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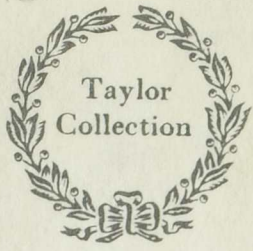
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Joan Elizabeth Conder +  
Jane Taylor]

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1810  
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T H E

ASSOCIATE MINSTRELS.



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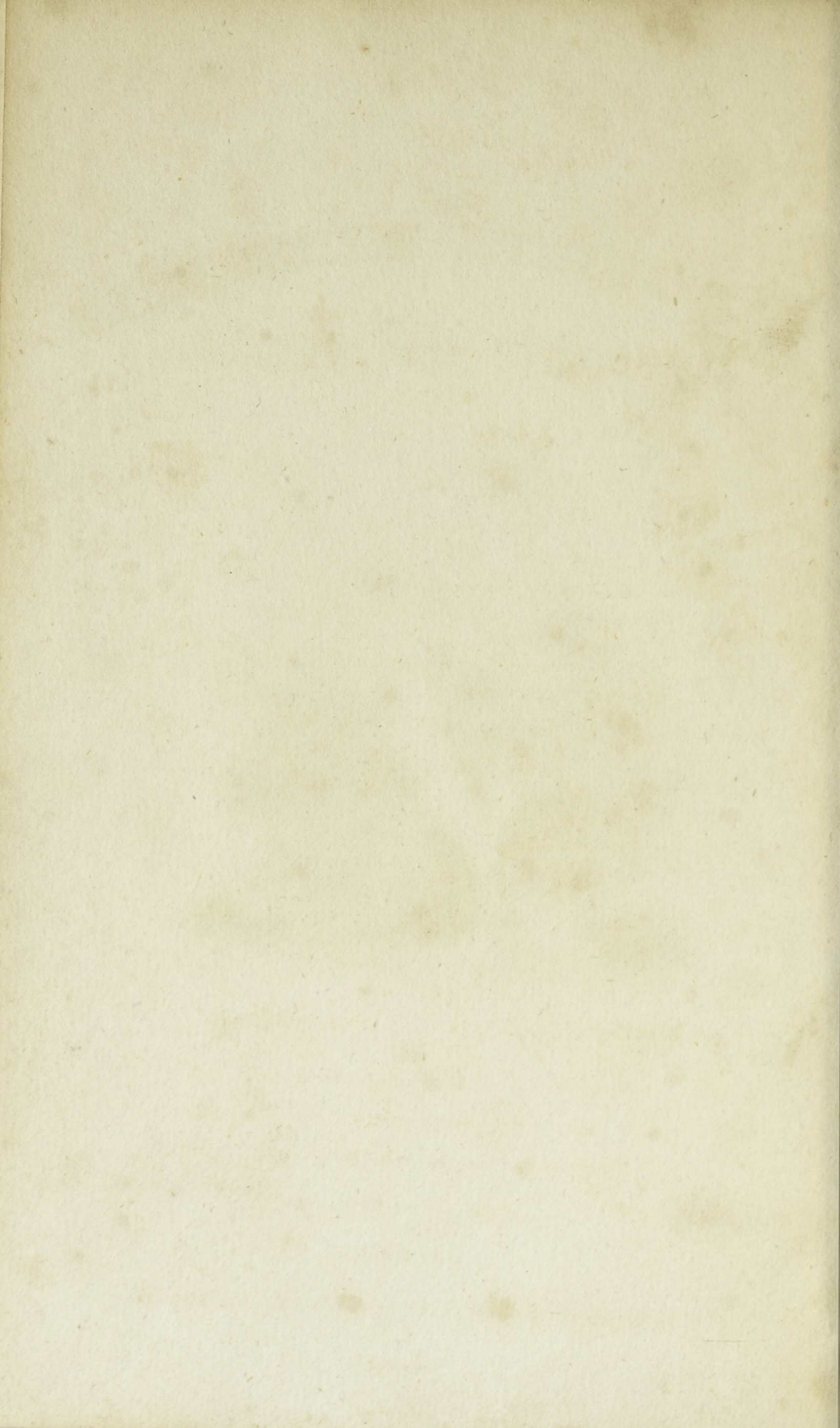
*"Where pallid Fear would never venture,  
There heedless hies the airy sprite;  
And where Hope cannot, dare not, enter,  
She hovering, wheels her rapid flight."*

*"Fancy" p. 42.*

L O N D O N

Published by THOMAS CONDER, Bucklersbury.

M D C C C X .



THE

# Associate Minstrels.

---

---

————— The storm  
That makes the high elm couch, and rends the oak,  
The humble lily spares. A thousand blows,  
Which shake the lofty monarch on his throne,  
We lesser folk feel not.

HURDIS.

---

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY GEORGE ELLERTON,  
Johnson's Court, Fleet Street,

FOR THOMAS CONDER, N<sup>o</sup> 30, BUCKLESBURY.

1810.





TO THEIR FRIEND,  
JAMES MONTGOMERY,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE

*ASSOCIATE MINSTRELS.*



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## SILENCE.

---

“ Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew,  
“ And halted on a boundless plain,  
“ Where nothing fed, nor breathed, nor grew,  
“ But SILENCE ruled the still domain.”

CRABBE.

---

### ARGUMENT.

Invocation—The Silence of Midnight—The Calm preceding a Tempest—  
Silence preparatory and subsequent to an Engagement—Moon-light—  
The Influence of Silence on the Mind—Silence expressive of the  
Passions—Providence executing his Designs in Silence—Silence fa-  
vourable to Devotion—The Grave—Silence sharing her Empire with  
Melody—Silence preceding the Dissolution of the World.

---

PRIMEVAL Empress of ethereal space !  
Sister of Darkness ! in whose chill embrace  
Creation slept, till the Omnific word  
Through every chamber of the deep was heard ;

Dread Silence, hail! If to thine awful ear                   5  
 The still small music of the lyre be dear,  
 Bid the rude winds, the darkening clouds, depart,  
 That Fancy's rays may break upon my heart :  
 Then, like the timorous bird, which long has stood  
 Watching the storm that shook the dreary wood,           10  
 With the returning beam my soul shall rise,  
 Shake off its cares, and, warbling, gain the skies.

Where shall I seek thee? Shall my venturous flight  
 Trace thy blue footsteps through the fields of light,  
 Walking sublime amid revolving spheres,                   15  
 Or listening to the sound of rolling years,  
 As, throned with Time, thine eyes admiring rove  
 Where countless orbs in strains concordant move?  
 Or where, with veiled face, thou lov'st to soar,  
 And at the feet of Deity adore?                           20  
 —Or do terrestrial scenes thy presence share?  
 Glad Fancy stoops her wing, and seeks thee there :  
 O'er rocky mountains, or in desert plains,  
 Where Nature in terrific grandeur reigns ;



Where virgin Echo has for ages slept, 25  
 By giant Solitude in thraldom kept :  
 Or where the glacier rears his hideous height,  
 And one white waste for ever meets the sight ;  
 Where mighty heaps of snow eternal, frown,  
 And but a word will bring a mountain down— 30  
 Who there, O Silence! shall disturb thy sway,  
 Until those hills shall melt, those mountains roll  
     away?

Now on the languid air at length has ceased  
 The last faint laughter of the midnight feast :  
 Reluctant Mirth has bowed to Nature's laws, 35  
 And all the wheels of thought and action pause :  
 The cheek of Grief is dry—her dreams are blest :  
 And pallid Study creeps to feverish rest.  
 —See where, on tiptoe, Silence steals along :  
 Around her head fantastic visions throng, 40  
 The sportive phantoms of the Poet's brain,—  
 Fear's grisly shapes, and Folly's spectre train.

How fearful 'tis to wake, when all around  
 Is dead, and not a ray, and not a sound,  
 Strikes the half-doubting sense :—to hold our breath,  
 And fancy that we catch the step of Death :— 46  
 Startled the creaking casement then to hear,  
 And cling to Sleep, as a defence from Fear !

But when fierce Sirius rules the noontide hour,  
 Silence, more awful still, in secret power 50  
 Comes on the labouring clouds : around she casts  
 Her potent spell, and stills the rising blasts.  
 See how the conscious brute her presence feels,  
 And listens to the tempest's distant wheels.  
 And now the heavens unfold—while on swift wing  
 Silence departs, and, hoarsely murmuring, 56  
 Thunder pursues, with long-resounding roar :  
 The clouds their vast collected torrents pour ;  
 And the forked lightnings, darting from the sky,  
 Seem like the flashes of Destruction's eye. 60

Hark! hark! the voice of Ruin rends the air,  
 The mingling shrieks of thousands in despair!  
 The ground convulsive heaves——But now his fill  
 The opening grave has had—and all is still!

Now waft me, Silence, in thine airy car, 65  
 To marshalled armies, and to fields of war,  
 Where, gleaming in the sun, (a hideous length!)  
 Conflicting powers display their fatal strength.  
 Hark! the shrill trumpet calls! In stern array,  
 Led on by thee, th' opposing lines obey. 70  
 Nearer they draw; and thou, thine office o'er,  
 Fliest on sulph'ry clouds the battle-roar.  
 But soon the work of slaughter will be done,  
 And thou, O Silence! with the setting sun  
 Again shalt rule the plain! It shall be thine, 75  
 While the dim stars with pallid lustre shine,  
 To watch by fell Ambition's bloody shrine;  
 To list the dying groan, the last complaint,  
 The broken prayer, that dies in murmurs faint:

Within thine arms shall sink the damp, cold head, 80  
 And thou shalt guard the relics of the dead.  
 Thus when December's sun, with feeble glow,  
 Looks out at mid-day on a world of snow,  
 Winter awhile a vanquished monarch seems,  
 While melting torrents own the conquering beams :  
 But soon chill Eve, with adamantine chains 86  
 Again shall bind the still and dreary plains.

Yet, O dread usher of the coming storm !  
 Far different at times appears thy form,  
 When thou, with balmy breath and aspect mild, 90  
 Leaning on Twilight (Summer's beauteous child),  
 Comest in majesty :—around thy feet  
 The cooling zephyrs play in whispers sweet ;  
 Fair shines the vesper-star ; and faintly gleams  
 The glow-worm's fairy torch with mimic beams : 95  
 While o'er the scene the moon's mild radiance throws  
 A silvery tint, a smile of sweet repose.  
 Who then, O Silence ! but must own thy power,  
 And feel th' enchantment of thy favourite hour ?

Yes—there are times when e'en the soothing strain  
 Of Music melts upon the soul in vain ; 101  
 Pleasure in vain extends her syren arms,  
 And to the sickening mind displays her charms,  
 That asks for rest. 'Tis Silence then, alone,  
 Can to the mind restore its proper tone. 105  
 She waves her wand—the giant forms of Care  
 Resume their pigmy size, or fade in air ;  
 While, as the sound of earthly tumult dies,  
 Celestial voices on the soul arise,  
 And Fancy's wild entrancing melodies. 110

'Twas in the cave of Silence, infant Thought  
 Was nursed by Fancy, and by Nature taught :  
 Fair Science cherished there the favoured child ;  
 And Truth herself upon his labours smiled.  
 The Sage's laurel, and the Poet's bays, 115  
 That flourish now in full meridian blaze,  
 Were reared by Silence : and her genial dews  
 Nourished the tender scions of the Muse.

Still, O thou friend of Peace! and Wisdom's nurse!  
 May I with thee and Innocence converse. 120  
 Let Guilt and Folly be our mutual foes—  
 'Tis from thy lips, divine instruction flows.

No voice has Silence?—Not if sound alone  
 Can to another's heart disclose our own;  
 Utter our woes; or, when our souls rejoice, 125  
 Vent the full bliss. But Silence *has* a voice.  
 When the fixed eye has seen the form it loved  
 With the last throb of ebbing Nature moved,  
 And still is fixed, as loth the sight to leave,  
 Till lingering Hope no longer can deceive, 130  
 Till all is o'er, and the fond ear in vain  
 Listens to catch the faint short breath again;  
 Has she no voice? What eloquence of speech  
 Can like her simple, heartfelt language teach?  
 Has she no voice? Let youthful Passion say, 135  
 Whose lips have oft confessed her magic sway.

Hers are the timid blush ; the speaking eye ;  
 The kiss half-yielded ; the unconscious sigh ;  
 And smiles and tears, the subject heart to move ;  
 And all the mute artillery of Love. 140

Has she no voice ? It strikes not on the ear,  
 But the heart feels it, and the guilty fear.  
 She bids the frowning *Past* terrific rise  
 On pale Remorse : he from the spectre flies ;  
 But, lo ! more awful on his wildered sight 145  
 He sees the *Future* start from blackest night :  
 While Silence, as he turns, pursues him still,  
 Her mirror holding up : with horror chill,  
 The image of himself he there surveys,  
 And, back recoiling, shuns its frightful gaze. 150

Thy language, Silence ! all the Passions speak,  
 For, to thine artless rhetoric, words are weak.  
 See where, fast bound in thy benumbing trance,  
 In varied group, they towards thy throne advance.

First, with sunk eye, low bending, pallid Grief, 155  
 Whose piteous looks seem pleading for relief;  
 Then, rapturous Joy, with wild ecstatic mien;  
 And disappointed Love, that pines unseen;  
 Pale-lipped Revenge, whose eyes, that glaring roll,  
 And bursting veins, bespeak his phrensied soul; 160  
 Horror, with frequent start and vacant stare;  
 And last, with sad and ghastly smile, Despair.

When Deity to Man his chariot bent,  
 Though many an awful harbinger he sent,  
 Silence, succeeding, hushed the angry peals, 165  
 And cast her mantle o'er his flaming wheels.  
 When the blest man of God, the deathless seer,  
 On Horeb stood, the will of Heaven to hear,  
 Lo! first the herald wind, loud roaring, past;  
 But the Eternal rode not on the blast: 170  
 An earthquake then called Nature to prepare  
 To meet her Sovereign; He appeared not there:  
 And now a fire upon the mountain plays;  
 But the Almighty is not in the blaze:



And last a still small voice the Prophet heard, 175

And, silent, trembled at Jehovah's word.

In silent flow his endless goodness streams;

In silent progress move his mighty schemes;

In silence Providence his will performs,

Bids Earth to blossom, or prepares his storms. 180

When the rapt soul, that feels her heavenly birth,

Would for a while forget the cares of earth,

Would on the wings of faith and love aspire

To join the anthems of th' angelic quire,

To thee, O Silence, the blest power is given 185

To warm the breast, and raise the soul to heaven.

Hushed is the voice which o'er the opening tomb

Spake the sweet promise of a world to come:

The white-robed priest has blest the weeping train,

Who mournful seek their saddened home again. 190

How the heart shuddered at the creaking cord!

The pattering earth o'er kindred ashes poured!—

Then Stillness reigned, and mute was every tongue ;  
 While awe-struck Mirth forsook the sable throng.—  
 Here, Silence ! here thy triumph is complete ! 195

On this new grave I'll share thy sacred seat.  
 Let Fear unlock the fetters of the dead,  
 And call his grisly phantoms round my head ;  
 Let moonlight spectres circle the dark yew,  
 And all that gothic Folly tells be true ; 200

Here will I sit with thee. My soul shall dwell  
 On the dark secrets of thy mouldering cell ;  
 Then upward dart, and, shaking off her gloom,  
 Look down with smile triumphant on the tomb.

