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THE

POETICAL WORKS

AND REMAINS OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

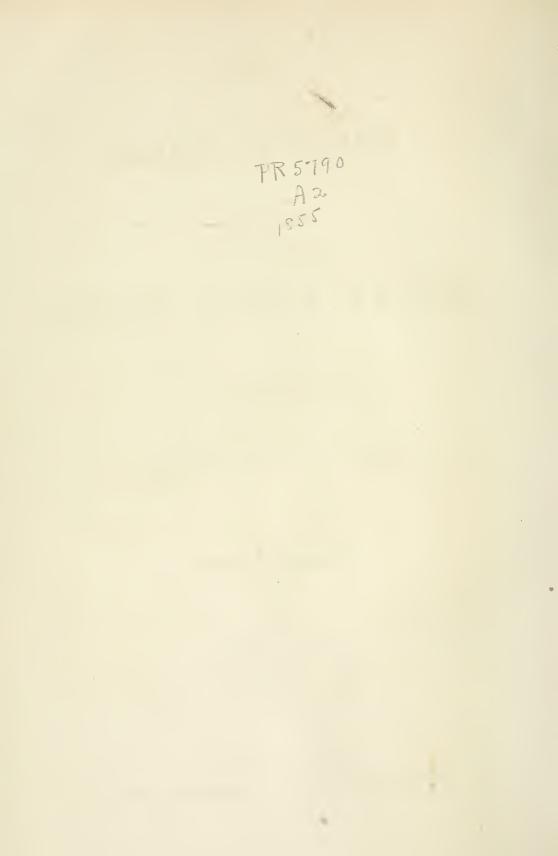
WITH A

LIFE BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.



PHILADELPHIA: PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO. 1855.



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LIFE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, the second son of John and Mary White, was born in Nottingham, March 21st, 1785. His father was a butcher; his mother, whose maiden name was Neville, is of a respectable Staffordshire family.

From the years of three till five, Henry learnt to read at the school of Mrs. Garrington; whose name, unimportant as it may appear, is mentioned, because she had the good sense to perceive his extraordinary capacity, and spoke of what it promised with confidence. She was an excellent woman, and he describes her with affection in his poem upon Childhood. At a very early age his love of reading was decidedly manifested; it was a passion to which everything else gave way. "I could fancy," says his eldest sister, "I see him in his little chair, with a large book upon his knee, and my mother calling, 'Henry, my love, come to dinner;' which was repeated so often without being regarded, that she was obliged to change the tone of her voice before she could rouse him." When he was about seven, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; and he continued this for some time before it

was discovered that he had been thus laudably employed. He wrote a tale of a Swiss emigrant, which was probably his first composition, and gave it to this servant, being ashamed to show it to his mother. The consciousness of genius is always at first accompanied with this diffidence; it is a sacred, solitary feeling. No forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced anything truly great.

When Henry was about six, he was placed under the Rev. John Blanchard, who kept, at that time, the best school in Nottingham. Here he learnt writing, arithmetic, and French. When he was about eleven, he one day wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen. The master said he had never known them write so well upon any subject before, and could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at the excellence of Henry's. It was considered as a great thing for him to be at so good a school, yet there were some circumstances which rendered it less advantageous to him than it might have been. Mrs. White had not yet overcome her hushand's intention of breeding him up to his own business: and by an arrangement which took up too much of his time, and would have crushed his spirit, if that "mounting spirit" could have been crushed, one whole day in the week, and his leisure hours on the others, were employed in carrying the butcher's basket. Some differences at length arose between his father and Mr. Blanchard, in consequence of which Henry was removed.

One of the ushers, when he came to receive the money due for tuition, took the opportunity of informing Mrs. White what an incorrigible son she had, and that it was impossible to make the lad do anything. This information made his friends very uneasy; they were dispirited about him; and had they relied wholly upon this report, the stupidity or malice of this man would have blasted Henry's progress forever. He was, however, placed under the care of a Mr. Shipley, who soon discovered that he was a boy of quick perception and very admirable talents, and came with joy, like a good man, to relieve the anxiety and painful suspicions of his family.

While his schoolmasters were complaining that they could make nothing of him, he discovered what Nature had made him, and wrote satires upon them. These pieces were never shown to any except his most particular friends, who say that they were pointed and severe. They are enumerated in the table of contents to one of his manuscript volumes, under the title of School Lampoons; but, as was to be expected, he had cut the leaves out and destroyed them.

One of his poems written at this time, and under these feelings, is preserved.

ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL ONE PLEASANT MORNING IN SPRING.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

THE morning sun's enchanting rays Now call forth every songster's praise;

LIFE OF

Now the lark with upward flight, Gaily ushers in the light; While wildly warbling from each tree, The birds sing songs to liberty.

But for me no songster sings, For me no joyous lark up-springs; For I, confined in gloomy school, Must own the pedant's iron rule, And far from sylvan shades and bowers, In durance vile must pass the hours; There con the scholiast's dreary lines, Where no bright ray of genius shines, And close to rugged learning cling, While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego All that arithmeticians know, Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach, Or all that industry can reach, To taste each morn of all the joys That with the laughing sun arise; And unconstrained to rove along The bushy brakes and glens among; And woo the muse's gentle power In unfrequented rural bower! But ah! such heav'n-approaching joys Will never greet my longing eyes; Still will they cheat in vision fine, Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren That shrilly chirps from yonder glen ! Oh, far away I then would rove, To some secluded bushy grove; There hop and sing with careless glee, Hop and sing at liberty; And till death should stop my lays, Far from men would spend my days.

About this time his mother was induced, by the advice of several friends, to open a ladies' boarding and day school in Nottingham, her eldest daughter having previously been a teacher in one for some time. In this she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations, and Henry's home comforts were thus materially increased, though it was still out of the power of his family to give him that education and direction in life which his talents deserved and required.

It was now determined to breed him up to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place, and at the age of fourteen he was placed in a stocking-loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. During the time that he was thus employed, he might be said to be truly unhappy; he went to his work with evident reluctance, and could not refrain from sometimes hinting his extreme aversion to it: but the circumstances of his family obliged them to turn a deaf ear.* His mother, however,

* His temper and tone of mind at this period, when he was in his fourteenth year, are displayed in this extract from an ADDRESS TO CONTEMPLA-TION.

> THEE do I own, the prompter of my joys, The soother of my cares, inspiring peace; And I will ne'er forsake thee. Men may rave, And blame and censure me, that I don't tie My ev'ry thought down to the desk, and spend

secretly felt that he was worthy of better things: to her he spoke more openly: he could not bear, he said, the

> The morning of my life in adding figures With accurate monotony; that so The good things of the world may be my lot, And I might taste the blessedness of wealth : But, oh ! I was not made for money getting ; For me no much-respected plum awaits, Nor civic honor, envied. For as still I tried to cast with school dexterity The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt, Which fond remembrance cherished, and the pen Dropt from my senseless fingers as I pictured, In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent I erewhile wandered with my early friends In social intercourse. And then I'd think How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide, One from the other, scattered o'er the globe; They were set down with sober steadiness, Each to his occupation. I alone, A wayward youth, misled by Fancy's vagaries, Remained unsettled, insecure, and veering With ev'ry wind to ev'ry point o' th' compass. Yes, in the Counting House I could indulge In fits of close abstraction ; yea, amid The busy bustling crowds could meditate, And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend. Ay, Contemplation, ev'n in earliest youth I wooed thy heavenly influence! I would walk A weary way when all my toils were done, To lay myself at night in some lone wood,

thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings; he wanted *something to occupy his brain*, and he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in anything except one of the learned professions. These frequent complaints, after a year's application, or rather misapplication (as his brother says), at the loom, convinced her that he had a

> And hear the sweet song of the nightingale. Oh, those were times of happiness, and still To memory doubly dear; for growing years Had not then taught me man was made to mourn ; And a short hour of solitary pleasure, Stolen from sleep, was ample recompense For all the hateful bustles of the day. My opining mind was ductile then, and plastic, And soon the marks of care were worn away, While I was swayed by every novel impulse, Yielding to all the fancies of the hour. But it has now assumed its character: Marked by strong lineaments, its haughty tone, Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend. Yet still, oh, Contemplation ! I do love To indulge thy solemn musings; still the same With thee alone I know to melt and weep, In thee alone delighting. Why along The dusky track of commerce should I toil, When with an easy competence content, I can alone be happy; where with thee I may enjoy the loveliness of nature, And loose the wings of Fancy !- Thus alone Can I partake of happiness on earth; And to be happy here is man's chief end, For to be happy he must needs be good.

mind destined for nobler pursuits. To one so situated, and with nothing but his own talents and exertions to depend upon, the Law seemed to be the only practicable line. His affectionate and excellent mother made every possible effort to effect his wishes, his father being very averse to the plan, and at length, after overcoming a variety of obstacles, he was fixed in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attorneys and town-clerks of Nottingham. As no premium could be given with him, he was engaged to serve two years before he was articled, so that though he entered this office when he was fifteen, he was not articled till the commencement of the year 1802.

On thus entering the law, it was recommended to him by his employers, that he should endeavor to obtain some knowledge of Latin. He had now only the little time which an attorney's office, in very extensive practice, afforded; but great things may be done in "those hours of leisure which even the busiest may create,"* and to his ardent mind no obstacles were too discouraging. He received some instruction in the first rudiments of this language from a person who then resided at Nottingham under a feigned name, but was soon obliged to leave it, to elude the search of government, who were then seeking to secure him. Henry discovered him to be Mr. Cormick, from a print affixed to a continuation of Hume and Smollett, and published, with their histories, by Cooke. He is, I believe, the same person who wrote a life of Burke. If he received any other assis-

* Turner's Preface to the History of the Anglo-Saxons.

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tance, it was very triffing; yet, in the course of ten months, he enabled himself to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek, which indeed he began first. He used to exercise himself in declining the Greek nouns and verbs as he was going to and from the office, so valuable was time become to him. From this time he contracted a habit of employing his mind in study during his walks, which he continued to the end of his life.

He now became almost estranged from his family; even at his meals he would be reading, and his evenings were entirely devoted to intellectual improvement. He had a little room given him, which was called his study, and here his milk supper was taken up to him; for, to avoid any loss of time, he refused to sup with his family, though earnestly entreated so to do, as his mother already began to dread the effects of this severe and unremitting application. The law was his first pursuit, to which his papers show he had applied himself with such industry, as to make it wonderful that he could have found time, busied as his days were, for anything else. Greek and Latin were the next objects: at the same time he made himself a tolerable Italian scholar, and acquired some knowledge both of the Spanish and Portuguese. His medical friends say that the knowledge he had obtained of chemistry was very respectable. Astronomy and electricity were among his studies : some attention he paid to drawing, in which it is probable he would have excelled. He was passionately fond of music, and

could play very pleasingly by ear on the piano-forte, composing the bass to the air he was playing; but this propensity he checked, lest it might interfere with more important objects. He had a turn for mechanics, and all the fittings up of his study were the work of his own hands.

At a very early age, indeed soon after he was taken from school, Henry was ambitious of being admitted a member of a Literary Society then existing in Nottingham, but was objected to on account of his youth: after repeated attempts, and repeated failures, he succeeded in his wish, through the exertion of some of his friends, and was elected. In a very short time, to the great surprise of the Society, he proposed to give them a lecture, and they, probably from curiosity, acceded to the proposal. The next evening they assembled : he lectured upon Genius, and spoke extempore for above two hours, in such a manner, that he received the unanimous thanks of the Society, and they elected this young Roscius of oratory their Professor of Literature. There are certain courts at Nottingham, in which it is necessary for an attorney to plead; and he wished to qualify himself for an eloquent speaker, as well as a sound lawyer.

With the profession in which he was placed, he was well pleased, and suffered no pursuit, numerous as his pursuits were, to interfere in the slightest degree with his duties. Yet he soon began to have higher aspirations, and to cast a wistful eye towards the universities, with little hope of ever attaining their important advan-

tages, yet probably not without some hope, however faint. There was at this time a magazine in publication, called the Monthly Preceptor, which proposed prize themes for boys and girls to write upon; and which was encouraged by many schoolmasters, some of whom, for their own credit, and that of the important institutions in which they were placed, should have known better than to encourage it. But in schools, and in all practical systems of education, emulation is made the mainspring, as if there were not enough of the leaven of disquietude in our natures, without inoculating it with this dilutement-this vaccine-virus of envy. True it is, that we need encouragement in youth; that though our vices spring up and thrive in shade and darkness, like poisonous fungi, our better powers require light and air; and that praise is the sunshine, without which genius will wither, fade, and die; or rather in search of which, like a plant that is debarred from it, will push forth in contortions and deformity. But such practices as that of writing for public prizes, of publicly declaiming, and of enacting plays before the neighboring gentry, teach boys to look for applause instead of being satisfied with approbation, and foster in them that vanity which needs no such cherishing. This is administering stimulants to the heart, instead of "feeding it with food convenient for it;" and the effect of such stimulants is to dwarf the human mind, as lapdogs are said to be stopped in their growth by being dosed with gin. Thus forced, it becomes like the sapling which shoots up when it should

be striking its roots far and deep, and which therefore never attains to more than a sapling's size.

To Henry, however, the opportunity of distinguishing himself, even in the Juvenile Library, was useful: if he had acted with a man's foresight, he could not have done more wisely than by aiming at every distinction within his little sphere. At the age of fifteen, he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve inch globes, for an imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh. He determined upon trying for this prize one evening when at tea with his family, and at supper he read to them his performance, to which seven pages was granted in the magazine, though they had limited the allowance of room to three. Shortly afterwards he won several books for exercises on different subjects. Such honors were of great importance to him; they were testimonies of his ability, which could not be suspected of partiality, and they prepared his father to regard with less reluctance that change in his views and wishes which afterwards took place.

He now became a correspondent in the Monthly Mirror, a magazine which first set the example of typographical neatness in periodical publications, which has given the world a good series of portraits, and which deserves praise also on other accounts, having among its contributors some persons of extensive erudition and acknowledged talents. Magazines are of great service to those who are learning to write; they are fishing-boats, which the buccaneers of literature do not condescend to sink,

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burn, and destroy: young poets may safely try their strength in them; and that they should try their strength before the public, without danger of any shame from failure, is highly desirable. Henry's rapid improvement was now as remarkable as his unwearied industry. The pieces which had been rewarded in the Juvenile Preceptor, might have been rivalled by many boys; but what he produced a year afterwards, few men could equal. Those which appeared in the Monthly Mirror attracted some notice, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Lofft, and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work, a gentleman who is himself a lover of English literature, and who has probably the most copious collection of English poetry in existence. Their encouragement induced him, about the close of the year 1802, to prepare a little volume of poems for the press. It was his hope that this publication might, either by the success of its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at college, and fit himself for the Church. For though so far was he from feeling any dislike to his own profession, that he was even attached to it, and had indulged a hope that one day or other he should make his way to the bar, a deafness, to which he had always been subject, and which appeared to grow progressively worse, threatened to preclude all possibility of advancement; and his opinions, which had at one time inclined to deism, had now taken a strong devotional bias.

Henry was earnestly advised to obtain, if possible,

some patroness for his book, whose rank in life, and notoriety in the literary world, might afford it some protection. The days of dedications are happily wellnigh at an end; but this was of importance to him, as giving his little volume consequence in the eyes of his friends and townsmen. The Countess of Derby was first applied to, and the manuscript submitted to her perusal. She returned it with a refusal, upon the ground that it was an invariable rule with her never to accept a compliment of the kind; but this refusal was couched in language as kind as it was complimentary, and he felt more pleasure at the kindness which it expressed, than disappointment at the failure of his application : a two pound note was enclosed as her subscription to the work. The Margravine of Anspach was also thought of. There is amongst his papers the draught of a letter addressed to her upon the subject, but I believe it was never sent. He was then recommended to apply to the Duchess of Devonshire. Poor Henry felt a fit repugnance at courting patronage in this way, but he felt that it was of consequence in his little world, and submitted; and the manuscript was left, with a letter, at the Devonshire House, as it had been with the Countess of Derby. Some time elapsed, and no answer arrived from her Grace; and as she was known to be pestered with such applications, apprehensions began to be entertained for the safety of the papers. His brother Neville (who was now settled in London) called several times; of course he never obtained an interview: the case at last became

desperate, and he went with a determination not to quit the house till he had obtained them. After waiting four hours in the servants' hall, his perseverance conquered their idle insolence, and he got possession of the manuscript. And here he, as well as his brother, sick of "dancing attendance" upon the great, would have relinquished all thoughts of the dedication; but they were urged to make one more trial :---a letter to her Grace was procured, with which Neville obtained audience, wisely leaving the manuscript at home; and the Duchess, with her usual good nature, gave permission that the volume should be dedicated to her. Accordingly her name appeared in the title page, and a copy was transmitted to her in due form, and in its due morocco livery, of which no notice was ever taken. Involved as she was in an endless round of miserable follies, it is probable that she never opened the book; otherwise her heart was good enough to have felt a pleasure in encouraging the author. Oh, what a lesson would the history of that heart hold out!

Henry sent his little volume to each of the then existing Reviews, and accompanied it with a letter, wherein he stated what his advantages had been, and what were the hopes which he proposed to himself from the publication: requesting from them that indulgence of which his productions did not stand in need, and which it might have been thought, under such circumstances, would not have been withheld from works of less promise. It may be well conceived with what anxiety he looked for their opinions, and with what feelings he read the following article in the Monthly Review for February, 1804:—

"The circumstances under which this little volume is offered to the public, must, in some measure, disarm criticism. We have been informed, that Mr. White has scarcely attained his eighteenth year, has hitherto exerted himself in the pursuit of knowledge under the discouragements of penury and misfortune, and now hopes by this early authorship, to obtain some assistance in the prosecution of his studies at Cambridge. He appears, indeed, to be one of those young men of talents and application who merit encouragement; and it would be gratifying to us, to hear that this publication had obtained for him a respectable patron, for we fear that the mere profit arising from the sale cannot be, in any measure, adequate to his exigencies as a student at the university. A subscription, with a statement of the particulars of the author's case, might have been calculated to have answered his purpose; but, as a book which is to 'win its way' on the sole ground of its own merit, this poem cannot be contemplated with any sanguine expectation. The author is very anxious, however, that critics should find in it something to commend, and he shall not be disappointed : we commend his exertions, and his laudable endeavors to excel; but we cannot compliment him with having learned the difficult art of writing good poetry.

"Such lines as these will sufficiently prove our assertion:----

"' Here would I run, a visionary *Boy*, When the hoarse thunder shook the vaulted *Sky*, And, fancy led, beheld the Almighty's form Sternly *careering* in the eddying storm.'

"If Mr. White should be instructed by Alma-mater, he will, doubtless, produce better sense and better rhymes."

I know not who was the writer of this precious article. It is certain that Henry could have no personal enemy; his volume fell into the hands of some dull man, who took it up in an hour of ill-humor, turned over the leaves to look for faults, and finding that Boy and Sky were not orthodox rhymes, according to his wise creed of criticism, sate down to blast the hopes of a boy, who had confessed to him all his hopes and all his difficulties, and thrown himself upon his mercy. With such a letter before him (by mere accident I saw that which had been sent to the Critical Review), even though the poems had been bad, a good man would not have said so; he would have avoided censure, if he had found it impossible to bestow praise. But that the reader may perceive the wicked injustice, as well as the cruelty of this reviewal, a few specimens of the volume, thus contemptuously condemned because Boy and Sky are used as rhymes in it, shall be inserted in this place.

LIFE OF

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

I.

SWEET scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintery desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

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Come, funeral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell With the pale corse in lonely tomb, And throw across the desert gloom

A sweet decaying smell. Come, press my lips, and lie with me Beneath the lowly Alder tree,

And we will sleep a pleasant sleep, And not a care shall dare intrude, To break the marble solitude,

So peaceful, and so deep.

III.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest-trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,

It warns me to the lonely shrine,

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

The cold turf altar of the dead! My grave shall be in yon lone spot, Where as I lie, by all forgot,

A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

TO THE MORNING.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

BEAMS of the daybreak faint! I hail
Your dubious hues, as on the robe
Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
I mark your traces pale.
Tired with the taper's sickly light,
And with the wearying numbered night,
I hail the streaks of morn divine :
And lo! they break between the dewy wreaths
That round my rural casement twine ;
The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes,
It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife,
And cheerily reillumes the lambent flame of life.

The Lark has her gay song begun,

She leaves her grassy nest,

And soars till the unrisen sun

Gleams on her speckled breast.

Now let me leave my restless bed,

And o'er the spangled uplands tread ;

Now through the customed wood-walk wend; By many a green lane lies my way,

Where high o'er head the wild briers bend, Till on the mountain's summit gray,

I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh, Heaven! the soft refreshing gale It breathes into my breast,

My sunk eye gleams, my cheek so pale, Is with new colors drest. Blithe Health! thou soul of life and ease ! Come thou too, on the balmy breeze, Invigorate my frame: I'll join with thee the buskined chase, With thee the distant clime will trace, Beyond those clouds of flame. Above, below, what charms unfold In all the varied view! Before me all is burnished gold, Behind the twilight's hue. The mists which on old Night await, Far to the west they hold their state, They shun the clear blue face of Morn; Along the fine cerulean sky The fleecy clouds successive fly, While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds adorn. And hark! the Thatcher has begun His whistle on the eaves, And oft the Hedger's bill is heard Among the rustling leaves. The slow team creaks upon the road, The noisy whip resounds, The driver's voice, his carol blithe, The mower's stroke, his whetting scythe, Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat Beneath these clumps of trees, The early dawn of day to greet, And catch the healthy breeze, Than on the silken couch of Sloth Luxurious to lie;Who would not from life's dreary wasteSnatch, when he could, with eager haste, An interval of joy !

To him who simply thus recounts The morning's pleasures o'er, Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close To ope on him no more.

Yet, Morning ! unrepining still

He'll greet thy beams awhile, And surely thou, when o'er his grave Solemn the whisp'ring willows wave, Wilt sweetly on him smile; And the pale glow-worm's pensive light

Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless night.

An author is proof against reviewing, when, like myself, he has been reviewed above seventy times; but the opinion of a reviewer upon his first publication, has more effect, both upon his feelings and his success, than it ought to have, or would have, if the mystery of the *ungentle craft* were more generally understood. Henry wrote to the editor, to complain of the cruelty with which he had been treated. This remonstrance produced the following answer in the next month :—

Monthly Review, March, 1804.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"In the course of our long critical labors, we have necessarily been forced to encounter the resentment, or withstand the lamentations of many disappointed authors: but we have seldom, if ever, been more affected than by a letter from Mr. White, of Nottingham, complaining of the tendency of our strictures on his poem of Clifton Grove, in our last number. His expostulations are written with a warmth of feeling in which we truly sympathize, and which shall readily excuse, with us, some expressions of irritation: but Mr. White must receive our most serious declaration, that we did 'judge of the book by the book itself;' excepting only, that from his former letter, we were desirous of mitigating the pain of that decision which our public duty required us to pronounce. We spoke with the utmost sincerity, when we stated our wishes for patronage to an unfriended man of talents, for talents Mr. White certainly possesses, and we repeat those wishes with equal cordiality. Let him still trust that, like Mr. Giffard (see preface to his translation of Juvenal), some Mr. Cookesley may yet appear, to foster a capacity which endeavors to escape from its present confined sphere of action; and let the opulent inhabitants of Nottingham reflect, that some portion of that wealth which they have worthily acquired by the habits of industry, will be laudably applied in assisting the efforts of mind."

Henry was not aware that reviewers are infallible. His letter seems to have been answered by a different writer; the answer has none of the common-place and vulgar insolence of the criticism; but to have made any concession, would have been admitting that a review can do

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wrong, and thus violating the fundamental principle of its constitution.

The poems which had been thus condemned, appeared to me to discover strong marks of genius. I had shown them to two of my friends, than whom no persons living better understand what poetry is, nor have given better proofs of it; and their opinion coincided with my own. I was fully convinced of the injustice of this criticism, and having accidentally seen the letter which he had written to the reviewers, understood the whole cruelty of their injustice. In consequence of this I wrote to Henry, to encourage him; told him, that though I was well aware how imprudent it was in young poets to publish their productions, his circumstances seemed to render that expedient, from which it would otherwise be right to dissuade him; advised him, therefore, if he had no better prospects, to print a larger volume by subscription, and offered to do what little was in my power to serve him in the business. To this he replied in the following letter:-

"I dare not say all I feel respecting your opinion of my little volume. The extreme acrimony with which the Monthly Review (of all others the most important) treated me, threw me into a state of stupefaction; I regarded all that had passed as a dream, and thought I had been deluding myself into an idea of possessing poetic genius, when in fact I had only the longing, without the *afflatus*. I mustered resolution enough, however, to write

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spiritedly to them: their answer, in the ensuing number, was a tacit acknowledgment that they had been somewhat too unsparing in their correction. It was a poor attempt to salve over a wound wantonly and most ungenerously inflicted. Still I was damped, because I knew the work was very respectable, and therefore could not, I concluded, give a criticism *grossly* deficient in equity the more especially, as I knew of no sort of inducement to extraordinary severity. Your letter, however, has revived me, and I do again venture to hope that I may still produce something which will survive me.

"With regard to your advice and offers of assistance, I will not attempt, because I am unable, to thank you for them. To-morrow morning I depart for Cambridge, and I have considerable hopes that, as I do not enter into the University with any sinister or interested views, but sincerely desire to perform the duties of an affectionate and vigilant pastor, and become more useful to mankind, I therefore have hopes, I say, that I shall find means of support *in the University*. If I do not, I shall certainly act in pursuance of your recommendations; and shall, without hesitation, avail myself of your offers of service, and of your directions.

"In a short time this will be determined; and when it is, I shall take the liberty of writing to you at Keswick, to make you acquainted with the result.

"I have only one objection to publishing by subscription, and I confess it has weight with me,—it is, that in this step, I shall seem to be acting upon the advice so unfeelingly and contumeliously given by the Monthly Reviewers, who say what is equal to this—that had I gotten a subscription for my poems before their merit was known, I might have succeeded; provided, it seems, I had made a *particular statement of my case*; like a beggar, who stands with his hat in one hand, and a full account of his cruel treatment on the coast of Barbary in the other, and so gives you his penny sheet for your sixpence, by way of half-purchase, half-charity.

"I have materials for another volume, but they were written principally while Clifton Grove was in the press, or soon after, and do not now at all satisfy me. Indeed, of late, I have been obliged to desist, almost entirely, from converse with the dames of Helicon. The drudgery of an attorney's office, and the necessity of preparing myself, in case I should succeed in getting to college, in what little leisure I could boast, left no room for the flights of the imagination."

In another letter he speaks, in still stronger terms, of what he had suffered from the unfeeling and iniquitous criticism.

"The unfavorable review (in the Monthly) of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought; not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectability. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself to college, when my book is worthless; and this with every appearance of candor. They have been sadly misinformed respecting me: this review goes before me wherever I turn my steps; it haunts me incessantly, and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction. I must leave Nottingham."

It is not unworthy of remark, that this very reviewal, which was designed to crush the hopes of Henry, and suppress his struggling genius, has been, in its consequences, the main occasion of bringing his Remains to light, and obtaining for him that fame which assuredly will be his portion. Had it not been for the indignation which I felt at perusing a criticism at once so cruel and so stupid, the little intercourse between Henry and myself would not have taken place; his papers would probably have remained in oblivion, and his name, in a few years, have been forgotten.

I have stated that his opinions were, at one time, inclining towards deism: it needs not to be said on what slight grounds the opinions of a youth must needs be founded: while they are confined to matters of speculation, they indicate, whatever their eccentricities, only an active mind; and it is only when a propensity is manifested to such principles as give a sanction to immorality, that they show something wrong at heart. One little poem of Henry's remains, which was written in this unsettled state of mind. It exhibits much of his character, and can excite no feelings towards him, but such as are favorable.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

ADDRESSED (DURING ILLNESS) TO A LADY.

DEAR FANNY, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf, To give you a sketch—ay, a sketch of myself, 'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess, And one it would puzzle a painter to dress; But however, here goes, and as sure as a gun, I'll tell all my faults like a penitent nun; For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her, She wont be a cynical father confessor. Come, come, 'twill not do! put that curling brow down; You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown. Well, first I premise, it's my honest conviction, That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction ; Religious—Deistic—now loyal and warm; Then a dagger-drawn Democrat hot for reform; This moment a fop-that, sententious as Titus; Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus; Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a rattle; Then vexed to the soul with impertinent tattle; Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay; To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

I'm proud and disdainful to Fortune's gay child, But to Poverty's offspring submissive and mild; As rude as a boor, and as rough in dispute; Then as for politeness—oh! dear—I'm a brute! I show no respect where I never can feel it; And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it. And so in the suite, by these laudable ends, I've a great many foes, and a very few friends.

And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel, That this proud heart of mine is not fashioned of steel.

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It can love (can it not?)—it can hate, I am sure; And it's friendly enough, though in friends it be poor. For itself though it bleed not, for others it bleeds; If it have not *ripe* virtues, I'm sure it's the *seeds*; And though far from faultless, or even so-so, I think it may pass as our worldly things go.

Well I've told you my frailties without any gloss; Then as to my virtues, I'm quite at a loss! I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say, But in process of time I may get the wrong way. I'm a general lover, if that's commendation, And yet can't withstand you know whose fascination. But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices, In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices; So as for the good, why, if I possess it, I am not yet learned enough to express it.

You yourself must examine the lovelier side, And after your every art you have tried, Whatever my faults, I may venture to say, Hypoerisy never will come in your way. I am upright, I hope ; I am downright, I'm clear ! And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere ; And if ever sincerity glowed in my breast, 'Tis now when I swear_____* *

About this time Mr. Pigott, the curate of St. Mary's, Nottingham, hearing what was the bent of his religious opinions, sent him, by a friend, Scott's "Force of Truth," and requested him to peruse it attentively, which he promised to do. Having looked at the book, he told the person who brought it to him, that he could soon write an answer to it; but about a fortnight afterwards, when this friend inquired how far he had proceeded in his answer to Mr. Scott, Henry's reply was in a very different tone and temper. He said, that to answer that book was out of his power, and out of any man's, for it was founded upon eternal truth; that it had convinced him of his error; and that so thoroughly was he impressed with a sense of the importance of his Maker's favor, that he would willingly give up all acquisitions of knowledge, and all hopes of fame, and live in a wilderness, unknown, till death, so he could insure an inheritance in heaven.

A new pursuit was thus opened to him, and he engaged in it with his wonted ardor. "It was a constant feature in his mind," says Mr. Pigott, "to persevere in the pursuit of what he deemed noble and important. Religion, in which he now appeared to himself not yet to have taken a step, engaged all his anxiety, as of all concerns the most important. He could not rest satisfied till he had formed his principles upon the basis of Christianity, and till he had begun in earnest to think and act agreeably to its pure and heavenly precepts. His mind loved to make distant excursions into the future and remote consequences of things. He no longer limited his views to the narrow confines of earthly existence; he was not happy till he had learnt to rest and expatiate in a world to come. What he said to me when we became intimate is worthy of observation: that, he said, which first made him dissatisfied with the creed he had adopted, and the standard of practice which he had set

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up for himself was the *purity of mind* which he perceived was every where inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, and required of every one who would become a successful candidate for future blessedness. He supposed that morality of conduct was all the purity required; but when he observed that purity of the very *thoughts and intentions* of the soul also was requisite, he was convinced of his deficiencies, and could find no comfort to his penitence, but in the atonement made for human frailty by the Redeemer of mankind; and no strength adequate to his weakness, and sufficient for resisting evil, but the aid of God's Spirit, promised to those who seek him from above in the sincerity of earnest prayer."

From the moment when he had fully contracted these opinions, he was resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them; and therefore to leave the law, and, if possible, place himself at one of the Universities. Every argument was used by his friends to dissuade him from his purpose, but to no effect: his mind was unalterably fixed; and great and numerous as the obstacles were, he was determined to surmount them all. He had now served the better half of the term for which he was articled; his entrance and continuance in the profession had been a great expense to his family; and to give up this lucrative profession, in the study of which he had advanced so far, and situated as he was, for one wherein there was so little prospect of his obtaining even a decent competency, appeared to them the height of folly or of madness. This determination cost his poor mother many tears; but determined he was, and that by the best and purest motives. Without ambition he could not have existed, but his ambition now was to be eminently useful in the ministry.

It was Henry's fortune, through his short life, as he was worthy of the kindest treatment, always to find it. His employers, Mr. Coldham and Mr. Enfield, listened with a friendly ear to his plans, and agreed to give up the remainder of his time, though it was now become very valuable to them, as soon as they should think his prospects of getting through the University were such as he might reasonably trust to; but till then, they felt themselves bound, for his own sake, to detain him. Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Dashwood, another clergyman, who at that time resided in Nottingham, exerted themselves in his favor: he had a friend at Queen's College, Cambridge, who mentioned him to one of the Fellows of St. John's, and that gentleman, on the representations made to him of Henry's talents and piety, spared no effort to obtain for him an adequate support.

As soon as these hopes were laid out to him, his employers gave him a month's leave of absence, for the benefit of uninterrupted study, and of change of air, which his health now began to require. Instead of going to the sea-coast, as was expected, he chose for his retreat the village of Wilford, which is situated on the banks of the Trent, and at the foot of Clifton Woods. These woods had ever been his favorite place of resort, and were the subject of the longest poem in his little volume, from which, indeed, the volume was named. He delighted to point out to his more intimate friends the scenery of his poem; the islet to which he had often forded when the river was not knee deep; and the little hut wherein he had sate for hours, and sometimes all day long, reading or writing, or dreaming with his eyes open. He had sometimes wandered in these woods till night far advanced, and used to speak with pleasure of having once been overtaken there by a thunder storm at midnight, and watching the lightning over the river and the vale towards the town.

In this village his mother procured lodgings for him, and his place of retreat was kept secret, except from his nearest friends. Soon after the expiration of the month, intelligence arrived that the plans which had been formed in his behalf had entirely failed. He went immediately to his mother: "All my hopes," said he, "of getting to the University are now blasted; in preparing myself for it, I have lost time in my profession; I have much ground to get up, and as I am determined not to be a mediocre attorney, I must endeavor to recover what I have lost." The consequence was, that he applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He now allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a larum, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never laid down at all.

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It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application. In this respect, and in this only one, was Henry undutiful, and neither commands, nor tears, nor entreaties, could check his desperate and deadly ardor. At one time she went every night into his room, to put out his candle: as soon as he heard her coming up stairs, he used to hide it in a cupboard, throw himself into bed, and affect sleep while she was in the room; then, when all was quiet, rise again, and pursue his baneful studies.

"The night," says Henry, in one of his letters, "has been everything to me; and did the world know how I have been indebted to the hours of repose, they would not wonder that night images are, as they judge, so ridiculously predominant in my verses." During some of these midnight hours he indulged himself in complaining, but in such complaints that it is to be wished more of them had been found among his papers.

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ι.

Сомг, Disappointment, come ! Not in thy terrors clad; Come in thy meekest, saddest guise; Thy chastening rod but terrifies The restless and the bad. But I recline Beneath thy shrine, And round my brow resigned, thy peaceful cypress twine. **4**9

п.

Though Fancy flies away Before thy hollow tread, Yet Meditation in her cell, Hears with faint eye, the ling'ring knell, That-tells her hopes are dead; And though the tear By chance appear, Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

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Come, Disappointment, come! Though from Hope's summit hurled, Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven, For thou severe wert sent from heaven To wean me from the world ; To turn my eye From vanity, And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

IV.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day !
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,

And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

v.

Oh, what is beauty's power? It flourishes and dies ; Will the cold earth its silence break, To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek Beneath its surface lies? Mute, mute is all O'er beauty's fall;

Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

VI.

The most beloved on earth Not long survives to-day; So music past is obsolete, And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet, But now 'tis gone away. Thus does the shade In memory fade, When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

VII.

Then since this world is vain, And volatile and fleet, Why should I lay up earthly joys, Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys, And cares and sorrows eat? Why fly from ill With anxious skill,

When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

VIII.

Come, Disappointment, come! Thou art not stern to me; Sad Monitress! I own thy sway, A votary sad in early day, I bend my knee to thee. From sun to sun My race will run, I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done. On another paper are a few lines, written probably in the freshness of his disappointment.

> I dream no more—the vision flies away, And Disappointment * * * There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this, My cherished all of visionary bliss. Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below; Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe. Plunge me in glooms * * *

His health soon sunk under these habits; he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. On his recovery, he wrote the following lines in the churchyard of his favorite village.

LINES ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCHYARD.

HERE would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot Which I have long marked out to lay my bones in ; Tired out and wearied with the riotous world, Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred. It is a lovely spot! the sultry sun, From his meridian height, endeavors vainly To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent, And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook Most pleasant.—Such a one perchance did Gray Frequent, as with the vagrant muse he wantoned. Come, I will sit me down and meditate, For I am wearied with my summer's walk ; And here I may repose in silent ease; And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er, My harassed soul, in this same spot, may find The haven of its rest—beneath this sod Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earthworm Of its predestined dues; no, I would lie Beneath a little hillock, grass o'ergrown, Swathed down with oziers, just as sleep the cotters. Yet may not undistinguished be my grave; But there at eve may some congenial soul Duly resort, and shed a pious tear, The good man's benison-no more I ask. And oh! (if heavenly beings may look down From where, with cherubim inspired, they sit, Upon this little dim-discovered spot, The earth), then will I cast a glance below On him who thus my ashes shall embalm; And I will weep too, and will bless the wanderer, Wishing he may not long be doomed to pine In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe, But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought—as if the body, Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth, Could taste the sweets of summer scenery, And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze ! Yet nature speaks within the human bosom, And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond His narrow verge of being, and provide A decent residence for its clayey shell, Endeared to it by time. And who would lay His body in the city burial-place, To be thrown up again by some rude sexton, And yield its narrow house another tenant,

LIFE OF

Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust, Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp, Exposed to insult lewd, and wantonness? No, I will lay me in the *village* ground; There are the dead respected. The poor hind, Unlettered as he is, would scorn to invade The silent resting-place of death. I've seen The laborer, returning from his toil, Here stay his steps, and call his children round, And slowly spell the rudely sculptured rhymes, And, in his rustic manner, moralize. I've marked with what a silent awe he'd spoken, With head uncovered, his respectful manner, And all the honors which he paid the grave, And thought on the cities, where even cemeteries, Bestrewed with all the emblems of mortality, Are not protected from the drunken insolence Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc. Grant, Heaven, that here my pilgrimage may close! Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds, Or scattered wide o'er the huge sweep of waters, Or left a prey on some deserted shore To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still, (For why should sober reason cast away A thought which soothes the soul?)—yet still my spirit Shall wing its way to these my native regions, And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll think Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew In solemn rumination; and will smile With joy that I have got my longed release.

His friends are of opinion that he never thoroughly recovered from the shock which his constitution had sustained. Many of his poems indicate that he thought himself in danger of consumption; he was not aware that he was generating or fostering in himself another disease, little less dreadful, and which threatens intellect as well as life. At this time youth was in his favor, and his hopes, which were now again renewed, produced perhaps a better effect than medicine. Mr. Dashwood obtained for him an introduction to Mr. Simeon, of King's College, and with this he was induced to go to Cambridge. Mr. Simeon, from the recommendation which he received, and from the conversation he had with him, promised to procure for him a Sizarship at St. John's, and, with the additional aid of a friend, to supply him with £30 annually. His brother Neville promised twenty; and his mother, it was hoped, would be able to allow fifteen or twenty more. With this, it was thought, he could go through college. If this prospect had not been opened to him, he would probably have turned his thoughts towards the orthodox dissenters.

On his return to Nottingham, the Rev. — Robinson, of Leicester, and some other friends, advised him to apply to the Elland Society for assistance, conceiving that it would be less oppressive to his feelings to be dependent on a Society instituted for the express purpose of training up such young men as himself (that is, such in circumstances and opinions) for the ministry, than on the bounty of an individual. In consequence of this advice, he went to Elland at the next meeting of the

LIFE OF

Society, a stranger there, and without one friend among the members. He was examined, for several hours, by about five-and-twenty clergymen, as to his religious views and sentiments, his theological knowledge, and his classical attainments. In the course of the inquiry, it appeared that he had published a volume of poems: their questions now began to be very unpleasantly inquisitive concerning the nature of these poems, and he was assailed by queries from all quarters. It was well for Henry that they did not think of referring to the Monthly Review for authority. My letter to him happened to be in his pocket; he luckily recollected this, and produced it as a testimony in his favor. They did me the honor to say that it was quite sufficient, and pursued this part of their inquiry no farther. Before he left Elland, he was given to understand that they were well satisfied with his theological knowledge; that they thought his classical proficiency prodigious for his age, and that they had placed him on their books. He returned little pleased with his journey. His friends had been mistaken; the bounty of an individual calls forth a sense of kindness, as well as of dependence: that of a Society has the virtue of charity perhaps, but it wants the grace. He now wrote to Mr. Simeon, stating what he had done, and that the beneficence of his unknown friends was no longer necessary; but that gentleman obliged him to decline the assistance of the Society, which he very willingly did.

