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# EARLY BLOSSOMS.

BY

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## Dedication to Helena.

Offerings from a young heart, lowly  
In its worship of the NINE ;  
Offerings simple, offerings holy  
From my trusting heart to ~~thine~~.

Dearest of my soul ! God bless thee,—  
Thou wert long my cherish'd guide ;  
Touch this harp when Care oppress thee,  
For I strung it at thy side.

Memory with a voice of pleasure  
Oft will echo to my lays ;  
Dear to both was every measure,  
For *I* sung, and sung *thy* praise.

And have we not cherish'd sorrow,  
 Each with our divided part ?  
 Near thee blest was not each morrow ?  
 Fond, young Peri of the Heart.

Dearer moments those of sadness—  
 Each to each a guiding star,  
 Than the brighter hours of gladness  
 To less loving spirits are.

And have we not dearly felt it—  
 Felt that grief and joy belong  
 Unto Love ?— Have they not melted  
 In sweet turns into my song ?

Ah ! yes ;—howsoever bitter,  
 All we've felt is all I've sung ;  
 And no Affectation's glitter  
 Hath the strings touch'd that I've strung.

For in Childhood's cherish'd days, love,  
 Sought my Lyre for other fame  
 Than your own beloved praise, love,  
 When it trembl'd to your name ?

But we now behold together

Manhood o'er a chequer'd sky ;

What will be the coming weather ?

Shadow, dim futurity !

Yet how glows and dims the eye, love,

As that red sky looms o'er us ?

Why the honest truth deny, love ?

We are both solicitous.

Take this wreath ;—each early blossom

Bloom'd, one pale—one scarlet still

In the Eden of my Bosom,

At the gardening of thy will.

We have in a foreign, far land

Cull'd each bud in lowly bloom ;

Give to Love the humble garland,

Tho' it deck Hope's early tomb !

Were we not together chidden,

Or approv'd by Him above ?

On *your* heart my words are written,

Scrawl'd there with my blood by LOVE !





# Pleasures of Love.

Never durst Poet touch a pen to write  
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.

SHAKESPEARE.

Till' Hymen brought his Love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower.

CAMPBELL.

## PART I.

### I.

Is it not lovely, child,—yon light that flushes  
The rosy East ? Lo ! her cloud-curtains blue  
Aurora opes, and rob'd in glory, blushes,  
As if with bashful joy she look'd on you !  
Come—to each other ever fondly true—  
Together in Life's love-sweet march we'll plod  
Our way, and gather flow'rs the journey thro' :—  
Come gently o'er earth's consecrated sod ;—  
Yes, darling,—for this is the world our Saviour trod.

## II.

The bushes green are full of life and song ;—  
 The bees and butterflies, on iris-wings,  
 Twinkle in ether like a starry throng,  
 Confining sweet to flowers their wanderings :  
 We will not envy them—bright, happy things !—  
 Their joys but flutter in this little grove ;  
 While we—with what exultant triumph springs  
 Our soul to cleave yon fleecy blue above,  
 And catch a glimpse of that dear Father who is Love !

## III.

Those rippling voices, Sweet, are from the rills  
 That, sun-bath'd, thro' the grove like rainbows gleam ;  
 Those snow-white dots are sheep upon yon hills,—  
 The smaller dots, their shadows in the stream,  
 How Nature revels in Morn's freshening beam !  
 Ah ! gazing on her in your innocence,  
 You scarcely think Man fell ;—yet 'tis no dream :  
 'Twas from a bright and glorious eminence  
 He fell,—and but for LOVE, would have fall'n lower thence !

## IV.

His disobedience kindl'd God's just wrath ;—  
 And, from a garden lovelier still than this  
 Bright place He drove him, and each entrance path  
 Guarded with flaming sword :—(1) yes, sad it is  
 To think man forfeited so much of bliss,—  
 Barter'd for toil—and ever since hath striven  
 In vain for that pure peace which once was his !  
 From all hopes of that bliss too was he driven,  
 Until redeeming Love came smiling down from heaven.

## V.

Oh ! 'tis a blessed joy to sing to you,  
 Who of my Spirit hath its dearer part ;  
 Ever to teach in music something new  
 To your endearing and confiding heart.  
 When erring, soft your love alone will thwart  
 My straying soul with fond affection's wile :—  
 Yes,—blest this task if Love from Pity start  
 A tear,—or win the loving heart to smile ;  
 And sing,—a lonely hour from Labor to beguile.

## VI.

Breathes there the soul that hath not bless'd the hour,  
 When, moulded into woman-loveliness,  
 Love lent enchantment to Earth's loneliest bower ;  
 And learn'd in Sorrow's gloomy school to bless  
 Man's sterner nature with the soft caress ?—  
 Yes,—Love, if woman 'twas first tempted man  
 To sin,—she is herself the sweet redress :  
 His comfort, when Life's rosy brow grows wan,  
 And in affliction's strife, his Joan still in the van

## VII.

List, darling ! to your little, favourite sage,  
 Upon the dewy bush yon lilting bird !  
 And is 't not the same which from its cage  
 Your gentle hand releas'd ? and at your word  
 Of fondness, flew to it ?—Ah ! each sweet chord  
 Its little trembling heart in rapture pours  
 Is love, that hath not in dear knowledge err'd  
 From marking you, ev'n 'mid the garden bowers ;  
 And, singing, flies to you, and trills of Love and Flowers :

## VIII.

Your mouth a little flower—

A balm-dew-dropping rose ;—

Yourself the fairy bower

Where fragrant sweet it glows !

Each eye a little flower,

A violet crystalline ;—

Yourself the fresh young bower,

Where pure its star-rays shine.

Each cheek a bed of flowers,

Which your sun-smiles illumine ;—

Yourself the gentle bower,

Where in meek pride they bloom.

Each hand a little flower ;

Yet the small snowy thing

Looks, waving on its bower,

A butterfly on wing.

Each foot a little flower.

Elfin and lily-white ;—

Yourself the jealous bower,

Where 'tis conceal'd from light.

A pure and tender flower,  
 Your gentle, little soul,  
 Which, hid tho' in its bower,  
 Sheds perfume o'er the whole.

Oh ! sweetest of sweet bowers  
 That beauntify this sod—  
 So full of precious flowers,  
 .Your gardener is God.

## IX.

Helena ! —your young heart remembers how  
 When first we sunn'd us in the soul-felt flame,  
 The tender secret we could not avow,  
 Albeit it trembled on each other's name ?  
 For Love is timid ;—yet our brows became  
 Flush'd when we met ; and when I spoke to you,  
 A tremor soft stole o'er your gentle frame !  
 Still from the little question I withdrew  
 My heart ;—and yet how much, Sweet, I already knew !

## X.

But brighter, darling, that enchanting hour  
 Of morn—a morn as beautiful as this—  
 When my soul yielded to the tender power  
 Of Love—bath'd in devotion's sun-light bliss !—  
 All was confess'd in rapture's purest kiss ;  
 And with your bashful eyes that scarce on me  
 Would look for joy,—we spoke of all that is,  
 And all that rosy Hope told us would be,  
 Illumin'd with the golden light of Memory !—

## XI.

Felt we not then how beautiful is Love !  
 Bright Past that whisper'd of Futurity !  
 Ah ! now comes Recollection's fluttering dove  
 With a green leaf from your dear self to me !—  
 In your fair, younger days, how joyously  
 Your lips dropp'd praise like honey flow'rs on those  
 Melodious bards of HOPE and MEMORY !  
 Saying,—“ 'Tis strange”—as you each book would close—  
 “ None sang LOVE'S PLEASURES, sweetest tho' they be,  
 God knows ! ”



## XII.

Children are myst'ries cloth'd in Heaven's light !—  
 Child-Prophet-Muse, your words fell like soft dew  
 Upon my heart, till the pure sprinkling, bright  
 Reflected Sun, and Moon, and Star in you !  
 Dear lights of Love ! that your young spirit threw  
 In bright enchantment o'er my yearning soul ;  
 And—like the Night-Queen to the Ocean—drew  
 Its tides towards the light of Love to roll,—  
 Nor in stagnation lie,—the silent heart their goal !

## XIII.

Yes,—what were Hope and Memory without Love ?—  
 The lights that shew us that all else is black.  
 Why look before if shadows there but move ?  
 Why look behind whence fain we'd turn our back—  
 The dark-reminding and the gloomy track—  
 Whose dismal horrors pass'd, our souls would shun ?—(2)  
 'Tis so ;—but now no more upon the rack  
 Our hearts shall be,—for well is Life's task done ;—  
 And Hope and Memory bask still in Love's glowing sun !—

## XIV.

And now behold Sol shining high and proud  
 In glory ;—let us further on our way,—  
 The birds begin to pipe more blithely loud ;  
 The rills are joining in the merry lay,  
 Catching new music from each trembling spray :  
 Tho' there are thousand minstrels in this grove—  
 Yes, I too, Love, among them—we but play  
 One mighty harp lent to us from above—  
 By seraphs tun'd—the universal HARP OF LOVE.

## XV.

But hush !—nay, start not—it is still a strain  
 Of Love, tho' wailing in the minor key.—  
 Come to yon dwelling—Ah ! they've sadly lain  
 Out one who seems to sleep too silently !  
 Love !—Death is here—nay shudder not to see  
 The Shadow that is to our Life allied :—  
 Some day he'll come in search of you and me ;  
 And then how sweet he seems in his cold pride !  
 For Christ with *him* redemption bought—yes—JESUS  
 DIED !

## XVI.

And lo !—the poor frail children of this earth  
 That come to see the dust they'll shortly join !  
 And is this all the end of Life is worth ?  
 Is this the dregs of Being's rosy wine ?—  
 'Tis o'er !—behold them now the cypress twine !—  
 See, Dear,—Hate grins, and to a corner creeps !  
 'Tis Pity sobs with sympathy divine !  
 Friendship sighs as he there his long watch keeps.—  
 But Love—endearing Love 'tis that sincerely weeps !—

## XVII.

What stillness reigns in this low, neighbouring hut !—  
 Alas ! there's sickness here !—a peasant poor  
 Who hath no door against the cold to shut !—  
 However dim the hope of Life, 'tis sore  
 When Poverty denies the little more  
 That Art might feebly do, Death's cruel speed  
 Ev'n few short moments to retard !—Before,—  
 He had few friends ; but see, the hour of need  
 Hath, oh ! too vainly sifted the good generous deed !

## XVIII.

Hath the poor peasant then no comfort left ?—  
 Surely upon Jehovah's earth there is  
 No single child of His that's all bereft  
 Of peace from *that* world if denied in this ?—  
 He looks to heav'n,—a ray of holy bliss  
 Steals o'er his brow,—nor all forsaken *here* :—  
 For see Affection, sorrowing, stoop to kiss  
 The dying lips that smile to feel still near  
 Sweet, constant Love that hallows Life with a last tear !—

## XIX.

Thus journeying thro' this solemn vale of tears,—  
 My own Helena !—when Life's trials press,  
 And round Mortality foreboding fears  
 Spring, struggling with the Soul in bitterness,  
 Oh ! Love can still our latest moments bless,  
 And trembling hopes in peace to heaven waft :  
 Yes, when Life's gall-cup is fast growing less,  
 Look, child, to Love ere 'tis entirely quaff'd—  
 At once he'll sweeten with his rosy lips the draught.—

## XX.

Ah ! yes ;—the fairest flow'rs on thorns will bloom ;  
 Yet sweetest the possession that is thus  
 The dearest bought —

Let Memory's light illumine

Our onward steps 'neath trees all tremulous  
 With song :—does not the light reveal to us  
 Our own sad, cherish'd picture, little one ?—  
 Memory and Love,—let them in language bless  
 The Past,—and by the time their tale is done,  
 We'll reach, perchance, yon cottage distant in the sun.

