

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1994

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

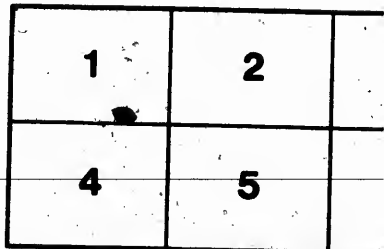
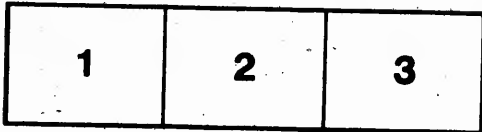
Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library
Baldwin Room

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



ed thanks

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la
générosité de:

library

Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library
Baldwin Room

quality
gibility
the

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le
plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et
de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en
conformité avec les conditions du contrat de
filmage.

e filmed
g on
Impres-
. All
on the
pres-
printed

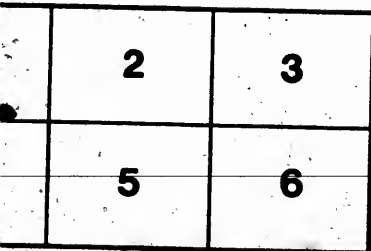
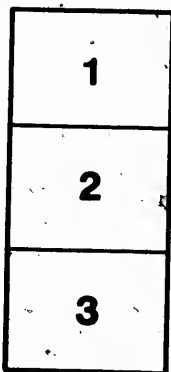
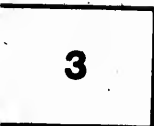
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en
papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant
par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la
dernière page qui comporte une empreinte
d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second
plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires
originaux sont filmés en commençant par la
première page qui comporte une empreinte
d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par
la dernière page qui comporte une telle
empreinte.

ne
CON-
ID"),

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la
dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le
cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le
symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

et
to be
d
ft to
as
the

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être
filmés à des taux de réduction différents.
Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être
reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir
de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite,
et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre
d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants
illustrent la méthode.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5

5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14.0

16.0

18.0

20.0

22.5

25.0

28.0

31.5

36.0

40.0

45.0

50.0

56.0

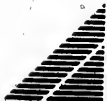
63.0

71.0

80.0

90.0

100



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482-0300 - Phone
(716) 288-5989 - Fax



#

THE

SPIRIT OF LOVE;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still and music of humanity.
Nor harsh, nor grating though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

WORDSWORTH.

"Man's age of endless peace,
Which time is fast maturing,
Will swiftly, surely come."

SHELLEY.

TORONTO:
PRINTED BY J. CLELAND, KING STREET.

1846.

REVOLUTION

1064

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—History, a Record of Crime—Society
 constructed in opposition to Nature—Picture of a Pro-
 stitute—Reflections arising from the foregoing Picture—
 Soliloquy of a Misanthrope—Aspirations after a Purer
 State of Society—The Suicide, with a Digression arising
 from the subject—The Patriot—An Address to Liberty—
 Local Reflections—The Ballad Singer—The Martyr—
 Power of Knowledge—Science, the Great Reformer—
 Conclusion.

THE
SPIRIT OF LOVE

The traveller shrouded in long night,
 Looks wistful for the coming light,
 Whose beams shall triumph o'er night's reign
 And 'wake the world to light again,
 So Virtue, 'mid a world of crime,
 Anticipates the joyous time
 When Love with all her beams unfurled,
 Sun of the intellectual world,
 When by codes and creeds unconfined,
 Shall shine o'er the wide realms of mind.

Be this my theme, may naught intrude,
 Unborn of beautiful and good,
 For if to vice my harp should lend
 One tone the monster to defend,
 Then would I tear its cords in twain,
 And never wake its soul again.

Tho' history's page is writ in blood,
 Polluted with a naughty flood
 Of vice, upon whose troubled breast
 The soul can find few spots of rest,
 Though her revealing truly tell
 How nations flourish'd and how fell.

How Virtue lived and was belied,
 And how she struggled and how died ;
 How Bigotry her brand has hurl'd
 At all the Saviours of the world,
 And planted thorns within the path
 Of every Child of Nazareth ;
 Forged fetters for the brave and free
 E'en in the name of liberty,
 And made dungeons the dwelling place
 Of the redeemers of our race ;
 But still, at intervals, a gleam
 Of love illuminates the scene ;
 E'en from the death of human hearts
 Some pure soul into being starts,
 Loves, weeps, and wearies for a day,
 Then dies of its own purity.

Society's every feature
 Proclaims treason against nature,
 And feeds the channels through which flow
 All human wretchedness and woe.
 What bosom bleeds not for the fate
 Of that houseless unfortunate !
 Yes ! there she stands, rest of her fame,
 Statue of sorrow, sin, and shame ;
 Yet in that form we still may trace
 The wreck of beauty and of grace.
 She hangs her head, as she'd elude
 The gaze of the cold multitude ;
 There is a lonely wretchedness
 Lurks in her eyes, a consciousness
 Of the wild fearful penalty
 Claimed from her by society.

Hope in her heart has died away,
 Each thought is born of gloom,
 Perchance, her mind has wandered on
 To her once loved—once happy home,
 There she may be reinstated—
 No! that home she desolated,
 Now there are tears upon her cheek,
 But though of penitence they speak,
 If she'd dare resume virtue's track,
 Society would hunt her back,
 Death is her only refuge now,
 I see him nesting on her brow,
 Poor thing! with life have quickly done,
 God may have mercy, man has none!

