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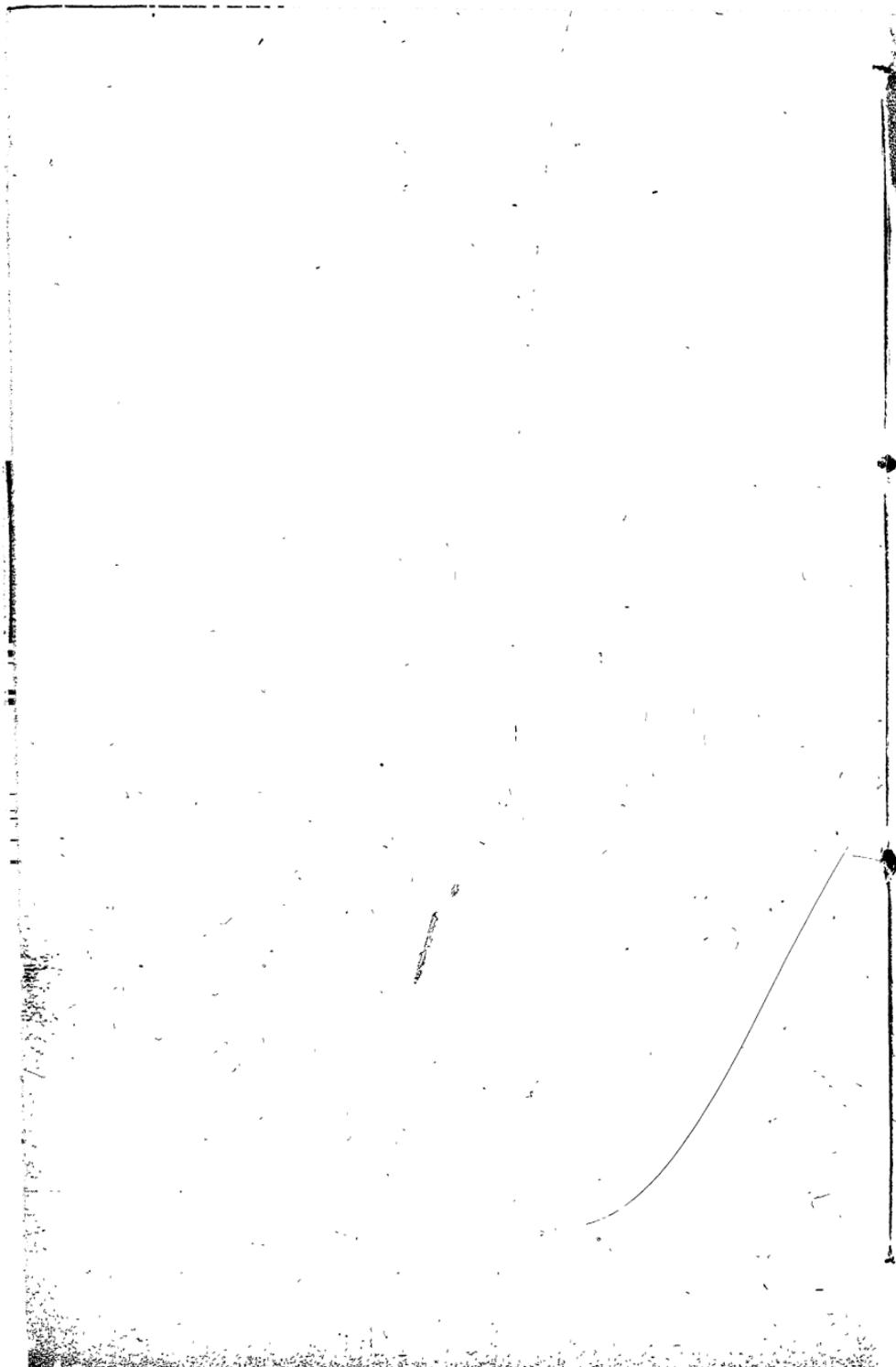
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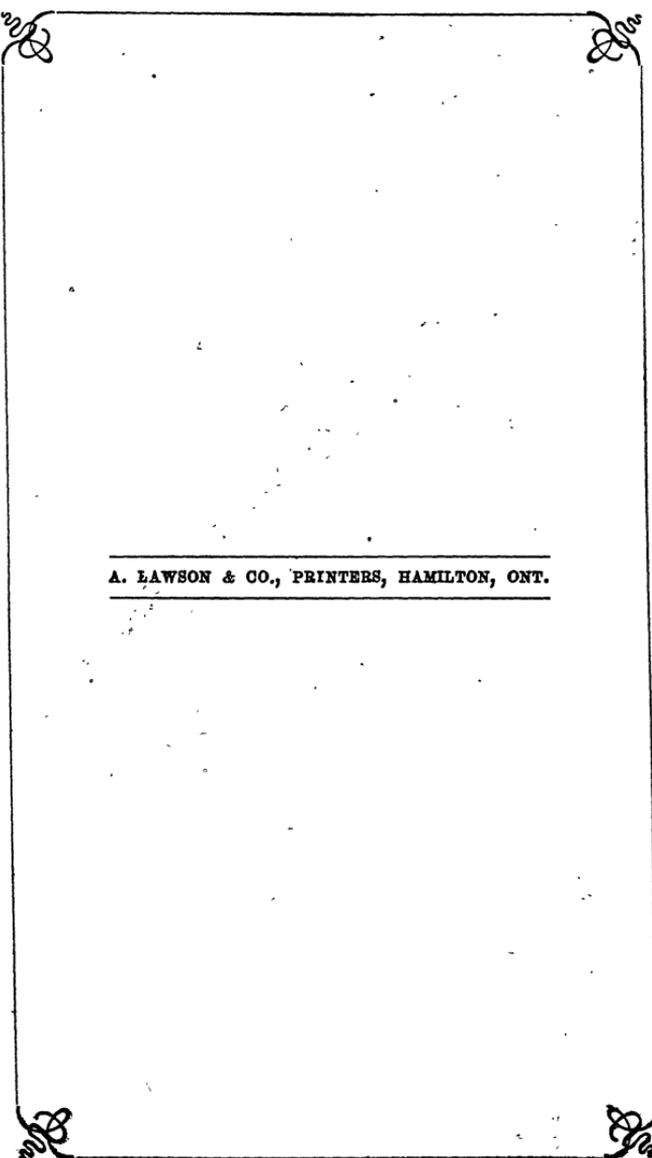
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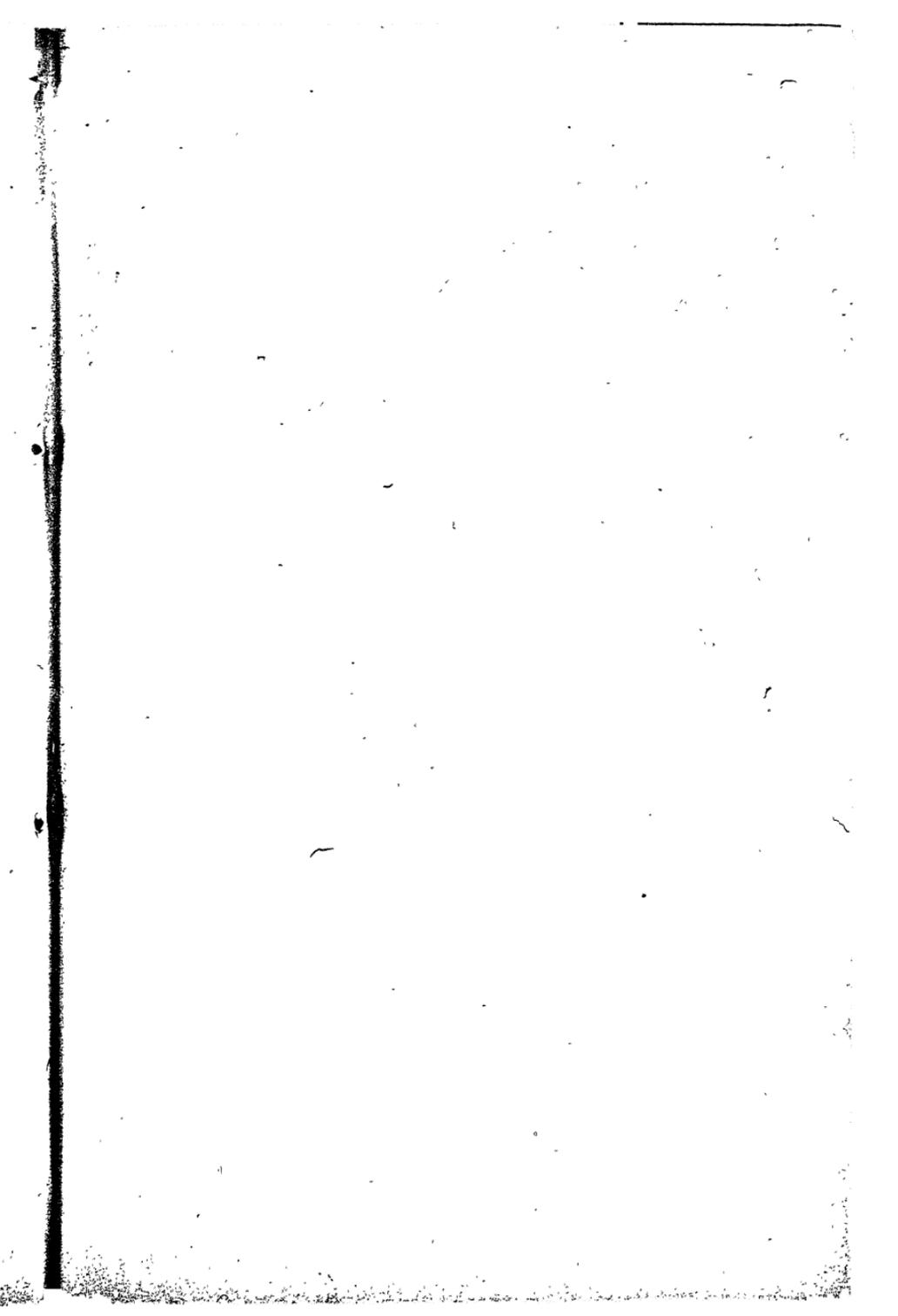


