

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,  
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;  
At once is lost the pride of awful state,  
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
The liveried army, and the menial lord.  
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,  
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.  
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

## CHARLES XII.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;  
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r's combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:  
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain;  
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And Winter barricades the realms of frost;  
He comes, not want and cold his course delay;  
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:  
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands;  
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait;  
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not chance at length her error mend?  
Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:  
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

## SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes  
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakspeare rose.  
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:  
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,  
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,  
To please in method, and invent by rule;  
His studious patience and laborious art,  
By regular approach essay'd the heart;  
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,  
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise;  
A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

## FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest,  
Parent of thousand wild desires,  
The savage and the human breast  
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,  
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,  
Thy lambent glories only beam  
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys,  
On fools and villains ne'er descend;  
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,  
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,  
O guide us through life's darksome way!  
And let the tortures of mistrust  
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,  
When souls to peaceful climes remove:  
What rais'd our virtue here below,  
Shall aid our happiness above.

[ANONYMOUS. 1744.]

## BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I;  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.  
Make the most of life you may;  
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
Hastening quick to their decline;  
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,  
Though repeated to threescore;  
Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one.

[GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON. 1709-1773.]

## TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
I would approach, but dare not move;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
No other voice than hers can hear,  
No other wit but hers approve;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before—  
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,  
Her nets she spread for every swain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

[JAMES MACPHERSON. 1738-1796.]

## FATHER OF HEROES.

*Ossian.*

FATHER of Heroes, high dweller of ed-dying winds,  
Where the dark red thunder marks the troubled cloud,  
Open thou thy stormy hall,  
Let the bards of old be near.  
We sit at the rock, but there is no voice,  
No light, but the meteor of fire.  
O! from the rock on the hill,  
From the top of the windy steep,  
O! speak, ye ghosts of the dead—  
O! whither are ye gone to rest?  
In what cave of the hill shall we find the departed?  
No feeble voice is on the gale,  
No answer half-drown'd in the storm.  
Father of heroes! the people bend before thee,  
[brave,  
Thou turnest the battle in the field of the  
Thy terrors pour the blasts of death,  
Thy tempests are before thy face,  
But thy dwelling is calm above the clouds,  
The fields of thy rest are pleasant.

## OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above,  
Round as the shield of my fathers!  
Whence are thy beams, O sun!  
Thy everlasting light?

Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty ;  
 The stars hide themselves in the sky ;  
 The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the  
 western wave ;  
 But thou thyself movest alone.  
 Who can be companion of thy course ?  
 The oaks of the mountains fall ;  
 The mountains themselves decay with  
 years ;  
 The ocean shrinks and grows again ;  
 The moon herself is lost in heaven,  
 But thou art for ever the same,  
 Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.  
 When the world is dark with tempests,  
 When thunder rolls and lightning flies,  
 Thou lookest in thy beauty from the  
 clouds  
 And laughest at the storm.  
 But to Ossian thou lookest in vain,  
 For he beholds thy beams no more ;  
 Whether thy yellow hair floats on the  
 eastern clouds,  
 Or tremblest at the gates of the west.  
 But thou art perhaps like me for a  
 season ;  
 Thy years will have an end.  
 Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,  
 Careless of the voice of the morning.  
 Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy  
 youth !

## RYNO AND ALPIN.

## RYNO.

THE wind and the rain are past ;  
 Calm is the noon of day.  
 The clouds are divided in heaven.  
 Over the green hills flies the inconstant  
 sun.

Red through the stony vale,  
 Comes down the stream of the hill.  
 Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream !  
 But more sweet is the voice I hear.  
 It is the voice of Alpin the son of song,  
 Why alone on the silent hill ?  
 Why complainest thou as a blast in the  
 wood,  
 As a wave on the lonely shore ?

## ALPIN.

My tears, O Ryno, are for the dead ;  
 My voice for those that have passed away.

Tall thou art on the hill ;  
 Fair among the sons of the vale.  
 But thou shalt fall like Morar ;  
 The mourner shall sit on the tomb.  
 The hills shall know thee no more ;  
 Thy bow shall lie in thy hall, unstrung !  
 Thou wert swift, O Morar ! as a roe on  
 the desert ;  
 Terrible as a meteor of fire.  
 Thy wrath was as the storm.  
 Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the  
 field.

Thy voice was a stream after rain ;  
 Like thunder on distant hills.  
 Many fell by thine arm ;  
 They were consumed in the flames of thy  
 wrath.

But when thou didst return from war ;  
 How peaceful was thy brow !  
 Thy face was like the sun after rain ;  
 Like the moon in the silence of night ;  
 Calm as the breast of the lake when the  
 loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now !  
 Dark the place of thine abode !  
 With three steps I compass thy grave,  
 O thou who wast so great before.  
 Four stones with their heads of moss,  
 Are the only memorial of thee.  
 A tree with scarce a leaf,  
 Long grass which whistles in the wind,  
 Mark to the hunter's eye  
 The grave of the mighty Morar.  
 Morar, thou art low indeed.

Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ;  
 No maid with her tears of love,  
 Dead is she that brought thee forth.  
 Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.  
 Who on his staff is this ?  
 Who is this whose head is white with  
 age ?

