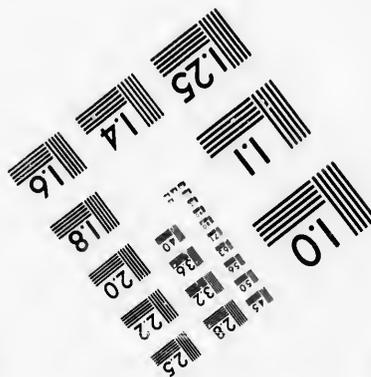
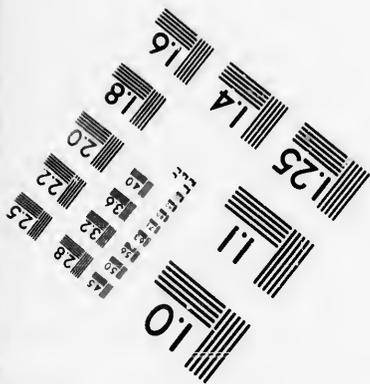
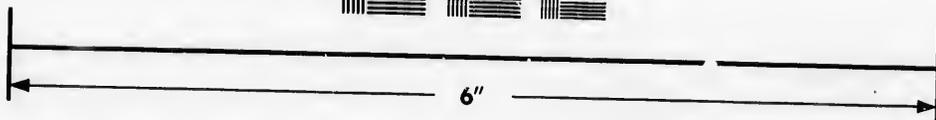
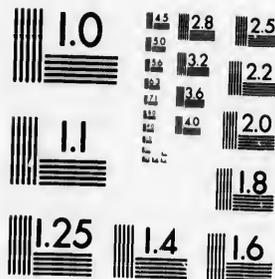


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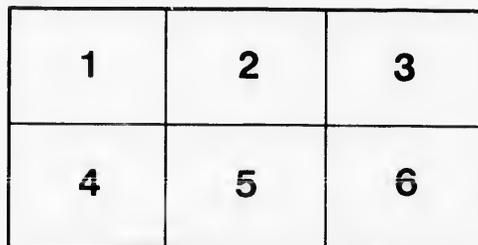
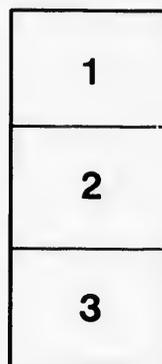
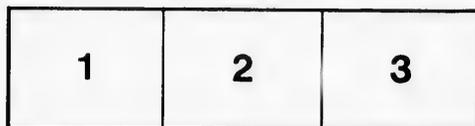
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**P O E M S**

AND

**F R A G M E N T S ,**

BY

DANIEL HAYDN MAYNE.



**Toronto,**

PRINTED BY W. J. COATES, KING-STREET.  
1838.

8.

**THESE**

TO  
MR. GEORGE LARMONT,

FARMER,

*Isleworth*

WHITCHURCH;

THESE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS

ARE

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

D. H. MAYNE.

1838,

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TO MR. GEORGE LARMONT.

MY DEAR LARMONT,

I have at length ventured to come forth,  
and commence the matter by giving you, according to your desire, the lines which, I wrote on the blank leaf of your Buchan's Domestic Medicine, in 1831,

The trees held out their bushy arms  
To screen me from the noon-tide heat,  
As far I strayed from fertile farms  
\*Where peaceful children hold their seat.

I miss'd their feast ; ah ! sinful me,  
And lost my way in yonder wild ;  
The brambles used me cruelly,  
And deem'd not I was nature's child.

But sunshine follows after rain,  
Wakefield I saw at close of day,  
There George and Marg'ret eas'd my pain,  
And made me glad I'd lost my way.

---

\* Alluding to the Religious body of that name.

And tho' I'm far from Scotia's shore,  
 Where nature reigns in aspect grand ;  
 Wakefield I count thy beauties o'er,  
 And seem as if on fairy land.

Then let thy downy glens still bloom,  
 Thy matrons ever kind and cheery,  
 Revive the trav'ler clad in gloom  
 Who sinks upon your green sod weary.

The rest of the pieces with the exception of about a dozen pages have been written since, and regarding them, I believe the less I say will be the better. The Red Deer, however, and the Deserted Girl, the Mark of Riches, and all the others, except those that depict a thought from a well known thing, have no other assistance than my own imaginings; except it be, that the dispersing of the Red Deer's Tribe at the sound of the War-cry, looks something like the incident, of Wallace sending his men by two and two, to see what occasioned the blowing of the horn, near Lochleven Castle, before he saw the ghost of Fawdon. The groaning of the earth, also,

in the Deluge, may make it appear, that I have copied from Byron ; but had I read "Heaven and Earth" twelve months earlier, I never would have dared to have spoken upon a subject, which was opened afresh by that Lord of Poets.

The Comparisons were written because I wanted to see, if I could enter into the spirit of that kind of poetry. I would keep out *Han Ve Dere*, only that I think it contains some sentiment.

What I have said of *Mary Stuart*, agrees with the character which the late history gives her ; and the scene at the Lake of Killearny, is the prelude to a Wild Legendary which I often heard when I was a boy.

I do not know that I can say much more to the purpose, concerning them, and will therefore conclude this epistle, by returning you my warmest thanks, for the unvaried support which you have given to my feelings, since the evening that I rested me on the green slope of Wakefield, where I first became Your devoted servant,

D. H. MAYNE.

Toronto, Nov. 1838.

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## INVOCATION.

The beauty of your hill ye sisters nine,  
Which towering looks o'er Phocis' sunny plains ;  
Will not allow this infant pen of mine,  
To ask your aid, tho' bound in prosy chains.

Lowly I rest ye muses, for I know,  
I may not dare to tread your windings green ;  
And yet my thoughts would fain in numbers flow  
As here I spend the hours unheard, unseen.

Then off to other waters let me go,  
And there assisted string my shatter'd harp,  
There let me strike the cords with joyous hope,  
Secluded in the forest let me sing.

O Sacred Thought ! devotion of my mind !  
Be near me and assist the power of sense :  
Lay down thy undivulged mystic lore  
Upon my panting tablet : fragile nerves  
Feel soft the tide, nor force me headlong on  
As ye were wont to shatter more my harp.

Then rise my verse, in liquid numbers rise,  
Ere the first dawn of feeling faint again.

As soon as morning draws the vapour up,  
And leads it captive thro' the blessed blue,  
So soon let thoughts of mine dispel the mist  
Which deadly coldness spreads upon the soul ;  
Nor let me listen to you little bird  
Without due contemplation,

For first the tide of sense must flow in praise ;  
So says serenity with aspect mild,—  
If not in praise, the light that fills the mind,  
Looks dark as earth, when winter kills the flowers,  
Yes raise the soul and nature will look bright,  
The birds sing sweeter on the cherry tree ;  
The glowing air will lead to purer joy,  
As in your path the sweets of summer lie ;  
The brook will carry tidings in its march,  
And prattle sweetly as it winds along ;—  
Silver sounds shall float upon the air,  
And virtue have her pay before the time.

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The mist hath fled before the powerful sun,—  
I'll forth, but first I'll drink my bitter herbs ;  
Simply infused they bore the children up,  
Who panting lay on dry Arabia's waste :  
Then cull them when the morning zephyr blows ;  
Cull them when the daylight mildly beams ;—  
Yet not when Sol throws up his chariot sash,  
Nor when his horses blow a fiery breath.  
Beware of night when Cynthia breaks the cloud,  
Which strove to hold her down on heaven's brow,  
For poison lurks in beauty ; Cynthia's gaze  
Like seraph woman's smile, may shoot a sting  
Will settle on the vitals, causing death  
To those, who swim the stream of ecstasy.  
For 'tis so sweet to see her modest pace,  
To view her tresses wave upon the night ;  
To look at wood and lake while on she glides,  
And beams her softness on enamoured minds :—  
Enamoured votaries, alas ! how pale  
They've grown, for loving her was queen of dew.



## THE RED DEER,

OR

CHIEF OF THE LOST TRIBE ;

*Giving some account of what happened to him  
after the death of his father the Buffalo.*

## I.

The Red Deer all in silence knelt  
Above his father's grave,  
The Red Deer rose and fixed his belt  
And left earth what she gave.

The Red Deer sought to be alone,  
Perchance a blasted tree  
Might better hear a chieftian's moan,  
Than Indian war hearts free.

Alone he walk'd, alone he sigh'd ;  
Now fury o'er him hung,  
And sitting on a green hill side,  
His father's dirge he sung.

## DIRGE.

1

Dead, dead is the tree of my love,  
 And burnt is my cabin of joy ;  
 The night bird flits thro' the green grove  
 And freezes my blood with its cry.

2

Hark ! hark, 'tis his war-cry, no-no,  
 'Tis the rushing of blood o'er my brain ;  
 And my ears ringing loud to each throw,  
 Confusion comes o'er me again.

3

No, no ! he is mute as the tree,  
 That once whoop'd so shrill as it grew ;  
 And wav'd its green plumage so free ;  
 The pride of the forest to view.

4

He is mute as that tree where it lies  
 Unconscious of lights blessed ray ;  
 The beauty which nourish'd these eyes ;  
 Is lopp'd by the breath of decay.

5

I bend me above the clear brook,  
 I see his fine lineaments there ;

c

E ;  
 ed to him  
 Buffalo.

elt

But quickly I turn from a look,  
Which only increases despair.

6

I start at the sound of the thrush,  
But anguish awakes in my mind ;  
The footstep is lost in the bush,  
I oft traced so fondly behind.

7

I grieve for my paddle is broke,  
My boat rushes down the dark tide ;  
My spirit sees Destiny's rock,  
And powerless I'm drawn to its side.

8

Let a change come on things which are seen,  
'The race of the Buffalo's done ;  
Let me never be what I've been,  
Let every thing feel he is gone.

---

So sad he was, while th' Whip-poor-will,  
Peep'd out beneath the day :  
While dew-drops fell and 'gan to fill,  
His wolf skin as he lay.

So sick he grew, and tho' a pause  
 Came in between his grief,  
 He soon return'd to nature's laws,  
 For grief gives grief relief.  
 And thus—

## 1

My bow which formerly so tight  
 Was bent, now lies 'midst leaves unstrung ;  
 My arrows now are out of sight :  
 No more I'll sing as my father sung.

## 2

The tallest plume that deck'd my head  
 Has fall'n and bears the mark of earth ;  
 The fire is out which burn'd so red ;  
 'Tis gone, the star that rul'd my birth.

## 3

'Tis out, and all I will be now,  
 Is but a fire fly spark in spring ;  
 The light in turning, now may shew,  
 And now, I sink, a rayless thing.

## 4

But while there is a sparkle left  
 To light me, I will use my power ;  
 A hundred heads of scalps bereft,  
 Shall keep my father's fun'ral hour.

## 5

And let the wind which smote my crest,  
 Blow o'er me still with howlings wild :—  
 Arouse thee peace ! from thy place of rest ;  
 I'll meet it like a reckless child.

---

With words like these, he somewhat throws  
 The flood of grief apart ;  
 Again a sea of anguish flows,  
 And rushes o'er his heart.

The muses now, and now he beats  
 The air, with brawny arm ;  
 And now he vents in dreadful threats,  
 The fire, which still blows warm.

## 1

“ Then Hunter, then Hunter 'tis you,  
 That keeps me alive in the storm ;—  
 Yes Hunter, I'll strike thee as true,  
 Ere three nights can cover thy form.

## 2

Dark Hunter, I'll set thee on fire ;  
 With the fat of thy tribe shalt thou burn ;

No nothing shall quench this desire,  
I'll do it ere three days can turn.

## 3

For false as the snake didst thou creep,  
Thro' our cabin, when nights wing was spread.  
Thy Tomahawk swung o'er his sleep,  
And left me the Buffalo—dead.—

## 4

You fled like a timorous hare ;  
But Hunter flies Red Deer in vain,  
Ere three suns enlighten the air,  
Thy blood must boil over the flame.

## 5

No war-song shall garnish thy death ;  
Ere that I will cut out thy tongue ;—  
The blood coming forth with thy breath,  
Shall tell me thy torments are young.

## 6

I'll scalp thee, and then make the run  
With hot ashes strew'd on thy head ;  
And that ere the glorious sun  
Shall thrice reach his richly deck'd bed.

