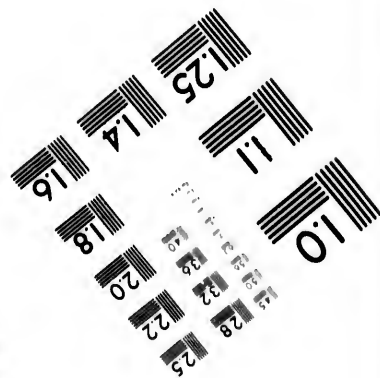
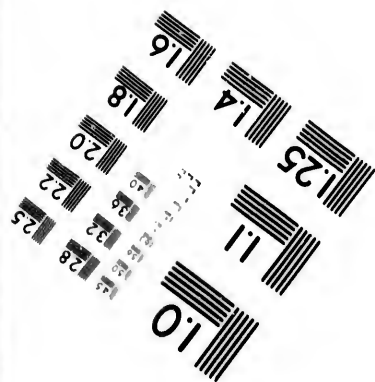
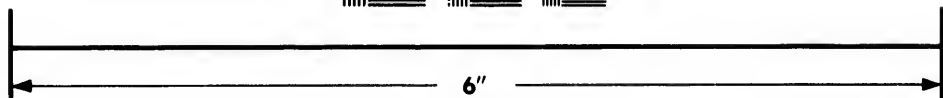
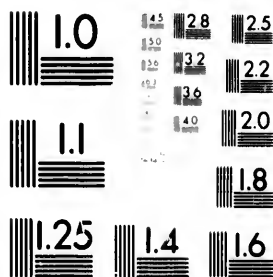


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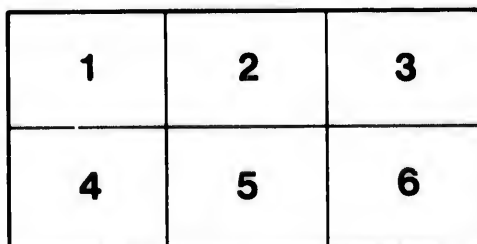
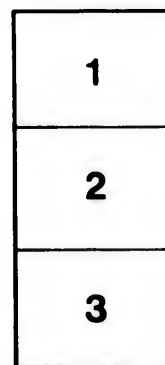
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A. I.

FOR NOTICE

INHUMANITY.

A POEM IN THREE PARTS.

BY JAMES McLACHLAN.

1868.

7
INHUMANITY.

— 1627

A POEM

IN

THREE PARTS.

—
BY JAMES McLACHLAN.
—

—
Montreal:

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1868.

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INHUMANITY.

Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.—*Burns.*

PART I.

O inhumanity of man to man,
Curse of our race since first its date began,
What woes from thee, prolific source of ill,
Spring, earth with tears and sounds of wail that fill,
Gainst thee whose wounds no alchemy can cure,
No fane is sacred, and no home secure.

Home! ah, too oft in fancy dwells alone,
The sweet delights we picture as its own.
The favoured spot we fain would deem infolds
All that the heart most dear and cherished holds,
The Loves, the Graces, and the Joys, whose smile
Can troubled hearts of all their griefs beguile,
Alas! through cold insensibility,
Is oft to childhood glad, confiding, free,
A scene of dread, a prison-house of pain,
Where horror broods, and dreary terrors reign.

When selfish dulness chills the atmosphere,
Warm, genial, of the hearth, and settles there,
How all the sweet relationships of home,
And all its tender ties transformed become.
The parent, furrowed o'er with frowns severe,
Hardens into a tyrant dark, austere;
The child, sad shrinking, cowers into a slave,
Or swells a rebel, impiously brave;
Authority becomes oppressive law,
Filial obedience, base and servile awe;
Love freezes to distrust, and duty grows
Mere discipline, enforced with threats and blows;

While in this native clime of peace and joy,
Spring only discord, woe, and misery.

Nor but in idle, vicious homes alone,
The evils we deplore, alas, are known.
Lo now, this man, blest with a father's name,
Before the world who walks uncharged with blame,
Honest and prudent, shrewd, yea, pious too;
In manly, sterling sense, excelled by few—
He wins your praise, nay such his merits seem,
Scarce you refrain to yield your high'st esteem.
Follow him home. Hark now, as we draw near,
What bursts of childish glee salute the ear,
Silenced anon—soon as without the door,
His footstep sounds, the merry romp is o'er.
He enters—all, with 'customed, sad dismay,
The little roysterers, flushed, have left their play;
And skulk in corners, and in nooks obscure,
With timid, guilty looks, downcast, demure.
Quaking with dread, the helpless little band
List to each sternly-uttered, harsh command,
Too happy if the darkly ominous look,
They meet, portend no worse than sour rebuke.

So when the fluttering tenants of the brake,
In happy concert, jocund chorus make,
Loud carolling free, their uncontrolled delight,
Dreading no danger, dreaming not of flight;
If chance a stranger wing of ominous spread,
Dark hovering nigh, be circling seen o'erhead,
Straight to safe coverts, hushed in fear they fly,
And cowering close, in trembling silence lie.

No look or word e'er hints a parent's love,
He speaks to censure, looks but to reprove.
Forced pensioners on his bounty, still bestowed
But grudgingly, his children feel the load,

Unnatural here, of mean dependence press
 On their crushed spirits, hopeless of redress.
 Each simple favour, timid asked, if e'er
 His child o'erawed, to ask a favour dare,
 Is stern refused, or granted with a frown,
 While threats, with fear, all rising pleasure drown.

Go, heartless, now present thy vows to heaven,
 But fear such welcome as thyself hast given.
 And trustest thou, because the God of love,
 A Father is, thy filial suit t' approve?
 Then lest unworthy, thou shouldst urge in vain
 Relationship, thyself dost ill sustain,
 First learn, unfeeling, learn with love to glow,
 And with a father's bounty gifts bestow ;
 Then hope with Heaven acceptance to receive,
 Which metes to all such measure as they give.

Thus soon is felt the curse of heartless power,
 In childhood's e'en most weak and pleading hour.
 Nature's own closest ties are all prov'd vain,
 The hand of cold oppression to restrain ;
 What wonder then, if mercenary all,
 Others as powerless prove to check its fall,
 Or that too oft, ere yet the child be freed ;
 From miseries of cheerless home, succeed
 The terrors of the rod, and frowning looks,
 Of harsh commands, and formidable books,
 Within the school-room's dusty scene that reign,
 Doubling his woes, and adding pain to pain.

O artless innocence, confiding trust,
 Fond, naive affection, plead your cause I must.
 How often when oppressed with care or grief,
 To you I've come, fain seeking glad relief,
 Nor come in vain, from your pure founts supplied,
 True comfort flows, disdained by sullen pride.

O parent stern, if to thy stubborn heart,
 Pity one kindly glow could ne'er impart,
 Prompting with tenderness to shield from pain,
 The lives confided to thy care in vain ;
 Yet may thy children's righteous claims thee move,
 To grant from justice, what's denied by love.

