

Poetry,

Original and Select.

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE.

A SERIES OF SONNETS.—BY MRS HEMANS.

Your tents are desolate; your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances have not left
One trace beside the fountains: your full cup
Of gladness, and of trembling, each alike
Is broken; Yet, amidst undieing things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
All the fresh glories of the early world
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change!

INVOCATION.

As the tired voyager on stormy seas
Invokes the coming of bright birds from shore,
To waft him tidings, with the gentler breeze,
Of dim sweet woods that hear no billows roar;
So from the depth of days, when Earth yet wore
Her solemn beauty, and primeval dew,
I call you, gracious forms! Oh! come, restore
Awhile that holy freshness and renew
Life's morning dreams. Come with the voice, the lyre,
Daughters of Judah! with the timbrel rise!
Ye of the dark prophetic eastern eyes,
Imperial in their visionary fire;
Oh! steep my soul in that old glorious time,
When God's own whisper shook the cedars of your
clime!

INVOCATION CONTINUED.

And come ye faithful! round Messiah seen,
With a soft harmony of tears and light
Streaming through all your spiritual mien,
As in calm clouds of pearly stillness bright
Showers weave with sunshine, and transpierce their
slight
Ethereal cradle,—From your heart subdued
All haughty dreams of power had wing'd their
flight,
And left high place for Martyr fortitude,
True Faith, long suffering Love.—Come to me, come!
And, as the seas beneath your master's tread
Fell into crystal smoothness, round him spread
Like the clear pavement of his heavenly home;
So in your presence, let the soul's great deep
Sink to the gentleness of infant sleep.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM,

A song for Israel's God!—Spear, crest, and heim,
Lay by the billows of the old Red Sea,
When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm
Sent on the blast a hymn of Jubilee;
With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,
Queen-like she stood, and glorious was the strain,
Ev'n as instinct with the tempestuous glee
Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the slain.

A song for God's own victory!—Oh, thy lays,
Bright Poesy! where holy in their birth;—
How path it died, thy seraph note of praise,
In the bewildering melodies of earth!
Return from troubling bitter founts; return,
Back to the life-springs of thy native urn!

RUTH.

The plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,
By soft winds to a dreamy motion fann'd,
Still brings me back thine image—Oh! forlorn,
Yet not forsaken, Ruth!—I see thee stand
Lone, midst the gladness of the harvest-band,
Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam,
Fall'n in its weariness. Thy father land
Smiles far away! yet to the sense of home,
That finest, purest, which can recognise
Home in affection's glance, for ever true,
Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes
Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
Those words, immortal in their deep love's tone,
"Thy people and thy God shall be mine own."

THE LUST-GARTEN.—(Lugh Gawtan.)

"Ha! ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go straight on, in the Devil's name!"
Shelley's Translation of Goethe's Faust.

It was a fine bright afternoon, in the
month of August, when the carriage which
I had hired at Coblenz wound slowly down
the long descent which leads from Ehren-
breitstein to Ems, after passing the barrier
which admits us into the duchy of Nassau.
I had leisure, in doing so, to admire the ex-
treme beauty of the scenery as we gradually
approached the most beautiful of all the
Baths of Germany. The lofty hills on every
side, covered with foliage of the richest de-
scription, and the gentler slopes not yet en-
tirely divested of the yellow livery of Ceres,
gave an air of greater luxuriance than I had
observed in the dominions of Prussia, and
the change, which was apparent, as I pro-
ceeded, was manifestly an improvement.
Our pace was slow, and I got out of the car-
riage in order more fully to enjoy the scene,
uninterrupted by the frequent jolts which
the inequalities and steepness of the way oc-
casioned. At a sudden turn of the road, I
was struck by observing a precipitous cleft
of dark grey granite, rising from a soil which
bore little signs of cultivation, though above
the summit of the rock the foliage was as
thick as ever. A solitary cottage stood near,
and the blackened ruin of its broken wall
and dismantled hearth, showed that it had
once been the dwelling of man, though now
abandoned. The loneliness of the spot, amid
a scene of so much fertility and beauty, im-
pressed me very strangely, and I demanded
of the driver what place it was. "Es ist
nur ein silber-werke," (it is only a silver-
mine), he replied; "there are plenty of
mines in this neighbourhood, and if der
Herr is fond of visiting them, he may find
plenty to amuse him." "Move on gently,"
I answered, "while I go nearer to this and
examine it *en passant*, and wait for me at
the foot of the hill; I shall not keep you
waiting long."