For my feelings are burning apart ;  
And Hunter the power lies in you,  
To cool them in thy bloody heart,  
Which now gorges forth to my view."

---

The last word scarcely died away,  
When dimly thro' the night,  
Which only shew'd a feeble ray,  
From small stars twinkling bright.

Two of his tribe towards him drew,  
A wending thro' the trees,  
That on the sloping hillock grew,  
And nodded to the breeze.

Anxious they were to draw the shroud  
Which sorrow wove away,  
Anxious they were to break the cloud  
Which o'er his sick mind lay.

They therefore turn his solemn pace  
Adown the hillock side,

While o'er the glorious breast of space,  
Night spreads her mantle wide.

Still nearer to the camp they wend,  
Where pine lights wave relief,  
As thro' the gleam we see each friend  
Oe'rjoyed to meet his chief.

Passing the pipe they sit and speak  
Of plans which oft beguil'd,  
Oft tracing footsteps on the peak  
Of rocky mountain wild.

They press the chilly ground at length,  
Where autumn leaves lie deep,  
And rocking trees with giant strength  
Wave o'er them as they sleep.

But he can't sleep, a heavy weight  
Is still upon his brow ;  
The spirit trembles o'er his fate ;  
His life seems ebbing now.

And must he leave his father's death,  
And pass so soon away ;

Must retribution part with breath  
And justice lose her day.

'Twas but a sigh which feeling broke  
As in his breast it rose ;

'Twas but a transitory shock,  
His blood more freely flows:

Slumb'ring a broken sleep, he sinks  
In rev'rence to the hour ;

Thick darkness o'er creation winks,  
And dew drops wet the flower.

---

II.

'Twas June and the noisy woods did ring  
With a merry roundelay ;

The bass and triple join'd to sing,  
In th' tune which the rest did play.

The frog, so sweetly blew his fife,

While th' beetle beat his drum ;

And th' modest cricket pleas'd with life,

Was Octave to the hum.

'Twas June, and th'night owl twang'd his horn,  
To mark the concert's time,

Sitting upon an oak tree torn  
By lightnings breath sublime.

'Twas June and whether the heated earth,  
Inspired the constant roar ;  
Or whether 'twas love that caus'd the mirth  
Which ev'ry soft breeze bore.

Or whether it was a secret drink,  
Distill'd from nature free,  
Or whether it was the whole, let's think,  
Before we stop there glee.

Certain it is, each struck his string,  
And yet, what man can say,  
The song is tiresome which they sing,  
Or shew an older lay.

For me I love a living sound,  
Especially at night,  
When death steals slowly o'er the ground,  
Exulting in his might.

I love to hear the fitful wind,  
Play soft on leaf clad wood ;

It speaks a something to my mind  
Which stillness never could.

I love to hear the tender cry  
Which gentle willows keep,  
When rocking to the lullaby  
With which they fall asleep.

I love to hear the tall oak groan,  
As if it were with age ;  
For sound like this when all alone,  
Unfolds an ample page

I love to hear a streamlet run,  
With unassuming glee,  
Cutting its own device upon  
The earth so carelessly.

But why talk more of sounds I love ;—  
See yonder comes a sight,  
Stealing the diamond lake above,  
To glorify the night.

The half moon travels up the sky,  
And waves her tresses pale ;

O look at her, her grief struck eye  
Will tell a loving tale.

And now she struggles faint and shy  
With yonder wooing cloud ;  
Blow blow ye winds, ye vapours fly,  
And furl your wat'ry shroud.

Nature is rich and lavish now ;  
Then let the sluggard sleep,  
While I gaze on pale Cynthia's brow,  
And bid her not to weep.

Paler she grows she loses fire,  
She's sick and fades away :  
The martial sun is red with ire,  
As he scatters the darts of day.

---

III.

The morning beam'd, but heavily  
The Red Deer still did lie ;  
And when he rose up wearily,  
The blood streaks mark'd his eye.  
Yet rose he up like warrior bold ;  
Like such he gave command ;

Like planets round the sun so old,  
So move his fearless band.

"Let's urge the fight," the tribe broke thro'  
The deep gigantic wood,  
But Hunter's host is not in view,  
And who is then pursued.

"Search out their camp," the body broke,  
And diff'rent routes they took ;  
One party chose the hollow rock,  
And one march'd up the brook.

The rest in thin divisions, beat  
Each bushy swamp and fang ;  
But still they saw no trace of feet,  
And heard but the birds that sang.

The sun went swiftly down the sky  
As they scour'd the heavy wood,  
And night was creeping silently,  
As weariedly they stood.

As weariedly they lit their fire,  
To keep the beasts away ;

Which 'gan to roar with savage ire,  
All longing for their prey.

The warriors laid them down to rest,  
Leaving the usual guard ;  
But sleep had scarce their eyelids bless'd,  
When dismal sounds were heard.

The band quick starting sought around,  
But all was stillness then ;  
And thinking it was but the sound  
Of wolves, they slept again.

A louder noise awoke their fears,  
And while they stood amazed,  
A dreadful War-hoop struck their ears,  
And all their courage rais'd.

"Leave we the light" the Red Deer cried ;  
"Stand close and be prepared ;  
There's room in the forest yet to ride ;  
This war-hoop who hath dared."

It peal'd again three sev'ral times ;  
So close, they thought the foe,

Was breaking in upon their lines,  
With valours hottest glow.

But in an instant quietness hush'd,  
The whole, with peaceful rill ;  
E'en brutes that lately roar'd and rush'd  
About the woods, were still.

The Warriors gaz'd at other, by  
The distant light their fire  
Had spread on earth, and tinged the sky  
With sick and sad attire.

They gazing were when on their flanks  
There broke another cry ;  
Another rang amidst their ranks,  
And echo shiver'd high.

But no array of arm'd men  
Was seen, and tho' they sought  
Each bush and brake and broken fen,  
'Twas silence still as thought.

“ Myself must go” the Red Deer said ;  
“ Keep close in order here ;

It suits me not to be dismay'd,  
Tho' a thousand foes were near."

He spoke and left the troubled tribe,  
To mark his manly form  
Retire amidst the forest wide,  
On a firm footstep borne :

And when the heavy gloom of night,  
Had drawn a veil between  
Their chief and them, they mourned the light  
Which paints the world in green.

They mourn'd in vain, and them we leave,  
To follow the Red Deer's track,  
Whose nature fierce did sorely grieve,  
As he turn'd him wearied back.

The sound had ceas'd to hurt his ear,  
Tho' each prophetic breeze,  
He closely watch'd thro' darkness drear,  
That cover'd o'er the trees.

One dismal gust shook out an owl,  
But th' Red Deer sought for men,

And minded not the frightful howl  
Of the bird which fled its den.

His heated head turn'd ever round  
To ev'ry thing that mov'd,  
But nothing mov'd as yet to ground  
The only hope he lov'd.

---

'Twas time enough, O mortal man !  
That cannot see the bent  
Of superhuman things, nor scan  
A timely warning sent.

The winds which blow, the clouds which roll,  
Might surely calm the heart ;  
And dreams by night might teach the soul,  
A pure and lovely part.

But nightly voices mov'd him not,  
Nor peaceful signs by day ;  
Thro' scenes where deadly strife was hot,  
His tomahawk made way.

Tho' one morn in the dim twilight,  
After a bloody feat,

He saw what might a man affright,  
Bred up in battles heat.

With senses clear he woke from rest ;  
When lo ; a sages head,  
With hair like winter's snowy vest,  
Rose up upon his bed.

It wore a stern reproving mien,  
And growl'd upon his face ;—  
The Red Deer hid his head within  
His Buffalo skins embrace.

But soon he thought 'twas all a dream ;  
And whether it was or not,  
He heeded not the solemn mien,  
And all the rest forgot.

---

But to our tale ;—as back he trod ;  
Above his head there grew,  
A light, which threw its glare abroad,  
And cloth'd the trees with blue.

“ My father O ! is this from you !—  
What mean you with your son ! ”—

The light still flicker'd on his view,  
As he hurried strangely on.

It flicker'd flicker'd in the air,  
Not like a grand display  
Of lovely sunshine ; lost despair  
Was written on his ray.

It shiver'd like the aspen leaf,  
Which struggles to be free ;—  
It look'd like the soul of the Demon Grief,  
Above his destiny.

He sat him down, but not to weep ;  
His heart was cold with awe ;  
For well he knew some reason deep ;  
Must rise from what he saw.

He set him down, the fearful light  
Still flick'ring on his view ;  
And tho' he strove to shun the sight,  
Each turn met it as true.

---

A thousand tomahawks in strife,  
The ground with red blood stain'd ;

The flash of brilliant scalping knife.  
His strength with gashes drained ;

The panther of the wilderness,  
The savage wolf by night ;  
The copper snake with ugly hiss ;  
The bear of stubborn might.

A host of things like these were nought,  
He knew them all before ;  
But light like this his wildest thought  
Had never wander'd o'er.

Yet still it above him swung,  
It seem'd the sick man's lamp,  
Which death o'er mortal eyes first hung,  
To make the forehead damp.

"It is not from my father!—no!  
He could not meet his son  
In such disguise ; 'tis death, ha'lo  
There's heavy work begun."

Just then the leaves together flew,  
Sweeping the forest dense ;

Upon his face they darkly blew  
And struck his drowsy sense.

Onward he darted like a deer ;  
Like coursing winds he sped :  
He can't outrun it, still 'tis here,  
All flick'ring round his head.

" Leave me thou ghastly eye of death !  
Put out thy hateful light !  
Depart to Him who gave the breath !  
Sink down and mix with night !"

" Let lightning from the heavens glance  
And blind thy evil eye !  
Let thunder rattle o'er thy dance  
And make thee prostrate lie !"

Or let the spirit of the deep  
Scatter thee on the air !  
Or sink into the swamp and sleep,  
And cease this dreadful stare !

The arch of heaven seems crack'd the rain  
In fury smites the ground,

The vivid lightning swings his chain,  
The falling trees rebound.

Suddenly the wind sung faint,  
Fainter the sick ray shone ;  
Till like a spot in th' firmament  
Which flashes ere 'tis gone :

So vanish'd it and massy night  
Now sway'd her rode alone,  
And the chief was left in wild affright  
To hasten his footsteps on.

---

## IV.

The deep war-whoop is silent now,  
The sickly lamp is gone ;  
The stars look sweet on heaven's brow,  
The moon sits on her throne.

Gently she waves her magic wand  
Amongst the heav'nly train,  
Who twinkle up the arch so grand,  
Delighted with her reign.

The Red Deer wonders at the whole,  
He scarcely trusts the hour ;  
His feeling wander's o'er his soul,  
And robs him of his power.

Unnerv'd, he turns his weary pace  
Towards the Indian camp ;  
He clammers up the precipice,  
And treads the marshes damp

---

The nights is in her usual mood  
As onward still he steers,  
Altho' the screech owl and her brood  
Might wake his former fears ;

Turning a ridge of waving pine  
That mark'd his destin'd view,  
Crossing a swampy cedar line  
That wet his wolf skin thro' ;

Halting upon a chasm's brink,  
His spirit nearly gone,  
He hears a sound his ears may drink,  
He falls before 'tis done.

Something upon his nature fell,  
Which caus'd him sudden pain ;  
Say did he sink beneath the swell  
The blood made o'er his brain ;

Or did his heart refuse to play,  
Struck by a secret dread ;  
The reason deep we may not say,  
But he looks like one that's dead.

Silent he lies, his face is turn'd  
Upon the heavens blue,  
But all those lights are out which burn'd ;  
Damp midnights soak, him thro'.

---

V.

The blessed morn again breaks thro'  
The iron gates of night,  
And sweetly deck'd in virgin dew  
The flow'rets woo the light.

The waters kiss the open'd day,  
Which warmly gives return,

As on the wave a golden ray  
Of sparkling ripples burn.

The robin sang his broken lay ;  
The little humming bird  
Flew o'er the scarlet flower so gay  
Which open'd to its word.

The warriors, rising from the ground  
Enquire about their chief;—  
Not finding him away they bound,  
And search the woods in grief.

At length they reach a dismal wild,  
And there they see him lie ;  
Cold as the moon which lately smil'd ;  
With sorrow in her eye.