## XXI.

There is a time, alas ! in every age—  
 When—Worth and Poverty link'd hand in hand,—  
 The blots on womankind's historic page  
 Darken the records of each Christian land,—  
 Against the Great Recorder's love-command :—  
 When Mammon falsely holy trust endears,  
 And coldly dares in the High Presence stand :  
 Mem'ry then searches for her childhood's years,  
 And drops on Beauty's records unavailing tears !—

## XXII.

Not so Helena mine—Love's darling child !—  
 You were not lur'd by brightest charms of pelf ;  
 But, by a loving, trusting heart beguil'd,  
 You lov'd your humble wooer for himself.  
 Tho' Poverty— cold, ragged, withering elf !—  
 Made her unwelcome, dreary home in mine,  
 Reclining on my pillow, hearth, and shelf,  
 Yet your dear soul first caught the spark divine,  
 And kindl'd Love's pure flame on my heart's hallow'd  
 shrine.

## XXIII.

I lov'd you—yes, you knew I dearly lov'd !—  
 'Twas that thought which my heart to anguish tore !  
 For our young faith was with cold bitters prov'd—  
 When Want, the blighting witch, too often bore  
 Her haggard form before our cottage door !—  
 And you, who were my all, my only care,  
 Seem'd happy, and to sigh for nothing more !—  
 This, tho' it taught my soul not to despair—  
 Yet, for its sake I oft shrank 'neath her hideous glare !—

## XXIV.

" This must not be so !"—with wrung heart I cried ;  
 " Helena !—let me fly to some far shore,  
 Till worthier to reclaim my little bride :"—  
 For, Sweet, your mother look'd for something more  
 Than but a heart rich, and a purse too poor !—  
 If gift I had, a fatal gift it seem'd  
 That levell'd me not with the labouring boor :—  
 And yet a distant Star upon me beam'd,  
 Your mother saw it not, tho' *you* of it have dreamed.

## XXV.

Yet as you cling now to me, then you clung,—  
 And cried—fond doubter !—" Ah you'll leave me not !  
 Forgive me ; but my heart is sadly wrung.—  
 My love is fearful—I may be forgot !—  
 And shall my heart survive !—Oh ! I have sought  
 For nothing more, your presence to insure.  
 With you I dearly bless my present lot :—  
 I want not aught your absence must secure—  
 Rather than thus—my heart would all with joy endure !"

## XXVI.

In vain I sought to teach your gentle mind  
 In my poor comfort, Dear, to take a part ;  
 For to my heart's fond trust you still seem'd blind !  
 And bitterly your tears began to start !—  
 Ah, God—I thought they would have broke my heart !—  
 Till o'er my swelling breast, with vain control,  
 My love the heart's emotions strove to thwart :—  
 Your own soft, tender nature caught my soul  
 And both our tears in silent love began to roll !—

## XXVII.

Nay—*now* Helena, wherefore do you weep ?  
 Wipe, my poor little Love, those tears away.—  
 We never must let Memory fall asleep,  
 Tho' melancholy be its waking ray :—  
 'Tis from the Past the beacon of To-Day.—  
 Yes,—all is for the best—that bitter hour  
 Hath sprinkl'd—to embalm in life-long May—  
 Our hearts' best dews upon Affection's bower,  
 Where, tho' there lurk few thorns, blooms rosier Love's  
     sweet flower.



## XXVIII.

And yet, for those and with those whom we love,  
 It ne'er is nor can be a sin to weep :—  
 How sweet unto our Brother-Lord above  
 Was tearful Penitence—when Mary's lip  
 Kiss'd the feet which her sad tears pour'd to sleep  
 In humble love !—Then the dear record kept—  
 Those blest words—“ He is *not* dead, but asleep ;”  
 Yet mournfully to the lone spot He stopt,  
 And o'er the silent grave of Lazarus—*Jesus wept !*—

## XXIX.

See ! here's the cottage which we saw afar—  
 Here his dark vigil keeps lone Penury !  
 Yet seems it smiling 'neath some love-bright star !—  
 For lo !—in it the little family—  
 How cheerful—happy too, they seem to be !—  
 The good man of the humble dwelling knows  
 That husband, son, and father—*all* is he ;  
 That day with sweating brows will round him close—  
 Yet cheerily unto his labor forth he goes.

## XXX.

And ere he wanders out he sees with joy  
 His gentle daughter<sup>3</sup> busied with home-toil,  
 Nor her lips murmur<sup>9</sup> as her hands employ ;  
 But many a pleasant look and word the while  
 Anxieties paternal sweet beguile !  
 He thinks not of what *might be*,—but what *is*,  
 And feels a comfort in her cheering smile !—  
 The happy partner of his wedded bliss  
 Silent bestows on him the day's dear, parting<sup>6</sup> kiss !—

## XXXI.

Thus cheerfully he sallies forth to work,  
 Refresh'd full with a good night's dreamless rest ;  
 Nor in his heart the sad forebodings lurk,  
 Of blind extravagance that shake the breast  
 Of affluence with a cold heart unblest !—  
 Then as night's canopy unfolds above,  
 He seeks his cot with gladness scarce suppress'd ;  
 And finds in it the dear ones joyous move—  
 And blesses heav'n that bless'd his home with so much  
 love !— .

## XXXII.

And on yon simple table do you see  
 That little book, beloved ?—sweet th<sup>e</sup> lore  
 It teaches—scarce of cruel victory  
 Of blood triumphant heroes gone before,  
 Who snatch the laurels from their brethren's gore :—  
 Tho' Glory for these brows her bright flow'rs wreathe,  
 And martial music chime their praises o'er ;  
 Yet sullen is the tone whose stormy breath  
 Swells but to melodies of fields of blood, and death !—

## XXXIII.

Nor yet the Epic, which may god-like soar,  
 And bring in mystic strains, or lofty rhyme,  
 The music heard at heaven's eternal door :  
 For with the organ-pæan's tones sublime  
 The humble peasant scarcely hopes to chime ;—  
 But to you little volume haply turns  
 For soul-felt raptures to beguile his time ;  
 And from the book of Love he joyous learns  
 To bless the bright-wing'd cherub-god that gave him

BURNS.

## XXXIV.

Genius of Beauty !—glorious tho' her sway,  
 Yet calleth she the pow'r she hath her own ?  
 Ah ! no ;—she never shoots a heav'nly ray  
 Unkindl'd on great Love's Promethean throne ;  
 Nor calls forth from her lute a single tone  
 Of rapture, till young Love the strings enliv'n :—  
 For e'er all sweetly simple truth hath shown,  
 That God man's best gift never would have giv'n  
 Without the blessed pow'r to make it meet for heav'n.

## XXXV.

Yes, listener fond !—Love hath a blessed pow'r :—  
 Alone unselfish in his bright domain,  
 He can on all alike his blessings show'r.—  
 Without Ambition's—Pride's corrupted stain,  
 Love's hallow'd, universal, heav'n-wrought chain ,  
 With the same bright links runs from Pole to Pole :  
 From it alone gold never aught may gain :—  
 On earth his pilgrimage—in heaven his goal ;  
 Love is the soul of Genius in her home—the Soul.

## XXXVI.

Oh ! turn not idly thou from hallow'd song,  
 Nor pour cold venom on the Poet's head ;  
 For heav'n hath—from the world's great human throng—  
 Chosen the Poet's soul alone to shed  
 Her glory in—that man might still be led,  
 As on the Mount, from this earth's lower sod  
 To hear her voice,—for Genius—never dead—  
 Is the fire where the Holy Presence trod,  
 And Love that breathes in it the “still small voice” of God !

## XXXVII.

And you have mark'd their little dog too, child—  
 How all the household he both seems to know  
 And love ?—yes ; no unworthy hour 'tis whil'd  
 Away in marking all that Love can show  
 Even in creatures God created so.  
 Why should vain man alone the claim dispute ?—  
 Love—meek, obedient, and to anger slow,  
 Speaking affection with a language mute,  
 Raises the faithful dog above the soul-less brute.

## XXXVIII.

While man that proudly wanders from his kind,  
 Lock'd in misanthropy's accurs'd embrace—  
 With deaden'd spirit and benighted mind,  
 Sinks from creation's soul-exalted place ;  
 And levels grossly with the lower race !—  
 But when Love's empire in his breast—with rod  
 And gentle sway—leaves her celestial trace,  
 'Tis then, superior to the earth he trod,  
 Man nobly springs the faithful image of his God.

## XXXIX.

In vain hath Poet weav'd the wreath of rhyme,  
 Who, bound in affectation's darkling thrall,  
 Hath sung that Love is but a wreck of time ;  
 Who learns in eloquence to wail the fall  
 That never was—and yet the cup of gall  
 He never tasted—mourning too the token  
 Ne'er giv'n ;—but,—ever ready at his call  
 The pensive Muse, he sings of vows now broken,  
 Which, if he sung the heart's pure truth, were never  
 spoken.

## XL.

Love's holy spring hath founts of joy and light  
 Which bask and beam in heaven's eternal rays ;  
 And, like the well of living waters bright,  
 Each glowing fount inviting ever plays  
 In life's ten thousand wandering, wildering ways,  
 To wash away from every lip its stain :—  
 Still in sight wheresoe'er the spirit strays ;  
 Nor ever virtuous soul hath quaff'd in vain  
 Its tide—but drinking once, ne'er knew to thirst again.

## XLI.

And 'tis when in life's sweetest, sunniest hour,  
 God's own dear children—man and woman—go  
 To joy them in its purifying power ;—  
 And 'neath the tide heaven's gladden'd spirits show  
 Fondly the blended flow'rs of joy and woe  
 Which make the twain but cling more lovingly,  
 And—*left together*—bless the chequer'd flow ;  
 'Tis then alone the soul feels that when free,  
 Love—Love will wing with it to far Eternity !—

## XLII.

Lo ! here's a happy illustration, Dear !—  
 See in yon church the smiling galaxy !—  
 It is a bridal party gather'd there !—  
 How dear the sight of blest solemnity !—  
 How stands the man of God appealingly  
 In love, and asks the hearts that fondly thrill  
 To think each will the other's life-long be—  
 If they their sacred duties will fulfil ?—  
 And hush ! how trembles soft Love's answer sweet—  
*“ I will.”*

## XLIII.

The hallow'd ring upon her finger's set.—  
 How joyous seems to throb each virgin breast !  
 Ah ! can it e'er the sacred scene forget,  
 Wherein some bright day more than sister-guest  
 Itself will bless the part now smiling blest !—  
 'Tis o'er :—fair hour with dreams of Eden rife,  
 That seem to float in glory round the rest,  
 As they behold them in their new-born life  
 Return from Hymen's holy altar—**MAN AND WIFE !**



## XLIV.

As happy friends in many a glowing throng  
 Gather around them—hark !—the angels now  
 Glory on high, and with their sweetest song  
 Of gratulation seal in heav'n the vow  
 Just made on earth.—

Oh ! may her gentle brow  
 Ne'er know a cloud its beauteous peace to mar—  
 His heart may heav'n each day with strength endow ;  
 He still a Sun—a planetary Star  
 She :—bless them thus, Lord God !—for they Thy chil-  
 dren are.—

## XLV.

Lo ! Childhood's group that in yon orchard play !—  
 Their joy unstain'd by cold distinction's pride ;  
 On all alike bright smiling like young Day :—  
 See yon glad runnels that in music glide—  
 A happy babbling flowing from the tide ;  
 The same blithe music in whatever grove  
 They roll, or whatsoever banks beside :—  
 Thus childhood's pleasures still as brightly move  
 Where'er un-lock'd :—oh ! blessed innocence of Love !—

## XLVI.

But further on, another group !—yet now  
 These are not all un-watch'd in their young play :  
 Mem'ry awakes on the parental brow  
 A light, which soft illum'd with Hope's fair ray,  
 Reflects in mellow'd lustre childhood's day—  
 Bringing into relief, from what hath been,  
 The picture that will be :—a holiday  
 For Age, as with a holy joy serene  
 Parental Love gilds, smiling, childhood's sunny  
 scene !—

## XLVII.

And lo ! yon pale and cheerless Beauty !—how  
 Lorn, melancholy seems her proud estate !—  
 I knew her once, child, when her lovely brow  
 No trace of sorrow wore :—soul-wretched fate !—  
 When Mammon hath but left her desolate !—  
 'Tis said now oft her heart is sore oppress'd  
 With envious thoughts all vain—and ah, too late !—  
 When—in the arms of Poverty carest—  
 She sees her sisters live with love, and smile all blest !.