To thee they owe their being. Nature made
 Their infant years dependent on thy aid—
 Happy indeed for them, if armed complete
 With strength and weapons all life's ills to meet,
 Like Pallas, they had in the self-same hour,
 To being sprung, and all that being's power ;
 Ne'er helpless then, with harsh unkindness stung,
 Had they the misery learned, of being young.
 But different far is Nature's wiser plan,
 In ushering on life's stage, her darling man.
 Weak, unprotected, and, through lengthened years,
 Demanding tenderest care, he first appears ;
 The wise design being thus mankind to bless,
 Since multiplied relations, joys increase,
 As duties too they multiply, nor may
 These be neglected, e'en if those delay ;
 Nor thou who own'st a parent's name, canst more
 The duties of that station blind ignore.
 And if thy offspring wake not thy delight,
 At least thou'rt bound to yield them every right—
 To cherish, to sustain, ungrudgingly,
 Their wants far as thou may'st, to satisfy.
 This not as mere indulgence, at thy hand,
 But as their due, they're privileged to demand—
 Privileged to live, and more, that life t'enjoy,
 Theirs is the right divine of liberty,
 Free, unconstrained, according to the laws,
 Stamped on their natures by a wise First Cause,

To seek their proper pleasure, void of fear,
Nor blameless shall he be, who checks them here.

O who can needless to the infant heart,
One pulse of pain, one pang of grief impart.
What Nero of the nursery or school,
Can see relentless, 'neath his iron rule,
The tears of childhood, hopeless, anguished flow,
And triumph, fiend-like, in the cureless woe.
Ne'er may he 'scape the retribution due—
Ruin o'ertake him, infamy pursue,
Fear make his nights, contempt his days, unblest,
Lone hours be his, remorse, and all unrest.

The weak and helpless, victims sad of wrong,
Still groan beneath th' oppression of the strong—
Children and women—brave, magnanimous man!
O'er these you triumph, since o'er these you can.

The savage wild, untutored and untrained,
Tamed by no arts, and by no laws restrained,
Thou blam'st, forsooth,—most chivalrous and just—
For woman spurned, and into slavery thrust;
While strong in might, her lord disdains to share
The burdens she alone must weaker bear.

'Tis well thou blam'st; but, prithee, now reverse
The scene, thou'rt guilty of the same or worse.
The partner of thy joys and sorrows—no,
Forgive the error—she that should be so—
The partner of thy sorrows—these alone,
For her reserved—the joys were all thy own—
Go call her now, and let her witness bear,
How well thy conduct may with his compare.

Why on her brow, no longer smooth, has care,
Once—ah the blissful time—a stranger there,
In wrinkled characters, the record left,
Of weary days and nights of rest bereft?

Why from her bosom breaks the frequent sigh?
 Why paled her cheek? and dimmed her once bright eye?
 The lips, fair portals of the soul, alone,
 That wont to ope to pleasure's silvery tone,
 No longer sentinelled with smiles appear,
 Bright harbingers of joy and gladsome cheer.

Say, in thy partner, why such mournful change,
 So great she almost to herself seems strange?
 Thou art the cause, thy selfishness the bane,
 Blight of her life that bids it early wane.
 Studious t' advance thy own delight and ease,
 Hers were allowed, but as they furthered these,
 Thy course was followed at whatever cost—
 No matter if her wishes all were crossed.
 To look to thee for sympathy were vain,
 Thy cold rebuff more hard to bear than pain,
 While all thy troubles, added to her own,
 Made her beneath the double burden groan.
 Unheeding thou, if through the crushing yoke,
 Thyself imposed, her patient heart was broke;
 Exacting still, when all was done to please,
 Not fierce to censure, was thy highest praise.

Go view this picture, then declare who most,
 Thou, or the savage, may'st of merit boast.
 Favour, at last, must to his side incline—
 His inhumanity is less than thine,
 Affecting but the body, thine the mind,
 Wears out as well, with tortures most refined.

Ye gentle maids, in rapture's lonely hour,
 Who love to roam through fancy's fairy bower,
 And cull the sweets that bloom profusely there—
 While hope's mild hues make all divinely fair,
 How bright the prospect on your vision gleams,
 Which Hymen's torch illumines with mellow beams;

Enhaloed by the dim and hazy light,
 How every object swells upon the sight,
 Each shape of joy that haunts the happy scene,
 Looms shadowy large, with mildly-winning mien.

But trust not all too fond, deluded fair,
 Trust not to find these fancied pleasures there,
 Unless the hand, that, to the hallowed ground,
 Conducts your steps be firm and faithful found,
 Unless with prudent care ye fix your choice,
 And list to reason, more than passion's voice.

O fly the selfish lover, fly the vain,
 Nor let his arts your yielding wills enchain.
 How can ye credulous hope in such to find
 The husband fond, the friend considerate, kind?
 No, ever to themselves, the selfish draw—
 Delight their aim, desire their only law.
 Like poisonous nettles, 'neath their baleful shade,
 All lovely, tender things soon wilt and fade:
 And she who weds a selfish man, must steel
 Her heart 'gainst wrong, if haply not to feel
 The pangs from cold indifference that spring,
 She hope, and those that taunts and censure bring.

But how in lovers selfishness to know,
 Since lovers all with equal fervour glow,
 Equal devotion and regard profess,
 And their fond suit with equal ardour press?

Say, melting o'er some tender tale of love,
 Dost sigh, fond maid, such fancied bliss to prove?
 Wouldst fain a lover with such warmth to woo,
 And with such changeless constancy pursue?
 Through three long volumes strains th' heroic youth,
 Nor e'er once falters in his faith and truth—
 So smoothly runs indeed, its destined course,
 The story, checked by no impeding force,

That if as test, the maxim be applied,
 By which the genuineness of its love is tried,
 On slim support of truth, it sure must rest;
 But let that pass—the youth, at last, is blest,
 And thou, so much the writer's arts prevail,
 Couldst wish thyself the heroine of the tale.

Well, have thy wish, and be such love-lorn maid,
 And have such swain t' attend thee to the shade.
 Soft through the moonlit grove ye wandering stray,
 And speed with tender talk the hours away.
 Upon your face he hangs with loving gaze,
 And to each feature lends its proper praise;
 Extols your rosy cheek, your ruby lips,
 Your snowy brow, your eyes that stars eclipse;
 Talks much of witching smiles, and Cupid's darts,
 Of cruel, cruel love, and broken hearts;
 Then falling on his knees, with upturned eyes,
 With gasping speech, and interjected sighs,
 Tells how your image in his bosom reigns,
 Implores your mercy on his cruel pains,
 Beseeches you to save his wretched life,
 By glad consent to be his loving wife.

Sure now thou'rt blest: ah, soon the charm has passed,
 Such violent passion could not equal last.
 Enamoured selfishness, its object gained,
 Fades ere the short-lived honey-moon has waned;
 And darkling into coldness and decay,
 No art may kindle more its transient ray.

Beware th' impassioned lover, who to gain
 Your sympathy, still free parades his pain,
 Who fain his suit discouraged, urging still,
 Importunate, scarce leaves you choice of will.
 His hopes, his feelings, his consuming flame,
 Forsooth, must first consideration claim,

What, if you cannot these reciprocate—
Complete his bliss, and leave the rest to fate.

