EANTHE:

A TALE OF THE DRUIDS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By SANDFORD EARLE, Esq.

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PREFACE.

The period when the events narrated in the following Poem happened, or are supposed to have happened, was soon after the introduction of Christianity into Britain and its neighbouring Isles. The frame-work of the Poem, if I may be permitted to use the expression, is composed of three of the principal ceremonies of the Druids, in illustrating which my intention was to depict the struggle arising in the breast of a young convert to the pure principles of Christianity, in consequence of her enthusiastic attachment to a noble being of her own race. How far I have succeeded, those who read may judge.
I am aware, however, that there are some who will object to the introduction of the solemn truths of religion in so light a work. To such, I answer, that I shall be glad if these truths meet the eye of one solitary being who may not otherwise peruse them. Let him turn to where he will find them in much beauty, and, like the roses of Benares, scattered far and wide as the eye can reach, or the heart desire.

The catastrophe of the Poem, I regret to say, is historically true. But I will not anticipate,—it must tell its own tale.
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EANTHE:

A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

Canto First.

1.

'Twas when the Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing on his wings, to bring repose
To this lost world, through that pure holy faith,
That, in its meekness, conquers even death,—
In one of those sweet verdant isles which grace
That waveless sea, on whose unruffled breast
The setting sun sinks smiling to its rest,
A grove of ancient oaks, old as the flood,
Thick, dark, and sombre, venerably stood.
In its most inmost centre was a place
Of sacred worship, fashioned by a race
Long, long forgotten now;—they who, of old,
Knew hidden things, and secrets dark and deep,
And taught their Princes knowledge;—they who told
Of other worlds, and trode, alone, the steep
And weary path that leads to wisdom’s height.\(^a\)
Not Persia’s Magi, in their day of might,
Nor India’s Brahmans, nor the Chaldeans, knew
More than old Britain’s Druids,\(^b\) till the light
Of Revelation came, bright as the dew
On tempered steel, destroying all its pride.—
Then vaunted learning—boasted wisdom died—
For as some sinless spirit breathing on
Hearts which had slept in darkness for long years,
Or, if they woke at all, awoke alone
To sorrow—sighing—misery—and tears,—
It came, and shed around a light that stole
Like strains of music o’er the dreamer’s soul,
So soft—so sweet—that even woe and pain,
And sin, seemed banished from this world again.
There still remains a tale of two, who were
Both children of this race,—one, passing fair,
And beautiful and mild—a maiden she
Of noble birth; the other was a youth
Of still more noble lineage, and he
Lov'd that fond maiden with devoted truth.
But more of this anon. The maiden's name,
Which was Eanthe, sounded soft and sweet,
Like—nothing but herself—for her slight frame,
Slight as a reed, none ever dreamt could meet
The storms that rage in life, and, meeting, be
Unshattered still on its tempestuous sea.—
But the strong ship, with masts and cordage high,
All proud and gorgeous, pointing to the sky,
As if its home were there, has oft been laid
A broken wreck upon the treach'rous sand,
While the gay, light, and smiling bark hath
made,
Untouched, unharmed, its voyage safe to land.
3.

She was most beautiful—her sunny hair
Hung parted o'er a brow and cheek so fair,
And calm, and still, that, but for two dark eyes,
Fringed by long silken lashes' fall and rise,
That sometimes shaded, sometimes gave to view
The winning sweetness of their smiling blue—
Ye might have deemed that brow and cheek had been
Carved from the marble of Medici's Queen:
While her slight form, so delicately fair,
And veined with beauty, floating on the air,
Scarce seemed to touch the earth;—that of the maid,
Styled Queen of Beauty, sprung from Ocean's bed,

The wedded of that swarthy man, cast down
From heaven to earth, before the with'ring frown
Of th' assembled conclave—there to ponder o'er
His lost condition on the Lemnian shore—

Was not more beautiful, nor could it be
More light when springing from its parent sea.
4.
Yet Earth was not her home—for, oh! her mind,
However bright the casket that enshrined
Its spotless purity, was still more bright,
Itself a thing of living, breathing light—
Pure—pure and beautiful—like the pale snow
That rests untouched upon the mountain's brow,
Reflecting back, from its own spotless breast,
A ray as spotless, holy, calm, and blest.

5.
The beauteous light, which Revelation brought
In its first dawn, had burst upon her soul,
A new-born life of faith and hope, which taught
The peace that passeth knowledge, for it stole,
With gentle sweetness, ev'ry thought away
From earth and earthly things, and came as blest
To her young soul as the first rising ray
Of the bright morn, that brings a day of rest.—
Then, like some bird, swift darting on the wind,
Each thought, each feeling of her sainted mind,
EANTHE:

Casting behind the fear of lasting death,
Shot high, and heavenward, in her Saviour's faith.—
Each thought, each feeling, still she could not dare
The laugh, the scorn, the punishment, nor bear
Contempt from all her race; and she was glad
To live one good, among the many bad,—
Her faith concealed—her love shut in a heart
From which nor love nor faith could e'er depart.

6.

Athro, the youth, was of the ancient line
Of Britons' kings, long worshipped as divine
By those whose wisdom should have soared above
Earth's low distinctions, and their fruitless love;
He was a noble youth, and while joy beamed
Forth in each happy look, it only seemed
To speak of more within; as that pure light,
Which shoots like meteors through the polar night,
Betray's the existence of those fires, that lie
Concealed too deep to meet the gazer's eye.
He had been taught each thing that man could teach,
And mastered all—for all he sought to reach
Came down within his grasp, and he had but,
Like Jove's strong bird,\(^f\) to soar away in light,
Till heaven's own gate seemed scarcely to be shut
Against the progress of his daring flight,
Or unattainable from that pure height
Which he had gained. Earth's wisdom was his own,
And others deemed—he knew as he was known.

But that calm faith, whose rays had broke upon Eanthe's mind, and shed their wondrous light
O'er this lost world, that now, for ages\(^g\) gone,
Had lain asleep in one long endless night,—
That faith which passeth knowledge, and which He,
The ruler of all worlds, by his decree,
That stands immoveable, hath said shall be
Taught to the humble—pure in heart, and meek,
But hidden from the proud, and such as seek
Their ways—not His,—and dig among the store
Of worldly rubbish, for immortal lore,
Was all unknown to him,—and he knew nought
Of heaven,—or God,—or of a world to come,
Save when some convert to that faith, unsought,
Would speak of these,—and then, 'twas but the hum
Of idle drones that fell upon his ear,—
A sound he cared not for, nor wished to hear.
A heaven of bliss—an everlasting home—
Where sin could never dwell, nor sorrow come,
Nor sighing be, nor death, nor woe, nor pain,
Nor tears to dim its splendid light again—
He knew not,—thought not,—dream't not of,—
for he
Believed not in a blest eternity.
When his Eanthe spoke of it, he smiled,
And kissed her cheek, and called her his own child,
His credulous child,—to deem it could be so.
Yet these two loved, and sunned them in the glow
Of youth and hope, till it were hard to say
In which young heart love bore the stronger sway;
Save that in this,—of all that Athro did,—
Of all he thought,—Eanthe formed a part,
While in her breast lay that she would have hid,
Even from herself,—that a divided heart
Was all she could bestow; for her new faith
Had stolen a part; yet could not steal it all.
Not all—Oh no! for had the hand of death
Been on her then, and, answering to his call,
Her ransomed spirit been upon the wing
From earth to heaven, a disembodied thing,
It would have lingered here till she had said,
"Athro, I love thee still,—forget me not when
dead."

She would have hid, and yet she could not hide,
This from herself; but Athro would not chide
EANTHE:

His own Eanthe,—not to gain that love,
He knew so well was fixed on heaven above.
No, for he felt that now, as from her birth,
All—all was his she had to give to earth;—
He sought no more,—it was enough for him;
And though he deemed that, for a time, some dim
And shadowy superstition clouded o'er
A heart once all his own, he fancied it
Would pass away like those light clouds which flit
Across the summer sun, and, seen no more,
Leave its pure disk more beauteous than before.

11.

Oh! it is ever thus,—a spirit rent,—
A heart divided,—and some time not spent
In earthly joys, is all that we can give
To Him, the Being who first bade us live,—
Who first created us, and gave us all
We deem to be our own:—the earth—the sea—
The mountain's rapid rise—the torrent's fall—
The growing shrub—the stately spreading tree—
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

The sweet and glittering stream—the blooming vale—
Sunshine and calm—the tempest—snow and hail—
The thunder's voice—the lightning's vivid play—
The air we breathe—the beauty of the day—
The planet's roll—the darkness of the night—
The thousand stars, with all their wondrous light,
That shines so sweetly, and that beams so kind,
As if to soothe the tempest of the mind,
And, in return, but asks so small a part
From this lost world, as, "Son, give me thy heart."

He is a mighty God,—a jealous King,—
Who rules o'er all the world, and every thing
That dwells therein, and He will not be mocked.—
And what do we give him?—Oh, be ye shocked,
Ye frail dissemblers, who so oft deceive,
Not your Creator, but yourselves, and leave
Earth for a judgment-seat,—with sin on sin
All unrepented of, and that within
EANTHE:

Your inmost breast would sink ten thousand down
To hell, and all its woe.—Oh! fly his frown,
And hear his voice, and listen to his call,
“Give me thy heart,—be mine,—and give it all.”

12.

The moon is on the hill, and sweet and bright
Her new-born crescent sheds its silver light,
And stars of beauty, and a sky of love,
Like some pure azure mantle, interwove
With golden spangles, smiling hangs above;
But ruddier lights, with less of mirth and glee,
Are far reflected o’er yon slumbering sea;
Each blazing pire streams flick’ring far and wide
O’er hill, and dale, and sands, and rocks, and tide.
The startled sea-bird, darting from his nest,
Soars high above, then plunging, dips his breast
In that cold spotless element, that clings
Its snowy foam, and white and trembling spray,
As if in love, around a breast and wings
As cold and trembling, yet more white than they.
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

The screaming vulture, scared from his repast,—
The mountain eagle from his rocky fast,
Borne far away, high, high on wings of wind,
Leaving all earth and these bright lights behind,
Soar in their flight, with upturned neck and eye,
Till lost amidst the blueness of the sky.

13.

But what are they, those fires so pure and bright,
Streaming on high, from hill and mountain's height,
And headland steep, as if each drop that fell
Warm from the breast of heaven's most haughty queen
Had left its own bright milky way, to dwell
On earth with earthly things, and, falling, been
Converted into flame—that, scattered o'er
Hill, mountain, headland, where no light before
Had ever gleamed,—still pointed far and high
Its brightest blaze towards its own native sky?
'Tis Fastern's Eve—and ere to-morrow's sun, 
Bright, bold, and beautiful, like some pure thing
That walks th' expanded arch of heav'n, shall run
One half his course of light, much must be done,—
The feast be o'er, and all its trophies won.
And what are they—and what this solemn feast?
'Tis that of oaks;^k first of the season, where,
From high to low—all ranks, and every priest,
Arch-druid, bards, euhages,^l and the fair
Young druidesses, too, must come to aid
A splendid scene—though but for ruin made.
Yet, even there, perchance, some breaking heart,
That in the revelry can bear no part,
May be to gaze; for who that lives has been
Amidst the many, witnessing a scene
Of joy like this, and has not mark'd the throb
Of some young breast, and heard the half-breath'd sob
Escaping from its heart, as if, all past,
That could bring joy, or hope, or life, the last
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

And only wish that it could breathe, were now
To twine a garland round the throbbing brow
That shines above, and end a weary race,
By quietly suff'ring in the victim's place?

15.

But hush! hush, all is still—the sleepy eyes,
That wont to gaze with boldness on the skies
That hang above, are veiled in their own light,
And long dark lashes, like the shades of night,
Are drooping o'er them, dull and listless now.

Oh sleep! thou mimicked death—how calm the brow
Whereon high looks of pride and scorn have sat,
How still the cheek—how veiled the glance whereat
Youth, hope, and love have sprung, when thou art there—
How calm—how still, how motionlessly fair,
Save when the dreamer, while his fancy teems
With bitter things, is wrapt in troubled dreams,
And the pale cheek and livid brow assume
A mimic life's most dark and hopeless gloom.
16.
The morn is up, and fair and bright
The sun, without a cloud,
Is walking forth in his own light,
Like beauty in a shroud
Of pearly lace, that half conceals,
And yet, concealing, all reveals
What it is meant to hide;
And calm, and fair, and beautiful,
Light mists sleep on the tide.
But one secluded spot, made for those rites that shun
The light of day, is near—its deepen'd shade
By thickly interwoven branches made;
Its dark impenetrable gloom no sun
Nor eye can pierce,—and in its deep
And inmost centre the glad banquet spread,
Invites the joyous multitude to keep
This feast of oaks.—The milk-white victims, led
By golden cords, are bound beneath the tree,
Whose bent and gnarled branch is doomed to be
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

A canopy of death—the gazing crowd,
In garments pure and spotless as the shroud
That wins departed beauty, stands around,
Dreaming in fancy that each throbbing heart,
Called in this sacrifice to bear a part,
Would, in the sight of Him—their God—be found
As pure—as spotless—and as free from blight
As those fair garments of unsullied white.

17.

But she—the pure in heart—the only pure
And sinless one of all,—who could endure
Much for her faith, had that young faith, so fair
In her fond eyes, sought this—she was not there.
What stays the sacrifice?—no maiden’s hand
Could bind the fetters, or unite the band
Around yon victim’s horns, or draw its head
Close to its noble stake—yon gnarled oak,
Where many a victim underneath the stroke
Of man relentless, long ere now hath bled.
What stays the sacrifice?—He raised his head—
EANTHE:

That stern arch-druid—proudly raised, and said, "Where is Eanthe, our young priestess, now?" "Where is our priestess?" echoed from the crowd,
In voices half suppress'd and low—not loud—
But slow and solemn, like some whisper'd vow.

18.

See, where she comes—the beautiful—the bright—
The innocent young one—pure as the light
Of day, when first its young lord springs
Forth on his chariot-wheels, and scatt'ring flings
New beauties round. She was a light in truth;
A very light to that dark spot; her youth
And maiden sweetness, like the living sun,
Still glad'ning all she paused to look upon.
"Still glad'ning all"—still making each heart glad
Yet she alone of all the many sad,
Trembling and pale, as if some inward strife,
Of varying thoughts within the seat of life,
Were waging war—more like the victim brought
To grace the sacrifice in death, than aught
That lived or moved, a happy reckless thing,
With heart more light than young bird on the wing.

19.

And where was he who lov'd?—had he too gone
From his Eanthe, and must she abide
That stern old druid's searching look alone?
Oh, now, she felt, with Athro by her side,
She could have dared the worst—tho' it might be
That it should bring discovery of her faith,
And tear her far from him—from him whom she
Had lov'd so well, and thus would love in death.
No—he was there!—Young Athro stood beside
The sacred oak, and, with affection's eye,
Watched every look of his fair affianced bride—
The stolen glance that, toward the dark blue sky,
Was upward turn'd, so full of hope, and then
Cast down in fear to this cold world again,
As if that glance, so short, might still betray
The hope she rested on to light and day—
The trembling limbs,—the white, the marble brow,—
The cheek, now warm and flushed with thought—and now
As cold as death—that seemed to tell the strife
Within would cease but with departing life.
He saw it all—and had each hope of bliss
That fancy's dream had ever pictured his—
Each joy that earth could give—nay, even more,
The fond assurance that, when life was o'er,
And trials done, he, as his own faith told,
Would dwell in that pure place of shining gold,
That glorious world, where none could enter in
But unpolluted souls, freed from the sin
Of earth and earthly thoughts—been all at stake,
He would have bartered all—all for the sake
Of whispering but one soothing word—that he
Was still her own, whate'er her fate might be.

20.

One step he made, but caught the stern cold eye
Of that old druid fixed on him with high
And haughty look; yet that he heeded not, 
But, moving slowly forward from the spot 
Whereon he stood, he fixed a look upon 
The stern old man as haughty as his own:— 
Another—and Eanthe's fond alarms 
Would all have vanish'd in her Athro's arms— 
He would have clasp'd her to his heart, and spoke 
Those whisper'd words of love that never broke 
On other ears than hers;—yes, even there, 
In that high presence, and before that priest— 
That bold, stern man, and all those met to bear 
Their parts of honour in the sacred feast.

21.

Oh love! young, beautiful, and new-born love—
Youngest, yet strongest of the gods above—
Offspring of Beauty, who, without thy aid, 
Confess herself the shadow of a shade, 
Devoid of strength and power, how great thou art, 
How strong thy empire o'er the human heart!
Pride yields to thee, ambition flies away,
Like some dark thing before the light of day.
Wealth, wisdom, honours, riches, glory, all
Shrink from their station timidly, and fall
An easy prey, when thy pure torch is giv'n,
To light the heart where they have revelled long
In reckless mirth, as if no thought of heaven
Or thee could drive them from a hold so strong.

But hark! what sounds are these that float from earth,
And, heavenward borne, seem heavenly in their birth,
Again ascending to their native sphere,
As if they could no longer linger here,
So sweet, so pure, and so combined in one?
Hush! all is still, they tell the feast begun,
The feast of oaks, and Athro to the spot
Whereon he stood was fix'd, for, had he gone
But one step farther, his dishonoured lot
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS. 

Had been far worse than death. Oh death alone
He could have borne, but not from the high place
That once was his, to be cast in disgrace.
Yet such disgrace, such only could have been
His given fate, had he disturb'd this scene,
With what they deemed a burst of earthly love,
Though it was pure, yea, pure as heaven above.
And thus dishonoured,—thus thrust out from men,
Could his Eanthe think of him again?
No, for her sake he could have borne to die,
But not dishonoured from her sight to fly,
To lose her love, and to be look'd upon
All coldly then, as if he scarce were known.—
   And would she thus have look'd? He little knows
A woman's heart, who, when the wild wind blows,
Deems it will change. No; storms may rise,
And grief may dim, and sorrow cloud her skies,
And hopeless hours, and sunless days come on,
And years where all that spoke of bliss is gone,
And dark despair the gloomy future fill,
But, loving once, she loves thro' good and ill.

How beautiful and sweet those strains that fill
The air around, where all is now as still
And calm, as if each being of that crowd
Were but a statue, wrapt in death's pale shroud,
And not a thing of light and life, to move,
And breathe, and live, and speak, and hate and love.
The soft voluptuous swell, the dying fall
Of those sweet tones, spoke to the hearts of all.
Oh if there be one thing on earth to fear,
When breathing lips and blushing cheeks are near,
And downcast eyes, and trembling limbs, arrayed
In all the loveliness that earth has made,
And secret sin, with sharp, but hidden dart,
Seeks to assail the unsuspecting heart,
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

And win its way within, 'tis strains like those,
That fall as sweet as summer evening's close;—
Soft, soft they come, with their Elysian sound,
Stealing along, till every sense is drown'd
In sweet oblivion, and the melting heart
Yields all to that, from which it cannot part,
And only wakes, if it should wake at all,
To know how lost it is—how deep its fall.

24.

But hush! one lonely footstep falls upon
The listening ear, and breaks the silence now.
See—the pale sandaled priest slow gliding on,
With downcast eyes and deeply thoughtful brow,
In garments spotless as untrodden snow,
 Armed with the golden knife, approaches near
The knotted oak, clothed with that plant so dear,
And sacred to their race. Sedate and slow
He climbs its gnarled trunk, and, standing there,
Gives praise to Him, their god, for promise fair
Of glorious harvest from that sacred tree.
Still is the crowd, and grave the priest, while he
Thrusts in the sickle, and proceeds to reap
The more than valued plant. Rolled in a heap,
Untouch'd by human hand, or aught to blight
Its living beauty, it falls slowly down
Into the ample folds of the pure, white,
And spotless sagum, stretch'd beneath the brown
And gnarled trunk.—Oh what a splendid glow,
Like the last gleam of sunshine on the snow,
Came o'er that young priest's faded cheek, when first
The loud hurrah forth from the many burst,
And told the deed was done—'twas bright to view—
But, like that gleam, 'twas evanescent too.

25.

The priest descends—the milk-white bulls are slain,
Their hearts' best blood is sprinkled o'er the plain;
And even there, close by a scene full sad
To feeling hearts, the reckless high priest bade
The festal rites begin;—the woods around
Replied in strains, as joyous, to the sound
Of mirth and glee, that echoed far and wide,
From clouded hills to where the silver tide
Swept round their base.—Gay, joyous groups
of youth,
In whose bright glances all the light of truth
Seem'd blazing forth,—warm manhood in its prime,
And stern cold age, bent by the hand of time,
Were all assembled there, all joyful as
The summer morn, ere yet the noontide has
Brought heat, and clouds, and weariness, and toil,
The laughing beauty of its dawn to spoil.

But mirth, all innocent, alas! too soon
Gave place to revelry, and, ere the noon
Of midnight came, to riot;—then the cheek
Was flushed and high—the brow—the temples pale—
The red wine cup was drain'd—and woman's shriek
Of laughter wild was heard upon the gale,
With man's deep voice, as in lascivious round
Cheek pressed to cheek, and lip to lip, they wound
Through all the mazy dance, with loosened hair,
And naked breasts, and shoulders—bosom bare;
And slender arms in stronger arms entwin'd,
And panting limbs on panting limbs reclin'd,
And young fair forms on manhood's glowing breast,
With burning sighs, half fainting, sunk to rest.
But let the veil be dropped, and darkness shroud,
Within its deep impenetrable cloud,
Foul deeds like these, till ev'n their very name
Shall be forgotten, or but link'd with shame,—
For not those orgies of the days of old,
At whose bare name the shudd'ring heart grows cold,
Where nought that could of lewd debauchery boast,
Or sin—or wickedness—was ever lost,
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

Out-did, in wild intemperance, those feasts,
Led, ruled, encouraged, by religion's priests.

27.

Alas! ye virgins, in whose youthful eyes,
Such rites were things to mourn o'er and despise,
How hard a fate was yours!—Despising night
And superstition's reign, and all it cast
Of darkness o'er your land, ye were at last
Changed into things that ever shun the light,
And, wishing death, to endless life condemned,—
To life, that witnessed all ye most contemned.
Oh! to the sinless—pure, what doom can be
More dreadful than this endless guilt to see—
In utter, hopeless helplessness to dwell,
The heart in heaven, and yet beholding hell;
Dead,—yet alive,—it is to live in pain,
That life would fly, but seeks to fly in vain,
While cold triumphant death looks calmly on
The strugg'ling suff'rer, who would fain begone,
He cares not where—but only from that bed—
That endless dying, and yet never dead.

28.

And was Eanthe there?—No, she had gone
Unnoticed from the scene;—and now, alone—
Alone and fearless—in a distant spot
She mourned, in bitterness of heart, her lot.
The pale moon smil'd—the soft, the sighing breeze,
Wandered full gently through the leafy trees,
Scarce rippling o'er the surface of the stream,
That flow'd so calm—so still—beneath its beam.
The waveless tide lay slumb'ring too at rest,
And all was still—all, save Eanthe's breast,—
For winds may die, and storms and tempests cease,
And yet not leave the troubled sea at peace;
A trembling swell, a restless heaving seen,
Mark but too well where passing storms have been.
And could not this—an hour so still and blest,
So calm and holy, to Eanthe's breast
Its broken peace restore?—No, but from heaven
That gift could come—that blessed aid be given—
And, kneeling there, low on the ground, she bowed
Her pale wan cheek and ivory forehead to
The flowerets breathing round, while tear-drops flowed
Quick—quick on them, and, mingling with the dew
That hung upon their leaves, shone pure and bright—
Each like a sparkling gem of living light.
Oh there is beauty in a single tear
Of penitence thus shed,—but far more dear
To heaven the thought that utterance finds in prayer;—
Prayer like Eanthe's—who, thus kneeling, prayed
In singleness of heart, to Him who made
This world and her—that He would pardon all
EANTHE:

Her unknown sins, and free her from the thrall
Of bondage cast around.—Oh, it is sweet
To see the guiltless in a lone retreat,
Far from the haunts of men, thus humbled, meek,
And low of heart, steal from the crowd to seek
A mighty God;—a God whose chariots roll
Forth in their majesty, from pole to pole;
Who stills the storm, and bids the tempest cease,
And tells the raging waves to be at peace;
Who bids the thunders roll,—at whose command
Earth shakes,—and in the hollow of whose hand
The waste of waters dwell;—yet who hath said
To each of us, the creatures he hath made,
That where true worshippers have their abode,
There also will He be—a gracious God.

30.

The pale moon smiled upon the maiden's form,
As on some kindred spirit of its own,
Kneeling alone, when every vexing storm,
That raged on earth, was distant far, and gone,—
And all was peace,—and not a single tone
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

Disturbed the stillness,—not a sound was heard,
Save her low whispered prayer's ascending word.
But, hark! a heavier tread is near,—a dear
And well-known step,—"Is Athro here?"

The cheek, that was so pale but now,
Is crimsoned with a sudden glow,
That came so quick, and went so fast,
Ye scarce could notice when it past.
The light cloud on the mountain's side,—
Its shadow on the silv'ry tide,—
The restless sea-bird on the wing,—
The swiftest and most fleeting thing
That comes and goes in the short-liv'd space
Of a moment's thought, and leaves no trace
Behind to tell where it hath been,
Is not so passing, and may be seen
For a longer space than that blush upon
Eanthe's cheek;—'twas there,—'twas gone,—
Like some bright star from the firmament cast
To the earth below,—so quick it past.

But the calm, quiet smile of her tearful eye,
Like the gleams of light that come stealing thro'
The shadowy mist of a wat'ry sky,
Dispelling the clouds that would shade its blue,
Remained to tell, what the blush that was gone
Could never have told, that to look upon
Her Athro there, and to know him near,
Was the wish,—the hope,—to her heart most dear.

This—this is the beauty of trusting love,
When the heart, in its fondness, can repose
On a being on earth, as on one above,
And, in its confiding purity, knows
That the heart it loves to rest upon,
Beats with a faith as true as its own.

Had the innocent one known earth's alarms,
They would all have been hush'd in her Athro's arms.

31.

"Nay, my Eanthe, wherefore shed a tear
On such a night as this? Sure aught of fear
Cannot approach thy heart, when ev'ry rite
Performed to-day should put such fear to flight?"
All fear to flight, and fill that heart of thine
With fond assurance of an aid divine."

32.

The trembling reed that slightly shakes beneath
The passing wind, and bends before its breath,
Soon rears its head again; so, for a space,
Eanthe smiled, but smiling soon gave place
To thoughts more serious, and the maiden stood,
Firm in her innocence, and resting on
Her new-born faith—that, like a flood
Of light, dispelling darkness, came and shone
In all its brightness there. Oh could she now
But bring her Athro to believe on Him
Who died for all;—but see that open brow,
Dispelling those thick clouds, so dark and dim,
That hung around, shine forth in holy faith,
That were a triumph worthy even death.

33.

"Athro," she whispered, "higher aid is mine.
Nay, frown not, dearest,—would that aid were thine,—
EANTHE:

Would that, like me, my Athro, thou could'st rest
Thy future hopes on heav'n,—then very blest,
Oh! blest indeed, dear Athro, we should be.
What is the love that ends with parting life,—
That lives but in a world of sin and strife?—
Oh, less than nothing!—Can it be to thee
Aught to be prized?—Oh no, that love alone
Is perfect, which, begun below,
Grows sweeter tow'rd its close, when gazing on
That splendid world whose never-fading glow
Sheds light and beauty o'er its earthly death,—
For then—oh then, it only yields its breath
To spring to life in that pure heav'n above,
Where nothing comes but faith, and peace, and love."

34.

"Stay, fond enthusiast," Athro smiling said,
And clasped still closer to his breast the maid,—
"I know the Holy One who formed the earth,
And heav'n above," and to created birth
Gave life and being,—gave it not that they
Should, like some viewless nothing, melt away.
No, my Eanthe, lov'd one, there is still
Another world—I know it—where no ill
Can ever reach,—a place of glorious rest,
In whose bright halls of gold, all safe and blest,
Departed warriors dwell. There, my own love,
Or if not there, at least in one of those
Bright countless worlds of light that hang above
In all unbounded space, and, dazzling, move
Their trackless beauty thro' th' ethereal air,
We two shall meet again.—Yes, even there,
When time is past, its woes and troubles o'er,
And sorrow gone, we'll meet to part no more.—
Oh blessed thought,—that were a world of bliss!
Can yours, Eanthe, boast of aught like this?"

35.