His long knife burnish'd bright as day,  
In earth a sheath hath found ;  
His feather'd plume beside him lay,  
His arrows strew the ground ;—

His tomahawk is out of sight,  
His heavy club is gone ;

His manly face is deadly white,—  
Indians you may gaze on.

\* \* \* \* \*

They bear him to the lovely spot  
Whereon there village stood,—  
His mother is the first to note  
Their movement thro' the wood.

“What news my Wild bird who is he  
They bring like one that's dead,”—  
Stay wild bird, do not yet tell me,  
My heart is struck with dread.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Wild bird you've said enough the hour  
Which troubled me is come,  
My boy is struck by demon power,  
They bear him helpless home.”

But where's his father Wild bird say,  
The eagle's golden crest  
Which always lighted up my day,  
Comes not among the rest.”—

“ Oh! now I see it all!—gone—gone,  
My buffalo is dead :—  
Cold is the robe he lies upon,  
And colder is his bed.”—

“ ’Tis so! ’tis so, the demon dream  
Is fresh upon my mind  
All night I heard the dark bird scream  
As if it mock’d the wind.”

“ I saw the spirit of the day  
O’ercame by him of night,  
Five moons which shone, eclips’d the ray  
Of yonder sun so bright.”

“ A dark tree hurl’d from the wood  
Our cabin broke in two,  
And then I saw it never could  
Be join’d to mortal view.”

“ The clouds belch’d fire which o’er me flew,  
And as I fearful stood,  
I saw him in his light canoe  
Stemming a stormy flood.”

"I saw him heedless of the storm  
Paddle himself asleep,  
And then I saw a blood red form  
Go fling him in the deep."

I 'woke and then the dark bird's cry,  
Mocking the wind again,  
Confirm'd me in the prophecy  
That rush'd upon my brain.

\* \* \* \*

"Greenbough," we may not bring relief,  
By mourning this with thee,  
And throw a veil upon the grief,  
Which cannot utter'd be.

Go, go and bathe thy burning brow ;—  
Despair forego thy hour ;  
And thou Old time move swiftly now  
And break the demon's power.

Time moves, and hope which almost dead  
Had seen the Red Deer lie ;  
Began to smile upon his bed,  
And beautify his eye.

Began to smile, as on the green  
 The joyous warriors lay,  
 Awaiting in the sunny sheen  
 To hear what their chief would say.

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### 'SPEECH OF THE RED DEER.

Children of the forest.—Sages, Warriors, Brothers. Listen to me, and let your ears be like the hollow Caverns which receive the thunder of heaven.

The secret of my stroke is now with me ; the eyes of the Red Deer are opened.—What mattered it that I fearlessly ranged the wood for Hunter ; or bore myself like a panther of the forest. What tho' I dreaded not the bolts of light, and disregarded the knotted trunk of darkness : What tho' I piled me a store of scalps, and made my name an echo to my fathers.—A handful of light shivered my impulse, and the sound of a voice broke my understanding. I lay with the

snake and the marsh-toad,—but I lay in the sight of heaven.

I can scarcely drive away from my mind that I was not awake, for the opening which rose upon my eyes, and the sensible display of objects to my imagination seem to warrant the whole as being above the comprehension of a sleeper ;—and yet you found me without motion ;—You found me as you say, struck by the Demon.

SAGES AND BROTHERS LISTEN.

Methought that I was paddling my canoe in the midst of a beautiful water, clear as the blue of heaven, and serene as the bosom of peace,—sweet as the meeting of loveliness and pleasant as the thoughts of perfection : Like yonder bird methought I sailed it, that gives a dart, and then lies on the air, resting its wings to shew its happiness : like it I hung my paddle and gazed round me.

A loving band, upon the sunny shore that lined this sparkling lake, broke first upon my view, and made me move my paddle that I might

join them : they danced beneath wide spreading trees, and smiling women sung the dancing song. I still hear the melting sounds which came to me over the water.

Quickly then I turned the canoe, but quicker than that ; quick as the glance of a second thought, a sudden sweep of wind blew all away ; and whirling round I felt myself upborne like a feather in the air ; and then again I felt myself set down, upon a hill, whose summit was clad with the sweetest flowers of the valley.

I lay among them not like a warrior fretting at the delay of battle ; but like a little boy that dreams the hours away ;—awhile my senses revelled in profusion, till, other objects caught my wondering eyes.

Two indistinct marks lay towards the setting sun, and I said yonder is light fighting with darkness ;—no sooner did the words escape me, than the bodies changed their forms, and I said again ; it is life breaking through the blackness of death, and as I spoke I saw a great stream of light escape from the arms of a mighty crab ;

and the bright sunny clouds gathered round it, until it became enclosed.

Full of strange wonder I saw it approach the mountain whereon I lay, descending from high air to the earth—still lower it bent its course, and sweeping beyond me alighted on a lovely plain at the foot of the mountain. I was overwhelmed with amazement again when a door opened, and the form of a young man stepped out, to which our children bear no comparison. His face was mild as the eye of the ring dove, and his proportion complete as the roundness of the sun.

As soon as he set his foot upon the earth he cried Wabee, and I saw a little boy running up to him ;—He kissed the boy, and I heard him say my Wabee.

I then thought me, that I should go and speak to them, but as I began to move a drowsiness came over me and I fell asleep.

The singing of a bird awoke me in the morning, and as I was listening to it I saw the little boy in the plain,—he was playing round a leaf

covered cabin, and I could see that he was as innocent as the snow drop.

While I was looking, the bright cloud crossed the mountain and alighted on the plain as before,—the young man stepped out, and kissed Wabee, and I felt a wish to join them, but no sooner did I begin to move than forgetfulness fell upon me.

The bird as usual awoke me in the morning, and the messenger of light, for such he now seemed, still held daily intercourse with Wabee; and movement as at first related always sunk me into night.

Many a sweet note did I hear, and was as often delighted with the appearances of the cloud, the young man and Wabee,—till one day. The bird sang gayer methought, than was its wont, the cloud wore a richer hue, and the splendour of the fair visitant was inexpressible; Wabee only seemed differently from what he was at other times:—He stood with his back to the cloud, and taking up a stone, he threw it at the little bird which sang every morning at the mouth of his cabin, and the little bird fell down dead from the green branch.

All now was changed ;—lightning flew and thunder rattled.—Two men started out of the air, and stood before Wabee—their dress was indescribable—so was their motion,—but they came with a noise as if the earth was breaking and before them flashed the fire of the cloud.

I lost sight of the messenger of light and only saw the men of terror running upon Wabee with crooked scalping knives : but he stood as if struck senseless with horror, and hid his face in his hands.

“ Look about you Wabee ” was the cry of my heart ; but it moved not upon my tongue ; the motion overpowered me, and deprived me of the rest.

I awoke as I thought in the middle of the night, but could not see ;—the moon and stars were out ;—I could not see, but still I knew I was not on the hill among the flowers ; the frog piped and the toad croaked and I felt the smell of a swamp.

I sat up motionless, wondering at the changes which had come over me ; when I beheld the woods filled with wild confusion ;—man fought against man, and brother against brother : War

whoops rose and died, and rose again ; and the tribes were not opposed to each other, but all together fought, and the strongest man carried away the greatest number of scalps.

“What is this” I said, and rose up to speak ; but my speech died, and the forest and the men vanished from before me.

Something like the call of the Buffalo (when I was a boy) broke next upon my ear ;—the words ran : “Get up Red Deer and see more of it.” I opened my eyes but saw nothing ; “Look over your left shoulder,” said the voice and I did so. I saw a burning wood covered with bones, and the trees which had not already fallen, bore the body of a warrior. And now the air was rent with war songs, and now the groans of anguish floated over the flame. “Look over your right shoulder,” said the voice, and I did so.

A beautiful prairie then spread itself before me, in the middle of which stood an army of women,—they held each a pipe in their hands, and I heard them say “What is this ;” then answering themselves, in a mocking tone, they said, “the pipe of peace ;” and with the speed

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of an arrow dashed their pipes to the ground, saying "peace is broken; our husbands are slain and we are widows.—Our sons are burnt and we are forlorn!—there is no peace for the children of the forest, The Great spirit cannot look upon the lake of blood which torment hath driven up to him:—there is no peace. The children of the forest must pay another nation drop for drop of all the blood that hath been wasted since man was an infant.

The burning of joints, the boiling of brains, and the scalping of living heads have sickened the Great Spirit: the forest must be trodden by another people,—her old children must be wasted.

A great cry then drew me from the women; and I saw my father the Buffalo standing upon a pillar. As soon as I turned my head he beckoned to me, then said "Where is your hundred scalps? 'Where my son?'—'Where they should be,'" answered a voice, "fastened on for a nobler purpose than to be torn off by the bloody hand of any child of the forest."

"Red Deer," he said.—I answered O my

my might Great Buffalo. "Red Deer, the tribes are doomed; fly thou with those who will go, to some land of peace, tho' even there, 'bloody hands will lie in the grave which the tears of their children must wash clean. But fly nor think of this wound here;" so saying he pointed to the gash which Hunter made, and then laughed out again, "Where is your hundred scalps?" A hundred scalps for that.—Take warning my son, leave Hunter alone; The Great spirit knows best what to do with him; but fly thou." The Buffalo then asked me, where I had been since the night in which I pursued Hunter, and I told him "O!" said he, "you have seen what we were first, but you saw the change which the milk of the earth made on Wabee: You saw the burning forest and the prairie; it is the present picture of the tribes taken from the water of truth:—the rest comes. Red Deer, farewell."

He sprung from the pillar and darted through the woods. I felt my heart breaking that he should leave me, and I cried O Buffalo wait, and made an attempt to follow; but my limbs grew

feeble, the drowsiness fell upon me, and I slept as before.

When I awoke my mother was bathing my forehead, and I saw the anxious faces of my own tribe. I am a new man. Will you go in search of peace.

It was but the pause of a moment, "Red Deer we will go."



SCENE BETWEEN WILLIAM LYON  
AND PETER CROW.

*Formerly Members of the Glasgow Rostrum.*

The noise rose loud upon the blast,  
And shook the house like peals of thunder;  
So fierce and rough while it did last,  
That Rostrumites gaz'd on with wonder.

With wonder said I, and with fear,  
When Peter shook the broom on high,  
And stretch'd his left hand from his rear;  
While daggers flash'd from either eye.

But what did strength or broom avail,  
Or what was left arm wrong extended ;  
What tho' ready to assail,  
And what the flash that war protended.

The forest king began to roar  
And shake his mane, but still he staid,  
And all his wrathful ire forebore  
To hear what his opponent said:

Nothing he said, but wav'd the broom  
Thrice round his Alexandrian head,  
Then bade the standers-bye make room  
That he might charge the warrior dread.

O strength ! thou'rt fled from earth to sky ;  
What words can paint the sad o'erthrow ;  
Before the broomstick forced to fly,  
A Lion, conquer'd by a Crow !

He chased him round the Rostrum table ;  
Like Hector round the walls of Troy  
He fled as fast as he was able,  
For Peter shook the broom on high.

Yet Hector was as brave a man  
As ever trode on Asia's shore ;  
Tho' in an evil hour he ran,  
He often beat the Greek before.

But Lion never did beat Peter-  
Crow, before in open fight ;  
Tho' once he fell'd him with a heater,  
In ambuscade, at dead of night.

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## NARCISSUS.—A FRAGMENT.

He was there when the tinkling bell  
Sounded low on the ear of the morn ;  
When the ram led the sheep thro' the dell,  
And the shepherd blew first on his horn.

He was there when the silver light shone,  
And reflected his face sickly pale :  
O he sleeps : let the waters roll on,  
And the nymphs sweetly sing in the vale.

## FEVER AND AGUE.

My nails grow so black, that I rub them and  
wonder ;

My nose turns so cold, that I feel it and ponder ;  
My forehead is heavy, my eyes fail in turning,  
The pains of my shoulders inspire me with mour-  
ning.

I stretch my tir'd arms, and yawn at my anguish ;  
My heart labours sore as I pensively languish ;  
This may not last long, for my limbs are in motion,  
They quiver and shake like the ripples of ocean.