This being finally arranged, he quitted his employers

in October, 1804. How much he had conducted himself to their satisfaction, will appear by this testimony of Mr. Enfield, to his diligence and uniform worth. "I have great pleasure," says this gentleman, "in paying the tribute to his memory, of expressing the knowledge which was afforded me, during the period of his connection with Mr. Coldham and myself, of his diligent application, his ardor for study, and his virtuous and amiable disposition. He very soon discovered an unusual aptness in comprehending the routine of business, and great ability and rapidity in the execution of everything which was intrusted to him. His diligence and punctual attention were unremitted, and his services became extremely valuable a considerable time before he left us. He seemed to me to have no relish for the ordinary pleasures and dissipations of young men; his mind was perpetually employed, either in the business of his profession, or in private study. With his fondness for literature, we were well acquainted, but had no reason to offer any check to it, for he never permitted the indulgence of his literary pursuits to interfere with the engagements of business. The difficulty of hearing, under which he labored, was distressing to him in the practice of his profession, and was, I think, an inducement, in co-operation with his other inclinations, for his resolving to relinquish the law. I can, with truth, assert, that his determination was matter of serious regret to my partner and myself."

Mr. Simeon had advised him to degrade for a year,

and place himself, during that time, under some scholar. He went accordingly to the Rev. — Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, and there, notwithstanding all the entreaties of his friends, pursuing the same unrelenting course of study, a second illness was the consequence. When he was recovering, he was prevailed upon to relax, to ride on horseback, and to drink wine; these latter remedies he could not long afford, and he would not allow himself time for relaxation when he did not feel its immediate necessity. He frequently, at this time, studied fourteen hours a day : the progress which he made in twelve months was indeed astonishing. When he went to Cambridge, he was immediately as much distinguished for his classical knowledge as his genius; but the seeds of death were in him, and the place to which he had so long looked on with hope, served unhappily as a hot-house to ripen them.*

During his first term, one of the University Scholarships became vacant, and Henry, young as he was in College, and almost self-taught, was advised, by those who were best able to estimate his chance of success, to

* During his residence in my family, says Mr. Grainger, his conduct was highly becoming, and suitable to a Christian profession. He was mild and inoffensive, modest, unassuming, and affectionate. He attended, with great cheerfulness, a Sunday-school which I was endeavoring to establish in the village, and was at considerable pains in the instruction of the children; and I have repeatedly observed, that he was most pleased and most edified, with such of my sermons and addresses to my people, as were most close, plain and familiar. When we parted, we parted with mutual regret; and by us his name will long be remembered with affection and delight.

offer himself as a competitor for it. He passed the whole term in preparing himself for this, reading for College subjects in bed, in his walks, or as he says, where, when, and how he could, never having a moment to spare, and often going to his tutor without having read at all. His strength sunk under this, and though he had declared himself a candidate, he was compelled to decline; but this was not the only misfortune. The general College examination came on; he was utterly unprepared to meet it, and believed that a failure here would have ruined his prospects for ever. He had only about a fortnight to read what other men had been the whole term reading. Once more he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear; the disorder returned, and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the Hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him, with all possible earnestness, to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him, to enable him to support it, and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honors as this, and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honors have proved fatal. He said to his most intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame, crowning a distinguished undergraduate, after the Senate-house examination, he would

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represent her as concealing a Death's head under a mask of beauty.

When this was over he went to London. London was a new scene of excitement, and what his mind required was tranquillity and rest. Before he left College, he had become anxious concerning his expenses, fearing that they exceeded his means. Mr. Catton perceived this, and twice called him to his rooms, to assure him of every necessary support, and every encouragement, and to give him every hope. This kindness relieved his spirits of a heavy weight, and on his return he relaxed a little from his studies, but it was only a little. I found among his papers the day thus planned out:-""Rise at half-past five. Devotions and walk till seven. Chapel and breakfast till eight. Study and lectures till one. Four and a half clear reading. Walk, &c., and dinner, and Woollaston, and chapel to six. Six to nine, reading-three hours. Nine to ten, devotions. Bed at ten."

Among his latest writings are these resolutions:---

- "I will never be in bed after six.
- I will not drink tea out above once a week, excepting on Sundays, unless there appear some good reason for so doing.
- I will never pass a day without reading some portion of the Scriptures.
- I will labor diligently in my mathematical studies, because I half suspect myself of a dislike to them.
- I will walk two hours a day, upon the average of every week.

Sit_mihi gratia addita ad hæc facienda."

About this time, judging by the handwriting, he wrote down the following admonitory sentences, which, as the paper on which they are written is folded into the shape of a very small book, it is probable he carried about with him as a manual.

"1. Death and judgment are near at hand.

2. Though thy bodily part be now in health and ease, the dews of death will soon sit upon thy forehead.

3. That which seems so sweet and desirable to thee now, will, if yielded to, become bitterness of soul to thee all thy life after.

4. When the waters are come over thy soul, and when, in the midst of much bodily anguish, thou distinguishest the dim shores of Eternity before thee, what wouldst thou not give to be lighter by this one sin?

5. God has long withheld his arm; what if his forbearance be now at an end? Canst thou not contemplate these things with the eyes of death? Art thou not a dying man, dying every day, every hour?

7. Oh, my soul, if thou art yet ignorant of the enormity of sin, turn thine eyes to the man who is bleeding to death on the cross? See how the blood from his pierced hands trickles down his arms, and the more copious streams from his feet run on the accursed tree, and stain the grass with purple! Behold his features, though scarcely animated with a few remaining sparks of life, yet how full of love, pity, and tranquillity! A tear is trickling down his cheek, and his lip quivers. He is praying

LIFE OF

for his murderers! O, my soul! it is thy Redeemer—it is thy God! And this too for *Sin*—for Sin! and wilt thou ever again submit to its yoke?

8. Remember that the grace of the Holy Spirit of God is ready to save thee from transgression. It is always at hand: thou canst not sin without wilfully rejecting its aid.

9. And is there real pleasure in sin? Thou knowest there is not. But there is pleasure, pure and exquisite pleasure, in holiness. The Holy Ghost can make the paths of religion and virtue, hard as they seem, and thorny, ways of pleasantness and peace, where, though there be thorns, yet are there also roses; and where all the wounds which we suffer in the flesh, from the hardness of the journey, are so healed by the balm of the spirit, that they rather give joy than pain."

The exercise which Henry took was no relaxation; he still continued the habit of studying while he walked; and in this manner, while he was at Cambridge, committed to memory a whole tragedy of Euripides. Twice he distinguished himself in the following year, being again pronounced first at the great College examination, and also one of the three best theme writers, between whom the examiners could not decide. The College offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematics, during the long vacation; and Mr. Catton, by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of £66 per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends. This intention he had expressed in a letter, written twelve months before his death. "With regard to my college expenses (he says), I have the pleasure to

inform you, that I shall be obliged, in strict rectitude, to waive the offers of many of my friends. I shall not even need the sum Mr. Simeon mentioned, after the first year; and it is not impossible that I may be able to live without any assistance at all. I confess I feel pleasure at the thought of this, not through any vain pride of independence, but because I shall then give a more unbiassed testimony to the truth, than if I were supposed to be bound to it by any ties of obligation or gratitude. I shall always feel as much indebted for intended as for actually afforded assistance; and though I should never think a sense of thankfulness an oppressive burden, yet I shall be happy to evince it, when in the eyes of the world the obligation to it has been discharged." Never, perhaps, had any young man, in so short a time, excited such expectations; every University honor was thought to be within his reach; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree; but these expectations were poison to him; they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent. His situation became truly miserable: to his brother, and to his mother, he wrote always that he had relaxed in his studies, and that he was better; always holding out to them his hopes and his good fortune: but to the most intimate of his friends (Mr. Maddock), his letters told a different tale: to him he complained of dreadful palpitations-of nights of sleeplessness and horror, and of spirits depressed to the very depths of wretchedness, so that he went from one acquaintance to another, imploring

society, even as a starving beggar entreats for food. During the course of this summer, it was expected that the Mastership of the Free School at Nottingham would shortly become vacant. A relation of his family was at that time mayor of the town; he suggested to them what an advantageous situation it would be for Henry, and offered to secure for him the necessary interest. But, though the salary and emoluments are estimated at from £400 to £600 per annum, Henry declined the offer; because, had he accepted it, it would have frustrated his intentions with respect to the ministry. This was certainly no common act of forbearance in one so situated as to fortune, especially as the hope which he had most at heart, was that of being enabled to assist his family, and in some degree requite the care and anxiety of his father and mother, by making them comfortable in their declining years.

The indulgence shown him by his college, in providing him a tutor during the long vacation, was peculiarly unfortunate. His only chance of life was from relaxation, and home is the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this time he had seemed to be gaining strength; it failed as the year advanced: he went once more to London, to recruit himself,—the worst place to which he could have gone; the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to College, he was so completely ill, that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out, and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected. His brother Neville was just at this time to have visited him. On his first seizure, Henry found himself too ill to receive him, and wrote to say so; he added, with that anxious tenderness towards the feelings of a most affectionate family which always appeared in his letters, that he thought himself recovering; but his disorder increased so rapidly, that this letter was never sent; it was found in his pocket after his decease. One of his friends wrote to acquaint Neville with his danger: he hastened down; but Henry was delirious when he arrived. He knew him only for a few moments; the next day sunk into a state of stupor; and on Sunday, October 19th, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world, and a higher state of existence.

The will which I had manifested to serve Henry, he had accepted as the deed, and had expressed himself upon the subject in terms which it would have humbled me to read, at any other time than when I was performing the last service to his memory. On his decease, Mr. B. Maddock addressed a letter to me, informing me of the event, as one who had professed an interest in his friend's fortunes. I inquired, in my reply, if there was any intention of publishing what he might have left, and if I could be of any assistance in the publication; this led to a correspondence with his excellent brother, and the whole of his papers were consigned into my hands, with as many of his letters as could be collected.

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These papers (exclusive of the correspondence) filled a box of considerable size. Mr. Coleridge was present when I opened them, and was, as well as myself, equally affected and astonished at the proofs of industry which they displayed. Some of them had been written before his hand was formed, probably before he was thirteen. There were papers upon law, upon electricity, upon chemistry, upon the Latin and Greek language, from their rudiments to the higher branches of critical study, upon history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, &c. Nothing seemed to have escaped him. His poems were numerous: among the earliest, was a sonnet addressed to myself, long before the little intercourse which had subsisted between us had taken place. Little did he think, when it was written, on what occasion it would fall into my hands. He had begun three tragedies when very young: one was upon Boadicea, another upon Inez de Castro: the third was a fictitious subject. He had planned also a History of Nottingham. There was a letter upon the famous Nottingham election, which seemed to have been intended either for the newspapers or for a separate pamphlet. It was written to confute the absurd stories of the Tree of Liberty, and the Goddess of Reason; with the most minute knowledge of the circumstances, and a not improper feeling of indignation against so infamous a calumny; and this came with more weight from him, as his party inclinations seemed to have leaned towards the side which he was opposing. This was his only finished composition in prose. Much

of his time, latterly, had been devoted to the study of Greek prosody: he had begun several poems in Greek, and a translation of the Samson Agonistes. I have inspected all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these.

It is not possible to conceive a human being more amiable in all the relations of life. He was the confidential friend and adviser of every member of his family; this he instinctively became; and the thorough good sense of his advice is not less remarkable than the affection with which it is always communicated. To his mother, he is as earnest in beseeching her to be careful of her health, as he is in laboring to convince her that his own complaints were abating; his letters to her are always of hopes, of consolation, and of love. To Neville he writes with the most brotherly intimacy, still, however, in that occasional tone of advice which it was his nature to assume, not from any arrogance of superiority, but from earnestness of pure affection. To his younger brother he addresses himself like the tenderest and wisest parent; and to two sisters, then too young for any other communication, he writes to direct their studies, to inquire into their progress, to encourage, and to improve them. Such letters as these are not for the public; but they to whom they are addressed will lay them to their hearts like relics, and will find in them a saving virtue, more than ever relics possessed.

With regard to his poems, the criterion for selection was not so plain; undoubtedly many have been chosen

which he himself would not have published, and some few which, had he lived to have taken that rank among English poets which would assuredly have been within his reach, I also should then have rejected among his posthumous papers. I have, however, to the best of my judgment, selected none which does not either mark the state of his mind, or its progress, or discover evident proofs of what he would have been, if it had not been the will of Heaven to remove him so soon. The reader who feels any admiration for Henry will take some interest in all these remains, because they are his; he who shall feel none must have a blind heart, and therefore a blind understanding. Such poems are to be considered as making up his history. But the greater number are of such beauty, that Chatterton is the only youthful poet whom he does not leave far behind him.

While he was under Mr. Grainger, he wrote very little; and when he went to Cambridge, he was advised to stifle his poetical fire, for severer and more important studies; to lay a billet on the embers until he had taken his degree, and then he might fan it into a flame again. This advice he followed so scrupulously, that a few fragments, written chiefly upon the back of his mathematical papers, are all which he produced at the University. The greater part, therefore, of these poems, indeed nearly the whole of them, were written before he was nineteen. Wise as the advice may have been which had been given him, it is now to be regretted that he adhered to it, his latter fragments bearing all those marks of improvement which were to be expected from a mind so rapidly and continually progressive. Frequently he expresses a fear that early death would rob him of his fame; yet, short as his life was, it has been long enough for him to leave works worthy of remembrance. The very circumstance of his early death gives a new interest to his memory, and thereby new force to his example. Just at that age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness, and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him, in the fair morning of his virtues, the full spring blossom of his hopes,-just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made permanent. To the young poets who come after him, Henry will be what Chatterton was to him; and they will find in him an example of hopes, with regard to worldly fortune, as humble, and as exalted in all better things, as are enjoined equally by wisdom and religion, by the experience of man, and the word of God. And this example will be as encouraging as it is excellent. It has been too much the custom to complain that genius is neglected, and to blame the public when the public is not in fault. They who are thus lamented as the victims of genius, have been, in almost every instance, the victims of their own vices; while genius has been made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, and to excuse that which in reality it aggravates. In this age, and in this country, whoever deserves encouragement, is, sooner or later, sure to receive it. Of this, Henry's history is an honorable proof. The particular patronage which he accepted, was given as much to his piety and religious opinions, as to his genius; but assistance was offered him from other quarters. Mr. P. Thomson (of Boston, Lincolnshire), merely upon perusing his little volume, wrote to know how he could serve him; and there were many friends of literature who were ready to have afforded him any support which he needed, if he had not been thus provided. In the University, he received every encouragement which he merited, and from Mr. Simeon, and his tutor, Mr. Catton, the most fatherly kindness.

"I can venture," says a lady of Cambridge, in a letter to his brother, "I can venture to say, with certainty, there was no member of the University, however high his rank or talents, who would not have been happy to have availed themselves of the opportunity of being acquainted with Mr. Henry Kirke White. I mention this to introduce a wish, which has been expressed to me so often by the senior members of the University, that I dare not decline the task they have imposed upon me; it is their hope that Mr. Southey will do as much justice to Mr. Henry White's limited wishes, to his unassuming pretensions, and to his rational and fervent piety, as to his various acquirements, his polished taste, his poetical fancy, his undeviating principles, and the excellence of his moral character; and that he will suffer it to be understood, that these inestimable qualities had not been unobserved, nor would they have

remained unacknowledged. It was the general observation, that he possessed genius without its eccentricities."

Of his fervent piety, his letters, his prayers, and his hymns, will afford ample and interesting proofs. I must be permitted to say, that my own views of the religion of Jesus Christ differ essentially from the system of belief which he had adopted; but, having said this, it is, indeed, my anxious wish to do full justice to piety so fervent. It was in him a living and quickening principle of goodness, which sanctified all his hopes, and all his affections; which made him keep watch over his own heart, and enabled him to correct the few symptoms which it ever displayed of human imperfection.

His temper had been irritable in his younger days, but this he had long since effectually overcome; the marks of youthful confidence, which appear in his earliest letters, had also disappeared; and it was impossible for man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly He seldom discovered any sportiveness of humble. imagination, though he would very ably and pleasantly rally any one of his friends for any little peculiarity; his conversation was always sober, and to the purpose. That which is most remarkable in him, is his uniform good sense, a faculty perhaps less common than genius. There never existed a more dutiful son, a more affectionate brother, a warmer friend, nor a devouter Christian. Of his powers of mind it is superfluous to speak; they were acknowledged wherever

they were known. It would be idle too, to say what hopes were entertained of him, and what he might have accomplished in literature. This volume contains what he has left,—immature buds, and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit; yet will they evince what the harvest would have been, and secure for him that remembrance upon earth for which he toiled.

> "Thou soul of God's best earthly mould, Thou happy soul! and can it be That these * * * Are all that must remain of thee!" WORDSWORTH.

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POEMS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

PREFACE.

THE following attempts in verse are laid before the public with extreme diffidence. The author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance which mark the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labor on their amusements: and these poems were, most of them, written merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.

Has to otzetos $\epsilon \rho \gamma \rho \nu$ aya $\pi a \omega$. "Every one loves his own work," says the Stagyrite; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the author relied on his own judgment only, these poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these: the facilitation through its means of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honorable station in the scale of society.

The principal poem in this little collection (Clifton Grove) is, he fears, deficient in numbers, and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the author was in his sixteenth year. The Miscellanies are some of them the productions of a very early age. Of the Odes, that "To an early Primrose," was written at thirteen—the others are of a later date. The sonnets are chiefly irregular; they have, perhaps, no other claim to that *specific* denomination than that they consist only of fourteen lines.

Such are the poems towards which I entreat the lenity

of the public. The critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn, he may likewise, possibly, discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember, he is holding the iron Mace of Criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and remembering that, may he forbear from crushing by too much rigor, the painted butterfly, whose transient colors may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.

NOTTINGHAM.

H. K. WHITE.

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PO E M S.

TO MY LYRE.

AN ODE.

I.

THOU simple Lyre !- Thy music wild

Has served to charm the weary hour, And many a lonely night has 'guiled, When even pain has owned and smiled,

Its fascinating power.

II.

Yet, oh, my Lyre! the busy crowd

Will little heed thy simple tones: Them, mightier minstrels harping loud Engross,—and thou, and I, must shroud

Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

III.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,

Well skilled, I throw with sweep sublime; For me, no academic lore Has taught the solemn strain to pour,

Or build the polished rhyme.

Yet thou to *sylvan* themes canst soar;

Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train : The rustic swains believe thy power Can hush the wild winds when they roar, And still the billowy main.

v.

These honors, Lyre, we yet may keep,

I, still unknown, may live with thee, And gentle zephyr's wing will sweep Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,

Beneath the alder tree.

VI.

This little dirge will please me more,

Than the full requiem's swelling peal; I'd rather than that crowds should sigh For me, that from some kindred eye

The trickling tear should steal.

VII.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,

Perhaps from me debarred; And dear to me the classic zone, Which snatched from learning's labored throne, Adorns the accepted bard.

VIII.

And O! if yet 'twere mine to dwell

Where Cam, or Isis, winds along, Perchance, inspired with ardor chaste, I yet might call the ear of taste

To listen to my song.

IX.

Oh! then, my little friend, thy styleI'd change to happier lays,Oh! then, the cloistered glooms should smile,And through the long, the fretted aisleShould swell the note of praise.

CLIFTON GROVE.

A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering light, And day's last vestige takes its silent flight. No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke; No more, hoarse clamoring o'er the uplifted head, The crows assembling, seek their wind-rocked bed. Stilled is the village hum—the woodland sounds Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds, And general silence reigns, save when below, The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow; And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late, Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate; Or, when the sheep bell, in the distant vale, Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile, Released from day and its attendant toil, And draws his household round their evening fire, And tells the oft-told tales that never tire : Or, where the town's blue turrets dimly rise, And manufacture taints the ambient skies,

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The pale mechanic leaves the laboring loom, The air-pent hold, the pestilential room, And rushes out, impatient to begin The stated course of customary sin : Now, now, my solitary way I bend Where solemn groves in awful state impend, And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain, Bespeak, blest Clifton ! thy sublime domain. Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower, I come to pass the meditative hour; To bid awhile the strife of passion cease, And woo the calms of solitude and peace. And oh ! thou sacred power, who rear'st on high Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh ! Genius of woodland shades! whose mild control Steals with resistless witchery to the soul, Come with thy wonted ardor and inspire My glowing bosom with thy hallowed fire. And thou, too, Fancy! from thy starry sphere, Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear, Do thou descend, and bless my ravished sight, Veiled in soft visions of serene delight. At thy command the gale that passes by Bears in its whispers mystic harmony. Thou way'st thy wand, and lo! what forms appear ! On the dark cloud what giant shapes career! The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale, And hosts of Sylphids on the moonbeam sail.

This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight, Where meeting trees create eternal night; Save, when from yonder stream, the sunny ray, Reflected gives a dubious gleam of day; Recalls endearing to my altered mind, Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclined

I watched the lapwing to her clamorous brood; Or lured the robin to its scattered food, Or woke with song the woodland echo wild, And at each gay response delighted, smiled. How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray Of gay romance o'er every happy day, Here would I run, a visionary boy, When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky, And fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form Sternly careering on the eddying storm; And heard, while awe congealed my inmost soul, His voice terrific in the thunders roll. With secret joy, I viewed with vivid glare, The volleyed lightnings cleave the sullen air; And, as the warring winds around reviled, With awful pleasure big,-I heard and smiled. Beloved remembrance !---Memory which endears This silent spot to my advancing years. Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest, In shades like these to live, is to be blest. While happiness evades the busy crowd, In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud. And thou, too, Inspiration, whose wild flame Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame, Thou here dost love to sit, with upturned eye, And listen to the stream that murmurs by, The woods that wave, the gray owl's silken flight, The mellow music of the listening night. Congenial calms more welcome to my breast Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre drest, To Heaven my prayers, my daily prayers I raise, That ye may bless my unambitious days, Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife May trace with me the lowly vale of life,

And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave. Now, as I rove, where wide the prospect grows, A livelier light upon my vision flows. No more above, the embracing branches meet; No more the river gurgles at my feet, But seen deep down the cliff's impending side Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide. Dim is my upland path,—across the Green Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between The chequered glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds, Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads, And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees, Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

Say, why does man, while to his opening sight, Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight, And Nature bids for him her treasures flow, And gives to him alone, his bliss to know, Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms? Why clasp the siren Pleasure to his arms? And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath, Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death? Could he who thus to vile enjoyments clings, Know what calm joy from purer sources springs, Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife, The harmless pleasures of a harmless life, No more his soul would pant for joys impure, The deadly chalice would no more allure, But the sweet portion he was wont to sip, Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms, Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms: Thine, are the sweets which never, never sate, Thine, still remain, through all the storms of fate. Though not for me, 'twas Heaven's divine command To roll in acres of paternal land, Yet still, my lot is blest, while I enjoy Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss Has ever shunned him when he thought to kiss, Who, still in abject poverty, or pain, Can count with pleasure what small joys remain: Though were his sight conveyed from zone to zone, He would not find one spot of ground his own, Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee. These bounding prospects all were made for me: For me, yon waving fields their burden bear, For me, yon laborer guides the shining share, While happy I, in idle ease recline, And mark the glorious visions as they shine. This is the charm, by sages often told, Converting all it touches into gold. Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed, Can rear a garden in the desert waste. How lovely, from this hill's superior height, Spreads the wide view before my straining sight ! O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground, E'en to the blue-ridged hill's remotest bound My ken is borne, while o'er my head serene The silver moon illumes the misty scene, Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade, In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies: The drowsy god has sealed the cotter's eyes. No more, where late the social fagot blazed, The vacant peal resounds, by little raised; But, locked in silence, o'er Arion's* star The slumbering night rolls on her velvet car; The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade, The solemn hour, for walking spectres made; The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound, Listen's aghast, and turns him startled round, Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes, Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise. Now ceased the long, the monitory toll, Returning silence stagnates in the soul; Save when, disturbed by dreams, with wild affright, The deep-mouthed mastiff bays the troubled night; Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale, The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale. A little onward let me bend my way, Where the mossed seat invites the traveller's stay. That spot, oh ! yet it is the very same; That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name; There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom, There yet the violet sheds its first perfume, And in the branch that rears above the rest The robin unmolested builds its nest. 'Twas here, when hope presiding o'er my breast, In vivid colors every prospect drest; 'Twas here, reclining, I indulged her dreams, And lost the hour in visionary schemes. Here, as I press once more the ancient seat, Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat? Say, can a few short years this change achieve? That thy illusions can no more deceive!

* The Constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation. vide Ovid's Fasti. B. xi. 113.

Time's sombrous tints have every view o'erspread, And thou, too, gay Seducer! art thou fled? Though vain thy promise, and the suit severe, Yet thou couldst guile misfortune of her tear, And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way, Could throw a gleam of transitory day. How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems; How sweet is manhood in the infant's dreams; The dire mistake too soon is brought to light, And all is buried in redoubled night. Yet some can rise superior to the pain, And in their breasts the charmer Hope retain : While others, dead to feeling, can survey Unmoved, their fairest prospects fade away: But yet a few there be,-too soon o'ercast! Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast, And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom,

To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb. So, in these shades, the early primrose blows, Too soon deceived by suns, and melting snows: So falls untimely on the desert waste, Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now passed whate'er the upland heights display, Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way; Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat, The timid hare from its accustomed seat. And oh! how sweet this walk o'erhung with wood, That winds the margin of the solemn flood! What rural objects steal upon the sight! What rising views prolong the calm delight! The brooklet branching from the silver Trent, The whispering birch by every zephyr bent, The woody island and the naked mead, The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed, The rural wicket, and the rural stile, And frequent interspersed, the woodman's pile. Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes, Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise. High up the cliff the varied groves ascend, And mournful larches o'er the wave impend. Around, what sounds, what magic sounds arise, What glimmering scenes salute my ravished eyes: Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed, The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head, And swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind, Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind. Still, every rising sound of calm delight Stamps but the fearful silence of the night; Save, when is heard, between each dreary rest, Discordant from her solitary nest, The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon; Now riding, cloud-wrapt, near her highest noon : Or when the wild duck, southering, hither rides, And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequestered spot, when youth Gave to each tale the holy force of truth, Have I long-lingered, while the milk-maid sung The tragic legend, till the woodland rung! That tale, so sad! which, still to memory dear, From its sweet source can call the sacred tear. And (lulled to rest stern reason's harsh control) Steal its soft magic to the passive soul. These hallowed shades,—these trees that woo the wind, Recall its faintest features to my mind. A hundred passing years, with march sublime, Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,

Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade, Reclusely dwelt the far-famed Clifton Maid, The beauteous MARGARET; for her each swain Confest in private his peculiar pain, In secret sighed, a victim to despair, Nor dared to hope to win the peerless fair. No more the shepherd on the blooming mead Attuned to gaiety his artless reed, No more entwined the pansied wreath, to deck His favorite wether's unpolluted neck; But listless, by yon babbling stream reclined, He mixed his sobbings with the passing wind, Bemoaned his hapless love, or boldly bent, Far from these smiling fields, a rover went, O'er distant lands, in search of ease to roam, A self-willed exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid expressed disdain, Her BATEMAN loved, nor loved the youth in vain. Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs, The echoing vault responded to their vows, As here deep hidden from the glare of day, Enamored, oft they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name; 'Twas there the blushing maid confessed her flame. Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie, When evening slumbered on the western sky. That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare, Each bears mementoes of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze With the fallen honors of the mourning trees, The maiden waited at the accustomed bower, And waited long beyond the appointed hour, Yet Bateman came not ;--o'er the woodland drear, Howling portentous, did the winds career; And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods, The fitful rains rushed down in sudden floods. The night was dark; as, now-and-then, the gale Paused for a moment,-Margaret listened, pale; But through the covert to her anxious ear, No rustling footstep spoke her lover near. Strange fears now filled her breast,-she knew not why; She sighed, and Bateman's name was in each sigh. She hears a noise,-'tis he-he comes at last. Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past; But now she hears a quickening footstep sound, Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound : 'Tis Bateman's self,-he springs into her arms, 'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms. "Yet why this silence ?- I have waited long, And the cold storm has yelled the trees among. And now thou'rt here my fears are fled-yet speak, Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek? Say, what is wrong ?"-Now, through a parting cloud, The pale moon peered from her tempestuous shroud, And Bateman's face was seen ;--'twas deadly white, And sorrow seemed to sicken in his sight. "Oh, speak, my love !" again the maid conjured; "Why is thy heart in sullen woe immured ?" He raised his head, and thrice essayed to tell, Thrice from his lips the unfinished accents fell; When thus at last reluctantly he broke His boding silence, and the maid bespoke :---"Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance, I on these fields must cast my parting glance; For three long years, by cruel fate's command, . I go to languish in a foreign land.

Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view, Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true? Should honors tempt thee, and should riches fee, Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me, And on the silken couch of wealth reclined, Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?"

"Oh! why," replies the maid, "my faith thus prove?— Canst thou ! ah, canst thou, then, suspect my love? Hear me, just God ! if, from my traitorous heart, My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part, If, when he hail again his native shore, He finds his Margaret true to him no more, May fiends of hell, and every power of dread, Conjoined, then drag me from my perjured bed, And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps, To find deservéd death in yonder deeps !"*

Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew A golden ring, and broke it quick in two; One half she in her lovely bosom hides, The other, trembling to her love confides. "This bind the vow," she said, "this mystic charm No future recantation can disarm, The rite vindictive does the fates involve, No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve."

She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry, The river moaned, the wild gale whistled by, And once again the lady of the night, Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light. Trembling she viewed these portents with dismay : But gently Bateman kissed her fears away :

* This part of the Trent is commonly called "The Clifton Deeps."

Yet still he felt concealed a secret smart, Still melancholy bodings filled his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped, A lonely life the moody maiden led. Still would she trace each dear, each well-known walk, Still by the moonlight to her love would talk And fancy as she paced among the trees, She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.

Thus two years glided on, in silent grief; The third, her bosom owned the kind relief; Absence had cooled her love,—the impoverished flame Was dwindling fast, when lo! the tempter came; He offered wealth, and all the joys of life, And the weak maid became another's wife!

Six guilty months had marked the false one's crime, When Bateman hailed once more his native clime. Sure of her constancy, elate he came, The lovely partner of his soul to claim. Light was his heart, as up the well-known way He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay. Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes, When on his ear the fatal news arose. Chilled with amazement,—senseless with the blow, He stood a marble monument of woe. Till called to all the horrors of despair, He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair; Then rushed impetuous from the dreadful spot, And sought those scenes (by memory ne'er forgot), Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame, And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame. 'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore, And traced again their former wanderings o'er.

Now on the bank in silent grief he stood, And gazed intently on the stealing flood, Death in his mien and madness in his eye, He watched the waters as they murmured by; Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave-Prepared to plunge into the whelming wave. Yet still he stood irresolutely bent, Religion sternly stayed his rash intent. He knelt .-- Cool played upon his cheek the wind, And fanned the fever of his maddening mind. The willows waved, the stream it sweetly swept, The paly moonbeam on its surface slept, And all was peace :---he felt the general calm O'er his racked bosom shed a genial balm : When casting far behind his streaming eye, He saw the Grove,-in fancy saw her lie, His Margaret, lulled in Germain's* arms to rest, And all the demon rose within his breast. Convulsive now, he clenched his trembling hand, Cast his dark eye once more upon the land, Then, at one spring, he spurned the yielding bank, And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound, As in the stream he plunged, was heard around: Then all was still,—the wave was rough no more, The river swept as sweetly as before, The willows waved, the moonbeam shone serene, And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.

Now, see upon the perjured fair one hang Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.

* Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.

Full well she knew, repentant now too late, She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate. But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast, The offended God prolonged her life unblest. But fast the fleeting moments rolled away, And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day; That day, foredoomed to give her child the light, And hurl its mother to the shades of night.

The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife The guiltless baby struggled into life.— As night drew on, around her bed, a band Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand; In holy prayer they passed the creeping time, Intent to explate her awful crime.

Their prayers were fruitless. As the midnight came, A heavy sleep oppressed each weary frame. In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load, Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode. They slept, till in the blushing eastern sky The bloomy morning oped her dewy eye: Then wakening wide they sought the ravished bed, But lo ! the hapless Margaret was fled; And never more the weeping train were doomed To view the false one, in the deeps intombed.

The neighboring rustics told that in the night They heard such screams, as froze them with affright; And many an infant at its mother's breast, Started dismayed, from its unthinking rest. And even now, upon the heath forlorn, They show the path, down which the fair was borne, By the fell demons, to the yawning wave, Her own, and murdered lover's, mutual grave. Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear, Which oft in youth has charmed my listening ear, That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets In the drear silence of these dark retreats; And even now, with melancholy power, Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour. 'Mid all the charms by magic Nature given To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven, With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans On the attendant legend of the scenes. This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods, And breathes a mellower gloom upon the woods; This, as the distant cataract swells around, Gives a romantic cadence to the sound : This, and the deep'ning glen, the alley green, The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between, The massy rock, the wood-encompassed leas, The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees, The lengthening vista, and the present gloom, The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume; These are thy charms, the joys which these impart Bind thee, blest Clifton ! close around my heart.

Dear native Grove! where'er my devious track, To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back. Whether in Arno's polished vales I stray, Or where "Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day; Or wander lone, where, wildering and wide, The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side; Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse, Or stand entranced with Pyrenean views; Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam, My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home. When splendor offers, and when Fame incites, I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights, Reject the boon, and wearied with the change, Renounce the wish which first induced to range; Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once more,

Trace once again Old Trent's romantic shore, And tired with worlds, and all their busy ways, Here waste the little remnant of my days. But, if the Fates should this last wish deny, And doom me on some foreign shore to die; Oh! should it please the world's supernal King, That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing; Or that my corse should, on some desert strand, Lie stretched beneath the Simoom's blasting hand; Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb, My sprite shall wander through this favorite gloom, Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove, Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove, Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave, And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

GONDOLINE.

A BALLAD.

THE night it was still, and the moon it shone Serenely on the sea,

And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock They murmured pleasantly.

When Gondoline roamed along the shore,A maiden full fair to the sight;Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,And turned it to deadly white.



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Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear It filled her faint blue eye,As oft she heard, in fancy's ear,Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth Of all our good king's men, And he was gone to the Holy Land To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had passed away, And many a rolling year,But nothing the maid from Palestine Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce The ocean's misty face;

Full oft she thought her lover's bark She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light In the high rock's lonely tower,To guide her lover to the land, Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast, And sunken in her eye: "Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live, And I in peace will die."

She wandered o'er the lonely shore, The curlew screamed above,

She heard the scream with a sickening heart, Much boding of her love.

POEMS OF

Yet still she kept her lonely way, And this was all her cry: "Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live, And I in peace shall die."

And now she came to a horrible rift All in the rock's hard side,A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread The cavern yawning wide;

And pendant from its dismal top The deadly nightshade hung, The hemlock, and the aconite, Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm,
Yet Gondoline entered, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And, as she entered the cavern wide, The moonbeam gleaméd pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,— It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipped, and she stood aghast, She trod on a bloated toad;

Yet still, upheld by the secret charm, She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear Mysterious sounds arose,So, on the mountain's piny top, The blustering north wind blows. Then furious peals of laughter loudWere heard with thundering sound,Till they died away, in soft decay,Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went, The charm yet onward led, Though each big glaring ball of sight Seemed bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw, It from a distance came,

She followed, till upon her sight, Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appalled; yet still the charm Upheld her sinking soul,

Yet each bent knee the other smote, And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there, No mortal saw before,And such a sight as she saw there, No mortal shall see more.

A burning caldron stood in the midst, The flame was fierce and high,And all the cave so wide and long, Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the caldron stout Twelve withered witches stood: Their waists were bound with living snakes, And their hair was stiff with blood. Their hands were gory, too; and red And fiercely flamed their eyes; And they were muttering indistinct Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they joined their hands, And uttered a joyous cry, And round about the caldron stout They danced right merrily.

And now they stopt; and each prepared To tell what she had done, Since last the Lady of the Night, Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline, Thick weeds her face did veil, And she leaned fearful forwarder, To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: She said she'd seen Rare sport, since the blind cat mewed; She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve, And a jovial storm had brewed.

She called around the wingéd winds, And raised a devilish rout;And she laughed so loud, the peals were heard Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark Upon the roaring wave,And there was a woman there who'd been To see her husband's grave. And she had got a child in her arms, It was her only child,And oft its little infant pranks Her heavy heart beguiled.

And there was too in that same bark, A father and his son : The lad was sickly, and the sire, Was old, and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxéd strong, And the bark could no more it 'bide, She said, it was jovial fun to hear How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasped her orphan child Unto her breast, and wept; And, sweetly folded in her arms, The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape of the wind, As manfully it roared, She twisted her hand in the infant's hair, And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs, 'Twas a glorious sight to see; The crew could scarcely hold her down From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand, And it was soft and fair;It must have been a lovely child, To have had such lovely hair. And she said, the father in his arms He held his sickly son,And his dying throes they fast arose, And his pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,And his face grew deadly blue;And the father he tore his thin gray hair,And kissed the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bored a hole, In the bark, and it filled away;And 'twas rare to hear how some did swear, And some did vow, and pray.

The man and woman they soon were dead, The sailors their strength did urge;

But the billows that beat were their winding-sheet, And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire, The red flame flaméd high, And round about the caldron stout, They danced right merrily.

The second begun: she said she had done The task that Queen Hecate had set her, And that the devil, the father of evil, Had never accomplished a better.

She said there was an aged woman, And she had a daughter fair, Whose evil habits filled her heart With misery and care. The daughter had a paramour, A wicked man was he, And oft the woman, him against, Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had worked the daughter up To murder her old mother, That then she might seize on all her goods, And wanton with her lover.

And one night, as the old womanWas sick and ill in bed,And pondering sorely on the lifeHer wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor, And she raised her pallid head,And she saw her daughter, with a knife, Approaching to her bed;

And said, "My child, I'm very ill, I have not long to live;Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die Thy sins I may forgive."

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek, And she lifted the sharp, bright knife, And the mother saw her fell intent, And hard she begged for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail, And she screaméd loud with fear; But the house was lone, and the piercing screams Could reach no human ear. And though that she was sick, and old,She struggled hard, and fought;The murderess cut three fingers throughEre she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up, The skin was mangled sore,And they all agreed a nobler deed Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire, The red flame flaméd high,And round about the caldron stout They danced right merrily.

The third arose: she said she'd been To holy Palestine;

And seen more blood in one short day, Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps, Drew nearer to the flame, For much she dreaded now to hear Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports Of that eventful day, When on the well-contested field Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said, that she in human goreAbove the knees did wade,And that no tongue could truly tellThe tricks she there had played.

There was a gallant-featured youth, Who like a hero fought: He kissed a bracelet on his wrist, And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguisedUnto the knight she sues,And tells him she from Britain comes,And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embarked, His love had given her hand Unto a wealthy Thane :—and thought Him dead in holy land.

And to have seen how he did writhe When this her tale she told, It would have made a wizard's blood Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurred his warrior steed, And sought the battle's bed : And soon all mangled o'er with wounds He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse, she tore His head, half clove in two,She ceased, and from beneath her garb, The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their socks, The mouth it ghastly grinned, And there was a gash across the brow, The scalp was nearly skinned. 'Twas BERTRAND'S HEAD. With a terrible scream, The maiden gave a spring,And from her fearful hiding-place She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled,—the caldron sunk, Deep thunders shook the dome, And hollow peals of laughter came Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay Upon the hellish ground: And still mysterious sounds were heard At intervals around.

She woke,—she half arose,—and wild, She cast a horrid glare,

The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled, And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock, The moon it sweetly shone,And showed a river in the cave, Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep As it rushed the rocks between, It offered well, for madness fired The breast of Gondoline.

She plungéd in, the torrent moaned With its accustomed sound,And hollow peals of laughter loud, Again rebellowed round. The maid was seen no more.—But oft Her ghost is known to glide, At midnight's silent, solemn hour, Along the ocean's side.

LINES WRITTEN ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS,

IN THE MORNING BEFORE DAYBREAK.

YE many-twinkling stars, who yet do hold Your brilliant places in the sable vault Of night's dominions !---Planets, and central orbs Of other systems !---big as the burning sun, Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye, Small as the glow-worm's lamp !- To you I raise My lowly orisons, while all bewildered, My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts; Too vast, too boundless, for our narrow mind, Warped with low prejudices, to infold, And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring, Through ye, I raise my solemn thoughts to Him ! The mighty founder of this wondrous maze, The great Creator! Him! who now sublime Wrapt in the solitary amplitude Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts, in their inferior heaven, Hymn to their golden harps his praise sublime, Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great," In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds

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Roll o'er the air serene.—The Æolian spheres, Harping along their viewless boundaries, Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great," Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all, From orb to orb, to the remotest verge Of the created world, the sound is borne, Till the whole universe is full of HIM.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now In fancy strikes upon my listening ear, And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile On the vain world, and all its bustling cares, And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.

Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height, What even are kings, when balanced in the scale Of these stupendous worlds! Almighty God! Thou, the dread author of these wondrous works! Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm, One look of kind benevolence?—Thou canst: For thou art full of universal love, And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart Thy beams as well to me, as to the proud, The pageant insects, of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime, How insignificant do all the joys, The gauds and honors of the world appear! How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp Outwatched the slow-paced night?—Why, on the page, The schoolman's labored page, have I employed The hours devoted by the world to rest, And needful to recruit exhausted nature? Say, can the voice of narrow fame repay The loss of health? or can the hope of glory, Lend a new throb into my languid heart, Cool, even now, my feverish, aching brow, Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye, Or paint new colors on this pallid cheek? Say, foolish one-can that unbodied Fame, For which thou barterest health and happiness, Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave? Give a new zest to bliss? or chase the pangs Of everlasting punishment condign? Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires! How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God! Guide thou my footsteps in the way of truth, And oh! assist me so to live on earth, That I may die in peace, and claim a place In thy high dwelling.—All but this is folly, The vain illusions of deceitful life.

LINES SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LOVER AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS.

OCCASIONED BY A SITUATION IN A ROMANCE.

MARY, the moon is sleeping on thy grave, And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling, The big tear in his eye.—Mary, awake, From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft, and low, Pour on the silver ear of night thy tale, Thy whispered tale, of comfort, and of love, To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul, And cheer his breaking heart.—Come, as thou didst, When o'er the barren moors the night-wind howled, And the deep thunders shook the ebon throne Of the startled night.—Oh! then, as lone reclining, I listened sadly to the dismal storm, Thou, on the lambent lightnings wild careering, Didst strike my moody eye; dead pale thou wert, Yet passing lovely.—Thou didst smile upon me, And oh! thy voice it rose so musical, Betwixt the hollow pauses of the storm, That at the sound the winds forgot to rave, And the stern demon of the tempest, charmed, Sunk on his rocking throne, to still repose, Locked in the arms of silence.

Spirit of her, My only love !---Oh ! now again arise, And let once more thine aery accents fall Soft on my listening ear. The night is calm, The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely swelling, On the still air, the distant waterfall Mingles its melody;—and high, above, The pensive empress of the solemn night, Fitful, emerging from the rapid clouds, Shows her chaste face, in the meridian sky. No wicked elves upon the Warlock-knoll, Dare now assemble at their mystic revels. It is a night, when, from their primrose beds The gentle ghosts of injured innocents Are known to rise, and wander on the breeze, Or take their stand by the oppressor's couch, And strike grim terror to his guilty soul. The spirit of my love might now awake, And hold its 'customed converse.

Mary, lo ! Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave, And calls upon thy name.—The breeze that blows On his wan cheek, will soon sweep over him, In solemn music, a funereal dirge, Wild and most sorrowful.—His cheek is pale, The worm that preyed upon thy youthful bloom, It cankered green on his.—Now lost he stands, The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew Which bathes his aching temples, gives sure omen Of speedy dissolution.—Mary, soon Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine, And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.

MY STUDY.

A LETTER IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

You bid me, Ned, describe the place Where I, one of the rhyming race, Pursue my studies *con amore*, And wanton with the muse in glory.

Well, figure to your senses straight, Upon the house's topmost height, A closet, just six feet by four, With whitewashed walls and plaster floor, So noble large, 'tis scarcely able To admit a single chair and table: And (lest the muse should die with cold) A smoky grate my fire to hold: So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose To melt the ice-drop on one's nose; And yet so big, it covers o'er Full half the spacious room and more. A window vainly stuffed about, To keep November's breezes out, So crazy, that the panes proclaim, That they soon mean to leave the frame.

My furniture, I sure may crack— A broken chair without a back; A table, wanting just two legs, One end sustained by wooden pegs; A desk—of that I am not fervent, The work of, sir, your humble servant, (Who, though I say 't, am no such fumbler;) A glass decanter and a tumbler, From which, my night-parched throat I lave, Luxurious, with the limpid wave. A chest of drawers, in antique sections, And sawed by me, in all directions; So small, sir, that whoever views 'em, Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em. To these, if you will add a store Of oddities upon the floor, A pair of globes, electric balls, Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobbler's awls, And crowds of books, on rotten shelves, Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves; I think, dear Ned, you curious dog, You'll have my earthly catalogue. But stay,-I nearly had left out My bellows destitute of snout; And on the walls,-Good heavens! why there I've such a load of precious ware, Of heads, and coins, and silver medals, And organ works, and broken pedals,

(For I was once a building music, Though soon of that employ I grew sick), And skeletons of laws which shoot All out of one primordial root; That you, at such a sight, would swear Confusion's self had settled there. There stands, just by a broken sphere, A Cicero without an ear, A neck, on which by logic good I know for sure a head once stood; But who it was the able master, Had moulded in the mimic plaster, Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn, I never yet could justly learn: But knowing well that any head Is made to answer for the dead, (And sculptors first their faces frame, And after pitch upon a name, Nor think it aught of a misnomer To christen Chaucer's busto, Homer, Because they both have beards, which you know Will mark them well from Joan, and Juno), For some great man, I could not tell But NECK might answer just as well, So perched it up, all in a row With Chatham and with Cicero.

Then all around in just degree, A range of portraits you may see, Of mighty men, and eke of women Who are no whit inferior *to* men.

With these fair dames, and heroes round, I call my garret classic ground.

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For though confined, 'twill well contain The ideal flights of Madam Brain. No dungeon's walls, no cell confined, Can cramp the energies of mind ! Thus, though my heart may seem so small, I've friends and 'twill contain them all; And should it e'er beome so cold That these it will no longer hold, No more may heaven her blessings give, I shall not then be fit to live.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire! Whose modest form, so delicately fine, Was nursed in whirling storms

And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young spring first questioned winter's sway, And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,

Thee on this bank he threw To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,

Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,

Unnoticed and alone,

Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms Of chill adversity, in some lone walk

Of life, she rears her head Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows, Chastens her spotless purity of breast, And hardens her to bear Serene the ills of life.

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SONNETS.

SONNET I.

TO THE RIVER TRENT .--- WRITTEN ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

ONCE more, O TRENT! along thy pebbly marge A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,
From the close sick-room newly let at large,
Woos to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
Oh! to his ear how musical the tale
Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat !
And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail, How wildly novel on his senses float !
It was on this, that many a sleepless night, As, lone, he watched the taper's sickly gleam, And at his casement heard, with wild affright, The owl's dull wing, and melancholy scream, On this he thought, this, this his sole desire,

SONNET II.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,

Where, far from cities, I may spend my days : And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,

May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways. While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,

List to the mountain torrent's distant noise, Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,

I shall not want the world's delusive joys; But, with my little scrip, my book, my lyre, Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more; And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,

I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,

And lay me down to rest where the wild wave Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

SONNET III.*

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ADDRESSED BY A FEMALE LUNATIC TO A LADY.

LADY, thou weepest for the Maniac's woe,

And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art young, Oh may thy bosom never, never know

The pangs with which my wretched heart is wrung. I had a mother once—a brother too—

(Beneath yon yew my father rests his head:)

I had a lover once,-and kind, and true,

But mother, brother, lover, all are fled !

Yet, whence the tear, which dims thy lovely eye?

Oh! gentle lady—not for me thus weep, The green sod soon upon my breast will lie,

And soft and sound, will be my peaceful sleep. Go thou, and pluck the roses while they bloom— My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

SONNET IV.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE UNHAPPY POET DERMODY, IN A STORM, WHILE ON BOARD A SHIP IN HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

Lo! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind

* This quatorzain had its rise from an elegant sonnet, "occasioned by seeing a young female lunatic," written by Mrs. Lofft, and published in the "Monthly Mirror." Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds, While the pale pilot o'er the helm reclined,
Lists to the changeful storm : and as he plies His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him, sad, Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad,
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes;
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn, View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,

Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep, For not for me shall wife, or children mourn, And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell, Sweetly as solemn peal of pious passing-bell.

SONNET V.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far; The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays

The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow ways, And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war

Of winds and elements on thy head will break, And in thy agonizing ear the shriek, Of spirits howling on their stormy car, Will often ring appalling—I portend

A dismal night-and on my wakeful bed

Thoughts, Traveller, of thee, will fill my head, And him, who rides where wind and waves contend, And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

SONNET VI.

BY CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

[This Sonnet was addressed to the author of this volume, and was occasioned by several little quatorzains, misnomered sonnets, which he published in the "Monthly Mirror." He begs leave to return his thanks to the much respected writer for the permission so politely granted to insert it here, and for the good opinion he has been pleased to express of his productions.]

YE, whose aspirings court the muse of lays,"Severest of those orders which belong,Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,"Why shun the Sonnet's undulating maze ?And why its name, boast of Petrarchian days,

Assume, its rules disowned? whom from the throng The Muse selects, their ear the charm obeys

Of its full harmony :----they fear to wrong The *Sonnet*, by adorning with a name

Of that distinguished import, lays, though sweet,

Yet not in magic texture taught to meet

Of that so varied and peculiar frame.

Oh think! to vindicate its genuine praise

Those it beseems, whose Lyre a favoring impulse sways.

SONNET VII.

RECANTATORY, IN REPLY TO THE FOREGOING ELEGANT ADMONITION.

LET the sublimer Muse, who, wrapt in night, Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,

Or o'er the field, with purple havoc warm, Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight;

Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,

Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form, And scorn to its wild cadence to conform, The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight. But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,

Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest shade

With wildest song ;—Me, much behoves thy aid Of mingled melody, to grace my strain, And give it power to please, as soft it flows Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

SONNET VIII.

ON HEARING THE SOUNDS OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide

Of the infuriate gust, it did career,

It might have soothed its rugged charioteer, And sunk him to a zephyr;—then it died, Melting in melody:—and I descried

Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear

Of Druid sage, who on the far-off ear Poured his lone song, to which the surge replied: Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,

Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,

By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds, Such as, 'tis said, at night are known to swell By startled shepherd on the lonely heath, Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death?

SONNET IX.

WHAT art thou, MIGHTY ONE! and where thy seat? Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands. And thou dost bear within thine awful hands,

The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.

Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud, and wind, Thou guidest the northern storm at night's dead noon,

Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon, Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind. In the drear silence of the polar span

Dost thou repose? or in the solitude Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan

Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ? Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace, Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

A BALLAD.

BE hushed, be hushed, ye bitter winds, Ye pelting rains, a little rest:Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts, That wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh, cruel was my faithless love,

To triumph o'er an artless maid :

Oh, cruel was my faithless love,

To leave the breast by him betrayed.

When exiled from my native home,

He should have wiped the bitter tear : Nor left me faint and lone to roam,

A heart-sick weary wanderer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms, The winds they will not let it sleep; Ah, little knows the hapless babe, What makes its wretched mother weep! Now lie thee still, my infant dear, I cannot bear thy sobs to see, Harsh is thy father, little one, And never will he shelter thee.

Oh, that I were but in my grave,And winds were piping o'er me loud,And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,Wert nestling in thy mother's shroud.

THE LULLABY

OF A FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION.

SLEEP,* baby mine, enkerchieft on my bosom,

Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;

Sleep, baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother, To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining,Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled;Hush, hush, my babe, the night is quickly waning,And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping, When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be: Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping, In her low grave of shame and infamy!

Sleep, baby mine.—To-morrow I must leave thee, And I would snatch an interval of rest;

Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,

For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

* Sir Philip Sidney has a poem beginning, "Sleep, baby mine."

POEMS,

WRITTEN DURING, OR SHORTLY AFTER, THE PUBLICATION OF CLIFTON GROVE.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO H. FUSELI, ESQ., R.A., ON SEEING ENGRAVINGS FROM HIS DESIGNS.

MIGHTY Magician! who on Torneo's brow, When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night, Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below; And listen to the distant death-shriek long From lonely mariner foundering in the deep, Which rises slowly up the rocky steep, While the weird sisters weave the horrid song: Or when along the liquid sky Serenely chant the orbs on high, Dost love to sit in musing trance And mark the northern meteor's dance, (While far below the fitful oar Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore,) And list the music of the breeze, That sweeps by fits the bending seas; And often bears with sudden swell The shipwrecked sailor's funeral knell, By the spirits sung who keep Their night watch on the treacherous deep,

And guide the wakeful helmsman's eye To Helice in northern sky; And there upon the rock inclined With mighty visions fill'st the mind, Such as bound in magic spell Him* who grasped the gates of hell, And bursting Pluto's dark domain Held to the day the Terrors of his reign.

Genius of Horror and romantic awe,
Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,
Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
Who shall now thy wand inherit,
From him† thy darling child who best
Thy shuddering images exprest?
Sullen of soul and stern and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurned the crowd,
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansion of the silent dead.

Mighty Magician! long thy wand has lain
Buried beneath the unfathomable deep;
And oh! forever must its efforts sleep,
May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain!
Oh yes, 'tis his!—Thy other son
He throws thy dark-wrought Tunic on,
Fuesslin waves thy wand,—again they rise,
Again thy wildering forms salute our ravished eyes.
Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep
Where round his head the volleyed lightnings flung,
And the loud winds that round his pillow rung

* Dante.

† Ibid.

Wooed the stern infant to the arms of sleep.

Or on the highest top of Teneriffe, Seated the fearless Boy, and bade him look Where far below the weather-beaten skiff On the gulf bottom of the ocean strook. Thou mark'st him drink with ruthless ear The death-sob, and disdaining rest, Thou sawest how danger fired his breast, And in his young hand couched the visionary spear. Then Superstition at thy call, She bore the boy to Odin's Hall, And sat before his awe-struck sight The savage feast and spectred fight; And summoned from his mountain tomb The ghastly warrior son of gloom, His fabled runic rhymes to sing While fierce Hresvelger flapped his wing; Thou showedst the trains the shepherd sees, Laid on the stormy Hebrides, Which on the mists of evening gleam Or crowd the foaming desert stream; Lastly, her storied hand she waves, And lays him in Florentian caves; There milder fables, lovelier themes, Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams, There, pity's lute arrests his ear, And draws the half-reluctant tear; And now at noon of night he roves Along the embowering moonlight groves, And as from many a caverned dell The hollow wind is heard to swell, He thinks some troubled spirit sighs, And as upon the turf he lies,

Where sleeps the silent beam of night, He sees below the gliding sprite, And hears in Fancy's organs sound Aerial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes and smooths the whole, And breathes her polish o'er his soul; Glowing with wild, yet chastened heat, The wondrous work is now complete.

The poet dreams :—The shadow flies, And fainting fast its image dies. But lo! the Painter's magic force Arrests the phantom's fleeting course; It lives—it lives—the canvas glows, And tenfold vigor o'er it flows. The Bard beholds the work achieved, And as he sees the shadow rise, Sublime before his wandering eyes, Starts at the image his own mind conceived.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G.

RETIRED, remote from human noise,
A humble Poet dwelt serene,
His lot was lowly, yet his joys
Were manifold I ween.
He laid him by the brawling brook
At eventide to ruminate,
He watched the swallow swimming round,
And mused, in reverie profound,

On wayward man's unhappy state,

And pondered much, and paused on deeds of ancient date.

II. 1.

"Oh, 'twas not always thus," he cried, "There was a time when genius claimed Respect from even towering pride, Nor hung her head ashamed : But now to wealth alone we bow, The titled and the rich alone, Are honored, while meek merit pines, On penury's wretched couch reclines, Unheeded in his dying moan, As, overwhelmed with want and woe, he sinks unknown.

III. 1.

"Yet was the muse not always seen In poverty's dejected mien, Not always did repining rue, And misery her steps pursue. Time was, when nobles thought their titles graced, By the sweet honors of poetic bays, When Sidney sung his melting song, When Sheffield joined the harmonious throng, And Lyttleton attuned to love his lays. Those days are gone—alas, forever gone ! No more our nobles love to grace Their brows with anadems, by genius won, But arrogantly deem the Muse as base; How differently thought the sires of this degenerate race!"

I. 2.

Thus sang the minstrel :—still at eve The upland's woody shades among, In broken measures did he grieve, With solitary song. And still his shame was aye the same, Neglect had stung him to the core; And he, with pensive joy did love To seek the still congenial grove, And muse on all his sorrows o'er, And vow that he would join the abjured world no more.

II. 2.

But human vows, how frail they be! Fame brought Carlisle unto his view, And all amazed, he thought to see The Augustan age anew. Filled with wild rapture, up he rose, No more he ponders on the woes, Which erst he felt that forward goes, Regrets he'd sunk in impotence,

And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

III. 2.

Ah! silly man, yet smarting sore,
With ills which in the world he bore,
Again on futile hope to rest.
An unsubstantial prop at best,
And not to know one swallow makes no summer !
Ah! soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,
Which flashed across the hemisphere,
Illumining the darkness there,
Was but a simple solitary beam,
While all around remained in customed night.
Still leaden ignorance reigns serene,
In the false court's delusive height,
And only one Carlisle is seen,

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day, The burning wheels have urged their way, And Eve along the western skies Sheds her intermingling dyes. Down the deep, the miry lane, Creaking comes the empty wain, And Driver on the shaft-horse sits, Whistling now and then by fits; And oft, with his accustomed call, Urging on the sluggish Ball. The barn is still, the master's gone, And Thresher puts his jacket on, While Dick, upon the ladder tall, Nails the dead kite to the wall. Here comes shepherd Jack at last, He has penned the sheep-cote fast, For 'twas but two nights before, A lamb was eaten on the moor: His empty wallet *Rover* carries, Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries. With lolling tongue he runs to try, If the horse-trough be not dry. The milk is settled in the pans, And supper messes in the cans; In the hovel carts are wheeled, And both the colts are drove afield; The horses are all bedded up, And the ewe is with the tup. The snare for Mister Fox is set The leaven laid, the thatching wet, And Bess has slinked away to talk With Roger in the holly-walk.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Now on the settle all, but Bess, Are set to eat their supper mess; And little Tom, and roguish Kate, Are swinging on the meadow gate. Now they chat of various things, Of taxes, ministers, and kings, Or else tell all the village news, How madam did the 'squire refuse; How parson on his tithes was bent, And landlord off distrained for rent. Thus do they talk, till in the sky The pale-eyed moon is mounted high, And from the alehouse drunken Ned Has reeled—then hasten all to bed. The mistress sees that Lazy Kate The happing coal on kitchen grate Has laid—while master goes throughout, Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out, The candles safe, the hearths all clear, And nought from thieves or fire to fear; Then both to bed together creep, And join the general troop of sleep.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

COME, pensive sage, who lovest to dwell In some retired Lapponian cell, Where far from noise, and riot rude, Resides sequestered solitude. Come, and o'er my longing soul Throw thy dark and russet stole,

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And open to my duteous eyes, The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill, Where, with printless footstep still The morning in her buskin gray, Springs upon her eastern way; While the frolic zephyrs stir, Plaving with the gossamer, And, on ruder pinions borne, Shake the dew-drops from the thorn. There, as o'er the fields we pass, Brushing with hasty feet the grass, We will startle from her nest, The lively lark with speckled breast, And hear the floating clouds among Her gale-transported matin song, Or on the upland stile embowered, With fragrant hawthorn snowy-flowered, Will sauntering sit, and listen still, To the herdsman's oaten quill, Wafted from the plain below; Or the heifer's frequent low; Or the milkmaid in the grove, Singing of one that died for love. Or when the noontide heats oppress, We will seek the dark recess, Where, in the embowered translucent stream, The cattle shun the sultry beam, And o'er us, on the marge reclined, The drowsy fly her horn shall wind, While echo, from her ancient oak, Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;

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Or the little peasant's song, Wandering lone the glens among, His artless lip with berries dyed, And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But, oh, when evening's virgin queen Sits on her fringéd throne serene, And mingling whispers rising near, Steal on the still reposing ear; While distant brooks decaying round, Augment the mixed dissolving sound, And the zephyr flitting by, Whispers mystic harmony, We will seek the woody lane, By the hamlet, on the plain, Where the weary rustic nigh, Shall whistle his wild melody, And the croaking wicket oft Shall echo from the neighboring croft; And as we trace the green path lone, With moss and rank weeds overgrown, We will muse on pensive lore, Till the full soul brimming o'er, Shall in our upturned eyes appear, Embodied in a quivering tear. Or else, serenely silent, sit By the brawling rivulet, Which on its calm unruffled breast, Rears the old mossy arch impressed, That clasps its secret stream of glass, Half hid in shrubs and waving grass, The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat, Unpressed by fawn or sylvan's feet,

We'll watch in Eve's ethereal braid, The rich vermilion slowly fade; Or eatch, faint twinkling from afar, The first glimpse of the eastern star. Fair vesper, mildest lamp of light, That heralds in imperial night: Meanwhile, upon our wondering ear, Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear, The distant sounds of pastoral lute, Invoking soft the sober suit Of dimmest darkness-fitting well With love, or sorrow's pensive spell, (So erst did music's silver tone, Wake slumbering chaos on his throne.) And haply, then, with sudden swell, Shall roar the distant curfew bell, While in the castle's mouldering tower, The hooting owl is heard to pour Her melancholy song, and scare Dull silence brooding in the air. Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car, Black-suited night drives on from far, And Cynthia's, 'merging from her rear, Arrests the waxing darkness drear, And summons to her silent call, Sweeping in their airy pall, The unshrived ghosts, in fairy trance, To join her moonshine morrice-dance; While around the mystic ring, The shadowy shapes elastic spring. Then with a passing shriek they fly, Wrapt in mists along the sky, And oft are by the shepherd seen, In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet To the low Abbey's still retreat, Embowered in the distant glen, Far from the haunts of busy men, Where, as we sit upon the tomb, The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom, And show to fancy's saddest eye, Where some lost hero's ashes lie. And oh, as through the mouldering arch, With ivy filled and weeping larch, The night-gale whispers sadly clear, Speaking dear things to fancy's ear, We'll hold communion with the shade Of some deep-wailing ruined maid— Or call the ghost of Spencer down, To tell of woe and fortune's frown; And bid us cast the eye of hope, Beyond this bad world's narrow scope. Or if these joys, to us denied, To linger by the forest's side; Or in the meadow or the wood, Or by the lone romantic flood; Let us in the busy town, When sleep's dull streams the people drown, Far from drowsy pillows flee, And turn the church's massy key; Then, as through the painted glass, The moon's pale beams obscurely pass And darkly on the trophied wall, Her faint ambiguous shadows fall; Let us, while the faint winds wail, Through the long reluctant aisle, As we pace with reverence meet, Count the echoings of our feet;

While from the tombs, with confessed breath, Distinct responds the voice of death. If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend, Thus on my footsteps to attend, To thee my lonely lamp shall burn, By fallen Genius' sainted urn ! As o'er the scroll of Time I pore, And sagely spell of ancient lore. Till I can rightly guess of all That Plato could to memory call, And scan the formless views of things, Or with old Egypt's fettered kings, Arrange the mystic trains that shine In night's high philosophic mine; And to thy name shall e'er belong The honors of undying song.

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

OH, thou who in my early youth, When fancy wore the garb of truth, Wert wont to win my infant feet, To some retired, deep-fabled seat, Where by the brooklet's secret tide, The midnight ghost was known to glide; Or lay me in some lonely glade, In native Sherwood's forest shade, Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold, Was wont his sylvan courts to hold; And there as musing deep I lay, Would steal my little soul away, And all thy pictures represent, Of siege and solemn tournament;

Or bear me to the magic scene, Where clad in greaves and gaberdine The warrior knight of chivalry, Made many a fierce enchanter flee; And bore the high-born dame away, Long held the fell magician's prey. Or oft would tell the shuddering tale Of murders, and of goblins pale, Haunting the guilty baron's side (Whose floors with secret blood were dyed), Which o'er the vaulted corridore, On stormy nights was heard to roar, By old domestic, wakened wide By the angry winds that chide. Or else the mystic tale would tell, Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

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THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

I.

Oн, yonder is the well-known spot, My dear, my long-lost native home! Oh! welcome is yon little cot,

Where I shall rest, no more to roam !
Oh ! I have travelled far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband.
But all their charms could not prevail,

To steal my heart from yonder vale.

II.

Of distant climes the false report

It lured me from my native land; It bade me rove—my sole support

My cymbals and my saraband.

The woody dell, the hanging rock,

The chamois skipping o'er the heights; The plain adorned with many a flock,

And, oh! a thousand more delights,

That grace yon dear beloved retreat, Have backward won my weary feet.

III.

Now safe returned, with wandering tired, No more my little home I'll leave; And many a tale of what I've seen Shall while away the winter's eve. Oh! I have wandered far and wide, O'er many a distant foreign land; Each place, each province I have tried, And sung and danced my saraband; But all their charms could not prevail, To steal my heart from yonder vale.

LINES,

Written impromptu, on reading the following passage in Mr. Capel Lofft's beautiful and interesting preface to Nathaniel Bloomfield's poems, just published.— "It has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the impression of its melancholy close. I could have wished, as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than its sweets delight it."

Go to the raging sea, and say, "Be still," Bid the wild lawless winds obey thy will; Preach to the storm, and reason with despair, But tell not Misery's son *that life is fair* !

Thou, who in Plenty's lavish lap hast rolled, And every year with new delight hast told, Thou, who recumbent on the lacquered barge, Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge, *Thou* mayst extol life's calm untroubled sea, The storms of misery never burst on *thee*!

Go to the mat where squalid want reclines, Go to the shade obscure, where Merit pines; Abide with him whom penury's charms control, And bind the rising yearnings of his soul, Survey his sleepless couch, and standing there, Tell the poor pallid wretch, *that life is fair*!

Press thou the lonely pillow of his head, And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled: Mark his dewed temples, and his half-shut eye, His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh, His muttering mouth, contorted with despair, And ask if Genius could inhabit there.

Oh yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleamed, And rays of light from its full eirclet streamed; But now neglect has stung him to the core, And hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more.

Domestic Anguish winds his vitals round, And added Grief compels him to the ground. Lo! o'er his manly form, decayed and wan, The shades of death with gradual steps steal on; And the pale mother pining to decay, Weeps for her boy, her wretched life away. Go, child of Fortune! to his early grave, Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave; Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed. Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there, And tell us then that life is *wondrous fair*!

Yet, Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretched forth, T' encourage genius, and to foster worth; On thee, th' unhappy's firm, unfailing friend, 'Tis just that every blessing should descend; 'Tis just that life to thee should only show, Her fairer side but little mixed with woe.

WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

SAD solitary Thought, who keep'st thy vigils, Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind; Communing lonely with his sinking soul, And musing on the dubious glooms that lie In dim obscurity before him,—thee, Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call At this still midnight hour, this awful season, When on my bed, in wakeful restlessness, I turn me wearisome; while all around, All, all save me, sink in forgetfulness; I only wake to watch the sickly taper Which lights me to my tomb.-Yes, 'tis the hand Of death I feel press heavy on my vitals, Slow sapping the warm current of existence. My moments now are few.—The sand of life Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,

And the last fleeting particle will fall, Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented. Come, then, sad thought, and let us meditate, While meditate we may.—We have now But a small portion of what men call time To hold communion; for even now the knife, The separating knife, I feel divide The tender bond that binds my soul to earth. Yes, I must die-I feel that I must die; And though to me has life been dark and dreary, Though hope for me has smiled but to deceive, And disappointment still pursued her blandishments: Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me As I contemplate the dim gulf of death, The shuddering void, the awful blank-futurity. Ay, I had planned full many a sanguine scheme Of earthly happiness,-romantic schemes, And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps, Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes, And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades, Lost in the gaping gulf of black oblivion. Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry? Oh! none:---another busy brood of beings Will shoot up in the interim, and none Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink, As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets Of busy London ;—Some short bustle's caused, A few inquiries, and the crowds close in, And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave The men of future times will careless tread, And read my name upon the sculptured stone; Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears, Recall my vanished memory.—I did hope

For better things !—I hoped I should not leave The earth without a vestige ;—Fate decrees It shall be otherwise, and I submit. Henceforth, oh world, no more of thy desires ! No more of hope ! the wanton vagrant Hope ! I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me, And my tired soul with emulative haste, Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for heaven.

PASTORAL SONG.

COME, Anna! come, the morning dawns, Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies; Come, let us seek the dewy lawns, And watch the early lark arise; While nature clad in vesture gay, Hails the loved return of day.

Our flocks that nip the scanty blade Upon the moor, shall seek the vale; And then, secure beneath the shade, We'll listen to the throstle's tale; And watch the silver clouds above, As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna! come, and bring thy lute, That with its tones, so softly sweet, In cadence with my mellow flute, We may beguile the noontide heat; While near the mellow bee shall join, To raise a harmony divine. And then at eve, when silence reigns,
Except when heard the beetle's hum;
We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,
To these sweet height's again we'll come;
And thou to thy soft lute shalt play
A solemn vesper to departing day.

ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

SEASON of general rest, whose solemn still Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,

But speaks to philosophic souls delight: Thee do I hail, as at my casement high, My candle waning melancholy by,

I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb that through the ether sails, And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,

Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame; To her, while all around in sleep recline, Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,

And sing the gentle honors of her name;

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends, To lift my soul her fairy visions sends,

And pours upon my ear her thrilling song; And Superstition's gentle terrors come, See, see, yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom ! See round yon churchyard elm what spectres throng!

Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay, My flageolet—and as I pensive play, The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene: The traveller late journeying o'er the moors, Hears them aghast—(while still the dull owl pours Her hollow screams each dreary pause between).

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light, Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night,

Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep; And mid the dreary solitude serene,

Cast a much-meaning glance upon the scene,

And raise my mournful eye to heaven and weep.

ODE TO THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

I.

HENCE away, vindictive Thought ! Thy pictures are of pain;
The visions through thy dark eye caught,
They with no gentle charms are fraught,
So prithee back again.
I would not weep,

I wish to sleep,

Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep?

II.

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline ?Is this thy new delight ?Pale visitant, it is not thineTo keep thy sentry through the mine,

The dark vault of the night: 'Tis thine to die, While o'er the eye, The dews of slumber press, and waking sorrows fly.

III.

Go thou and bide with him who guides His bark through lonely seas; And as, reclining on his helm, Sadly he marks the starry realm, To him thou mayst bring ease; But thou to me Art misery, So prithee, prithee plume thy wings and from my pillow flee.

IV.

And Memory, pray what art thou ? Art thou of pleasure born ? Does bliss untainted from thee flow ? The rose that gems thy pensive brow, Is it without a thorn ? With all thy smiles, And witching wiles, Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway defiles.

v.

The drowsy night-watch has forgot To call the solemn hour; Lulled by the winds he slumbers deep, While I in vain, capricious sleep, Invoke thy tardy power; And restless lie, With unclosed eye, And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

G E N I U S.

AN ODE.

I. 1.

MANY there be who, through the vale of life, With velvet pace, unnoticed, softly go, While jarring discord's inharmonious strife

Awakes them not to woe.

By them unheeded, carking care,

Green-eyed grief, and dull despair;

Smoothly they pursue their way,

With even tenor, and with equal breath; Alike through cloudy, and through sunny day,

Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1.

But ah! a few there be whom griefs devour, And weeping woe, and disappointment keen, Repining penury, and sorrow sour,

And self-consuming spleen.

And these are Genius' favorites : these

Know the thought-throned mind to please,

And from her fleshy seat to draw

To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll, Disdaining all but 'wildering rapture's law,

The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne, High above the burning zone, In radiant robe of light arrayed, Oh hear the plaint by thy sad favorite made, His melancholy moan. He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows, Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse To curse his being, and his thirst for praise.
Thou gavest to him, with treble force to feel, The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn,
And what o'er all does in his soul preside Predominant, and tempers him to steel, His high indignant pride.

I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal through life, That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
For ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife, Distract his hapless head !
For him awaits no balmy sleep, He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
Or, by his lonely lamp he sits, At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps, In feverish study, and in moody fits His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2.

And, oh! for what consumes his watchful oil? For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil, 'Tis for untimely death. Lo! where, dejected, pale, he lies, Despair depicted in his eyes,
He feels the vital flame decrease, He sees the grave, wide yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace, And cheer the expiring ray.

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III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame, By gentle Otway's magic name, By him, the youth, who smiled at death, And rashly dared to stop his vital breath, Will I thy pange proclaim; For still to misery closely thou'rt allied, Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side, And far resounding fame. What though to thee the dazzled millions bow, And to thy posthumous merit bend them low; Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe, And thou, at thy flashed car, dost nations draw, Yet ah! unseen behind thee fly Corroding anguish, soul-subduing pain, And discontent that clouds the fairest sky: A melancholy train. Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await, Mocking thy derided state; Thee, chill Adversity will still attend, Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend, And leaves thee all forlorn; While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs, And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides. And while the cup of affluence he quaffs With bee-eyed wisdom, Genius derides, Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,

To gain the meed of praise, when he is mouldering in his grave.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE MOON.

I.

MILD orb who floatest through the realm of night, A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild; Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguiled.
Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
Nocturnal study's still retreat,
It casts a mournful, melancholy gleam,
And through my lofty casement weaves,
Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
An intermingled beam.

II.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang, This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame;
These the dread signs of many a secret pang, These are the meed of him who pants for fame !
Pale Moon, from thoughts like these divert my soul: Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high;
My lamp expires;—beneath thy mild control, These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner, in my breast, Soothe these discordant tones to rest,

And breathe the soul of peace; Mild visitor, I feel thee here, It is not pain that brings this tear,

For thou hast bid it cease, Oh! many a year has passed away, Since I beneath thy fairy ray,

Attuned my infant reed; When wilt thou, Time, those days restore, Those happy moments now no more.

When on the lake's damp marge I lay, And marked the northern meteor's dance; Bland Hope and Fancy, ye were there, To inspirate my trance.

Twin sisters, faintly now ye deign, Your magic sweets on me to shed, In vain your powers are now essayed To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb?So swiftly pleasure flies;So to mankind, in darkness lost,

The beam of ardor dies. Wan Moon, thy nightly task is done, And now, encurtained in the main,

Thou sinkest into rest; But I, in vain, on thorny bed, Shall woo the god of soft repose.

FRAGMENT.

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On! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,

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Consumption! silent cheater of the eye;

Thou comest not robed in agonizing pain,

Nor mark'st thy course with death's delusive dye, But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie:

O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse, And, while thou givest new lustre to the eye,

While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues, E'en then life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.

Oft I've beheld thee in the glow of youth, Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there bloomed;

And dropt a tear, for then thy cankering tooth I knew would never stay, till, all consumed, In the cold vault of death he were entombed.

But oh ! what sorrow did I feel, as swift,

Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,

Preparing swift her passage to the sky.

Though still intelligence beamed in the glance,

The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye, Yet soon did languid listlessness advance, And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant trance.

Even when her end was swiftly drawing near, And dissolution hovered o'er her head;

Even then so beauteous did her form appear,

That none who saw her but admiring said,

Sure so much beauty never could be dead. Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye, Bent lowly down upon the languid-

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SONNETS.

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TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

LOFFT, unto thee one tributary song,

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The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring; She longs to lisp thee to the listening throng,

And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring. Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,

Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild,

POEMS OF

Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,

And to thy bosom snatched misfortune's child : Firm would she paint thee, with becoming zeal,

Upright and learned, as the Pylian sire,

Would say how sweetly thou couldst sweep the lyre, And show thy labors-for the public weal,

Ten thousand virtues tell with joys supreme, But ah! she shrinks abashed before the arduous theme.

TO THE MOON.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

SUBLIME, emerging from the misty verge
Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,
As sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funereal dirge.
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And falling leaves bestrew the wanderer's way,
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,
With double joy my homage do I pay.
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray
Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,
And, *still unchanged*, back to the memory bring,
The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

FAST from the west, the fading day-streaks fly, And ebon Night assumes her solemn sway; Yet here alone, unheeding time, I lie,

And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.

Oh! 'tis not long since, George, with thee I wooed

The maid of musings by you moaning wave;

And hailed the moon's mild beam, which now renewed,

Seems sweetly sleeping on thy silent grave !

The busy world pursues its boisterous way,

The noise of revely still echoes round; Yet I am sad while all beside is gay;

Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound. Oh! that like thee I might bid sorrow cease, And 'neath the greensward sleep—the sleep of peace.

TO MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE, I am young,-my chin is bare,

And I have wondered much when men have told How youth was free from sorrow and from care,

That thou shouldst dwell with me, and leave the old. Sure dost not like me !—Shrivelled hag of hate,

My phiz, and thanks to thee, is sadly long;

I am not either, Beldame, over strong; Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate, For thou, sweet fury, art my utter hate. Nay, shake not thus thy miserable pate; I am yet young, and do not like thy face; And lest thou shouldst resume the wild-goose chase, I'll tell thee something all thy heat to assuage, Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my age.

As thus oppressed with many a heavy care, (Though young yet sorrowful), I turn my feet To the dark woodland,—longing much to greet The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there; Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,

Fills my sad breast; and tired with this vain coil,

I shrink dismayed before life's upland toil. And as amid the leaves the evening air Whispers still melody,—I think ere long,

When I no more can hear, these woods will speak ;

And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek, And mournful fantasies upon me throng, And I do ponder with most strange delight, On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

TO APRIL.

EMBLEM of life! see changeful April sail

In varying vest along the shadowy skies,

Now, bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise, Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale, And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;

Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,

While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes, Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.

So, to us sojourners in life's low vale,

The smiles of fortune flatter to deceive,

While still the Fates the web of misery weave. So hope exultant spreads her aery sail, And from the present gloom, the soul conveys, To distant summers, and far happier days.

YE unseen spirits, whose wild melodies, At evening rising slow, yet sweetly clear, Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear, As by the wood-spring stretched supine he lies; When he who now invokes you low is laid,

His tired frame resting on the earth's cold bed; Hold ye your nightly vigils o'er his head,

And chant a dirge to his reposing shade! For he was wont to love your madrigals;

And often by the haunted stream that laves

The dark sequestered woodland's inmost caves, Would sit and listen to the dying falls, Till the full tear would quiver in his eye, And his big heart would heave with mournful ecstasy.

TO A TAPER.

'TIS midnight.—On the globe dead slumber sits, And all is silence—in the hour of sleep;

Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,

In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep. I wake alone to listen and to weep,

To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn; And, as still memory does her vigils keep,

To think of days that never can return. By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,

My eye surveys the solitary gloom; And the sad meaning tear, unmixed with dread,

Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb. Like thee I wane;—like thine my life's last ray Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

YES, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream Of life will vanish from my feverish brain; And death my wearied spirit will redeem

From this wild region of unvaried pain.

Yon brook will glide as softly as before,

Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,— Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,

When Henry's name is heard no more below. I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,

They laugh in health, and future evils brave; Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,

While I am mouldering in my silent grave. God of the just! thou gavest the bitter cup, I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head, Consumption, lay thine hand !—let me decay, Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true what holy men have said, That strains angelic oft fortell the day Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the aërial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony, Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good-by, Ere I depart upon my journey drear:

And smiling faintly on the painful past, Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DESBARREAUX.

THY judgments, Lord, are just; thou lovest to wear The face of pity, and of love divine; But mine is guilt—thou must not, canst not, spare, While Heaven is true, and equity is thine.

Yes, oh, my God !- such crimes as mine, so dread,

Leave but the choice of punishment to thee; Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,

And even thy mercy dares not plead for me! Thy will be done—since 'tis thy glory's due,

Did from mine eyes the endless torrents flow; Smite—it is time—though endless death ensue,

I bless the avenging hand that lays me low. But on what spot shall fall thine anger's flood, That has not first been drenched in Christ's atoning

blood?

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS,

Who, when the author reasoned with him calmly, asked, "If he did not feel for him?"

"Do I not feel?" The doubt is keen as steel. Yea, I do feel—most exquisitely feel; My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh: Deep buried there I close the rankling dart, And smile the most when heaviest is my heart. On this I act—whatever pangs surround, 'Tis magnanimity to hide the wound. When all was new, and life was in its spring, I lived an unloved solitary thing; Even then I learnt to bury deep from day The piercing cares that wore my youth away. Even then I learnt for others' cares to feel, Even then I wept I had not power to heal; Even then, deep-sounding through the nightly gloom,

I heard the wretch's groan, and mourned the wretched's doom.Who were my friends in youth ?—The midnight fire—

The silent moonbeam, or the starry choir; To these I 'plained, or turned from outer sight, To bless my lonely taper's friendly light; I never vet could ask, howe'er forlorn, For vulgar pity mixed with vulgar scorn; The sacred source of woe I never ope, My breast's my coffer, and my God's my hope. But that I do feel, time, my friend, will show, Though the cold crowd the secret never know: With them I laugh—yet when no eye can see, I weep for nature, and I weep for thee. Yes, thou didst wrong me, —; I fondly thought, In thee I'd found the friend my heart had sought; I fondly thought that thou couldst pierce the guise, And read the truth that in my bosom lies; I fondly thought ere Time's last days were gone, Thy heart and mine had mingled into one ! Yes—and they yet will mingle. Days and years Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears: We then shall feel that friendship has a power, To soothe affliction in her darkest hour; Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand, And wait the passport to a better land.

Thine,

Half-past 11 o'clock at night.

H. K. WHITE.

CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1804.

YET once more, and once more, awake, my harp, From silence and neglect—one lofty strain; Lofty, yet wilder than the winds of Heaven, And speaking mysteries, more than words can tell, I ask of thee; for I, with hymnings high, Would join the dirge of the departing year.

Yet with no wintry garland from the woods, Wrought of the leafless branch, or ivy sere, Wreathe I thy tresses, dark December! now; Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song, And fearful joy, to celebrate the day Of the Redeemer.-Near two thousand suns Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse Of generations, since the day-spring first Beamed from on high !-- Now to the mighty mass Of that increasing aggregate, we add One unit more. Space, in comparison How small, yet marked with how much misery; Wars, famines, and the fury, Pestilence, Over the nations hanging her dread scourge; The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness, Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong Forcing the scanty portion from the weak, And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.