Such is the love, which fiction, here too true,
To life experience, pictures to the view,
Which in home-Edens, ah, too oft, is found,
Twining its treacherous folds young hearts around,
Kindred to that which men less gently blame,
That which to misery adds the stain of shame.
For what is license, with its loose desires,
But selfish passion, whose unhallowed fires,
The whirling-car of pleasure to its goal,
Urge on resistless, brooking no control,
Though mournful sight, its tear-marked course reveals
Sad victims bleeding 'neath the iron wheels.

Curse me the wretch whose inhumanity,
Not e'en the bowers of innocence leaves free,
In heart unfeeling, as in evil bold,
No fears him check, no generous promptings hold.
Honour defamed and blasted peace appear,
Th' inglorious trophies of his mad career.

True love is ever generous, just, and kind,
If blind himself, he others scorns to blind.
Truthful in act and speech, whate'er befall,
He wins with candour, if he wins at all,
Uses no argument, employs no art,
To force the fair one's judgment or her heart;
But leaves her free t' accept or to refuse,
Not as it favours his, but her own views,
So great his wish t' insure her happiness,
He'll rather miss his own than hers make less.

These are the signs by which true love to know,
Love that shall burn with steady equal glow—
Undimmed by time, unweakened by decay,
Bright at its last, as at its earliest day.

PART II.

Loud sound the pæan! Slavery's doom has passed—
 The Lybian—THE SLAVE—is free at last.
 War, cruel war, with one tremendous blow,
 Struck off his fast bound chains, and thundered, "Go."
 By this inhuman power, the praise is won,
 Of slow humanity's own service done ;
 And black, sad, mournful colour, marks no more
 Its bearer for the yoke that long he bore,
 Nor forms the Helot-hue that to disgrace,
 And cruel wrong, consigns a guiltless race—
 Transforming man into a brute, to toil,
 Scourged to the task, while others share the spoil—
 A beast of chase that flies, in wild dismay,
 The yelling pack, less favoured far than they ;
 As once on fair Arcadia's smiling plain,
 Actæon sprung from god-like sires in vain ;
 Debased from man, pressed by th' unwitting hound,
 Fell, mangled, torn, 'neath many a gory wound.

No more this giant wrong, the foulest, worst,
 With which humanity has e'er been cursed,
 And which, strange contradiction, longest reigned,
 Where freedom boasts her fullest triumph gained,
 No more it lives to swell the horrent train
 Of ills that wake the good man's pitying pain—
 Flaming with generous rage his pious breast,
 Strong as of old, the Mighty Scer possessed,
 When fierce his fiery indignation burned,
 As prone to earth, he Pharaoh's minion spurned.

But social wrongs, alas ! a numerous throng,
 Still dire oppression's evil date prolong,
 Still curb man's freedom, and abridge his joy,
 And trust's soft clinging tendrils all destroy ;
 Nor thus in rude and barbarous climes alone,
 But those refined, that culture claims its own.

See purse-proud opulence insult distress,
 And poor dependence, wealthy power oppress.
 So many ills must indigence endure,
 So hard his lot who toils despised and poor,
 Equal extort from him the anguished sigh,
 His neighbour's wealth, and his own penury—
 And not from envy at the rich man's state,
 Nor sad repinings at his own hard fate—
 With joy this could he bear, and that survey,
 Did not injustice, lowering, cloud his way,
 With harsh extortion and with cold disdain,
 That blight his home, and fill his heart with pain.

Who then gave wealth monopoly of right,
 And all not equal guaranteed to slight ?
 Where is the charter that invests alone,
 This thing, with privileges man deems his own ?
 Or must at last—must Science stern, relent,
 And to its bosom take Development ?
 Do species merging rise ? and till he span
 The heights of affluence, is man not man ?

Behold the mortal, now his struggles past,
 With manhood's dignity high crowned at last—
 Uplifted head, and haughty brow serene,
 A manner bold, a proudly swelling mien,
 Tones that command, looks that defiance throw,
 Development's last crowning effort show.

More spacious mansion, more extended lands,
 Forsooth, his new formed mightiness demands.

His soul enlarged, more ample sphere requires,
 To spread her energies, t' expend her fires—
 Such narrow bound, as circumscribed his lot,
 In humble days, now haply all forgot,
 His lofty spirit spurns, and leaves for those,
 Ranked in th' inferior order whence he rose.

With high disdain he views th' ignoble throng,
 Who lowly creep life's humble paths along,
 The undistinguished, undeveloped poor,
 Who live unnoticed, and who die obscure—
 His fellows once, but proudly now disowned,
 Sever'd each tie that once their common natures bound.
 If he is man, they must be something less ;
 Nor on his justice claims can more possess,
 Which, resting solely on this forfeit name,
 Their force would urge, or sacredness proclaim.

O Canada! my country, how that name,
 With patriot ardour, bids my bosom flame.
 How memory at the sound, each scene recalls,
 Enduring pictured in her storied halls,
 Since life's gay spring, amid thy sylvan bowers,
 All careless passed, while pleasure winged the hours—
 Fondly with glad alacrity she springs,
 And pleased to view, each treasured relic brings.

All that gives worth to life, the charm, the glow,
 Of thought, of fancy—these to thee I owe—
 Yea, life itself—pure from thy lustrous skies,
 Light, streaming free, first bless'd my opening eyes ;
 Thy vigorous air, my earliest breath supplied—
 What power from thee can e'er my being divide!
 Home's sacred scene, its tender ties are thine,
 Love's blissful transports, friendship's joys divine—

All charms that raise, and all that melt the soul,
 Majestic woods, and streams that awful roll,
 Vast, saltless seas, and fields of wavy grain,
 The savage wilderness, the cultured plain,
 The Titan pine, whose front the sky invades,
 The violet low, that glads its spreading shades—
 These, these are thine, with all the charms that play
 Around them, various with the seasons' sway ;
 When winter wild, carcering from afar,
 Yokes his fierce coursers to the whirling car,
 And frenzied raving round the whitened plain,
 Involved in drifts, asserts his boisterous reign ;
 Or when mild spring unlocks her teeming stores,
 And light and song and tint and fragrance pours—
 Her mantle wide o'er field and forest flings,
 And heaven's glad choirs, from silent exile brings.

Such scenes, such beauties, simple or sublime,
 Fair native land, adorn thy happy clime,
 And all my soul with tender transports wake—
 These still I love, and thee for their dear sake.

But ah ! far other power hast thou to move,
 The thrill of rapture and the glow of love—
 Freedom's fair charm—this, this, blest land, is thine,
 Wide o'er thy plains its beamy splendours shine,
 Joying where'er a human home is found,
 To gild the scene, and consecrate the ground—
 Equal to all th' impartial blessing flows,
 Nor rich nor poor, nor low nor lofty knows.

Thy teeming plains ne'er fed the tyrant lord,
 Nor fruitful blessings from their bosom poured,
 Mingled with curses of the hopeless slave,
 Doomed still to pine 'mid all the gifts they gave.
 Thy sturdy yeomen, masters of the soil,
 Enjoy in peace the produce of their toil.

