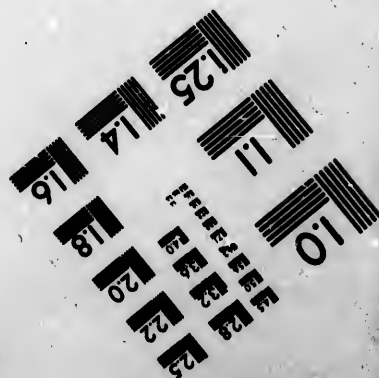
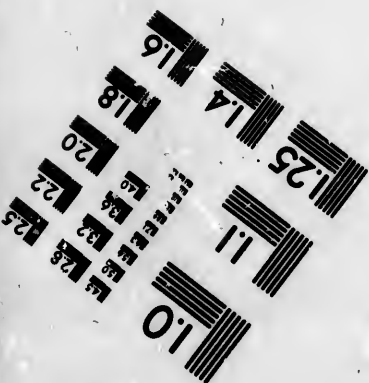
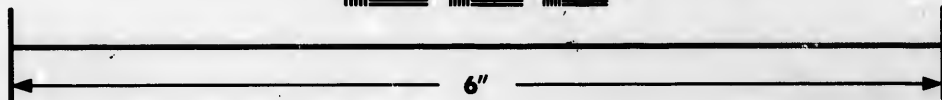
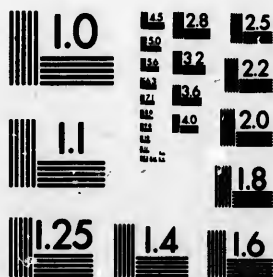


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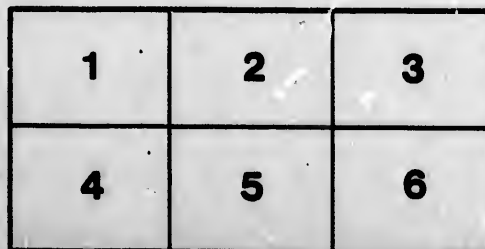
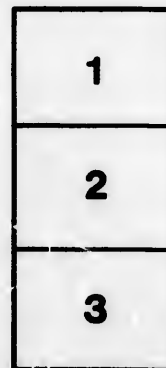
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THE EXILE:

And Other Verses.

TOGETHER WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM SOME OF
THE GREEK AND LATIN POETS.

BY

THE HON. THOMAS TALBOT.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1879.

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19635

LONDON

GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

DEDICATION.

TO EUPHONIUS.

TO none more fitly than to yourself, my dear Euphonius, could I inscribe this book. You have long been acquainted with that ancient British Island which forms the golden gate to the other British North American possessions, as well as their best bulwark on the Western Atlantic. With me you have loitered amid the rich and beautiful scenery of that Island ; you have admired the noble character of its people ; and, casting a glance forward to the not distant future, you have felt and expressed the high fortune that awaits it, when it shall form one of the fairest and brightest appendages of the British Empire.

You know the charming surroundings of its Capital (St. John's)—Quidi-Vidi Lake, Sugar-loaf Hill, Virginia Waters, Kilbride, Topsail, Portugal Cove, and other places of equal interest and beauty ;

which the following pages will recall to your memory.

The translations from the Greek and Roman poets will also revive in you the recollection of other days. How often have you and I admired together the pure sentiments and high range of thought of those poets; and marked the near approach they make to the grand moral elevation of the Sacred Writings. You will live over those days again, I hope, when you read those poets in the version I have endeavoured to give of them in these pages.

Farewell, my dear Euphonius; may you and I soon again revisit that dear Island of Terra-nova (how oddly it sounds, that the first and earliest British possession beyond the Atlantic should be called Newfoundland: how much more appropriate would be the name Cabotland)—soon may we again revisit that dear and lovely Island, and renew our acquaintance with its romantic and enchanting scenery; and enjoy, what is better still, the society of its noble-hearted sons, and fair and lovely daughters. 'Till then farewell!

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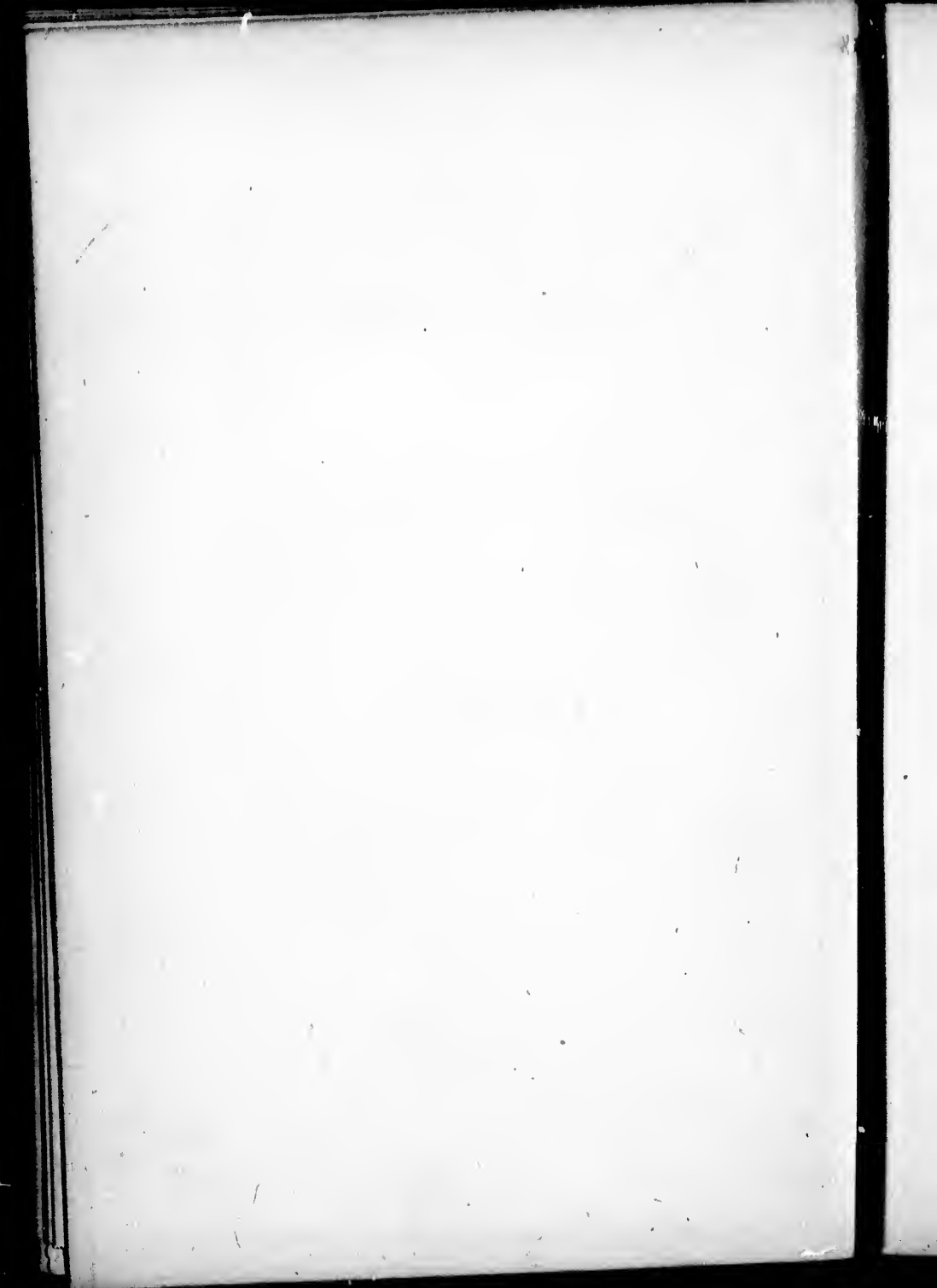
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THE EXILE.

TABLEAU FIRST: *A Spring Morning.*



'ER yon rugged hill, whose uncouth shadows
sleep

On the breast of the lake¹ where the
morning mists creep,

The cloud-curtains of night are dissolving away
At the magical glance of the ruler of day ;
And the sky blushes out a faint tremulous glow,
While the ocean in smiles whispers matins below.

Yon village, how calm in the mellowing ray !
'Neath a network of flakes as it dozes away ;
And that stream, which now winds like a serpent
along,
And now bends like a courser the wild crags
among ;

¹ Quidi Vidi Lake, near St. John's.

How it prattles soft strains by the foot of the hill !
How it makes little rainbows with fairy-like skill !
Ah ! not long by that hill-side 'tis willing to stay :
It eyes the blue deep ; then bounds laughing away.

High up from that stream where the hill-crest 's
withdrawn,

A dreamer now basks in the smiles of the dawn ;
His eye sweeps the line where the ocean's sky-
bound ;

And his heart is dissolved in th' enchantment
around.

He looks tow'rds the east, and he fancies he sees
A cottage in clouds, with a circlet of trees ;
And a change then comes o'er him, for, trembling,
he sighs,

And the dew of the heart glistens out at his eyes.
He reclines on a rock, for a moment at rest,
With his head on one hand, and his face to the
east :

And then memories crowd, and soft feelings awake ;
From his quivering lips strains of tenderness break—
Slow, gentle, half sad, and soft-swelling along,
As the thoughts that evoked them. 'Twas thus
ran the song :—

MAUREEN OGE.²

Oh, happy day ! oh, blissful hour !
When, favour'd by some kindly power,
I met within that shady bower,
My Maureen Oge !

How sweet the things she said to me,
Beneath that ancient spreading tree !
Oh, how the light-wing'd hours did flee,
With Maureen Oge !

Her tongue was soft as summer show'r,
Or morning dew on budding flow'r ;
And sweet as strains at midnight hour :
My Maureen Oge !

Her eye was like the early dawn,
Bright streaming o'er a verdant lawn ;
And light her step, as mountain fawn :
My Maureen Oge !

Alas ! 'tis past ; this heart no more
Shall taste the bliss it knew before ;
Its hallow'd sunshine hours are o'er,
My Maureen Oge !

² Young Mary.

But sad though be this breast of mine,
 May peace and joy be always thine !
 And hope as sweet as breath divine,
 My Maureen Oge !

TABLEAU SECOND : *An Evening in Summer.*

The sun had just paused from his labours, to rest,
 Amid cushions of gold, on his couch in the west :
 'Two robins, half dozing, were mutt'ring a song,
 From a thicket of dwarf firs and alders among.
 A zephyr was fluttering where flowers should have
 been,—

On the soft, graceful swell o'er a fairy ravine :
 But else o'er the scene not a breath, not a sound ;
 A silence unbroken was reigning around.
 E'en the streamlet³ that lately hurraed from its
 ledge

Was now sleeping in peace on its carpet of sedge.
 In the midst of this stillness of nature, behind
 A shrubby green hillock our dreamer reclined.
 One object alone all his thoughts seem'd to share ;
 'Twas the branch of a tree that was wither'd and
 bare.

³ A small stream that runs from Virginia Lake into Quidi
 Vidi Lake, near St. John's.

He appear'd through its moss to seek vistas of
light ;

One would think he had deem'd it the wand of a
sprite.

At length, overcome by the flashes of thought,
Which the train of his mind to his bosom had
brought,

He shook with emotion, and heaving a sigh
Bent his head on his arm, and laid the branch by.
O'er scenes of the past all his feelings now ran,
Which he pour'd out in numbers as thus he
began :—

THE BOWER.

I knew a bow'r once in an isle far away ;
And I knew a fair maid, too, that oft met me there
When the shadows grew long at the closing of day,
And the flow'rs shook their sweetest perfumes in
the air.

It stood on the verge of a quaint little grove,
Where blossoms the fairest hung down from each
bough ;

One would think it was made for the nursery of
love,—

I wonder does SHE ever visit it now.

How lovely at eve look'd that dear little bow'r,
When the shepherd's loud whoop o'er the pas-
ture fields rose ;
When the humming of insects made dreamy the
hour,
And the summer sun droop'd to his golden repose ;
When the silvery voice of the blithe little stream,
That came tripping along from the mountain's tall
brow,
Pour'd forth its enchantment to deepen the
dream,—
I wonder does SHE ever visit it now.
The last time we met there young Spring had just
flung
Soft tints on the trees, and bright gems o'er the
ground ;
The azure above with light banners was hung,
And the Lundhuv and Throstle made music
around.
Our words were but few, for our hearts had fore-
seen
The coming of sorrow—I cannot tell how,
But I felt as tho' something had darken'd the
scene.—
I wonder does SHE ever visit it now.

TABLEAU THIRD: *An Evening in Autumn.*

How subtle those laws of our nature that bind
The heart's finest chords to the shaft of the mind ;
And awake in the soul either pleasure or pain,
From the fall of a leaf or the song of a swain.
Hence oft the mute flower of a hedge doth impart
A glow to the cheek and a thrill to the heart :
And feelings the deepest of pity or love
Are stirr'd by the zephyr that sighs in a grove.
Thus often poor Iber, our dreamer, confest
The tumult unceasing that reign'd in his breast,
For the chain of regret that his destiny wove
Kept tugging his heart towards the land of his love.
And the deeper its pressure, the tighter its strain,
As his efforts to break it were labour in vain.
True, fired by his zeal in the cause of his kind,
His griefs and his sorrows were oft flung behind :
When following his nature towards nature's own
 goal,
To the service of freedom he gave up his soul.
But the land of his exile whose battles he fought,
Whose laurels he won, and whose glory he sought,
Flung him out on the roadside to perish or beg,
Like Freedom's defenders who starve on one leg—

One leg ! 'tis enough (O ye shades of the brave !)
 To carry them limping along to the grave.
 'Twas shadowy eve, and thus sneering at fame
 He stroll'd down yon hill with the saccharine⁴
 name ;
 While his mind thro' time's vista swept flashing
 along,
 He thus wrapp'd his thoughts in the incense of
 song.—

MOSSY STREAM OF ARA.

May airs the mildest, sweetest, best,
 And softest sunshine ever rest
 Upon thy gentle throbbing breast,
 Mossy STREAM OF ARA.

How oft at mellow eveningtide
 I paced thy banks by Mary's side ;
 Nor thought of joy on earth beside,
 Mossy STREAM OF ARA.

And there we loiter'd thro' the dell,
 While evening's shadows slowly fell,
 In blissful visions none may tell :
 Mossy STREAM OF ARA.

⁴ Sugar-loaf Hill.

Oh, may those shadows ever be
Inwrought with spells as then on thee,
When Mary made them dear to me:

Mossy STREAM OF ARA.

When day returning bids thee wake,
May rosy morning's splendours break
In kisses on thy dimpled cheek!

Mossy STREAM OF ARA.

Adieu! again should fortune's power
Conduct me to thy sylvan bower,
May Mary's presence bless that hour!

Mossy STREAM OF ARA.

TABLEAU FOURTH: *Midday in Summer.*

'Tis midday.—The landscape is silent around;
And soft shadows sleep o'er the moss-cover'd
ground;

But here and there streaming the sun-light com-
bines

With the drapery of shade in strange fanciful lines.
Far up on the arch of the soft azure sky,
Undisturb'd by a breath, the young fleecy clouds
lie;

While the sun, as if tired of his pageantry grown,
And rapt in sweet visions, reclines on his throne :
Unadorned he sits on the old regal seat,
For the crown and the sceptre are strewn at his
feet ;

Not a splendour is there, not the flash of an eye,—
The Virgin!⁵—no wonder the fair one should sigh !
Nay ! could he be faithless ?—Oh, false one ! how
soon

Thy heart wanders back to old times, and the
moon !—

'Tis midday ; the silence that reigns thro' the grove
Is fill'd with bright visions of seraphs above.
They come on the soft streams of light to impart
Sweet peace to the soul, and bright dreams to the
heart :

They come on yon aspen-trees, stooping to greet
The wild roses twining bright wreaths at their
feet :

They come on the fairy beams stealing away
From the breast of the lake where the mirror'd
flocks play ;

They come,—But, lo ! rapt by some magical spell,
Poor Iber now dreams of old scenes he loves well.

⁵ Virgo, or the Virgin ; the Constellation of August.

Through the grove as he strays his heart wanders
away
To skies afar off,—Hush! he's trilling a lay:—

KNOCKMORE.

What charm has life in it fairer than this,
That the spirit can fly to repose in the past;
And spread out its wing in the sunshine of bliss,
Ere the tempest of passion shall break it at last!

'Tis thus when the vapours of malice and pride,
And deception and falsehood, my pathway o'er-
cast,
The foul trailing shadows are soon swept aside
By the sun-burst of glory that breaks from the past.

The cottage that sleeps on the lap of KNOCKMORE,
Where the moon looks her loveliest, dreamiest, best,
Is bright with the halo of visions of yore
When freedom's first impulses throbb'd in this
breast.

And out from that hill-side, tho' far, far away,
Those visions bright-streaming a radiance impart,
That wins from its gloom, like the spell-flush of day,
The sun-flower of hope that lay shrunk in my heart.

Oh, hallow'd KNOCKMORE ! may thy lamp never
pale !

Undimm'd be its flame thro' the vista of time !
A star on life's ocean ! its glance cannot fail
'Mid the crash of the tempest to bear me sublime.

And when the decree is recorded on high,
That heavenward calls this crush'd spirit at last ;
On the pinions of faith as it soars to the sky,
It will brighten and glow in the light of the past.

TABLEAU FIFTH : *A Morning in Winter.*

What a sweet little vale ! how it swells on the sight,
In greenwood and grove, and soft tremulous light !
With visions of peace the rapt bosom it fills,
As it slumbers deep-set in its rim of rude hills,
O'er green sloping ridges white cottages shine
Amid belts of tall fir and of feathery pine ;
And here and there swaying by ravine and dell,
Blue streamers of smoke o'er the waving trees swell ;
They swell, and then stooping, in graceful mood
sail
O'er the stream that careers in the midst of the
vale.

Sweet Logy-Bay⁶ Valley!—bright jewel thou art!
I love thee,—yes, *love*,—in the depth of this heart.
Ah, talk not to me of bright scenes far away,—
Of your subjects for art,—the grand, solemn, and
gay:—

Look around at yon vale in its smiling repose,
And recall, while you dream, all the rapture of
those.

Lo! there! where the ocean in majesty rolls;
And there! where the tall cliff his anger controls.
Is he lashed by the tempest? his billows arise,
And dash at the mountains, and rail at the skies.
But goaded no longer, he gladdens apace,
And wears the bright radiance of joy on his face.
Yet the tempest may sweep in its fury along,
And the billows dash headlong the wild crags
among:

But aside from its peace ne'er that vale can be
won,—

In its own native loveliness still smiling on.
'Tis thus, while the passions lead mortals astray
Fair Wisdom unwavering still keeps on her way:
Her step from Truth's pathway no wile can entice,—
All tranquil she moves 'mid the tumult of vice.

⁶ Logy Bay, a small village within a few miles of St. John's, situated near a bay of the same name.

Sweet LOGY-RAY VALLEY ! how soothing the thrill
Of my heart when I view'd thee from SUGAR-LOAF
HILL !⁷

From that spot whence now Iber looks wistfully
down,
While he sings of the past.

THE VALE OF GLENORE.

While Fortune proved kind
There was joy in the vale of *Glenore* ;
And meek-eyed Content
Had her thousand blessings in store :

Young Innocence play'd
In the first golden flush of its dawn ;
And the sunset of Age
Pour'd glory o'er *corríg* and *bawn*.⁸

But sorrow's dark face—
Ah, woe to the follies of men !—
Came deepening apace :
Then faded the bloom of the Glen.

For a *Patriot-Saint* !—
A self-seeking knave in disguise,—

⁷ Sugar-Loaf, a hill bounding the village on one side, and having the Atlantic Ocean at its feet.

⁸ *Corrig*, Rock. *Bawn*, Field or Lawn.


Had preach'd the cant phrase,
"Up, Slaves! Ye bondsmen, arise!"

Alas for Glenore!
No more shall her green fields impart
Soft light to the eye,
Sweet music of peace to the heart.

And Youth shall no more
With Innocence sport in the dawn;
Nor Age with old lore
Shed glory o'er *corríg* and *bawn*.

LINES

(ADDRESSED TO AN IRISH LADY, AUTHORESS OF A
VOLUME OF POETRY OF NO ORDINARY MERIT).

HY strains, fair Songstress ! sweetly free,
Fall grateful on my ravish'd ear :
Like whispering breath o'er flow'ry lea,
Or Music from some distant sphere.

How oft at touch of these sweet strains,
Bright waves of Memory onward roll,
And bursting Time's opposing chains,
Sweep all-uncheck'd along my soul.

And sure 'tis sweet in distant land
To wake the past by song or token :—
'Tis like old Friendship's magic hand,
Or gushing fount whose seal is broken.

Thus when I turn to list thy lay,
What chequer'd thoughts my soul employ !—
Thro' light and shade they wildly stray,
With mingled thrill of grief and joy.

Once more, methinks, I tread the heath
Where fair skies smile o'er Eire's hills ;
And pluck and bind the wild-flower wreath—
An offering to the tuneful rills.

But, ah ! then comes the saddening thought,
That sky, and hill, and flower, and plain
Are pages of a record fraught
With woe and sorrow, shame and pain.

Still, still, one cheering thought remains,
Old Land ! tho' thy sad fate we rue,
The page that tells us of thy chains
Proclaims thy ancient glories too.

And this, dear Songstress ! is a theme
To which I would thy muse invite ;—
Nor let thy gentle spirit deem
The task beyond its minstrel might.

Since well I ween thy bright wing made
For loftier range, for bolder flight,
Than any it hath yet essay'd
O'er flow'ry vales, and landscapes bright.

Tho' soft that wing as plume of dove,
Tho' bright with Love's own roseate hues,
Tho' form'd to shine in tuneful groves
When gentler Spring the song renews :

C

Yet, yet it owns a strength, a power
 Of higher scope, of nobler charms,
 To light the chieftain's triumph hour,
 And pour song's radiance o'er his arms.

Then strike the chords, and fearless tell
 Of high deeds done ; the past recall ;
 And let the *Clairseach's*⁹ bold notes swell,
 As once they rose in *Aileach's*¹ hall.

Tell how the race of Heber rose,
 And how they fell ; and themes like these :
 How royal CONN met *Eir's* foes,
 And flung the *Sunburst*² to the breeze.

Thus, as the strains thy bosom fill,
 And as each theme fresh impulse brings,
 Bold be thy hand ; oh, let it trill,
 And sweep, and flash along the strings.

⁹ *Clairseach*, pronounced nearly *Claursha*, Irish Harp.

¹ *Aileach*, pronounced nearly *Ilagh*, the royal palace of Ulster.

² *Sunburst*, the Royal Standard of the O'Neils.

DONAL'S FETCH.



WAS mellow eve ; the sun was low,
And sweetly blue the sky ;
And rippling sounds bespoke the flow
Of waters gliding by.

Young Eva stood beside the well,
Where weeping willows hung,
And gazing on the sunlit swell,
Low murmuring notes she sung.

She seem'd to watch the bubbles play
Amid the rushes there ;
But ah ! her thoughts were far away ;
Her heart was dark with care.

She starts ; a shadow pass'd her by :
And now she turns to see ;
When, lo ! she catches Donal's eye !
Her lover ! yes, 'tis he !

All silent o'er the green he hies,
Nor even looks behind.
With trembling heart poor Eva sighs ;
But words she cannot find.

How is he here, since far away,
Within his mountain home,
In weary sickness late he lay?
Our *Culdw*³ is but come.

'Twas thus she thought ; and turning then,
Her steps she homeward bent ;
But as she cross'd the low-lapp'd glen,
Her failing courage went.

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The summer pass'd ; the summer came ;
But Eva's heart was sore :
One word alone—'twas Donal's name,
She murmur'd evermore.

³ *Culdw*, black poll ; any person with black hair.

THE SABBATH EVE.

(ADDRESSED TO ETTY.—H.E.)



THE Sabbath eve shone calm and bright,
The sighing zephyrs softly crept
Along the glade, with steps so light,
E'en Flora's beauteous household slept.

The fields below and sky above
In curtain'd light soft slumbering lay ;
And solemn peace and tranquil love
Alone were guardians of the day.

Fair Nature, in her softest dress,
Stepp'd forth, array'd in smiles serene ;
While Beauty's zone of loveliness
Fell radiant o'er the smiling scene.

'Twas in that sweet, enchanted hour,
When thoughts all glowing heavenward rise,
And fancy shapes full many a bower
In sunny vales amid the skies :

I stroll'd along, in careless mood,
All vision-wrapt and soul awake,

Adown yon deep umbrageous wood,
Whose shadows crown Virginia's lake.

With loitering steps I sought the shade
Where beaded sunbeams glance and play,
And Sol's last lingering blushes fade
When he has closed the ports of day.

