
The harpoon's ready, and the boats are strong,
With "doublings," "pointers," carlings fix'd below, ⁽¹³⁾
Give strength and safety as they skim along,
And oft resounds the voice of merry sailor's song.

XXX.

High on the mast in crow's nest firmly plac'd,
The anxious watcher eyes the glist'ning main,
The lines are ready, and the yards are braced,
The skilful crew have fix'd the spear and chain,
And strictest order in the watch maintain ;
" A fish, a fish," the joyful captain cries,—
Rous'd by the sound as with a loosen'd rein,
The frantic courser o'er the meadow flies,—
The startled sailors rush and strain their eager eyes.

XXXI.

See, "there he spouts," the question, "Where away?"⁽¹⁴⁾
Is scarcely heard, for every voice shouts "there!"
" And there again ! " in wild fantastic play,
The Ocean's monarch seems to know no fear ;
Now boats are lower'd down with frequent cheer,—
" Swing on your oars, my boys," and swift they flew,
" Lay on, 'tis ours," at every stroke they near
The playful victim, o'er the waters blue,
And dash'd o'er foaming wave the Henrietta's crew.

XXXII.

The Ocean giant now appears to sleep, ⁽¹⁵⁾
And lies extended o'er the limpid wave ;
No breezes stir the placid rolling deep,
But softly murmur thro' the sea-girt cave,
No startling sound the labouring oarsmen gave ;
An agitated murmur of the breast,
Alone might tell how great the prize they crave,
Still at its ease the victim takes its rest,
And with its wondrous form the Ocean's bosom press'd.

XXXIII.

“ A pull, a strong pull, and a pull together,
And 'tis our own,”—“ bend comrades to your oar,
Bring her abreast ;” the skilful voyager
Feels almost safe, but knows it is not o'er,
When lo ! a spout, and now a madden'd roar,
The conscious victim springs in flight away,
Some thousand fathom deep, as 'twould explore,
Some region far beyond the light of day,
And breathe in safety there from Man's destroying sway.

XXXIV.

But not abash'd the weary crew have seen,
Their prize descend ; for early taught to know,
Soon from the bosom of the vortex green,
Again the hunted fish will quickly show—
Then to the chace once more, “ row brothers row,”
The boat is nearer yet, and nearer still,—
A steady aim, one deep and deadly blow,—
The harpoon 's fix'd,—a cry, both loud and shrill,
Bursts from each panting breast, and owns the steerer's skill.

XXXV.

Then on and on, and madly on he flies,
The line runs out with almost lightning's speed,
The cautious captain to the boatswain cries,
And bids him to the rushing line take heed ;
The axe is raised, in case of dang'rous need,
And on they dash in swift and mad career,
The struggling captive will in torrents bleed,
And stain the purple waters far and near,
And plunge as 'twere from life, ere he again appear.

XXXVI.

A single oar is rais'd, for help is near, ⁽¹⁶⁾
To show the lengthened line is nearly flown,
A thousand fathoms hath it run out clear,
With wreath of smoke, yet is his course not done,
Another, and another's added on,—
And now a cry of agony—" 'tis foul,—
Cut, cut the rope,"—the axe must fall, and gone
The fisher's prize, and o'er the waters roll
The cry of "lost, 'tis lost," nor can they such control.

XXXVII. .

Once more, once more the chase they must essay,
An hour will pass, and then again 'twill rise,—
"There's time for capture ere the close of day,—
Its our fish yet," the gallant captain cries :
And labour, toil is worthy such a prize.
"He's up again," the startled oarsmen bend,
And tears of joy seem starting from their eyes,
Attending boats their strong assistance lend,
And in the final chace, with heart and soul contend.

XXXVIII.

“ Now peak your oars, upraise the glittering spears,”
The harpoon’s for a moment glancing seen ;
“ Dart, dart !” ’tis done, and long the seamen’s cheers,
Announce success ; the Ocean’s foam unclean,
With blood-dyed hue, o’er many a wave is seen :
The rent air rings with exultation now ;
His wounds are fatal, and each shout between
His fearful struggles, hails the deadly blow,—
“ Now strike your flags, my men, for conquered is our foe.” (17)

XXXIX.

The casks are stored, the glutted sharks are gone,
“ Home, Home !” they cry, with home each bosom filled.
Dreams fondly of the scenes for ever flown :
No more for them the little prattling child,
The wife, or mother, friend,—but sadly wild,
Along their native shore lament will rise,
As watching mourners with sweet hopes beguiled,
Gaze oft in vain with dim and tearful eyes.
For that brave bark’s return, and dread the lowering skies.

XL.

Soon the calm ripple of the dancing wave,
Is changed, and gloom is brooding o'er the scene,
A darksome mist the cirling waters gave, ⁽¹⁸⁾
The clear blue sky is hid, as by a skreen
Of deep'ning black ; the danger is foreseen,
And all's prepared against the coming hour
Of storm and tempest, and, with careful mien,
The skilful steersman eyes the thick'ning shower,
And well he guides the bark, which seems to feel his power.

XLI.

'Tis night : around the fitful gleaming fire,
The midnight watch their summons silent wait ;
The waves dash loudly, and the tempest's ire
Seems brooding o'er the sailor's threatened fate,
The wind howls madly—will it ne'er abate ?
Is there no tale to wing the lingering hour ?
Then one essayed a legend to relate,
A fearful legend of sin's damning power,
Then hastily glanced around, nor felt himself secure.

THE LEGEND OF THE ALTAR STONE,
OF RUDOLPH'S ABBEY,

TOLD TO THE CIRCLE WAITING THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

I.

*

The trembling tone of the speaker, amidst the howling of the tempest, caused the opening stanza of the tale to be unheard. He stopped—but no one spoke—in a moment of temporary calm he thus continued :

II.

Pale was his cheek, while his tearless eye
Is the sign of a broken heart ;
For the grief is most when the eyes are dry
And the stifled moan, or the bursting sigh
Alone will the tale impart.

III.

And now his clenched hand, with terror white,
Seems grasping the viewless air ;
While thro' the black shades of deep'ning night,
A harrowing vision bursts on his sight,
And hovers in fancy there.

IV.

'Tis a dream that paints long by-gone days,
The dear-loved days of youth ;
When the young heart scoffed at pictured fears,
And smiled in scorn at imagined tears,
In boyhood, Home, and truth.

V.

But ah ! how changed since infancy,
The hopes of his sorrowing life !
How oft changed the smile to a bursting sigh,
And the jocund laugh to a wailing cry,
With sorrow and anguish rife.

VI.

And while his memory sad recalls
The Home of his happier hours,
Wild and dark is the image his soul enthalls,
And deep is the sigh that picture calls,
As the shade of crossed hope lowers.

VII.

Now o'er his wan brow, a pallid hue
Of chilling whiteness creeps,
While each fluttering pulse beats faint and low,
And cold is the warmth of Nature's glow,
And Life in his heart's blood sleeps !

VIII.

And anon he stands in mute despair,
Unfelt e'en the stedfast ground !
While his maniac mind of madd'ning care,
Forms a Hell of each thought that flutters there,
With terror and wildness crowned.

IX.

There is a dread hell beyond the grave—

* * * * *

The increasing wildness of the storm, howling through the masts and rigging of the vessel, again caused the speaker's voice to be unheard. They looked in each others' faces, and *one* smiled ; he proceeded thus :

X.

And now from his folded breast he takes
The poison cup of woe,
And with its fell stream he madly slakes
His burning thirst, as for ever he breaks
The ties of this world below.

XI.

And swift a cold creeping chillness runs
Thro' all his quivering frame,
Nor could the warm glow of Italian suns,
Yield warmth to that heart tho' a thousand ones,
Shone bright with their scorching flame.

XII.

'Tis the deadly chill of life's last hour !

The chill of the noisome grave,
When its first faint shades all ghastly lower,
And breathe o'er the lips their pallid dower,
And the worms the death feast crave !

XIII.

And he's laid him down on a cold, cold stone,
Beneath the dark blue sky,
While his shrouded soul in the mind's deep gloom,
Sighs for the sleep of the silent tomb,
When his fainting frame shall die.

XIV.

Nor long delayed was his heart's breathed prayer,
His mourning soul is fled,
No more to drink deep of this life's despair,
Or bow beneath its harrowing care,
But sleep with the silent dead.

XV.

And oh ! where is laid that fearful one ?
Where sighs the chill night wind,
Where the moss-grown walls of long ages gone
Oft echoed to heaven the sacred song,
On the altar stone reclined !

XVI.

Within a once holy fane he lies,
And pours out his latest breath,—
Where * * * *

One, more fearful than the rest, would have the tale ended, but the listeners will not agree.

XVII

For his feeble steps had brought him there,
In the gloom of a starless night,
And the sorrow that hung o'er his fell despair,
Had dimm'd to his vision each object there,
Scarce seen in the rayless light.

XVIII.

There 's a little bird on that old wall,
And it chirps itself to rest,
Nor conscious, soars from the spot where all,
Breathes of the stain of the murderer's fall,
But sleeps in calmness blest.

XIX.

The prowling fox through the chancel creeps,
The lord of the desolate pile ;
Nor shudders with terror as Nature weeps,
And Death with his victim silent sleeps,
But prowls on his wandering still.

XX.

And now a dark shadow amid the gloom
Is seen in haste to stray,
And softly glide by each sculptured tomb,
Where, hushed to rest in their narrow home,
Sleep the hopes of a former day.

XXI.