But wilt thou ne'er, dread Power, a partner own 205  
 To hold divided sway, and share thy throne ;  
 Or dost thou ever reign in sullen state alone ?  
 When Day's fierce monarch, at meridian hour,  
 Walks forth in all the grandeur of his power,  
 No rival beams pretend with his to vie. 210  
 Nor fainting Nature dares his glories eye :

But when, admitted to his lucid car,  
 Smiles the bright goddess of the western star ;  
 When with descending shades his radiance blends,  
 And softened sunshine o'er the scene extends ; 215  
 Sweeter the mildness of his tempered light,  
 Than splendid noon, or star-bespangled night.  
 And thus when Silence oft her empire shares  
 With heaven-born Melody ; and solemn airs,  
 Combined with pensive stillness, gently rise 220  
 On Morning's breeze, or blend with Evening's sighs,  
 How witching then her power ! O'er every sense  
 Steals the soft magic of her influence ;  
 A hallowed calm pervades the tranquil breast,  
 Alternate pleasure, and alternate rest. 225

Where the calm lake beholds on either side  
 Opposing mountains frown in barren pride ;  
 When Evening steals along the sheltered vale,  
 Waving her dusky pinion to the gale,  
 While still the landscape glows with many a ray,  
 And wears the faded livery of day ; 231

There let me lie : or from some castled height,  
 With Silence, watch the last red beam of light.—  
 — How sweetly do the rippling waters pour  
 Soft music on the ear ! or in faint roar,                    235  
 At distance, rushing down some rocky steep,  
 Their hollow murmurs lull the soul to sleep.—  
 I love to listen to the mountain breeze,  
 And hear his voice deep-swelling through the trees ;  
 Or, as some ivyed tower he whistles round,                    240  
 To catch at times the wild and startling sound.  
 And sweetly too, at intervals, is heard  
 The vesper summons, or the lonely bird.  
 —But, oh ! what trancing melodies were those,  
 Which on the ear with soft enchantment rose ?—245  
 Again ! still louder swell the airy peals !—  
 Each thrilling nerve the passing spirit feels.—  
 Thou, Æolus, didst sweep the trembling strings :  
 Harmonious Rapture rode upon thy wings ;  
 Delighted Silence rose, with smiling look,                    250  
 And half unclosed her lips, and half her throne for-  
     søok.

Yes—there are sounds which Silence loves to hear,  
 Whose tuneful whispers only meet her ear :  
 And while to Silence they fresh charms impart,  
 They owe to her their influence o'er the heart. 255

Hail, Silence! hail! Where'er is reared thy throne,  
 In trackless deserts of the flaming zone,  
 Or Zembla's solid seas and icy realms unknown;  
 Whether thou com'st in moonlight mildness drest,  
 Or fearful darkness forms thine awful vest; 260  
 Thee, by thyself inspired, the Muse shall sing,  
 And to thy shrine her fairest garlands bring;  
 Upon thy breast in confidence repose,  
 And share with thee her pleasures and her woes :  
 Far from the world's rude strife or vain parade, 265  
 When Passion rages, or when cares invade,  
 To thee with joyful constancy shall flee,  
 And find a refuge and a friend in thee.

Primeval Empress of ethereal space!  
 Sister of Darkness! in whose chill embrace 270

Creation slept, till the Omnific word  
 Through every chamber of the deep was heard;  
 Yet once again that empire shall be thine—  
 Their sceptres shall the Elements resign;—  
 Yet once again o'er earth, from pole to pole,      275  
 Shall stretch the winter of thy stern controul.  
 It comes—it comes—the solemn hour is nigh,  
 Upon whose wing rides awful Destiny;  
 When every orb celestial shall turn pale,  
 And the exhausted Sun at mid-day fail;      280  
 Revolving spheres shall on their axes rest,  
 And night substantial all the scene invest:  
 While Time on tottering systems takes his  
                                  stand,  
 Dropping his sithe from his enfeebled hand,  
 The dreary prospect scans with wild dismay,      285  
 And trembling sees his kingdoms fade away.  
 Now o'er the past he throws his shuddering eye,  
 Exploring back into eternity;  
 Then views the boundless future in despair,  
 And, plunging in, is lost for ever there.      290

Oh! in that dreadful day what dire suspense  
 Shall spread its chilly horrors o'er the sense!  
 Pale Guilt in caverns dark attends his doom,  
 And awe-struck Hope expects the bursting tomb.  
 No zephyr murmurs—mute is every stream— 295  
 And universal Silence reigns supreme.  
 Within her arms shall Nature's aged form  
 Await the last, the great, the general storm;—  
 Shall speechless lie; then, 'mid encircling fire,  
 In one convulsive, dreadful pang expire. 300

## DOMESTIC

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

SWEET Summer hours, farewell!

And every sylvan shade,

The upland wood, the sinking dell,

And deep romantic glade :

Already Autumn rustles by,

With all his golden pageantry.

No more the lengthened day

To sweetest ramble woos ;

Nor twilight, growing softly grey,

The tints of eve suffuse :

Night draws her hasty curtain round

The drear, the dis-enchanted ground.



With fond regretting eye  
 Your fading charms I view,  
 Earth's variegated livery,  
 And Heaven's reviving blue:  
 But not for these, however dear,  
 I drop the soft, yet poignant, tear.

The genii of the Spring,  
 That people every brake,  
 Haunting low glen, and grassy ring,  
 My fancy cannot wake:  
 The *Spirit of the Past* pervades  
 Your wild, your consecrated shades.

'Tis this on every bark  
 Some phantom bliss inscribes,  
 And animates the covert dark  
 With pleasure's airy tribes;  
 With loves domestic, playful, sweet,  
 That know nor chill nor feverish heat.

With you, sweet scenes, are fled  
 Affection's happiest hours :  
 The garland that adorns her head  
 Is wreathed of fragile flowers ;  
 And Winter's blast, or Summer's ray,  
 May sweep or scorch their bloom away.

Dear moments ! ere ye fly,  
 Nor trace nor vestige leave,  
 One treasured relic let mine eye,  
 One parting glimpse, retrieve :  
 Ere woods are green another year,  
 How altered may your forms appear !

The same entangled shade,  
 The mossy, green recess,  
 The primrose bank, the forest glade,  
 In Nature's newest dress  
 May flaunt and bloom ;—but incomplete  
 This happy circle, none were sweet

Beneath the hillock green  
 One loved companion laid,  
 And how, with magic touch, the scene  
 Would droop in horrid shade!  
 Forlorn, dismantled, gloomy, drear,  
 Would every lonely walk appear!

The chilly, sighing, gale  
 No music would convey;  
 Hushed every songster of the vale;  
 And leafless every spray:  
 To Sorrow's ear, to Sorrow's eye,  
 How mute the forms of beauty lie!

The spirit of the past,  
 From each deserted scene  
 Then hovering in the dreary blast,  
 Would seek the hillock green,  
 And melancholy moanings fling  
 Upon the shuddering ear of Spring.

The merry elfin train  
 Of joys remembered long,  
 Peopling to Fancy's eye the plain,  
 Or forest shades that throng,  
 The sorceress Grief would then dispel  
 From wood, and brake, and haunted dell:

Or, armed with tiny spear,  
 And penetrating lance,  
 The rallying squadrons would appear  
 Embattled to advance,  
 With subtile dart, of finest pain,  
 Piercing the lacerated vein.—

As each receding year  
 On life's horizon fades,  
 Thus, faint and tremulous with fear,  
 I scan the coming shades:  
 O untried moments! on your wing  
 What latent terrors do you bring?

Where points your foremost dart?  
 Whom fated to destroy?  
 Tell me what gaily-throbbing heart,  
 Now warm with life and joy,  
 Ere Summer gild another sky,  
 Beneath the valley's clod shall lie?—

Yet why explore the maze,  
 The thread of fate unwind?  
 Heaven spreads a cloud upon its ways,  
 In pity to mankind;  
 And ignorance and hope bestows,  
 To cheat the future of its woes.

Then cease, distempered eye,  
 Thine impotent employ,  
 And, as successive moments fly,  
 Their passing smiles enjoy.  
*To-day*, with all its bliss, is mine:  
*To-morrow*, pitying Heaven, be thine!

A.

## REMONSTRANCE

TO

TIME.

STAY, hoary sage ! one moment deign  
To hear thy duteous child complain,  
Nor scorn her pensive lay :  
But, while a suppliant at thy side,  
Thy fearful sithe in pity hide,  
And that old hour-glass throw aside ;  
They fright my song away.

Regardless of thy hoary age,  
Thou indefatigable sage,  
Incessant is thy toil :

Thou canst, with an unnatural joy,  
 Thine own ingenious works destroy ;  
 For 'tis thy favourite employ  
 To perfect and to spoil.

And Beauty's temple, Wisdom's brow,  
 Old Time ! it well befits thee now

With pains to decorate :  
 Scatter thy silver honours there ;  
 But, O good father Time, forbear !  
 I ask thee not to deck *my* hair ;  
 It ill becomes thy state.

Go, bind thine ivy o'er the oak,  
 And spread thy rich embroidered cloak  
 Around his trunk the while ;  
 Or deck with moss the abbey wall,  
 And paint grotesque the Gothic hall,  
 And sculpture with thy chisel small  
 The monumental pile :

But, oh! from such majestic height,  
 Wilt thou, descending, stoop thy flight,  
     To seek *my* lowly door?  
 What glory canst thou reap from me,  
 By all neglected but by thee?—  
 Consider thine own dignity,  
     And proudly pass me o'er.

—But, false the hope! and vain the prayer!  
 Thy hand was never known to spare;  
     Nor will thy speed delay:  
 Yet hear thy trembling victim's sigh;  
 If e'er thy microscopic eye  
 Perchance one youthful grace espy,  
     May *that* become thy prey!

Thy wrinkles, and thy locks of snow  
 (The choicest gifts thy hands bestow):  
     At those I do not start:



But come not thou, a treacherous guest,  
 To steal those feelings, dearest, best ;  
 That glow, that warms the youthful breast :—

With *these* I cannot part.

Oh ! should such joys supplanted be  
 By frigid worldly policy,

And cold distrust ensue ;

Adieu, ye dear poetic powers,  
 And Fancy's fair enchanted bowers,  
 And all the sweets that once were ours ;

A long, a sad adieu !

But is it in thy power to chill  
 Affection's dear transporting thrill,

And Friendship's fervid glow ?

Ah ! if thy cruel aim be this,

I shudder at thy marble kiss,

And, clinging to my parting bliss,

Call bitter tears to flow.

But, Sire, command these fears away :  
Tell me, affection's milder ray  
    Shall gild my wintry sky :—  
*That* hope my fainting spirit cheers,  
Dispels my sighs, and dries my tears :  
Angelic *now* thy form appears,  
    And mercy in thine eye.

JUNE, 1808.

J.

TO

**SENSIBILITY.**

---

---

THERE is a power, whose gentle sway  
O'er Feeling's realm presides ;  
Cheers pale Misfortune on her way,  
And Misery's footsteps guides ;  
Seeks not to trace the hidden source  
Of Sorrow's secret spring ;  
But calms the roughness of its course  
With spell of halcyon wing.  
From Heaven the pitying spirit came,  
To share the mourner's sigh.  
Soft is the music of thy name,  
Sweet Sensibility !  
Thy graces mild these numbers would rehearse,  
Affection's loveliest child, and tender Pity's nurse !

Not thine the polar beam,  
     Nor the red dog-star's heat;  
 But thine the rainbow's melting gleam,  
     Where showers and sunbeams meet.  
     And, equally remote  
 From shades of frozen night,  
 Or fiery floods of torrid light,  
     Where glowing meteors float;  
 Thou lov'st to haunt some twilight cell,  
 Where the temperate virtues dwell.

    False is the spectre fair,  
     That dares assume thy name  
 To shun the woes it cannot bear,  
 Refuse their pressing weight to share;  
     Then all thy merits claim.  
     But thine observant gaze,  
     So delicately keen,  
 Attentive that distress surveys  
     Which seems to pass unseen.

Thy hands, by strongest impulse led,  
 Ere pallid Want implore,  
 Their silent consolations shed,  
 Their secret balsam pour :  
 In thee soft charities their graces blend,  
 And Poverty may ever meet a friend.

'Tis thine, soul-soothing power !

With unobtrusive care  
 To charm the languid hour,  
 To soften stern Despair !

Thou canst unwearied bend  
 O'er Sorrow's weeping form,

While inward sighs thy bosom rend,

With recent anguish warm :

Canst check the tear that trembles in thine eye,  
 To smile away another's agony.

O *here* thy smiles impart ;

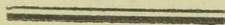
Thy sorrows *here* bestow :

Teach *me* to cheer another's heart,  
 To feel another's woe.  
 For oft have I obtain'd  
 Thine angel sympathy,  
 When gloom'd by care, by sadness pain'd,  
 That ministered to me :  
 And oh ! how sweet that solace to bestow,  
 Whose sacred worth we from experience know !

JUNE, 1808.

E.

## TO MEMORY.



OH! when the vernal bloom of life is past ;  
These flowerets withered which my path adorn ;  
When cold and bitter sighs the wintry blast ;  
My hopes all faded, and my heart forlorn ;

When the sweet sky its cheerful light foregoes,  
Nor wild-bird carols from the mid-way air,  
Nor o'er the scene the tint of pleasure glows ;  
O Memory ! then thy poisoned arrow spare !

Yet stay, enchantress !.....light thine evening star,  
And chase the fogs from Love's deserted shrine,  
Where many a placid spectre glides afar,  
Known in Heaven's record, and most dear to thine.

Grant me the fading traces to renew

Of smiles that beamed upon my youthful heart ;  
 And call Expression's varied lines to view,  
 From Friendship's early grave compelled to start.

And when thy sacred treasury, the tomb,  
 Hath poured its shadows forth in long array,  
 Command this Eden of my youth to bloom,  
 And spread the landscape in thy moonlight ray.

With pencil moistened in thy clearest hues,  
 Still o'er the thatch these truant ivies fling ;  
 The bower's wild rose with softest blush suffuse,  
 Sweet with the fragrance of a distant spring.

Yon winding lane, o'er-arched with woven sprays ;  
 The broomy slope, expanding to the vale ;  
 That casement, where eve's parting crimson plays,  
 And this old aspen, trembling to the gale :



O paint them fair, as *now* my glistening eye  
 Roves o'er the scene with hope's deceptive thrill ;  
 And, 'mid the gloom of life's descending sky,  
 'Twill shed one watery gleam of pleasure still.

JULY, 1805.

A.

## TO HOPE.

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*INSERTED IN THE FIFTH NUMBER OF THE "ATHENÆUM."*

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---

BRIGHT morning-star of bliss ! whose cheering ray  
Shines through the mist of dark futurity,  
    Illumes the night of woe,  
    And gilds the clouds of care ;

Whom shall the youthful muse, but thee, invoke ?  
Whom shall she sing, O beauteous Hope ! but thee ?  
    For 'twas from thee she learnt  
    To sweep the golden lyre :

And, guided by thy calm and steady light,  
 Imagination wings his trackless way ;  
     Soars into realms unknown,  
     To regions unexplored.

Thou art the pulse of Nature. Urged by thee,  
 Each different member acts his little part,  
     Life through the system flows,  
     And animates the world.

Kindled by thee, the world's bright meteors blaze :  
 Thy magic name is on the hero's shield :  
     The universe itself  
     Is pensioned on thy smiles.

Thou art the nurse of Love. 'Twas from thy breast  
 The mighty cherub drank his vital strength ;  
     'Twas thou didst wing his shafts,  
     And nerve his infant arm.

But thou wast nursed by Woe : for on the hour  
 That gave thee birth, thy parent, Happiness,  
     Was wafted up to heaven,  
     Up to her native skies.

But thou, her legacy in Eden left  
 (Fair pledge, and earnest of a better world),  
     Wast still the friend of man ;  
     Of fallen man the friend !

And when from Paradise an exile driven,  
 He silent, weeping, solitary, roamed,  
     Thou didst before him fly,  
     Didst strew his path with flowers :

And oft thy syren voice would charm his grief  
 (Like the sweet minstrel in the court of Saul),  
     And sing of promised bliss,—  
     An Eden in the skies.

Thy voice is like the wild Æolian harp,  
Or distant music to the listening ear,  
Whose indistinctness charms,  
And steals away delight.

Still in Misfortune's steps thou lov'st to tread,  
And, while sweet Pity dries the mourner's tear,  
To raise the drooping head,  
And staunch the bleeding wound.

When life's frail vessel drinks the briny wave,  
Chill penury blasts, and storms of care descend,  
Anchored on thee secure,  
She weathers out the storm.

The dungeon knows thy voice : nor gates nor bars  
Can Hope exclude,—the poor man's comforter,  
The antidote to pain,  
The conqueror of death !

For when this frame decays, and Death appears,  
Reclined on thee, the sufferer breathes his last,  
    And on thy wings he soars  
    To stand before his God.