'Tis on and the channels of life are obstructed ;  
The fluid of the liver, by Jaundice conducted,  
Hath mix'd with the stream which encircles me  
slowly ;

While colder my skin grows my spirits more  
lowly ;

Half frozen and dead ; O, disturb not my moaning,  
There's pity in quietness, there's ease in my  
groaning.

But nature is working, she labours to free me,  
The purger by fire bends his head down to see me,

And let the change come when I may not forgo it,  
A turn speaks it done I prepare me to know it.

The channel is open, the streamlets run clearer ;  
The red sun which eyes me draws nearer and  
nearer,

From the pole to the line, for th' good of my  
aching

Kind nature conveys me, a truce to my shaking ;  
Like the child of a Comet approaching the sun,  
Still hotter and hotter my journey I run.

And now the blood rushes ; the nerves are dis-  
tended ;

My limbs are relax'd and my hopes nearly ended ;  
Dried up by the fever, my forehead is broken ;  
No moisture to cool me, no kindly pore open.

My brain hath got drunk with a drink out of  
fashion ;

I sadden and sink in the heat of strong passion ;  
A pitcher of water is placed near my pillow ;  
The harp of my soul I hang up on the willow ;  
I toss my spent arms, my breathing and moaning  
Are blended together, give place to my groaning.

## YESTERDAY.

Let us weep for yesterday, gone yesterday,  
 that smiled so lovely as she poured the arrows  
 down of her own day. Yesterday was all a lump  
 of gold, bye and bye she faded, and the influence  
 of a mighty power did change her gold. 'The  
 flowers of yesterday bloom'd fair—to day I see  
 withered leaves. Yesterday blessed my heart,—  
 at night I sunk in sorrow. Yesterday ; and I  
 was in the world—to day I am deserted. Mother,  
 brother, sisters, friends, where are you. Good  
 bye with yesterday—farewell for ever.

---

 THE FIRST PSALM.

That man is bless'd who never strays  
 Where counsellors ungodly meet ;  
 Who standeth not in sinners ways,  
 Nor sitteth in the scorners seat.  
 Who feels his heart swell with delight,  
 As God's great law he reads by day ;

Whose soul, when planets twinkle bright  
Reflects a far more glorious ray,

He shall be like a beauteous tree,  
Which planted by the river's side  
Bends down with fruit luxuriantly,  
Decking with love the garden wide.

No wither'd leaf can grow upon  
The germe which God delights to rear ;  
And lighted by a constant sun,  
The good man hath no ills to fear.

But oh ! the sinner unrefined  
In holiness, shall deep deplore ;  
And driven by the dreadful wind,  
Lie, wreck'd upon a fearful shore.

They never could endure the blaze,  
Which righteous Judgment still creates ;  
They shall not mix with those whose ways  
Invite them up to Zion's Gates.

For God is just, and knows his own ;  
He views their open hearts with joy :  
But he that is with sin o'er grown,  
Shall die and perish utterly.

## THE MARK OF RICHES.

A care worn man, in sullen mood  
Hung down his head one ev'ning gay,  
His little house lay in a wood,  
Thro' which he wends his weary way

He walk'd along, the bright moon shone,  
And smil'd so lovely thro' the trees ;  
No man might think it look'd upon  
Such deep distress, as mortal sees.

But smile it did, so gently sweet ;  
Alas ! for him so much the worse ;  
Each beauteous glance his eye might meet,  
But still his mind dwelt on its curse.

"Is it for me," he sadly said,  
"To bear the scoffs of purse proud men ;  
To suffer slights unmerited,  
And hide my thoughts in sorrow's den."

"Is any thing for me I feel ;  
Are wants like mine no cause for woe ;  
Has fate not turn'd my very keel,  
And drenched my sails in depths below."

"A flag of weak distress," is seen  
 To wave above my crooked lot,  
 But shoals and rocks that lie between,  
 Keep back each interested boat."

"Yes surely fate has taken me  
 For some one else she ought to know ;  
 And wherefore should I strive to be  
 Myself, and bear another's blow."

He walk'd along, the planets stole  
 Towards the earth, the yellow moon  
 Reflected fainter rays, the whole  
 Of natures brightness 'gan to gloom.

He walk'd still walk'd, it darker grew ;  
 This suits me now he wildly cried,  
 As with a frenzied mien he threw  
 His arms aloft in fearful pride.

Just then, a crash within the wood  
 Electrified the care worn man ;  
 Just then, a form before him stood ;  
 And clay cold sweat adown him ran.

He stares with starting eye ball bright ;  
He scarcely knows what he shall do ;  
A shocking form is in his sight,  
Ere half the wood is journey'd thro'.

“It must be so ; and yet he shook  
While summing up his inward might,  
Who's he that wears this shapeless look,  
Before my path, so late at night.”

“I am thy Fate” roll'd on the air ;  
The echo shook the sable wood,  
“I ne'er mistook thee son and heir ;  
Mis'ry can ne'er mistake her brood.”

“Nurs'd up by me, I saw you shew  
My lineaments upon your face,  
And if it had not happen'd so,  
My milk in time had prov'd thy race.”

“So why repine at nature child,  
Or why urge me to change the scene ;  
Thy mortal feelings must run wild ;  
No garden wall could keep them in.”

“But let me change it”—loud he blew  
Upon a hollow wither'd hand ;  
“Let brighter rays deceive the view ;  
Let flowrets deck a barren strand.”

The words stunn'd Nature's ear, the while ;  
The next, the spectre vanish'd quite ;  
The next, the care worn man did smile,  
As up he lifted mis'ry's mite ;

Larger than other mites indeed ;  
It was the thing his mind had sought ;  
Yet still he thought upon his creed ;  
But conscience vanish'd heeds him not.

In haste he hid the greater part,  
And in his hat he put the rest ;  
Then with a palpitating heart  
He rais'd the gift his soul lov'd best.

But scarcely had he fix'd it on  
His head, when down the metal fell,  
Leaving a trace, which look'd upon,  
Might tell the mind 'twas midnight's spell.

## THE MARK OF RICHES.

His jetty locks were burnt away,  
 And farther up his head was bare ;  
 But fallen locks, or locks of gray  
 Disturb~~x~~ him not ; vile gold's his care.

\* \* \* \*

He kept it, us'd it, and seem'd great ;  
 But did it make him happy—no ;  
 His health no better is ; his fate,  
 Tho' seen in sunshine, looks in woe.

The earth is earth, and he is man,  
 Deluded by a baneful light :  
 In vain the tempter gilds each plan,  
 The mem'ry knows when all's not right.

The cursed mark is on his head ;  
 And thro' his heart a worm is eating ;  
 The *Monster Mis'ry* tends his bed ;  
 And holds his fate in its own keeping.

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## SIMON BLACK.

*Alias—The Man of the Bow.**Alias—The Gore of Toronto.*

(A FRAGMENT.)

SCENE 3RD—*Simon's House.*Enter Simon, in a pea green monkey coat ;  
asleep.*Simon.*

Fire, fire, the flames are spreading o'er my bed !  
 Where lie my wife and children dead asleep ;  
 I'll break the windows to make a noise—  
 (Strikes the air and runs off.)

*Enter Mrs Black.**Mrs. B.*

I heard a noise—Simon is not in bed ;  
 What may this tend to ?

*Re-enter Simon.**Simon.*

No : I never made up my books on Sundays ;  
 If they were in the house it was not me ;  
 I never swore to crush the fallen man ;  
 He swung me thrice and broke my buttons thro'.

So in God's name begone, I'm not your man :  
I attend to the ordinances.

*Mrs. B.*

O woeful was the day I left the Highlands !

*Simon.*

'Tis lie, 'tis lie, 'tis lie : Light fell precious  
O'er the hills that day ; the veil of darkness  
Assists me as well as the robe of light !  
By day I pull my hat upon my brow :  
Projected plots assisted me that time  
To carry you lightly from the Highlands.

*Mrs. B.*

Oh ! oh !

[wrings her hands.]

*Simon.*

Three hours sleep is enough : who says no ?  
The more honour belongs to me  
From my own industry.

*Mrs. B.*

*Simon.*

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My name,

*Simon.*

I've often heard the shutting of my chest ;  
When that my back is turn'd, she peeps in it—

(Dream changes.)

O huch my buttons ; assassins there, ho ! [exit.]

*Mrs. B*

O woman, sinned first, and bears the load,  
Since from the beauteous garden she was driven.

*Re-enter Simon.*

*Simon.*

That's right—my chest is safe and my receipts ;  
My longest stockings, too, are all secure,  
Stockings fill'd with dollars : fiery Hutchins,  
Strike me with specie, and I'll not cry out :  
Let me see the superscription ; ha ! there  
I view it like the harvest moon shining.

[Walks apart and returns with a sheep's head  
and pluck ; throws the pluck over his shoul-  
der, and speaks to the head, fancying it a  
dollar :]

*Simon.*

O learn me how to look like silver :  
My name, 'tis true, is Black, and nothing white

My servants say can own me ; let them see,  
 O gliding dollar that they lie, whilst thus  
 I force thy head into my pocket, which smells  
 Of mnsk and roses. Now come out again,  
 And let me see thy nose by candle light—  
 And let me feel the smoothness of thy lips :  
 Look soft, sweet friend of man, on Simon ;  
 And take not umbrage at my loving grasp ;  
 And whilst I fondly press thee, do thou swear  
 Constancy to me, the man of men.  
 For O my love, thou giv'st me nightly pain,  
 Because I fear thy agile moving turn  
 May slip me yet : then O greasy softness  
 Smooth my eye, and rub my hand for ever !  
 Softness—soft—the stocking—Ha! what is here?  
 Irruption of foul scent, begone ! begone !  
 (Falls down.)

*Mrs. Black.*

Simon, Simon !

*Simon.*

Peace, peace, the night is in her prime  
 (Snores.)

Wind-pipes, mutton dollars, specie in disguise :  
 Faugh !

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## MARTIAL ARRAY.

The trumpet shakes the ear with warlike breath,  
 The merry sounding drum defies old Death ;  
 The bugle o'er the water sweetly rides :  
 The flute is light of heart, and with it glides :  
 The little octave wakes the soldier's ear ;  
 The deep bassoon seems mocking earthly fear :  
 Bay'nets are flashing back the sun beams bright ;  
 Swords glist'ning from their sheaths invade the  
 sight ;

Halberts are dancing high with martial air,  
 And firelocks shoulder'd tell you death is there.

Banners are streaming 'neath a summer sky ;  
 Helmets and waving plumes delight the eye ;  
 The prancing steed is anxious for the fight ;  
 The Russian bear is tumbling from his height.  
 The trumpet shakes the ear with warlike breath,  
 The merry sounding drum defies *old Death*.

---

 LINES FOR MUSIC.

Let me say, let me say, that I love thee,  
 While I gaze on thy shining blue eye ;

Which outrivals the brightness above me,  
When the daylight moves heedlessly by.

Let me say, I scarcely can leave thee,  
Tied down by those ringlets which flow  
O'er my mind, and which fondly deceive me :  
But the night prances, and I must go.

Then the horse, the horse, my hostler boy,  
Else the dimple of her cheek will kill ;  
And her breast as it gives me the sigh,  
Overpower me with ecstasy still :

Let me clear the moor, and fly the view  
Which dazzles my eyes with its glow ;  
Ere the magic of her lips make me rue,  
And trifle with the night and not go.

---

TO MARY.

Warm and generous is thy breast,  
Mild pity there takes up his rest ;  
Misery finds a friend in thee ;  
Thou art the saint of charity.

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First of thy order, let me bow  
Before thy nature, pure as snow ;  
Tho' wasting 'neath the radiant sun,  
With acts of mercy thou hast done.

First of thy order do not grieve,  
Tho' hearts of adamant deceive ;  
For lovely streams in meadows wide,  
Wash poison'd flowers as on they glide.

Alas ! alas ! what can I say ;  
Is't fit thy mind should feel decay,  
That vipers nurs'd by thee should bite,  
That all thy hopes should end in night.  
No, lady, wake ! already thou  
Hath grav'd thy name on heaven's brow.

---

TO ROBERT.

The Philistine is thund'ring at my gate,  
And my good sword is broken from my thigh,  
And I must prostrate fall before my fate,  
Unless my trumpet bring some succour nigh.