Yet a fond, anxious mother, smil'd
 Upon that being, when a child;
 Hope told her many a tender tale,
 How, as she near'd the gloomy vale,
 Of years, her darling child would be
 Her pride and her security,
 Poor wretch! and are thy dreams of bliss
 Summ'd up and ended all in this?
 Is this the triumph, God of Heaven!
 Of those who hope to be forgiven?
 O! then may virtue veil her face,
 And love weep for the human race.

O! wretchedness, where'er thou art—
 Whether gnawing the human heart,
 Or preying on the meanest thing
 Which crawls on earth, or soars on wing,
 Whatever form thou dost assume,
 Madness' stare, consumption's bloom—

Whether warring a parent's right
 Stealing lustre from beauty's eye,
 Or midst ego's wrinkles at play,
 Or prompting premature decay,
 Or sundering fond hearts far and wide,
 Breaking the knots which nature tied,
 Or, giving old discord a place
 In circles love was wont to grace;
 Or, making the hero a slave
 In the lov'd land he'd die to save
 In any shape, in any guise,
 Still, still "thou art an awful thing!"
 I scorn the philosopher who cries,
 Thou art a blessing in disguise,
 For all that lives, bows to a sense
 Of thy stern haggard countenance.

Earth, at most, is but a sea
 Of death and mutability,
 Her fairest forms, tho' young, tho' gay,
 Contain the gangrene of decay,
 But love, eternal love, elate,
 Sits smiling at the shafts of fate,
 And cannot, will not e'er depart
 From her own home—the human heart.
 Tho' hope, tho' ambition has gone,
 Yet love transcends, reigns alone,
 I've seen her busy in the mind,
 E'en of the hater of mankind,
 And recognized her genial ray
 In his wild, scornful gaze,
 Mocked he his own vanity,
 E'en while he'd e'er the villainise,
 — stood a nobleman, a nobleman

O! I have wandered far and wide,
 And I am changed in all, save pride;
 My feelings great are wither'd now,
 And care has nettled on my brow,
 And lacerated my warm heart,
 And gnaws it still, and won't depart;
 My friends I hope, and ambition's gone,
 And I am in the world alone.
 I bear its soulless mockery,
 But can't endure its charity;
 'Tis worse than scorn: I loathe to see
 Half mixtures of humanity;
 I'm sick of life, I loathe mankind,
 And I would wander far to find
 One, who, amidst this age of art,
 Maintains an uncorrupted heart,
 An unadulterated man,
 An adherent to nature's plan,
 Who scorns each motive which controls
 The world's cold calculating souls,
 Whose human social sympathies
 Are boundless as the universe,
 The virtue, manliness, and truth,
 Which the warm feelings of my youth
 Ascrib'd to the whole human race,
 I find have no real dwelling place
 In human hearts: accused self,
 And what this wicked world calls wealth,
 Are the true idols man has made,
 And to them devout homage paid,
 And all things, great, good, and divine,
 Are immolated to their vain pride.

O! why draw pictures of the stars, and I do
 While earth is with the truth as framed,
 While hoary sinners reap a blood, and I do
 And pilfer in the house of God, and I do
 While affections are bought and sold, and I do
 And consciences exchanged for gold, and I do
 While wickedness sits watching vice, and I do
 Leagued with her, brother avails, and I do
 While black robed knaves set up their gods, and I do
 To frighten and to fish the mob, and I do
 While bigotry doth forge her chains, and I do
 To bound man's intellect and range, and I do
 While brutish ignorance and pride, and I do
 Stalk elevated side by side, and I do
 While credulous, boundless charity, and I do
 Is but a mere necessity, and I do
 While stars and garters, crowns and kings, and I do
 And war's mad glories are the things, and I do
 The crowd adore, the virtuous breast, and I do
 Where love and hope have built their nest, and I do
 Must oft with indignation swell, and I do
 And call this world sufficient hell, and I do
 I have received the fable's shout, and I do
 Then, like a roe, am hunted out, and I do
 Of mine own hand, I sought to die, and I do
 Far, far from the specks of men, and I do
 Where my sick soul might never see, and I do
 Man's strokeless humanity, and I do
 Yet from me happiness still fled, and I do
 For I've been unto misery wed, and I do
 And if sorrow is still my fate, and I do
 Then I can quit it with a state, and I do

End

Earth was dark and dreary
 If love had not a dwelling there
 But wandering, like a lost and blind
 With beings they can not forget
 Whose existence was but longings
 After a purer state of things
 Yes, there are hearts which bleed for crime,
 Of every creed, of every clime,
 Both sceptic, Jew, and Christian—
 Creeds are as naught: heart every thing.

Earth has been shrouded in long night,
 But love proclaims the dawning light,
 And by her beams some souls have caught
 A glimpse of a new world of thought,
 Forms of transcendent loveliness
 Conceived within the deep recess
 Of genius, or of thought that flows
 Pure minds in an expanded form,
 Like guardian angels, lead the way
 Through her regions of purity
 Yes, mind is wrestling with sense,
 Nature has found an utterance
 In Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Scott,
 Combe, and our own Bard of Hope,
 Methinks I hear virtue's weakling
 Surely they have not lived in vain,
 They dwell with us, and have the time,
 When man shall cease vice and crime,
 When charity shall be the law,
 (For charity is the love of God)
 Like to a star, which shines in heaven,
 All other souls are but the moon,
 Which none but fools can know.