From servile tasks set free and foreign care,
 No lordling parasite's loathed weight they bear;
 Nor robb'd of manhood, blame their lowly birth,
 Serfs of the soil, and rooted to the earth;
 But proud exult, and unforbidden claim
 A freeman's honours, with a freeman's name.

How different far in climes where caste is law,
 And men their worth, from wealth and title draw;
 Where bulwarked high the streams of honour flow,
 And on the favoured few, their gifts bestow—
 Where manhood's fullest might is theirs alone,
 Whose far-traced ancestry, high source has known.

Born into rights to others all denied,
 Behold the pampered son of pomp and pride—
 Wide o'er the common herd, he lifts his gaze,
 And far below their struggling ranks, surveys,
 Tugging to swell his store, to raise his joy,
 And lordly deems it but their just employ.

On him dependent, their precarious bliss,
 The servile minister, the slave of his,
 Flies at his frown, and trembles at his look,
 Unable still his angry glance to brook,
 Each privilege they claim, each sacred right
 Must yield, when gives the order his delight—
 Of worth he counts them, as they serve, vain man,
 His power to strengthen or extend his plan;
 But should they once that slight or this oppose,
 His vengeful rage no bound of pity knows.

Still must I grieve such ills should e'er be found,
 And doubly grieve, if found on British ground—
 Britain beloved, how would I fain thy cause,
 Worthy espouse and champion with applause;

When foes denounce, when envy's spawn defame,
 And hatred's rancorous crew asperse with blame,
 Fain would I vindicate thy honour still,
 And with confusion strike who wish thee ill ;
 But vain, too oft, is all my filial zeal,
 Powerless thy faults t' ignore or to conceal.

Ins'lent with pride of years, thy feudal laws
 Contemn the poor man, and reject his cause,
 High place they honour, rank alone revere—
 The mitred priest, the coronetted peer.
 These learned and rich, in lawn and gay brocade,
 Strut bravely forth, and wide their poms parade ;
 While labour's millions, ignorant and mean,
 Ne'er in their lordly councils equal seen,
 Shut far apart, repulsed, despised, oppressed,
 Robbed of each means to have their wrongs redressed,
 Chained to a life of servitude and pain,
 For manhood's rights, for freedom plead in vain.*

O England, let this burning blot of shame,
 Cease, all unworthy, thus to brand thy name.
 Behold a mighty people at the gate
 Of power and privilege long forced to wait,
 Suppliant and silent, passive now no more,
 Stand calm, but terrible, as clouds that lower,
 Big with the thunderbolt ere yet 'tis hurled,
 A flashing vengeance on the startled world.

Attend, ye rulers, grant their just demands,
 No favour ask they at your grudging hands,
 The power the laws that govern them to frame,
 A freeman's privilege, 'tis all they claim—
 The right of suffrage, grant it while ye may,
 Ere popular rage chastise your long delay.

* This was written during the late Reform agitation in England.

Hark! on the rising gale what murmurs swell,
 That muttering low of coming tempests tell.
 List well those accents, as they freighted come,
 Weighty with purpose, big with threatened doom;
 And tremble scorners, check th' incipient sneer,
 No craven words, no barbarous speech ye hear—
 The speech of Britons! ne'er the tremulous tone
 Of weak submission, has that language known—
 That language! 'twas the same at Runnymede,
 Whose threats, the tyrant could not choose but heed,
 The same whose martial tones, at Marston Moor,
 Flamed peasant breasts, and bade the battle pour.
 Beware, ye rulers, lest its rousing words,
 Should now once more call up the clash of swords.
 If justice move not, then let fear alarm,
 And timely tack, t' evade the gathering storm.

Deem not that, bound by prejudice, I scan,
 With narrow view, that various creature, man.
 Partial to none—all ranks to me the same,
 Nor privilege I denounce, nor opulence blame—
 I claim no kindred with the vulgar crew,
 Whose scorn is envy of the good they view,
 The bitter hatreds harboured in their breast,
 Their real aim and bias true, attest.
 Lords of their wish, upraised to lofty state,
 Those would they crush, whom now they only hate;
 Like weeds that, meanly, their ignoble birth,
 Confess, low bent, and wedded to the earth,
 If chance, their heads aspiring, ins'lent tower,
 Each nobler stem must feel their blighting power.

All class distinction, which the many sign,
 Their only test of merit, ne'er was mine.

In place or birth, I own no subtle cause,
 To waken censure or to win applause ;
 But he, wherever found, whom nature sways,
 Who led by honour, all her laws obeys,
 Who favours truth, a foe to cant and fraud,
 And nobly free, is by no force o'erawed,
 Who far from envy, as from selfish pride,
 Shuns but th' unfeeling, kind to all beside—
 Such is the man—may joy his days attend—
 I love to honour, and to hail my friend.

Offspring of Time, the puppet blind of fate,
 Infinite of thought, but short, uncertain date,
 Efflux divine of Nature's sovereign soul,
 A part, but separate, of the wondrous whole,
 Abridged of his full powers, but destined still,
 To feel their force, and to their impulse thrill ;
 Like crippled form, whose lessened pulses play,
 Through severed limbs, with no diminished sway,
 But still the ampler scope of feelings own,
 That haply erst the perfect frame had known—
 Man, chained to earth, shut to the present hour,
 Confined in knowledge, circumscribed in power,
 Wide through the vast, the limitless expanse
 Of far infinitude, bids thought advance ;
 Prisoned in narrow bound, with solemn awe,
 His nature owns the mystic bond of law,
 That fast his being binds to all whate'er,
 Evolved by space or time, lies hidden there,
 To all the Powers, malicious or benign,
 That fill with influence, gracious or malign,
 The dark unknown, through which his spirit soars,
 Essaying, vain, to trace th' untrodden shores—
 While borne from the abyss, with deep control,
 Strange ecstasy awakes through all his soul.

Hence springs religion, groping still to find
 Some certain means, the soul divorced to bind
 Back to her aim, her high eternal source—
 Pointing the rites and marking out the course,
 Whereby with all related powers at one,
 Present or far, familiar or unknown,
 Their favour she may gain, their grace secure;
 To bless through life, and joys of heaven assure.

Hence too, long feuds arise, and hatreds fell,
 The strife for heaven, seems but the triumph of hell.
 Each passion, that most devilish, and most base,
 The human breast with deadly rancour sways—
 Malice, revenge, black anger, pride, and scorn—
 Wakes fierce to life, of pious frenzy born.

Where all is dark, intangible, unknown,
 Religion holds her empire, builds her throne.
 Th' unsearchable in space, th' untried in time,
 She chooses still, her dim, mysterious clime.
 Thither her vassals, Fancy, Hope, and Fear,
 Privileged alone, their venturous course may steer,
 While still their plastic powers, beneath her hand,
 Create the phantoms that themselves command.
 What wonder then, such various systems rise,
 To claim man's homage, and usurp the skies;
 With such capricious, fruitful aids as these,
 Devotion paints her thousand shapes with ease,
 Her thousand objects, ready spring diverse,
 The heart to captivate, and will coerce.