When now within th' embowering scene,
Oh, memory ! still that scene renew ;
A beauteous form of heavenly mien
Quick peer'd upon my gladden'd view.

She smiled : the soft, pure light that beam'd
From the clear fountain of her eyes,
A ray of Heaven's effulgence seem'd
When angel bands illumine the skies.

Her ease, and grace, and modest air
Bespoke a soul of purest mould—
No tricks of art, no studied care
Upon the charms of nature told.

Oh, no ! her look, her step, her smile,
Her voice, her gesture—all was free,
As Nymphs that walk some sunlit isle
In beauty's climes beyond the sea.

Her voice was sweet as rippling wave
Slow breaking on a golden strand ;
And soft as tone from sylvan cave
By breath of light-wing'd zephyr fann'd.

The day's mild dawn in fabled isle
Of silvery light and azure skies,
Is not more lovely than the smile
That lit the depths of her blue eyes.

Her lofty stature, noble mien,
Her pride of step, her easy grace,
Her manners gentlé, bland, serene,
Bespoke high birth—a noble race.

In converse sweet, light, grave, and gay,
We wander'd through the sylvan scene,
Until the slanting western ray
Shot quivering in, the trees between.

Forget that hour ! Oh, no ! kind Heaven
Vouchsafes such moments to bestow ;
In mercy surely they are given
To light our pathway here below.

Adieu, sweet Etty ! gentle maid ;
May peace and joy be always thine ;
May hope, like sunlight in the shade,
Around thy footsteps ever shine.

LIFE.



HOW bright, yet how fleeting is life's sunny
hour,

When fortune sits deck'd with gay
smiles in her bower ;
At the shrine of soft pleasure how gladly we kneel,—
What transport, what high-swelling rapture we feel,
While Nature indulgent breathes balm on the air,
And brightens the charms that encircle us there.

The soft-floating music of woodland and grove,
The bright tints around us, the azure above,
The graces, the loves, and the joys that e'er play
Around us, and wait on our steps through the day—
How bright, yet how fleeting ! These soon pass
away ;

They smile but to cheat us ; they bloom to decay :
In the bye-ways of error they light up the scene ;
While sorrows dark-frowning lie scatter'd between.

Ah, vain to repose on a shadow that flees ;
And vain to build bliss on such bubbles as these :

The more we pursue them, believe me the more
Appears the frail tinsel that silvers them o'er :
Beneath lurks the torture we cannot descry,—
As the lure of the fisher but mimics the fly.

To the life then above let our thoughts ever turn,
The home of the Spirit, man's lasting sojourn :
Where time lives no more ; and the soul sinks to rest
'Mid that ocean of joy in the land of the blest ;
Where visions deceptive shall haunt us no more ;
Where truth's fadeless lustre encircles the shore :
Where pleasures the purest, on earth all-unknown,
Stream forth from the Godhead, and gush from His
throne.

On Him let our hopes, our aspirings repose,
Who can soothe and console us at life's dreary
close,—
That dark fearful hour when fond friendship in vain
Addresses the soul, which now bursts from its
chain,—
That hour when unerring death levels his blow,—
When tears can't avail us, though love bids them
flow :—
When friends sit around us, and fondly impart
The best words of comfort that spring from the heart.

Ah, vain all their soothing,—the Spirit must fly
To the throne of its God, its last home in the sky.
And, oh ! blest be that Faith,—and that Doctrine
be blest,—

Which points to a world where sorrow finds rest :
Where the woes of this life with this life pass away,
And we live with our God through Eternity's Day !

MARY BAWN.⁴

IF e'er you saw the gentle light
That tips the hills at early dawn,
When slowly fades the veil of
Night,—

Then that's the smile of Mary Bawn.

In shady bow'r, when Summer high
Bright radiance pours o'er stream and lawn;
The zephyr's soft deep-breathed sigh
Is the sweet voice of Mary Bawn.

O'er mossy bank, on upland glade,
How light the step of russet fawn,
In Nature's softest grace array'd !—
Such is the step of Mary Bawn.

The gentle dove in Lady's bow'r
With leaves of roses 'round her strewn,
Has in the noontide glowing hour
The eye and glance of Mary Bawn.

⁴ *The Fair Mary.*

The gushing spring, when morning light
Is o'er its rippling bosom thrown,
Is not more clear, more pure, more bright
Than is the heart of Mary Bawn.

Tho' born and nursed far, far away,
Where despot-bonds are never drawn,
Yet Eire's tears and sorrows sway
The loving heart of Mary Bawn.

And oh ! if prayers could rive the chain
By tyrants o'er fair Freedom drawn,
Short would the iron rule remain—
'Twould be dissolved by Mary Bawn.

MARTIAL PROWESS.

(From the Greek of Tyrtaeus.)



HE light of limb, the sprightly in the race,
The wrestler bold, some meed of honour
claims :

Yet, men like these my song disdains to trace ;
Nor deems them worthy to record their names.
Not, though the strength and conquering force were
seen,

Which Cyclops own'd, revived again in these ;
Not, though they claim'd Tithonian form and mien ;
Or Boreas' swiftmess 'mid the Thracian seas.
Not, tho' the wealth of Cyniras was theirs,
Or Phrygia's Kings', by poets sweetly sung ;
Tho' they stood forth the princely Pelops' heirs ;
And tho' they rival'd famed Adrastus' tongue :
Nay, tho' around them fairest honours shine,
The brightest glories earthly fame can yield,
No praise is theirs, no bright recording line,—

The prize alone of Prowess in the Field.

Nor can that man a noble spirit boast
Who dares not boldly near the foe remain ;

Unshrinking meet the fierce opposing host,
And stand all-dauntless on th' ensanguined plain.
Bold martial fire is ne'er on earth forgot,
The proudest name a rising youth can wear ;
Nor grows this valor on some favour'd spot,
But may be woo'd, and cherish'd everywhere.
The man whose soul with ardour burns to go
Where rage the loudest thunders of the fight,
Who firmly stands, and fronts th' embattled foe
With ceaseless aim, nor dreams of shameful flight ;
Who fearless risks 'mid serried war his life,
Nor shrinks before the battle's roaring flood ;
Who cheers each man amid the horrid strife :—
'Tis he alone deserves the name of *Good*.
'Tis he who guides the thundering surge of War ;
And headlong drives the reeling foe to flight :—
He blazes onward, Victory's polar star ;
Ill omen to the foe, his friends' soul-cheering light.
And still unceasing on War's smoking ground,
With scars in front, oh ! should the hero fall,
Eternal glory circles him around,—
The grief, the boast, the lasting pride of all.
The young, the old, with sorrow are oppress'd ;
A flood of grief from every eyelid flows ;
Deep anguish heaves each sad and widow'd breast,
As his blest body to the graveyard goes.

But bright the sunshine springing from his doom ;
And sweet his virtue's never ceasing strain ;
Undying glories settle 'round his tomb,
And with his children, and their seed remain.
Such is the good man's lot; and such his prize
Who guards his country's and his children's right :
His name shall live,—the hero never dies,—
Tho' ruthless Mars low lays him in the fight.
But should he 'scape from the ensanguined plain,
And Conquest crown him with her living wreaths,—
(Oh, then to die, what glory!—what bright train
Of thought would light his passage to the Shades !)
The Young and Old would all conspire to bless
The man who thus did honour to their name ;
Would grateful 'round the aged warrior press,
To count his virtues, and resound his fame.
His noble deeds each tongue would learn to trace
Admiring numbers on his footsteps wait ;
In Council he should hold the highest place ;
And his the first, best honours of the State.⁵
What man would not desire such shining fame?—
The glorious wreath that ne'er can know decay!—
'Tis his who strives at Valour's prize to aim,
Nor from his breast drives martial fire away.

⁵ Who can help being reminded of the immortal Wellington, the hero of our own time and country ?

THE GLEN.

NEAR QUIDI VIDI LAKE.



WEET tiny scene ! what magic dwells
Within thy lonely silent dells !
Where Nature wears her softest dress ;
Where all is peace and loveliness.

The gentle current of the breeze !
The music of the rippling wave !
The balmy breath that moves the trees,
With gentle, modest, sweet caress !
The little bowery,—sylvan cave !

See where the murmuring waters break ;
And round and round small circuits make ;
While fretting o'er the crags they go,—
Then shining pace the vase below.

The slender echoes hush'd before,
Now answering to the liquid swell,
The mellow'd plaintive accents bore,
In silvery cadence soft and low,
Along the windings of the dell.

The grassy bank, the verdant glade ;
The wavy fields, and shooting blade ;
Dark groves that fringe the scene around,
Indented o'er the mazy ground ;
The wistful angler's steady look,
As o'er the sedgy bank he moves ;
The splash upon the pebbled brook,
That bid the bubbles dance around :—
Scenes for the Muses, Graces, Loves !

We talk of spots 'neath sunny skies,
Where MONT BLANC swells, the Alps arise ;
Where aged Rhone and Saone meet ;
And beauty springs at Jura's feet :
Far brighter and more varied hues
May *there* the artist's eye enthrall ;
Yet Nature's hand profusely strews
Her richest magic *here*, to greet
The heart—and ah ! the heart is all.

Within thy narrow witching bounds
How I could wish to take my rounds ;
Or sit beneath thy wavy bowers
In summer's silent vesper hours,

Sweet spot ! and pore o'er Nature's page ;
Or read some well-tuned poet's lay :—
Not Byron's wild unbridled rage ;
Not Moore's o'erflush'd and luscious flow'rs,—
Ah, Thompson, Goldsmith ! Blomfield ! Gray !

LINES.

ADRESSED TO "ERINA."



H, welcome, thou Gragail !⁶ fair daughter of
Eire !

The chords of my heart ring a welcome
to thee,—

As the voice of my country from bondage awaking,—
Thus pleasing, thus soothing thy presence to me.

Hail, fairest Erina !—the first dawn of morning,
How lovely it looks on the verge of the sea !
Its pale streaks o'ercasting the breast of the waters,—
Thus bright, and thus cheering thy presence to
me.

How sweet is the murmur of soft-flowing streamlets,
That pace our loved valleys, unfetter'd and free,
While fondly the moon flings her silver wide o'er
them,—

Thus sweet, thus entrancing thy presence to me.

⁶ Fair Friend.

How oft have I stray'd o'er our verdure-clad mountains ;

How often reclined 'neath the spreading beech tree ;—

The scene is renew'd,—again Eire's before me :—
Thus grateful, thus charming thy presence to me.

When wrapt in bright visions of fancy's creation,
And traversing regions no mortal can see,
We oft feel emotions of bliss, rapture, wildness,—
Ah, such is thy voice, and thy presence to me.

Then welcome, Erina ! thou fair one ! thou Gragail !
A thousand sweet welcomes my heart gives to thee :
Bright, bright be the skies, o'er thy pathway e'er
smiling ;

Whose strains of loved Eire gave pleasure to me.

YOUNG IRELAND: *or*, THE APOLOGY
AND INVOCATION.—1848.

THE APOLOGY.



Oh, blame not Young Ireland, if sorrow and
pain
Swell high at her heart, and career thro'
each vein ;

If proudly indignant she frowns on the foe,
Uplifting her arm to measure the blow.

Blame not Young Ireland, if tyranny's gloom
Has darken'd her brow like the mist o'er a tomb ;
If the first ray that wakens in slavery's night
Arouses her hopes, and her vengeance, and might.

Oh, blame not Young Ireland, if ages of woe
Have train'd her best blood in wild torrents to flow ;
If oppression and falsehood, injustice and wrong,
To a tempest of fury have lash'd her along.

Blame not Young Ireland, if now she disdains
To *smile* in the vestments of bondage and chains ;

If fondly she wishes her soul all unbound ;
And dashes in fragments her fetters around.

Oh, blame not Young Ireland, if wildly she raves
O'er the fame that encircles her forefathers' graves ;
If thoughts of the past set her bosom on fire :—
The *Despot* is ever the *Patriot's* sire.

Blame not Young Ireland, if Genius and Mind
Must pine on unheeded, to sorrow resign'd ;
If fame and if glory can only be woo'd
Where Treason inhabits, and Tyrants are strew'd.

Oh, blame not Young Ireland, if still she admires
The virtue that beams from the graves of her sires,
As her young bosom throbs, and her heart heaves
a sigh,
If she views Glory's flame in the past flashing high.

Blame not Young Ireland, if Freedom awakes
O'er her mountains and valleys, her woodlands and
lakes ;
If her vow of redemption to Heaven is made,
Where EMMETT reposes, and WOLFE TONE is laid.

Oh, blame not Young Ireland, ye nations of old,
Whose banners to Freedom were bravely unroll'd ;
Blame her not, Greece ! on Thermopylae's plain !
Blame her not, Rome ! when your liberty came !

Blame not Young Ireland, ye nations to-day !
Ye guide-lights that blaze along Liberty's way !
Blame her not, heirs of the Scuit and Celt !—
Blame her not, all who to Freedom have knelt !

Oh, blame not Young Ireland, ye offspring of Tell !
And ye who inhabit where Kosc'usko fell !
Blame her not, Scotia !—oh, bright days of yore ;—
Your Wallace ! your Bruce ! and the flashing clay-
more !

Blame her not, England ! thou land of the brave !
Whose soul proudly spurns the tread of the slave ;
Whose bosom the soul-flash of Liberty sway'd,
As you knelt to the Goddess at famed Runnymede.

Oh, blame her not, England ! but think of the day
When her fathers rank'd in, in your battle array ;
When the Gael and the Saxon cheer'd on one
another,
And, clasp'd in devotion, fell bleeding together.

Blame her not, England ! her young heart is
warm ;
And in hour of dark peril she'd guard you from
harm :—

Where virtue invites, and where true honour shines,
Would be seen her pikes flash in your conquering
lines.

Oh, blame her not, Britain!—the hour that unfurl'd
Your triumphant flag to an admiring world,
Heard the shout of her fathers boom over the seas,
And their *heart-burst* that gave that proud flag to
the breeze.

Blame her not, Saxon! but woo her and win:
'Tis the breath of neglect chills the spirit within:—
The Gael to your bosom entwine like a brother
In Love's sacred fane;—then both shine on to-
gether.

THE INVOCATION.

MAY truth, love, and wisdom, men's action direct!
And the temple of Freedom from bloodshed
protect!

With the spell of affection our bosoms be sway'd!—
So Heaven decrees it:—be Heaven obey'd.

May Religion look down from her bright seat above,
And wrap up our hearts in the *bondage of love*,—

That the *bondsmen* may dash down the fetters he
wore ;

And the sword of the *Despot* be brandish'd no
more.

May the Angel of Death, as on Victory's plain
He flapp'd his black pinions o'er mangled and
slain,

To our view ever hold the dark record he made
Of brothers in strife 'gainst each other array'd.

May the hopes of the *future*, the woes of the *past*
In a union of love knit our bosoms at last ;
That Wisdom, and Science, and Learning and
Mind,

May blaze on unfading, and blessing mankind.

May the Spirits that dwell in the bright courts
above

Descend from the skies with a mantle of love ;
And commanding all earth its blest odours inhale,
Inwrap in its foldings the Saxon and Gael.

Oh, England ; may Heaven your counsels direct !
May Heaven, dearest Ireland ! your hearth-stone
protect !

May your sons evermore in affection unite :—

May the full blaze of Day burst o'er Slavery's
Night !

FAIR MIRA.



LIKE the sweet breath of morn 'mid whispering trees,
Or the balm of young flowers, floating
light in the breeze ;
Like a breath o'er a willow-fringed streamlet that
sighs,
Or a ray of soft light glancing down from the skies,
Was the presence and voice of fair Mira to me,
As lately we stray'd o'er the flower-scented lea.
All the thoughts of her bosom with wisdom were
fraught,
While the tone of her voice flung a spell on each
thought.

Yes, yes, 'twas the tone, and the air, and the grace,
And the glancing of genius that circled her face,
And the outgushings bright of a heart pure and
warm—

'Twas these made th' enchantment, 'twas these
made the charm.

And unvarying still, undiminish'd her power,
Whate'er was the topic or sport of the hour ;
Whether forfeits, or high-gates, or morals refined ;
She harmonized all to the tone of her mind.

From an alder-crown'd hillock we gazed on the
 scene,
All glowing before us, so bright and serene,—
A tiny vale nestling where ocean's god raves,—
And lull'd to repose by the song of the waves.
What a quaint little vale ! with its knolls and its
 dells ;
Like a miniature ocean, it sinks and it swells :
With groves and green hedgerows all dotting the
 scene,
And streams gaily glancing the meadows between.

But hedgerow, and hillock, and meadow, and
 grove,
And the bold cliffs around, and the light clouds
 above,
Yon lake's gentle bosom are sleeping within—
That mirror reclined on the lap of the glen.
Sweet, beautiful lake ! what tongue could portray
Thy bosom's repose at the rising of day,

When the WHITE HILLS look out from thy clear
depths below,
And the trees that, inverted, seem downward to grow.

When the town of St. John's lays her head on thy
breast,

To calm down the sorrows that troubled her rest,
Or to chase back the visions that night had
brought on,

And kiss 'neath the wave the bright rays of the sun?
Now, such was the landscape that gladden'd the
sight,

All smiling and glowing in a tremor of light ;
And, while fondly I view'd all its bright features o'er,
I felt it ne'er look'd half so lovely before.

Ah ! 'twas Mira that wrought the additional spell,
And heighten'd the charm of grove, lake, and dell,
As she talk'd of the blessings by God to man given,
And then of the splendours and glories of heaven.
God bless thee ! fair Mira. May the angels ne'er
cease

To pour down on thy heart the sweet sunshine of
peace !

May they watch thee, and save thee from sorrow
and strife,

And guard all thy steps in the pathway of life !

MEN AND MANNERS MORE THAN TWO
THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

A POLITICAL AND MORAL FRAGMENT.

(From the Greek of Theognis.)



AFFLICTION dire assails our city now,
And brooding sorrow deepens on her brow.
Me-fears some scourge shall soon spring
forth to light,

And lash this *violence* from the public sight.
Our *citizens*, true, are prudent to this time ;
But *public men* are steep'd in depths of crime.
The people's *leaders* darkest guilt betray ;
And base *corruption* stalks in open day.
Oh, never, never hath the *good* man made
A city's splendour in dark ruin fade.
But when those imps—the villain and the knave—
At once *corrupt* the people and *enslave* ;
To the *unjust* their favours all extend,
And to base views bid scale of Justice bend ;
Self-interest and *power* their ruling star ;
While *Right* and *Truth* stand trembling afar.
When such appears,—sad dissonance of things !—
When *public* evil *private* profit brings ;

Hope then no more this City, now at ease,
 To rest in grateful and enduring peace :
 Since darkest ills from such foundation grow,—
Intestine havoc, blood-stain'd Civil woe.

• • • • •
 In all their works unerring clues you find
 Of *want of faith*, and *genuine worth of mind*.
 Their plotting brains the foulest schemes beget ;
 With *fraud* sustained, and artifice beset.
 They speak, they act, like men of sense bereft,
 To whom no more a virtuous hope is left.

• • • • •
 Who has *one tongue*, with mind of *double bent*,
 Has fraud and treason in his bosom pent
 And b'lieve me, friend ! a greater ill can't be,
 Or foe more dire, more treacherous than he.
 How safer if he stood before our eyes
 A foe confest, and free from *friendship's* guise.
 The wretch whose praises couch'd in language sweet,
 Are flung upon you when ye chance to meet ;
 Yet, who apart in vile opprobrium deals,
 And with reproach your character assails ;
 Whose *tongue* pronounces what his *mind* denies,—
 His *words* and *thoughts* alternate breathing lies,—
 Is base indeed.—Oh, Heaven ! why needs your Plan
 This horrid mockery of Godlike man ?

WOODMAN'S BOWER ; *or*, A DAY AT
KILBRIDE.



IN a sweet little spot, Nature's own chosen
seat,
Near the town of St. John's,—a sub-
urban retreat ;—

My friends and I met to enjoy a few hours
Of the bliss that inhabits its dells and its bowers.

Oh, long shall that scene and its memories impart
A thrill of pure joy to the depths of my heart !
So soft was the breathing of Nature's voice there ;
So charming her aspect—soft, gentle, and fair ;
So true to the feelings the music she woke ;
So wrapt was the soul in the language she spoke ;
Such charms her bright-smiling visage betray'd ;
Such grace, such endearment her movements display'd.

Oh, surely this magic of Nature was given
To make us more wise, and to fit us for heaven ;
To calm down our passions, and win us away
From the wiles of the Demon that leads us astray ;

The dark brood of vice from our breasts to drive forth—
The upstart ambitions, the mockeries of worth.

Ah, ye proud, and ye vain, your blind follies forego;
And cease to pursue what but leads you to woe ;
To the dictates of Nature, and Heaven adhere,
And know for what end is man's sojourn here.

A truce to philosophy ; let me relate
How we spent the sweet hours in this charming
retreat

In a green sloping meadow, just down by the way,
Now dotted with pillars of newly-cut hay,
Stands a snug little cottage, well shelter'd and low,
Looking down on the wide-spreading valley below.
A playful young stream, like a gay-bounding fawn,
Trips down in the midst of this soft little lawn ;
Nor ceases its prattle, nor pauses to rest,
'Till it bounds to the river, and sleeps on its breast

Such, such was the dear little scene where we
met :—

A scene which the heart should not like to forget.
But, ah, 'twas the chaplet of Friendship that made
The brightest enchantment of that little glade :
For, what were the beauties of lawn and of grove,
If unblest by the presence of those that we love ?

Away then we bounded in sport o'er the green ;
And circled in mazes the hay mounds between.

In racing, and high-gates we, too, took a part,
Amid light-ringing laughter that sprung from the
heart.

Then down to the cottage we tript it along,
With chatting, and jesting, and snatches of song.
And under that pine-embower'd roof was begun
Such dancing, and singing, and laughing, and
fun!

Now to vary the scene we stroll'd up to the hill
Thro' corn-fields, and pasture, by greenwood and rill:
'Mid light-hearted converse we press'd on amain
'Till we came to a spot that glanced down on the
plain.

And, oh, what a prospect then burst on our sight;
How soft, and how swelling, how tranquil, and
bright!

The sky its gay beauties began to unfold,
And hang down its curtains of azure and gold;
The clouds above blush'd out a beautiful glow,
While the landscape, all lovely, lay smiling below.

The spot where we sat 'mid this heart-cheering
scene,
With its carpet, and festoons, and fringes of green,
With its sunbeams that quiver'd in streaks o'er the
ground,
And its zephyrs that breathed sweet incense around;

To the bright eye of Fancy an islet might seem
Far away in the sea or the sky, like a dream.

And like strains from that isle, lightly floating
along,

Was the voice of the ladies now breathèd in song.
So softly it rose, on the clear, tranquil air,
That a band of bright cherubs seem'd whispering
there :

And the strain was in accord, as though it had been
Intended by Nature as part of the scene.

Oh, woman ! sweet woman ! what magic is thine !
Thy presence how thrilling, enchanting, divine !
Sure the Father of Nature, in mercy array'd,
Set the seal of His love on this last work He made ;
For 'tis woman who makes all our heaven below—
Who lightens our sorrow, and chases our woe ;
Who wins us from error and calms down our
strife,

Pouring oil on the turbulent waters of life.

'Tis woman that gives to young genius his wings,
And fans him with hope, as he soars and he sings ;
Who lights Virtue's shrine with Devotion's pure
flame ;

Who points to the Temple of Glory and Fame ;
With the storms of Fortune who nerves us to cope,
And sheds o'er our pathway the radiance of hope.

The song was now done ; and the birds sank to
rest ;
And the sun glanced us back a " Farewell " from
the west.
We pass'd slowly down to the cottage again,
Drinking bliss from the incense that bathèd the
plain.
And now, as we enter'd that rural abode,
Where content in the bright beams of happiness
glow'd ;
Where mellow'd Old Age, and where soft-budding
Youth,
Stood blest in the sunshine of goodness and truth.
Such an air of quiet comfort, unfetter'd by art !
Such a glow of pure friendship that came from the
heart !
Such modest contentment adornèd the place,
Every object presenting a nameless grace !
E'en the hearth was so tidy, and cosy, and warm,
I own it all fell on my heart like a charm.
The moments now flew on the bright wing of
glee,
'Mid the feast, and the song, and the light repartee,
And the whirl of the waltz, that spun round and
round still,
And the polka's curvette, and the graceful quadrille,

Till joy sparkled round, nor refused to extend
Its light to the heart of our *invalid* friend ;
And Katty, our hostess, look'd happy *galore*,
While she gave us the *faillite* ten thousand times o'er.

We part, lovely scenes ! from your pleasures again,
Though long shall our hearts your sweet mem'ry
retain.