"No, not like that; it boasts not aught that can
Give sensual bliss to mere created man:
Mine is a heav'n indeed; there none
Who follow sin can come,—the good alone,
And pure in heart, can ever enter there.—
Dear Athro, all thy palaces so fair,
And bright, and beautiful,—thy worlds of light
That hang above, so many sparkling gems,
Dazzling the darkness of the stilly night,
As fit to crown a thousand diadems,
Are but as dreams,—creations of the brain:
Lean on them, Athro, and thy trust is vain.—
There is no place of rest to mortals giv'n,
But one above, and, Athro, that is Heaven.

"Oh! had'st thou seen the venerable man,
With his grey hairs,—so pale ere he began
To talk of God and heav'n, and watch'd the flush
That o'er his cheek, like morn's first dawning blush,
So gently stole,—the lightning of his eye
That glanc'd like sunbeams from their native sky,—
His looks of hope and love,—the angel glow
Of more than light, that rested on his brow,
And heard his words of promise, as he told
Of his bright heav'n, compared to which, all gold
And precious stones are dross, ye would have given
Your own Eanthe to have gained this heav'n.—
Oh blessed place, where death's cold reign is o'er,
And evil cannot come, nor sorrow enter more,
And scorching heats and bitter colds are gone,
And midnight dews, with their damp chill, unknown,
Where God, the Lord, shall lead his people thro'
Glad scenes of bliss, unseen to mortal view,
And wipe the last bright shining tear away
From weeping eyes, that henceforth, pure as day,
Shall smile in love, and smiling, never know
A look of sorrow, nor a glance of woe."

36.

The maiden paused;—there are some thoughts too deep
For words to utter,—and she gently raised
Her clasped hands on high, and sought to keep
Her thoughts on heav'n, while inwardly she prais'd
The goodness of her God. No falling tear
Dropt from her eyes, now beautiful and clear
As some bright gem that sheds its lustre through
The darkness of the night;—their softened blue
EANTHE:

Was turned to heav’n, where it could only meet
A kindred colour; and angels, looking down
From their high place on her, look’d down to greet
A sister spirit—kindred to their own.

Oh what a sweet and blessed hope is that
Pure faith bestows on all,—pure faith,—and what
A recompense of love it meets from Him,
Without whose presence all on earth is dim,
And dark, and dull, as if the only light
That had created day, and gave it birth,
Were now extinguished in an endless night,
And shut for ever from this ruined earth.

37.

"Fond one, thou paintest well,—and could it be
That there was aught of truth in this new faith
Of thine, Eanthe, thy eternity
Would be most beauteous, and the hour of death
Most blest indeed. Oh yes, that heav’n is bright
Where spirits dwell, and uncreated light
Alone shines forth,—so beautiful, that I
Could wish for wings to flee away on high,
And be with thee, fond dreamer, always there.—Nay,—chide not, love, it is so passing fair,
That, in the words which thy old man hath said,
The eastern king, Agrippa, used, when made
To know the prophets, I could say to thee,
That "almost thou persuadest me to be
A Christian." But there cannot be, fond one,
A heav'n like this,—or if, indeed, there were,
Save such as thee, where, since the world began,
Could those of heart so pure, or mind so fair,
Be found to dwell, as blest sojourners, there.
Oh not, Eanthe, not for such as me,
Could aught so bright, or beauteous, destined be."

38.

"And with the words the meek old man re-
plied
So mildly to the king, dear Athro, I
Could answer thee." The maiden softly sighed,
And raised her bright blue eyes to heaven on
high,
Then dropt them to the earth—"Oh! would that thou,
And all who hear the word, would humbly bow
Down to this blessed faith."—Thou canst not say,
That, when the pure sun rises, and the day
Breaks forth, there is no light! Oh, no! for that
Would be most vain indeed; then, Athro, what
Canst thou now say against that faith, whose light,
From its own high source springing, shineth o'er
Whole slumb'ring worlds, with a ray so bright,
That death and sin are lost for evermore?
Is there no sun from whence a ray like this,
So bright—so pure—must emanate? Oh! bliss
To know there is—to know, that when this dust
To dust returns, the rock wherein we trust
Shall not remove. Athro, it cannot be,
That this pure faith, whose ev'ry lesson fraught
With heav'ly wisdom, teacheth men to be
So godlike in their minds, and in which He,
Its sinless Author, walked as he had taught,
Should e'er deceive. No—no—He laboured on
Throughout a suff'ring life, and bore the scorn
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

Of wicked, evil men, who gazed upon
His suff'ring and reviled.—Oh! the sharp thorn,
That pierced his bleeding brow, felt not so keen
Or sharp as this cold scorn,—yet he was seen
To pray for them, and earnestly to pray—
"Father, forgive—they know not what they say."—
Mild—spotless—sinless in himself, his life
Was one of suffering, and marked by strife,
And grief and woe, till He resigned the load,
When all was finished, to his Father—God.

39.

"And where was this? Upon the accursed tree
He bowed his head and died, that we might be
Redeemed from sin and death;—there he re-
signed
His blameless life from love to human kind.—
Can faith that leads to this be false or vain?
Oh, no!—All born of sorrow and of pain
Is ever true—'tis but the meteor gleams
Of earthly joy, whose bright but passing beams
EANTHE:

Shine for a season, that are false indeed—
False—for who trusts to them leans on a reed
That withers in the gale, and, tempest tost,
He wakes to know, too late, that all is lost.
But unto those who trust in heav'n above,
This cannot be.—A legacy of love
Was left them by their Saviour when the grave
Gave up its dead—"It is my will to save
Those who believe"—Oh! then, do thou believe,
For He that cannot lie will not deceive
Who place their trust in him.—He speaks to all,
To worlds, not one—to those who hear his call—
"Come ye that labour—come, and I shall give
Sweet rest to you—Oh! come to me and live."
Then fly from sin, and be assured that He
Will not forsake or cast out such as thee.
He hath no pleasure in the sinner's death,
But rather that he turn from sin to faith,
And live with Him—for his affecting cry
Is still the same—"Oh! turn—why will ye
die?"
"It is most true, the pure in heart shall see
Their God—Jehovah—and at last where He
For ever reigns, shall live—and true, that all
Who hear his voice, and listen to his call,
May be thus pure in heart—for he sent down
His own dear Son to call lost sinners to
Repentance here, that they who in his frown
Had withered long, and who had nought to do
With heav'n or Him, might, by his Spirit shed
O'er hearts like theirs, receive a life to them,
Bright, bright as that to one who from the dead
Should rise to be crown'd with a kingly gem.
Oh! then believe,—Athro, I know thou wilt:
Come, dearest, to that fount where sinners' guilt
Is washed away, and made, though it should be
More red than crimson, white as drifted snow.
Come, dearest, come, and think, oh! think what He
Hath promised, in his grace,—that those who go
Shall live and reign for ever, where no night
Can ever be, and, clothed in robes of white,
With palms in either hand, shall with the Lamb, 
The bright, the everlasting, pure "I Am," 
Who sits and reigns, the light of life alone— 
Dwell, and for ever, on a golden throne."

41.

"The Lord of Glory condescends to hold 
Bright promises like these, more pure than gold 
Thrice tried in fire, forth to lost wand'ring here. 
Oh! think then, Athro, think how very dear 
Thy soul to Him—and will not He who came 
To give new life to all, free thee from blame— 
He, rich in grace, who turned his guiltless head, 
Pale, to the lost one on the cross, and said: 
"Thy sins be all forgiven—thou shalt be 
This very night in Paradise with me."

Turn—turn then, Athro,—turn without delay, 
Nor, unexamined, cast this faith away; 
It may be true, and if it should be so, 
Think deeply and reflect what thou dost throw 
Away from thee;—be not like him who sold, 
For earth's enjoyment, that high prized birthright,
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

Which he thereafter would have given gold,
And power and riches, earthly rule and might,
To purchase back again,—but all too late,
For his own hand had sealed his wayward fate."

42.

Oh! words from lips we love,—the words of truth
Spoke with the zeal—the fervency of youth,
Have weight we dream not of. Ev'n Athro gazed
On that flushed cheek, and those bright eyes upraised
To heav'n as to their home, until she seemed
More like a beauteous being to be dreamed
About than seen. He gazed on her, and smiled,—
But not in scorn, for his Eanthe's mild
And simple language touched him, and he felt
Half yielding, half convinced. He bowed, he knelt
Close by her on the ground, and raised his eyes
As if to find in those blue dazzling skies
That hung above, the heav'n she had described,—
So fair, so beautiful—so like a dream
Of some bright fancied hope. Oh! this was sweet,
But passed as swiftly as the gleams we meet
In midnight's hour, that are, but what they seem,
Too beautiful to last. The wand'ring beam
Of the pale moon shone on him; and again
He smiled, but this time at himself—how vain
Th' attempt, he deemed, to alter his firm faith;
To alter it? he fancied even death
Could ne'er effect this change, and yet he lov'd
Eanthe far too well not to be mov'd
By her kind words. The arrow had been sent
Forth at a venture, but with strength unspent
Had reached its aim, although the wounded deer,
In the high splendour of his wild career,
Scarce knew it rankled there. His fear was now
For her alone; the new-born faith—the broken vow
Of his Eanthe—all might be betrayed
To their old priest, and she stand forth denounced
To one—to all—an erring Christian maid.
Oh! could he bear to hear her doom pronounced?
No, no—he could not—could not see that form
Sink down beneath the terror of the storm,
A wither'd leaf—a fair but blighted gem,
Struck, as it were, from some bright diadem.
High hopes were his—high smiling hopes, and he
Look'd forward, sure, that long ere this could be,
His own Eanthe from her fancied faith
Would yet be weaned, nor follow it to death.

43.

He watched her pallid cheek,—"How pale thou art,
How deadly pale, thou lov'd one of my heart!
These trembling limbs can scarce support a frame
That, shadowy like, is fading fast away.
Oh! can it be that faith, which boasts a name
So beautiful as thine, can bring decay
And ruin such as this? It cannot be,
My fond Eanthe.—No! Think'st thou that He,
Who made a heav'n so bright, would ever form
The way to it through sorrow, clouds, and storm?—
The path that leads to mansions such as thine,
If such there were, would be all pure—divine—
No cloud to dim its beauty, nought to throw
A shadow o'er its way—and they who go
In such a path, with such an end in view,
Would journey on in peace, and gladness too—
No sorrowing tear to dim the glancing eye—
No thought to pale the cheek, nor yet a sigh
To pain the heart, or throb to break its rest—
For all would be most holy, calm, and blest.
But thy wan cheeks are pale,—and thy soft eyes
Are full of troubled thought,—deep heavy sighs
Escape thy lab'ring breast. Oh can a faith
That speaks of life, but looks so like to death,—
That tells of flowers that cannot die away,
But looks so like to pale and wan decay,—
That talks of beauty and of lasting bliss,
But brings a sorrow, cold and sad as this,
Lead on to joy? I cannot see thee thus,
Eanthe,—love, and be so credulous!—
No, thou wilt leave this faith,—this erring faith—
Nay, smile not, dear,—or, if not leave, at least
Conceal it now. Oh think, Eanthe, death,
Cold death, would be thy fate, if that stern priest
Should even dream the fav'rite of his race
In her pure breast had yielded it a place.
Then hide it there, and save thyself for mine,
Eanthe, for my sake, if not for thine,—
And tho' that heart, whose ev'ry thought is pure
As innocence itself, should still remain
Fixed on that faith it will not yet abjure,—
Let not this prayer be made to thee in vain.”

44.

“Nought ask'd by thee, dear Athro, can be vain,—
And all thou askest now, is aided by
Those earthly thoughts and wishes that remain
Still ling'ring in my breast. I cannot die,—
Oh, that I could,—and show how well this faith
Can brave the terrors of the grave and death.
But this weak heart still clings too much to earth,
As loath to quit the mansion of its birth,
And dreads to suffer ev'n one throb of pain
For Him who suffered all—and not in vain—
That it might be restored to life again.
But deem not thou, because this erring heart
Clings to the earth, from which it cannot part,
As it would wish to do, that there is nought
Of beauty in salvation, thus outwrought.
If there be wrong,—believe it is in me,
Not in my faith,—nor deem that it can be
Untrue, or yet to blame, because one to
Whom it is preached should be herself untrue.—
Oh! the worst pang I know is that this dust
Fears for itself, and cannot place its trust
Where it alone should rest. Lord, when will this
Sad struggle end?—Oh when wilt thou receive
Thine erring creature to thy home of bliss,
Where nothing is that ever can deceive?
Oh pardon, Lord, the vain, the fond deceit,
That guides away from thee my wand'ring feet,
And leads this weak and trembling frame to bear
A part in which its heart can have no share.—
Let it be fixed on thee,—Lord, guide the will,
And with pure thoughts of heav'n my bosom fill,
That wheresoe'er this fading form may be,
Its fadeless spirit, at least, may dwell with Thee.”

45.

The grey light of the morning dawned, and
shone,
In its pale beauty, silently upon
These two;—they stood, in sorrow both,—the
cheek
Of one was wet,—but ye might seek in vain
For aught like tears upon the placid, meek,
Quiet count'nance of the maid,—there was no
stain
Of earthly sorrow there;—and if ye ask—
‘ Why this should be?’—to tell would be a task
Most difficult. I could not say,—nor could
I e'er divine why stern man's proud cheek should
Sometimes be wet with tears, and woman's dry.
It long has been a mystery, that I
Could not explain,—unless indeed it be,
That there is something more than we can see
Of passive firmness, in a woman's mind,
Than in the breast of sterner man enshrined.
Canto Second.

1.

Time pass'd, and with it brought, as Time will do,
Some mirth,—some joy,—but grief and sorrow too;
For these will come, and these will pass away,
Lik'ning all life to some sweet April day
That has its changes, but which only bring
New bursts of sunshine from each troubled hour,
Bright as the lightning's glance on vivid wing,
That shoots along when storms have ceased to lour.
And this is life;—yet sorrow has a day
That brings no change, but, still the same, drags on
EANTHE:

Its wintry length without that varying play
Of smiles and tears that lives for spring alone.
This many know,—ev'n while bright days run on
The *same* to others, or, if altered, bringing
Spring bursts of gladness like the joyous singing
Of some young bird, whose gay and gladsome tone
Breathes for the time of cloudless hours alone.

2.

The earth was still the same,—the cloudless skies,—
The sun that rose, as he was wont to rise,—
The mountain's height,—the wild sea's murmuring sound,—
The thoughtless crowd that ran its giddy round,
Nor ever marked the altered look and tone,
Albeit that crowds like these are but too prone
To mark such change,—the falt'ring step,—the eye
That glanc'd no longer its bright look on high
But cast it down to earth,—the pallid cheek,
On whose cold surface 'twere in vain to seek
TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

One ray of living heat,—the trembling frame
Of her who now could only boast the name,
But not the heart, of one who erst had been
The gayest, gladdest in each festive scene,—
Its life,—its joy,—its happiness,—its mirth,—
As thoughtless—heedless—wild as aught on earth
Could ever be. This was a sudden change,—
That it should not be marked was very strange.
Yet it was so,—and but one heart alone
Had mark'd it come, and watch'd its progress thro'
Each different stage, with feelings like her own,
As if they now with life had nought to do.

3.

Oh it is sad to notice, day by day,
In those we love, the slow but sure decay—
The wasting dream—the fever of the mind
That steals along yet leaves its mark behind—
To see the change—to watch the lovely wreck—
And one by one to feel each heart-string break—
Each binding cord give way—each fond tie sever,
Till love,—and joy,—and hope,—are gone for ever.
They who have loved can feel,—aye, feel and know
This deep and wild extremity of woe,
That in its dark despondency weighs on
The heart when all that dazzled life is gone,—
When nothing more remains for it to do,
Save but to watch, in hopelessness, the wreck
That held its freight of life, till from the view
It fades for ever,—then lay down and break.

4.
Not even her faith could quell the struggle in Eanthe's breast, although no thought of sin
Had mast'ry there; but oh, her heart as yet
Had ties on earth, and she could not forget
Those darling ties, nor give to heav'n alone
The heart she knew should all have been its own.
This was the struggle, and her bent down head,
That drooped like some pale flow'ret on its bed
When struck by frost, and with'ring in the gale,
Told of its strength and force,—for this cold earth,
With heav'n contending in the breast, gives birth
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

To nought but grief and woe; and weak and frail
Our best endeavours are. Too well she knew
That they who seek to rise to lasting bliss
With earth below have nothing more to do,
But must renounce a world of sin like this;
She knew it,—but could not renounce as yet
The world where Athro was,—could not forget
The cherished visions of her earlier day,
Nor, waking, seek to cast its dreams away.

5.

'Tis summer now, and now the laughing sun
Shines on the earth, and earth to him returns
Smiles like his own,—like those from beauty won
By dazzling eyes, when first its young cheek burns
Beneath their glowing look,—and nature's dress
Is all adorned,—adorning loveliness.
And things inanimate are very fair,
And still and beautiful, and each thing too
That boasts of life, or breathes the living air,
That floats around, and floating seems to woo
The fragrance of sweet flowers, all blooming there,
As gaily beautiful as if no sin
Had trode this earth, or tempest walked within
Its fairy bowers, in gladness seeks to raise
Its mite of tribute to its Maker's praise.
All—all save man. Alas, why should it be
That his alone, of all created birth,
Should be the guilty race? Alas, that he
Should mar his Maker's image, and defile,
With his dark presence and his aspect vile,
The good,—the pure,—the beautiful on earth.

Oh fallen man, ev'n here thy presence came,
All hot and blasting, like the lightning's flame,—
All woe-denouncing o'er a scene of bliss,
If aught that is upon an earth like this
Deserves a name that only should be giv'n
To one pure place,—a spotless, sinless heav'n—
To spoil its mirth,—to bid its stillness cease,—
To mar its beauty, and destroy its peace.

6.

'Tis Beltein's Eve,² and every sacred height
Again is blazing with its wonted light,
And ev'ry cairn now boasts two kindled pires,
Above, below, lit from those vestal fires,
From day to day, and year to year, so watched,
That even he, the daring one who snatched
Fire from the chariot wheels that whirled thro'
Th' expanded heav'n's pale arch of mantling blue,
And with this soul of new-born light and day
Sought to reanimate his kindred clay,
With like intent had sought these fires in vain,
Or, seeking once, had never sought again;
For not Pandora's box of evil birth
Had shed so many ills o'er prostrate earth,
As those stern priests, with ev'ry feeling dead,
Save that of pride, had heaped upon his head,
Nor left ev'n hope, which still remained behind,
Within the fatal gift, when on the wind
Its many ills were sent all far and wide,
To light the hearts—that but for it had died.

7.

And, like the Galli, Cybel's far famed priests,
When met to celebrate their impious feasts,
With clanging noise and wild outrageous din,
And rites condensing many a nameless sin,
So met the priests of this stern race once more.
As wildly frantic as those priests of yore.

They met in their high place, whereon was built
A lasting altar for their deeds of guilt—
For human sacrifice,—for human blood—
To stream forth on it in a weltering flood.

And young and old, priests, maidens, men, and fair
Young beauteous ones, and all the race were there.
Yes, all were there to gaze upon the light
Of that pure sun that shone so warm and bright,
And, in return for his meridian blaze,
To offer human blood,—as if those rays
They deemed so pure, could, all unclouded, bear
To look on deeds like those now acted there,
Nor sick'ning turn, all shudd'ring from the sight,
And hide for ever from their guilt his light.
No sound is heard throughout th' assembled throng,
The long procession silent moves along—
The priests in garments pure as spotless snow
In some untrodden place—all still and slow,
As if one word—one look—one breath—one sound
Would mar the scene, or break the spell that bound
Their spirits to the deed.—Mid-way between
The first and last, two trembling victims seen
Came slowly falt'ring on—their downcast eyes
Bent on the earth, as if no more to rise
In joy or sorrow to those beauteous skies
That hung above. Such is the captive's death—
Thus the poor victim yields his parting breath.
But man—proud man—in freedom strong, may die
In other guise, and on the earth or sky,
On friend or foe, bestow a parting glance,
In joy or sadness, as his hope may chance
EANTHE:

To be at that dread hour.—Even he, who, cast
Upon the world of waters, breathes his last
On that wide sea that has to him no shore,
May give one look of hope ere life be o'er,
And strength be spent,—and, longing, stretch
his hand
To grasp at something he may fancy land—
He dies in hope—the captive can but die
Bound as he is in hopeless agony.

The long procession, followed by a throng
Of other victims, wound its way along
The silent glades, whose deep and lovely shade
Of mellowed light was never meant or made
For scenes of death like these—till, moving on,
It reached at length the lowly altar stone.
Ah, to the Christian's ear, in that sweet name
How much of beauty breathes—of hope—of faith—
His Saviour's love—his own escape from shame,
And sin and guilt, and thro' that love from death.
To him a name of joy—life's treasured gem—
It only spoke of hopeless death to them
Who, trembling there, stood all prepared to close
This last, this final scene of many woes.

10.

The priests advance—and bright each kindled pire
Now blazes high with its celestial fire.—
Oh, God of heaven, what wild unearthly cry
Is that ascending far and wide, and high,
And loud and shrill? Oh God, what can it be
That speaks so plain of mortal agony?
The two lost victims fall—the first to die,
Their that wild shriek—theirs that unearthly cry.
They fall to rise no more—by one fell blow
On earth's green sward laid prostrate—dead and low—
Their dim fix'd eyes still turn'd to Heaven, as if
They yet could see its pure and spotless blue,
And sightless—orbless—rigid—cold and stiff,
EANTHE:

Could watch some messenger descending thro'
The op'ning vault to bear their spirits to
That bright tribunal, which the pure in heart
Alone can breathe a hope—a wish to view—
Nor dread to hear, "Hence, ye accursed, depart."

11.

The heart of each had scarcely ceased to beat,
Each limb yet quiver'd with the vital heat,
When, still more fierce than that fell bird which tore
The yet warm liver from surrounding gore;
These priests the entrails of their victims drew
Forth from their flesh, yet quiv'ring—warm—and threw
These entrails, and their hearts, all bleeding, on
The fire ascending from the sacred stone.
The many shouted, and, all dabbled o'er,
Hands—face—and arms, with clots of human gore,
The high priest bless'd the multitude, and rais'd
His hands on high, and shouted, "God be prais'd."
And, as in sacrifice, he sprinkled round
The victim's blood upon the verdant ground,
One drop, one little drop fell on the white
And spotless garment that Eanthe wore,
As if to leave some trace of it to blight
Her sinless thoughts, when ev'n that rite was o'er.

12.

The many shouted loud, and drew from this
An omen high of happiness and bliss;
And hail'd their priestess with delight, as one
On whom the joys of heav'n already shone;
Thus marked with sacrificial blood, and blest,
And thus distinguish'd far above the rest.
But she, Eanthe, 'twas no joy to her,
She saw their madness—knew they did but err,
Knew but one blood of sprinkling e'er could give
Peace to the soul, or bid the sinner live.
That was not blood of goats, nor rams—nor yet
Of those who liv'd in sin, and could forget
The God who made them, and who, day by day,
Despis'd his laws, and thrust his faith away.
These—these could no atonement make, nor bring
One bright’ning hope to soothe the bitter sting
Of sin and death, or light the pilgrim through
The darkness of the grave, which to our view
Lies open wide, but ever is forgot.
No—slain in thousand thousands, these could not
Efface one sin.—This only could be done
By God the Father’s own eternal Son
Appearing in our form, and laying down
His blameless life in sinless death to gain,
For those who should believe, a heav’nly crown,
When death was past, and sorrow, woe, and pain
Had ceas’d to be, and, far upon the wing
The spirit rose, a bright immortal thing.
Oh, blessed hope!—’tis true that man for man
Has sometimes died, and life for life been given.
But love like this—what heart—what thought
Can scan,
That God should give his Son to gain all heav’n
For a rebellious race. Oh, wond’rous plan,
The sinless died, that sin might be destroyed,
And endless life by sinful ones enjoyed.
13.

She mov'd not—breath'd not—lent no list'ning ear
To sounds of joy she cared no more to hear;
Far other thoughts, and of a better kind,
Now lay instilled within her gentle mind.
On these she liv'd—they were her only joy,
And gave a hope that Time could not destroy,
Eternity deface—nor night, nor day,
Nor storms, nor tempests ever drive away.

14.

And could she gaze upon a scene like this,
Where all was sin, and nothing spoke of bliss—
She who, in silent watches of the night,
Had lain and dreamt how beautiful and bright
Her own hopes were? Could she thus gaze on woe,
And sin, and suffer'ing, all unmoved? Oh no.
Cold—shuddering from the sight, she turn'd away,
Sick—sick at heart—pale as the lifeless clay
The sculptor forms his marble image from.
Feelings the weary know—that make their home
Within their breast, were hers, as from the sight
She turn'd away, loathing the very light
That shone so bright upon the blood-stained ground.
Earth—heav'n—the victimstoo—all reel'd around.
Life—light—to her seem'd fading very fast,
And murm'ring, "Oh, forgive,"—the present—past—
All vanished from her view—and this poor, lost
And weary wand'rer found a moment's blest
Unconscious shelter to her tempest tost,
And worn and feeble frame. She lay at rest
In Athro's arms. Oh, happy had she been
To rest for ever thus—there to remain,
Nor ever wake in this cold world again.
But this was not her fate;—she had not seen
Enough of sorrow yet—and Athro's voice,
That gentle voice that bade her heart rejoice,
And whispered now in low, but earnest tone,
"Be calm, dear love, be calm, or all is gone,"
Brought her nigh parting spirit back again,  
To witness more of life—to witness more of pain.  
The high priest gazed upon them both, and shook  
His hoary head, and cast a with'ring look  
On all around, and mutt’ring from the shrine  
Where he made sacrifice, "She shall be mine,"  
Bade the young priests with ready hands begin  
The last great sacrifice to Bel for sin.

15.

The priests obey, and victims now are brought  
To this stern sacrifice, with horror fraught.  
Men—women—children—not to spill their blood  
In streams on earth—an unavailing flood.  
No—thus to die—to suffer death like this,  
So sudden, quick—they would have fancied bliss.  
Their was not such—to them no hope was giv’n  
To perish free, with blue eyes fix’d on heav’n.  
Oh no—for cruelty refined had wrought  
Another way to make the bitter draught  
More bitter still, and they were doomed to know  
And meet with death, in agony and woe.
The ready hands prepare a figure made
Of twisted osiers curiously arrayed
In strange habiliments—yet one might trace
A semblance in it to the form and face
Of human nature,—in its height most tall,
It was like some gigantic animal,
Or that strange wonder of the world which stood
So many ages o'er the Rhodian flood,
Stretch'd far across, a foot on either strand,
Like some huge bridge, connecting land with land,
And yet, on earth, aspiring, tow'ring high,
Till lost amidst the blueness of the sky.
The arms, and legs, and sides of this tall, strange
Unearthly figure, now were filled with those
Unhappy ones—all piled up, range on range,
Within its hollow frame, whose chinks disclose
A puny infant here, its thin lips prest
Against a brawny arm, seeking for rest
And nourishment where none could be; and there
A brow and cheek yet beautiful and fair,
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

But pale with suff'ring,—and again, the form
Of some tall man, that ev'n the wildest storm
Might erst have raged and beat against in vain,
But now bent down, and crush'd and broke with pain.
And forms and figures, all confusedly placed,
Yet human all, might thro' these chinks be traced.

17.

The priests advance, and now they pile around
Huge heaps of brushwood on the parched ground,
Dry, arid leaves, and chips all sprinkled o'er
With blood and oil, and mingled fat and gore;
And, 'midst the crashing of a thousand loud,
Unearthly shoutings from th' assembled crowd,
And noise of instruments of every kind,
Borne far and high upon the gentle wind,
The stern old priest, approaching to the pire,
With ready hand applies the kindling fire,
And shouts of joy, and smoke and flames arise,
Together mingled, to the azure skies,
As that huge figure and its living freight
Are both consigned to this unsparing fate.
But hush—Oh, God of heav'n! what wild shrill cries,
And shrieks of agony, are those which rise,
Ascending far and high, above the din
Of those without, from those confined within
That living tomb?—Oh! mortal cannot know
The shriek—the cry—in this extreme of woe,
Th' expiring victims give. The flames had now
Sprung from the sides, and wreath'd them round the brow
Of the huge figure,—and the shriek that rose,
In hopeless agony and pain, from those
Confined within its hot and burning womb,
As in a living and a fiery tomb,
Struck sudden, wild, and shrill upon the ear,
Above all other sounds. Oh! none could hear
These shrieks, and be unmoved; for that last cry
Of dying nature breath'd an agony
So deeply wild, the gay and shouting crowd
Half turned away, yet, turning, shouted loud
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

And louder still, and clash'd their cymbals high,
As if such sounds could drown the victim's cry,
Or mirth so false raise up one thought within
Their hearts, responding to such hollow din.