To heaven's bright hosts, she now bids incense pour,
 And now instructs th' Invisible t' adore;
 Here with chill frosts, and there with flaming fires,
 In guilty breasts, she wholesome dread inspires;

Here blissful bowers she paints, there hunting plains,
Th' Elysium where the good forget their pains.

Behold her votaries now, each separate train,
Thronging devout, their own peculiar fane,
Bending before their own peculiar shrine,
And owning none, but their own gods divine!
All worshippers who reverence not the name,
Themselves adore, but other object claim,
With bitter hatred, with aversion cold,
They still regard, and as their enemies hold—
Nay persecute, and having power, destroy,
And earth as well as heaven, would them deny.

Would that such ills, to false beliefs confined,
Alone were found, 'mongst nations ignorant, blind,
And ne'er—alas! the melancholy view—
Marking the reign and progress of the true.

O Christianity, sprung from above,
Offspring of heaven, religion mild of love,
How long must pity's tears of sorrow flow,
And piety with shame's deep crimson glow,
To see thy sons, called by thy sacred name,
Belie thy truth, and base pervert thy aim,
Till now no more, the nurse of gentle mood,
Hate seems thy element, thy pleasure feud.

What streams of blood have in thy service poured,
What victims perished, pressed by fire and sword,
What holocausts been offered at thy shrine,
T' attest thy power, and prove thy source divine!
Than flesh-fed flames, and victim-crushing car,
Of Juggernaut and Moloch crueller far,
Behold thy followers' zeal, with fellows' blood,
Foully distained, in honour of their God!

Think ye then, Christians, such a faith ye share,
Approved of Him, whose hallowed name ye bear?

Narrowed in feeling, and in heart confined,
 The fools of bigotry, perverse and blind,
 Divided upon doctrines, none may true
 Discern, since all removed from reason's view ;
 Each factious sect, deeming themselves alone,
 Guardians of truth, all other sects disown ;
 Judging themselves the favourites of heaven,
 To whom alone its smile of love is given,
 All differing from them, through belief or doubt,
 Pleased they regard as from its bliss shut out ;
 And joying to think them, lawful heirs of hell,
 Doomed ever in its sulphurous depths to dwell,
 Earth's joys at best, of short, uncertain date,
 The sport of chance, the idle toys of fate,
 E'en these, poor, transient transports of an hour,
 To such lost souls (so deem they) bliss' sole dower,
 E'en these, if scowling looks and speech unkind,
 And wishes winged with hate, could work their mind,
 E'en these would they debar them, and their stay,
 On time's dark scene of struggle and decay,
 Fain would they make a prelude to the woes,
 To which they doom all who themselves oppose.

Base, spurious Christians; libels on a creed,
 Conceived in love, and testing faith with deed,
 Think ye with heaven acceptance thus to gain,
 By damning all who follow not your train !
 As curs, their master's favourites, that still more,
 His praise to win, their fellow-curs devour,
 Deeming yourselves the chosen of the skies,
 Your fellows viewing still with jealous eyes,
 Hatful and hating, think ye thus to prove
 Your zeal and reverence for the God of love;

Or that such service, whose true source alone,
Is self and pride, approving he will own!

Hark! from the clouds, a voice of thunder peals,
Attend, ye bigots, ere your doom it seals:
"Who hates his brother," thus the words divine,
"Scornful, implacable, is none of mine;
For given to man, the visible, alone,
Can love to God, th' Invisible, be shown."

In mutual-blessing brotherhood to bind
Th' individual atoms of mankind,
Bidding the mighty mass harmonious roll,
Toward happiness, of all, the common goal—
Such was his aim, whose name ye falsely bear,
Christians, whose hearts the heats of faction share,
Repelling you at distance of disdain,
From man, your peer, how vile soe'er or mean.

Soundness of doctrine, fasting, prayers and praise,
Rigid church goings, observances of days,
Rites, ordinances, ceremonies—all,
Bigots, in vain, ye still religion call—
Dead forms are they, of no avail, if love
Wake not with life, and with warm pulses move.

Can th' Omnipotent, whose sovereign sway,
Ten thousand worlds, with all their hosts obey,
Who sees the universe reflect his power,
And all creation worship and adore,
Can he take pleasure then, in mere grimace,
In bended knee, in look demure of face,
In well-conned phrase, in solemn sounding tone,
Such service as the formal yield alone!
Or can it profit him whatever view,
On knotty questions sects may hold as true—
Whether their creeds, fore-ordering or freewill,
Or Presbyt'ry or Prelacy instil;

Whether, with gown, they pray, or surplice trimmed;
 Or music wake, all voiced, or organ-hymned;
 Whether immersion or besprinkling, they
 Regard the orthodox baptismal way!

O man, infatuate, thus with rage and scorn,
 Ignoble 'gainst thy fellow-man to burn,
 For matters empty, profitless as these,
 Which nor thyself can bless, nor heaven appease—
 But rather wake the vengeance of the skies,
 By kindling strife, and bidding feuds arise,
 That mar thy neighbour's peace, and cloud thy own—
 For mankind blest, is heaven's delight alone:
 Its smile approving rests on every plan,
 Whose end the good, the happiness of man;
 But that, called by what sacred name soc'er,
 That bids the breast unworthy passions share,
 And swell with wrath, by fires of hate consum'd,
 Is damned of heaven, and to perdition doom'd

PART III.

Cursed be whate'er may weaken or remove
 The hallowed bonds of sympathy and love—
 Whate'er in coldness, in distrust, or scorn,
 Makes man unfeeling, from his brother turn,
 In others' pain that leads him to delight,
 Or worse, t' inflict it without cause or right,
 Save that weak, puny tyrant of an hour,
 Blind fate, or blinder fortune gave him power.

Nations, like individuals, too oppress,
 The strong the weaker, and the great the less.
 Men vex their fellows for no other crime,
 Than owning different language, laws, or clime ;
 And sectional prejudice, and national pride,
 The sea or mountain parted more divide.
 An intervening rill or rocky mass,
 A barrier forms, no kindly wish can pass ;
 Or if that obstacle it once o'ercome,
 'Tis soon recalled, a sickly wanderer home ;
 While bitter feelings, envy, scorn, and hate,
 More vigorous urged, and owning longer date,
 O'er sea and land still traverse wide and far,
 And sparks of discord sow, and flaming war.

In boundary land-marks, say, what sorcery lies,
 That leads men thus bewitched, with glamoured eyes,
 Each other still to view, till those who here,
 As friends are seen, should foemen there appear ;
 And they, who this side, some dividing stream,
 Good men and true, best of their race, we deem,

To that removed, at once transformed, assume
 All horrent shapes, and monsters dread become ;
 Like those, who straying near enchanted ground,
 When now they pass the wizard-measured bound,
 In form and nature changed, and grovelling low,
 Fierce, shaggy wanderers of the wild, they show ;
 Or like some conjurer's bright golden spoils,
 From fairy treasury, won by magic toils—
 If once some disenchanting stream he cross,
 The fancied wealth is changed to worthless dross.

For savage tribes, uncultured, lawless, rude,
 With neighbouring tribes, who hold eternal feud,
 And pillage and destroy, and bear afar,
 The blazing torch of bloody border war,
 For these, my Muse, no monitory strain,
 No stern rebuke, indites with anxious pain.
 Unknown their speech, how could she hope t' impart,
 To their dark breasts, the burden of her heart ?
 How could she hope their stubborn souls to move,
 To foreign pity, or to stranger love ?