But soft,—it is gone ! it seems not there,
Its vampire shade is fled.
I see it not—'tis there !—no—

The conclusion of this stanza was lost, either in the continued noise of the tempest, or the speaker's memory may have failed.

XXII.

But ha ! again,—yes, there it glides,
Thro' darkness, damp and all,
Nor starts at the scream, as the fierce owl rides,
Scared from its rest, o'er the foaming tides,
Thro' the dark gloom's dusky pall.

XXIII.

And anon it motionless stands awhile,
As the fitful Moon breaks through,
With cheerless light on the ivied aisle,
Where ruin and havoc ghastly smile,
And * * *

XXIV.

And the glimmering light scarcely shows,
The form of the spectre shade,
And tinges a cheek where life just glows,
And the faint heart's blood scarce ebbs and flows,
A mock of the very dead.

XXV.

But see ! why soars the wild bird there,
So fearfully on the blast ?
Why darts in fear through the murky air ?
Or yon frightened fox from his mossy lair,
Why dashes in terror past ?

XXVI.

'Tis scared by a shriek so wild and shrill,
So fearfully wild it rose,
That each hearer's heart grew faint and chill,
As it mournfully echoed from yon dark hill,
Through the wan night's still repose.

XXVII.

It is the shriek of his widowed love !

The shriek of his mourning bride,
As her streaming eyes o'er his features rove,
And she calls on one who no more will move,
Or sit by her desolate side.

XXVIII.

The sun may glad the night-wrapt sky,
With his beams on the morrow shed,
But he brings not light to that closed eye,
But glances unfelt, unheeded by,—
They rest with the slumbering dead.

XXIX.

And they were laid by each other's side,
As in life they were but one ;
And the Murderer's hand still clasps his bride,
Whom even stern Death could not divide ;
And they rest 'neath the Altar Stone.

XXX.

There is a dread Hell beyond the grave,

A throne of * * *

Hush ! * * * *

 * * * * * *

Hush !—The speaker himself stopped ; they stared in each others' faces ; could spirits unseen, invisible, be among the group ; the speaker seized the hand of his nearest fellow, when——

▼ XLII.

There needs no more to chill each list'ner's heart,

Enough ! Enough ! the tale ; no more, no more,—

The bell is struck, the solemn sounds impart

A fearful warning to the midnight hour ;

They go on deck, the planks are scattered o'er

With desolation, and the tall masts bent ;

No cheering thoughts, amidst the giddy roar,

Mix'd with their labours, but, with ruin spent,

They eye the yawning depth, and their hard fate lament.

XLIII.

The gale the toss'd bark's plunging to and fro,
The thunder's pealing o'er the foaming wave,
The lightning's flash reveals the gulph below,—
One fatal lurch the reeling vessel gave,—
'Tis over now ; no earthly skill can save,—
A harrowing cry—a rush on deck—a groan
Of heart-breathed agony ; Oh God ! some rave—
The ship is foundering ! she fills—'tis done,—
The Henrietta's crew sinks down with bubbling moan.

XLIV.

Hark ! from Algeria's shore there comes a tone,
A cry of anguish and a shriek of fear,
The rolling drum is sounding : for his Home
The Arab warrior lifts aloft his spear ;
'The war-horse prances, and the echoing cheer
Is raised for liberty, unsheathed the sword ;
In glittering ranks the marshalled foe appear,
The hated leaders of a race abhorred
Rush fiercely o'er the plains ; arise Algeria's Lord !

THE SUMMONS TO BATTLE

OF THE FOLLOWERS OF ABD-EL-KADER.

I.

The drum ! the drum ! the Moslem's drum
Loudly rolls from shore to shore,
The foe ! the foe ! they come, they come,
O'er Afric's deserts, peace no more.

II.

Strike the cymbals ! banners wave !
Let glittering throngs shout Liberty !
Onwards, march, ye Patriots brave,
The watch-word Home, and Victory.

III.

When the war Fiend o'er the plains,
 Lowly bends the warrior's plume,
Then each Arab heart disdains
 Death—'tis but a welcome boon !

IV.

Hark ! the charge, the onset—on !
 Shouts of glory rend the skies,
Hurrah ! now, ye gallant men,
 Heaven is bright with Houris' eyes !

V.

Hurrah ! yet, ye gallant men,
 Alla Ackbar ! God is with thee !
Hurrah ! yet, ye gallant men,
 Hurrah ! Home and Victory !

XLV.

As when the tigress in her fiercest mood,
The timid hind afar at play descries,—
Prowling around and hungering after food ;
Joy heaves her breast, and glistens in her eyes ;
Yet wary still, in long grass hid she lies,
The fearless hind pursues its fatal way,
And gently bounding on the victim hies,
Then leaping forth she springs upon her prey,
And o'er the rocky wild shrieks echo far away.

XLVI.

Her foaming jaws crunch o'er the quivering flesh,
Whilst ever and anon her spotted breast,
Red with the streams that from each deep wound gush,
Growls o'er the pleasures of the horrid feast,
And with a fearful sound her joys attest ;
Though not unmixed with fear, a selfish pain,
Lest others might her hoarded meal molest,—
And while the warm blood dies the reeking plain,
The wretched victim shrieks, and writhing shrieks in vain.

XLVII.

Home 's in the desert—Home 's in every land,
Not less on Afric's shore than, France, with thee,
Thou art the Tigress, thou the robber's band,
And she the captive struggling to be free ;
A noble struggle, Home and Liberty.
Then spare the children, spare the maid, the wife,
Cold-blooded murder is not worthy thee !
If thou wilt have “ war to the deadly knife ”—
Yet spare fair woman's breast, where only Love is rife.

XLVIII.

Look thou on her, her face it is not pale,
No eye may anguish in her bosom read,
Nor tells a tear the captive's sadden'd tale,
Her heart is broken, it has ceased to bleed,
For hopes, affections, all are coldly dead ;
The bitter pangs that once her bosom wrung,
With life's sweet joys together swiftly fled,
Too deep the poisoned shaft of fate has stung,
To live were only Hell, when every hope is gone.

XLIX.

France ! know'st thou not, thy God will ask of thee,
A reckoning for the blood that thou hast spilt,
Thy fellow's blood, thy brother's it should be !
This but enhances more thy fearful guilt,
Thou hast on Heaven some hopes of mercy built,
Say have thy deeds on land, or ocean's wave,
When the red sword was reeking to the hilt,
Been worthy of the mercy thou dost crave ;
Go ask your fields of blood, or Darah's burning cave. (19)

THE CAVES OF DARAH.

A CHANT OF THE WANDERING TRIBES OF THE DESERT.

I.

The brand ! the brand !
The fiery brand !
Rings in the shout, o'er storm and gale ;
And the heart breathed cry
Of death, all hail !
Is the voice of the Arabs doomed band !

For there gleams no hope,
O'er the mind's despair,
And deep is the dread
Of the foeman there !
And the fluttering pulse
Grows faint and chill,
And the thoughts of the heart
Are more desolate still.

II.

The brand ! the brand !
The fiery brand !
Rings in the frenzied shriek and wail,
And the clashing sound
Of the Warrior's mail,
Is the voice of death o'er the rifled land !
For the tyrants' hands
On their swords are laid,
And red is the hue
Of each streaming blade.

And the Herald of Death
On each chill blast flies,
And Freedom's hope
In each bosom dies.

III.

The brand ! the brand !
The fiery brand !
Rings in the shout, and the fierce " hurrah,"
And dark is the ray
Of the Evening star,
That gleams through flame o'er the scorching sand.
Then welcome, Death !
For the foe is here,
And the sword rings harsh,
On the clanging spear ;
They burn ! they burn !
'Midst shrieks and groans,
Oh ! light their spirits
To Heavenly Homes.

L.

In the still grave, their spirits have repose,
And startled nations weep o'er blood so shed,
No more their breast with fiery ardour glows,
But sleeps in Darah's fitful cavern's shade,
Why should we mourn o'er Afric's heroes dead?
Let Hope triumphant rise o'er wordly fears,
Sweet sleep the brave in honour's peaceful bed;
Then check the flood of unavailing tears,
There's love in every wound, there's mercy tho' it sears.

PRAISE FOR AFFLICTION.

I.

Hath Sorrow thy brow,
With a pallid hue shaded?
Cold, and chill like the willow,
That waves o'er the dead;—
While the joys of the heart
In despair have all faded,
As the day-dreams of Hope,
In their brightness have fled.

II.

Have the thoughts of thy youthful
And happier hours,
When the World and its friendships
Seemed fair to thy view.
Been chilled by neglect,
Which o'er merit oft lowers,
Like the dark thunder cloud,
O'er the summer's glad hue ?

III.

Hath thy heart formed its hopes,
But to find them all broken,
And scattered like mist
At the blast of the wind ?
Have the soft words of love
In sincerity spoken ?
Proved a curse to the soul,
And a weight to the mind ?

IV.

Oh ! turn from this world,
And its dread sting of anguish,
Let its pains and its sorrows
Afflict you no more.
Let thy soul for a better
And holier languish.
And this life and its vanities,
Cease to deplore.

V.

Then blessed were thy sorrows,
And blessed were thy pains,
And blessed were thy tears,
That awoke thee to God !
And blessed were the mercies,
And rich are the gains,—
'Though sowed in much anguish,
And sharp was the rod.

LI.