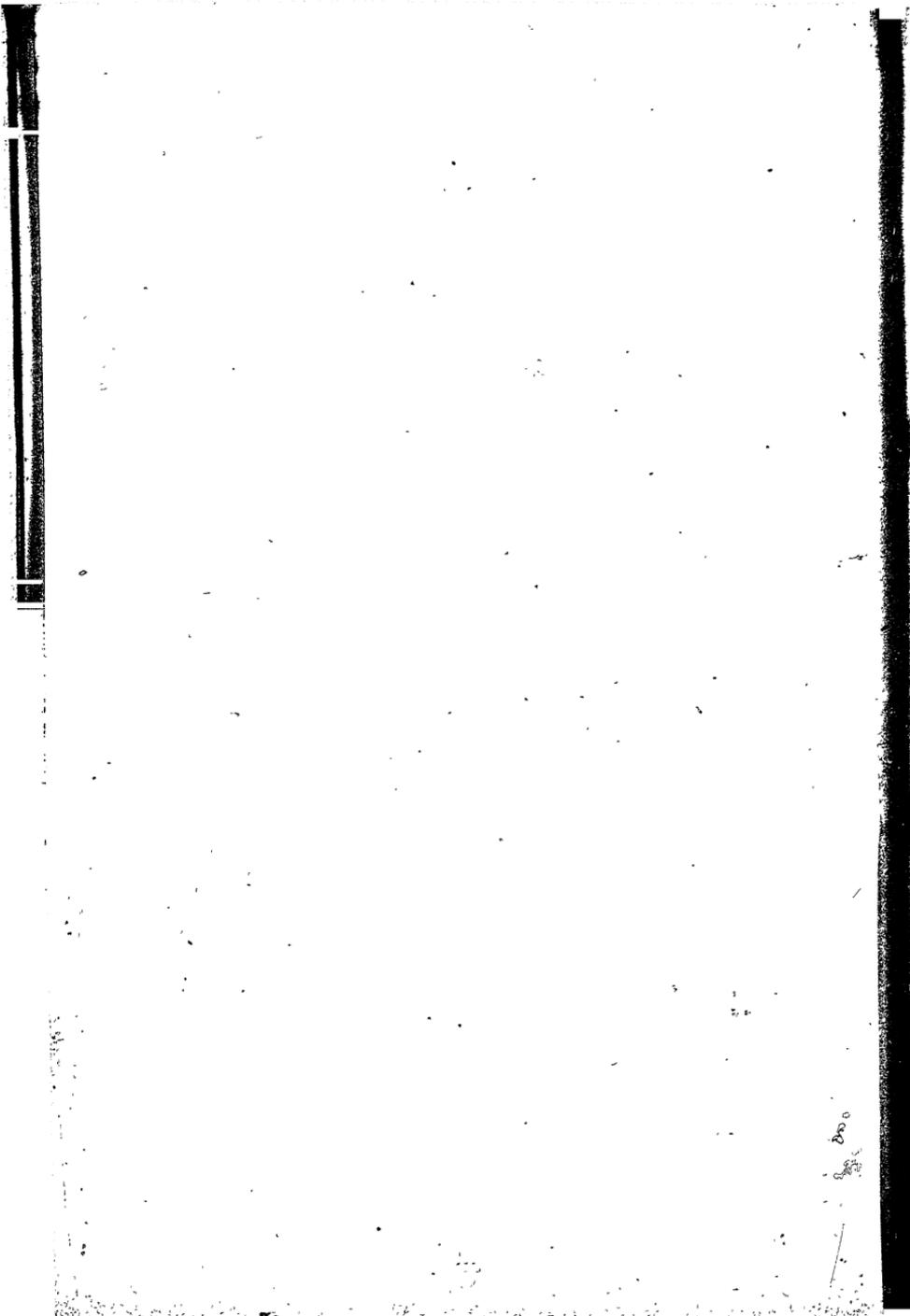
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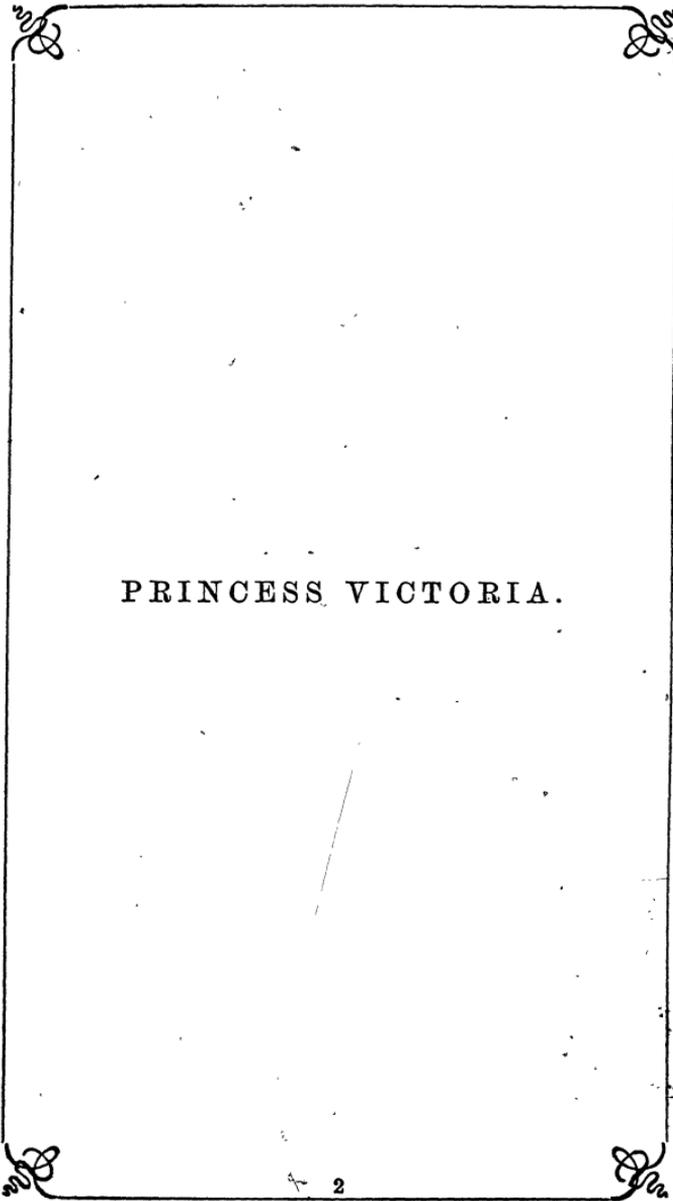
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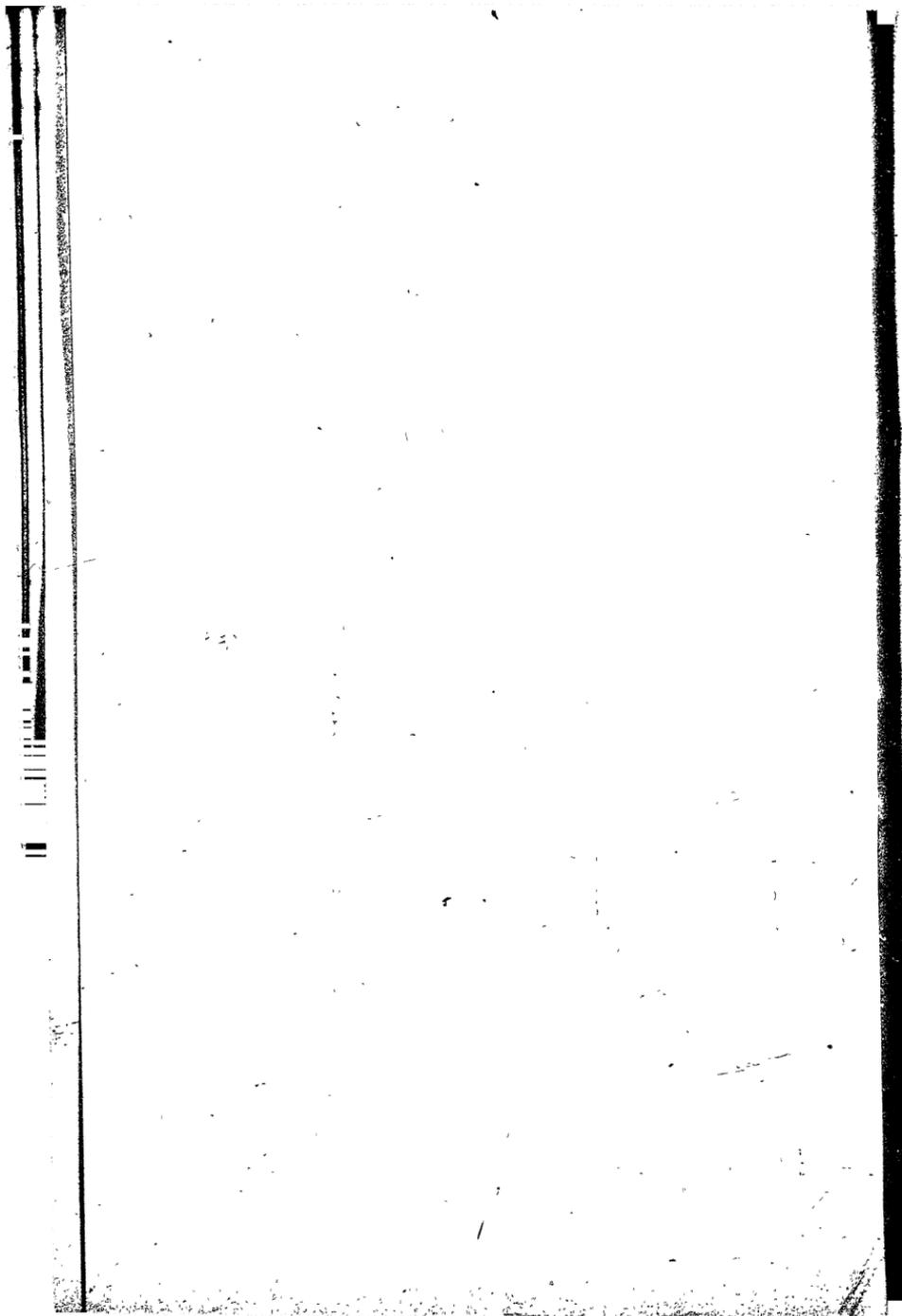
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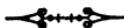




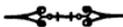
PRINCESS VICTORIA.



A LIFE IDYL.



PRINCESS VICTORIA.



I.

SEE, within a palace chamber,
Where the moon-beams softly steal,
Maiden fair, of lofty lineage,
Claspe'd hands in mute appeal.

II.

Look! her eyes are rais'd to heaven—
Purity is written there,
Which no word hath need of telling:
She is wrapt in earnest pray'r.

III.

Oh! how lovely are those features,
In their girlish innocence;
Far away her thoughts are floating,
In the future's great expanse.

IV.

Listen! now we hear her calling
Him to guide her little bark;
Sailing for the Gulf of Greatness,
She is ready to embark.

V.

"God of Love, of Light and Power!
Guide me still, whate'er my part;
Let no pride assert dominion
O'er this flut'ring, feeble heart.

VI.

"All things earthly are but fleeting;
All things earthly, too, must change;
In Thy arm true strength reposes:
Stay my spirit's highest range.

VII.

“Be with me as guide, as mentor,
Through this labyrinthine path;
Spare me from all stormy council,
From its malice and its wrath.

VIII.

“Spare, O Lord! the kindly feeling
Which my heart bears friend and foe;
Leave me mercy and forbearance,
Though the bitterest winds may blow.

IX.

“Leave me all that’s pure in woman—
Love and gentleness, I ween;
Fitting charms for e’en the noblest—
May they rest with me, when Queen.

X.

“Amen—now do I surrender
To the nation’s will, and say—
Farewell! happy hours of childhood;
There has dawn’d another day.

XI.

"Shall it be still brighter, fairer
Than when 'mid the merry band
I stray'd through Albin's meadows, gath'ring
Primroses on every hand?

XII.

"Must I no more stray in freedom,
Where the brooks the flowers lave;
Nor seek wild woods, where the leaflets,
In the autumn winds do wave?

XIII.

"Ah, farewell! I seek new parterres,
Where the golden wealth of name
Shadows o'er my woodland beauties:
They are bow'd with honest shame.

XIV.

"Yet, amid the glit'ring tinsel,
Their sweet fragrance will ascend;
And 'mid rich odors floating;
Holy incense still will blend.

XV.

“Come now, I am ready, maidens,
Lead me to the one who stands
Sponsor for the noble magnates
Of this old and mighty land.”

XVI.

Bowing lowly, swept she onward,
Through the quaint old drape'd door,
Where she join'd the damsels waiting,
Soon to leave her evermore.

XVII.

Then in presence of the Primate,
Kneeling there, she doth proclaim
Her intent to rule with justice,
So that all may bless her reign.

XVIII.

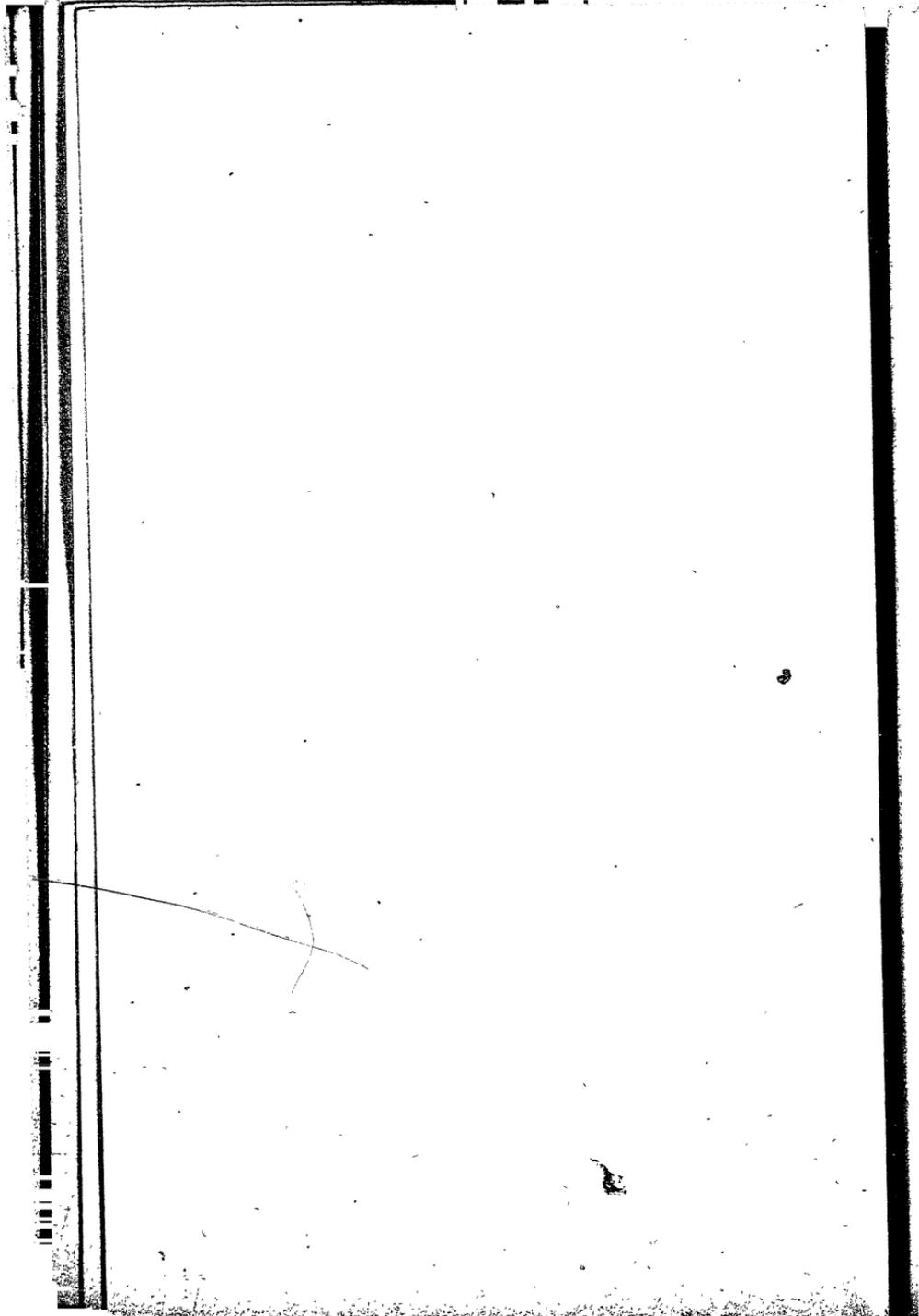
Asked she not for wealth or greatness,
Only this from Him above—
Wisdom and a contrite spirit,
Perfect, pure, and ardent love.