When in the inmost bowers of thought, attend
 Pure affection with knowledge fraught, and
 Shall build her temple, and embrace
 Adam's regenerated race;

Love, ever blessed be thy beam,
 The Poet's wildest, fondest dream,
 All that the sages long'd to see,
 Shall yet be realis'd by thee,
 Mind will attain its full stature;
 Truth, immutable as nature,
 Shall triumph; gory war shall cease;
 Joy, smiling in the lap of peace,
 Of true freedom, shall hail the birth,
 And fix her residence on earth.

Society her bounds may set;
 Love still finds some obscure outlet,
 She cannot, will not blot a name,
 Tho' link'd with deeds of sin and shame,
 E'en now I feel the goddess bleed,
 And all but justifies thy deed,
 Poor suicide! too weak to bear
 Thy burden, who will madly care
 Upon thy memory to brown,
 Because you boldly threw it down,
 Did domestic affliction rear
 Thy heart, O! couldst thou not bear
 To see existence, and live on,
 When all you liv'd on earth was gone?
 Perchance some spirit, some airy shade,
 Has call'd thee, some angelic guide,
 And left a price, a ransom, or
 Which none but spirits e'er can know,

It matters not, to thee it was woe,
 Which iron natures could not know,
 And colder souls lack will to burst,
 And still drag on their chains accur'd!
 Love but beholds thee quit thy load,
 And rush for refuge to thy God!

O! there are countless agonies
 Which the vile world won't recognise;
 O! there are emotions too deep
 For utterance, eyes which ne'er weep,
 Faces which wear joy's semblance,
 Whose souls are sorrow's residence!
 O! there are minds which are the prey
 Of affections, which gnaw away
 Their very being, and they die!
 And colder souls but wonder why!
 The joys, the sorrows they have felt,
 The holy shrines at which they've knelt—
 Their things of loveliness and worth,
 Are folly to the sons of earth:
 They know them not, they only see
 A madness in their misery.
 Flowers of the earth, hues of the sky,
 Where love and beauty mingled lie,
 The varied tones of harmony;
 Nor the voice of philosophy
 Can extort from their breasts a sigh.
 Wise ones of earth, I pity ye!
 I would not; no, I would not lose
 One moment's converse with the muse
 For your whole being, strife for wealth,
 To offer to the dull god—self,

Forms your existence, and ye die
Unknown to love and harmony!

Music, sure thy tones were given
That earth might taste a joy of heaven,
That mind might catch thy purity ;
For heaven itself is harmony,
Ere thou had'st birth, frail man, the child
Of darkness roam'd his native wild,
With soul uncultur'd as his soil,
Unknown to art, disdain'ing toil.
Then superstition, mad, tho' blind,
Was monarch of the human mind ;
Thy tones were heard, knowledge had birth,
Fair science deign'd to visit earth,
With her the young affections flew,
Bearing emotions sweet and new ;
By thy tones so full of feeling,
Pity sought an earthly dwelling ;
Love sprung to being in a sigh,
By thy delicious witchery ;
Thy tones are destin'd yet to be
More lov'd than shouts of victory—
More powerful over human hearts
Than hero's swords or warlike arts ;
And by the breathings of thy lyre,
The demon, discord, shall expire,
For earth's grown weary of the reign
Of madness, misery, and pain.

Love, thou'rt lovely in any mien,
But holy, yea sacred when seen
Burning within the patriot's eye,
'Midst the tears of humanity ;

I've seen thee busy in his breast,
E'en while his thoughts were thus express'd.

I'd rather roam a trackless wild,
From all society exiled,
Or dwell forever on the main,
Which all earth's tyrants cannot chain,
Than tremblingly the voice obey
Of any creature form'd of clay.
Yes; tho' in want! O! liberty,
I'd wander through the world with thee;
With thee I'd fear no tyrant's rod,
And bow but to the hand of God:
Thy temple is the universe,
And all that lives, thy worshippers.
The meanest captive eye can see,
Offers a sincere prayer to thee.
The captive bird, tho' prison born,
Methinks has sadness in its song;
What can these gusts of sweet sounds be,
But hymns warbled to liberty.

Where Wallace' oak, the patriot's pride,
Stand's tottering by the pathway side,
A giant semblance of decay,
Or Scotia's fading liberty,
A thousand times beneath that tree,
O! freedom, I have worshipp'd thee;
And then I deemed the very sod
Was sacred where thy hero trod.
O! yes; it was my first of joys,
When with a troop of wild school-boys
In mimic warlike pomp array'd,
We fought the Southern heath thy shade;

And sung, while to the charge we led,
" Scots who live in Wallace's blood."
 'Twas there I felt the patriot flame
 First burn within my youthful frame,
 (I feel its influence at this hour),
 And bow beneath its magic power;
 And when I see the sons of toil
 Famishing on their native soil,
 Or seeking forest solitudes,
 In hungry hopeless multitudes,
 To fight with a new train of woes,
 Or perish 'mid Canadian snows—
 The feelings that I caught 'neath thee,
 As fresh as in their infancy,
 Burst forth in aspirations vain,
 O! that thy hero liv'd again.