## XLVIII.

And you—oh, parents!—who have sold your child  
 Thro' Mammon's place of skulls or say, have you not,  
 Like him, whose soul by silver was beguil'd,  
 But sold her to a Crucifixion's lot  
 Where Love bleeds on the cross of selfish Thought !  
 And should he—from the death you've doom'd him to  
 Rise to the life which he from God hath caught,  
 Bursting the church-bonds lawful yet untrue,  
 Will not your child's sin-darken'd blood be upon you !—

## XLIX.

But hark !—what sound from yonder mansion breaks !  
 Alas ! what Terror-King reigns dark within !—  
 Behold how from his restless slumber wakes  
 With swol'n, red eyes yon haggard Libertine !—  
 In giddy revelling,—sore-polluted sin  
 His life is spent :—oh ! from the darken'd chain  
 To break him, for 'tis long he thus hath been !—  
 Friendship speaks harshly—'tis a bitter ban—  
 Her harshness only maddens more his burning brain !

## L.

But list !—what gentle, tender, pleading words  
 Are those ?—for lo ! the silent tears that steal  
 From his hard eyes, tell that to saddest chords  
 His heart is strung !—'tis Love's sad sweet appeal  
 Awakes his conscience bitterly to feel  
 His life on Love and heaven a darkening blot !—  
 Nor one of the "just ninety-nine," (3) reveal,  
 Father, to all above *he's saved* !—blest thought !—  
 Unchanging Love hath chang'd his once unhappy lot !—

## LI.

How gloomy looks yon home !—'tis sadly true !—  
 For pass'd away is young Life's happier day !  
 A mother long hath bid that home adieu !—  
 Whatever burthen then upon us lay,  
 Childhood will still endear maternal sway.—  
 The little ones seek the once favourite room—  
 But empty still—they, weeping, turn away !—  
 A father's there—but dreary, cheerless home !—  
 Where is a mother's holy love to light the gloom !—

## LII.

A mother's love—oh ! tis a lovely thing !—  
 O'ershadowing all entrusted to its<sup>o</sup> care,  
 Even as a hen that gathers 'neath her wing  
 Her callow brood :—ah ! feel we not—'tis *there*—  
 When that protecting wing no more we share—  
 The curse of doom that with prophetic weight  
 Hung o'er Jerusalem like chill despair,—  
 As if 'twere breath'd now o'er our own dark fate—  
 “ Behold, your house is left unto you desolate !”

## LIII.

A mother's love—oh ! let thy heart endear  
 The holy treasure while 'tis left thee yet ;—  
 The font that's sacred to a smile and tear.—  
 Whose waters are a bright, pure rivulet,  
 Like Horeb's, wheresoe'er thy journey's set.  
 A mother—precious link 'tween earth and heaven—  
 That did its Saviour to the world beget :—  
 For thee how thro' life's battle hath she striven !—  
 And unto whom were Jesu's dying thoughts last given ?

## LIV.

Now turn the eye—and lo !—the other cot :—  
 All there seem to repose in endless Spring !  
 How brightly cheerful seems the inmates' lot !—  
 The merry peals of childhood's laughter ring,  
 Chasing like butterflies Time's golden wing !  
 And echo follows echo everywhere,  
 Like birds in woodlands—each a joyous thing !  
 What can they know—dear happy ones—of care ?—  
 For oh ! a mother's love sheds its bright halo there !

## LV.

Sweet children !—dark in sooth must be the soul  
 That cannot love them !—with black weeds o'ergrown,  
 That memory is a gloomy stagnant shoal  
 O'er which no light of Infancy is thrown :—  
 Foul, rankest breezes from the Past are blown  
 Athwart it !—to the noblest heart 'tis given  
 Its dreariest thoughts in child-love to atone.—  
 'Twas heav'nly Love said—“Let them not be driven  
 From me, for 'tis of such the kingdom is of heaven.”

## LVI.

But see !—'tis growing late, Love !—how Time flies,  
 When life is not in idle follies spent !—  
 The grey and dreamy twilight onward hies !—  
 And now, behold ! the glorious firmament,  
 Where silver, gold, and blue are brightly blent  
 Into one mellow'd radiance.—Like a flower  
 Blushes each star !—the moon is sweetly bent  
 On some love-prying mischief !—come, an hour  
 We'll satisfy her, darling, in our favourite bower.—

## LVII.

Ah ! happy moments, when upon thy breast  
 I lay my head, renewing Love's fond plight.—  
 Alone to-night, Dear, will our hearts be blest,  
 As thro' the stillness of the charmed night  
 Sweet music woos us in our bow'r of light  
 From yonder hall, where gay the dancers move  
 To notes of revelry :—here in the sight  
 Of heav'n, with all her smiling host above,  
 We'll breathe those gentler notes that seraphs catch in  
 love !—

## LVIII.

Time still flies fleetly !—Dim Futurity !  
 Thro' which we see not :—to our cot afar—  
 Love, that hath lit us on thro' poverty,  
 Shall light us thither—for we happy are,  
 Not gazing gloomily at our evil star.  
 The race of all things earthly must be run.—  
 With Destiny 'tis ever vain to war ;  
 Nor can we all her frowns, tho' cruel, shun ;  
 Yet, dearest, God is Love,—and God's good will be done.

## LIX

'Tis strange you ne'er have known a father's care,  
 Nor I—but a brief while—since Death unkind  
 Took all the joyous, golden days that were  
 In taking my sweet mother.—Thus entwin'd  
 Our very destinies seem, by heav'n design'd :—  
 In one dear kindred tie our hearts are wove.—  
 And yet, oh ! when will time in wedlock find  
 Our hands united ?—hush !—our God above  
 Delays—we feel—the more to strengthen—ties of Love.





# Pleasures of Love.

Love, the surviving gift of heaven,  
The choicest sweet of Paradise,  
In Life's else bitter cup distill'd.

CAMPBELL.

## PART II.

### I.

Helena mine !—come let me shed around  
You the bright halo of your own pure love ;  
E'en as sweet Cynthia with her own light crown'd—  
The dual glory softly shed above  
From the lone stream that threads the moonlit grove.  
Darkness is gone—and glories rosy bright  
Along the purple East gold-glowing move,  
As if—like once primeval Chaos—Night  
Again heard God's great life-command,—“ Let there be  
light.”

## II.

Yes—I am happy this flow'r-fragrant morn !—  
 Why—do you ask, Love !—oh ! a strange, sweet night  
 I pass'd in slumber ;—and if spirit-born  
 Be dreams, that dim foreshadow days that might  
 Yet be,—ah ! you'll forgive this child-delight,—  
 Nay, but with Hope's fond kiss the joy reward :—  
 Blost dreams ! that Past and Future thus unite !—  
 I saw last night—a loving heaven's regard  
 For a lorn son—fair Avon's great time-hallow'd Bard !

## III.

Methought that kindly from Parnassus' Mount  
 Beam'd the sage-poet's venerable brow,  
 As in the sweet elysian drama-fount  
 His gentle, beauteous soul was all a-glow !  
 Like that One brighter in the Jordan's flow !—  
 A truer guide ah ! whither could I find ?  
 Yet—to the patriarchal Minstrel show  
 My little lyre ?—

Meek, trembling I resign'd  
 To him the simple echo of a simple mind !

## IV.

How knew I of the music therein traced—  
 No brighter light to guide behind—before ?—  
 Love !—fairest flow'rs, from sun-shine hid, run waste :—  
 And my mind doom'd to hide its little store,  
 Nor giving others learn to gather more,  
 Grew to an anxious thought ;—the thought became  
 A dream, wherein, like Love, with Hope before  
 And Fear close following—as in tender blame,  
 Yet praise—came to me God's immortal son of Fame !

## V.

How beautiful is Fame !—eternal Fame !—  
 Whose sun-illumining, universal light  
 Gilds the Past's many an else forgotten name ●  
 Unto the Present ;—in whose mirror bright ●  
 The great dead smile again in fancy's sight !—● ●  
 We see each as he walk'd the golden shore  
 Of Life's great ocean,—like an elfin sprite  
 By music charm'd,—steal into light once more,  
 Conjur'd by the far notes, that Fame still loves to pour !-

## VI.

Who would not seek Fame in her fairy clime—  
 To whom mortality must yield command ;—  
 The only foiler of the monarch, TIME ?—  
 'Tis sweet to travel with her hand in hand  
 Thro' all the changes of this gloomy land :—  
 'And yet her echo-form but leaves more drear  
 The heart when Love gilds not Life's falling sand ;—  
 Where is her voice to honest pride so dear—  
 As when it melts upon Love's charm'd, delighted ear ?—

## VII.

Thus Campbell too—melodious bard of Hope !—  
 (You see, child, how poor Hope, too, often strays ?)  
 When his Life's sun was fading down the slope  
 Of great Eternity :—amid the blaze—  
 The splendour of his Fame's immortal rays—  
 His heart was lorn !—in vain for peace he strove  
 In the cold gloom of his declining days :—  
 His only hope on earth was wing'd above,—  
 That hope,—to melt Life's sun-set on the heaven of  
 Love.—(1).

## VIII.

Sorrow's the dire inheritance of all ;—  
 (My gentle one, the sad truth know we not ?)  
 Of all who have surviv'd the primal fall,  
 And still survive it ;—yet, endearing thought !—  
 That Love can bless affliction's bleakest lot,  
 When grief's sad questions are in fond replies  
 Of kindred sorrow or bright hopes forgot ;  
 How dear a fellow-sufferer in Love's eyes !—  
 It said,—“ This day thou'lt be with me in Paradise.”

## IX.

Yet Sorrow's mate, dear Love, is Happiness ;—  
 Ah ! who may say that unto him was given  
 The one without the other ?—Let us bless  
 The tender justice of a loving heaven.—  
 Upon the cross the soul with anguish riven,  
 That cried out, “ Lord remember me,”—with fears  
 Of agony, had but a brief while striven  
 With them, awaking bright in happier spheres  
 To that light-glowing Love undimm'd with aught of  
 tears !—

## X.

Who hails not Happiness for her dear sake  
 Alone ?—the heart of dreariest sorrow warms,  
 When there her home young pleasure seeks to make ;—  
 And yet ne'er bloom her Eden-rosy charms,  
 So pure, as in the temple of Love's arms,  
 Where soul-shed smiles but gild :—and if a stain  
 Gather, 'tis from the fount of Fond-Alarms,—  
 Lending a brighter glow—like Nature's Fane,  
 Lovely, yet lovelier still in sunshine and in rain.—

## XI.

Oh ! blessed light of Love !—the promise young  
 Of Hope thou art in Life's bleak, chequer'd gloom !—  
 And as the bow of God in heav'n that hung  
 The shepherd's boding spirit to illume,  
 Thou, o'er our lonely pathway to the tomb  
 Glow'st beautiful and bright,—to lull the fears  
 That may the solitary heart consume !—  
 Thou art unto man's soul, thro' dearest years,  
 The rainbow shed there sweet by woman's smiles and  
 tears.—

## XII.

Come, Love,—mirth's rosy smiles our steps invite.—  
 Terpsichore!—we'll meet with brightest glance  
 Thy joys—nay, child, this is no sin-delight :—(2)  
 Tell prudish vanity that in the dance  
 Oft is more learn'd than giddy-brain'd romance ;—  
 The Poetry of all things is their leech,  
 When sicken they with Time and Circumstance :  
 And lovely, loving woman here can teach  
 How much more than 'tis cold Philosophy's to preach !

## XIII.

No empty pastime to the sapient heart,  
 That sad or gay forgets not Love and Fate,—  
 That gathers lores from Nature and from Art ;  
 Scorning dull Folly yet the more to hate,  
 And seeing Virtue learns to imitate.—  
 And lo, Helena !—how all sweetly prove  
 This truth—yon blushing maiden and her mate—  
 That Beauty in the dance, like some wing'd dove,  
 Can her companion teach, and learn herself—to love !