Vain Man ! the lord of all, creation's pride,
To deeds of blood, of war, and deadly strife,
Tho' loved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Springs from his slumbers with renewed life,
And courts the daily measure of his strife,—
Hereditary bondsman of a life of pain !
Ah ! why this labour for an end that 's rife
With many a pang in sin's encircling chain ?
And sinks into the wound, the prize you wish to gain.

LII.

The end and aim is poor, when all 's possessed,
No pleasure crowns the days of constant toil,
Nor brings a charm to soothe an aching breast,
Tho' we have gained the prize, the wished for spoil
Back on itself will sin's career recoil !
And dark and drear the light of Hope will shine,
No Heaven arises o'er the conscious smile,—
But with a mist Bæotian dark entwines,
The days of life misspent, when its last hour declines.

LIII.

“ Who would be free themselves,” should love the free.
France ! Thou hast drawn the sword, and nobly bled,
Thy sons aroused have fought for Liberty,
And patriot’s tears were o’er the struggles shed,
A Nation’s tribute paid the glorious dead.
Then why the chains to bow the free-born soul,
By thee who hast in freedom’s cause thus led ?—
Hark ! to thy chaunt, pledged o’er and o’er, to roll
In echoes o’er the land, that nothing could control.

THE MARSELLAISE.

PATRIOTIC HYMN.

I.

Sons of your country ! Arm, ye brave !
The day of glory beams afar,
Against us now the standards wave,
The crimson’d scarf of raging war.

Hear ye not the dread alarms
Of tyrant foes who fiercely come,
To plunge the dagger reeking home,
And tear your children from your arms ?
Arm, arm, ye brave ! Your patriot ranks array,
March !—and their blood shall stain the streaming clay !

II.

What would the mercenary band
This horde of base, of slavish men
For whom bear they the chain and brand,
The chains that forged so long have been ?
France, 'tis for us, for us they're wrought !
Let rage in every bosom glow ;
'Twas us !—to slavery cringing low,
They'd bid us stoop, oh madd'ning thought !
Arm, arm, ye brave ! Your patriot ranks array,
March !—and their blood shall stain the streaming clay !

III.

What ! shall a dastard foreign slave
Rule o'er our rights, by freedom given ?
What ! shall our own, our patriot brave,
By mercenary foes be riven ?
Great God !—by hands with fetters chained !
And heads bowed down beneath their pride ;
The tyrants would our nation guide,
And we for ever lost remained !
Arm, arm, ye brave ! Your patriot ranks array,
March !—and their blood shall stain the streaming clay !

IV.

Ye tyrants, tremble ! dastard crew,
The scorn and hatred of each breast,—
Fierce retribution, vengeance due,
Breaks in upon your startled rest !
Every heart is nobly beating,
Every pulse throbs to be free,
Rushing round our standards, see,
Heroes rise o'er heroes bleeding !
Arm, arm, ye brave ! Your patriot ranks array,
March !—and their blood shall stain the streaming clay !

V.

France, in freedom's stirring fight,
Remember mercy, proudly brave,
The blow that 's struck must fall aright,
The yielding foeman let us save :
But the blood-stained Parricide,
The country's traitors let them groan,
And feel the evils they have sown,
In madness o'er their visions glide !
Arm, arm, ye brave ! Your patriot ranks array,
March !—and their blood shall stain the streaming clay !

VI.

Thou sacred love of cherished home
Sustain each heart that would be free ;
And sweetest Liberty, oh, come !
Strike for the hand that strikes for thee.
Around our marshalled phalanx, wave
The banners 'neath thy joyous cries,—
And vanquished now the traitor lies,
And sees thy triumph with the brave !
Arm, arm, ye brave ! Your patriot ranks array,
March !—and their blood shall stain the streaming clay !

LIV.

They came upon the ground, their trumpets sounding,
The drums are beating, for the brave are there,
See, see the troops in serried columns rounding,
The marshalled ranks in glittering lines appear.
The mounted Lancer, and the Cannonneer—
Unarmed thy sons, oh France ! yet bold their heart ;
And 'midst the cannon's roar there came a cheer,
A thrilling cheer,—and Tyranny may start
At shouts of “ Vive la Liberté,”—and “ Vive la Charte.”

LV.

Vive, vive le Roi ! the soldiers fierce reply,
And echo answers to their shout of pride,
'Midst wreathing smoke that dims the summer sky,
And soon with crimson hue their blades are dyed—
A woman falls—and sinks the crowd beside ;
Then came a shriek, a madd'ning lengthened wail,
“ That bleeding corpse shall be the patriot's guide,
Upraised on high we'll bear it,” “ let them quail !
And men whose trade was blood, then shuddered and turned pale.

LVI.

And there was seen the Nations truest guard, ⁽²⁰⁾
The soldier-citizen, plain in attire,
No steel enclosed his bosom, no reward,
Save conscious duty, no base band for hire ;
But patriot's ranks, the son beside the sire.
No glittering helmet graced the martial brow,
Yet were they brave, returning fire for fire ;
With skill retreating, again rallying now ;
The deed was nobly done, a Tyrant's overthrow.

LVII.

The combat thickens, steeds in fury rush ;
Stern Death's grim shriek affrights the list'ning ear :
Rank after rank in eager squadrons push,
“ Now follow me—'tis glory's bright career ;”
The name of “ Arcole ” ever will endear,
The spot where he first led, the first who fell, ⁽²¹⁾
And “ Vive la Charte ! ” The Tocsin pealing near,
Urged on the brave, who heard a passing bell,
That tolled in freedom's cause, and rang a tyrant's knell.

LVIII.

Uprose the chieftain, gallant Lafayette,—
Mark you the glance of his far rolling eye ?
And all, save Honour's path, he could forget,
But ne'er was wanting 'midst the hearts which vie
To gain the patriot's cause, sweet liberty !
Well skilled was he to rule the struggling crowd,
With them to conquer, or with them to die,
Frank with the free, not yielding to the proud,
And scorned the wavering mind to low ambition bowed.

LIX.

'Twere vain to tell how many a wound is given, ⁽²²⁾
How many nobly fought in that affray,
How many a parent from his hearth was riven,
In the red slaughter of the fatal day.
And many a shriek borne on the gale away,
Proclaim the battle through the evening's gloom,—
At morn all life, at eve but senseless clay,
And charging fierce the ruthless slayers come, ⁽²³⁾
Or quailed beneath the shouts that rang for life and Home.

LX.

France won and tyrants fell. Whoe'er thou art,
Who scans the page, an echo of the brave,
Pause yet a while, and let thy thoughts impart
A moral from the hero's crimson grave,—
A column rises, and the flags may wave
To mark the spot so dear to every eye ;
Vain all such panoply, none need they crave,
Whose memory tho' they're gone, can never die,
Oh, France ! remember this, and spare Algeria's sigh ! (24)

LXI.

The lone blue world of waters forms a scene
Of speechless wonder, well this Earth may boast
Of magic beauty, such as must have been
Her only dower, ere Paradise was lost ;
Dark Afric's lurid sun, or Greenland's frost,
The desert's boundlessness, or cavern shade,
The mountain cataract, or tempest-tossed
And whirling eagle,—all that God hath made,
Show heavenly wisdom, power ; Man ! bow thy conscious head

LXII.

Morn dawns in beauty, and the evening cloud
Hangs in its crimsoned ray o'er yonder hill—
There 's splendour in the darkness, and the shroud,
Which steals so solemnly, when all is still,
Tho' light is sleeping, darkness visible,—
How sweet and soft the twilight hath unrolled
Her little orbs, whose glittering spangles fill
The brow of Heaven with circles of bright gold,
And glow-worm like, on high their burning lamps unfold.

LXIII.

Where'er there 's love, there 's Home. Away, away,
Nor longer tarry o'er the desert's sand,—
Fain would I sing in modest, simple lay,
The scenes domestic of each varying land,
If such a flight my harp might well command;
For joy, or sorrow, hope, or pallid gloom
Alike are felt, and friendship smiles as bland
In lowly cottage, or the princely dome,
Of Italy's domain, or Greenland's cloudy Home.

LXIV.

Florence, sweet Florence, can I picture thee
In vintage time ? The lovely hour of morn,
Has shook the dew-drops from each waving tree,
O'er Tuscan olive, and the Indian corn ; ⁽²⁵⁾
And lovely groups are seen upon a lawn,
With pipe and tabor dancing merrily,
And crowns of Bacchus lofty brows adorn,—
Who would not sigh amidst that throng to be ?
To hear the joyous tale, and laughing sport to see ?

LXV.

Such have been sung by abler harps than mine,
My task is with the feelings, not the scene ;
The lonely cataract, and gloomy pine,
The yellow hawthorn, 'midst the forest green,
Are rich in other hands, and oft have been
The theme of poets' praise, and won the prize,
Of glowing language : be it mine to glean,
“ To catch the manners living as they rise,”
And place them in my page before admiring eyes.

LXVI.

A rock above us, and a rock below,
An ivied cavern hanging overhead,
A sound of triumph and a sound of woe,
As one might utter for the mighty dead ;
And one fair form is weeping, tears are shed,
As bending o'er her babe with pallid face,
She fain would smile, as in her bosom fed,
She holds it close with all a mother's grace :
What can such sorrows mean, in this dark lonely place ?

LXVII.

And one is dreaming,—heard you not an oath,
In fearful accents fall upon the ear ?
It sounds of anger, as of one in wrath ;
“ Wine, wine, more wine ! bring hither foaming cheer ! ”
The voice has ceased, the savage mountaineer,
A bandit chieftain, sinks again to rest ;
Sleep seals his eyelids, and he knows no fear,
Like that which hovers o'er her heaving breast,
Now sadly steeped in care, once fondly much caressed.