Tho' haunted by the steps of fate,
 Tho' wand'ring poor and desolate,
 Some form of lov'd recollection
 Haunts the ruins of affection,
 List to that poor ballad singer,
 Whose wreck'd powers can hardly bring her
 The very dregs of charity,
 O! 'twas not thus in thy young day,
 Poor Anna! many a heart beat quick,
 And many a pulse unused to it,
 When in thine own green native bower,
 You sung at evening's holy hour;
 Bent age and hoary infancy
 Listen'd enraptured to thy lay,
 Then to thy tale thou did'st impart
 A something 'yond the reach of art;

Thy spirit blended with thy voice,
 Whether you bade the heart rejoice,
 Or touch'd the cords of love and fear,
 Or dim'd the eye with pity's tear,
 I've listen'd while my young heart beat
 Most wildly, held communion sweet
 In that delicious dreamy mood,
 When all we know of pure and good,
 Is with us; what a piteous wreck,
 Low humming, as thy heart would break.
 Thy mournful tones have hush'd to rest
 The famish'd infant on thy breast.
 Now thou tun'st thy voice to gladness,
 Tho' thy soul's surcharg'd with sadness,
 The theme is love; thy tones aspire
 To something of their former fire.
 But e'en in this rebuff to care,
 I recognize thy voice, despair.
 Poor Anna! thine eyeballs are dim,
 And reason is wavering within;
 Yet still thy lineaments retain
 The glow of female pride and shame.
 Thy frenzy's of an holy cast,
 Born of, and living on the past,
 For him to whom thy heart was given,
 From thine arms, and his country driven
 To fight the battles of the few,
 Who will not deign to look on you?
 Hope, for awhile hush'd these alarms,
 All but restored him to thy arms.
 Then, with a woman's pride, you strove
 For that desperate thing of your love.

But alas! fond hope proved haggard,
 And the tale thy reason stagger'd;
 Then suddenly you quit your home
 A hopeless widow'd wretch to roam;
 Pursuing one wild form of bliss,
 The sport, the prey of restlessness.
 O love! thy form is ever fair,
 E'en tho' thus wedded to despair!

Love lights her torch, e'en at the fire
 Where martyrs to free thought expire.
 Gaze on this picture, it is fraught
 With food for philosophic thought,
 That poor victim, descried a ray
 Of pure divine philosophy,
 For which his home was a dungeon,
 Unvisited by the bless'd sun;
 His brow is wrinkled as with care,
 Yet resolution's enthron'd there.
 That eye is fixed, these lips are mute;
 There's eloquence he can't confute
 In yonder fire, whose lurid flame
 Shall ere an hour creep round his frame,
 Behind his back, his hands are tied,
 Which ne'er in sanguine hue were dyed,
 And why scorn'd by that multitude?
 He never was a man of blood;
 Ne'er dogg'd to death the stricken deer,
 Why, like it, must he perish here?
 What beings fit that pyre? 'twas man;
 And can he calmly die for them?
 Eternal love! thy sacred fire,
 E'en on that pile can mount far higher.

Than passions, can triumph o'er;
E'en over nature's agonies.

Earth has outgrown such damning deeds :
Still apostles to free thought bleed.

But knowledge and the sister arts
Shall people earth with human hearts
And sympathies, and make this hell
A heaven where happiness might dwell.
Even now mind is in motion,

And heaves like a troubled ocean :
Superstition's gory altar

Feels the shock ; her high priests falter ;
Temples reared by blood and lies,

Where mind is the great sacrifice,
Are tottering ; sceptres, crowns and kings,

With their weak bubbles ; all the things
Which men have worship'd, indicate decay,

And haste to nothingness away.
Science her conquering car has driven

Up to the very gates of Heaven
Made with an ail but divine

The lightnings, vassals of her will,
Earth's utmost bounds hath felt her power ;

Her ministers, each day, each hour,
Bear olive branches like the dove,

To heap upon the shrine of love.
Earth's love is overflowing ;

Beauty on each blade is glowing ;
The meanest thing beneath our feet

Bears something for affection meet.
Young gazes, bounding from her eyes

To wander amongst the forest leaves ;

The playful streamlet in a voice
Giving utterance to its joys;
The flowers that glad the solitude;
The minstrel voices of the wood,
In humble eloquence express
Affection, born of loveliness.
Follow nature, but not in books,
Go woo her for her winsome looks,
Array'd in beauty she appears;
But look beneath the robe she wears,
A thousand beauties unseen lie,
Or known but to the prying eye;
And voices, tones, and harmonies;
And exquisite analogies;
And fairy forms, and lessons rare,
Are scatter'd most profusely there.
Nature I love in all her moods,
In concerts as in solitudes;
In youth, O! 'twas a joy to me,
Where ocean roars eternally,
To wander lost in reveries,
As wild, as boundless as her waves.
Streams, torrents, forests, birds, and flowers,
And nature's everlasting tones—
Nay, all God's wondrous universe
I loved; yea, for its loveliness
And in my bosom dwelt a train
Of raptures I can't feel again.
The spirit's past; with her, my thought
Each flower it was with me;
I lov'd them; yea, as now I do,
And, to my young

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE OLD PRIEST'S TALE.