19.

Ev'n Athro shudder'd, and hung down his head,
And, faithful yet, half wish'd he had been dead,
Ere his young eyes had seen so much to blight
His high raised hopes,—or witnessed this dark sight,—
And, all unnoticed, silently withdrew
His own Eanthe from the frantic crew—
Too much—too busily employed to see
Aught that concerned them not—aught that could be
A hindrance to their mirth,—and bent his feet
With her once more to their own calm retreat.

20.

Oh, after hours when wild excitement rears
Within the heart a thousand hopes and fears,
For ever changing, like the restless glow
Of some bright Iris on this world below,
How calm, and still, and beautiful the hour,
When hopes and fears have lost their wonted power,
And the worn weary heart can rest upon
A heart whose thoughts are faithful as its own!
Like the calm twilight that succeeds the ray
Of burning suns on summer's hottest day,
'Tis rest more sweet that troubled hours are past,
And restless day has disappeared at last;
For, in its stillness, with untroubled eye,
We then may gaze on the pure cloudless sky
We knew was there, but could not see before,
Till the too dazzling light of day was o'er.

'Twas thus Eanthe felt, as on the breast
Of Athro, half reclined, she lay at rest,
And turned her meek, her unupbraiding eye,
Just raised to heav'n, from that pure cloudless sky
That hung above, to gaze on eyes as blue,
But dear, more dear and precious in her view.
For, come what may in after years of life,
Oh! come what may of storms, and toil, and strife,
The heart looks back to its first early dream
Of youthful love, as something pure and bright
It cannot know again, but whose dear beam
Still casts its beauty o'er the darkest night.—
At least, with earthly dreams, if not with those
Fond hopes that fix the heart where neither woes
Nor griefs can come, or sin be known again,
Or sorrow be,—'tis so;—and even when
Hopes are thus bright, some linger still on earth,
And cling to it,—the place of their young birth,—
Their first love there—they would but cannot rise,
Nor part from it—not ev'n to gain the skies.
Ah, ling'ring heart, pure faith will only come
By slow degrees, like dawning light of day,
To pierce the darkness, where thou liest like some
Cold troubled thing—from mercy far away.
Long, on the sun's bright piercing rays,  
The eaglet from its rock may gaze,  
Before its wings can serve to bear  
Its matchless, glorious spirit there:  
And thou—thou too must wait, and watch and pray,  
Till light arise in all its fadeless strength;  
And then, in faith all strong and bright, away  
To heaven and bliss thou may'st ascend at length.

But ah, Eanthe, faith like this, as yet  
Was not all thine—for thou could'st not forget  
Thy youthful dreams—thy first, thy early love,  
Which seemed to thee so pure, that heav'n above,  
Compared with it, was dark, and dull, and cold,—  
And that one look, so like thy looks of old,  
On Athro fixed—that unupbraiding look  
From those sunk eyes—and that pale form that on  
His bosom lay reclined, it might have shook  
His heart and soul, had they been made of stone.
22.

In such still looks there sometimes is a power
Of eloquence more deep than even when
The speaker bursts, in some impassioned hour,
Forth into strains he cannot know again.
The heart speaks to the heart, and words are not
Of use where language is itself forgot.
And so they felt—these two, while dreaming o'er
Hopes that seemed like some sea without a shore,
And thinking of the past—that scene of blood
That came o'er mem'ry, like a drowning flood,
Destroying all they could have rested on,
Of joy or bliss, had such to them been known.
They spoke not—mov'd not—not till Athro prest
The maiden gently to his throbbing breast,
And whispered, "Fearful—what have we to do
With scenes so dreadful, and so cruel too?"

23.

As some bent bow, when loosened from the string
That long has held its quick elastic spring,
Starts back, so sprung the maiden at that word,  
As if within her soul some magic cord  
By it had then been burst—some cord that bound  
High hopes and wishes fetter'd to the ground.  
She stood erect, with bright and glancing eye—  
Clasped hands—and looks turn'd towards the  
azure sky,  
As if disease had never shook her frame,  
And grief and woe had but been known by  
name—  
"Oh, fly then, Athro, fly this spot with me,  
To some bright place where we shall both be  
free—  
No jealous eye to watch—no tongue to pain  
With slighting words, or cruel mocking strain—  
No blood-stained priest, or deed, but I shall be  
Thine own—thine only priest, to teach to thee  
Mine own pure faith, and point the way to Him,  
Without whose presence all were dark and dim,  
Were ev'n that all, dear Athro, blest with thee;—  
Oh, fly then, Athro, fly this spot with me."
"With thee—oh, that were bliss.—With only thee,
The waste—the dreary wilderness, would be
A place of songs, where, woe and sorrow gone,
We two might live, and love, alone—alone.
Far—far from those stern priests, and cruel, cold
Unfeeling men, whose creed and faith still hold
So high a place where they should not have been.
Hist—hist—Eanthe ;—had I only seen—
Or known this founder of thy faith to be
The Saviour sent of God, so oft foretold
By prophets long ago—by priests of old—
I could have then believed—and lov’d Him, too,
with thee."

"Ah, hadst thou seen, thou couldst not but believe—
But that kind Saviour, who cannot deceive,
Himself hath said, that blest indeed are those
Who have not seen, and yet with faith repose
Their trust in Him—believing what was told,
And wrote, and said by men inspired of old.

"Thou hast not seen, dear Athro, it is true—
And yet thou wilt believe—for none can view
The life that Saviour led—the cross He bore—
The death He suffer'd—He, the sinless one,
And, trying these, by all foretold of yore,
Still not believe Him God's eternal Son.
No—Athro, listen to a tale of woe,
And grief and suff'ring, written years ago.

26.

"In ancient days, long ere this world began
To wear its present hue, there liv'd a man,
Who passed his days from youth to age in prayer.
'Twas in the land of Judah, bright and fair,
And beautiful as day, the far famed land
That reared so many prophets, ere the hand
Of God's own vengeance came to smite, and lay
Its fields all waste, in ruin and decay,
The son of Amoz lived,—even he who saw,
And mourned to see, a more than broken law.
He was a man, the image of his God,—
His sinless heart was virtue's own abode
Wherein th' Almighty dwelt,—the God who taught
That good old man full many a lesson, fraught
With heav'nly wisdom, and inspired his mind
To tell the race of ruined, lost mankind,
What yet should happen in long after years,
To scatter gladness o'er this vale of tears.

Hear, Athro, how this prophet, priest of old,
My—nay thine—our Saviour's birth foretold,—
His birth and office,—hear, and doubt no more
That He has come, but, as on the sweet shore
Of some calm sea, the long lost bark at last
Finds peace and shelter, let thy hope be cast
On Him alone,—and let thy anchor be
Thus fix'd and sure thro' all eternity.

27.

"The ancient man foretold that one should come,"
In after years, who should grow up as some
EANTHE:

Sweet beauteous plant, in ground that long had been
Cold, parched, and dry;—and coming thus, and seen,
He should not be desired, but rather be
Rejected and despised by those whom He
Would seek to save;—while, in derision, they
Would smile on Him in sorrow's bitter day,—
Mock at his grief,—laugh when his tears should flow,—
Conceal their faces, and revile his woe.
And, while on earth, that his sad lot should be
But one of grief and pain,—and yet that He
Should know no sin, but preach unto the meek
Glad joyful tidings of good things, and seek
The broken-hearted, and the man who bore
A wounded spirit,—each sad wound to bind,—
The weeping captive, to throw wide the door
To him and all who had in prison pined,—
The man who mourned, and sprinkled o'er his head
The dust of grief, to feed him with the bread
Of love and beauty,—he who knew but toil
And sin, and woe, to pour on him the oil
Of joy for grief,—the bowed down to raise,—
The sad restore,—and with the garb of praise,
So pure and white, clothe one and all, till they
Should sing proud Zion's songs, and sorrow flee away.
And, when He came, that He should bear our grief,
And bring our sorrows and our sins relief,—
The sent of God,—and yet we should esteem Him smitten,—struck,—as with a weaver's beam,
Afflicted,—broken,—bent beneath the load
Of sin and suffering, by his Father, God.
That He for us should suffer more than this,—
Should leave the realms of everlasting bliss,
To bear our guilt, and to be wounded sore
For our transgressions, and be bruised for Our many sins,—while on Him should be laid All our iniquity, and He be made
The scape-goat of that sin ;—the One to bear A bitter chastisement, which none could share,—
That of *our* peace, that pardon might be sealed,  
And *we*, by stripes thus laid upon *Him*, healed.  
And, ere death came, that He should be oppressed,—  
Despised,—forsaken,—scourged,—and sore distressed,—  
Bruised,—bent,—and buffeted,—His bleeding brow  
Crowned with sharp thorns,—while He should calmly bow  
Beneath the load, like some pale suff'rering saint,  
Who drinks his cup of care and sorrow dry,  
Yet breathes no murmur,—utters no complaint,  
Nor gives to pain ev'n one expiring sigh.  
Till, consummation sad, when this was past,  
His painful life brought to its close at last,—  
From prison led, from judgment brought, tho' He  
Had done no violence, nor could there be  
Deceit in Him, as some young lamb to  
Its death, He should be led,—as it before  
Its shearers, should be dumb,—and, all in view  
That closed his life, and told his mission o'er,
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

He should not ope His mouth, but calmly go
Thro' this last scene of suff'ring and of woe:
And, when 'twas done,—tho' 'twas his fate to die
With sinners, still He with the rich should lie.'

28.

"All this was told some seven hundred years
Before He came to this cold world of tears.
Told of our Saviour, Athro, told of Him,
Without whose presence heav'n itself were dim,
If heav'n could be where He was not to share
The bliss He purchased for believers there.—
And, when He came, was not His birth and life
One scene of suff'ring, sorrow, woe, and strife,
Ev'n as foretold, although it was His bread,
And meat, and drink, as He himself hath said,
To do His Father's will?—Oh it was not
So like a prophecy of what was yet
To come, and be, as like a tale of what
Was past and gone,—of something one had met,
And seen in life; for all that had been told,
The most minute of it, in after years,
Became fulfilled, when Jesus bore his part
Of woe and sorrow in this vale of tears."

"Ev’n as foretold, He came,—a beauteous plant,
When this cold world was dead, and long had lain
In guilt and sin, nor even felt the want
Of some bright sun to light its waste again.
Yes, as a tender flower springs in the wide
And dreary desert, where all else beside
Is dry and barren, so the Saviour came
More bright than sons of men, peace to proclaim
To this lost world, where but the scorching heat
Of guilt and sin for years, long years, had beat.

"And, coming thus, was He received as one,
One only flow’r, upon a desert thrown,
To give it life, and cast its beauty o’er
The dreary waste—the dry and barren shore,—
To shed a fragrance emanating from
Its own sweet self, o’er this, its new-born home?
Ah no,—it had been told that He should be
Rejected and despised,—and truly He
Was so despised, and so rejected too,
By wicked men:—Alas, they little knew
All that they did, when at His kind reproof,
They laughed and mocked, and held themselves aloof.
They little knew that in his awful day,
When earth and heav'n itself should pass away,
And He, their Judge, who would have pardon sealed,
A judge in wrath, to them, should stand revealed;
And when destruction frown'd, and fear should come,
And desolation, and cold death, like some
Fierce whirlwind on the blast, and sore dismay,
And anguish sad upon that awful day,
That He would then afford them no relief,
But laugh at their wild fear, and mock their grief. —
They would have none of Him,—a priceless gem,
And on that day, he will have none of them."
30.

"Oh what a depth of woe and suff'ring He
Sustained, when, kneeling in Gethsemane,
(A garden, Athro, in a beauteous land,
Where nought but sunshine is,) he prayed the cup
Of sorrow sent Him by his Father's hand
Might pass away, and He not drink it up.
Yet calm, resigned, if it could not be gone,
He prayed, "Thy will, not mine, oh God, be done."
His life on earth was one indeed of pain,
That may be fancied, but ne'er felt again."

31.

"Yet thro' it all it was His joy to preach
Glad tidings to the meek,—lost men to teach
The way to better things. He taught and told
Bright precepts, purer than thrice melted gold,—
That blessed, indeed, were all the poor in spirit, n
For they His kingdom should at last inherit ;—
The meek and lowly who should weep and mourn,
Whose life was comfortless, whose heart was torn,
For, as the night before the dawning day,  
Joy should be theirs, and sorrow flee away;—
They who, as men, should hunger after all
The food of righteousness, which could not pall
Nor cloy the appetite, for they should be
Well filled, as with an overflowing sea;—
They who were merciful, for they again
Pure blessed mercy should themselves obtain;—
The pure in heart—free even from the load
Of sin below, for they should see their God;—
Who made and favoured peace, and hated strife,
For they were as God's children in this life;—
All they who suffered wrong, and for the sake
Of righteousness, with Him, should but partake
Of sorrow now, for like the poor in spirit,
They, too, God's kingdom should at last inherit;—
And those—all those who here on earth below
Should be reviled, and suffer pain and woe,
And cold contempt, and ill be falsely said
Against them for His sake—they should be made
Exceeding glad, for unto them in heaven
High—bright rewards and gifts should yet be
given."
"And His bright precepts hear! 'Let each one do
To others as ye would they should to you;—
Love those that hate—bless them that curse, and pray
For those who persecute with bitter sway;—
Do good to all—resist not evil, but
To him that smiteth ev'n with cruel pain
Kind mercy shew—let not its door be shut,
But rather turn, and let him smite again;—
And he, thy neighbour, if he sueth thee,
And take thy garment by the law's decree,
Give him thy cloak; and from the man that may
Incline to borrow, turn not thou away.'—
And each He kept—yea, even from his birth,
Long as He walked upon this ruined earth;—
And did we take them for our guiding star,
Lost, fallen man would be what angels are."

"Yet, bright and beautiful as these may be,
They are as nought—they are but as the dust
That scarce is seen, in balance weigh’d, when we
Think of His words wherein we place our trust—
Let sinners hear and live—‘Come ye to me
All ye that labour, and all ye that be
Of weary minds—of broken hearts—oppress’d
By guilt and sin, and I will give you rest—
Come—sinner, come—for none that come shall be
Despis’d—rejected—or cast out by me.’"

34.

"But Athro, thou wilt ask, if only this—
To preach—was all His joy. Oh no, the bliss
Of doing good was His. He made the lame
To leap and sing; the blind receive’d their sight,
And saw their Saviour, and rejoiced in light;
The impotent were cured, the withered healed—
The halt restored—and evil long concealed
Within the heart cast out. It was his aim
Peace, gentle peace, and mercy to proclaim;
And, in this mission, He restored the dead
To life and health—the faint and weary fed;
The captive freed, who had in prison lain
For years, long years of guilt, and woe, and pain;
The broken heart—the bleeding soul he cured,
And made them sing with joy. They who endured
Oppression here, relieved;—the faint, the weak,
The comfortless sustained;—the humble, meek,
And sad supported, and the bowed down,
And all who pined beneath misfortune's frown,
He raised again—the bent and broken raised,
Till one—till all the God of Israel praised."

"And, still more wondrous work, one who had lain
Long days and nights within the narrow bed
Where sorrow cannot reach, and grief and pain
Are gone for ever, and no tears are shed,
He raised again, and asked—besought to save
By weeping friends, brought from the silent grave.
Oh, wondrous work—He whom He lov'd had lain
Sick unto death upon his bed of pain,
Sick unto death, till from its garb of clay,
His spotless spirit winged its flight away.
His weeping friends mourned o'er a Saviour gone,
And deem'd that they had now been left alone,
And hopeless, sad, their long lov'd brother laid
Within the grave, for him, unwilling made.

But Jesus came—came while the sisters sigh'd,
'Hadst thou been here, our brother had not died.'
Yet, with a faith resisting grief and pain,
Continued, 'Thou canst raise him up again.'

'Where is he now?' the humble Saviour said,
'Come, Lord, and see the place where he is laid.'
Then Jesus went—the mighty—bent to save,
Went with the sisters, and wept o'er his grave;
'Behold,' those standing by exclaimed and cried,
'How well he lov'd him—why should he have died?'

They knew not then the work He came to do—
The stone roll'd back, disclosed the grave to view—
'Come forth,' he said,—the dead straightway arose,
A living being, from his cold repose,
Walked from the tomb, and they, who mourning came,
Returned, rejoicing in their Saviour's name.'

36.

"And yet for this, and all that He had done
Since first His blessed work He had begun,
'Twas His reward to meet with nought but scorn,
Be bruised—reviled—his flesh with tortures torn,
Scourged—tempted—buffeted—mocked at—oppressed—
Despised—forsaken—beat—and sore distressed.
Behold Him seated low upon the ground,
While cruel guards with mocking strain surround,
Clothed, in derision, with a purple robe—
Reeds for a sceptre—damp clay for a globe
Placed in his hands, and for a kingly crown
A circlet of sharp thorns pressed closely down
On his fair open brow, till from each wound
The warm blood oozing, dropt upon the ground.
See—wicked soldiers smite, and smite again,
Reviling Him, all heedless of His pain,
Or, if regarding, but to mock that grief,
To which they, mocking, would give no relief.
While He, the Saviour, like a suffering saint,
Nor breath'd a sigh, nor uttered a complaint;
But patient—silent underneath the rod,
Bore all his suffering, and sustain'd this load
Of pain and woe—all, Athro, as foretold
By that good prophet in the days of old."

37.

"And, this dark scene of pain and sorrow past,
His last sad hour on earth approaching fast,
They led Him forth, and made the Saviour bear,
Bending beneath its weight, his cross, to where
All pain and sorrow should for ever cease,
And He, the sinless, find a glad release.
There—raised on high—a thief on either side,
Who even then reviled the Lord, and cried,
'If thou be Christ, come, save thyself and us—
Then we believe,' & they nailed him to the tree,
And pierc'd His hands—and feet—and side—
while He,
Who, at one word, from heaven could straight have brought
Ten thousand angels, and his freedom wrought,
Made no complaint, nor even wept or sigh'd,
Till, bent with pain, He raised His voice, and cried,
'Why, Oh my God, hast thou forsaken me?'
Then bowed his head, and ceased, on earth, to be.'

38.
"But think ye, Athro, He, the Lord who gave Himself for us, could thus into the grave Descend a victim, nor all nature be Convulsed, a sight so strange—so sad to see?—No—darkness came, and veil'd the earth and sky, The sun withdrew his light—the stars on high All ceased to shine, and hid their faces from The cruel sight, in their own silent home.
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

The temple's vail was burst, and rent in twain—
The stubborn rocks were scattered o'er the plain,
Earth, like a drunkard, reeled it to and fro,
And, in their channels, rivers ceased to flow—
Wild thunders rolled, and vivid lightnings played,
And graves, cold graves, which had been formed and made
Long years before, yawned wide with fear, and they
Who had been buried, rose, and fled away."

39.

"Stern Pilate's soldiers, standing by, exclaimed,
'This was the Son of God'—and they believed,
And, sure that He had been unjustly blamed,
For their own share in His destruction grieved.—
They could not stand and see all Nature thus Convulsed and shook, and be incredulous.—
No sinner's death would thus be noticed by
The Lord of heav'n and earth, who dwells on high,
And rules all nations, and at whose rebuke
The mountains tremble, and the hills are shook;
Who, in the hollow of his own right hand,
Sustains the ocean, and supports the land;
And if, on mountain, hill, vale, earth, or rock,
He casts one passing glance, they burn and smoke.
No—this could never be—'twas His own Son,
Who, dying thus, left nothing then undone.
They saw—they heard—and could not be deceived—
'My Father—oh, my Father,' and straightway believed.
Thrice happy they—ah, Athro, wilt not thou
Like them believe, and be persuaded now?"

40.

"But mark the end—the Saviour, cold and dead,
In Joseph's, the rich Joseph's grave was laid—
A splendid sepulchre (if things that share
So much in death a name like this can bear)
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

Hewn from the rock, where none before had lain,
And where, it may be, none shall rest again.
And all—thus all predicted long before,
Was now fulfilled; and, earthly troubles o'er,
And sorrow past—He, crucified and dead
With sinners vile, was with the wealthy laid."

41.

"Yet stay, dear Athro, stay—the dark cold grave
Could not enchain one who had come to save.
He burst its fetters—broke th' imprisoning tomb,
And rose resplendent from its deepened gloom,
While strains of joy resounded thro' the sky,
And angels sung glad songs of praise on high,
And glorious thousands, clothed in robes of white,
As pure as snow, as beautiful and bright,
Received with shouts the Almighty's sinless Son,
And hailed salvation to lost mankind won.—
Then—then He rose—and now he reigns above,
With God His Father, in a heav'n of love,
Where, spotless, sinless—He not only knows
All human griefs, and pities all our woes,
But lives to intercede for us, and take
To heav'n at last, all those who, for His sake,
Will cast behind a world so dark and dim,
In heart and thought, and only come to Him."

42.

"And Athro, wilt not thou?"—The maiden stood
One moment breathless, and in deep suspense,
With fixed attention—silent—mute—intense—
As if her future lot, or bad or good—
Her fate below—her life—her hope above
Hung on one single word. Oh, love—oh, love,
What minds—what hearts—what souls thou dost enchain
To earth, in bonds, they seek to break in vain.—
"And wilt not thou?"—she said. "Thou canst not know
And hear this tale of suff'ring and of woe,
And yet remain as if thou hadst not heard—
For if thou dost not in thy heart regard
Its worth and beauty, yet thou wilt receive
Its truth, as such—and then thou must believe."

43.

He spoke not—breath'd not for a moment's space,
Till worn—exhausted—in his fond embrace
The maiden sunk, and lay extended there,
As if all life had fled a form so fair,
To seek a refuge where no restless storm
Could ever come or be.—The sculptured form
That lies extended on the marble tomb,
All pale—and cold—and motionless as he
Who waits beneath to hear his final doom,
Was not more pale—more motionless than she,
Who but one moment past—one moment gone,
Had been all beauty, life and hope alone.
Young Athro trembling looked, and gazed upon
Those well lov'd features, pale and damp as stone,
And bent his head, till each dark clust'ring hair
Lay resting on a cheek and brow too fair
For this cold world, and mingling with each bright
And sunny tress, till ye might deem that night
And day had met, and both were slumb'ring where
No harm could reach—nor sin nor sorrow were.
But see!—she moves—that kiss—that whisper'd word,
Have life and beauty—joy and hope restored.—
Not he who made a cold and lifeless stone
To live and be, by simply breathing on
Its marble bust, could deem that he had wrought
A changemore wonderful—'twas quick as thought.
What could it be? She smiles, and looks again
In Athro's face, as one relieved from pain,
And doubt, and care,—and he, with looks as bright,
Returns that smile of more than living light,
And, gently pressing to his beating heart
The maiden's form, as if no more to part,
Half whispers once again, while gazing on
Glad joyous looks, and dancing eyes that shone
As bright as stars when stars at midnight shine,
"Thy faith, Eanthe, and thy God, are mine."
Canto Third.

1.

O'er forest, dale, and tree,  
Whose leaves are falling fast,  
Sweeps slow and silently,  
Sad autumn's heavy blast;  
And many a leaf, thrown down  
To earth, lies cold and dead,  
And many, seared and brown,  
Float on the water's bed,—  
Float on its bed, and lie  
As still as if no breath  
Could come, with gentle sigh,  
To stir their sleep of death.
And far o'er hill and dale,
And over mountain brown,
The full moon, round and pale,
Looks melancholy down,—
And stars, all pure and bright,
In myriads set on high,
With uncreated light
Are glancing in the sky,
And gazing down on earth,
To see strange sights, that they
Would, in their gentle mirth,
Fain, fain have fled away.
For, all together met,
Man, woman, child, and priest,
Were there to celebrate
Another impious feast.

2.
They met in the forest, when dry leaves were falling,
And dark birds of night to each other were calling,
And the owl, with its shout and its ominous cry,
And wild note of terror, sailed fearfully by;—
When the raven, awoke from its sleep and its rest,
And scared by the moonbeams, fled far from its nest,
And with wing of the hue and colour of night,
Swept heavily past in its terrified flight;—
When the spirits of darkness were hov’ring nigh,
Now low on the earth, now soaring on high,
And awaiting, in silence, the sacrifice made,
With rites all unhallow’d, to purchase their aid—
When the sun had sunk down, all fearfully red,
Far, far in the west, o’er the graves of the dead,—
And the pale moon had risen with terror to see,
Beneath her pure light, their horrible glee.

Alas! that the still hour
Of midnight thus should be
Polluted by the power
Of dark idolatry.

Alas! that they whose hearts could have no share
In these sad rites, should still be present there,
To waste the hours, till, from the shades of night,
Burst forth in beauty morn’s first dawning light.
3.

That morn, when once again the sun
Arising from the deep, began
His bright and daily course to run,
O'er pallid brows and features wan
   With watching all the night,
His light was then to shine upon
The work on which it yearly shone,
   In splendour gay and bright;
And yet, alas! ere it was done,
Full many an eye that gazed upon
The glorious sight, nor wished it o'er,
Might sleep in death, and never more
   Behold again that light.
The temple's covered roof must then
Be taken down and raised again
   Before the fall of night.—
And they who in that work should err, or drop
one single stone,
Would there be scattered limb from limb, and se-
vered bone from bone.
'Twas, therefore, now they met again beneath the splendid light Of that bright moon, to sacrifice to every evil sprite, And offer victims, from the time the sun should set till when, In all his glorious majesty, he rose on them again— He rose to smile upon their work—no evil spirit there To dim each ray that shone from him, unclouded, bright, and fair, Or mar the work, or hinder it, by morning's light begun, Ere he again should sink to rest from being wholly done.  

4.  

Yet there are cheeks which are not pale With watching, but are bright with joy, And glancing eyes that tell a tale Of hope that time can not destroy. Far, far away from rites that shun The day, and seek the eventide
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

Or midnight dark, ere they were done,
Young Athro drew his affianced bride.
And now, within their fairy bower,
They pass away the silent hour,
Unmarked, unnoticed their retreat,
While distant sounds of mirth alone
And revelry their ears can greet

With their unwished for tone.
And, glad and gay, from mountain brown,
And heath-clad hill the moon looks down
On them, as on a blessed sight
From which it would not hide its light,
But rather gaze for ever on,
And wish it never would be gone.

Oh, bright, bright planet, from thy home on high,
Amidst thine own pure cloudless azure sky,
Thou still canst look on those who meet below
To whisper feelings none but they can know—
Each unto each, as sun-flower to the sun,
Casting bright looks that brighter looks have won—
And, in thy light, rejoice to see that earth,
Amidst its many ills, can yet give birth
To love, from which, pure as the cloudless day,
Chaste as thou art, thou need'st not turn away.

5.

They spoke of days to come—of what might be
Still shadowed out on life's uncertain sea,
A sea to them that had no tempest then,
O'er which no storm, they deemed, would blow
again—
For troubled hours had now subsided to
The peaceful calm that strikes the seaman's view
When storms are past, and, wild winds far away,
He anchors safely in some sheltered bay.

They spoke of future hopes, all pure and
bright,
Of one long day of never-fading light—
Of life to come—of joy and bliss that yet
The gloomy past might teach them to forget—
Of that glad hour, when, care and trouble o'er,
Together met to part again no more,
In joy and hope, far, far away from those
They could not love, and who deemed them their foes,
They should depart, and leave a stern—cold race,
To seek their own bright glorious resting place.

6.

"See, my Eanthe—watch—and think how soon
That glorious orb—that bright resplendent moon,
Will sink into the west, to sleep beneath
You still, cold sea, that rests as calm as death.
Once more its light shall rise, and once again
Set in the west, but oh, long, long ere then,
We two, each to the other all, shall wafted be,
By light fair winds, o'er that transparent sea.
Oh bear thee up, dear love, and let the sun
That gilds to-morrow, rise to shine upon
Glad joyous looks like those I lov'd of yore,
When we two wandered o'er the verdant shore.
And let this hope—this thought be with thee yet,
Through all thy toil, that when his light shall set,
And this wild feast, that of the temple, be
Brought to its close, that I shall then with thee
Fly far away from this deluded shore,
To witness rites so dark and sad no more.

7.

"See, my own love—in yonder hidden creek,
Close by the spot where these bright moonbeams seek
To silver o'er the frowning rocks that lay
So dark and gloomy underneath their ray,
A shallop waits—a trusty crew to guide
Its bounding motion o'er the distant tide.
There, when the sun shall set—these rites be o'er,
Thou may'st unnotic'd steal away, before
That wild confusion, and those deeds of sin,
And death, that close such impious rites, begin.
There I shall meet thee"—"But if I should be,
Dear Athro, first"—"Nay, dearest, trust to me;
We must be cautious still, or our retreat
Might be observed, then—who would Athro meet
But thou art safe; no harm shall thee betide—
Once there, thou wilt have friends to guard and guide.
Should I a laggard prove, and leave my hoard,
Go to our bark, step fearlessly on board;
The shallop's sail will hide thee from the view—
Believe me, love, that I can trust my crew."