But when the night of dark mortality,  
This short eclipse of being, shall be past ;  
    When the bright morn of bliss,  
    Eternity, begins ;

Thou, like a star, whose sweet benignant rays  
Have for a time illumed the darkened world,  
    Shalt then extinguished fall,  
    And sink into the sun.

C.

FEB. 1807.

## FANCY.

---

WHEN, every passion sunk to rest,  
Together Hope and Fear are sleeping,  
And Thought within the tranquil breast  
Alone his drowsy watch is keeping ;  
On tiptoe, in that silent hour  
(Sacred to solitary feeling),  
Young Fancy quits her secret bower,  
Through the mind's inmost chambers stealing.

So light her tread, that Reason never  
Awakes to stop the fugitive :  
So swift her flight, with vain endeavour  
He to pursue her track would strive.

Where pallid Fear would never venture,  
 There heedless hies the airy sprite ;  
 And where Hope cannot, dare not enter,  
 She, hovering, wheels her rapid flight.

The name that timid Love, so fearful,  
 Ne'er suffers to escape his tongue,  
 She dwells upon in accents cheerful,  
 And makes the burden of her song :  
 And when the lyre of Hope, forsaken,  
 No longer charms the ear of Care,  
 Again she bids each string awaken,  
 And sings away the fiend Despair.

The clouds o'er distant prospects flying,  
 Take various forms at Fancy's will :  
 " They are but clouds," Hope tells her, sighing,  
 Fancy replies, " They're pleasing still."  
 " 'Twas but the wind, that, proudly riding,  
 " Over the bowing foliage past :"



But Fancy answers Reason chiding,  
“ There’s music in the whistling blast.”

In vain, from yonder cliff depending,  
Fear’s shrinking eye the blossom meets ;  
But Fancy, steepest hills ascending,  
Can, if not gather, taste its sweets :  
And when the faded form of Pleasure  
Fond Memory can no more retain,  
Fancy, thy lyre, in plaintive measure,  
Can win it from the shades again.

When Night begins her dark dominion,  
The Senses’ day-light empire o’er,  
Then most she loves on wanton pinion  
Above this narrow sphere to soar.—  
Thus not till all inferior voices  
Are mute throughout the darkening wood,  
In freedom Philomel rejoices,  
And sings in moonlight solitude.

Come, Fancy! come! thy waking slumbers

Let me enjoy, however vain:

Still let me hear thy magic numbers,

Though Hope refuse to aid the strain.

Sing, sing of bliss,—though that be perished;

Of wealth,—though not for that I sigh;

Of love,—however vainly cherished;

Of fame,—though mine with me may die.

Come, seize the pencil! mildly glowing,

Bid a fair sunshine landscape rise,

Over the distant prospect throwing

Thy softest tints, thy brightest dyes:

The sun, now past his zenith, beaming

With radiance mild,—an autumn day;

The clouds of care in distance gleaming

Brilliant in his reflected ray.

There, far remote from care and riot,

Peeping amid embowering trees,

Place a neat cot, the nest of Quiet,  
 And Health, who loves the western breeze.  
 There let the rivulet, meandering,  
 At intervals relieve the green :  
 Near it be sheep, or cattle, wandering :  
 And the tall spire complete the scene.

Now for a nearer view :—transport me  
 Where yonder rosy cherubs play.—  
 See! they advance!—they seem to court me!—  
 O tell me, Fancy! what they say.—  
 Soft! who approaches?—Ah! how fleeting  
 The melting forms of Pleasure shine!—  
 Fond, fluttering heart! cease, cease thy beating ;  
 'Twas only Fancy called her thine.

Chide me not, Reason!—Yes; I know it :  
 Such bliss on earth can never dwell :  
 Yet, Fancy! still befriend thy poet,  
 For Hope can never paint so well!

—But while I'm gazing on thy beauty,  
 O never let my heart forget  
 The present good, the present duty,  
 Or gratitude's eternal debt.

C.

1808.

## TO DUTY.

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INSERTED IN THE TWELFTH NUMBER OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

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---

OFFSPRING of holy Truth,  
 Maternal guide of youth,  
 Lo! to thy shrine no costly gift I bring :  
 But thou with aspect stern  
 Wilt not, O Duty, spurn  
 Feeling's spontaneous simple offering.

Not mine the song of flame ;  
 Not mine the hero's name :  
 Yet wilt thou not my humble efforts bless ?  
 For I would call thee Friend ;  
 Thy voice with joy attend ;  
 And walk with thee in silent usefulness.

Oft when I shuddering eye  
 The dark futurity,  
 That silent, untried path!—and meditate  
 On all the ills and cares,  
 The sorrows and the snares,  
 Which there the young adventurer await ;

And think with sickening glance  
 Upon Life's awful chance,  
 How great the danger, and the task how vast ;  
 From the dark torrent's brink  
 I like a coward shrink ;  
 Fear to plunge in, and wildly wish it past.

Then thou, with frown severe,  
 Reprov'st my servile fear :—  
 “ Why tremble thus, while Duty is thy guide ?  
 “ While beams my steady light,  
 “ Fear not the blackest night ;  
 “ For ill shall ne'er befall thee at my side.”

And trust in thee I will :  
 O keep me near thee still,  
 And teach me every terror to dismiss :  
 For ne'er have I believed,  
 And thou my hopes deceived :—  
 Thy yoke is easy, and thine end is bliss.

Should Love's seductive wiles,  
 Should Beauty's melting smiles,  
 From prudence tempt my youthful heart to err ;  
 While phantoms of delight  
 Dance by my dazzled sight,  
 And eager Hope forbids me to defer :

O then oppose thy shield ;  
 Nor let me weakly yield ;  
 But bow submissive, and await thy will :  
 Within my throbbing breast  
 Be every sigh repress,  
 And every fond aspiring hope be still.

Yet never shall my heart  
 Be taught the Stoic's art :  
 Far, far the apathy of pride remove !  
 Oh ! better 'twere to feel  
 The wound that cannot heal,  
 Than, cold and callous grown, forget to love !

Where'er thou lead'st the way,  
 The summons I'll obey ;  
 Come at thy bidding o'er the yielding wave :  
 For thou wilt o'er the tide  
 My steps, upholding, guide ;  
 And when I'm sinking, stretch thine arm to save.

E'en should thy stern command  
 Forbid my youthful hand  
 To hold sweet converse with the much-lov'd lyre ;  
 Though not without a sigh,  
 I'd hang it up on high,  
 And bid, with fond adieu, the Muse retire.



Then, when in swift decay  
 Fast ebbs my life away,  
 How sweet to hear thy soft, approving voice!  
 How will thine angel smile  
 The last sad hour beguile,  
 The dying pillow smooth, the sinking heart rejoice!

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JULY, 1808.

C.

## MORNING AND EVENING.

A FRAGMENT.

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INSERTED IN THE TWENTY-SEVENTH NUMBER OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

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---

THE glowing Morning, crowned with youthful roses,  
 Bursts on the world, in virgin sweetness smiling ;  
 And as she treads, the waking flowers expand,  
 Shaking their dewy tresses. Nature's choir  
 Of untaught minstrels blend their various powers  
 In one grand anthem, emulous to salute  
 Th' approaching king of day; and vernal Hope  
 Jocund trips forth to meet the healthful breeze,  
 To mark th' expanding bud, the kindling sky,  
 And join the general pæan.—  
 While, like a matron, who has long since done

With the gay scenes of life; whose children all  
 Have sunk before her on the lap of earth;  
 Upon whose mild, expressive face the sun  
 Has left a smile, that tells of former joys;  
 Grey Eve walks forth, in pensive silence musing.  
 As the mind triumphs o'er the sinking frame;  
 So, as her form decays, her starry beams  
 Shed brightening lustre, till on Night's still bosom  
 Serene she sinks, and gently dies away:—  
 While on the rising breeze sad melodies  
 (Sweet as the notes that soothe the dying pillow,  
 When angel music calls the saint to heaven)  
 Come gently floating:—'tis the requiem  
 Chaunted by Philomel for day departed.

C.

---

THE WIND PASSETH OVER IT, AND IT IS GONE

---

I SAW a dew-drop, cool and clear,

Dance on a myrtle spray :

Fair colours decked the lucid tear,

Like those which gleam and disappear

When showers and sunbeams play :—

SOL cast athwart a glance severe,

And scorched the pearl away.

High on a slender, polished stem,

A fragrant lily grew :

On the pure petals many a gem

Glittered, a native diadem

Of healthy morning dew :—

A blast of lingering winter came,

And snapped the stem in two.

Fairer than Morning's early tear,  
Or lily's snowy bloom,  
Shines Beauty in its vernal year:  
Bright, sparkling, fascinating, clear,  
Gay, thoughtless of its doom!  
Death breathes a sudden poison near,  
And sweeps it to the tomb!

SEPT. 1805.

A.

TO

A LATE SNOW-DROP.

---

---

THE orient sunbeam mildly glows,  
And wild-winged zephyrs try their plumes ;  
The bursting buds their leaves disclose,  
And Nature every charm resumes :  
Hushed is the roar of wintry winds ;  
The northern tempest howls his last :  
While Earth her gelid store unbinds,  
Soft sinks the equinoctial blast :  
Fair harbinger of Spring's returning bloom,  
Expand! and deck expiring Winter's tomb.

See where the airy warbler flies  
To hail the blush of early day ;  
And, hark! in trilling melodies  
Her cheerful notes reprove thy stay :

But, softly rising from thy bed,  
 At length thy snowy form appears,  
 And silver dews around thee shed  
 The tribute of prophetic tears :

Thy verdant leaves with Spring's bright tinctures swell,  
 But Winter's snows o'ercharge thy drooping bell.

And, fading o'er the humid earth,  
 Thou soon hast passed thy transient day !

The hour that gave thy beauties birth,  
 Lamenting viewed their swift decay :

Scarce welcomed, ere thy *native* tomb  
 Enshrined thy momentary grace,

And other flowrets haste to bloom,

To give succeeding flowrets place :

So soon the fairest joys of life decay ;  
 So soon expiring Man exhausts his fleeting day.

E.

MARCH, 1804.

TO

## SPRING.

---

BORNE on the earliest sunbeam, hither bring  
Thy woodland wreath, soul-renovating Spring!  
The wild wave from its icy prison flows,  
And vernal winds have chased the northern snows:  
Night has her clouds in even balance hung  
O'er all creation's face, and bright-winged Day  
From pole to pole diffused an equal ray,  
And pealing gusts old Winter's knell have rung.

Then linger not, thou soft, enchanting Spring!  
Thee Nature woos her shattered lyre to string,



Where late the polar gale,  
 With sadly-solemn wail,  
 Deep murmuring, shook his snowy-feathered wing;  
 And Echo, wildly starting from her cave;  
 On the infuriate blast did madly rave.

Oh! look not thus uncertain through the gloom  
 Of skies, yet weeping o'er the savage wreck  
 Of the rude North; but haste thy bowers to deck,  
 And scatter blossoms on pale Winter's tomb!

Thou com'st, but with a languid grace:  
 O'er the beauties of thy face  
 The snow-drop sheds her melancholy hues;  
 Thy tresses yet are hung with frosted dews;  
 And every breeze that wanders in thy train,  
 Shakes from her heavy wing the dropping rain.

But soon shall blushing May appear,  
 Loveliest daughter of the Year,

Blooming garlands to renew,  
 And on thy leafy altars strew :  
 Sweetest airs shall sigh around,  
 Of gentlest breath, of softest sound ;  
 Flowers of intermingling dyes  
 Under thy magic footsteps rise,  
 On thy bosom soft expand,  
 And drop renascent from thy hand.

Ah me ! to think so fair a form must fade !  
 To think thy liliated sceptre soon must fall,  
 And thine own roses deck thy funeral,  
 And nought remain but thy remembered shade !—  
 Sweet fugitive ! in thee I seem to trace  
 The sad vicissitude that marks our years ;  
 Gilded by happiness, or showered with tears :  
 And when sometimes an opening flower appears,  
 Soon does some scattering blast the blossom chase.

\* \* \* \* \*

E.

\* \* \* \* \*

YET, if the soft, complaining string

Be hushed at thy return, O Spring,

Thy coming still delay.

What warbler of the woodland choir

Can match the music of the lyre!

What sweet of blushing May

Vie with the lovely flowers the female Muse

Culls from Parnassian fields, and o'er thine altar strews!

As the fond parent for a while

Checks sweet Forgiveness' nascent smile,

Pleased still to hear Affection duteous plead ;

Thus, by thine absence, still prolong,

Nor seem to smile upon the song,

Which so melodious mourns thy tardy speed.

Though at thy smile the wintry blast depart,

The lyre can melt the soul, can animate the heart.—

Say, can the glittering things,  
 Of which Hope fondly sings,  
 Inspire with equal pleasure, when possest,  
 As can Hope's angel tongue,  
 With softest music hung,  
 Her fairy tales, and dreams of promised rest?—  
 Thus could I listen to the voice of song,  
 Content to *hope* for spring, nor think the winter long.

C.

## ON PRAISE.

---

" Yet why thy dreams of bliss resign?  
 " Enjoy thy visionary fame.—  
 " O that each wish to build a name  
 " Were innocent as thine!"

SMYTH.

---

SPRING! thy returning smile is sweet,  
 When the young sun, with genial heat,  
 First looks from out the brightening skies,  
 And bids the sleeping flowers arise;  
 And sweet, through half-clothed forests heard,  
 The first wild note of early bird:  
 And in the Poet's vernal days,  
 Thus sweet the smile, the voice, of Praise.

Hope, joyous at the cheering sound,  
 With eager pinion spurns the ground,  
 And, basking in the short-liv'd gleam,  
 Fancies 'tis Summer's settled beam :  
 The bard, exulting, strikes the lyre :—  
 “ I shall not, then, unknown expire :  
 “ My name shall leave a sweet perfume ;  
 “ And thou, O laurel ! shade my tomb.”

Thus, when attuned to joy, replies  
 The heart to Friendship's flatteries.  
 But when, its chords unstrung by woe,  
 The pulse of Hope beats faint and slow ;  
 And Fancy, shivering, views aghast  
 Her flowerets withered by the blast ;  
 The heart grows cold, the spirits fail :—  
 Oh ! say, what then can Praise avail ?

Say, will it sweeten Misery's crust,  
 Or raise the fallen from the dust ?—

The faded cheek, the bed of pain ;  
 Ah ! say not these that Praise is vain ?  
 What is it, but a meteor light  
 That gilds awhile oblivion's night ;  
 A mask, which oft may Envy hide ;  
 The alms of cold, unfeeling Pride ?

The sun, that burns the fervid plains,  
 Still cool and unconsumed remains ;  
 And often thus does Genius smile  
 At his reflected rays, and, while  
 His beams enlighten, warm, and cheer  
 The planets of his little sphere,  
 His bosom only feels no glow,  
 Nor cheering warmth nor joy can know.

Oh, what is praise, unless the strain  
 Be echoed from the heart again !  
 How sad the music, if it win  
 No sweet responses from within !

If, when the flattering portrait's shown,  
 Conscience the likeness should disown,  
 Should put aside the offered crown,  
 And drop the fading chaplet down !

The bird you fancy in the sky,  
 Alas ! could never soar so high :  
 'Tis but a cloud on which you gaze,  
 On which the glistening sunbeam plays :  
 While, resting on some lowly tree,  
 He smiles your fond mistake to see :  
 Yet ah ! he wishes, while he sings,  
 For nobler powers and stronger wings.

Oh ! when the soul, with trembling fear,  
 Feels her Creator God is near ;  
 Or soars 'mid infinite expanse,  
 Lost in her insignificance :  
 When, on the wings of faith sublime,  
 She can look down on earth and time,



And mingle with angelic lays,  
Vain—O how vain!—is human praise.

Vain is the phantom of a name,  
Vain is the glittering vapour Fame:—  
Yet, Glory, thee I still pursue;  
Yes, I would be immortal too.  
There is a praise that withers never;  
There is a fame that blooms for ever:  
Death! I defy thy harmless frown;  
Time! thou canst never reach that crown!

C.

JAN. 1809.

THE  
WITHERED OAK.