Father, why pass thy days in woe?
Life's pleasures, comforts, why forego?
No secret vice, no sin, no crime
Can stain a soul so pure as thine;
Then why in melancholy mood
Dost thou so oft seek solitude?
Why shun mankind and ever wear
The lineaments of fixed despair?
Thy virtue, and thine order claim
Respect, unsullied is thy fame.
Cease, cease my child, thou know'st me but
As an old priest: thou know'st me not.
'Twas remorse forced me to assume
The saintly phiz and garb of gloom!
Come listen, while I truly tell
How from a state of bliss I fell.
To weary souls 'tis a relief,
By tales or tears to vent their grief
To some sweet soul of sympathy
Who would not for a world betray.
But I have waded through long years,
Without that sweet resource which cheers
The virtuous, and in secrecy
Have wreath'd my head with misery:
Long I have tried, but tried in vain,
To hunt remembrance from my brain.

And from my weary soul to force
The gnawing demon of remorse;
I've tried repentance, penance, prayer,
But still the gloomy fiend is there,
Gnd mocks me, and will not depart,
Nor grant e'en vacancy of heart.

My native land is far away,
A land of "mists and mountains grey;"
O! gladly would I quit this plain
For her rude rugged rocks again;
The cataract's roar, the thunder's shock,
The eagle screaming on the rock,
E'en in remembrance yield delight,
And waft her glories to my sight.
Tho' fame consecrates Grecian urns,
The land of Wallace and of Burns,
With tenderer ties my heart has bound;
To me 'tis sacred, holy ground.
Her simple songs do please me more
Than lays bedeck'd with classic lore.
When first her strains on my ear stole,
They breath'd an influence o'er my soul,
And bound me with a magic band
To thee, my lov'd, my native land.
I never hear a Scottish strain,
But makes me feel quite young again;
I never hear a native air,
But youthful forms are smiling there.
Yes; forms of love, and hearts of trust
Which time has long laid in the dust,
Again, as of old re-appear,
And claim the tribute of a tear.

O ! if in earthly forms there be
 Aught which exists eternally ;
 O ! if to weary souls is given
 A calm, an intellectual heaven,
 Where, freed from every earthly pain,
 The lov'd, the lost shall meet again,
 There let me meet my Helen dear,
 Whose death made me a wand'rer here !
 I see her as when first we met,
 (Tho' 'twere happiness to forget,)
 The tartan of the Cameron
 Was loosely o'er her shoulders flung ;
 Her hair was jet, her forehead high,
 And tho' the Celt lurk'd in her eye,
 Yet it but added a wild grace
 To features of her mountain race ;
 Her form to the majestic 'rose ;
 Her breast, pure, as her mountain snows ;
 Her soul, tho' it had felt few shocks,
 Was like the torrent 'mongst her rocks,
 Pure, but impetuous, yet was turn'd
 To virtue, in her cause it burn'd ;
 She knew no creed, yet scar'd away
 The eagle hov'ring o'er his prey.
 Hers was the land of rugged forms,
 Of danger mid' careering storms,
 Which tun'd her soul to piety ;
 Or reverence of sublimity ;
 For she was nature's devotee,
 From ev'ry man's worship free.
 She had a brother whom she lov'd,
 But he our mutual flame receiv'd,

He tried each art to blight my fame,
 And triumph'd in my sister's shame;
 And ah! methought I could have borne
 Torture in its most horrid form;
 But this I could not bear, to see
 The playmate of mine infancy
 Skulk to her tomb, amid the jeers
 Of a rude world; the only tears
 Were by my widow'd mother given,
 Who quickly followed her to heaven.
 Love and revenge within my breast
 Like demons wrought, I could not rest,
 Nor quiet the wild strife within;
 My love for her, my hate for him—
 And long I paus'd upon a deed!
 I ne'er saw human being bleed
 Before. But here I cannot dwell;
 Enough that by this hand he fell.
 I struck him, and I saw him die,
 And triumph'd in his agony.
 He pray'd for mercy, begged for time
 To repent of his horrid crime;
 Then talk'd of heaven, if he went there,
 He went with an unfinished prayer.
 I beheld, with the morning's ray,
 My native mountain fade away;
 I cared not to which spot of earth
 The winds might waft me. What's life worth,
 When from all that we worship torn?
 It matters not to what land blown,
 I cannot tell how long I lay
 Unconscious of the light of day.

For in my soul, I was so bound
 For aught, scarce still I thought I found
 Methought I sought for, I had lost my way,
 And grop'd on in uncertainty,
 At length, the glimmer of a light
 Afar off, struck upon my sight,
 And then it brighten'd into day,
 I 'woke 'mongst shrieks of agony,
 Some lawless rovers at that sea
 Were struggling for the mastery,
 Instantly to the deck I flew,
 Scarce had the carnage met my view,
 When suddenly I found a dart
 Had pierc'd, and seem'd to probe my heart:
 I felt my reason ebb again,
 And with it consciousness of pain,
 At length, strange sounds rung in mine ears,
 Methought my old mother, in tears,
 Came to me, and cross'd by her side
 My lov'd, but now forsaken bride,
 Who, with tears, seem'd to chide my stay,
 And strove to hurry me away,
 I 'woke within the palace hall,
 'Midst revelry of merriment and glee,
 And yet I almost bleed to see
 For I had now grown desperate,
 Here were villains, who had done
 Whom I could never see again,
 And I, too, was a slave to sin,
 A secret accomplice of guilt,
 Proclaim'd this dark society,
 The best, fate could have done to me,
 I never could have done to me