LXVIII.

From early hopes they fled, and now become, (²⁶)
The one, the terror of the country round ;
The other sinking, tho' in early bloom,
As if she had received a hidden wound,
Which festered, all unseen—no happy sound
Of friendly voices, or of welcome dear ;
If such remembrance came he only frown'd,
Nor could she think of them without a tear,
Which spoke far more than words, made sorrow doubly drear.

LXIX.

One lovely babe has blessed them, if such could
Be called a blessing in the mind's despair ;
For darker grew the days, and sorrows would
Usurp each hour, and every moment share,
And from the heart, sweet hope would fiercely tear ;
And now the blood-hounds of an armed guard,
Are prowling for his life—beware ! beware !
A price is set, a tempting, rich reward,
And hope for ever seems from those two hearts debarred.

LXX.

A shot is ringing in the mountain vale,
A shriek is echoing o'er its leafy side,
And sounds of strife are borne along the gale,
And silent forms are crouching seen to glide,
With cautious motions, and a dog their guide ;
Another shot, and louder wailings come,
The heart's dread agony, as fast the tide
Of life is failing, and the silent tomb
Hath claimed its victim there ; hushed is the robber's Home.

LXXI.

Yes, there was one could mourn a robber's fate !
Where all seem'd dark to every one, save her ;
The blood-stained bandit's sad, and lonely mate
Could sigh for him. Oh, God ! can such thoughts err ?
Are they the shadows of Mount Calvary's hour ?
The types of charity ? or but the dark,
Bæotian mists of earth's enslaving power ?
A lurid murkiness, and not the spark
Of love that beats for all, the mourners hope and ark.

LXXII.

Let's think the best, 'tis much the wisest plan,
And Hope arises to confirm the choice ;
The feeling heart may well become the man,
And double pleasures will that heart rejoice ;
Thus speaketh wisdom with her blandest voice,
In tones of thrilling music sweetly flung
O'er our soul's feelings, softly to entice
Each nobler passion from devotion sprung,
To smile when others smile, and feel their joys our own.

LXXIII.

Is there not one to weep, one pensive eye,
Or cherished memory of the heart that's gone ?
Not one in solitude to heave a sigh,
Or with a lowly flower the grave adorn ?
'Tis hard to die, and not a friend to mourn,—
The humblest seek a tear upon their grave,
And death-bed terrors smile amidst the gloom,
By tear-drops brighten'd, ah ! how vain to save !
But still 'tis sweet in thought, and such, who would not crave ?

LXXIV.

Why sighs the warrior on the battle plain ?
When death seems hovering—earth's last of woes.
Is it for life his bosom feels the pain ?
Do terrors fright the silent grave's repose ?
Not so. He faints, his eyelids dimly close,
His grave is made beneath far distant skies,
Unwept, unheeded, scorn'd by conquering foes,
Nor can a parent's heart or tearful eyes
Bedew the mournful spot ; this claimed his latest sighs.

LXXV.

Such spirit was in her tho' grief subdued ;
It could not quench the burning lamp of love,
As o'er her child, with sad remembrance moved,
She knew him guilty, yet dared look above,
With holiest feelings and with hope inwove,—
And with much meaning, but with strictest truth,
She taught his infant mind in dreams to rove,
Thro' scenes of early, happy days of youth,
With *both* his parents dear, the land of the sweet South.

LXXVI.

But this was taught in solitude, none near,
No thoughtless mind that might have caused a shade
O'er that wan cheek by some unmeaning jeer,
Some careless word, tho' not in malice said—
Oh ! speak not lightly of the unconscious dead,
They cannot harm thee more, their faults are gone,
The wanton tongue may make the living bleed,
Dust sinks to dust, the soul, for ever flown
From earthly care or joy, heeds not thy smile or frown.

LXXVII.

Born in much sorrow, nursed in misery,
The child of love, and love thy smiles impart,
What are the pleasures which with thee can vie,
Wrapt in the fondness of a mother's heart ?
Her only prize and joy, for such thou art,
And days and years will only feed the flame,
'Till hoary age sinks drooping to depart,
And leave thee nothing but a sadden'd name,
The world's reproach and scorn, at once a ban and shame.

LXXVIII.

Is there a medicine of the mind for thee?
“ Bless’d are the sorrowful and those who mourn,
Ye are the salt of Earth, a city, see
On a hill top, and christian grace adorn.
The crowd may buffet thee, the mighty scorn,
But bear reproach, do not revile again ;
The holy bless, the wicked only spurn,—
Who would compel thee one, go with him twain,”
Then die to live, with death begins an everlasting reign.

LXXIX.

Is there a Home in Judah’s barren sands, (27)
With harp and viol sounding as of yore ?
A mount of Olives, temple, and the lands
Of God’s own people, mighty as before ?
Ah no ! wisdom and plenty are their lot no more.
They first were chosen, were the corner stone,
Which crumbling fell, and with its ruin tore
Strength from the building, blood that could atone
For sins as deep as thine—thy children have no Home !

LXXX.

Could ye not hear the true, the only one ?
Saw ye not all those things your seers foretold ? (²⁸)
Did ye not know the Hope on Calvary won ?
Your ears were shut, your hearts were deadly cold,
With pride and madness wrought, were blindly bold,—
Eyes had ye, but ye saw not—*light* was clear ;
Then came great darkness, thunders fiercely rolled,
The graves gave up their dead, the *Heathen* there
Beheld the Lamb of God, but Judah breathed no prayer.

LXXXI.

Woe unto you, both Scribe, and Pharisee, (²⁹)
Children of death, oh ye of little faith !
Proud in your knowledge, vain Philosophy ;
Not worse for Sodom in the day of wrath,
My prophets stoned, my holy temple hath
Been made a den of thieves, soon shall decay
Fall on your city, let the public path
Be lone and desolate, hope dies away,
Your work is left undone, nor finished with the day.

LXXXII.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! I came (³⁰)
And would have gathered thee beneath my wing,
E'en as a hen her chickens, to reclaim
From sin and sorrow, life and mercy bring,—
Hosanna to the highest ! Christ our king !—
Yet said not so—the cross became no stay,
Nor would your hearts a bleeding Saviour sing—
“ His blood be on our heads !” your great ones say,
Oh ! fearful cause, that will not lightly pass away.

LXXXIII.

Fill up ye, then, the measure of your ill,
Be slaves to all, and bondsmen to the free ;
Your blood like water many a hand shall spill,
But cannot break the curse ; no it must be
Lasting and long, both crime and misery !—
Not one stone in your walls, no city left,
But lone and desolate, a leafless tree, (³¹)
From every nation, and from kindred cleft,
Of every stranger shunn'd, of every hope bereft.

LXXXIV.

Thus hath the Mighty spoken, and the mind
Beholds in awe, the dreadful, startling doom ; ⁽³²⁾
No greater miracle had thought designed,
To make life wretchedness,—a living tomb !
But is there not a hope that yet may bloom ?
An hour foretold, that will thy healing bring ?
We may not lift the veil, the settled gloom
Hangs heavy on thy head, but it will spring—
A Home again be thine, and Christ be Judah's King !

LXXXV.

Sad wand'ring tribe, in vain, alas ! in vain,
From year to year, from age to age, ye creep,
Shunning and shunned, a life of toil and pain
Your sons are suffering, your daughters weep ;
Earth has no refuge, but the mouldering sleep
Of man's last Home and refuge in the grave ;
There ye may rest, in her lone bosom deep,
At last a freedom from your sorrows crave,
No more to bow to man, or be a cringing slave.

LXXXVI.

Sad loathsome dungeon, horrible, and chill,
My blood runs cold, and thought becomes a fear !
When shall our race your hungry vortex fill,
Or stay your all-devouring dread career ?
I see thee daily triumphing appear ;
Heedless of agony, the pang, or sigh,
Calling the young, the lovely, and the dear,
Offspring of sin ! hear Man's last conquering cry,
“ Oh ! Death where is thy sting ! oh Grave thy victory ? ”

LXXXVII.

Is there a Home above ! Ask ye yon sage,
Weary, and bowed beneath a length of years,
Whose hoary head bespeaks the weight of age,
And furrowed cheeks have channelled many tears,
For life hath ever many constant fears,
Ask ye the question ? Mark the longing eye,
The silent rapture ; see, the Truth appears,
His heart hath spoken, would that Home were nigh,
And to the heavens he looks, and casts a longing sigh.

LXXXVIII.

Can mortal speech pourtray the heaven above ?
 Can verse unfold, or poets paint the joy ?
 Can aught on earth bespeak the heavenly love ?
 Joy without ceasing, peace without alloy,—
 Where holiness doth reign, no cares annoy,—
 Say can the mind conceive a scene so fair ?
 Or must we falter, in despair destroy
 The visions formed in thought, for such there are,
 Nor picture heaven above, its holy blessings share ?

LXXXIX.

A Home of many mansions, many things
 We know not of, by us but dimly
 In the minds' eye, though Holy Scripture brings
 Home to the heart, a rich enraptured scene,
 And points the way to lowly and the mean,
 To youth, to age, the noble, or the serf,
 There shall the nations of the earth con
 Shake off the reign of death, the broken turf
 Beholds their spirits rise, of victory the proof.

XC.