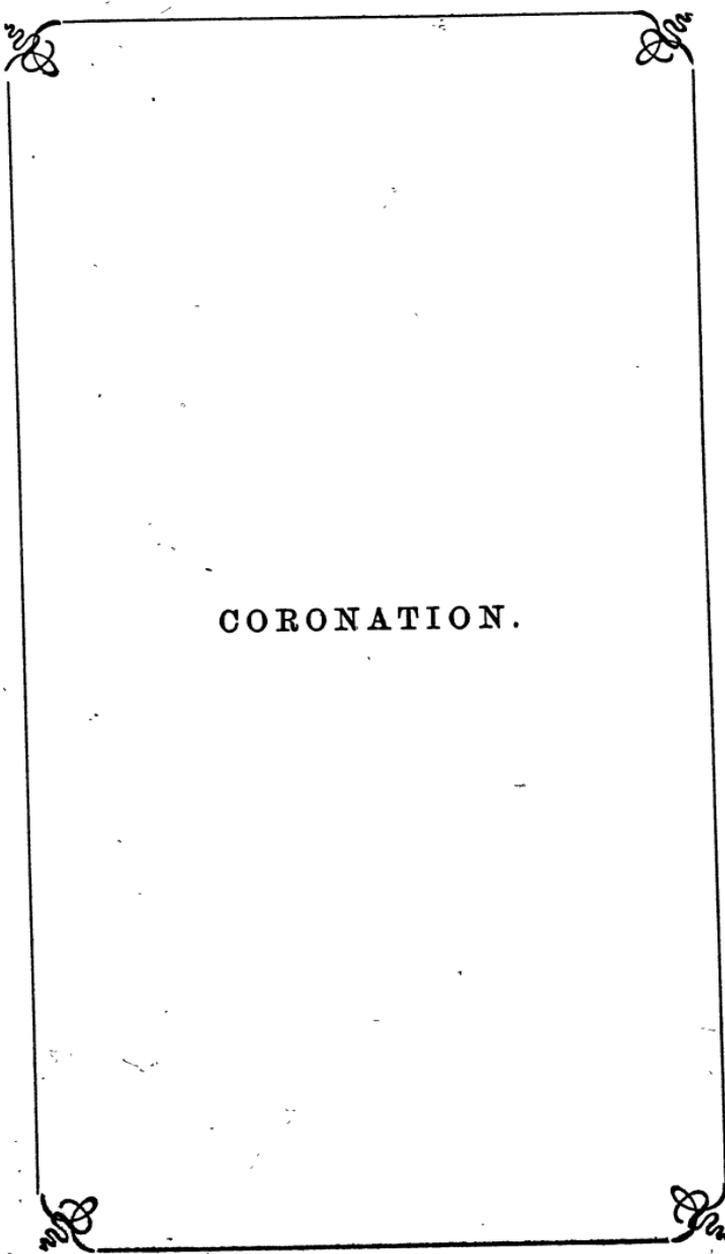
XIX.

Then she rose, while all around her
Wept to hear such wise request;
And the Duchess kiss'd her daughter
As she said, "thou'st chosen best."

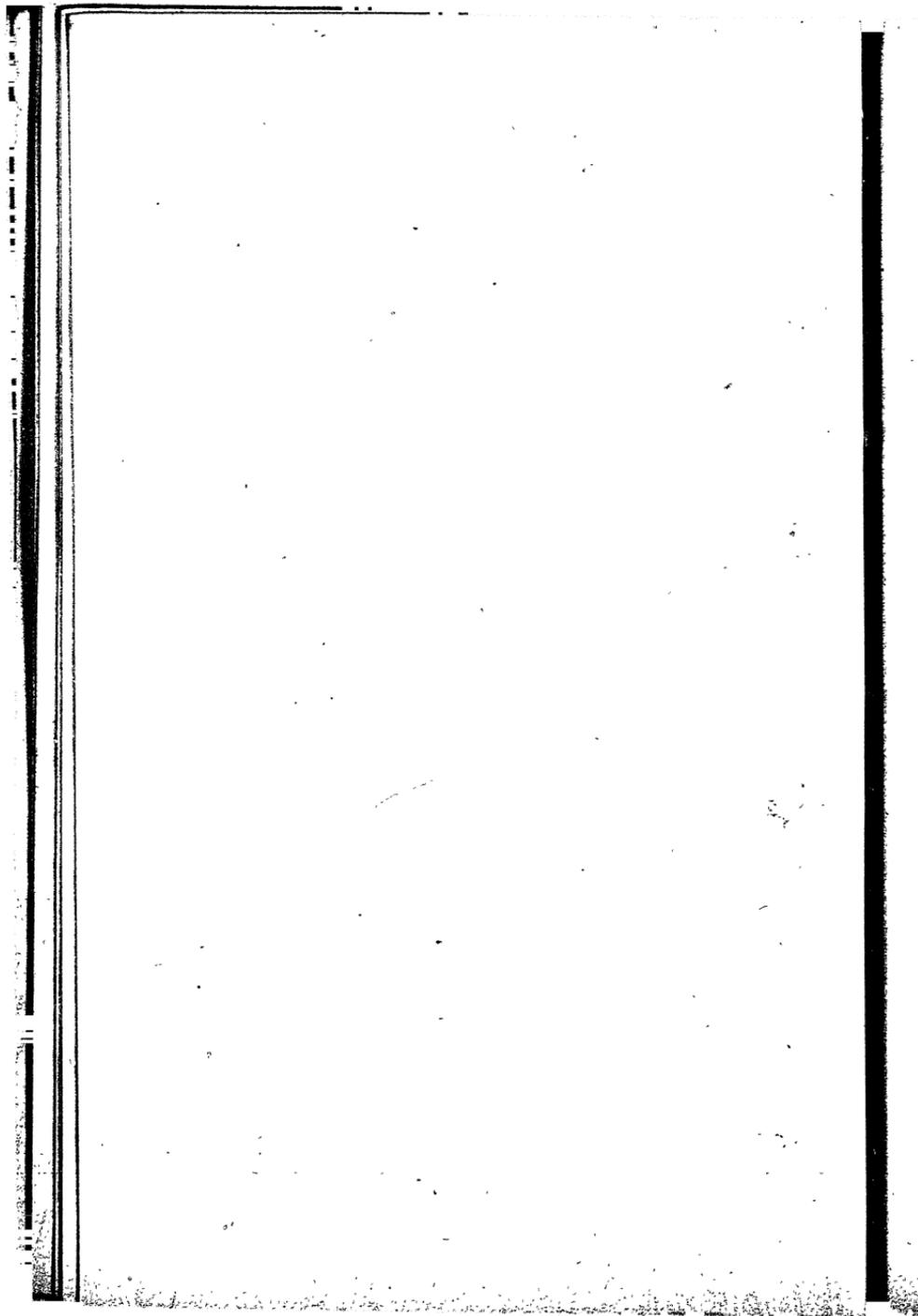
XX.

Hail! thou lovely Rose of England!
Fairest of the noble train;
Now we bend before thy presence,
Wishing thee a prosp'rous reign.





CORONATION.



CORONATION.

XXI.

ARK ! 'tis the bell of old St. Paul's
I hear 'mid the deep'ning gloom ;
It knells a king to last repose—
To the triumphs of a tomb!

XXII.

But the sound is scarce re'echo'd
When Tower guns proclaim
Victoria as the Queen, by right,
Of Britain's vast domain.

XXIII.

The pageantry of death and life
Are mingled in the scene
Which tells of Monarch pass'd away,
And entrance of a Queen.

XXIV.

Banners are floating bright and gay,
And the great and high are there;
The palace fills, the court-yard throngs,
There's fealty everywhere.

XXV.

Now soft and clear the music swells—
Sure 'tis a goodly scene—
Victoria 'neath the drapery
Of window, in the sheen

XXVI.

Of a golden sun which never sets
Upon the realm which now
Is ready, with a noble trust,
To diadem her brow.

XXVII.

She stands so pale amid them all,
With sad and mournful smile;
The anthem bursts, "God save the Queen!"
Victoria weeps the while.

XXVIII.

Then as the last strains die away,
She turns, and clasps her mother—
O blessed sight! is't strange, I ask,
That English subjects love her?

XXIX.

The coronation day is come,
And calm amidst her train,
The youthful Queen is borne along,
To Westminster's high fane.

XXX.

The drums and trumpets sound aloud!
She enters with a grace,
A dignity and ease, which tells
Of lineage and race.

XXXI.

The solemn rights new soon are o'er,
The noble peers have knelt
And kissed her hand in homage,
While stout hearts humbly melt—

XXXII.

As tremblingly the aged Peer,
Lord Rolle, with locks of snow,
Approach'd the throne with feeble step,
His blessing to bestow.

XXXIII.

Time's fierce, relentless, icy touch,
Fell, sweeping strength away—
The lovely Queen stretch'd forth her hand,
In time to be a stay.

XXXIV.

Thus midst the richest pomp of earth,
She show'd the purest claim,
Why England should its crown bestow,
And her its Queen proclaim.

XXXV.

And now indeed a Queen she stands!
Enthron'd within the hearts
Of those she rules: to scepter'd power,
She dignity imparts.

XXXVI.

The youthful Queen, in firmness tried,
Clings close to all her friends;
She does not yield—"they shall remain"—*
Her will she never bends.

XXXVII.

They seek to change the old and tried,
Through strife and party plot;
They seek to rob her of her pow'r;
But they ne'er are forgot.

XXXVIII.

And thus, while rumors round her swell,
And evil influence flies,
They speak of Whigs, whose councils are,
The Queen's worst enemies.

XXXIX.

She stands unmoved, yet glides along,
Through state and party craft,
Her bark sails gallant 'fore the winds
On angry billows waft.

—* Bed chamber plot.

XL.

And when her heart speaks out at last—
“Prince Albert is my choice”—
People and Parliament approve,
With one united voice.

XLI.

Her claims to all a woman's rights—
The pride and wealth of heart—
'Tis more to her than realm or crown,
Or fancied gem of art.

XLII.

From Ehrenberg then comes the Prince;
He leaves his native hills,
For greater, grander, nobler scenes—
The thought his bosom thrills.

XLIII.

The very peasants love his name,
“Albert the Good,” they say;
Then chok'd from further utterance,
They brush their tears away.

XLIV.

Thuringian forests echo praise,
From noble and from serf;
He proudly treads the rich ravines,
And hallow'd is the turf.

XLV.

"So handsome! nay so *good!*" they say,
The lowliest frau adores
The gentle Prince of Ehrenberg,
Who scorns not peasants' doors.

XLVI.

Then loud, and long, the cheers are giv'n—
"God Save the Queen" 's loud cried;
"Oh, may she love our dear, good Prince,
Saxe-Coburg's joy and pride!"

XLVII.

Then on the distant sea is lost,
The fast receding shore;
"Good bye, dear land!—good bye my
The Prince can say no more. [friends!"]

XLVIII.

And now he lands on English soil,
A welcome meet is giv'n—
He is received by Queen and Court,
The blue empyrean riv'n.

XLIX.

With loud and long outbursts of joy,
The people welcome give;
And cry with shouts of loyalty—
“Long may His Highness live!”

L.

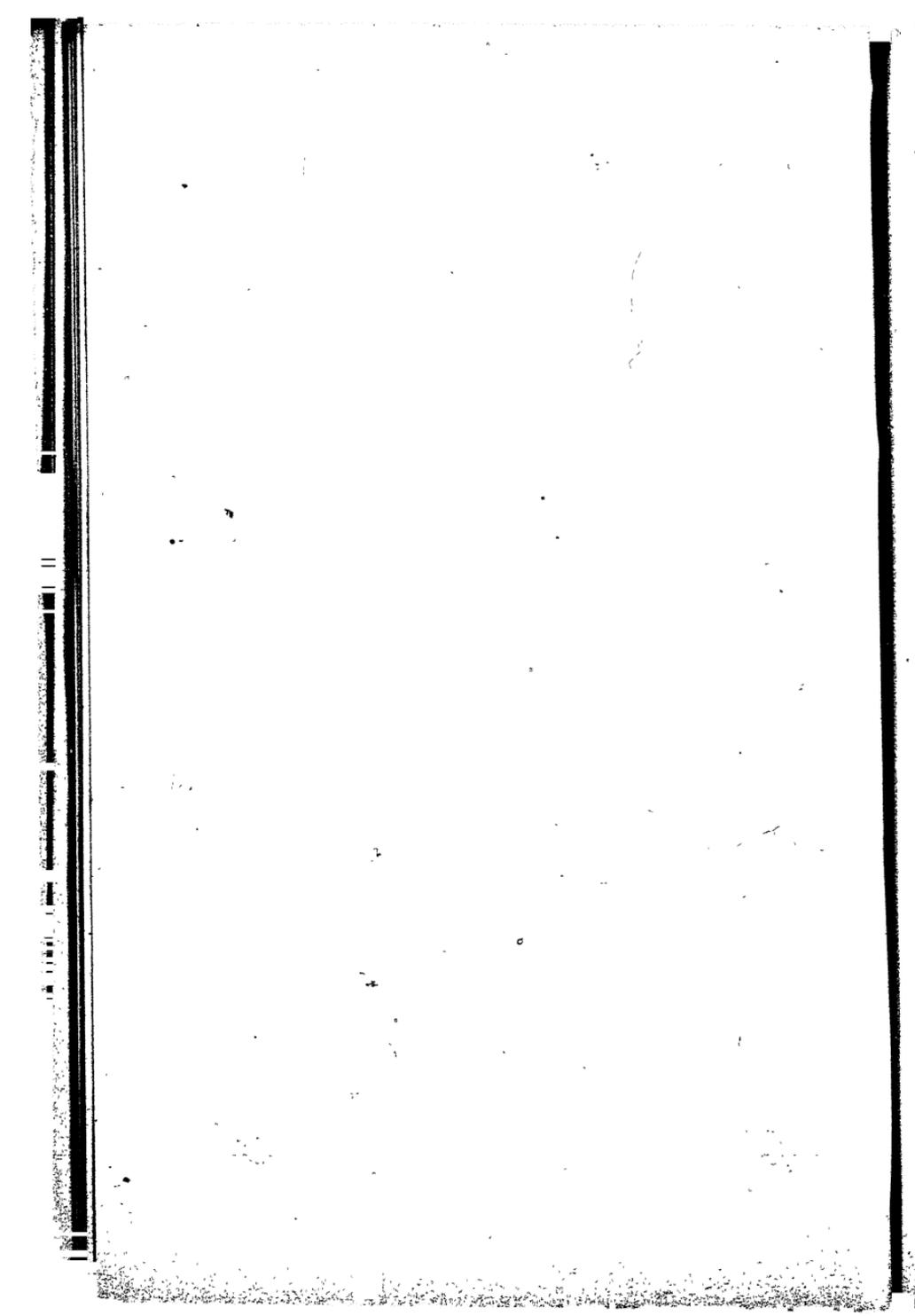
Betrothal hours pass swiftly by,
With Pleasure's velvet tread;
The bridal morn at length is nigh,
The marriage banquet spread.