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*INSERTED IN THE ELEVENTH NUMBER OF THE "ATHENÆUM."*

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---

'T WAS Autumn : the Sun, now descending the sky,  
In a robe of bright crimson and gold was arrayed ;  
While the pale, sickly Moon, scarcely opened her eye,  
Just peeped through the forest, and silvered the glade.

The voice of the Evening was heard in the trees ;  
Each chirper so merry was seeking his nest ;  
The anthems of insects were mixed with the breeze ;  
And Nature looked pleased—all her children were  
blest.

E'en the trees appeared drest in their holiday clothes,  
 And they waved their green arms, and they seemed  
 to rejoice ;

While methought, as I listened, at times there arose,  
 From each oak's ivy'd branches, a Deity's voice.

But, ah ! there was one that did not appear gay,  
 Nor wave his long branches, now verdant no more !  
 The bird, as he views him, soars silent away :  
 His genius is dead, and his honours are o'er.

Once green, like the rest, strong and lovely he grew ;  
 The warbler once dwelt in each well-covered bough ;  
 The breezes saluted his leaves as they flew :—  
 Yes ; he *has* been ; but now—alas ! what is he now !

The rays of the Morning still shine on the tree,  
 And Evening still waters the trunk with her tears :  
 The wild flower and wheat-sheaf around it we see ;  
 But a winterly ruin it ever appears.—

Oh! say, is it age that has altered thy form?

(For care and affliction thou never hast known);

Or hast thou been struck by the pitiless storm,

That thou thus seem'st to pine and to wither alone?

—Thou art silent. The silence, my fancy, improve:

Come, pause here awhile—It is what thou mayst be!

Ah! oft, in the hey-day of pleasure and love,

Old friend, I shall sigh as I think upon *thee*.

AUGUST, 1806.

C.

AN

## AUTUMNAL SKETCH.

---

THROUGH forest paths, o'erstrewn with rustling leaves,  
OCTOBER comes, to deck the fading year ;  
And of its spoil a varied chaplet weaves,  
Erelong to hang on pallid Autumn's bier.  
The dew-drop on his brow congeals ;  
His golden locks the wood-blast steals ;  
The scattering wind his checquered mantle rends,  
And o'er his form the tempest-cloud impends.

Pale are the flowers that thinly plant his way ;  
The gelid drops o'ercharge their closing bells ;  
Their tissued wardrobe falls in quick decay ;  
And nightly cold their blushing grace dispels.

Their drooping heads the frost-star gems ;  
 The whirlwind shakes their pensile stems :  
 Their transient bloom they shortly must resign,  
 And with their relics mark the year's decline.

The purple-vested Morn her hour delays,  
 And lingering seems with doubtful mien to rise ;  
 Gold-sceptred Day a shortened visit pays,  
 And Night with raven crest usurps the skies.  
 With early beam, the vesper star  
 Flames on Twilight's misty car ;  
 And swiftly to the chambers of the West,  
 The crimson-curtained Evening sinks to rest.

In wizard forms the dusky vapours float,  
 And veil the woodlands in their dim disguise ;  
 The Robin trills his solitary note,  
 And tunes in warbling plaint his elegies :  
 The orphan beauties of the year  
 In melancholy train appear ;

Pay their last mournful tribute to its shade,  
And o'er its desolated ruins fade.

For soon the wheels of Winter's icy car  
Shall crush these fragments of the shattered year ;  
Ev'n now, his hollow murmurs, from afar,  
Proclaim the fury of his empire drear.  
The echoing blast, his herald, blows ;  
His meteor torch blue-tinctured glows ;  
For Nature's sleep he weaves a snowy vest,  
And soon shall rock her languid frame to rest.

The curl'd leaf, flitting on the blast,  
The moaning gale, the shadowy sky,  
Denote the Sun's dominion past,  
And shades of northern darkness nigh :  
For Sirius gems the zone of night,  
And, clad in giant armour bright,  
Orion, Winter's sentinel, ascends,  
And o'er the sleeping world his watchful light suspends.

## TO TIME.

---

WRITTEN IN A WILDERNESS.

---

TIME! thou hast stol'n two summers of my prime,  
 Since last in Nature's wildest walks I strayed:—  
 How soon her dryad graces bloom and fade,  
 Beneath thy wizard touch, all-gifted Time!  
 Twice has the day-beam slept on southern floods,  
 While the snow-vested North his empire drear  
 In darkness held; and twice the Seasons fair,  
     Led by the youthful Hours,  
     To wake the nodding flowers,  
 Have wove the varied chaplet of the year,  
 Since last I wandered in these shadowy woods.



Now, once again, I tread the mazy wild,  
 Where all with record mute proclaims thy power :  
 The rough blast howls where late the sun-beam smiled,  
 And shades of arctic night in tempest lower :  
 Here has the flowery-mantled Spring  
     Her blushing bands arrayed,  
     To deck the forest shade ;  
 But they have vanished on thy wing.  
     The cowslip's fairy bell  
     In early languor fell :  
 Gay Summer's golden train has fled ;  
 And pale November's latest leaf is dead.

But thou, relentless Spoiler ! shalt ere long  
 Rejoin the ages murdered by thy stroke ;  
 No more distinguished from the countless throng  
 Of legions, which thy conquering arm has broke.  
 The hours which now thy rapid pinions urge,  
 Rushing with speed impetuous by,  
 Still bear thee onward to thy destiny :  
 And, tottering on Eternity's dim verge,

Resistless Ravager ! thou soon must fall  
On thy own sithe. Then Nature shall expire ;  
Then Desolation's midnight-woven pall  
Shall in one sable fold envelope all,  
And Ruin's deadly brand light up thy funeral fire.

E.

NOVEMBER, 1808.

ON

## THROWING AWAY A FLOWER.

---

SWEET flower, which now I cast away,  
Alas! to wither and to die,  
Thee for thy sweets I would repay,  
Thou beauty of a summer's day,  
And sing thine elegy.

Sweet daughter of the aged year,  
Which from thy stem my hand did sever,  
To taste and feeling thou art dear,  
And claim'st the tribute of a tear,  
Before we part for ever.

For ever!—what a volume lies  
 Within those simple words alone!  
 How we regret, how dearly prize,  
 What once was trifling in our eyes,  
 When 'tis for ever flown!

And lovely peeped amid the green  
 Thy modest head, sweet innocent;  
 Like some fair maid, the village queen,  
 Thy simple beauties bloomed unseen,  
 In calm, secure content.

And many a kiss has been imprest  
 Upon thy young and modest charms:  
 The bee has nestled in thy breast;  
 The fairy oft has been thy guest,  
 And slept within thine arms.

Yet *thee* my thoughtless hand has torn  
 From home and happiness away;

And, for a moment to be worn,  
Thou thus art doomed to sink forlorn  
In premature decay.

Alas! the hapless village maid,  
Once fair as thee, in youthful bloom,  
Now victim of her beauty made,  
May view in thee her life pourtrayed,  
And envy thee thy tomb.

And man! what is he but a flower?  
The vernal morn beholds him rise;  
He blooms a short, uncertain hour;  
Till, blasted by Death's withering power,  
He in the evening dies.

Farewell, sweet flower! here peaceful lie,  
Beneath this aged willow sleep:  
The evening breeze shall o'er thee sigh;  
Perhaps thy fairy, passing by,  
Shall o'er thy ashes weep.

And, oh ! when low is laid my head ;  
 When Death the vital thread shall sever ;  
 Shall the sad Muse then mourn me dead ?  
 Shall Friendship's tear for me be shed ?  
 And will it with a sigh be said,  
 That I am gone for ever ?

AUGUST, 1806.

C.

ON SOME

## PRIMROSES KILLED BY THE FROST.

SAD-FATED primroses! that sought to bring  
 An early offering to cold Nature's shrine,  
 And of your pale, unsunned flowers entwine  
 A chaplet for the snowy brow of Spring;

Rude was the blast of Winter's rugged wing,  
 That did untimely fade your rising bloom,  
 And sweep your graces to an icy tomb,  
 Where sighs the wood-breeze, softly sorrowing.

For now too late retire th' infuriate storms;  
 And now the vernal ray, that mildly glows,  
 Can but dissolve these cold entombing snows,  
 And send them weeping o'er your pallid forms.

Ah ! had ye lingered till the day-star beamed,  
 Well now had been your early offering paid ;  
 Nor withering frosts had bid your blossoms fade ;  
 Nor melting snows had o'er your relics streamed.

Thus oft the rising flowers of Genius blow ;  
 Unfold their nascent beauties to the day ;  
 And, when they fondly seek a fostering ray,  
 Some blast malignant lays their honours low.

Too late is then their timeless fate deplored ;  
 Too late, lamenting o'er their doom severe,  
 Is breathed the sigh, is shed the pitying tear,  
 When sad regret no solace can afford.

No flattering praise the silent shade can cheer,  
 When life's tempestuous, wearying scene is o'er,  
 And sighs and pitying tears avail no more.



TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
CHARLES WICKENS,

---

WHO FELL A VICTIM TO CONSUMPTION, SEPTEMBER 26, 1806,  
AGED NINETEEN.

---

SWEET spirit! (unknown to the eye  
That waters this grave with a tear),  
If haply thou wanderest nigh,  
Disdain not the tribute sincere.  
No sycophant eulogist pays  
State homage at Vanity's shrine,  
Nor crowns thee with blood-nourished bays:—  
The heart's simple garland be thine!

Each flower of tenderest bloom,  
That Fancy can mournfully wreathe,

Sweet spirit! thy corse to perfume,  
 Its tribute of fragrance shall breathe:  
 Of all that are fading and fair,  
 The fairest and frailest shall twine,  
 And droop in pale loveliness where  
 Sleeps all that is left us of thine.

Ah! why so impatient thy flight  
 From regions of darkness below,  
 Nor stay to illumine with thy light  
 The sufferer's journey of woe;  
 For misery's agonised frame  
 The balm of compassion to pour;  
 To cherish the languishing flame,  
 And life's flitting taper restore?

Amid the gross vapours obscure  
 Low hung on these valleys beneath,  
 Oh! wast thou too heavenly pure,  
 Too little terrestrial, to breathe?

—But hush!—the vain questioning spare ;

Be tranquil, each impotent sigh ;—

A native attraction must bear

The tapering flame to the sky.

Then why at the edict repine,

That summoned thee early away,

A meteor too rare to confine

To dense atmospherical day !

Enough the bright image to trace

Sublime in its heavenly flight,

As brilliant and rapid through space

It passed to the Fountain of light.

Yet suffer the fugitive tear,

Nor Grief's simple energies check :

Affection, that follows thy bier,

*Must* mourn for so lovely a wreck !

Sweet spirit! thine early access

Yon triumphing seraphs may hail;

But we—'tis the balm of distress—

*Must* weep as we traverse the vale.

A.

TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

---

---

INSERTED IN THE FOURTH EDITION OF HIS "REMAINS."

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---

WHILE in full choir the solemn requiem swells,  
And bids the tranced thought sublimely soar ;  
While Sorrow's breath inspires responsive shells ;  
One strain of simple grief my reed would pour.  
No splendid offering  
Of lofty praise, I bring ;  
Yet, sainted spirit ! own the pensive tear,  
Shed, in sad tribute, on thy early bier.

Soft as the airs that fan the waking Spring,  
And o'er the margin of some melting rill

In music wild their sounds Æolian fling,  
 When the pale North regains his empire chill,  
 And all his fury dies ;  
 Thy touching minstrelsies  
 With magic sweetness on *thy* spring arose ;  
 Then, faintly murmuring, sunk to deep repose.  
  
 For thee his glowing torch did Genius fire :—  
 Who now its meteor-brightness shall recal ?  
 Too soon he bore it to thy funeral,  
 And bid, in drowning tears, its flame expire !—  
 For thee did Fancy weave a chaplet wild,  
 And from her woodland bower,  
 With many a forest flower,  
 Enwreath the brows of her much-favoured child :—  
 Still they preserve a lasting bloom ;  
 But, ah ! they blossom on thy tomb !  
  
 Hushed is the melting cadence of the lyre,  
 That once could sweetest melodies impart :

Its softened echoes vibrate on the heart,  
 But dews of death have quenched the Poet's fire.

    Sure 'twas a phœnix flame ;  
 Kindled from heaven it came ;  
 And with its native spark so closely blended,  
 That soon, to heaven impelled, it re-ascended.

As wandering through the waste of desert lands,

    Some wearied pilgrim seeks a holy shrine,  
 And speeds him o'er the blaze of torrid sands,

    To catch of parted worth some trace divine :  
 So to thy sacred turf would I repair ;

    And while on Fame's recording page I see  
 Thy polished graces, or thy virtues fair,

    Thy wisdom mild, or heaven-taught piety ;  
 The vestige of thy worth would share,  
 And thence some precious relic bear.

What though, no longer beaming here below,  
 Thy radiant star of life has ceased to burn,

Still shall its fire on Fancy's vision glow,  
And Memory shed her moonbeam on thine urn.  
Though early vanished hence, an angel band  
Marked its swift progress o'er this realm of night,  
Watched the last lustre of its fading light,  
And hailed its rising on a fairer land.  
Above the flaming zone of day,  
Sparkling with exhaustless ray,  
Fixed, shall it shine, in living glory bright,  
When Time's last midnight long has rolled away.

SEPT. 23, 1808.

E.



## REMONSTRANCE.

---

“ Women in their course of action describe a smaller circle than men ;  
 “ but the perfection of a circle consists, not in its dimensions, but in its  
 “ correctness.”

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

---

\*\*\*\*\* WHY this hopeless strife ?

This worse than civil feud,  
 Which o'er the vale of social life,  
 Its poisoned darts has strewed ?

To each an helpmate each was made,  
 Congenial, but diverse :  
 The rougher path was *his* to tread ;  
 The mild domestic, *hers*.

His iron arm was braced for toil,  
 Or danger's ruder shock;  
 To win the curs'd, reluctant soil,  
 Or fence the cavern'd rock.

The watchful eye, the pliant hand,  
 To gentler duties led :  
 By *hers* the rural rite was planned,  
 The simple table spread.

Composed, retiring, modest, *she* ;  
 Impetuous, *he*, and brave ;—  
 His passions, boisterous as the sea ;  
 Hers, oil upon the wave.

Wearied in far-extended chase,  
 His ready meal she drest ;  
 With smiles illumed his dwelling place,  
 With kindness soothed his breast.

Thus in the days of ancient man  
 Th' harmonious friendship grew,  
 Ere he the tyrant's part began,  
 Or she assumed the shrew.

'Twas Nature's will that each obeyed ;  
 Nor envious question rose :  
 They felt for mutual service made,  
 And not for mutual foes.

But weary of her wise controul,  
 Immediate war began :  
 He had the power, and, proud of soul,  
 Became the tyrant, Man.

Too feeble to sustain her part,  
 She fell a sullen prey,  
 Content by influence and art  
 To counteract his sway.

Degenerate, with degenerate time,  
Still wider breach was seen :  
His was the bold, ferocious crime ;  
Hers, petulant and mean.

Strange thus to mar the plan of Heaven,  
Ingeniously perverse !  
To turn the solace it had given,  
The blessing, to a curse.

Sure 'twas a false, unmanly pride  
The harmony that broke :  
Why should the oak the lily chide,  
Because she 's not an oak ?

If all were lilies, where 's the use,  
Or strength, the forest yields ?  
If oaks, the fragrancy we lose,  
And beauty of the fields.

Through following ages, dark and drear,  
 Th' unnatural contest ran ;  
 Nor generous feeling stole a tear  
 From hard, obdurate Man !

Woman, his haughty will consigned  
 In joyless paths to run :  
 No beam of day-light reached her mind,  
 And sages said she'd none.

At length, the brilliant western star  
 Of Knowledge 'gan to rise ;  
 The mists of ignorance afar  
 Rolled sullen from the skies.

Neglected woman learned her right,  
 Or rather, felt her power ;  
 Caught the fair dawn of mental light,  
 And blest th' auspicious hour.

One champion, hardy, and alone,  
 Stood forth her cause to plead:  
 But no; the weapons we disown  
 That ask a martial deed.

Enlightened feeling shall subdue,  
 Or may we still endure;  
 Nor brave a combat, though we knew  
 That victory were sure.