## XIV.

Oh ! heaven-born Beauty !—in Love's circling arms  
 While there reclining, let me gaze on thee—  
 (As nature bright unfolds her rosiest charms,)  
 With all the thrills of silent ecstacy !—  
 How tremble words like tuneful melody  
 From those fond lips that brook not to endure  
 The thought that causeth doubt's cold agony !—  
 Nor seekest thou with Affectation's lure  
 To vainly gild those charms that Nature dower'd pure.

## XV.

Ah ! yes—'tis not while gather on thy brow  
 Cold frowns that well might haunt a darker place,  
 Or smile those lips upon a broken vow,  
 That bear on them the angel-glowing trace  
 Of thy sweet witchery and thy nameless grace :—  
 And if—as bards have vainly sung to prove  
 That these are charms—which truth must still efface,—  
 Oh ! yet there is a charm all these above—  
 That rosy charm,—the faithful, tell-tale blush of Love.—

## XVI.

Woman !—thou dearest,—sweetest page that He—  
 The great Historian, lastly to express  
 His noblest thought, trac'd in His history  
 Of Love :—for 'tis thy tears and smiles that bless  
 Its darker parts with rays all loveliness  
 And love ;—thus as the fairest destiny  
 Of the great book hangs on thy charms—no less  
 Its gloomier pages shadow them !—for He,  
 In love of that dear work of Love, last added thee.—

## XVII.

And thus thou art as many smiles and tears,—  
 Therefore more love than Man and sorrow more :—  
 Sad-sweet,—yet let it be so.—

War endears

Thy gentle offices :—from fields of gore  
 Triumph returning, lays thy feet before  
 Her trophies ;—yet would'st thou not fain remove  
 The crimson glory man still loves to pour ?—  
 Thou—that still of thy God best type can'st prove,—  
 Hating sin's cruel deeds, yet loving—teaching love !—

## XVIII.

What bosom hath not thrill'd with strange delight,  
 When Beauty the Romancer's golden stage  
 Hath oped to glowing Fancy's ravish'd sight ;—  
 Or did the raptur'd eye and soul engage  
 In fairy Poesy's enchanting page—  
 That starry world where each Elysian Grace  
 Warbles and twinkles, 'an ethereal sage !—  
 Yet there the heart may vainly hope to trace  
 The spirit-breathing influence of a soul-lit face.

## XIX.

Thus still falls weak man's ev'ry glorious Art—  
 The magic Brush—the Chisel—and the Lyre—  
 To breathe the *soul* of life into the heart !—  
 Still like the picture which must lack the fire  
 Promethean—Transport only can admire,—  
 In vain Art's grandest triumphs may reveal  
 The soul's reflex which Love must still require :—  
 Sweet woman !—can the heart e'er hope to feel,  
 Until beholding thy life-self, Love's exquisite thrill ?—

## XX.

Thou dear, embodied Peace in Being's strife ;—  
 Embodied dream of loveliness above ;—  
 Embodied music of the harp of Life ;—  
 Embodied Tear with smiling Hope that strove  
 For Love in lone Gethsemane's dark grove ;  
 Embodied type of Life's small love-giv'n span ;—  
 Embodied Genius of eternal Love ;—  
 Embodied study of old Nature's plan ;—  
 Embodied Poesy of God's great prosc-work—MAN.—

## XXI.

Come Sceptic—child of Doubt, come thou and see  
 Art's triumph, and go own—when thou hast seen—  
 If it were not for man, this ne'er would be :—  
 Come, Love, lo ! Nature's triumph !—'mid the sheen  
 Of her far flowery beauties—mark their Queen !—  
 And own—if there were not, above earth's sod  
 Some holier Being, woman ne'er had been :—  
 Yet triumph Love ;—behold ! around—abroad—  
*That* is the work of Man,—and *this*—the work of God !—

## XXII.

Hail Music—spirit warbler!—sure thy strain  
 Is but a fond interpreting Delight,  
 To thrill the gladden'd heart and charm the brain,  
 In purest thought, to wing celestial flight  
 To dearer worlds of Music, Love, and Light!—  
 What demon-passions must that soul devour—  
 Sweet friend of Day, and sweeter love of Night!—  
 That cannot feel the magic of thy power  
 In this poor Life's most joyous or most troubled hour!—

## XXIII.

Dead is the heart to heaven's untasted bliss,—  
 (Come darling—you in this, too, happy seem!)  
 And dead to all the purest joys in this  
 Bleak world!—for Music is from heav'n a dream,  
 Where brighter learns the eye of Joy to beam,  
 And Grief is lit with a melodious ray,—  
 Like a lake moaning touch'd by Sol's last gleam:—  
 Around whose charm-notes unseen spirits play  
 To drive from helpless Man the evil one away!—(3)

## XXIV.

Ah ! yes,—her voice, was sad, my gentle one,  
 Yet proudly mournful, when the noble brave  
 (As flash'd the bayonets in the setting sun,)  
 She gave with sweetest tears to Glory's grave !  
 But let that go :—how little Mirth would have  
 Ev'n here but for her !—yet most welcome, see !  
 Her voice to Love,—from crowds *his* joys to save,—  
 As in the zephyr, passing tremblingly,—  
 Is hush'd the falling dews' still softer melody.—

## XXV.

Almighty Love !—god of the world of Mind !—  
 Thou—as the great Creator's hid disguise—  
 Com'st to the world some holy spot to find  
 Where thou might'st raise a second Paradise,—  
 And sees't but Genius fittest 'neath the skies.—  
 In ev'ry soul from thee thy beauties start,  
 As on earth when *one* Eden did but rise ;—  
 'Tis *there* thou form'st thy Adam of the heart—  
 Poesy,—Music too, *his* Eve, his sweeter part.—

## XXVI.

Love—bright and lovely mystery of God !—  
 Thou like a beautiful and holy Star,  
 Bursting ethereal o'er this world's dull sod,—  
 Break'st o'er the heart where evil passions are,  
 Yet from them—in the soul's sweet heav'n—afar !—  
 Alike all beauties in our feelings melt  
 Rapid as Thought upon her Lightning-car :—  
 And where thus beauty's glory is not felt,  
 Ev'n Ardhath triumph'd not—there beauty never dwelt.—

## XXVII.

Morn's twilight hour !—how clear the Bulbul breaks  
 The stilly silence, as on dewy wing,  
 And in the flute-joys of his song he wakes  
 The woodlands round to one unbroken Spring  
 Of music !—

      'Tis a Picnic gathering  
 That dot yon emerald vale—by Nature till'd  
 To wild luxuriance, where the bright flow'rs fling  
 Their scatter'd scents on breezes sweetly fill'd  
 With the blithe warbles each melodious bird hath trill'd.

## XXVIII.

See here the moss-fring'd rocks like giants rise,  
 Giving life to a thousand trees that grow  
 Upon their shaggy sides ;—and each supplies  
 Its own green children from the crystal flow  
 Of yonder granite basins all aglow  
 Thro' the dim morn !—Come to this brink, and see  
 The fires that in the valley burn below  
 Near humble huts, that in small company  
 A little village form for toiling Honesty. (4)

## XXIX.

Yes further, Dear—those little silver threads,  
 As in the distance unto you they seem,  
 Are running brooks ;—and those small narrow beds,  
 That twinkle thro' the morning's brightening beam—  
 At little intervals with rosy gleam—  
 Are green plantations where the strawberry  
 Puts forth her bloom,—refresh'd by many a stream,  
 Which, if you come but nearer, Love, you'll see,  
 Takes its bright source from yonder rocks' acclivity.



## XXX.

Triumphal Nature upon mountains thron'd !  
 It is no evil wish the spirit pours,  
 (Believing here the soul a Byron own'd )  
 In thy grand temple Life's remaining hours  
 To spend in love of thy own god-bright powers  
 Attendant on thee,—with my child-love near ;—  
 Our drink those rillets perfum'd with wild flowers ;—  
 Our food yon fruited boughs :—without a tear,  
 To serve God—loving one another—oh how dear !

## XXXI.

Sweet!—glad seems yonder rosy gathering !—  
 Yes, Love,—it is a Picnic's rural joys  
 That brightest bring on Fancy's angel-wing  
 Adam and Eve in their first Paradise !  
 Yet bliss with kindred bliss can sympathize  
 Fondest,—as blessing there the lonely hour,  
 Beauty and Youth stand with love-beaming eyes,  
 A happier picture,—like a Bird and Flower,  
 She blushing as he carols, in yon orange-bower.

## XXXII.

Love !—fairest child of Immortality !  
 Offspring of heav'n !—thy fairest children here  
 Are Faith, and Hope, and meek-eyed Charity.  
 Faith whispers gently :—" Mortal, have no fear ;  
 'Tis no hard task that unto thee I bear :—  
 Me as thy guide the least thou'lt nothing lose ;  
 Live but in love, and let me still be near  
 Thy heart ;—our pathway lies o'er twilight dews,—  
 Love's sweet soft beauty :—would'st thou rougher path-  
 ways choose ?

## XXXIII.

" Know, I am leading thee unto a God  
 Who loves thee ;—if it ends thus, well it is,—  
 And if not—nothing——" Ah ! it is no rod  
 With which Faith guides us.  
And lo ! with a kiss,  
 Hope whispers of a brighter world than this.—  
 What smiling lights around our pathway move !—  
 'Tis Hope's bright footsteps as she talks of Bliss ;—  
 Still brightening as she tells us,—there above  
 We'll meet no God of Hate to fear,—but one of Love.

## XXXIV.

And hark !—the hungry cry of sore distress !—  
 Ah ! can his brother thus his bosom steel  
 'Gainst the poor wretch who pleads all portionless ?  
 'Twas never his Love's sympathies to feel.—  
 Oh ! let us grant his humble, sad appeal :—  
 List ! how his gratitude his blessings prove !  
 I feel, Dear, something to my soul reveal,  
 'Twill ne'er regret this hour, when pitying Love  
 Gave birth to Charity that wafted praise above.

## XXXV.

Parent of Virtues !—Sin's eternal foe !  
 How hard were Life without thy gentle wand !  
 To Penitence the tenderest friend below—  
 Forgiving Genius in a fallen land,  
 Thou travellest e'er with Mercy hand in hand :—  
 'Tis thine with Life her comforter to dwell—  
 And pitying—best her frailties understand :—  
 Despair hath own'd thy soft othercal spell,  
 And, charm'd by thee, fled from the burning brink of  
 hell !—

## XXXVI.

Thus, when the son of Prodigality,  
 Taught blindly from a happy home to stray,—  
 Undone by riot, wist not hopelessly  
 Where he his head in lowliest rest may lay,  
 Thought of a loving father far away.—  
 Thy fount, divinest Love !—how blessed, whence  
 The filial brow beam'd in the tearful ray,  
 As with a sigh to childhood's Innocence,  
 Thou a forgiving welcome wept'st to Penitence ! (5)

## XXXVII.

Thus first to bear with sin—last to condemn,  
 Must Frailty sigh to Memory alone ?—  
 Lo ! Guilt's accusers,—wilt thou silence them ?  
 How tender was thy sympathetic tone,—  
 “ Let him that hath no sin cast the first stone ! ”  
 “ Let her be ston'd to death,” they cry :—’tis o’er,  
 When Love in justice *fellow-sins* hath shown,  
 And still all gently charms to Hope before,  
 Breathing in holy pity,—“ Go and sin no more.”

## XXXVIII.

But this you say, child, was the love of One  
 Who more than mortal was ?—yes, Dear, 'tis so :—  
 But come in yonder vale hid from the sun,  
 And a life-drama, fraught with love and woe,  
 Unto your little heart I'll sadly show.  
 'Tis no Romancer's dream from Fiction's spheres,  
 Nor Poet's vision ;—for alas ! I saw  
 The heart-lorn actors but a few short years  
 Since,—when Love shed o'er fallen Love his bitterest  
     tears !

## XXXIX.

'Then too, when Virtue in an ill hour err'd,  
 And the slave's eye on Guilt young Beauty cast,  
 And drank his every sweet, empoison'd word,  
 Hope howling fled—and Mercy shriek'd her last—  
 And Memory sigh'd while conjuring up the Past ;  
 Justice frown'd darkly—Pity look'd but grave ;  
 And Friendship too, first shrinking back aghast,  
 Now scowl'd and cold forsook Guilt's beauteous slave !  
 But oh ! kind, heavenly Love first sorrow'd—then for-  
     gave.