Farewell, my fair friends ! o'er your pillows to-night
May visions the fondest, the brightest alight !
May your hearts, borne off on light feathery dreams,
By fairy groves wander, and magical streams,
And o'er lawns of bright velvet, enamell'd with
flowers,

Where roseate skies smile o'er Cyprian bowers.
And oh, may the thoughts of this happy day dwell
Long, long in your bosom, to bless it. Farewell !

THE MORNINC.



H, come ! oh, come ! THOU LOVED ONE,
come !

The morning light is beaming ;
The soft breeze plays through glen and brake,
And wild notes round are streaming.

Arise ! arise ! the melting scene !
'Tis Nature's voice is calling.

Delights await, and dewy joy
O'er all the landscape's falling.

Hark ! hark ! the sweetly-silent morn
A shrill lark-note is cheering ;
And, list ! upon the balmy air
The voice of streams careering.

The fresh and flowering dell invites
Where morning's rays are streaming.
Blest scene for youthful joyous hearts
And eyes with love-light beaming.

Then come ! oh, come ! thou loved one, come,
The bright, gay scene adorning.
In converse sweet let's sip the joys
That crown the blissful morning.

FRIENDSHIP'S FAREWELL,



FAREWELL, my fair friend!—while this
life shall impart
One impulse to memory, one throb to
the heart,
With friendship undying, all dear as thou art,
I shall think of thee still.

When the morning awakes in the shadowy dawn,
While the tremulous dew still refreshes the lawn;
And night's sable curtains are scarce yet with-
drawn ;
I shall think of thee then.

When the sun waves his radiance o'er hill and o'er
grove,
And Nature, all smiles, whispers friendship and
love ;
When angels are floating on white clouds above,
I shall think of thee then.

When the shadows of evening creep over the hills,
And the music grows sadder of murmuring rills ;

While the cadence of sorrow love's nectar distils,
I shall think of thee then.

When slow-pacing spring, in the footsteps of time,
Comes up from the south to our northern clime,
Her nature still dappled with snow-drift and rime :
I shall think of thee then.

When summer, bright-smiling, resplendent, and gay,
All-joyous steps forth from the bosom of May,
With bloom, song, and verdure,—a brilliant array ;
I shall think of thee then.

When autumn, sweet matron, paces the plain,
And gilds with soft radiance her beauteous do-
main :—
As I wait on the Goddess, and mix in her train ;
I shall think of thee then.

When winter, fierce despot, shall shout in the air,
And drive from the scene all that's lovely and fair ;
With a heart sadly troubled, and darken'd with care ;
I shall think of thee then.

In all hours and seasons, in bower, and in brake,
Or by murmuring waters, thine image shall wake
Those feelings of friendship that ever must make
Me think of thee then.

Farewell, my fair friend !—Oh, when visions shall
come,

And recall the sweet joys of thy dear cottage home,
And scenes where light-hearted you once loved to
roam,—

Will *you* think of *me* then ?

THE CAPTIVE HEART.

(From the Spanish.)

HIS captive heart, in fetters bound,
Whose links no earthly force can
sever—

The magic chain loves fingers wound—
Is thine,—ah, yes, and thine for ever !
Then take the key that opes my heart,—
Seize, seize its fallen citadel :—
'Tis thine to act the victor's part,
Beneath whose storming glance it fell.
Forget me not, my life ! my heaven !—
Ah, turn thy kindest thoughts to me :—
For, oh, life's strings must first be riven
Ere I can cease to think of thee !

THE LOOKS DESCRIPTIVE.



HE wild, unstable, vagrant glance—
The flashing eye-ball's roll ;
Shows the *dark spirit* cased within,
Enthroned upon the soul.

Unmoved, deep-fix'd, reluctant still,—
The staring, straight-line gaze,
The pallid *fear* that walks the blood
And stills the breath betrays.

The sullen ray that lurks beneath
The half-closed eyelid cave,—
With fitful oblique aim,—proclaims
The *coward* and the *knave*.

Now, mark the free, unlabour'd eye
Where peace and candour share,
In union sweet, their tranquil reign ;
For *friendship's* balm is there.

The bright, yet soft and mellow'd orb,
Whose kindling beams impart
Light shadows to the visage, tells
When *love* sits at the heart.

But, ah, the still, deep, tranquil look,
Where Nature's fountain swells
In heaven-wrought dews, too clearly speaks
Where pure *affection* dwells.

FRIENDSHIP.

“ — Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscape of the Spring,
 The Summer's noontide groves, the purple eve,
 At harvest home, or in the frosty morn,
 Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair
 As virtuous Friendship.”—AKENSIDE.



ES, call him friend,—he's proud to
 hear,
 That sweet word breathed by thee ;
 Which falls more soothing on his ear
 Than Orphean minstrelsy.
 To him, indeed, such words are bliss,
 From friendship's fount that flow ;
 He feels, and owns no charms like this
 To soften human woe.
 Soft on his ear, like Seraph's voice,
 These melting accents fall ;
 They bid his drooping soul rejoice,
 And long-lost joys recall.
 True, envy may assail his name,
 Yet,—*nada es alli !*
 While feelings pure as his may claim
 A sympathy from thee.

Should grief oppress thee, he is near,
Who feels an honest pride
Amid the gloom thy heart to cheer,
And dash the clouds aside.

He'd fling him on the path where stood
The woe that menaced thee ;
He'd brave affliction's darkling flood,
To turn thy ills away.

Young friendship's plant then careful tend
For him ; so he'll for thee ;
Nor let suspicion ever rend
One scion from the tree.

Still let its cherish'd tendrils spring,
With richest bloom array'd ;
While round them fondly his shall cling,
And form a mutual shade.

How sweet in this bright bower to sit
Thro' life's still varying day ;—
And, tho' around dark clouds may flit—
To bask in friendship's ray.

Then call him friend ; he's proud to hear
That sweet word breathed by thee ;
Which falls more soothing on his ear
Than Orphean minstrelsy.

A SIGH FOR THE PAST.



WHEN memory wings her flight to distant
days,
And rests on scenes of pleasure long
gone by ;

The heart retouch'd by friendship's hallow'd rays,
Gives to the Past the tribute of a sigh.

The lonely path that sweeps the rugged hill ;
The cloud-capp'd mountain swelling to the sky ;
The noisy wayward brook, and sedge-lock'd rill ;
Each has its memory, and each claims a sigh.

And o'er the winding glen, where oft arose
The sportsman's shout, or hunter's echoing horn,
The heart-awaken'd sigh fond memory throws,
When softly breaks young Autumn's tearful morn.

Lo ! the green sward, close by the waving grove,
And where the streamlet pours its humble tide ;
Where lovers walk'd, and where to walk was love ;—
There drops a sigh, the once loved scene beside.


The tower dismantled on yon sloping ground,
Where peasants rude list the unearthly cry
That breaks 'mid fragments scatter'd wildly
round,—

Say, is not that the claimant of a sigh?

And, too, those serried bowers where once arose
The mantling swell of music to the sky ;
Where now no more the incensed anthem flows ;
Recipients are of the unbidden sigh.

The glance that rests upon the trophied field,
Where fame once lit th' ancestral warrior's eye,
Whose nerves unyielding early freedom steel'd,
Illumes the scene of glory with a sigh.

THE LADY AND THE FLY.

NCE I saw a lady lie
Beside a brook,—who oft did try
To capture an aspiring fly,
That tripp'd upon her lightly.

“Peace, peace,” the modest fly exclaim'd,
“Tho' not for martial conquests famed,
I find the humble dart I aim'd
Has made thy motions sprightly.

“But groundless are thy vain alarms :—
What, tho' within thy folding arms,
I feed upon thy full-blown charms ;—
'Tis my acknowledged right.

“From young Creation's earliest dawn,
Ere daisies deck'd the spreading lawn,
Have *flyblows*⁷ wildest rapture drawn
From breasts of ladies bright.”

⁷ *Flyblow* ; metaphorically, a silly fellow.

ROSE PINK.

(*Solution of Erina's enigma.*)



OUR *first*, fair Erina ! I've carefully sought
Amid all the sweets with which Summer
is fraught :
O'er the soft flow'ring landscape of Spring, too, I
glanced,
Through the gardens and groves where young Flora
advanced
With light step, and breathing fresh balm on the
air ;
Fondly hoping to trace out your blithe lady there.
And there, too, I found her at eve's mellow hour,
Looking beauty, love, rapture, enthroned in her
bow'r.
Hush, my heart ! while her name with a sigh I dis-
close—
The young, chaste, sweet-blushing, and beautiful
ROSE.

To find out your *second* I search'd the parterre,
For I knew to the *first* it was sure to be near.

Sweet creature! what elegance, lightness, and grace!
As I look'd Love imprest a light tint on her face.
I saw the connexion—the soft-twining link
That bound up the rose with the delicate PINK.
Then blest be that union of beauty and grace;
And ever smile round it joy, gladness, and peace.
Of pleasures the purest thro' life may she drink!—
'Tis the blessing my heart gives to charming ROSE
PINK.

MOCKERY OF LOVE.



H, maid of Terra-Nova's isle!
Why plant in this sad breast such
pain?

Be kind, be gentle, and meanwhile,
Give, give me back my sighs again!

Full oft the light of maidens' eyes
Assail'd this steel-clad breast in vain:—
Thine was the easy, willing prize.—
Oh, give me back my sighs again!

Give them back, love! ere we part;
Since now they're little prized by thee:—
A deeply wounded, bleeding heart
Asks back again its sighs from thee!

Place them where thou first didst find
Their incense warmly swell to thee!—
Tho' I'm thy captive; still be kind;
And give them back once more to me.

Oh, maid of Terra-Nova's isle!
Why fix in this sad breast such pain?
Be kind, be gentle, and meanwhile
Oh, give me back my sighs again!

FREEDOM'S PILOT.



URRA! the Pilot stands
Amid his valiant bands,
And sends his high commands
O'er the wave.—

“Close let the good ship lie,
Just splitting the wind's eye :”
While Freedom's flag floats high
'Bove the brave.

Tho' terrors thicken round
In the tempest's rushing sound,
And demon cries abound

In the blast :
No patriot heart shall quail,
No manly brow grow pale,
As the brave old flag we nail
To the mast.

And by that flag we swear,—
The tyrant who shall dare
Its flashing folds to tear
From on high,

Shall surest vengeance meet
In his treason's dark retreat ;
And bleeding at our feet
Shall lie.

Tho' slander's breath assail,—
Tho' corruption swell the gale,—
The pilot shall prevail
O'er the storm :
His barque he'll safely guide,
Truth still smiling at his side,
'Till he float her on tide
Of Reform.

Tho' official clouds fly past ;
Tho' freedom's sky's o'ercast ;
And Treason shake the mast
Of our ship :
Yet o'er the billows hoarse,
'Mid the storm's sullen force,
Her steady onward course
She shall keep.


Let cowards stand aside ;
And recreants who deride
The cause that brave men died
To maintain :

On fearless hearts and true,
On you, friend!—you, and you
Depending we renew
That cause again.

Our hope in Heaven lies!—
Lo! streaming from the skies—
Hurra! our banner flies
O'er the main!
The pilot waves his hand
Tow'rds yon refulgent strand,
Where freedom's votaries stand—
A bright train.

'Tis Liberty's pure light
Putting darkness to flight—
Turning slavery's cold night
Into day!
Fly, lurking traitors, fly:—
See yon flood-light in the sky.—
Oh, 'tis Freedom's flashing eye!
Hurra!

FEILIM TO HIS KATE.

S green as the hue of the soft-bending
laurel,
Beneath which we sat in the days of our
youth ;

As pure as the fountain that sweetly did purl ;
Oh, still, dearest Kate ! is my love and my truth.

How bright looks the sun in a clear azure sky ;
How lovely the moon on a calm summer night ;—
Ah, fancy still paints thee more fair to my eye,
More charming, more pleasing, more lovely, more
bright !

This moment as dear are the scenes of love's days
(As sweet are the notes of the feather'd tribe's
song,—)

As then,—and as free from the blight of decay,—
When happy and careless we roved them along.

Yes, the grove holds its freshness of green for me
yet ;

The wild flow'rs still breathe with a perfume as
sweet :—

And thine own beloved form !—oh, can I forget ?—
As soft as the lily that stoops 'neath thy feet.

Art thou sever'd by space from this fond bosom's
core ?

Do the billow's of ocean my heart rend from thee ?
Oh, no ! like a charm they bind us the more,
And strengthen the ties, love, between you and me.

The vista looks bright ; 'tis because thou art there ;
The valleys are fairer than they would have been :
Each prospect more charming, each beauty more
rare ;

For thou art the soul of the heart-stirring scene.

AN IRISHMAN.



Friendship's shrine who doth impart,
 With candour pure, untouch'd by art,
 The generous offering of the heart?

An Irishman.

Who's true in love? o'er sorrow drear
 Who sheds the sympathetic tear?—
 To whom is virtue ever dear?

An Irishman.

Who thunders foremost on the field,
 The first to fight, the last to yield,
 In Freedom's cause,—his country shield?

An Irishman.

And while destruction reigns around,
 And comrades' parting groans resound,
 Who, fired with rage, maintains his ground?

An Irishman.

Whose name emblazon'd shines afar ;—
 Of ancient lore the polar star ?
 Who decks the pulpit, gilds the bar ?

An Irishman.


Around the gay and festive board,
Where wit and mirth reign uncontroll'd,
Who doth the richest vein afford?

An Irishman.

Oh, then amidst the bright array!
Who is the gayest of the gay?
With fluttering hearts ye maidens say,

An Irishman.

THE LOVER'S REVERY.

H, let fate's sharpest arrows pierce,
This sorrowing heart of mine !
To blight my hopes ; to wound my
peace
Let heaven and earth combine !

'Mid all my woes one thought would cheer
My drooping soul :—(one ray
Would brighten all,—) the thought, my dear,
That peace illumed thy way.


Yes, friends or foes might wound my bliss ;
'Twere all the same to me,
If I could only pledge me this—
That sorrow touch'd not thee.

How sweet thy angel-smiles ! how pure
Thy every thought ! For thee
This breast shall burn, unseen, yet sure,
While life's spark burns in me.

Of by yon garden-fence I'll stray,
At eve, 'mid clustering trees,—
There, where the poplar, proudly gay,
Bows to the evening breeze.

Oh, how my heart shall fondly glow,
If then, perchance, I see !
Thy dear, loved form, light-glancing through
Beneath some spreading tree.

BOYHOOD'S DAY.

H, happy scenes of boyhood's day !
Scenes now, alas ! no more ;
Though Fancy basks still in the ray
That brightly lights them o'er.

How gay then flew the peaceful hours,
Light-borne on seraph-wing,
As oft I roam'd in mazy bowers,
And heard the woodlark sing.

Ah, yes ! the glistening eye was there ;
Affection's smile was seen ;
And mother's looks of tender care
Still blest the blissful scene.

Delicious is the breath of morn,
And sweet the new May-flower ;
And fragrant, too, the blooming thorn
Above the rosy bower.

But sweeter far the smiles of friends—
Fond friends in youth's fair morn,
When Heaven her fairest flow'rets sends,
To gladden and adorn :

To gladden youth's bright blooming rose,
To hallow friendship's glow ;
Not Heaven a choicer gift bestows
On mortals here below.

But, ah ! those joys, those sweets are fled,
Those early blessings flown.
The heart broods o'er the cherish'd dead,
In silence and alone.

'Tis vain to talk o'er early scenes,
Though sacred still they be ;
Soon as the heart one beam redeems,
Its brightness fades away.

The sun upon a stormy sky
Oft throws a cheering light ;
But soon the flick'ring splendours die :
Thus sinks the heart in night.

Thus break the clouds of sadness o'er
The sunshine of the mind ;
And in the glimmer we still more
A mournful pleasure find.

VICTORIA FOR EVER !



ALL hail to Victoria ! whose coronal light
Has banish'd the cloud that encompass'd
our way ;

And our hopes, that lay merged in the deep gloom
of night,
Now spring up revived in the brightness of day.

Hail, Star of our Hope ! pour thy splendours
around.

Arise, all ye sons of the Emerald Isle.
Your spirits cheer up ; send the bumper around ;
And forget all the woes that ye suffer'd erewhile.

The rod of the tyrant shall drop from his hand,
And the chains of the bondsman our young Queen
shall sever.

Fair Liberty waves her proud flag o'er the land,
And blesses Old Ireland with freedom for ever.

The long night of bondage, and mourning, and woe
Is past ; and, please Heaven, shall ne'er more
return.

Let us, then, all our griefs and our sorrows forego,
And evermore cease o'er past evils to mourn.

Cheer up ! and henceforth let all wrongs be forgot ;
Let Dissension no longer stalk over the plain ;
Nor think of the past, and its woes, and what not ;
And thus shall love, union, and harmony reign.

So fill up your bumpers !—all sadness away ;
In the waves of oblivion be former wrongs drown'd :
God bless our young Queen ! on this auspicious
day

Let the toast of " Victoria for ever," go round.

THERE'S A LUXURY IN SORROW.



HERE'S a luxury in sorrow,
Which few, indeed, can prize ;
The richer when we borrow
Its bliss from distant skies.

And when the night of sadness
Is chequer'd with a ray
Of joy, or hope, or gladness,
Oh ! then 'tis more than day.

'Tis like a swain benighted
Who hears a merry strain ;
'Tis like a hedge-row blighted
Resuming life again.

And who has felt the pleasure
Of sorrow changed to bliss,
Must own the sweetest treasure
Is in Luxury like this !

HURRA FOR THE POLE !



HURRA for the Pole ! the loud tocsin is
sounding
O'er mountain and valley, thro' winding
defile ;
The genius of Freedom, with light step now
bounding,
Cries, " Hail to the slave ! " with a bright-beaming
smile.

Arouse thee, brave Poland !—a truce to thy wailing ;
The voice of the Nations is pleading for thee :—
Lo ! Liberty wakes ! and her spirit's availing
To win the enslaved to the ranks of the free.

Arouse thee ! the days of thy bondage are number'd :
The chains of the despot shall bind thee no more :
The long night of sorrow thro' which thou hast
slumber'd
Is chequer'd with rays from thy bright sun of yore.

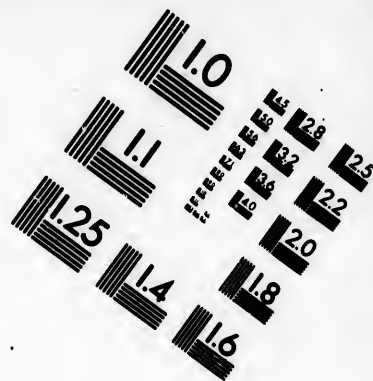
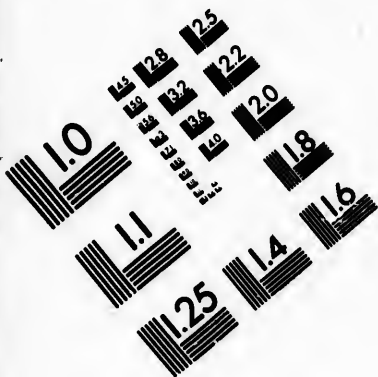
Dash, dash from thy brow that sad chaplet of willow ;
The bright wreath of laurel be thine evermore.

Thy sons proudly hail thee across the blue billow :
And claim the proud honours their fathers once
wore.

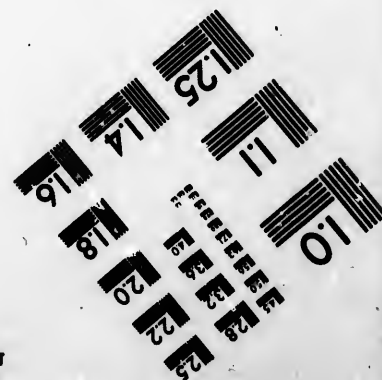
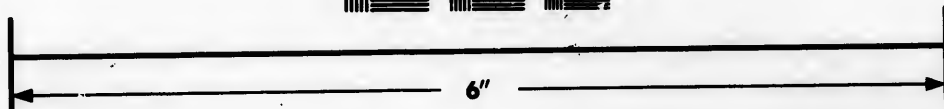
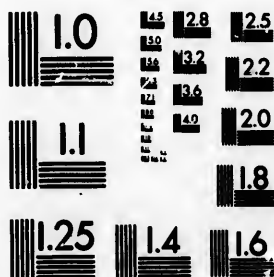
Then onward ! the banner of Freedom unfurl ;
From mountain and vale let it float on the breeze :
And pause not, delay not thy vengeance to hurl
Against foul Oppression's dark, galling decrees.

Onward ! lo, Liberty's bright sword is flashing !—
Her light now illumines each patriot breast :
And soon shall be echo'd thro' Europe the crashing
Of chains snapping, bursting around the opprest.





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THE DOUBTING SWAIN.

H, yes ! my hopes may all be vain ;
Thy smiles may turn from me :
But what can break the galling chain
That binds this heart to thee ?

A dark and cheerless fate is mine ;
Yet, thou art gay at home :—
How strange my heart should still be thine,
Where'er my footsteps roam !

UNCHANGING AFFECTION.



WHAT charms, oh, dearest ! can with thine
compare ?

Where innocence and beauty are com-
bined.

Thy beauteous image shall for ever share
The fondest thoughts that linger o'er my mind.

How oft did we beneath the wild-briar's shade
With raptures sweet our mutual love impart :
And felt, and said, tho' Nature's bloom might fade,
No change can touch the blossoms of the heart.

How often have I blest the coming Night,
When by pale moonlight I was wont to rove
Along the stream that nightly shone so bright,
To meet thee on the hill's green breast above.

But, ah, those scenes of early joys are fled ;
Youth's glowing raptures are no longer mine :—
Yet the bright flow of feeling is not dead ;
Oh, no !—it is, as ever, fondly thine.

IN MEMORY

OF MY FRIEND, P. O'C., WHO DIED IN HIS EARLY
MANHOOD.



DEAR Friend ! in early life we twined
The heart's bouquet, — young Friend-
ship's wreath :

And growing years but served to bind
The fond regard that words scarce breathe.

'Twas in the crowded School that first
Thy wit obtain'd my heart's control,—
I saw the mind's bright radiance burst
In genial flashes from your soul !

Our young and tender bosoms grew ;
Like streams that mingle near the source :—
Thus fondly flowing bright and true,
They onward kept their gentle course.

But now, alas ! my bosom bleeds,
To feel that you are gone from me :
And Memory ever-waking feeds
The fount of grief that flows for thee.

When first I left our own dear land
I felt as if my heart should break !—
And as we shook the parting hand,
What language could our feelings speak ?

'Twas on the greensward by the grove,
The eve before I left my home,
You prest me to your heart of love ;
And wept, that I should ever roam.

The Sun, methought, look'd sad, and frown'd,
The day we parted by the shore :
And Nature seem'd to breathe around
The words, " for ever, evermore."

But yet one lingering ray remain'd,
One cheering light now blest my way,—
The hope my heart still entertain'd
Of meeting on some future day.

Alas ! that light, that hope has fled ;
Your face no more shall I behold :—
My friend ! my life !—Can he be dead ?—
Oh, woe of heart ! oh, grief untold !

The dear, sweet scenes we once enjoy'd
Come rushing o'er my weary breast ;—
The hours we read, the hours we toy'd,
The hours of sport, and hours of rest.

How oft beneath the orchard shade
We fondly conn'd the classic page !
And oft with venturous mind essay'd
The deep-wrought learning of the sage !

With rival wit we tried each line,
And bade the doubtful disappear :
For, ah ! the lucent power was thine,
To make the author's meaning clear.

Again those hours at evening's close,
When by Glencommon's stream we met ;
When sights, and strains around us rose
This heart of mine can ne'er forget.

The more I dwell on days gone by,
The more my soul is wrung with woe :—
Oh, what avails the tear, the sigh
That's shed and sobb'd for "long ago" ?

What pleasure has this world for me,
Now that my life's sole joy is gone ?
My comfort now is tears for thee,
My solace woe of heart alone !

Farewell, dear Friend, a last farewell !—
With Angel bands for ever sing
The nameless joys that sweetly dwell
Around our Father, Saviour, King !

TO EIRE'S BARD.



MAIL to thee, Moore ! like Aurora's light
breaking
On yon tearful cloud o'er the verge of
the sea,
The Star of thy Genius peers brightly awaking
The gaze of the Stranger on EIRE, and thee.
Long, long had SHE crouch'd in deep silence and
mourning,
When first on her darkness thy radiance arose :—
Dejected, and hopeless of bright days returning,
The sons of her Song had long sunk to repose.
But thine was the Mission to snatch from the
willow
The Harp that had slumber'd whole ages away,
And send the loud voice of her plaints o'er the
billow,
And call her past glories again into day.
Through the gloom that encompass'd her, silently
weeping,
That Harp flash'd a ray, 'mid its soul-melting strain,

That dried up the tear-drop adown her cheek
creeping,
And call'd back her bosom to pleasure again.