Unless the sight of salve delight mine eye :  
 Salve (woeful me to heel my bleeding wounds)  
 Wherefore the word ; no rather let me die  
 Then pain thy ear with such ungen'rous sounds ;  
 With black ingratitude that knows no decent  
 bounds.

Yes sooner let me fight without a sword,  
 My breast plate gone, and target on the lea,  
 Than pain thy ear with any grating word,  
 With any thought which virtue might not see.  
 Back let the tide roll on my house and me,  
 Ere he should feel uneasy for my sake :  
 Down with thee javlin in the briny sea,  
 And let the Philistine me captive make  
 Ere love of yellow ore, the finer feelings break,

---

 TO CYNTHIA.

Blow gentle winds and chace the clouds away  
 Which pass so darkly o'er her virgin face ;  
 Back to the sea let their huge columns stray,  
 And let her wind the course she loves to trace.

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O ecstasy ! she breaks their pond'rous line,  
And travels sweetly up the verge of heaven ;  
Arise ye little stars and sweetly shine,  
The twilight's past, the night and day are riven.

How gloriously they set out in their march,  
Their twinkling now is beauteously serene ;  
Look up vile man, on yonder wond'rous arch,  
Look up with rapture thro' the lovely sheen.

Lovers of gold come hail the wond'rous sight ;  
See each lov'd sister loosens down her hair,  
Which streams in beauty on the glitt'ring night  
As round the moon they dance in circlets fair.

I wet my feet in dew while others sleep ;  
I breathe the air of perfumes ere the morn ;  
With melancholy I see Cynthia weep,  
As if she look'd on sorrow yet unborn,

As if she thought the son had stole her gold,  
And left her less than twilight for array ;  
As if she pined like beauty growing old,  
O'er curly ringlets turning silver gray.

Perhaps she weeps to see the harmless poor  
 March 'neath her banner, drinking up the dew;  
 Mis'ry in every shape shut out of door,  
 May likewise make her sorrow burst anew.

She could not feel an envious grief,—O no,  
 While thinking on the glory of the sun;  
 Arousing plodding hearts, and cold as snow,  
 That slumber'd ere the wond'rous dance begun

That slumber when she shakes her fairy wand,  
 On every thing which beauty loves to own;  
 While echo o'er the regions takes command  
 And sounds soft love thro' castles ivy grown.

Thro' rocks that ring his signal o'er the deep,  
 Thro' walks luxuriant hung with pearls divine,  
 Thro' palaces where black eyed sea nymphs sleep  
 O'er all that's fair, from Iceland to the line.

And yet she seems to grieve: O lovely moon,  
 Give over thy complaint and see me bow  
 Before thy presence matchless; gaudy noon  
 Could never bring thy worshipper so low,

And what, thy silver is more chaste than ore  
That's yellow grown, and kills with its display  
Great Liberty adores thee on each shore,  
But slavery hath link'd itself with day.

Thou art the choice of heav'n, the sweetest face,  
That ever look'd en every thing complete ;  
Thou climbst the sloping sky with such a grace,  
O thou art she, a lone heart loves to greet.

But hark what noise ! O 'tis the fiery Sol  
All red with rage, because of thy delay ;  
The stars are turning pale, they hear the roll  
His muffled drum is making ; do not stay.

Upon a pillar of the mighty east  
He seems to linger ere he thunders on ;  
And now he beats again,—'tis daylight's feast ;  
The guards are changed, the host of heaven is  
gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

O let me court the night which breathes of love,  
And view again the little dancing train ;

View modest Cynthia as she roves above,  
And gambols with the glorious glassy main.

Lie still meanwhile my feelings; let me now  
My eyelids close and sleep beside the sea;  
Let orient beams invade my sallow brow;  
I mean to differ from the things that be.

---

TO HAN VE DERE.

*Written in the year 1835.*

The spell will break which binds thy eyes,  
But ah! it breaks too late;  
The chain is strong which o'er thee lies,  
And kills thee with its weight.

\* He opes his mouth and thunders roll;  
Black midnight swathes his head;  
His breath is poison to thy soul,  
And leaves thy spirit dead.

Too late alas; the spell will break,  
For gold dust blinds thy view;

---

\* Senacherib.

The rosy apple hides a snake,  
Which wounds thee thro' and thro'.

Tho' brimstone flash across \*his bed,  
And henbane mark his ways,  
He strings thee with a silken thread  
And on thy feeling plays.

Wounded and captive made ; entrapp'd,  
Like any silly hare ;  
Handcuffs upon thy wrists, kidnapp'd ;—  
Shame on the Han ve Dere.

Shame on thee and thy freedom too ;  
Ve Dere I know the well ;  
Thy politics are old or new,  
Just as thy int'rests swell.

To late the spell will break which charms  
Dissimulative clay ;  
Thy conscience speaks in dread alarms  
But darkness kills the ray.

And thou art what I first opined,

---

\* Senacherib.

## COMPARISONS.

Tho' now too plainly seen ;  
 The fibres break which braced thy mind,  
 They break like tendrills green.

For he that soonest swells with pride  
 The soonest loses wind,  
 When fortune kicks him on the side  
 And tells him he is blind.

## COMPARISONS.

My love is sweeter than the morning rose  
 When dew drops lay them down in soft repose ;  
 My love is fair and when the dew drops fly  
 Before the mighty sun, so lost am I.  
 Forced by a worldly power to leave my rest,  
 To quit the glowing lips and snowy breast ;  
 To banish me from kisses newly born,  
 And moist as honey suckles in the morn.

My love is pure she hath an open brow,  
 Which tow'rs majestic like the summer's snow ;  
 Or like a robe of excellence above,  
 When white clouds draw the gaze of heav'ns love,

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It bends its ringlets softly over me ;  
 A soul is in that brow,—'tis that I see,

My love is fair her neck is smooth and long,  
 The like was never sung in poets song ;  
 So round and soft,—no velvet may compare,  
 And yet so full of life view nature there ;  
 The gentle swan you need not bring to me,  
 No model but her own I choose to see.

My love is fair she hath a melting eye,  
 Like morning star which beautifies the sky,  
 And lovely union natures fairest queen  
 The sister of mild peace, reigns there serene.  
 The Graces tend my love she steps so free,  
 Her person seems the mould of symmetry ;  
 While grandeur draws a veil before the sight  
 To hide that bosoms power and shade the light,  
 For should a zephyr touch her breast divine  
 And blow the veil aside ;—Love's fane is thine.

\*The sea nymph combing down her golden hair ;  
 The suubeams sparkling on the diamonds there ;

\* Mermaid.

The beauty of her voice as sweet she sings  
 Charming the waters which responsive rings,  
 Are no comparison ; no spirit sweeps,  
 His hand of feeling o'er her :—dead she sleeps.

The lily and the rose which sages say  
 Are fleeting emblems of life's transient day,  
 Do not disturb my thoughts, beneath her power,  
 The blessings of an age come in an hour.

'The glorious pride of summer, rear'd by spring ;  
 The sorrow o'er the earth which dead leaves bring,  
 And ruthless " winter folding up the scene,"  
 May shew the simily of verdure green ;—  
 'Tis lost on me :—I've summer while she's near  
 Her absence makes my joy like winter drear.

---

 AN OLD MAN'S WAIL.

I care not for the summer's breeze,  
 Nor all the riches autumn brings ;  
 Sickly the leaves of yonder trees,  
 Yes sick appear all earthly things—

For I am old. Ay—dim shines on  
The sun eternal o'er my head ;  
The stars I lov'd to see are gone.  
For them I no more quit my bed.

My body's bent I feel no more  
Celestial air from out the sky,  
Blow on my face, which once look'd o'er  
Creation wide, with cheerful eye :  
My body's bent, I feel the wind  
Which sweeps the earth salute my brow ;—  
Darkly it strikes alike my mind,—  
It makes my spirit waver now.

But yet I should not doubt altho'  
My mind and body seems to sink,  
Into the earth the thought were woe,  
That nature on creations brink,  
Should leave a blank, and so I'll try  
To think my spirit ne'er can die.

For tho' this bending startles me  
As if it pointed out my bed,  
Yet to lie there eternally

## THE DESERTED GIRL.

Is more than all my fears have said :  
 \*It cannot be for nought that I  
 Could once look up and view the sky.

---

 THE DESERTED GIRL.

*A picture drawn in winter.*

Her apron strings would scarcely meet ;  
 Her shoon would scarce gang on her feet,  
 When gloom'd on high the wintry moon,  
 When frost made red the summer sun ;  
 When *winds* swept o'er the ruin'd grass,  
 And cried " there's woe for thee poor lass."

Before the *spring* wi' smiles and showers  
 Had bless'd the earth and trimm'd the flowers,  
 The lassie got a bonny wean,  
 Which caus'd her joy, and caus'd her pain.

Its feyther he did rin awa,  
 Before the thaw consum'd the snaw ;

---

\*Ovid speaks about man walking erect with his  
 face to the heavens as it were, looking upon his  
 home.

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When th' lifeless leaf drapt frae the tree,  
And cover'd the strings of melody,  
The lassie she did sigh and grane,  
"O when will he come back again,"  
The mournfu' winds spoke thro' the door,  
"When we lie down on a motionless shore."

Her lips where "scarlet threads" were seen  
Lost a' their colour; her bonny een,  
Lost the soft twinkle and darkness drew  
His sickening shadow o'er her view.

She laid her head on her mothers pillow;  
Her soul sail'd away on eternity's billow;  
And her bonny bairnie sabbed and wept,  
But ere midnight the wee thing stiffly slept.

The winds that mourn'd for this poor lass,  
As o'er her pathway they did pass,  
Have left the land and ta'en the sea  
And spread their banners broad and free,  
And raised their war cry on the main;—  
"Yon vessel will ne'er come back again."

The harden'd feyther saw the clouds

Drifting wi' fury thro' the shrouds,  
 And shrunk frae their threatening aspect grim,  
 For as they passed they gloom'd on him ;  
 While the winds that kept the war afloat  
 Struck hard upon the fated boat,  
 And the rain that rush'd frae the broken sky  
 Bespoke dark and ruthless inclemency.

When a' was dark and a' was wild,  
 The feyther saw a lovely child  
 Which feeble suplication made,  
 As forth it stretch'd its arms for aid ;  
 And to its call the mother came,  
 Shrouded in an unearthly flame ;  
 Who clasp'd the child midst the deaf'ning roar,  
 And sat on a wave that rode to the shore.

The blood of the fugitive runs to his heart,—  
 The hand of remorse wrings his feelings apart ;  
 The ocean hath put on its dead dress so white,  
 And it foams with rage on the startled night ;—  
 The bold heron shrieks at the sight and flies  
 From th' merciless sea to the pitiless skies ;—

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A thundering noise, and the vessel breaks in,  
The sea dog is mangling the victim of sin.

\* \* \* \*

She rests in her grave wi' her harmless wean ;  
In silence she rests 'neath the sorrowful stane ;  
Yet the green grass grows short and bonny there,  
And music is heard in the midnight air,  
When the winds which ador'd her sweep o'er  
    aboon,  
Singing her dirge to the watery moon.

---

THE FATHER.

Let him be hooted at by fiends of fire,—  
Passing between their lines let nature shake  
To their deriding shouts ; while he confus'd,  
Asham'd and broken down, scarce knows whither  
To run into the boundless blue, or hide  
His spirit in the cloud ; dark like himself.

Let the verge of eternity blush deep,  
To see her great boundary cross'd by an

Earthly devil ; who destroyed the light  
Of his own soul and wallow'd in his guilt.

Stars, let your expanded beauty pierce him,  
Who struck the flowers of beauty dead on earth,  
And lifted filth from ugly hell ;—sun shine  
Upon the marks indented on his heart,  
That horror worse than secret may open  
Up before him.—Genius of sense wake up.  
Your matchless battery to torment him ;  
Shew what he might have been if he had not  
Been a devil. Universe cannot smile  
On such,—what say you ——?