8.

"Believe thee—yes, as if there spoke to me
Something not short of heav'n and Deity.
But oh, my heart, I know not why, is sad,
I would, and should be, but I am not, glad—
Not gay—not light—as I have felt before
When with thee, Athro, on our own green shore,
And nothing came, the long, long day to blight,
Or part us, Athro, but the coming night;
And even then, our parting was no pain
Or grief to us, so sure to meet again,
So sure to meet, when that dull night was past,
Another day as joyous as the last.
But Oh! my heart misgives, my beating heart, I know not why, when now again we part. It throbs so quick, it feels as bursting through Its worn, cold mansion here, to break in two. Oh God!—preserve me now—I trust in thee, And know not what may in the future be. Should aught mischance to lead our hopes to fail— I think not, dream not, such a thing can be; Oh, no—at least if life be left to thee, And, if 'tis not, I will not hear the tale; For, be who may of friends to guard and guide, I slumber, Athro, in yon silent tide. Thine—thine in life, I will not—cannot be Dissever'd—parted—ev'n in death from thee. No—shouldst thou die, thy spirit on the wing Will hover near, a bright celestial thing, Till mine shall come, and join in rapid flight From this cold world to some pure home of light."
"Nay, love, these fears are vain, and but spring from
A restless heart—a yet unquiet home
That will to-morrow change; and then, at rest,
Far, far from hence, be quiet, and still, and blest.
'Tis more than midnight now—it cannot be
That aught should fail; the moon is bright—and see,
Now, ev'n now, my trusty shallop glides
Beneath yon rocks, and now, at anchor rides.
Didst thou not mark the glitt'ring casques that shone
So brightly as the moonbeams danced upon
Their polished steel—reflected gaily back
Till lost in light upon the water's track?
No—nought can fail; my brave, my trusty men,
From mine own land, I'll meet thee once again.
Well have ye sped, my gallant faithful crew,
To aid your prince—a bold and fearless few;
Well have ye sped, soon shall your work be done,
Your swords are many, but your hearts are one.
Soon—soon across yon calm and placid sea,
My trusty bark, I'll bound with them and thee,
And this sweet freight, to our own free-born land,
A quiet and happy, if a rocky strand.

"See—see their signal wings its fiery flight
Like some shot star to tell that all is right.
Stay, I must answer."—From his side he drew
A small thin match—up, up the signal flew,
And blazed and flicker'd for a moment's space
In midway air, then pass'd, and left no trace
To shew where it had been—though, pure and bright,
But now it shamed the moonbeams paler light.

"Yes, all is right. I knew it must be so;
For hark, Eanthe, dearest, thou dost know
That we of higher caste, who have been taught
Strange things and wild, but yet with wisdom fraught,
By our old teachers, still pretend to see
Deep—far and wide into futurity;
And I have dreamt, in vision of the night,
A strange wild dream, but ending fair and bright.
Canst thou interpret—try—nay, do not smile,
But listen now—it may thy thoughts beguile."

10.

"Worn with the chase, high on the mountain's side,
Where it o'erhangs yon fair and silvery tide,
Where green trees wave, and purple flow'rets grow,
In sportive guise reflected from below,
As if they too grew on the water's breast,
And, with their parent hill, lay there at rest,
I laid me down and slept—the calm still sleep
Of those who, waking, scarce know how to weep.
But, in my sleep, I dreamt—and felt as then
Transported far beyond th' abodes of men.
I stood within a deep and dismal cave,
Dark—cold, and dreary as the silent grave—
All—all alone, and not a being near,
Nor glimpse of day, the heavy gloom to cheer.
I felt, I scarce know why, as brought from life,
Down to the cities where the silent be,
Without the struggling pain—the parting strife
Of soul and body being made known to me—
As if a being of, yet far away
From earth above, and light, and air, and day.

11.

"Within this cave, a distant pale blue light
Gleamed sadly, like some meteor of the night;
Pale—pale indeed, but yet a light that gave
A ghastly brightness to that dismal cave,
Save where, in one dark spot, a river poured
Its deep black waters on, and ceaseless roared
With deaf'ning sound, as if it sought for prey.
I would have fled, but could not move away;
For, turning, by that river's brink I saw
An ebon throne, and I could not withdraw
My sight from one who sat upon,
In fearful majesty, that ebon throne."
He was a king—for on his royal head
A crown was placed—a sceptre in his hand—
And, for his courtiers, many cold and dead
And fleshless beings round him took their stand.
His eyes were hollow, dim and grey like stones,
His cheeks all sunk, his long gaunt limbs and bones
All marrowless and dry, and grimly he
Smiled on the courtiers, bending at his knee.
Smiled on the dead, as ye would on a gem—
For they were such to him, and he was King to them.

12.

"A long sharp dart lay resting by his side,
And ever and anon he raised it high,
Till from its point quick lightnings seem'd to glide
With fearful swiftness tow'rd the earth on high;
And then, methought, some one was added to
The cold—the dead—the fleshless courtier crew.
This was his pastime, and, as each one came,
Blaz'd brighter far the pale and cold blue flame.
And who, Eanthe, think ye who was there?
Our stern old priest!—And, when he trode among
The fleshless crew, loud greetings filled the air,
And shouts of laughter through the cavern rung.
Oh, it was fearful, from dead mouths to hear
These shouts of laughter strike the list'ning ear.

13.

"But soon deep silence reigned
Throughout the cavern, and the King
Of Terrors sat alone,
A sad, cold listless thing;
His courtiers, they were gone—
The pale blue flame burned low,
And he, a solitary one,
Sat lost in silent woe.
He raised his dart no more, and no new victims came,
His sport seem'd dying too, with that expiring flame.
Methought that death was dead—or of his power bereft,
And now that nothing more for him to do was left.
But, on my ear, there fell a sound
Of pent-up streams in cavern bound,
    Yet raging to be free,
And from each corner of the cave,
The rushing waters, wave on wave,
    Came rolling on to'irds me;
And many a bark, deck'd out with pride,
Sailed, gliding o'er the death-like tide,
    With frantic mirth and glee.
The grim King raised him from his sleep,
And gazed upon these waters deep,
And turned to see the rising blaze
Of that blue light's reviving rays,
    And smil'd the sight to see—
A cold grim smile, for on the deck
Of these gay vessels stood,
Unconscious of approaching wreck
    In that all treach'rous flood,
Full many a gallant courtly wight,
    Full many proud and vain,
Who never more should see the light
    Of heaven or day again.
"On—on they came, and, as they drew more nigh,
On these strange decks, methought I could descry
The high and low of earth. Crown'd Kings were there,
And mighty potentates, and young, and fair
And beauteous dames, and warriors bold and brave,
And many a gallant knight,
And reckless seaman, who rolled o'er that wave,
All thoughtless, gay, and bright.
And hooded monks and priests, and churchmen too,
And countless multitudes came into view,
The high—the low—the rich—the poor—the proud—
An undistinguished mass, a nameless crowd
Of every nation underneath the sun,
From where, at morn, his course begins to run,
To where, at eve, he sets; all glad and gay,
With shouts of laughter passing on their way.
A TALE OF THE DRUIDS.

Oh, hollow mirth—vain fools, they little knew
Their empty shouts rung with eternity in view.

15.

"Another change came o'er my vision now.
The barks were there, but rolled most slowly on,
While grief and woe sat on each troubled brow,
And reckless mirth, and empty joy were gone.
Down from the royal brows the jewelled crown
Unheeded fell—the proud, the haughty frown
Pass'd from the mighty's look—the young and fair
No longer smil'd—the warrior bold and brave—
The gallant knight—looked sad and solemn there—
The reckless seaman gazed upon the wave
In thoughtful silence, wond'ring what that shore,
That wave could be he had not seen before—
The hooded monks forsook their wayward mirth,
The high—the low—the rich—the poor of earth,
Together mingled, laughed no more, but stood
In fearful silence, gazing on that flood
Of deep black waters, now not far away,
That poured along, still roaring for its prey.

16.

"The grim King laughed, and shouted loud to see
His regions peopled thus, and that laugh fell
In horrid mock'ry o'er a scene where he
Alone was merry, though it spoke of hell.
The pale blue flame again rose high and bright,
And blazed again with its cadaverous light,
And o'er these waters shed its dismal hue,
And o'er these vessels and their silent crew.
But on they came, still rolling forward, on
Tow'rd's that deep river whose dark waters lay
In stillness now, as crouching for their prey—
On—on till where they trembling hung upon
Its very brink, a moment's space, and then
Despairing sunk to rise no more again.

"One sound—one cry was all;—the deep black wave
Closed sullen o'er them, as a living grave,
And, all unconscious, its cold waters lay
As calm and still as midnight's sunless day,
While o'er their depths, in fiery letters raised,
The single word 'Eternity' was blazed.

17.

"But sudden—swift as thought, another change
Came o'er my vision now. It was most strange;
For, conscious still of being, I beheld
Myself approach, a living, moving form,
To where the grim King sat. The waters swelled—
The wild winds blew—a sudden storm
Came raging from the deep—the midnight air
Of that damp cave grew dark and darker there.
A huge black raven, o'er the torrent hung,
Screamed loud with joy, while, round him in a crowd,
Strange spectres shouted till the cavern rung
With their wild mirth, and with the laughter loud
Of that grim King, so strange a sight to see—
But in the midst he paused, and stretched his hand tow'rd's me.
EANTHE:

"I shrunk within myself, while his cold hand
Scarce touching me, yet felt an icy band
From which I strove to flee, but strove in vain;
It grasped me not, yet—yet I felt its pain,
When, hark!—loud thunders roll'd—the lightnings played—
A glorious form, in life and light arrayed,
Burst through the gloom, and, spreading far and wide
An endless sunshine o'er that deep black tide,
Descended there, with shouts—and joy—and song,
And angels clothed in white, a shining throng.
But of the crowd, one form—one form alone
Fix'd my fond gaze—Eanthe, 'twas thine own.
The grim King fled, the spectres vanished too,
The cave, the waters disappeared from view,
And I, redeemed, a bright, a glorious thing,
Fled far with thee away upon the wing
Of joy and gladness, to a heavenly shore,
Where grief was past, and sorrow known no more.
18.

"I woke—the dazzling sun shone pure and bright,
And all around seem'd like a world of light.
But o'er me still that vision's influence lay,
More bright—more pure—than ev'n the God of day;
For death was gone, and superstition fled—
Eternity gilt o'er with light that shed
A calm still ray, and heaven to mine and me
Was opened wide—a heaven all spent with thee.
And shall not this, Eanthe, shall not this
Be deemed a picture of to-morrow's bliss?"

19.

That morning rose a bright and jocund one,
And gay and beautiful the glancing sun
Shone over earth and wave,
Dispelling all the midnight gloom,
Like diamonds o'er the dazzling tomb
That shades a sultan's grave."
And not a cloud was seen in view
To dim the glad transparent hue
Of heav’n, that hung with op’ning glow
Of fondness o’er this earth below.
The calm still air—the earth—the sea
Slept like the fields of Araby,
When underneath their own bright sun,
And sealed in slumbers calm and deep,
Tho’ ruined all, and all undone,
They rest in their deserted sleep;
Without a breath, without a sound
To break the solemn stillness round.

But, hark!—throughout that silent air,
What sounds are these that rise so sweet,
That rise and fall, yet linger there
As if the list’ning ear to greet
With strains that were of earthly birth,
Yet seemed not to belong to earth.
They rise, they fall, they tell the work begun,
That must be finished ere the set of sun—
Begun in songs that now on high ascend
With shouts of praise—but, oh, how shall it end?
20.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Hail to thee, first dawning ray,
That gilds the plain, and mountain steep,
Harbinger of glorious day,
    Shining o'er the deep.
    Hail to thee, first dawning ray.
    Hail to thee, bright dazzling sun,
That, rising from thy bed of night,
    Hastes to gaze and shine upon
    Nature with thy light.
    Hail to thee, bright dazzling sun!
Oh, be with us, calm and clear,
While low yon sacred roof we lay,
    Shining till again we rear
    Up from earth its clay.
    Oh, be with us, calm and clear.
Set not—set not, glorious sun,
Nor leave us here to mourn alone—
    Smile and see our labour done,
    Ere thy light be gone.
    Set not—set not, glorious sun,
Set not till our work be done.
21.
That calm still day of beauty glided on,
Short as it was, by far too long for one
Whose only hope, like those who seek for peace
Beyond this world, where toil and trouble cease,
Was fix'd on high, and yet but fix'd to see
The sun descend as to a grave, whence he
Might never rise again—at least to this
Cold world of ours, tho' to a world of bliss
In eastern climes, where sorrow was unknown,
He might arise—to hope and joy alone.

But ev'ning came, and, in the distant west,
On glorious amber clouds he sunk to rest,
The pale blue sky, all mantling far and wide
With golden rays of life and light that shone
Like liquid fire on some cold sleeping tide,
When dazzling day with all its mirth is gone.

22.
Oh, it was beautiful to see that sun
Sink in the west behind the mountains' steep,
As peaceful as a child, when day is done,
On its kind mother's breast sinks down to sleep.
His last bright ray was smiling o'er the deep,
And but one stone—the corner-stone remained
To be replaced of all that wondrous heap
The morn had seen laid on the green sward stained
With earth and clay;—the many crowded round,
As their young priestess raised it from the ground,
And wondered how a form so very fair,
So slender, too, a weight like that could bear.
She trembled—not with fear, but with delight
To view that setting sun—the coming night—
The night to her that promised joy and bliss,
Too pure—too beauteous for a world like this; That he, to whom her heart—her hopes were given,
Should henceforth tread with her the path to heaven,
And, it their beacon, onward move and go
Together still, throughout this world below,
Till life was past, and they in peace should rest, Bright spirits then, in mansions of the blest.
"Haste—haste," they cried, "or see, yon glorious sun
Will sink to rest before the work be done.
Oh, speed thee now." She raised her gentle eyes
In love and meekness to those brilliant skies
Of azure hue, all blazoned o'er and o'er
With golden rays, while here and there a cloud
Of amber brightness in most tranquil rest
Slow floated on, as tow'rd's the beauteous shore
Of some calm sea in that transparent west.
The setting sun, as yet all bright and proud,
Yea, proud in death, gave his last smile unto
The earth below, then round him drew a shroud
Of dazzling light, and from this world withdrew—
Departing—sinking—fading from the sight
In that bright blaze of more than living light.
24.

Oh, it was beautiful—but as she gazed,
Forgetful of the place, Eanthe raised
Her hands and eyes to heav’n in that heartfelt
Deep glow of gratitude that comes to melt
Ev’n harder hearts at times. Unguarded deed!
Oh, who shall now for their young priestess plead?
Down roll’d the stone—down from her powerless grasp,
Vain—vain attempt again its form to clasp;
Down—down it rolled, away—away it sped,
And, swift as lightning, from the maiden fled.
She gazed one moment—clasped her hands—the sun
Smiled his last look—his last to her, for she,
Pale—pale indeed, but firm, stood there as one
Already dead—to whom this world could be
As nothing more—a thing to pass away,
The empty shadow of an emptier day.
25.

As, for an instant, ere the tempest breaks
In wildness forth, and all its fury wrecks,
The air is hush'd and still, so stood the crowd,
Unmov'd—immoveable—like some dense cloud
That darks the sky, and but awaits the flash
Of other clouds, till forth its lightnings dash.
A gentle murmur, first, like rushing sound
Of distant waters rolling on the ground;
Then louder—wilder—near, and still more near,
Confused and angry, broke upon the ear.
"To death," the high priest said—that was the flash
That brought the lightning forth. On, on they dash
With all the fury of a rushing storm
When first it breaks; and that most faultless form,
And those white limbs, far purer than the hue
Of Parian marble, with their veins of blue,
And tints of life, all scattered, torn, and rent,
And crushed and broken, to the winds are sent.
The last thought of her heart, ere yet to heav'n
Her spirit fled—her spotless soul was giv'n,
None—none can tell. Oh, none but only He
Who searcheth hearts, th' omniscient Deity.
Yet, risk a guess, and we may surely deem
It was a prayer—a silent prayer for him
So long beloved; for that which trembled on
Her quiv'ring lips in death was his dear name,
Faint—faintly syllabled,—yet doated on
And cherished thus in life and death the same.

And where was he—and wherefore absent then?
He ne'er shall see his own beloved again.
And yet, if present, what could he, but one
Among the many of that host have done?
He might have died; yea died, with none to share
His frantic grief, or shed a tear drop there;
Died while he sought to shield the feeble form
Of his Eanthe from th' impending storm;
Yea—perish'd there—and shar'd at least the grave
Of her he could not, in his fondness, save.
And that were bliss, oh bliss indeed to him,
Who else might wander thro' a world all dim,
And dark and sad, without the only ray
That shone the sunbeam of his happier day.

But stay, he comes—perchance it yet may be
To share her grave. And is that all that he
Can hope for now? Oh with what headlong speed
He rushes forward. Fatal—fatal deed,
That striking one, slew both. He saw the stone
Rolled on the ground—the scattered limbs all lie
Beside it there, and, kneeling, one by one
Together drew, without a single sigh,
These sad remains. He knew the tale untold.
Where now is that proud look—that haughty, bold
Imperious bearing of the trembling crowd?
They shrunk in terror from the maniac's loud
And fearful cry. He rose up stern and fierce,
And raised his hand on high, as if to curse
Them one and all, and that high priest the first.
But better thoughts came o'er him ere he curst;
He looked, and saw those sainted relics lie
Reposing at his feet; a soft sweet smile
Still played around the mouth, the dark blue eye
Still fondly looked on him, as it erewhile
Had oft been wont to look;—down, down went pride
And wrath and anger then, no more beside
A look like that to dwell. No, these were gone
For ever from his heart. One thought alone
Now lingered there, but oh, that thought was sweet—
That he should yet his own Eanthe meet
In heav'n above. "Bright hope—bright hope," he cried,
Then fell beside her, and, heart-broken—died.

There is a spot where many a rock
And pointed crag, dark as the grave,
For countless years have stood the shock
And ceaseless beating of the wave
That onward whirls its snowy sleet
In clouds above the eddying round,
Where, far below, a thousand feet,
In hopeless—endless darkness bound,
The waters fret, and rave, and boil
In ceaseless agony and toil.
And there—above the buried dead,
One marble pillar rears its head
Of spotless white, save where one stain,
That hands have tried, but tried in vain
To wash away, remains to soil
Its beauty, and its fairness spoil.
    That pillar, raised upon the shore
By faithful friends, now covers o'er
The cold remains of him they sought
And her he lov'd, when all too late,
The slow, but well-meant aid was brought,
That, sooner come, had changed their fate.
That spot of blood, with one grey hair
That clings upon its surface there,
That time nor tide cannot efface,
Nor wash from yonder pillar's base,
Would speak of deeds which ought to shun
The light of heav'n's unclouded sun,
But that the shatter'd bark beside,
All wrecked and ruined on the tide,
Tells that another hand had been
With vengeance in the tempest's roar;
For, in that bark, the morn had seen
The high priest glide the waters o'er,
But ev'ning came, and darkness fell,
The fierce waves rose with fearful swell,
And he returned no more.
NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

a The Druids, at one period, usurped the whole knowledge and learning of ancient Britain. They had schools and seminaries, which were generally held in the deepest recesses of their sacred woods and forests. The British youth, even those of the highest,—of a princely rank, were separated from their parents, and remained under Druidical instruction till they were 14 years of age; and no one was deemed capable of any public employment who had not been educated by a Druid.

b "The sacred doctrines of our Druids were much the same as those of the Gymnosophists and Brahmans of India,—the Magi of Persia,—the Chaldeans of Assyria,—the Priests of Egypt,—and of all the other priests of antiquity."—Henry's Hist. Brit.

c Venus, who is fabled to have sprung from the froth of the sea.

d Vulcan, to whom Venus was married, and who, it is well known, had been previously, on account of his de-
formity, cast down from Heaven to the Island of Lemnos, where he subsequently pursued his calling of a smith.

The aurora borealis.

The eagle, accompanied by which this heathen deity is always represented.

The Druidical age consisted of 30 years.

When Juno nursed Hercules, he sucked with so much violence that he hurt her breast, and caused her to pull him suddenly away, when some of her milk fell upon the sky, and formed the milky way.

The Britons divided their time by lunar months, reckoning from the sixth day of one moon till the sixth day of another, and the first day of every lunar month, according to their reckoning, or the sixth day, according to ours, was a religious festival. The tenth day of March was the commencement of their year; and on that day the famous ceremony of cutting the misletoe was performed.

The year, as noticed in the preceding note, commenced upon the 10th of March.

The Arch-druid was the chief of the body,—the bards were the progenitors of the poets of Gaul, Britain, and Germany,—and the Euhages were the professors of natural philosophy.
At the ceremony of gathering the mistletoe, "when they, the Druids, have got every thing in readiness under the oak, both for the sacrifice and banquet which they make at this great festival, they begin by tying two white bulls to it by the horns. Then one of the Druids, clothed in white, mounts the tree, and, with a knife of gold, cuts the mistletoe, which is received in a white sagum. This done, they proceed to their sacrifice and feastings."

—Plin. Hist. 6. 16. c. 44.

In the ancient codes of theology of some of the northern nations, it is written, that after the general conflagration, a new and more glorious world will arise, and the virtuous will be received into Gimle, a palace of shining gold.

The whole order of Druids was subjected to one supreme head, or Arch-druid, who was generally elected by a plurality of votes from among the most eminent of the race. "This high situation," says Dr. Henry in his History of Britain, "was attended with so much power and riches, with so many honours and privileges of various kinds, that it was an object of great ambition, and the election of one to fill it sometimes occasioned a civil war."

"Nate, mæ vires, mea magna potentia, solus."—Virgil.

There cannot be a more beautiful instance of the
power of love over wisdom than that of Sampson betraying to Dalilah the secret upon which his existence and his safety depended.

The Druids supposed that this plant bestowed fertility on man and beast, and was a specific against all poisons.

In gathering the misletoe, it was reckoned very unlucky to touch it with the naked hand.

The Bacchanalian feasts,—which were solemnized among the Romans, at first only by women, but afterwards by men and women together, and young boys and girls, who left no sort of lewdness and debauchery uncommitted.

An anecdote is mentioned by Ovid of Alcithoe, the daughter of Minyas, and her sisters, who, despising these sacrifices, remained at home, and spun while they were celebrating; on account of which they were changed into bats.

The Druids, like the Brahmans of India, believed "that there was one God, the creator of heaven and earth."

It was one of the doctrines of ancient northern mythology, that after death the virtuous were received into palaces of shining gold.—Vide Note n.
x The Druids taught, that the soul after death ascended into some higher orb, and enjoyed a more sublime felicity.

y St. Paul.

"And such disgrace"—p. 23.—At the ordinary Druidical assemblies, so extremely rigid was their observation of silence, that such as were found talking during these rites were thrice admonished, then exposed by a large piece being cut from their robes, and ultimately proceeded against with the utmost rigour. They were interdicted from coming to the public sacrifices; and "such," says Caesar, "as are under this prohibition are considered as impious and wicked; all men shun them, and decline their conversation and fellowship, lest they should suffer from the contagion of their misfortunes. They can neither have recourse to the law for justice, nor are capable of any public office."

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

a The Druids had two festivals celebrated with sacred fires. The first and principal of these was commemorated on the 1st of May, and dedicated to Belinus, or the Sun. It is from this, that in Scotland and Ireland that day still retains the name of Beltane, (or Beltein, as in the text,) —Bel's fire. Upon this day, and the preceding even, great fires were lighted upon all the sacred places; and,
according to some writers, they were not extinguished till the 1st of November, when all the people were obliged to resort to them to rekindle their own fires which had been previously extinguished. This was done, as may be guessed, to fill the pockets of a mercenary priesthood, and non-conformists were put under an excommunication so severe, that neither light nor aid durst be given them, and they frequently perished from the effects of cold. On Beltein's day, also, two fires were lighted in every village throughout the country and the isles—one on the top of the cairn—the other on the adjoining ground, and between them the procession of men and animals intended for the sacrifice passed. According to other writers, the first of November was a separate and distinct festival, although this does not appear to be a matter of much moment, as the only difference existing between them is, whether the sacred fires were extinguished in the interval or not.

b Prometheus, who formed a man of clay, and afterwards being transported to heaven by Minerva, lighted a stick at the wheel of the sun's chariot, and stole away its fire to animate the being he had formed.

c Those who are versant in these matters, will recollect that Jupiter was so incensed at the theft mentioned in the preceding note, that he sent Pandora into the world with a box filled with all sorts of evils. It was offered to Prometheus, but, like every other thief, suspecting some mis-
chief in a *voluntary* gift, he refused to accept it. His brother Epimetheus was not so cautious, for he, being an *honest*, although a curious man, received and opened it, whereupon all the evils concealed within, like riches, took wings unto themselves, and flew abroad among mankind. On observing this, the speculator in curiosities immediately shut the box, and, by the greatest chance in the world, hindered Hope, which had been stuck at the bottom, from also making its escape. How Hope came into the box at all, we are not informed, nor is it our province to inquire. When the heart is oppressed by many ills, hope is generally found seated in some quiet snug corner at the bottom.

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d The priests of Cybele were called "Galli," from a river in Phrygia, and, like the sacrifices of Bacchus, those of Cybele were celebrated with a confused and outrageous noise of cymbals and other clashing instruments. The sacrificants howled as if they were mad—they stood upon their heads—they slashed and cut their arms, and committed all sorts of absurdities and abominations.

e It had unhappily become an article in the Druidical creed, "That nothing but the life of man could atone for the life of man." In consequence of this maxim, their altars streamed with human blood, and great numbers of wretched victims fell a sacrifice to their barbarous superstition. On some occasions they formed a huge colossal figure of a man, of osier twigs, and having filled it with
human beings, and surrounded it with hay and other combustible materials, they set fire to the pile, and reduced it, with all the miserable creatures in it, to ashes. For this abominable purpose, indeed, they are said to have preferred such as had been guilty of theft, robbery, and other crimes, as most acceptable to their gods; but when there was a scarcity of criminals, they made no scruple to supply their place with innocent persons.—Henry's Hist. of Britain.

f These fires are supposed to be lighted from the rays of the sun.

g Prometheus, who has already been alluded to, Note b, was punished by Jupiter for the theft there mentioned, by being bound to the mountain Caucasus, and left the prey of a monstrous eagle which continually gnawed his liver.

h For the explanation of this passage, the reader is referred to Note e.

i Colossus of Rhodes,—the description of which is known to every schoolboy, and in our younger days was the delight of our heart, and the marvel of our mind.

k The reader will perceive that the 53d, and the commencement of the 61st, chapters of the book of the prophet Isaiah are alluded to, or rather taken as the text, in the following passage.
I am aware that a difference of opinions exists concerning the personal beauty of our Saviour;—but where there is a doubt, I prefer adopting the fairest and most pleasing view. Nor am I left without authority for the course I have chosen. For a contemporary writer, whose name I do not at present remember, but whose works are well known in the Catholic church, describes our Saviour as being a man of a fair and comely person, with a remarkably sweet and pleasing countenance. His eyes blue and mild—his hair light—divided in the centre of his forehead, as he is generally represented in paintings, and flowing gracefully down upon his shoulders on either side. Those who hold the contrary opinion, found their judgment upon the description contained in the 53d chapter of Isaiah, to which allusion has been made in the preceding note:—"He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." But this language is surely metaphorical, as that in the preceding chapter (v. 14) certainly is:—"His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." No one will say that this is meant to be a literal description; and to those who maintain an opinion contrary to that adopted in the text, the author can only say, that, like a weary traveller who has two paths before him—the one beset with thorns, the other strewed with roses—he has chosen that which holds forth the promise of most beauty and delight.

m Proverbs, ch. i. 26, &c.
n The whole of this passage, it will be seen, is taken from the commencement of our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, Matthew, ch. v. 3, &c.

o Matthew, ch. xv. 31.

p Lazarus.—Vide St. John's Gospel, ch. xi.

q In this part of the description, I have followed the Gospel of St. Matthew, which bears,—"The thieves, also, who were crucified with him, cast the same in his teeth,"—the distinction in the behaviour of the repentant thief not being noticed, as in the other Gospels.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

a The Druids worshipped the infernal deities, at night, during the period of full moon, in order to propitiate them, when any extraordinary undertaking was in hand.

b It was a part of the Druidical superstition, that the sun was red at evening, because he then looked over hell.

c "Every year it was their custom to unroof their temple, and, by their united labours, to re-cover it again before sunset; during which ceremony, if any one lost or dropt her burden, she was torn to pieces by the rest, and her limbs carried round the place in Bacchanalian procession."—Constable's Miscellany, vol. xx. p. 7.
NOTES.

a Those who are at all versant in Eastern history or travels, must be well acquainted with the descriptions of the almost overpowering splendour of the tombs of Eastern princes. Those of Shah Jehan and Ameer Bereed well nigh exceed belief,—for, as we are told, these tombs in themselves constitute one continued blaze of the most splendid and costly materials and workmanship.

e The deserted state of the greater part of Arabia is too well known to require any description. The traveller may tread on the ruins of a hundred cities, with scarce one stone left upon another to tell where they have been. The inhabitants are a wandering and desultory race, and their fields, in truth, lie in a calm and endless sleep, beneath a bright and dazzling sun.

f Vide Note c of this Canto.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

EZEKIEL, Chap. xxxvii.