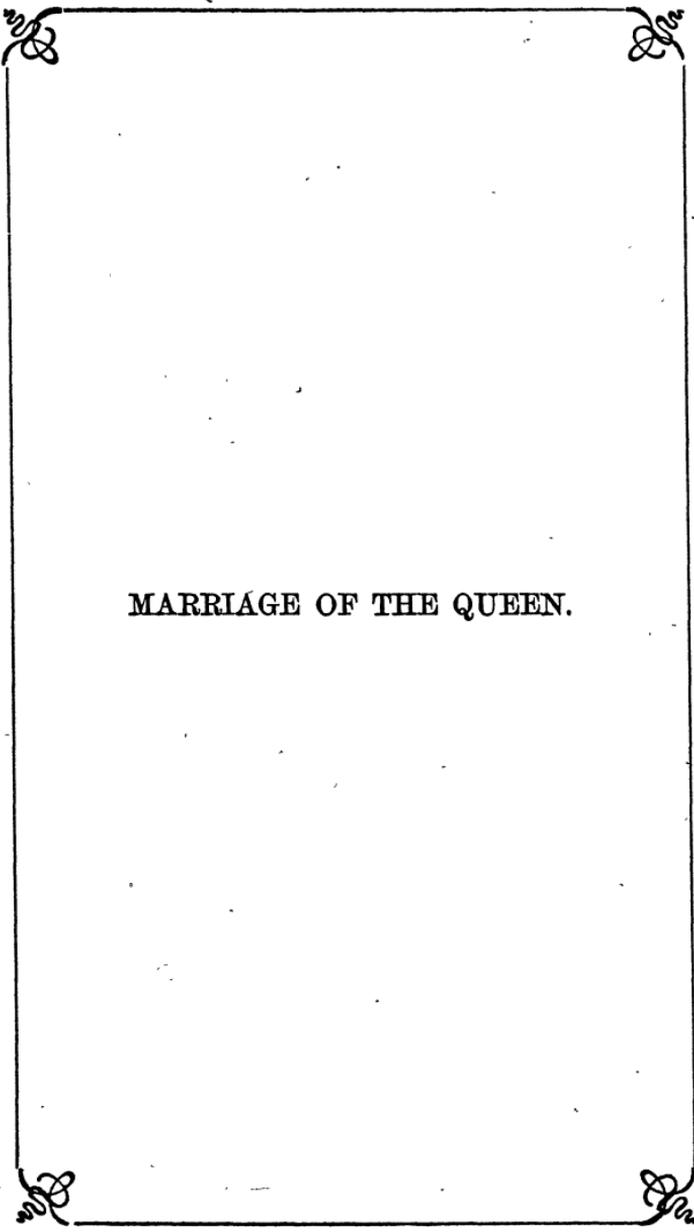
LI.

Within the palace-garden fair,
By love-star's flick'ring light,
Victoria and Albert breath'd
Their loving, last “good night!”

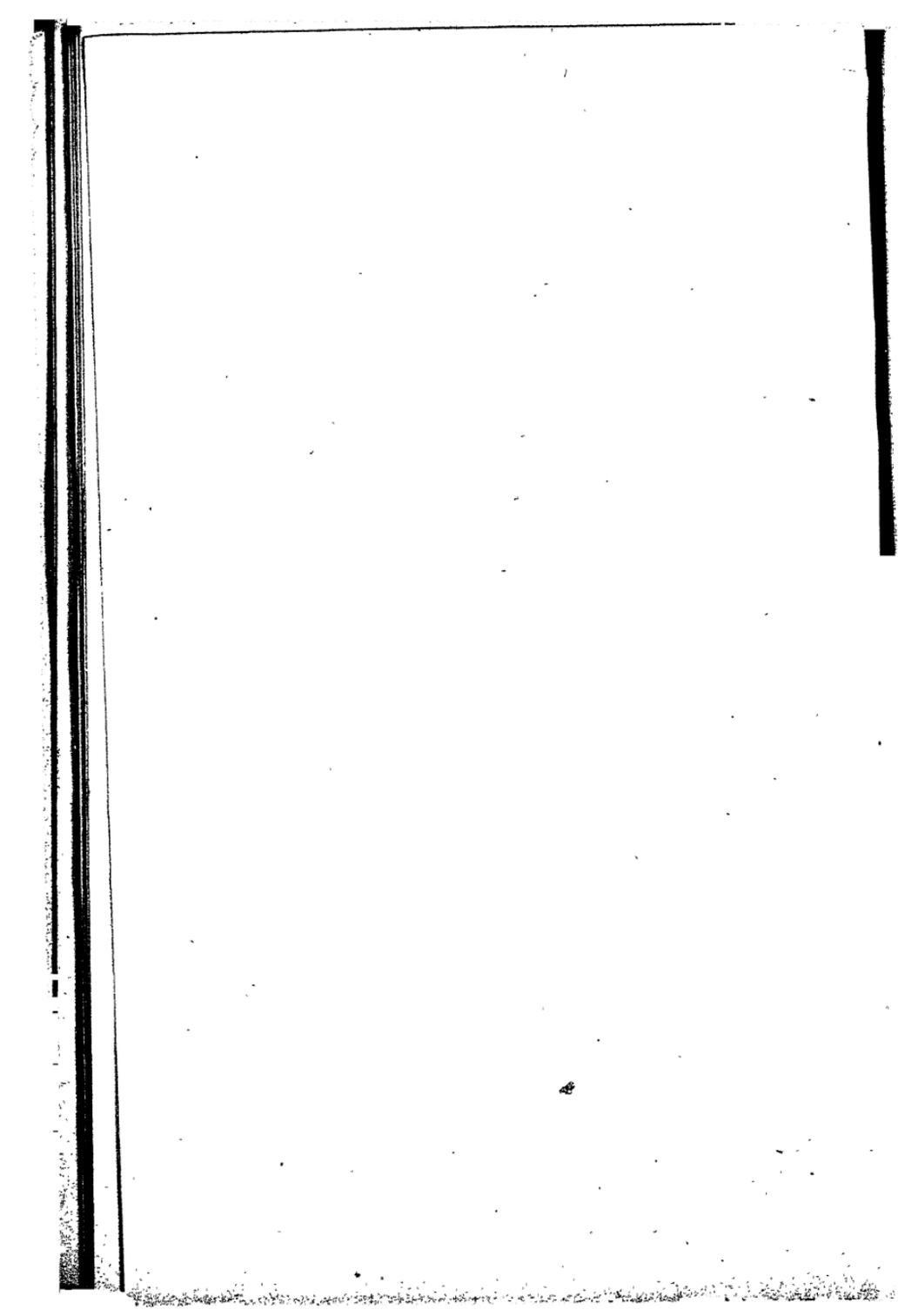
LII.

Their last betrothal night, methinks,
And when bright morning came,
The Queen and Prince were waiting there
The royal bridal train.





MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.



MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.

LIII.

 T. JAMES' court at early morn,
Is filled with brilliant throng;
And slowly 'mid the courtly rank,
The cortège wends along

LIV.

From Buckingham, to where the Prince
With all his bridal train,
Awaits the coming of the Queen,
To end her maiden reign.

LV.

Who ends her maiden reign to-day,
To try another life;
And bear the proudest title yet—
The noble one of wife.

LVI.

I hear the trumpet's blast, and now
They soon are side by side;
The royal standard floats aloft,
In all its olden pride.

LVII.

But the Royal Rose of England
Is changed to Lily fair;
The orange blossoms wreath her brow,
And tremble in her hair.

LVIII.

The bridal veil, just parted from
Her joyous, happy face:
We read the thoughts which linger still,
And brightest features trace.

LIX.

Her heart's sweet and pure devotion,
She comes to offer now;
To pledge her troth—to here record
Her faithful marriage vow.

LX.

I hear them now, the whisper'd words,
"To honor, love, obey"—
Let Britons answer how 'twas kept,
That plight of bridal day.

LXI.

And now Prince Albert and his bride
Return amid their train;
Loud sound the trumpet, drum and fife,
Their welcome to proclaim.

LXII.

"Victoria!" "Albert!" joins the cry—
The palace is their home;
One loud huzza! "God save the Queen!"
Alone, yet not alone.

LXIII.

Next 'neath the roof of Windsor's pile,
The proudest ever seen—
Its forest, theme for sage and bard,
A lovely, classic scene.

LXIV.

We see them in their early days,
Of wedded, happy life;
The good Queen fair! has sunk her pow'r
In Majesty of *wife*.

LXV.

Since Virgil wrote, and Horace sung,
Their rare old lays sublime,
That perish not with centuries,
But dare the march of time,

LXVI.

Ne'er has the poet found a theme
For fancy like to this;
The picture drawn of happiness,
Of true hymenial bliss.

LXVII.

Oh, charming, grand old Windsor! thou
Wert just a fitting place,
For early hours of married life,
Of noblest of her race.

LXVIII.

Within your lofty, stately halls,
The youthful pair long dwelt;
Your castle keep—your old gray walls,
Now in the distance melt.

LXIX.

To Balmoral, their Highland home,
We next shall follow, when
The braw old Scots will wake for them,
The echoes of the glen.

LXX.

With sound of pibroch and of fife,
They'll welcome Queen and court;
With festive mirth, and bonnie cheer,
They'll give them right good sport.

LXXI.

For land of Wallace and of Bruce,
Then sails the royal fleet;
The stately hills of Edinburgh,
Are throng'd with those who greet

LXXII.

The visit of their Queen and Prince ;
The very heavens are riv'n
With bursts of wild, glad revelry,
And hearty welcome giv'n.

LXXIII.

As the soft dew which silent steals,
In quiet bounty down,
The Queen has entered silently
Proud Edinboro' town,—

LXXIV.

And e'er they know, is on the way
To thy noble halls, Buccleugh,
Whose long-tryed service of its lords,
Was a story old and true.

LXXV.

Soon rested from fatigues of sea,
They next must view the scenes,
Far-famed of Scotia's history,
Which poets view in dreams.

LXXVI.

The Queen in truest tartan drest,
With keys from Lord Provost,
Find castle-gates, and palace doors,
To open as they go.

LXXVII.

A while, she stands on Calton hill,
And then at Holyrood
She sadly thinks of martyr'd Queen,
And murder'd Rizzio's blood.

LXXVIII.

She sees the life-drops on the floor,
And gazes on them there,
Then turns—her eyes are bath'd in tears—
She offers up a pray'r.

LXXIX.

Poor Mary! in her silent grave,
Is wept by Britain's Queen—
If tears can e'er wash guilt away,
The red is white, I ween!

LXXX.

Alas! Proud Mary, Queen of Scots,
Thou hast long pass'd away!
Thou'lt *ever live* in Scotland's land;
Thy shade is there to-day.

LXXXI.

The very hill-sides call thy name;
The heather on the brae,
May come and go, poor woodland flow'rs—
But thou'lt ne'er pass away.

LXXXII.

For thy beauty, wit and mildness,
Thou art fam'd forever here;
We pass away like blades of grass,
While each sad fleeting year

LXXXIII.

Retouches with still loving hand
The portrait of that Queen,
Whose sorrows claim the artist's skill,
And fill the poet's dream.

LXXXIV.

But with the Royal tourists now,
I pass and leave thee here ;
O Mary, sweet, of Stuarts Queen—
We shed for thee a tear.

LXXXV.

To Scone Palace, with its hist'ry,
Of its old line of proud Kings—
Blair Athol, Drummond Castle,
They within their circuit bring.

LXXXVI.

Ev'ry chieftain, with his clansmen,
In short kilt and gay claymore ;
With their dances, and their music,
Sought to charm her more and more.

LXXXVII.

When arriv'd at fair Loch Leven,
She gaz'd as one entranc'd,
While pipers play'd, the boats passed,
And on its wavelets danc'd.

LXXXVIII.

The shore re-echoed music wild,
Which in quiv'ring weird tones fell;
She gaz'd into the lake's blue depth,
For Syren said to dwell

LXXXIX.

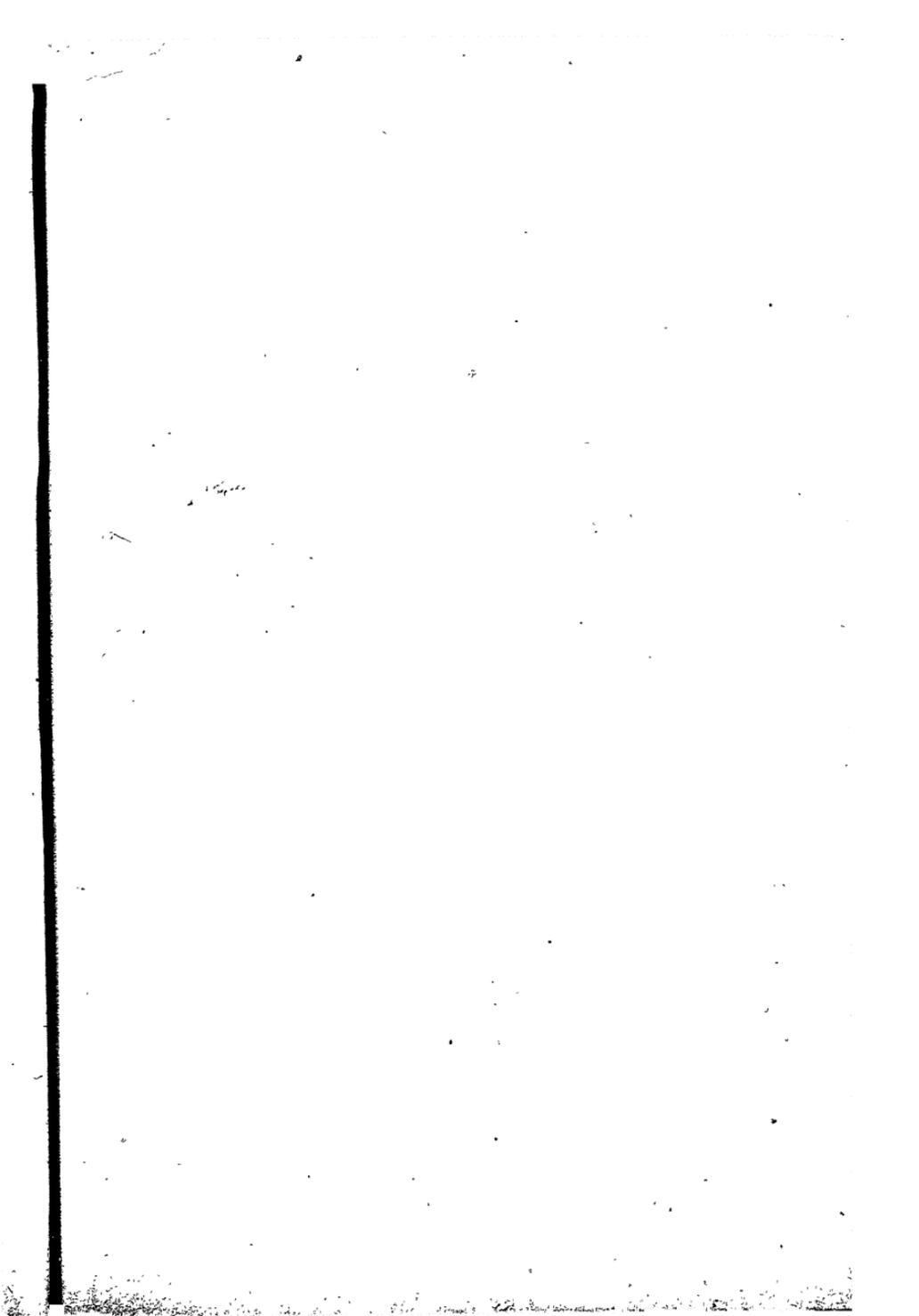
Beneath its clear, pure waters cold,
Murmuring her trembling strain,
But only saw her own sweet face,
Though she looked and looked again.