Spirit of learning : taught by you to try  
My own powers, and turn away my thoughts  
From prejudice, and wisdom of the earth.  
Spirit of light—superior spirit ;  
Wonderful in movement and in view —  
'Thy depth of knowledge—(mystery to me,)  
Place thee amongst th' highest of the angels,  
What can even heavenly language say ;  
Thy mighty education penebrates

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The source of all my thoughts,—yet since thou  
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 To fly with me thro' space, and set me down  
 Upon each shining star ; taught me to play  
 Another tune upon my harp as thro',  
 The rings of saturn ; we pass'd—shewed me  
 The nature of the diamond sun flaming  
 Upon the mount of heav'n fireless and pure,—  
 Conversed sweetly to me as we sat  
 On the seven moons, and open'd a new book  
 As we alighted down upon the belt,  
 Of lovely Jupiter ; dazzled my view—  
 With the glory.—But see that concourse ;  
 —Wings glitter in the light of more than pearls,  
 They come to see the stranger ere the judgment.

---

 THE PETITION.

## BOYS &amp; GIRLS.

Sadly we view the sun,  
     Sadly we view the trees ;  
 We cannot laugh nor run,  
     Nor feel the country breeze.

The mocking bird may sing  
 Among the healthy plains ;  
 The bird of crimson wing  
 May listen to his strains.

We cannot hear him,—no ;—  
 Forever at our books,  
 We feel a captives woe,  
 And sadder grow our looks.

*Boys.*

While other youths may roam  
 By lake and flowery lea ;  
 Like sickly boys, at home,  
 We drink the nervous tea.

*Girls.*

While scenes of country life,  
 Charm other misses sweet ;  
 We fret in secret strife,  
 Our heads fight with our feet.

*Boys and Girls.*

Dread silence with his sway

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Moves o'er the waters deep ;  
 But still they careless play,  
 While we in silence sleep:

The waters in the sun  
 With loving fervour glows,  
 While we with faces dun  
 Must pine like any rose.

Like any rose confined,  
 In an unnat'ral state ;  
 Like fine thoughts of the mind,  
 Which vanish with their fate :

So we must look like night,  
 Nor hail the sunny blaze  
 Unless you bless our sight,  
 With two weeks hollidays.

---

 THE RHONE.

The waters of the Rhone rode fiercely on,  
 Plunging and sparkling with unusual ray ;  
 " O where are all my ancient heros gone,

That made my shores resound with warlike  
play.

O are they gone, and is the spirit fled ;  
That used to meet me fearlessly and free,—  
Arouse each son who broke his father's bread ;  
Draw off that chain which binds you 'neath  
the knee.

Get up my foaming horses ; wherefore sleep  
Tho' lights have vanished out of yonder sky ;  
The face of death comes up my wild banks steep ;  
I hear the infant and the mother cry,  
I heard the sun lamenting at noon day ;  
The earth was crimson'd—fear sat on each  
brow ;—

My waters froze in summer,—dead I lay,—  
While active life and death above me flew.

Break up that dreadful frost with fire and smoke ;  
And let your cannon lengthen out the groan,  
The sickly sun was making, as he spoke  
In lightning to the earth, which caught his  
moan.

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Go on, go on ; tame Lewis and his words  
 May never move ye,—come with sound of  
 drum ;

Come with dancing pikes, and fearless swords ;  
 With firelocks shoulder'd, down my margin  
 come.

Lift high the fiery brand and do not spare ;  
 Polish the thirsty barb and secret knife ;—  
 Unfurl your penons in the wanton air ;—  
 Again strike up the merry drum and fife.

Let me get up,—that's right,—I see the flash ;  
 It passes o'er my breast ; the bay'nets now,  
 Are glist'ning with my ripples,—now ye dash :  
 Glorious my sons, the chain is broken thro' :  
 My waves will rise in pride and ride in glee,  
 When one shout more tells me my France is  
 free !”



## THE SEA.

False spirit chain thy passion to that rock :  
 Dark spirit bridle up thy roaring tongue :

Rip up thy banks as if an earthquake spoke ;  
 Strike down the trees that on thy margins throng ;  
 Drizzle the sheets of air and blind the sky ;—  
 Dart thro' Geneva's Lake like gleams of light :  
 Spit out thy foam and gratify thy eye  
 With all that's fierce ; but urge not slavery's  
 fight.

Yes pause, before you rouse the rustic man,  
 To leave his peaceful home, to follow thee  
 Thro' desperation ; making life a span  
 Shorter than usual ;—and his family,—  
 What of it water,—can he in thy stream  
 Renew each image ere he tumble in ;  
 Can loss of precious life a trifle seem ;  
 Or virtue suff'ring for another's sin.

Monstrous spirit muffle up thy drum,  
 That it play nothing but a fun'ral dirge,  
 For those who down thy wild banks dare to come ;  
 And headlong hurry o'er creation's verge.

Were it for Righteous Freedom, my blue waves

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Should dash the vessels back which dared to  
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And join against you,---darksome watry graves  
Should cover thousands underneath my tide.

Freedom's my banner,---I am wholly free ;

You see the semblance of my open face,

In ev'ry thing that's true, by tow'r and tree ;

You see me in the boundless world of space.

Like airy currents I go headlong on ;

Like thunder 'neath the welkin who holds me;

Like streams of heav'nly fire, I halt upon,

Myself,---and deck with flowers you canopy.

Yes, I am free ; the curling of my crest

Denotes my birth, when winds give me the cry;

And then I hurry me to change my vest,

And with them ride my horses thro' the sky.

I meet the lightning :---O how we do shout

In ecstasy, upon the midway air ;

No grandeur know they who have not been out

To see earth rocking, to my wild notes rare.

My heart is free ; the glorious morning star,

Rises from out my bed at close of day ;  
 My mermaids dance to see her shine afar,  
 Their gold combs glist'ning with the diamonds  
 ray.

My Nereides skip o'er my fields of blue ;  
 Eolian harps inspire their native glee ;---  
 Plunging their forms, like yonder white sea mew ;  
 They chant my praise and sing the ocean free.

My ringlets grace the shore ; and when I sleep,  
 The beauty of my bosom charms the eye ;  
 Wonder surrounds my halls, and caverns deep ;  
 The moon embraceth me continually.

The little bird that sings, sings joy to me ;  
 I help to make the air which wafts his song ;  
 I breathe my essence on each gem you see ;  
 And he who saw me once thinks absence long.

O'er burning sands I waft my cooling gales ;  
 In icy climes I temper rugged cold ;  
 The world's a ship to me, I swell her sails ;  
 Yes, I'm the spirit of the earth so old.

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But let that pass ; move quietly till I tell  
Some of the leading traits, you do not know ;  
And when I have set open discords well,  
We'll meet in converse by the fires which  
glow.

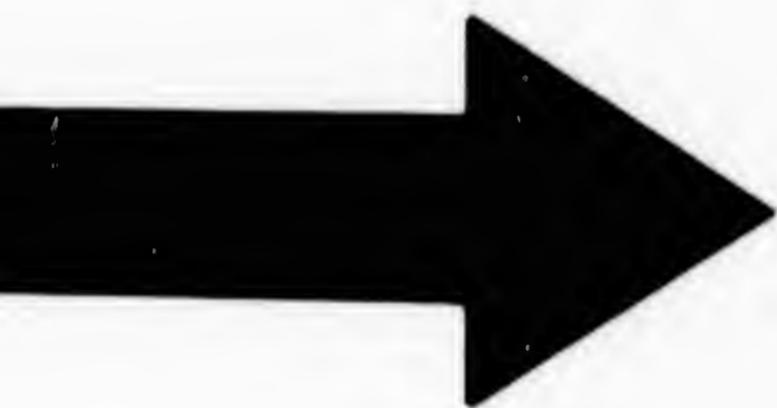
A patriot in a land where all is still,  
Is not a patriot of the olden time ;  
But modern all,--a muddy running rill,  
Whose purling draws the trav'ler off his line ;  
A stream whose shallow bed speaks it unfree ;  
Not like the mighty rushing of the sea.

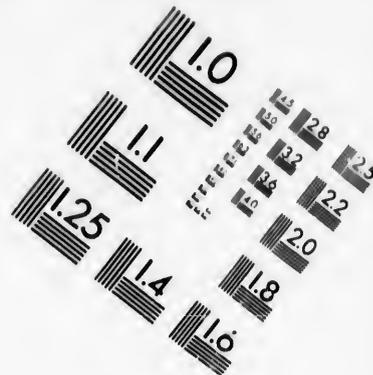
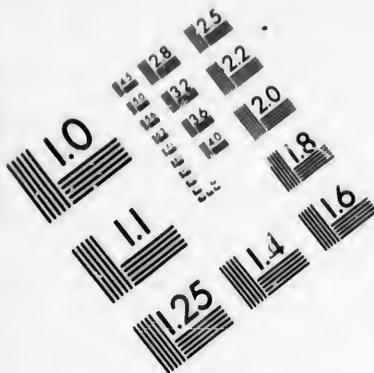
And list again ;--view one that bawls right loud ;  
And all for love to the industrious poor ;  
And see him privately, beneath the cloud,  
Erect a tyrant's head with eyes impure.

Destroying all that meet his demon glance ;  
Burning the hearts of those who wait his nod ;  
Making his household skip the floor, and prance  
To his rude mandate, and his iron rod.

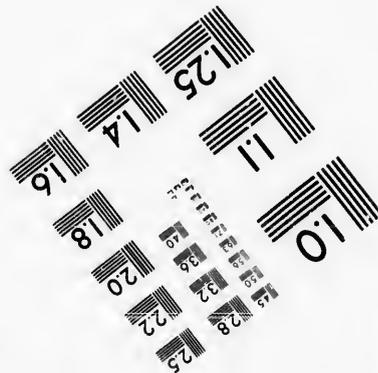
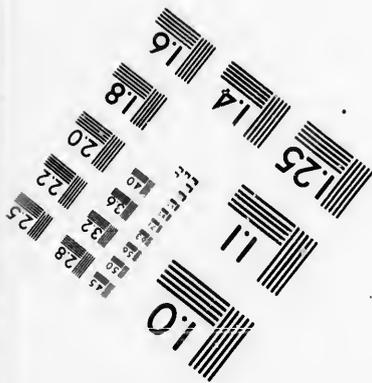
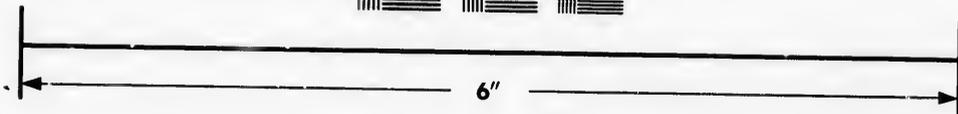
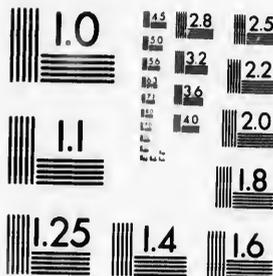
O is it not a pity, that he should  
Sit down in mock'ry in his easy chair ;







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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And eat the people's flesh, and drink their blood;  
And blow his brazen trump, "I've acted fair."

I know them well, they nearly caught my heart,  
In my young days, when first my tides did play;  
When tyrant man began to hurl the dart,  
Drive the long spear, and hew the flesh away.

When winds began to bring me the sad tale  
Of dire oppression; and my currents strong,  
Began to swell my breast, with passion pale,  
And lift my waves, to smite the man of wrong.

O yes I heard the voices on my wave,---  
O I've heard sorrows drop from many a tongue;  
I've wept to see black shackles on the brave;  
I've wept, I've wept, when freedom sadly sung.

But hark those fires commence,---now ope thine  
eyes,

And see that stream which flows,---for noth-  
ing spilt :

Fold up thy waters,---check that wild surprise;  
Keep back that blood from me,---'tis thine  
"the guilt."

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And all for nothing...let thy breakers ride ;---  
 Turn here, and know the secrets of the sea ;  
 For nothing hath ten thousand millions died ;---  
 Freedom's my banner ; I am wholly free.

---

## LADY ANNE BOTHWELL,

TO HER BOY BALLOU.

The shades of night are gone ;  
 The sun smiles sweet on thee ;---  
 The little stars that shone,  
 Have sunk beneath the sea :  
 Awake, awake, in virtue rise ;  
 The vapors vanish ; ope thine eyes.