I will not retract years of exile,
 Where precepts, human and divine
 Were scorn'd; Society full well I know
 Influences for weal or woe;
 For mercy long I did my best,
 Then paused, wav'ring, kill'd like the rest
 Our Captain, of herculean mould,
 Was fierce, ungovernably bold;
 And tho' his eye seem'd half asleep,
 There was a curl on his lip
 Which spoke a soul us'd to command;
 And told you he could wield a brand,
 Fear was a feeling he ne'er knew—
 He'd tell the strongest of his crew—
 A word, a murmur, yet a look,
 Instantly met his stern rebuke,
 It e'er he dream'd of future harm,
 He trusted to his strength of arm;
 He loved me, but he struck me once—
 I thought my very heart would burst—
 'Twas the first time that ere I wept,
 For I would not be tamely whipt.
 In those days pride had prompted me
 To wrestle with a deity;
 I sprung upon him with a yell,
 We wrestled; we together fell;
 Vainly the crew would interpose—
 He struck them from him while he rose;
 Then with a snarl his dagger drew,
 While mine forth from his scabbard flew—
 We met in silence, foot to foot,
 I never can forget that look,

The fury of a fear, it was no more
 For he had seen her face before
 I watched the motions of his eyes
 He struck at me, the deed was done
 For pride and passion married he
 I wheel'd and struck him to the ground
 His breast gave one convulsive swell
 "He reeled, he staggered, and he fell"
 With a long groan resigned his soul
 Yet looked the demon on in scorn
 Quickly I seized a poisoning brand
 The dagger dropping in my hand
 I've struck a tyrant, and will strike
 The first who dares dispute my right
 Yet the men shew'd no signs of grief
 But instantly hail'd me their king
 Mine was a wild, a reckless hand,
 As e'er wielded against feeble kind
 And yet a bond of brotherhood
 Existed 'mongst the children of blood
 And at long intervals some spark
 Of feeling in their nature's dark
 Some virtue, rooted firm as stone,
 Which crime could not eradicate
 Yes; I have seen the blush of shame
 At mention of a mother's name
 Lurking in eyes which looked no more
 Of sanguine hue, as a past time
 He'd cry, while burning tears would start
 I loved her, but I wrong'd her heart
 And to me 'twere sweetest to be told
 That she'd ne'er know I was a villain bold

From our long sleep we waken'd
 We crept into the room to see
 To many a dead man's face
 At dead of night, with murder'd
 But on each scene I cannot dwell
 Enough? Those who resisted fell
 But there is one in memory set,
 Death only can make me forget
 Our spies, through the houses of the wall
 Which vainly strove to count the pale
 She was a noble lady, and
 We captured her while she was dark
 I left my staff and sword behind
 Waiting the booty to be found
 The prize is mine, a Spaniard said
 I rescued, and will have the maid
 Then keep her, Spaniard, if their cause you will
 (From their throats, they danger glance'd)
 She is part of the common spoil,
 And must be sold to some poor wretch
 The trembling captive pale and mute
 Stood listening to the fierce dispute,
 Chance threw a dagger in her way,
 Unobserved by these hosts of prey
 She seized it, put the point to rest,
 By plunging it in her breast
 The sound of arms came on mine ear
 Then instantly I turned to see
 Tho' I had wish'd to see her kill
 Somehow by her hand she fell
 And there she lay, her blood
 And life was gone, and she was dead

Injured, ill-fated thing I said I woke from
But at the sound of my dear name
And gazed around me with a wondering eye
Betrayed a smile which I had never seen
A something I had never known
And loved, despite my former hate
Remembrance, that she had been
The perished happiness of long years
My love! she cried, O man, still
That I am, thus forsaken
Calmly the sorrow which I bore
I bore; but she would not
Year after year, I was
Thy lonely sea-side place
And thus to meet. She slowly sighed
Then hung on my neck, and died.

Then I saw her in my dream
And wavered a moment
For one wild thought
Something I had never
'Twas a moment when I
Then madly was I hurried on
I knew not whence I came
So that mine object was
A fury followed in my
I could not, dared not
I cannot see her
In this wild moon
At length a sense
Which seemed to pierce
I grasped, and made
This was the way

I woke from my slumber, and beheld
 A Nun who, standing over me, had said
 Methought her hair, a golden ringlet
 From Heaven's crown, had fallen down;
 Since then, my spirit is so bound,
 Hope touch'd, and all my thoughts are dead,
 Tho' I should see the face of God,
 Yon spirit would not come to me,
 And still the visions of the past,
 O'er which a veil is laid, and
 Despite my will, my heart is torn,
 I gaze upon them with aching eyes,
 For sorrow and regret, that bring
 Yet in my soul, a glow of love,
 And this I slowly say to thee,
 The friends who once were mine, are
 And my young bird of beauty is no more,
 Still, still my heart is torn,
 For I dream, that I see thee,
 For one who is so dear,
 And if e'er I should see thee,
 Still, still my heart is torn,
 And like their own, my heart is torn,
 O the feelings that are mine,
 For the spell of love, that
 They were pure as thy waters, and
 And had birth upon my heart,
 There are flowers in the desert,
 On which the bee is wont to
 There are shrines of love,
 And idols of worship,
 Yes, tho' the world is full of
 There are lovers, who are
 Whose hearts are torn,
 Yet the feelings immortal, and never can die.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF

Here lies an ~~illustrious~~ hero
Yet he's ~~remember'd~~ in every
Though slaves have been his stepping stones
O'er which he ~~travell'd~~ in glory
And yet the ~~teiling~~ millions ~~know~~
And hail'd him as a hero
Tho' by their blood his fame was rear'd,
And just a second Nero.