No, 'tis no barbarous race, her zeal inflames,
 For such, nor counsel nor reproof she frames.
 In English speech, is clothed her moral song,
 As aimed her satire shaft 'gainst English wrong ;
 And 'tis this chief, indignant, swells her breast,
 With rage and shame that may not be repressed,
 To know that in this cherished tongue, her own,
 And best beloved, in sorrow-deepened tone,
 Still must she chaunt such wrong-denouncing strain,
 As if all barbarous stood her listening train.

Not willing, England, would I e'en in thought,
 Thy peerless name consort with crime or fault.
 Dost thou, as the generous mother-land,
 Shielding my own with ever favouring hand,

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Prompt with assistance, when 'tis needed most,
Reckless of danger, counting not the cost.

The champion, thou, most fearless, and most bold,
Of freedom, justice, all men dearest hold—
Roused for the right, and armed in worthy cause,
When honour, from its sheath, thy falchion draws,
And spreads thy banner, gallant, to the breeze,
Borne with thy thunder, conquering o'er the seas—
O then, proud land, exulting, jubilant, free,
O noble land, my heart goes forth to thee,
In ecstacy of homage—all on fire,
With patriot pride, thy glorious deeds inspire,
I view thy empire, myriad-thronged, and boast
Myself a member of the mighty host.

I hail thee, England, honour's native clime,
And valour, virtue of the golden prime ;
Though erring oft, still aiming for the right,
Foremost in freedom, as in freedom's might ;
Magnanimous, heroic, chivalrous, brave,
Friend of th' oppressed, and freer of the slave,
Alas! that e'er detraction should find cause,
With adverse breath, to bate thy just applause ;
That admiration, kindling at thy name,
Should e'er be chilled to sad regret or shame,
When thou, whose sovereign power still ready stands,
The foreign hope of tyrant-ridden lands,
At home, art found, that power employing to press
The yoke more surely on a subject race.

The simulated demagogic rage,
Of factious aims, shall ne'er infect my page ;
But Ireland's wrongs, dark source of ills untold,
Shall I survey, and guilty silence hold ?

Shall favour or respect restrain my tongue?
 Or vanity or pride inform my song?
 No, love for universal man, alone,
 Source of my strain, must still inspire its tone;
 And race dissensions, discords Babel-born,
 That desolate earth, with war and tumult torn,
 Wherever found, must still my censure wake;
 Nor, Britain, shall I spare e'en for thy sake.

Say that unreasonable oft, and blind,
 The passions fierce that flame th' Hibernian mind,
 The prejudices deep, with vengeful ire,
 'Gainst Saxon lords, that Celtic kernes inspire;
 But whence their rise? who planted first the seeds
 Of hate, developed thus in direful deeds?
 Who first with conquest's stigma and disgrace,
 Wounded the honour of a warlike race?
 With tithes and imposts, marks of vassalage,
 Inflamed their breasts to strong, rebellious rage?
 Bidding their patriot ardour only glow,
 In plottings for th' oppressor's overthrow.

O Britain, led by lengthened precedent,
 And ancient use to yield too bland assent,
 To long established wrongs, and shield the crime,
 Whose lofty head has braved the blasts of time—
 Arouse thee from thy self-complacent dream,
 Nor race-oppression longer venial deem.

Lo Erin! wandering round her hapless Isle,
 Whose fruitful vales, in vain, luxuriant smile,
 With aspect wild and visage worn and pale—
 Her hair dishevelled, floats upon the gale;
 Like fiery meteor, blazing from afar,
 To gazing eyes the presage dread of war;
 The woven wreaths of triple colours bound,
 Graceful erewhile her lovely temples round,

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Now withered, torn, no more the blooming rose;
 In blushing hues of queenly pride disclose;
 But leaves alone of shamrock, sere, forlorn,
 That shade the brows they now no more adorn.

Hark! striking loud her mournful harp, in tones
 Of fiery grief, her sorrows she bemoans,
 Bewails her fields that waste, uncultured lie,
 And drink in vain the blessings of the sky;
 Her commerce, passing idly round the shore,
 Into her neighbour's lap, his gifts to pour;
 Her sons, the prey of ignorance, want, and toil,
 While pomp and learning fatten on their spoil—
 Exiled afar, their bitter lot they mourn,
 Cast from their country, from their kindred torn,
 Or doomed at home, oppression's yoke to bear,
 The curse of faction's bitterest storms, they share.
 Then dark towards England's shore, her glance she turns,
 While vengeful rage, fierce in her bosom burns.
 England, she names, sole author of her woe,
 Her long oppressor, and her lasting foe.
 Through centuries of suffering and of wrong,
 Of wars, the weak contending with the strong,
 She sees her sons, the shame of vassals, feel,
 Crushed, bleeding, bound, 'neath England's "iron heel;"
 And roused to fury at the fatal sight,
 She bids her people arm them for the fight,
 And England! England! England! is the cry,
 England's injustice, England's tyranny!

For heaven's sake, England! bid this clamour cease,
 Right Ireland's wrongs, and let the world have peace!
 'Tis sure undignified, were it no crime,
 Pursued through years of century-lengthened time,

To ~~hear thy~~ sister Isle thus loud exclaim.
 Against thee, and with curses load thy name,
 Denouncing thee and all to thee akin,
 Till earth re-echos to the deafening din,
 And all for some poor paltry tithes and rent,
 Forced oft from want, through pitiless distraint,
 For idle drones, that, to th' obliging State,
 But sad atone for ills, they thus create.

Unhappy Ireland, say what dire offence
 Could so the fates against thy realm incense,
 That doubly cursed, alike must thou deplore
 Thy children's folly, and th' oppressor's power.

To blind revenge aroused, and aimless rage,
 What puerile schemes their plotting breasts engage,
 Wicked as weak, and charged with deeper ill,
 Than what provokes their wrong-reforming zeal—
 Marring thy peace, thy weal, nor thine alone ;
 But distant climes the baleful curse must own.

Like smouldering fires that silent eat their way
 O'er lengthened tracts, then sudden burst to day,
 As fostered now, far from their kindled source,
 'Mid scenes remote they rage with ruinous force ;
 So secret borne o'er wide dividing seas,
 In million breasts that distance cannot ease,
 The patriot phrensy of thy restless race,
 By lapse of time untam'd, or length of space,
 In foreign lands, spreads round the dire alarms
 Of war and pillage, and the nations arms ;
 Till not in thee, its native clime, alone,
 Though fullest there, its fell effects are known ;
 But blameless shores the lawless brunt must bear,
 And terrors dread of maniac onsets share.

In fruitful summer's fairest hues arrayed,
 See Canada uprears her radiant head.