And in our Home above, there is a friend,
More tender, true, more loving, and sincere,
Who knows each want, and every help will lend
Our soul, thro' this world's misery to steer,
In danger's path is present, ever near,
Allures to brighter worlds, hath cleared the way,
Will wipe from every cheek, the sinner's tear,—
Deigns in our hearts to claim a peaceful sway,
And leads us to our homes in realms of cloudless day.

XCI.

Yet is there sweetness in the solemn spot
Where rest the matron, and the village maid,
The grave of Peer, or Peasant, each forgot ;
The churchyard path, and darkened yew-tree's shade,
Surrounds the silent mansions of the dead—
Here with the good oft meditate, and say,
“ View now the sculptured tomb with art display'd,
“ Your race is run, short was your fleeting day,
“ Each breathed his little hour, then sunk and pass'd away.’

XCII.

The beauteous rose that decks the verdant lawn,
With many a flower, the pride of Flora's reign,
Blooms but an hour, and withers ere the morn,
As smiling Spring but hastens Winter's reign—
Oh Earth ! how few thy pleasures, and how vain,—
The tides on tides successive headlands lave,
Bounding uncheck'd across the pathless main,—
Life seems a passage only to the Grave,
And when we sink to dust, Earth takes but what she gave.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

I.

Who sleeps within this lonely grave,
Where wild flowers bloom, and willows wave ?
Who claims this mansion of the tomb,
And rests in life's last final doom ?
Ask of the winds !—ask of the waves !
Ask of the storm that howling raves—
It is a question idle all !—
And echo only mocks thy call.

II.

Yet rose there once a rude stone there,
Placed by affection's mourning care,
That to the sighing wind's sad moan,
Told of the name of him that's gone,
And claim'd the tribute of a sigh,
From him that pass'd not heedless by—
But where, oh where, to memory due,
That small rude stone?—It is gone too !

III.

Yet to our view, as his display'd
The dewy vale and verdant glade,
The river gliding gently by
With varied tints of fairy dye ;
The rising lawn of yonder hill,—
The lordly dome of matchless skill,
Still shines the scene with every grace,
A fair, and lovely dwelling-place.

IV.

Oh ! read we then no moral here ?
Starts up no thought to claim a tear ?
Still heaves in hope the joyous breast ?
Lulling each thought in peaceful rest—
Or does thy sadden'd eye now tell,
The rising thoughts thy bosom swell ?
Oh ! learn in this short tale of wo ,
How frail and fleeting all below.

V.

But sweeter far than dewy glade,
Or golden tints by twilight made,
Or upland lawn of gentle rise,—
Or woods bright blushing to the skies,
Or river gliding smoothly on,
With crimson tints of evening sun,
Than all kind Nature's sweetest grace,
Shines bright our promised resting-place.

VI.

Our Home in heaven, where ever dwells
 The spirit freed from mortal ills ;
 Where cares and sorrows are no more,
 No sighs can reach that happy shore ;
 The Christian's Home, his promised rest,
 The cherished haven of the breast ;
 The land of Hope, the land of Love—
 The last enduring Home above.

XCIII.

Yet wake my harp, one last and pleasing strain
 Of scenes of Home, domestic love as pure
 As croc'd in Arcady the shepherd swain,
 In the golden age too holy to endure ;
 Now Windsor turrets will again allure
 The willing god from Ida's classic skies ;
 Long may he dwell in British hearts secure,
 Blush on the cheek and sparkle in the eyes,
 And revel in the land whose beauty none outvies

XCIV

I stood upon the Terrace, and I saw
True English hearts and manly voices rear
The welcome shout, and from its echoes draw
The lengthen'd plaudit and the gladsome cheer,
Both humble peasant and the lordly peer,
Conjoined in one loud orison to raise,
Victoria's triumph long and shrilly clear,
Speaking a nation's and a monarch's praise,
Which faintly sounds again in these few humble lays.

XCV.

And forth there came a graceful, modest child,
Such as might seem a cherub from the sky, (^{3d})
And hand in hand another sweetly smiled,
Of dimpled cheek and fair blue laughing eye,
Whose noble bearing well may gratify
A people's longings and a country's pride,—
The warmed-breathed spirit of their *loyalty* ;—
Oh ! ~~some~~ each nobler virtue be their guide,
And in each little breast with happiness preside.

XCVI.

High is your lineage, and your sire 's renowned
In early days for deeds of daring might,
Such as ennobled men, when Honour crowned
The warrior's head, who struggled for the right ;
Oh ! let such thoughts your youthful minds excite,
To guard their laurels, and to run their race,
That in your lovely forms may both unite,
The valour and the worth we long to trace,
Thy father's manly form, joined to thy mother's grace.

XCVII.

My harp must cease, my song is weary grown,
An echo only seems to flit around ;
The spirit of my thought is nearly flown,
Nor wakes in ecstasy a pleasing sound ;
If such, in verse of mine, is haply found ;
In scenes of Home, and sweet affections dear,
Such fragrant melody may well abound,
Oh ! come then, sweetest Nymph, famed Muse, appear,
Let not the minstrel sing harsh to the critic's ear.

XCVIII.

The scenes are simple, and the moral plain ;
 No pompous language of the cumber'd line ;
 Such would deface, and render doubly vain,
 My task of homely thoughts, a theme like mine,—
 But with sweet melody and just design,
 Bring to the eye and picture to the soul,
 The spot where virtues dwell and brightly shine ;
 Where holiness and love the heart control,—
 Not lays of martial might, or Bacchanalian Bowl.

XCIX.

Such was my wish, with such my verse began ;
 Say, have my scenes of Home, domestic love,
 Been worthy of the Muse?—The humble plan,
 Can tender love, or ~~smiling~~ pity move,
 As pleasing thoughts ~~of~~ ^{on} each sweet line will rove ?
 Stern critic of the lyre, I ~~see thee~~ turn
 Each page with trembling, lest ye disapprove ;
 The simple melody, offended, spurn,—
 Nor grant a wreath of Fame to deck the poet's urn.

THE ECHO.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo.

Childe Harold.

“ Ah ! who the pleasures of his Home can tell ?”—
Thus Echo softly will the wild-notes swell,
A fitful musing o’er the closing page,
One fleeting tone the dying strains engage—
“ Oh ! heart of man, dispel the blighting shade,
By worldly cares and earth-born visions made,
Look to your God, there place the wished-for prize,
Let Heaven shine bright before your longing eyes,
Turn from the sickening weight of sin’s despair,
And live to God, for peace alone is there ;
Then to your breast the hope in death be given
To leave a Home on Earth, to gain a Home in Heaven.”

But now no more the harp resounds on high,
Hushed is the strain, the fading echoes die
In gentle murmurs o’er the word “ farewell,”
Ah ! who the pleasures of his Home can tell ?—

NOTES.

NOTES TO PART I.

Note I.

Nursery tales and rhymes, from Jack the Giant-killer to the more ferocious tragedies of Bluebeard, or the Babes in the wood.

Note II.

These sketches are made in Devonshire, where cheese, home-baked bread, and cider form frequently the breakfast of the cottagers, and indeed they are well off in many respects who get that. Tea is a luxury for a later hour of the day, and not always within the reach of the agricultural labourer, who maintains a wife and family on seven shillings a week, one or two of which may be due for the cot in which he resides—Oh ! the luxury of glass windows, curry-powder, and Agricultural Protection societies.

Note III.

It is a very pleasing sight on a summer morning to watch the curling mist in an extended valley gradually

dispersing, and rolling away over the hills on either side ; when the smoke of many cottages, and hamlets gradually appear, and suggest to the mind the idea of so many peaceful Homes and families awaking to the dawning day. The scene was sketched from nature, in this and following stanzas.

Note IV.

Numberless and invaluable are the ideas which connect with that one word Home. May you and I so cherish them by sacred principle on earth, that we may be found meet for a better home hereafter. LEIGH RICHMOND.

Note V.

False glory, whose delusive blaze
Bewilders childhood's thoughtless eye,
And makes it e'en with rapture gaze,
On what should wake its sympathy.

BERNARD BARTON.

To this how truly we may add the following sentiment -of Charlotte Elizabeth, in her piece entitled Christian Warfare.

Soldier go,—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.

Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through.

The whole of this exquisite little composition may be found in the sixth edition of the *Evergreen*.

Note VI.

It is related of Serva one of the Brazilian slavers confined in Exeter Gaol for piracy and murder, in which some of the men had actually drunk the blood of the slain, that about a fortnight before his liberation he burst into tears one day. He was anxious to explain his weakness, which he said arose from thoughts of *Home*; his mind had been wandering to his family; the birthday of his son was near at hand, and Christmas was approaching: reflections on these events deprived him, a condemned felon, awaiting execution, of his wonted fortitude.—When the pardon arrived, Serva the iron minded man, unawed and unflinching through the whole of the trial, snatched the pardon from the Governor's hands, and lavished the most rapturous kisses on the signature of the Queen, Victoria.

Note VII.

I have closely imitated some of the ancient Carols. The only one I have inserted entire is, the "Bringing in the Boar's head," still sung at Oxford.

A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," in 1811, quoted in "Chambers' Information for the People," describes the manner in which the Christmas Carol was heard by him in the North Riding of Yorkshire. "About six o'clock on Christmas day I was awakened by a sweet singing under my window; surprised at a visit so early and unexpected, I arose, and looking out of the window, I beheld six young women and four men welcoming with sweet music the blessed morn." These Carols for Christmas are amongst the oldest of English songs, and Wynkyn de Worde printed a collection in 1521. There have been several collections since.

Note VIII.

