

Poetry,

Original and Select.

The following are two unpublished SONGS of LORD BYRON.

I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name—
There is grief in the sound—there were guilt in the
fame;

But the tear which now turns on my cheek may im-
part
The deep thought that dwells in that silence of
heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness
cease?

We repent, we abjure, we will break from our
chain—
We must part, we must fly, to unite it again.

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt;
Forgive me, adored one—forsake if thou wilt;
But the heart which I bear shall expire undebased
And man shall not break it, whatever thou may'st.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more
fleet

With thee by my side, than the world at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all we resign,
Thy lip shall reply not to them, but to mine,

They say that hope is happiness;
But genuine love must prize the past,
And mem'ry wakes the thought that bless—
They rose the first, they set the last;
And all that mem'ry loves the most
Was once our only hope to be,
And all that hope adored and lost
Hath melted into memory.

Alas! it is delusion all:
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are

EDWARD,—A TALE OF SORROW.

It was late in the evening of the 21st of January last, that I was sitting, after a bitter cold day spent in the fulfilment of my professional duties, before my parlour fire; my friend L— had spent the evening with me, and we were getting near the conclusion of a game of chess. I had been successful, and was inwardly crowing over every little effort my friend made to gain the upper hand; I felt that I was sure of the victory; I was happy in myself, and at peace with all the world. L— had been considering for the last five minutes as to his next move, and I began to feel impatient. The silence that surrounded us was broken by a knock at the street door.

"Hang the door," said L—; "you surely won't go out to-night Tom?"

The door was opened by my servant, and I could distinctly hear the request—"Could I speak to Mr —, if you please?" This was spoken in such a beseeching and yet not beggarly tone, that I resolved to grant the petition.

"Yes that you shall!" I said, as I thrust my feet into my slippers, and opened the

door. I reached it just as Ellen turned round to call me. The figure of the petitioner was tall and well formed, but thin, almost to emaciation; his features were regular, and his forehead would have been called noble, had not sorrow stamped her seal too deeply there; his mouth was beautifully formed, and disclosed a pearly set of teeth, as it opened with the modest request—"Could I speak to you in private sir?"

"Certainly," I replied, and taking a light from the hall table, I led the way into my study. When I had closed the door, and desired him to be seated, I inquired—"What is it you wish with me?"

"You will not remember me, sir, I dare say," was his reply.

He had taken a chair at some distance from me, and as I moved the light forwards, he turned his face more directly towards me—"Good God!" I exclaimed, "you are surely not Edward B—!"

"The same unhappy wretch," he feebly answered me.

"And how have you come to this,—the last I heard of you was from Henry Waring, and he told me you were well and in America?"

"And has the wretch then dared to return to England?—and yet he would not know I had returned too; for it was reported there, that I was gone to Cuba."

"But why call him wretch" said I; "he told me you were in partnership with him, and preferred residing in America."

"Liar!" was the short but expressive answer,—for it showed me the truth at once; "but," he continued, "it was not for this I came, it was to beg you to come and see my Mary, who, I fear, is dying."

"God forbid! where is it you live?"

"In Bent Street."

"I will go," and my hand moved to the bell-rope, as I whispered the words,—Ellen, tell John I wish him to go out with me this evening; put a bottle of port and some meat in his pocket, and send him here."

Whilst these orders were performing, I returned into the parlour. "L—," I said, "I am sorry I can't finish the game—I'm obliged to go out—get your hat, I can go with you home, as it's in my way."

We set out, and B— followed after; and never shall I forget the humility he shewed, even in this trifle. I left L— in Lime Street; and as I passed down St. John's Lane, I beckoned B— towards me. I offered him my arm, and he thanked me in such a manner, that I felt had the distance been ten times as great, I would willingly have gone. I pressed his arm to my side, and said—"tell me how it is I see you thus, and why did you not call on me before?"

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "I cannot tell you now, my heart is too full—I feel as though it would burst; indeed, I cannot tell you now sir,—but, to-morrow you shall know all."

I pressed his arm again to my side, and I felt a scalding tear fall on my glove,—I felt it—I am sure it was a tear—it was hot after it had soaked through to my hand. I could say nothing more until we reached Bent Street. He conducted me up a dark Court, and I shuddered as I went up a narrow pas-

sage,—for the gibes and lewd jests of some

females we passed, shewed the place to be the haunt of a class of wretches, the disgrace of our town. B— stopped at a door which appeared, (for from the darkness around, I could scarcely discern it) to be the entrance to some den of misery. He tapped gently and raised the latch; but, oh God! never shall I forget the scene of wretchedness which presented itself. I sickened at the sight; but my eyes seemed rivetted to the spot,—I was obliged to support myself by the door-post. At the further end of the apartment, on a mattress, I beheld a female figure, pale as death—and the delusion was heightened by her being then asleep. At the foot of this miserable couch lay a child, so still, that it too appeared lost to every thing, until upon my advance nearer to the bed, it turned round its head, and with one hand raised as if to prevent my coming nearer—with the other pointed towards its sleeping parent.

In the course of my life, I had seen many pictures of misery, but never, never one to equal this. Edward moved towards the bed-head, as if to awake his sleeping partner, but I forbade him—and again the little innocent resumed its watch. I inquired of Edward the symptoms of her complaint, and soon found that it had been brought on by hunger and sorrow; and to do away with these, thought I, shall now be my care.

John had, in the meantime, set down the meat on a stool, which stood in a corner of the apartment. "And is this," said I "the only room you have?"

"It is," replied Edward, "the room above is used as a store-room, by our landlord."

I could not help heaving a sigh, when I thought how many a pleasant evening I had spent, whilst one for whom I had so much regard, was in want of the common necessaries of life. I wrote a prescription, and desired John to go and get it prepared; he took it in silence, and I could perceive that the honest fellow's heart was bleeding at the sight of so much misery. I now persuaded Edward to eat, for from his own account, and that I found difficult to wrest from him, he had not tasted food for the last two days. The child too, left its station for a while, until he had satisfied the cravings of hunger, but returned to his watch immediately. In a short time my boy returned with the medicine; and after leaving my purse with Edward, and desiring him to procure any thing necessary, I bade him adieu, with a promise that I would call next morning.

When I was again seated by my parlour fire, I could not help recalling to my mind the time when I had seen Edward beloved, and his company sought after by every one. His father had, some eighteen years before, been a merchant in this town, but, from misfortunes, he found himself, in his old age, possessed of little more than he might reasonably expect would keep him above the reach of want for the remainder of his life. He was a widower, and left with three children. With these then, he retired to a small farm, which was his own property in the neighbourhood of Chester;—there I had visited him, and there I had found him happy. About four years ago, he had requested me to find him a situation for his