Whose eyes are red with tears ?  
 Who quakes at every step ?  
 It is thy father, O Morar !  
 The father of no son but thee.

[NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707—1788.]

## THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,

In folly's maze advance ;  
 Though singularity and pride  
 Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,  
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
 To our own family and fire,  
 Where love our hours employs ;  
 No noisy neighbour enters here,  
 No intermeddling stranger near,  
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
 Within our breast this jewel lies ;  
 And they are fools who roam ;  
 The world hath nothing to bestow,  
 From our ourselves our bliss must flow,  
 And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
 When with impatient wing she left  
 That safe retreat, the ark ;  
 Giving her vain excursions o'er,  
 The disappointed bird once more  
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle  
 pow'rs,  
 We who improve his golden hours,  
 By sweet experience know,  
 That marriage, rightly understood,  
 Gives to the tender and the good  
 A paradise below !

[WILLIAM COWPER. 1731—1800.]

## RURAL SOUNDS.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural  
 sounds,  
 Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
 The tone of languid nature. Mighty  
 winds,  
 That sweep the skirt of some far-spread-  
 ing wood [like  
 Of ancient growth, make music not un-  
 The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,  
 And lull the spirit while they fill the  
 mind ;  
 Unnumber'd branches waving in the  
 blast,  
 And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at  
 once

Nor less composure waits upon the roar  
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice  
 Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that  
 slip  
 Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as  
 they fall  
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at  
 length  
 In matted grass, that with a livelier  
 green  
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.  
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,  
 But animated nature sweeter still,  
 To soothe and satisfy the human ear.  
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day,  
 and one  
 The live-long night: nor these alone,  
 whose notes  
 Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,  
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim  
 sublime  
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud,  
 The jay, the pie, and even the boding  
 owl,  
 That hails the rising moon, have charms  
 for me.  
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and  
 harsh,  
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever  
 reigns,  
 And only there, please highly for their  
 sake.\*

MOVEMENT AND ACTION THE  
 LIFE OF NATURE.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.  
 Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel,  
 That Nature rides upon, maintains her  
 health,  
 Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads  
 An instant's pause, and lives but while  
 she moves.  
 Its own revolency upholds the world.  
 Winds from all quarters agitate the air,  
 And fit the limpid element for use,  
 Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and  
 streams,  
 All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are  
 cleansed

\* Comp. Shakspeare, Merch. of Ven.  
 p 2

By restless undulation; even the oak  
Thrives by the rude concussion of the  
storm:

He seems indeed indignant, and to feel  
The impression of the blast with proud  
disdain,

Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm  
He held the thunder: but the monarch  
owes

His firm stability to what he scorns,  
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd  
above.

The law, by which all creatures else are  
bound,  
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself  
derives

No mean advantage from a kindred  
cause,  
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest  
ease.

The sedentary stretch their lazy length  
When Custom bids, but no refreshment  
find,

For none they need: the languid eye, the  
cheek

Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,  
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,  
Reproach their owner with that love of  
rest,

To which he forfeits even the rest he  
loves.

Not such the alert and active. Measure  
life

By its true worth, the comforts it affords,  
And theirs alone seems worthy of the  
name.

Good health, and, its associate in the  
most,

Good temper; spirits prompt to under-  
take,  
And not soon spent, though in an arduous  
task;

The powers of fancy and strong thought  
are theirs;

Even age itself seems privileged in them  
With clear exemption from its own  
defects.

A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front  
The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray  
beard

With youthful smiles, descends towards  
the grave  
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

## TRUE GAIETY.

WHOM call we gay? That honour has  
been long  
The boast of mere pretenders to the  
name.

The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,  
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,  
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the  
beams

Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest:  
The peasant, too, a witness of his song,  
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.

But save me from the gaiety of those,  
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday  
bed;

And save me too from theirs, whose  
haggard eyes  
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs  
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;

From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,  
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart  
with woe.

## THE NEWSPAPER.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters  
fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa  
round,

And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing  
urn  
Throws up a steaming column, and the  
cups,

That cheer but not inebriate, wait on  
each,

So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.  
Not such his ev'ning, who with shining  
face

Sweats in the crowded theatre, and,  
squeeze'd  
And bor'd with elbow-points through  
both his sides,

Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage:  
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet  
throb,

And his head thumps, to feed upon the  
breath

Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,  
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.

This folio of four pages, happy work!

Which not even critics criticise; that  
holds

Inquisitive attention, while I read,  
Fast bound in chains of silence, which  
the fair,

Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to  
break;

What is it but a map of busy life,  
Its fluctuations, and its vast concern?  
Here runs the mountainous and craggy  
ridge,

That tempts Ambition. On the summit  
see

The seals of office glitter in his eyes;  
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them!  
At his heels,

Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,  
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him  
down,

And wins them, but to lose them in his  
turn.