Then hail, Eire's bard ! to thy bright spirit gushing
Is due the first impulse that throbb'd to be free ;
And those who at last burst the chain that was
crushing
The hopes of their Country, were led on by thee.

The thrill of the Gael's harp, thy light fingers
sweeping
Its chords that so long had forgotten the lay,
Cast a gleam o'er their spirits, sad, silently weeping,
That broke the dark clouds of oblivion away.

Now hark ! how these bold notes at distance are
swelling !
They float to the land of the stranger afar ;
The long train of Eire's bright glories recalling,
Like flashes of light from some bright rushing star.

And thus 'tis the bard oft attracts the sojourners,
Whose bosoms swell high at the voice of the brave ;
And thus is oft roused the deep voice of the
mourners
Who languish in exile beyond the blue wave.

But oft 'tis in vain that their proud hearts are riv'n ;
Unavailing alike are their hopes and their fears :
From the land of their love by foul tyranny driv'n,
They can only remember her sorrows and tears.

Sweet Bard ! be the voice of thy harp never tiring ;
Still pour from its chords the low murmuring strain :
And the spirit evoked, tho' the lay be expiring,
By the heart gather'd up, in the heart shall remain.

ON THE VERSES OF H. A. B.



HO reads these verses must at once admire
 Their simple beauty, and their chasten'd
 fire.

Sweet words around still sweeter thoughts entwine ;
 And gentle pathos breathes through every line.

The kindly muse is seen in every word ;
 While Nature gently strikes the trembling chord.—
 The mind that gave these numbers to the day,
 Disdains communion with mere vulgar clay.

She lives 'mid scenes where fancy loves to soar,
 And bright-eyed genius spreads her glittering store
 Where earth-bound minds could never dare to fly :
 Far, far beyond the gaze of vulgar eye.

Press on, sweet poetess ?—thy balanced wing
 Extend in air, and brightly soaring, sing :
 Nor thou thy flight one moment's space forego ;
 Resplendent on thy pinions' equal row.

Let nought retard thy flight, disturb thine ease ;
 Thy shining vein can never fail to please.—
 Sweet child of genius ! in thy verse we trace
 Proportion, spirit, majesty, and grace.

THE COXCOMB AND THE BELLE.

TRUE, true, this flower of gaudy dress :
Shows forth the coxcomb's littieness.
'Tis not the outward show can win :
But the pure gold enshrined within.
Yet every day we are sure to find
Rich dress display'd instead of mind.
Mark, how our modern beau displays
On hand and breast the diamond's blaze :
And this he deems the only art
To bind in chains the captive heart.
See, too, the flaunting demoiselle ;
Her garb's the pearl, her mind the shell ;
Who, tho' she fail in mimic graces,
Lays prostrate all with silks and laces.
She shakes her drapery at man's heart ;
And fancies every shake a dart.
And fearful too her weapons tell
Whene'er she meets a kindred shell.
With wondrous skill each plies a part
And hurls destruction at the heart.
Then gowns, slips, breeches, bussels fly ;
And shouts of Fashion rend the sky

THE RAVING OF SORROW.



H, cares of life ; this wearied mind
Breaks down beneath its load of
woe :

This sorrowing breast no ease can find,
Save in those tears that burning flow.

Say, is it sin to urge the thought
That sometimes sways this aching breast ?
Why are not hearts, all shatter'd, brought
At once from pain to endless rest ?

The vista's darkling gloom o'erspreads
The sullen, lowering vale of life :
Nor hope one cheering radiance sheds, —
'Tis sorrow all, and ceaseless strife.

THE STRANGER.



SAW him, poor stranger,
Far, far from his home ;
From the scenes of wild
 beauty
He once used to roam.

His cheeks were all pale,
And his eyes sunk with woe ;
And sorrow environ'd
His care-furrow'd brow.

I ask'd him : he answer'd :—
“ In bloom of my youth,
(How lovely ! how virtuous !
What beauty, and truth !)

“ My Phillis ;—I loved her
And swore she'd be mine.—
Sweet angel ! she blush'd,
And replied, ‘ I'll be thine.’”

Our vows we observed,
And in wedlock were join'd.—
Alas! from that moment
Our fate was defined.

'Twas friends,—ah, they spurn'd
The adored of my breast.—
My home then abandon'd
I sail'd for the West.

I landed: ah, me!
How perverse was my fate:
No ray shone to cheer me,
No hope rose to greet.

'Twas darkness all round!
And the sun's parting beam
Shed o'er the hill's summit
Its last fading gleam.

To count all my woes,
Oh, it makes my heart bleed;
Have pity, then, stranger!
Nor bid me proceed.

A RETROSPECT.

ADDRESSED TO AN IRISH LADY.



DEAR Lady ! fondly on thy speech I hung ;
And drank in raptures from thy glowing
tongue ;

Whose accents touch'd my bosom's inmost core,
And woke up feelings rarely stirr'd before ;
As thy proud soul, in fearless mood and free,
Review'd the field of Eire's destiny ;
Indignant told the myriad wrongs she bore ;
And then the story of her ancient lore.
A varied tale ! and from thy lips it came
With mingled feelings of both pride and shame.

Thus sweet it is to soar on Memory's wings,
And list the strains of other days she sings :
The heart swells high, the soul's bright raptures rise
From strains like these, and lift us to the skies.
In Fancy's light each varying scene grows warm,
Each prospect smiles, each object wears a charm,
Each rill has music, and each flower a spell
That raps the soul like dreams in fairy dell.

H

Blest be that Power by whose all-wise decree
We thus may range o'er distant prospects free!
And taste those joys by Memory kindly given;—
Those joys that tend to lift our souls to Heaven.

Dear Lady! proudly through thy mind I trace
Unerring tokens of thine ancient race:
The Gael's warm impulse bids thy tongue impart
The thoughts, uncheck'd, that spring within the
heart.

Deep in thy breast pure Nature's fountain springs,
And hope and joy to sorrowing bosoms brings:
With blessings fraught it pours its ceaseless tide,
Embracing all who suffer, far and wide.
Sweet fountain of the heart, heaven-born, sublime!
That reaches sorrow's sons of every clime.
But, ah! how deep the tone of feeling grows
Within thy bosom, and how brightly glows
The music of thy soul, when, sad and pale
With sorrow's blight, thou see'st a wan'dring Gael;
Far from the land, the scenes his young days knew,
The ties, the friendships, and the hopes that grew
With his young heart: but now, alas! exiled
In foreign land, wan sorrow's drooping child.

Hail, *Eire*! hail; to thee my spirit flies,—
To thy green fields, and ever genial skies.

Still hail to thee, thou land of ancient fame!—
Enough remains to blazen forth thy name ;
Though gone those spirits, and those lights tho'
fled,

That erst awoke the slumbers of the dead :
That bade march on in bright and stern arra,
Thy martial sons where glory show'd the way.
Yes, though thy Gattans and thy Floods no more
Their lightning flashes through the darkness pour ;
And though thy Currans now no longer raise
Their shout of thunder, or their voice of praise ;
Yet 'mid those ills that compass thee around,
Some sons of thine as faithful may be found :
Proud spirits who would worthily proclaim
Thy glories past, and still exalt thy name.

Dear lady ! gladly to thy words' bright flow
I lend my ear again, and learn to glow,
Like thee ; and with still rising ardour hail
Our dear, loved land, sweet isle of Inisfail !
How bright, as o'er the scenes of early days
Thy fancy wanders, seem the lingering rays
That light the grove, as in its long array
It laps the golden flush of parting day.
What heart does not those early joys retain ?
Who does not long to taste their sweets again ?

Oh, happy hours of candour and of truth !
Dear blissful scenes of innocence and youth !
Adieu, ye groves ! beneath whose cooling shade
In noontide glow my listless limbs I laid.
Ye bowers and shades, ye verdant fields, adieu !
Ye babbling brooks, ye lakes, farewell to you !
Ye green nooks smiling 'neath yon crumbling
tower ;

Ye vistas mellow'd in the moonlit hour ;
Ye ogling stars, whose lamps I often made
To light my footsteps to the balmy shade,
Where gather'd those who loved the solemn hour
When the pale moonlight consecrates the bow'r :
Ye grassy banks beside the mountain grove,
Where lovers stray'd, and where to stray was love ;
Where oft I saunter'd in the evening tide,
And mark'd the glistening sun-rays shooting wide
O'er the broad landscape,—gilding the tall trees,
Whose graceful boughs waved to the evening
breeze :

Farewell ! ye little birds, whose chirpings sweet
Were wont at eve my listening ears to greet ;
Whose lively strains were heard at early dawn
In gushing music o'er the velvet lawn ;
Where the broad oak flung out its friendly shade,
And snow-white lambs in sportive gambols play'd ;

Where boisterous children, toiling at their play,
Would clap their hands to fright the lambs away,
Or toss the ball, or wing the flying kite,
And laugh, and run, and tumble with delight :
Farewell ! farewell !—Oh, how past scenes like these
Possess for me a magic power to please !

Adieu, dear lady ! fain would I prolong
The notes that breathe of Eire's distant skies,
And pour affection's gushing tide along,
And wing the holy thoughts as they arise.
But, no ! the heart forbids it ; 'tis in vain
We strike the chords, whose sad and trembling
tone

Breathes ever but the one sad plaintive strain
Of joys, and bliss, and hopes for ever flown.
Farewell ! and know that whereso'er my lot
On life's broad ocean Heaven may please to cast,
These hours of sunshine will not be forgot ;
But shall like meteors light me to the past.
Oh, yes ! like green spots in the waste of life,
My memory round these grateful hours shall hover ;
And oft amid the world's wild jarring strife
My heart shall pause to count them fondly over.

TIME.

TIME, like a river, onward speeds,
Nor pauses for a minute ;
Nor pride, nor pomp, nor grandeur
heeds :—
All, all are wafted in it.

What matters then, or rich, or poor ?
Since riches cannot stop it.
None may linger on the shore,
And idly gaze upon it.

We must away ; and wafted on,
Glance steadily before us ;
Lest dazzled the wild billows on,
The gaping gulf devour us.

Upon its surges as we pass,
Fair prospects smile around us ;
But as we go, each scene, alas !
Fades from the view, and leaves us.

THE LOVER'S RAPTURE.



FROM the moment I knew thee,
Oh, dearest ! I've loved thee :
Thy bright eye hath bidden my fond
heart to glow :
For thee it throbs love,
True as Spirit's above,
And pure and unstain'd as thy bosom of snow.

How lovely thy form !
As sunbeams in storm,
Thy radiance drives life's gloomy terrors away :—
Oh, bright as the rose
That in far regions grows
Are the smiles that around thy fair countenance
play.

Thy sweet breath of balm
The heart's tempest can calm :
Thy accents are soothing as Angel's on high :
In thy bosom's retreat
Young love has his seat
Such love as doth dwell 'bove the pure azure sky.

Bless then with a smile
Thy lover's hope, while
He adores, and thus blesses thy form divine :—
Oh, give my one token
Of true love, unspoken,
While my heart bounds to tell thee, 'tis ever all
thine.

AMADIS TO LILLA.



WHEN come to my bosom, no matter how
dark

Looks the prospect before us just now :
Tho' the high-rolling billows beat round our light
barque,
Let my hope be the light of thy brow.

Amid all the horrors that dwell on the ocean,
And all the wild ruin of the sky,
In the midst of the elements' fiercest commotion,
I would live in the light of thine eye.

No fear should appal me while closely thine arms
And fondly around me were prest ;—
Oh would 'twere my lot to live blest in thy charms,
Or die on thy pillowing breast !

Then come to my bosom, no matter how dark
Looks the prospect before us just now :
Tho' the high-rolling billows beat round our light
barque,
Let my hope be the light of thy brow.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.



THE evening now draws her dark curtains
around ;

And amid the deep silence is heard not
a sound,

Save the roar of the Ocean, whose boisterous wail
Comes floating along on the whispering gale.

Oh, season propitious to dreaming and love !
Like a Spirit that breathes from some bright sphere
above,

I feel the soft power of the love-breathing eve,
And pledge thee this heart, that can never deceive.

THE MATCHMAKER.

NOW hath the Goat attain'd the Solar
mount ;
And gruff Aquarius fills his copious
fount,

Prepares each spout, puts every sluice in train,
To pour a watery deluge o'er the plain.
Close by his fireside, bent on high design,
In yonder cottage crouches Jemmy Ryan ;
Revolving every word which late he heard
Gush from the lips of smiling Peggy Ward.
'Twas cold and dreary (thus ran Jemmy's mind) ;
How could he face the hill, and breast the wind ?
Cross the big stream, and clear the moat beyond ?
Then down the glen, and round the miller's pond ?
'Twas hard, he said, and shrugg'd his shoulders,
then

Rose from the *boss*, and mutter'd " Bust the glen."

It was a busy office Jemmy fill'd,
Ill suited to the sour and the self-will'd.
He was a " Speaker ;" such the name, I ween,
Some please to call him ; others, " Go-between."

For nature bless'd him with a fluent tongue ;
And the whole parish with his praises rung.

Deep skill'd, was he, in his peculiar sphere,
To give domestic records far and near ;
To make his matrimonial client shine ;
To show the long and unpolluted line
Of high ancestry ; ardent still to trace
Her birth and lineage, virtue, youth, and grace :
How she could card ; how turn the spinning-wheel ;
How make the butter ; serve the tasteful meal.
Her outdoor work did not escape his praise ;
In field-exploits he wish'd her fame to raise.
Then praised her manners and her form and grace ;
Her neat, rich gown and cap of shining lace :
Her rounded leg and well-shaped foot ; perchance
Her graceful carriage in the mirthful dance.

But should a youthful swain engage his care,
He told his merits and his virtues rare :
Told how his grandsire won the county plate,
And great-great-grandsire held a large estate ;
His father's daring prowess on the green ;
His uncle's courage, strength, and manly mien ;
How his ancestor, thirty links removed,
Was by all records an Hibernian proved.
" What ?" in his ardour swelling ; " could you lay
Your eyes upon a nobler youth ? or say,

Is there his likes in the whole country round ?
He springs like lightning on the blessèd ground.
So nimble on the plain, so brisk, so gay !
Bould in the fight and *daring* in the fray.
Och ! his strength is great, and terrible his might ;
Where is the boy so fit to put the foe to flight !

BELLA TO HER COTTAGE.



FAREWELL, thou dear cottage ! Ah, now,
ere we part,
Let me breathe round thy portals the grief
of my heart ;

One look let me give thee, though transient it be,
And pour the full tide of my feelings to thee.

Farewell ! and whenever this heart shall recall
Thy once-happy scenes, as the night-shadows fall
Around me, the incense of prayer shall arise,
And mingle thy name with the voice of the skies.

No ear shall receive my outpourings of woe ;
In the still hours of night all my sorrows shall flow,
Like the fountain that swells in the dark forest glade,
Like the vows of young love whisper'd low in the
shade.

And oft 'mid the splendours of saloon and hall,
Whose lights shall but serve thy sweet joys to recall,
I'll pause ; and then, far o'er the deep, rolling sea,
I'll fly on the bright wings of Memory to thee.

'Tis not that I mourn for woodland or grove,
Or the soft tints of bright skies I once used to love.
No, no ! 'tis the visions of days that are past,
Whose magic shall live in this breast to the last.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

*(From the Latin of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Carfagnini,
R. C. Bishop of Harbor-Grace.)*

What God from the beginning decreed, Tradition handed
down, the Sacred Scripture contained, the Fathers
taught, and the piety of the Faithful everywhere
maintained: THIS, concerning the IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,
Pius the Ninth, on the 8th of December, 1854, amid
the acclamations of the whole Catholic World, of Faith
set forth, and declared.

"She shall crush thy head."—GEN. cap. iii. ver. 15.



SOON as the Day, of record old,
Had o'er the World its radiance roll'd,—
Fix'd by th' Almighty to unfold
Redemption's Plan :—

When a New Adam should arise,—
Should burst the portals of the skies ;
And Heavenward lift the sin-dimm'd eyes
Of fallen Man :—

“Come, let us check this reign of crime ;
 And to this end, a Work sublime,—
 A Wonder to all future Time,
 Let us achieve :

“ Be, by Our V .-d, a Woman made,
 In plenitude of Grace array'd ;
 At once a Mother and a Maid ;—
 Another Eve.”

Thus spoke the Lord.—The Heavenly Throng
 Respond in plaudits, loud and long ;
 And raptured echoes still prolong
 The Joy Divine :

But while the Choirs, with voice and look,
 The wondrous triumph still partook,
 Hell's startled phalanx paled and shook
 Along their line.

'Then straightway rose 'mid golden light
 Sweet Mary's Spirit, pure and bright,—
 The fairest, loveliest to the sight
 Of Heaven's blest Train:—

In God's best, highest gifts array'd,
 Stood forth the beauteous Matron—Maid,
 Like the bright moon 'mid stars display'd
 In th' azure plain.

But, ah ! can aught of harm betide
Sweet Mary's way, while by her side
The Word Eternal doth abide,
With Cross outspread ?

Seething, hissing, swollen, flush'd,
Straight on the Foul One fiercely rush'd :—
Down came th' uplifted Cross, and crush'd
The Demon's head.

Thus thro' the merits of the Son,
The future Saviour, Mary won
Victory o'er the Fiend—undone,
That glorious Day!—

And bruising thus the Serpent's head,
By Heaven's protecting favour led,
Of Adam's sin all-guiltless, sped
Her destined way.

But backward as the Fiend withdrew,
The CROSS and WOMAN rose to view :—
What caused—ah ! then too well he knew—
The Fated Blow.

For THESE straight to his Memory brought
His ancient frauds, in Eden wrought :—
Then deep-enraged he headlong sought
The Depths below :

WE PART TO MEET.



AREWELL, Friend ! but not for
ever ;
Brighter days may bless us yet :—
Friendship's links no change can sever ;
Nor can Time make friends forget.

When in early life I met thee,
Sweet were all thy youthful charms :—
Can I speak the wish that urged me
Then, to fold thee in mine arms ?

Blest were then the hours that flew !—
Blest by tenderest friendship made !
Time wore on, and still they grew
Bright as in Elysian shade.

Think not, dear ! that after this
We could turn the bright page o'er ;
And thus join'd in heartfelt bliss,
We could part for evermore.

Sweet it is to think that years
Cannot make our friendship less :—

Every change of smiles or tears
Can but fix our happiness.


Farewell ! then, but not for ever ;
Brighter days may bless us yet :—
Friendship's links no change can sever ;
Nor can Time make us forget.

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

(A Semi-comico-tragico Poem.)

IN TWO PARTS.

PART FIRST.

HROUGH various climes we're wont
to trace
The features of the human race ;
The causes whence those changes spring
So manifest in everything ;
Why different manners greet the eyes
In every realm beneath the skies ;
Why men in distant regions grown
Distinctive modes of living own,
And vary, tho' they claim like kin,
In habits, language, shape, and skin.

Nay, more, inquiries oft we make
Concerning brutes that haunt the brake,
Or range along the forest free,
Regardless of their pedigree.

But, chief of all, regard is paid
To animals of other grade ;
For seldom aught the care surpasses
Bestow'd on Puppies, Mules, and Asses ;
Or the fond interest wisdom takes
In peacocks, ganders, cocks, and drakes.

Yes, such the objects which we find
Oft here usurp the human mind :
And many a thought wise men bestow
On such vile rubbish here below ;
Nor deem the passing time misspent,
While thus on worthless toys intent ;
Since great they deem the task to find
How fair and foul may be combined ;
How to improve the bestial breed,—
A grunting hog, a prancing steed.

But those whom such pursuits may please,
Who waste their days in cares like these,
We envy not : 'tis ours to rise
In nobler flight amid the skies ;
To range sublime in upper air,
And catch the lightning flashing there ;
Mark how th' ethereal spirits fly
From orb to orb in regions high ;

And how these dart Heaven's purest ray
Into the Patriot's favour'd clay ;
And bid his breast all heavenward rise,
With inspiration from the skies.

Such be our aim ; let dullness deal
With cold mere facts of human weal ;
Teach Nature's laws, and Nature's ills ;
How each his part in life fulfils ;
How griefs are sent us from on high,
And Heaven bids man or smile, or sigh ;
Show how the social bonds are riv'n,
When the full rein to passion's giv'n ;
How social bliss doth rest alone
On self-denial, the basement stone ;
That truth, right, freedom, all subside
When law, and rule are cast aside.

Such be the task of clay-wrapp'd minds—
A noble sphere the patriot finds :
He dashes free through brighter climes ;
He sends his glance to distant times ;
Looks at the past ; the future weighs ;
And present peace in ruin lays.
He scorns the laws that would confine
Man's tow'ring views within a line ;

The barrier bursts, o'erstrides the bound ;
And bids disorder mantle round.
'Till free, in space he sweeps along,
The wonder of a gaping throng.
With arm outstretch'd he pipes aloud,
And beckons to the waving crowd ;
Who, staggering onward, force the gate
Where, order, law, peace, justice sate :
And gazing up with frenzied stare,
In fragments rends the ambient air.

" Freedom, Freedom," then he cries :
" Freedom " echoes thro' the skies.
" 'Tis Freedom hallows this dull earth ;
'Tis Freedom gave to Nature birth.
The brutes that range the forest glade,
The serpents hissing in the shade,
The fowls that thro' the ether sweep,
The fishes glancing thro' the deep,—
All, all obey the breath divine
Of Freedom !—Freedom ! all is thine."

Hurra ! hurra ! now rings around :
The mountains catch the glorious sound.
The echoes all shout Freedom's name :
Earth trembles with the loud acclaim :

Air, ocean, sky send plaudits out ;
And worlds unnumber'd swell the shout.

Such are the Patriot's burning words :
'Tis thus he strikes the human chords.
No string untried escapes his hand :
He strikes with melting touch and grand.
He sweeps new strings at every hour ;
And changing notes confess his power.
The high, the low, the fierce, the bland,
The thrilling, melting, maddening, grand,
By turns engage his 'raptured soul ;
By turns melt, lighten, flash, and roll.

PART SECOND.

Erewhile we told our Patriot's power
Of changing tunes at every hour ;
The skill with which he plied the throng,
And whipp'd their swelling rage along.
Alas ! in vain the task we try
To soar with him amid the sky ;
To track him up the giddy height
Where patriot zeal directs his flight.

Oh, heavenly spark of purest ray!
That lives but in the Patriot's clay;
Where bright it burns, and free remains,
From taint of *power*, and *bribery's* stains.
Yet, tho' our lamp but feebly burns,
We still shall trace our Patriot's turns;
And wind along the maze he takes,
Until our head, or—stomach aches.

Then, on he sweeps in varying key,
With *fiddle-faddle, loo-ral-lee*.
He tells of peaceful fields and groves;
Of happy swains, and smiling loves;
Of the bright scenes enchantment spreads
Along the slopes where freedom treads.
He decks with charms the mountain side;
He points to blessings spreading wide.
Hill, plain, and town he fills apace
With every virtue, every grace:
'Till fabled times of golden bliss
Seem but mere puppet-shows to this.

Then changing to another vein,
Our Patriot strikes a bolder strain.
Now comes the tumult's mingling crash,
The thunder's roar, the lightning's flash.

Thieves, tyrants, knaves, a motley throng ;
Chains, fetters, gyves, are borne along.
Oppressors fall, and traitors fly ;
Monarchs quail, and despots die :
Power shrinks aghast ; the law takes flight ;
And empire tumbles from her height.

He shifts the glowing scene anon.
Lo ! Freedom prostrate, bleeding, wán !
Dark despots now resume the reins :
And slaves go limping in their chains.
All wrath he now invokes the skies,
With heaving breath, and flashing eyes.
Fire, blood, and death roll from his tongue :—
His fury peals the hills among.
“Strike, strike,” he cries ; “your fetters burst :—
Down, down with tyrants in the dust.
'Tis Heaven's clear voice appeals thro' me,—
'Tis Heaven proclaims you must be free.”

A sudden lull ! the sky looks bright :
The sun walks out from shades of night.
Calm spreads along the opening scene :
And sunshine glows the hills between.

But ere we tell whence springs this change,
So sudden, striking, wondrous strange,

Another task demands our care,—
 A theme instructive, grateful, fair :—
 To trace our Patriot's glorious mould ;
 And all his mental gifts unfold.
 To bid his inmost thoughts arise ;
 And spread his soul before our eyes.
 Such is the labour we design.
 Be present, all ye SACRED NINE !
 Oh, brace your nerves ; your voice prepare :—
 Herculean toil awaits you here.

.

 His mind appears a broken plain,
 With here and there a seemly vein.
 Soft swelling spots are sometimes seen,
 With goodly flowers and shrubs between.
 Yet, on the whole, the herbage's scant,
 Abounding most in creeping *Cant*.
 The *Vulgus* plants and common *Tare*,
 With pale exotics flourish there.
 While, strange to say, is banish'd hence
 That useful plant call'd *Common Sense*.