I stood, alone and friendless, in a valley where
The hand of death had been; and far and wide
Myriads of bones, all whit'ning in the sun,
And dry and marrowless, lay scattered there.
I heard a voice that sounded in my ear
Like many thunders, or the rushing noise
Of countless billows rolling on the sand;
I heard, but could not understand, nor tell
The words it spake. The dead alone could hear
And understand. God, how my warm blood froze!
The dry bones rattled, and together drew
Each to the other, till there lay in ranks
Ten thousand skeletons of perfect men.
Joints—bones—knit firm, but lifeless as the sod
Whereon they lay, all fleshless, still, and cold.

Again that voice came like the sweeping wind
Forth from the many quarters of the globe;
Again the dead could hear and understand;
Again the motionless and cold began to move,
And, inch by inch, the twisting sinews crept
Around the bones, till, serpent-like, they stretch'd
Their cordy ligatures from heel to head,
And ready seemed to start. But all was still—
And fleshless, lifeless, motionless; all cold—
And in that valley, where these thousands lay,
Formed, sinewy skeletons of perfect men,
I—I alone could move, and breathe, and live.

Once more that voice upon the stillness broke—
Once more th' obedient dead could understand.
Huge shapeless lumps of nerveless livid flesh
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Crept o'er the sinewed bones, and clung unto
Their whitened surface; till each form became
A perfect one; yet lay as cold as if
The breath of life but now had fled from it.
White, stiffened limbs—blue, speechless, livid lips—
Dull, glazed and filmy eyes—long, rigid hands—
Sunk, hollow cheeks, and pallid brows, on which
No thought had ever sat, as if the wing
Of Desolation's Angel on the blast
Had come, and with fell pestilence had swept
A living myriad to the shades of death.
All still—all cold—all motionless—and dead—
Fix'd—glaring eyes—Oh, horrid, horrid sight!
The withered bones were nought, but this array
Of lifeless spectres clothed in livid flesh—
Of ghastly, grinning forms, all glaring too
On me, as one of them, I could not bear,
And turned to fly, but could not, from the spot.

Once more that voice—but tho' this time, it came
Like gentle breezes whisp'ring from the south,  
These dead could hear, for it brought motion—life—  
And woke them from their sleep; they started up  
Ten thousand forms, all perfect, living men.  
Great God of Heaven! I could bear no more,  
But, turning from the sight, did gird my loins  
In breathless haste, and fled—the wild outcry  
Of these strange spectres still pursuing me!
MACKINNON.

"The Pretender's son was carried by a boatman of the name of Mackinnon, first to Raza, and then back to Skye, in attempting to make his escape from Scotland."—Hist. Rebellion, 1745.

"MACKINNON, Mackinnon, where does thy boat lie?
Oh, stretch her white sails to the dark Isle of Skye,
For the son of a long line of Princes with thee
Must travel, Mackinnon, o'er yonder wild sea."

"Her white sails are bent, she lies in the bay,
Full ready to bound from Loch Moidart away;
But the son of a long line of Princes, with me,
Shall never set sail over yonder wild sea."

"Mackinnon, Mackinnon, his promise shall hold,
And rich thy reward, and thy guerdon of gold
Shall be, if the son of thy Monarch, with thee,
Shall escape from Loch Moidart o'er yonder wild sea."
"The curse of Old Scotland now rests on his head,
The cries of her wounded, the blood of her dead,
And think'st thou this worker of evil, with me,
May sail in my bark o'er yonder wild sea?"

"Mackinnon, Mackinnon, he fought for his own,
To dash the usurper down from his throne;
And a proud belted Earl Mackinnon shall be
When he sails with his Prince over yonder wild sea."

"The cry of the orphan, the lone widow's curse,
Are the visions of woe this spoiler may nurse,
And were the destroyer to travel with me,
The bark of Mackinnon would sink in yon sea."

"Mackinnon, Mackinnon, believe upon trust,
That God will uphold the cause of the just;
And thy bark with the speed of the falcon shall flee
Full lightly and gaily o'er yonder wild sea."

"My bark may dash on with the speed of the wind,
But the groans of my country would echo behind;
And the blaze of her halls in ruin would be
The light that should waft us o'er yonder dark sea."

"Mackinnon, Mackinnon, these fair features scan,
The last of the Stuarts, a lost, ruined man,
The Son of thy King, now stands before thee,
And sue to be wafted o'er yonder wild sea.

"The axe is before me, the sword is behind,
And Mackinnon's stout bark must be fleet as the wind,
Or the last of his race, ere to-morrow shall be
As lifeless and cold as yonder dark sea."—
The white sails are bent,—from the rough sailor's eye
The tear-drop was dashed as he stretched them to Skye;—
And the lost one of Scotland, Mackinnon, with thee,
Has sailed from Loch Moidart o'er yonder wild sea.
THE LONELY PORTRAIT.

In the far heights of this lone world there is a wild
Fair country—but on it the mild
Refreshing beams of the warm sun but seldom shine.
Oh! Italy, that cold clime is not like thine,
But still, beneath it, living flowers spring up to throw
A fragrance o'er its coldness; flowers like those that grow
In thy soft sunny clime—that are most fair,
Yet sparkle not with the free wanton air
That lives within the eyes of those that be
Inhabitants of other climes, beyond their colder sea.

And I have known this climate all too cold
For such fair flowers,—and, ere they had grown old,
Have seen them droop and die, and, it may be,
Removed from their own land, fair Italy, to thee.
Aye—ev'n as tender plants from some cold shade,
To sheltered spots, in hopeless hour conveyed;
Far from their own dear home, to them so fair,
And bright, and beautiful—to perish there.

In one—a far remote and distant part
Of this fair land, and seated in the heart
Of many a wild rude hill, a mansion stood,
Famed for its architecture fair and good;
But that ye would not look upon, when you
Had entered its first hall, and caught the view
Of one lone picture. In a deep recess
It hung. 'Twas beautiful—but much of bitterness,
To those who knew the tale, surrounded it.
It was so sweet, that ye would gaze—and gaze—and yet
Return and gaze again, and ne'er forget.
The pale but saint-like face, the sweet blue eyes
As calm and beautiful as those pure skies
That hung above. At least, if ye had known
Or heard her history, as I have done,
Ye would not soon forget it.

She was but one—the only, favourite child
Of her fond father, and the wild
Luxuriance of her beauty pleased his heart.
Gay, light, and thoughtless—all devoid of art,
She was a sunbeam to the widowed man,
And gladdened all these thoughts which others
tried to scan
In vain. She knew his heart, and that was all
to her;
He knew her heart—and knew it could not err
In loving him.

But wintry blights will sometimes fall upon
The sweetest flowers, and those that shone
In fairest guise, will be the first to die.
'Twas thus with her;—ev'n in the bloom of youth
She drooped; and o'er a heart, where nought but truth
Had ever reigned, a sickness seemed to steal.
There are some wounds which time can never heal,
And which no probe can reach. What can they be?
Oh hope—can such wounds emanate from thee?
Perchance they may! She drooped—but what came with'ring o'er
Her frame, I cannot tell.
Her young—firm step first altered, then her cheek turned pale;
Her eyes grew dim, her spirits seemed to fail,
And if ye touch'd her hand, 'twas cold and damp,
But would not shrink from yours, and yet could not
Return its pressure. No—it had forgot
How to express that feeling—for the stamp
Which sorrow or disease, I know not which, had placed
On her young heart, and with reluctant hand had traced
On her pale features, seemed to have touched, and brought
A death-like cold forgetfulness o'er ev'ry other thought.

What could it be?—However sad her lot,
The illness of the human frame could not Have wrought this desolation of the mind.
What could it be?—She was not always thus.

At times,
As I have seen in far—in distant climes,
A sudden sunbeam bursting from the cloud,
Whose folds of darkness sought in vain to shroud
Its brightness and its beauty, a soft yet pensive smile
Would steal around her lips and eyes, and she, Forgetting grief, would once more seem to be
As she had been in days of youth and hope.
Yet this
Was but a short-liv'd and a transient bliss.
It pass'd away, and all that could be said
Was, that its vanish'd light had only made
The darkness more complete.—

What could it be?—One word may tell it all—
*She lov'd*—and had been lov'd again;
But he, the spoiler, who had sought to call
Her all his own, had gained her heart, and then
Deserted her. She spoke not of it—whisper'd
not his name—
But, in a playful mood, would sometimes seem
To think that what was passed had been a dream.
But this was sickness of the heart—a fond deceit,
A parent's watchful eye, or guardian care to cheat.
Her sunken eye, her hollow cheek soon told
How deep the arrow struck—how firm its hold:
She clasped it to her vitals, and would brood,  
Day after day, in hopeless solitude,  
And weep o'er all the mischief he had wrought—  
The desolation to her bosom brought,  
Till she could weep no more, and all that she  
Look'd for of rest or peace—was in eternity.

It was when hope had fled, and her worn frame  
Was bending to the earth from whence it came,  
Like a fair flower by some untimely frost,  
Some casual chill, or blight, for ever lost,  
Pale—pale and beautiful, a thing of light,  
For this cold earth of ours, far—far too bright,  
And lovelier worlds had opened up to her,  
And faith had dreamt of that where none can err,  
That some one whispered of the south, and she  
Was then remov'd, fair Italy, to thee.

'Twas there I saw her, as I see her now—  
The same mild look, the same calm placid brow,
The cheek that bloom'd like summer's evening skies,
As fading and as beautiful, the sweet blue eyes,
For these had all returned, and all were hailed
As omens that thy clime had then prevailed.
Deceitful Italy—thy smiles could only win
The breath of one who felt not, knew not sin.
That flushed and fev'rish cheek, that sparkling eye
Came but to tell the wished for death was nigh;
But all around her thought that they must be
Signs of returning health, and bless'd thy clime
and thee.
'Twas then that one, a master of his art,
Pourtrayed her likeness, as you see her there,
Laid on her couch—as beautiful and fair.
And if ye gaze on it till ev'n thy heart
Be touch'd, what must it say to mine? He who
Pourtrayed the likeness wept, and scarce could do
That which he came for. Yet how well 'tis done
Ye now may judge. There liv'd but one
Who could have caught that look—that smile.
The work was finished, and he gazed on it; but while
He gazed, as we do now, a change came o'er her face.
'Twas bright and beauteous, and he sought to trace
It on the canvass, but he sought in vain.
There was so much of heaven, and nought of earth to stain
The gladness of that look, that all he tried
Was but a vain attempt.—'Twas then she died!

Such is the tale; but 'twas in after years,
When time's cold hand had somewhat dried the tears
Of sorrowing friends, that, in this deep recess,
The picture was suspended. Much of bitterness,
As I have said before, clings to it still. But gaze on it,
Now that ye know the tale, and if ye can forget
That look so mild and beautiful—those sweet blue eyes
Whose last and fond expression seems to rise
From earth to heaven, depicted as you see,
I envy not thy heart, for it must be
More hard than stone.—
WHEN ON THAT PALE, COLD FACE I LOOK.

When on that pale, cold face I look,
I dream that thou art still my own,
For oh, I cannot, dare not brook
The thought that now—I am alone.
All that I lov'd of thee is gone,—
Thy spirit has departed now—
That heart—that soul—the only one
To which my heart could ever bow.
Oh, couldst thou but remain as now,
While there is yet a look of thee;
That changeless eye, and pallid brow
Would still be fondly lov'd by me.
But all I gaze upon must be
Soon laid beneath the sculptured stone;
And then—a long farewell to thee—
The grave—oh, then—I am alone!—
THY GOLDEN SHIELDS ARE MELTED.

2 Chronicles, Chap. xii.

Thy golden shields are melted, thy precious jewels gone,
And thou—ill fated Israel—art once more left alone;
The Lord thy God hath left thee, and vanished is thy stay,
And all thy many countless props like reeds have given way.

The rising sun it gleamed upon ten thousand charioteers—
On horses and on horsemen—a hundred thousand spears,
And down upon Jerus'lem, in the God of Israel's name,
To vanquish all its boasted strength, th' Egyptian spoiler came.
He came, and left thee desolate, oh city of the brave,
And made thy princes captive, thy jewelled shrines a grave,
Thy palaces a ruin, thy temples heaps of stone,
And levelled with the dust Jerusalem's vaunted throne.

Like midnight wave of Galilee that rolls upon the sand,
So stretched the hosts of Egypt o'er thy devoted land;
And the glancing of their spears was like the stars that are
Arrayed around the northern pole, seen glimmering from afar.

Thy God thou hadst forsaken, and he, a jealous King,
Has left thee thus forsaken, an abject wretched thing,
And given all thy strength, thy riches, and thy soil,
A prey to the Egyptian—to the infidel a spoil.

Oh, boast not then, Jerusalem—exalt not thus thy horn—
How little didst thou think or dream, when dawned that glorious morn,
That long before its sun should set, the dead, the lifeless sea
Would not be half so desolate, or cold as thine and thee.
SAUL AND THE PROPHET.

1 Samuel, Ch. xxviii. 15.

"Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me from the dead,
And raised to earth this loathsome dust that in the grave lay hid—
Oh Saul—may not the dark cold grave give rest to mine or me;
Say, wherefore then, oh ruthless King, hast thou disquieted me?"

"Cold phantom of the buried Seer—dark prophet of the dead,
Art thou, with bones all marrowless, come from the silent bed?
Thy cold eyes gleam like fires that shine on dead men's graves at night,
And there is not a beam in them of aught like living light."
"Yet speak—pale death-like prophet, speak! The Philistines make war
On me and mine, and Israel's hosts, whose numbers countless are
All like the glitt'ring stars that be in yonder liquid plain,
Or like the fountain drops that play in sunshine after rain.

"But God the Lord hath hid his face, and answereth no more,
By dreams, nor yet by prophets now, as in the days of yore;
He hath forsaken them and me, and on my brow the dew
Of death, and death-like feeling sits—Oh, what shall Israel do?"

"Oh King, how can it be that man shall war against the Lord?
He hath become thine enemy; thy kingdom, by the sword,
Forth from thy grasp shall wrested be—and it, and thine, and thee, And Israel to the Philistines shall all delivered be.

"And yonder hosts, like drops that fall, in sunshine after rain, From many a noble fountain's height, shall never rise again; And thou—their Leader, Prince, and King—thou and thy sons shall be, With visage wan, and hearts as cold, to-morrow night with me!"
EARLY LOVE.

"'Tis a sad tale, yet it comes breathing o'er
The mind as sweetly as the soft south wind
O'er azure seas."—

Far in the north, and hidden from the view
Of the lone trav'ller by many a yew,
And many an oak, that crown the mountain's height,
There is a wild, yet not a gloomy vale.

The summer sun shines on it with a light
Subdued and sweetly softened, while the pale Cold glances of the wint'ry sun
Are looks and things it almost seems to shun.

I do remember it most well, when I
Was but a youthful child, and the blue sky Shone with a brightness that in very truth I dreamt would last;—but with the days of youth That blue sky pass'd—I know not, care not

where,
It was from me, and, it may be, from those
Whom I remember living quietly there,
In mirth and joy, as if all earthly woes
Had pass'd from them, and they had nought to do
But laugh and live with skies for ever blue.

Down in the vale a smiling cottage stood,
Surrounded far and near by clumps of wood
And blooming shrubs, and breathing flow'rs that shed
Their fragrance round, till beauty seem'd to spread
Its wings, and hover near; within—without,
All—all was peace, and something hung about
This little Paradise, that whispered they,
Who in their meekness now resided there,
Might once have seen a somewhat better day,
And known, perchance, a somewhat better fare

Far—far above it, as in frowning mood,
High on the mountain's side, midway between
The valley and its highest top, was seen
A spacious mansion, graced with many a tower
And castled top, and princely hall and bower.
High on a cliff it stood, and, standing, seemed
Like some dark sentinel, whose armour gleamed
In living sunshine, while he watched the glow
Of that bright sunshine in the vale below.

In *that* a maiden liv'd—in this a *youth*—
And in the breast of each nought but the truth
Had ever dwelt. Th' untrodden snow, that lies
High on the mountain's top, was not more pure
Than *her* as spotless mind—the light that flies
In varying crimson o'er it, ere the night
Casts its pale shadow o'er the dazzling scene,
Was not so beautiful, nor half so bright
As the soft, varying, ever changing light
That went and came, with its own speaking glow,
To tinge a cheek far purer than that snow.
Oh, she was innocent, and passing fair,
And beautiful and bright—yet but the heir
Of those sweet smiling looks her mother wore
When young and beautiful in days of yore.

And he—the youth—was noble in his birth,
But nobler in his mind. This heav'n-bound earth
Held not a nobler being;—heart and soul
Had far outgrown his years, and self-control,
While it had school'd him, had not check'd his mirth.
No—it was playful still—sportive and light
As his own graceful bearing—and his bright
And glancing eye ne'er spoke of aught but joy.

There is a mirth which time can not destroy,
And this seem'd born in him, for he was still
The same light-hearted being—good and ill
Came both alike.—The human heart, God wot,
Has evil thoughts in store—but still, the spot
Most wild in all the desert may be cleared,
And, where but thorns and briars grew, be reared
The fairest flowers—and it was so with him.
The shoots of sin—imaginings that dim
The pureness of the soul, had been with care
Torn out from his, and yet no blank left there.
Each but gave way that it might be replaced
By something bright which virtue's self had traced
Within his breast—the heir of those who trode
So proud—so princely—in that high abode.
But stay, sure I am wandering in my tale—
Back—back my spirit to yon lowly vale.
Well, these two lov'd, or fancied that they did—
And yet, 'twas more than fancy—for they lov'd,
But not with that strong feeling that lies hid
Within the hearts of those whose riper years
Have taught that love, like thin clouds easily moved
By some slight breath, may end ere long in tears.
No— theirs was sunshine all, the love of youth,
Or rather childhood, for they both were young—
Both very young;—the maiden scarce had seen
More than twelve laughing years;—he might have been
Some few months older, but it matters not;
Time with his rolling years was all forgot
By them. In childish innocence and truth,
And hope that knows no fear, they lov'd and clung
Each unto each with that confiding joy
That knows no grief—that nothing can destroy.
Day after day they met, and every day
Brought something new, and seemed to pass away
With far more speed than that which went before.
They knew no sorrow when its light was o'er,
Like those, who, parting not to meet again,
Gaze their last look.—Oh no, this bitter pain
Was all unknown to them.—They, ling'ring, stood
For one short moment near the shady wood,
Or, like two beings from another sphere
Of mirth and joy, sent down to wander here
For some short space, just ere they wing their flight
Back, back once more to their own world of light,
From some high hill, they watched with glowing cheek
The evening sun sink slow beneath the tide
It crimsoned o'er with many a fairy streak,
And stealing one sly look—one single kiss—
Laughing they fled—he to yon princely dome,
And she, light-hearted, to her humble home,
Sure that to-morrow's sun would bring the bliss
Of meeting back to them.—Sometimes, again,
They sought for shelter from the heat, and then
They wandered onward to some shady bower,
Or laid them down where many a blooming flower
Hung round;—and she, fatigued with nought but play,
All in her infant innocence would lay
Her head upon his breast—her little arm
Around his neck, and sleep, secure that harm
Could not assail her then, while her dear boy
Was there to watch her sleep.—Oh, this was joy,
For he could gaze upon that face, and bless
The scarce felt touch of each light auburn tress
The summer wind might waft upon his cheek,
Till he, the watcher, was compelled to seek
Rest in the same repose;—then, drooping o’er
The fairy form that lay upon his breast,
Each raven lock, shook from his brow before,
Hung curling down, and sought a playful rest
Amidst her sunny curls.—Oh, night and day
When mingling first together could not be
So bright, nor half so beautiful as they.—
Had some worn traveller chanced to pass and see
Those angel beings slumb’ring in their rest,
In that lone place, he must have deemed that he
Had been conveyed to mansions of the blest,
Or, in a vision dreamt, that fate had brought
His wandering steps to some bright world of thought.

But Time works changes here,—and they could not,
Altho’ forgetting, be by him forgot.
The youth grew on to manhood—manhood brought
New feelings to his mind, and many a thought
Unknown before, came crowding now on him.
And plans, wise plans, were made, as if the dim
Uncertain future all were known to those
Grey heads, and loving hearts, whose sole repose
Was but to lose the present, and to be
Wrapt in the future, as if they could see
Through all the vista of long troubled years,
And coin some antidote to human tears.
His life to come—his hopes—his joys—were all
Sketched out by them, as if nought could befall
The object of their care, but what they traced
On the wide chart of human life, and placed
As things that there must be.—Each rock—each strand
Whereon his bark might strike,—each far spread sand
Where he might yet be wrecked,—each hostile coast
Whereon their hopes and his might soon be lost,—
All—all were marked, and beacons placed with care,
As if his course could but be pointed there.
'Tis strange—most strange, indeed, to see how
man
Can thus presume in his weak thoughts to scan
The ways of Providence, and deem that he,
As with a pen, may trace what is to be,
When some, the veriest trifle may befall
To thwart his deep-laid schemes, and alter all
The destiny thus traced.—

Long years rolled on,
And they had parted, not, as heretofore,
To meet again—for he, the youth, had gone
To visit other climes, and wander o'er
Far distant lands, unknown to him, and trace
A long unwearied course to many a place
He had not dreamt of in his happier days.
He saw fair lands, and basked beneath the rays
Of almost endless sunshine—and he gazed
On bright unclouded skies,—somewhat amazed
That these fair climes and cloudless skies should be
More bright than those he had been wont to see.
Ah, envied feelings of our youth, how ye
Do pass away!—With years new knowledge came
To damp the thought that life was all too bright,
Too glad and joyous—but a world of light—
And he saw that, which even here could tame
The gladness of his spirit—for he saw
That in this land—in this bright place—the law
Of his God was unheeded, and that where
All seemed as calm, and beautiful, and blest
As some bright paradise, that even there
Man's heart swelled high with evil, and his breast
Alone knew storms, where all was peace and rest.
He saw this, and he turn'd away, and sought,
In other climes, a refuge from the thought
That might have stained a heart so very bright,
So innocent as his. Oh, this was light
Undimm'd by sorrow still. He bent his way,
From lands more beautiful than noontide day
When at its fairest height, to mountains high,  
And cold, and desolate, whereon the sky,  
As broken—sullen—as their rugged breast,  
In winter's lone, still darkness seemed to rest.  
He marked all nature in her ev'ry mood,  
In sunshine—storms—by lake, and hill, and  
   flood—
On the wild sea—and, standing by its shore,  
Deserted—friendless—when, the tempest o'er,  
It lay as calm, as beautiful in sight,  
As his own vale when youth and hope were bright.

Yet Nature's were not all the works he saw.  
No—these might teach a lesson to the heart,  
But more was wanting,—even works of art  
To teach the mind. From these he sought to draw  
Some newer lessons, and his steps were turned  
To crowded cities where he long sojourned.  
Rome, empress of the world, how bright  
Were all the stores of more than hidden light  
Thou didst disclose to him!—fair Athens too—  
And thou, queen of the deep, what could ye do
More than was done to make a perfect man?
Ye taught him all ye knew—back from the page
Of modern writer to the ancient sage.

And thus years passed, yet seemed to be a span,
For vanish'd years are short. But he had seen
All that he wished to see, and also been
Where'er he wished to go, and gazed his fill
On many a wondrous work, yet still
A sweet remembrance of his native vale
Hung round his heart—the echo of a tale
That had been told in youth. Oh, he could not,
In all his wand'rings, e'er forget that spot;
And now he turned to it, and once again
With bounding heart came o'er the rolling main.
He came—but not alone—for he had sought,
In foreign lands, a noble bride, and brought
A young fair creature with him. This world's round
Could not contain a fairer. She was bright—
Oh, bright and beautiful—and he had found
All that his heart could wish; she was his light
And hope of life, and her sweet presence graced
The home where now his joy and hers was placed.

But stay—had this fond noble youth forgot
His first, his early love? Oh, he could not
Be so unmindful of those sweet blue eyes
That always turned to his, mild as the beam
Of sunshine falling on some shady stream.
It could not be—he never could forget
One he had lov'd so well! But ye shall hear,
And hearing, ye may judge if they were dear
Each to the other still. Ere long they met
When wand'ring one sweet day in that lone vale
That told to both a well remembered tale.
They met—but not alone—he with his bride,
She with a graver husband by her side;
Him she had lov'd in soberness, and he
Was far more suited to her destiny!

The idle dream was past—the dream
Whose dazzling beauty gilded o'er the stream
Of their young lives, that ran so smoothly on:
But with it nought of happiness was gone,
For they were more than happy—glad, and she
Smiled in her humbler happiness to see
The lov'd one of her youth, and his young bride,
Kiss the sweet child that by its mother's side
Stood gazing on them, as on things too bright
And fair and beautiful for its young sight.
She for its beauty—while he laughing said,
With one of his old looks that could not fade
From her remembrance, that she still might take
That kiss as given for its mother's sake.
Oh, these were days of innocence, and they,
Unknown—unnoticed, passed as quiet away
As some bright thing that glides the waters o'er,
And leaves the wave as beauteous as before.

But Time works changes here—yet ere he wrought
A change on them, a few short years had brought
A deep change o'er their lives;—the youth was now
The lord of all around, but still his brow
Was all unclouded, all unbent by care,
And time as yet had traced no wrinkle there.
She, too, was much the same, except it be
This, that her looks were sweeter than when he
First kissed her glowing cheek, just as the rose
Is sweeter at the moment when it blows
Fresh bursting from its fairy bud to be
A living flower in mirth, and joy, and glee.

It was a change to him—but none to them,
At least as yet, for she remained the gem,
And but the gem of her own peaceful home.
But this was not to last. He, in his dome,
Where wealth and splendour reigned, could not
forget
The sweetness of their love, when they had met
Down in the flow'ry vale, and but the sky,
Pale—blue—and beautiful, hung far and high
Above them there. Nor time nor place could
change
The fondness of his heart; the far-spread range
Of all the world had not as yet done this,
Nor could wealth now, however great its bliss
Or fancied bliss might be. No—for the hour
Of wealth had come, and he but prized the power
That it bestowed on him and his to aid
The friends that he in early youth had made.
And who were they?—She who had been his
love,
And who was still so beautiful, was not,
Like some faint star that gleams at night above,
When sunshine comes, to be like it forgot.
Oh no,—and loving her, it could not be
That he should all forget the one that she
Had in affection wed.—He was his friend,
And now he gave it in his charge to tend
An humble flock, for he in youth was bred
To this high sacred office, and each thought
That warred against it in his breast was dead.
This was a change to him;—and now he brought
That fair young being to another home—
One she had prized, and thought of when the
dome
Of her young lord—her first—her early love,
Fixed on its frowning height had seemed to be
Something too dazzling, high, and far above
Aught that could come in life's reality.
But ev'n on it she had not looked apart
From him, the lov'd one of her youthful heart,
And then, had seen through that deceiving light
Affection lends when making life too bright,
And far too beautiful for what must be
The wand'rer's course on its tempestuous sea.

But this was truth—and now she liv'd and mov'd
In that sweet home with one esteemed and lov'd,
Blest with their children—he who seemed to be
His mother's image—fair and mild, and she,
The daughter, who had ev'ry look and smile
That gain'd the mother's heart; the sea-girt isle
Of Britain boasted not a happier pair
Than they, in meekness, now residing there.

They often met—the young lord and his bride,
The youthful pastor and his blooming wife,
And happy, seemed to think their full spring tide
Of joy could never ebb, but that thro' life
It would remain to them, and ever be
As calm and beautiful as that quiet sea
Whose tideless waters, on their flow'ry shore,
Lie still and motionless for evermore.