Here rills of oily eloquence in soft  
Meanders lubricate the course they take;  
The modest speaker is asham'd and  
griev'd,

T'ingross a moment's notice; and yet  
Begs a propitious ear for his poor  
thoughts,

However trivial all that he conceives.  
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this  
praise;

The dearth of information and good  
sense,  
That it fortells us, always comes to pass.  
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here;

There forests of no meaning spread the  
page,  
In which all comprehension wanders lost;

While fields of pleasantry amuse us there  
With merry descants on a nation's woes.  
The rest appears a wilderness of strange

But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,  
And lilies for the brows of faded age,  
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the  
bald,

Heav'n, earth and ocean, plunder'd of  
their sweets,

Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,  
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,  
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end  
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his  
bread.

THE WORLD, AS SEEN FROM  
THE STUDY OF A CONTEM-  
PLATIVE MAN.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of  
retreat,

To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the  
crowd;

To hear the roar she sends through all  
her gates  
At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjur'd  
ear.

Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease  
The globe and its concerns, I seem ad-  
vanc'd

To some secure and more than mortal  
height,

That lib'rates and exempts me from them  
all.

It turns submitted to my view, turns  
round

With all its generations; I behold  
The tumult, and am still. The sound of  
war

Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;  
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn  
the pride

And av'rice, that make man a wolf to  
man;

Hear the faint echo of those brazen  
throats,  
By which he speaks the language of his  
heart,

And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.  
He travels and expatiates, as the bee  
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to  
land;

The manners, customs, policy, of all  
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;  
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,  
And spreads the honey of his deep re-  
search

At his return—a rich repast for me.  
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,  
Ascend his topmast, through his peering  
eyes

Discover countries, with a kindred heart  
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
Runs the great circuit, and is still at  
home.

THE DOMESTIC WINTER  
EVENING.

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,  
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes  
fill'd,  
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy  
cheeks  
Fring'd with a beard made white with  
other snows  
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd  
in clouds,  
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy  
throne  
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry  
way,  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st  
the sun  
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,  
Short'ning his journey between morn and  
noon,  
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still  
Compensating his loss with added hours  
Of social converse and instructive ease,  
And gath'ring at short notice, in one  
group  
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,  
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its  
cares.  
I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.  
No rattling wheels stop short before these  
gates;  
No powder'd pert proficient in the art  
Of sounding an alarm assaults these  
doors  
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds  
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of  
the sound,  
The silent circle fan themselves, and  
quake:  
But here the needle plies its busy task,  
The pattern grows, the well-depicted  
flow'r,  
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and  
sprigs,

And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,  
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;  
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs,  
that blow  
With most success when all besides decay.  
The poet's or historian's page by one  
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;  
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of  
sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling chord  
shakes out;  
And the clear voice symphonious, yet  
distinct, [still,  
And in the charming strife triumphant  
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge  
On female industry: the threaded steel  
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.  
The volume clos'd, the customary rites  
Of the last meal commence. A Roman  
meal;  
Such as the mistress of the world once  
found  
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,  
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble  
doors,  
And under an old oak's domestic shade,  
Enjoy'd spare feast, a radish and an egg.  
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,  
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play  
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth:  
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,  
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,  
That made them, an intruder on their  
joys,  
Start at his awful name, or deem his  
praise  
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,  
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,  
While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing  
wand,  
That calls the past to our exact review,  
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken  
snare,  
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found  
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace  
restor'd,  
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.  
O ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd  
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,  
More to be prized and coveted than yours,  
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,  
That I, and mine, and those we love,  
enjoy.

## A WINTER REVERIE.

JUST when our drawing-rooms begin to  
blaze  
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied  
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,  
Goliah, might have seen his giant bulk  
Whole without stooping, towering crest  
and all,  
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps  
The glowing hearth may satisfy a while  
With faint illumination, that uplifts  
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits  
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.  
Not undelightful is an hour to me  
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom  
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking  
mind,  
The mind contemplative, with some new  
theme  
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.  
Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial  
powers,  
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,  
Nor need one; I am conscious and confess  
Fearless a soul, that does not always  
think.  
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild  
Soothed with a waking dream of houses,  
towers,  
Trees, churches, and strange visages, ex-  
pressed  
In the red cinders, while with poring eye  
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.  
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched  
The sooty films, that play upon the bars  
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view  
Of superstition, prophesying still,  
Though still deceived, some stranger's  
near approach.  
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose  
In indolent vacuity of thought,  
And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile  
the face  
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask  
Of deep deliberation, as the man  
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed  
and lost.  
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour  
At evening, till at length the freezing  
blast,  
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons  
home

The recollected powers; and snapping  
short  
The glassy threads, with which the fancy  
weaves  
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.  
How calm is my recess; and how the  
frost,  
Raging abroad, and the rough wind  
endear  
The silence and the warmth enjoyed  
within!  
I saw the woods and fields at close of  
day,  
A variegated show; the meadows green,  
Though faded; and the lands, where  
lately waved  
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,  
Upturned so lately by the forceful share.  
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile  
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed  
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each  
His favourite herb; while all the leafless  
groves  
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,  
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of  
eve.  
To-morrow brings a change, a total  
change!  
Which even now, though silently per-  
formed,  
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face  
Of universal nature undergoes.  
Fast falls a fleecy shower; the downy  
flakes  
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse  
Softly alighting upon all below,  
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives  
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the  
green  
And tender blade, that feared the chilling  
blast,  
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

## THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy  
orb  
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the  
clouds,  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
Resemble most some city in a blaze

Seen through the leafless wood. His  
slanting ray  
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,  
From every herb and every spiry blade  
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.  
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,  
In spite of gravity, and sage remark  
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
Provokes me to a smile. With eye  
askance  
I view the muscular proportioned limb  
Transformed to a lean shank. The shape-  
less pair,  
As they designed to mock me, at my side  
Take step for step; and, as I near  
approach  
The cottage, walk along the plastered  
wall,  
Preposterous sight! the legs without the  
man.  
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep  
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the  
bents,  
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the  
rest,  
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,  
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.  
The cattle mourn in corners where the  
fence  
Screens them, and seem half petrified to  
sleep  
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering  
man,  
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,  
And patient of the slow-paced swain's  
delay.  
He from the stack carves out the accus-  
tomed load,  
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging  
oft,  
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:  
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant  
stands,  
With such undeviating and even force  
He severs it away; no needless care,  
Lest storms should overset the leaning  
pile  
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.  
Forth goes the woodman, leaving uncon-  
cerned

The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the  
axe  
And drive the wedge in yonder forest  
drear,  
From morn to eve his solitary task.  
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with  
pointed ears  
And tail cropped short, half lucher and  
half cur,  
His dog attends him. Close behind his  
heel  
How creeps he slow; and now, with many  
a frisk  
Wide-scrampering, snatches up the drifted  
snow  
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his  
snout;  
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks  
for joy.  
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl  
Moves right toward the mark: nor stops  
for aught,  
But now and then with pressure of his  
thumb  
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short  
tube,  
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing  
cloud  
Streams far behind him, scenting all the  
air.  
Now from the roost, or from the neigh-  
bouring pale,  
Where, diligent to catch the first faint  
gleam  
Of smiling day, they gossiped side by  
side,  
Come trooping at the housewife's well-  
known call  
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on  
wing,  
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy  
flood,  
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.  
The sparrows peep, and quit the shelter-  
ing eaves  
To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye  
The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved  
To escape the impending famine, often  
scared  
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.  
Clean riddance quickly made, one only  
care  
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,