The "Yule Log," was selected from one of the largest trees on the domain, and accompanied by a number of dependants and vassals was dragged with state and ceremony to the hall, where, placed across the "dogs" under the old chimney, it was regarded with no slight reverence and pleasure. It was a very ancient custom and handed down from Saxon times.

Note IX.

The custom of wassailing the apple trees, still exists in Devonshire; the parties take a wassail bowl, that is of warm ale and toast in it, and singing a song,

throw a toast on the tree, expecting thus to improve the crop of next year.

Note X.

The idea entertained in Catholic times, that at a certain hour of the night, water for a few moments was changed into wine, and that bread baked on Christmas Eve would never grow mouldy, is now completely extinct. These notions, as observed in Chambers, are essentially foolish, but as they are all well meant adorations of the simple spirit of the people, they should not be hastily condemned.

Note XI.

“At the feast of Christmas,” says Stowe, “there was in the King’s house, wherever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule, or Master of Merry Disports, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual, or temporal. The Mayor of London and either of the Sheriffs, had their several Lords of Misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastime to delight the beholders. These Lords beginning their rule at Allhallowed Eve, continued the same till the morrow after the feast of the purification, commonly called Candlemas Day, in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and

mummeries, with playing at cards for Counters, Nayles, and Points in every house, more for pastime than for gaine. The mummers are still found in the West of England, and consist of six or eight young men, fantastically dressed, in the characters of "Old Father Christmas," a Knight, a Jester, and others, and attend the houses of the nobility and gentry, where they exhibit a play, sing carols, and other diversions for any sum or reward the party considers their services entitled to.

Note XII.

The customs of keeping the festivities of Christmas have been very numerous and varying in different ages. The Saxons, whose wealth consisted in a great measure in herds of swine, introduced the ceremony of the Boar's head, which, ornamented with sprigs of Rosemary and Bay, was borne in by the Sewer, attended with minstrelsy, and trumpets, fifes, drums, and the loud huzzas of the attending vassals. A carol printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1521, has been preserved, and will be found in the description I have given of the ancient scene. Another ceremony consisted in bringing in the Yule Log. Little images of the Virgin Mary, and Infant Christ, made of paste, and called the Yule Dow, were carried about in towns, and given by bakers to their friends and customers. The Wassail Bowl, decorated with ribbons, was carried from door to door, with much singing. These and many

others are now extinct, and a merry meeting, not differing much in any respect from a common party, is all that in towns now takes place. In some parts of the country, especially the West of England, the carol is still heard in the morning, the houses are decked with holly, the ashen faggot is burned, and the mummers may still be seen with their plays, and—long may they continue so.

Note XIII.

The Ashen faggot consists of several limbs or boughs of the ash, cut from six to eight feet long, and bound together with several wreaths of small twigs or branches: this is invariably burnt on Christmas Eve, and placed across the hearth in the hall or large kitchen, and is the cause of much laughter and merriment. As each wreath or binding breaks, glasses are emptied, pledges given, and in farm-houses a quart of cider or beer allowed to servants, who, equally with their superiors, enjoy the burning of the Ashen Faggot. This custom is still very prevalent in Devon.

Note XIV.

The Boar's-head, plum porridge, and mincepie were among the particular dishes incidental to this time.

Note XV.

"It is doubtful," writes a reviewer of 'Barry's pictures in the Adelphi', and inserted in the Penny Magazine, "if any English poet in future will ever obtain attention, far less reputation, by singing of shepherds and shepherdesses, and all the tranquil blessings of a country life. Nations purely agricultural have never done much for the human race. Men pent up in cities, and longing to escape from that artificial and microcosmic life, which is too often, but not necessarily its characteristic, may envy the apparent quietness of the agricultural state, but they look at it from a distance, which 'lends enchantment to the view.'" Prophecy is dangerous, but the word 'doubtful,' will screen the writer of the above paragraph from any consequences of his denunciation of 'shepherds and shepherdesses.' The very distance which 'lends enchantment to the view,' will always render rural scenes and descriptions to be both pleasant and agreeable to a very large portion of the population, the indwellers in towns and cities.

Poetry is the history of ancient times; we know little of the times sung by Homer, but from his verses. To Herrick we must confess our obligation for acquaintance with some of the manners pertaining to this great day in the Calendar, Candlemas Eve. Perhaps had he not written we should be ignorant that our forefathers fared more daintily during the Christmas holidays, than at other sea-

sons; be unaware of the rule for setting out the due quantum of time and orderly succession to Christmas evergreens, and live, as most of us have lived, but ought not to live longer, without being informed, that the Christmas log may be burnt until this day, and must be quenched this night, till Christmas comes again.

CANDLEMAS EVE.

End now the white loaf and the pye,
And let all sports with Christmas dye.

* * * * *

Kindle the Christmas Brand, and then
Till sunne-set let it burne,
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne.
Part must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next yeare,
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

HERRICK.

How severely he enjoins the removal of the last greens of the old year, and yet how essential is his reason for their displacement.

CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the rosemary and so
Down with the baies and mistletoe ;

A A

Down with the holly, ivie, all
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall,
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch these left behind.
For look how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

HEBRICK.

Hearken to the gay old man again, and participate in his joyous anticipations of pleasure from the natural products of the new year. His next little poem is a collyrium for the mind's eye.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the rosemary and bayes,
Down with the mistletoe ;
Instead of holly now upraise
The greener box for show.

The holly hitherto did sway ;
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter day,
On Easter eve appear.

The youthful box which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place,
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kind
To honor Whitsontide.

Green bushes then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments,
To readorn the house.

Thus times do shift ; each thing his turn does hold
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

HERRICK.

The above are quoted in Hone's Every-day Book, where also I find the following stanza, as the words sung at Wassailing the apple-tree.

Here's to thee, old apple tree
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow,
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow !
Hats full ! caps full !
Bushell, bushell, sacks full,
And my pockets full too,—huzzah.

I am sure the reader will pardon the insertion of the following lines descriptive of the old festival of Christmas ; they are from the Latin of Naogengus.

Then comes the day wherein the Lorde
Did bring his birth to passe ;
Whereat at midnight up they rise,
And every man to Masse.

This time so holy counted is
That divers earnestly
Do think the waters all to wine,
Are chainged sodainly.

In that same hour that Christ himselfe,
Was borne and came to light,
And unto water straight againe,
Transformed and altered quight.

There are beside that mindfully
The money still do watch,
That first to Aultar comes, which then
They privily do snatch.

The priestes, lest others should it have
Take oft the same away,
Whereby they think throughout the yeare
To have good luck in playe,

And not to lose : then straight at game
Till daylight do they strive,
To make some present proof how well
Their hallowed pence wilt thrive.

Three masses every priest doth singe
Upon that solemn day,
With offerings unto every one,
That so the more may play.

This done, a wooden childe in clowtes
Is on the Altar set,
About the which both girls and boys,
Do daunce and trymly set.

And carrols sing in praise of Christ
And, for to help them heare,
The organs answer every verse
With sweet and solemne cheer.

The priestes do roar aloud ; and round
About the parentes stand,
To see the sport, and with their voice
Do help them and their hande.

A sketch of Christmas tide in the New Monthly Magazine, of December 1, 1825, gives this estimable character of a good parish priest.

“ Our pastor was told one day in argument, that the interests of Christianity were opposed to universal enlightenment. I shall not easily forget his answer : ‘ The interests of Christianity,’ said he, ‘ are the same as the interests of society. It has no other meaning ; Christianity is the very enlightenment you speak of. Let any man find out that thing, whatever it be, which is to perform the very greatest good to society, even to its own apparent detriment, and I say that is Christianity, or I know not the spirit of its founder. What ?’ continued he, ‘ shall we take Christianity for an arithmetical puzzle, or a contradiction in terms, or the bitterness of a bad argument,

or the interests, real or supposed, of any particular set of men? God forbid; I wish to speak with reverence of whatever has taken place in the order of providence. I wish to think the best of the very evils that have happened; that a good has been got out of them; perhaps that they were even necessary to the good. But when once we have obtained better means, and the others are dreaded by the benevolent, and scorned by the wise, then is the time come for throwing open the doors to all kindness, and to all knowledge, and the end of Christianity is attained in the reign of beneficence."

In this worthy spirit, the benevolent pastor was wont to address his congregation on Christmas day, would there were more like him !

Note XVI.

"At Aix-la-chapelle may be seen a dozen or fourteen of these blind songsters hung out in cages at a public-house not far from the cathedral. They sing incessantly, for months after those in liberty have ceased to warble, and they seem to vie with each other which can carol in the loudest strain. There is something in song so closely connected with the overflowings of a joyous heart, that when we hear it, we can immediately fancy we can see both mirth and pleasure joining in the party. Would, indeed, that both of these were the constant attendants on this much to be pitied group of captive christers ! How

the song of birds is involved in mystery ! mystery probably never to be explained. Whilst sauntering up and down the continent in the blooming month of May, we hear the frequent warbling of the chaffinch ; and then we fancy that he is singing solely to beguile the incubation of his female, sitting on her nest in a bush close at hand. But on returning to the town, we notice another little chaffinch often in some wretched alley, a prisoner with the loss of both his eyes, and singing nevertheless as though its little throat would burst. Does this blind captive pour forth its melody in order to soothe its sorrows ? Has Omnipotence kindly endowed the chaffinch with vocal powers, which at one time may be employed to support it in distress, and at another to add to its social enjoyments ? What answer shall we make ? We know not what to say ; but be it as it will, I would not put out the eyes of the poor chaffinch, though by doing so, I might render its melody ten times sweeter than that of the sweet nightingale itself."