Triumph were only bright defeat;  
 Disgrace, the laurel crown:—  
 Our conquest is composed retreat;  
 Concealment our renown.

The right that Nature gave, we claim,—  
 Just honours of our kind:  
 We envy not the manly frame  
 Of body, or of mind.

Man, in *his* way, perfection knows;

And we as much in ours :

The violet is not the rose,

Yet both alike are flowers.

Thus Venus round a narrow sphere

Conducts her silver car ;

Nor aims, nor seems, to interfere

With Jove's imperial star.

Athwart the dark and deep'ning gloom

Their blending rays unite,

And with commingled beams illumine

The drear expanse of night.

Boyle, Locke, and Newton, deep in lore,

*Man's* lofty records trace ;

Edgeworth, and Hamilton, and More,

*Our* living annals grace.

*His* soul is thoughtful and profound ;  
*Hers*, brilliant and acute ;—  
Plants cultured, each, in different ground,  
And bearing different fruit.

Perhaps it might be better said  
That each excels in part :  
Man's proudest glory is his head ;  
A Woman's, is her heart.

Unwearied in the toilsome course,  
*He* climbs the hill of fame ;  
Takes immortality by force,  
And wins a mighty name.

Along the cool sequestered way,  
*Her* quiet walk she winds ;  
Sheds milder sunshine on his day,  
His brow with flowers binds.



Of art intuitive possest,  
Her infant train she rears ;  
To virtue by her smiles carest,  
Or chastened by her tears :

Beside the flitting midnight lamp,  
With fond and wakeful eye,  
Wipes gently off the dying damp,  
Or soothes the parting sigh :—

'Tis here that Woman brightest shines  
(Though bright in other spheres) :  
Her name is drawn in fairest lines,  
When written by her tears.

Yet not the weak, the puny thing,  
Subdued to silly woe ;  
The firmest dignity may spring,  
Where softest feelings grow.

With you in mental fields to stray,  
 She has not ill assumed ;  
 And follows in the lucid way  
 Your studies have illumed.

Then why, \* \* \* \* \*, why controul  
 That dictate of the heart,  
 Which could not feel itself a whole  
 Till Woman shared a part ?

Why look with hard, ungentle eye,  
 On all in woman frail,  
 And pass the fiercer vices by  
 That haughty man assail ?

Perverse by nature, both have trod  
 The crooked path astray ;  
 Each wandering alike from God,  
 His image worn away.

In sorrow and in sin combined,  
 Sad partnership they bear ;  
 Strange policy, that lurks behind,  
 Their better ties to tear !

Eve fled for refuge from her shame,  
 Her grief, to Adam's breast ;  
 The ruined hero felt the claim,  
 Nor generous love repress.

Sweet were the pilgrimage of those  
 Who hand in hand to heaven,  
 Would learn the cynic eye to close,  
 Forgiving and forgiven.

So, through the moistened vale of life,  
 United may they tread ;  
 Nor waste its little joys in strife  
 For who shall be the head.

A.

TO A SISTER,  
WITH THOMSON'S SEASONS.

SEPT. 23, 1806.

---

SPRING, Summer, Autumn, wind their dance,  
Old Winter hobbles near,

And, verging round the blue expanse,

Declining suns appear :

The seasons vary, but we stand,

Dear girl, as ever, hand in hand.

The violet blossoms but to fade ;

The virgin green of Spring

Soon deadens to a deeper shade ;

The birds forget to sing :

Through all their changes we remain

Still fondly hand in hand, my Jane.

And hand in hand we travel on,  
 The lovely change to trace ;  
 To mark, when one sweet flower is gone,  
 Another fill its place ;  
 And with a rapt delight pursue  
 Each simple line that Nature drew.

In January's snowy storm,  
 Mid-day we sally forth,  
 Fenced up in furs and velvets warm  
 Against the surly North :  
 And even then, my love, you know,  
 We fancy beauties in the snow :—

The frost that fringes every blade,  
 Or caps the berry bright,  
 The glitter of the spangled shade  
 In sparks of diamond light,  
 Appear the work of fairy hands,  
 The magic of enchanted lands.

As slowly the relenting sun

Wheels northward to our isle,

We mark the symptoms, one by one,

Of Spring's returning smile.

Ah! then with what delight we stand,

To watch the blossoms, hand in hand!

The sprays that straggled o'er the path

(Mere rugged thorns before,

Fit only for the cotter's hearth)

Now burst at every pore;

And tiny blossoms do their best,

That weeping April should be drest.

Then Summer spreads her nodding grove

Luxuriant to the sun;

And how delightedly we rove,

The task of duty done,

And mark with ecstasy, my Jane,

The swelling wood, the delving lane;—

The ivy clinging round the bark ;  
 The fairy-penciled spray ;  
 The flitting of the upward lark ;  
 The last light tints of day,  
 From evening's crimson clouds that float,  
 To gild the village spire remote ;—

The rural church-yard, where we sit,  
 Or trust its mossy pale,  
 To mark the beetle's sudden flit,  
 Or night-owl's heavy sail ;  
 Or simple, pensive morals learn  
 From osiered grave, and sculptured urn.

When Autumn steals with early shade  
 Upon declining day,  
 And woods, in orange tints arrayed,  
 Full splendidly decay,  
 We ramble then in poet's noon  
 Of star-eclipsing harvest moon.

And scarce the russet lanes among,  
The mellow light appears,  
Where every arching thorn is hung  
With harvest's truant ears ;  
A simple tithe to Nature paid,  
To feed the minstrels of her shade.

And when that dreary day arrives  
That lays the landscape bare,  
And many an icy wizard drives  
His whirlwind through the air,  
If still we hand in hand be found,  
Of what avail are tempests round !

There is a flower that cannot fade,  
That no rude blast can chill ;  
It blossoms in the sheltered shade,  
Or on the bleakest hill ;  
And every changing form of time  
Moves on, and sees it in its prime.



Affection is this lovely flower,  
 The garland of the heart :  
 Dear girl, and from our natal hour,  
 To that in which we part  
 To see it bloom in fairer lands,  
 May this entwine our willing hands !

Through life's eventful seasons borne,  
 Together may we tread,  
 Nor see this lovely garland torn,  
 This sweet flower hang its head ;  
 For even through the wintry blast,  
 This simple evergreen can last.

But while revolving seasons ply  
 Their short and certain round,  
 Dear girl, our better prospects lie  
 Beyond this sterile ground ;  
 And love's sweet flower, a native there,  
 Blooms ever new, and ever fair.

No blighting wind, nor tempests rave,  
The plants of love to chill,  
That, breathing heavenly fragrance, wave  
Around that sacred hill :  
Come, let us travel, hand in hand,  
Fond pilgrims to that happy land.

When changing light and seasons gay  
Their little course have run,  
There Jesus sheds eternal day,  
Himself the living Sun.  
O may we hand in hand appear  
Throughout that bright immortal year !

## TO A SISTER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, JAN. 30, 1809.

---

---

My sister, companion, and friend,  
The guide of my devious way,  
May a song of affection attend  
The return of this festival day?  
We are friends by the earliest choice—  
Our union in childhood began—  
And still we can weep, or rejoice,  
In unison only, my Ann.

While many in solitude walk,  
Together we travel along;

Or hang like twin buds on a stalk

(We may call ourselves flowers in song).

The showers that kindly descend

Have nourished us both as they past ;

And together we shiver and bend,

Assailed by the winterly blast.

But the blast, and the storm, and the shower,

Have still been commissioned to spare ;

Though fatal to many a flower,

That grew in a gayer parterre :

And spreading sweet fragrancy wide,

You flourish in verdure arrayed,

While, blighted and pale, at your side,

I hang down my head in the shade.

My Ann, you had taken the lyre ;

And I, from the pattern you set,

Attempted the art to acquire,

And often we play a duet :

But those who, in grateful return,  
 Have said they were pleased with the lay,  
 The discord could always discern :  
 And yet I continue to play.

For the garland the Muses have wrought,  
 Your temples, my Ann, to entwine,  
 A few of the tendrils have caught,  
 And so they appear upon mine :  
 But even the evergreens fade,  
 And droop, on my forehead, you see ;  
 The wreath rather serves as a shade,  
 'Tis not ornamental to me.

But let every sigh be repress'd,  
 Since shared every honour must be ;  
 The ivy that clings to its breast  
 Is reckoned a part of the tree :  
 And, oh ! may we never divide,  
 Till closed is this turbulent day !

Should I lose you, my sister and guide,  
How dreary the rest of the way!

The friends of our earlier years,  
(The gayest that ever we knew)

Alone, in this valley of tears,

Have left us our way to pursue.—

But let these complainings subside,

For blessings I cannot recall;—

My Ann travels still by my side,

And she is far dearer than all.

J.

## TO A SISTER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, APRIL 28, 1808.

---

ONCE more, dissolving Nature's wintry vest,  
Spring breathes a balmy sweetness o'er the earth ;  
Once more the hours, in sunny pinions drest,  
Wing on the day that gave LOUISA birth.

Blest day ! most honoured of the smiling train  
That tread with airy step the paths of Spring,  
Or steal on blooming Summer's golden reign,  
Oh ! ever waft new pleasures on thy wing.

So will I fondly hail thy rising beam,  
 And to thy morn an early pæan raise ;  
 So will I woo thee as my favourite theme,  
 And tune a reed melodious in thy praise.

And thou, whose virtues prompt the simple strain,  
 That moves in cadence wild my trembling string,  
 Low bending at Affection's hallowed fane,  
 To thee a tributary lay I bring.

Beloved companion of my infant years !  
 What distant scenes does musing Memory trace,  
 When from *one* source arose our kindred tears,  
 Or blending smiles our transient cares would chase.

And we have watched the blushing Spring's return,  
 What time the breeze unclosed the earliest flowers,  
 To hang with many a wreath cold Winter's urn,  
 And strayed with Summer in her twilight bowers:



And sweeter seemed the blushing Spring's return,  
 Since we *together* watched her earliest flowers;  
 Far fresher were the wreaths of Winter's urn,  
 And more alluring Summer's twilight bowers.

Thus through the seasons of revolving years  
 Still undivided be our onward way;  
 And each loved bond that Nature's claim endears  
 Rest ever unimpaired by Time's decay!

And oh! when life's allotted sources fail,  
 When Death these close endearing ties shall sever,  
 Still may immortal love o'er time prevail,  
 And we unite to part no more for ever!

E.

## TO A SISTER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, SEPT. 23, 1809.

---

SINCE JANE and ELIZA have taken the lyre,  
The birth of a Sister to hail,  
My fingers recoil in affright from the wire,  
Too sure that its music must fail.

Desponding, I fain would have left it to sigh  
On the willow that yields me her shade,  
If the breeze of *this* morning had not rustled by,  
And a kind of soft fingering made :

It was such a thrilling, inspiring air,  
 That my harp could not silent remain,  
 But, just as I cast it aside in despair,  
 Compelled me to strike it again.

For, soft as the melody broke on my ear,  
 With faint and irregular start,  
 Methought that it whisper'd, "Recal that proud  
 tear,

" For I still can respond to the heart ;

" And, while I've a string that affection can move,

" Fear not on this festival day :

" 'Twere a poor harp, indeed, could not vibrate to love,

" Or would shrink for a Sister to play.

" I seek not, like Memnon, celestial fire,

" To waken my slumbering note :

" If the beam of affection glance over the wire,

" Its tenderest symphonies float."

—I heard, and the softer encouraging tear  
 Of feeling and gratitude fell :  
 I sung, and I fingered, and listened to hear  
 If judges could think I played well.—

They could not: I found 'twould be labour in vain  
 To hope they would smile on the lay :—  
 But 'twas not for the critics; it was for my Jane;  
 And so I took courage to play.

Accept, then, my Sister, the wishes it bears,  
 Untuneful, though feeling and true ;—  
 That, bright as this morning her livery wears,  
 Life's autumn may beam upon you ;—

The green wreath of Spring, that now blooms at your  
 side,  
 May it smile on your winterly day ;  
 Nor one breathing flower, that affection has tied,  
 Be torn from the garland away!

May it suffer no change in a changeable clime  
 (Save that blossoms to fruit shall expand);  
 And at length be removed from the mildews of Time,  
 To bloom in love's happier land !

A.

## TO A BROTHER,

ON

*HIS COMING OF AGE, OCT. 9, 1809.*

---

---

ONCE wandering in a stormy night  
On a wild rocky shore,  
A sudden slumber dimmed my sight,  
And brought strange visions o'er.

I saw, methought, a venturous bark  
From the warm haven blown :  
It glanced between the billows dark,  
And rode the storm alone.

'Twas like a little shining speck  
 Tossed on the sea-green wave :  
 A thousand such had gone to wreck,  
 As gallant and as brave !

Its ballast light, its cargo less,  
 Hoisting a daring sail ;  
 While many a signal of distress  
 Came mourning in the gale ;

Scarce the lone mariner could keep  
 The pole-star in his eye,  
 With quicksands round him in the deep,  
 And whirlwinds in the sky.

“ And can he live the storm,” I cried,  
 “ Launched in so foul a day,  
 “ And through a waste of waters guide  
 “ His long unmeasured way ?

“ Hark! for the tempest overhead

“ Roars to the angry blast :

“ Already see the waves o’erspread

“ With many a splintered mast!”—

Straight, from behind the gathered storm,

A beam of glory brake :

I saw a light, but not a form ;

And thus the vision spake :

“ Yes, he can live. Behold, afar,

“ Beyond the tempest’s roar,

“ Hope hangs aloft her smiling star,

“ Over a distant shore.

“ Young steersman, spread thy fullest sail ;

“ Let the long streamers fly :

“ The breath of heaven is in the gale,

“ Its watchlight in the sky.



“ Let not the mermaid’s dangerous song

“ Allure thee from thy mark :

“ There fix thine eye, and urge along

“ Thy yet unanchored bark.

“ From gloomy deeps and liquid graves

“ Her magic voice proceeds :

“ Down to unfathomable caves

“ Her treacherous music leads !

“ But, cheer thee, mariner forlorn ;

“ Th’ horizon still is bright ;

“ Nor tremble, though by tempests borne

“ To such a land of light !”

It ceased ; and hope’s returning tide

Filled the young steersman’s soul :—

“ Blow, angry winds, your worst,” he cried ;

“ And all ye billows, roll :

“ I’m but a voyager, though distrest,

“ Bound to a distant shore :

“ My fair inheritance possest,

“ And I shall toil no more.

“ The spicy groves to which I sail

“ Send a sweet welcome here——

“ Ye golden mountain-tops, all hail!

“ That o’er the waves appear.”

He seized the helm : the dashing foam

O’er his warm forehead broke :

I staid to bid him welcome home ;

But started, and awoke.

A.

## TO THE SAME.

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OCTOBER 9, 1809.

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---

DEAR Brother, while weaving your birth-day address,  
I cannot but wish you were here ;  
For what the true feeling of love can express,  
So well as a smile, and a tear ?

The tear, should it fall on the track of my pen,  
May wash its effusions away ;—  
The smile—give me credit till *Christmas*, for then  
I know I can promise to pay.

And why should I try in a song to enclose  
 What never in language was drest?  
 Away with the Muse, when the heart overflows,  
 For silence expresses it best.

A Sister's affection, the hope and the fear  
 That flutter by turns in her heart,  
 When a Brother sets out on his stormy career,  
 What magic of words can impart?

Then why any more of such rhyming as this,  
 At which all the critics might laugh?  
 Ah why, when a smile, and a tear, and a kiss,  
 Would tell it you better by half?

J.

## TO MY PARENTS,

ON THE

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF  
THEIR MARRIAGE.

---

---

AGAIN I wake the lyric string,  
And make my annual offering  
    At simple Duty's shrine :  
What if no favouring Muse attend ;  
Not for the Critic, but the Friend,  
    I weave the artless line.

The wild-flowers which Parnassus yields,  
Which bloom in Fancy's vernal fields—  
    My only riches these ;—

My lyre! it is my only treasure :  
 My only aim, my highest pleasure,  
     Is by its aid to please.