So has the year been charactered with woe

In Christian land, and marked with wrongs and crimes;

Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught—not thus *He* lived, Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of woes, Went on the way appointed,—path, though rude, Yet borne with patience still :—He came to cheer The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick, And on the wandering and benighted mind

To pour the light of truth.—O task divine! O more than angel teacher! He had words To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds; And when the soul was tossed in troubled seas, Wrapt in thick darkness and the howling storm, He, pointing to the star of peace on high, Armed it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile At the surrounding wreck. When with deep agony his heart was racked, Not for himself the tear-drop dewed his cheek, For them He wept, for them to Heaven He prayed, His persecutors-"Father, pardon them, They know not what they do." Angels of Heaven, Ye who beheld him fainting on the cross, And did him homage, say, may mortal join The hallelujahs of the risen God? Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard Amid the seraphim in light divine? Yes, he will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign, For mercy, to accept the hymn of faith, Low though it be and humble.—Lord of life, The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now, Fills my uprising soul.—I mount, I fly Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs; The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes. And care, and pain, and sorrow, are no more

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NELSONI MORS.

YET once again, my harp, yet once again, One ditty more, and on the mountain ash I will again suspend thee. I have felt The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last At even-tide, when all the winds were hushed, I woke to thee, the melancholy song. Since then with *Thoughtfulness*, a maid severe, I've journeyed, and have learned to shape the freaks Of frolic fancy to the line of truth; Not unrepining, for my froward heart Still turns to thee, mine harp, and to the flow Of spring-gales past—the woods and storied haunts Of my not songless boyhood.—Yet once more, Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones, My long-neglected harp.—He must not sink; The good, the brave—he must not, shall not sink Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour No precious dews of Aganippe's well, Or Castaly,-though from the morning cloud I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse : Yet will I wreathe a garland for his brows, Of simple flowers, such as the hedgerows scent Of Britain my loved country; and with tears Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe Thy honored corse, my Nelson, tears as warm And honest as the ebbing blood that flowed Fast from thy honest heart.—Thou Pity too, If ever I have loved, with faltering step, To follow thee in the cold and starless night, To the top-crag of some rain-beaten cliff; And as I heard the deep gun bursting loud Amid the pauses of the storm, have poured Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds, Thy dying soul's viaticum; if oft

Amid the carnage of the field I've sate With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul, With mercy and forgiveness ; visitant Of Heaven, sit thou upon my harp, And give it feeling, which were else too cold For argument so great, for theme so high.

HYMN.

In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure the splendors of the Deity.

I.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake, Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake; We sing the Saviour of our race, The lamb, our shield, and hiding place.

II.

When God's right arm is bared for war, And thunders clothe his cloudy car, Where, where, oh where, shall man retire, To escape the horrors of his ire ?

III.

'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly, While the dread tempest passes by: God sees his Well-beloved's face, And spares us in our hiding place.

IV.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene. The Lamb is our unfailing screen; To him, though guilty, still we run, And God still spares us for his Son.

v.

While yet we sojourn here below, Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow; Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race. We deeply need a hiding place.

VI.

Yet, courage !—days and years will glide, And we shall lay these clods aside; Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood, And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.

VII.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed, We through the Lamb shall be decreed; Shall meet the Father face to face, And need no more a hiding place.

The last stanza of this hymn was added extemporaneously, by the author. one summer evening, when he was with a few friends on the Trent, and singing it, as he was used to do on such occasions.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

I.

O LORD, another day is flown, And we, a lonely band, 11

POEMS OF

Are met once more before thy throne, To bless thy fostering hand.

II.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear, To praises low as ours? Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours.

III.

And Jesus thou thy smiles will deign,As we before thee pray :For thou didst bless the infant train,And we are less than they.

IV.

O let thy grace perform its part, And let contention cease; And shed abroad in every heart Thine everlasting peace!

v.

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine, A flock by Jesus led; The Sun of Holiness shall shine In glory on our head.

VI.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,And thou wilt bless our way;Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greetThe dawn of lasting day.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

I.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain The glittering host bestud the sky; One star alone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

II.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from every gem;But one alone the Saviour speaks, It is the star of Bethlehem.

III.

Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud,—the night was dark, The ocean yawned,—and rudely blowed The wind that tossed my foundering bark;

IV.

Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When suddenly a star arose, It was the star of Bethlehem.

v.

It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark forebodings cease; And through the storm and dangers' thrall, It led me to the port of peace. Now safely moored—my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's diadem, Forever and for evermore,

The star !--- the star of Bethlehem !

A HYMN.

O LORD, my God, in mercy turn, In mercy hear a sinner mourn! To thee I call, to thee I cry, O leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against thee, Lord, I know, I spurned thy grace, I mocked thy *law*; The hour is past—the day's gone by, And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now But thorns about my bleeding brow? Spectres that hover round my brain, And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul; Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll! Now, Vengeance, smile—and with a blow, Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling, I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing; I'll clasp the cross, and holding there, Even me, oh bliss !—his wrath may spare.

MELODY.

Inserted in a collection of selected and original Songs, published by the Rev. J. PLUMPTRE, of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

I.

YES, once more that dying strain, Anna, touch thy lute for me; Sweet, when pity's tones complain, Doubly sweet is melody.

II.

While the Virtues thus inweave Mildly soft the thrilling song,Winter's long and lonesome eve, Glides unfelt, unseen along.

III.

Thus when life hath stolen away, And the wintry night is near; Thus shall Virtue's friendly ray, Age's closing evening cheer.

SONG.

BY WALLER.

A lady of Cambridge lent Waller's Poems to the author, and when he returned them to her, she discovered an additional stanza written by him at the bottom of the song here copied.

> Go, lovely rose ! Tell her that wastes her time and me, That now she knows, When I resemble her to thee, How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young, And shuns to have her graces spied, That hadst thou sprung In deserts, where no men abide, Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth Of beauty from the light retired; Bid her come forth, Suffer herself to be desired, And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she The common fate of all things rare May read in thee; How small a part of time they share, That are so wondrous, sweet, and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade, From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise; And teach the maid, That goodness Time's rude hand defies, That virtue lives when beauty dies.] H. K. WHITE,

"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD."

I.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground, And all the bells are ringing round,

One, two, three, four, and five; I at my study window sit, And wrapt in many a musing fit,

To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet,
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad;
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

III.

The silvery rack that flies away, Like mortal life or pleasure's ray, Does that disturb my breast? Nay, what have I, a studious man, To do with life's unstable plan, Or pleasure's fading vest?

IV.

Is it that here I must not stop, But o'er yon blue hill's woody top, Must bend my lonely way? Now, surely no, for give but me My own fireside, and I shall be At home where'er I stray.

v.

Then is it that yon steeple there, With music sweet shall fill the air,

When thou no more canst hear? Oh no! oh no! for then forgiven, I shall be with my God in heaven, Released from every fear.

VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell, But there is some mysterious spell That holds me when I'm glad; And so the tear-drop fills my eye, When yet in truth I know not why, Or wherefore I am sad.

SOLITUDE.

IT is not that my lot is low, That bids this silent tear to flow; It is not grief that bids me moan, It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam, When the tired hedger hies him home, Or by the woodland pool to rest, When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs, With hallowed airs and symphonies, My spirit takes another tone, And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead, It floats upon the water's bed; I would not be a leaf, to die Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden wail, Tell all the same unvaried tale; I've none to smile when I am free, And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view, That thinks on me and loves me too; I start, and when the vision's flown, I weep that I am all alone.

IF far from me the Fates remove Domestic peace, connubial love; The prattling ring, the social cheer, Affection's voice, affection's tear; Ye sterner powers that bind the heart, To me your iron aid impart! O teach me, when the nights are chill, And my fireside is lone and still; When to the blaze that crackles near, I turn a tired and pensive ear, And nature conquering bids me sigh, For love's soft accents whispering nigh; O teach me on that heavenly road, That leads to Truth's occult abode, To wrap my soul in dreams sublime, Till earth and care no more be mine. Let blest Philosophy impart, Her soothing measures to my heart; And while, with Plato's ravished ears, I list the music of the spheres; Or on the mystic symbols pore, That hide the Chald's sublimer lore; I shall not brood on summers gone, Nor think that I am all alone.

FANNY! upon thy breast I may not lie!
Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak!
Where art thou, love ?—Around I turn my eye, And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.
Was it a dream? or did my love behold Indeed my lonely couch ?—Methought the breath
Fanned not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold And hollow, and the livery of death
Invested her pale forehead.—Sainted maid, My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave, Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.
Yet hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore Of better promise; and I know at last, When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,

We two shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

VERSES.

Thou base repiner at another's joy,

Whose eye turns green at merit not thine own; Oh far away from generous Britons fly, And find in meaner climes a fitter throne ! Away, away, it shall not be, That thou shalt dare defile our plains; The truly generous heart disdains Thy meaner, lowlier fires, while he Joys at another's joy, and smiles at others' jollity.

Triumphant monster !—though thy schemes succeed,—Schemes laid in Acheron, the brood of night,Yet, but a little while, and nobly freed,Thy happy victim will emerge to light;

When o'er his head in silence that reposes, Some kindred soul shall come to drop a tear, Then will his last cold pillow turn to roses, Which thou hadst planted with the thorn severe; Then will thy baseness stand confessed, and all Will curse the ungenerous fate that bade a poet fall. * * × * * * Yet ah! thy sorrows are too keen, too sure! Couldst thou not pitch upon another prey? Alas! in robbing him thou robb'st the poor, Who only boast what thou wouldst take away. See the lone bard at midnight study sitting; O'er his pale features streams his dving lamp; While o'er fond fancy's pale perspective flitting, Successive forms their fleet ideas stamp. Yet, say, is bliss upon his brow impressed? Does jocund health in thought's still mansion live? Lo, the cold dews that on his temples rest, That short quick sigh—their sad responses give ! And canst thou rob a poet of his song; Snatch from the bard his trivial meed of praise? Small are his gains, nor does he hold them long; Then leave, O leave him to enjoy his lays While yet he lives,-for, to his merits just, Though future ages join his fame to raise, Will the loud trump awake his cold unheeding dust? * * $\dot{\times}$

EPIGRAM ON ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

BLOOMFIELD, thy happy omened name Insures continuance to thy fame: Both sense and truth this verdict give, Whilst fields shall bloom thy name shall live.

FRAGMENTS.

These fragments are the author's latest compositions; and were, for the most part, written upon the back of his mathematical papers, during the few moments of the last year of his life, in which he suffered himself to follow the impulse of his genius.

I.

"Saw'sT thou that light?" exclaimed the youth, and paused;

"Through yon dark firs it glanced, and on the stream That skirts the woods, it for a moment played. Again, more light it gleamed,—or does some sprite

Delude mine eyes with shapes of wood and streams,

And lamp far beaming through the thicket's gloom,

As from some bosomed cabin, where the voice

Of revely, or thrifty watchfulness,

Keeps in the lights at this unwonted hour?

No sprite deludes mine eyes,—the beam now glows

With steady lustre.—Can it be the moon,

Who, hidden long by the invidious veil

That blots the heavens, now sets behind the woods ?"-

"No moon to-night has looked upon the sea

Of clouds beneath her," answered Rudiger, "She has been sleeping with Endymion."

* * *

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II.

THE pious man,

*

In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms, Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields Of ether, where the day is never veiled With intervening vapors; and looks down Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all; But on whose billowy back, from man concealed The glaring sunbeam plays.

III.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in gray, Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes; And from his tower of mist, Night's watchman hurries down.

IV.

THERE was a little bird upon that pile; It perched upon a ruined pinnacle, And made sweet melody. The song was soft, yet cheerful, and most clear, For other note none swelled the air but his. It seemed as if the little chorister, Sole tenant of the melancholy pile, Were a lone hermit, outcast from his kind, Yet withal cheerful.—I have heard the note Echoing so lonely o'er the aisle forlorn, _____ Much musingO PALE art thou, my lamp, and faint Thy melancholy ray:
When the still night's unclouded saint Is walking on her way. Through my lattice leaf embowered, Fair she sheds her shadowy beam; And o'er my silent sacred room, Casts a chequered twilight gloom; I throw aside the learned sheet,
I cannot choose but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet. Sad vestal, why art thou so fair, Or why am I so frail?

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,

And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards! Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak

Thy sadness to the cold unheeding crowd; So mournfully composed, o'er yonder cloud Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

VI.

O GIVE me music—for my soul doth faint; I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint, That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark how it falls! and now it steals along,

Like distant bells upon the lake at eve, When all is still; and now it grows more strong, As when the choral train their dirges weave, Mellow and many-voiced; where every close, O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.

Oh! I am wrapt aloft. My spirit soars

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Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind. Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,

And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind. Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed, Far from its clayey cell it springs,—

*

VII.

Ан! who can say, however fair his view,Through what sad scenes his path may lie?Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,Secure his own will never need it too!

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue, Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye, The illusive past and dark futurity; Soon will they know—

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VIII.

AND must thou go, and must we part! Yes, Fate decrees, and I submit; The pang that rends in twain my heart, Oh, Fanny, dost thou share in it?

Thy sex is fickle,—when away, Some happier youth may win thy—

IX.

SONNET.

WHEN I sit musing on the chequered past,

(A term much darkened with untimely woes,)

My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows The tear, though half disowned;—and binding fast Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart,

I say to her she robbed me of my rest,

When that was all my wealth.—'Tis true my breast Received from her this wearying lingering smart; Yet ah! I cannot bid her form depart;

Though wronged, I love her-yet in anger love,

For she was most unworthy.—Then I prove Vindictive joy; and on my stern front gleams, Throned in dark clouds, inflexible * * * The native pride of my much injured heart.

х.

WHEN high romance o'er every wood and stream,

Dark lustre shed, my infant mind to fire;

Spell-struck, and filled with many a wondering dream,

First in the groves I woke the pensive lyre.

All there was mystery then, the gust that woke

The midnight echo was a spirit's dirge; And unseen fairies would the moon invoke,

To their light morrice by the restless surge.

Now to my sobered thought with life's false smiles, Too much * * *

The vagrant, Fancy, spreads no more her wiles, And dark forebodings now my bosom fill. HUSHED is the lyre—the hand that swept The low and pensive wires, Robbed of its cunning, from the task retires.

Yes—it is still—the lyre is still;

The spirit which its slumbers broke,

Hath passed away,—and that weak hand that woke Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.

Yet I would press you to my lips once more,

Ye wild, yet withering flowers of poesy;

Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,

Mixed with decaying odors; for to me

Ye have beguiled the hours of infancy,

As in the wood-paths of my native—

XII.

ONCE more, and yet once more,

I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay; I heard the waters roar,

I heard the flood of ages pass away. O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell

In thine eternal cell,

Noting, gray chronicler! the silent years;

I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete,

Thou spakest, and at thy feet,

The universe gave way.

FRAGMENT.

LOUD rage the winds without.—The wintry cloud O'er the cold north star casts her fitting shroud; And Silence, pausing in some snow-clad dale, Starts as she hears, by fits, the shrieking gale; Where now, shut out from every still retreat, Her pine-clad summit, and her woodland seat, Shall Meditation, in her saddest mood, Retire, o'er all her pensive stores to brood ? Shivering and blue, the peasant eyes askance The drifted fleeces that around him dance; And hurries on his half-averted form, Stemming the fury of the sidelong storm. Him soon shall greet his snow-topped [cot of thatch], Soon shall his 'numbed hand tremble on the latch; Soon from his chimney's nook the cheerful flame Diffuse a genial warmth throughout his frame. Round the light fire, while roars the north wind loud, What merry groups of vacant faces crowd; These hail his coming-these his meal prepare, And boast in all that cot no lurking care.

What, though the social circle be denied, Even Sadness brightens at her own fireside; Loves, with fixed eye, to watch the fluttering blaze, While musing Memory dwells on former days; Or Hope, blessed spirit! smiles-and, still forgiven, Forgets the passport, while she points to Heaven. Then heap the fire—shut out the biting air, And from its station wheel the easy chair: Thus fenced and warm, in silence fit, 'tis sweet To hear without the bitter tempest beat, And, all alone, to sit, and muse, and sigh, The pensive tenant of obscurity. * * * *

VERSES.

WHEN pride and envy, and the scorn Of wealth, my heart with gall imbued,

I thought how pleasant were the morn Of silence in the solitude; To hear the forest bee on wing; Or by the stream, or woodland spring, To lie and muse alone—alone, While the tinkling waters moan, Or such wild sounds arise, as say, Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow To fill life's dusty way; And who will miss a poet's feet, Or wonder where he stray? So to the woods and waste I'll go, And I will build an osier bower; And sweetly there to me shall flow The meditative hour.

And when the Autumn's withering hand Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land, I'll to the forest caverns hie : And in the dark and stormy nights I'll listen to the shrieking sprites, Who, in the wintry wolds and floods, Keep jubilee, and shred the woods; Or, as it drifted soft and slow, Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

ON WHIT-MONDAY.

HARK! how the merry bells ring jocund round, And now they die upon the veering breeze; Anon they thunder loud, Full on the musing ear.

Wafted in varying cadence by the shore Of the still twinkling river, they bespeak A day of jubilee— An ancient holyday.

And lo! the rural revels are begun, And gaily echoing to the laughing sky, On the smooth shaven green Resounds the voice of Mirth.

Alas! regardless of the tongue of Fate That tells them 'tis but as an hour, since they Who now are in their graves Kept up the Whitsun dance;

And that another hour, and they must fall Like those who went before, and sleep as still Beneath the silent sod, A cold and cheerless sleep.

Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare The vagrant Happiness, when she will deign To smile upon us here, A transient visitor ?

Mortals ! be gladsome while ye have the power, And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy ; In time the bell will toll That warns ye to your graves. I to the woodland solitude will bend My lonesome way, where Mirth's obstreperous shout Shall not intrude to break The meditative hour.

There will I ponder on the state of man, Joyless and sad of heart, and consecrate This day of jubilee To sad Reflection's shrine;

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond This world of care, to where the steeple loud Shall rock above the sod, Where I shall sleep in peace.

ON THE DEATH OF DERMODY, THE POET.

CHILD of misfortune! offspring of the Muse! Mark like the meteor's gleam, his mad career; With hollow cheeks and haggard eye, Behold, he shrieking passes by; I see, I see him near: That hollow scream, that deepening groan; It rings upon mine ear.

Oh come, ye thoughtless, ye deluded youth,
Who clasp the siren Pleasure to your breast;
Behold the wreck of Genius here;
And drop, oh drop the silent tear
For Dermody at rest;
His fate is yours, then from your loins
Tear quick the silken vest.

Saw'st thou his dying bed! Saw'st thou his eye,
Once flashing fire, despair's dim tear distil;
How ghastly did it seem;
And then his dying scream;
Oh God! I hear it still:
It sounds upon my fainting sense,
It strikes with deathly chill.

Say, didst thou mark the brilliant poet's death;
Saw'st thou an anxious father by his bed,
Or pitying friends around him stand?
Or didst thou see a mother's hand
Support his languid head?
Oh none of these—no friend o'er him
The balm of pity shed.

Now come around, ye flippant sons of wealth, Sarcastic smile on genius fallen low; Now come around who pant for fame, And learn from hence, a poet's name Is purchased but by woe; And when ambition prompts to rise, Oh think of him below.

For me, poor moralizer, I will run,
Dejected, to some solitary state:
The Muse has set her seal on me,
She set her seal on Dermody,
It is the seal of fate:
In some lone spot my bones may lie,
Secure from human hate.

Yet ere I go I'll drop one silent tear, Where lies unwept the poet's fallen head : May peace her banners o'er him wave ; For me in my deserted graveNo friend a tear shall shed:Yet may the lily and the roseBloom on my grassy bed.

THE WONDERFUL JUGGLER.

A SONG.

COME all ye true hearts, who, old England to save, Now shoulder the musket, or plough the rough wave, I will sing you a song of a wonderful fellow, Who has ruined Jack Pudding, and broke Punchinello. Derry down, down, high derry down.

This juggler is little, and ugly, and black, But, like Atlas, he stalks with the world at his back; 'Tis certain, all fear of the devil he scorns; Some say they are cousins; we know he wears horns. Derry down.

At hop, skip, and jump, who so famous as he? He hopped o'er an army, he skipped o'er the sea; And he jumped from the desk of a village attorney To the throne of the Bourbons—a pretty long journey. Derry down.

He tosses up kingdoms the same as a ball, And his cup is so fashioned it catches them all; The Pope and Grand Turk have been heard to declare His skill at the long bow has made them both stare. Derry down. He has shown off his tricks in France, Italy, Spain ; And Germany too knows his legerdemain ; So hearing John Bull has a taste for strange sights, He's coming to London to put us to rights. Derry down.

To encourage his puppets to venture this trip, He has built them such boats as can conquer a ship; With a gun of good metal, that shoots out so far, It can silence the broadsides of three men of war. Derry down.

This new Katterfelto, his show to complete, Means his boats should all sink as they pass by our fleet; Then, as under the ocean their course they steer right on, They can pepper their foes from the bed of old Triton. Derry down.

If this project should fail, he has others in store; Wooden horses, for instance, may bring them safe o'er; Or the genius of France (as the Moniteur tells) May order balloons, or provide diving bells.

Derry down.

When Philip of Spain fitted out his Armada, Britain saw his designs, and could meet her invader; But how to greet Bonny she never will know, If he comes in the style of a fish or a crow.

Derry down.

Now if our rude tars will so crowd up the seas, That his boats have not room to go down when they please, Can't he wait till the channel is quite frozen over, And a stout pair of skates will transport him to Dover. Derry down. How welcome he'll be, it were needless to say; Neither he nor his puppets shall e'er go away; I am sure at his heels we shall constantly stick, Till we know he has played off his very last trick. Derry down, down, high derry down.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, Mother, for a moment think That we, thy children, when old age shall shed Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day, To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought !—where'er our steps may roam, O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree, Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home; While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage, And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

SONNET.

Sweet to the gay of heart is summer's smile,

Sweet the wild music of the laughing Spring; But ah ! my soul far other scenes beguile,

Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.

Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—

Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,

While in my ears the howls of furies ring,

And melancholy wastes the vital fire?

Away with thoughts like these. To some lone cave Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the wave,

Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,

I'll sit remote from worldly noise, and muse

Till through my soul shall Peace her balm infuse.

And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear.

SONNET.

QUICK o'er the wintry waste dart fiery shafts— Bleak blows the blast—now howls—then faintly dies— And oft upon its awful wings it wafts The dying wanderer's distant, feeble cries. Now, when athwart the gloom gaunt horror stalks, And midnight hags their damned vigils hold, The pensive poet 'mid the wild waste walks, And ponders on the ills life's paths unfold. Mindless of dangers hovering round, he goes, Insensible to every outward ill; Yet oft his bosom heaves with rending throes, And oft big tears adown his worn cheeks trill. Ah! 'tis the anguish of a mental sore, Which gnaws his heart and bids him hope no more.

TIME.

A POEM.

This poem was begun either during the publication of CLIFTON GROVE, or shortly afterwards. The author never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.

GENIUS of musings, who, the midnight hour Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild, Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower, Thy dark eye fixed as in some holy trance; Or, when the volleyed lightnings cleave the air, And Ruin gaunt bestrides the wingéd storm, Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower-where thy lamp, Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far, And 'mid the howl of elements, unmoved Dost ponder on the awful scene, and trace, The vast *effect* to its superior source,— Spirit, attend my lowly benison ! For now I strike to themes of import high The solitary lyre; and borne by thee Above this narrow cell, I celebrate The mysteries of Time!

Him who, august, Was ere these worlds were fashioned,—ere the sun Sprang from the east, or Lucifer displayed His glowing cresset on the arch of morn, Or Vesper gilded the serener eve. Yea, He had been for an eternity ! Had swept unvarying from eternity The harp of desolation,—ere his tones At God's command, assumed a milder strain, And startled on his watch, in the vast deep, Chaos's sluggish sentry, and evoked From the dark void the smiling universe.

Chained to the grovelling frailties of the flesh Mere mortal man, unpurged from earthly dross, Cannot survey, with fixed and steady eye, The dim uncertain gulf, which now the Muse Adventurous, would explore ;---but dizzy grown, He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse Of its unfathomable depths, that so, His mind may turn with double joy to God, His only certainty and resting place; He must put off a while this mortal vest, And learn to follow, without giddiness, To heights where all is vision, and surprise, And vague conjecture.—He must waste by night The studious taper, far from all resort Of crowds and folly, in some still retreat; High on the beetling promontory's crest, Or in the caves of the vast wilderness, Where compassed round with nature's wildest shapes, He may be driven to centre all his thoughts In the great Architect, who lives confest In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes.

So has divine Philosophy, with voice Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave, Tutored the heart of him, who now awakes, Touching the cords of solemn minstrelsy, His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep Of poesy, a bloom of such an hue, .

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Honse do I love the sober suited mard.; Hence Night's my mistress, and my theme

So sober, as may not unseemly suit With Truth's severer brow; and one withal So hardy as shall brave the passing wind Of many winters,-rearing its meek head In loveliness, when he who gathered it Is numbered with the generations gone. Yet not to me hath God's good providence Given studious leisure,* or unbroken thought, Such as he owns,—a meditative man, Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er, Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din; From noise and wrangling far, and undisturbed With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day Hath duties which require the vigorous hand Of steadfast application, but which leave No deep improving trace upon the mind. But be the day another's ;-let it pass ! The night's my own !- They cannot steal my night ! When Evening lights her folding-star on high, I live and breathe, and in the sacred hours Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies, Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space, And mounts the skies, and imps her wing for heaven.

Hence do I love the sober-suited maid; Hence Night's my friend, my mistress, and my theme, And she shall aid me *now* to magnify The night of ages,—*now* when the pale ray Of starlight penetrates the studious gloom, And at my window seated,—while mankind Are locked in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,

* The author was then in an attorney's office.

Thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine, Assumes her wonted sway.

Behold the world Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused From trouble and turmoil. The widow now Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie Locked in each arm, partakers of her rest. The man of sorrow has forgot his woes; The outcast that his head is shelterless, His griefs unshared.—The mother tends no more Her daughter's dying slumbers, but, surprised With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch, Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lulled On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapt, Crowning with hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,

Poor victim! smiles.—Silence and deep repose Reign o'er the nations ;—and the warning voice Of nature utters audibly within The general moral :—tells us that repose, Deathlike as this, but of far longer span, Is coming on us—that the weary crowds Who now enjoy a temporary calm, Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around With grave-clothes ; and their aching, restless heads Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved, Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him That flesh is grass?—That earthly things are mist? What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes But goodly shadows in a summer cloud? There's not a wind that blows but bears with it Some rainbow promise:—Not a moment flies But puts its sickle in the fields of life, And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares. 'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars, Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd* gazed, In his mid-watch observant, and disposed The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape. Yet in the interim what mighty shocks Have buffeted mankind,—whole nations razed,— Cities made desolate,—the polished sunk To barbarism, and once barbaric states Swaying the wand of science and of arts; Illustrious deeds and memorable names Blotted from record, and upon the tongue Of gray tradition voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past? Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones Who flourished in the infancy of days? All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame Exulting, mocking at the pride of man, Sits grim *Forgetfulness.*—The warrior's arm Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame; Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze Of his red eyeball.-Yesterday his name Was mighty on the earth.—To-day—'tis what? The meteor of the night of distant years, That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld, Musing at midnight upon prophecies, Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up Safe in the charnel's treasures.

^{*} Alluding to the first astronomical observations made by the Chaldean shepherds.

O how weak. Is mortal man! how triffing—how confined His scope of vision. Puffed with confidence, His phrase grows big with immortality, And he, poor insect of a summer's day, Dreams of eternal honors to his name; Of endless glory and perennial bays. He idly reasons of eternity, As of the train of ages,-when, alas! Ten thousand thousand of his centuries Are, in comparison a little point, Too trivial for accompt.—O it is strange, Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies; Behold him proudly view some pompous pile, Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies, And smile and say my name shall live with this Till Time shall be no more; while at his feet, Yea, at his very feet the crumbling dust Of the fallen fabric of the other day, Preaches the solemn lesson.—He should know, That time must conquer. That the loudest blast That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump, Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires. Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom Of the gigantic pyramid? or who Reared its huge walls! Oblivion laughs and says, The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more Their names shall strike upon the ear of man, Their memory burst its fetters. Where is *Rome*?

She lives but in the tale of other times; Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home; And her long colonnades, her public walks, Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet .

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Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace, Through the rank moss revealed, her honored dust. But not to Rome alone has fate confined The doom of ruin; cities numberless, Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy, And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out, Half-razed from memory, and their very name And *being* in dispute.—Has Athens fallen ? Is polished Greece become the savage seat Of ignorance and sloth? and shall *we* dare

And empire seeks another hemisphere. Where now is Britain ?---Where her laurelled names, Her palaces and halls. Dashed in the dust. Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride, And with one big recoil hath thrown her back To primitive barbarity.-Again, Through her depopulated vales, the scream Of bloody superstition hollow rings, And the scarred native to the tempest howls The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash Of distant billows, breaks alone the void. Even as the savage sits upon the stone That marks where stood her capitals, and hears The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards Sing in a language that hath perished; And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves, Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy, Rise in some distant clime and then perchance Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams, Steering his bark through trackless solitudes, Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow Hath ever ploughed before,—espies the cliffs Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries Some vestige of her ancient stateliness; Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind Of the unheard of race, which had arrived At science in that solitary nook, Far from the civil world: and sagely sighs And moralizes on the state of man.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt, Moves on our being. We do live and breathe, And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not. We have our spring-time and our rottenness; And as we fall, another race succeeds To perish likewise.—Meanwhile nature smiles— The seasons run their round—the sun fulfils His annual course—and heaven and earth remain Still changing, yet unchanged—still doomed to feel Endless mutation in perpetual rest. Where are concealed the days which have elapsed? Hid in the mighty cavern of *the past*, They rise upon us only to appal, By indistinct and half-glimpsed images, Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

Oh it is fearful, on the midnight couch, When the rude rushing winds forget to rave, And the pale moon, that through the casement high Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour Of utter silence, it is fearful then

To steer the mind, in deadly solitude, Up the vague stream of probability: To wind the mighty secrets of the past, And turn the key of time!—Oh who can strive To comprehend the vast, the awful truth, Of the eternity that hath gone by, And not recoil from the dismaying sense Of human impotence? The life of man Is summed in birth-days and in sepulchres; But the Eternal God had no beginning; He hath no end. Time had been with him For everlasting, ere the dædal world Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like him It knew no source, like him 'twas uncreate. What was it then? The past Eternity! We comprehend a *future* without end; We feel it possible that even yon sun May roll for ever; but we shrink amazed-We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time Knew no commencement.—That heap age on age, And million upon million, without end, And we shall never span the void of days That were, and are not but in retrospect. The Past is an unfathomable depth, Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse Which hath no mensuration, but hath been Forever and forever.

Change of days To us is sensible ; and each revolve Of the recording sun conducts us on Further in life, and nearer to our goal. Not so with Time,—mysterious chronicler, He knoweth not mutation ;—centuries Are to his being as a day, and days *

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As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come, Are always equal; when the world began God had existed from eternity.

Now look on man Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed ! Is he not standing in the self-same place Where once we stood !- The same Eternity Hath gone before him, and is yet to come: His *past* is not of longer span than ours, Though myriads of ages intervened; For who can add to what has neither sum, Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end! Oh, who can compass the Almighty mind ? Who can unlock the secrets of the High? In speculations of an altitude, Sublime as this, our reason stands confest Foolish, and insignificant, and mean. Who can apply the futile argument Of finite beings to infinity? He might as well compress the universe Into the hollow compass of a gourd, Scooped out by human art; or bid the whale Drink up the sea it swims in.—Can the less Contain the greater? or the dark obscure Infold the glories of meridian day? What does philosophy impart to man But undiscovered wonders ?---Let her soar Even to her proudest heights,---to where she caught The soul of Newton and of Socrates, She but extends the scope of wild amaze And admiration. All her lessons end In wider views of God's unfathomed depths.

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Lo! the unlettered hind who never knew To raise his mind excursive, to the heights Of abstract contemplation; as he sits On the green hillock by the hedgerow side, What time the insect swarms are murmuring, And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds That fringe, with loveliest hues, the evening sky, Feels in his soul the hand of nature rouse The thrill of gratitude, to him who formed The goodly prospect; he beholds the God Throned in the west; and his reposing ear Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze, That floats through neighboring copse or fairy brake, Or lingers playful on the haunted stream. Go with the cotter to his winter fire, Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill, And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon; Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar, Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds For his snug hearth, and all his little joys. Hear him compare his happier lot with his Who bends his way across the wintry wolds, A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path, He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast, He hears some village mastiff's distant howl, And sees, far streaming, some lone cottage light; Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes, And clasps his shivering hands; or, overpowered, Sinks on the frozen ground, weighed down with sleep, From which the hapless wretch shall never wake. Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise And glowing gratitude,—he turns to bless,

With honest warmth, his Maker and his God. And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind, Nursed in the lap of Ignorance, and bred, In want and labor, glows with nobler zeal To laud his Maker's attributes, while he Whom starry science in her cradle rocked, And Castaly enchastened with its dews, Closes his eyes upon the holy word; And, blind to all but arrogance and pride, Dares to declare his infidelity, And openly contemn the Lord of Hosts! What is philosophy, if it impart Irreverence for the Deity-or teach A mortal man to set his judgment up Against his Maker's will ?—The Polygar, Who kneels to sun or moon, compared with him Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys, Is the most blessed of men !-- Oh! I would walk A weary journey to the furthest verge Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand, Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art, Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God, Feeling the sense of his own littleness, Is as a child in meek simplicity ! What is the pomp of learning? the parade Of letters and of tongues? E'en as the mists Of the gray morn before the rising sun, That pass away and perish.

Earthly things Are but the transient pageants of an hour; And earthly pride is like the passing flower, That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die. 'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud, Baseless and silly as the school-boy's dream. Ages and epochs that destroy our pride, And then record its downfall, what are they But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain? Hath Heaven its ages; or doth Heaven preserve Its stated æras? Doth the Omnipotent Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays? There is to God nor future nor a past: Throned in his might, all times to him are present; He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come; He sees before him one eternal now. Time moveth not !--our being 'tis that moves; And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream, Dream of swift ages and revolving years, Ordained to chronicle our passing days: So the young sailor in the gallant bark, Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while, Struck with amaze, that he is motionless, And that the land is sailing.

Such, alas ! Are the illusions of this proteus life ! All, all is false.—Through every phasis still 'Tis shadowy and deceitful.—It assumes The semblances of things, and specious shapes ; But the lost traveller might as soon rely On the evasive spirit of the marsh, Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits, O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow-way, As we on its appearances.

On earth

There is nor certainty, nor stable hope. As well the weary mariner, whose bark Is tossed beyond Cimmerian Bosphorus, Where storm and darkness hold their drear domain, And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust To expectation of serener skies, And linger in the very jaws of death, Because some peevish cloud were opening, Or the loud storm had 'bated in its rage; As we look forward in this vale of tears To permanent delight-from some slight glimpse Of shadowy, unsubstantial happiness. The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep Of mortal desolation.—He beholds, Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride Of rampant ruin, or the unstable waves Of dark vicissitude.—Even in death, In that dread hour, when, with a giant pang, Tearing the tender fibres of the heart, The immortal spirit struggles to be free, Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not, For it exists beyond the narrow verge Of the cold sepulchre.—The petty joys Of fleeting life indignantly it spurned, And rested on the bosom of its God. This is man's only reasonable hope : And 'tis a hope which, cherished in the breast, Shall not be disappointed.-Even He, The Holy One-Almighty-who elanced The rolling world along its airy way; Even He will deign to smile upon the good, And welcome him to these celestial seats, Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.

Thou proud man, look upon yon starry vault, Survey the countless gems which richly stud The night's imperial chariot ;—telescopes

Will show thee myriads more, innumerous As the sea-sand ;—each of those little lamps Is the great source of light, the central sun Round which some other mighty sisterhood Of planets travel,—every planet stocked With living beings impotent as thee. Now, proud man—now, where is thy greatness fled? What art thou in the scale of universe? Less, less than nothing !---Yet of thee the God Who built this wondrous frame of worlds is careful, As well as of the mendicant who begs The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou Lift up thy thankless spirit, and contemn His heavenly providence! Deluded fool, Even now the thunderbolt is winged with death, Even now thou totterest on the brink of hell.

How insignificant is mortal man, Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour! How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit Of infinite duration, boundless space! God of the universe—Almighty One— Thou who dost walk upon the wingéd winds, Or with the storm, thy rugged charioteer, Swift and impetuous as the northern blast, Ridest from pole to pole;—Thou who dost hold The forkéd lightnings in thine awful grasp, And reinest-in the earthquake, when thy wrath Goes down towards erring man,-I would address To thee my parting pean; for of thee, Great beyond comprehension, who thyself Art time and space, sublime infinitude, Of thee has been my song !—With awe I kneel Trembling before the footstool of thy state,

My God, my Father !—I will sing to thee A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle, Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre, And give its wild strings to the desert gale. Rise, son of Salem, rise, and join the strain, Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp, And, leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing, And hallelujah, for the Lord is great, And full of mercy ! He has thought of man; Yea, compassed round with countless worlds, has thought Of we poor worms, that batten in the dews Of morn, and perish ere the noonday sun. Sing to the Lord, for he is merciful; He gave the Nubian lion but to live, To rage its hour and perish; but on man He lavished immortality, and heaven. The eagle falls from her aerial tower, And mingles with irrevocable dust; But man from death springs joyful, Springs up to life and to eternity. Oh that, insensate of the favoring boon, The great exclusive privilege bestowed On us unworthy trifles, men should dare To treat with slight regard the proffered heaven, And urge the lenient, but All-Just, to swear In wrath, "They shall not enter in my rest!" Might I address the supplicative strain To thy high footstool, I would pray that thou Wouldst pity the deluded wanderers, And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock. Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through Him, Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,

Bled a dread sacrifice for human sin, And paid, with bitter agony, the debt Of primitive transgression.

Oh! I shrink, My very soul doth shrink, when I reflect That the time hastens, when, in vengeance clothed, Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels Then shall rebound to earth's remotest caves, And stormy Ocean from his bed shall start At the appalling summons. Oh! how dread On the dark eye of miserable man, Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom, Will burst the effulgence of the opening heaven; When to the brazen trumpet's deafening roar, Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend, Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word! The dead shall start astonished from their sleep ! The sepulchres shall groan and yield their prey, The bellowing floods shall disembogue their charge Of human victims.—From the farthest nook Of the wide world shall troop the risen souls, From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste Of polar solitudes, or him whose corpse, Whelmed in the loud Atlantic's vexéd tides, Is washed on some Caribbean prominence, To the lone tenant of some secret cell In the Pacific's vast * * * realm. Where never plummet's sound was heard to part The wilderness of water; they shall come To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.

Thou first shall summon the elected saints To their apportioned heaven; and thy Son, At thy right hand shall smile with conscious joy On all his past distresses, when for them He bore humanity's severest pangs. Then shalt thou seize the avenging scimitar, And, with a roar as loud and horrible As the stern earthquake's monitory voice, The wicked shall be driven to their abode, Down the unmitigable gulf, to wail And gnash their teeth in endless agony.

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit rear Thy flag on high !--Invincible, and throned In unparticipated might. Behold Earth's proudest boast, beneath thy silent sway, Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the while, Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear the rush Of mighty generations, as they pass To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp Thy signet on them, and they rise no more. Who shall contend with Time—unvanquished Time, The conqueror of conquerors, and lord Of desolation ?-Lo! the shadows fly, The hours and days, and years and centuries, They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall. The young are old, the old are in their graves. Heardst thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies; It was the voice of people,—mighty crowds,— Again! 'tis hushed-Time speaks, and all is hushed ; In the vast multitude now reigns alone Unruffled solitude. They all are still; All-yea, the whole-the incalculable mass, Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard.-Spirit rear

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Thy flag on high; and glory in thy strength. But do thou know, the season yet shall come, When from its base thine adamantine throne Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to strike, Thy voice forget its petrifying power; When saints shall shout, and *Time shall be no more*. Yea he doth come—the mighty champion comes, Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound, Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors, And desolate stern desolation's lord. Lo! where he cometh! the Messiah comes! The King! the Comforter ! the Christ !—He comes To burst the bonds of death, and overturn The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast Rings o'er the heavens !- They rise, the myriads rise-Even from their graves they spring, and burst the chains Of torpor.—He has ransomed them, *

Forgotten generations live again,

Assume the bodily shapes they owned of old, Beyond the flood :—the righteous of their times Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of joy. The sainted mother wakes, and, in her lap, Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave, And heritor with her of heaven,—a flower Washed by the blood of Jesus from the stain Of native guilt, even in its early bud. And hark ! those strains, how solemnly serene They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall— Again more loud; the hallelujahs swell; The newly-risen catch the joyful sound; They glow, they burn : and now, with one accord, Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb Who bled for mortals.