O that the teiling millions knew
That ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~is~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~
Then would the crown'd and tild few
From ~~his~~ ~~grave~~ ~~rise~~ ~~up~~ ~~and~~ ~~call~~ ~~him~~ ~~lord~~
There ~~he~~ ~~should~~ ~~be~~ ~~as~~ ~~our~~ ~~king~~
Who ~~is~~ ~~as~~ ~~good~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~slaves~~
Yet o' each lot and dainty thing
Be ~~as~~ ~~careless~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~grave~~ ~~stone~~

I'd kneel in presence of Great God
In ~~his~~ ~~supplication~~
But to kneel to a brother clad,
I'd ~~rather~~ ~~wear~~ ~~the~~ ~~iron~~ ~~chain~~

How long, O Earth, shall man oppress
His ~~neighbour~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~hand~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~neighbour~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~hand~~
How long shall the cry of distress
Ascend ~~to~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~'s~~ ~~palace~~?

Did God create that man should crush
His ~~unoffending~~ ~~brother~~ ~~to~~ ~~death~~ ~~and~~ ~~ruin~~ ~~and~~ ~~ruin~~ ~~and~~ ~~ruin~~
The charge would ~~rather~~ ~~be~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~devil~~ ~~blush~~,
And ~~stick~~ ~~up~~ ~~for~~ ~~his~~ ~~honour~~.

And yet we're ~~gravel~~ ~~and~~ ~~sold~~ ~~by~~ ~~some~~ ~~one~~
O may that ~~be~~ ~~some~~ ~~one~~ ~~who~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~yet~~ ~~born~~
When we're oppress'd, we should sing dumb,
And for't we'll get to heaven.

But he's made heaven o' this earth,
And ~~grain~~ ~~d~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~and~~ ~~stars~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~;
And ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~and~~ ~~stars~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~;
Fu ~~dearly~~ ~~they~~ ~~are~~ ~~care~~ ~~of~~;

THE SONG OF THE BIRD

Wit' arives we derive wisdom
Yet for his sake we must be bold
With a good will and a good heart
Then who would long the hour of absence,
Because poor is his station:
'Tis he who bears the burden of the world
That grieves the heart of man
That grieves the heart of man
That grieves the heart of man

REFLECTIONS ON LEAVING SCOTLAND

I left my dear home with a sorrowful heart
And faced life and ocean's rough dangers
To seek for the land of the living
In a land far away
I parted from all whom I love
Three sisters I love, and a brother
And memory has engraven on my forehead
Which burst from the heart
And were it the first time that she died
How calm could I now think
Though reckless I've been, yet all are not dead,
In this heart which never stops
O! the sigh that she heave'd was a sigh which burst forth
From the inmost recesses of feeling
And still in the midst of wild sorrows
I list to the sighs of the wind
From the hill's verdant side I look'd a look on the scene,
Of my youngest, my dearest, my only
When a cloud intercepted the dancing sun beams,
Like a fire with a holy light
And what is existence if not of the sea
Which should bind all mankind to each other
When truth, love, and friendship is the bond
'T were better to quit for another

THE VOICE OF NATURE

THE VOICE OF NATURE

Withdrew the curtain, and
Once more upon the world
Let me have one long view
With nature's beauties ere I die.

Upon the lattice, let the breeze
Of ocean fan my fever'd cheek;
Let her awful, eternal voice
Once more my prison'd spirit greet.

Let me behold the sun go down
Beyond my highest mountains blue;
A scene from which in infancy
I holy inspiration drew.

E'en then watching thine own part,
Big tears a downy cheek would steal,
Of honey'd hours, of raptures
Ere thou, poor soul, wert seal'd.

Ah! my weak eyes are overpass'd
E'en by that passing faint sunbeam,
But in spirit I'll follow it
By lake, by mountain, wood and stream.

O! I have knelt at nature's shrine,
Four seasons, yet without alloy,
The while my knees are crown'd
With something deeper far than joy.

The seasons in their dwelling dance;
Infant spring with her fragile form;
Methon autumn with her golden race,
And heavy winters with his storm.

The joyous dwellers of the woods,
The sportive dancers of the stream,
The drowsy bees which pulse and hum,
Laughing earth's universal green.

The shades of eve, the shades of dawn,
The moon's pale light, the stars of night,
The day's calm, the day's bright
The sun's bright, the sun's bright



The roar of tempest, the wild
Of tempest, hurrying along,
Strain'd my heart, which instantly
Remember'd its own
Bring me wild flowers, like my hopes;
They'll perish while their forms are new;
Aught I ere lov'd I cherish still,
Even tho' false and untrue
When all forsook me, these wildings
I my belov'd companions made;
My native melancholy they
Ting'd with a deeper, darker shade.

I hate not man, tho' demons like
He's dogg'd my spirit to its goal;
I love nature, in her temples
I've had sweet seats of the soul;
O! I have oft had visions high,
Of gorgeous worlds, of realms of bliss,
Hope thither points, yet loth I leave
A world as beautiful as this.

SONG OF THE WIDOW.