The robin in the grove,  
 Secluded tunes his lay ;  
 The sky-lark roams above,  
 Where pearly dew-drops stray ;---  
 Awake, awake, and break soft s'leep ;  
 Bright diamonds sparkle o'er the deep.

Louder and louder now,  
 Resounds the song of praise ;

While over heaven's brow,  
 There is a holy blaze ;---  
 The air is sweet which passes by ;  
 Get up and view the speckled sky.

The flowers have wash'd their lips,  
 And dress'd their fringes fair ;  
 The bee in glory sips,  
 The honey gath'ring there ;---  
 And buttercups of dazzling hue,  
 Have oped their breasts for love to you.

Get up, 'tis wonder all ;  
 The lambkins are at play ;  
 The fly gives you a call :  
 And why so long delay ;---  
 He wakes ! O may the power above !  
 Still shield thee with his arm of love !

---

THOUGHTS ON SCOTLAND.

My heart beat light to the autumn wind,  
 And tho' the leaves blew round my feet,

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I paced the sward wi' happy mind ;  
For natal beauty look'd sae sweet.

The Robins sang broke on my ear,  
Churning that summer days were fled ;

O could its notes but reach me here,  
I'd gang mair cheery to my bed.

O ay,---and the mavis wiled me oft  
To leave my mother a' her lane ;  
When modest ev'ning, gently soft,  
Began her swift enchanting reign.

When started up the lav'rock grey,  
At sound o' him that lov'd the night ;  
And th' streaks o' the bonny dying day,  
Cover'd the warld wi' heavenly light.

When the moudieward crept frae its hole,  
To look at the locks o' th' rising moon ;  
And thoughts fell lightly on the soul,  
Which fill'd the hearts wi' bliss aboön.

O bonny Clyde ; why did I think  
To see in other climes a stream

That might o'ermatch thee ;---on thy brink,  
 Why did my childish fancy dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

Round Bothwell castle's ancient walls,  
 In nightly dreams I often walk ;  
 At times I peep into the halls,  
 And think I hear the owl talk.

Syne down the brae in wild afright,  
 I hasten till I reach the tide,---  
 Then plunge, and leave the bird o' night  
 To scream thro' Bothwell haugh, sae wide.

I dream'd o' the bonny gowan-brae,  
 That rose before my mother's door ;  
 And on the height wi' looks o' wae,  
 My mother stood, and wagg'd me o'er ;  
 But ah, a storm blew up the wave ;  
 O rolling Clyde thou broke my view ;---  
 I woke wi' throbbing heart the lave,---  
 And tauld them I had slighted you.

\* \* \* \* \*

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 GEORG

The tree which rear'd its tender head.  
The ivy breaks its heart alone ;--  
The tree alas ! will soon be dead.

---

## A FRAGMENT.

O kind Creator, nature from thy hands,  
Was sent in modest robe, with virgin mien ;  
Her beauty tun'd the chords of angel bands,  
Who sung the birth of beauteous landscapes  
green ;--  
The birth of gentle winds, which then serene,  
Mov'd sweetly o'er the vast collected deep,  
Coxing the little wave beneath the sheen  
To ope her breast, before she went to sleep ;  
That sea, as well as sky, might that first vigil  
keep.

---

## TO THE RIVER DON.

[Presented in manuscript to my friend Mr.  
GEORGE BOWER, who resided on its brink.]

O Don, Great Don ! thy river may seem fine  
 To those who never saw a nobler stream ;  
 Thy swampy banks may look like beauty's line  
 To those who never saw a livelier green,  
 To those who still delight in lowly mien :  
 To me you bring the image of the snail  
 That crawls in passive meekness o'er the scene ;  
 Thy face seems void of spirit, fierce and pale,  
 And glorious when it dashes, as a queen  
 Who pleases while she storms, like rain thro'  
 sunny sheen.

## II.

The ghostly vapour rising from thy bed,  
 Like evil spirit shunning blue eyed morn ;  
 Takes deep revenge before the sun hath led  
 Her column thro' the air like fiend forsworn :  
 And thou art left to draw thy serpent form,  
 Around thy sluggish heart Celestial Don,  
 Till ev'ning falls, and then the vapour lorn  
 Embraceth thee again, and lies upon,  
 Thy yellow-looking breast, which agues many  
 a one.

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## III.

Say didst thou make that swamp ignoble stream,  
Or did the filthy swamp enliven thee,  
To curve another link that thou mightst seem  
An imitation of those rivers free,  
Which in fair Scotland oft delighted me ;  
Say wherefore came it so that fen and brake  
Conjoin to spoil the scen'ry one might see,  
If nature had not given thee a shake,  
Which sunk thy poison'd pots below Ontario's  
lake.

## IV.

Instead of pebbled bed and sparkling shore,  
A trench of mud marks out thy fated line ;  
And glossy snakes, that mock the diamond ore,  
Lie still and eye thee while the sun doth shine:  
There's warfare in thy shoals of weeds and slime  
There's death upon thy banks and in thy water;  
Dark reptiles breaking one snoters spine ;  
There's noise within the swamp and curious  
clatter ;  
The carrion bird comes down to see the matter

## V.

For me, the cooking-pot has been my harp  
 Since first I saw thee rear thy sickly head ;  
 King Alfred had no weighty cause to carp ;  
 He only spoiled the Saxon woman's bread ;—  
 But I have spoil'd and spoil'd and wish'd me dead ;  
 Thy dread Melairio fell upon my wife ;  
 Twelve moons have pass'd, and still she keeps  
 her bed :

Take back the poison Don which eats her life,  
 And I will bless thee yet, and drop my cutting  
 knife,

## VI.

I'll shew thy eyes a view of coming times,  
 When men by order drain those beds of mud,  
 Which at the present choke some lovely signs,  
 Of what we see thou mightst be ; how thy  
 flood  
 Will sweeter grow, and lose that gait so lame ;  
 How bulrushes will change to groves of wood ;  
 Where lovers fond of thee will breathe a flame,  
 Which none will dare to quench for fear of  
 Hymen's blame,

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## THE DELUGE.

## I.

The earth lies groaning in the arms of sin,—  
 'The ear of night is broke with horrid din,—  
 Red murder stalks abroad with brandish'd brand,  
 And rapine lifts on high his monstrous hand ;  
 The sayings of old Seth are quite forgot,  
 And all the good that righteous Enoch taught.

The Atheist gluts and wallows in desire,—  
 No altar smokes but that ordain'd to fire,—  
 Save the good Noah's, while he spoke and pray'd,  
 In shameless groves to careless youth and  
 maid ;  
 To gray-hair'd sinners, in the lascivious dance,  
 To desperate women, who like death-fires  
 prance ;  
 To hearts of roughest stone in gardens fine,  
 To bands of robbers 'neath the palace line,  
 To children lisp'ng curses on their sires,  
 To fathers killing infants 'fore the fires ;—  
 To all the giant kings who bent on war,  
 Made havoc dye his rude infernal car.

To those who sat beneath the shady trees,  
 And curs'd with shocking oaths the earth and  
 seas ;  
 To those who howl'd with wrath, and those who  
 laugh'd,  
 To see the pond'rous bowl so quickly quaff'd ;  
 To all, to all, he spoke that he came near,  
 But deaf as adders, still they would not hear

## II.

Nature puts on a new appearance now,  
 The moon is ting'd with green on heaven's  
 brow ;  
 The wind which sweeps the earth howls wild  
 and low,  
 Like Spaniel mourning for its master's woe.  
 The ass is braying on the mountain's side ;  
 The sea-birds scream as thro' the list they  
 ride ;  
 The cat inclines to wash her prudish face,  
 The dog hangs down his tail, and shuns the  
 chase ;  
 The eagle looks as if afraid to fly,

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The proud horse trembles, fearful looks his  
eye.

The sheep are gath'ring on the highest hill ;  
The shepherd wonders that the wolf is still ;  
The hen sits on the roost her feathers rough,  
The songsters of the grove have sang enough ;  
All save the night owl, whose incessant cry  
Makes forests ring with doleful melody ;  
All save the raven croaking on the tree,  
With hoarser voice than it was wont to be,

Vast troops of cattle scamper o'er the plain ;  
Turning full oft they pause,—and start again ;  
No joyous lowing rings along the field ;  
An anxious moan is all the sound they yield.

The sow peeps forth, and looks about her stye,  
Snuffs at the wind, and upwards turns her eye,  
Then squeaking most discordant, in she hies,  
And tells the rest a story of surprise.

The fish have ta'en the bottom of the deep,—  
The waves have doff'd their caps and gone to  
sleep :

A minute's notice and they must arise,  
Put their whole armour on and climb the skies.

A yellow red is spread upon the sea,  
A dismal gloom hath sunk upon the lea;  
Men's faces look unearthly; on the sun  
The words are written out, "Old Time is done."

---

 III

A fiery comet travels thro' the sky,  
And turns upon the earth his evil eye;  
Like barbed arrow, quick as wondrous light,  
Onward he hurries from the realms of night;  
The signs of death appear upon his tail;  
The stars put out their light, the moon is pale;  
The tides are agitated, caverns smoke,  
And sulph'rous fires illuminate the rock.

The wall of mighty ocean snaps asunder,  
The waters meet the clouds, and rouse the thun-  
der,—

The equilibrium of the world is gone,—  
The comet slaps the sphere as he drives on.

O Earth!  
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skies.  
O Earth ! O purest atmosphere, thy breath,  
Giving so many years respite from death  
Must soon be alter'd ; thy transparent face  
Shall lose that wondrous glow, and Noah's race  
Will henceforth pine ; our orb with all its might  
Pulls down the vapour from that star of night.

one,"  
(The sun will soon illumine diff'rent air,  
Primeval fruits will lose their juices rare ;  
'The weather once so changeless, night and day ;  
Affect the blood, and life run swift away.)

t,  
t :  
ale ;  
But see it breaks away, tho' lesser far  
Than this our earth,—that red disast'rous star ;  
It darts like lightning o'er the quaking mountains ;  
The waters rush to fill the broken fountains.  
Heav'ns windows open up their casements wide,  
And nature staggers as the fierce winds ride :  
Earth groans and weary on her axis turns ;  
The globe is drowning while the heavens burns.

sun.  
Man looks aghast and smites his forehead now ;  
Some climb the tree, and some the mountain  
brow,

Half drown'd they meet, and from each other run,  
They see not whither, knowing all is done.

Despair looks awful—Envy shuts his eyes ;  
The gold within the chest unheeded lies :  
The glutton feels quite satisfied with food ;  
The savage warrior thinks no more on blood :  
The nightmare holds his hands and ties his feet ;  
Howling he dies on the defiled street.

Some tie themselves in boats, and ride awhile,  
'Twixt hope and fear, on waves that grimly  
smile,  
But rain and thunder drive them down ere long ;  
Their last sad shout, is their own fun'ral song.

Some seize the instruments of Tubal Cain,  
And strive to sing obscenity again ;  
The light'ning strikes the chorus, and the hand  
And instrument, are buried in the sand.  
In short, 'tis all a wreck, and shrieks and cries,  
Appal the world as old Creation dies :  
And now the mighty earth seems earth no more,  
The sea rolls on but cannot find a shore.

\* \*  
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\* \* \* \* \*

Darkness hath cover'd o'er the leaves of green,  
 And lightning burnishes the watry scene ;  
 Clap answers clap, as echoing o'er the deep.  
 Cracking the canopy, the thunders sweep.  
 But still the blessed ark triumphant rides,  
 And braves the fiercest fury of the tides ;  
 And holy songs are wafted o'er the deep,  
 Before the elements have gone to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Noah stands on the hill in holy fear,  
 And views the rolling sun begin the year ;  
 But downwards as he looks the fogs arise ;  
 The earth seems alter'd to his wond'ring eyes ;  
 Yet still it is o'erclad with lively green ;  
 And Caucasus upon the north is seen  
 Soft'ning the glances of the Caspian sea,  
 Which lovelier looks from distant hill or lee.

Flashes of wonder rush upon his sight,  
 And thrill his frame with rapturous delight :  
 He kneels upon the hill ; his eyes run o'er  
 And adoration moves his inmost core ;

While o'er his whiten'd locks the breezes play,  
Which dry the earth and chase the mists away.