The sons of sense can never know  
 The joys which Fancy can bestow :  
     Fancy, benignant power !  
 To whom how many a sweet I owe !  
 She twines a wreath for Labour's brow,  
     And gilds the darkest hour.

In Fancy's realm, whose airy towers,  
 Like Ilion's, rise by music's powers,  
     Hope undisturbed may rove.  
 No jarring sound, no noxious air,  
 Can reach the ear of Quiet there,  
     Or chill expanding Love.

Beneath her pure cerulean skies  
 The clouds of care can never rise,  
     To shroud the face of day :

ere none with pains arthritic smart ;  
 No aching head, no aching heart  
 Beneath her tranquil sway.

True, such but flashes are of bliss,  
 Transient as summer's lightning is ;  
 As bright and harmless too ;  
 Seeming as if the gates (I've thought)  
 Of heaven unfolded, and we caught  
 A glimpse of glory through.

Yet, O my lyre ! canst thou impart  
 But this short pleasure to the heart,  
 Thou art not loved in vain :  
 And if no other day should break  
 Thy silence, Gratitude shall wake  
 On this a cheerful strain.

Yes, cheerful, joyful, shall ascend  
 The song of Memory, to its end

While sinks another year :  
 Hope, leading its successor on,  
 Shall raise her voice in unison,  
 And lull each rising fear.

Checquered with woes the past has been,  
 And sickness long o'erspread the scene,  
 And cares and sorrows fell ;  
 Yet, at the close of all our days,  
 What cause, with humble, heartfelt praise,  
 To say, that " All is well !"

Though clouds and darkness still invest  
 Our path ; though twilight, at the best,  
 Illumes our wintry sky ;  
 Hope in our scrip, and in our hand  
 Faith for a staff, tow'rds Holy Land  
 We'll pass on cheerily.

Lo ! beaming o'er this lower heaven,  
 The word of God, in mercy given,



Emits a light divine ;  
 While Providence, to cheer our way,  
 Bids o'er the prospect many a ray  
 With lesser radiance shine.

A little while, and 'twill be morn ;  
 A never-setting sun shall dawn :—

O that its rising rays,  
 Like Memnon's fabled harp, may fire  
 Thy strings, to rapture tuned, my lyre,  
 With co-eternal praise !

C.

MARCH 19, 1808.

## TO MISS F———.

*IN SICKNESS.*

How many a flower this dreary gale  
 Has broken from its stalk !  
 No longer smiles the blossom'd vale,  
 The devious woodland walk :  
 The laughing sylphs of Spring are fled,  
 And wizzard Winter howls instead.

But sweet although the wreath of Spring,  
 That once this desert graced,  
 The spoiler, with relentless wing,  
 A sweeter flower has chased ;—  
 From ANNA'S cheek, his fairest prey,  
 Has borne the rose of health away.

Still flowers to softer climes expand,  
 O'er warm savannas breathe,  
 And but a while this northern land  
 Laments her faded wreath :  
 But tell me, what distinguished isle  
 Can boast another ANNA's smile ?

Or if in some extensive range  
 There might be one as sweet,  
 Affection, long unused to change,  
 Would startle at the cheat ;  
 And, wan and sorrowing as thou art,  
 Clasp *my own* ANNA to my heart.

Among a thousand brilliant flowers,  
 The one we love the best  
 Is that which soothed departed hours,  
 The bosom's favourite guest ;  
 That sheds a fragrance on to-day,  
 And tells of pleasures past away.

Long may this flower the guardian care  
Of watchful Heaven employ ;  
Nor scorching ray, nor blighting air,  
Its loveliness destroy :  
Long in this nursery bloom—then rise  
All fair and fragrant to the skies.

A.

TO MISS E—— F——.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

---

HAIL, dearest ELIZA! and hail to the morn  
That smiled on your infantile charms:  
Ah! were I not fettered at distance forlorn,  
I would tell all my joy in your arms.

If, true to affection, some child of the grove  
Would lend me her pinion awhile,  
How gladly I'd fly, with the swiftness of love,  
Exchanging my song for a smile!

Though if any mortal those heavenly things  
 With beings angelic might share,  
 ELIZA had surely been furnished with wings,  
 To bear her light form on the air.

But seeing the Fates, to our friendship averse,  
 Such intercourse ever delay,  
 Permit me, my love, in affectionate verse,  
 To greet the return of the day.

And since I no train of kind genii can boast,  
 On errands of friendship to soar,  
 I send a rude sprite, in the form of the Post,  
 To knock with my song at your door.

Accept then, my love, from my heart as they flow,  
 Of wishes the kindest and best ;  
 For thousand sweet pleasures I fain would bestow,  
 To find an abode in your breast.

Yet what are the blessings that never have grac'd,

ELIZA, thy favoured abode ?

Not virtue, or beauty, refinement, or taste,

No : these are already bestowed.

But Sorrow too often that bosom invites

That soonest and longest will bleed,

And Sickness, the epicure, chiefly delights

On lilies and roses to feed :

And often the storm and the northerly blast

Have blighted the blossoms of May :—

And was not her morning with clouds overcast,

Foreboding a winterly day ?

O then, when invaded by sickness and grief,

What succour can friendship bestow ?

For quickly I'd fly, could I offer relief,

Or shield my sweet friend from the blow.

But feeble my arm their assaults to oppose;  
 Here even affection is weak;  
 And sorrow may speedily wither the rose  
 That blooms with soft grace on her cheek.

Yet still she can smile and rejoice on her way:  
 Though sorrow and suffering begin,  
 They cause the fair casket to fade and decay,  
 But brighten the jewel within.

Till, freed from a dwelling of darkness and woe,  
 This gem from its prison shall rise,  
 All brilliant with glory for ever to glow,  
 A sun in unchangeable skies.

Then, might my dim star with a tremulous ray  
 Ascend to that heavenly sphere,  
 That friendship shall flourish which lightens the way  
 Of my wearisome pilgrimage here.

J.

JAN. 15, 1802.



## TO MISS S. L. C——.

*ON HER BIRTH-DAY.*

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---

COUSIN!

If ne'er my simple lay  
Has sought, before this festal day,  
To pay its heartfelt tribute, due  
To Friendship, Excellence, and You ;  
We've known each other long and well,  
And need I then the reason tell ?

The frolic breeze, that sweeps the strings,  
When my glad harp with pleasure rings,  
Not to my voice obedience yields ;  
It blows from Fancy's distant fields ;  
Just sweeps across my harp, and flies  
To sport beneath its native skies.

But when the vernal breeze is past,  
 And howls instead the dreary blast ;  
 When mute is hung my lyre on high ;  
 When night o'erspreads the rayless sky ;  
 And fainting Hope, when Fancy's gone,  
 Requires a friend to lean upon ;  
 And wearied, or by care deprest,  
 The wounded spirit aches for rest :  
 'Tis then a friend like thee I need,  
 And find thee then a friend indeed.

Or when the Muse of Sorrow flings  
 Her arm across the slumbering strings ;  
 If Friendship's voice the mourner hears,  
 She drops the lyre, and dries her tears,  
 And yields to her the heavenly art  
 To soothe, to heal, the bleeding heart.

The voice of Spring, the hour of leisure,  
 The dream of Fancy or of Pleasure,

Or pensive Memory's phantom throng,  
 Awake the poet's varied song.  
 But Spring must fade, and Time is hasting ;  
 And pleasure, fancy, life, are wasting—  
 Often will Dullness rule the hour,  
 And numb the intellectual power ;  
 On the sick ear the lyre shall pall,  
 Or from the hand enfeebled, fall ;—  
 But still the poet's heart is true  
 To Friendship, Excellence, and You.

Thus wandering over hill and dale,  
 The steep ascent, or Tempe's vale ;  
 'Mid sunshine joys, or tempests wild ;  
 The slave of Care, or Fancy's child ;  
 Life passes on from day to day.  
 But whether sorrowing, dull, or gay ;  
 Whether my harp neglected slumbers,  
 Or joy inspires the sportive numbers ;  
 Still shall my heart continue true  
 To Friendship, Excellence, and You.           C.

## TO MISS S—— C——.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

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" Stars teach as well as shine."

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---

YOUNG.

AFFECTION, my SUSAN, as readily flows  
 Through the windings of metre and rhyme as in prose :  
 I therefore intended this day to salute  
 With congratulations in holiday suit ;  
 But the whimsical Muse disregarding my prayer,  
 I nearly had quitted the task in despair,  
 When a little pale star, through the twilight that shone,  
 Smiled kindly upon me, and bade me go on.  
 " But tell me, sweet star, will thy beams, as they play,  
 Inspire me at last with some fanciful lay ?"

'Twas silent ; but, sparkling and darting its rays,  
 They seemed to invite and encourage my gaze ;  
 And as I continued its beams to explore,  
 They brightened and dazzled each moment the more.  
 Yet it seem'd not to shine its own path to adorn,  
 But to guide the benighted, and cheer the forlorn.

My SUSAN!—But, no—you forbid me the rest ;—  
 Yet suffer the wish that escapes from my breast :  
 O may the mild beams that *thy* virtues display,  
 Direct my dark steps through this shadowy way !

J.

APRIL 16, 1808.

## FRIENDSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO I— T—.

---

NIGHT has her stars; and rainbows shine

While April's tears descend ;

December, Robin's song is thine ;

And *Earth* can yield a Friend ;

And while this flower of Eden blooms,

The wilderness a smile assumes.

O what were pleasure, had we none

With whom our joys to share ?

Life's burden who could bear alone,

Or who its dangers dare ?

How soon the lamp of Hope decays,

Till Friendship rouse the languid blaze !

When in the dust the torpid soul

Inert or morbid lies,

Friendship exerts her mild controul,

And bids the slumberer rise :

The wounded mind, the sinking frame,

Have felt her power, and love her name.

Oh! could my kindling lyre but glow

With that which warms my heart,

Then, Friendship! what to thee I owe

Its music should impart :

But, ah! forgive the faltering strain

That would attempt thy praise, in vain :

And still upon my darksome way

Thy mildest radiance pour ;

And may the heart that owns thy sway

Improve thy blessings more ;

Till ISAAC'S friend deserve the name,

And while admiring, catch the flame.

C.

AUGUST 17, 1809.

## TO MY OLD WOMAN.

---

Ah tell me not thy locks are greyed;  
 Those locks which once so gaily played  
 Thy brows around, when my sweet maid  
 In youth and blushing beauty said

She'd be my wife:

There's not a lock but much I prize:  
 Full many a year it charmed my eyes:  
 Still owns my heart its silken ties,

And will through life.

What, do thy flagging spirits play  
 Less frolicsome, less brightly gay;  
 Do aches and fears drive glee away,  
 September's chill come after May,

My best-loved wife?



Yet still thou art my better part,  
 The treasure of my doting heart,  
 The balm for every bleeding smart,  
 And will through life.

Cast not a fearful, anxious eye,  
 When younger, gayer nymphs go by ;  
 Nor heave thy bosom with a sigh ;  
 Nor say, " As they are, once was I,"  
 My dearest wife :

The form so fair, the face so new,  
 I see, and praise—to merit true ;  
 But my fond eyes still turn to you,  
 And shall through life.

Mention no more, that young or gay  
 Might better all my love repay,  
 And cheer and bless me day by day,  
 Didst thou beneath the green sod lay,  
 My long-loved wife :

We've trudged together, many a year,  
 Through seasons varying, dull or clear,  
 With mutual hope and mutual fear,

And will through life.

Nor point out here a female mind  
 More high, or there more calmly kind,  
 Or richer, healthier, more refined,  
 T' have been with me in wedlock joined,

My well-loved wife:

But find, to make the case more just,  
 These charms in one (hard work, I trust!),  
 Yet then, I'll cleave to thee, my first,

And will through life.

Let those who have no heart to fire,  
 Who cannot mutual love inspire,  
 For dear variety inquire,  
 And wonder why I still admire

My long-loved wife:

The heart that living worth has known,  
 And felt that treasure all its own,  
 May well be fonder, kinder grown,  
 As grows his life.

True, many a gaping, bleeding wound,  
 By Sorrow's heavy hand, are found ;  
 And woes, by caustic Memory bound,  
 Corrode ; and thorny griefs surround,  
 My suffering wife :

But kind and faithful is thy soul ;  
 True as the needle to the pole,  
 Which still returns to one point sole,  
 And will through life.

If here a wrinkle, there a pain,  
 Give sighs, and make thee much complain  
 Of youth, that will not come again,  
 And biting woes, that still remain,  
 My much-loved wife :



May Heaven still bless our devious way  
 With love that grows as powers decay,  
 And longs for everlasting day  
 In better life.

JULY, 1808.

T.

May Heaven still bless our happy way,  
 With love that grows as years decay,  
 And long for everlasting day,  
 In better life.

## BIRTH-DAY RETROSPECT.

---

“ So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,  
 “ The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.      BEATTIE.

---

THUS far life's little journey through,  
 Of scenes for ever gone  
 I'll take one retrospective view  
 Before I speed me on.

Here, on this little hillock placed,  
 A moment let me stand.—  
 Before me lies a desert waste ;  
 Behind, a fairy land.

Winding through yon luxuriant vale,  
 Half hid in distance grey,  
 By many a hill and many a dale  
 I trace my youthful way.

But fast those fading scenes retire,  
 And mingle into one ;  
 Though here a cot, and there a spire,  
 Still glitter in the sun :

And when athwart my wintry sky  
 He darts his latest gleam,  
 Those spots, till closed is Memory's eye,  
 Will sparkle in his beam.

Yes ; happy was my youthful day ;  
 I trod enchanted ground ;  
 My spring, like other springs, was gay,  
 And roses bloomed around :

And now, though flying o'er my head  
Are youth's departing years,  
And often though the path I tread  
Is watered by my tears,

Still Hope, in many a gloomy hour,  
Through many a weary mile,  
Has cheer'd me with the magic power  
Of her bewitching smile.

But, Hope, farewell!—thy visions bright  
Have dazzled me too long;  
And shall I stay to watch thy flight,  
And hear thy parting song?

No: let me turn—it is enough—  
Too many tears have flowed:  
The sky is dark, the way is rough;—  
But 'tis the pilgrim's road:



And, pilgrim-like, with staff and shell,  
 And clothed in habit grey,  
 I bid the smiling Past farewell,  
 And speed me on my way.

—But wherefore should my courage fail,  
 And strains of sorrow flow?  
 Why need I through this gloomy vale  
 A lonely wanderer go?

I see a little cheerful band;  
 I hear their songs resound;—  
 Onward they travel, hand in hand,  
 And all for Zion bound.

The sterile plain, the desert drear,  
 Where howls the chilling blast—  
 The pains and perils that I fear—  
 Already they have past.

And kindly would they welcome me :  
They bid me not despond,  
For they a fairer land can see,  
And brighter skies beyond.—

O then, though fainting and distress,  
I *will* my way pursue :  
There is a home, there is a rest,  
There is a heaven in view.

J.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1809.

THE  
CRIPPLED CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

---

KIND Christians, have pity ; I'm helpless and lame ;  
My health is impaired, and distorted my frame ;  
My life, long or short be the course I must run,  
Is a year without summer, a day without sun.

O you, to whom wearisome pain is unknown,  
Elastic in vigour, each fibre in tone ;  
Whose firm, healthy limbs from misfortune are free ;  
Ah ! pause for one moment, and pity poor me.

For me 'tis in vain that the nodding wood bends,  
The plain is enamelled, the torrent descends :  
From Nature's fair fields I'm condemn'd to remain  
A prisoner, confined by the shackles of pain.

When morning breathes sweet, and perfumes the fresh  
air,

And to taste the gay breeze my companions repair,  
I trace their free gambols along the green sod,  
And lift my full eyes for compassion to God.

When strangers approach, and my fellows caress,  
From me half averted their looks they repress,  
And through the gay circle neglected I crawl,  
A mark for the scoff or disgust of them all.

Then, Christians, kind Christians, your pity bestow,  
And soothe by compassion a poor cripple's woe ;  
And down my pale cheek tears of pleasure shall steal,  
To tell you how grateful a cripple can feel.

A.

---

" There alone unchanged,  
 " Her form remains. The balmy walks of May  
 " There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling choral  
 " Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear,  
 " Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,  
 " Superior to disease, to grief, and time,  
 " Shines with unbating lustre."