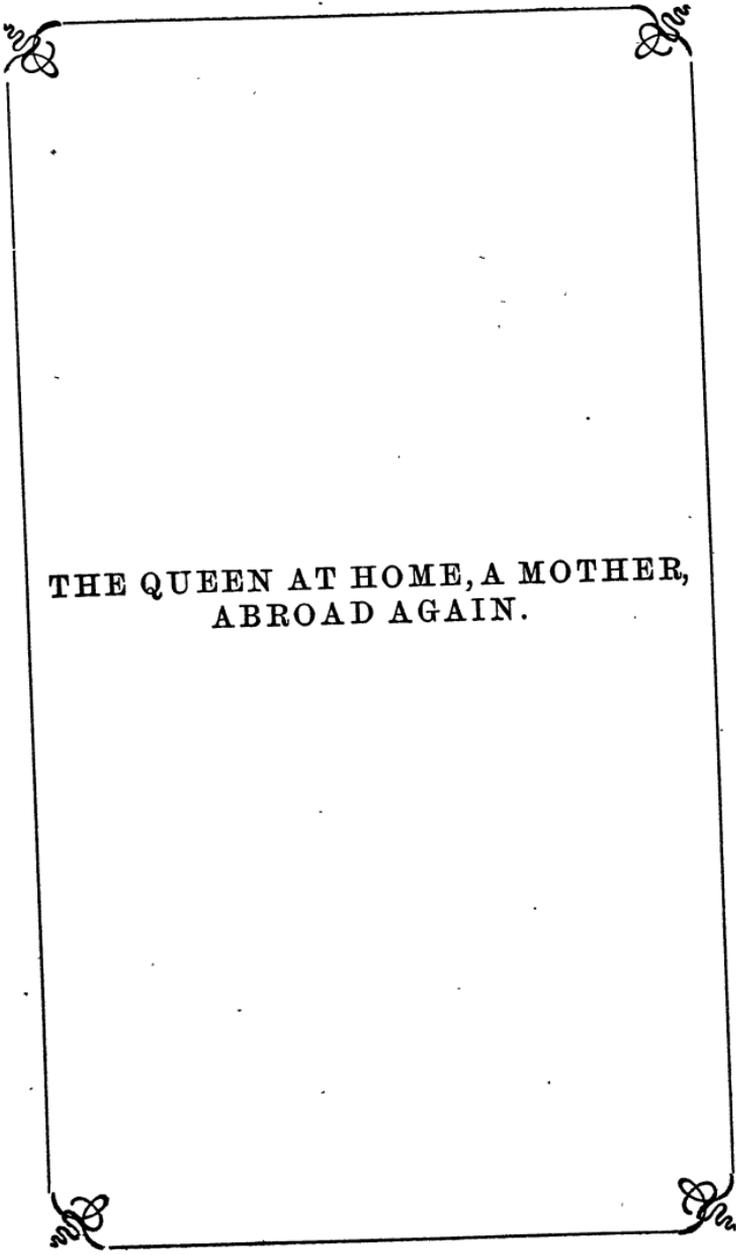
XC.

"Wae's me" for Prince Charlie's given;
And "Cam ye by Athol" too,
'Tis request of Queen and party,
It breathes how sad the adieu.

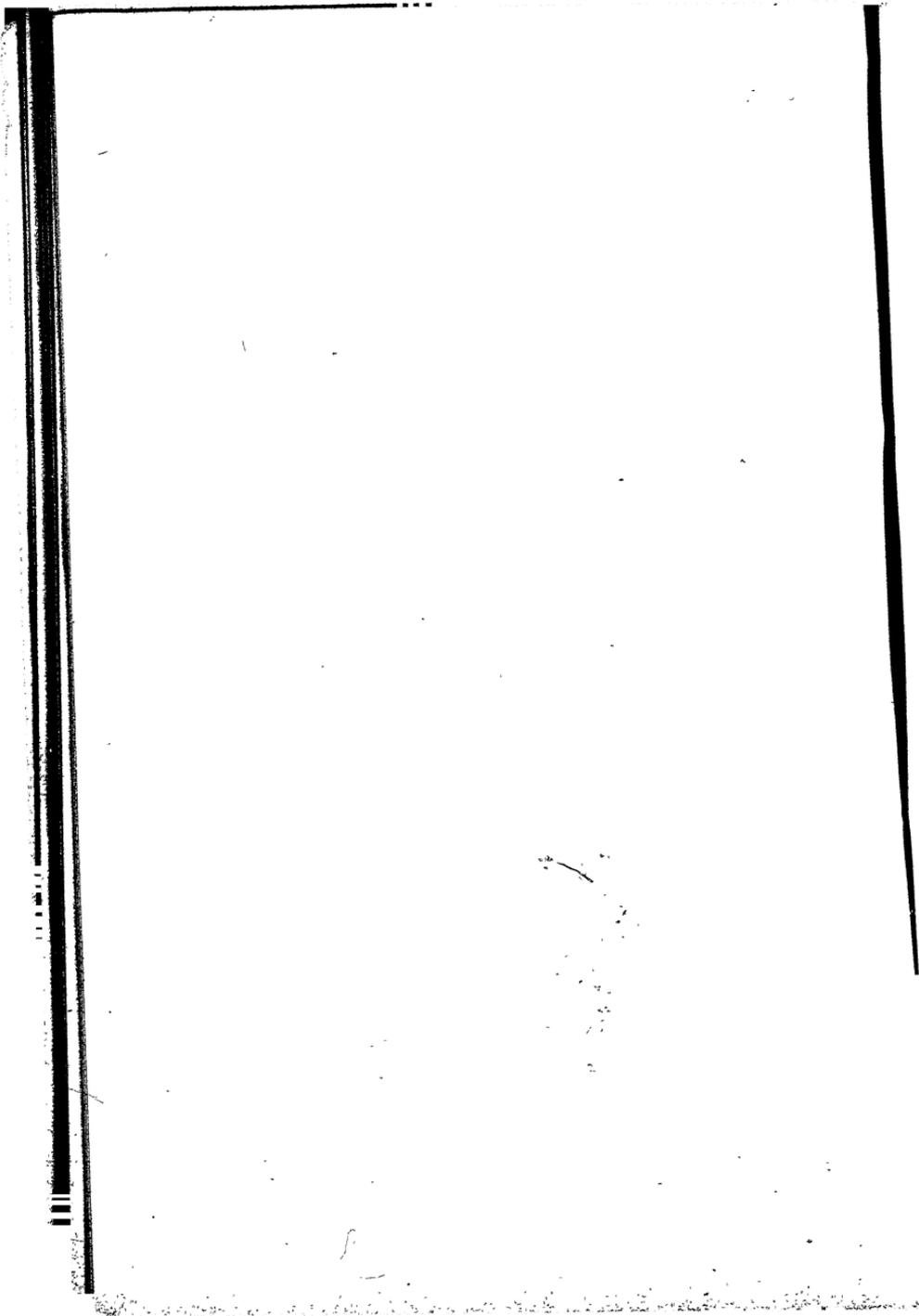
XCI.

Now her realm fondly receives her,
'Mid cries of "Hail! all-Hail!"
We will wait for morning's dawn,
And here we draw the veil.





THE QUEEN AT HOME, A MOTHER,
ABROAD AGAIN.



THE QUEEN AT HOME, A MOTHER,
ABROAD AGAIN.

XCII.



T home! how sweet the whisper'd
word—

And Britain has her homes—
They know it not, who ever dwell,
Where discord ever roams.

XCIII.

'Tis there alone, the word is known—
"Home, sweet home!" *felt and sung;*
Illustrated most faithfully,
The pride of old and young.

XCIV.

'Tis written on the quiet paths,
Through winding streams and heather;
'Tis seen in lambkins at their play,
In cold or gentle weather.

XCV.

The smoke curls up so gracefully,
From rustic cots far seen;
A holy quietness pervades,
Like pictures in a dream.

XCVI.

The drowsy plough-boy seems to feel
The knowledge of his ease:
He'll spend his days beneath the roof
Where he play'd 'neath the trees.

XCVII.

No change for him, he dreads no fate
Of exile from her shores;
He *knows* he is a British serf,
And guards his cabin doors.

XCVIII.

He feels the seed he plants to-day,
No hir'd hands will reap;
He knows his mother and his sire,
Will ne'er have cause to sleep

XCIX.

'Neath stranger's roof, nor eat the bread
Of alien masters there;
They'll be buried in same old church,
Where lisp'd their earliest pray'r.

C.

The same old font where they're baptis'd,
They in turn children bring;
They thus renew their youth in them,
As flowers do in spring.

CI.

So our gentle Queen, now return'd,
Is safe in happy home;
Hèr children cling around her knee,
Her lap their crown and throne.

CII.

You would not think to see her thus,
She e'er owned aught save those;
As Cornelia, in her jewels,
Now rarest charms disclose.

CIII.

See her as they smile upon her,
Fold them closely to her heart;
She would give her crown and kingdom,
Ere she from one would part!

CIV.

Now Prince Albert joins the circle,
When they give merry shout;
Surrounding him, the infant elves,
Shut peace and egress out.

CV.

Then the wild, glad sport commences—
Which parents with them share—
But the Queen is call'd to Council;
But was far happier where

CVI.

She counselled little children
In their innocent wild glee;
A *Queen*, she is, upon the *throne*,
But a *Mother* when she's *free*!

CVII.

Thus poorest peasant from her learns
Nature's fond, purest law ;
You may well study from your Queen,
And richest precepts draw.

CVIII.

Rare precepts and example fair,
Your good Queen, Britain, give ;
Award the palm to her who bears
The knowledge *how to live*.

CIX.

Each year she seeks to add new friends
To Albion's crowded list.
She visits next, the Chateau d'Eu—
Good King Philip keeps his tryst.

CX.

Then in the vine-clad valleys, fair,
Of glorious land of France,
Where gay young courtiers sport *with care*,
The sword and tilting lance

CXI.

Pass some joyous hours of pleasure,
When she leaves for fair Rhine.
Ah! fast Time flies on wings of love!
Like draughts of youth's red wine.

CXII.

To Coburg now, where happy days,
Are spent with German friends;
They light the "feu de joie" all round,
While grace and beauty blends.

CXIII.

To welcome Albert and his wife,
They strew their path with flowers
They heed not, flying feet dance on,
But Time takes note of hours.

CXIV.

So many visits pass as these,
So many summers fade;
To Guernsey and to Jersey fair,
To Isle of Wight's cool shade,

CXV.

Where Poet-Laureate, Tennyson,
Writes his sweet charming lays :
Alas ! my "gray goose quill" is blunt,
I cannot paint his praise.

CXVI.

One visit more to land of France,
When Empress Eugenie
Receives the Queen with far-fam'd grace,
And hospitality.

CXVII.

Beautiful Empress Eugenie !
Grand, glorious pride of France !
Thou vision fair of loveliness,
Thou hast all hearts entranc'd !

CXVIII.

No fairer form has greeted us,
Since bonnie Scotland's Queen,
Or later still, when grac'd same Court,
The Empress Josephine.

CXIX.

You've won the palm, o'er all our sex—
Cleopatra of the age!
It dies not on your brow, though swept
By storms of envious rage.

CXX.

Pen cannot recount the joyous hours—
They'll ere remain untold;
Suffice to say, it far outshone
"Field of the cloth of Gold."

CXXI.

The splendor of the Emp'ror's court,
Will live in song and story,
And beam a constellation bright,
"Star of Napoleon's glory."

CXXII.