## XL.

Thus was it with the fair Evangeline ;  
 With holiness of heart and soul ador'd,  
 Cherish'd and lov'd as ever wife hath been—  
 She was the very fate of her fond lord.  
 The dearest gifts of love and home he pour'd  
 On her—ah ! could he think that bosom vile !  
 That thought ne'er haunted him—to be abhorr'd !—  
 How could his pure love deem of silent guile  
 In her—his own—who could on him thus sweetly smile !

## XLI.

Her absent wanderings, tho' by him unwatch'd,  
 They will not e'er his bosom's peace destroy—  
 Tho' from his heart Life's happiest moments snatch'd :  
 Yes, Love,—no wish of his will e'er alloy—  
 Albeit lull'd in lone pain—her courted joy :—  
 Not ev'n the demon Jealousy would start  
 His soul's endear'd reliance to annoy :  
 Belov'd of Lionel—his better part—  
 Oh ! could'st thou e'er deceive so fond, so true a heart !—

## XLII.

His was love in its purest essence, Dear,  
 'Twas love in all its beauty—all its power,—  
 Undimm'd yet with a single sigh or tear ;  
 For he could only joyous bless the hour  
 That gave unto his heart so fair a flower !  
 Yet not too dearly learn'd he to adore her,  
 For love is loveliest in his richest dower.—  
 What sheds a halo pale round Petrarch's Laura ?—  
 Thro' what fond, sad rays beams poor Tasso's Leonora ?

## XLIII.

There is a time, most welcome of the year—  
 'Mid rosiest scenes of glad Festivity—  
 To Pleasure's minions and to festal cheer ;—  
 When in the hall of Mason-revelry  
 Beauty and Youth form earth's bright galaxy !—  
 How fairer glows the golden scene the while,  
 Dancing in floods of light,—when starrily,  
 Young Loveliness with sweet, unbroken smile  
 Hath made the love-enchanted hall a fairy Isle !—

## XLIV.

Yet in that glittering, far-delighting scene—  
 Alike of Beauty and the graceful Dance  
 Reigns fair Evangeline acknowledg'd queen—  
 The lights that twinkle, as by lovely chance,  
 From clouds that fly like bright dreams of Romance,  
 Are little feet that shine'neath robes around.  
 And lo!—Love's sweetest,—Guilt's delirious glance  
 Flash far!—a rosy morn the banquet crowns,—  
 But ah ! 'tis Destiny beholds, and darkly frowns!—

## XLV.

Pale is the cheek of fair Evangeline!—  
 In vain a sickly smile would give the lie  
 To beauty not what once it bright hath been.—  
 A restlessness lurks in her large, dark eye,  
 And solitude oft hears the guilty sigh  
 That heavier breathes with loneliness of night!—  
 Sure 'tis not Love that Love can thus destroy!—  
 And oh ! her happiness and peace to blight,  
 Young Claude D'Lorme hath now become her courted  
 knight!



## XLVI.

And Lionel hath mark'd the restless air—  
 The fitful start—emotions insere~~ne~~—  
 The watchful glance—and the mysterious care  
 That now disturb his lov'd Evangeline!  
 And why so strange hath grown his soul's sole queen?—  
 One gentle answer quickly turn'd about  
 His heart upon itself in lowliest mien!—  
 Thus vainly seeking the dark secret out,  
 He kiss'd her false, pale, sighing lips in pitying doubt!—

## XLVII.

Blest be the law of Ages as they roll,  
 In whose stern grasp will early come or late  
 The wretched criminals that rob the soul,  
 And vainly try to hide them from the great,  
 The universal-eyed detective—FATE.—  
 Many's the black deed, hoar'd with guilty rime,  
 Reserv'd for heaven's High Court for future date:—  
 Yet oft first on our earth is tried each crime,  
 Before the great tribunal where presides old TIME.—

## XLVIII.

'Tis night !—Around the chamber of repose,  
 Where twilight Doubt is nurs'd by anxious Love,  
 In stealthy silence the dark shadows close !—  
 Sleeps Lionel ?—he seemeth scarce to move,—  
 His breast but heaving ;—hush !—no more to prove  
 His slumber—hath it not so ever been ?  
 But hist !—he wakes—what bears his cherish'd dove  
 From her warm nest ?—he creeps<sup>o</sup> forth !—ha ! strange  
 scene !—  
 What by the taper's dim light does Evangeline ?—

## XLIX.

He gazes for a moment !—no—Oh ! no—  
 Why doubt—she still but writes ?—he gently call'd  
 “ My love ! ”—were those the words of some night-foe ?—  
 She saw him—faintly shriek'd, and hid appall'd.  
 The crumpled parchment she had lately scrawl'd !—  
 And has he learn'd at last a tear to shed !—  
 Ah, Christ !—and what his breaking heart enthrall'd ?  
 Oh ! cruel proof !—his glance dark volumes said,  
 As conscious Guilt unveil'd her black polluted head !—

## L.

Yet in that glance were mingl'd Lov<sup>e</sup> and Hate!—  
 A look of pitying, farewell love as he,  
 Flashing a red glow on the brow of Fate,  
 With a low hollow, groan—dull, heavily  
 Stalk'd forth!—oh, heart of mingled agony!—  
 Where cruel Love and ruthless Hate, a yoke  
 Form for the soul;—and yet what is to be?  
 His heart felt a volcano, where MAN broke  
 Its dire eruption, and the slumbering fires awoke!—

## LI.

The dark hour came!—in his neglected room  
 The careless Claude beheld the man of care!—  
 Upon his brow a cold and sullen gloom!—  
 Guilt quak'd awhile—then quicken'd by Despair  
 Assum'd in wantonness his dogged air!  
 And yet more damning proofs that loosely strew'd  
 The floor in mocking degradation there!  
 Till stung Revenge, more madden'd where he stood,  
 Laid Guilt low weltering in his own polluted blood!—

## LII.

'Twas done !—and in a dark and dismal cell,  
 Where chill'd his heart was to a winter drear,  
 A murderous prisoner stood Lionel !—  
 One summer sped, and tidings reach'd his ear  
 That Claude the convalescent fled in fear  
 Or shame or both, to some far-distant shore  
 Whence, till perchance some long-forgotten year,  
 Ev'n echo of his name would reach no more.—  
 You bless God for the past, child ? sweet—now look  
 before.—

## LIII.

Another summer sped ;—and with bright ray—  
 When Nature opes to man her freshening lore—  
 There dawn'd upon the earth a cheerful day ;  
 The bolts withdrawn—unfolds the dungeon door :  
 The penalty of guilt for guilt is o'er !—  
 Yet scarce his soul by freedom is beguil'd,  
 And slow the accents of sad praise that pour !—  
 But ha !—what break upon his senses wild ?—  
 Evangeline—and his own lov'd and only child !—

## LIV.

“ Husband !” she cried—“ still husband !—but once  
more

With me a few brief passing moments bear,  
For soon this side the grave 'twill all be o'er !  
Take thou our child—oh ! never may she err,  
Nor curse her mother, when thou look'st on her !  
How many a night I've linger'd 'neath this wall  
With her—thine and my heart's interpreter !—  
My sins are o'er my soul a funeral pall—  
I've fall'n not lower, tho' my God !—too low the fall !

## LV.

“ Curse me not in this last adieu !”—and she  
Nor felt, nor saw the tears' her pale brow steep !—  
“ When Age comes on our child will comfort thee—  
My shame in convent-walls I'll bury deep,  
Until its way to heav'n my soul shall weep,  
In life there's now but little left to strive,  
For, save that Guilt may hope above to reap !—  
Say—only say thou wilt the past forgive—  
I will soothe—ah ! yes—the wretched life now left to  
live !”—

## LVI.

Unconsciously her head upon his breast  
 In penitent humility reclin'd ;—  
 And gazing on that wife—that child—he blest  
 His God, as his fond eyes with tears grew blind.—  
 Helena !—will a doubt now cloud your mind  
 That she,—who deem'd no pardon was in store  
 For her,—ne'er sought again Guilt's track to find !  
 Since Love cried, kissing her,—“ 'Tis past—'tis o'er,—  
 My wife—once lost, now found—oh, come and sin no  
 more !”—(6).



# Pleasures of Love.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love !

TENNYSON.

## PART III.

### I.

Give me your gentle hand in mine again,  
My own Helena !—for 'tis you alone  
That can from silence charm the trembling strain  
That soothes you :—let us join our hands in one,  
And with glad tears draw forth the melting tone.—  
The sun is slanting slow athwart the grove :—  
Come, for this music, Sweet, is not my own ;  
And but for you how vain the effort prove  
To wake your own lov'd notes—Life's fairy songs of  
Love !—



## II.

The poet-love of nature from the trees  
 Inhales a freshening joy,—as sweet and low  
 Breathes their green leaves among her fragrant breeze ;  
 Ev'n as the lover feels a fresher glow  
 At heart when he hath drunk the rosy flow  
 Of breath from her he loves, in ecstasy.—  
 Green woodlands !—'till twice dear thro' you to go ;  
 For in each song-bird too that trills to me  
 Seems some lov'd Spirit pass'd into Eternity !—

## III.

And lo !—'tis Love—a warrior,—glorious Love !—  
 When Britain's children were self-exil'd borne  
 To desert shores 'neath burning skies above,  
 By sacred Love—from home and country torn !  
 There captive taken, and in chains, forlorn  
 Were doom'd to toil—Life's moment's whil'd away  
 By the blue Cardinal\*(1) as bright from morn  
 Till eve, it flutter'd in the liquid spray—  
 Beguiling sad tho' sweet the weary hours of day ;

## IV.

Where, mingl'd with the grim hyena's growl,  
 On arid sands round many a dreary mile—  
 Dull cries of doleful beasts that nightly prow!—  
 But told how far they from their native Isle!—  
 And must they linger there in chains, and toil?  
 Ah! no—they'll yet their lov'd homes see again,  
 Nor strew their bones upon a foreign soil :—  
 'Tis patriot Love flies to their dungeon den,  
 And, braving ev'ry danger, saves his countrymen!—

## V.

The weary voyager returns from sea :—  
 (Lo! the glad mother breaks her children's sleep!)  
 His soul—once lit tho' chain'd in Hope—is free ;—  
 Tells how he pass'd 'mid dangers of the deep,  
 Till Recollection wakes with joy to weep!—  
 Lingers on Memory when the day of gloom  
 Saw not their hearts, as now, exultant leap ;—  
 To seek his fortunes—destin'd far to roam,—  
 'Twere sad indeed but for those dear and lov'd at home.

## VI.

Yes ; Toil had pleasure in it in the thought,  
 The chain of Poverty to snap—destroy,  
 And brighten the belov'd ones' gloomier lot :—  
 And now that all is over,—joy, oh joy !  
 To press his daughter's lips—to clasp his boy ;—  
 Blessings upon a Providence to pour,  
 That he hath hail'd again his native sky,—  
 And fond embrace his cherish'd wife once more  
 Feeling their mutual fears of anxious love are o'er !—

## VII.

And from the battle see the Warrior comes !—  
 How Patriotism with fire of Glory burns,  
 Marching in triumph to the martial drums !—  
 And yet one bosom there a sad tale learns,  
 The Widow weeps—for her no joy returns !—  
 No day will now succeed the cheerless night  
 That wraps her spirit as o'er Death it yearns :—  
 Oh ! what to her is Glory's meteor-light ?—  
 Her heart's fond love hath perish'd in the cruel fight !—

## VIII.

And is her widow'd life nought to her now ?  
 Hath Death but doom'd it to a chilling dearth ?  
 Ah, lo ! a tender halo lights her brow,  
 Gilding Hope's pathway from this cheerless earth  
 To that bright home where e'er true Love hath birth.  
 What if from her Life's Ark its promise-dove  
 Hath flown to that high world of dearer worth ?  
 Her lone Life's sweetest blessing 's now that Love  
 Hath fix'd his dearest search for that bright world above.