Yet there is peace for man.—Yea, there is peace, Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene; When from the crowd, and from the city far, Haply he may be set (in his late walk O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the bows Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone, And with fixed eye, and wistful, he surveys The solemn shadows of the heavens sail, And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time Will waft him to repose, to deep repose, Far from the unquietness of life—from noise And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds, Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene, Where change shall cease, and Time shall be no more.

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THE CHRISTIAD.

A DIVINE POEM.

This was the work which the author had most at heart. His riper judgment would probably have perceived that the subject was ill chosen. What is said so well in the *Censura Literaria* of all scriptural subjects for narrative poetry, applies peculiarly to this. "Anything taken from it leaves the story imperfect; anything added to it disgusts, and almost shocks us as impious. As Omar said of the Alexandrian Library, we may say of such writings, if they contain only what is in the Scriptures they are superfluous; if what is not in them they are false."—It may be added, that the mixture of mythology makes truth itself appear fabulous.

There is great power in the execution of this fragment.—In editing these remains, I have, with that decorum which it is to be wished all editors would observe, abstained from informing the reader what he is to admire and what he is not; but I cannot refrain from saying, that the last two stanzas greatly affected me, when I discovered them written on the leaf of a different book, and apparently long after the first canto; and greatly shall I be mistaken if they do not affect the reader also.

BOOK I.

I.

I SING the CROSS !---Ye white-robed angel choirs, Who know the chords of harmony to sweep;

Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires,

Were wont of old your hovering watch to keep,

Oh, now descend ! and with your harpings deep, Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream

Of music,—such as soothes the saint's last sleep, Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream, And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious theme. Mourn ! Salem, mourn ! low lies thine humbled state, Thy glittering fanes are levelled with the ground !
Fallen is thy pride !—Thine halls are desolate !
Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly sound, And frolic pleasures tripped the nightly round,
There breeds the wild fox lonely,—and aghast Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound, Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste.

III.

It is for this, proud Solyma ! thy towers Lie crumbling in the dust; for this forlorn Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers, While stern destruction laughs, as if in scorn, That thou didst dare insult God's eldest-born; And, with most bitter persecuting ire, Pursued his footsteps till the last day-dawn Rose on his fortunes—and thou saw'st the fire That came to light the world in one great flash expire.

IV.

Oh! for a pencil dipt in living light,
To paint the agonies that Jesus bore!
Oh! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,
To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to shore;
While seraph hosts the lofty pæan pour,
And heaven enraptured lists the loud acclaim !
May a frail mortal dare the theme explore?
May he to human ears his weak song frame?
Oh! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious name?

Spirits of pity! mild Crusaders come!
Buoyant on clouds around your minstrel float;
And give him eloquence who else were dumb,
And raise to feeling and to fire his note!
And thou, Urania! who dost still devote
Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,
Whose mild eyes 'lumined what Isaiah wrote,
Throw o'er thy bard that solemn stole of thine,
And clothe him for the fight with energy divine.

VI.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone, Satan o'ercome, fell down; and 'thronéd there, The Son of God confest, in splendor shone: Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air, Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,

Fled the stern king of Hell—and with the glare Of gliding meteors, ominous and red, Shot athwart the clouds that gathered round his head

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VII.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulf which late The rude Massagetæ adored—he bent
His northering course,—while round, in dusky state, The assembled fiends their summoned troops augment.
Clothed in dark mists, upon their way they went, While as they passed to regions more severe, The Lapland sorcerer swelled, with loud lament, The solitary gale, and, filled with fear,
The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near.

VIII.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,

Spreads her huge tracks and frozen wastes around; There ice-rocks piled aloft, in order rude,

Form a gigantic hall; where never sound

Startled dull Silence' ear, save when profound,

The smoke-frost muttered : there drear Cold for aye 'Thrones him,—and fixed on his primeval mound,

Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert way.

IX.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair, No sweet remain of life encheers the sight:
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and night, (Sweet interchange which makes our labors light,)
Are there unknown; while in the summer skies The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height, Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise.

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'Twas there yet shuddering from the burning lake, Satan had fixed their next consistory;

When parting last he fondly hoped to shake

Messiah's constancy,—and thus to free

The powers of darkness from the dread decree Of bondage, brought by him, and circumvent

The unerring ways of him, whose eye can see The womb of Time, and in its embryo pent, Discern the colors clear of every dark event.

XI.

Here the stern monarch stayed his rapid flight, And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall, Hovering obscured the north star's peaceful light, Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call. He, meanwhile, downward, with a sudden fall,

Dropt on the echoing ice. Instant the sound

Of their broad vans was hushed, and o'er the hall, Vast and obscure, the gloomy cohorts bound,

Till, wedged in ranks, the seat of Satan they surround.

XII.

High on a solium of the solid wave,

Prankt with rude shapes by the fantastic frost, He stood in silence;—now keen thoughts engrave Dark figures on his front; and tempest tost, He fears to say that every hope is lost. Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute:

So ere the tempest on Molacca's coast,

Sweet Quiet, gently touching her soft lute, Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute.

XIII.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan, The arch fiend glanced, as by the Boreal blaze Their downcast brows were seen,—and thus began His fierce harangue :—"Spirits! our better days Are now elapsed; Moloch and Belial's praise Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod. Lo! the light breaks!—The astonished nations gaze! For us is lifted high the avenging rod! For, spirits, this is He—this Is the Son of God!

XIV.

"What then !---shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear ? Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign, Drop from his unnerved arm the hostile spear ! Madness ! the very thought would make me fain To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain, And hurl them at their Maker.—Fixed as fate I am his foe !—Yea, though his pride should deign To soothe mine ire with half his regal state, Still would I burn with fixed unalterable hate.

XV.

"Now hear the issue of my curst emprise, When from our last synod I took my flight, Buoyed with false hopes, in some deep-laid disguise, To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write His own self-condemnation ;—in the plight Of aged man in the lone wilderness,

Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight; And leaning on my staff, seemed much to guess What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

XVI.

"Then thus in homely guise I featly framed My lowly speech—'Good sir, what leads this way Your wandering steps? must hapless chance be blamed That you so far from haunt of mortals stray? Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day, Nor trace of man have seen.—But how! methought Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy ray I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught That he to fallen man the saving promise brought.'

XVII.

"' 'I am that man,' said Jesus; 'I am he. But truce to questions—canst thou point my feet To some low hut, if haply such there be In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet With homely greeting, and may sit and eat: For forty days I have tarried fasting here,

Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,

And now I hunger; and my fainting ear

Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing near.'

XVIII.

"Then thus I answered wily:—'If, indeed, Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek
For food from men ?—Lo! on these flint stones feed, Bid them be bread! Open thy lips and speak, And living rills from yon parched rock will break."
Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye Fixed on my face; the blood forsook my cheek, I could not bear his gaze; my mask slipped by;
I would have shunned his look, but had not power to fly.

XIX.

"Then he rebuked me with the holy word— Accursed sounds! but now my native pride Returned, and by no foolish qualm deterred, I bore him from the mountain's woody side, Up to the summit, where, extending wide, Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes, Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried,

And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains, Tripped to the jocund reed the emasculated swains.

XX.

"'Behold,' I cried, 'these glories! scenes divine! Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays, And these, O rapture! these shall all be thine, If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise Hath he not given to indigence thy days? Is not thy portion peril here and pain?

Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding ways! Sieze the tiara! these mean weeds disdain,

Kneel, kneel, thou man of woe, and peace and splendor gain.'

XXI.

"'Is it not written,' sternly he replied,

'Tempt not the Lord thy God?' Frowning he spake,

And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,

Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,

- And caught me up aloft, till in one flake
- The sidelong volley met my swift career
 - And smote me earthward.—Jove himself might quake

At such a fall; my sinews cracked, and near, Obscure, and dizzy sounds seemed ringing in mine ear.

XXII.

"Senseless and stunned I lay; till casting round My half unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
Borne on a car of roses to the ground, By volant angels; and as sailing slow He sunk, the hoary battlement below,
While on the tall spire slept the slant sunbeam, Sweet on the enamored zephyr was the flow Of heavenly instruments. Such strains oft seem,
On starlight hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's dream.

XXIII.

"I saw blaspheming. Hate renewed my strength, I smote the ether with my iron wing,

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And left the accursed scene.—Arrived at length In these drear halls, to ye, my peers! I bring The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king
Thrice vanquished, baffled, smitten, and dismayed! O shame! Is this the hero who could fling
Defiance at his Maker, while arrayed,
High o'er the walls of light rebellion's banners played!

XXIV.

"Yet shall not Heaven's bland minions triumph long; Hell yet shall have revenge.—O glorious sight, Prophetic visions on my fancy throng,

I see wild agony's lean finger write

Sad figures on his forehead !--Keenly bright Revenge's flambeau burns ! Now in his eyes

Stand the hot tears,—immantled in the night,

Lo! he retires to mourn !---I hear his cries,---

He faints—he falls—and lo !—'tis true, ye powers, he dies.''

XXV.

And chest inflated, motionless he stood,

While under his uplifted shield he glanced,

With straining eyeball fixed, like one entranced,

On viewless air;-thither the dark platoon

Gazed wondering, nothing seen, save when there danced

The northern flash, or fiend late fled from noon, Darkened the disk of the descending moon.

XXVI.

Silence crept stilly through the ranks.—The breeze Spake most distinctly. As the sailor stands When all the midnight gasping from the seas Break boding sobs, and to his sight expands

High on the shrouds the spirit that commands

The ocean-farer's life; so stiff—so sere Stood each dark power;—while through their nume-

rous bands

Beat not one heart, and mingling hope and fear Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge appear.

XXVII.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell Of overboiling malice. Utterance long His passion mocked, and long he strove to tell His laboring ire; still syllable none fell From his pale quivering lip, but died away For very fury; from each hollow cell Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray, And * * * * * *

XXVIII.

"This comes," at length burst from the furious chief, "This comes of distant counsels! Here behold The fruits of wily cunning! the relief

Which coward policy would fain unfold,

To soothe the powers that warred with Heaven of old !

O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!

And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold, There stands he, spell struck, gaping at the air,

While Heaven subverts his reign, and plants her standard there."

XXIX.

Here, as, recovered, Satan fixed his eye Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern; He wrapt his black vest round him gloomily, And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts concern.

Him Moloch marked, and strove again to turn His soul to rage. "Behold ! behold !" he cried,

"The lord of Hell, who bade these regions spurn Almighty rule—behold, he lays aside The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man defied."

XXX.

Thus ended Moloch, and his [burning] tongue Hung quivering, as if [mad] to quench its heat In slaughter. So, his native wilds among, The famished tiger pants, when near his seat, Pressed on the sands, he marks the traveller's feet. Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword

Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the seat Of the arch-fiend all turned with one accord, As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde.

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Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved this of old. Who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah? Who coped with Ithuriel, and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke, and collected your scattered powers? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base. How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? he who preys only on the defenceless who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention. Away with the boaster who never joins in action, but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation; let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counselled purposes determinately. In power we have learnt, by that experiment which lost us heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer. In subtlety—in subtlety alone we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

"Thus we shall pierce our Conqueror, through the race

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Which as himself he loves; thus if we fall, We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace

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Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call

Of vengeance rings within me! Warriors all, The word is Vengeance, and the spur Despair.

Away with coward wiles! Death's coal-black pall Be now our standard !—Be our torch, the glare Of cities fired! our fifes, the shrieks that fill the air !"

Him answering rose Mecashpim, who of old, Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves,

Was worshipped, God of Fire, with charms untold And mystery. His wandering spirit loves, Now vainly searching for the flame it roves, And sits and mourns like some white-robed sire,

Where stood his temple, and where fragrant cloves And cinnamon upheaped the sacred pyre, And nightly magi watched the everlasting fire.

He waved his robe of flame, he crossed his breast, And sighing—his papyrus scarf surveyed,

Woven with dark characters; then thus addressed The troubled council.

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Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil ;—thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre, which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress ! and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or when the breeze comes by moan and are heard no more.
And must the harp of Judah sleep again,
Shall I no more reanimate the lay !

Oh! thou who visitest the sons of men, Thou who dost listen when the humble pray, One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree! I am a youthful traveller in the way, And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,

Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

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P O E M S,

WRITTEN BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF CLIFTON GROVE.

CHILDHOOD.

A POEM.

This is one of Henry's earliest productions, and appears, by the handwriting, to have been written when he was between fourteen and fifteen. The picture of the schoolmistress is from nature.

PART I.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet, Our infant days, our infant joys to greet; To roam in fancy in each cherished scene, The village churchyard, and the village green. The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade, The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade, The whitewashed cottage, where the woodbine grew, And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew! How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze, To view the unclouded skies of former days!

Beloved age of innocence and smiles, When each winged hour some new delight beguiles, When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true, Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue. Blest Childhood, hail !—Thee simply will I sing, And from myself the artless picture bring;

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These long-lost scenes to me the past restore, Each humble friend, each *pleasure*, now no more, And ev'ry stump familiar to my sight, Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favorite seat; Here did I love at evening to retreat, And muse alone, till in the vault of night, Hesper, aspiring, showed his golden light. Here once again, remote from human noise, I sit me down to think of former joys; Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more, And once again each infant walk explore, While as each grove and lawn I recognize, My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

And oh! thou Power, whose myriad trains resort To distant scenes, and picture them to thought; Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye, Flings to his soul a borrowed gleam of joy; Blest Memory, guide, with finger nicely true, Back to my youth my retrospective view; Recall with faithful vigor to my mind Each face familiar, each relation kind; And all the finer traits of them afford, Whose general outline in my heart is stored.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls, In many a fold, the mantling woodbine falls, The village matron kept her little school, Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule; Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien; Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean: Her neatly-bordered cap, as lily fair, Beneath her chin was pinned with decent care; And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn, Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn. Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes, A pair of spectacles their want supplies; These does she guard secure, in leathern case, From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I entered, though with toil and pain, The low vestibule of learning's fane: Entered with pain, yet soon I found the way, Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display. Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn, When I was first to school reluctant borne; Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried To soothe my swelling spirits when I sighed; And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept, To my lone corner brokenhearted crept, And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils, Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles; First at the form, my task forever true, A little favorite rapidly I grew: And oft she stroked my head with fond delight, Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight; And as she gave my diligence its praise, Talked of the honors of my future days.

Oh, had the venerable matron thought Of all the ills by talent often brought; Could she have seen me when revolving years Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears, Then had she wept, and wished my wayward fate Had been a lowlier, an unlettered state; Wished that, remote from worldly woes and strife, Unknown, unheard, I might have passed through life.

Where in the busy scene, by peace unblest, Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest? A lonely mariner on the stormy main, Without a hope, the calms of peace to gain; Long tossed by tempests o'er the world's wide shore, When shall his spirit rest, to toil no more? Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave The sandy surface of his unwept grave. Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms, Serenest season of perpetual calms,-Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease, And joy to think with thee I tasted peace. Sweet reign of innocence, when no crime defiles, But each new object brings attendant smiles; When future evils never haunt the sight, But all is pregnant with unmixt delight; To thee I turn, from riot and from noise,-Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor, When the clock spoke the hour of labor o'er, What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,

In various postures scatt'ring o'er the green! Some shoot the marble, others join the chase Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race; While others, seated on the dappled grass, With doleful tales the light-winged minutes pass. Well I remember how, with gesture starched, A band of soldiers, oft with pride we marched; For banners, to a tall ash we did bind Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind; And for our warlike arms we sought the mead, And guns and spears we made of brittle reed; Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown, We stormed some ruined pig-sty for a town.

Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was wont To set her wheel before the cottage front, And o'er her spectacles would often peer, To view our gambols, and our boyish gear. Still as she looked her wheel kept turning round, With its beloved monotony of sound. When tired of play, we'd set us by her side, (For out of school she never knew to chide)— And wonder at her skill—well known to fame— For who could match in spinning with the dame ? Her sheets, her linen, which she showed with pride To strangers, still her thriftness testified ; Though we poor wights did wonder much, in troth, How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth.

Oft would we leave, though well beloved, our play, To chat at home the vacant hour away. Many's the time I've scampered down the glade, To ask the promised ditty from the maid, Which well she loved, as well she knew to sing, While we around her formed a little ring : She told of innocence, foredoomed to bleed, Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed, Or little children murdered as they slept; While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept. Sad was such tale, and wonder much did we, Such hearts of stone there in the world could be. Poor simple wights, ah ! little did we ween The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene ! Ah, little thought that we ourselves should know, This world's a world of weeping and of woe!

Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught The first foundation of romantic thought. Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear, Then first that poësy charmed mine infant ear. Soon stored with much of legendary lore, The sports of childhood charmed my soul no more. Far from the scene of gaiety and noise, Far, far from turbulent and empty joys, I hied me to the thick o'erarching shade, And there, on mossy carpet, listless laid, While at my feet the rippling runnel ran, The days of wild romance antique I'd scan; Soar on the wings of fancy through the air, To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there. * *

PART II.

THERE are, who think that Childhood does not share With age the cup, the bitter cup of care: Alas! they know not this unhappy truth, That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind, Man is foredoomed the thorns of grief to find; At every step has further cause to know, The draught of pleasure still is dashed with woe.

Yet in the youthful breast, forever caught With some new object for romantic thought, The impression of the moment quickly flies, And with the morrow every sorrow dies. How different manhood !---then does thought's control Sink every pang still deeper in the soul; Then keen Affliction's sad unceasing smart, Becomes a painful resident in the heart; And Care, whom not the gayest can outbrave, Pursues its feeble victim to the grave. Then, as each long-known friend is summoned hence, We feel a void no joy can recompense, And as we weep o'er every new-made tomb, Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom.

Yes, Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue, No forms of future ill salute thy view, No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep, But Halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep, And sanguine Hope through every storm of life, Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal strife. Yet e'en round childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine, Affection's little thread will ever twine; And though but frail may seem each tender tie, The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh. Thus, when the long-expected moment came, When forced to leave the gentle-hearted dame, Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast, And a still tear my silent grief expressed.

When to the public school compelled to go, What novel scenes did on my senses flow ! There in each breast each active power dilates, Which 'broils whole nations, and convulses states; There reigns by turns alternate, love and hate, Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate; And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere, The dark deformities of man appear. Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim, There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame, There mild Benevolence delights to dwell, And sweet Contentment rests without her cell; And there, 'mid many a stormy soul, we find The good of heart, the intelligent of mind.

'Twas there, oh George ! with thee I learned to join In Friendship's bands—in amity divine. Oh, mournful thought !---Where is thy spirit now ? As here I sit on fav'rite Logar's brow, And trace below each well-remembered glade, Where, arm in arm, erewhile with thee I strayed. Where art thou laid—on what untrodden shore, Where nought is heard save ocean's sullen roar? Dost thou in lowly, unlamented state, At last repose from all the storms of fate? Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave, Without one aiding hand stretched out to save; See thee convulsed, thy looks to Heaven bend, And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend. Or where immeasurable wilds dismay, Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way, While sorrow and disease, with anguish rife, Consume apace the ebbing springs of life. Again I see his door against thee shut, The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut: I see thee spent with toil, and worn with grief, Sit on the grass, and wish the longed relief; Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er, Think on thy native land—and rise no more !

Oh that thou couldst from thine august abode, Survey thy friend in life's dismaying road, That thou couldst see him at this moment here, Embalm thy memory with a pious tear, And hover o'er him as he gazes round, Where all the scenes of infant joys surround.

Yes! yes! his spirit's near!—The whispering breeze Conveys his voice sad sighing on the trees: And lo! his form transparent I perceive, Borne on the gray mist of the sullen eve: He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe, While deathly silence reigns upon the globe.

Yet ah! whence comes this visionary scene? 'Tis fancy's wild aërial dream I ween; By her inspired, when reason takes its flight, What fond illusions beam upon the sight! She waves her hand, and lo! what forms appear! What magic sounds salute the wondering ear! Once more o'er distant regions do we tread, And the cold grave yields up its cherished dead; While present sorrows banished far away, Unclouded azure gilds the placid day, Or in the future's cloud-encircled face, Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace, And draw minutely every little wile, Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile.

So when forlorn, and lonesome at her gate, The Royal Mary solitary sate,

And viewed the moonbeam trembling on the wave, And heard the hollow surge her prison lave, Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight, For there her soul had winged its longing flight; There did she form full many a scheme of joy, Visions of bliss unclouded with alloy,



The Reyal Mary Stitary sate."

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Which bright through hope's deceitful optics beamed, And all became the surety which it seemed; She wept, yet felt, while all within was calm, In every tear a melancholy charm.

To yonder hill, whose sides, deformed and steep, Just yield a scanty sust'nance to the sheep, With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped, To see the sun rise from his healthy bed; To watch the aspect of the summer morn, Smiling upon the golden fields of corn, And taste, delighted, of superior joys, Beheld through sympathy's enchanted eyes: With silent admiration of twe viewed The myriad hues o'er heaven's blue concave strewed : The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade, Round which the silvery sunbeam glancing played. And the round orb itself, in azure throne, Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone: We marked, delighted, how with aspect gay, Reviving nature hailed returning day; Marked how the flowrets reared their drooping heads, And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads, While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight, The birds sung pæans to the source of light: Oft have we watched the speckled lark arise, Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies, And rise, and rise, till the pained sight no more Could trace him in his high aerial tour; Though on the ear, at intervals, his song Came wafted slow the wavy breeze along: And we have thought how happy were our lot, Blessed with some sweet, some solitary cot,

Where, from the peep of day, till russet eve Began in every dell her forms to weave, We might pursue our sports from day to day, And in each other's arms wear life away.

At sultry noon, too, when our toils were done, We to the gloomy glen were wont to run; There on the turf we lay, while at our feet The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet; And mused on holy theme, and ancient lore, Of deeds, and days, and heroes now no more; Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept, Sung woe unto the wicked land—and wept; Or, fancy led, saw Jeremiah mourn In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn. Then to another shore perhaps would rove, With Plato talk in his Ilyssian grove; Or, wandering where the Thespian palace rose, Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.

Sweet then to us was that romantic band, The ancient legends of our native land— Chivalric Britomart, and Una fair, And courteous Constance, doomed to dark despair, By turns our thoughts engaged; and oft we talked Of times when monarch Superstition stalked, And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome Brought the grand Druid fabrie to its doom; While where the wood-hung Menai's waters flow, The hoary harpers poured the strain of woe. While thus employed, to us how sad the bell Which summoned us to school! 'Twas Fancy's knell, And sadly sounding on the sullen ear, It spoke of study pale, and chilling fear. Yet even then, (for oh, what chains can bind, What powers control, the energies of mind?) E'en there we soared to many a height sublime, And many a day-dream charmed the lazy time.

At evening, too, how pleasing was our walk, Endeared by Friendship's unrestrained talk, When to the upland heights we bent our way, To view the last beam of departing day; How calm was all around ! no playful breeze Sighed 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees, But all was still, save when, with drowsy song, The gray-fly wound his sullen horn along; And save when, heard in soft, yet merry glee, The distant church-bells' mellow harmony; The silver mirror of the lucid brook, That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took; The rugged arch, that clasped its silent tides, With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides; The craggy rock, that jutted on the sight; The shrieking bat, that took its heavy flight: All, all was pregnant with divine delight. We loved to watch the swallow swimming high, In the bright azure of the vaulted sky; Or gaze upon the clouds, whose colored pride Was scattered thinly o'er the welkin wide, And tinged with such variety of shade, To the charmed soul sublimest thoughts conveyed. In these, what forms romantic did we trace, While fancy led us o'er the realms of space! Now we espied the thunderer in his car, Leading the embattled seraphim to war, Then stately towers descried, sublimely high, In Gothic grandeur frowning on the skyOr saw, wide stretching o'er the azure height, A ridge of glaciers in mural white, Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er, And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more; For thou art gone, and I am left below, Alone to struggle through this world of woe.

The scene is o'er—still seasons onward roll, And each revolve conducts me toward the goal : Yet all is blank, without one soft relief, One endless continuity of grief; And the tired soul, now led to thoughts sublime, Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.

Toil on, toil on, ye busy crowds, that pant For hoards of wealth which ye will never want; And, lost to all but gain, with ease resign The calms of peace and happiness divine ! Far other cares be mine.—Men little crave, In this short journey to the silent grave; And the poor peasant, blessed with peace and health, I envy more than Crœsus with his wealth. Yet grieve not I, that fate did not decree Paternal acres to await on me; She gave me more, she placed within my breast A heart with little pleased—with little blest: I look around me, where, on every side, Extensive manors spread in wealthy pride; And could my sight be borne to either zone, I should not find one foot of land my own.

But whither do I wander? shall the Muse, For golden baits, her simple theme refuse: Oh no! but while the weary spirit greets The fading scenes of Childhood's far-gone sweets, It catches all the infant's wandering tongue, And prattles on in desultory song. That song must close—the gloomy mists of night Obscure the pale stars' visionary light, And ebon darkness, clad in vapory wet, Steals on the welkin in primeval jet.

The song must close.—Once more my adverse lot Leads me reluctant from this cherished spot; Again compels to plunge in busy life, And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.

Scenes of my youth—ere my unwilling feet Are turned forever from this loved retreat, Ere on these fields, with plenty covered o'er, My eyes are closed to ope on them no more, Let me ejaculate to feeling due, One long, one last, affectionate adieu. Grant that if ever Providence should please To give me an old age of peace and ease, Grant that in these sequestered shades my days May wear away in gradual decays: And oh, ye spirits, who unbodied play, Unseen upon the pinions of the day, Kind genii of my native fields benign, Who were * *

FRAGMENT OF AN ECCENTRIC DRAMA.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

In a little volume which the author had copied out, apparently for the press, before the publication of "Clifton Grove," the song with which this fragment commences was inserted, under the title of "The Dance of the Consumptives, in imitation of Shakspeare, taken from an Eccentric Drama, written by H. K. W. when very young." The rest was discovered among his loose papers, in the first rude draught, having, to all appearance, never been transcribed. The song was extracted when he was sixteen, and must have been written at least a year before—probably more, by the handwriting. There is something strikingly wild and original in the fragment.

THE DANCE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

I.

DING-DONG ! ding-dong ! Merry, merry, go the bells, Ding-dong ! ding-dong ! Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale, "Swinging slow with sullen roar," Dance, dance away, the jocund roundelay ! Ding-dong, ding-dong, calls us away.

II.

Round the oak, and round the elm, Merrily foot it o'er the ground ! The sentry ghost it stands aloof, So merrily, merrily, foot it round. Ding-dong ! ding-dong ! Merry, merry, go the bells, Swelling in the nightly gale.

The sentry ghost

It keeps its post,

And soon, and soon, our sports must fail: But let us trip the nightly ground, While the merry, merry, bells ring round.

III.

Hark ! hark ! the death-watch ticks !
See, see, the winding-sheet !
Our dance is done,
Our race is run,
And we must lie at the alder's feet.
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Swinging o'er the weltering wave !
And we must seek
Our deathbeds bleak,
Where the green sod grows upon the grave.

(They vanish—The Goddess of CONSUMPTION descends, habited in a sky-blue Robe—Attended by mournful Music.)

> Come, Melancholy, sister mine! Cold the dews, and chill the night: Come from thy dreary shrine! The wan moon climbs the heavenly height, And underneath her sickly ray, Troops of squalid spectres play, And the dying mortal's groan Startles the night on her dusky throne. Come, come, sister mine ! Gliding on the pale moonshine : We'll ride at ease, On the tainted breeze, And oh ! our sport will be divine.

(The Goddess of MELANCHOLY advances out of a deep Glen in the rear habited in Black, and covered with a thick Veil—She speaks.)

> Sister, from my dark abode, Where nests the raven, sits the toad, Hither I come, at thy command; Sister, sister, join thy hand ! I will smoothe the way for thee, Thou shalt furnish food for me. Come, let us speed our way Where the troops of spectres play. To charnel-houses, churchyards drear, Where Death sits with a horrible leer, A lasting grin on a throne of bones, And skim along the blue tombstones. Come, let us speed away, Lay our snares, and spread our tether! I will smoothe the way for thee, Thou shalt furnish food for me; And the grass shall wave O'er many a grave, Where youth and beauty sleep together.

CONSUMPTION.

Come, let us speed our way ! Join our hands, and spread our tether ! I will furnish food for thee, Thou shalt smoothe the way for me; And the grass shall wave O'er many a grave, Where youth and beauty sleep together.

MELANCHOLY.

Hist, sister, hist! who comes here? Oh, I know her by that tear, By that blue eye's languid glare, By her skin, and by her hair : She is mine, And she is thine, Now the deadliest draught prepare.

CONSUMPTION.

In the dismal night air drest, I will creep into her breast; Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin, And feed on the vital fire within. Lover, do not trust her eyes,— When they sparkle most she dies! Mother, do not trust her breath,— Comfort she will breathe in death! Father, do not strive to save her,— She is mine, and I must have her! The coffin must be her bridal bed; The winding-sheet must wrap her head; The whispering winds must o'er her sigh, For soon in the grave the maid must lie.

The worm it will riot

On heavenly diet,

When death has deflowered her eye.

[They vanish.

While CONSUMPTION speaks, ANGELINA enters.

ANGELINA.

With* what a silent and dejected pace Dost thou, wan moon! upon thy way advance In the blue welkin's vault !—Pale wanderer!

* With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies, How silently, and with how wan a face!

SIR P. SIDNEY.

Hast thou too felt the pangs of hopeless love, That thus, with such a melancholy grace, Thou dost pursue thy solitary course? Hast thy Endymion, smooth-faced boy, forsook Thy widowed breast-on which the spoiler oft Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds Fantastic pillowed thee, and the dim night, Obsequious to thy will, encurtained round With its thick fringe thy couch ?—Wan traveller, How like thy fate to mine !---Yet I have still One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st: My woes will soon be buried in the grave Of kind forgetfulness :---my journey here, Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn, Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest. But thou, unhappy Queen ! art doomed to trace Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night, While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath The leaden pinions of unshaken time; Though not a hope shall spread its glittering hue To cheat thy steps along the weary way.

Oh that the sum of human happiness Should be so triffing, and so frail withal, That when possessed, it is but lessened grief; And even then there's scarce a sudden gust That blows across the dismal waste of life, But bears it from the view.—Oh! who would shun The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press The calm and peaceful pillows of the grave, And yet endure the various ills of life, And dark vicissitudes !—Soon, I hope, I feel, And am assured, that I shall lay my head, My weary aching head, on its last rest, And on my lowly bed the grass-green sod Will flourish sweetly.—And then they will weep That one so young, and what they're pleased to call So beautiful, should die so soon;—and tell How painful disappointment's cankered fang Withered the rose upon my maiden cheek. Oh foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly, Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves Might envy me my rest!—And as for them, Who, on the score of former intimacy, May thus remembrance me—they must themselves Successive fall.

Around the winter fire (When out-a-doors the biting frost congeals, And shrill the skater's irons on the pool Ring loud, as by the moonlight he performs His graceful evolutions) they not long Shall sit and chat of older times, and feats Of early youth, but silent, one by one, Shall drop into their shrouds.-Some, in their age, Ripe for the sickle; others young, like me, And falling green beneath the untimely stroke. Thus, in short time, in the churchyard forlorn, Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down, And dwell with me, a happy family. And oh, thou cruel, yet beloved youth, Who now has left me hopeless here to mourn, Do thou but shed one tear upon my corse, And say that I was gentle, and deserved A better lover, and I shall forgive All, all thy wrongs ;---and then do thou forget The hapless Margaret, and be as blest

As wish can make thee.—Laugh, and play, and sing, With thy dear choice, and never think of me.

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Yet hist, I hear a step.—In this dark wood—

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WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

TO A FRIEND.

I've read, my friend, of Dioclesian, And many another noble Grecian, Who wealth and palaces resigned, In cots the joys of peace to find; Maximian's meal of turnip-tops (Disgusting food to dainty chops), I've also read of, without wonder: But such a curst egregious blunder, As that a man, of wit and sense, Should leave his books to hoard up pence,-Forsake the loved Aonian maids, For all the petty tricks of trades, I never, either now, or long since, Have heard of such a piece of nonsense; That one who learning's joys hath felt, And at the Muse's altar knelt, Should leave a life of sacred leisure, To taste the accumulating pleasure; And metamorphosed to an alley duck, Grovel in loads of kindred muck. Oh! 'tis beyond my comprehension ! A courtier throwing up his pension,— A lawyer working without a fee, A parson giving charity,

A truly pious Methodist preacher, Are not, egad, so out of nature. Had nature made thee half a fool, But given thee wit to keep a school, I had not stared at thy backsliding; But when thy wit I can confide in, When well I know thy just pretence To solid and exalted sense; When well I know that on thy head Philosophy her lights hath shed, I stand aghast! thy virtues sum to, And wonder what this world will come to !

Yet, whence this strain? shall I repine That thou alone dost singly shine? Shall I lament that thou alone, Of men of parts, hast prudence known?

LINES, ON READING THE POEMS OF WARTON.

AGE FOURTEEN.

O WARTON! to thy soothing shell, Stretched remote in hermit cell, Where the brook runs babbling by, Forever I could listening lie; And catching all the Muses' fire, Hold converse with the tuneful choir.

What pleasing themes thy page adorn ! The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn, The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime, And melancholy's mournful chime, Each with unwonted graces shines In thy ever lovely lines.

Thy muse deserves the lasting meed; Attuning sweet the Dorian reed, Now the lovelorn swain complains, And sings his sorrows to the plains; Now the sylvan scenes appear Through all the changes of the year; Or the elegiac strain Softly sings of mental pain, And mournful diapasons sail On the faintly-dying gale.

But, ah! the soothing scene is o'er! On middle flight we cease to soar,

For now the Muse assumes a bolder sweep, Strikes on the lyric string her sorrows deep,

In strains unheard before. Now, now the rising fire thrills high, Now, now to heaven's high realms we fly,

And every throne explore ; The soul entranced, on mighty wings, With all the poet's heat, up springs,

And loses earthly woes ; Till all alarmed at the giddy height, The Muse descends on gentler flight,

And lulls the wearied soul to soft repose.

TO THE MUSE.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

I.

ILL-FATED maid, in whose unhappy train, Chill poverty and misery are seen,

Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene;

Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel So keenly all the scorns—the jeers of life? Why not endow them to endure the strife

With apathy's invulnerable steel,

Or self-content and ease, each torturing wound to heal.

II.

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys, That lure the unwary to a wretched doom,

That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise, Then hurl them headlong to a lasting tomb?

What is the charm which leads thy victims on To persevere in paths that lead to woe? What can induce them in that route to go,

In which innumerous before have gone,

And died in misery, poor and woe-begone?

III.

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found: I, who have drank from thine ethereal rill, And tasted all the pleasures that abound Upon Parnassus, loved Aonian hill?

I, through whose soul the Muses' strains aye thrill!

Oh! I do feel the spell with which I'm tied; And though our annals fearful stories tell,

How Savage languished, and how Otway died, Yet must I persevere, let whate'er will betide.

SONG.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

I.

SOFTLY, softly, blow, ye breezes, Gently o'er my Edwy fly! Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly; Softly, zephyrs, pass him by! My love is asleep, He lies by the deep, All along where the salt waves sigh.

II.

I have covered him with rushes, Water-flags, and branches dry. Edwy, long have been thy slumbers; Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye! My love is asleep, He lies by the deep, All along where the salt waves sigh.

III.

Still he sleeps; he will not waken,Fastly closéd is his eye;Paler is his cheek, and chillerThan the icy moon on high.

Alas! he is dead, He has chose his deathbed All along where the salt waves sigh.

IV.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy? Will thy slumbers never fly? Couldst thou think I would survive thee? No, my love, thou bidst me die. Thou bidst me seek Thy deathbed bleak All along where the salt waves sigh.

v.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips, On thy breast I'll lay my head, And the winds shall sing our death-dirge, And our shroud the waters spread; The moon will smile sweet, And the wild wave will beat, Oh! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

THE WANDERING BOY.

A SONG.

I.

WHEN the winter wind whistles along the wild moor, And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door; When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye, Oh, how hard is the lot of the wandering boy!

II.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest, And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast; No father, no mother, no kindred have I, For I am a parentless wandering boy.

III.

Yet I once had a home, and I once had a sire, A mother, who granted each infant desire; Our cottage it stood in a wood-embowered vale, Where the ringdove would warble its sorrowful tale.

IV.

But my father and mother were summoned away, And they left me to hardhearted strangers a prey; I fled from their rigor with many a sigh, And now I'm a poor little wandering boy.

v.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale, And no one will list to my innocent tale; I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie, And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.

FRAGMENT.

Mild as the kisses of connubial love, Plays round my languid limbs, as all dissolved, Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat; While rippling o'er its deep-worn pebble bed, The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet, Dispensing coolness.—On the fringed marge Full many a flow'ret rears its head,—or pink, Or gaudy daffodil.—'Tis here, at noon, The buskined wood-nymphs from the heat retire, And lave them in the fountain; here secure From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport; Or stretched supinely on the velvet turf, Lulled by the laden bee, or sultry fly, Invoke the God of slumber. * *

And hark, how merrily, from distant tower, Ring round the village bells ! now on the gale They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud; Anon they die upon the pensive ear, Melting in faintest music.—They bespeak A day of jubilee, and oft they bear Commixt along the unfrequented shore, The sound of village dance and tabor loud, Startling the musing ear of solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
When happy Superstition, gabbling eld !
Holds her unhurtful gambols.—All the day
The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance,
On the smooth-shaven green, and then at eve
Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the laboring moon,
Or draw the fixed stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest.—Then anon,
Tell of uncharnelled spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,

Startling the 'nighted traveller; while the sound Of undistinguished murmurs, heard to come From the dark centre of the deep'ning glen, Struck on his frozen ear.

Oh, Ignorance,

Thou art fall'n man's best friend! With thee he speeds In frigid apathy along his way, And never does the tear of agony Burn down his scorching cheek; or the keen steel Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.

E'en now, as leaning on this fragrant bank, I taste of all the keener happiness Which sense refined affords—e'en now my heart Would fain induce me to forsake the world, Throw off these garments, and in shepherd's weeds, With a small flock, and short suspended reed, To sojurn in the woodland.—Then my thought Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss, That I could almost err in reason's spite, And trespass on my judgment.

Such is life: The distant prospect always seems more fair, And when attained, another still succeeds Far fairer than before,—yet compassed round With the same dangers, and the same dismay. And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze, Still discontented, chase the fairy form Of unsubstantial happiness, to find, When life itself is sinking in the strife, 'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

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HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

CANZONET.

I.

MAIDEN ! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast:
Why should horror's voice astound thee ?
Death can bid the wretched rest !
All under the tree
Thy bed may be,
And thou mayst slumber peacefully.

II.

Maiden ! once gay pleasure knew thee;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep :
Love has been a felon to thee;
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep :
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM

ON DESPAIR.

Some to Aonian lyres of silver sound With winning elegance attune their song, Formed to sink lightly on the soothed sense, And charm the soul with softest harmony : 'Tis then that Hope with sanguine eye is seen Roving through Fancy's gay futurity; Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure, Pleasure of days to come.-Memory too then Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad, Pensively musing on the scenes of youth, Scenes never to return.* Such subjects merit poets used to raise The Attic verse harmonious; but for me A dreadlier theme demands my backward hand, And bids me strike the strings of dissonance With frantic energy. 'Tis wan Despair I sing; if sing I can, Of him before whose blast the voice of song, And mirth, and hope, and happiness, all fly, Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard At noon of night, where, on the coast of blood, The lacerated son of Angola Howls forth his sufferings to the moaning wind; And, when the awful silence of the night Strikes the chill death-dew to the murderer's heart, He speaks in every conscience-prompted word Half uttered, half suppressed— 'Tis him I sing-Despair-terrific name, Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord Of timorous terror-discord in the sound : For to a theme revolting as is this, Dare not I woo the maids of harmony, Who love to sit, and catch the soothing sound Of lyre Æolian, or the martial bugle, Calling the hero to the field of glory, And firing him with deeds of high emprise, And warlike triumph : but from scenes like mine Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror.

* Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the "Pleasures of Hope" and of "Memory."

Hence, then, soft maids, And woo the silken zephyr in the bowers By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream : For aid like yours I seek not; tis for powers Of darker hue to inspire a verse like mine ! 'Tis work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends !

Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron, Nurslings of Hell, and beings shunning light, And all the myriads of the burning concave; Souls of the damned;—hither, oh ! come and join Th' infernal chorus. 'Tis Despair I sing ! He, whose sole tooth inflicts a deadlier pang Than all your tortures joined. Sing, sing Despair ! Repeat the sound, and celebrate his power; Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks, Till the loud pæan ring through hell's high vault, And the remotest spirits of the deep Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.

TO THE WIND.

AT MIDNIGHT.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear, Blasts of the night! ye howl as now, My shuddering casement loud With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe, The howling sweep, the sudden rush; And when the passing gale Poured deep the hollow dirge.

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THE EVE OF DEATH.

IRREGULAR.

I.

SILENCE of Death—portentous calm, Those airy forms that yonder fly,
Denote that your void foreruns a storm, That the hour of fate is nigh.
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne, The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
I see, I see, that ere the morn, His spear will forsake its hated rest,
And the widowed wife of Larrendill will beat her naked breast.

II.