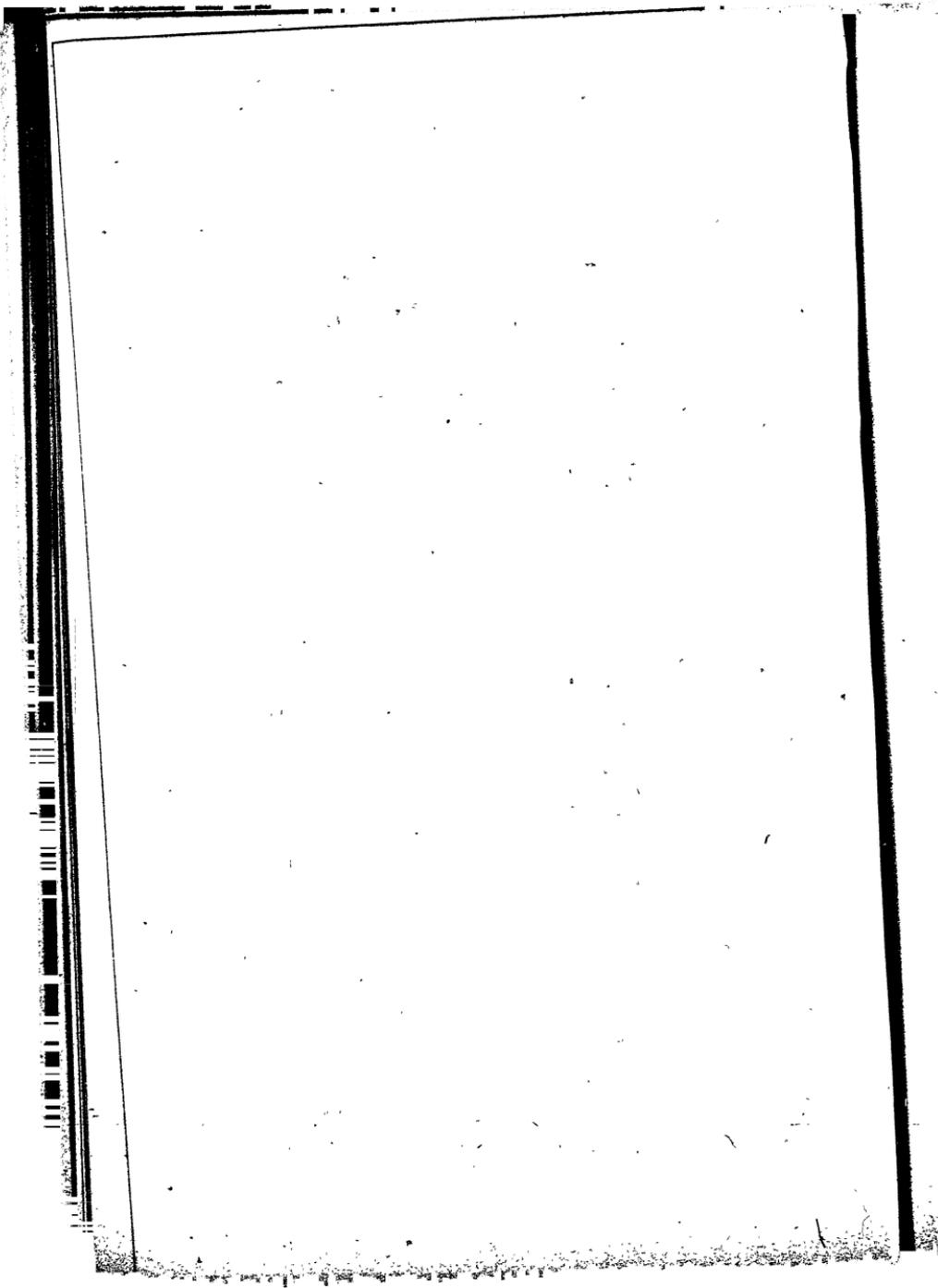
But suns must set, and stars must fade,
And e'en worlds have their day;
So guests are gone, and silence reigns,
And the Queen's on her way.

CXXIII.

But days there came, for Britain's Queen,
When heart bow'd down with grief ;
For Great, from Nature's law or death,
Knew no partial reproof.

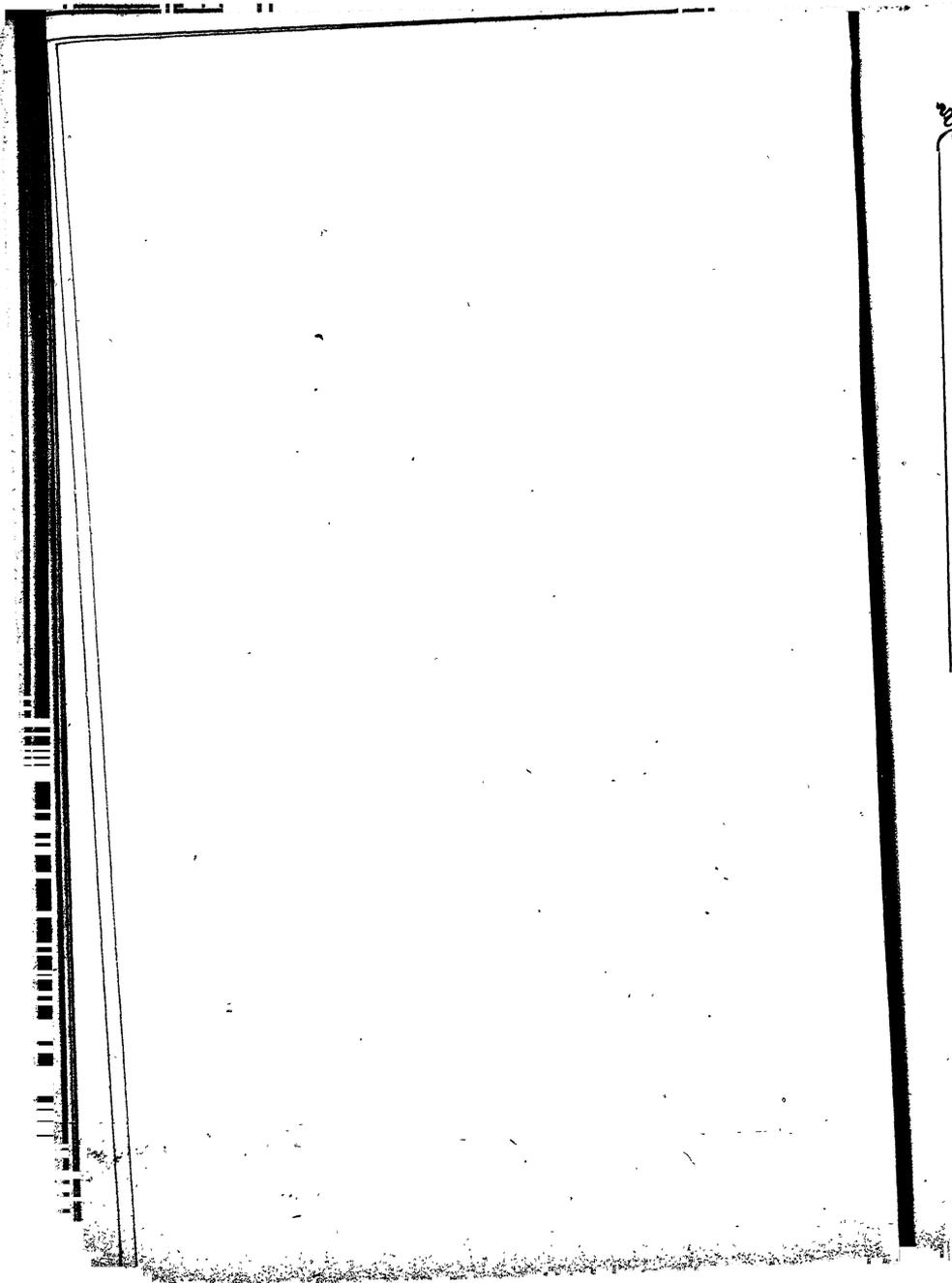
CXXIV.

It came, alas! in Mother's death,
When "Iron Duke" laid low:
Sorrows that glide with phantom-tread,
Cast shadows of deep woe.





QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE
ALBERT'S VISIT TO IRELAND.



QUEEN VICTORIA and PRINCE ALBERT'S
VISIT TO IRELAND.

CXXV.

HE Em'rald Isle in sad beauty,
Cloth'd in forsaken drap'ry,
Turns with all her heart's rich welcome
To clasp hand with Monarchy.

CXXVI.

For though her will be manacled,
And the chains of slavery
Clank round her feet, she stands unbow'd,
A statue of Liberty.

CXXVII.

'Tis liberty of mind and heart,
Which tells of a nation free,
Though the dungeon and the block are
Sole rewards of chivalry.

CXXVIII.

But brave Celtic sons remember
It is not with Queens they war;
But principles of a people,
Whose vile laws they do abhor.

CXXIX.

Not less sincerely welcome, then,
To Ireland's proud sons is she;
Though her arms bear the loud blazon,
Of their long captivity.

CXXX.

Though they bend before her presence,
It is not with servile mein;
'Tis but as champions of their cause,
To greet their lov'd, lawful Queen

CXXXI.

To Duke of Leinster's grand old pile,
She repairs to spend some days;
She breathes the air of breezy downs,
And there lists gay minstrel lays.

CXXXII.

Stern old lays of the Geraldines—
That fam'ly of proud name
Stands first in list of heraldry,
Firm monument of fame.

CXXXIII.

She sees the portraits there of those
Who fell by the headsman's blow;
The record of sad fate in Tow'r
Is still on the page of woe.

CXXXIV.

The lords Thomas and Edward proud,
Both gallant sons of the race,
Survive 'mong the list of Chieftains,
And in their features we trace

CXXXV.

The hist'ry of their fierce disdain,
Their burning sense of wrong,
Which cast them in a prison dread,
Where they lingered long.

CXXXVI.

They could not curb the brave spirits,
They were sons of Ireland's heart,
They bow'd their heads in her defence,
And by Death alone did part.

CXXXVII.

Gerald, Geraldine, Fitz-Gerald,
Each and all one great proud name!
My poor pen could not add one drop
To your brimming cup of fame.

CXXXVIII.

I leave you here! bright, green bay wreaths
Around your mem'ry twining;
Your spirits pass'd to realms of light,
The sun of glory shining.

CXXXIX.

The Queen who reads the silent Past,
Now turns to Present's calls,
And visits Erin's valleys fair,
Her lakes where moon-light falls

CXL.

On ivied tow'r, and hamlet rude,
Where legends old are heard ;
They glide on fair Killarney's tide,
To sound of warbling bird.

CXLI.

Mockcross Abbey now dimly seen,
Through twilight's deep'ning gloom,
Is wrapt in mist—a veil it falls
From faries' magic loom.

CXLII.

The Queen's amused with childish love,
She agrees that fairies be,
And for beauty rare, she says there is,
" A Venus in ev'ry three."

CXLIII.

The Princes of proud Tara's halls,
Whose thrones have pass'd away,
Whose glories are but things that were,
Receiv'd her on this day.

CXLIV.

The noblest of this Sainted Isle
Now sought to do her honor,
The descendants of Kings knelt there—
The last of House O'Connor.

CXLV.

They felt no shame in kneeling there,
Their kingdom had sunk in gloom ;
No stain was on the standard high,
Though furl'd to a bitter doom.

CXLVI.

They came not there in pomp or pride,
Nor in gaudy plume or crest ;
They wear the noblest " coat of arms "—
Violet o'er sword in rest.

CXLVII.

From lovely Bay where Isle of Skye
Stands sent'nel frowning bold,
To Kingston, where the waves of eld,
High ramparts close enfold,

CXLVIII.

She met the homage of rich hearts,
Lofty ones ! *Gold could not buy* ;
They were the sinew of the land,
The race of proud ancestry.

CXLIX.

She left the scenes of Druid trace,
And stood where martyrs fell,
In old St. Patrick's solemn fane,
Beside the Holy Well.

CL.

Within that ancient pile is seen
Many tombs with hist'ry strange ;
The Countess of Doneraile lives yet,
In mem'ry's vast domain.

CLI.

The foot-prints still of Cromwell's horde,
And their rude defacing hands,
Are mark'd upon grim tablets old—
A base record there it stands.

CLII.

The Irish College next receives
Its share of fame and glory ;
Her visit will transmitted be,
In Innisfallen's story.

CLIII.

From buildings quaint, she turns to where
The Liffey gently glides,
And crosses, now, proud Carlisle Bridge,
'Mid living human tide.

CLIV.

Her eyes meet only beauty rare,
Which peeps from tatter'd garb,—
Bas-relievo of mis'ry—
It stares her cold and hard.

CLV.

Forms such as Roman sculptors give
To their rarest gems of Art,
Stand here, in abject want and woe,
While to her eyes tear-drops start

CLVI.

But waves of pity scarce roll o'er,
When through Phoenix Park they drive;
"Strawberry Beds" in coral bright,
And fair bloom are quite alive.

CLVII.

As Em'rald wall, they rise so grand,
In mosaic beauty dress'd;
The little birds seek here their wants,
And build, close by, their nests.

CLVIII.

What Art has done for other Parks,
Nature with lavish hand,
Has gemm'd this spot, and made it far
Fairest in Britain's land.

CLIX.

Nature, 'tis said, is rude, but I
Prefer her wanton laws;
I, like her, spurn the rigid rules
Which from stiff science draws.

CLX.

Nature and Art went hand in hand,
Bestowing their richest prize;
The Queen must *this* acknowledge—
She is everywhere surpris'd

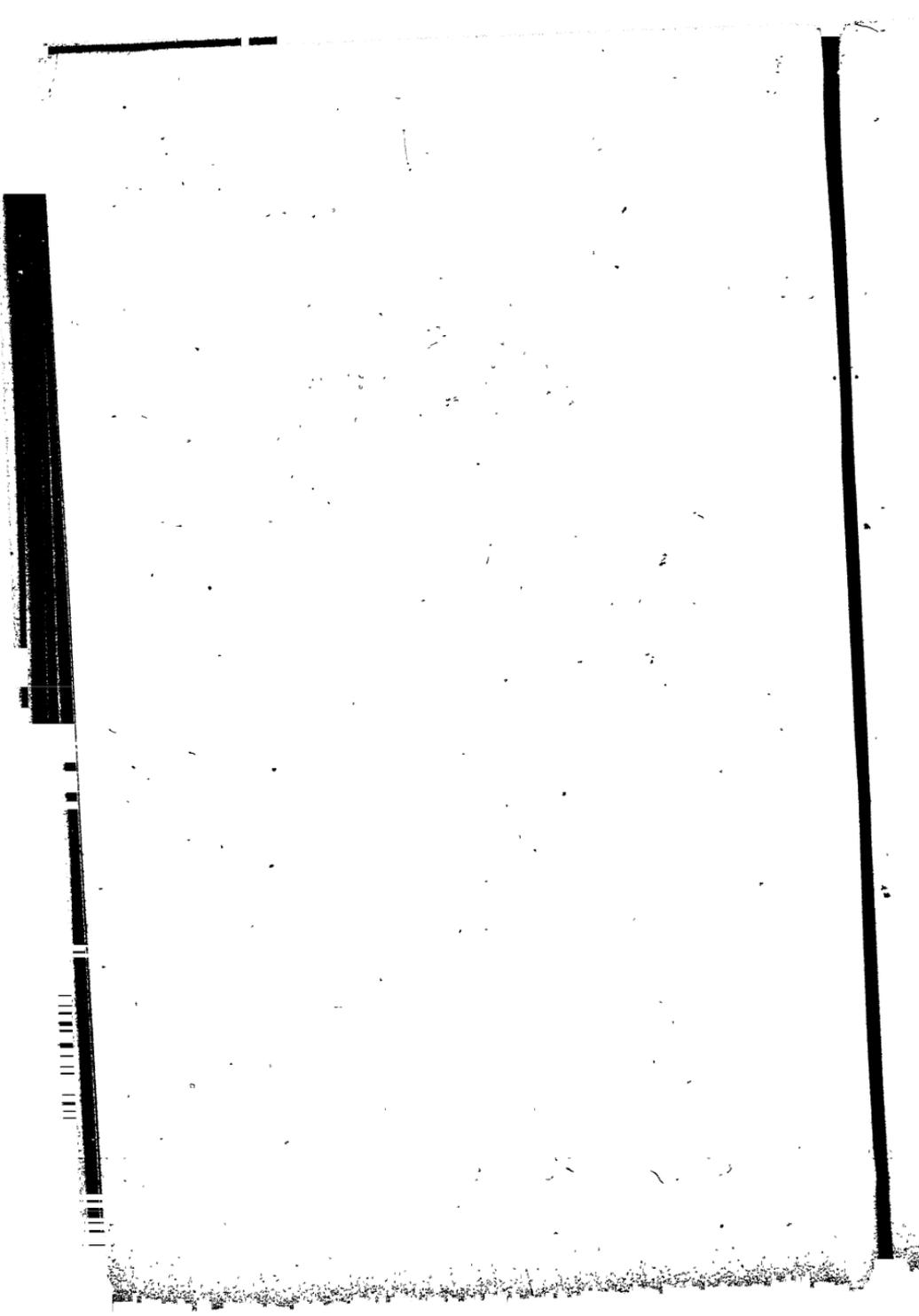
CLXI.