## IX.

Yet turn the palsied eye,—'twill light again :—  
 And to a scene to Happiness more dear  
 Turn from poor Sorrow and the noble slain !  
 Behold ! the heart chas'd of its tender fear,  
 With joyous love melt to a silent tear !—  
 How else her welcome to her warrior prove,  
 As on his breast their smiling home they near ?  
 And kneeling there her lips all silent move  
 In praise that once more he's restor'd to her and love.

## X.

The wanderer too returns from foreign parts,  
 Where—arts and policies dissembling smooth,—  
 Sorely his heart hath sifted stranger-hearts !  
 And oh ! to find the hallow'd charms of truth,  
 He seeks the home of his remember'd youth ;—  
 But now that he is here, why does he weep ?  
 Why vainly smile old haunts his soul to soothe ?  
 He thinks of fond hearts buried—ah !—too deep,—  
 Silent in death's inevitable, dreamless sleep !—

## XI.

Hark ! as of old the blith's birds fill the trees,  
 That round in patriarchal glory rise,  
 From morn till eve with untaught melodies :—  
 Here's the cool, moss-grown dell where butterflies  
 Still twinkle ;—there the sunbeam beautifies  
 All that it gilds ;—his heart how fond 'tis mov'd,  
 As with sweet tears each spot he sanctifies !—  
 How dear to him its very memory's prov'd !  
 The more he loves it for the sake of those he lov'd.

## XII.

And palsied is the heart that seeks to roam,—  
 In vain to break the yoke of honest toil,—  
 For ever far from country and from home ;  
 That finds no charm, Life's sorrows to beguile,  
 In the fond memories of its native soil.—  
 True patriot Love 'tis that can never lust  
 For foreign joys ;—but in its spell the while  
 The noble heart hath felt with faithful trust  
 A peaceful, sacred charm ev'n in its country's dust.

## XIII.

Thus the strong Highlander when driven far—  
 No more to sun him in his native sky—  
 To alien shores beneath an alien star  
 By the curs'd Pow'r unknown to Pity's eye—  
 That black and baleful sway that wealth can buy :—  
 When the moor-fowl and deer in mountain-court,  
 That spread a festal cheer to Poverty,  
 Must now be guarded in their wild resort,—  
 And why ?—to yield yon proud and haughty lordling  
 sport !

## XIV.

No more the Highland-born will lightly bound  
 From crag to crag, nor mountain-zephyrs breathe, —  
 Nor hear the lov'd familiar pibroch's sound :—  
 No more from rugged rocks he'll gaze beneath  
 On yonder roaring lyn and spreading heath.  
 No more his native glen will sweet beguile  
 His heart !—but lo ! how Love and Hope now wreath  
 A garland for the brow of weary Toil,  
 Of flow'rs that brightly bloom from his own Highland  
 soil ! (2)

## XV.

Rolls the loud thunder of the shaken earth,  
 And flash the lightnings from Man's blood-red Soul !  
 Ambition hath below her fiery birth ;  
 And darkly rob'd in Usurpation's stole,  
 Would Virtue's proclamation fain unrol !  
 Man 'gainst his God gloats o'er his fellow's groan,  
 Battling for hot Ambition's fierce control  
 To crown him on the proud usurper's throne,—  
 As warr'd once Satan for the kingdom not his own !—

## XVI.

Loud rolls the thunder of the shaken earth,  
 And from Man's riven Soul the lightnings flash !—  
 Lo ! Patriotism hath now her hallow'd birth ;  
 From her lov'd throne—with Life and Death at clash—  
 The proud usurper in the dust to dash !—  
 Nobly the patriotic heart hath striven,  
 Tho' round her cradle hot blood-billows plash !—  
 God !—help her till from thence she bright hath risen,  
 As Thou did'st Michael, battling for his native heaven.—

## XVII.

Sin gaz'd upon the world that spread around  
 A mount of Time—her temporary shrine ;—  
 And sigh'd, “ Oh ! that a mightier slave were found  
 Than the mere paltry ones, in part divine,  
 That daily I in singleness call mine !”  
 Hush ! whence that sound that trembles yearningly ?  
 “ Ambition ! would yon lovely land were thine !”  
 Sin turn'd, and spying Ambition's self—“ 'Twill be  
 Thine own,” she said, “ if thou'lt fall down and worship  
 me.”



## XVIII.

Ambition started ! for between them stood  
 A seraph bright they had not seen before—  
 'Twas Love, who cried, " Oh ! mark yon sea of blood  
 Which thou must cross to reach that distant shore !  
 And I may never, never see thee more !  
 For is not yonder ocean darkly crost  
 And chok'd with purple rocks of clotted gore !  
 And if thy war-ship be in ruin tost,  
 Our own fair land may be to us for ever lost !" —

## XIX.

Alas, poor trembling Love !—alone, alone !  
 What is thy strength against the legion-host  
 That Sin hath to Ambition proudly shown :  
 Revenge as Justice clad, and Hate foremost  
 As Pow'r, filed on Oppression's wintry coast.  
 Each his dark standard round Ambition rears,  
 While haunteth Death there like a restless ghost,  
 Till kneels to Sin Ambition ; and 'mid fears  
 Suppress'd ev'n Love smiles faintly thro' her blinding  
 tears !

## XX.

Oh moonless night, in the bleak heav'n of Time !  
 When dark Ambition in his ships of War,  
 With all his host of Rapine, Blood, and Crime,  
 On fair, undaunted France shot from afar,  
 The fire and brimstone of death's baleful Star !—  
 Traitors to heav'n ! God from his mercy-seat  
 Hath call'd the earth his footstool : say then, are  
 Ye met to stain Him ? have ye found it sweet  
 To bathe in blood of massacre His sacred feet ?

## XXI.

On ! lordlings,—peasants,—on, for your dear lives !  
 Nor let the proud Usurper rob your home  
 From trembling innocents and shrieking wives :  
 Pour out your heart's best blood, tho' like a tomb  
 France darkens—

Hark to the terrific boom  
 Of the loud cannon !

Lo ! Death's meteor-glance  
 Glares on the hosts by numbers overcome !  
 And follows the red ball, and reeking lance  
 That fire and blood rain fast on tottering—*fallen* France !

## XXII.

Greedy Oppression now her work hath bid !  
 List—as slow marches yonder funeral band—  
 The sullen hammer on the coffin-lid !  
 Pale, gaunt Starvation takes her feeble stand,  
 The sword grasp'd tremulous in her withering hand !  
 And see how tender Love too learns to cling,  
 Here unto Death at Destiny's command,  
 While o'er the land, like some dark ominous thing,  
 The bird of Desolation flaps her shadowy wing !—

## XXIII.

Oh land of beauty ! art thou laid so low  
 Thy glory sepulchred in thy own dust,—  
 Thy ruins trampled by the Christian foe  
 In the un-Christian thirst of vengeful lust !  
 Thy wreath of loveliness in bloodshed crush'd !  
 Thou God !—whose mysteries but with Time shall cease,  
 Let man obedient to thy wisdom trust :  
 Like Venus from the waves—from the red seas  
 That blood hath spill'd o'er all shall rise in beauty—  
 Peace. (3)

## XXIV.

And lo ! Toil's weary head—ah, how it aches !—  
 There is no trouble, child, the cause to scan ;  
 'Tis haughty, dogged sway the sigh awakes !—  
 And the Omnipotent's primeval ban  
 By man is meted to his fellow man,  
 (Where Penury is weak and Wealth is great,  
 Trac'd strangely in cold partial Fortune's plan,)  
 In Life's short day with heavier, deadlier weight  
 Than Love and Mercy scribbl'd in the book of Fate.

## XXV.

Her wearying hand behold how Labor plies !  
 For here no gentle look is kindly shed  
 To soothe her throbbing brows and burning eyes :  
 Ah no ;—but look there in cold direful stead  
 Frowns dogged Insolence with shallow head !  
 But lo—where no vain Pride the heart defiles,  
 Where Time by sweet Humanity is led,  
 How happy honest Toil while labouring smiles ;  
 There Love's soft sympathy the weary hours beguiles.

## XXVI.

And do you hear the moaning of the lake  
 That golden-blue lies 'neath the setting sun ?  
 How sad the music that its ripples make !  
 And do you hear the trees sigh one by one,  
 Glowing in evening's last rays greenly dun ?  
 Yes—it is but a single melody—  
 A wailing song the ear in vain may shun ;  
 'Tis Nature's self, dear Love, we hear and see,  
 Breathing her children o'er her tender Elegy :—

## XXVII.

Wherefore do you mourn, fond mother,  
 Why, my child, why do you mourn ?—  
 ( Lillian's soul is to another—  
 ( Fairer land by angels borne. .  
 Wherefore sorrowest thou fond father,  
 Child, why weep'st thou ?—Infants are  
 Flow'rs that seraphs love to gather  
 To adorn their world afar !

Oh 'tis I have cause to sorrow,  
 Oh 'tis I have cause to weep ;  
 Each To-day and each To-morrow  
 Mine how many lay to sleep !

Snatch'd from me in dark confusion,  
 Spotted o'er with selfish guile,  
 As their hearts are in pollution  
 Revelling alas, the while.

As they war with one another,  
 Still regardless of His frown,  
 I behold—poor hapless mother—  
 God their Father smite them down !

Jealousy oft learns to pander  
 To their spirits infamy,—  
 Oh ! I hear them basely slander  
 Those of their own Family !

Coldly envious of each other,  
 Cain in them survives again :—  
 Often slay they one another  
 With the cruel sword and pen !

If some of my secrets hidden  
 To a favorite child I shew,  
 By another he is chidden  
 Who as much will never know.

If to sing I teach another,  
 Soon a demon, cold and grim,  
 Prompts a sister or a brother  
 Heartlessly to mock at him.

If one hath a sin, he basely  
 Strives to stain another Soul;  
 And if *there alone* the trace be—  
 Good—else, least, they're kindred-foul!

In life's sports—a crown if golden  
 Deck one, proud imagining  
 Whispers:—"Round him he's beholding  
 Slaves, in sooth, and he their king!"

And he grows with lash and chain to  
 Exercise inhuman sway,  
 Till the wounds he opens, stain to  
 Foulest blots his own Life's day.—

Have I not then cause to sorrow ?  
 When my children's sins to-day  
 Older wax with every morrow  
 Hardening with the growth of clay !

Thus I see them darkly straying  
 From the path that Love hath trod ;  
 And for mercy I am praying  
 Ever to their Father—God.

## XXVIII.

You ask me, Love, what light that is abroad  
 Breaking the gloom but now our path that bound  
 And shining rosy o'er the walk we plod ?—  
 Oh ! let the little glory still surround  
 Our way——nor sink it back in gloom profound.  
 Earth's shades can shadow lights giv'n from above :  
 'Tis left to us to tread earth's sunnier ground :—  
 Sin glooms her smile if heav'n may disapprove ;  
 And yon Sunbeam is God's earth-mellow'd smile of love.



## XXIX.

You ask me, Love, what is the language sweet  
 That from the Eden-bosom of yon tree  
 Some unseen spirit bright seems to repeat  
 To us in silver-showering melody ?—  
 Oh ! who would hush the mystic ecstasy—  
 Whose tones to catch the very leaves seem stirr'd—  
 Because he cannot read the mystery ?—  
 Thus Christ's religion :—God's each loving word  
 Is breath'd in sweetest myst'ry by yon warbling Bird.

## XXX.

You ask me, Love, what is that gem of bloom  
 That sheds along our path a rosy light,  
 And fills the blue air with a sweet perfume ?—  
 Ah ! who would breathe on it a withering blight—  
 Who fain remove it to the shades of Night,  
 Because he deems in his own gloomier hour  
 It yieldeth to another more delight !—  
 It is in all its tender, loving power  
 A thought of God in silence breath'd,—a little Flower.

## XXXI.

Lo ! here a prison rears its dreary walls !—  
 And who is he that gloomy stands within ?—  
 Hush !—see a ray of cheerful light now falls  
 Upon the brow where darkness just hath been !  
 Dear change !—it was a melancholy scene—  
 That form whose every nerve seem'd sadly shook  
 A while since—now, how calm !—the man of sin  
 Beholds Affection's gentle, soothing look,  
 And feels, tho' shunn'd by all, Love hath not yet forsook.