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep No softly-ruffling zephyrs fly;
But nature sleeps a deathless sleep, For the hour of battle is nigh.
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak, But a creeping stillness reigns around;
Except when the raven, with ominous croak, On the ear does unwelcomely sound.
I know, I know, what this silence means, I know what the raven saith—
Strike, oh, ye bards! the melancholy harp, For this is the eve of death.

III.

Behold, how along the twilight air The shades of our fathers glide!



WHIGHT



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There Morven fled, with the blood-drenched hair, And Colma with gray side.

No gale around its coolness flings,

Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;

And hark, how the harp's unvisited strings

Sound sweet, as if swept by a whispering breeze! 'Tis done! the sun he has set in blood!

He will never set more to the brave; Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death— For to-morrow he hies to the grave.

THANATOS.

OH! who would cherish life, And cling unto this heavy clog of clay-Love this rude world of strife, Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day ! And where, 'neath outward smiles Concealed, the snake lies feeding on its prey, Where pitfalls lie in every flowery way, And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles ! Hateful it is to me, Its riotous railings and revengeful strife; I'm tired with all its screams and brutal shouts, Dinning the ear ;-away-away with life ! And welcome, oh ! thou silent maid, Who in some foggy vault art laid, Where never daylight's dazzling ray Comes to disturb thy dismal sway; And there amid unwholesome damps doth sleep, In such forgetful slumbers deep, That all thy senses stupified, Are to marble petrified.

Sleepy Death, I welcome thee ! Sweet are thy calms to misery. Poppies I will ask no more, Nor the fatal hellebore; Death is the best, the only cure, His are slumbers ever sure. Lay me in the Gothic tomb, In whose solemn fretted gloom I may lie in mouldering state, With all the grandeur of the great : Over me, magnificent, Carve a stately monument; Then thereon my statue lay, With hands in attitude to pray, And angels serve to hold my head, Weeping o'er the father dead. Duly too at close of day, Let the pealing organ play; And while the harmonious thunders roll, Chant a vesper to my soul: Thus how sweet my sleep will be, Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

Away with death—away With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps Impervious to the day, Where nature sinks into inanity. How can the soul desire Such hateful nothingness to crave, And yield with joy the vital fire To moulder in the grave ! Yet mortal life is sad, Eternal storms molest its sullen sky; And sorrows ever rife Drain the sacred fountain dry— Away with mortal life !

But, hail the calm reality, The seraph Immortality, Hail the heavenly bowers of peace, Where all the storms of passion cease. Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er, The wearied spirit weeps no more; But wears the eternal smile of joy, Tasting bliss without alloy. Welcome, welcome, happy bowers, Where no passing tempest lowers; But the azure heavens display The everlasting smile of day; Where the choral seraph choir, Strike to praise the harmonious lyre; And the spirit sinks to ease, Lulled by distant symphonies. Oh! to think of meeting there The friends whose graves received our tear, The daughter loved, the wife adored, To our widowed arms restored : And all the joys which death did sever, Given to us again for ever! Who would cling to wretched life, And hug the poisoned thorn of strife-Who would not long from earth to fly A sluggish senseless lump to lie, When the glorious prospect lies Full before his raptured eyes?

MUSIC.

Written between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, with a few subsequent verbal alterations.

Music, all-powerful o'er the human mind, Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm, Soothe anxious care on sleepless couch reclined, And e'en fierce anger's furious rage disarm.

At her command the various passions lie;She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace,Melts the charmed soul to thrilling ecstasy,And bids the jarring world's harsh clangor cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise, Infuse new ardor, and with youthful fire, Urge on the warrior gray with length of days.

Far better she when with her soothing lyreShe charms the falchion from the savage grasp,And melting into pity vengeful ire,Looses the bloody breastplate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam, At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline, And thoughtful o'er the falling streamlet's foam, In calm seclusion's hermit walks recline.

Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise,Of softest flute or reeds harmonic joined,With rapture thrilled each worldly passion dies,And pleased attention claims the passive mind.

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Soft through the dell the dying strains retire, Then burst majestic in the varied swell; Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre, Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds ! such is the bliss ye give That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on the soul With joy I'd yield each sensual wish to live Forever 'neath your undefiled control.

Oh, surely melody from heaven was sent, To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent, And soften down the rugged road of life.

ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

. . . . Cum ruit imbriferum ver : Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent : * * * * * *

Cunct tibi Cererem pubes agresstis adoret.

VIRGIL.

Moon of harvest, herald mild Of plenty, rustic labor's child, Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam, As soft it trembles o'er the stream, And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet wide, Where innocence and peace reside; 'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,

Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of harvest, I do love O'er the uplands now to rove, 17 While thy modest ray serene Gilds the wide surrounding scene; And to watch thee riding high In the blue vault of the sky,

Where no thin vapor intercepts thy ray, But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

> Pleasing 'tis, O modest moon ! Now the night is at her noon, 'Neath thy sway to musing lie, While around the zephyrs sigh, Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat, Ripened by the summer's heat; Picturing all the rustic's joy When boundless plenty greets his eye, And thinking soon, Oh, modest moon ! How many a female eye will roam Along the road, To see the load, The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains, Stern despoilers of the plains, Hence away, the season flee, Foes to light-heart jollity ; May no winds careering high, Drive the clouds along the sky;

But may all nature smile with aspect boon, When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh, Harvest Moon !

> 'Neath yon lowly roof he lies, The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes;

He dreams of crowded barns, and round The yard he hears the flail resound; Oh! may no hurricane destroy His visionary views of joy : God of the winds ! oh, hear his humble prayer, And while the moon of harvest shines, thy blust'ring whirlwind spare. Sons of luxury, to you Leave I sleep's dull power to woo: Press ye still the downy bed, While fev'rish dreams surround your head; I will seek the woodland glade, Penetrate the thickest shade, Wrapt in contemplation's dreams, Musing high on holy themes, While on the gale Shall softly sail The nightingale's enchanting tune, And oft my eyes Shall grateful rise To thee, the modest Harvest Moon !

THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG,

TO THE NIGHT.

Тноυ, spirit of the spangled night! I woo thee from the watch-tower high, Where thou dost sit to guide the bark Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds, The distant main is moaning low; Come, let us sit and weave a song— A melancholy song ! Sweet is the scented gale of morn, And sweet the noontide's fervid beam, But sweeter far the solemn calm That marks thy mournful reign.

I've passed here many a lonely year, And never human voice have heard : I've passed here many a lonely year, A solitary man.

And I have lingered in the shade, From sultry noon's hot beam. And I Have knelt before my wicker door, To sing my ev'ning song.

And I have hailed the gray morn high, On the blue mountain's misty brow, And try to tune my little reed To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed, At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet, As when upon the ocean shore I hailed thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me, The moon it whispers not of peace; But oh! when darkness robes the heav'ns, My woes are mixed with joy.

And then I talk, and often think Aerial voices answer me; And oh! I am not then alone— A solitary man. And when the blust'ring winter winds Howl in the woods that clothe my cave, I lay me on my lonely mat, And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife; And Fancy gives me back my child; She gives me back my little home, And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour, That calls me from the dream of bliss, To find myself still lone, and hear The same dull sounds again.

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea, The whisp'ring of the boding trees, The brook's eternal flow, and oft The Condor's hollow scream.

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PROSE COMPOSITIONS.

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PROSE COMPOSITIONS.

REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH POETS.

IMITATIONS.

THE sublimity and unaffected beauty of the sacred writings are in no instance more conspicuous than in the following verses of the 18th Psalm :—

"He bowed the heavens also and came down : and darkness was under his feet."

"And he rode upon a cherub and did fly: yea he did fly upon the wings of the wind."

None of our better versions have been able to preserve the original graces of these verses. That wretched one of Thomas Sternhold, however (which, to the disgrace and manifest detriment of religious worship, is generally used), has, in this solitary instance, and then perhaps by accident, given us the true spirit of the Psalmist, and has surpassed not only Merrick, but even the classic Buchanan.* This version is as follows :--

* That the reader may judge for himself, Buchanan's translation is subjoined :--

" Utque suum dominum terræ demittat in orbem Leniter inclinat jussum fastigia cælum; Succedunt pedibus fuscæ caliginis umbræ; Ille vehens curru volucri, cui flammeus ales Lora tenens levibus ventorum adremigat alis Se circum fulvo nebularum involvit amictu, Prætenditque cavis piceas in nubibus undas."

This is somewhat too harsh and prosaic, and there is an unpleasant cacophony in the terminations of the fifth and sixth lines. "The Lord descended from above, And bowed the heavens high, And underneath his feet he cast The darkness of the sky.

"On cherubs and on cherubims Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad."

Dryden honored these verses with very high commendation, and, in the following lines of his Annus Mirabilis, has apparently imitated them, in preference to the original.

> "The duke less numerous, but in courage more, On wings of all the winds to combat flies."

And in his Ceyx and Alcyone, from Ovid, he has-

"And now sublime she rides upon the wind,"

which is probably imitated, as well as most of the following, not from Sternhold, but the original. Thus Pope,

> "Not God alone in the still calm we find, He mounts the storm and rides upon the wind."

And Addison-

"Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

The unfortunate Chatterton has—

"And rides upon the pinions of the wind."

And Gray—

"With arms sublime that float upon the air."

Few poets of eminence have less incurred the charge of plagiarism than Milton; yet many instances might be adduced of similarity of idea and language with the Scripture, which are certainly more than coincidences; and some of these I shall, in a future number, present to your readers. Thus the present passage in the Psalmist was in all probability in his mind when he wrote—

> "And with mighty wings outspread, Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss."

> > PAR. LOST, 1. 20, b.i.

The third verse of the 104th Psalm,

"He maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind,"---

is evidently taken from the beforementioned verses in the 18th Psalm, on which it is perhaps an improvement. It has also been imitated by two of our first poets, Shakspeare and Thomson. The former in Romeo and Juliet,

> "Bestrides the lazy paced clouds, And sails upon the bosom of the air."

The latter in Winter, l. 199-

"'Till Nature's King who oft Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone, And on the wings of the careering winds Walks dreadfully serene."

As these imitations have not before, I believe, been noticed, they cannot fail to interest the lovers of polite letters; and they are such as at least will amuse your readers in general. If the sacred writings were attentively perused, we should find innumerable passages from which our best modern poets have drawn their most admired ideas; and the enumerations of these instances would perhaps attract the attention of many persons to those volumes, which they now perhaps think to contain everything tedious and disgusting, but which, on the contrary, they would find replete with interest, beauty, and true sublimity.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

MR. EDITOR,

In your "Mirror" for July, a Mr. William Toone has offered a few observations on a paper of mine, in a preceding number, containing remarks on the versions and imitations of the ninth and tenth verses of the 18th Psalm, to which I think it necessary to offer a few words by way of reply; as they not only put an erroneous construction on certain passages of that paper, but are otherwise open to material objection.

The object of Mr. Toone, in some parts of his observations, appears to have been to refute something which he *fancied* I had advanced, tending to establish the general merit of Sternhold and Hopkins' translation of the Psalms: but he might have saved himself this unnecessary trouble, as I have decidedly condemned it as mere doggrel, still preserved in our churches to the detriment of religion. And the version of the passage in question is adduced as a brilliant, though probably accidental, exception to the general character of the work. What necessity, therefore, your correspondent could see for "hoping that I should think with him, that the sooner the old version of the Psalms was consigned to oblivion, the better it would be for rational devotion," I am perfectly at a loss to imagine.

This concluding sentence of Mr. Toone's paper, which

I consider as introduced merely by way of rounding the period, and making a graceful exit, needs no further animadversion. I shall therefore proceed to examine the objections of the "worthy clergyman of the Church of England," to these verses cited by your correspondent, by which he hopes to prove, that Dryden, Knox, and the numerous other eminent men who have expressed their admiration thereof, to be little better than idiots. The first is this:

"Cherubim is the plural for Cherub; but our versioner, by adding an s to it, has rendered them both plurals." By adding an s to what? If the pronoun it refer to cherubim, as according to the construction of the sentence it really does, the whole objection is nonsense. But the worthy gentleman, no doubt, meant to say, that Sternhold had rendered them both plurals, by the addition of an s to cherub. Even in this sense, however, I conceive the charge to be easily obviated; for, though cherubim is doubtless usually considered as the plural of cherub, yet the two words are frequently so used in the Old Testament as to prove, that they were often applied to separate ranks of beings. One of these, which I shall eite, will dispel all doubt on the subject.

"And within the oracle he made two cherubims of olive tree, each ten cubits high."—1 Kings, v. 23, chap. vii.

The other objection turns upon a word with which it is not necessary for me to interfere; for I did not quote these verses as instances of the merit of Sternhold, or his version, I only asserted, that the lines which I then copied, viz.,

"The Lord descended from above," &c.

were truly noble and sublime. Whether, therefore, Sternhold wrote all the winds (as asserted by your correspondent, in order to furnish room for objection) or *mighty* winds, is of no import. But if this really be a subsequent alteration, I think, at least, there is no improvement; for when we conceive the winds as assembling from 'all quarters, at the omnipotent command of the Deity, and bearing him with their united forces from the heavens, we have a more sublime image, than when we see him as flying merely on *mighty winds*, or as driving his team (or troop) of angels on a strong tempest's rapid wing, with most amazing swiftness as elegantly represented by Brady and Tate.*

I differ from your correspondent's opinion that these verses, so far from possessing sublimity, attract the reader merely by their *rumbling sound*. And here it may not be amiss to observe, that the true sublime does not consist of high-sounding words, or pompous magnificence; on the contrary, it most frequently appears clad in native dignity and simplicity, without art and without ornament.

The most elegant critic of antiquity, Longinus, in his treatise on the sublime, adduces the following passage from the book of Genesis, as possessing that quality in an eminent degree—

"God said let there be light, and there was light:-Let the earth be, and the earth was"*---

* How any man, enjoying the use of his senses, could prefer the contemptible version of Brady and Tate of this verse to Sternhold, is to me inexplicable. The epithets which are introduced would have disgraced a schoolboy, and the majestic imagery of the original is sacrificed to make room for tinsel and fustian.

> "The chariot of the King of kings, Which active troops of angels drew, On a strong tempest's rapid wings With most amazing swiftness flew."

† The critic apparently quoted from memory, for we may search in vain for the latter part of this sentence. From what I have advanced on this subject, I would not have it inferred, that I conceive the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, generally speaking, to be superior to that of Brady and Tate; for, on the contrary, in almost every instance, except that above-mentioned, the latter possesses an indubitable right to pre-eminence. Our language, however, cannot yet boast one version possessing the true spirit of the original; some are beneath contempt, and the best has scarcely attained mediocrity. Your correspondent has quoted some verses from Tate, in triumph, as comparatively excellent; but, in my opinion, they are also instances of our general failure in sacred poetry: they abound in those *ambitiosa ornamenta* which do well to please women and children, but which disgust the man of taste.

To the imitations already noticed of this passage, permit me to add the following—

> "But various Iris Jove's commands to bear, Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air."

> > POPE'S ILIAD, b. ii.

"Miguel cruzando os pelagos do vento."

CARLOS REDUZIDO, canto i.

By Pedro de Azevedo Tojal, an ancient Portuguese poet of some merit.

REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH POETS.

WARTON.

THE poems of Thomas Warton are replete with a sublimity and richness of imagery, which seldom fail to enchant: every line presents new beauties of idea, aided by all the magic of animated diction. From the inexhaustible stores of figurative language, majesty, and sublimity, which the ancient English poets afford, he has culled some of the richest and the sweetest flowers. But, unfortunately, in thus making use of the beauties of other writers, he has been too unsparing; for the greater number of his ideas, and nervous epithets, cannot, strictly speaking, be called his own; therefore, however we may be charmed by the grandeur of his images, or the felicity of his expression, we must still bear in our recollection, that we cannot with justice bestow upon him the highest eulogium of genius—that of originality.

It has, with much justice, been observed, that Pope and his imitators have introduced a species of refinement into our language, which has banished that nerve and pathos for which Milton had rendered it eminent. Harmonious modulations, and unvarying exactness of measure, totally precluding sublimity and fire, have reduced our fashionable poetry to mere sing-song. But Thomas Warton, whose taste was unvitiated by the frivolities of the day, immediately saw the intrinsic worth of what the world then slighted. He saw that the ancient poets contained a fund of strength, and beauty of imagery as well as diction, which in the hands of genius would shine forth with redoubled lustre. Entirely rejecting, therefore, modern niceties, he extracted the honied sweets from these beautiful, though neglected flowers. Every grace of sentiment, every poetical term, which a false taste had rendered obsolete, was by him revived and made to grace his own ideas; and though many will condemn him as guilty of plagiarism, yet few will be able to withhold the tribute of their praise.

The peculiar forte of Warton seems to have been in the sombre descriptive. The wild airy flights of a Spenser, the "chivalrous feats of barons bold," or the "cloistered solitude," were the favorites of his mind. Of this his bent, he informs us in the following lines :---

"Through Pope's soft song though all the graces breathe, And happiest art adorns his attic page, Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow, As at the root of mossy trunk reclined, In magic Spenser's wildly warbled song I see deserted Una wander wide Through wasteful solitudes and lurid heaths, Weary, forlorn; than were the fated* fair Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames, Launches in all the lustre of brocade, Amid the splendors of the laughing sun; The gay description palls upon the sense And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss."

Pleasures of Melancholy.

Warton's mind was formed for the grand and the sublime. Were his imitations less verbal and less numerous, I should be led to imagine, that the peculiar beauties of his favorite authors had sunk so impressively into his mind, that he had unwittingly appropriated them as his own; but they are in general such as to preclude the idea.

To the metrical, and other intrinsic ornaments of style, he appears to have paid due attention. If we meet with an uncouth expression, we immediately perceive that it is peculiarly appropriate, and that no other term could have been made use of with so happy an effect. His poems abound with alliterative lines. Indeed, this figure seems to have been his favorite; and he studiously seeks every opportunity to introduce it: however, it must be acknowledged, that his "daisy-dappled dale," &c., occur too frequently.

> * Belinda. Vide Pope's "Rape of the Lock." 18

The poem on which Warton's fame (as a poet) principally rests, is the "Pleasures of Melancholy," and (notwithstanding the perpetual recurrence of ideas which are borrowed from other poets) there are few pieces which I have perused with more exquisite gratification. The gloomy tints with which he overcasts his descriptions; his highly figurative language; and, above all, the antique air which the poem wears, convey the most sublime ideas to the mind.

Of the other pieces of this poet, some are excellent, and they all rise above mediocrity. In his sonnets he has succeeded wonderfully; that written at Winslade, and the one to the river Lodon, are peculiarly beautiful, and that to Mr. Gray is most elegantly turned. The "Ode on the approach of Summer," is replete with genius and poetic fire: and even over the Birthday odes, which he wrote as poet laureat, his genius has cast energy and beauty. His humorous pieces and satires abound in wit: and, in short, taking him altogether, he is an ornament to our country and our language, and it is to be regretted, that the profusion with which he has made use of the beauties of other poets, should have given room for censure.

I should have closed my short, and I fear jejune essay on Warton, but that I wished to hint to your truly elegant and acute Stamford correspondent, Octavius Gilchrist (whose future remarks on Warton's imitations I await with considerable impatience), that the passage in the "Pleasures of Melancholy"—

> "Or *ghostly* shape, At distance seen, invites, with beckoning hand, Thy lonesome steps,"

which he supposes to be taken from the following in "Comus,"

" Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire, And airy tongues that syllable men's names,"

is more probably taken from the commencement of Pope's elegy on an unfortunate lady—

"What beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?"

The original idea was possibly taken from "Comus" by Pope, from whom Warton, to all appearance again borrowed it.

Were the similarity of the passage in Gray to that in Warton less striking and verbal, I should be inclined to think it only a remarkable coincidence; for Gray's biographer informs us, that he commenced his elegy in 1742, and that it was completed in 1744, being the year which he particularly devoted to the Muses, though he did not "put the finishing stroke to it" until 1750. The "Pleasures of Melancholy" were published in 4to, in 1747. Therefore Gray might take his third stanza from Warton; but it is rather extraordinary that the third stanza of a poem should be taken from another published five years after that poem was begun and three after it was understood to be completed; one circumstance, however, seems to render the supposition of its being a plagiarism somewhat more probable, which is, that the stanza in question is not essential to the connection of the preceding and antecedent verses; therefore it might have been added by Gray, when he put the" finishing stroke" to his piece in 1750.

CURSORY REMARKS ON TRAGEDY.

The pleasure which is derived from the representation of an affecting tragedy has often been the subject of inquiry among philosophical critics, as a singular phenomenon. That the mind should receive gratification from the excitement of those passions which are in themselves painful, is really an extraordinary paradox, and it is the more inexplicable since, when the same means are employed to rouse the more pleasing affections, no adequate effect is produced.

In order to solve this problem, many ingenious hypotheses have been invented. The Abbé Du Bos tells us that the mind has such a natural antipathy to a state of listlessness and languor, as to render the transition from it to a state of exertion, even though by rousing passions in themselves painful, as in the instance of a tragedy, a positive pleasure. Monsieur Fontenelle has given us a more satisfacory account. He tells us that pleasure and pain, two sentiments so different in themselves, do not differ so much in their cause ;---that pleasure carried too far, becomes pain, and pain, a little moderated becomes pleasure. Hence that the pleasure we derive from tragedy is a pleasing sorrow, a modulated pain. David Hume, who has also written upon this subject, unites the two systems, with this addition, that the painful emotions excited by the representation of melancholy scenes are further tempered, and the pleasure is proportionably heightened by the eloquence displayed in the relation, the art shown in collecting the pathetic circumstances, and the judgment evinced in their happy disposition.

But even now I do not conceive the difficulty to be satisfactorily done away. Admitting the postulatum which the Abbé Du Bos assumes, that languor is so disagreeable to the mind as to render its removal positive pleasure, to be true; yet, when we recollect, as Mr. Hume has before observed, that were the same objects of distress which give us pleasure in tragedy set before our eyes in

reality, though they would effectually remove listlessness, they would excite the most unfeigned uneasiness, we shall hesitate in applying this solution in its full extent to the present subject. M. Fontenelle's reasoning is much more conclusive; yet I think he errs egregiously in his premises, if he means to imply that any modulation of pain is pleasing, because, in whatever degree it may be, it is still pain, and remote from either ease or positive pleasure: and if by moderated pain he means an uneasy sensation abated, though not totally banished, he is no less mistaken in the application of them to the subject before us. Pleasure may very well be conceived to be painful when carried to excess, because it there becomes exertion, and is inconvenient. We may also form some idea of a pleasure arising from moderated pain, or the transition from the disagreeable to the less disagreeable; but this cannot in any wise be applied to the gratification we derive from a tragedy, for there no superior degree of pain is left for an inferior. As to Mr. Hume's addition of the pleasure we derive from the art of the poet, for the introduction of which he has written his whole dissertation on tragedy, it merits little consideration. The self-recollection necessary to render this art a source of gratification must weaken the illusion, and whatever weakens the illusion, diminishes the effect.

In these systems it is taken for granted that all those passions are excited which are represented in the drama. This I conceive to have been the primary cause of error, for to me it seems very probable that the only passion or affection which is excited is that of sympathy, which partakes of the pleasing nature of pity and compassion, and includes in it so much as is pleasing of hope and apprehension, joy and grief.

The pleasure we derive from the afflictions of a friend

is proverbial—every person has felt, and wondered why he felt, something soothing in the participation of the sorrows of those dear to his heart; and he might, with as much reason, have questioned why he was delighted with the melancholy scenes of tragedy. Both pleasures are equally singular; they both arise from the same source. Both originate in sympathy.

It would seem natural that an accidental spectator of a cause in a court of justice, with which he is perfectly unacquainted, would remain an uninterested auditor of what was going forward. Experience tells us, however, the exact contrary. He immediately, even before he is well acquainted with the merits of the case, espouses one side of the question, to which he uniformly adheres, participates in all its advantages, and sympathizes in its success. There is no denying that the interest this man takes in the business is a source of pleasure to him; but we cannot suppose one of the parties in the cause, though his interest must be infinitely more lively, to feel an equal pleasure, because the painful passions are in him really roused, while in the other sympathy alone is excited, which is in itself pleasing. It is pretty much the same with the spectator of a tragedy. And if the sympathy is the more pleasing, it is because the actions are so much the more calculated to entrap the attention, and the object so much the more worthy. The pleasure is heightened also in both instances by a kind of intuitive recollection, which never forsakes the spectator; that no bad consequences will result to him from the action he is surveying. This recollection is the more predominant in the spectator of a tragedy, as it is impossible in any case totally to banish from his memory that the scenes are fictitious and illusive. In real life we always advert to futurity, and endeavor to draw inferences of the probable consequences; but the moment we take off our minds from what is passing on the stage to reasonings thereupon, the illusion is dispelled, and it again recurs that it is all fiction.

If we compare the degrees of pleasure we derive from the perusal of a novel and the representation of a tragedy, we shall observe a wonderful disparity. In both we feel an interest, in both sympathy is excited. But in the one, things are merely *related* to us as *having passed*, which it is not attempted to persuade us ever did *in reality* happen, and from which, therefore, we never can deceive ourselves into the idea that any consequences whatever will result; in the other, on the contrary, the actions themselves pass before our eyes; we are not tempted to ask ourselves whether they did ever happen; we see them happen, we are the witnesses of them, and were it not for the meliorating circumstances beforementioned, the sympathy would become so powerful as to be in the highest degree painful.

In tragedy, therefore, everything which can strengthen the illusion should be introduced, for there are a thousand drawbacks on the effect which it is impossible to remove, and which have always so great a force, as to put it out of the power of the poet to excite sympathy in a too painful degree. Everything that is improbable, everything which is out of the common course of nature should, for this reason, be avoided, as nothing will so forcibly remind the spectator of the unrealness of the illusion.

It is a mistaken idea that we sympathize sooner with the distresses of kings and illustrious personages than with those of common life. Men are, in fact, more inclined to commiserate the sufferings of their equals than of those whom they cannot but regard, rather with awe than pity, as superior beings, and to take an interest in incidents which might have happened to themselves, sooner than in those remote from their own rank and habits. It is for this reason that Æschylus censures Euripides for introducing his kings in rags, as if they were more to be compassionated than other men.

> Πρῶτον μέν τούς βασιλεύοντας βάχλαμπισχων, ΐν έλεεινοὶ Τοῖς ἀνθρώποις φαίνοντ' εἶναι.

Some will, perhaps, imagine that it is in the power of the poet to excite our sympathy in too powerful a degree, because, at the representation of certain scenes, the spectators are frequently affected so as to make them shriek out with terror. But this is not sympathy; it is horror, it is disgust, and is only witnessed when some act is committed on the stage so cruel and bloody, as to make it impossible to contemplate it even in idea without horror.

> "Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet, Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus." *Hor. Ars Poet.*, l. 185.

It is for this reason, also, that many fine German dramas cannot be brought on the English stage, such as the Robbers of Schiller, and the Adelaide of Wulfingen, by Kotzebue; they are too horrible to be *read* without violent emotions, and Horace will tell you what an immense difference there is in point of effect between a relation and a representation.

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem, Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ Ipsi sibi tradit spectator."

Ars Poet., l. 180.

I shall conclude these desultory remarks, strung together at random, without order or connection, by observing what little foundation there is for the general outcry in the literary world against the prevalence of German dramas on our stage. Did they not possess uncommon merit, they would not meet with such general approbation. Fashion has but a partial influence, but they have drawn tears from an audience in a barn as well as in a theatre royal; they have been welcomed with plaudits in every little market town in the three kingdoms as well as in the metropolis. Nature speaks but one language; she is alike intelligible to the peasant and the man of letters, the tradesman and the man of fashion. While the Muse of Germany shall continue to produce such plays as the Stranger and Lover's Vows,* who will not rejoice that translation is able to naturalize her efforts in our language?

MELANCHOLY HOURS .--- No. I.

"There is a mood

(I sing not to the vacant and the young), There is a kindly mood of Melancholy, That wings the soul and points her to the skies."

DYER.

PHILOSOPHERS have divested themselves of their natural apathy, and poets have risen above themselves, in descanting on the pleasures of Melancholy. There is no mind so gross, no understanding so uncultivated, as to be incapable, at certain moments, and amid certain combinations, of feeling that sublime influence upon the spirits, which steals the soul from the petty anxieties of the world,

"And fits it to hold converse with the gods."

* I speak of these plays only as adapted to our stage by the elegant pens of Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Inchbald.

I must confess, if such there be who never felt the divine abstraction, I envy them not their insensibility. For my own part, it is from the indulgence of this soothing power that I derive the most exquisite of gratifications. At the calm hour of moonlight, amid all the sublime serenity, the dead stillness of the night, or when the howling storm rages in the heavens, the rain pelts on my roof, and the winds whistle through the crannies of my apartment, I feel the divine mood of melancholy upon me; I imagine myself placed upon an eminence, above the crowds who pant below in the dusty tracks of wealth and honor. The black catalogue of crimes and of vice, the sad tissue of wretchedness and woe, passes in review before me, and I look down upon man with an eye of pity and commiseration. Though the scenes which I survey be mournful, and the ideas they excite equally sombre, though the tears gush as I contemplate them, and my heart feels heavy with the sorrowful emotions they inspire, yet are they not unaccompanied with sensations of the purest and most ecstatic bliss.

It is to the spectator alone that melancholy is forbidding; in herself she is soft and interesting, and capable of affording pure and unalloyed delight. Ask the lover why he muses by the side of the purling brook, or plunges into the deep gloom of the forest. Ask the unfortunate why he seeks the still shades of solitude, or the man who feels the pangs of disappointed ambition, why he retires into the silent walks of seclusion, and he will tell you that he derives a pleasure therefrom which nothing else can impart. It is the delight of melancholy; but the melancholy of these beings is as far removed from that of the philosopher as are the narrow and contracted complaints of selfishness from the mournful regrets of expansive philanthropy; as are the desponding intervals of insanity from the occasional depressions of benevolent sensibility.

The man who has attained that calm equanimity which qualifies him to look down upon the petty evils of life with indifference, who can so far conquer the weakness of nature as to consider the sufferings of the individual of little moment, when put in competition with the welfare of the community, is alone the true philosopher. His melancholy is not excited by the retrospect of his own misfortunes; it has its rise from the contemplation of the miseries incident to life and the evils which obtrude themselves upon society and interrupt the harmony of nature. It would be arrogating too much merit to myself to assert that I have a just claim to the title of a philosopher, as it is here defined; or to say that the speculations of my melancholy hours are equally disinterested; be this as it may, I have determined to present my solitary effusions to the public: they will at least have the merit of novelty to recommend them, and may possibly, in some measure, be instrumental in the melioration of the human heart or the correction of false prepossessions. This is the height of my ambition: this once attained, and my end will be fully accomplished. One thing I can safely promise, though far from being the coinages of a heart at ease, they will contain neither the querulous captiousness of misfortune nor the bitter taunts of misanthropy. Society is a chain of which I am merely a link; all men are my associates in error, and though some may have gone farther in the ways of guilt than myself, yet it is not in me to sit in judgment upon them: it is mine to treat them rather in pity than in anger, to lament their crimes, and to weep over their sufferings. As these papers will be the amusement of those hours of relaxation when the mind recedes from

the vexations of business, and sinks into itself for a moment of solitary ease, rather than the efforts of literary leisure, the reader will not expect to find in them unusual elegance of language or studied propriety of style. In the short and necessary intervals of cessation from the anxieties of an irksome employment, one finds little time to be solicitous about expression. If, therefore, the fervor of a glowing mind express itself in too warm and luxuriant a manner for the cold ear of dull propriety, let the fastidious critic find a selfish pleasure in descrying it. To criticism melancholy is indifferent. If learning cannot be better employed than in declaiming against the defects while it is insensible to the beauties of a performance, well may we exclaim with the poet:—

> Ω εδμένης ἄγνοια ώς άμωμός τις εἶ Οταν οἴ συ οὐ εχοις δντως σ'οὐχ αγνοει.

MELANCHOLY HOURS .--- No. II.

"But (wel-a-day) who loves the Muses now? Or helpes the climber of the sacred hyll? None leane to them, but strive to disalow All heavenly dewes the goddesses distill." WM. BROWNE'S SHEPHEARD'S PIPE. Eg. 5.

It is a melancholy reflection, and a reflection which often sinks heavily on my soul, that the sons of Genius generally seem predestined to encounter the rudest storms of adversity, to struggle, unnoticed, with poverty and misfortune. The annals of the world present us with many corroborations of this remark; and, alas ! who can tell how many unhappy beings, who might have shone with distinguished lustre among the stars which illumine our hemisphere, may have sunk unknown beneath the pressure of untoward circumstances; who knows how many may have shrunk, with all the exquisite sensibility of genius, from the rude and riotous discord of the world into the peaceful slumbers of death. Among the number of those whose talents might have elevated them to the first rank of eminence, but who have been overwhelmed with the accumulated ills of poverty and misfortune, I do not hesitate to rank a young man whom I once accounted it my greatest happiness to be able to call my friend.

CHARLES WANELEY was the only son of an humble village rector, who just lived to give him a liberal education and then left him unprovided for and unprotected, to struggle through the world as well as he could. With a heart glowing with the enthusiasm of poetry and romance, with a sensibility the most exquisite, and with an indignant pride which swelled in his veins, and told him he was a man, my friend found himself cast upon the wide world, at the age of sixteen, an adventurer, without fortune and without connection. As his independent spirit could not brook the idea of being a burden to those whom his father had taught him to consider only as allied by blood, and not by affection, he looked about him for a situation, which could insure to him, by his own exertions, an honorable competence. It was not long before such a situation offered, and Charles precipitately articled himself to an attorney, without giving himself time to consult his own inclinations, or the disposition of his master. The transition from Sophocles and Euripides, Theocritus and Ovid, to Finche and Wood, Coke and Wynne, was striking and difficult; but Charles applied himself with his wonted ardor to his new study, as considering it not only his interest but his duty so to do. It was not long, however, before he discovered that he disliked the law, that he disliked his

situation, and that he despised his master. The fact was, my friend had many mortifications to endure which his haughty soul could ill brook. The attorney to whom he was articled was one of those narrow-minded beings who consider wealth as alone entitled to respect. He had discovered that his clerk was very poor and very destitute of friends, and thence he very naturally concluded, that he might insult him with impunity. It appears, however, that he was mistaken in his calculations. I one night remarked that my friend was unusually thoughtful. I ventured to ask him whether he had met with anything particular to ruffle his spirits. He looked at me for some moments significantly, then, as if roused to fury by the recollection-" I have," said he, vehemently, "I have, I have! He has insulted me grossly; and I will bear it no longer." He now walked up and down the room with visible emotion. Presently he sat down. He seemed more composed. "My friend," said he, "I have endured much from this man. I conceived it my duty to forbear, but I have forborne until forbearance is blamable, and by the Almighty, I will never again endure what I have endured this day! But not only this man; every one thinks he may treat me with contumely, because I am poor and friendless. But I am a man, and will no longer tamely submit to be the sport of fools and the football of caprice. In this spot of earth, though it gave me birth, I can never taste of ease. Here I must be miserable. The principal end of man is to arrive at happiness. Here I can never attain it; and here, therefore, I will no longer remain. My obligations to the rascal who calls himself my master are cancelled by his abuse of the authority I rashly placed in his hands. I have no relations to bind me to this particular place." The tears started in his eyes as he spoke. "I have no tender ties

to bid me stay, and why do I stay? The world is all before me. My inclination leads me to travel; I will pursue that inclination; and, perhaps, in a strange land I may find that repose which is denied to me in the place of my birth. My finances, it is true, are ill able to support the expenses of travelling: but what then—Goldsmith, my friend!" with rising enthusiasm, "Goldsmith traversed Europe on foot, and I am as hardy as Goldsmith. Yes, I will go, and, perhaps, ere long, I may sit me down on some towering mountain, and exclaim with him, while a hundred realms lie in perspective before me,

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."

It was in vain I entreated him to reflect maturely ere he took so bold a step; he was deaf to my importunities, and the next morning I received a letter informing me of his departure. He was observed about sunrise, sitting on the stile at 'the top of an eminence, which commanded a prospect of the surrounding country, pensively looking towards the village. I could divine his emotions on thus casting, probably, a last look on his native place. The neat white parsonage house, with the honeysuckle mantling on its wall, I knew would receive his last glance; and the image of his father would present itself to his mind, with a melancholy pleasure, as he was thus hastening, a solitary individual, to plunge himself into the crowds of the world, deprived of that fostering hand which would otherwise have been his support and guide.

From this period Charles Waneley was never heard of at L——; and as his few relations cared little about him, in a short time it was almost forgotten that such a being had ever been in existence.

About five years had elapsed from this period, when

my occasions led me to the Continent. I will confess, I was not without a romantic hope that I might again meet with my lost friend; and that often, with that idea, I scrutinized the features of the passengers. One fine moonlight night as I was strolling down the grand Italian Strada di Toledo, at Naples, I observed a crowd assembled round a man, who, with impassioned gestures, seemed to be vehemently declaiming to the multitude. It was one of the Improvisatori, who recite extempore verses in the streets of Naples, for what money they can collect from the hearers. I stopped to listen to the man's metrical romance, and had remained in the attitude of attention some time, when, happening to turn round, I beheld a person very shabbily dressed, steadfastly gazing at me. The moon shone full in his face. I thought his features were familiar to me. He was pale and emaciated, and his countenance bore marks of the deepest dejection. Yet, amidst all these changes, I thought I recognized Charles Waneley. I stood stupified with surprise. My senses nearly failed me. On recovering myself, I looked again, but he had left the spot the moment he found himself observed. I darted through the crowd, and ran every way which I thought he could have gone, but it was all to no purpose. Nobody knew him. Nobody had even seen such a person. The two following days I renewed my inquiries, and at last discovered the lodgings where a man of his description had resided. But he had left Naples the morning after his form had struck my eyes. I found he gained a subsistence by drawing rude figures in chalks, and vending them among the peasantry. I could no longer doubt it was my friend, and immediately perceived that his haughty spirit could not bear to be recognized, in such degrading circumstances, by one who had known him in better days. Lamenting the misguided notions which had thus again thrown him from me, I left Naples, now grown hateful to my sight, and embarked for England. It is now nearly twenty-two years since this rencounter, during which period he has not been heard of: and there can be but little doubt that this unfortunate young man has found in some remote corner of the continent an obscure and an unlamented grave.

Thus, those talents which were formed to do honor to human nature, and to the country which gave them birth, have been nipped in the bud by the frosts of poverty and scorn, and their unhappy possessor lies in an unknown and nameless tomb, who might, under happier circumstances, have risen to the highest pinnacle of ambition and renown. W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS .--- No. III.

"Few know that elegance of soul refined Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride Of tasteless splendor and magnificence Can e'er afford."

WARTON'S MELANCHOLY.

In one of my midnight rambles down the side of the Trent, the river which waters the place of my nativity, as I was musing on the various evils which darken the life of man, and which have their rise in the malevolence and ill-nature of his fellows, the sound of a flute from an adjoining copse attracted my attention. The tune it played was mournful yet soothing. It was suited to the solemnity of the hour. As the distant notes came wafted at intervals on my ear, now with gradual swell, then

dying away on the silence of the night, I felt the tide of indignation subside within me, and gave place to the solemn calm of repose. I listened for some time in breathless ravishment. The strain ceased, yet the sounds still vibrated on my heart, and the visions of bliss which they excited still glowed on my imagination. I was then standing in one of my favorite retreats. It was a little alcove, overshaded with willows, and a mossy seat at the back invited to rest. I laid myself listlessly on the bank. The Trent murmured softly at my feet, and the willows sighed as they waved over my head. It was the holy moment of repose, and I soon sunk into a deep sleep. The operations of fancy in a slumber, induced by a combination of circumstances so powerful and uncommon, could not fail to be wild and romantic in the extreme. Methought I found myself in an extensive area, filled with an immense concourse of people. At one end was a throne of adamant, on which sat a female, in whose aspect I immediately recognised a divinity. She was clad in a garb of azure; on her forehead she bore a sun, whose splendor the eyes of many were unable to bear, and whose rays illumined the whole space, and penetrated into the deepest recesses of darkness. The aspect of the goddess at a distance was forbidding, but on a nearer approach it was mild and engaging. Her eyes were blue and piercing, and there was a fascination in her smile which charmed as if by enchantment. The air of intelligence which beamed in her look made the beholder shrink into himself with the consciousness of inferiority; yet the affability of her deportment, and the simplicity and gentleness of her manners soon reassured him, while the bewitching softness which she could at times assume, won his permanent esteem. On inquiry of a bystander who it was that sat on the throne, and

what was the occasion of so uncommon an assembly, he informed me that it was the Goddess of Wisdom, who had at last succeeded in regaining the dominion of the earth, which Folly had so long usurped. That she sat there in her judicial capacity, in order to try the merits of many who were supposed to be the secret emissaries of Folly. In this way I understood Envy and Malevolence had been sentenced to perpetual banishment, though several of their adherents yet remained among men, whose minds were too gross to be irradiated with the light of wisdom. One trial I understood was just ended and another supposed delinquent was about to be put to the bar. With much curiosity I hurried forwards to survey the figure which now approached. She was habited in black, and veiled to the waist. Her pace was solemn and majestic, yet in every movement was a winning gracefulness. As she approached to the bar I got a nearer view of her, when what was my astonishment to recognize in her the person of my favorite goddess, Melancholy. Amazed that she whom I had always looked upon as the sister and companion of Wisdom should be brought to trial as an emissary and an adherent of Folly, I waited in mute impatience for the accusation which could be framed against her. On looking towards the centre of the area, I was much surprised to see a bustling little Cit of my acquaintance, who, by his hemming and clearing, I concluded was going to make the charge. As he was a self-important little fellow, full of consequence and business, and totally incapable of all the finer emotions of the soul, I could not conceive what ground of complaint he could have against Melancholy, who, I was persuaded, would never have designed to take up her residence for a moment in his breast. When I recollected, however, that he had some sparks of ambition

in his composition, and that he was an envious, carping little mortal, who had formed the design of shouldering himself into notice by decrying the defects of others, while he was insensible to his own, my amazement and my apprehensions vanished as I perceived he only wanted to make a display of his own talents, in doing which I did not fear his making himself sufficiently ridiculous.