Or shed impervious to the blast. Re-  
signed  
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes  
His wonted strut; and wading at their  
head  
With well-considered steps, seems to  
resent  
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.  
How find the myriads, that in summer  
cheer  
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless  
songs,  
Due sustenance, or where subsist they  
now?  
Earth yields them nought; the imprisoned  
worm is safe  
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of  
herbs  
Lie covered close; and berry-bearing  
thorns  
That feed the thrush, (whatever some sup-  
pose)  
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.

~~~~~  
THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

Now at noon

Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence off the  
northern blast,  
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault  
is blue  
Without a cloud, and white without a  
speck  
The dazzling splendour of the scene  
below.  
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;  
And through the trees I view th' embattled  
tower,  
Whence all the music. I again perceive  
The soothing influence of the wafted  
strains,  
And settle in soft musings as I tread  
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and  
elms,  
Whose outspread branches overarch the  
glade.  
The roof, though moveable through all its  
length  
As the wind sways it, has yet well suf-  
ficed,  
And, intercepting in their silent fall  
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for  
me.  
No noise is here, or none that hinders  
thought.  
The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half-  
suppressed;  
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting  
light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he  
shakes  
From many a twig the pendent drops of  
ice,  
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so  
soft,  
Charms more than silence. Meditation  
here  
May think down hours to moments.  
Here the heart  
May give an useful lesson to the head,  
And Learning wiser grow without his  
books.  
Knowledge and Wisdom far from being  
one,  
Have oftimes no connexion. Knowledge  
dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other  
men;  
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
The mere materials with which Wisdom  
builds,  
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to  
its place,  
Does but encumber whom it seems t' en-  
rich.  
Knowledge is proud that he has learned  
so much;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no  
more.  
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,  
By which the magic art of shrewder wits  
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.  
Some to the fascination of a name  
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some  
the style  
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and  
wilds  
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.  
While sloth seduces more, too weak to  
bear

The insupportable fatigue of thought,  
And swallowing therefore without pause  
or choice,  
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.  
But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course  
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,  
And sheep-walks populous with bleating  
lambs,  
And lanes in which the primrose ere her  
time  
Peeps through the moss, that clothes the  
hawthorn root,  
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and  
truth,  
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won  
By slow solicitation, seize at once  
The roving thought, and fix it on them-  
selves.

#### THE HAPPINESS OF ANIMALS.

HERE unmolested, through whatever sign  
The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither  
mist,  
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,  
Nor stranger, intermeddling with my joy.  
Even in the spring and playtime of the  
year,  
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad  
With all her little ones, a sportive train,  
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,  
And prink their hair with daisies, or to  
pick  
A cheap but wholesome salad from the  
brook,  
These shades are all my own. The  
timorous hare,  
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,  
Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove un-  
alarmed  
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends  
His long love-ditty for my near approach.  
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely  
elm,  
That age or injury has hollowed deep,  
Where, on his bed of wool and matted  
leaves,  
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth  
To frisk a while, and bask in the warm  
sun,  
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of  
play;  
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,

Ascends the neighbouring beech; there  
whisks his brush,  
And perks his ears, and stamps, and  
cries aloud,  
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,  
And anger, insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
For human fellowship, as being void  
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike  
To love and friendship both, that is not  
pleased

With sight of animals enjoying life,  
Nor feels their happiness augment his  
own.

The bounding fawn, that darts along the  
glade

When none pursues, through mere delight  
of heart,

And spirits boyant with excess of glee;  
The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,  
That skims the spacious meadow at full  
speed,

Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing  
high his heels,

Starts to the voluntary race again;  
The very kine, that gambol at high noon,  
The total herd receiving first from one,  
That leads the dance, a summons to be  
gay,

Though wild their strange vagaries, and  
uncouth

Their efforts, yet resolved with one con-  
sent

To give such act and utterance, as they  
To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—  
These, and a thousand images of bliss,  
With which kind Nature graces every  
scene,

Where cruel man defeats not her design,  
Impart to the benevolent, who wish  
All that are capable of pleasure pleased,  
A far superior happiness to theirs,  
The comfort of a reasonable joy.

#### THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

SLAVES cannot breathe in England; if  
their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are  
free.

They touch our country and their  
shackles fall.  
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation  
proud  
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it  
then,  
And let it circulate through every vein  
Of all your Empire, that where Britain's  
power  
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy  
too!

#### ANTICIPATION OF THE MILLENIUM.

THE groans of Nature in this nether  
world,  
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have  
an end.

Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,  
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's  
lamp,

The time of rest, the promised sabbath,  
comes.

Six thousand years of sorrow have well-  
nigh

Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course  
Over a sinful world; and what remains

Of this tempestuous state of human things  
Is merely as the working of the sea

Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:  
For He, whose car the winds are, and the

clouds

The dust that waits upon his sultry march,  
When sin hath moved him, and his wrath

is hot,

Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend  
Propitious in his chariot paved with love;  
And what his storms have blasted and  
defaced

For man's revolt, shall with a smile  
repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too  
sweet

Not to be wronged by a mere mortal  
touch:

Nor can the wonders it records be sung  
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.

But when a poet, or when one like me,  
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,

Though poor in skill to rear them, lights  
at last,  
On some fair theme, some theme divinely  
fair,  
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels  
To give it praise proportioned to its  
worth,  
That not t' attempt it, arduous as he  
deems  
The labour, were a task more arduous  
still.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,  
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who  
can see,

Though but in distant prospect, and not  
feel

His soul refreshed with foretaste of the  
joy?

Rivers of gladness water all the earth,  
And clothe all climes with beauty; the

reproach

Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field  
Laughs with abundance; and the land,

once lean,  
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,

Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.  
The various seasons woven into one,

And that one season an eternal spring,  
The garden fears no blight, and needs no

fence,  
For there is none to covet, all are full.

The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,  
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at

noon

Together, or all gambol in the shade  
Of the same grove, and drink one com-  
mon stream.

Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
Lurks in the serpent now; the mother

sees,  
And smiles to see, her infant's playful

hand  
Stretched forth to dally with the crested

worm,  
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive

The lambent homage of his arrowy  
tongue.

All creatures worship man, and all man-  
kind

One Lord, one Father. Error has no  
place:

That creeping pestilence is driven away;

The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart  
 No passion touches a discordant string,  
 But all is harmony and love. Disease  
 Is not; the pure and uncontaminated blood  
 Holds its due course, nor fears the frost  
 of age.  
 One song employs all nations; and all cry,  
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for  
 us!"  
 The dwellers in the vales and on the  
 rocks  
 Shout to each other, and the mountain-  
 tops  
 From distant mountains catch the flying  
 joy;  
 Till, nation after nation taught the strain,  
 Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.  
 Behold the measure of the promise filled;  
 See Salem built, the labour of a God!  
 Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;  
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
 Flock to that light; the glory of all lands  
 Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,  
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are  
 there,  
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there:  
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,  
 And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute  
 there.  
 Praise is in all her gates; upon her walls,  
 And in her streets, and in her spacious  
 courts  
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there  
 Kneels with the native of the farthest  
 west;  
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,  
 And worships. Her report has travelled  
 forth  
 Into all lands. From every clime they  
 come  
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,  
 O Sion! an assembly such as earth  
 Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down  
 to see.

~~~~~  
 BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S  
 PROGRESS.