The man resumed his pipe and the gui-
dance of his horses, and moved quietly for-
ward, as I approached the rock which had
attracted my attention. The barrenness of
the soil, mixed with the discoloured masses
of ore and fragments of stone, were suffi-
cient signs of the proximity of a mine—where
Nature seems, by the harshness of her exter-
ior aspect, to repel all search for the trea-
sures which she conceals within her bosom
—in vain, however, for science and avarice
are alike combined in prompting mankind
to make the discovery. I passed before the
lonely cottage, which appeared quite tenant-
less; at least, so I judged, from the broken
door, which hung on one hinge, and was
only half closed, as if the wind or its fall
had fixed it in that position. A small square
window, with one slender bar of iron across
it, yellow with rust, betokened also in my
opinion, the absence of an inhabitant. It
was, therefore, with some degree of surprise
that I heard a low chinkling sound proceed
from the hovel, which involuntarily made
me start, imagining, as I did, that I was
alone. I listened, and concluded that it was
the temporary abode of some miner during
the progress of work in the day-time, and
advanced towards the window to see who

was the occupant of so slightly attractive a
dwelling. A quantity of loose sand, which
was spread about the ground, caused me to
make my approach without noise; and I
leaned over the window-sill to reconnoitre,
while my surprise increased as I observed
what was within. On a heap of loose stones
immediately before me, I saw the figure of a
man, apparently above the middle height,
but seated and intently employed with a
small hammer in chipping away the frag-
ments of an obdurate lump of stone or met-
al, and carefully placing each broken part
in a small leathern bag, which was suspend-
ed from his neck. His dress was of a som-
bre hue—the *Gris marengo* of the French,
or Oxford grey of our own denomination—
with military-looking Hessian boots, and
black japanned spurs, and a low-crowned hat
with a broad brim, which quite overshadow-
ed his face, as he bent down towards his
work. Beside him lay a black riding-whip.
I should have imagined him to be merely
a geologist by simply glancing at his occu-
pation, but there was something in his figure
more than his appearance, which contradic-
ted this belief. I gazed at him, therefore, in
silence, resolving not to interrupt his pur-
suit, till, by raising his head, I should ob-
tain a glimpse of his features, and see whe-
ther (for I profess my faith in physiognomy)
it gave me encouragement to proceed. My
reverie was, however, broken by the object
of it—"Kennst du mich?" (Do you know
me?) was the sudden interrogation of this
mineralogical amateur, which, *without look-
ing up*, he uttered in a deep strong voice.
It seemed odd that he should have been
aware of my presence, for I stood obliquely
in his rear, and he never ceased the work
on which he was engaged. My approach too
had, unintentionally been as noiseless as the
lizard's.

"Kennst du mich?" he repeated, as in the
surprise of being addressed, I hesitated to
reply. "No, friend," I at length replied,
"I imagine not: I am perfectly a stranger
here, and know no one." "You do well,"
he answered, and it's lucky for you! Many
think they know me, but few are quite right."
"Are you connected with this silver mine?"
I inquired; "perhaps you are the proprie-
tor—if so, I should apologize for intruding
on your property." "I am the owner of
the mine," he replied, "but you, or any man,
are welcome to come here. I hinder no
one's desires!" Neither the manner nor the
tone of my acquaintance seemed peculiarly
inviting notwithstanding the profession which
they implied. I, therefore, simply said,
"Curiosity only brought me here for a mo-
ment—I will not interrupt you further."
"Nothing impedes my work," he answered;
"a spectator, more or less, makes little dif-
ference." I still lingered an instant in hopes
of catching a glimpse of the countenance of
this zealous labourer, but his averted face
still remained concealed—"Leben sie wohl."
(Fare you well), I exclaimed, in giving him
the common parting salutation, as I retired
from the hut. "Und eie desgleichen," (and
you also), was the reply, in a tone which
seemed more earnest than usually accompa-
nies the words. I turned away; but whilst
the clanking of the hammer was for a mo-
ment suspended, I heard a hoarse laugh attest