Of my hopes, of my household, I've witnessed the wreck,
Tho' the last flowerer laid this heart would not break;
To my soul thou wert sunshine, a father, a joy,
O! thy dead father's badge, my yellow hair'd boy.
Thine eyes had their radiance, thy smile all day,
And thy young laughing spirit all joyous as day,
With the rose and the lily gem'd all from thy cheek,
O, my child! thou wert dying, why wast thou'd weep?
And sighs born of sorrow, were strong from thy breast,
Where joy with her smiling train long was guest;
Madness came in fits, and wrings in thy hair,
But so tendered with kisses had weath'rd the name,
O! are my tears, my sighs, my wail, my sigh?
And is heart, my heart, my heart, my heart,
Is the heart, my heart, my heart, my heart,
And the heart, my heart, my heart, my heart?

O then let me perish, 'ere I've reach'd the shore,
 And in death let me dwell with those I hold dear—
 Soon may our dust mingle in the silent tomb,
 And our souls where a glorious immortality bloom.

THE SAGE.

I've floated down the stream of time
 And gas'd upon life's rugged shore,
 And mark'd these scenes of blood and crime,
 Which all must witness who explore.
 I've seen the bigot at his shrine
 How! praises to an imag'd God,
 I've tasted of the bliss sublime
 Which pure philosophy bestow'd.
 I've studied man, I've scan'd the world,
 Which is but one wide battle-field
 Where knavery has her flag unfurl'd,
 Where virtue's uses vice must yield.
 I've seen the holy men of God
 Combine to smother human thought,
 In angel's I've exclaim'd aloud,
 Setting their shroudings at naught.
 Shall man for aye be bound to earth
 By man in a tyrannic chain?
 Did nature mean us brutes at birth?
 Were freedom's battles fought in vain?
 Shall mind, which weans our souls from earth
 Be tramm'd by the paltry law?
 And virtue, talent, genius, worth,
 Be strangled by the damned crew?
 And must the industrious millions still
 Eat of the husbandman's bitter bread,
 And happiness hang on the will
 Of a few who work all God's and

ADDRESS TO SCIENCE

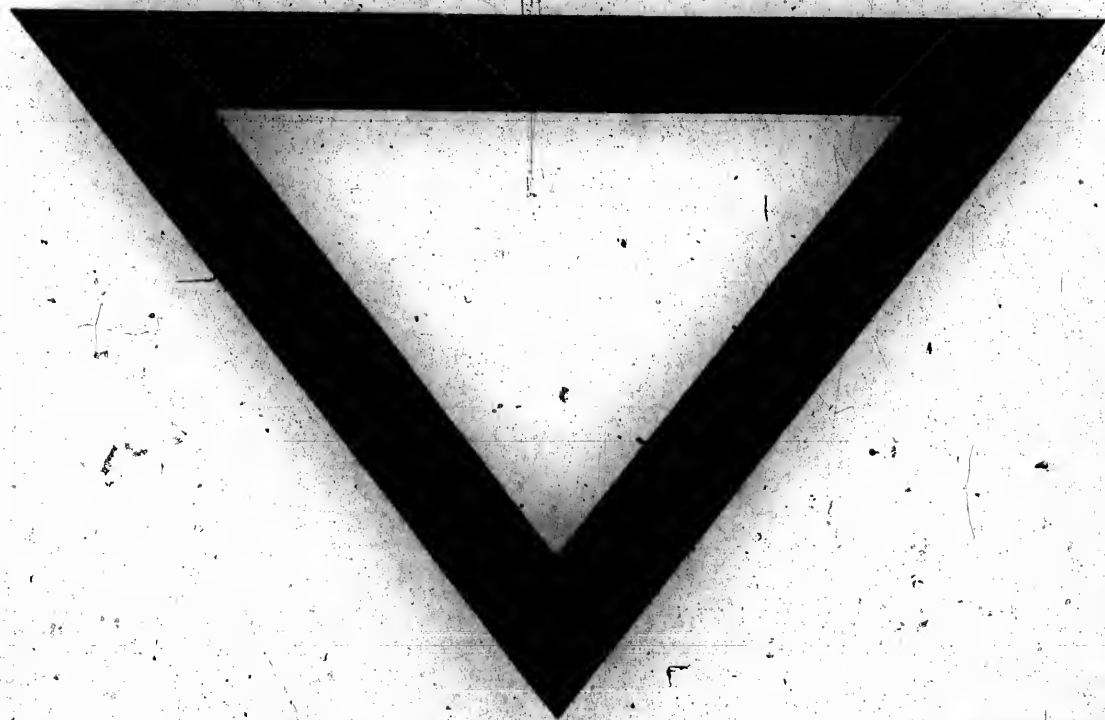
At thy command a race shall rise
 Link'd in the bands of harmony
 Adorn'd with all the gorgeous dyes
 Of pure, divine philosophy—

When vice with he ensnaring wiles,
 And crime shall have forever gone—
 When sorrow's cheek will assume smiles,
 And misery be a name unknown—

Long has this lovely world of ours
 Been shrouded in a monkish gloom,
 But mind shall nip the poisonous flowers,
 And smile o'er superstition's tomb.

The tyrant's arm shall lose its might,
 The captive'll his chains farewell,
 And priestly power shall take its flight,
 And knowledge quench the bigot's hell.

Never till priestly power departs
 And writh'd superstition dies,
 Shall virtue smile o'er union'd hearts,
 And earth become a paradise.



1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100