O THOU, whom, borne on fancy's eager  
 wing  
 Back to the season of life's happy spring,

I pleas'd remember, and, while mem'ry  
 yet  
 Holds fast her office here, can ne'er for-  
 get;  
 Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told  
 tale  
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike pre-  
 vail;  
 Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and  
 simple style,  
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest  
 smile;  
 Witty, and well-employ'd, and, like thy  
 Lord,  
 Speaking in parables his slighted word;  
 I name thee not, lest so despis'd a name  
 Should move a sneer at thy deserved  
 fame;  
 Yet even in transitory life's late day,  
 That mingles all my brown with sober  
 gray,  
 Revere the man, whose pilgrim marks  
 the road,  
 And guides the progress of the soul to  
 God.  
 'Twere well with most, if books, that  
 could engage  
 Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper  
 age;  
 The man, approving what had charmed  
 the boy,  
 Would die at last in comfort, peace, and  
 joy;  
 And not with curses on his heart, who  
 stole  
 The gem of truth from his unguarded  
 soul.

~~~~~  
 ON THE RECEIPT OF A  
 MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life  
 has pass'd  
 With me but roughly since I heard thee  
 last.  
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet  
 smiles I see,  
 The same, that oft in childhood solac'd  
 me;  
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they  
 say,  
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy  
 fears away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
 To quench it) here shines on me still the  
 same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
 O welcome guest, though unexpected  
 here!  
 Who bidd'st me honor with an artless  
 song,  
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
 I will obey, not willingly alone,  
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:  
 And, while that face renews my filial  
 grief,  
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou  
 wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I  
 shed?  
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just  
 begun?  
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a  
 kiss;  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
 Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.  
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
 I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,  
 And, turning from my nurs'ry window,  
 drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
 But was it such?—It was.—Where thou  
 art gone,  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound un-  
 known.  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful  
 shore,  
 The parting word shall pass my lips no  
 more!  
 Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my  
 concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return.  
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,  
 And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.  
 By expectation ev'ry day beguill'd,  
 Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and  
 went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
 But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er  
 forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is  
 heard no more,  
 Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry  
 floor;  
 And where the gard'ner Robin, day by  
 day,  
 Drew me to school along the public way,  
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and  
 wrapp'd  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,  
 'Tis now become a history little known,  
 That once we call'd the past'ral house  
 our own.  
 Shortliv'd possession! but the record fair,  
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness  
 there,  
 Still outlives many a storm, that has  
 effac'd  
 A thousand other themes less deeply  
 trac'd.  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou mightst know me safe and  
 warmly laid;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my  
 home,  
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks be-  
 stow'd  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone  
 and glow'd;  
 All this, and more endearing still than  
 all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no  
 fall,  
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and  
 breaks,  
 That humour interpos'd too often makes;  
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,  
 And still to be so to my latest age,  
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
 Such honors to thee as my numbers  
 may;  
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
 Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little no-  
 tic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore  
 the hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd  
flow'rs,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
(And thou wast happier than myself the  
while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head,  
and smile)  
Could those few pleasant days again ap-  
pear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish  
them here?  
I would not trust my heart—the dear  
delight  
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's  
coast  
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean  
cross'd)  
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd  
isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter sea-  
sons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods, that  
show

Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers  
gay;  
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd  
the shore,  
"Where tempests never beat nor billows  
roar,"  
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous  
tide  
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy  
side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always dis-  
tress'd—  
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-  
toss'd,  
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and  
compass lost,  
And day by day some current's thwarting  
force  
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous  
course.

Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and  
he!  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to  
me.  
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the  
earth,  
But higher far my proud pretensions  
rise—  
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.  
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has  
run  
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is  
done,  
By contemplation's help, not sought in  
vain,  
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er  
again;  
To have renew'd the joys that once were  
mine,  
Without the sin of violating thine;  
And, while the wings of Fancy still are  
free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his  
theft—  
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me  
left.

#### FREE IN THE TRUTH.

HE is the freeman, whom the truth  
makes free,  
And all are slaves beside. There's not a  
chain,  
That hellish foes, confederate for his  
harm,  
Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
With as much ease as Samson his green  
withes.  
He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps,  
compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his  
sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys  
his,  
And the resplendent rivers. His to  
enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,

Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous  
eye,  
And smiling say—"My Father made  
them all."

#### THE PLAY-GROUND.

BE it a weakness, it deserves some  
praise,  
We love the play-place of our early days;  
The scene is touching, and the heart is  
stone  
That feels not at that sight, and feels at  
none.  
The wall on which we tried our graving  
skill,  
The very name we carved subsisting still;  
The bench on which we sat while deep  
employ'd,  
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not  
yet destroy'd;  
The little ones unbutton'd, glowing hot,  
Playing our games, and on the very  
spot;  
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw  
The chalk ring, and knuckle down at  
taw;  
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,  
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;  
The pleasing spectacle at once excites  
Such recollection of our own delights,  