AKENSIDE.

---

THE taper has quivered its last :

O Hope! must I bid thee farewell?—

I must! for the mandate is past,

That consigns me in darkness to dwell.

In vain on mine eye-balls shall play

The blaze of meridian skies :

No sun shall e'er gladden my day ;

No moon on my midnight arise.

No more at the glories of dawn

Shall my bosom with ecstasy heave ;

Farewell to the blush of the Morn,

And the smile of fond, lingering Eve !

Farewell to the sweets of the Spring,

Which she throws from her mantle of green ;

The gale shall their fragrancy bring,

But, alas ! they shall blossom unseen !

Farewell to the light of the eye !

To the heart-cheering smile of a friend !

Now, Beauty—and why should I sigh?—

Thine enchantments are all at an end !

But ah ! there existed a few—

Shall I see their loved faces no more ?—

There was one—oh ! how dear was the view !—

For ever, alas ! is it o'er ?

Ah ! no : 'tis a feverish dream ;

Mine eyes are but closed for the night :

At the dawn of Eternity's beam

I shall wake into transport and light :  
 And still, though the daylight is fled,  
 Does Memory the twilight prolong :  
 Bright visions encircle my head,  
 And fancies celestial throng.

The sun that gilds Memory's fields  
 Dispenses perpetual day ;  
 The Spring of the Fancy ne'er yields  
 To Winter's deflowering sway :  
 The forms that once lovely appeared,  
 Still lovely in Memory bloom ;  
 And the flowerets which Fancy has reared,  
 Still blossom and smile on the tomb.

My friend shall grow wrinkled and old,  
 And Beauty all withered shall be ;  
 But the change I shall never behold,  
 And Age shall be beauty to me :

And Time shall so silently steal,  
When I sink into peaceful decay,  
That I scarcely the evening shall feel,  
But fancy it still to be day.

Death's footsteps around I shall hear,  
But view not the frown on his face ;  
Nor the features of her who was dear  
Ever start in a stranger to trace :  
Nor distance my friend shall remove ;  
Nor the grave my affections divide ;  
But still I will talk to my love,  
And fancy her still at my side.

But why should terrestrial ties  
Round my heart and my fancy entwine ?  
O Faith ! lend me wings to arise,  
And make bright futurity mine !  
And o'er me thy radiance pour,  
Thou world of pure day-light and bliss !



And my soul shall then murmur no more  
To be shut out for ever from this.

This life's but a feverish dream—  
And short is mortality's night;—  
At the dawn of eternity's beam  
I shall wake into transport and light.  
O the wonders that hour shall unfold!  
What glories around me shall blaze!  
I the Sun shall unclouded behold,  
And for ever rejoice in his rays.

C.

JULY, 1809.

## TO RESIGNATION.

---

" Sweet the hour of tribulation,  
 " When the heart can freely sigh ;  
 " And the tear of resignation  
 " Twinkles in the mournful eye." MONTGOMERY.

---

MILD Resignation! peaceful saint!  
 Whose virtues have celestial power  
 To raise the drooping spirit faint,  
 And cheer the darkly-shadowed hour :—  
 When earthly consolations seek,  
 But prove their warmest efforts vain,  
 To wipe the tear from Sorrow's cheek,  
 And bid the mourner smile again ;  
 'Tis thine the drops of anguish to dispel,  
 And hush the sighs that Misery's bosom swell.

In blackening shades of deepest night,  
 Obedient to thy voice divine,  
 Enlivening beams of starry light  
 Athwart the face of darkness shine.  
 'Tis thine the maddening storm to soothe,  
 When, wrapt in gloom, its fury raves ;  
 The rugged path of thorns to smooth,  
 And calm the swelling tempest-waves ;  
 As Eden's rose, to make the desert bloom,  
 And plant with flowers the passage to the tomb.

No torturing tumult rends thy breast ;  
 The tear submissive flows from thee,  
 When heaviest woes their weight have prest ;  
 And angels bear thee sympathy :  
 And, surely, thou wilt breathe a prayer  
 For those who from thy hallowed shrine  
 A sacred spark of light divine  
 Devoutly seek to bear.  
 Meek suppliant ! with holy aid bestow  
 Thy consolations on the child of woe.

When Heaven's decrees its gifts recal,  
 And bow in grief thy languid head,  
 The heart-wrung showers in silence fall,  
 Like dew-drops on the olive shed.  
 Low kneeling on the new-laid sod,  
 That binds some dear-loved fellow dust,  
 Thou canst adore the chastening rod,  
 And own the sad privation just:  
 No impious murmur harbours in thy breast;  
 No passion dwells, a momentary guest.

Thy presence gilds the vale of Death,  
 From bondage sets his captives free,  
 Hangs praises on the latest breath,  
 And bids the shadowy terrors flee.  
 And when the heav'n-bound spirit soars,  
 And drops thy mantle on her way,  
 The rich bequest calm Peace restores  
 To mourning sons of kindred clay.  
 Thy graces, here, bring saintly blessings down,  
 And seek, on high, an ever-radiant crown.

Oct. 1, 1809.

E.

## TO CHEERFULNESS.

---

“ But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,  
 “ When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue.....  
 “ Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung!” COLLINS.

---

AWAKE, awake, my heart!  
 Bid each sad and morbid feeling,  
 O'er thy languid senses stealing,  
 Every active power congealing,  
 From thy breast depart.  
 Why the hours to grief consigning,  
 By the cypress still reclining,  
 Where the sun is never shining?  
 Wake, O wake, my heart!

Now, while Morn, with eye of blue,  
 And ringlets dropping still with dew,

Trips the freshened plain along,  
 And wakes the feathered world of song,  
 Up the heath-clad mountain climb,  
 Where the green expanse sublime,  
 Seas of corn, and wood, and stream,  
 Glow beneath the yellow beam.  
 Here we thy turf-altar dress,  
 Heart-inspiring Cheerfulness!  
 There each modest wild-flower lay,  
 That enwreathes the smiling May;  
 And, while the bracing gale around  
 Wafts the animating sound,  
 Glad pæans shall each tongue employ,  
 And Echo swell the lengthened joy.

But soon the breeze shall fail,  
 And the flower of short-lived bloom  
 On thine altar find a tomb:  
 Soon shall clouds with gathering gloom  
 The glowing azure veil:

Wilt thou with the sunbeam hide?  
 Fade with Summer's withering pride?  
 Wilt, oh! wilt thou quit my side  
 In Sorrow's dreary vale?

Sister of Contentment! come;  
 Make my breast thy peaceful home;  
 Hush each vainly anxious sigh;  
 Bid each restless passion die;  
 And with thy reviving smile  
 Smooth the furrowed brow of Toil.  
 Come, and hither bring with thee  
 Dauntless Courage, firm and free;  
 Meek Humility, serene,  
 Smiling, yet with pensive mien;  
 Industry, of ruddy air,  
 Flying from the grasp of Care;  
 While, attendant at his side,  
 Dances Health, his rosy bride.  
 Come, and let us, sword in hand,  
 With our gallant little band,

Sound defiance to the foe :

Blow, Cheerfulness ! thy clarion blow !

See where, arming for the strife,

O'er the little vale of life,

Hosts of cares and sorrows, first,

From the gloomy distance burst :

Disappointment then, and Fear,

With their infantry appear ;

And Disease, with haggard eye,

Leads on his dread artillery :

While, silent, 'mid the opening throng,

Time's fatal chariot rolls along,

And clouds around, and gloomy storm

Following, veil his awful form.—

Yet come : without or spear or shield

My soul shall fearless take the field.—

Blow, Cheerfulness ! thy clarion blow !

Hope shall lead us to the foe :

We will all their powers withstand,

Triumph, and possess the land :



Time himself shall lose his frown,  
 Shall himself the victor crown.

O why then yield to Sorrow ?  
 To Duty's standard still be true :  
 Victory, and heaven, in view,  
 With Cheerfulness thy way pursue ;  
     From her fresh courage borrow.—  
 O look not back with tearful eye,  
 Nor upward at the clouded sky :  
 Seize present joys while rushing by,  
     Nor, sighing, fear to-morrow.

Cheerfulness ! sweet goddess ! come :  
 Make my breast thy peaceful home.  
 I have spread my simple board ;  
 All my little fields afford :  
 Love has brought her choicest wine ;  
 Friendship's sweetest fruits are mine ;  
 Hope has culled, with venturous hand,  
 Clusters from a fairer land ;

Fancy, too, can boast her treasures,  
 Lighter food, and honied pleasures;  
 And from an eternal spring,  
 Faith shall purest water bring.  
 Come! for thee alone we wait;  
 Bless, and share the simple fête.

The simple fête is o'er!  
 Love! thy vine the storm did blast;  
 Age o'er withering Fancy past;  
 And Hope, with failing wing at last,  
     Scarce leaves her native shore!  
 The chilling winds of winter blow;  
 The showers of sorrow turn to snow;  
 And, Cheerfulness! wilt thou too go,  
     And leave me to deplore?

Wilt thou leave the steps of Age,  
 Tiring on their pilgrimage;  
 Nor support my sinking head;  
 Nor console my dying bed?

Daughter of Religion ! come ;  
 Guide the weary pilgrim home.  
 Guide me through the gloomy vale ;  
 Let not then my courage fail.—  
 HE that triumphed o'er the tomb,  
 Smiling, dissipates its gloom :  
 Faith surveys her latest foe,  
 And bares her bosom to the blow.—  
 Then, while o'er my kindling lyre  
 Glows a momentary fire,  
 On thy breast O let me lie,  
 And with decent triumph die !

C.

AUGUST 29, 1809.

ODE.  

---

DELUSIVE power! injurious, fickle friend,  
FORTUNE! to thee no more I'll bend :  
Displayed are all thy syren wiles,  
And powerless thy inconstant smiles.

Thy witching tongue in earlier years I heard,  
Sweet was the song, and youthful fancy stirred,  
And long beguiled my artless ear  
With tales of hope and pleasure near.

Imagination drained thy flowery bowl,  
While giddy Reason fled the soul,  
And Wealth and Pride, and dreams of power,  
Chased the sweet Muses from their bower.

But Disappointment, sadly lowering came,  
 And marked each heavy hour the same ;  
 And each bright colour Fancy laid,  
 Truth darkened o'er with joyless shade.

And now adieu ! too false, too flattering Fair !  
 Foe to Quiet, nurse of Care !  
 Silent I seek the lonely Muse,  
 And sacred Meditation choose.

O for some spot by sylvan shades o'ergrown,  
 Where, all unheeded and alone,  
 Wild Fancy's flight I might explore,  
 And bid my thought sublimely soar !

Then on some lonely rock, where the still ear  
 No sounds of busy life might hear,  
 Oft would I sit, at solemn eve,  
 And songs of wildest fancy weave :

And pause full oft to list the mermaid's note  
 O'er the silent waters float,  
 And steal in dying sounds away,  
 Like some departing seraph's lay.—

The strain is o'er!—the big clouds, threatening war,  
 O'er the dark scenery stretch afar;  
 While to each cave and rocky shore  
 Sighs the sad gale in fitful roar.

Its sullen voice to pensive musing moves;  
 And wide Imagination roves,  
 As, speaking to the lifted soul,  
 The distant, deep-voiced thunders roll.

The tempest past, still Night with visage pale  
 Throws a faint light o'er wood and vale;  
 While mournful Philomela's song  
 Slow breathes the silent shades among.

O bird of plaintive note, full soon shall mine  
Flow in sad unison with thine ;  
Soon from my passioned lyre shall burst  
The solemn strains in silence nurst.

My hallowed voice shall heavenly spirits swell,  
And guide the music of my shell ;  
And teach with far sublimer art  
Than all the Muses' train impart.

S.

## TO FORGETFULNESS.

---

“ On their fallen fame,  
“ Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,  
“ Sits grim Forgetfulness.”      H. K. WHITE. “ Time.”

---

O THOU! from whose appalling frown  
Nature, trembling, shuddering, flies;  
Whose sway the great, the good, the wise,  
    Must undistinguished own:  
Behold! I bow before thy shrine,  
    Tuning to thee my artless lays;  
And ere, Forgetfulness, thy gloom  
Enwraps my shade, conceals my tomb,  
And ere my song be wholly thine,  
    I would attempt thy praise.



O for the lyre, whose magic spell  
 Could move the dark-browed king of hell!  
 Then might I hope its tuneful art  
 Would touch, relentless power ! thy heart :  
 That thou, in pity to my prayer,  
     Moved by the music of my song,  
 Wouldst yet awhile my memory spare,  
     My fame a little while prolong.

Alas ! how vain the fond desire !  
 The world, engrossed with other themes,  
 With Pleasure's songs, Ambition's schemes,  
 With Folly's tales, or Fancy's dreams,  
     Say, can it hear thy lyre ?  
 Ah, no ! for soon, fond Friendship dead,  
 And Hope, the beauteous flatterer, fled,  
 The Muse will, vainly sighing, roam  
 To seek a patron or a home,  
 Till she on cold Oblivion's breast  
 At last, unnoticed, sinks to rest.

Thy harp unstrung, in silence hung,  
 The lumber-room of Time awaits,  
 Where mingled tost, for ever lost,  
 Moulder in unlamented fates,  
 The cast-off favourites of Fame ;  
 The vanities that once had name ;  
 The worn-out themes of former praise ;  
 The long-lost deeds of elder days ;  
 And many a rose-bud, many a gem,  
 And once-resplendent diadem,  
 Ambition's laurels, Virtue's tears,  
 " And all the refuse of six thousand years."

Say, in what silent plain,  
 Or desolated fane,  
 Hast thou thy favourite temple, awful Queen ?  
 Or when fierce tempests sweep  
 Along the blackening deep,  
 Dost thou in silence love to view the scene ?

To watch the shattered bark, where at the helm  
 Sits mute Despair—the seaman's last endeavour?  
 To see the conquering waves the wreck o'erwhelm?  
 For lo! she sinks—and they are thine for ever!

Hide, vain Ambition, hide!  
 Oblivion mocks thine efforts, base-born Pride!  
 Go now, in fruitless labour pile  
 Pyramid on pyramid,  
 Exceed what Babel's builders did,  
 And fondly hope the while,  
 That there, in silent state secure,  
 Thy fame exalted shall endure;  
 That ne'er Oblivion's waters then  
 Shall level thee with common men:  
 Forgetfulness shall smile,  
 Deride thy boast, proud creature of a day!  
 And call to Ruin to behold her prey.

Yet some there are, who at thine altars bend,  
 Who bless thine influence and implore thine aid.—  
 Sister of Sleep, thou art pale Sorrow's friend,  
 And coward Guilt seeks shelter in thy shade.  
 When Man had sinned, when Memory's radiant light  
 Shone but on woe, and Hope alone could bless,  
 On thee he called, t' entomb in endless night  
 The murdered hours of former happiness.  
 Oft when, almost despairing, sceptic Grief  
 Thy being doubts, and woos the tardy grave,  
 Thou art, unseen, preparing sure relief,  
 And hastening, those who thank thee not, to save.

When sorrows cloud our setting sun,  
 Ere yet the race of life is run,  
 How sweet, Forgetfulness, we find  
 Thy soothing twilight to the mind!  
 When, mildly beaming o'er the scene,  
 The past affords a light serene ;

When, viewed in Memory's temper'd light,  
 E'en thorns with glittering tears look bright;  
 And e'en the rugged mountain, too,  
 Looks lovely as it fades from view;  
 While Hope, life's evening star, on high,  
 Scatters its radiance o'er the sky.

But when upon the tomb shall shine  
 The dawning beams of endless day;  
 When Earth and Ocean shall resign  
 Their dead, and thou, O Grave, thy prey;—  
 The mists of Time shall roll away:  
 While the last trumpet's awful blast  
 Through all thy caves, in thunders deep,  
 Shall loud proclaim thine empire past,  
 And burst the iron bands of Sleep;  
 Shake on her ancient throne primeval Night;—  
 And what dark secrets then shall be dragged forth to  
 light!

.....