WATERTON.

NOTES TO PART II.

Note I.

The general character of meeting-house piety is simple, earnest, scriptural, plain, and interesting. The awful condition of a sinner, in his natural state, and the consolations, and promises of a Saviour, are dwelt upon throughout.

LEIGH RICHMOND.

Note II.

I have no wish to enter into the controversies of politics, or descend into the arena of party warfare, but we may meditate upon the movements and positions, the fears and hopes of men and nations, and though I abjure party politics, I have not abandoned the poetry of politics, and such is all that is intended in the stanza.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land.

CAMPBELL.

Note III.

“Faction fights.” A term given to those disgraceful scenes, which, in this unhappy country, too often terminate those meetings which otherwise would tend, in fairs and markets, to the improvement of the agricultural portion of the kingdom.

Note IV.

O'Connell.

Note V.

“The *mere* statesman diligently examines the magnitude, position, and boundaries of other countries, with a *sole* reference to the political aggrandisement of his own; wars, conquests, treaties, alliances, and a multitude of considerations connected with ambition, power, and national honour dictate and accompany his speculation.” So writes Leigh Richmond, and truly the mere statesman is no patriot. Such is not the character I would here invoke.

Note VI.

What stronger breastplate, than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just.

Note VII.

To describe the colours of these cloudless heavens would be impossible ; but the delicacy and pureness of the various blended tints exceeded any thing I ever saw, even in Italy. The sun shines with diminished lustre, so that it is possible to contemplate it without a painful feeling to the eyes, yet the bluish colour, which in severe frost always accompanies it, is, in my opinion, far more pleasing than the glittering borders which are so profusely seen on the clouds in warmer climates. The nights are no less lovely in consequence of the clearness of the sky. The moon and stars shine with wonderful lustre, and almost persuade one to be pleased with the surrounding desolation.—LYON'S *Private Journal*.

Note VIII.

The Aurora Borealis does not appear affected by the brilliancy, even of the full moon, but its light continues still the same. The first appearance of this phenomenon is generally in showers of falling rays, like those thrown from a rocket, although not so bright. These being in constant and agitated motion, have the appearance of trickling down the sky. Large masses of light succeed next in order, alternating from a faint glow resembling the milky way, to the most vivid flashes, which stream and shoot in every direction with the effect of sheet lightning,

except that after the flash, the Aurora still continues to be seen. I frequently stood for hours together on the ice. The stars which gleam through the Aurora certainly emit a milder ray, as if a curtain of the finest gauze were interposed. It is remarkable that the northern lights fly with the rapidity of lightning, and with a corresponding wildness, to the gale which is blowing, giving an indescribable air of magic to the whole scene.—*Ibid.*

Note IX.

I have never contemplated the Aurora without experiencing the most *awful sensations*, and can readily excuse the poor untutored Indians for supposing that in the restless motions of the northern lights, they behold the spirits of their fathers roaming in freedom through the land of souls.—*Ibid.*

How truly we may exclaim with the psalmist, “They also that dwell in the uttermost parts *are afraid* at thy tokens.” Psalm LXV. ver. 8.; and, “Come and see the works of God, he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.”

Whenever the weather is calm, the Aurora has a tendency to form an arch, at whatever position it may occupy in the heavens. On the 29th of this month we were particularly gratified by a beautiful exhibition of this kind at near midnight. A perfect arch was formed to the south-

ward, stretching from east to west ; its centre elevated about two degrees above the horizon. The night was serene and dark, which added considerably to its effect ; and the appearance continued unchanged for about a quarter of an hour ; but, on a slight breeze springing up, small rays shot occasionally to the zenith, and the arch became agitated with a gentle and undulating motion, after which it spread irregularly, and, separating into the usual streamers, soon diffused itself over the whole sky.

Note X.

Our astonishment was unbounded, when, after creeping through some long low passages of snow to enter the different dwellings, we found ourselves in a cluster of dome-shaped edifices, entirely constructed of snow, which from their recent erection, had not been sullied by the smoke of the numerous lamps that were burning, but admitted the light in the most delicate hues of verdigris, green and blue, according to the thickness of the slab through which it passed.—*Ibid.*

My curiosity determined me on seeing how the Kakeen was performed, and I accordingly put myself into the hands of Mrs. Kettle, whom I had adopted as my Arnama, or mother. Having furnished her with a fine needle, she tore with her teeth a thread off a deer's sinew, and thus prepared the sewing apparatus ; she then, without a possi-

bility of darkening her hands beyond their standard colour, passed her fingers under the bottom of the stone pot, from whence she collected a quantity of soot ; with this, together with a little oil, and much saliva, she soon made a good mixture, and taking a small piece of whalebone well blackened, she then drew a variety of figures about my arm, differing, as I easily saw, from those with which she herself was marked ; and calling her housemates, they all enjoyed a good laugh at the figures, which perhaps conveyed some meaning I could not fathom.—*Ibid.*

Note XI.

The Esquimaux women are as well skilled in the language of the eyes, as a Turkish Courtesan.—CRANTZ.

Note XII.

The ships designed for the whale-fishery, are generally from three to four hundred tons in burden, and require to be very substantially built, in order to resist the pressure of the ice. With the view of increasing their strength, most of them have additional planks and timbers, and often, also, iron plates and stauncheons, introduced into their structure. Such are known by the names of “doublings, treblings, fortifyings, pointers, carlings, &c.”

Note XIII.

There are many terms used in the whale fisheries: for instance, the crow's nest is the place at the mast-head, in which a man with a glass keeps watch, as a look out. There is a place prepared for him on purpose, fixed on the main-mast, and firmly secured against the storms and winds.

The South Sea whalers have particular cries and watch-words in the prosecution of the chase. When a whale is seen by a man at the look-out, the cry bursts from his lips, "there she spouts;" instantly the captain starts on deck, with the responsive exclamation, "where away."

Note XIV.

The first effort of a "fast fish," or whale that has been struck, is to escape from the boat by sinking under water. After this it pursues its course directly downwards, or reappears at a little distance and swims with great celerity, near the surface of the water, towards any neighbouring ice among which it may obtain an imaginary shelter. They are, previous to being struck, found frequently asleep on the water, or apparently so.

Note XV.

The average rate of descent on different occasions has been estimated as follows:—for the first three hundred

fathoms, the average velocity was usually after the rate of eight to ten miles an hour. In one instance, it was found that a third line of a hundred and twenty fathoms was run out in sixty-one seconds, that is at the rate of eight and one sixth English miles, per hour.

Note XVI.

The raising of an oar perpendicularly, indicates assistance is required from the ship or nearest boat.

Note XVII.

The taking down the flags announces the conclusion of the sport, and capture of the whale. The flags are hoisted on poles in the boats.

Note XVIII.

Fogs are amongst the greatest dangers the fishers have to encounter. I here annex the following curious account of a capture:—A whale was struck from one of the boats of the ship Nautilus in Davis's Straits. It was killed, and as is usual after the capture, it was disentangled of the line connected with the first "fast boat," by dividing it within eight or nine yards of the harpoon. The crew of the boat from which the fish was first struck, in the meantime, were employed in heaving in the lines, by means of

a crank fixed in the boat for the purpose, which they progressively effected for some time. On a sudden, however, to their great astonishment, the lines were pulled away from them, with the same force and violence as by a whale when first struck. They repeated the signal indicative of a whale being struck; their shipmates flocked towards them, and while every one expressed a similar degree of astonishment, they all agreed a fish was fast to the line. In a few minutes they were agreeably confirmed in their opinion, and relieved from suspense, by the rising of a large whale close to them, exhausted with fatigue, and having every appearance of a "fast fish." It permitted itself to be struck by several harpoons at once, and was speedily killed. On examining it after death, to discover the cause of such an interesting accident, they found the line belonging to the above mentioned boat in its mouth, where it was firmly fixed by the compression of its lips. The occasion of this happy and puzzling accident was therefore solved. The end of the line, after being cut from the whale first killed, was in the act of sinking in the water; the fish in question, engaged in feeding, was advancing with its mouth wide open, and accidentally caught the lines between its jaws—a sensation so utterly unusual as that produced by the line, had induced it to shut its mouth, and grasp the line so firmly between its lips, as to produce the effect just stated.

Note XIX.

The caves of Darah illustrate strongly the love of home ; eight hundred men, women, and children, perished in the flames, rather than yield to the French in Algeria.

Note XX.

It is known that the city of Paris is divided into twelve arrondissements, each of which is provided with a mayor, and other functionaries, who are only subordinate to the prefect as the head of the municipal government. The National Guard, when in a state of activity, consisted of thirteen legions, one of cavalry, and the other twelve of infantry. The mounted legion belonged indiscriminately to all the quarters of the city, but the infantry were divided into arrondissements, a legion being raised in each. The legions were subdivided into battalions, and these again into companies, the individuals comprising which were of course personally known to each other, from the system of local distribution adopted ; and the acquaintanceship which had thus been formed, was strengthened in place of breaking up, by the jealousy evinced by the government, in disbanding a force which was felt to be of such vital importance to the preservation of the national liberties. It was little more than three years, since this unpopular measure had

been carried into effect, so that the officers of companies, the commanders of battalions, and finally, the *mairies* of arrondissements, rather than the mayors themselves (who were in general royalists) became the ready rallying points for the members of the respective legions of the Parisian guard. But although the reorganization of the whole body was thus greatly facilitated, it was no ordinary act of courage on the part of the isolated individuals of which it was composed, thus deliberately to array themselves in the proscribed uniform, and appear singly in the streets and boulevards, as a mark for the first patrol they might encounter. In every district, in every street there was some one to set the example, which was speedily followed by thousands. The first who showed themselves were loudly cheered. Thus the organization of the National Guard, on behalf of the popular cause, was by the actions of solitary individuals again completed.