---

### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Would it might be that my distressed heart,  
And my wrong'd spirit, grieving night and day,  
Could balance all, and let my nature start,  
Upon a peaceful path a holier way ;  
The thoughts forgot, which Murray sent astray ;  
His policy no worse for what has been ;  
My dire experience turn a golden ray,  
To light my soul, and make me all serene,  
No more to waste my health nor melt my blood-  
shot een.

#### II.

But ah ! the stanchions here, and there without,  
The warder walks, and gives me worse than  
woe ;  
Grim aspects face me as I turn about,  
And when they leave me, still I see them so :

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My own light step affrights me as I go ;  
 In vain my maiden strives to deck my hair,  
 It minds me of the blue bell hanging low ;  
 Bending beneath the tread of one less fair,  
 Less gentle she, that thus fills me with eating  
 care.

## III.

Would it might be that dark inveteracy,  
 Were not his teacher, bending him while young  
 To turn his thoughts from me another way ;  
 Killing my hopes with falsehoods poison'd  
 tongue ;  
 Laying the schemes of policy and wrong ;  
 Of Kingdoms twain,—painted,—a golden bait,  
 Murdering nature with a wizard's prong ;  
 Raising a wall between us void of gate ;  
 Thro' which my son might see his mother's  
 feeble state.

## IV.

Would it might be that Scotia's horse and foot,  
 Led on by Douglas with his spearmen good,  
 Could enter England's borders, force to force,  
 E

And baulk the 'queen that seeks her cousin's  
 blood ;  
 Take me to Leven Castle o'er the flood,  
 To dungeons where Lord Wyms once own'd  
 my sway ;  
 To Falkland's gloomy palace in the wood ;  
 To castles by the Nith, the Tyne, the Tay ;  
 To any place but this, for here I'm bleaching  
 gray.

## V.

But O regret is here, and near me stalks  
 Despair, with features torn by anguish wild ;  
 And, in the rear, dark murder slowly walks,  
 As if afraid to meet a thing so mild :  
 Yes, my prophetic spirit whispers free,  
 That Betsy has forgot King James's child ;---  
 Forget, O why forget ; she keeps my key :  
 The flowers beneath the window seem to  
 mourn for me.

## VI.

Would it might be ; 'tis come ; I feel the beams  
 Of peace within my soul ; mercy hath come ;

The feeling  
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 Farewell  
 friend  
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The feeling of the world a garden seems ;  
 And nothing moves to keep me from my home ;  
 O blessed sense open'd is heaven's dome.

Farewell my maidens ;---farewell ye kind  
 friends ;---

Prepare my habit Ellen ; now I'll roam ;

And break the stiffness long confinement lends :  
 Rejoice with me, that this, my weary groaning  
 ends.

---

## FRAGMENTS.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Is it for me to be wrapt in seclusion,

While the sun glads the day, and th' moon  
 glads the night ;

Is it for me to beguile with delusion,

A million of dark hours for one hour of light.

---

Time moves heavily, "desire faileth," and  
 the body becomes a burthen. Lassitude sits

down and ties up all the main springs; the spirit  
sinks heavily upon the heart;---strange thoughts  
pour into the mind:—man is unhappy.

---

## TO MALTHUS.

At no time do we hear that the earth was too  
thickly peopled, so that green grass was not seen  
for houses, or that intercourse intercepted the  
breath of the wind.

---

It seems as if the sea betwixt us should cut  
asunder the bonds of natural affection, so that  
the life separated might be dead to each part.

---

And sounded then the trumpet,—joyful news  
To earth's old inhabitants, and straight  
The herald flew to ev'ry isle of love  
With tidings.

---

—————Imagination wide  
More pleasure shews in distance, like the scene  
Which rises faintly where the rivers glide,

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Past little islands dress'd in deepest green :  
 Playing with beauty thro' the senses keen.  
 Feeling my star ! I see thee far away ;  
 Thy twinkling throws more light where I have  
 been ;  
 Thy bless'd remembrance gilds my broken day,  
 Thy diamonds in my breast diffuse a holy ray.

---

## TO SENACHERIB.

What can chance not do ? It can make you  
 break your leg ; can chance heal it again ?—  
 What more can chance do ? It can kill you ;  
 can it bring you to life again ? Can chance  
 cement a decapitated body ? No. How could  
 it create one then ? Does chance ever think  
 correctly ? No ; and yet it is the soul of thought.  
 Does chance know odds from evens ? No ; and  
 yet you own its power.

---

The spider's lesson sunk upon his heart ;  
 He learn'd to weave a net, and watch'd each fly  
 In movement on the labour'd front.

## \* SENACHERIB. \*

Would it might be ; but ah ! it never may ;  
The pool still holds the stone which broke its  
state ;

And though the circles have all died away,  
The plunge is written on the water's fate,  
And I am left to hold the thing I hate ;  
To falsify my eye and sickly smile ;  
To sigh with bleeding heart while others prate,  
To shun the gaze of heav'n, and anguish pile  
Within my burning brain, which throbs the  
weary while.

---

ACT 1st. SCENE 1st.

THE LAKE OF KILLEARNY BY  
MOONLIGHT.

LORD DONOCHU. (*Solus.*)

The sun hath ran his course, the moon is up,  
And brightly burn the little sparkling stars :  
Tho' deeds of darkness need no sun or moon,  
I hate to meet him when the day is gone.  
This is the spot where last we met, that night

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I met hi  
Yet now  
The sigh  
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(*He ra*)

(*Lucif*)

Tho' r  
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Was full of wildness,—caves clang dreadfully :  
 My moon was wing'd fire,—my stars the foam,  
 Riding like madden'd coursers on the lake,  
 Which roar'd to see them fly, scaring the heron,  
 'Twas vain in the heavens to war with earth ;  
 I met him, and the lightning shew'd his face.  
 Yet now with bright creation twinkling,  
 The sight recall'd I shudder.  
 I'll drive it off and blow the bugle horn ;  
 I cannot sound it, nor do I wonder,  
 I see his horrid lure.  
 I'll rest me on the hill.  
 Reluctant tho' I am I must essay,  
 Come hither sable horn.  
 (*He raises the horn, but seems afraid to sound it.*)

## SCENE HALVED.

(*Lucifer and others discovered in the hollow of a  
 rock.*)

## LUCIFER.

Tho' not fit directly true to tell  
 The eventful tale of dark futurity ;  
 I had a restless wish to see the place  
 Where last I met this fellow Donoçhu,

This night will scarcely do, the moon and stars  
 So mild and pale, grow sick upon my eyes ;  
 This gentle breeze must change for something  
 rough.

——— I'll use my power.

Lightning fly and dare to touch this arm !  
 Thunder sound your terrors ! None now to me :  
 We'll play upon the heart of Donochu.  
 Where are you winds ! I wait your op'ning  
 howl.

And rain lets have a pour. Conjoin'd, conjoin'd,  
 We'll have a night, will shake the gates of death.

*(Jumps up and waves his arm. Begin.)*

*(Thunder and Lightning.)*

DONOCHU.

The sheets of atmosphere do wildly shake.  
 (Pauses.) No resting on the hill already here  
 Hath Lucifer begun his rioting.

I'll sound it quickly,—my resolution  
 Else may fail.

*(A wild blast is heard.)*

LUCIFER.

Rest ye I'll thro' the rock to Dunochu.

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## NIGHT.

The moon was burnish'd by the frigid air,  
And stars began to dance so bright she shone ;  
The fairy Nereids stole the semblance fair  
From heav'ns gate, to light the waters lone :  
A sweeter night was never look'd upon :  
The ripples met in love as on they rode,—  
Their burning armour sparkling on the zone ;  
The traveller paus'd upon the cheerful road,  
To view the diff'rent shades which o'er the lake  
were strow'd.

---

## MORNING.

Peace now had sunk upon the restless waves,  
And stillness hush'd the fairy maids asleep ;  
The ripples dropp'd by stealth into their caves,  
For zephyrs breath had died upon the deep,—  
And nothing now abroad did vigil keep  
Except the lights, which hung a fainter red,  
And paler, paler grew, and 'gan to weep :  
Their tears on æther fell, a burning thread,  
And Cynthia strove to veil her weary head,

He sought his love when the dew of ev'ning  
 Fell cautiously upon the young floweret,  
 And brought a coolness with it from the sky :  
 He sought his love by midnight, when the earth  
 Grew dull and heavy, eagerly he watch'd,  
 And turn'd from side to side his heated head  
 Where'er the bushes caught the startling breeze.  
 He waited for her when the twilight stars  
 Faded away, and chillness broke his gait ;  
 He waited for her when the morning beam'd ;  
 And heeded not the men who pass'd him by,  
 When midday smote the earth with pow'rful rays,  
 His dog howls where he lies, not waiting for his  
 love.

---

The Chieftain fell, no longer could  
 His strength bear up, he fell,—  
 And lay stretch'd out within the wood,—  
 A thing which the mind may tell.

Like one inanimate he was,  
 And cold as the stiffen'd clay ;—

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The mournful sight made the warriors pause,  
And nothing could they say.

Yet light broke forth from his hazel eye,  
When they 'gan to chafe his brow ;  
But the fire which lit it was gone by,—  
His mien is alter'd now.

---

### THE WIFE OF SHEM

The sun is mighty in the heavens to see,  
The blue is lovely as he moves along,—  
Yon cloud ting'ed o'er with gold rolls powerful  
free,—

That sweeping gust seems irresistible strong.

Bedim'd with tears, great nature lately lay  
In saddest grief, but now an infant's joy  
Breaks out again, her night is turn'd to day,  
She smiles and wipes her beauteous lashes dry.

O brightness is her source ! and mightier far  
Than this great sun, which rides thro' space is  
He.

Essence of purity! the ruthless war  
Which fierce winds make, is only rul'd by  
thee.

The polish of the golden cloud is thine,  
And nature weeps at thy displeasure still:  
Fountain of loveliness! O light Divine!  
Upon this mount, shew us thy holy will.

---

Give physic to the body; a loaded mind  
Can waste itself, beyond all satisfaction.  
Frail works, still father thoughts, not half so  
blind;

Yet thought they say is life and soul to action:  
Thoughts good and bad keep up a fighting fac-  
tion:

And one might swear each to it's native kind  
Concerning works, hath metal's strong attractions:  
Let that be true or not, we always find,  
A foul testimony is bitter food to grind.

And could we wash the mem'ry, all were well;  
Records should flee away like rain from thunder:

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\* That book of life no more the debt might  
swell,

Which justice marks on conscience torn asunder.

† The star of light which causes so much  
wonder,

Should have a whitewash'd house to shine upon,

Instead of lighting up a scene around her

Of deadly gloom, and warfare woe begone;

Worse than a dreary waste by Ignis fatuus run.

But water to the hands O Pilate! thou;

Misled by usage, could not wash away

The stain which settled on thy conscious brow

Consuming life with its corrosive sway;

That deed hath dimm'd the glory of thy day:

And like an evil Genius hung on time|

It shades thy brighter actions, and for aye

Will just repugnance mark the crooked line,

You rear'd your name upon in such a heavy time.

And so wash freckles white with pungent rad-  
dish:

---

\* The memory.

† The soul.

Let mountains leave the moon when fases change,  
 Let spots upon the broad sun swiftly van-  
 ish—

Let Rivers drown the foam which loves to  
 range,

Let planets lose themselves, and thence de-  
 range

'The eye of regulation by their flight ;

Let things which be seem void, and therefor<sup>e</sup>  
 strange,

Let darkness deck her throne with candle-light,  
 Or steal an hour from day by watching me-  
 teors bright,

Let all go right, and let the spirit brood  
 On dark creative plans, unnatural ;  
 And let my friend Senacherib so good,  
 Keep true account, as true as Adam's fall,—  
 For me I sometimes think I'll give you all :  
 The facts I mean are winter facts, for they  
 Seem cold and raw, and not congenial  
 To hearts which glow bright as a summer's day.  
 All hail Senacherib.—Cease now my careless lay:

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## TO MRS. J.

Thy path is where the sweet flowers blow,  
Thy voice is heard midst human woe ;  
Thy secret aid shines like a beam  
Of heav'nly love on sorrow's stream :  
Philanthropy in purest hue,  
Looks proud to meet a heart so true :  
Surely the peace will follow thee,  
Which still thou giv'st to misery.

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