Along the margin of the plain
 Are standing pools of foetid brain,
 O'er whose thick slime dark vapours sleep,
 Like plagues that guard th'Avernine steep.

And in these pools, of various sheen,—
 Black, tawny, purple, orange, green,—
 A thousand horrid shapes are bred,
 Of Justice, Peace, and Truth the dread.
 Our space and time it would defy
 To count this odious progeny.
 Enough if here we pause to tell
 The chief of this dark brood of hell.
 Then, lo ! with venom'd crest and mien,
 Appears that lurking monster, *Spleen*.
 Here *Malice* shoots its blood-shot eye ;
 And there moves *Trick*, with glance awry.
Calumny moves in circuit wide,
 With *Small Lies* creeping at its side.
 Base *Jealousy* and livid *Ire*,
 And *Envy*, crawling through the mire,
 In foul copartnery are seen,
 Led by their squalid nurse, *Chagrin*.

.

THE SEPARATION.

THOUGH the wild tempest roars, though
storms burst o'er my head,
Yet thine image I see; thy dear form
from my mind has ne'er fled.
Oh, happy for me did the heart-sickening thought
not arise,
That ocean's wide bound removes thee so far from
my eyes.

As the bright ray that sudden shoots forth from a
wintry cloud,
As sudden goes out, or is lost in the tempest's
shroud;
So the vision that Fancy so fondly paints to my
view,
But touches my soul to wake up its anguish anew.

My heart, how it struggles to rush to thy arms
again!
I curb its wild throbbings; I calm its emotions
with pain.

Oh, what is this fate that, relentless, compels me
to part
From thee, my own dear one, all loved and adored
as thou art?

And yet, it is true, there are those who rejoice in
my pain,
And wish that this heart may ne'er bask in thy
bright smiles again ;
But, heartless, and proud, and glad of my woe
though they be,
This heart, that is thine, shall ne'er be sever'd from
thee.

DISAPPOINTED AFFECTION.

DEEP on my brow are traced the footprints
of care;
The bright wreath of smiles once mine
no longer are there.
The rude blast has swept o'er the brightening
foliage of hope,
And left me, a tree lightning-struck, on the moun-
tain's slope.

'Tis true, dearest Flavia, thou wert the tempest's
blast;
And true, 'twas thy fair brow the lightning's glare
had cast:
Yet though this, to cold hearts, should a paradox
seem to be,
I cling, with more ardour and deeper affection, to
thee.

FAREWELL.



MY dearest friend, we now must part,—
Now burst that sacred spell
That clings around the loving heart.

My faithful friend, farewell.

Farewell, my own best friend, farewell !

Æolus pipes a favouring gale,

And bids the proud waves swell :

The sailors loose the fluttering sail.

So, dearest friend, farewell !

Farewell, my noble friend, farewell !

The grief I feel as now we part

What tongue could fitly tell ?

Then let me press thee to my heart.

My best-loved friend, farewell !

Farewell, my own dear friend, farewell !

May Heaven's sweet peace with thee remain ;

May angels round thee dwell ;

And may God grant we meet again.

So, dearest friend, farewell !

Farewell, my bosom's friend, farewell !

EIRE'S DESTINY.

HEAR *Eire!* how dark was the course of
thy fate ;
Thy evils how constant, thy sorrows how
great :
Fierce rancour, and malice, dissension, and
hate
Seem'd to wait on thy footsteps, and deluge thy
plains
With the blood of thy sons.
Ah, woe was the day
When Prudence abandon'd to Folly the reins ;
When life's torrent flow'd,
And souls wing'd their way ;
Or in darkness pined beneath Slavery's chains.

Oh, say ye proud sons of a warrior-train,
Can the crimes of your fathers be ever forgot?—
Let memory the deeds of their valour retain :—
But clouded with shame be the fame of the Scot.
The days of thy glory, thy sunshine, and fame
(Alas! that dishonour should sully thy name!)

Bid my bosom to glow ; but it darkens anon
With grief, dearest Eire ; the grief of a son.
Alas ! for the day and the hour,
When Discord's fierce power
Blighted thy prosperous shore,—
The nursery of Religion and Lore.
The sighs of thy children were wafted on high :
The prayers of the faithful invaded the sky.

Who can forget the foul slaughter that hurl'd
(Oh, would 'twere erased from thy history's page !)
Thy sons in vast numbers from a woe-ridden world,
Beneath the fell sword of a suicide rage ?

Dear Eire ! how tearful and sad is thy story :
Every leaf of thy history is dismal and gory.
And the root of all this ? Oh, it makes the heart
bleed ;

Jealousy, and hatred, and envy, and greed :
And passion unbridled, and boundless desires—
Oh, dropp'd be the veil on the shame of our sires.
And this was for love
Of bright glory above !
Oh, sure even demons must blame it.
Yet we weep when we hear
The penalty dear ;—
'Twas death,—'twas destruction :—they paid it.

In death's crimson fields their brave deeds oft
appear'd ;

Their prowess unequal'd, no danger could awe :
They rush'd on the foe, and the fierce battle dared :
Wherefore?—for their King, Constitution, and
Law.

Then the meed of true valour be worn by the
brave :

And shame on the tyrants that would them enslave
Because they adhered to the Faith of their line.

Oh, glorious resolve !

Inspiration divine !

Nought could e'er change them :

Not all the black horrors that hell could combine.

Be the name of each tyrant a mark of ill fame,
And inscribed in red letters on Treason's dark
scroll :

While all hearts rejoice at each patriot name,—
The lofty of feeling, the dauntless of soul.

I appeal to thee, Flood ! be thy name e'er revered ;
Staunch friend of old Eire, thy spirit n'er quail'd :
In the face of the tyrant thy bold voice was
heard ;

And glow'd thy brave bosom while thousands still
cheer'd.

Grattan ! with awe I unfold thy proud name :—
How trembled the tyrant thy thunders when
heard !

Thy battering arms prostrated in shame
Each stronghold of reasoning the despot had
rear'd.—

Oh, Eloquence ! Reasoning ! Spirit sublime !
Grattan spoke : and lo ! thousands were spell-bound
the time.

THE LADIES AFLOAT.



HE morning smiled ; the Sun shone bright,
And pour'd a silvery flood of light
O'er the calm wave, that quietly view'd
The joyance of its finny brood ;
And mirror'd forth in bright array
The blaze of eyes that shone that day :—
So rare a load sure ne'er before
Yon waters on their bosom bore,—
Of hearts that beat in pure delight ;
Of cheeks that glow'd all rosy-bright ;
Of lips that smiled of inward peace ;
Of forms of rare and varied grace—
Love, beauty, youth composed the train ;
And shed a radiance o'er the main.

When aged Neptune rising view'd
The glittering group, amazed he stood.
Old Triton too took up his shell,
And summon'd all the gods that dwell
In ocean, sea, in gulf, and lake,
A view of Beauty's train to take.

They all obey'd, and stood around :—
He blew the last long silvery sound :
Soft words of, "peace, peace," from him broke
And all were silent as he spoke.
He paused, and looking, mutter'd low,—
"Can charms like these dwell here below?"—
What radiance darts from yon bright eyes !
What sweetness in yon visage lies !
Oh, mark the magic smiles that play,
Bright as the rising orb of day,
Around *her* cheeks who stands aside ;
And looks into the clear blue tide.
And view yon tall and pallid dame,
Of graceful form, and slender frame !—
How unpretending does she shine
Amid the lights that gild the brine !
See, leaning o'er the galley's side,
How calmly sits yon beauteous bride !
While on the thwart beside her smiles
A gay brunette of playful wiles.
But oh, my heart ! the brightest there
She of the dark-brown flowing hair !
Lo ! how she pours her radiance round,
Like torch-lights streaming o'er the ground !
See how her gentle bosom beats ;
While Innocence upon her waits.

Her laughing lips ! her soft blue eyes !
In whose clear depths bright visions rise !—
A fairer nymph this wave ne'er trod ;
Meet for the converse of a God.

TIMANDER AND PHILLA.



TIM.—'TIS all illusion.—Pleasure yields
but pain ;

Dark, gnawing anguish curling in the
breast

Of vain and trifling men ; and gilded o'er
With the thin spider web of hollow joy.
Cast back the veil, and what do you behold ?
Oh, heavens ! What a picture ! Hell itself
Contains more light, and peace, and happiness
Than the vex'd bosom of the man of pleasure.

Mark the wild, the fierce soul-rending train
Of demon shapes careering in his breast,
And racking the sad wretch e'en to distraction !

Now see his bosom bared : what a dread whirl-
wind

Of fierce contending passions, reigning there,
Sweep wildly onward ; blasting every sense ;
Beclouding reason ; shedding from their wings
Foul loathsome steams ; which spreading wide
Corrupt, destroy the soul's pure atmosphere,
And leaves the child of pleasure a foul wreck.

Cease then, sweet Philla! to invite my steps
Deep within the mazy path.

PHIL.—Ah, hold!

I now can see how vicious 'tis to draw
Conclusions from false premises. The use
Can ne'er stand charged by arguments but drawn
From the abuse of things: all the best gifts
Derived to us from Nature's laws, or God's decree,
May be perverted; yet, to say they're bad
Would be indeed to argue 'gainst the Most High;
And question His high will.

TIM.—You cannot prove
God wills that men should worship pleasure.

PHIL.—No.

I never spoke the words, to *worship pleasure*.
But ere we venture to decide what is
To be avoided, or to be desired,
Let us first mark its tendency; and search
Its nature through; and thus we learn to fix
The good, the bad, within their proper lines.

Say, what is pleasure, in its simple sense,—
Its first-created meaning, when kind Nature
With gentle touch our first emotions stirr'd
Within us, and awoke a transport there
Of joy, or hope, or love,—all harmony—
An echo of the tender voices bred

In spheres celestial, where of evil thought
 No impulse lives : is this not truly pleasure ?
 Then why denounce the sweetest gift of Heaven ?

TIM.—Ah, thou heed'st not the meaning of my
 words.

I speak not of that sweet influence which
 From heavenly fount comes streaming to the heart ;
 That joy of the celestial throne which spreads
 Its light and love o'er toiling hearts below.
 Yes, that is pleasure truly ; but 'tis more,—
 'Tis God's direct beneficence to man,—
 Direct from His sweet heart, all-bright and pure.

I speak not of this fountain at the Throne
 Of kind Benevolence,—of Providence
 Divine ; outpouring His rich blessings wide.

I speak of pleasure *earthly*, such as all
 Men deem it, when the word is bandied forth
 From lip to lip in daily intercourse.
 Such meaning has it then that all revolve
 It only as what springs from man alone ;
 A fount of joy, of dalliance, rapture, or
 What else you name that flurry of the blood,
 Or transport, or—say, *pleasure*, as we call it.
 Well, this is it which I condemn : it flows
 From passion, or what is the same, the breath
 Of men and women mingling in the strife

Of dalliance ; waking up the dormant blood
Of low desire ; and making strife within
The precincts of the Soul. Ah, this indeed
Is far removed from that which speaks of Heaven,
And heavenly peace, and joy, and all that's sweet
To consciousness, and thus leads up to bliss.

Foul and blighting is the breath that comes
From pleasure, casting o'er the struggling Soul
The deadliest poison ; calling into life
That brood of horrors, which are ever sure
To blast the hopes of this life, and the peace ;
And plunge the Soul in everlasting woe.

THE PAUPER SHADOWS.—THE
IMPRECATION.



He is gone! Oh, the Tyrant! He is gone :
and no more

Shall the earth press these bones with
such weight as before.

Let us wander abroad o'er the meadows to-night,
While the moon walks above us, all-tranquil and
bright.

See, yonder ! how gently that rivulet flows !
And the lake's shining bosom, how calm its repose !
Oh, to-night we may roam from the halls of the
Dead ;

For the tyrant who crush'd us—our murderer—is
fled.

We may roam from these halls, o'er that scene
fair and lone :

We may range o'er the fields, and converse with the
Moon.

Now, what will the *Clique*, and the *Sycophants*
do ?

The selfish *Officials*, and whimpering *Crew* ?
Oh, the thought thro' our breasts, like a wing'd
arrow darts,

How *he* gave to those villains the blood of our
hearts!

Sure those we left after us healthy and strong,
Must bend and break down from oppression and
wrong.

If they *act* not as *men* they must *live* on as *slaves* ;
Since they're ruled by a den of *pickpockets* and
knaves.

The *Law* and the *Prophets* alike are forgot :
And the *Patriots* can only attend to their *Pot*.
But come : see, the moon is halfway in the sky :
We can tarry no longer : away ; we must fly.
But, stop : ere we we go, let us join in one prayer ;
The last we shall utter :—stand forward ; prepare.
May the skeleton forms of the *living* and *dead*
Of our nation and race at thy heels ever tread,
Thou heartless Tyrant ! and may the base *Crew*
Who shared in thine acts, share this orison too !
May phantoms and spectres thy footsteps await
Of the *knaves* and the *thieves* who urged forward
our fate.

May the Memory of the trafficking *patriots* rot ;
And their crimes ever darken the rim of their *pot*.
Enough : now away to the gloom of our graves ;
And leave this *live* world to *tyrants* and *slaves*.

IMPROMPTU. ON LUCINDA.

EACH trait divine, each gift of nature rare,
Sweet One! is thine,—young, beautiful,
and fair!

In thy bright eyes what nameless charms appear!
Joy lights them o'er! and Love sits smiling near!
Artless, lovely, crown'd with every grace;—
How dear that smile that gilds thy witching face!
Thoughts sparkling from thy lips of ruby flow;—
Rich tresses shade thy tapering neck of snow.
Thrice happy youth! whose blissful lot shall be
O'er flowery vales to tread life's path with thee:—
'Neath magic bowers his golden hours shall flee.

TO ALL, BUT ESPECIALLY TO THE
AVARICIOUS, THEIR OWN CONDI-
TION SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST.

(*From Horace : First Satire.*)



OF this strange feeling which we oftimes
hear,—

Man's discontentment with his proper
sphere,—

To reason tho' adverse, and reason's laws ;
From thee, Maecenas ! I would learn the cause.
The soldier long in fields of battle bred,
His zeal now flagging, and his courage fled ;
With pleasure dwells upon the merchant's life,—
Exempt from cares of war, and scenes of strife :
While, "happy soldier !" is the merchant's cry.
When storms arise, and tempests rend the sky.
Why ?—" battle join'd, anon comes fate's decree ;—
'Tis sudden death, or glorious victory."
The lawyer again, when roused at early dawn
By call of clients, and to court withdrawn ;

The farmer's life thinks happier than his own,—
Free from the broils and tumults of a town.
But envious thoughts the farmer's breast assail,
When forced to town to give the needful bail ;
He deems the town all free from toil and care ;
And those are blest who breathe the city air.
Of such we might as many cases state
As prating Fabius could scarce relate.
But let us briefly of this thing dispose.
Should Jove himself vouchsafe to interpose ;
And hear their plaints ; and lend a willing ear,
With view to grant to each a new career ;
And said, " Go thou, discharged from legal toil,
Assume the plough, and tend the grateful soil :
And thou, who tread'st the pathless ocean round,
Wield the long spear on glory's fruitful ground :
Go : each pursue the wish'd-for course of life :
Be yours the bliss that elsewhere seems so rife."
What ! why this pause ? and happiness so near
Why hesitate ?—embrace the blissful sphere.
No ! no ! not they. What then if Jove in ire
Should visit them with fierce avenging fire ?
At least should listen to their plaints no more ;
And bid them toil on as they toil'd before.
But let my muse a graver aspect take ;—
Tho' playful strains oft tread in wisdom's wake :

As cakes and toys the youthful mind beguile,
And woo it to its tasks with pleasing wile.
But jests aside, let us the scene review ;
And mark what end each driveller has in view.
The toil-worn boor the stubborn glebe who breaks ;
The soldier bold who dearest ties forsakes
For feats of war ; the sailor on the main,
Who dares the horrors of the watery reign ;
The groveling merchant who for sordid pelf
Dethrones fair conscience, and but worships self :
Each reasons thus in language grave and sage :—
“ In youth I labour to protect old age.
Behold the bee ! he plies his busy toil,
And labours hard to store the grateful spoil,
Of winter provident ; and piles his hoard
While Summer suns the teeming food afford.”
True ; but the bee enjoys his modest cheer ;
When grim Aquarius rules the inverted year
He toils no more ; but crowns his modest board
With sweet refreshment from the gather'd hoard.
While thee, wealth-seeker ! season nor clime can
change
From thy pursuit ;—for gain still prone to range.
Through heat and cold, through fire and sword
thou'lt go,
Still to thy peace an unrelenting foe :

For ever proud the golden pile to raise
And pass thy neighbours in blind fortune's maze.
What profits thee the heap of shining gold?
Thy craving maw no more than mine can hold.
In useless heaps the filthy thing remains;
While Avarice wrings thee in her golden chains.
I'm fed and clad full well, as thou may'st see;—
And small my toil;—tho' small my substance be.
“ But glorious 'tis to see the shining heap ! ”
Pshaw ! vile wretch ! what vantage dost thou reap ?
Large treasure of corn may be in thy store ;
But will thy stomach therefore hold the more ?
Thou'rt like the slave who bears the galling load ;
Tho' with his fellows paid in equal mode.
What matters it, my farm large or small ?
If I but answer nature's modest call,
And live within the pale of her mild law.
“ Ah, but 'tis sweet from the large heap to draw ! ”
Bah ! when I from my small hoard can take
As much, why thus such groundless vaunting make ?
As though thou should'st a glass of water take,
With greater relish, from some copious lake
Than humble fountain, from whose urns arise
More crystal liquid than thy want supplies.
Thus oft thy drink shall be impure and rank,
Mix'd up with rubbish from the broken bank.

Far worse ; thy life may be in jeopardy ;
Thy tumbling corpse snatch'd by the flood away.
While he who curbs his lawless mad desire
Drinks safer draughts and uninfused with mire.
'Most all mankind are sway'd by thirst of gold ;
None cries " Enough," though owning piles untold.
To crave, to clutch, to grasp they never cease ;
'Tis wealth—more wealth—and wealth alone can
please.

And mark the source whence all this avarice flows :

" The more we have the more our credit grows."

Now what can we to this base rabble say,
But, " Go, ye wretches ; go your sordid way " ?
In Athens lived, in bygone days of old,
A sordid man who own'd large heaps of gold ;
And 'twas his wont, with seeming glee, to say,
" The rabble hiss me when abroad I stray ;
But, pleased at home, I view my shining hoard :
And what applause could keener joy afford ?"
Ha ! Tantalus, in waters merged chin-deep,
Yet burns with thirst as by his lips they sweep.
What? eh? you laugh ; do only change the name,
And his and your condition is the same.
With anxious soul, on sacks of gold you sleep,
And guard them safe ; or, as a relic, keep
The trash untouch'd, still fearful to deface

The idol-pile, which ever grows apace.
Or, as bright pictures, ranged in goodly row,
And kept alone for ornament and show.
Know'st thou not the proper use of wealth?
It is to guard and to promote thy health;
To buy such things as nature's wants require;
And grant indulgence to each just desire.
What! spend whole nights with gnawing care o'er-
spread,
In doubt cold trembling, and with fear half dead,
Lest thieves, or fire, or thine own slave should sweep
A goodly booty from thy treasured heap.
Delightful this! I'd rather far be poor,
Than hold great riches on so sad a score.
"But if dark Fate should strike me with disease,"
Thus thou wilt say, "I then my pains may ease;
Can bid the doctor come without delay,
Who from my veins will drive the fit away,
And to my friends thus safely me restore.
Won't gold do this? and who would ask for more?"
Thou art mistaken, if thou dost surmise
That friends—e'en wife—should wish to see thee rise.
Oh, no; wife, children, neighbours, friends, all must
Delight to see you join your native dust.
What wonder? knowing the filthy trash you prize
Before all friends, e'en nearest kindred ties.

Kind Nature's ties if you would safe retain
Without love's price, your wishes are but vain.
Nor Nature nor the laws of friendship tend
To gain thus idly a true-hearted friend.
With like success you might attempt to train
An ass to move subservient to the rein.
In fine, desist ; thy toil for wealth forbear :
Relax thy zeal ; give o'er thy ceaseless care.
No fear of want can now thy breast inspire,
Since thou hast gain'd thy heart's most fond desire.
Act not like him,—(how sad the wretch's fate !
The tale is short, and useful to relate,)—
By name Umidius, whose stupendous store
No computation could decipher o'er.
Yet still he lived in everlasting fear
Lest want should come before his end drew near.
He ne'er appear'd in cleaner, better dress
Than his own slave, so base his sordidness.
At length his mistress—brave Tyndarian dame !—
His head dissever'd from his filthy frame.
“ What path, then, pray, is best for me to take ?
Say, wouldst thou have me live a swaggering rake ?”
Ah, ever prone in error's maze to be !
Still would'st thou make what are extremes agree.
When I exhort of avarice to beware,
Do I condemn all wise and frugal care ?

To all is fix'd a circumscribing bound ;
Within 'tis safe : 'tis dangerous to be found
Beyond the limits. This is Reason's law ;
'Twixt adverse things no semblance can we draw.
But to resume the matter in debate :
How strange that none are pleased with their own
state :
Commending still a various course of life,
In each rack'd bosom reigns eternal strife.
One grieves because his neighbour's flock looks
well ;
Because his neighbour's goats' round udders swell :
Nor thinks,—his own low state however ill,—
That some are poorer, and more wretched still.
Each envies each, and struggles on amain
To be the foremost in the strife for gain.
'Tis thus the charioteer with all his force
Strives to outstrip his leader in the course ;
Thus presses hard on him who flies before,—
To whom, once past, he turns his thoughts no more.
How few, content with their past state, are met :
Most quit life's scenes with sadness and regret.
Enough ! thou might'st suspect, had I said more,
That I had pillaged blind Crispinus' store.¹

¹ Crispinus.—A writer who filled large volumes with useless matter.

THE CAOINE; *or*, DEATH DIRGE.

ONE! Is he gone? my fondest, earliest
friend!

Oh, grief! Oh, Sorrow!—where shall be
their end?

When shall affliction's current cease to flow?
Oh, when subside this swelling tide of woe?

Gone! He is gone:—faint droops my bleeding
heart:

Sad, sad the thoughts these sullen sounds impart.
As strife of clouds resounding in the air
Inspires the mind with awe, the soul with care:

So strike the words, "he's dead," upon my heart;
And wake up startled Memory, to impart
Her store untold, her cherish'd thoughts anew,
And by-gone scenes display to sudden view.

O, Cushla bawn! sure friendship's hallow'd ray
Glean'd on our path since boyhood's earliest day.
Increasing years but bade that friendship grow;
As heat in Spring warms up to Summer's glow.

How soon I mark'd thy genius ; saw it rise,
And glow, like mellow radiance in the skies.
And soon our tender bosoms learnt to glow
In sympathy ; and in one tide to flow.

Like gentle streams that near their sources join ;
And their young currents in one course combine.
But death—oh, cruel Death !—untimely sped
The shaft that laid thee prostrate with the dead.

Up yonder hill—there where the winding grove
Pours ceaseless floods of music, fraught with love,
How oft we stray'd and all our thoughts disclosed,
Just as the evening's radiant portals closed.

How oft at eve we hail'd the genial hearth ;
Where all was joy, and peace, and social mirth.
How oft beneath the old oak's friendly shade
We, each to each, our passing griefs display'd.

But ah, what here avails it to renew
The past ! since now snatch'd ever from my view,
I can but press thy memory to my heart
In dark and silent sorrow. We must part :

To meet again in yon bright realm above ;
Where all is peace, and happiness, and love.
Then God be with you, Cushla bawn ! 'till we
Meet in that happy home,—Eternity.

THE PUBLICAN'S CURSE.



IN days of yore,—so living tongues relate,—
Ere meek-eyed Temp'rance smiled upon
the State ;

When Mind to Passion all her powers gave up ;
And men, sunk in the vortex of the cup,
Adored bluff Bacchus as their only God,—
Confess'd his power, and bow'd beneath his rod :—
There lived in VILLE-DE-JEAN² a rustic boor,—
His morals base, unsightly his contour :—
But as he's gone, it shall not e'er be said
That we tread rudely on the prostrate dead.
Enough that we in lasting verse proclaim
The place he cursed, his calling, and his name :—
To fight with shadows being of no avail,
Our object is the *moral* of the tale.

Harsh was the old man's name, tho' much in vogue :
(All drunkards knew old Billy the SODGUE,³)
He kept a Grog-shop,—now, alas ! laid low,
North side that straggling street called *rue de l'eau*.⁴

² St. John's. ³ Clown, or Boor. ⁴ Water Street.