## XXXII.

But ah ! what sadder, drearier scene is this !—  
 How ominously looms the gallows-tree !  
 What !—seeks one there the criminal's last kiss—  
 And will it not to her pollution be ?  
 Why clings she still to him thus tearfully ?  
 Go—cold Philosophy !—Love hath no part—  
 Vain, heartless prater that thou art—with thee :—  
 Oh Death ! thou kill'st not always with thy dart,  
 For lo ! in hushing one, thou'st broke another heart !—

## XXXIII.

Eve's dusky shades again are gathering round !  
 Come, —let us visit, Love, the churchyard ere  
 We wander home, and lull the trembling sound  
 Of the small Lyre we both so much endear,  
 Because upon our way it sooth'd our ear  
 And heart :—and if at times—to joys but given  
 Below I've strung it, let not man severe  
 Adjudge me—for by Love 'twill be forgiven ;—  
 He gave it to me on *earth*, albeit to sing of heaven.—

## XXXIV.

What—ask you dearest—is the Poet's gift ?—  
 A low sweet murmuring dream of Paradise  
 That thro' Creation still on earth is left —  
 A beautiful and musical disguise  
 Of angels floating downward from the skies :  
 And that the world for them fit place might be,  
 Sent once in years earth to etherialize :  
 A cloven tongue God in the Soul sets free  
 To breathe away its holy fire in melody.

## XXXV.

A cloven tongue of fire that burneth out,  
 'Gainst which the world still strives and e'er hath striven,  
 As of old, when Amazement mother'd Doubt,  
 And Truth was to a rank confusion driven !  
 A cloven tongue of fire which God hath given  
 Unto the Poet's soul where still it lives  
 To breathe to earth the foreign words of heaven,  
 Whence seraph-inspiration it receives,  
 As Love's Promethean spirit utterance to it gives.—

## XXXVI.

And oh ! how oft before this trembling Lyre  
 I would have silenc'd—from the cold regard  
 Of the loud critic's guidance to retire :  
 And oft I thought too, Love, 'twas cruelly hard  
 For ceaseless mental toil the grim reward  
 Of the vain fool who stood in self-love by—  
 Nor stranger always to your humble bard :—  
 Ambition, sicken'd, pour'd her weary sigh,  
 And on Hope's weeping willow her small Lyre flung by !

## XXXVII.

A little while, and it must rust and warp,  
 Till lo ! like the soft zephyr wailing<sup>c</sup> by  
 Trembles to music yon Æolian Harp,  
 Love o'er her mute strings breath'd his sad, low sigh  
 And quicken'd them to life and melody :  
 I bless'd the strain ;—and when its tones the while  
 Brought Hope's fond praises from some listener nigh,  
 'Twas sweet—I felt it<sup>c</sup>—yet the lovely wile  
 That cheer'd my heart the more was Love's pride-  
 hallow'd smile.

## XXXVIII.

Ah ! true ;—and cold and cruel was the heart  
 That, in the lust of vengeance, vainly strove  
 To show that it was but an idle art  
 That wail'd in measures of the sad-sweet dove  
 The plaintive praises of a sister's love.  
 What !—falsely did those hearts—now cold—entwine,  
 Whose pulses to one music seem'd to move ?  
 Nor pure that love that grew but more divine  
 At distance——hallow'd by the charms of the blue  
 Rhine ?

## XXXIX.

Oh ! no ; for have I not too, Love, another  
 Such sister, without whom Life had gone by  
 On thorns alone ?—my guide, my help, my mother !  
 Whose smiles lit joy, whose tears embalm'd each sigh ?—  
 Her dear face is to me the bright lov'd sky  
 Where still my mother dwells :—ne'er may she meet  
 In life with aught to dim her gentle eye ;  
 But her kind heart as now for ever beat  
 Happy and loving—fond, affectionate, and sweet.—

## XL.

Oh ! what a bleak and dreary world were this,  
 If charm'd not—as we feel, Helena,—now—  
 By thee, sweet Love, the darling of its bliss !  
 The comforter of Life—its blessing thou,  
 The child of Joy—and light on Sorrow's brow :  
 Is not thy rosy home beyond the sky,  
 Of which to talk thou'st come to us below ?  
 Eternal Love !—tho' Life his last will sigh,  
 Blest be the hallow'd thought that thou shalt never die.

## XLI.

And thou, my heart's fond friend—sweet Poesy !—  
 When the cold world seem'd but a sorry jest,  
 How many joyous hours I've passed with thee !  
 And when a smooth cheat Friendship prov'd, how blest  
 Was thy companionship unto my breast !  
 For then I felt thy truest, dearest worth,  
 When—like a soul with all around at rest—  
 Far from the world of Toil and giddy Mirth,  
 With thee I found a bright ideal heav'n on earth.

## XLII.

There I beheld ærial spirits smile,  
 With all the glow of Love's pure loveliness,  
 And into loftier realms my soul beguile :—  
 There—God and Love, and thee 'twas sweet to bless ;  
 Ner saw I then, in Pity's bitterness,  
 What Nature made half doubtful—Gold made sure—  
 The thousand fools that sprung but to caress  
 His yellow charms :—'Twas there with witching lure  
 Thy lov'd voice taught me to forget that I was poor.

## XLIII.

Ah ! Dear, — else hard were it my lot to bear !—  
 A blind world's cold neglect to curse those hours  
 Doom'd never more a mother's love to share :  
 Nor taught in Art's and Science' faëry bowers  
 To cull from Knowledge Life's unfading flowers ;  
 Nor Academic lore her faintest rays  
 Before Hope's dull and sterile pathway pours !  
 Thro' the most barren fields and dreariest ways  
 Of Erudition dragg'd—how lorn, alas, my days !—

## XLIV.

Who deems this were not bitter ?—and oh ! yet  
 How much more bitter when with tongues of flame  
 Sought conscious Sin the brand of guilt to set—  
 Because the world we sought not—on my name,  
 To sully mine and my beloved's fair fame !  
 And is the human heart so basely petty  
 Become where Love is but a thing of shame !—  
 Helena !—do you weep for them in pity ?  
 Yes—curse them not, child, for we're all in God's own  
 city.



## XLV.

And yet there are two snakes that sometimes cross  
 Our paths—in vain they hurt us—let them go—  
 Tho' for their sakes we oft have known the loss  
 Of friends who else would seek our home to know :—  
 The one that hath from Life's polluted flow  
 The deepest quaff'd, and in our hedge-way stood,—  
 Hath, in the heart that loved it, pour'd its slow  
 Dull poison, with all of her reptile brood  
 Whose tongues are forky fire, and shapes dark-spotted  
 blood !

## XLVI.

'Tis not our fault if, from behind the rails,  
 These two diseas'd plague-serpents loathsomely  
 Leave the foul traces of their slimy trails  
 In the large garden of our Family.  
 Blot them Helena mine from Memory :  
 In pity lose them in the stars that shine  
 Along our heav'n of Hope.

Sweet Poesy !

Blest be those moments when in joys divine,  
 Love of the True and Beautiful first made me thine.

## XLVII.

Here is the churchyard !—let us enter in ;—  
 The gate stands ope—there will be business here.—  
 How hush'd the gloom !—Is this the home of Sin !—  
 Forgive, my little one, this silent tear :—  
 Do you behold the lowly grave now near ?—  
 And whose the name the simple head-stone bears ?—  
 Nay—let it wring you not with tender fear.—  
 Departed shade ! how soon were dried the tears,  
 In him the wedded consort of thy living years !

## XLVIII.

By him forgot—mortality decay'd—  
 Must she—a stranger woman—rob the rest  
 From life, and nothing say where thou art laid !  
 Ah ! yes ;—thy cherish'd memory fills the breast  
 That in a mother's love was once too blest !  
 Helena !—near this spot as slow we move,  
 Feels not your sad fond one his Soul carest  
 By the sweet spirit, winging from above  
 To bless the humble tribute raised by filial Love !—

## XLIX.

This is the place where (gazing on the tombs—  
 These but a day old—and those where the moss,  
 Telling of Time's cold triumph, darkly glooms !)  
 Of those at rest our hearts forget the loss,  
 Like whom we too shall shortly cease to toss  
 On Life's great Ocean—here 'tis of each foe  
 (And who has not ?) like Jesu on the Cross,  
 We say—for all will soon be o'er we know—  
 “ Father ! forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

## L.

Feel we not here too as if Christ still said in  
 His dear—His precious love—“ Come unto me  
 All ye that labor and are heavy laden,  
 And I will give you rest ?”—How silently  
 Slumbers the portal of Eternity !—  
 Yes—thro' this place, where in still darkness wave  
 The gloomy cypresses, our way must be  
 To that bright home, where holy Love, who gave  
 Himself for us, will meet us o'er Life's bridge —THE  
 GRAVE !

## LI.

A dreamy stillness fills the rosy air !—  
 Hark ! thro' the dew the wings of angels sweep !—  
 'Tis here we lay aside all worldly care—  
 'Tis here we mourn—'tis here we cease to weep—  
 For lo !—" He giveth His beloved sleep !"—  
 And when Christ comes to wake—in Glory's power—  
 The dead from earth and from the watery deep,  
 Will not His sternest breath'd rebuke but shower  
 His love thus—" What, could ye not watch with me one  
 hour ?"

## LII.

Oh ! I have watch'd for Thee so late—so long !  
 And thro' the night pray'd that Thy hour would come :  
 What matters it if I am yet but young ;  
 I weary thro' this wilderness to roam,  
 With scarce a hope to-morrow of a home !  
 Like Thee—receiv'd not of Thine own—I stood  
 Among mine like some lonely thing of gloom ;  
 And found, tho' cruelly by the mob pursued  
 And wrongfully—none struck as those of my own blood !

## LIII.

I drank the bitter cup of misery,  
 Ev'n tho' my mortal heart the while would shrink ;  
 Nor did I from the dark ordeal flee,  
 Tho' tottering on Misfortune's giddy brink !  
 And when I felt my thirsting spirit sink  
 Within me, and at last in anguish said  
 " I thirst"—they gave me vinegar to drink !  
 Thou saw'st alone the silent tears I shed :—  
 I told them—"It is finish'd,"—and low bow'd my head !

## LIV.

Oh ! there was one that stood in sorrow by !—  
 Yet what, Lord ! could Thy gentle mother do  
 When on the Cross she saw Thee groan and die ?  
 Thy work of love, who else perform ?—ah ! who ?  
 My God ! and well Thou know'st *my* work was too  
 A work of love—tho' human ;—and the cold  
 World knew it not, tho' she—my sister—knew ;  
 Yet gentler offices she must withhold—  
 And gaze in weeping, while my wrung heart cried,—  
 "Behold !"

## LV.

I have not seen Thee, yet I have believ'd  
 That Thou wert wounded ;—for oh ! have not I  
 Too with my wounds been by the world receiv'd  
 As false, because it did not hear me sigh,  
 Nor at the bitter moment linger'd by  
 My Cross of suffering ?—

Soothe thy fever'd brow,  
 My gentle one, and brush that tearful eye :  
 Thou hast seen more than I have utter'd now,—  
 Dear fellow-sufferer !—blessed, blessed child, be thou !—

## LVI.

Love !—beautiful religion of the Heart !  
 Hope's sad and sweetly hallow'd smiles and tears  
 Are what thy sacred blessings still impart  
 To Life——commandments from Time's holier spheres—  
 Life's precious portion from the birth of Years !—  
 And hath Life's angel from thy bosom stole  
 Its buried Christ ?—then have no troubl'd fears ;—  
 Let Joy ascend to her ethereal goal—  
 For Love in Life's the resurrection of the Soul.—

## LVII.

I'll nerve my heart against this gloomy night,  
 Of sorrow, howsoever long it be ;  
 Suspense—Doubt—Hope—Time's clanging tongue—and  
 Light  
 Must follow, tho' all hush'd and stealthily.—  
 I will not from the conflict turn and flee,  
 But rather from the struggle comfort borrow ;—  
 Like Jacob with the angel—I with thee  
 Thro' the long night of gloom shall wrestle—Sorrow !—  
 Nor leave thee till perchance thou bless me on the morrow.—

## LVIII.

And yet, my mortal heart !—how many a time  
 Thou'st bath'd in Disappointment's well of tears  
 Thy hot pulse, when each fond Hope's wedding chime  
 Upon the morrow on our waking ears  
 But smote in funeral peals 'mid stiff'd fears !—  
 Hush ! thou, my lorn Soul !—howsoe'er it be,  
 Amid these graves of buried Hopes and Years,—  
 We've almost learn'd our last far Hope to see .  
 With sad rebuke thus—" What have we to do with  
 thee !" —

## LIX.

And you, my people & you, who stood afar !  
 'Twas not among your homes' bright, mocking gleams  
 I saw my Spirit's lone and gentle Star,  
 Whose softly tremulous tho' distant beams  
 Made Life seem all the little joy she seems.—  
 You were the very last whose glance should meet  
 The pearls my Soul had found 'mid Hope's fair dreams :  
 What if to me they were all dear and sweet ?  
 I know *you* would have tramp'd them beneath your feet !