That, viewing it, we seem almost to ob-  
tain  
Our innocent sweet simple years again.

#### BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought, with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;  
Every burning word he spoke  
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt;  
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,  
Tramples on a thousand states;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier's name;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway;  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow;  
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;  
Dying hur'd them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due;  
Empire is on us bestow'd,  
Shame and ruin wait for you."

#### ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
O Solitude, where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
Than reign in this horrible place.



I am out of humanity's reach ;  
I must finish my journey alone ;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech—  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain  
My form with indifference see ;  
They are so unacquainted with men,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
O had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again !  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth ;  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word !  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard—  
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.  
My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me ?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there ;  
But, alas ! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest ;  
The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place ;  
And mercy, encouraging thought !  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

## THE DOVES.

REAS'NING at every step he treads,  
Man yet mistakes his way,  
While meaner things, whom instinct  
leads,  
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,  
And heard the voice of love ;  
The turtle thus address'd her mate,  
And sooth'd the list'ning dove :

Our mutual bond of faith and truth,  
No time shall disengage,  
Those blessings of our early youth,  
Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise,  
And constancy sincere,  
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,  
And mine can read them there ;

Those ills that wait on all below,  
Shall ne'er be felt by me,  
Or gently felt, and only so,  
As being shared with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,  
Or kites are hov'ring near,  
I fear lest thee alone they seize,  
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,  
And press thy wedded side,  
Resolved an union form'd for life,  
Death never shall divide.

But oh ! if fickle and unchaste  
(Forgive a transient thought)  
Thou couldst become unkind at last,  
And scorn thy present lot,

No need of lightnings from on high,  
Or kites with cruel beak,  
Denied th' endearments of thine eye  
This widow'd heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,  
Soft as the passing wind,  
And I recorded what I heard,  
A lesson for mankind.

## SELFISHNESS.

OH, if the selfish knew how much they  
lost,  
What would they not endeavour, not  
endure,  
To imitate as far as in them lay  
Him who his wisdom and his power  
employs  
In making others happy ?

[GEORGE CRABBE. 1754—1832.]

## THE DYING SAILOR.

HE call'd his friend, and prefaced with a  
sigh  
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must  
die :  
Would I could see my Sally, and could  
rest  
My throbbing temples on her faithful  
breast,  
And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle  
take,  
And say, till death I wore it for her  
sake ;  
Yes ! I must die—blow on sweet breeze,  
blow on !  
Give me one look, before my life be gone,  
Oh ! give me that, and let me not  
despair,  
One last fond look—and now repeat the  
prayer."

He had his wish, had more ; I will not  
paint  
The lovers' meeting : she beheld him  
faint,—  
With tender fears, she took a nearer  
view,  
Her terrors doubling as her hopes with-  
drew ;  
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding,  
said,  
"Yes ! I must die;" and hope for ever  
fled.

Still long she nursed him ; tender  
thoughts, meantime,

Were interchanged, and hopes and views  
sublime.  
To her he came to die, and every  
day  
She took some portion of the dread  
away :  
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible  
read,  
Soothed the faint heart, and held the  
aching head ;  
She came with smiles the hour of pain to  
cheer ;  
Apart, she sigh'd ; alone, she shed the  
tear ;  
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she  
gave  
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the  
grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they for-  
got  
The care, the dread, the anguish of their  
lot ;  
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd  
to think,  
Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not  
sink :"  
A sudden brightness in his look ap-  
pear'd,  
A sudden vigour in his voice was  
heard ;—  
She had been reading in the book of  
prayer,  
And led him forth, and placed him in his  
chair ;  
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he  
knew,  
The friendly many, and the favourite  
few ;  
Nor one that day did he to mind  
recall,  
But she has treasured, and she loves  
them all ;  
When in her way she meets them, they  
appear  
Peculiar people—death has made them  
dear.  
He named his friend, but then his hand  
she prest,  
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to  
rest ;"  
"I go," he said ; but, as he spoke, she  
found

His hand more cold, and fluttering was  
the sound!  
Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught  
a last,  
A dying look of love, and all was past!

[JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771—1854.]

#### ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb  
Up the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time  
In our country's story;  
Happy, when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge;  
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil  
Win from school and college;  
Delve we there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press  
Through the path of duty;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty:  
Minds are of celestial birth,  
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit  
Hearts and hands together,  
Where our fireside-comforts sit  
In the wildest weather;—  
O, they wander wide who roam  
For the joys of life from home!

#### HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the  
pride,  
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world  
beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener  
light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:

The wandering mariner, whose eye ex-  
plores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting  
shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to  
that pole;

For in this land of Heaven's peculiar  
grace,

The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and  
pride,

While in his softened looks benignly  
blend

The sire, the son, the husband, brother,  
friend;

Here woman reigns; the mother, daugh-  
ter, wife,  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way  
of life!

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth  
be found!

Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look  
around;

O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps  
roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy  
Home.

#### ICE-BLINK AND AURORA BOREALIS.

'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene  
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous  
scene:

Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold  
Girds the blue hemisphere; above un-  
roll'd

The keen clear air grows palpable to  
sight,

Embodied in a flush of crimson light,  
Through which the evening star, with  
milder gleam,

Descends to meet her image in the stream.  
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown  
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?

—Amidst black rocks that lift on either  
hand

Their countless peaks, and mark receding  
land;

Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,  
That shine around the arctic Cyclades;  
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,  
In many a shapeless promontory rent;  