After a good deal of irrelevant circumlocution, he boldly began the accusation of Melancholy. I shall not dwell upon many absurd and many invidious parts of his speech, nor upon the many blunders in the misapplication of words, such as "*deduce*" for "*detract*," and others of a similar nature, which my poor friend committed in the course of his harangue, but shall only dwell upon the material parts of the charge.

He represented the prisoner as the offspring of *Idleness* and *Discontent*, who was at all times a sulky, sullen and "*eminently useless*" member of the community, and not unfrequently a very dangerous one. He declared it to be his opinion, that in case she were to be suffered to prevail, mankind would soon become "too idle to go," and would all lie down and perish through indolence, or through forgetting that sustenance was necessary for the preservation of existence: and concluded with painting the horrors which would attend such a depopulation of the earth, in such colors as made many weak minds regard the goddess with fear and abhorrence.

Having concluded, the accused was called upon for her defence. She immediately, with a graceful gesture, lifted up the veil which concealed her face, and discovered a countenance so soft, so lovely, and so sweetly expressive, as to strike the beholders with involuntary admiration, and which, at one glance, overturned all the flimsy sophistry of my poor friend the citizen; and when the silver tones of her voice were heard, the murmurs which until then had continually arisen from the crowd, were hushed to a dead still, and the whole multitude stood transfixed in breathless attention. As near as I can recollect, these were the words in which she addressed herself to the throne of wisdom.

" I shall not deign to give a DIRECT answer to the various insinuations which have been thrown out against me by my accuser. Let it suffice that I declare my true history, in opposition to that which has been so artfully fabricated to my disadvantage. In that early age of the world when mankind followed the peaceful avocations of a pastoral life only, and contentment and harmony reigned in every vale, I was not known among men; but when, in process of time, Ambition and Vice, with their attendant evils, were sent down as a scourge to the human race, I made my appearance. I am the offspring of Misfortune and Virtue, and was sent by Heaven to teach my parents how to support their afflictions with magnanimity. As I grew up, I became the intimate friend of the wisest among men. I was the bosom friend of Plato and other illustrious sages of antiquity, and was then often known by the name of Philosophy, though, in present times, when that title is usurped by mere makers of experiments and inventors of blacking cakes, I am only known by the appellation of Melancholy. So far from being of a discontented disposition, my very essence is pious and resigned contentment. I teach my votaries to support every vicissitude of fortune with calmness and fortitude. It is mine to subdue the stormy propensities of passion and vice, to foster and encourage the principles of benevolence and philanthropy, and to cherish and bring to perfection the seeds of virtue and wisdom. Though feared and hated by those who, like

my accuser, are ignorant of my nature, I am courted and cherished by all the truly wise, the good, and the great; the poet woos me as the goddess of inspiration; the true philosopher acknowledges himself indebted to me for his most expansive views of human nature; the good man owes to me that hatred of the wrong and love of the right, and that disdain for the consequences which may result from the performance of his duties, which keeps him good; and the religious flies to me for the only clear and unencumbered view of the attributes and perfections of the Deity. So far from being idle, my mind is ever on the wing in the regions of fancy, or that true philosophy which opens the book of human nature, and raises the soul above the evils incident to life. If I am useless, in the same degree were Plato and Socrates, Locke and Paley useless; it is true that my immediate influence is confined, but its effects are disseminated by means of literature over every age and nation, and mankind, in every generation and in every clime, may look to me as their remote illuminator, the original spring of the principal intellectual benefits they possess. But as there is no good without its attendant evil, so I have an elder sister, called Frenzy, for whom I have often been mistaken, who sometimes follows close on my steps, and to her I owe much of the obloquy which is attached to my name, though the puerile accusation which has just been brought against me, turns on points which apply more exclusively to myself."

She ceased, and a dead pause ensued. The multitude seemed struck with the fascination of her utterance and gesture, and the sounds of her voice still seemed to vibrate on every ear. The attention of the assembly, however, was soon recalled to the accuser, and their indignation at his baseness rose to such a height as to threaten

general tumult, when the Goddess of Wisdom arose, and waving her hand for silence, beckoned the prisoner to her, placed her on her right hand, and with a sweet smile acknowledged her for her old companion and friend. She then turned to the accuser, with a frown of severity so terrible, that I involuntarily started with terror from my poor misguided friend, and with the violence of the start I awoke, and instead of the throne of the Goddess of Wisdom, and the vast assembly of people, beheld the first rays of the morning peeping over the eastern cloud, and instead of the loud murmurs of the incensed multitude, heard nothing but the soft gurgling of the river at my feet, and the rustling wing of the skylark, who was now beginning his first matin W. song.

MELANCHOLY HOURS .--- No. IV.

Σχοπησαμενος εύρισχον ουδαμως αν αλλως ούτος διαπραξαμενος. Isocr.

THE world has often heard of fortune-hunters, legacyhunters, popularity-hunters, and hunters of various descriptions—one diversity, however, of this very extensive species has hitherto eluded public animadversion; I allude to the class of friend-hunters; men who make it the business of their lives to acquire friends, in the hope, through their influence, to arrive at some desirable point of ambitious eminence. Of all the mortifications and anxieties to which mankind voluntarily subject themselves, from the expectation of future benefit, there are, perhaps, none more galling, none more insupportable, than those attendant on friend-making. Show a man that you court his society, and it is a signal for him to treat you with neglect and contumely. Humor his passions, and he despises you as a sycophant. Pay implicit deference to his opinions, and he laughs at you for your folly. In all he views you with contempt, as the creature of his will, as the slave of his caprice. I remember I once solicited the acquaintance and coveted the friendship of one man, and, thank God, I can yet say (and I hope on my death-bed I shall be able to say the same), of ONLY one man.

Germanicus was a character of considerable eminence in the literary world. He had the reputation not only of an enlightened understanding and refined taste, but of openness of heart and goodness of disposition. His name always carried with it that weight and authority which are due to learning and genius in every situation. His manners were polished and his conversation elegant. In short, he possessed every qualification which could render him an enviable addition to the circle of every man's friends. With such a character, as I was then very young, I could not fail to feel an ambition of becoming acquainted, when the opportunity offered, and in a short time we were upon terms of familiarity. To ripen this familiarity into friendship, as far as the most awkward diffidence would permit, was my strenuous endeavor. If his opinions contradicted mine, I immediately, without reasoning on the subject, conceded the point to him, as a matter of course that he must be right, and by consequence that I must be wrong. Did he utter a witticism, I was sure to laugh; and if he looked grave, though nobody could tell why, it was mine to groan. By thus conforming myself to his humor, I flattered myself I was making some progress in his good graces, but I was soon undeceived. A man seldom

cares much for that which cost him no pains to procure. Whether Germanicus found me a troublesome visitor, or whether he was really displeased with something I had unwittingly said or done, certain it is, that when I met him one day, in company with persons of apparent figure, he had lost all recollection of my features. I called upon him, but Germanicus was not at home. Again and again I gave a hesitating knock at the great man's door-all was to no purpose. He was still not at home. The sly meaning, however, which was couched in the sneer of the servant the last time, that, half ashamed of my errand, I made my inquiries at his house, convinced me of what I ought to have known beforethat Germanicus was at home to all the world save me. I believe, with all my seeming humility, I am a confounded proud fellow at bottom; my rage at this discovery, therefore, may be better conceived than described. Ten thousand curses did I imprecate on the foolish vanity which led me to solicit the friendship of my superior, and again and again did I vow down eternal vengeance on my head, if I ever more condescended thus to court the acquaintance of man. To this resolution I believe I shall ever adhere. If I am destined to make any progress in the world, it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbor for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without his whine of hypocritical condolence, and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch and go about his business. I asked not his assistance while living-it will be of no service to me when dead.

Believe me, reader, whoever thou mayst be, there are few among mortals whose friendship, when acquired, will

repay thee for the meanness of solicitation. If a man voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance, and be anxious, when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A real friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess, and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black But, whatever thou mayst do solicit not friendswan. ship. If thou art young, and would make thy way in the world, bind thyself a seven years' apprenticeship to a city tallow-chandler, and thou mayst in time come to be lord mayor. Many people have made their fortunes at the tailor's board. Periwig-makers have been known to buy their country seats, and bellows-menders have started their curricles; but seldom very seldom, very seldom, has the man who placed his dependence on the friendship of his fellow men arrived at even the shadow of the honor to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay, if thou shouldst find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment, by his assistance, thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps, irremediable obscurity.

Yet I see no more reason for complaint on the ground of the fallacy of human friendship, than I do for any other ordinance of nature, which may *appear* to run counter to our happiness. Man is naturally a selfish creature, and it is only by the aid of philosophy that he can so far conquer the defects of his being as to be capable of disinterested friendship. *Who*, then, can expect to find that benign disposition which manifests itself in acts of disinterested benevolence and spontaneous affection, a common visitor? Who can preach philosophy to the mob ?*

^{*} By the word mob here, the author does not mean to include merely

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarities of others, is not likely to have many real friends. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, lone, and melancholy. His only friend is himself. As he sits immersed in reverie by his midnight fire, and hears without the wild gusts of wind fitfully careering over the plains, he listens sadly attentive; and as the varied intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastic ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed, while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse; yet he frequently feels the soft consolations of friendship. A heart formed for the gentler emotions of the soul, often feels as strong an interest for what are called brutes, as most bipeds affect to feel for each other. Montaigne had his cat; I have read of a man whose only friend was a large spider; and Trenck, in his dungeon, would sooner have lost his right hand than the poor little mouse, which, grown confident with indulgence, used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment with its gambols. For my own part, I believe my dog, who, at this moment, seated on his hinder legs is wistfully surveying me, as if he was conscious of all that is passing in my mind :---my dog, I say is as sincere, and, whatever the world may say, nearly as dear a friend as any I possess; and, when I shall receive that summons which may not now be far distant, he will whine a funeral requiem over my grave, more piteously than all the hired mourners of Christendom. Well, well,

the lower classes. In the present acceptation, it takes in a great part of the mob of quality : men who are either too ignorant or too much taken up with base and grovelling pursuits, to have room for any of the more amiable affections.

poor Bob has had a kind master in me, and, for my own part, I verily believe there are few things on this earth I shall leave with more regret than this faithful companion of the happy hours of my infancy. W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS .- No. V.

"Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poëme, Mais en vain mille auteurs y pensent arriver; A peine * * * * * * peut-on admirer deux ou trois entre mille." BOLLEAU.

THERE is no species of poetry which is better adapted to the taste of a melancholy man than the sonnet. While its brevity precludes the possibility of its becoming tiresome, and its full and expected close accords well with his dejected and perhaps somewhat languid tone of mind, its elegiac delicacy and querimonious plaintiveness come in pleasing consonance with his feelings.

This elegant little poem has met with a peculiar fate in this country: half a century ago it was regarded as utterly repugnant to the nature of our language, while at present it is the popular vehicle of the most admired sentiments of our best living poets. This remarkable mutation in the opinions of our countrymen may, however, be accounted for on plain and common principles. The earlier English sonnetteers confined themselves in general too strictly to the Italian model, as well in the disposition of the rhymes as in the cast of the ideas. A sonnet with them was only another word for some metaphysical conceit, or clumsy antithesis, contained in fourteen harsh lines, full of obscure inversions and ill-managed expletives. They bound themselves down to a pattern which was in itself faulty, and they met with the common fate of servile imitators in retaining all the defects of their original, while they suffered the beauties to escape in the process. Their sonnets are like copies of a bad picture: however accurately copied, they are still bad. Our contemporaries, on the contrary, have given scope to their genius in the sonnet without restraint, sometimes even growing licentious in their liberty, setting at defiance those rules which form its distinguishing peculiarity, and, under the name of sonnet, soaring or falling into ode or elegy. Their compositions, of course, are impressed with all those excellences which would have marked their respective productions in any similar walk of poetry.

It has never been disputed that the sonnet first arrived at celebrity in the Italian; a language which, as it abounds in a musical similarity of termination, is more eminently qualified to give ease and elegance to the legitimate sonnet, restricted as it is to stated and frequently-recurring rhymes of the same class. As to the inventors of this little structure of verse, they are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Some authors have ascribed it singly to Guitone D'Arezzo, an Italian poet of the thirteenth century, but they have no sort of authority to adduce in support of their assertions. Arguing upon probabilities, with some slight coincidental corroborations, I should be inclined to maintain that its origin may be referred to an earlier period; that it may be looked for amongst the Provençals, who left scarcely any combination of metrical sounds unattempted; and who, delighting as they did in sound and jingle, might very possibly strike out this harmonious stanza of fourteen lines. Be this as it

may, Dante and Petrarch were the first poets who rendered it popular, and to Dante and Petrarch therefore we must resort for its required rules.

In an ingenious paper of Dr. Drake's "Literary Hours," a book which I have read again and again with undiminished pleasure, the merits of the various English writers in this delicate mode of composition are appreciated with much justice and discrimination. His veneration for Milton, however, has, if I may venture to oppose my judgment to his, carried him too far in praise of his sonnets. Those to the Nightingale and to Mr. Lawrence are, I think, alone entitled to the praise of *mediocrity*, and, if my memory fail me not, my opinion is sanctioned by the testimony of our late illustrious biographer of the poet.

The sonnets of Drummond are characterized as exquisite. It is somewhat strange, if this description be just, that they should so long have sunk into utter oblivion to be revived only by a species of black-letter mania, which prevailed during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and of which some vestiges yet remain; the more especially as Dr. Johnson, to whom they could scarcely be unknown, tells us, that "The fabric of the sonnet has never succeeded in our language." For my own part, I can say nothing of them. I have long sought a copy of Drummond's works, and I have sought it in vain; but from specimens which I have casually met with, in quotations, I am forcibly inclined to favor the idea, that, as they possess natural and pathetic sentiments, clothed in tolerably harmonious language, they are entitled to the praise which has been so liberally bestowed on them.

Sir Philip Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella" consists of a number of sonnets, which have been unaccountably passed over by Dr. Drake and all our other critics who

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have written on this subject. Many of them are eminently beautiful. The works of this neglected poet may occupy a future number of my lucubrations.

Excepting these two poets, I believe there is scarcely a writer who has arrived at any degree of excellence in the sonnet, until of late years, when our vernacular bards have raised it to a degree of eminence and dignity, among the various kinds of poetical composition, which seems almost incompatible with its very circumscribed limits.

Passing over the classical compositions of Warton, which are formed more on the model of the Greek epigram, or epitaph, than the Italian sonnet, Mr. Bowles and Charlotte Smith are the first modern writers who have met with distinguished success in the sonnet. Those of the former, in particular, are standards of excellence in this department. To much natural and accurate description, they unite a strain of the most exquisitely tender and delicate sentiment; and with a nervous strength of diction and a wild freedom of versification, they combine a euphonious melody and consonant cadence unequalled in the English language. While they possess, however, the superior merit of an original style, they are not unfrequently deformed by instances of that ambitious singularity which is but too frequently its concomitant. Of these the introduction of rhymes long since obsolete is not the least striking. Though, in some cases these revivals of antiquated phrase have a pleasing effect, yet they are oftentimes uncouth and repulsive. Mr. Bowles has almost always thrown aside the common rules of the sonnet; his pieces have no more claim to that specific denomination than that they are confined to fourteen lines. How far this deviation from established principle is justifiable may be disputed; for if, on the one hand, it be alleged that the confinement to the stated repetition of rhymes, so distant and frequent, is a restraint which is not compensated by an adequate effect; on the other, it must be conceded, that these little poems are no longer *sonnets* than while they conform to the rules of the sonnet, and that the moment they forsake them they ought to resign the appellation.

The name bears evident affinity to the Italian sondire, "to resound"—" sing around," which originated in the Latin sonans,—sounding, jingling, ringing: or, indeed, it may come immediately from the French sonner, to sound, or ring, in which language, it is observable, we first meet with the word sonnette, where it signifies a little bell, and sonnettier a maker of little bells; and this derivation affords a presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that the conjecture before advanced, that the sonnet originated with the Provençals, is well founded. It is somewhat strange that these contending derivations have not been before observed, as they tend to settle a question which, however intrinsically unimportant, is curious, and has been much agitated.

But, wherever the name originated, it evidently bears relation only to the peculiarity of a set of chiming and jingling terminations, and of course can no longer be applied with propriety where that peculiarity is not preserved.

The single stanza of fourteen lines, properly varied in their correspondent closes, is, notwithstanding, so well adapted for the expression of any pathetic sentiment, and is so pleasing and satisfactory to the ear, when once accustomed to it, that our poetry would suffer a material loss were it to be disused through a rigid adherence to mere propriety of name. At the same time, our language does not supply a sufficiency of similar terminations to render the strict observance of its rules at all easy or compatible with ease or elegance. The only question, therefore, is, whether the musical effect produced by the adherence to this difficult structure of verse overbalances the restraint it imposes on the poet, and in case we decide in the negative, whether we ought to preserve the denomination of *sonnet*, when we utterly renounce the very peculiarities which procured it that cognomen.

In the present enlightened age, I think it will not be disputed that mere jingle and sound ought invariably to be sacrificed to sentiment and expression. Musical effect is a very subordinate consideration; it is the gilding to the cornices of a Vitruvian edifice; the coloring to a shaded design of Michael Angelo. In its place it adds to the effect of the whole, but when rendered a principal object of attention it is ridiculous and disgusting. Rhyme is no necessary adjunct of true poetry. Southey's "Thalaba" is a fine poem, with no rhyme and very little measure or metre; and the production which is reduced to mere prose by being deprived of its jingle, could never possess, in any state, the marks of inspiration.

So far, therefore, I am of opinion that it is advisable to renounce the Italian fabric altogether. We have already sufficient restrictions laid upon us by the metrical laws of our native tongue, and I do not see any reason, out of a blind regard for precedent, to tie ourselves to a difficult structure of verse, which probably originated with the Troubadours, or wandering bards of France and Normandy, or with a yet ruder race; one which is not productive of any rational effect, and which only pleases the ear by frequent repetition, as men who have once had the greatest aversion to strong wines and spirituous liquors, are, by habit, at last brought to regard them as delicacies.

In advancing this opinion, I am aware that I am opposing myself to the declared sentiments of many individuals whom I greatly respect and admire. Miss Seward (and Miss Seward is in herself a host) has, both theoretically and practically, defended the Italian structure. Mr. Capel Lofft has likewise favored the world with many sonnets, in which he shows his approval of the legitimate model by his adherence to its rules, and many of the beautiful poems of Mrs. Lofft, published in the "Monthly Mirror," are likewise successfully formed by those rules. Much, however, as I admire these writers, and ample as is the credence I give to their critical discrimination, I cannot, on mature reflection, subscribe to their position of the expediency of adopting this structure in our poetry, and I attribute their success in it more to their individual powers, which would have surmounted much greater difficulties, than to the adaptability of this foreign fabric to our stubborn and intractable language.

If the question, however, turn only on the propriety of giving to a poem a name which must be acknowledged to be entirely inappropriate, and to which it can have no sort of claim, I must confess that it is manifestly indefensible; and we must then either pitch upon another appellation for our quatorzain, or banish it from our language; a measure which every lover of true poetry must sincerely lament.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.-No. VI.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.

POETRY is a blossom of very delicate growth; it requires

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the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection. The pursuits of the mathematician or the mechanical genius, are such as require rather strength and insensibility of mind than that exquisite and finely wrought susceptibility, which invariably marks the temperament of the true poet; and it is for this reason, that while men of science have, not unfrequently, arisen from the abodes of poverty and labor, very few legitimate children of the Muse have ever emerged from the shades of hereditary obscurity.

It is painful to reflect how many a bard now lies, nameless and forgotten, in the narrow house, who, had he been born to competence and leisure, might have usurped the laurels from the most distinguished personages in the temple of Fame. The very consciousness of merit itself often acts in direct opposition to a stimulus to exertion, by exciting that mournful indignation at supposititious neglect which urges a sullen concealment of talents, and drives its possessors to that misanthropic discontent which preys on the vitals, and soon produces untimely mortality. A sentiment like this has, no doubt, often actuated beings who attracted notice, perhaps, while they lived, only by their singularity, and who were forgotten almost ere their parent earth had closed over their heads-beings who lived but to mourn and to languish for what they were never destined to enjoy, and whose exalted endowments were buried with them in their graves, by the want of a little of that superfluity which serves to pamper the debased appetites of the enervated sons of luxury and sloth.

The present age, however, has furnished us with two illustrious instances of poverty, bursting through the cloud of surrounding impediments, into the full blaze of notoriety and eminence. I allude to the two Bloomfields —bards who may challenge a comparison with the most distinguished favorites of the Muse, and who both passed the day-spring of life in labor, indigence, and obscurity.

The author of the "Farmer's Boy" hath already received the applause he justly deserved. It yet remains for the "Essay on War" to enjoy all the distinction it so richly merits, as well from its sterling worth, as from the circumstances of its author. Whether the present age will be inclined to do it full justice, may indeed be feared. Had Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield made his appearance in the horizon of letters prior to his brother, he would undoubtedly have been considered as a meteor of uncommon attraction; the critics would have admired, because it would have been the fashion to admire. But it is to be apprehended that our countrymen become inured to phenomena:---it is to be apprehended that the frivolity of the age cannot endure a repetition of the uncommon -that it will no longer be the rage to patronize indigent merit-that the beau monde will therefore neglect, and that, by a necessary consequence, the critics will sneer!

Nevertheless, sooner or later, merit will meet with its reward; and though the popularity of Mr. Bloomfield may be delayed, he *must*, at one time or other, receive the meed due to his deserts. Posterity will judge impartially: and if bold and vivid images, and original conceptions, luminously displayed and judiciously apposed, have any claim to the regard of mankind, the name of Nathaniel Bloomfield will not be without its high and appropriate honors.

Rousseau very truly observes, that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. If this be applicable to men enjoying every advantage of scholastic initiation, how much more forcibly must it apply to the offspring of a poor village tailor, untaught, and destitute both of the means and the time necessary for the cultivation of the mind! If the art of writing be of difficult attainment to those who make it the study of their lives, what must it be to him, who, perhaps for the first forty years of his life, never entertained a thought that anything he could write would be deemed worthy of the attention of the public !—whose only time for rumination was such as a sedentary and sickly employment would allow; on the tailor's board, surrounded with men, perhaps, of depraved and rude habits, and impure conversation.

And yet, that Mr. N. Bloomfield's poems display acuteness of remark and delicacy of sentiment, combined with much strength and considerable *selection* of diction, few will deny. The "Pæan to Gunpowder" would alone prove his power of language, and the fertility of his imagination; and the following extract presents him to us in the still higher character of a bold and vivid *painter*. Describing the field after a battle, he says—

> "Now here and there, about the horrid field, Striding across the dying and the dead, Stalks up a man, by strength superior, Or skill and prowess in the arduous fight, Preserved alive: fainting he looks around; Fearing pursuit-not caring to pursue. The supplicating voice of bitterest moans, Contortions of excruciating pain, The shriek of torture, and the groan of death, Surround him; and as Night her mantle spreads, To veil the horrors of the mourning field, With cautious step shaping his devious way, He seeks a covert where to hide and rest: At every leaf that rustles in the breeze Starting, he grasps his sword; and every nerve Is ready strained, for combat or for flight." P. 12, ESSAY ON WAR.

If Mr. Bloomfield had written nothing besides the "Elegy on the Enclosure of Honington Green," he would have had a right to be considered as a poet of no mean excellence. The heart which can read passages like the following without a sympathetic emotion must be dead to every feeling of sensibility.

STANZA VI.

"The proud city's gay wealthy train, Who nought but refinement adore, May wonder to hear me complain That Honington Green is no more; But if to the church you ere went, If you knew what the village has been, You will sympathize while I lament The enclosure of Honington Green.

VII.

"That no more upon Honington Green Dwells the matron whom most I revere,

If by pert observation unseen,

I e'en now could indulge a fond tear. Ere her bright morn of life was o'ercast,

When my senses first woke to the scene, Some short happy hours she had past

On the margin of Honington Green.

VIII.

"Her parents with plenty were blest, And numerous her children, and young,

Youth's blossoms her cheek yet possest,

And melody woke when she sung: A widow so youthful to leave

(Early closed the blest days he had seen), My father was laid in his grave,

In the churchyard on Honington Green. *

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XXI.

"Dear to me was the wild thorny hill, And dear the brown heath's sober scene; And youth shall find happiness still, Though he rove not on common or green.

XXII.

"So happily flexile man's make, So pliantly docile his mind, Surrounding impressions we take, And bliss in each circumstance find. The youths of a more polished age Shall not wish these rude commons to see; To the bird that's inured to the cage, It would not be bliss to be free."

There is a sweet and tender melancholy pervades the elegiac ballad efforts of Mr. Bloomfield, which has the most indescribable effects on the heart. Were the versification a little more polished, in some instances, they would be read with unmixt delight. It is to be hoped that he will cultivate this engaging species of composition, and (if I may venture to throw out the hint) if judgment may be formed from the poems he has published, he would excel in sacred poetry. Most heartily do I recommend the lyre of David to this engaging bard. Divine topics have seldom been touched upon with success by our modern Muses; they afford a field in which he would have few competitors, and it is a field worthy of his abilities.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS .- No. VII.*

IF the situation of man, in the present life, be considered in all its relations and dependencies, a striking inconsistency will be apparent to every cursory observer. We have sure warrant for believing that our abode here is to form a comparatively insignificant part of our existence, and that on our conduct in this life will depend the happiness of the life to come; yet our actions daily give the lie to this proposition, inasmuch as we commonly act like men who have no thought but for the present scene, and to whom the grave is the boundary of anticipation. But this is not the only paradox which humanity furnishes to the eye of a thinking man. It is very generally the case, that we spend our whole lives in the pursuit of objects, which common experience informs us are not capable of conferring that pleasure and satisfaction which we expect from their enjoyment. Our views are uniformly directed to one point—happiness, in whatever garb it be clad, and under whatever figure shadowed, is the great aim of the busy multitudes whom we behold toiling through the vale of life in such an infinite diversity of occupation and disparity of views. But the misfortune is, that we seek for happiness where she is not to be found, and the cause of wonder, that the experience of ages should not have guarded us against so fatal and so universal an error.

It would be an amusing speculation to consider the

* My predecessor, the "Spectator," considering that the seventh part of our time is set apart for religious purposes, devoted every seventh lucubration to matters connected with Christianity and the severer part of morals: I trust none of my readers will regret that, in this instance, I follow so good an example.

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various points after which our fellow-mortals are incessantly straining, and in the possession of which they have placed that imaginary chief good, which we are all doomed to covet, but which, perhaps, none of us, in this sublunary state, can attain. At present, however, we are led to considerations of a more important nature. We turn from the inconsistencies observable in the prosecution of our subordinate pursuits, from the partial follies of individuals, to the general delusion which seems to envelop the whole human race—the delusion under whose influence they lose sight of the chief end of their being—and cut down the sphere of their hopes and enjoyments to a few rolling years, and that too in a scene where they know there is neither perfect fruition nor permanent delight.

The faculty of contemplating mankind in the abstract, apart from those prepossessions which, both by nature and the power of habitual associations, would intervene to cloud our view, is only to be obtained by a life of virtue and constant meditation, by temperance, and purity of thought. Whenever it *is* attained, it must greatly tend to correct our motives, to simplify our desires, and to excite a spirit of contentment and pious resignation. We then, at length, are enabled to contemplate our being in all its bearings and in its full extent, and the result is, that superiority to common views and indifference to the things of this life which should be the fruit of all *true* philosophy, and which, therefore, are the more peculiar fruits of that system of philosophy which is called the Christian.

To a mind thus sublimed, the great mass of mankind will appear like men led astray by the workings of wild and distempered imaginations—visionaries who are wandering after the phantoms of their own teeming brains, and their anxious solicitude for mere matters of worldly accommodation and ease will seem more like the effects of insanity than of prudent foresight, as they are esteemed. To the awful importance of futurity he will observe them utterly insensible, and he will see, with astonishment, the few allotted years of human life wasted in providing abundance they will never enjoy, while the eternity they are placed here to prepare for scarcely employs a moment's consideration. And yet the mass of these poor wanderers in the ways of error have the light of truth shining on their very foreheads. They have the revelation of Almighty God himself, to declare to them the folly of worldly cares, and the necessity for providing for a future state of existence. They know by the experience of every preceding generation, that a very small portion of joy is allowed to the poor sojourners in this vale of tears, and that, too, embittered with much pain and fear; and yet every one is willing to flatter himself that he shall fare better than his predecessor in the same path, and that happiness will smile on him which hath frowned on all his progenitors.

Still, it would be wrong to deny the human race all claim to temporal felicity. There may be comparative, although very little positive happiness; — whoever is more exempt from the cares of the world and the calamities incident to humanity — whoever enjoys more contentment of mind, and is more resigned to the dispensations of Divine Providence — in a word, whoever possesses more of the true spirit of Christianity than his neighbors, is comparatively happy. But the number of these, it is to be feared, is very small. Were all men equally enlightened by the illuminations of truth, as emanating from the spirit of Jehovah himself, they would all concur in the pursuit of virtuous ends by virtuous

means-as there would be no vice, there would be very little infelicity. Every pain would be met with fortitude, every affliction with resignation. We should then all look back to the past with complacency, and to the future with hope. Even this unstable state of being would have many exquisite enjoyments-the principal of which would be the anticipation of that approaching state of beatitude to which we might then look with confidence, through the medium of that atonement of which we should be partakers, and our acceptance, by virtue of which, would be sealed by that purity of mind of which human nature is, of itself, incapable. But it is from the mistakes and miscalculations of mankind, to which their fallen natures are continually prone, that arises that flood of misery which overwhelms the whole race, and resounds wherever the footsteps of man have penetrated. It is the lamentable error of placing happiness in vicious indulgences, or thinking to pursue it by vicious means. It is the blind folly of sacrificing the welfare of the future to the opportunity of immediate guilty gratification which destroys the harmony of society, and poisons the peace not only of the immediate procreators of the errors, not only of the identical actors of the vices themselves, but of all those of their fellows who fall within the reach of their influence or example, or who are in any wise connected with them by the ties of blood.

I would therefore exhort you earnestly—you who are yet unskilled in the ways of the world—to beware on what object you concentre your hopes. Pleasures may allure, pride or ambition may stimulate, but their fruits are hollow and deceitful, and they afford no sure, no solid satisfaction. You are placed on the earth in a state of probation; your continuance here will be, at the longest, a very short period, and when you are called from hence you plunge into an eternity, the completion of which will be in correspondence to your past life, unutterably happy or inconceivably miserable. Your fate will probably depend on your early pursuits-it will be these which will give the turn to your character and to your pleasures. I beseech you, therefore, with a meek and lowly spirit, to read the pages of that book, which the wisest and best of men have acknowledged to be the word of God. You will there find a rule of moral conduct, such as the world never had any idea of before its divulgation. If you covet earthly happiness, it is only to be found in the path you will find there laid down, and I can confidently promise you, in a life of simplicity and purity, a life passed in accordance with the divine word, such substantial bliss, such unruffled peace, as is nowhere else to be found. All other schemes of earthly pleasure are fleeting and unsatisfactory. They all entail upon them repentance and bitterness of thought. This alone endureth forever-this alone embraces equally the present and the future-this alone can arm a man against every calamity—can alone shed the balm of peace over that scene of life when pleasures have lost their zest, and the mind can no longer look forward to the dark and mysterious future. Above all, beware of the ignis fatuus of false philosophy: that must be a very defective system of ethics which will not bear a man through the most trying stage of his existence, and I know of none that will do it but the Christian.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS.-No. VIII.

"Οστις λόγους γαρ παραχαταθήχην ώς λαβών "Εξεῖ πεν, ἄδιχός ἐστιν, ἢ ἀχρατὴς ἀγαν. ----ἔσως δέ γ' ἐισὶν αμφοτεροι χαχοι. Anaxandrides apud Suidam.

MUCH has been said of late on the subject of inscriptive writing, and that, in my opinion, to very little purpose. Dr. Drake, when treating on this topic is, for once, inconclusive; but his essay does credit to his discernment, however little it may honor him as a promulgator of the laws of criticism: the exquisite specimens it contains prove that the doctor has a feeling of propriety and general excellence, although he may be unhappy in defining them. Boileau says, briefly, "Les inscriptions doivent être simples, courtes, et familières." We have, however, many examples of this kind of writing in our language, which, although they possess none of these qualities, are esteemed excellent. Akenside's classic imitations are not at all simple, nothing short, and the very reverse of *familiar*, yet who can deny that they are beautiful, and in some instances appropriate? Southey's inscriptions are noble pieces;—for the opposite qualities of tenderness and dignity, sweetness of imagery and terseness of moral, unrivalled; they are perhaps wanting in propriety, and (which is the criterion) produce a much better effect in a book than they would on a column or a cenotaph. There is a certain chaste and majestic gravity expected from the voice of tombs and monuments, which probably would displease in epitaphs never intended to be engraved, and inscriptions for obelisks which never existed.

When a man visits the tomb of an illustrious character, a spot remarkable for some memorable deed, or a scene connected by its natural sublimity with the higher feelings of the breast, he is in a mood only for the nervous, the concise, and the impressive; and he will turn with disgust alike from the puerile conceits of the epigrammatist and the tedious prolixity of the herald. It is a nice thing to address the mind in the workings of generous enthusiasm. As words are not capable of exciting such an effervescence of the sublimer affections, so they can do little towards increasing it. Their office is rather to point these feelings to a beneficial purpose, and by some noble sentiment, or exalted moral, to impart to the mind that pleasure which results from warm emotions when connected with the virtuous and the generous.

In the composition of inscriptive pieces, great attention must be paid to local and topical propriety. The occasion and the place must not only regulate the tenor, but even the style of an inscription: for what, in one case, would be proper and agreeable, in another would be impertinent and disgusting. But these rules may always be taken for granted, that an inscription should be unaffected and free from conceits; that no sentiment should be introduced of a trite or hackneyed nature ; and that the design and the moral to be inculcated should be of sufficient importance to merit the reader's attention, and insure his regard. Who would think of setting a stone up in the wilderness to tell the traveller what he knew before, or what, when he had learnt for the first time, was not worth the knowing? It would be equally absurd to call aside his attention to a simile or an epigrammatic point. Wit on a monument is like a jest from a judge, or a philosopher cutting capers. It is a severe mortification to meet with flippancy where we looked for solemnity,

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and meretricious elegance where the occasion led us to expect the unadorned majesty of truth.

That branch of inscriptive writing which commemorates the virtues of departed worth, or points out the ashes of men who yet live in the admiration of their posterity is, of all others, the most interesting, and, if properly managed, the most useful.

It is not enough to proclaim to the observer that he is drawing near to the relics of the deceased genius, the occasion seems to provoke a few reflections. If these be *natural*, they will be in unison with the feelings of the reader, and, if they tend where they ought to tend, they will leave him better than they found him. But these reflections must not be too much prolonged. They must rather be hints than dissertations. It is sufficient to start the idea, and the imagination of the reader will pursue the train to much more advantage than the writer could do by words.

Panegyric is seldom judicious in the epitaphs on *public* characters; for if it be deserved it cannot need publication, and if it be exaggerated it will only serve to excite ridicule. When employed in memorizing the retired virtues of domestic life, and qualities which, though they only served to cheer the little circle of privacy, still deserved, from their unfrequency, to triumph, at least for a while, over the power of the grave, it may be interesting and salutary in its effects. To this purpose, however, it is rarely employed. An epitaph-book will seldom supply the exigencies of character; and men of talents are not always, even in these favored times, at hand to eternize the virtues of private life.

The following epitaph, by Mr. Hayley, is inscribed on a monument to the memory of Cowper, in the church of East Dereham :—

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"Ye, who with warmth the public triumph feel Of talents dignified by sacred zeal; Here to devotion's bard devoutly just, Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust England, exulting in his spotless fame, Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name : Sense, Fancy, Wit, conspire not all to raise So clear a title to affection's praise; His highest honors to the heart belong; His virtues formed the magic of his song."

"This epitaph," says a periodical critic, * "is simply elegant and appropriately just." I regard this sentence as peculiarly unfortunate, for the epitaph seems to me to be elegant without simplicity and just without propriety. No one will deny that it is correctly written, and that it is not destitute of grace; but in what consists its simplicity I am at a loss to imagine. The initial address is labored and circumlocutory. There is something artificial rather than otherwise in the personification of England, and her ranking the poet's name "with her dearest sons," instead of with those of her dearest sons, is like ranking poor John Doe with a proper bona fide son of Adam, in a writ of arrest. Sense, fancy, and wit, "raising a title," and that to "affection's praise," is not very simple, and not over intelligible. Again the epitaph is just because it is strictly true; but it is by no means, therefore, appropriate. Who that would turn aside to visit the ashes of Cowper, would need to be told that England ranks him with her favorite sons, and that sense, fancy, and wit were not his greatest honors, for that his virtues formed the magic of his song: or who, hearing this, would be the better for the information? Had Mr. Hayley been employed in the monumental praises of a private man, this might have been excusable, but speaking of such a

* The "Monthly Reviewer."

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man as Cowper it is idle. This epitaph is not appropriate, therefore, and we have shown that it is not remarkable for simplicity. Perhaps the respectable critics themselves may not feel inclined to dispute this point very tenaciously. Epithets are very convenient little things for rounding off a period; and it will not be the first time that truth has been sacrificed to verbosity and antithesis.

To measure lances with Hayley may be esteemed presumptuous; but probably the following, although much inferior as a composition, would have had more effect than his polished and harmonious lines :—

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF COWPER.

READER! if with no vulgar sympathy Thou view'st the wreck of genius and of worth, Stay thou thy footsteps near this hallowed spot. Here Cowper rests. Although renown have made His name familiar to thine ear, this stone May tell thee that his virtues were above The common portion :---that the voice, now hushed In death, was once serenely querulous With pity's tones, and in the ear of woe Spake music. Now forgetful at thy feet His tired head presses on its last long rest, Still tenant of the tomb ;---and on the cheek Once warm with animation's lambent flush, Sits the pale image of unmarked decay. Yet mourn not. He had chosen the better part; And these sad garments of mortality Put off, we trust, that to a happier land He went a light and gladsome passenger. Sigh'st thou for honors, reader? Call to mind That glory's voice is impotent to pierce The silence of the tomb! but virtue blooms Even on the wrecks of life, and mounts the skies! So gird thy loins with lowliness, and walk With Cowper on the pilgrimage of Christ.

This inscription is faulty from its length, but if a painter cannot get the requisite effect at one stroke, he

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must do it by many. The laconic style of epitaphs is the most difficult to be managed of any, inasmuch as most is expected from it. A sentence standing alone on a tomb or a monument, is expected to contain something particularly striking; and when this expectation is disappointed, the reader feels like a man who, having been promised an excellent joke, is treated with a stale conceit or a vapid pun. The best specimen of this kind, which I am acquainted with, is that on a French general:

> "Siste, Viator; Heroem calcas!" Stop, traveller; thou treadest on a hero!

MELANCHOLY HOURS.-No. IX.

"Scires è sanguine natos."-OVID.

It is common for busy and active men to behold the occupations of the retired and contemplative person with contempt. They consider his speculations as idle and unproductive : as they participate in none of his feelings, they are strangers to his motives, his views, and his delights: they behold him elaborately employed on what they conceive forwards none of the interests of life, contributes to none of its gratifications, removes none of its inconveniences: they conclude, therefore, that he is led away by the delusions of futile philosophy, that he labors for no good, and lives to no end. Of the various frames of mind which they observe in him, no one seems to predominate more, and none appears to them more absurd than sadness, which seems, in some degree, to pervade all his views, and shed a solemn tinge over all his thoughts. Sadness, arising from no personal grief, and connected with no individual concern, they regard as moonstruck melancholy, the effect of a mind overcast with constitu-

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tional gloom, and diseased with habits of vain and fanciful speculation. "We can share with the sorrows of the unfortunate," say they,"but this monastic spleen merits only our derision; it tends to no beneficial purpose; it benefits neither its possessor nor society." Those who have thought a little more on this subject than the gay and busy crowd will draw conclusions of a different nature. That there is a sadness, springing from the noblest and purest sources, a sadness friendly to the human heart, and, by direct consequence, to human nature in general, is a truth which a little illustration will render tolerably clear, and which, when understood in its full force, may probably convert contempt and ridicule into respect.