## LX.

Come Love's rose-flow'rs,—embalm with sweetest breath  
 Hope's precious grave !—Where would the glory be  
 Of Resurrection if there were no Death ?  
 Each Life its angel hath :—he knows when he  
 Should roll away the grave-stone silently :—  
 Christ ! when the third morn on her rainbow-sail  
 Floats to each Life,—may Hope first ever see  
 (To tell her resurrection's glorious tale,)  
 Happy, endearing Love, and cry to him—"All hail !"



## LXI.

This wide, this lovely world hath been to me—  
 Clad in its floral gem and emerald spray—  
 A garden sad—Thy own Gethsemane!  
 And my poor sinking heart too learn'd to say,  
 "Oh ! that the bitter cup might pass away !"  
*Thou* knew'st too sorely would the trial prove,  
 If I were lonely left to watch and pray ;  
 One sole, sweet comfort ! *Thou* would'st not remove—  
 In Thy tried love, to watch with me *Thou* gavest Love.

## LXII.

Love ! spiritual light of human hearts !—  
 Rank under thy almighty pow'r alone  
 From worship of its Baal-God departs—  
 From the blind mockery of his glittering throne,—  
 To Truth's grand temple where the God's thine own.—  
 And stern tho' there the worship hath begun,  
 Know, our great High Priest's finger wrote on *stone*.  
 Love ! thou great spiritual link !—as one  
 GODHEAD and MANHOOD thou did'st join in God's own  
 Son !

## LXIII.

When Memory wakens joys from their long sleep,  
 That from Life's morning mock us with their light,  
 And like avenging spirits watch us weep :—  
 When Hope hath faded from our cheerless sight,  
 Like the warm promise-noon whose sunshine bright  
 Hath in a gloomy twilight melted wholly—  
 Oh ! then how blest the calm and peaceful night,  
 When Love like Evening's Star of rest—all holy  
 Trembles above our home—soft, sweetly melancholy !

## LXIV.

When on the dark, dread surging waves of Life,  
 Where Passion, Disappointment, Sorrow meet  
 In one chaotic and convulsive strife ;  
 And 'gainst the spirit's fearful, tottering feet  
 In wild tumultuous destruction beat,—  
 Oh ! how to holy calm the heart can thrill  
 When tremble o'er our souls those murmurs sweet—  
 As the waves lull obedient to his will—  
 Hot Passion's restless waves—when Love cries—“ Peace,  
 be still !”

## LXV.

BEING on earth is Night—now dark, now bright—  
 And rising—setting Love—its Star alone :  
 Life is a grave from which—when melteth Night  
 Morn into, and ascends her purple throne—  
 Angels come down to roll away the stone !  
 And here behold ! how heav'n and earth are blending !  
 Here those eternal spheres seem all our own—  
 Whence o'er each grave Hope sees a ladder bending,—  
 And angels starrily ascending and descending !—

## LXVI.

I do believe, child, that Love yet shall shine  
 To light all—not alone the Christian few—  
 To his eternal, universal shrine :—  
 The Turk—the Savage who his God ne'er knew,—  
 The Infidel—the Heretic—and Jew :—  
 That to take all unto his Shepherd-Home  
 Jesu will come—(pray, Love, we'll be there too)—  
 And peal the last trump's mighty thunder-boom,  
 And call the countless dead from earth and ocean-tomb.—

## LXVII.

But hush !—a funeral approaches slow !  
 Come listen to the words of solemn trust—  
 “ That my Redeemer liveth well I know : ”—  
 The coffin'd clay into the grave is thrust—  
 And earth is giv'n to earth, and dust to dust !—  
 Death is the priest to whom all souls are shriven  
 Ere feeling—as God's children dearly must—  
 That joys of Love *in fulness* are ~~let~~ given  
 To man, when Love is his eternally in heaven.—

## NOTES ON PART I.

(1) Guarded with flaming sword .

Gen. Ch. iii. V. 24. So he drove out the man ; and he placed at the East of the garden of Eden cherubims and a flaming sword.

(2) Whose dismal horrors pass'd, our souls would shun ?

In a note on the " Pleasures of Memory," the following affecting stanzas " are said to have been written on a blank leaf of that Poem " :—

" Pleasures of memory !—Oh ! supremely blest,  
And justly proud beyond a Poet's praise :  
If the pure confines of the tranquil breast  
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays !"  
By me how envied ! for to me  
The herald still of misery,  
Memory makes her influence known  
By sighs, and tears, and grief alone.  
I greet her as the friend, to whom belong  
The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.  
She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,  
Of fair occasion gone for ever by ;  
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely cross'd,  
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die.  
For what, except th' instinctive fear  
( Lest she survive, detains me here,  
When " all the life of life " is fled ;  
' What, but the deep inherent dread,  
Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,  
And realize the hell that priests and beldams feign ?"

(3) Nor one of the just " ninety-nine" . . .

St. Luke, Ch. xv. V. 7. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.

## NOTES ON PART II.

(1) His only hope on earth was wing'd above,—

That hope,—to melt Life's sun-set on the heaven of Love.

“Campbell, the author of the ‘Pleasures of Hope’”—says a writer—“in his old age wrote, ‘I am all alone in this world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead; My surviving child is consigned to a living tomb; my old friends, brothers, sisters are dead; all but one, and she, too, is dying; my last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet, but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight? but I rush into company; resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude!’ And in this state of mind the author of the ‘Pleasures of Hope’ died.”

(2) Terpsichore!—we'll meet with brightest glance

Thy joys—nay, child, this is no sin-delight.

“Dancing,” it has been recorded, “is very nearly as old as the world. The Hebrews danced when they emerged from the Red Sea, and about the Golden Calf, which was not their maiden effort. . . . David

danced before the Ark ; Socrates learned dancing from Aspasia ; the soldiers of Crete and of Sparta, went dancing into an assault, &c. . . . Plato, Socrates, Lycurgus, and others held dancing in great veneration."

"The bright, brilliant, cheerful Haydn," says Mrs Stowe in one of her letters, "who, when complained of for making church music into dancing tunes, replied, 'When I think of God, my soul is always so full of joy that I want to dance.'"

- (3) Around whose charm-notes unseen spirits play  
To drive from helpless Man the evil one away.

See Samuel, 1st Book, Ch. xvi. V. 23.

(4) An Indian mountain scenery ;—nor the least beautiful of the many picturesque scenes of rustic beauty on the mountains of India.

- (5) Thou a forgiving welcome wept st to Penitence.

See St. Luke, Ch. xv. Vs. 11 to 32—The parable of the Prodigal Son.

- (6) A few years ago, the Indian journals teemed with the circumstances of this sadly interesting drama in real life. If I have taken any poetic licenses with the subject, they are so trifling as hardly to need mention.

## NOTES ON PART III.

(1) "The bird alluded to," says the author of 'The bonny blue bird'—a lay from Abyssinia, "is the little Cardinal, smaller than our wren. It is found in hundreds about the country in Abyssinia. It has a soft, mouse-colored coat, dashed with deep crimson, which changes at certain seasons for a mixed blue. The best amusement of the Abyssinian captives was to make a fountain (a very pretty one) for these birds, which are quite as tame and pert as our robins; and nothing could be pleasanter than to see them crowding to their bath, and fluttering and trimming their plumage in the water, of which they are exceedingly fond. They are, at least, prettier and more delicate pets than spiders and mice, which have so often furnished a resource to the listless prisoner, deprived of any other outlet to the *besoin d'amis*. The fountain has, on advice, been broken, lest the ingenuity displayed should excite too much admiration, and be pressed into state service. But a stone basin has been set instead for our favourites, and they are duly fed. They are so tame now that one can almost catch them with the hand."

(2) "Many of these people," says Grant, "after the usual custom of the evicted Highlanders, made up little



packages of earth—their native soil—to bear it with them to the wilds of America, as a relic or memento of their country : and in the hope that in this little handful might be the seeds of the heather-bell and other native plants and flowers. Strong, deep, and undying is this pure and noble—this holy love of home, in the Highland heart.”

(3) These nine stanzas were written while the great Franco-Prussian war was going on.

---

Thou art not beautiful, and yet so dear !—

There's not a thing of beauty that I see,  
Or voice of sweetest music that I hear,  
But speaks to—and reminds me, love,—of thee.

Thou art not beautiful, and yet so dear !—

Ne'er hath a smile of Love beam'd beauteously,  
Ne'er hath from Pity dropp'd the gentle tear,  
But what brought cherish'd dreams, fond one, of thee.

Thou art not beautiful, and yet so dear !—

'Mid fairest scenes of beauty tho' I be,  
'Tis Memory waking in a foreign sphere,  
If beams not there the love I find in thee.

Thou art not beautiful, and yet so dear !—

Tho' some of heaven's sweet blessings smile on me,  
Yet 'tis a sunless day when thou'rt not near,  
Since glow'd their light first in the love of thee

Thou art not beautiful, and yet so dear !—

In ev'ry flow'r, in every star I see,  
 In ev'ry bird that glads the heart and ear,  
 I see and hear but broken parts of thee.

Thou art not beautiful, and yet so dear !—

Daughter of Love ! thy home is surely heaven ;  
 And but to lead my wandering footsteps there,  
 By Love alone thou unto me wert given.

Thou art not beautiful, and yet so dear !—

Thou art a guardian spirit from above,  
 And brought'st with thee charms of that blessed sphere,  
 .For oh ! there's heavenly beauty in thy love.

## Stanzas Written at Night.

The clocks from the steeples are doling  
Their dirges that warn as they roll :—  
My heart, trembling softly, is tolling  
An anthem of love to my soul !

Old Time ev'ry moment is dooming  
To Eternity's far distant goal :—  
My heart is low, solemnly booming  
A warning of love to my soul !

Oh ! bitter yet sweet is the slow tear  
That falls with that warning of love,  
Which tells I've an angel below here,  
And a God that awaits me above !

## My Mother.

Life's day how bright once !—when no pall  
Hung ev'n the night o'er gloomily ;—  
But Death's eclipse o'ersadow'd all,  
And thou, Life's sun, wert hid from me !

Yet now 'tis thro' the blacken'd sky  
I see a light gleam beauteously,  
Sailing in silver glory by—  
Thy spirit, gliding over me.

As travelling thro' Life's desert drear,  
There springs around nor blade nor tree,  
'I drink the lone fount bubbling near—  
' It is thy spirit strengthening me.

How bleak the wintry winds have grown !  
Barren Life's garden seems to be ;  
Yet no—*one* flow'r blooms white and lone,—  
Thy spirit, smiling hope on me.

A storm is gathering as a blight  
 O'er Being's heaven duskily ;  
 But lo !—a rainbow glads the sight—  
 Thy spirit, shining peace on me.

A pilgrim sore benighted—oh !  
 How dark these woods grow silently !—  
 Is there no hand to lead me ?—Lo !  
 A lonely light breaks far o'er me.

I feel Night's shadows darkling brood ;  
 Yet as they gather stealthily,  
 A Star bursts o'er the solitude—  
 It is thy spirit guiding me.

'Tis morn—yet where my footsteps tend ?  
 No sunbeams play here slantingly :  
 A bird sings at the other end—  
 It is thy spirit calling me.