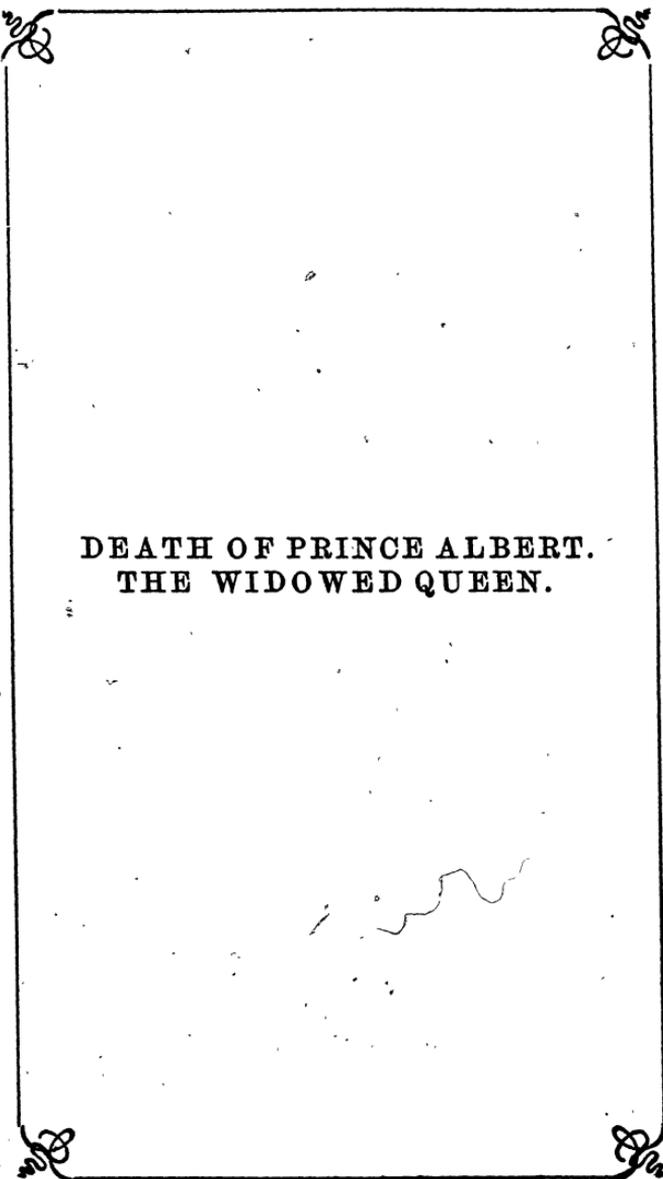
With loyalty, where most she fear'd
Deep, dark and treach'rous foe;
Her heart is fill'd with gratitude,
While kindly feelings flow.

CLXII.

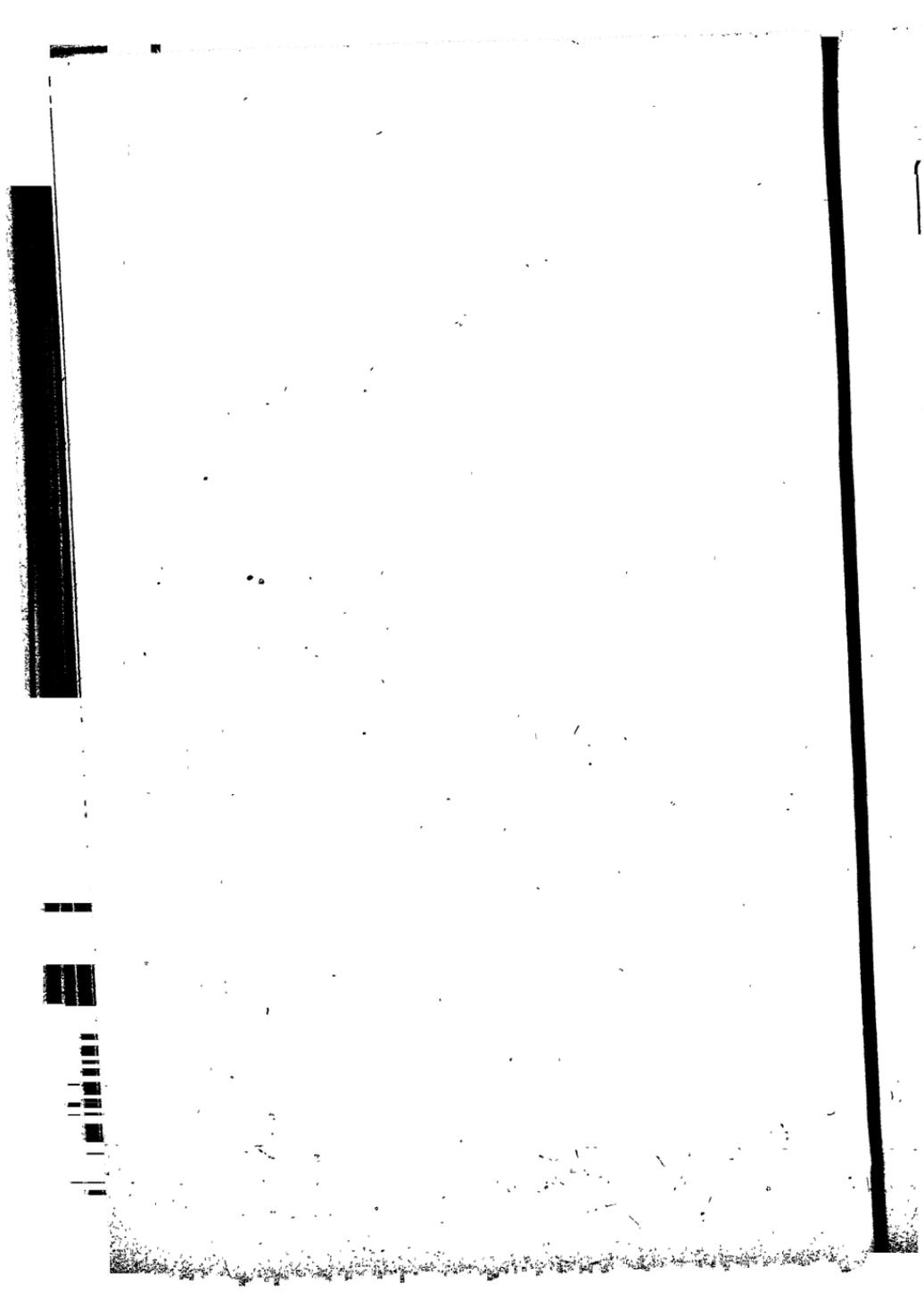
At last, at last, with swimming eyes,
She sees the fair green shores depart;
Three times the Royal Standard's lower'd,
To Hibernia's lofty heart.







**DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.
THE WIDOWED QUEEN.**



DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT,
THE WIDOWED QUEEN.

CLXIII.

44



LL is over!—draw the curtain—

Let not e'en a shadow fall,
On the form I love so fondly,
Over which there hangs a pall.

CLXIV.

“Leave me now alone with Albert,
Though pale, cold in death he lies;
Go, my children! let your mother,
Close, alone, his loving eyes.

CLXV.

“Yet, belov'd ones, stay a moment,
Take your last fond look and kiss,
Ere the grave shall claim forever,
All that form'd our joy and bliss.

CLXVI.

"Come, then, kiss me now, my treasures,
Dry your tears, he's now at rest ;
While we sadly mourn beside him,
Weeping on his faithful breast.

CLXVII.

"Yes, my dear ones, I would linger
Still beside him here alone :
His love round my pathway shimmer'd ;
A star of radiance it shone.

CLXVIII.

"Leave me now, but trace those features,
Deep on mem'ry's faithful page ;
They'll serve to gild a sad future,
Or cast halo round old age."

CLXIX.

Alone beside him now she kneels,
Lowly there she bows her down ;
Her head is bent with weight of woe,
Not the golden weight of crown.

CLXX.

“ Good bye, good bye ! yet one kiss more,
The last I will ever take ;
Hush, now my heart ! why tremble so ?
Why not here beside him break ?

CLXXI.

“ Ah, years must roll ; in God’s own time,
I shall there rejoin my love,
In starry realms which gleam beyond,
In the Christian’s home above.

CLXXII.

“ And now, good bye ! indeed good bye !
One kiss, nay, a hundred more !
I’ll cherish them, ’tis all that’s left
From Love’s pure hallowed store.

CLXXIII.

“ Cold are the lips which now receive,
The pure imprint of my own ;
His heart is still’d, his eyes are dim,
The soul to its maker flown.”

CLXXIV.

She casts herself upon his breast,
"Oh Albert," she wildly cries,
"None live who call Victoria—
That name with thy body dies.

CLXXV.

"The silent grave will hold the name,
That died upon thy tongue;
The golden chords of Albin's harp
Are broken and unstrung.

CLXXVI.

"I here beside thee, now lay down
All hopes of earthly bliss;
Good bye, my Albert, thus they fade,
In this fond loving kiss."

CLXXVII.

Stand back! intrude not on such grief,
Let not even artist hand,
Profane the holy vigil-hour,
Held to-night within the land.

CLXXVIII.

London, late full of revelry,
Is hushed in deepest gloom ;
The dirge note sounds so mournfully,
As they bear him to the tomb.

CLXXIX.

A universal wail is heard,
Sadly falling on our ear ;
It bursts at last—a fount of woe,
And streams gently on his bier.

CLXXX.

Slowly he's borne to solemn rest—
A nation's tribute high,
Is holy altar built of tears ;
Their sacrifice—a sigh.

CLXXXI.

And now Prince Albert, laid at rest,
Many millions do deplore—
Sleeps the long sleep of death, alas !
In Royal tomb, at Frogmore.

CLXXXII.

All pomp and pow'r the Queen eschews,
But with brave christian will,
Seeks now to soothe and calm all woes,
An angel's mission fill.

CLXXXIII.

She's first wherever sorrows flow ;
Her heart is teeming o'er,
With plans for others happiness ;
A bark freighted from shore

CLXXXIV.

Of sympathy, glides on the wave
Of Feeling's calm blue sea ;
It bears the pennon—"Help for all
Who trust in God, from me."

CLXXXV.

The nation's long pray'd for release
From the stern and silent gloom ;
She yielded not, her heart was clasp'd
In embrace of Albert's tomb.

CLXXXVI.

The subjects of her will, at last,
They saw her once more ride
To Parliament, but not in state,
Nor yet in regal pride.

CLXXXVII.

She enter'd in her mourning garb,
The scene was dimly grand ;
She walked to her accustomed seat,
'Mid flower of the land.

CLXXXVIII.

No gleaming jewels decked her breast,
Nor 'dorned her glossy hair ;
The Robes of State were careless thrown
In view, on Royal Chair.

CLXXXIX.