One night as Luna lit her lamp on high,
 And shone full-orb'd upon the azure sky ;
 While fun, and glee, and boisterous mirth went
 round,

And grim dark oaths bade the whole roof resound :
 Bill's better part, obeying Nature's law,
 Rush'd from the tap to the parturient straw,
 A rustic wench, she sought no extern aid,
 Such as high dames in pomp of birth array'd :
 By Nature tutor'd, Nature claim'd her right :
 And lo ! JACK PANSLUSH started into light.

You'll say in this sure nothing strange appears !
 'Tis but what comes each moment to our ears.
 Births are like berries clustering on a bush :—
 Why then such fuss about this young PANSLUSH ?

Yes, true it is that common births amount
 To but slight value in the world's account ;
 Except amid this common vulgar toil,
 A patriot's born to bless his native soil.

.
 And so young Panslush grew to man's estate,
 A flaming patriot ; early train'd to prate
 Of liberty, and right, and justice, and so on :—
 And all believed he was a *genuine one* :—

That is, a patriot true, unflinching, bold ;
And proof 'gainst touch of flatt'ry, and of gold.
And he was hail'd a *patriot*, here and there ;
At races, dog-fights, bar-rooms, everywhere.
But oft in vain doth Heaven its gifts bestow
On poor weak mortals trudging here below.

It soon was bruited all the town around,—
The country's hope one evening late was found
At Hill of Chips, on the green turf reclined,—
As Bacchus tuneful, and as Bacchus blind.

But time moved on in slow, revolving years :
And mankind wrestled with their hopes and fears.
Some rose to greatness, and some sank to scorn.
Some patriots died ; some patriots too were born.
And where is Panslush ?—Is he crown'd at last
With all the glory of a brilliant past ?
Alas ! long since his hopes were all undone.—
He has nor glory, nor distinction won.

Go ; look into those dens where vapours rise
Of liquid poison, reeking to the skies :
Where Hell's foul phrase from lip to lip is flung ;
And oaths are bandied in the Devil's tongue :—
'Tis there in ragged coat, and dead to shame,
With eyes dull-staring, and with wither'd frame,

You'll find him ever ; stammering forth the praise
Of brother drunkards ; and of other days
When everything was right, and nothing wrong ;
And time past jovial with good rum and song.

We learn,—*the young plant, as 'tis bent, will grow.*
Again,—*we always reap the crop we sow.*
And thus the publican, as sure as day,
Rears sons and daughters for the Devil's prey.

BAD MEN AVOID CERTAIN VICES ONLY
TO FALL INTO THE OPPOSITE.

(From *Horace*.—*Second Satire*.)



QUACKS, mimics, thieves, and bands of
strolling players,

Are now dissolved in floods of heart-
felt tears,

Since dear Tigellius^b breathes the air n^o more: }
And since his bounty, as his song is o'er ;— }
For he was lavish of his golden store. }
But this man, of the spendthrift's name afraid,
Declines to give his friend the smallest aid.
Then ask him why he wastes th' ancestral hoard,
In luxuries piled upon his groaning board :
His answer is, because he hates the name
Of stingy soul,—a title of ill-fame.
His inconsistent life is noised abroad :—
And some condemn, and some the waste applaud.
Fufidius rich in profit-bearing gold,
And in fat lands that yield him wealth untold,

^b Tigellius, a singer and spendthrift.

The name of rake dreads from his inmost soul ;
 And nothing can his love of gain control.
 The interest on his loan no measure knows ;
 The greater the distress, the more it grows.
 He scents out youngster heirs, and hunts them
 down,—
 Such as of late assumed the manly gown⁶
 Beneath a stern, watchful father's frown. }
 Such vice sure calls for vengeance from the skies ;
 And bids our bosoms with deep anger rise.
 " But from his wealth a stream of comfort flows,"—
 To him?—the wretch no earthly comfort knows.
 The man whom Terence paints in hapless guise
 Upon the stage before our wondering eyes,
 Who, plunged in sorrow from the fatal day
 His son he banish'd, grieves his life away,
 Is not more wretched :—in an equal strife
 For gold, they miss the blessings of this life.
 Thus 'tis—though tedious to thine ears this
 seems—

We find that fools are ever in extremes :
 And while one vice with vigilance they shun,
 They tow'rds the opposite all-heedless run.

⁶ *Toga virilis*, or manly gown, was put on at the age of seventeen.

Malthinus ambles in a trailing gown :
Another's naked from the haunches down.
Rufilius' robes of sweetest perfume tell ;
While this vile wretch of foulest odours smell.
No mean's observed ; one fellow curls his nose,
Save flowing robes conceal his sweetheart's toes :
Another ever in wild dens is found,
Where foul debauch, and glaring vice abound.⁷

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⁷ Horace is so indecent in parts of his works as to forbid his being translated.

WE OUGHT TO OVERLOOK THE FAULTS
OF OUR FRIENDS: NOR ARE ALL
FAULTS TO BE REGARDED AS CRIMES.

(From Horace.—Third Satire).



ALL singers do this common fault display :
They never are prepared, when ask'd, to
sing

By friends ; but uninvited they can never cease
To pour the lay. Such was Tigellius :
For him not Cæsar even could induce
To sing a note ; not even in the name
Of his dear father's friendship, or his own.
But should his mind so lead, he would the song
" To Bacche " from egg to apple^s pour :
One time with voice high-sounding, and again
With deep-drawn accents of the tetrachord.
Unequal was his temper, and full oft
He ran along the streets, as tho' he sought
A safe retreat from quick-pursuing foes :
And oft he moved in sauntering pace, like one
Who Juno's sacred vessels bore along.

^s From the beginning to the end of the feast.

One time his train display'd a hundred slaves :
One time but ten attended on his steps.
Sometimes great kings and princes were his theme,
And things of mighty import ; but anon
He would exclaim, "a three-legg'd stool for me ;
A cellar of pure salt ; and garment rude
To fend my body from the cold : no more."
But, give this man, so humble and so plain,
Ten thousand pounds^o to-day ; and ere five suns
Have run their course, there would be nothing
left.

He watch'd all night, e'en to the morning's dawn :
And all-unconscious snored the day away.
Nothing could be found so much unlike
Unto itself. Perchance, some one may say
To me,—" Pray, who art thou ? or is it that
No faults are thine ?" Yes, but of other kind ;
And not so great, maybe. When Mænius rail'd
At absent Novius, some one cried, " Look here ;
Dost thou not know thyself ? or is it that
Thou think'st thyself unknown,—thy faults con-
ceal'd ? "

Then Mænius says, " I see no faults in me."
A weak and silly thought, bred by self-love,
Deserving of reproach. And whence comes it,

^o Any imaginary amount.

That, wholly blind to thine own faults, thou seest
Thy neighbours', with an eye as eagle's keen,
Or as th' Epidaurian serpent's sharp?
But, then, thy turn comes, and friends inquire
What faults are thine, as thou had'st done with them.
A man is here with temper higher strung
Than is the wont, and who can ill endure
The sneers of jeering men. Of rustic tastes,
His gown hangs graceless, and his shoes are loose :
But, then, no better man breathes vital air :
And he's thy friend : and 'neath that awkward
frame

Resides a genius lofty and sublime.
In short, look to thyself, and careful search
Thy inmost soul ; and find what vices there
Have been by Nature sown or habit made.
The worthless fern is always sure to spring
In fields neglected by the tiller's hand.
But, to return. As the lover's blind
To all his loved one's faults, and even deems
Them passing lovely,—as Balbinus deems
The wen upon his Agnes, his beloved,—
So thus in friendship I would have men err.
And gladly, too, would hear, that to such faults
A name of credit were to be assign'd.
A father shrinks not, with fastidious air,

From failings in his son. So should not we
From the small faults appearing in our friend.
Paternal love gives to the awkward twist
In the son's eye the name of witching leer ;
And to the shrunken dwarf, like Sisyphus,¹
It likes to give the endearing name of " Chick."
This father calls his bandy-leggèd boy
By the proud name of his dear little VAR² ;
Another, SCAUR, because of his club-foot.
Then, should thy friend be sparing of his means,
And live in narrow bounds, let him be styled
A frugal man. Another friend of yours
Impertinent appears, and vaunts his deeds
With accents loud. 'Tis needful thou should'st call
His trifling by the name of harmless chat.
But one is rude, and rough, and over-free ;
Then speak of him as simple, candid, bold.
And say of him whose temper is o'er-hot,
That he's a man of spirit, high and proud.
And thus, to me it seems, may friends be join'd,
And thus retain'd in friendship's holy bonds.
But e'en the virtues we invert and cast
Upon untainted vessels foulest stain.

¹ Sisyphus, son of Mark Antony, was only two feet high.

² The Vari and Scauri, noble families of Rome, were originally so called on account of those defects.

There lives among us, say, an upright man,
Who in his bearings shows much diffidence :
We say at once he is a stupid wight.
Another guards himself 'gainst villains' wiles ;
(For 'tis our lot to live amid a race
Where envy and all wickedness prevail ;)
And though we should applaud him as a wise
And wary man, we straightway say of him
That he is fraught with cunning and deceit.
An easy man, of manners unreserved,
(As I, Mæcenas, oft intrude on thee,)
Comes in, and straightway interrupts with speech
Some person reading or in thought absorb'd ;
We say at once such man is void of sense.
Alas ! how rashly do we make a law
Severe, unjust, to tell against ourselves.
Since none are free from faults ; and he's the best
Who goes through life encumber'd with the least.
Should some dear friend (as 'tis but just to do)
Compare the good and evil in my life,
And find the good prevail ; then let him deem
Me good, if he desire to be beloved.
And so shall he be judged by the same rule.
Who wishes that his tumours should not be
Offensive to his friend, should take good care
To kindly view the warts upon that friend.

For 'tis but just who pardon sues for faults
Should in his turn, too, equal pardon grant.
In fine, since anger sways the human breast,
As well as other passions, springing there ;
And cannot be destroy'd ; how comes it that
Her own fair measures Reason doth forbear
To use for just chastisement of each crime.
Should he, the slave who tends his master's board,
Lick up the broken fish and tepid sauce,
The meal being done ;—who would for such offence
Take vengeance by the cross, would be esteem'd
Than Labeo³ more mad, among the sane :
Since far more wicked and severe would be
The punishment than that for which 'twas given.
Your friend hath fail'd you in some small affair ;—
Refuse to pardon him ; and you shall be
Esteem'd ill-natured ; bitter, and severe.
And yet you hate and shun him, even as
The heartless Druso's by his debtor shunn'd ;
Who when the dismal Calends are at hand,
Unless the sum agreed upon is paid,
Must hear himself harangued at, and abused,
With neck extended, like a trembling slave.
My friend is guilty of some light offence,
Or has perchance, thrown from my table down

³ An abusive Lawyer, who abused even Augustus himself.

A jar, by hand of great Evander carved :
Shall he for this, or other trifling cause,—
As taking, in his hunger prest, a fowl
From my part of the dish,—be less a friend,
Less pleasing, and less liked? If this should be,
What could I do, suppose he were a thief ;
Or faith betray'd ; or broke his word to me ?
For those who place all faults in equal rank,
They feel abash'd as soon as they perceive
The truth of things ; for then they're sure to find
That sense and morals are alike opposed
To their opinion ; and the useful too,
Which is the ground-work of the right and just.
When first the herd of men crept slowly forth
Upon the earth, devoid of speech, and foul ;
They fought with nails and fists to see who should
Be masters of the acorns and the caves,
Their food and dwellings : After this they fought
With clubs : and next with arms which they had
shaped
By counsel of experience ; 'till at length
They found out words and names, wherewith they
stamp'd
Their accents, and their feelings. They began
Thenceforth to turn from war ; to strengthen towns ;
And laws enact ; that there should be no more

Nor thief, nor robber, nor adulterer found.
For ere the age of Helen it appears
That woman oft was the foul cause of war.
And men sway'd by desire, like unto beasts,
The stronger slew the weaker in the strife.
It must be own'd, if we but turn the page
Of hist'ry and the world's annals o'er,
That laws arose from the inherent fear
In man of man's injustice. Nature fails
To separate the unjust from what is just :
Not so the good and bad ; what should be sought,
And what avoided : these she can divide.
Nor Reason can convince that he who robs
His neighbour's garden sins as much as he
Who steals by night things sacred to the Gods.
A rule should be laid down whereby to mete
Just punishment to all offences done ;
Lest the dread scourge should chance to be em-
ploy'd,
Where lightest whipping should alone suffice.
For nought of fear have I that with the rod
You would him punish who had stripes deserved ;
Inasmuch as you regard slight theft
Of equal guilt with highway robbery :
And threaten that you would with pruning knife
Cut off alike the large and smaller crimes,

If mankind only placed you king above them.
If to be wise is also to be rich,
And skilful in the trade of making shoes,
And also handsome by prescriptive right,
And even king : why then desire to have
That which is yours already ? Know you not
What says Chrysippus, father of your sect ?
'Tis this,—the wise man ne'er has for himself
Made shoes or slippers ; yet he is of right
Of shoes a maker.⁴ How ? You are aware
Hermogenes a singer is, though he
Be silent, and most skilful player of music.
And tho' the lawyer Alfenus had laid
Aside each tool he in his calling used,
And closed his shop, he is a barber still.
So is the wise man of all trades, and best.
And thus too is he king. So you, of kings
The mightiest ! the wanton boys dare pluck
Your beard ; and save you keep them off by
blows,
The mob will hem you round, and crush your
sides,
No matter how you swell your lungs, and rail.

⁴ It was a doctrine of the Stoic philosophers, of whom Crispinus was a disciple, that a wise man is *ipso facto*, not only a king, but also of all trades and professions whatever.

But to be brief: while you, a king, repair
Straight to the farthing bath, and none your steps
To guard except Crispinus, silly wight ;
And my dear friends forgive the faults by which
I have offended, I shall in my turn
Forgive them theirs with willing mind and free.
Thus shall I live, tho' but a private man,
More blest than you in royal pomp array'd.

TO MY FRIEND.



AMID those scenes so bright, so fair,
Where Nature shines in golden splendour ;

Have you, dear Friend ! while loitering there,
Felt in your breast some gushings tender ?

Have you at evening's tranquil close,
When sky and air with peace were teeming, —
Have you then thought that there were those
Who then perchance of thee were dreaming ?

Alas ! this life is all a dream,
Its joys to sorrows ever growing ;
E'en as a varying woodland stream
Now shining, and now darkly flowing.
Believe me, I have oftentimes thought
With sadden'd heart of thy deep sorrows :
And fervent for thy heart-aches sought
That balm which prayer from Heaven borrows.

Be brave, dear Friend ! the hand that bade
Thy heart to ache, can heal again :
For He who bids the flower to fade,
Can bid that flower its bloom regain.

NORA TO HER LOVER.



H, bright were the hours ere my SHEMUS
had parted

To serve his loved Country, and face the
bold foe :

How sweetly he smiled, as he sprang forth light-
hearted,

To meet me at eve in the sun-setting glow !

At dawn of the morn with light step he bounded

To chase the wild deer on his own native plain.

How beat his proud heart as at eve he returned !

How sparkled his bright eyes to meet me again !

But, ah, he is gone ; for my SHEMUS I'll mourn :—

His head on this bosom no more he'll recline ;

Nor breathe vows as sweet as the incense of morn,

When telling me softly his heart was all mine.

CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. DR.
DALTON, BISHOP OF HARBOR-GRACE.

*(From the Latin of the Right Rev. Dr. Carfagnini,
Bishop of Harbor-Grace, Successor of Dr. Dalton.)*



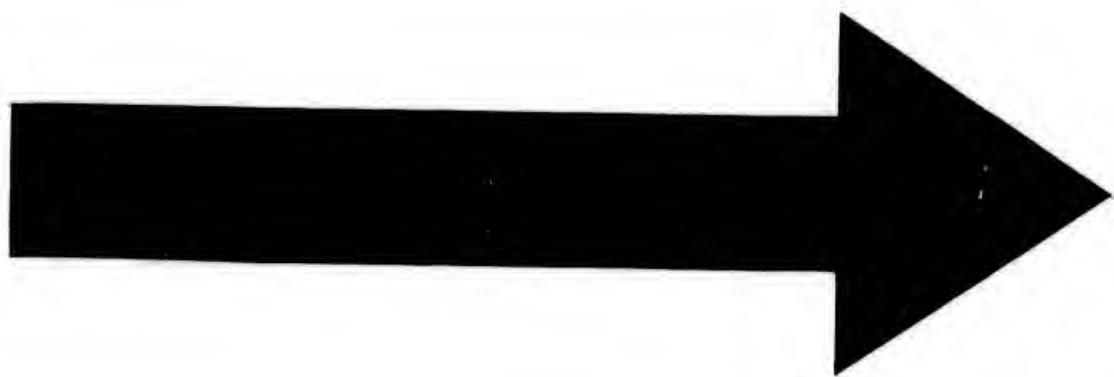
MAIL! Solemn Day! whose presence
throws

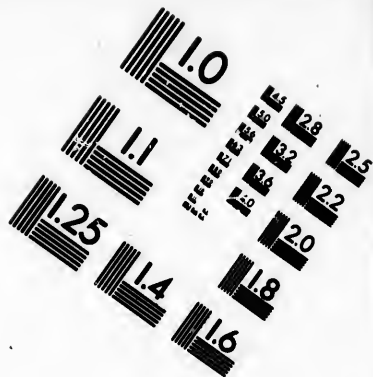
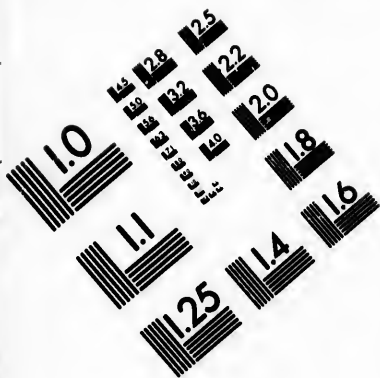
A cheering ray o'er human woes :
Whose glory speaks, as forth it glows,
Of Christ above :

On which the World's wide expanse o'er
The blest Synaxis all adore
With Faith bright burning evermore,
And trusting love.

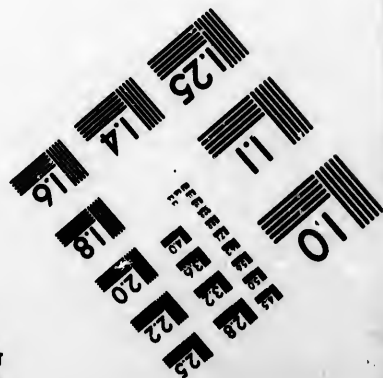
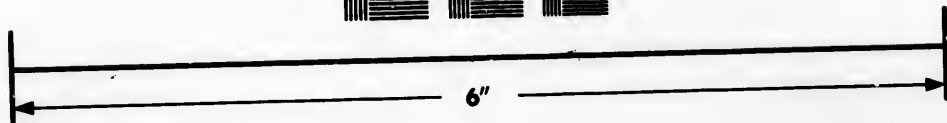
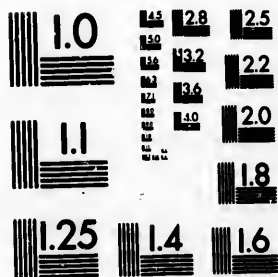
What peerless radiance from the skies
To us this blissful day supplies,
Whose brightly-streaming glories rise
To glad the soul.

For, oh ! in Christ's domain behold
Enclosed to-day another fold :
Another shepherd's name enroll'd
On Heaven's scroll.





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“ Good shepherd, come ! our footsteps guide
To realms where fadeless joys reside ; ”
The flock with eager accents cried,
And holy zeal.

“ For thou canst cheer life’s dreary way ;
Shed round our path Hope’s brightest ray ;
Our griefs, our woes bid pass away ;
Our sorrows heal.

“ With learning fraught, with wisdom blest,
And virtue throned within thy breast ;
Our heavenly guide, our safest, best ;
To thee we cling.

“ Mild, gentle, bland, benignant, kind ;
Thy loving accents fondly bind
Our hearts to thee : Oh, there we find
Life’s living spring.”

Thrice happy flock ! whom Heaven supplies
With such a shepherd, watchful, wise,
To guard your steps where danger lies,
To point the way.

Hence beneath his guardian eye,
The snares that ’round your pathway lie,
And Satan’s wiles, you may defy,—
Oh, happy day !

As when returning Summer glows,
And bids retire the wint'ry snows,
Your flow'r-deck'd vales, and hills disclose
A prospect rare.

So warn'd by his inspiring zeal,
Your hearts still quick its radiance feel ;
And flowers of grace anon reveal
The beauty there.

He'll keep you in the ancient way :
From sliding paths, where many stray,
He'll warn you off, and there display
The snares around.

He'll show you where life's peril lies :
By meet example, counsel wise
He'll smooth your pathway to the skies,
Where peace is found.

A star refulgent o'er the tide
Of life's dark trials, his light shall guide
The flock in safety to his side,
To shelter there.

And when temptations 'round them grow,
His faithful people he will show
To triumph o'er the infernal foe
And break death's snare.

Good shepherd, go ; preach God on high :
Transplant the flock amid the sky,
For which they pant, for which they sigh
With longing free.

And he⁶ whose act by power divine
Has made the shepherd's portion thine, —
Oh, let his wisdom ever shine,
A guide to thee.

May Christ abound in all thy ways ;
Thy steps direct, thy virtues raise ;
And crown at last thy well-spent days
With bliss untold.

Encompass'd by the power divine,
May long and happy days be thine ;
While round thy heart's affections twine
The docile fold.

May God, the self-existent One,
And triple Godhead, blest Triune !
With glory crown thy labours done,
Through endless day.

And heavenward as thy spirit flies,
May flocks' and shepherds' praises rise
To thee eternal through the skies,
We humbly pray.

⁶ Right Rev. Dr. Mullock, Bishop of St. John's.

TO PHILLA.

NOW bright looks that hour in the vista of
time,
When first in the flush of life's morning we
met ;

When our hearts seem'd to swell by some magic
sublime.—

I ask not if Philla remembers it yet.

We stood on the beach 'mid the bustling throng,
Our eyes only speaking—Oh, can I forget,
That thrill of my heart, as it flutter'd along.—
I ask not if Philla remembers it yet.

From that moment the sun of affection arose
On our pathway, to light it ; and never to set,
'Till Nature assigns us our final repose.—
I ask not if Philla remembers it yet.

How oft do I visit those scenes of past days,
That full to my bosom her presence recall,
From morning's first dawn to the sun's parting
rays.—

Oh, yes, I know Philla remembers them all.

THE TRIO.



HE Council is sitting; and Black Rod
thinks fit

To rise from his chair, and say, "Strangers
admit;"

Or something like that; when the crowd crawling in,
Between scraping and coughing raise a horrible din.
The President then, a coarse grin on his face,
Says, "Gentlemen, now let each one take his
place."

The debate then began; in a temperate tone,—
But, here I shall speak of the Leaders alone.
Then, behold honest Ned, the great Atlas of law!
His bearing all-gentle, his fame without flaw:
His intellect small, but his manners refined:
Without harm he seem'd, as he shoulder'd, the
wind.'

But th' attorneys defamed him, and seem'd all ajar,
When they found he was raised to the head of the
Bar.

⁷ He walked crooked.

And they said he was only a poor thing of straw,—
Perhaps fit to manage mere *slight-of-hand* law.
A sycophant breeze had him wafted from shore,—
His ballast composed of the drippings of lore.
The crowd all-agape deem'd the creature undone,—
That his ballast would melt in the rays of the sun.
But still he is safe,—the illusion has flown :—
Ned travels through regions where suns are un-
known,

From his hole near the bridge, like a veteran rat,
Comes Breezer, all smiles, with a bulge in his hat.
A patriot he,—nay, the first on the list :
With his pay in his fob, and a joke in his fist :
The one in the depth of his heart he adores ;
With the other unceasing the multitude bores.
And so funny is he, such a droll pleasant creature,
That his heart seems too small to contain his good
nature.

Of England's Statesmen, and Secretaries of State
His knowledge is vast, nay surprisingly great :
The Hollands, the Liverpools, Glenelgs, and Greys
Are the themes of his blarney, his cockthrows of
praise.

So familiar, indeed, doth he seem with those
folks,
And so freely he deals them palaver and jokes ;

That one might esteem him a rollicking blade,
Who regarded as fustian the speeches he made.
Be that as it may, he moves on in his track ;
With cunning and vanity couch'd on his back ;
While the mob loudly shout with a mimic palaver,
And ironical plaudits, " Ould Breezer for ever."

But of all the rare fellows amongst the array,
The sliest and meanest is he of the Bay :
A drummer was he where the orange flowers grow ;
But a pedlar became in the land of the snow.
'Tis said that young Cupid once perch'd on his
pack ;
While Venus, the jade, set his heart on a rack.
Then a spirit of errantry woke in his breast ;
And recklessness stood on his visage confest.
Thus pregnant with glory the boy down he flung ;
And the mother consign'd to the deep whence she
sprung.