There's ONE whose eye Oblivion can't evade,  
 No lustre dazzle, and no darkness shade :  
 The shifting ages, from creation's morn,  
 Th' eternal past, th' eternity unborn—  
 (He knows no pause, no interval between)  
 All are to him one ever-present scene.  
 HE, for to HIM the hearts of all are known,  
 Counts every sigh, and treasures every groan ;  
 Vice not unmarked erects her haughty mien,  
 Nor can a blush of Virtue fade unseen.

C.

FEBRUARY 1808.

## ON READING

## DR. SYMMONS'S LIFE OF MILTON.

---

NOT to enrich the wreath that Fame bestows,  
Just-minded SYMMONS! are thy efforts lent;  
Such high endeavour were but vainly spent,  
Where every flower with bloom immortal glows:  
For who with mad attempt would e'er aspire  
To paint the morning's wildly-blushing hues;  
To gild the noon-day sunbeam, or to fire  
With more resplendent blaze, the starry dews?

But since, by generous candour nobly warmed,  
Thy guardian hand removed the venom'd shade,  
By lurking weeds of rancorous envy form'd;—  
For this, shall honour to thy name be paid:

And Memory, sure, will own the pious care  
     That tore the deadly nightshade from her urn ;  
 Chased the dark mildews from her records fair,  
     And trimmed the fires that on her altars burn.  
 The friendly deed her gratitude must claim ;  
     Her faithful hand, in eloquent return,  
 Shall gild anew the characters of Fame,  
 And with th' immortal Bard's, enrol thy name.

E.

JUNE 1809.



ON THE EXPECTED

ARRIVAL OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED  
FROM AN EXPEDITION.

---

Is it where yonder vessel rides  
So smoothly o'er the rippling tides ;  
Is it beneath yon spreading sail,  
That playful courts the wanton gale ;  
Is it 'mid scenes so fresh, so fair,  
That wan Despair  
Sits o'er proud War's disastrous victim pale ?

From scenes of bright success they come,  
Enfeebled, sad, to seek their home ;  
From trophied spoils and fellows brave,  
To pensioned woe, or early grave !

Ah ! hapless crew ! let Britain mourn  
 Her laurels torn,  
 Though now glad Victory's empurpled banners wave.

Blow soft, ye winds ! ye tempests, sleep !  
 And, oh, be calm, thou fickle deep !  
 With tenderest care the bark sustain,  
 That bears the helpless wounded train.  
 Ye cliffs and shelving shore,  
 Your sons deplore.

Let Mercy bind their wounds, and Pity soothe their pain.

And see, they wearied reach the shore !  
 Alas ! how few short days are o'er,  
 Since hence ye parted on the wave  
 Flushed with gay hopes and honours brave,  
 A gallant train ! Let Britain mourn  
 Her laurels torn,  
 Though now glad Victory's empurpled banners wave.

S.

HARWICH.

## SONG,

WRITTEN FOR A SCOTCH AIR.

---



---

INSERTED IN THE TWELFTH NUMBER OF THE ATHENÆUM.

---



---

How bright the sun's declining rays  
 Glitter on yonder ivied spire!  
 How sweet the evening zephyr plays  
 Through yon old trees, that seem on fire!  
 Beneath those trees how oft I've strayed  
 With MARY, rapture in mine eyes!  
 But now, alas! beneath their shade,  
 All that remains of MARY lies!

Oh! can I e'er the scene forget?—

'Twas such an evening—this the place,  
 Where first the lovely girl I met,  
 And gazed upon her angel face.  
 The west at Sol's departure blushed,  
 And brightened to a crimson hue;  
 Her cheek with kindred tints was flushed,  
 And, ah! *her* sun was sinking too!

She died!—and at that very hour  
 Hope broke her wand, and Pleasure fled!  
 The dream of life has lost its power—  
 Th' enchantress of my days is dead!  
 That sun, those scenes, where oft I've strayed  
 Transported, I no longer prize;  
 For now beneath yon yew-tree's shade,  
 All that remains of MARY lies!

C.

## THE MANIAC'S SONG.

---

BRING me a garland, bring me a wreath ;  
Bring me a flower from the dank stream side ;  
Bring me a herb smelling sweetly of death,  
Wet with the drowsy tide.

Haste to the pool with the green-weed breast,  
Where the dark wave crawls through the sedge ;  
Where the bittern of the wilderness builds her nest,  
In the flags of its oozy edge ;

Where no sun shines through the live-long day,  
Because of the blue wreathed mist,  
Where the cockatrice creeps her foul egg to lay,  
And the speckled snake has hissed :

And bring me the flag that is moist with the wave,  
And the rush where the heath-winds sigh,  
And the hemlock plant, that flourishes so brave,  
And the poppy, with its coal-black eye ;

And weave them tightly, and weave them well,  
The fever of my head to allay ;—  
And soon shall I faint with the death-weed smell,  
And sleep these throbbings away.

And my hot, hot heart, that is fluttering so fast,  
Shall shudder with a strange, cold thrill ;  
And the damp hand of Death o'er my forehead shall be  
passed,  
And my lips shall be stiff and still.

And crystals of ice on my bosom shall arise,  
Prest out from the shivering pore ;  
And oft shall it struggle with pent-up sighs,  
But soon it shall struggle no more.

For the poppy on my head shall her cool breath shed,  
 And wind through the blue, blue tide ;  
 And the bony wand of Death shall draw my last breath,  
 All by the dark stream side.

A.

JULY, 1808.

## A VISION.

OCCASIONED BY THE PRECEDING SONG.

---

---

Now Eve, in modest hues arrayed,  
Stole softly o'er the forest shade :  
Her dewy fingers gently close  
The lily pale and wild wood-rose,  
And o'er each bank, and lowly flower,  
Scatter a soft and pearly shower.  
Scarce were the whispering breezes heard ;  
    No warbling broke from thorn or bower ;  
No gust the stream's dark bosom stirred ;  
    But Silence mute inspired the hour.

Lulled by the soothing influence,  
Soft Sleep inspired my willing sense :



Yet still I seemed to view the glade,  
 The dark-blue stream and forest shade ;  
 And Eve benign, with virgin power,  
 Seemed still to guard each lowly flower ;  
 When o'er the sighing breeze arose

“ A melancholy strain and slow,”  
 Protracted still through many a close,  
 It sighing spoke of death and woe.

No azure nymph from Thetis sprung,  
 No soul-seducing syren, sung :  
 An angel muse, in measure high,  
 Poured the enchanting minstrelsy ;  
 And, seated on the further shore,  
 Plucked from Flora's lap rich store ;  
 Weaving buds of venom pale,  
 To shade her brows—and still the song  
 Vowed death should crown the toil ere long,  
 And still she chose each plant that sucks the poisoned gale.

Beneath her hand the garland smiled,  
 And near was closed the measure wild;  
 But, like the swan, whose tuneful breath  
 Pours sweetest melody in death,  
 More soft the strains were heard to flow.  
 And now, to grace her pallid brow,  
 The wreath she lifts. Through the dark wave  
 I plunged, in silent haste, to save;  
 But, waking, found the vision fled,  
 And nought but peaceful streams, and woods around my  
 head.

S.

1808.

## CARE.

---

“The saddest birds a season find to sing.”

---

SOUTHWELL.

WHAT is Care?—A grisly sprite,  
 With head enormous, made t' affright;  
 And long, lean arms, to reach the height  
 Of thrones, or grasp the meanest wight;  
 With raven wings, of swiftest flight,  
 Which shade the day, eclipse the light,  
 And add a deeper gloom to night:—  
 And this is Care—Say, am I right?

What is Care?—Dost thou not know  
 His icy grasp, his hands of snow?

And has he not, when cash ran low,  
 Got in your pockets, made you go  
 Stooping beneath his weight, and slow?  
 If you awhile forgot your woe,  
 Has he not pinched you, and said, "No?"  
 That this is Care, dost thou not know?

What is Care?—With man 'tis born;  
 Attendant from life's earliest dawn:  
 Its unformed horrors e'en the morn  
 Of childhood haunt; the babe forlorn  
 E'en in the cradle learns to mourn:  
 The school-boy too, with book of horn,  
 Care, following, whips with rod of thorn.—  
 And such is Care—such care I've borne.

Yet what is Care?—I'm telling you;  
 And ask the sighing lover too,  
 Or soldier, if I say not true;  
 For all Care's tyranny do rue:

E'en Justices, when sober, do.

On Pantaloon's old nose, so blue,

Care, with his spectacles, you'll view :—

Yes, there is Care—Is not this true ?

Go on : What's Care ?—Why, even when

“Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,” poor men

Sans Care to be will hope in vain.

Of brother Time he shares the reign :

All ranks, all ages, swell his train ;

Wealthy or poor, the peer or swain ;

For all the world is his domain :

And this is Care, I say again.

What's Care ?—The shadow 'tis, I say,

Made by the sun of yesterday ;

That walks before you in your way ;

Is still before, go where you may :

Formed by the morning's earliest ray,

He still attends your noontide gay,

And lengthens with the evening grey.  
 And this is Care, as I've heard say.

And where is Care?—Where Penury weeps;  
 Where misers count their glittering heaps;  
 Where the Spring sows, or Autumn reaps;  
 Where Eve descends, or Morning peeps:  
 To courts or cots alike he creeps:  
 Upon the breast, when Nature sleeps,  
 The Nightmare still his vigil keeps;  
 And such is Care—Care never sleeps.

Care is the child of Thought and Fear;  
 And Knowledge helped the imp to rear;  
 Sin crowned him king: no mortal here  
 Shall ever triumph o'er his bier:  
 The half-closed eye, the brow severe,  
 Cheeks furrowed with the oft-shed tear,  
 And locks of grey—where these appear,  
 There, there is Care—and Death is near.

C.

TO MR. C——, *senior*,

WITH A DRAWING.

---

---

My harp, though out of tune so long,  
    May yield a simple strain :  
I will not aim at lofty song,  
    Well knowing that were vain.

And will you not the tribute own ;  
    The simple numbers hear ?  
May not affection's gentle tone  
    Be soothing to your ear ?

And may I hope th' unpolished thought  
Your goodness will excuse ?  
Though surely ne'er for favour sought  
A less aspiring Muse.

Not born Parnassus' heights to hail,  
She shuns the lofty place ;  
And only owns a lowly vale,  
Embosomed at its base.

She never soared on Fancy's wing,  
Nor learned poetic art ;  
Nor knew she e'er to touch a string,  
But those that twine the heart.

*Will* you the humble traveller scorn,  
And mock her low estate ?  
Behold ! all trembling, and forlorn,  
She lingers at your gate.



But ah! of favour she despairs,  
 And prays no more to roam ;—  
 Then take the offering that she bears,  
 And send her blushing home.

J.

NOVEMBER, 1807.

## TO MY LYRE.

---

HANG thou, my lyre! on high;  
 I cannot hear thy music now;  
 I must away to sow, to plough;—  
 Lo! Time commands, with frowning brow,  
     And I must lay thee by.—  
 —Thus I resolved; but laughing Spring  
 Came, and o'er it swept her wing,  
 And each involuntary string  
     Breathed forth a sweet reply.

Hang thou, my lyre! on high;  
 For now severer studies claim  
 My patient toil, my steady aim:  
 Ambition points to wealth and fame;  
     So I must lay thee by.—

—But Sorrow's footsteps, as I spoke,  
 All the spell of Silence broke,  
 And every slumbering chord awoke,  
     Responsive to her sigh.

Once more I lay thee by;  
 For sure, my lyre! thy simple powers  
 Will never raise my castle-towers:  
 O why then waste my youthful hours  
     In such vain minstrelsy?—

—But Love advanced, and seized my lyre,  
 And sweetly swept each sounding wire:—  
 O Muse! thine is a vestal fire,  
     And it must never die!

1809.

C.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

---

“ O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away ;—  
 “ Full quickly they pass—but they never return.”

BEATTIE.

---

WHEN SOL has passed the summer skies,  
 And autumn's dews the evenings chill,  
 We often see fresh flowerets rise  
 On stems that yet are withering still :

And though perhaps, with cold disdain  
 We may not cast such flowers away,  
 We smile to see their effort vain  
 To make declining nature gay.

We're pleased to see the youthful hand  
 In garlands weave the flowers of spring  
 They've culled in Fancy's fairy land,  
 While love and joy awake the string ;

But who their pity can forbear,  
 When life's best energies are fled,  
 To see the withered hand prepare  
 To deck with flowers the hoary head ?

Yet while old age, though drawing nigh,  
 At some short distance seems to stand ;  
 Has not yet dimmed the mental eye,  
 Nor touched our nerves with palsying hand ;

Calling to mind enjoyments past,  
 Fondly retracing scenes we've known,  
 We wish once more those joys to taste,  
 Which soon will be for ever flown.

If in our youth's more sprightly days  
 We sought to gain the Muse's smile ;  
 Though, wandering in life's busy maze,  
 We long have ceased the pleasing toil ;

Perchance the sound of youthful strain  
 Kindles afresh the dormant fire,  
 And makes us fondly wish again  
 To tune the long-neglected lyre :

(As steeds who once enjoyed the chase,  
 If chance the hounds are passing nigh,  
 Run to the gate with eager pace,  
 And fain once more would join the cry.)

But clouds of Care thick rolling o'er,  
 Across the mind dark shadows fling ;  
 And Fancy, long unused to soar,  
 Now feebly flies with crippled wing.

Too soon we find the genial fire  
 In youthful breasts alone will dwell:  
 We sigh, and bid the tuneful choir  
 A sad—a long—a last, Farewell.

*C. sen'.*

*IN REPLY.*

---

---

AH! say not, dear Sir, that poetical pleasures,  
The voice of the Muse, shall invite you in vain;  
For soothing and sweet were your musical measures:  
We linger, still hoping to hear them again.

To strains so pathetic, so plaintive, to listen,  
Is pleasure delightfully tempered with pain:  
And while the sly tear for a moment will glisten,  
It seems to invite the soft music again.

Though life's pelting storms and its pitiless billows  
Have oft beat around you in murmurs of pain,  
Oh! hang not desponding your harp on the willows,  
But strike its sweet chords, and delight us again.



The lark, the wild music of morning expresses ;  
But if we have heard Philomela complain,  
We hasten, more pleased, to her shady recesses,  
And sigh for the evening, to hear her again.

Then say not the years and the cares that surround you  
Can dissipate Poesy's fanciful train :  
The Muses still *wait*, if they dance not, around you ;  
Like us they will mourn, till you seek them again.

Nor shall they be banished ; nor, lost and forsaken,  
The harp of your youth disregarded remain ;  
For while so melodious the strains you awaken,  
Dear Sir, you *must* strike it again and again.

J.

AUGUST, 1809.



## NOTE.

Page 83.—“ Sweet spirit (unknown to the eye,” &c.

Our readers have nothing to do with individual feelings; nor can they know the loss which, not a private circle merely, but the world has sustained, in the premature death of CHARLES WICKENS. To those who did know him, the following brief inscription, which is copied from his grave-stone, will appear but simply just. It is to be regretted, that, having previous to his death destroyed all his papers, there remains no other record of his talents and his virtues, except what is inscribed on the hearts of all who knew him.

*“ Superior talents improved by intense application to study, unaffected modesty, benevolence, and piety, united to form his character, and afforded every presage of future eminence and extensive usefulness, had it pleased the Supreme Disposer of events to prolong a life so justly dear to his family and friends.”*

It is necessary to add, that the poem alludes to his medical profession, in which his attainments were much beyond his years. And to those who have witnessed the slow progress of the deceitful disorder to which he fell a victim, it will appear an interesting and a singular fact, that, from the very moment

that he felt the night air strike to his vitals, he considered it to be his death-blow: and though months elapsed before alarming symptoms appeared; and though even the physicians who attended him hesitated at first as to their nature, he was never deceived. He submitted to every thing which was thought likely to prolong his life, while he calmly and silently perceived the constant though fluctuating progress of his disorder. He experienced little pain, and his spirits still triumphed over his wasting frame; till at length, with an unshaken confidence founded on the merits of his REDEEMER, and a hope full of immortality, he expired.—*Sic mihi contingat mori!*

C.

*Speedily will be published,*

By the Authors of "ORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS,"  
"RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY," &c.

## HYMNS

FOR

INFANT MINDS.

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