But there is something in the breast of man
That cannot all enjoy so much of bliss,
So much of finish'd happiness as this,
Unless it be that there exist within
His heart a principle devoid of sin—
Unless it be that he can bear to scan
The secret workings of the inner man,
And find each thought as pure as snow untrode,
As free from blemish in the sight of God.

And was not such their lot?—Oh yes, they knew
The peace that passeth knowledge, and the pew
That held the one upon the sacred day
Of God, held all—save he, who came to pray
And teach the humble flock. They ever knelt
In the same lowly church, and kneeling felt
That bright communion of the soul, wherein
Heart answers heart, and every thought within
Is pure and beautiful, and seems to be
Like some still sky upon a waveless sea
Reflected back, till man can scarcely shew
Which shines above—which dazzles from below.

Oh this gives zest to joy—and as they trode
The valley homeward from the house of God,
Arm link'd in arm, the husband-pastor too
Joined to the group, and seeking to improve
All that was past by some new beauteous view
Of Heav'n's own kindness, and God's endless love
To fallen man, if aught of earthly birth
Could boast of fadeless innocence on earth,
They might have said 'twas theirs. This was the day,
Above all others, when the peaceful ray
Of heartfelt happiness that shed its light
Along their path-way shone most pure and bright.
'Twas that repose—that feeling of the soul
That comes like sunshine when the whirling roll!
Of winds and waves is past—as calm, as still,
As pure and beautiful, as free from ill.

But Time works changes here—and now a change
Most new to them, but in this world not strange,
Came o'er the valley like some guilty thing
That steals along on noiseless silent wing.
What could it be?—Were they not far above
All that could come of sorrow?—Was not love,
Pure and unmix'd, their own.—Had they not seen
Long changeless years of happiness, and been
United as in one?—What then could this
Most sad and heavy ill that changed their bliss
To sorrow be?—Oh, fate has many a dart
Man dreams not of until it pierce his heart.
The embers of some vanish'd fire may lie
All dormant—motionless—until some wind,
Some breath—some airy nothing passing by
May wake the blaze again.—So with the mind
Of man—so with the fancies that once fill
His changing heart; they may seem dead, but still,
Like these cold embers, desolate and dark,  
There lurks within a ling’ring hidden spark  
That only waits some passing breath to raise  
The seeming ashes to a living blaze.

I know not what it was—I cannot tell,  
But something happened, something now befell  
The youthful lord and his first love, that woke  
Once more within their breasts the hidden flame  
That had lain dead for years—and oh, it broke  
Forth with a vigour nought on earth could tame.

Yet stay;—why should I dwell on this? They fled—  
Fled from the vale where they for years had led  
A peaceful happy life—fled far away,  
And left behind all those whose only stay,  
And only hope had been for years in them.  
Oh, this was cruel,—for the purest gem  
Of Indian mines had not seemed half so bright,  
Nor half so pure and beauteous in the sight  
Of those who loved them, as the guilty pair  
Who had no home, and now no refuge there.
And where went they? They could not now remain
In their own land, nor there return again,
And so, they cross'd the sea—that guilty pair,
Ev'n to the land of sin and sorrow where
In happier days the youth before had been—
Aye—to that land of guilt where he had seen
That which could tame his spirit—where the law
Of his God was unheeded.—Now he saw
The same bright land—the same unclouded skies—
The same pure sunshine, but with other eyes.
It was all beauty, and he knew not how
The change had come to pass; for, he could call
The land most virtuous for whose sins his brow
Had blushed before. One word explains it all—
The pure simplicity of heart that shed
A ray of light o'er ev'ry thought had fled,
And he alone was changed;—just as the sun,
When from behind a cloud he looks upon
Some beauteous flower that he had known before,
With all the radiance of his beams deck'd o'er,
And sees it droop, as if some dark decay
Had come to steal its fairest bloom away,
Nor ever dreams a look so cold and dim
Betrayed no change in it, but one in him.

Long years now linger’d on, and many a day
Of fancied happiness—such bliss as they
Who live in sin can know, was passed with those
Who were alike their own and heaven’s foes.
That land of sin was now their fixed abode,
And all their time, each hour, was passed—oh
God—
In guilty love;—but let me drop a veil
O’er the dark part of this my simple tale.
I turn to those—to those who had been left
Far—far away—and both alike bereft
Of all they held most dear.—The strong man wept
Deep, bitter tears;—but yet no anger slept
Within his humble breast—he could forgive
And did forgive them both. But could he live
Without the one who had been more than life,  
When life was young, to him—his darling wife?  
He might forgive—his Master taught him so,  
But to forget was more than he could do.

Ere yet the wound was heal'd, or cover'd o'er  
With that thin scar that sometimes comes before  
Time has wrought out his cure, his grief was loud,  
Aye—loud and deep—and he, the strong man, bowed  
Beneath the pressure of this mighty woe.  
His steps were restless—wild—confused,—yet slow  
And all unequal,—not what they had been  
In those bright sunny days that he had seen  
So lately shining there. No—they had lost  
Their firm elastic tread, and, tempest tost,  
Like some tall vessel o'er the stormy wave,  
He tottered downward to an early grave.  
At times, again, he seem'd to be most calm,  
As if he knew that there was still a balm
In Gilead, and a kind Physician there.
But oh, this was a passing moment—fair
And still as that which comes before the hour
Of gath'ring clouds and whirlwinds stormy power.
Some touch—some word—some trifling look
would raise
The smothered ashes to a fearful blaze;
Sometimes his child—whose lisping tongue would say,
"Where is my mother?" with a look so near
That which had been her own in happier day—
That which was hers, who still was more than dear,
And very dear to him; so calm—so sweet,
His gushing eyes could scarcely dare to meet
Those of his child,—but he would turn away
And tear his hair, and clasp his hands on high,
And break into a wild unearthly cry—
A cry, that I have heard his daughter say,
She would remember to her dying day.

He could not be resigned—it was in vain;
And ev'ry look—each action shewed the pain
That preyed upon his heart—that dwelt within
A breast that scarce had dreamt of worldly sin.
Oh, he was changed—nor does it seem to be
Aught to be wondered at, or strange that he
Whose love had been so strong, when all was gone
Of that fond happiness that he had known,
Should raise his voice—his hands—his eyes on high,
And curse his day, and even wish to die.
It was not so with her—the youthful bride;
She was a woman—and altho' the tide
Of sorrow in her breast was just as deep
As that which ebbed in his,—or it may be
That it was deeper—yet she did not weep,
Nor vent one loud complaint.—The cold dead sea,
Upon whose surface not a single trace
Of aught that lives or moves can breathe or be,
Was not so cold—so still—as her pale face;
Nor was the wave, that slumbered far beneath,
In its own channel, like some thing of death,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

One half so damp—so with’ring as each thought
That dwelt within her breast. Oh, Time had brought
A change most sad to her.—Yet she would go,
Bent as she was beneath this weight of woe,
In seeming calm, to visit every place
That she had known before. There she would trace
For hours together all the brilliant past,
And wonder why a life so pure and bright
Should pass away, and not for ever last.
Yet this but made the dark and dreary night
Around her now more dark,—for ev’ry spot
Had something in it not to be forgot,
Some tie of vanish’d love—some thought—some dream—
That made its brightness and its beauty seem
A paradise to her.—Oh, thus the heart
Still clings to thoughts from which it cannot part,
And, like a spirit, flits around the scene
Of buried joys, which then have only been.
In these lone wand'ring, if by chance she saw
The fair one's darling boy, whom she had seen
That well remembered day, when she had been
The first time in that valley, she would draw
The sweet one to her heart, and make him rest,
His mother's image, on her beating breast,
And gaze on him, and part his flowing hair,
And kiss his cheek, and lips, and that soft, fair,
And beauteous forehead she had kissed before,
When all were happy in the days of yore.
But with his sire she could not bear to meet;
Their meetings of past days had been too sweet
To be renewed thus.—When joy has fled
With those we once have lov'd, the thought is dead
Within the breast that could wake joy once more—
The lute is broken, and its music o'er—
The hand is gone that woke its sweetest strain,
And none but it can strike the chord again.

The hand was gone indeed—and yet her mind
Was calm—or seemed to be calm and resigned;
But this was all;—the dart had gone too deep,
And, like the wounded dove that covers o'er
Its snowy breast to hide the point, and keep
The fest'ring arrow there, that could no more
Strike its young heart again, she tried to hide
From many a watchful eye how fast the tide
Of life was ebbing in a broken heart.
She had one wish—but one—'twas to depart
From this dark world of sin, and be at rest
In even a brighter home—where, calm and
blest,
She might forget, as angels do, and cast
Far—far behind her all the bitter past.

To those who saw her, with'ring day by day
Like some sweet flow'ret on its stem away,
And watched her fading looks, it seemed most
clear
That this, her wished for end, was very near.
She wept not—spoke not—uttered no com-
plaint—
But her pale cheek—her dying look—and faint
And weary tread—her feeble frame,
That ye might gaze upon till she would seem
The suff'ring angel of some bitter dream—
Her bright unearthly eye—all told the same
Unvarying tale, that she drew nigh that bourne
From whose dark source no trav'ller can return.

But Time works changes here,—and now he wrought
Another change, but one that nothing brought
Of joy, or mirth, or life, or light to him,
Whose sun had set in clouds so dark and dim.

Long years had passed—and winter's drifting snow
Lay on the hills, and in the vale below,
And all around was sad, and cold, and drear,
And nothing breathed of life or gladness here.
The strong man sat, wrapt in the dreary past,
Thinking of days long gone, and of that last
And awful hour when he like them should go,
When a light step, but feeble, weak, and slow,
As that of one whose all of strength was gone,
And a faint sound, that seem'd the struggling tone
Of one, in whom the last and only spark
Of life was fading, stole upon his ear.
They both were sounds he had been wont to hear—
The step was one that he had known of yore,
The voice was one that he had heard before.
All—all was still and calm—and ev'n the bark
Of his old dog was hushed—he too had known
That well remembered step—that unforgotten tone.

He started—wild—confused—and struck his head,
As if these sounds were sounds that he should dread,
And staggered on—but, ere he reached the door,
The long lost trembling wand'rer stood before
The husband of her youth—pale—pale and cold—
Oh, how unlike her he had known of old.
Her thin garb drench'd and torn—her sunny hair
Dishevelled round a brow that still was fair,
But not so fair as that thin pallid cheek,
And not so mild as that quiet, humbled, meek
And self-reproving look she fixed on him
Ere yet her eyes, in death, closed dark and dim,
And her worn frame and aching head sought rest
Within the shelt'ring arms, and on the breast
That she had lov'd so well.—But long before
This happened he had bless'd her o'er and o'er,
And kissed her cheek, and bade her breathe and live,
And said that he would ev'ry wrong forgive,
And clasped her to his beating heart, and tried
To give her life—in vain—for there she died—
Died—smiling in his arms,—for she had come
A long far way to her once happy home,
For this alone—ev'n there to die—and seek
Forgiveness of her sin, and press her cheek
Once more to his, whom she had lov'd so long.

And what of him who had done all this wrong?
Had he deserted her? Oh no—oh no—
Through joy and sorrow, and thro' weal and woe,
He lov'd her to the last,—but in that land
Where they had liv'd, he died—died with her hand
Clasped close in his—press'd to his trembling heart,
As if, while life was left, he could not part
From her, his early love. Oh, even then
His youthful days—his own sweet home—the glen
Where they had met—the mem'ry of the past,
Came crowding o'er his mind,—and with a last
Fond dying look, and smile upon his cheek,
He bade the poor deserted being seek
That peaceful home once more ;—and, with a prayer
That he might be forgiven—raised his eyes
To those bright, beautiful, and spotless skies
That hung above them, all unclouded there,
And bless'd his early love, and faintly tried
To kiss the cheek that o'er him stooped—but died—
"Farewell" upon his lips—farewell to her
Whom thus he lov'd, while she so far could err.
THE LIGHT OF THE EYE.

The light—the light—oh the light of that eye,
That shone as soft as the dark blue sky
Of a summer eve, when the sun has set—
Its sweetness and beauty I cannot forget.

For oh, the light of that beautiful eye,
It glanc'd as swift as the thoughts that fly
From earth to Heaven, and beamed upon
A broken heart whose hopes were gone.

And oh how it brightened the dark recess
Where that heart had sunk in its bitterness,
And brought, with its own angelic ray,
A light more sweet than the light of day.

For it came with a feeling of pity and love,
That lives not on earth, but in heav'n above,
And shone with a look so soft and so warm,
The broken heart acknowledged the charm.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

Alas!—and are they all gone?

I saw the old man follow to the grave
The daughter of his love, fair, young, and mild,
Whom all his fond affection could not save,
His rose of beauty,—his own fav’rite child.

Bowed down with sorrow, more than bent with years,
He wept o’er all that death—stern death—had left
Of her he lov’d so well; the silent tears,
In big round drops, fell o’er his hollow cheek,
   bereft
Of his young child, the darling of his heart,—
She, who, when others stood, or sat around,
Had climb’d upon his knee, and wound
Her little arms around her father’s neck,
And kissed his brow—his lips—his cheek—and drew
Her playful hands and rosy fingers through
His long grey hairs. What was she now? a wreck,
Laid on the sands, where ev'ry human bark
At last must perish. God of heav'n! how dark
And desolate it seemed to be
To her poor father's heart! futurity
Had nought in store for him—nought to replace
The playful being whom the unerring hand
Of death, relentless, had, by God's command,
Torn from the countless numbers of the human race.

Her rosy smile—her glancing eye had fled—
Her artless look was gone—for she was dead.
Dead—to return no more,—gone from the earth—
Gone from the home that echoed with her mirth.
Pale, cold, and silent now;—Oh, who would cheer
The lonely heart that mourn'd for one so dear.

Such were his passing thoughts,—but ere the dust
Of his young darling, to its kindred clay
Had been consigned, he had resumed his trust
In Him who gave her;—and he turned away,
Knowing that her pure soul, whose frail abode
He had left behind, was happy with its God.
At morn, the mother saw her son
Go forth to the battle plain;
She sought him when the day was done,
But he ne'er returned again.

He went in all the pomp and pride
Of place and triumph led—
His warrior's costly garments dyed
In Bosrah's brightest red.

He went in all the chivalry
Befitting his high place,
Fearless of aught like rivalry
From son of human race.

His trappings glittered in the sun,
His plume danced in the air—
His mettled steed's caparison,
A prince's barb might wear.
The many shouted near and far,
The multitude around
Hailed him as one returned from war
To be in triumph crowned.

He rushed where raged the bloody fight,
His soul disdained to yield ;—
Oh death !—thou fearful king of might,
It was his latest field.

Silent and cold at night he lay,
His vesture's crimson stain
Was not the dye of Bosrah's plain ;
It was the blood that used to play
Around a heart, whose earthly pain
And toil had ceased that day.
TO IDA.

Once I could love—adore thee,
And bless each look of thine,
And bend my soul before thee,
When thou could'st not be mine.

But thou did'st not deceive me,
Nor cause one hope to bloom,
Whose vanished light would leave me
The darkness of the tomb.

Yet should I linger near thee,
I feel this heart of mine,—
Which cannot hate nor fear thee,
Would soon again be thine.

Some ties of love are broken,
But those that still remain,
Like words in sorrow spoken,
Have sweetness in their pain.
Like lute, whose tones are shaken,
Whose master chord is gone;
This heart, by thee forsaken,
May live—or break alone.

But, touched by thee, once more
The lute resumes its strain;
With thee—as heretofore,
My heart were thine again.

I must not then be near thee,
Or this worn heart of mine,
Which loves, but cannot fear thee,
Would all again be thine.
THE DEPARTED LIGHT.

Gone is the beauty of morning,
The light that once shone on thy brow;
Departed, like autumn's last warning,
And faded away from thee now.

Yet still o'er that brow there is shining
A gleam that will never depart;
But like stars on the blue lake reclining,
It speaks of thy coldness of heart.

The one was the lightness of youth—
Of innocence, beauty, and mirth;
The other but tells that thy truth,
And thy sweetness, are vanished from earth.
THE LAST SCENE OF ALOYSE.

Together, side by side, they lay—a maiden dead,
And a most kingly crown. Life had but fled

*When Philip of Anjou was travelling, as an officer, towards Spain, he remained for some days at a forester's cottage, in which he had taken shelter from a storm. Aloïse, the forester's daughter, was beautiful as the morning—the young prince was graceful, elegant, and fascinating. He became attached to her, and she in a far more strong degree to him. In the meantime, the King of Spain died, Philip was proclaimed his successor, and the Spanish Ambassadors, on their way to Paris with the crown of Spain, were benighted at the forester's cottage. The rank of the young prince was then discovered, and poor Aloïse felt that every hope was at once crushed within her breast. She uttered no complaint—no murmur; the crown was presented to Philip—she gazed on it—on the splendour by which she was surrounded—on Philip for one moment, and exclaiming, "I have seen his sun in the meridian of its glory, but mine has set for ever," fell dead at the feet of her lover, and rested side by side with that crown, which he then could scarcely prize.

This little tale has been beautifully dramatized by a talented young authoress of the present day.*
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

That face and form of beauty, and as yet
Its bright blue eye seemed scarcely to forget
All it had gazed upon.
And one bent o'er her of a princely form,
And all was hush'd and still, as if the storm
Had pass'd away, and left no other trace
Of its existence, save that pallid face.
Oh, death! thy with'ring frown fell lightly there,
Those lips still smiled, those features still were fair,
Those eyes still pure as ev'ry dazzling gem
Of that bright crown,—but cold—yea cold as them.
Yet, as he gazed, he seem'd to think that eye,
With glance for glance would still to his reply—
Those lips still speak—still bless—still smile as they
Once spoke—and bless'd—and smil'd in happier day.
She was not dead!—he could not gaze and deem
That she was so—it seem'd so like a dream.
Hark to the trumpet's shout!—he hears it not,
His new-gained throne—his crown—are both forgot;
The peasant girl was dead—her tempest tossed
And broken heart at rest; and he had lost
More than a crown could give
MOUNT SINAI.

A dark still cloud lay resting on the top
Of Sinai's mount, and from its bosom sent
Thick flashing lightnings and loud thunders forth.
The trumpet sounded, and th' Almighty's voice
Proclaimed aloud the law. The people heard,
And saw with fear, and could not gaze upon
The sight they saw, but, full of trembling, fled.
"Speak thou to us," they to the Patriarch said,
"But let not God, the Almighty, speak, lest we
"Should hear and die." The Patriarch then returned
Back to the burning mount, and face to face,
Where darkness brooded, and loud thunders roll'd,
And lightnings flashed, and earth with terror shook,
And trumpets sounded, spoke again with God.
He spoke and heard—and, in that awful hour,
Received the law, which, then repeated to
The wandering tribes, became the rule whereby
So many fell, and in transgression died.

And has it past?—ah, no—who rest upon
The law's demands, and in their feeble strength
And sinful lives attempt to satisfy
All that it asks, must, like these wandering tribes,
Too surely die—for ever die, and be
Lost—lost in time, and through eternity.
THE DESOLATION OF EGYPT.

EZEKIEL, Chap. xxix. xxx.

Mourn—mourn, ye Egyptians, all scattered abroad,
Whose land is laid waste by the hand of your God,
Whose cities o'erthrown—for to-morrow shall see The armies of Babel pour down upon thee.

With chariots and horses and warriors they'll come,
And wild clash of cymbals and sound of the drum,
Like the sand of the desert blown over the plain—
To leave, like the sand of the desert, thy slain.
Thy fields shall be wasted, thy temples laid low,
Thy places deserted, and great thy o'erthrow,
Thy rivers all dried, and in sorrow and tears
Thy children and thee led captive for years.

Deserted and lonely, no foot-step shall tread,
Of man nor of beast o'er the fields of thy dead—
For in thy wide ruin not one shall remain,
That ruin, so wide, with a tear-drop to stain.
THE ANGEL OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

I saw a wand’rer on this earth, most fair—she was
A being formed to look upon and love;
So beautiful, that angels on their way would pause,
Bright messengers of peace, from heav’n above
To man below, to gaze on her, till they
Forgot their errand in the dream that she,
Whose brightness seemed to them like breaking day,
When at its fairest and its best, must be
An angel sister from some other sphere,
Sent down in love to shed a blessing here.

She died—gazing on heaven, whose pure unclouded skies,
An emblem of her soul, hung mantling o’er
Her place of rest—and, earthly hopes and ties
All broke and severed, never, never more
To be united here, she winged her way,
Far from this earth to realms of lasting day,
Where these bright ones, no longer erring now,
Hailed her glad looks and open cloudless brow
With songs of praise—as one they knew before,
And welcomed now, to part again no more.
THE SUN OF THE HOPELESS.

Oh, what a long and weary way it is
To plod this world's pilgrimage alone—
Bearing about the consciousness that none
Exists within its waste who cares for thee—
None, who, when thou art glad, would join the laugh,
When thou art sad would weep,—or quaff with thee
Joy's brimming cup, or sorrow's bitter dregs,
Support the load of life, or even share
Those lighter hours that make it pass away
Like sunshine on the hill. The upas tree,
That poisons all around, and spreads upon
The balmy air its pestilential breath,
Till every blooming flow'r that graced the scene,
And all that boasted life, is dead and gone,
Is not more sad, when, reigning o'er the waste,
A desert monarch, it is left alone.—
Think'st thou the thought brings peace—that from itself
This desolation came—this death hath flowed—
Or, thus destroying all, that it can be
A boast to say, "this emanates from me."
Ah no!—it can be none—and yet thou art
The very type of this death-dealing tree.
What poisons life—what makes a desert of
The fairest scenes, and chills each growing flow'r,
What robes thy sky in clouds—what veils thy sun—
What turns thy joy to grief—what makes thy way
O'er life's gay fields a pilgrimage of woe?
It is not nature's self—it is not earth—
Nor sky—nor clouds—nor cold—nor grief—nor woe,—
Nor utter loneliness—nor death!—It is
The blackness of thy heart, that, jaundice like,
Casts its dark stain o'er all, and from thyself
All woe and sorrow spring.—But look to Him
Who shed his blood and gave himself for thee,—
Look with a living faith, and all the load
That weighs so heavy on thy heart is gone.—
No more alone—One lives who cares for thee
And loves thee still, and who will share the bliss
Of joyful days, and bear the burden of
Each heavier hour, till He himself shall fill
Thy sparkling cup all brimming full of joy.
Look then to Him—and from thy darkened heart,
The jaundiced hue that cast its deadly shade
O'er every path shall melt away like snow
In sunny beams, and life no longer be
A dreary waste or bitter scene to thee.
TO E—ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTH DAY.

Revolving years, dear girl, to thee,
As yet have brought but joy and light—
Oh may thy future prospects be
As blest, unclouded, pure and bright!
And, as each hope of thy young life,
Now points a fair and beauteous track,
All free from sorrow, sin, and strife,
So—so may memory, looking back,
In after years, when hope no more
Can brighten what shall then be past,
And all life's better scenes are o'er,
Be there to glad thee to the last—
Be there, with retrospective look,
To view a long bright scene again,
Till thou shalt close the golden book
Of life without a spot or stain.
THE HEART’S FAREWELL.

Delusive world, farewell! to thee and all thy joys,
To youth—and love—and hope—thy cherished, vaunted toys,
That vanish as the clouds on summer’s evening go,
Or like the rainbow’s brightest hue when tears drop cease to flow,
That leave the soul that once hath felt, and oft in sorrow bled—
Alike unmov’d by joy or woe—all heartless, cold, and dead.

Youth, like a dying flame, departs, but oh, we ne’er forget
The bright sparks round the taper’s edge that linger with us yet—
That sometimes throw a passing gleam o'er sorrow's darkest day,
And lead the broken heart to smile amidst its own decay.

Love, like a tender flower, decays, as autumn blasts come on,
And sinks into forgetfulness when youth, its sun, is gone,
And all that gilded o'er the course of life's dull sluggish stream,
Hath vanish'd in the wide excess of manhood's troubled dream.

And Hope—whose bright and sunny smile had cast o'er youth and love
Its calm, deceitful, splendid beam of light from heav'n above,
Melts like the soft and wat'ry ray, o'er deluged worlds that shone,
Because no world of joy is left for it to shine upon.
WHO is the old man whose sad tear-drops run 
o'er 
His deep furrowed cheeks, as at Shushan's great 
door 
He sits weeping and wailing, in sorrow, the fate 
Of Israel, and mourns o'er their desolate state?

O'er the few, who, returned to their ancient 
abode, 
Were deserted alike by their friends and their 
God; 
Who, bending the proud race of Gentiles before, 
Adopt their false creed, and their daughters adore.

It is the cup-bearer of Persia's king— 
Adorned with his robe—and his mantle—and 
ring,
And he kneels, and he prays the forgiveness of God,
At the gate, in the dust where the infidel trode.

Oh Jerusalem! o'er thee the prophets may mourn;
From thy bosom the best of thy children are torn,
And thy lost ruined walls will not be restored,
Till their beauty shall rise in the day of the Lord.
TO

Vain hope to deem that thou couldst be
In all thy beauty nearer me!
Oh then, at least, bright Star, bestow
Light on this darkened heart, for now,
Ev'n now, its only hope must be
To gain a distant light from thee!
THE THREE LOVES, AND THEIR TYPE.

I had a friend—a strange and wayward youth,
In whose wild feelings all the soul of truth
Burst forth in joy and gladness. 'Twas his fate
Himself to love, and be beloved thrice
Ere yet the ripeness of a somewhat late
But early seeming summer had brought twice
Twelve joyous years around his blooming head.
Oh how this shames the stories of the dead—
Of those who tell that man can only love
Once upon earth, and once in heav'n above.

His first and early love was wild—most wild
And deep—all unrestrained by the quiet, mild,
And calmer feelings of our riper years;
It knew not aught of either doubts or fears,
But with the gladness that casts both behind
Like airy trifles on the summer wind,
Onward it pressed to that bright heav'n it saw,
Itself its object—and itself its law.
His next was not like this—for then the cares
Of older years had come, and, like the tares
Mixed with the wheat, had mingled with its bliss—
Slight doubts arose to mar his happiness—
Such doubts as wait on love—sometimes a fear—
Of what, he scarce could tell—and then, a tear
Shed for some fancied grief; these were to him
A world's employment, but they could not dim
The brightness of his love, for it still bore
Joy's fullest impress as in days of yore.
His third was wedded love, and all the fears,
And all the jealous doubts, and all the tears
Of former years were gone; and like the sun,
When some unruffled stream he shines upon,
It shed a calm, and all unbroken ray
Of lasting beauty o'er the cherish'd way.
What could compare with this?—Oh, not the love
That he had known before—no more than earth
Or earthly feelings, that must owe their birth
To earthly thoughts, with those of heav'n above.
The wildness of his early love was past—
The doubts and fears, that waited on his last,
Alike were gone—and all was calm and still
As those bright regions, where no earthly ill
Can ever enter, and no tempest's roll
Disturbs the quiet of the reposing soul.

What type may shadow forth this fate, and tell
Its end?—That of a day may do it well.
The wild luxuriant freshness of the morn,
Ere yet a shade or cloud from earth is borne
To dim its beauty—the full glare of day,
When its own brightness, and its ardent ray,
Themselves bring clouds, but clouds so light and fair,
They pass with smiles, and leave new sweetness there—
The calm, still beauty of the evening hour,
When vanish'd clouds have lost the little power
They ever had to chill the air, or throw
A shade of darkness o'er the scene below.
A SISTER'S DEATH.

Oh! I have witnessed death upon the field,
And I could gaze unmoved upon it there;
But here—all is so still, so calm, so mild,
So motionless, I scarce can dare
To view the scene, and think so little strife
Can mark the passage unto death from life.

Oh! it is beautiful, and speaks to me
Sweet thoughts of peace, that I may not forget,
That, ev'n when gone, still leave their beauty here,
Just as the summer sun, when set,
Casts far behind that pale and beauteous glow
The heavens reflect on this cold earth below.

Sweet saint—thy voice shall speak to me in death,
And from the darkness of the silent tomb;
And when, like thine, my hour of change shall come,
Like thine, may it be one from gloom
And darkness here, to light, in that abode,
Where thou now dwellest with thy father—God.
THE DEAD GREEK.*

There was a being—beautiful and fair,
Oh! she was beautiful as roses in their bloom,
And yet, with all her beauty, she
Was soon delivered to the early tomb.

I saw her when the morning sun arose,
And she was living then,—most fair and bright,
But ere it set, she died; and she was laid
In the cold grave before the close of night.