—O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories  
spread,

The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,  
On which the sun, beyond th' horizon  
shrined,

Hath left his richest garniture behind;  
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,  
O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine  
bridge,

Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal  
eye

Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;  
With glacier-battlements, that crowd the  
spheres,

The slow creation of six thousand years,  
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,  
—Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:  
All human structures by his touch are  
borne

Down to the dust;—mountains themselves  
are worn

With his light footsteps; here forever  
grows,

Amid the region of unmelting snows,  
A monument; where every flake that  
falls

Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.  
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,  
That shews a brighter image of his face;  
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest  
Like signal fires on its illumined crest;  
The gliding moon around the ramparts  
wheels,

And all its magic lights and shades reveals;  
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves  
To undermine it through a thousand  
caves;

Rent from its roof, though thundering  
fragments oft

Plunge to the gulph, immoveable aloft,  
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,  
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

Midnight hath told his hour; the moon,  
yet young,

Hangs in the argent west her bow un-  
strung;

Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,  
Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening  
shades;

Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem  
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem;  
Like a new morn from orient darkness,  
there

Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid air,  
As though from heaven's self-opening  
portals came

Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,  
—Flame, that from every point an arrow  
sends,

Far as the concave firmament extends:  
Spun with the tissue of a million lines,  
Glistening like gossamer the welkin  
shines:

The constellations in their pride look pale  
Through the quick trembling brilliance  
of that veil:

Then suddenly converged, the meteors  
rush

O'er the wide south; one deep vermilion  
blush

O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,  
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and  
blood;

Again the circuit of the pole they range,  
Motion and figure every moment change,  
Through all the colours of the rainbow  
run,

Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun;  
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict,  
flight,

And the glad ocean dances in the light.

#### RELIGION.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,  
The fainting traveller wends his way;  
Bewildering meteors glare around,  
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,  
The sudden moon's inspiring light,  
When forth she sallies through the sky,  
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus, mortals blind and weak below,  
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;  
The world's a wilderness of wo,  
And life's a pilgrimage of pain !

Till mild Religion from above  
Descends, a sweet engaging form,  
The messenger of heavenly love,  
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,  
And folly flies her chastening rod ;  
She makes the humble, contrite heart  
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
Where bright celestial ages roll,  
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
She points the way and leads the soul.

At her approach, the grave appears  
The gate of paradise restored ;  
Her voice the watching cherub hears,  
And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,  
May we the crown of glory gain ;  
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,  
And reign with God, forever reign !

#### WINTER LIGHTNING.

THE flash at midnight !—'twas a light  
That gave the blind a moment's sight,  
Then sank in tenfold gloom ;  
Loud, deep, and long, the thunder broke,  
The deaf ear instantly awoke,  
Then closed as in the tomb :  
An angel might have passed my bed,  
Sounded the trump of God, and fled.

So life appears ;—a sudden birth,  
A glance revealing heaven and earth ;  
It is—and it is not !  
So fame the poet's hope deceives,  
Who sings for after time, and leaves  
A name—to be forgot.  
Life—is a lightning-flash of breath ;  
Fame—but a thunder-clap at death.

#### LIFE.

LIFE is the transmigration of a soul  
Through various bodies, various states of  
being ;

New manners, passions, new pursuits in  
each ;  
In nothing, save in consciousness, the  
same.

Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,  
Are always moving onward, always losing  
Themselves in one another, lost at  
length

Like undulations on the strand of death.

\* \* \* \* \*

The child !—we know no more of happy  
childhood,  
Than happy childhood knows of wretched  
eld ;

And all our dreams of its felicity  
Are incoherent as its own crude visions :  
We but begin to live from that fine  
point

Which memory dwells on, with the morn-  
ing star :  
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo  
sing,

Or the first daisy that we ever plucked ;  
When thoughts themselves were stars, and  
birds, and flowers,  
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild per-  
fume.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, the grey Elder !—leaning on his  
staff,  
And bowed beneath a weight of years,  
that steal

Upon him with the secrecy of sleep  
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of  
age.

None with such subtlety benumbs the  
frame),

Till he forgets sensation, and lies down  
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother.  
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers  
around him,

Then calls the worms, and bids them do  
their office ;

—Man giveth up the ghost—and where  
is he ?

[ROBERT BURNS. 1759—1796.]

#### ONE FOND KISS AND THEN WE SEVER.

ONE fond kiss, and then we sever !  
One farewell, and then for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge  
thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
While the star of Hope she leaves him ?  
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me ;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Nothing could resist my Nancy :  
But to see her was to love her ;  
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest !  
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest !  
Thine be every joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !

One fond kiss, and then we sever !  
One farewell, alas, for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge  
thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

#### OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best :  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between ;  
But, day and night, my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair :  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air :

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,  
By fountain, shaw, or green ;  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

#### DOMESTIC HAPPINESS THE BEST.

To make a happy fire-side clime,  
To weans and wife—  
That's the true pathos, and sublime  
Of human life.

#### VIRTUOUS LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

O HAPPY love ! where love like this is  
found !  
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond  
compare !  
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this  
declare—  
“ If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly plea-  
sure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest  
pair, [tale,  
In other's arms breathe out the tender  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents  
the ev'ning gale !”

#### THE PEASANT'S EVENING PRAYER.

THE cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious  
face, [wide ;  
They, round the ingle, form a circle  
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's  
pride :  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets\* wearing thin an'  
bare ;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion  
glide,  
He wales † a portion with judicious care ;  
And “ Let us worship God !” he says,  
with solemn air.

\* Grey locks.

† Chooses.