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Far o'er her wide domain she lifts her gaze,
 And pleased, around the spreading scene surveys ;
 Her fields that growing harvests green disclose,
 Her gleaming hills where flocks at ease repose,
 Her forests vast that wake the woodman's toils,
 Her streams that chafe, deep burdened with their spoils ;
 The glancing prows that ceaseless, to and fro,
 O'er heaving seas and tideless waters go—
 Commerce' unwearied shuttles, evermore,
 Weaving the woof of wealth around her shore—
 While cities rise, and jubilant trade, afar,
 Marks the wild smoke-wreaths of his whirling car.

This various scene she views, and glad beholds,
 How peace o'er all his dove-like pinions folds,
 How gentle arts alone, her sons engage,
 Still free from malice as from jealous rage ;
 Pleased with their lot, all envy they discard,
 And neighbouring lands, with kindly eye regard.

But hark ! amid this calm—ah strange surprise !
 What angry threats of warlike import rise,
 Against a peaceful people hurled, because,
 They dare, forsooth, maintain their native laws ;
 'Gainst thee, my country, since for Britain, bold,
 Thou dar'st allegiance to her empire hold ;
 And still preferr'st the stable rule of right,
 To lawless riot, the shifting reign of might.

See where they come, the base, besotted crew,
 Curse of the old world, terror of the new ;
 Death in their van, dishonour in their rear,
 Their country's shame, the rabble horde appear.

Hark ! Canada, roused by the step profane,
 Calls on her patriot youth, nor calls in vain—

Sternly she stands, fast by pale Erie's shore,
 And lifts her voice, heard o'er Niagara's roar.
 "Arm ye, my sons," in thundering tones, she cries,
 "Lo, where the braggart foe, your power defies—
 See where his bandit banner rears on high,
 Its face insulting to your beaming sky;
 See where his tread, polluting, stains your soil,
 His robber bands your peaceful homes despoil—
 Haste, backward, swift, his ragged cohorts turn,
 And from your shores, the vile invader spurn!"

Gallant they come, responsive to the call,
 From lowly cottage, and from lordly hall;
 From learning's shades, from labour's fervid field—
 Canadians true, their cherished homes to shield—
 Of differing language, differing race, they come,
 'Mid trumpet's blare, and rallying roll of drum.

And you, brave, dauntless band, foredoomed the blow
 Of fate decreed, to deal th' inhuman foe,
 How rushed ye forth, how fearless onward came,
 Each youthful breast with martial heat aflame;
 Still mindful of your homes, and mindful more
 Of England's fame, whose glorious flag ye bore.

On Ridgeway's height, the rabble host prepare
 Their rampart walls, and, drunken, wait the war.
 O sons of Canada, to valour true,
 Kindled to fury at th' unhallowed view—
 Ah, too impetuous, curb your generous rage,
 Nor rashly here th' unworthy foe engage,
 Too favoured far, the chance of war to try,
 And thus with you in equal strife to vie.

'Tis done, alas! the warning comes too late,
 And ye have rushed, devoted, on your fate—
 Blame not their ardour, veterans of the field,
 In sober strategy, more sagely skilled,

Theirs was th' heroic fire, the noble rage,
 That patriot souls have warmed in every age,
 That for th' immortal tale of Marathon,
 The brightest page in glory's annals won ;
 And made Thermopylæ, the potent name,
 In every clime to rouse to deeds of fame.

Shrills the loud bugle, rolls the bellowing drum,
 Lo the trim Volunteers, they come, they come—
 Impatient for the fray, with fiery glance,
 Marking the hostile ranks, they bold advance—
 Rings the quick rifle, roars the volley round,
 O woe ! O woe ! who bites th' ensanguined ground !
 Mc Eachern falls—where wast thou, Justice, then !
 Mc Eachern falls—the bravest, best of men,
 By wicked hands, yea, e'en the vilest slain—
 O could no worthier fate, his merits gain !

Bear home your dead, with solemn march and slow,
 With muffled drum, and bugle notes of woe,
 Ah, sadder sounds must wake the sobbing gale,
 And mothers weep, and widows anguished wail.

With laurels wreathe, yea, wreathe each manly brow,
 They fell by Fenians, yea, the fact avow,
 They fell by Fenians, meanest of mankind,
 Yet on their brows these laurel honours bind—
 E'en thus they fell ; but in their country's cause,
 Patriots they fell, be this their just applause ;
 And grave their names, on adamantine rock
 Of fame, with those of gallant Wolfe and Brock !

And thou, proud land, whose sheltering eagle first,
 The brood obscene of clamorous Harpies nursed,
 Upon our shores, rapacious to descend—
 And stooped th' ignoble plunderers to befriend ;

Deem it not hard, nor start in vague amaze,
If greeting thee, we choose no courtly phrase.

We owe thee nothing, loyalty nor love,
Nor shall thy power our smooth complacence move ;
For power, when but to selfish aims allied,
Greatness, that fosters but unfeeling pride,
Can ne'er to kind esteem our spirits train,
And what we cannot feel, we scorn to feign.

We bear no malice, with no envy pine,
We nor contemn, nor covet aught of thine,
Stretch forth thine empire to its utmost bound—
Peopled and prosperous, let it circle round,
From shore to shore, from Erie to the main,
Let wealth untold within that empire reign ;
Thy spreading plains beneath, with glittering ore,
Above, with harvests swell thy bulky store ;
Clogged with rich freights thy labouring rivers glide,
Thy busy commerce float on every tide ;
Fortune, thee make her dear, peculiar care,
Thy sons be valiant, as thy daughters fair ;
The gods that grant thee each benign success,
Democracy and Mobs, still laud and bless ;
But thy dread power ne'er too officious lend,
To neighbouring shores their favours to extend ;
And ne'er distrustful, shall Canadians eye
Thy rising glories ; nor due praise deny.

Puffed up with vain conceit, and puerile pride,
Freedom's fanatics, though of her denied,
Intoxicate with flattery's frequent draught,
Still self-prepared, and still most eager quaffed,
Blind devotees of liberty—must all,
Before your mighty shrine adoring fall ?
Must thrones and sceptres crumble to decay,
Before your sweeping democratic sway ?

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Must upright governments to chaos hurl'd,
 To demagogic license, leave the world?
 Ere satisfied, ye deem your mission o'er,
 And cease t'insult, or spoil the nations more!

Say, that ye love your land, its worth adore,
 And e'en than life esteem its glory more,
 Think, kindred feelings bind with deep control,
 In every clime, the ardent patriot soul,
 Sacred that all their native soil still hold,
 Brave for its rights, and for its honour, bold—
 Nor since ye own, or dream ye own the power,
 Secure the claims of lesser lands t' ignore,
 With insolent disdain and acts unjust,
 Invade their peace, or threat'ning break their trust,
 Lest such unmanly course, too late, ye rue,
 When outraged nations, still to chivalry true,
 The weak protecting, leagued against you turn,
 And they your fall procure, whom now ye spurn.

I hail thee, Canada, again I hail,

But not as erst; for lofty views prevail—
 And now thy noteless years of nonage past,
 Thy manhood's crowning day has dawned at last—
 Thy nuptial day, when decked in gallant guise,
 Like eastern bride, fair to thy gladdened eyes,
 Rich-dowered appears each nubile Colony,
 With ready hand, with willing heart and free,
 In glorious union, hasting glad to join
 Her fate, her fortune, and her fame, with thine,
 Happy thy name renowned, henceforth to bear,
 And all thy toils and all thy triumphs share—
 Britain attends, and grants—'tis all ye claim—
 Her blessing, and the shield of her dread name.