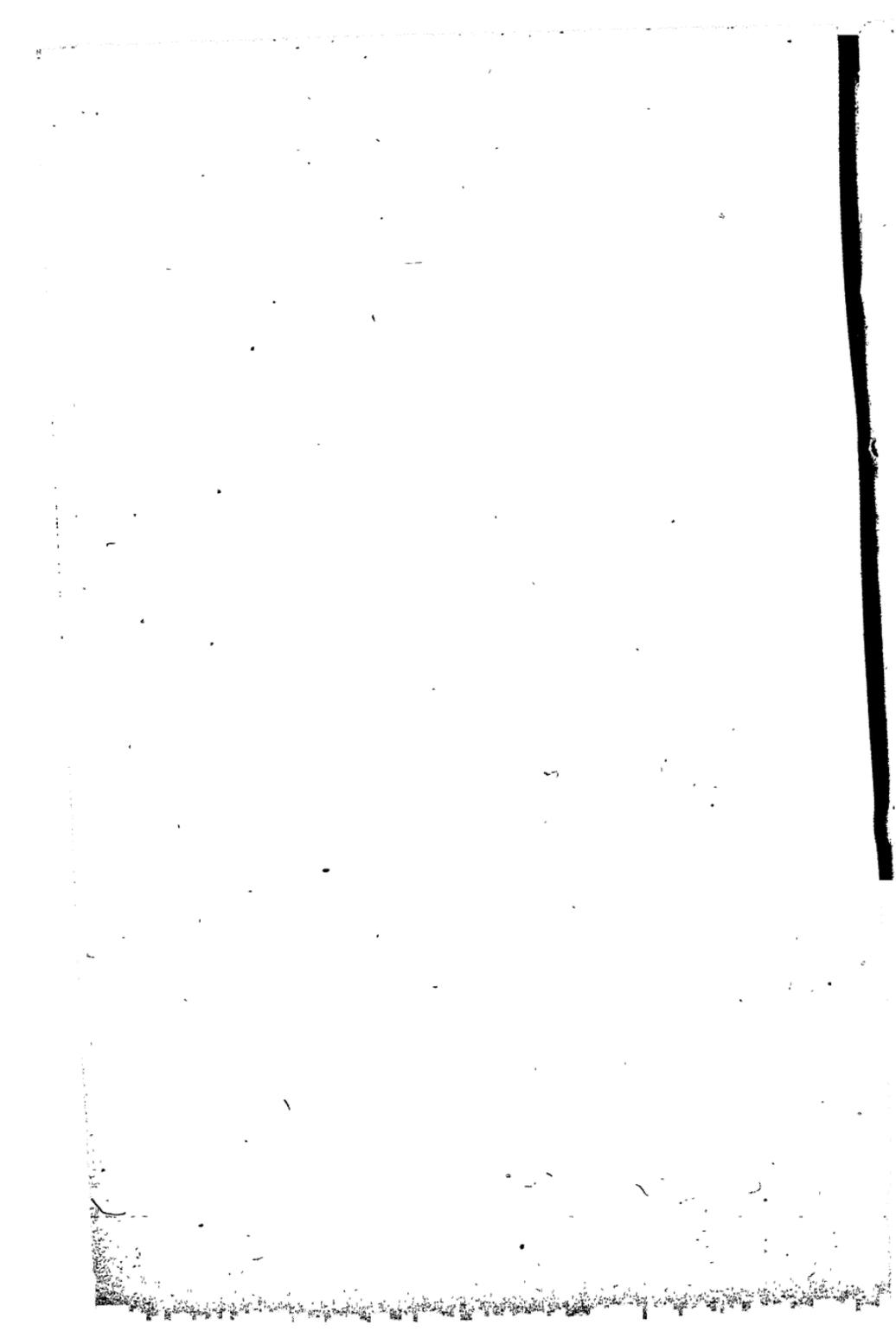
And thus from year to year is pass'd,
Her life an acted pray'r ;
A litany of pious deeds,
Whose responses are where

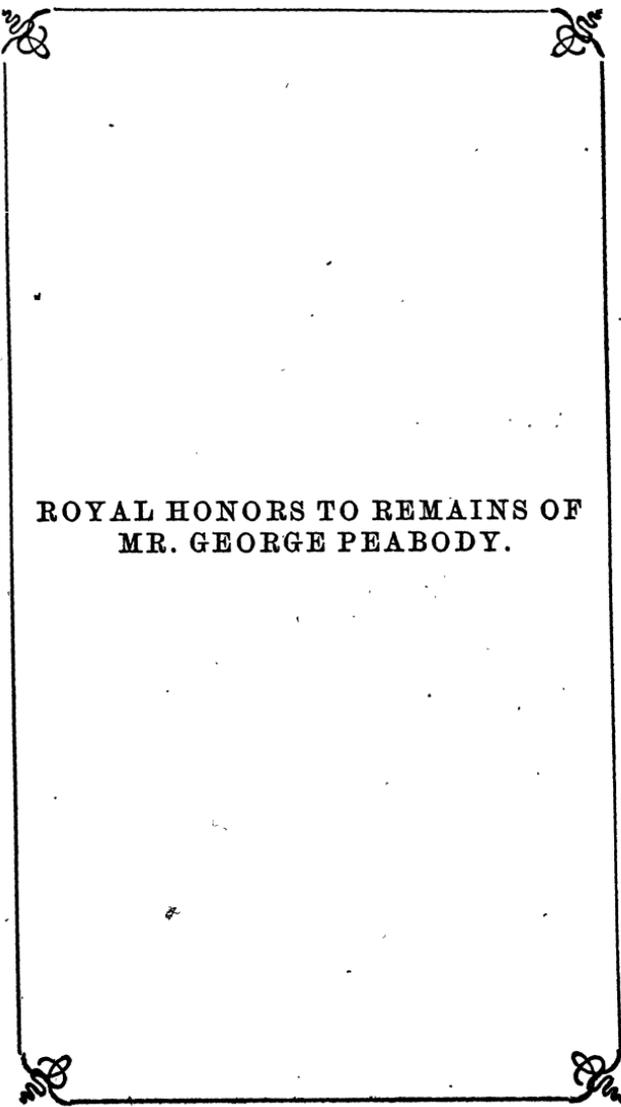
CXC.

A glorious crown, immortal wreath,
Awaits her from the King ;
Oh ne'er will mortal form from earth
A more clear record bring.

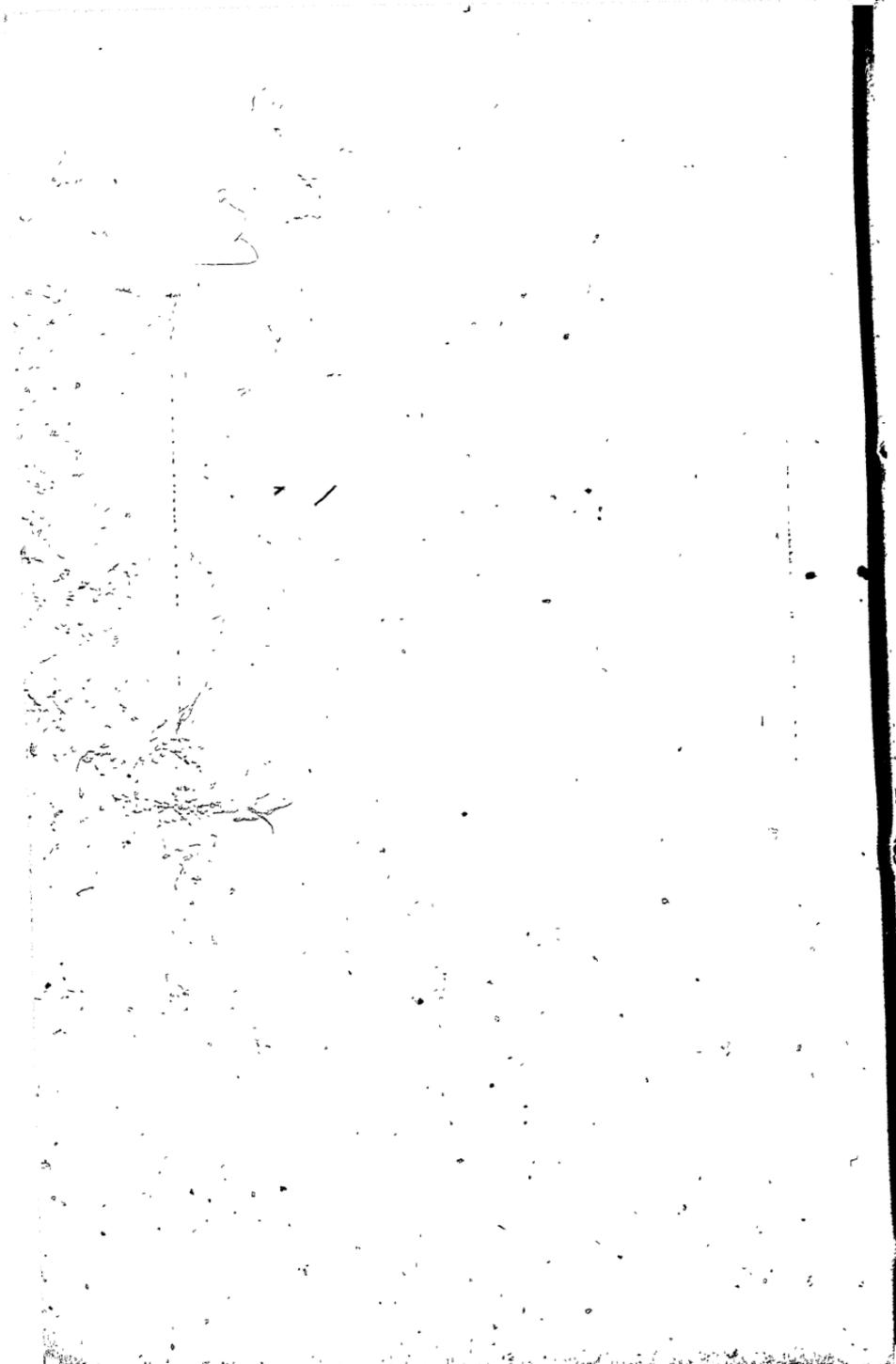
CXCI.

She wears the gems of highest worth,
Jewels that e'er will beam ;
The purest of our gentle sex,
Is England's widow'd Queen.





ROYAL HONORS TO REMAINS OF
MR. GEORGE PEABODY.



ROYAL HONORS TO REMAINS OF
MR. GEORGE PEABODY.

CXCII.

WITH low uncover'd heads now bend,
To that grand regal name,
Whose great munificence is link'd
To Peabody's proud fame.

CXCIII.

The noble philanthrope, whose deeds,
Have won for him renown,
Is laid to rest in kingly state,
'Neath shadow of her crown.

CXCIV.

He sleeps at last while millions weep
Above the sacred tomb,
In Westminster, where kings and queens,
Repose in solemn gloom.

CXC.V.

Doubtless haughtier crests than his
Are within your fam'd walls;
But none can boast a higher claim—
That claim the love of all.

CXC.VI.

'Tis true New England vaunts his birth,
But such souls own no place,
Their heritage is earth itself,
Cosmopolites their race.

CXC.VII.

In ev'ry land, on ev'ry hand,
His wealth a fountain sprung,
Its healing waters bath'd the poor,
And strengthen'd old and young.

CXC.VIII.

With lavish hand he built his tomb,
While prudence form'd the base,
Sweet Charity rose over all,
And gave to Feeling place.

CXCIX .

A noble monument thus rear'd,
It stands secure from Time,
The dust of ages leave no trace,
Nor imprint there of rime.

CC.

Erect 'twill stand when crumbled down
The palaces of Kings ;
The good man's epitaph is writ,
On higher, holier things.

CCI.

On higher, nobler work by far,
Than stately Pyramid ;
The names are even long forgot,
Or in its recess hid.

CCII.

But bright and brighter still will shine,
The great Peabody's name ;
As Time rolls on new lustre will,
His glorious deeds proclaim.

CCIII.

In little vine-wreath'd cottage gay
Where humble love doth dwell,
There is a tone of happiness,
That lingers as a spell.

CCIV.

Just see, the simple table spread,
With honest labor's meal,
The snowy linen neatly laid,
A coziness reveal.

CCV.

The homely fare is quaintly serv'd,
And mug and goblet wide,
Is fill'd with foaming beer, and pass'd
Around on ev'ry side.

CCVI.

Just look where through the window shines,
The firelight's flick'ring light,
Playing upon the elf-locks wild,
Of children there to-night.

CCVII.

It is abode of honest worth,
An English laborer's throne ;
The rosy wife, and children fair,
Proclaim him King of Home.

CCVIII.

And lowly there a mother bends
Above her little babe,
In that sweet nook his kindness gave*
A refuge pure—a shade.

CCIX.

And now she kneels to bless his name,
And prayers in incense rise ;
As clouds of hallow'd gratitude,
They float up to the skies.

CCX.

And that poor English mother there
With children 'round her knee,
Is but one true memorijum,
The world records of thee.

—* Peabody.

CCXI.

While Industry doth walk the earth,
Aspiring to command,
His name shall live who plac'd the means
In many a valiant hand.

CCXII.

And last, the wish to honor him,
To laurel-wreathe his brow,
Is but just tribute to his worth,
Who slumbers gently now.

CCXIII.

By poets fam'd, he was laid down
But his no *corner'd* fame,
His resting place, the poor man's heart,
Engraven *there* his name.

CCXIV.

Sad Poverty, in tatter'd garb,
Casts o'er him her poor wreath;
Say is it not, vain man I ask,
A stately monolith?

CCXV.

The rich may cast their gems around,
And velvet hang as pall,
But the poor man's offering long survives
Their fleeting glories all.

CCXVI.

And now by regal will is sent
The Monarch Man of War,
To bear his body home and be,
A fam'd triumphal car.

CCXVII.

It ploughs the waves of ocean deep,
And leaves a trace behind,
A path upon the *trackless* waste,
Is laid in ev'ry mind.

CCXVIII.

As the Gulf stream distinct 't will be,
And midway Neptune raise
A monument of coral reef,
While sea-gods hymn his praise.

CCXLIX.

And so the corte'ge glides along
The ever restless main;
The God of Sea his trident waves
And in his royal train

CCXX.

The Tritons move at his command,
And form in proud array;
With trumpets rais'd they loud proclaim,
For him an open way.*

CCXXI.

Through all the wat'ry element,
Where'er they move or glide,
Fair sea-weed flow'rs and tinted shells,
Are strewn on ev'ry side.

CXXII.

With nation's fun'ral escort homo,
And Ocean's homage deep,
He's borne to land that gave him birth,
For his last solemn sleep.

—* For remains of Peabody.

CCXXIII.

In tears, New England's sons receive,
From 'cross Atlantic's wave,
The last remains of one who boasts
In every land a grave.

CCXXIV.

From Northern climes, where snows do fall,
So softly, gently down,
To Southern lands his bounty fell,
A garner'd blessing crown'd.

CCXXV.

And North and South united are,
In yielding hallow'd praise;
It floats on high, a requiem,
As bending o'er his grave,

CCXXVI.

We join together to proclaim,
The virtues without end,
Of him who claim'd no higher rank
Than that of *Poor Man's Friend*.

CCXXVII.

Thus the good Queen and Philanthrope,
Will shine on hist'ry's page;
And live through rolling centuries,
As noblest of their age.

CCXXVIII.

And now with hush'd and muffled tread,
We bear him to the tomb,
His star ascends, its brilliant light
Dispels for aye our gloom.

CCXXIX.

Columbia bending o'er his grave,
Clasping Victoria's hand,
Hopes thus she'll reign forevermore
Within our favor'd land.