Ere yet the bloom had vanished from her cheek,
Ere yet the fairest hues of life were gone,
The unconscious tomb received her, and she lay,
Like some young cherub, sleeping there alone.

It was in eastern climes, and such they say
Is still their custom, yet it seemed to me

* The following lines were suggested by an incident which occurred at Smyrna. In that country it is the practice to inter the dead almost immediately after their dissolution.
As if she only slept, tho' not in death,
But this was fancy—not reality.

The torches gleamed around her, and her brow
Was calm and placid, and her lips were red,
And her bright eyes, with their long fringe half-closed,
Seem'd sweetly smiling still, but she was dead!

And flowers, less fair than she, were scattered round,
And gems of priceless worth adorned her bier,
And mourning friends o'er flowers—and gems—and her
Who lay amidst them, dropt a silent tear.

But there was one, whose hot and fever'd eye
No tear-drop cooled; he gazed upon the scene,
Reckless of what was passing there, and seemed
To dream of that which now had only been.

He lov'd her much, and she had lov'd him too,
But now his heart was broke; that it was so.
Doth not seem strange to me, nor did it seem
More strange to him, who felt that he must go
And leave her there:—With one wild cry
He raised his hands—his clenched hands on high,
Rushed forward—kissed her lips—her cheek,
and fled;
And now, for aught I know, he too is with the dead.
THE GREEK SLAVE.

"The slave of Hafiz lay dead before him. When in life she was bright and beautiful as the sun—but in death she was even more lovely than she had ever been in life."

I never saw a living thing so beautiful as thou,
Nor gazed upon a sight so fair as thy cold placid brow;
The lily flowers within thy hand, that bloom while all beside
Is cold, and pale, and motionless, as some unchanging tide—
That struggle in thy grasp to be what thou wert once to them,
A living thing, a growing flower, a sweet but fading gem,
Are emblems of the purity that liv'd in thy young breast,
And, emblems of thy fading state, they'll sink with thee to rest.
The sun, that gilds thy auburn hair, and smiles upon them now,
And lightens all that death has left of thy transparent brow,
Will sleep beneath the western wave till his next light shall see
A change come o'er their fading hue like this last change on thee.
The smile upon thy parted lips, the tinge upon thy cheek,
Are still so calm and beautiful, that fancy deems they seek
To cheat the gaze that rests upon that cold and marble face,
And make it dream 'tis any thing save death's unerring trace.
But where is all the life that shone in those blue eyes of thine,
That, shrouded in obscurity, will not reply to mine—
That meet my gaze, but changeless now, are cold and dull to see,
And not like those bright stars that once so kindly beamed on me.
O'er them the only change has come that yet the King hath wrought—
The victor King—whose conquest now has been so dearly bought;
The only change—yet one that comes like some dark thing of night,
Cold on the heart, the fearful change that robes thy spirit's flight.
What wert thou once?—A priceless gem, first in a kingly crown—
What art thou now?—A lifeless thing, dust unto dust brought down.
TO IDA.

In the days of our childhood, when happiness beamed,
Like the light of two stars from thine eyes,
And the world to thee with its vanity seemed
To be aught but a world of lies;
When the gladness of life, that liv'd in thy breast,
Like a well in the desert was springing,
And the sweet voice of hope, like a bird from its nest,
In the waste of this world was singing;—
Then the stars that I worshipped—thy young glancing eyes—
Were bent with affection on me,
And the hopes of my soul, like a flow'r to the skies,
Turned ever with fondness to thee.
But the love of thy childhood—a rainbow delight—
A fairy dream—faded away,
And vanished as soon as the fast fleeting light
That foretells the departure of day.
Will it never return, nor the cloud be withdrawn
That shadows each feeling of thine?—
Oh surely it may,—like the morning's first dawn,
When the dim stars of night cease to shine.
And the close of this life, if it be not so bright,
More placid and lovely shall be
When its path is illumined by that single light
Which leads me to heaven with thee.
"OH THAT I HAD THE WINGS OF A DOVE."

As, perched on the mountain's high top, having dipped in the ocean below,
Some young bird of beauty sits pluming his wings in the sunshine's full glow,
Casting back but one glance on those storms—those billows of sorrow and pain,
That vex the cold world beneath—but never can reach him again—
So—if I had wings, and if they were like to the wings of a dove,
I'd stretch their strong pinions and soar to the mansions of glory above,—
And leaving this world behind—its cares and its sorrows—be blest
With a feeling that it cannot know—that would speak but of peace and of rest.
THE BURIED DEAD.

Bright stars, bright stars, from your home on high,
Do ye gaze on the thousands that buried lie—
The true and the brave—yet shed no tear
To moisten the earth of their honoured bier?

Do ye gaze with looks so lovely and bright,
They smile and laugh in their own sweet light—
Nor dream ye that sorrow, or pain, or woe,
Can live or be in this world below?

Ye shine, ye shine, and ye drop no tear,
And ye cannot look upon sorrow here—
For the calm and beautiful light that ye shed
Even gilds the grave of the buried dead.

And oh, bright stars, if ver you weep,
Ye shroud in a veil of clouds so deep,
That your sorrow is hid from mortal view,
And but known by the tear-drops falling thro'.
THE EVENING STAR.

Bright beauteous star, how pure is ev'ry ray
That emanates from thee—as if the day
Had but departed with its light, that thou
Mightst shine forth now with thy unclouded brow.

Oh bright and beautiful, how calm thou art—
How sweet the melody thou dost impart
To worn and weary souls—as if the thrill
That came from thee could banish ev'ry ill.

For music's strain is in the speaking voice,
That bids thy less bright sister stars rejoice,
And tells to earth, all distant tho' it be,
A tale of peace—of other worlds and thee.

Ah, could my soul in fancied vision fly
From this low world, and wing its flight on high,
Through all the void of immaterial space,
Thy home—bright star—would be its resting place.
Oh Lord, I'll praise thee with my voice,
When each glad thought shall rise,
From all that makes this world rejoice,
To its own native skies—

When clouds are gone, and storms are o'er,
And life's transparent sea
All dazzling lies from shore to shore,
I'll raise my voice to thee.

And, Lord! when grief, with heavy load,
Shall weigh upon my breast,
I'll raise the silent prayer, oh God,
To thee for peace and rest.

When sorrow comes, and hope no more
Can bid dark thoughts depart,
And all life's brighter scenes are o'er,
I'll raise to thee my heart.
For thou, Oh blessed God, dost bear
In mind life's troubled sea;
The silent wish—the earnest prayer—
Alike are known to thee;

Alike are known—alike are heard
Amidst those worlds that shine
So bright—Oh God, ineffable—
Unsearchable—divine!
Yes, Ida, I have lov'd thee well,
Yet many a jealous fear have known—
Fears which my breast could never tell,
But, Ida—ask thine own.

Hast thou ne'er felt a throb of pain,
When I a look have given,
And watch'd that look returned again
From eyes as bright as heaven?

And hast thou not repressed a sigh,
When I a smile have thrown
On one less fair—perchance more nigh,
That should have been thine own?

Then, Ida, thou must still forgive
The thoughts that will arise
Within my breast, till thou art mine
By dearer—holier ties.
TO THE NORTH STAR.

And what art thou, pale northern star,
That faintly glimmers from afar,
    So motionless and still?
Art thou a living thing of light,
Set there to watch this world by night,
    And guard but it from ill?

Ah no—thou art too like the light
Of Eva's eye, that beams as bright
    And pure, as beams thine own.
I've gazed on it—I've gazed on thee—
Till I have dreamt that both for me
    Were made—for me alone.

But all the twinkling stars I see
In heaven, still bend their gaze on thee,
    On thee with glory crowned,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And all the eyes on earth that shine
Are bent on hers—and hers, like thine,
Are turned to all around!
TO -----

And oh, when that last struggle's o'er,
When this still heart is cold and dead—
Say—wilt thou then remember me,
And o'er my grave in silence shed
One soothing tear—'tis all I ask—
'Tis all I can expect from thee.
When that is o'er—depart and strive
No longer to remember me.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE DYING BARD.

My harp I leave—but when I'm gone
'Twill swell for thee no other tone—
Its sweetness past—each loosened string
Will no responsive echo ring,
'Twill rest in peace alone.

Once—swept by fairer hands than thine—
I've seen my harp resplendent shine,
And heard its echoes swell and sweep,
Like sighing winds across the deep,
Untouched by strain of mine.

That form hath past—these hands are gone—
And ever since a languid tone
My harp assumes—its music o'er,
Its trembling chords will swell no more,
It sleeps in peace alone.
THE GOLDEN LEAF.

Oh, there is nought so true as this,
That in the history of a long life
There are few passages of bliss,
But many marked with strife.
In the whole book there is but one—
One solitary leaf of gold,
And, that perused, our brightest day is gone,
And the fond warmth of the young heart grows cold
As frozen age;—all that remains
Is but some bright reflection caught
Amidst those lessons of dark woes and pains
With which its pages are so stored and fraught.
This we may gaze upon—and mem’ry may recall
Thoughts of the golden leaf,—but that is all—
And all thus gazed upon
Is light that has no heat—a sky without a sun;—

A a
Yet we must read it through—and, page by page,
Con over ev'ry word, till crabbed age
Marks 'Finis' down, and then the book is shut,
And the worn thread of life's existence cut.

The golden leaf that is so bright,
So like a dazzling gleam of light;
A thing that mem'ry dwells upon
In after years when it is gone—
That sheds a ray o'er our dreary way,
Like the dream of pure skies in a dark wintry day—
What may this leaf in the book of our life,
The only one unmarked by strife,
And sorrow, and woe, and anger, be?
Listen—and I will tell to thee!
It is that leaf where the sunshine burst
Of love and hope comes breathing first
O'er the young heart, and the whispered sigh
Of fond affection, in its reply
Has all it can wish—and all it can love
On earth below—or in heav’n above;
And faith, reposing on faith like its own,
Feels sadness and sorrow alike unknown,
And forgets in the vista of future years
That this is a world of sorrow and tears.

Oh, this is the leaf in the book of life
Unmarked by sin and sorrow and strife—
The only one—when we turn it o’er,
Its light is gone for evermore!
THE CHANGE.

Yes, in my life I have known many a change,
And I have seen what might have been called
*strange,*
Had this dull world continued but to give
To words their simple meaning. We outlive
The best affections often. Once, in youth,
I do remember to have seen a pair,
Who seemed to me the very soul of truth
And love. Ye could not see the one, but where
She was, the other, too, was found. He liv'd
But in her looks, and sunn'd himself in eyes
More bright—more beautiful—than summer skies.
And she too hung on his, and gazed upon
His smiling face, as on a living sun
That came to warm all nature, and yet shone
With all its beauty, but for her alone.
Oh, they were happy;—when they met, ye might
Perceive in either look the fond delight
That flits across the cheek and lights the eyes
Of two thus meeting with its glad surprise.
Then hand was clasped in hand, and each warm cheek
Spoke more of love than any words could speak—
And all the world, and all that it could do
Seem'd nothing—less than nothing to the two.
What could it be to them?—they were far more,
Each to the other, than all worldly store.

But changes come, and night will follow day,
And love—and joy—and hope—will pass away
Like some short dream. I saw these two ere yet
Three suns had from their last fond meeting set—
And then they look'd as if they ne'er had been
Known to each other, and had never seen
One day or hour of love. What could it be
That wrought this sudden change—it seem'd to me
Most wonderful. They spoke not,—and they look'd not
One upon the other as they were wont to do.
Something was chang'd within them; ev'n their lot,
That once had been so happy, to their view
Seem'd like a summer landscape overcast
With gloom, and darkness, and the whirlwind's blast—
They gazed upon each other—and their eyes,
Which once had sparkled when they met, now met,
As blue and beautiful, but like the skies
Of some cold day when the bright sun has set,
And all that gave life, hope, and joy alone
To their dead blueness is for ever gone,
Cold—cheerless—dull—with vacant, absent look,
That, had I met the like, it would have shook
My proud soul to its centre;—but, to them,
Lost, vanished fondness seem'd to be a gem
Of little price indeed. I know not what
Had wrought this sudden change. I know but that
The change in truth was there. What could it be?
I pondered long—and pondered long in vain,
And asked the question o'er and o'er again—
But found no reason—could no answer see;—
The human heart's a mystery to me!
"THERE IS BALM IN GILEAD."

What to the broken heart can comfort give,
Or to the wounded spirit bring
The hope—the thought that bids it live,
And takes from death its sting?

Can riches, honour, glory, fame,
Or aught that they bestow?
What are they all?—each but a name—
*They* cannot give it—no!

Can love, affection, kindred ties,
Young joys on which we live?
No—no—tho' bright as cloudless skies,
*This* hope *they* cannot give.

What is it then that can bestow
A hope so fair and bright—
That o'er death's darkness sheds a glow
Of more than living light?
'Tis faith—sweet faith that clings to Him
Who died upon the tree,
And tells, beyond this world so dim,
A brighter world may be!
"THERE IS ONE KINDER THAN A BROTHER."

Alas! the loss of those we love
Is more than human strength can bear,
Unaided by that God above
Who hears the mourning sinner's prayer—
Who hears—and lends a gracious ear
To each heart-rending groan;
And leaves us not deserted here,
But makes our woes his own.
I saw two beings—and they both were fair—
Stand by the altar, and the Priest was there;
And one was beautiful—oh beautiful—and she
In simple dignity appeared to be
Of noble origin; and in her look
There was a calmness which no heart could brook
To gaze upon—and gazing not to love.
It was the mild meek spirit of the dove.
And in her eyes—her soft blue eyes—there shone
A placid joy—and as she gazed upon
The being who stood near her, then she smiled—
A calm sweet smile—for in her breast, the wild
Heart-stirring feelings of first love were gone—
And so was he whom she once lov'd alone.
And he—where was he then?—I looked—and there
Beside a pillar of the vaulted aisle
A figure stood,—his cheek—his brow—were pale—
Pale as the sculptured marble column, where
He leant his aching head,—and on his face
I saw the wild unutterable trace
Of painful feelings, and of wild despair,
Mark'd deep—not passing, fixed—not fleeting there.

It spoke of withered hopes—a broken heart—
A settled sorrow that would not depart.

He looked upon the scene—for he had come,
A long, far journey from his silent home,
To see those nuptials—and, himself unseen,
Now gazed upon a sight he felt should not have been.

But they—the youthful pair—they saw him not—
No—at that moment grief was not their lot;
And why should he, whose wish was still to bliss,
With his sad presence mar their happiness?

He looked on them—a melancholy gaze—
And as he looked, the soft departing rays
Of the bright sun streamed thro' the crimson glass,
And that to him was madness—for, alas!
It was the hour—the light—and mem'ry brought
Back to his mind a withering train of thought.
The unbidden tear one moment dimmed his eye—
Unwonted guest; the next, his cheek was dry;
The next—for then, ev'n then the youthful pair
Whisper'd the vows that brought their footsteps there.
The wand'rer heard them, and his heart nigh broke:
And how felt hers?—I know not—while she spoke
The vows in tone besitting that high place,
Methought I saw one sad—one ling'ring trace
Of sorrow, for a passing moment dwell
On her pale cheek—and in her eye the swell—
The sudden swell of one bright gushing tear.
It might be fancy—but it seemed to me
As if some sudden pang had come—and she
Had said—or thought—"another should be here."
It might be fancy—for it passed away
Swifter than clouds upon an April day.

He clasped her to his heart—near, and more near—
And kissed her cheek—and called her his own dear;
And then they turned, and left the altar stone,
And he—the wand’rer—he remained alone.

And what became of him?—the hope that tied
His soul to earth had vanished—and he died!
THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

Oh thou that wert the morning star
Of my young life, how sweet to me
Those early recollections are,
That, o'er the waste of memory,
With unavailing sorrow steal
To sooth the wounds they cannot heal.—

The one bright spot—the only blest
Pure place whereon the soul can rest
In all its woe, when, looking back,
It gazes o'er the weary track—
The far spread waste—the stormy wind—
Of life—of passion—left behind.
EARTHLY HOPES.

There is no rose without a thorn in this low vale of tears—
There is no hope beguiles us here without a thousand fears.
The rose that bloom'd soon dies away—the hopes that smil'd depart,
But, ah,—the thorn remains to wound—the fears to chill the heart!
TO YOUTH AND AGE.

Days of my childhood—days of my youth—
Days of sincerity, pleasure, and truth,
Ye have faded away—your brightness is gone,
Ye have left me to mourn, and to die all alone.

As a bright summer cloud ye have vanish'd away—
Ye have melted as snow in the warm sunny ray—
As the verdure of spring in the autumn leaf past,
To wither and die ye have left me at last.

Bright hairs of my youth, how with'red and grey
On the temples of age your thin tresses play—
The sport of the blast, as the white flakes of snow
Are blown by the winds ere for ever laid low.
Sad days of old age—ye last but awhile,—
Your tears they are hid in winter's cold smile—
No spring can return to enliven your bloom,
Your weakness for ever is hid in the tomb.
THE RUINED HEART.

Yes!—in my breast and in my brain
The thoughts awake that pass not by,
But with an agonising pain
Hid in the shattered ruin lie.

But what are they to thine or thee—
The time is passed when thou couldst look
With pitying eye, and weep for me,
But now—thy tears I could not brook.

No!—they may fall like wintry rain—
Thine eye may beam like heav’n above;
They cannot cool my burning brain—
It cannot wake one thought of love.
Oh yes—she was the unerring beam of light
That shone in his quiet dwelling, and dispell'd
The gath'ring clouds—the damp cold gloom of night,
That hung upon his brow. She was to him
A blessing and a comfort;—and when all was dim,
And dark around the wanderer, she had come
And lightened with her presence his cold silent home.

She was his light of life;—her presence came
Like sunshine on the wilderness, and brought
Into his solitary dwelling, nought
But joy and gladness, and he then became
Another being.—
—He had tasted life
In all its varied forms of joy and woe,
And pressing to his lips, the cup, had laugh’d,
Nor dreamt of all the bitterness he quaff’d.
Long—long he struggled in the unequal strife,
Till, his last hope departing, he had sank
Like some tall ship, struck on a hidden bank;
Not quick,—but plank by plank—and stay by stay—and slow,—
Broke—shatter’d—shiver’d—to the deep below.

The storm had raged around him, and he stood
Alike surrounded by the bad and good,
And shunn’d alike by both, a gloomy man,
Fearless and fear’d.—All they who sought to scan
His wayward mind, shrunk trembling from the task,
Nor dared again to view the wild despair,
The damp corroding thoughts that withered there.

He was not one who had been known to bask
In life’s warm sunshine, or to seek the smiles
Of those he could not love. Once and again
He had leant his hopes on man,—but in his need
Those he had trusted vanished, and the reed
He leant upon gave way, and men
Deserted him, and laugh'd to see
The depth—the wildness of his misery.
Oh, his were feelings which are but a curse
To their possessor;—to all those who nurse
Wild, headstrong passions in a wayward breast;
And yet they were not vain,—but far too keen
And too refined,—and they had ever been
The means destructive of his banish'd rest.
For he had felt—aye—far too keenly felt
Those taunts the world had laugh'd at,—and he knelt,
Bow'd down in agony, before the throne
Of Him whose word—whose hand—whose power alone
Subdues our evil passions, while he prayed
That his worn heart,—(Oh, bitterest pang of all,
Which had been trod, yea trampled on by those
He had deemed his friends, but never dreamt were foes,—
Might soon, with his cold wearied dust, be laid
In the low tomb,—the dark, the silent hall
Of viewless spirits freed from mortal thrall.

He had lov'd visions—nay, adored them in his youth,
But they had vanish'd from his touch, when he
Had dreamt of nought but constancy and truth;
And then he first knew life's reality,
And found that they—those dreams—had ne'er assumed
A shape or substance, but had only been
Like flitting vapours, or like rainbows seen
On April day; both shadows—and consum'd,
Like his lost dreams, alike in sunny light,
And in the settled gloom of dark and cloudy night.
He had known one in youth—too well—for she
Was fair and beautiful, and he
Had lov'd—ador'd her, with that warmth of soul—
That strength of passion, where the heart's control
Is lost for ever, and, like reinless steed,
Or storm-tossed bark, with wild and frantic speed
Heedless of ruin—death—it dashes on,
Nor stays till life,—strength,—beauty,—all are gone.

Such was his love,—a love no feeble heart
Could feel or know ;—it formed a part
Of his existence, and his life was then
A waking dream he never knew again.
He only thought—spoke—saw—and felt as she
Had spoken—thought—or felt before,—and he
But liv'd—breath'd—mov'd in her dark eyes,
Blue—bright—and beautiful as midnight skies,
And glancing like each pure and dazzling gem, 
He saw from this cold world adorning them.

But those who trust their freight of earthly 
weal
In one frail bark, must needs prepare to be
The sport of winds and waves;—the restless sea
Must be a home to them,—the quiv’ring reel
As music to their soul;—and they must feel
The impending stroke—the wreck of all held
dear,
As something they must know, but may not fear.
'Twill come at last;—and so the wand’rer knew,
When she—his sun—deserted,—left him too.

And what became of him?—He wander’d o’er
This world’s wide surface, where he met full 
store
Of scoffs, and taunts, and ribaldry;—and found,
That, in its far spread wilderness, the ground
That he had trode in youth was cover’d o’er
With thorns,—not roses—as he deemed before.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

With pointed thorns, and sharp,—yet still
The wanderer liv'd throughout this world of ill
Where all was lost to him;—but living, seemed
Like one asleep, who, sleeping, walked and dreamed.

'Twas said, in this most wild despair, that he
Saw sights and things that others could not see,
And heard that converse, which no mortal ear,
From beings of this world alone, could hear.
But this was fancy;—yet there was a look,
A wild unearthly glancing in his eye,
A restless wand'ring that no one could brook
To gaze upon;—the working of a high,
Wild, reckless spirit, lab'ring with a mind
That held no more communion with mankind.

There are some states where ignorance is bliss.
This was not one.—The wand'rer was inured
To griefs on grief, but they ne'er taught him this,
"That woe and suffering both might be endured."
The tender shoot bends in the wintry blast,
But storms must blow, and hours of darkness pass,
Ere iron hardness o'er the tree be cast.
And so it is with man—but still, alas!
This wayward being could not all forget
His youthful sorrows; and he knew not yet,
That, for each cruel wound, there was a balm,
And for each heartfelt grief—a soothing calm.

At length this knowledge came, when years, long years.
Of sorrow and of woe had passed, and bitter tears,
Like storms of rain, had chased each other down
The wand'rer's hollow cheek. The time had been
When he could smile on these,—but hatred's frown
Had with'red ev'ry feeling; and the green,
Bright—dazzling—sunny hours of youth were past,
And adverse days, like desolation's blast,
Had o'er their verdant hue a lasting shadow cast.
His heart had sunk within him—cold and dead—
And he, a wreck upon the water's bed,
The sport of storms upon a troubled sea,
Lay dark and desolate in his misery.

But sorrow brought its balm—and oh, so fair
And passing bright in form, he scarce could dare
To frame the wish within his broken heart,
That one so beautiful might not depart.
It was his light of life—and like the sun,
When thro' dark clouds it breaks to shine upon
The waters of a stormy troubled sea,
She came to him in his adversity,
And calm'd his wayward mood, and brought
Into his solitary dwelling nought
But joy and peace.—'Twas then that he became
Another being;—and, in after years,
When ev'ry trace of sorrow, woe, and tears,
Had vanish'd from his mind, and former dreams
Had passed away, like long forgotten gleams
That dazzled former days;—calm—happy, he
Saw rising round him, in their infancy,
Fair sons and daughters, and was heard to say,
"Sorrow indeed hath gone, and sadness fled
away."
There is no sin on yonder hills,
Where only cherubs dwell;
No lasting dream of present ills—
No thought of future hell.

But all is like the skies above
When clouds are gone to rest;
Pure—calm—and bright,—a heav’n of love,
Where dwells the sinless blest.

Oh, that the wings of some young dove
For one short hour were mine,—
I’d flee to yon sweet hills of love,
Where sunbeams ever shine.

I’d flee away, and be at rest
From ev’ry sin and care,
And gladly mingle with the blest
Who live for ever there.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

Weep not for me,—the rose I lov'd is dead—
Its sweetness and its beauty both are gone,
And on the bosom of the cold earth laid,
And I am left to mourn o'er it alone.

Weep not for me,—the gentle summer shower,
The autumn sun—alike may smile in vain,
They'll ne'er recall my sweet but faded flower
Back to this world of sin and woe again.

Weep not for me,—cold winter's icy hand
Hath dried my tears, and stemmed their torrent now;
And I am taught, beneath thy stern command
And chast'ning hand—oh God—to humbly bow.
THE CHURCH-YARD.

I love this lone church-yard—to me
    It is so calm and sweet,
I'd rather linger here, and be
    With the cold dead, than meet
The living who shall soon be so—
    To me, their pageantry is woe.
I ASK NOT SMILES.

I ask not smiles—nor yet that thou
Should'st bend on me that placid brow,
Nor give one look that I might cast
Remembrance to when it was past—
One look of love from thee.

For thou art sure of heav'nly birth,
Tho' ling'ring on this ruined earth,
And all I ask—is but to know
That thou wilt still remain below,
That I may gaze on thee.

On thee, who art a thing of light—
So fair, so beautiful, so bright,
That fancy scarce can dream of aught
That bears existence but in thought,
More beautiful than thee.
Yet down, mad wish, for why should I
Detain thee from thy native sky,
Or even ask that one so dear,
So heav'nly, still should linger here—
Is this my love for thee?

Oh no!—'twas but a moment's thought
Of earth, with earthly fondness fraught—
I rather would that thou couldst fly
Away to thy pure home on high,
And take me there with thee.
On how I grieve to think that all
Those talents nature has supplied,
Have been so wasted in my youth,
And in my age so misapplied.

This has been cause of deep regret—
How deep, I need not tell to thee,
For it is vain, and cannot now
Bring one lost moment back to me.

Would that it could—the blessed thought
An hour of sweet repose might bring,
And point to where this heart might find
Relief from the incessant sting

That faded hopes and vanish'd joys
Have in its centre with'ring left—
The flitting shadows, passing by,
Of all of which it is bereft.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

But there is still one hope that I
May look to yet.—Time is not done;—
Let sad experience teach me, then,
To look to that which is to run,

With changed eye and altered mien,
As one who knows and feels the past,
And has been taught that earthly joy
Is but a gleam that cannot last.
And am I mad that thou art fair,
Or is it madness that I saw thee so?—
And yet this sight to me doth end in woe.
There is the pang—there lies all madness—
That I could see thee, and not be unmoved,
That I have seen thee, and that I have loved.

I knew that thou wert beautiful and fair,
But could I see thee in my days of bliss,
When hope was young, nor know, like others, this?
My madness was not solitary—rare—
And others saw thee—ay, and lov'd thee too,
For when they saw thee, what else could they do?

None knew and lov'd thee not—and this to me
Was a wide, deep, unfathomable sea
Of wild conjecture,—and my madness then
Was of the heart, but was not of the brain.

But thou art gone!—I saw thy form depart,
And the wild sight throbbed to my broken heart;
Yet, in thy absence one lone cherished thought
A strange delirious consolation brought—
That thou didst love me once—aye, in that hour,
When first I knew that passion's wayward power
Had wrought in thy young heart, the same sweet pain
It once awoke in mine—never to sleep again.—

But this is vain—I knew how high thou wert,
And yet this madness swelled within my heart;
And, in all bitterness, the thoughts which came
Across my breast, like burning wreaths of flame,
Scorched as they went, and withered all my frame.

'Tis meet that I should suffer punishment—
I knew the risk I ran, yet blindly went
In headstrong wildness on my fate,
And now—I know my folly when too late.

There lay my madness, that I thought of thee,
When thou hadst long, long ceased to think of me.—

There lay—and has it now departed?—No—
By thee forsaken, life must end in woe.
THE VOICE—TO IDA.

There's a voice in the stillness of night—
    It speaks to my spirit of thee,
And bids me rejoice in the light
    Thy presence once shed over me.

There's a voice in the sunshine of day—
    It speaks to my spirit of thee,
And I fancy—though thou art away,
    Thy spirit still lingers with me.

There's a voice in the thunder's loud roar—
    It speaks to my spirit of thee,
And I think of the lone beaten shore
    Where, once, thou wert shipwreck'd with me.

There's a voice, too, where solitude reigns,
    That speaks to my spirit of thee,
So sweetly—that even the pains
    Of absence seem soothing to me.
There's a voice in the visions of night—
It speaks to my spirit of thee,
And robes thee in garments of light,
But waking—'tis darkness to me.

