

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON

TO HER HUSBAND.

BY M. A. M.

To thee, my royal lord! to thee,
Be this my last epistle penn'd,—
Start not, this well known hand to see,—
'Tis her's—thy last and truest friend.

I would not now renew that love,
Effaced by years of guilt and sin,—
My hopes have long been fix'd above;
For me this world hath nought to win.

Nor seek I to recall the time
When thou didst love me passing well,
When from the morn till vesper chime
Was all too short that love to tell.

A worse than bootless task were mine,
To wake those visions pure as fair—
They could but fill a soul like thine
With all the blackness of despair.

I speak not as the injured wife,
Of all the long and weary years
With woe, and scorn, and insult rife,
And mark'd by ever-falling tears.

Nor yet as might the outraged queen,
The daughter of a princely race—
'Twere idle—kindred kings, I ween,
Behold my undeserv'd disgrace.

I plead not for my only child,
Nor ask for her a father's love—
Far happier, she from Courts exiled,
Her thoughts intent on heaven above.

Be none of these my motive now,
When earth is fading from my sight;
When death's cold damp bedews my brow,
And opes for me the tomb's long night.

Upon the verge of time I stand,
And backward turning, see but thee;
I find the fetter'd neck and hand,
And fain would try to set them free.

As Christian woman, then, I speak:
As wife who seeks her husband's weal;
The anguish'd tear rolls o'er my cheek,
Yet 'tis not for myself I feel.

Mine early love is all restored,
It burns with pristine fervor yet,
Again my bosom owns its lord,
And all my wrongs I would forget.

Then, Henry, husband of my youth,
Shake off the wicked one's control,
List to the silvery voice of truth,
Which ever whispers to the soul.

I charge thee, quit the paths of sin,
Where nought but fell remorse is found—
Turn to that narrow way, wherein
Sweet peace and heavenly joy abound.

Alas! a boding voice I hear,
Which tells me that my hopes are vain,
That he, to this sad heart so dear,
Shall ne'er seek virtue's haunts again.

That England, pale and agonized,
Shall writhe beneath his iron sway,
And laws for ages dearly prized,
In his stern grasp shall pass away.

Henry, adieu! my hour is come—
The voice of our dead children calls—
I go to my eternal home,
On all earth's scenes the curtain falls.

Now hear me, as though from the tomb
A herald unto thee werè sent—
Try to avert thine awful doom—
Turn to the Saviour, and repent!

Montreal, Dec. 1846.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY 

Who would not lift at times his eye
To mark the heaven that smiles above him,
And fancy bending from on high
Those sainted shades that guard and love him,
And think in clouds their forms he sees,
Or lists their voice in evening's breeze!

Who would not oft from ages past,
Bards, sages, heroes, patriots, call—
Earth's proudest boast—o'er whom are cast
The dazzling folds of glory's pall,
Nor burn to emulate the fame
That like a halo circles them!

Who would not weep when woman weeps,
Who would not smile when woman smiles,
Nor soothe the pang that never sleeps
Within her breast when man beguiles,
Nor prove her shield from every storm
Which may her fortune's sky deform!

As ivy round the lofty oak
Its slender arms enamoured throws,
And, safe from every tempest's shock,
Beneath its shadow calmly grows,
So, woman! Heaven intended thee
By man protected thus to be.

O, who could gaze when new-born day
Far in the orient opes its eye,
Or when its glories melt away
Like visions in the western sky,
Nor, like Elijah, mount afar
To happier worlds, in fancy's car!

O, who could wander when the moon
Through fleeting clouds by fits is seen—
When streams reflect her in her noon,
And earth is still, and air serene,
Nor feel his spirit by degrees
Enlarge and blend with all he sees!

These are the day-dreams of the mind—
Its interludes of hallowed joy—
Its blameless hours—in which we find
Our thoughts sublimed from earth's alloy,
And taught to relish purer bliss,
And scenes of brighter loveliness.