Kind Heaven, propitious smile, this union own,
 And with long date, and lasting honours crown;
 Peace and good-will, with sure prosperity,
 And righteous power, its worthy offspring be.

Baptized anew, hark how thy cherished name,
 The nations round, now greet with loud acclaim—
 'To thee, all cordial wishes kind they send,
 And glad the hand of fellowship extend,
 Hasting with welcome, joyfully they come,
 And in their number yield thee honoured room.

Empire new-born, though in thy natal hour,
 But a small crescent beams of thy full power,
 Yet holding there, thy coming large increase,
 Not vaguely seen in the pure skies of peace,
 It shadows forth with no illusive ray,
 The full-orb'd splendours of thy future sway.

O yet thy broad Dominion stretching far,
 To sheeted seas, cold 'neath the northern star,
 Shall reach its grasp from wild Atlantic's shore,
 Where high his tides through turgid Fundy pour,
 To where Pacific far, with murmuring waves,
 His gold-bright sands, in ling'ring ripples laves.

Most favoured nation, whilst 'mid gloom and strife,
 And war's dread havoc, others spring to life,
 Like some up-struggling Isle that bulky heaves,
 Its dark volcanic sides through surging waves,
 By loud displosions driv'n, whose awful shock,
 With wrecking fury, earth and ocean rock,
 While clouds of sulphurous smoke involve the scene,
 And lurid fires flash angry gleams between—
 'Thou calm dost rise, upbuilt through years of peace,
 Gaining through tranquil growth, thy slow increase;
 Till now without, or tumult, or alarm,
 Sublime on high thou rear'st thy stately form—

So when emerg'd from ocean's placid breast,
 The rising reef uprears its coral crest—
 Laboured far down, amid the lucid caves,
 Whose silent depths ne'er felt the force of waves—
 Soft round the roscate shores, the azure seas
 Ripple, low murmuring to the ruffling breeze,
 With beaming welcome greets the god of day,
 The new aspirant to his quickening ray—
 And all the genial powers of earth and air,
 Hail the bright land, their cherished future care.

Auspicious as thy rise, so be thy fate,
 And peace attend thee to thy latest date—
 Nor born 'mid strife, nor cradled rude in war,
 Still may'st thou grow, rul'd by the same mild star;
 Free, independent, chivalrous, and brave—
 Ne'er rule a tyrant, ne'er submit a slave,
 Bold to oppress or 'neath oppression tame,
 But just and valiant, pure preserve thy fame,
 The friend of right, of liberty, of man—
 And in the march of nations lead the van!

O man, neglectful still of Nature's claims,
 Blind dupe of low desires, and selfish aims,
 Delighting still, in discord, jar, and strife,
 In acts that curse, and arts that ravage life;
 With famine leagued, with pestilence and death,
 With mildew and malaria's poisonous breath,
 Tempest and thunderbolt of deadly stroke—
 Thou more than all, dost ruin's rage provoke,
 Dost bid his angry terrors wasteful wake,
 And on thy race their fullest vengeance wreak.

Infatuate mortals, fast to folly wed,
 Reason ye spurn, by wayward impulse led;

And envy, malice, scorn, revenge, and hate,
Those ills prepare, ye blindly charge to fate.

Various the self-oped springs of far-spread flow,
That follow man with Mara streams of woe,
And inhumanity, most fell of all,
Source both of grief, and grief's embittering gall.

Poor transient creature of a troubled day,
Moulded of dust, and hasting to decay—
Why thus should hatred in thy bosom burn?
Why in disdain thy fellow-creature spurn?

Bethink thee, man! how helpless is thy state,
What fears attend thee, and what woes await,
How powerless thou, 'gainst ills thy lot t' ensure,
How weak those ills, unaided, to endure—
How much thy joys to others thou must owe,
Then to thy fellow-man, due bounty show.

O life! mysterious in thy source and end,
Whence is thy rise, and whither dost thou tend?
Onward, swift speeding to thy destined goal,
Thy laws we can, nor alter, nor control—
Largely we will; but hampered and confined,
Our act unequal, halting drags behind;
Made ours unasked, we groan, the hapless heirs,
Of all thy sad vicissitudes and cares;
And closed thy course, without our power to stay,
To shores unknown, thou darkling wing'st thy way.

Sad fellow-mortal, realized thy state,
I feel for thee, made sharer of thy fate,
This soaring, fettered being, too, is thine,
Its earth-born checks, its impulses divine,
Its fruitless struggles, and its questionings vain,
The fears that haunt, the doubts that vex the brain.

Poor child of earth, doomed drudge of wasting care,
Brother in bonds, with me thy sorrows share,

Harassed and weary, welcome to my heart,
 And let me soothe thy pains, and ease the smart.
 I reckon not of thy folly or thy fault,
 Thy falls through weakness or through want of thought,
 I only know, 'tis all I care to know,
 Thou needest sympathy—I free bestow.

O Sympathy, O Love, O gift divine,
 The grace to charm, the power to soothe is thine.
 Nature still just, when first she fashioned man,
 And gave him place in her stupendous plan,
 Knowing what ills must on his steps attend,
 While working out her pre-determined end,
 Knowing how hard his sufferings to endure,
 Bequeathed him love, each bitter pang to cure.

Fate, do thy worst—Let pain, let poverty,
 And disappointment still, my portion be,
 Whate'er the bitter cup thou bidd'st me drain,
 Let love but sweeten it, I'll not complain.

A dream I had—would Time might prove it true—
 I saw the renovated world arise to view,
 In living robes of fadeless grace arrayed—
 All vernal hues the spreading blooms displayed;
 Music and fragrance blent with every breeze,
 And sight and sound alike were formed to please.

No ravenous howls, with horror and affright,
 In woody wilds, awoke the ear of night,
 No trumpet blast, no rattling whirl of car,
 'Mid frenzied yells, proclaimed th' advancing war.
 To meek-eyed Peace th' according nations rear
 The hallowed fane, and reverent there appear.
 Her power they own, her healing influence praise,
 And round her shrine, enduring trophies raise.

Subdued and purged, the dread ensanguined steel,
 Compelled the flame's transforming force to feel,
 Beat into implements of peaceful toil,
 To trim the vine is trained, to turn the soil;
 And bloodless harvests reap of ripened grain,
 Where human ranks, mown down, erst piled the plain.

To Love's mild beams the stubborn barriers yield,
 Of selfish pride, that heart from heart withheld,
 And Trust's soft folds in kindly union bind,
 Th'opposing elements of vex'd mankind—
 One happy purpose guides the general race,
 To banish grief, and heal its woe-marked trace—
 All boding dread, all doubts, or disappear,
 Or quelled, no more the mind perplex with fear.

The scattered members hate-repelled, of man,
 Drawn near, and joined in heaven's first glorious plan,
 Life's awful mystery erst sought in vain,
 Scanned but in parts, lo, now is all made plain,
 And calm, the soul, its secret rull possest,
 Awaits the future, in the present blest.

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