What fitter companion selected could be
For the Brians, the Bobs, and the Larrys than he.
Their equal in all things ; for all things as fit ;
As false and as knavish : but more of a wit.
Diogenes dwelt in a tub, as we're told ;
Which to meet the sun's glances he every way
roll'd.

But our hero's invention outwitted the sage,—
His tub was a pork-barrel flung from the stage.
And while the old Greek on the land was all-grave
Our adventurer bounded above the blue wave.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

(From the Greek of Phocylides.)

SEEK not the path where lustful passions
point,
Or foul debauch. Drive from thy mind
away

All dark deceit, whose labours shun the light.
And let not reeking gore pollute thy hands,
Nor wealth to thee from base injustice flow.
But be thy life all squared to social law.
Truth, justice be, and right thy end and aim.
Let sweet contentment dwell thy breast within,
Pleased with thine own, nor covet aught besides.
Avoid all words in falsehood's garb array'd,
And truth be ever usher'd from thy lips.
To God above let honour first be paid ;
Thy next regards are to thy parents due.
Impartial justice yield to all alike ;
Nor let thy judgment lean to either side.
Spurn not the poor ; judge not thy fellow-man
With rashness, since unjust decisions bring
Evil to him who judgeth and is judged.

Should'st thou pass evil judgment, God erewhiles
Regarding all thine acts shall judge thee, too.
Avoid false testimony ; speak what's just,
Truth from thy lips in faithful accents flowing.
Protect virginity's unsullied flower ;
And in all things observe the strictest faith.
Be all thy measures just, nor let the beam
Unfairly tend to either side, but nice
The balance, and at either end alike.
A medium is in all things safest, best.
Take no false oaths, (abhor the perjured tongue,)
However moved by ignorance or the will.
Th'immortal God hates every oath that's false,
From whomsoe'er the perjury may come.
Touch not the seed ; let Nature tend its own ;
And curst whoe'er abstracts it from the soil.
Let him who toils receive the wages due
To honest labour. Ne'er oppress the poor,
Nor heave their breasts with suffering, grief, or woe.
Restrain thy tongue, nor let its accents tell
The secrets harbour'd in the mind within.
Ne'er wish to do or injury or wrong,
And keep back others from unrighteous deeds.
Thy gifts be present to the craving poor ;
Nor bid them wait until to-morrow's sun,
Since thine own hand with God's best gifts is fill'd.

Let pity move thee for the child of want.
The homeless shelter 'neath thy friendly roof;
And lead the blind in safety on the way.
Let kind compassion touch thine heart when he
Who, toss'd amid the tempest's rage, arrives
At last on shore, half-lash'd to death by storm.
Extend thine hand to him whom Fate o'erpowers,
Who, fallen, implores the succouring arm of man
To lift him up; and let soft pity sway
Thy breast to save a hapless wretch forsaken.
For all mankind are set with woes around,
And sad disasters wait our footsteps here.
Life is a wheel on whose revolving orb
All happiness but restless footing gains.
If wealth be thine, let charity extend
Its aid to raise from want the child of woe;
And from the plenty God hath given to thee
A portion grant to misery and distress.
Let all alike life's temporal blessings share,
And concord's chain throughout the whole extend.
Gird on the sword in virtue's noble cause—
Protection's sword, that saves from threaten'd woe
Misfortune's sons, and not the sword of might,
Blood-stain'd and reeking, shadowing human ill.
Oh, may no need of this to thee be given,
To do a righteous or unrighteous work,

Since while its vengeance meets th'offending foe,
It leaves foul traces on the blood-stain'd hands.
Keep from thy neighbour's grounds, nor e'er o'erstep
The limits justly to his fields assign'd.
A medium is in all things safest, best.
Transgressions must on either hand be shunn'd.
Hurt not the soil, nor pluck, in reckless mood,
The young crop rising from its genial breast.
Be strangers e'en as citizens revered ;
In honour, friendship, privilege the same ;
Since all experience changeful fortunes here,
And none are free from restless want and pain.
We all are subjects of resistless fate.
No region owns one spot exempt from change,
And where the foot uncheck'd repose may find.
From avarice spring the ills of human kind :
She is the mother, nurse, of woes below.
Silver and gold spread fatal snares to man.
His steps entangling as thro' life he moves.
Oh, Gold ! thou first dire cause of mischief here ;
Life's foul corrupter ; scourge of human peace ;
Assailing all things, and polluting all.
Oh, would thou wert from human want removed,
And ne'er by man's necessities desired ;
Since at thy call ruin's black distempers spring,
Wars, slander, murders, every hideous crime.

Son against sire, and brother 'gainst his blood
In horrid conflict stand and dread array,
Opposed by influence of pernicious gold.
Plan no deceit: let not the hidden thought
And words express'd, a treacherous variance hold.
With mind unwavering still maintain thy place ;
Nor seek an alter'd scene, and changing state,
Even as the polypus inserts its feet
With grasp relentless in its native rock,
Be thou, too, firm. Who does a deed of wrong
With willing mind is truly a bad man.
But when necessity with impulse strong
Propels him onward, 'tis not well to say,
Essential badness in his thoughts exist.
Examine well the end of everything :
Mark well its use ; and look its purpose through ;
And vaunt no more thy wisdom, wealth, and
power.
One God is wise, all-powerful, and all rich.
Let not thy heart to past ills wander back,
And sink in sadness at the thought of these :
What once is done can be undone no more.
Repress your anger ; bridle in your rage,
Nor let it wildly seize upon the mind,
Or sway its power. How oft hath rashness done
A deed of blood the heart recoils to name ;

A deed unwish'd by him who gave the blow ;
Whose heart repentance now eternal wrings.
Let all desires be common : strive amain
To curb that pride which bids the soul aspire
Above the level men should here enjoy.
Seek not that grandeur which doth elevate
But to regard with scorn thy fellow-man.
Nor aim at opulence ; since mortal man
Needs not those things redundancy may give.
'Tis evil all ; luxuriance fires the blood
And leads to lawless loves ; while copious wealth
Breeds insolence, and puffs the spirit up.
Calm be thy soul : the wrath which creeps at first,
Grows by indulgence to destructive rage.
And what is anger save a strong desire,
And inclination by stout impulse led :
But carried beyond bounds, 'tis fury then.
Who emulates the good, is good himself.
T'approve what's bad, is badness in design.
The bad man's spirit to destruction leads :
While benefits arise, and blessings spread
Where people labour in achieving good.
The love of Virtue's honour's brightest jewel :
But sensual appetite increases shame.
The man whose converse social joys attend,
Reflecting purest pleasures from his mind,

Receives th' approval of his fellow-men.
Let moderation sway each act of thine :
Eat, drink, and sleep, this standard still in view.
A medium is in all things safest, best.
All foul excess should be for ever shunn'd.
Grudge not to men the comforts they enjoy :
Nor look with eye of envy on the good
Which thy companions may perchance attain.
Refrain from censure : lo! the gods above
Live fondly on ; from Envy's influence free.
The Moon shines onward in her destined course,
Nor jealous views the more resplendent Sun.
The Earth content in humble sphere below
Sends no repinings to the azure heights :
Views the proud firmament unmoved by spleen,
And the tall grandeur of th' etherial plains.
No spite disturbs the streamlet's modest flow
Because the Sea presents a nobler swell ;
But sweetly purls along in shining rills,
With Concord smiling on its little waves.
A happy union breathes Creation through :
For if rough Discord mingled with the gods,
The Sky itself would topple from its height.
In paths of temperance be thy footsteps train'd :
And turn from foul obscenity away.
Forsake all badness : rapt to justice, walk

Where vindication never makes a call ;
For rightful deeds no vindication seek.
From soft persuasion high advantage springs ;
While strife breeds strife, increasing still in woe.
Be not too quick to believe each tale that's told :
First search it through, and view it in clear light.
Delightful emulation ! to excel
In acts of kindness : eager to surpass
The noble deeds by benefactors done.
How seemly is that kindness which invites
With prompt attention to the frugal board ;
Where homely fare precludes the slow debauch.
More lovely far is this than when rich feasts.
With treacherous plenty tempt to long delay ;
And midnight hour prolongs the revel still.
Push not thy claims upon the struggling poor,
Nor act the part of creditor austere.
Decline with eager grasp to force away
The birds together from their little nest :
But let the mother live, that other brood
May come ; and thou obtain the young again.
Permit not ignorance to assume the part
Of judge : 'tis Wisdom only can direct
In Wisdom's school : the skill'd in arts alone
Can guide those arts in which their skill is
known.

The unlearned in vain attempt to comprehend
Those things which they have never heard before.
Beware of those who flock around your board,
Those parasites who cram and prate by turns ;
Nor make companionship with these : in truth
A brood of friends unnumber'd crowd around
The platter and the cup, whose tongues o'erflow
With fulsome flattery, and time-serving cant.
They swig and eat ; not over-nice in some,
In many things insatiable ; and still
Devouring all with appetite uncloy'd.
Trust not the rabble : changeful is the mind
Of the gregarious multitude : alike
The crowd, fire, water ; ever shifting all,
And all ungovern'ble in their headlong rage.
Do not, in sadness drooping o'er the fire,
Consume in bootless grief thy tender heart.
Pay to the Gods what rights to them belong,
In just proportion, with becoming zeal,
From false excess, and stinginess exempt ;
Since medium is in all things safest, best.
Give to the dead a spot of sheltering earth ;
And ne'er untomb their sepulchred remains.
Nor give to light what things should ne'er be
seen,
Nor thus excite the wrath of heaven above.

Unlovely deed to violate the laws
Of decent harmony, and aptitude of things,
Befitting men, the living and the dead :
Since we expect the dead erewhiles shall rise
Immortal from their graves, and ever dwell
As Gods in heaven 'mid never-failing light.
Extinction deals not with the souls of those
Whose bodies slumber in the encumbering earth ;
And foul corruption feels no share in them.
The spirit free soars upward to its God,
The God who gave it, in His care for man,
His first best gift, the image of Himself.
The body form'd of earth is nought save earth,
And thither it returns, resolved to dust.
But far above the spirit wings its flight ;
Reposing 'mid the splendours of the sky.
Strive not for wealth ; nor hoard thy riches up ;
Remembering thou art mortal, and that hence
No wealth is wasted to the shades below :
Possessions yield no favours to the dead :
All false distinctions wither at the grave :
And God for ever rules the souls He made.
Death levels all : and human fate's the same :
The same our dwellings in the Hadian realms :
The eternal roofs that cover these the same :
And one vast region shall be own'd by all,—

The endless kingdom of the immortal Gods.
The rich and poor, the monarch and the slave
Shall live in common in the nether world.
Short is the time to men allotted here ;
Short time, but fit, as suits the wise design
Of Him who formed all : and then the soul
Freed from the short-spaced bondage, hails anon
The blaze eternal of undying day,
Where old age comes no more, and life springs up
Unknown to Time's revolving spheres, a life
Unbounded, endless, timeless, all-divine.
Bend not to Fortune's ills with abject fear,
And spirit cowering in thy trembling breast :
Nor yet indulge in joys without restraint.
Oft in life the bold themselves must yield
To Fate's caprice ; and none can safely count
On what may happen every change of sun.
Obey the season, and with calm regards
Direct thy movements by what's passing round,
Nor vainly seek to blow against the winds.
Quick is the change of ills affliction brings,
And swiftly they o'er life's domain career.
Indulge not in a vein of boasting phrase,
Nor madly mouth the words of lofty sound ;
But let thy diction be discreet, refined,
And practise that which true expression gives—

The sweet consent of language and of thought.⁸
This profits all, and keener far its edge
Than weapon shaped from hard metallic ore.⁹
To man is given a safe protection here ;
And birds and beasts participate the same.
Instructive Nature points the path where lies
Security to all. To the wing'd fowl
A rapid flight by outspread pinions made.
The lion seeks for safety in his strength ;
And on his horns the fearless bull relies.
For self-defence the bee employs her sting,
To save and guard her 'gainst surrounding ill ;
While reasoning powers and eloquence of tongue
Is Nature's sword to serve the ends of man.
But Wisdom's counsels stand in rank the first
Of man's protective arms : by her imbued,
Whose inspiration strikes with force divine,
He dreads no ills, and moves securely on.
'Tis Wisdom governs all ; ships, cities, fields
Exist beneath her all-embracing sway.
Let not the deeds of villainy lie hid,
Nor screen the crimes which wicked men perform,
That they might thus guilt's penalty evade.

⁸ Say what you think ; or let your thoughts and words agree.

⁹ Eloquence is more powerful than the sword.

But ours it is to mend the sons of vice,—
To turn their footsteps in the path of right,
And by persuasion lead them gently on
In Virtue's ways. How oft their end the same,
Both those whose hearts are steep'd in ways of vice
And they whose guileless souls first seek the path
Of gay companionship, then perish there.
Do not receive what is by stealth obtain'd,
Nor help to hide the furtive goods away,
Participating in the shameful theft,
Since all recipients share with equal blame
The thief's offence and are in guilt alike.
To every man accord the portion due,
Though equal measure is in all things best.
Let caution first be partner of thy way,
And learn economy's wise rules of thrift,
That early forethought may provision make
For future time, nor let want come at last.
Stint not the food to animals assign'd ;
And if a neighbour's beast (although thy foe)
Hath chanced to fall upon the way, at once
Give all thy aid to raise him from the ground.
From wanderer, toss'd on billows of the deep,
His life scarce rescued from the ocean's surge,
Turn not aside. 'Tis better far to be
A friend benevolent than heartless foe.

Repress a budding ill, and ere the vice
Attains to strength, cut off th' incipient bloom
And heal the wound. Let not the mangled flesh
Of animals by wild beasts torn be seen
Upon thy board : the half-gnaw'd fragments give
To thy swift dogs, and beasts on beasts be fed.
Prepare no drugs ; nor incantations use,
And spurn all books of magic from thy sight.
Grasp not in wrath the hands of tender babes,
Nor to their youthful fancies suffering bring.
Sedition fly ; drive mournful strife away.
When hostile forces lead an iron war,
To spoil thy fields and lay thy country waste,
Bring not inventive genius to thy aid
To do a vicious deed ; 'tis but to sow
Rich fruitful seeds upon the stormy deep.
Cease not to labour : Industry affords
Delightful plenty to the hand that toils,
While Sloth indulges in a furtive meal.
'Tis theft sustains the man who slinks from toil.
Contemn the feasts on stranger's table spread,
Nor taste the fragments fallen from his board.
At thine own hearth, where humble plenty smiles,
Indulge desire of food ; 'tis here alone
The appetite is pleased without reproach.
Who hath not learnt some useful human art

Must use those implements which toil provides,
And turn the soil with ploughshare or with spade.
There are in life a thousand various fields
Where toiling Industry may seek employ.
For him whose taste to naval matters leads
The expanding ocean spreads her bosom out.
Who loves to search the grateful soil, and spend
His peaceful hours in tending fruitful lands,
To him the fields in verdant beauty smile,
And ope their arms to yield a soft embrace.
No task seems easy to the sons of sloth.
'Tis toil alone achieves the fair result.
Not e'en the Gods can bring perfection out,
Or finish aught without the needful toil.
See, Labour, too, at Virtue's side keeps pace;
Assists, sustains, and kindly cheers her on.
The little ants forsake their dark abodes
Beneath the cavern'd earth when summer smiles;
And when the fields, now shorn, sustain no more
The rich and wavy crops, but granaries sigh
With pressure of the golden grain, which swells
On every side, then from their secret caves,
Of future want now mindful, out they go,
And, labouring 'neath a load of new-ground meal,
Mill'd from the piles of wheat and barley round,
They hoard it safe within their earthen homes.

They urge each other to repeated toil,
And with forethought and industry provide
Their winter's stock of food in summertime.
The little nation works and strives amain,
Nor takes a respite from incessant toil.
Mark, too, th' industrious bee, on restless wing,
With care assiduous, seeks her daily fare
And works untiring at her labour'd cell.
She rears her structure with prodigious toil,
Material gathering from a thousand flowers.
She forms a little chamber for her young,
And here protects them with the tenderest care.
Now deep within a creviced rock she plies
Her honest task, and now amid the reeds
That shade the fen ; and oft her voice is heard
In tuneful murmurs as she toils within
The winding chambers of some ancient oak.
Embrace the nuptial state, lest life may pass
Inglorious by, and thou without a name
Leave earth behind, and seek the realms below.
Aid Nature's efforts, and beget a race
Of mortals, as thyself wert once begot :
And thus unbroken lead the chain along
Of human procreation. Safely keep
Thy marriage bed from prostitution free ;
And save thy offspring from the horrid shame

Th' adulterous league would fix upon their name.
From beds like this a doubtful issue springs :
From mix'd embraces flow a motley race.
Seek not a step-dame's bed : respect is due
To her who fills thy mother's place ; to her
Who shares alike thy father's second bed :
But give her honour ; give her reverence due.
Avoid thy sister's bed : and commerce shun
With her who is thy father's concubine.¹
Let females ne'er attempt to crush their young,
Now forming into life within the womb :
Nor cast the tender baby, newly-born
A prey to dogs,—by vultures to be torn.
Let no man dare lay hand upon his wife,
When once the foetus lies within the womb.
Cut not the virile youth, whom Nature makes
Fit instrument to breed a manly race.
Nor seek a shameful commerce with the brutes
That roam the fields : nor yield to passion so
That its indulgence should maltreatment bring
To her for whom thy love may warmly glow.
Oh, ne'er transgress the laws by Nature made
For human love ; nor seek with lawless rage
A bestial commerce, ne'er design'd for man.

¹ Concubine, a married woman anciently, but having no claims on the husband's property.

The brutes themselves disclaim the contact base ;
And feel no pleasure from the foul embrace.
'Tis meet that females should not imitate
Coition's act, as 'tis by males perform'd.
Do not indulge unbridled lust ; nor burn
With headlong rage for woman's lewd embrace :
Since lust can claim of feeling nought divine ;—
A passion vile that lurks in every breast.
Seek not th' embraces of thy brother's wife ;
Nor with forbidden love defile her bed.
Love thine own spouse ; for sure there's nought on
earth

So sweet, so good as when dear woman trusts
Her husband, and he her ; thus growing old
In mutual love, and confidence unchanged :
And hoarse contention steps not in between,
To break the calm that softly hems them round.
Let none attempt to win a maiden's love,
And gain embraces, wanting the consent
Of nuptial rights. Conduct not to thy house
A bad and faithless wife ; nor be her slave,
Because of some vile dow'ry which she brought
With her. Look, how we search thro' every place
To find a horse of high and generous blood,
That we might raise from him a noble breed.
We, too, strive every means t' improve a stock

Of cows and bulls : and seek a race of dogs,
Swift, bold, and strong. And thus in everything,
Save that which most affects our happiness,
A wife of good, of spotless lineage born.
'Tis here we err, and show ourselves unwise.
A woman, too, refuses not to join
In nuptial bands a man of vicious kind,
Provided wealth is his. Restrain desire
Unbridled ; nor inflict two wives upon
Thy hapless bed ; thus adding ill to ill.
Let not thine ire be levell'd at thy son ;
But mild thy bearing, free from all reproof :
It is the mother's to correct her son,
When wandering in the treacherous maze of vice.
Or failing her reproof, recourse be had
To grave rebukes from seniors of the house.
Or should the path of evil not be left
Still by this erring youth, then need demands
The counselling voice of elders of the State.
Let no vile curls of softly-braided hair
In rich luxuriance circle round the head
Of manly youth : th' effeminate knots ill suit
The form that Nature stamps upon a boy :
Such dress alone becomes the female kind.
Guard well the ripening years of blooming boys,
Those years when love creeps in at every vein,

And spurs them on to lustful intercourse
With woman. Keep in closest bondage safe
The youthful virgin opening into bloom ;
Oh, guard her safe from every raptured eye
Would rest upon her : let her not be seen
Among the household ere to marriage led.
Hard is the task for parents to preserve
Their children's beauty from the taint of vice.
On thy relations kind regards bestow,
And let sweet concord bind thee to them all.
The hoary-headed, aged, demand esteem,
And deepest reverence at thy willing hands :
Give place to them, and all the honours due
To their superior age. Whose years are like
In number to thy sire's ; and who can claim
An equal origin ; to such afford
A like degree of reverence and esteem.
Be due regard to thy attendants paid ;
Consult their comforts, and reward their cares ;
That they may serve thee with devoted zeal,
With willing mind preventing thy desires.
Ah, place no stigmas, and unseemly stains
Upon a servant's name with reckless tongue,
That tends to blast his reputation down.
Bring him no wrong by pouring words of blame
Into his master's ears, infixing thus

A harmful blot upon his honest fame.
Let wisdom guide thy steps thro' every scene
Of life; nor spurn its counsels from thy path,
Tho' coming from a servant's graceless tongue.
Pure be thy thoughts; since man's corporeal part
Is purified by chastity of soul.

Hear then those rules by sacred justice taught.
Who lives by them shall blameless pass thro' life,
And leave the footprints of true goodness where
His pathway lay along the earthly scene,
'Till he attains the threshold of old age.

MORAL VERSES.

(From the Greek.¹)



IS not unmeet, when circling cups abound
Of sparkling wine at banquet hall to
sit,

And sip the generous beverage ; while around
Is heard the gentle swell of converse sweet.
Dost thou want wealth ? Attend the grateful soil,
And from her rich luxuriant bosom draw
Abundance forth : the teeming land, they say,
Is kind to all who seek her proffer'd gifts :
A horn of plenty, filling all who drink.
There are who boast of lineage nobly great,
Who from a proud ancestral line have sprung ;
And yet whose words own no distinguish'd grace :
Whose counsels too lack dignity and worth.
Thus writes Phocylides : who further says,
That womankind their origin must trace
In fourfold manner back. To one a dog

¹ These verses are attributed to Phocylides ; some by *Athenaeus*, and some by *Stobaeus*.

Gave birth : and from a bee another sprung :
A grim and stubborn sow brought forth a third :
And one a long-maned prancing horse produced.
In movement light, and of a goodly shape ;
Swift, sprightly, and curvetting as she goes :
'Tis she who draws her lineage from the horse.
While she descended from the surly sow
Can neither good nor bad be styled : and that
Of canine race is savage and morose.
But she, the fair descendant of the bee,
Exhibits all a housewife's wisest care,
Industrious, cleanly, mild, discreet, and good.
With her, dear Friend ! in happy nuptials join'd,
To pass thro' life, implore high Heaven to grant
This gift to thee, so fraught with blessings here.

ELEGIES OF SOLON.²*(From the Greek.)*

No. 1.

PERIAN Muses! ye, who claim your
birth

From mighty Jove, attend my prayer :
Oh, grant me fair esteem from men on earth ;
And that the Gods may bless me here.
Let all my actions blend with true regard
For sacred friendship's hallow'd name :
Nor be they ever such as may retard
The burning of that heavenly flame.
Yes, pleasing to my friends thro' life's career
I wish to be ; but to my foes
Severe ; for I hope honour high, sincere,
From those, for whom my bosom glows.
To have possessions is my warm desire ;
Yet from injustice shrinks my soul ;
For soon or late heaven's scathing vengeful fire

² Elegy here is not confined, in its meaning, to sorrow or lamentation for the dead—it embraces all grave and solemn subjects.

O'er unjust coers in wrath must roll.
Sure is that wealth which heaven-directed flows ;
And firm the base whereon it rests :
While toppling all which from man's cunning
grows,—
The work which human wisdom tests.
Thus frail the riches which from violence spring :
They come with slow and tardy pace :
And in their advent many an evil bring,—
A train of woes,—misfortune's race.
Tho' small at first, the growing ills increase ;
E'en as a fire which lay all-paled
Erewhile in ashes, and in seeming peace ;
But soon its ruin is bewail'd.
The works which stand on basement of deceit,
With violence darkling in their train,
A sure destruction, heaven-impending, meet ;
Nor long to mortals can remain.
Since Jove regards with keen and searching eye
The limits of terrestrial things ;
And viewing injustice from his throne on high,
He sweeps adown on rapid wings ;
And smites the wrong ; as vernal winds assail,
And wide disperse the clouds in air :—
The rushing blasts o'er all the deep prevail ;
And blooming fields the ruin share.

High from his farthest depths old Ocean rolls :
Commotion wild reigns o'er the land ;
At length the tempest slackening at the poles,
The sky above once more looks bland.
A light forth issues from the halls of heaven,
Serenely streaming o'er the scene :
Far o'er the ethereal landscape quickly driven,
No more the storm-capp'd clouds are seen.
Such, and so quick descends to earth below
The wrath of Heaven's offended King ;
Severe its chidings ; fierce it comes tho' slow
On black Destruction's fiery wing,
The guilty soul may lie concealed awhile,
And bold in fancied safety grow ;
But vain the artifice that would beguile
The eye of Jove, and ward the blow.
Some soon, some late the price of guilt must pay :
None can escape the Gods' decrees :
Tho' fate may pause, it shows e'en in delay
That all the mighty Jove must please.
The guiltless offspring of some perjured knave
Oft pays for sinning not his own :
For others' crimes a sad enduring slave :—
To heritage of sorrow grown.
How vainly mortals spend their hour of life !
With self-illusion fondly blind.