I set out then with the proposition, that the man who thinks deeply, especially if his reading be extensive, will, unless his heart be very cold and very light, become habituated to a pensive, or, with more propriety, a mournful cast of thought. This will arise from two more particular sources—from the view of human nature in general, as demonstrated by the experience both of past and present times, and from the contemplation of individual instances of human depravity and of human suffering. The first of these is, indeed, the last in the order of time, for his general views of humanity are in a manner consequential, or resulting from the special, but I have inverted that order for the sake of perspicuity.

Of those who have occasionally thought on these subjects, I may, with perfect assurance of their reply, inquire what have been their sensations when they have, for a moment, attained a more enlarged and capacious notion of the state of man in all its bearings and dependencies? They have found, and the profoundest philosophers have done no more, that they are enveloped in mystery, and that the mystery of man's situation is

not without alarming and fearful circumstances. They have discovered that all they know of themselves is that they live, but from whence they came, or whither they are going, is by Nature altogether hidden; that impenetrable gloom surrounds them on every side, and that they even hold their morrow on the credit of to-day, when it is, in fact, buried in the vague and indistinct gulf of the ages to come! These are reflections deeply interesting, and lead to others so awful, that many gladly shut their eyes on the giddy and unfathomable depths which seem to stretch before them. The meditative man, however, endeavors to pursue them to the farthest stretch of the reasoning powers, and to enlarge his conceptions of the mysteries of his own existence, and the more he learns, and the deeper he penetrates, the more cause does he find for being serious, and the more inducements to be continually thoughtful.

If, again, we turn from the condition of mortal existence, considered in the abstract, to the qualities and characters of man, and his condition in a state of society, we see thingsperhaps equally strange and infinitely more affecting. In the economy of creation, we perceive nothing inconsistent with the power of an all-wise and all-merciful God. A perfect harmony runs through all the parts of the universe. Plato's sirens sing not only from the planetary octave, but through all the minutest divisions of the stupendous whole: order, beauty, and perfection, the traces of the great architect, glow through every particle of his work. At man, however, we stop: there is one exception. The harmony of order ceases, and vice and misery disturb the beautiful consistency of creation, and bring us first acquainted with positive evil. We behold men carried irresistibly away by corrupt principles and vicious inclinations, indulging in propensities, de-

structive as well to themselves as to those around them; the stronger oppressing the weaker, and the bad persecuting the good ! We see the depraved in prosperity, the virtuous in adversity, the guilty unpunished, the undeserving overwhelmed with unprovoked misfortunes. From hence we are tempted to think, that He, whose arm holds the planets in their course, and directs the comets along their eccentric orbits, ceases to exercise his providence over the affairs of mankind, and leaves them to be governed and directed by the impulses of a corrupt heart, or the blind workings of chance alone. Yet this is inconsistent both with the wisdom and goodness of the Deity. If God permit evil, he causes it: the difference is casuistical. We are led, therefore, to conclude, that it was not always thus: that man was created in a far different and far happier condition; but that, by some means or other, he has forfeited the protection of his Maker. Here then is a mystery. The ancients, led by reasonings alone, perceived it with amazement, but did not solve the problem. They attempted some explanation of it by the lame fiction of a golden age and its cession, where, by a circular mode of reasoning, they attribute the introduction of vice to their gods having deserted the earth, and the desertion of the gods to the introduction of vice.*

Και τοτε δη προς όλυμπον άπο χθονος εὐρυδειης,
 Λευχοισιν φαρεεσσι χαλυψαμενω χροα χαλον,
 Αθανατων μετα φῦλον ἰτον, προλιποντ' ανθρωπους
 Αιδως χαι Νεμεσις· τα δε λειψεται αλγεα λυγρα
 Θνητοις ανθρωποισι, χαχου δ' οὐχ ἐσσεται ἀλχη.
 Hesiod. Opera et Dies, lib. i., l. 195.

"Victa jacet Pietas : et Virgo cæde madentes, Ultima cœlestum terras Astræa reliquit."

OVID. METAMOR. l. i., fab. 4.

" Paulatim deinde ad Superos Astræa recessit, Hac comite atque duæ pariter fugere sorores." JUVENAL, SAT. vi. l. 19.

This, however, was the logic of the poets; the philosophers disregarded the fable, but did not dispute the fact it was intended to account for. They often hint at human degeneracy, and some unknown curse hanging over our being, and even coming into the world along with us. Pliny, in the preface to his seventh book, has this remarkable passage: "The animal about to rule over the rest of created animals, lies weeping, bound hand and foot, making his first entrance upon life with sharp pangs, and this, for no other crime than that he is born man." Cicero, in a passage, for the preservation of which we are indebted to St. Augustine, gives a yet stronger idea of an existing degeneracy in human nature: "Man," says he, " comes into existence not as from the hands of a mother, but of a step-dame nature, with a body feeble, naked, and fragile, and a mind exposed to anxiety and care, abject in fear, unmeet for labor, prone to licentiousness, in which, however, there still dwell some sparks of the divine mind, though obscured, and, as it were, in ruins." And, in another place, he intimates it as a current opinion, that man comes into the world as into a state of punishment expiatory of crimes committed in some previous stage of existence, of which we now retain no recollection.

From these proofs, and from daily observations and experience, there is every ground for concluding that man is in a state of misery and depravity quite inconsistent with the happiness for which, by a benevolent God, he must have been created. We see glaring marks of this in our own times. Prejudice alone blinds us to the absurdity and the horror of those systematic murders which go by the name of wars, where man falls on man, brother slaughters brother, where death, in every variety of horror, preys "on the finely fibred human frame," and where the cry of the widow and the orphan rise up to heaven long after the thunder of the fight and the clang of arms have ceased, and the bones of sons, brothers, and husbands slain are grown white on the field. Customs like these vouch, with most miraculous organs, for the depravity of the human heart, and these are not the most mournful of those considerations which present themselves to the mind of the thinking man.

Private life is equally fertile in calamitous perversion of reason and extreme accumulation of misery. On the one hand, we see a large proportion of men sedulously employed in the education of their own ruin, pursuing vice in all its varieties, and sacrificing the peace and happiness of the innocent and unoffending to their own brutal gratifications; and on the other, pain, misfortune, and misery, overwhelming alike the good and the bad, the provident and the improvident. But too general a view would distract our attention: let the reader pardon me if I suddenly draw him away from the survey of the crowds of life to a few detached scenes. We will select a single picture at random. The character is common.

Behold that beautiful female who is rallying a welldressed young man with so much gaiety and humor. Did you ever see so lovely a countenance? There is an expression of vivacity in her fine dark eye which quite captivates one; and her smile, were it a little less bold, would be bewitching. How gay and careless she seems! One would suppose she had a very light and happy heart. Alas! how appearances deceive! This gaiety is all feigned. It is her business to please, and beneath a fair and painted outside she conceals an inquiet and forlorn breast. When she was yet very young, an engaging but dissolute young man took advantage of her simplicity, and of the affection with which he had inspired her, to betray her virtue. At first her infamy cost her many tears; but habit wore away this remorse, leaving only a kind of indistinct regret, and, as she fondly loved her betrayer, she experienced, at times, a mingled pleasure even in this abandoned situation. But this was soon over. Her lover, on pretence of a journey into the country, left her for ever. She soon afterwards heard of his marriage, with an agony of grief which few can adequately conceive, and none describe. The calls of want, however, soon subdued the more distracting ebullitions of anguish. She had no choice left; all the gates of virtue were shut upon her, and though she really abhorred the course, she was obliged to betake herself to vice for support. Her next keeper possessed her person without her heart. She has since passed through several hands, and has found, by bitter experience, that the vicious, on whose generosity she is thrown, are devoid of all feeling but that of self-gratification, and that even the wages of prostitution are reluctantly and grudgingly paid. She now looks on all men as sharpers. She smiles but to entangle and destroy, and while she simulates fondness, is intent only on the extorting of that, at best poor pittance, which her necessities loudly demand. Thoughtless as she may seem, she is not without an idea of her forlorn and wretched situation, and she looks only to sudden death as her refuge, against that time when her charms shall cease to allure the eye of incontinence, when even the lowest haunts of infamy shall be shut against her, and, without a friend or a hope, she must sink under the pressure of want and disease.

But we will now shift the scene a little, and select another object. Behold yon poor weary wretch, who, with a child wrapt in her arms, with difficulty drags along the road. The man with a knapsack, who is walking

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before her, is her husband, and is marching to join his regiment. He has been spending, at a dram-shop, in the town they have just left, the supply which the pale and weak appearance of his wife proclaims was necessary for her sustenance. He is now half drunk, and is venting the artificial spirits which intoxication excites in the abuse of his weary help-mate behind him. She seems to listen to his reproaches in patient silence. Her face will tell you more than many words, as with a wan and meaning look she surveys the little wretch who is asleep on her arm. The turbulent brutality of the man excites no attention: she is pondering on the future chance of life, and the probable lot of her heedless little one.

One other picture, and I have done. The man pacing with a slow step and languid aspect over yon prison court, was once a fine dashing fellow, the admiration of the ladies and the envy of the men. He is the only representative of a once respectable family, and is brought to this situation by unlimited indulgence at that time when the check is most necessary. He began to figure in genteel life at an early age. His misjudging mother, to whose sole care he was left, thinking no alliance too good for her darling, cheerfully supplied his extravagance, under the idea that it would not last long, and that it would enable him to shine in those circles where she wished him to rise. But she soon found that habits of prodigality once well gained are never eradicated. His fortune, though genteel, was not adequate to such habits of expense. His unhappy parent lived to see him make a degrading alliance, and come in danger of a jail, and then died of a broken heart. His affairs soon wound themselves up. His debts were enormous, and he had nothing to pay them with. He has now been in

that prison for many years, and since he is excluded from the benefit of an insolvency act, he has made up his mind to the idea of ending his days there. His wife, whose beauty had decoyed him, since she found he could not support her, deserted him for those who could, leaving him without friend or companion, to pace, with measured steps, over the court of a country jail, and endeavor to beguile the lassitude of imprisonment, by thinking on the days that are gone, or counting the squares in his grated window in every possible direction, backwards, forwards, and across, till he sighs to find the sum always the same, and that the more anxiously we strive to beguile the moments in their course the more sluggishly they travel.

If these are accurate pictures of some of the varieties of human suffering, and if such pictures are common even to triteness, what conclusions must we draw as to the condition of man in general, and what must be the prevailing frame of mind of him who meditates much on these subjects, and who, unbracing the whole tissue of causes and effects, sees Misery invariably the offspring of Vice, and Vice existing in hostility to the intentions and wishes of God? Let the meditative man turn where he will he finds traces of the depraved state of Nature and her consequent misery. History presents him with little but murder, treachery, and crime of every description. Biography only strengthens the view, by concentrating it. The philosophers remind him of the existence of evil, by their lessons how to avoid or endure it; and the very poets themselves afford him pleasure, not unconnected with regret, as either by contrast, exemplification, or deduction, they bring the world and its circumstances before his eyes.

That such a one then is prone to sadness, who will

wonder? If such meditations are beneficial, who will blame them? The discovery of evil naturally leads us to contribute our mite towards the alleviation of the wretchedness it introduces. While we lament vice, we learn to shun it ourselves, and to endeavor, if possible, to arrest its progress in those around us; and in the course of these high and lofty speculations, we are insensibly led to think humbly of ourselves, and to lift up our thoughts to Him who is alone the fountain of all perfection and the source of all good.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS .- No. X.

"La rime est une esclave, et ne doit qu'obeir." BOILEAU, L'ART POÉTIQUE.

EXPERIMENTS in versification have not often been successful. Sir Philip Sidney, with all his genius, great it undoubtedly was, could not impart grace to his hexameters or fluency to his sapphics. Spenser's *stanza* was new, but his *verse* was familiar to the ear; and though his rhymes were frequent even to satiety, he seems to have avoided the awkwardness of novelty, and the difficulty of unpractised metres. Donne had not music enough to render his broken rhyming couplets sufferable, and neither his wit nor his pointed satire were sufficient to rescue him from that neglect which his uncouth and rugged versification speedily superinduced.

In our times, Mr. Southey has given grace and melody to some of the Latin and Greek measures, and Mr. Bowles has written rhyming heroics, wherein the sense is transmitted from couplet to couplet, and the pauses are varied with all the freedom of blank verse, without exciting

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any sensation of ruggedness, or offending the nicest ear. But these are minor efforts: the former of these exquisite poets has taken a yet wider range, and in his "Thalaba, the Destroyer," has spurned at all the received laws of metre, and framed a fabric of verse altogether his own.

An innovation, so bold as that of Mr. Southey, was sure to meet with disapprobation and ridicule. The world naturally looks with suspicion on systems which contradict established principles, and refuse to quadrate with habits, which, as they have been used to, men are apt to think cannot be improved upon. The opposition which has been made to the metre of "Thalaba," is, therefore, not so much to be imputed to its want of harmony as to the operation of existing prejudices: and it is fair to conclude, that, as these prejudices are softened by usages, and the strangeness of novelty wears off, the peculiar features of this lyrical frame of verse will be more candidly appreciated, and its merits more unreservedly acknowledged. Whoever is conversant with the writings of this author, will have observed and admired that greatness of mind, and comprehension of intellect, by which he is enabled, on all occasions, to throw off the shackles of habit and prepossession. Southey never treads in the beaten track; his thoughts, while they are those of nature, carry that cast of originality which is the stamp and testimony of genius. He views things through a peculiar phasis, and while he has the feelings of a man, they are those of a man almost abstracted from mortality, and reflecting on, and painting the scenes of life, as if he were a mere spectator, uninfluenced by his own connection with the objects he surveys. To this faculty of bold discrimination I attribute many of Mr. Southey's peculiarities as a poet. He never

seems to inquire how other men would treat a subject, or what may happen to be the usage of the times; but filled with that strong sense of fitness, which is the result of bold and unshackled thought, he fearlessly pursues that course which his own sense of propriety points out.

It is very evident to me, and, I should conceive, to all who consider the subject attentively, that the structure of verse, which Mr. Southey has promulgated in his "Thalaba," was neither adopted rashly, nor from any vain emulation of originality. As the poet himself happily observes, "It is the arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale." No one would wish to see the "Joan of Arc" in such a garb; but the wild freedom of the versification of "Thalaba" accords well with the romantic wildness of the story, and I do not hesitate to say, that, had any other known measure been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty and all its propriety. In blank verse it would have been absurd; in rhyme insipid. The lyrical manner is admirably adapted to the sudden transitions and rapid connections of an Arabian tale, while its variety precludes tedium, and its full, because unshackled, cadence satisfies the ear with legitimate harmony. At first, indeed, the verse may appear uncouth, because it is new to the ear: but I defy any man who has any feeling of melody, to peruse the whole poem without paying tribute to the sweetness of its flow and the gracefulness of its modulations.

In judging of this extraordinary poem, we should consider it as a genuine lyric production,—we should conceive it as recited to the harp, in times when such relations carried nothing incredible with them. Carrying this idea along with us, the admirable art of the poet will strike us with tenfold conviction; the abrupt sublimity of his transitions, the sublime simplicity of his manner, and the delicate touches by which he connects the various parts of his narrative, will then be more strongly observable, and we shall, in particular, remark the uncommon felicity with which he has adapted his versification, and in the midst of the wildest irregularity, left nothing to shock the ear, or offend the judgment.

W.

MELANCHOLY HOURS .--- No. XI.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Few histories would be more worthy of attention than that of the progress of knowledge, from its first dawn to the time of its meridian splendor, among the ancient Greeks. Unfortunately, however, the precautions which, in this early period, were almost generally taken to confine all knowledge to a particular branch of men; and when the Greeks began to contend for the palm among learned nations, their backwardness to acknowledge the sources from whence they derived the first principles of their philosophy, have served to wrap this interesting subject in almost impenetrable obscurity. Few vestiges, except the Egyptian hieroglyphics, now remain of the learning of the more ancient world. Of the two millions of verses said to have been written by the Chaldean Zoroaster,* we have no relics, and the oracles which go under his name are pretty generally acknowledged to be spurious.

The Greeks unquestionably derived their philosophy from the Egyptians and Chaldeans. Both Pythagoras and Plato had visited those countries for the advantage of learning; and if we may credit the received accounts

* Pliny.

of the former of these illustrious sages, he was regularly initiated in the schools of Egypt, during the period of twenty-two years that he resided in that country, and became the envy and admiration of the Egyptians themselves. Of the Pythagorean doctrines we have some accounts remaining, and nothing is wanting to render the systems of Platonism complete and intelligible. In the dogmas of these philosophers, therefore, we may be able to trace the learning of these primitive nations, though our conclusions must be cautiously drawn, and much must be allowed to the active intelligence of two Greeks. Ovid's short summary of the philosophy of Pythagoras deserves attention :—

> "Isque, licet cœli regione remotos Mente Deos adiit : et, quæ natura negabat Visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit. Cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia curâ ; In medium discenda dabat : cœtumque silentum, Dictaque mirantum, magni primordia mundi Et rerum causas et quid natura docebat, Quid Deus : unde nives : quæ fulminis esset origo Jupiter, an venti, discussa nube, tonarent, Quid quateret terras ; quâ sidera lege mearent Et quodcumque latet."

If we are to credit this account, and it is corroborated by many other testimonies, Pythagoras searches deeply into natural causes. Some have imagined, and strongly asserted, that his central fire was figurative of the sun, and, therefore, that he had an idea of its real situation; but this opinion, so generally adopted, may be combated with some degree of reason. I should be inclined to think Pythagoras gained his idea of the great, central, vivifying, and creative fire from the Chaldeans, and that, therefore, it was the representative not of the sun, but of

the Deity. Zoroaster taught that there was one God, Eternal, the Father of the Universe: he assimilated the Deity to light, and applied to him the names of Light, Beams, and Splendor. The Magi, corrupting this representation of the Supreme Being, and taking literally what was meant as an allegory or symbol, supposed that God was this central fire, the source of heat, light, and life, residing in the centre of the universe; and from hence they introduced among the Chaldeans the worship That Pythagoras was tainted with this superstiof fire. tion is well known. On the testimony of Plutarch, his disciples held, that in the midst of the world is fire, or in the midst of the four elements is the fiery globe of Unity, or Monad-the procreative, nutritive, and excitative power. The sacred fire of Vesta, among the Greeks and Latins, was a remain of this doctrine.

As the limits of this paper will not allow me to take in all the branches of this subject, I shall confine my attention to the opinions held by these early nations of the nature of the Godhead.

Amidst the corruptions introduced by the Magi, we may discern, with tolerable certainty, that Zoroaster taught the worship of the one true God: and Thales, Pythagoras, and Plato, who had all been instituted in the mysteries of the Chaldeans, taught the same doctrine. These philosophers likewise asserted the omnipotence and eternity of God; and that he was the creator of all things, and the governor of the universe. Plato decisively supported the doctrines of future rewards and punishments; and Pythagoras, struck with the idea of the omnipresence of the Deity, defined him as animus per universas mundi partes omnemque naturam commeans atque diffusus, ex quo omnia quæ nascuntur animalia vitam *capiunt**—an intelligence moving upon, and diffused over all the parts of the universe and all nature, from which all animals derive their existence. As for the swarm of gods worshipped both in Egypt and Greece, it is evident they were only esteemed as inferior deities. In the time of St. Paul, there was a temple at Athens inscribed to the unknown God: and Hesiod makes them younger than the earth and heaven.

> Εξ αρχης ους Γαια χαι Ουρανος ευρυς ετιχτον Οι τ' εχ των εγενοντο βεοι δωτηρες εαων. ΤΗΕΟΟ.

If Pythagoras and the other philosophers who succeeded him paid honor to these gods, they either did it through fear of encountering ancient prejudices, or they reconciled it by recurring to the Demonology of their masters, the Chaldeans, who maintained the agency of good and bad demons, who presided over different things, and were distinguished into the powers of light and darkness, heat and cold. It is remarkable, too, that amongst all these people, whether Egyptians or Chaldeans, Greeks or Romans, as well as every other nation under the sun, sacrifices were made to the gods, in order to render them propitious to their wishes, or to explate their offences-a fact which proves that the conviction of the interference of the Deity in human affairs is universal: and what is much more important, that this custom is primitive, and derived from the first inhabitants of the world.

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* Lactantius Div. Inst. lib. cap. 5, etiam, Minucius Felix. "Pythagoræ Deus est animus per universam rerum naturam commeans atque intentus ex quo etiam animalium omnium vita capiatur."

MELANCHOLY HOURS .- No. XII.

WHILE the seat of empire was yet at Byzantium, and that city was the centre, not only of domain, but of learning and politeness, a certain hermit had fixed his residence in a cell, on the banks of the Athyras, at the distance of about ten miles from the capital. The spot was retired, although so near the great city, and was protected, as well by woods and precipices, as by the awful reverence with which, at that time, all ranks beheld the character of a recluse. Indeed the poor old man, who tenanted the little hollow, at the summit of a crag, beneath which the Athyras rolls its impetuous torrent, was not famed for the severity of his penances or the strictness of his mortification. That he was either studious or protracted his devotions to a late hour, was evident, for his lamp was often seen to stream through the trees which shaded his dwelling, when accident called any of the peasants from their beds at unseasonable hours. Be this as it may, no miracles were imputed to him; the sick rarely came to petition for the benefit of his prayers, and, though some both loved him and had good reason for loving him, yet many undervalued him for the want of that very austerity which the old man seemed most desirous to avoid.

It was evening, and the long shadows of the Thracian mountains were extending still farther and farther along the plains, when this old man was disturbed in his meditations by the approach of a stranger. "How far is it to Byzantium?" was the question put by the traveller? "Not far to those who know the country," replied the hermit, "but a stranger would not easily find his way through the windings of these woods and the intricacies

of the plains beyond them. Do you see that blue mist which stretches along the bounding line of the horizon as far as the trees will permit the eye to trace it? That is the Propontis; and higher up on the left, the city of Constantinople rears its proud head above the waters. But I would dissuade thee, stranger, from pursuing thy journey farther to-night. Thou mayst rest in the village, which is half-way down the hill; or if thou wilt share my supper of roots, and put up with a bed of leaves, my cell is open to thee." "I thank thee, father," replied the youth, "I am weary with my journey, and will accept thy proffered hospitality." They ascended the rock together. The hermit's cell was the work of nature. It penetrated far into the rock, and in the innermost recess was a little chapel, furnished with a crucifix, and a human skull, the objects of the hermit's nightly and daily contemplation, for neither of them received his adoration. That corruption had not as yet crept into the Christian Church. The hermit now lighted up a fire of dried sticks (for the nights are very piercing in the regions about the Hellespont and the Bosphorus), and then proceeded to prepare their vegetable meal. While he was thus employed, his young guest surveyed, with surprise, the dwelling which he was to inhabit for the night. A cold rock-hole, on the bleak summit of one of the Thracian hills seemed to him a comfortless choice for a weak and solitary old man. The rude materials of his scanty furniture still more surprised him. A table fixed to the ground, a wooden bench, an earthen lamp, a number of rolls of papyrus and vellum, and a heap of leaves in a corner, the hermit's bed, were all his stock. "Is it possible," at length he exclaimed, "that you can tenant this comfortless cave, with these scanty accommodations, through choice? Go with me, old man, to Constantinople, and receive from me those conveniences which befit your years." "And what art thou going to do at Constantinople, my young friend ?" said the hermit, " for thy dialect bespeaks thee a native of more southern regions. Am I mistaken, art thou not an Athenian?" "I am an Athenian," replied the youth, "by birth, but I hope I am not an Athenian in vice. I have left my degenerate birthplace in quest of happiness. I have learned from my master, Speusippus, a genuine asserter of the much-belied doctrines of Epicurus, that as a future state is a mere phantom and vagary of the brain, it is the only true wisdom to enjoy life while we have it. But I have learned from him also, that virtue alone is true enjoyment. I am resolved therefore to enjoy life, and that too with virtue, as my companion and guide. My travels are begun with the design of discovering where I can best unite both objects; enjoyment the most exquisite, with virtue the most perfect. You perhaps may have reached the latter, my good father; the former you have certainly missed. To-morrow I shall continue my search. At Constantinople I shall laugh and sing with the gay, meditate with the sober, drink deeply of every unpolluted pleasure, and taste all the fountains of wisdom and philosophy. I have heard much of the accomplishments of the women of Byzantium. With us females are mere household slaves; here, I am told, they have minds. Ι almost promise myself that I shall marry, and settle at Constantinople, where the loves and graces seem alone to reside, and where even the women have minds. Mv good father, how the wind roars about this aerial nest of yours, and here you sit, during the long cold nights, all alone, cold and cheerless, when Constantinople is just at your feet, with all its joys, its comforts, and its elegancies. I perceive that the philosophers of our sect, who succeeded

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Epicurus, were right, when they taught that there might be virtue without enjoyment, and that virtue without enjoyment is not worth the having." The face of the youth kindled with animation as he spake these words, and he visibly enjoyed the consciousness of superior intelligence. The old man sighed, and was silent. As they ate their frugal supper, both parties seemed involved in deep thought. The young traveller was dreaming of the Byzantine women; his host seemed occupied with far different meditations. "So you are travelling to Constantinople in search of happiness?" at length exclaimed the hermit. "I, too, have been a suitor of that divinity, and it may be of use to you to hear how I have fared. The history of my life will serve to fill up the interval before we retire to rest, and my experience may not prove altogether useless to one who is about to go the same journey which I have finished.

"These scanty hairs of mine were not always gray, nor these limbs decrepid : I was once like thee, young, fresh, and vigorous, full of delightful dreams and gay anticipations. Life seemed a garden of sweets, a path of roses; and I thought I had but to choose in what way I would be happy. I will pass over the incidents of my boyhood, and come to my maturer years. I had scarcely seen twenty summers when I formed one of those extravagant and ardent attachments of which youth is so susceptible. It happened that, at that time, I bore arms under the Emperor Theodosius in his expedition against the Goths, who had overrun a part of Thrace. In our return from a successful campaign we staid some time in the Greek cities which border on the Euxine. In one of these cities I became acquainted with a female, whose form was not more elegant than her mind was cultivated and her heart untainted. I had done her family some

trivial services, and her gratitude spoke too warmly to my intoxicated brain to leave any doubt on my mind that she loved me. The idea was too exquisitely pleasing to be soon dismissed. I sought every occasion of being with her. Her mild persuasive voice seemed like the music of heaven to my ears, after the toils and roughness of a soldier's life. I had a friend too, whose converse, next to that of the dear object of my secret love, was most dear to me. He formed the third in all our meetings, and beyond the enjoyment of the society of these two I had not a wish. I had never yet spoken explicitly to my female friend, but I fondly hoped we understood each other. Why should I dwell on the subject? I was mistaken. My friend threw himself on my mercy. I found that he, not I, was the object of her affections. Young man, you may conceive, but I cannot describe what I felt, as I joined their hands. The stroke was severe, and, for a time, unfitted me for the duties of my station. I suffered the army to leave the place without accompanying it: and thus lost the rewards of my past services, and forfeited the favor of my sovereign. This was another source of anxiety and regret to me, as my mind recovered its wonted tone. But the mind of youth, however deeply it may feel for awhile, eventually rises up from dejection, and regains its wonted elasticity. That vigor by which the spirit recovers itself from the depths of useless regret, and enters upon new prospects with its accustomed ardor, is only subdued by time. I now applied myself to the study of philosophy, under a Greek master, and all my ambition was directed towards letters. But ambition is not quite enough to fill a young man's heart. I still felt a void there, and sighed as I reflected on the happiness of my friend. At the time when I visited the object of my first love, a young

Christian woman, her frequent companion, had sometimes taken my attention. She was an Ionian by birth, and had all the softness and pensive intelligence which her countrywomen are said to possess when unvitiated by the corruption so prevalent in that delightful region. You are no stranger to the contempt with which the Greeks then treated, and do still, in some places, treat the Christians. This young woman bore that contempt with a calmness which surprised me. There were then but few converts to that religion in those parts, and its profession was therefore more exposed to ridicule and persecution from its strangeness. Notwithstanding her religion, I thought I could love this interesting and amiable female, and in spite of my former mistake, I had the vanity to imagine I was not indifferent to her. As our intimacy increased, I learned, to my astonishment, that she regarded me as one involved in ignorance and error, and that, although she felt an affection for me, yet she would never become my wife while I remained devoted to the religion of my ancestors. Piqued at this discovery, I received the books, which she now for the first time put into my hands, with pity and contempt. I expected to find them nothing but the repositories of a miserable and deluded superstition, more presuming than the mystical leaves of the Sibyls, or the obscure triads of Zoroaster. How was I mistaken! There was much which I could not at all comprehend; but, in the midst of this darkness, the effect of my ignorance, I discerned a system of morality, so exalted, so exquisitely pure, and so far removed from all I would have conceived of the most perfect virtue, that all the philosophy of the Grecian world seemed worse than dross in the comparison. My former learning had only served to teach me that something was wanting to complete the systems of philosophers. Here that invisible link was supplied, and I could even then observe a harmony and consistency in the whole, which carried irresistible conviction to my mind. I will not enlarge on this subject. Christianity is not a mere set of opinions to be embraced by the understanding. It is the work of the heart as well as the head. Let it suffice to say, that, in time, I became a Christian and the husband of Sapphira.

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ON PRAYER.

IF there be any duty which our Lord Jesus Christ seems to have considered as more indispensably necessary towards the formation of a true Christian it is that of prayer. He has taken every opportunity of impressing on our minds the absolute need in which we stand of the divine assistance, both to persist in the paths of righteousness and to fly from the allurements of a fascinating but dangerous life; and he has directed us to the only means of obtaining that assistance in constant and habitual appeals to the throne of Grace. Prayer is certainly the foundation stone of the superstructure of a religious life, for a man can neither arrive at true piety nor persevere in its ways when attained, unless with sincere and continued fervency, and with the most unaffected anxiety, he implore Almighty God to grant him his perpetual grace, to guard and restrain him from all those derelictions of heart to which we are, by nature, but too prone. I should think it an insult to the understanding of a Christian to dwell on the necessity of prayer, and before we can harangue an infidel on its efficacy, we must convince him, not only that the Being to whom we

address ourselves really exists, but that he condescends to hear and to answer our humble supplications. As these objects are foreign to my present purpose, I shall take my leave of the necessity of prayer, as acknowledged by all to whom this paper is addressed, and shall be content to expatiate on the strong inducements which we have to lift up our souls to our Maker in the language of supplication and of praise. To depict the happiness which results to the man of true piety from the exercise of this duty, and, lastly, to warn mankind, lest their fervency should carry them into the extreme of fanaticism, and their prayers, instead of being silent and unassuming expressions of gratitude to their Maker, and humble entreaties for his favoring grace, should degenerate into clamorous vociferations and insolent gesticulations, utterly repugnant to the true spirit of prayer and to the language of a creature addressing his Creator.

There is such an exalted delight to a regenerate being in the act of prayer, and he anticipates with so much pleasure, amid the toils of business, and the crowds of the world, the moment when he shall be able to pour out his soul without interruption into the bosom of his Maker, that I am persuaded, that the degree of desire or repugnance which a man feels to the performance of this amiable duty is an infallible criterion of his acceptance with God. Let the unhappy child of dissipationlet the impure voluptuary boast of his short hours of exquisite enjoyment; even in the degree of bliss they are infinitely inferior to the delight of which the righteous man participates in his private devotions, while in their opposite consequences they lead to a no less wide extreme than heaven and hell, a state of positive happiness and a state of positive misery. If there were no other in-

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ducement to prayer than the very gratification it imparts to the soul, it would deserve to be regarded as the most important object of a Christian; for nowhere else could he purchase so much calmness, so much resignation, and so much of that peace and repose of spirit, in which consists the chief happiness of this otherwise dark and stormy being. But to prayer, besides the inducement of momentary gratification, the very self-love implanted in our bosoms would lead us to resort, as the chief good, for our Lord hath said, "Ask, and it shall be given to thee; knock, and it shall be opened;" and not a supplication made in the true spirit of faith and humility but shall be answered; not a request which is urged with unfeigned submission and lowliness of spirit but shall be granted, if it be consistent with our happiness either temporal or eternal. Of this happiness, however, the Lord God is the only judge; but this we do know, that whether our requests be granted or whether they be refused, all is working together for our ultimate benefit.

When I say, that such of our requests and solicitations as are urged in the true spirit of meekness, humility, and submission, will indubitably be answered, I would wish to draw a line between supplications so urged, and those violent and vehement declamations, which, under the name of prayers, are sometimes heard to proceed from the lips of men professing to worship God in the spirit of meekness and truth. Surely I need not impress on any reasonable mind, how directly contrary these inflamed and bombastic harangues are to every precept of Christianity, and every idea of the deference due from a poor worm, like man, to the Omnipotent and all great God. Can we hesitate a moment, as to which is more acceptable in his sight—the diffident, the lowly, the retiring, and yet solemn and impressive form of worship of our excellent Church, and the wild and labored exclamations, the authoritative and dictatory clamors of men who, forgetting the immense distance at which they stand from the awful Being whom they address boldly and with unblushing front, speak to their God as to an equal, and almost dare to prescribe to his infinite wisdom, the steps it shall pursue. How often has the silent yet eloquent eye of misery wrung from the reluctant hand of charity that relief which has been denied to the loud and importunate beggar; and, is Heaven to be taken by storm? Are we to wrest the Almighty from his purposes by vociferation and importunity? God forbid! It is a fair and a reasonable, though a melancholy inference, that the Lord shuts his ears against prayers like these, and leaves the deluded supplicants to follow the impulses of their own headstrong passions, without a guide, and destitute of every ray of his pure and holy light.

Those mock apostles, who thus disgrace the worship of the true God by their extravagance, are very fond of appearing to imitate the conduct of our Saviour during his mortal peregrination; but how contrary were his habits to those of these deluded men ! Did he teach his disciples to insult the ear of Heaven with noise and clamor? Were his precepts those of fanaticism and passion? Did he inflame the minds of his hearers with vehement and declamatory harangues? Did he pray with all this confidence—this arrogance—this assurance? How different was his conduct! He divested wisdom of all its pomp and parade, in order to suit it to the capacities of the meanest of his auditors. He spake to them in the lowly language of parable and similitude, and when he prayed, did he instruct his hearers to attend him with a

loud chorus of Amens? Did he (participating as he did in the Godhead), did he assume the tone of sufficiency and the language of assurance? Far from it! he prayed, and he instructed his disciples to pray, in lowliness and meekness of spirit; he instructed them to approach the throne of Grace with fear and trembling, silently and with the deepest awe and veneration; and he evincedby his condemnation of the prayer of the self-sufficient Pharisee, opposed to that of the diffident publican, the light in which those were considered in the eyes of the Lord, who, setting the terrors of his Godhead at defiance, and boldly building on their own unworthiness, approached him with confidence and pride. * * *

THERE is nothing so indispensably necessary towards the establishment of future earthly, as well as heavenly happiness, as early impressions of piety. For as religion is the sole source of all human welfare and peace, so habits of religious reflection, in the spring of life, are the only means of arriving at a due sense of the importance of divine concerns in age, except by the bitter and hazardous roads of repentance and remorse. There is not a more awful spectacle in nature than the deathbed of a late repentance. The groans of agony which attend the separation of the soul from the body, heightened by the heart-piercing exclamation of mental distress, the dreadful ebullitions of horror and remorse, intermingled with the half-fearful, but fervent deprecations of the divine wrath, and prayers for the divine mercy, joined to the pathetic implorings to the friends who stand weeping around the bed of the sinner to pray for him, and to take warning from his awful end, contribute to render this scene such an impressive and terrible memento of the state of those who have neglected their souls, as must bring to a due sense of his duty the most hardened of infidels.

It is to insure you, my young friends, as far as precept can insure you, from horrors like these in your last moments, that I write this little book, in the hopes, that through the blessing of the Divine Being, it may be useful in inducing you to reflect on the importance of early piety, and lead you into the cheerful performance of your duties to God and to your own souls. In the pursuit of this plan, I shall, first, consider the bliss which results from a pious disposition, and the horrors of a wicked one. Secondly, the necessity of an early attention to the concerns of the soul towards the establishment of permanent religion, and its consequent happiness; and, thirdly, I shall point out, and contrast, the last moments of those who have acted in conformity, or in contradiction, to the rules here laid down.

The contrast between the lives of the good and the wicked man affords such convincing argument in support of the excellence of religion, that even those infidels who have dared to assert their disbelief of the doctrine of revelation, have confessed, that in a political point of view, if in no other, it ought to be maintained. Compare the peaceful and collected course of the virtuous and pious man with the turbulent irregularity and violence of him who neglects his soul for the allurements of vice, and judge for yourselves of the policy of the conduct of each, even in this world. Whose pleasures are the most exquisite? Whose delights the most lasting? Whose state is the most enviable? His, who barters his hopes of eternal welfare for a few fleeting moments of brutal

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gratification, or his, who while he keeps a future state alone in his view, finds happiness in the conscientious performance of his duties, and the scrupulous fulfilment of the end of his sojourn here? Believe me, my friends, there is no comparison between them. The joys of the infatuated mortal who sacrifices his soul to his sensualities are mixed with bitterness and anguish. The voice of conscience rises distinctly to his ear, amid the shouts of intemperance and the sallies of obstreperous mirth. In the hour of rejoicing she whispers her appalling monitions to him, and his heart sinks within him, and the smile of triumphant villany is converted into the ghastly grin of horror and hopelessness. But, oh ! in the languid intervals of dissipation, in the dead hour of the night, when all is solitude and silence, when the soul is driven to commune with itself, and the voice of remorse, whose whispers were before half drowned in the noise of riot, rise dreadfully distinct-what !--what are his emotions !---Who can paint his agonies, his execrations, his despair! Let that man lose again, in the vortex of fashion, and folly, and vice, the remembrance of his horrors; let him smile, let him laugh and be merry : believe me, my dear readers, he is not happy, he is not careless, he is not the jovial being he appears to be. His heart is heavy within him; he cannot stifle the reflections which assail him in the very moment of enjoyment; but strip the painted veil from his bosom, lay aside the trappings of folly, and that man is miserable, and not only so, but he has purchased that misery at the expense of eternal torment.

Let us oppose to this awful picture the life of the good man; of him who rises in the morning, with cheerfulness, to praise his Creator for all the good he hath be-

stowed upon him, and to perform with studious exactness the duties of his station, and lays himself down on his pillow in the evening in the sweet consciousness of the applause of his own heart. Place this man on the stormy seas of misfortune and sorrow-press him with afflictive dispensations of Providence-snatch from his arms the object of his affections-separate him forever from all he loved and held dear on earth, and leave him isolated and an outcast in the world ;-he is calmhe is composed—he is grateful—he weeps, for human nature is weak, but he still preserves his composure and resignation-he still looks up to the Giver of all good with thankfulness and praise, and perseveres with calmness and fortitude in the paths of righteousness. His disappointments cannot overwhelm him, for his chief hopes were placed far, very far, beyond the reach of human vicissitude. "He hath chosen that good part which none can take away from him."

Here then lies the great excellence of religion and piety; they not only lead to eternal happiness, but to the happiness of this world; they not only insure everlasting bliss, but they are the sole means of arriving at that degree of felicity which this dark and stormy being is capable of, and are the sole supports in the hour of adversity and affliction. How infatuated then must that man be who can wilfully shut his eyes to his own welfare, and deviate from the paths of righteousness which lead to bliss. Even allowing him to entertain the erroneous notion that religion does not lead to happiness in this life, his conduct is incompatible with every idea of a reasonable being. In the "Spectator" we find the following image, employed to induce a conviction of the magnitude of this truth : "Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball, or mass of the finest sand,

and that a single grain, or particle of this sand, should be annihilated every thousand years; supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass was consuming, by this slow method, till there was not a grain of it left, on condition that you were to be miserable ever after; or supposing that you might be happy forever after on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?"

It must be confessed that in this case so many * * *

THE life of man is transient and unstable; its fairest passages are but a lighter shade of evil, and yet those passages form but a disproportionate part of the picture. We all seek happiness, though with different degrees of avidity, while the fickle object of our pursuits continually evades the grasp of those who are the most eager in the chase; and, perhaps, at last throws herself into the arms of those who had entirely lost sight of her, and who, when they are most blessed with her enjoyment, are least conscious that they possess her. Were the objects in which we placed the consummation of our wishes always virtuous, and the means employed to arrive at the bourn of our desires uniformly good, there can be little doubt that the aggregate of mankind would be as happy as is consistent with the state in which they live; but, unfortunately, vicious men pursue vicious ends by vicious means, and by so doing not only insure their own misery, but they overturn and destroy the fair designs of the wiser and the better of their kind. Thus

he who has no idea of a bliss beyond the gratification of his brutal appetites, involves in the crime of seduction the peace and the repose of a good and happy family, and an individual act of evil extends itself by a continued impulse over a large portion of society. It is thus that men of bad minds become the pests of the societies of which they happen to be members. It is thus that the virtuous among men pay the bitter penalty of the crimes and follies of their unworthy fellows.

Men who have passed their whole lives in the lap of luxury and enjoyment, have no idea of misery beyond that of which they happen to be the individual objects.

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