Note XXI.

This gallant youth has by his intrepidity rendered his name deservedly famous, and given his name to the bridge which he so gallantly carried, "Follow me, and if I fall, remember my name is Arcole!" The youthful hero rushed into the thickest of the fight, and fell at the first volley.—
"Gloire à d'Arcole!"

Note XXII.

When the guards made their appearance, they were accompanied by a detachment of lancers, who, throughout the three days of civil war, distinguished themselves on all occasions by their unrelenting ferocity. They came upon the ground, their trumpets sounding, and their drums beating the charge. No halt or hesitation was observable in their deportment. They marched straight up to the unarmed crowd; the guard fired a volley, the lancers made a charge, and, as the inhabitants fell, a shout was raised from the ranks, "Vive le Roi!" "Vive Charles X!" affording a sad presage that henceforward this cry was only to be the signal of murder and of civil war. Dispersing on the instant, the crowd did not wait for a second volley, and the soldiers were suffered to pursue their bloody and triumphant course. The lancers struck indiscriminately wherever and whomsoever they could reach. An old man, who fell mortally wounded in this first encounter, was heard to exclaim as he expired, "Vive la Liberté!" "Vive la Charte!"

It was here, too, that a woman about thirty-five years of age, was killed by a musket shot, which she received in her forehead. A journeyman baker of gigantic stature and herculean strength, with his arms and his limbs uncovered, rushed out of his shop, and laying hold of the

dead body raised it over his head, and carried it to the Place des Victoires, shouting vengeance as he went. After extending it on the ground, at the foot of the statue of Louis XIV, he harangued the multitude by whom he was surrounded, with an energy which vibrated to every heart. He then resumed his burden, and carried it towards the guard house at the entrance of the bank of France, which is situated in the neighbourhood of the Place des Victoires; and as soon as he had reached the sentinels and other soldiers assembled at the gate, he threw the corpse at the head of the first he met, exclaiming, "See how your comrades are dealing with our wives! Will you do the like?" "No," replied one of the soldiers, shaking the baker by the hand, "depend upon the line; but when you come out again, bring arms with you."

Note XXIII.

A mass of people who had thus suddenly taken up arms were speedily formed into companies. Composed in part of well-dressed individuals, in part of workmen in their ordinary habiliments, among whom were interspersed a few of the soldiers who had tendered their submission to the cause of the people, or were fugitives from that to which they belonged—the variety perceptible in their outward appearance still inferred no dif-

ference of opinion: our wishes were all the same: we felt that we were called together by one object—the destruction of despotism. To secure that object it was necessary to fight; every one was ready; from all sides the same word was heard—*Partons!* A former student of the Polytechnic School was unanimously invested with the supreme command. That of the companies into which the mass was divided, was for the most part entrusted to the scholars of that fine establishment, with the addition of some of the townspeople, who, by their conduct in some of the previous affairs, had proved how much the word ‘Pekin,’ had been misapplied, when given to the popular leaders by the military, a short time before. Of the latter class I happened to be one, having been called to the command of the 2nd company of this new regiment. The chiefs took an oath to conquer or die. The cry was repeated by such as were willing to submit to our orders. The march was beaten, and the line led by the brave firemen.

On our route the people received us with joy, threw themselves into our ranks, and assisted us in removing the obstacles presented by the barricades to the passage of our pieces of artillery, without destroying anything which might be useful to us in case of retreat, should that be necessary. Linen and lint were already prepared for the use of the wounded.—*From a letter of M. Jules Caron to D. Tumbrell Esq. and inserted in his French Revolution.*

Note XXIV.

The cruelties exercised in Africa by the French must excite feelings of horror in the bosom of every man. War and conquests will ever be at the expense of human sufferings and feelings, and

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

but there is something extremely revolting in the massacres and "razias" in Algeria.

Note XXV.

The country between Florence and Pisa by Empoli and Portadara is rich with vineyards and Indian corn. The air is elastic and bland, free from the overpowering heat which is occasionally felt in Florence.

Note XXVI.

"A band of these wicked wretches (Banditti) surrendered themselves the other day to the papal government. At present they are confined in the castle of St. Angelo; every one goes to see them, and we have been there among the rest. We found them with the captain at their head in the chapel of the castle praying fervently. They had nothing savage in their appearance, not even the captain, who boasts of having murdered more than thirty persons

with his own hands. They were strong, healthy looking men, the captain seeming the most insignificant of them all: his lady, however, is perhaps the most beautiful creature now in Rome. These banditti have wives and children, and they seemed, when we saw them a second time, to be very happy. They are reported to have plenty of money, and are constantly receiving presents. The captain's beauty was presented with a valuable necklace from an English lady of rank. Lucien Bonaparte, and the princess S— C—, were likewise very generous to her. These men are almost all murderers; yet (is it not surprising?) they are to have their freedom in a few months. Government allows about 2s. 6d. per day to the captain, and 1s. 6d. to the common men. The former will be at large in three months, and the latter in six. There are other bands of robbers infesting the roads, but they will not surrender, even on these mild terms. The country, especially between Rome and Naples, is far from being free from robbers and murderers; and we have heard of such atrocious deeds as would make you shudder, and place the worst of men much below the worst of savage brutes. It has been said that it is dangerous to walk in the streets of Rome at night, in some of the subordinate parts of the city. Perhaps it may, but we have heard of no unfortunate accident having taken place, though we have now been in Rome a considerable time, and strangers are out at all hours."—WILLIAMS'S *Travels*, 1820.

Note XXVII.

From the sabbath before Palm-sunday, to the last hour of the Tuesday after Easter, the Christians were accustomed to stone and beat the Jews, and all Jews who desired to exempt themselves from the infliction of this cruelty, commuted for a payment in money. It was likewise ordained in one of the Catholic services, during Lent, that all orders of men should be prayed for except the Jews.

These usages were instituted and justified by a dreadful perversion of scripture, when rites and ceremonies triumphed over truth and mercy. From the dispersion of the Jews they have lived peaceably in all nations towards all, and in all nations have been persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death, or massacred by mobs. In England, kings conspired with their subjects to oppress them; to say nothing of the well-known persecutions they endured under King John, the walls of London were repaired with the stones of their dwellings, which his barons had pillaged and destroyed. Until the reign of Henry II., a spot of ground near Red Cross Street in London, was the only place in all England wherein they were allowed to bury their dead.

In 1262, after the citizens of London broke into their

houses, plundered their property, and murdered seven hundred of them in cold blood, King Henry III., gave their ruined synagogue in Lothbury to the friars called the Fathers of the Sackcloth. The church of St. Olave's in the Old Jewry was another of their synagogues, till they were dispossessed of it: were the sufferings they encountered to be recounted we should shudder. Our Old English ancestors would have laughed any one to derision who urged in a Jew's behalf that he had "eyes, or hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, or that he was "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is." They would have deemed a man mad, had one been found with a desire to prove that

-the poor *Jew*

In corporal sufferings feels a pang as great
As when a *Christian* dies.

To say nothing of their more obvious sufferings for many centuries, the tide of public opinion raged against the Jews vehemently and incessantly. They were addressed with sneers, and continually the finger of vulgar scorn was pointed at them, they were hunted through the streets in open day, and when protected from the extremity of violence, it was with tones and looks, denoting that only a little lower hate was in those who protected them.

In conversation and in books, they have always been a by-word and jest.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground.

I quote from memory, but the Hebrew melodies of Lord Byron, find an answer to my question.

Note XXVIII.

And they crucified him, and parted his garment, casting lots, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, They parted my garments among them, and for my vesture did they cast lots.—St. Mat. c. xxvii. v. 35.

Note XXIX.

It would seem to have been the opinion of the *ancient* Pharisee, that the kingdom of heaven was to be accessible to only a few ; the *modern* Pharisee inclines to a different view of the subject, and appears to consider the object as one of very easy attainment,—which was right ? Neither !

Note XXX.

See the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Saint Matthew, for the Sermon on the Mount.

Note XXXI.

And when he saw a fig-tree in the way, he came to it and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever, and presently the fig-tree withered away. — Saint Matthew, c. xxi., v. 19.

Note XXXII.

“ And he said, Nay, father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.” I know no circumstance or relation more startling, and claiming our strictest attention, than this assertion of Abraham. We become familiar with terrors, and can live in excitement, the apparition of a deceased friend or relative would be attended alas, but with trifling wonder and surprise, though one should rise from the dead; and as heedless to the miracle would become the great mass of mankind, as they are to Moses and the prophets. Great as the miracle of raising the dead to life must seem to our darkened understandings, a yet *greater* is daily witnessed in the dispersion of the Jews, the homeless, outcast, despised Jews; the scorn and reproach, the abomination of all men. I envy not the man who can pass one of the descendants of Abraham, and not breathe a mental prayer

for the lost sheep, or who does not feel the day of miracle, and prophecy of our Saviour before him, the one existing before his eyes, which they who run may read, and the other fulfilling.

Note XXXIII.

The Prince of Wales, born 9th of November 1841, and the Princess Royal 21st of November 1840.

THE END.

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