The bounding soul, with high hopes ever rife,
Intent on joy, waves woe behind.
But soon the fancy's flattering vision flies.
And pain and weeping social come :
In sad array the gathering sorrows rise :—
'Tis grief to all, 'tis death to some.
Inconstant feelings mark the ways of man :
He's always strangely self-opposed :
Agreeing with that array'd 'gainst Nature's plan :
Till all life's fickle scenes are closed.
The child of sorrow, victim of disease,
Grows strong in hope e'en at the grave :
The graceless wight chucks o'er his power to please ;
And fancy gilds the beggar-slave.
Behold the various paths where mortals toil ;
Some far o'er Ocean's billows roam,
In search of riches drawn from distant soil,
'Mid terrors of the stormy foam.
Some train'd to bondage 'neath a master's eye,
In woodland labours spend the year ;
Some Vulcan's arts in various manner ply
And some Minerva's shuttle steer.
In mood ecstatic some attend the strain
The Heaven-instructed Muses sing ;
While some imbued with rich poetic vein
To present view the future bring.

Yet nought may stop the firm resolves of Fate,—
Nor eye foreseeing, nor offerings paid.
Apollo's prescience gives the future state
Of things on changeless basis laid.
What endless toils the sons of Art employ
In Paeon's³ various knowledge skill'd ;
The soothing drugs oft prove a mere decoy
When man's enduring grief is will'd
By higher power. But when Heaven's wise decree
Cuts short poor suffering mortals' woe,
The ills 'neath touch of others' fingers flee.—
Thus chequer'd is our lot below.
The Gods immortal rule the life of man :
Their laws divine must be obey'd :
Their all-seeing glance doth Nature's fabric scan ;
Where every part is wisely weigh'd.
Let man his steps with greatest caution keep,
Yet dangers still around him stray :
Oh, hapless fate that bids him strive and weep
Thro' life's deep-shaded treacherous way ;
Some oft we see who plans a wise design,
But cares not Caution's watch to keep ;
Nor marks his footsteps from the path decline,
'Till down he falls destruction's steep.
And some there are whose careless works approve

³ Apollo, patron of medical doctors.

A hapless end ; a tide of woe ;
Yet to their aid swift comes immortal Jove,
And deigns to bless their toil below.
Wealth has no bound in man's untired desire ;
No scope may check the longing eye :
Those who have most, feel most the wasting fire
Wherein the sons of Avarice lie.
Who can assuage the longing pangs of all ?
Say, who can please each panting breast ?
E'en in that wealth the Gods bid earthward fall
Deep-frowning evil stands confest.
And when imperial Jove commands his ire
In vengeance on these ills to fall,
His justice doth in various modes require
The atoning tribute due from all.

No. 2.

By will of Jove ne'er shall our city fall,
Nor of the Gods above ;
Athænian Pallas guards its circling wall,—
Child of immortal Jove.

But Athens' sons lead Athens to its fate,—
Betray'd by shining gold :
Deep-steep'd in vice the leaders of the State
Unnumber'd woes unfold.
From pamper'd wealth the city's ills arise,
And vices of the great ;
Whose foul-debauch infest the tranquil skies,
And plunder of the State.
Unmeasured outrage marks their course below ;
While every nerve they strain
To swell their power, and make their riches grow—
Their sacrilegious gain.
They rush along where pelf and ease command ;
And public stores invade ;
E'en sacred gold⁴ they grasp with perjured hand,
Unscrup'lous, undismay'd.
The halls of Justice crumbling in decay
All-reckless they behold ;
Nor deem the goddess⁵ takes th' ethereal way
Due vengeance to unfold.
The ills that flood her long-oppress'd domain
Her rising wrath engage ;
She comes to scourge this frightful lust of gain,—
This Heaven-defying rage.

⁴ Sacred property ; or gold devoted to sacred purposes.

⁵ The Goddess of Justice.

Thus o'er fair Athens devastation spreads
Her desolating wings ;
O'er all her bounds the growing mischief threads ;
The voice of Slavery rings.
Then discord wakes ; the notes of war resound
O'er all the hapless land ;
No more is heard the City walks around
The voice of friendship bland.
In conflicts wild the people all engage ;
The land with blood's o'erspread ;
And those who fall not in the battle's rage
To foreign chains are led.
Yes, public evils these ; and none can find
Protection from the blow :
The rich in vain hide bristling forts behind :
One fate meets high and low.
The gilded doors enfold their lords in vain,
And cloud-capp'd massive towers ;
Alike are found who struggle, or remain
In caves or sleeping bowers.
So prompts my mind that I those ills relate
Which uncheck'd violence brings :
The woes that foul unbridled licence wait
My warning accent sings.
But what pure joys from Order's empire rise
Let Athens' children know :

It brings down blessings from the favouring skies,
And heaven to earth below.
It smoothes all roughness, humbles towering pride,
And softens anger's voice ;
Bids social joys attend at Virtue's side,
And man with man rejoice.
The flowering buds of evil drop apace
Beneath its wholesome blight.
Of unjust laws it blots out every trace,
And rules the State aright.
Sedition's sprite and angry legal strife,
Relenting, own its power,
While sense and justice wait on human life,
And mark each passing hour.

No. 3.

IF sadness dwell within your suffering breast,
And sorrow hem you round,
Blame not the Gods. The foe that spoils your rest
Within yourselves is found.

Oppression's rod—the scourge of human peace—
 Yourselves alone do weave,
 Since who permits the despot's power t' increase
 Must be a self-made slave.
 In fox's path⁶ with careless steps ye go,
 Your hearts effeminate grown.
 Ye hang on lips whence artful accents flow,
 And Wisdom's voice disown.

No. 4.

THE driving snow, the force of pelting hail
 Are form'd in clouds on high ;
 The thunder's roar doth o'er the sky prevail
 When lightning flashes by.
 The stormy breath of gathering winds provokes
 The still, reposing deep.
 Thus oft the great o'er many a nation's hopes
 Bid mad destruction sweep,—
 When lack of knowledge drops a people low,
 And forethought yields no ray ;

⁶ *Fox's path*, the way of cunning, deceitful men.

But dull, flat folly motions them to go
 Beneath a tyrant's sway.
To give the people just and needful power
 Was still my earnest aim ;
Nor have I sought true honour to devour,
 Or merit's rightful claim.
With fond desire and never-tiring zeal,
 Encroachments I withstood ;
Taught Wealth and Power to serve the public weal
 And tend to common good.
I bade them both contend in Virtue's field,
 Her fruitful prize to win ;
I flung o'er both a firm, protecting shield,
 And rein'd injustice in.

No. 5.

LONG hast thou reign'd among thy kindred here,
 In heartfelt joy and peace.
Oh, may long years continue to endear
 Thee to thy Solian race !

For me may Venus, goddess violet-crown'd,
From this illustrious isle,
With sails outspread, and favouring gales around,
And Glory's dulcet smile,
Vouchsafe I may once more in safety see
My own dear native strand ;
Since I must now from Cyprus' bowers away,
And leave the pleasant land.

No. 6.

Oh, would I were of Pholegandrian race,
Or a Sicinites born ;
That life dawn'd first far from my native place,
In some far shore forlorn.
Far better this than e'er a Grecian name
Should live dishonour'd here,
And bear the weight of never-ending shame—
The price of coward fear.
Oh, no ; of me it never shall be said,
That, like a traitor vile,
In danger's hour from Salamis I fled,—
My lovely Grecian isle !

No. 7.

WHEN Time to men its mysteries shall unfold
My frenzy shall be seen ;
And Athens' sons shall then the *Truth* behold
As she steps in between.

No. 8.

No man is happy in this earthly sphere,
Where ills incessant flow :
The sun looks down amid his high career
On nought but human woe.

No. 9.

OH, may death come with sharply-pointed dart,—
Whene'er I part life's cares,—
To all my friends ; and thousand griefs impart,
And sorrow's pangs and tears.

No. 10.

WEALTH'S growing power full many a mischief
brings.

Ah, here what sorrows flow !
From her the train of pamper'd Luxury springs,
And all the ills below.

No. 11.

A YOUTH who now just counts his seventh year,
Tow'rds man's estate in rapid movement grows ;
Within his mouth the dental ranks appear,—
In Nature's mould full-cast the shining rows.
But when in time that rules revolving spheres,
By Heaven's decree and will of mighty Jove,
He numbers still seven superadded years,
Within his frame shall swell the heart of love.
The next seven years, or third septennial stage,
Shall mark his chin with down of varied hue ;
And strength of limb shall prove his growing age,
And give the youth of manly form to view.

In the next stage his greatest strength appears ;
In highest tide the vital current flows ;
Sure signs of prowess mark his mature years ;
And every part to perfect vigour grows.
The fifth septen'ry yields a thoughtful mind,
And bids each man the nuptial state embrace :
To social dues his soul is now resign'd,
For future times to propagate a race.
The sixth stage comes, and man more serious grows ;
The mind enlarged displays a nobler vein ;
Now deeds of worth a wise resolve disclose ;
And sink from view light Folly and her train.
The next appears, perfection strides along ;
At seven times seven stand forth in highest place
The brightest powers of reason and of tongue,
All mental force, expression's shining grace.
The eighth moves on,—ah, add two stages more,
Man's time is up, and closed the scenes below.
Nor at the ninth is all his vigour o'er,
Tho' Virtue's pace, and Wisdom's steps grow slow :
His strength now halts, his voice is on the wane :
To the tenth seven he bends in feeble state :
In moderate strength this post he may attain ;
And then full-ripe expect the stroke of fate.

No. 12.

The bounds of knowledge who can hope to know?—
Too hard the task for mortals here below
To mark the lines within whose limits lie
What shines alone to God's all-seeing eye.

No. 13.

Great God! the King, the powerful Lord of all
That dwell below on this terrestrial ball:
Whose power extends throughout all boundless
space,—
At which immortals tremble as they trace.

No. 14.

Th' immortal Gods no earthly eye can scan:
Unknown their ways, and dark to mortal man.

No. 15.

First to our aid by solemn prayer be won
The mighty Jove, old Saturn's powerful son ;
That by his laws on us he may bestow
Peace, plenty, joy, and honour here below.

APOLLO TO SOLON.

Be thine the task, devoid of trembling fear,
With steadfast mind the vessel's course to steer :
High in the midst be thou the pilot's guide ;
And Athens' sons shall labour at thy side.

SOLON.—No. 16.

How pleasing now to my fond heart are seen
Joy-giving Bacchus, and the Cyprian Queen :
The Muses, too, how grateful to my sight !—
These fill my heart with rapture and delight.

No. 17.

I'm growing old ; but as in age I grow,—
As move my footsteps to the shades below,
So after knowledge fondly still I yearn ;
And while I breathe I never cease to learn.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

(From the Greek of Simonides.)



HOW short in life do things retain their
place,—
How changeful ever are the human race.
And well the Chian spoke,—in phrase how true!—
These shifting scenes full-peering in his view,—
When he compared the foliage on the trees,
Which cadent yield to every passing breeze,—
To short-lived man, who sadly sighs and grieves
A moment here, then falls like forest leaves.
Few men now hoard this doctrine in their breast,
Tho' just the likeness, and correct the test.
For hope, which in the youthful bosom springs,
To every heart time's future rapture brings.
And each with joy the coming pleasure views ;
While hope's bright flower displays her roseate hues.
To fancied bliss his soul is all-resign'd ;
Nor needful care can settle on his mind.
Old age and death ne'er to his vision rise ;
But ceaseless raptures fill his swimming eyes.

Oh, Fools ! who'll not a calm reflection give
To that brief space allotted man to live ;
Nor learn that life, in Time's fast-hastening flow,
Is sadly brief to mortals here below.
That Youth's fair flower to earth inclining bends,—
Scarce peers its bloom ere all its brightness ends.
Let all these things be wisely understood :—
Learn truth in time ; and persevere in good.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

(From the same Author.)

No. 2.

IMMORTAL Jove, my son ! controls
Time's current as it onward rolls.
'Tis he alone life's scope can bound,
Whose pealing thunders swell around ;
Whose will, whose power, whose ruling might
Directs, controls, disposes right
All things that live, move, chance, arise
Beneath the wide-expanding skies.
Not e'en the mind to man is given
Unfetter'd by the voice of Heaven :
Ephemeral man ! he moves, he lives
Just as the mighty Ruler gives.
To him is mark'd life's span below ;
One inch beyond he cannot go.
But Hope divine, supremely blest,
Dwells gladsome in the human breast ;
And with a gay but bootless care
Plants fairest, brightest visions there.

Lo ! *this* but looks to one day's span
To reap the fruits his visions plan ;
And *this* far o'er a circuit runs,
Rejoicing thro' revolving suns ;
And in his bosom hap'ly hears
The voice that speaks of future years.
Thus each in Hope's high-favouring mood
Indulges in the coming good.
But, ah, Old Age with pace unseen
The promised joys steps in between ;
Unwish'd it comes, nor brooks delay,
To snatch the hapless man aw
Diseases too, grief, sorrow, pain,—
A frightful, blighting, sickly train
Come on apace ; and blustering Mars
With aspect fierce, and blood and scars.
Hence some are sent 'mid pain and woe
To people Pluto's shades below ;
And some deep in th' engulfing wave
From Ocean's king receive a grave,
Unable longer to engage
The tempest's howl, the storm's rage.
While others, suicidal, lose
Their breath, suspended from the noose ;
With impulse dark forsake the light,
And take to nether lands their flight.

Thus various woes are felt on earth,
Surrounding all of mortal birth ;
Afflictions dire, misfortunes fell,
Such as no human tongue can tell.
But he who would to me attend,
Would learn the counsel of a friend,—
Not to approach the paths where flow
The ills thou ; thickening here below ;
Nor wish the mind be press'd still more
By those which came unask'd before :—
We never should our sorrows nurse,
Or bid the evil rankle worse.

ON WOMAN.

(From the same Author.)

No. 3.



IN early time God first design'd
In separate forms the female mind.
One he produced from a fowl sow,
Whose bristles long o'erhung her brow.
Disorders in her house abound ;
All things lie scatter'd on the ground.
No squalid beast could e'er desire
A ranker store of filth and mire.
But she the mistress of the place
With garments foul, and dirty face,
Sits on her dung-hill quite at ease,
A growing heap of filth and grease.
A second from a fox was made,
In cunning, and sly arts array'd :
She is as various as the wind,
Malignant mischief in her mind :
Nought from her glance can hidden lie ;
Nor good, nor bad escapes her eye.

Not here or there can aught befall
But she must know and learn it all.
In Virtue's walks she's sometimes found,
But Vice is her own darling ground.
Scarce her own acts are in her power ;—
She turns, veers, changes every hour.

Another with a surly face
Is formed from the canine race :
To snarling, biting e'er inclined ;
In her is seen her mother's mind.
From place to place her eye she throws,
Yelping ever as she goes.
The neighbouring folks she gads among ;
And none escapes her vicious tongue.
Her husband's words are spent in vain
To make her cease her carping strain :
To calm her now he threats essays ;
And now tries soothing speech and praise.
'Tis idle all ; she rattles on
While she has breath to go upon.
Nor would her tongue one pause afford,
Tho' strangers sat around her board ;
Not, tho' her husband angry grown
Should break her jaw-teeth with a stone.
Her swelling passion rolls along,
While vollied threats the storm pro'ong.

Sprung from the earth another stands
Form'd by Celestials' plastic hands,
To hapless man an evil given
By the mysterious vote of Heaven.
From her incessant ruin flows :
Nor good nor bad this woman knows.
One thing alone is all her care,
To eat ; and when the wintry air
Somewhat of sharpness doth acquire,
She sits her trembling by the fire.

Behold another : it is she
Alas ! begotten of the sea.
To-day with pleasing, playful wiles,
And merry laughs, and sunny smiles :
And who beholds her in this mood,
Declares she is surpassing good :
And none at home more bland could be ;
'Mong men no sweeter soul than she.
But the next day she flares outright,
When none can bear the horrid sight.
Who looks, is seized with chilling fear ;
And none would dare to venture near.
She raves and rages, storms and yelps,
Just like a dog around her whelps.
She screams aloud, and spouts her gall ;
Alike implacable to all.

And none from her may favour claim,
Since friends and foes are all the same.
As the calm sea in summer-tide,
The cheerful sailors' joy and pride :
The waters like a mirror lie,
The silvery wavelets rippling by.
But yet the billows of the deep
Will oft in roaring masses sweep
When the loud whirlwinds headlong blow,
And rouse the slumbering depths below.
Such is this woman's changeful mood,
All rampant now, and now subdued.

The next appears ; in her is found
Material rare,—a strange compound :
Yet true it is which comes to pass,—
She's made from ashes and an ass.
In part adverse ; all free in part ;
Investing every act with art.
She does by pressing and from need
Whate'er the task to her decreed.
And by this course of toil and wile
She gains her husband's favouring smile.
But in some secret lurking-place,
Where none can learn her steps to trace
She hides herself in shades away,
And there sits eating night and day :

Tho' on the hearth and everywhere
She still will eat an ample share.
Besides a lustful passion reigns
'Thro' all her soul, and fires her veins ;
And her foul lust she will allay
With him whom chance may send the way.

Another comes, of sour, sharp face,
Descended from the weasel race ;
A hapless breed.—Now where can be
A more self-tortured wretch than she?
In her no pleasing traits you find,
Repulsive both in face and mind :
Nor smiling Venus e'er imprest
One amorous feeling in her breast.
Of the embraces love bestows
Not one endearing touch she knows.
With nausea and disgust o'erspread,
She turns her from her husband's bed.
And practised in delusive wiles,
The neighbours round her she beguiles.
She forms each scheme and secret plan
To rob and plunder all she can.
With splashy lips and glistening eyes
She views th' intended sacrifice ;
And ere the beast in offering fall
She watches, kills, and eats it all.

We next behold a tender fair,
With bearing proud, and lofty air :
Sprung from a mare of noble vein ;
With long sleek neck, and flowing mane ;
She proudly spurns all work and toil,
All household slavery and turmoil.
Indeed 'tis foreign to her will
To touch the bolter or the mill ;
To sweep and dust her house around ;
Or near the oven to be found.
Such cares she deems are sure disgrace,
And quite beside her taste and place.
For better things was she begot ;—
To keep her skin from stain and spot,—
From which she wipes the dirt away
At least full three times every day ;
And pours the sweetest ointments o'er
At each ablution as before ;
While round her spreads an atmosphere
Of richly perfumed fragrant air.
Her sleek-comb'd locks in tresses tend,
And shining o'er her temples bend
In rich festoons of fragrant flowers
Cull'd from the shelves of brightest bowers.
Thus high in tone this brilliant fair
Her husband's presence scarce can bear :

She hates, contemns him in her soul,
But strives her hatred to control :
She feigns respect with mimic sense,
And loves him out of mere pretence.
In short, this woman seems a sight
That fills a stranger with delight ;
And joy beams out from every eye
As this bright creature glistens by.
But sad the fate, and dark and drear,
Of him who owns this lovely fair.
To him she looks nor fair nor bright,—
An object odious to his sight ;
Unless he be whom such things please,
On whom mad Folly's fangs do cease,
Some reckless prince of shatter'd brain,
Or Satrap raving, wild, insane.

Look now ! oh, what a horrid shape !
Jove hath produced her from an Ape.
The greatest ill to men e'er given ;
In anger sent them down from Heaven.
Of shameful and misshapen face,
She moves about in every place.
With short thick neck, and cunning leer ;
Of every man the laugh and jeer.
She's body all ; no part's defined,
But all runs level down behind.

Unhappy man, whose lot may be
To meet so sad a destiny ;
To be so cursed by Heaven's high will ;
As to embrace so great an ill.
To working evil still she sticks,
With all the Monkey's arts and tricks.
Nor 'mid her schemes could any trace
One laugh or smile upon her face.
Towards all she acts with bad intent ;
To mischief she is ever bent ;
And pries about with zest accursed,—
Delighted still to do the worst.

Who now appears ? behold, 'tis she
Who takes her nature from the bee.
With virtue on her heart imprest,
She makes her husband happy, blest.
All vices keep far from her roof,
All gabbling nonsense, vile reproof.
Nought of disorder is found there ;
And all looks glad beneath her care.
Joy, peace, and hope her steps surround.
And lights of bliss are shed around.
Confusion from her fireside flies ;
Fair Order reigns beneath her eyes.
Her happy smiles bright pleasures win,
And purest blessings reign within.

Thus on she moves through life's career,
To her loved partner ever dear.
And as they walk the paths of age,
Declining downwards on life's stage,
Still closer grow the ties of yore,—
Endear'd, endearing more and more.
While round them spring in youthful grace
A beauteous offspring, lovely race,
Whose virtues shine with lustre bright,
Enrapturing to their parents' sight.
In sooth this woman's faultless mind
Distinguish'd stands above her kind ;
And deep within her soul we trace
A fount divine of heavenly grace.
Nor does she take delight to sit
With her own sex who sport their wit
In low debauch and converse rude,
Which gives to lust its fire and food :
Such she abhors, nor brooks delay,
But from their converse turns away ;
Disgusted with th' immodest vein
Pervading their venereous strain.
Such is this woman :—mighty Jove,
Regarding mortals from above,
Sometimes a blessing doth confer
On some, by giving wives like her.

But favour'd they above the rest,
In being thus supremely blest.
In short the female tribes are given
By the all-wise consent of Heaven :
And Jove directed his first care
To make all evil centre here.—
In woman lies full mischief pent,
Tho' seeming made for good intent.
The ill once shaped, he sent it then
A scourge amongst the sons of men.
But chiefly they the dark woe find,
Who once are to the evil join'd.
Who spends his noon and eventide,
A woman dangling at his side,
Ere day has closed will surely find
A cloud of woe o'erspread his mind :
Nor will she yet enlarge his store,
Or banish famine from his door.
Abhorr'd of Gods ! detested guest !
To household peace the deadliest pest.
Nay, when a man to pleasure woo'd
Resigns him to a cheerful mood ;
When hopes around would smiling seem ;—
His home, his lot, his friends the theme ;
He lifts his heart to God, and prays
For many such returning days ;

That his kind friends' affairs go well ;—
And feels his breast with rapture swell,
As his fond thoughts flow on amain
To his domestic joys again.
But she the partner of his care
Will dash at once the vision fair.
She points at faults, sees nothing right ;
And springs prepared for open fight.
Again when woman's in the way,
What man can due distinction pay
To guests, or give reception meet,
With manner, air, and tone discreet.
Nay more, e'en she who seems most bland
Cannot her sex's bent withstand ;
Her tone and air displeasure show ;
And from her lips revilings flow.
While her weak husband's blunted sense
Cannot observe the deep offence ;
But sits unconscious in his place,
With stupid look and gaping face.
Anon his neighbours all rejoice,
And raise aloud detraction's voice :
So proud are they that such a man
Should wander thus in error's van.
For every husband takes delight
To show his own wife in the right :

And loading others' with dispraise
Is a sure way his own to raise.
Doom'd as we are to the same lot,
Each man's own follies are forgot :
He searches all with keenest eye ;
But his own foibles can't descry :
And to his wife's defection blind,
Rejoices in his clear-seeing mind.
So Jove ordain'd ; and by his will
Exists this greatest earthly ill ;
Which to man's side he closely bound
With strongest chain drawn tightly round.
Released from which 'mid conflict go
Full many to the realms below ;
Where Pluto hails them fresh from strifes
Incurr'd thro' influence of their wives.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

(From the same Author.)

No. 4.

OF all the good sent down from Heaven
To man none better can be given,
To spread bright sunshine o'er his life,
Than this—a prudent, virtuous wife.
While 'mid the ills that cloud life's sphere
None sure is darker, more severe
Than a bad wife,—the deepest woe
And deadliest, man can have below.

The following are also from the same Author.

No. 5.—ON INQUISITIVENESS.

A MAN being mortal should forbear
To search the changes happening here
With curious eye ; nor strive to know
The moving spring of things below :—
Why changing scenes appear so rife,—
What bound is put to human life.
Since changes here as sudden spring
As insects mount on new-born wing.

No. 6.

None can on earth all spotless be,—
From guilt, and shame, and sorrow free.

No. 7.—ON DEATH.

Death captures all : and here must yield
He who escapes the battle-field.

No. 8.—A CONSOLATION.

Let one day limit all our woe
For him who seeks the shades below :
Nor should we, once our brother dies,
Grieve more for him, if we are wise.

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