There's a voice in the ruins of eld—
It speaks to my spirit of thee,
And recalls the first hour I beheld
A being so cherished by me.

There's a voice in the lightning's pale glare—
It speaks to my spirit of thee,
And I wish, as it gleams through the air,
That its wild bolt were destined for me.

There's a voice in whatever I see—
In the storm—in the calm—and the light—
That speaks to my spirit of thee
At morning—at noon—and at night.

But where are the lips that have spoke,
The eyes that have glistened on me?—
The dream of my fancy is broke,
For, alas! they have vanished with thee.
A MADHOUSE SCENE.—A FRAGMENT.

Maniac—Keeper—Visitor.

Maniac.

Where art thou, Ida, now?
The damp upon my brow
Tells me that thou art gone—
Tells me that I'm alone.
The coldness on my heart,
More damp than on my brow,
Ida—will not depart,
Nor'ever leave me now.
For, Ida, thou art gone,
And with thee there has flown
Each glance that used to shine—
Each word that used to bless—
Each look that once was mine
In days of happiness.
But am I then alone?
'Tis true that thou art gone;
But there remain behind
Wild thoughts of bitterness,
That prey upon my mind
And feed their own distress.
Yes, Ida, these are mine.
I dream of thee and thine—
Ida, of what thou art—
What thou wert wont to be;
And think'st thou this lone heart,
Unhinged, could live to see
The cold—the frozen glance
Of those blue eyes that once
So kindly beamed on me?
Forgetful as thou art,
Thou couldst not deem it so,—
Ev'n thy forsaking heart
Would tremble at the woe,
The wildness it hath made,
By this unfeeling blow.——
And, Ida—once again
'Twould throb, as it hath done,
When nothing could restrain
The heart that I had won.

But these blest days are gone,
And of them hath remained
The memory alone
By other thoughts unstained—
Like rose leaves cold and dead,
Round which there linger yet,
Ev'n on their ruined bed,
Sweets we can not forget.

Ida,—not to have won
Imperial diadems,
Would I to thee have done
What thou hast done to me—
Earth's false and glittering gems
And toys have tempted thee.
Visitor.

"And yet—what is thy lot?
Forsaken and forgot—
Left by thy guiding star,—
'Tis but what thousands are."

Maniac.

Away—fond dreamer go—
With thy vain words depart,—
Thou canst not soothe my woe,
Nor heal a broken heart—
What is't to me to know
What thou—or others—art?
Ida—thine eyes like stars
Gleam through my dungeon bars;
Each lineament and trace
Of thy sweet smiling face
Is seen athwart the gloom
Of this—my living tomb.—
Fair vision—say, art thou
But come to mock me now—
A creation of the brain,
A thing I cannot touch,
That comes not here again—
Say, Ida—art thou such?

VISITOR.

"Poor being—dost thou rave
Thus when a single gleam
Of life—of light from heaven,
Across thy dungeon driven,
Lends thee its passing beam?—
May God thy senses save."

MANIAC.

"Alas—alas—'tis gone!
I knew it could not be
That being, who alone
Once lov'd—was lov'd by me!
And yet, why should it not?
I gazed on her, and she,
Forgetting—not forgot—
Like it deserted me."
"See—see the passing gleam
Of sunshine on the wall,
Like Ida's form doth seem
Approaching at his call."

MANIAC.

"Gone—like the lightning's glare—
Past—like a thing of air;
And not a word nor sound
To break the stillness round.
Then, Ida, thou art changed;
Like one, whose heart's estranged,
Thou canst not bear again
To cast a passing look
On him, bent down with pain,
Because by thee forsook."

VISITOR.

"See, how he looks upon
That wasted—wither'd flower."
KEEPER.

"He hath cherished it alone,
Thro' many a weary hour." . . .

MANIAC.

"The broken heart will breathe,
As trampled flow'rs perfume
The air—the heav'n beneath
Which they were wont to bloom;
And, breathing, will live on
When the pure spirit that gave
It life and light has gone,
And left it—like the grave—
Cold—silent—dark—alone—" . . .
Oh! I could gaze upon thy face till I
Could fancy there existed something strange
And beautiful in it—in sympathy
With those ethereal sprites who range
The midway ether, or the upper air—
There is a light so calm—so lovely there.

And I could gaze on thy receding form—
So soft—so fairy-like—and so unfit
To bear this world's never-ending storm;
While, in its wildness, thou would'st not forget
The eye that looked—the heart that rested on
That face—that form—when other hopes were gone.
Oh, I could gaze on both, till I could deem
That they were more than some sweet passing dream.
THE PAST.

What is the past?—The retrospect of all
That time or sorrow from that dark abyss,
The grave of buried memory, can call
To cloud the sunshine of a world like this.
To cloud the sunshine of a world so dark,
Where mirth and joy are but a passing ray,
And love itself, a lonely, twilight spark,
That lights us onward on our dreary way.

E e
THE PARTING SPIRIT.

"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come as ye have seen him ascend into heaven."—Acts i. 11.

In this dark spot my spirit cannot part
From its frail tenement—then bear me to
The open air, that it may glad my heart,
And I may gaze on heav'n's etherial blue,
And see my Saviour fast descending thro'
Its wide expanse, to bear my spirit from
This evil world, where it has nought to do,
And take it with him to his blessed home.
"She lov'd him—ev'n when virtue and goodness had both vanish'd from his heart."

But oh, if love has ever liv'd within that breast, be sure
Thou art not yet forgot—despised—for she who could endure
Thus much for one so lost—so gone—so helpless—poor as thee,
Could never change so like a dream, nor so forgetful be.
The smile that lights that wasted cheek—the ray that lingers there,
Speak still of love for thee and thine, but mingled with despair—
Of love, that evil cannot quench—that guilt can not destroy,—
Despair—that love like this should still far better thoughts employ.
Oh thus it is that even when the dream of life is gone,
And all the heart had clung unto is lost, love lingers on,
And tho' each glance of that blue eye mourns o'er a ruined lot,
It also tells thou art not yet as thou should'st be—forgot.
These, and the following lines on Constancy, were written at the request of two very young ladies, who, if their wishes had not been voluntarily complied with, might probably have attempted to enforce their execution in a very striking manner.

There is a sound that whispers to the heart,
In melting strains, when other sounds depart
At ev'ning's stilly hour;—'tis Music's voice
That bids all earth, and heav'n itself rejoice.

Oh gentle Music, how each breathing strain
Then echoes back from those bright worlds again
That hang above, in some pure cloudless sky,
Wrapt in wild strains and sounds ascending high
And far and wide, yet ling'ring still on earth
As loath to leave the world that gave them birth.
As loath to leave—yet seeking still to rise
In their own sweetness to those purer skies
That ought to be, if they are not, the home
Where strains like these alone should be or come.
Oh sounds so sweet were never meant to dwell
For ever here,—with their enchanting spell
Enchaining souls which ought to rise above.
This world alike and all this world's love.
No, they were made to breathe and live afar
In yon bright heav'n of heav'ns where angels are—
The only joy of pure terrestrial birth
That follows souls, fond doting souls from earth;
For friendships fade, and other ties decay,
And love—év'n love itself will die away,
And morning's light be lost in ev'ning's gloom,
And all be hid beneath the silent tomb,
Till souls arise, forgetting earth below,
Its friendships—love—light—and joy and woe—
All—all but Music, to yon blest abode
Where angels tune their harps, and sing before their God.
I would not prize that love whose spring
Is like a changing April day;
Its brightest hour upon the wing,
And ever prone to flee away—
Whose summer comes with heat that dries
The source from whence its gladness rose,
While o'er the waste no flowrets rise,
Nor one pure ray of beauty glows—
Whose autumn brings but clouds and rain,
Or the hot sunbeam's scorching ray—
Now calms—now storms—now pleasure—pain,
And nothing certain for a day.
No—give me love whose spring time here
Beginning with glad delighted eyes
To rest on one, perhaps too dear
For aught beneath yon azure skies—
Whose summer, like the op'ning flower,
Expands in fondness to that sun
Whose changeless beauty, hour by hour,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

It loves to dote and gaze upon—
Whose autumn, ev'n when tempests rise,
Assailed by storms and earthly ill,
Amidst those dark and clouded skies
Remains unchanged and constant still.
Oh this is love, and love like this,
That knows no change in joy or woe,
But casts its own glad look of bliss
O'er all our pilgrimage below,
 Begins on earth, but ends not there,
For, earthly—changing pleasures o'er,
It lives in some bright world where
No change can come for evermore.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WRITTEN TO MUSIC.

When life was young, and hope was bright,
We met, and heart on heart
Reposed, as if the light that shone
Would never more depart—
Nor darkness come, nor sorrow set
Its seal upon the heart.

But thou art gone—oh, lov’d—adored
With more than human love,
Yes, gone—and all is dark below,
And hopeless all above—
And sorrow, cold and wan, hath set
Its seal upon our love.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus—
But should we meet no more
On earth below, we'll meet at last
In heav'n when time is o'er—
There sorrow's seal is lost, and death
And pain are known no more.
I never knew a time so sad as those dark hours which spring
Within the heart when memory dwells on some forbidden thing;
And every dream of withering grief, that life has known, is there,
To make the heart a prison-house for sorrow—woe—and care—
A dreary home—from whose dark door each living joy takes wing,
And where life's saddest thoughts alone in useless sorrow cling.

One summer eve—I scarce can dream that yet those eyes have seen
That silent hour—for years have past—long years since it hath been,
And all that fate hath left of it—for fate her work hath done—
Is but a shadow, cold and dark, that lives without a sun—
A shadow, like the Upas tree, that chills each growing flower,
And withers every bud that springs within its deadly power.
Oh! would to Heav'n that hour would now, from this cold, bleeding heart,
With all its waste of memory—its speaking grief depart,
And leave my soul, as it hath been on many a brighter day,
To slumber all its better hours in ignorance away.

I lov'd him then—I love him now; but all the hope that shed
Its influence, like the summer dew, o'er passion's life hath fled—
Fled with that hour—sunk with that sun whose last departing ray
Of lingering beauty smiled on him, ere yet it passed away,
And gilded o'er each burnished lock that gently waved around
A fair-formed face—a cheek—a brow with manly beauty crowned.
The pale—the sculptured pillar, where he leant his marble brow
Which caught the crimson light that streams, on it, so warmly now,
And lightens all its surface o'er with that transparent hue
Light gives to death, when playing o'er its veins of lifeless blue—
Was not more beautiful—more cold—than he who leant upon
Its polished bust, as if his heart, like it, were made of stone.
The setting sun alike might cast his warmest—
ondest ray
On him—on it—alike unmov’d they saw it pass away.
They saw it pass—slow—slow as hope to seek its place of rest—
Its grave of buried, passing joys, within a woman’s breast.
I gazed on him, and vainly thought one smile might then be won,
But on his countenance no trace of earthly passion shone.

The sun had sunk beneath the wave, like love beneath despair—
I turned a parting glance on him—he was no longer there.
He too had gone; and, like that sun, with him had pass’d away
The light that blessed a wandering heart—its only guiding ray.
Then—even then, when I could not a single word command,
He sighed "farewell"—and then I felt his soft lip touch my hand.

How light and beautiful the dreams that vanish,
love, with thee;
That word was mine—I could not deem the sigh was given to me.

I heard no more—I saw not when that bright form passed away;
But still that word—that simple word, breathes o'er my heart's decay,
And, 'midst the ruin he hath wrought—the death, the misery—
It breathes a soft'ning influence—a hope—a dream—to me;
And, like the stream—the calm, bright stream, that flows so smoothly on
Amidst the barren wilderness, where ev'ry flower is gone,
It cheers one spot—one blessed spot—of pure and holy ground,
While all is sad, and desolate, and cold, and dark around. . .
For, oh! these fairy hopes are still the last sweet chords that part
In that worn, ruined instrument—a woman's broken heart. . .

. . . . . . . . . . .
Their love, at first, was beautiful and mild,
Like the soft breathings of an infant child;
Or the calm stillness of the lake that round
The sunny rock clings, seated in the ground.
But evil comes with knowledge,—and it came,
Withering each heart, like those hot blasts of flame
That speed across the desert; and they knew
That they with love had nothing more to do.
For fate had placed an obstacle between
Them and their hopes. 'Twas like the green
New covered grave, that looks so gay,
Yet drags its young inhabitant away
From life's best hours—

Then came the tempest; and she proved the rock
Round which wild passion's whirlwind broke
Its short-liv'd day; and he, the stream,
Bursting like thought in some distempered dream—
Breaking away; and leaving the cold stone
Sad—dark—deserted—hopelessly alone.
Oh! could my spirit fly from this dark world of woe,
Methinks on wings of gladness it would go,
Rejoicing on its way, to meet its God
In yon pure, heavenly, sinless, blest abode.
Oh, could it thus depart, ere years on years
Have brought with them a weight of sin and tears,
And bent this head in sorrow to the gloom
That hangs around an aged sinner's tomb;
How blest would that young, glorious spirit be,
From all the ills of earth—thus, thus to flee,
And in the spring of life, devote its youth
To praise the God of mercy, love, and truth.
But, hush, my soul—thou canst not flee away
From this cold world, nor leave thy house of clay.
It is thy home—He wills it thy abode;
Bow down thy head and say—"Thy will—not mine—be done, oh God."
THE SIMILE.

There is a heaven above,
Where shines an endless day,
In one pure emanating beam of love,
That never fades away.
'Tis like the Lapland summer's sun
When winter's long cold night is past;
And darkness, gloom, and sorrow gone,
It shines, to set no more at last.
SWEET HARP OF JUDAH.

Sweet harp of Judah, shall thy gentle voice
No more the hearts of Israel's sons rejoice;
No more awaken that soft slumb'ring strain,
Those long-lost exiles may not hear again?

Sweet harp of Judah, is each silv'ry tone
That hovered round thee once for ever gone;
For ever gone,—and must thy music be
Hush'd into silence too—where none are free?

The exiled Israel may in vain demand
The song of freedom in the stranger's land;
Thou hang'st upon the willow, and, like lute
Whose master-chord is gone, thy voice is mute.

Thy voice that spoke a language of its own—
Of love and beauty. When shall each sweet tone
Be known again to us?—When we shall be
No longer exiles, but in Shiloh free!

Sweet harp of Judah! then thy voice shall raise
The glorious song of never-ending praise,
Till thy lost sweetness the round world shall fill,
And once again each breast of Zion thrill.
THE SINLESS DAY.

Lord, elevate my heart from earth to thee,
And let each worldly thought forgotten be;
Each wish, each thought, that would have kept me here,
And bound my soul down to this lower sphere.

For earthly hopes are vain, they all decay,
And cheerless, sunless, leave the brightest day;
Or, leant upon, but prove a venomed dart,
To wound and pierce the already broken heart.

Oh then, my God, give me to know that peace,
That ever lives when toils and troubles cease;
And, should I love, oh, fix each thought on high,
Where thou, my Saviour, dwellest in the sky—

Where sorrow cannot come, and fancy may,
While ev'n here, depict a sinless day
Of endless love, where doubts and fears are o'er,
And pain and grief are felt and known no more.
I saw her, gay and beautiful as a young bride,
Joyful as the glancing of a summer tide,
Youth, gladness in each look, hope in her eye,
Dreaming of life—of love—of aught except to die.
The whirlwind came, cold sorrow's with'ring blast,
Youth,—gladness,—hope,—life,—love,—all, all were past,
The gentle one bent her pale slender form,
And sunk, all unrepining, 'midst the storm;
I saw her then—cold—beautiful—but dead,
For with hope—gladness—love—life too had fled,
And oh, she lay so calm—so still—so fair,
I scarce could think that death was present there.
OH COMFORT YE.

Oh comfort ye, lost ones of Zion,
Forsaken thou never shalt be,
Tho' the pride and the strength of the Lion
Of Judah o'ershadowed may be.

The Rock, that for ages hath been,
Shall yet be a shelter to thee,
And He who hath watched, and hath seen
All thy sorrows, shall rise up for thee.

He shall rise in his glory and might,
And the nations before him shall fall,
And, forth from his pure throne of light,
On the lost ones of Zion he'll call.

Thy sorrows in darkness may be
O'erwhelming like waves of the deep,
In number, like sands of the sea,
O'er whose bosom the dark billows sweep.
And bitter may be thy sad lot,
And grief upon grief may be thine,
But thy sun has not set, nor forgot
On thy sands and thy billows to shine.

'Twill burst from those clouds upon thee,
And gladden each billow's proud swell,
And gild ev'ry sand of thy sea,
With more splendour than heav'n can tell.

Then comfort ye, lost ones of Zion,
Forsaken thou never canst be,
For thy God, who is strong as the Lion
Of Judah, shall never leave thee.
OH THE LIGHT ON THY COUTENANCE SHINING.

Oh the light on thy countenance shining,
Like skies that gleam over the sea,
Cannot bring to the heart that lies pining,
One thought or remembrance of thee.
It is but the star-light of night
That warms not the wave, but may shine,
With all that remains of lost light,
On a bosom not colder than mine.
I love the sweet and modest flower,
That shines the full broad glare of day—
That woos the evening's shady hour,
And shrinks from ev'ry brighter ray.

Oh would that I could but transplant
A gem like this with me to grow—
Dear flower, what farther could I want
Of bliss or happiness below?

'Twould grace my own quiet peaceful home,
And gently smile at joy's full tide—
Nor breathe an idle wish to roam,
In grief or sorrow from my side.

No dazzling splendour e'er could turn
The sweetness of its look from me—
And in my heart no thought could burn,
But one of home—dear flower—with thee.
TO EARTHLY HOPE.

Oh hope, thou art a faithless dream—
A straw upon a troubled sea—
A simple straw—a cheat to him
Who seeks to place his trust in thee.

The dreamer wakes, his dream so sweet,
Is but a fancy of the brain;
The swimmer grasps, and but to meet
Thy death, and his upon the main.

For ever flying, never caught,
'Tis thus, for ever thus, with thee,
Or, caught at last, too dearly bought,
The fancied good is known to be.

There is but one, one hope below,
That cheats not, flies not those who love,
That shines more bright through tears of woe,
And turns to more than hope above.
THE YEAR.

Can Time pass on, calm and unmarked by strife,
Without a being and without a life?
Are not the Seasons, as they smile or rage,
The very semblance of life's ev'ry stage?

Spring is the first, the childhood of the year—
To it belongs the alternate smile and tear—
The rain and sun that chase each other on
With more than mortal swiftness,—ere we know
The one hath been, the other comes to throw
A darkness o'er the scene.

Then Summer shines with all the joy of youth—
A long bright day of gladness, and the sun
Beams like the smile upon the face of truth
As if it could not set, but still must run
On in its bright career. The smiles and tears
Of childhood then are past; its hopes and fears
Are gone—and youth, with glad unclouded brow,
Looks all around, and fondly dreams that now
Its cares are vanish'd, and its life must be
Calm as the wave of some untroubled sea.

But Autumn falls, like manhood in its prime,
Grave and sedate, yet vex'd with many a storm
And many a wild rude blast. It is the time
Of whirlwinds and of tempests; yet the form
Of that long day of beauty lingers on
As loth to leave a scene it doted on.
The time of calms and storms—not as in spring,
Chasing each other like some playful thing,
Now come—now gone—a breath of passing wind
That leaves no trace of grief or joy behind,
But dark and sad, where even the calmest hour
Bears still the impress of the whirlwind's power;
And all the softness of its mellowed light
Is tinged with something of life's stormier blight,
Till Winter comes—comes like old age at last,
Calm, cold, and frigid—gazing on the past
With frozen looks and quiet untroubled brow,
As if all thought of it had vanished now;
And smiles and tears—and calms and storms—all gone
With that pure cloudless brow that once had shone
Full of high hope—it smooths each thin grey hair,
Each snowy lock that still is ling’ring there,
Checks the cold smile, and shuts the tearless eye,
Ends the long year, and dies without a sigh.
THEY KNEW THEE NOT.

They knew thee not who said that thou
Would'st change when sorrow came,
Nor ever dreamt that cloudless brow
Could bear so much of shame.

Of shame—oh, not thine own, but mine,
For thou wert pure and bright,
And beautiful as suns that shine
With uncreated light.

Mine was the guilt—oh, dark and deep,
The offspring of a heart
That would have wept, but could not weep,
Yet thou would'st not depart.

Thou would'st not go, nor leave me here,
To bear a lonely fate,
Forgot by those, once—still too dear,
Or worse—looked on with hate.
No, thou could'st love and gaze upon
A being lost as me,
Whose heaven—whose joy—whose hopes were gone—
All—all indeed but thee.

All—all but thee—and thou could'st share
The woes of this cold, torn,
And bleeding heart, and smiling, bear
The taunts, the laugh of scorn.

Oh blest be thou—may one long day
Of endless life above,
And everlasting joy, repay
This undeserved love.
Oh I could weep, but that each tear
Would scorch a breast so pure as thine—
I dare not hope,—tho' still so dear,
That thou wilt ever now be mine.

These hours are past—those days are gone,
When all my soul could bend to thee,
And bending, never be alone,
For thou wert all—yes, all to me.

But now—a gulf I cannot pass
Yawns deep betwixt my heart and thine,
A gulf of sin and guilt—alas!
The guilt—the sin have both been mine.

For thou art pure in soul and heart,
Pure—as when first adoring thee,
Thy whisper said, we should not part—
But now—what canst thou be to me?
The sun that shines with life and light,
And gladdens all he looks upon,
Can never mingle with that night
Whose life, and light, and hope are gone.

No more can one so pure in heart
Bestow a thought on guilt—or me—
Nor he—whose life was once a part
Of thine, be aught again to thee.

Then, fare thee well,—still thou art dear—
A last farewell from me and mine;
I go—but may not shed a tear—
’Twould scorch a breast so pure as thine.
THE NIGHT OF SORROW.

How sad the heart when death's dark gloom,
The blackness of the night,
And all the sorrows of the tomb,
Without one ray of light,
Hang round it like a world of sin,
Where neither hope nor fear,
Nor death itself, can wake within
The breast, a smile or tear—
But all is like the lasting night
Of sorrow's bitter reign,
And colder than the passing light
That never gleams again.

Oh, who could bear this fearful gloom,
Did not one dazzling ray
Break o'er the darkness of the tomb,
And drive its night away.
It shines—and all the woes that float
On life's tempestuous sea,
And all the gloom that sin hath wrought
Are scattered—Lord—by thee.
THE DISCIPLES' TRIUMPH.

"But we trusted that it had been he who should have redeemed Israel."—Luke xxiv. 21.

All cold and dead they laid him down within
The silent grave, and wept to think that he
Had left them thus forsaken and forlorn.
Long had they followed him, and deemed that he
Had been the Lord who should have then redeemed
All Israel from its sin—but he was dead!
Yea, cold and dead! and ev'ry hope, with him,
Seemed dead and buried too. Loud shouts of mirth
And laughter echoed round; loud shouts of scorn
From those who, standing by, exclaimed, "There lies
Your hope—your God—your King!—Say, can
the Son

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Of God lie buried thus?"—But louder sounds
Ere long were heard to rend the heav'ns above.
The voice of God, in thunder, issued forth;
Earth trembled, and the grave, all op'ning wide,
Gave up its dead. The Saviour burst its bonds,
And issued forth; and laughter then was changed
To mourning—grief to joy; for, sorrow done,
Death, death was vanquished, and all Heav'n
was won.
NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

Daniel iv. 29, &c.

A dark and sudden gloom o’erspread the palace of the king, Who, walking forth in pride of heart, a bold and reckless thing, Looked all around, and said—“Are not these palaces that shine So gay—so bright—so beautiful—all built by me and mine?

“They tell but of my honour now,—my majesty and might, What I have done by my own power—what I may do to-night; For they are mine, and, should I will or doom it to be so, When yonder sun shall set, they too may lie as dark and low.”
But thro' that gloom there came a voice—a voice from that thick cloud
That spoke in accents terrible, distinct, and clear, and loud—
"The kingdom that thou boastest of, ere night, shall wrested be
Forth from thy grasp, and with its might and power depart from thee.

"And, with the beasts that perish, thou shalt make thy dwelling-place,
Far distant from the haunts of men, and from the human race;
And with the oxen of the field their pastures thou shalt eat,
While wintry winds pass over thee, and summer's scorching heat.

"Because thou hast not known the Lord as He who ruleth o'er
All kingdoms of mankind and man, till they shall be no more,
And giveth them to whom He will, in glory and in might,
Or taketh them, as He shall thine from thee this very night."
A BETTER HOPE.

Give me a calm and holy feeling, Lord,
From ev'ry earthly passion free,
Be thou my guide—be thou my guard—
A Saviour and a friend to me.

Teach me to rest upon thy love—
On hopes that never can decay—
On Thee—on bliss—on Heav'n above,
Ere yet this world shall pass away.

For oh, all—all that has its birth,
Its first fond feeling here below,
Is false and vain; and, like the mirth
Of fools, can only end in woe.
"THEY HAVE NOT RUN IN VAIN."

"Being confident in this, that all these (the apostles) have not run in vain, but in faith and righteousness; and are gone to the place that was due to them from the Lord, with whom also they suffered. For they loved not this present world, but Him who died, and was raised again by God for us."—POLYCARP.

**They have not run in vain,—**
In faith and righteousness they went
Thro' trouble, toil, and pain,
Right onward in their path—still bent
To do the will of Him
They lov'd, when all below
Was cold, and dark, and dim,
And shaded deep with woe.

No, not in vain; for they
Have left this lower sphere, to be
Where angels are, away
Far, far in Heav'n, oh Lord, with thee
With whom, while here, they bore
So much of toil and pain,
But where they never more
Can meet with toil again.

Their love was never here,
For this cold world was not to them
A place of rest nor dear,
But fixed on Thee, the brightest gem
Of Jesse's line, who gave
Thy life that they might be
Redeemed, and from the grave
Ascend to Heav'n and Thee.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WRITTEN TO MUSIC.

In hope's gay day, when life was young,
   And joy and gladness bright,
I looked on thee as on a ray
   Of everlasting light;
Nor dreamt a shadow e'er would come
   As dark and cold as night.

For oh, the dazzling sun that plays
   O'er some cold, tideless sea,
To warm its wave, is not to it
   More dear than thou to me;
Nor, like the wave it seeks to warm,
   Than I was then to thee.

But thou art gone—not false—but lost;
   Oh, vanished like the light
Of early youth, and hope, and joy,
   That makes this world too bright;
And on my heart a shadow lies
   More dark and cold than night.
DEATH'S PASTIME.

Death, thou hast been busy here,
Nor young nor old are passed by thee,
Alike thou strikest those most dear,
And those we care no more to see.

Death, thou hast been busy here!

Death, the young have bowed to thee;
The old have sunk beneath thy stroke;
The lov'd no more on earth we see;
The stranger bends him to thy yoke.

Death, thou hast been busy here!

Death, the parent drops a tear;
The son weeps o'er a sire laid low;
The husband o'er a wife too dear,
And pity mourns the stranger foe.

Death, thou hast been busy here!
Death, the parent dries his tear;
The husband—son—all turn from thee,
And, turning, look to Him so dear
Who died that thou might'st vanquish'd be.

Death, thy game is over here!
THE END OF BOTH.

And these two lov'd,—and lov'd each other well,
And met, and parted—and had said farewell
Each to the other often, as a friend
Would to a friend—a sister to a brother—
Nor, parting, dreamt the one that e'er the other
Bestowed a thought on love.—But now attend
To what became of them.

As I have said,
They lov'd; but deep in either breast lay hid
The secret of its passion—'twas a dream
That neither knew, for he could never deem
That one like her—so beautiful and fair—
Would waste a thought on him.—And she—oh she,
Ev'n in her fondest hours, thought not that he
Who seem'd so noble, and appeared to be
From some bright world, and but a wand'rer here,
Could dream of earthly love.
It was their lot
To live apart, and they but seldom met;
But still they met—and meeting ne'er forgot
To bless each other.—This was love, and yet,
When such sweet hours were past, and he had gone
Far, far from her, and bent his silent way
To his own peaceful home,—left all alone
She was observed to droop, as some sweet flower
Droops when the sun it lov'd withdraws the ray
That shone so long for it.—And how felt he?
I scarce can tell—but, oh, 'twas grand to see
The struggle in his breast—the strongman's breast,
Who, in the pride of manhood, wander'd forth,
Conscious of strength, and sought not for the rest
That she had found.—'Twas slow but sure decay
In one—and none could say but that
The violence of the storm might rend away
Life from the other.—For when she was gone,
Oh what
Would life be then to him?—What were the sun
Without a flower on earth to shine upon?
At length she died—and then, 'twas strange to see
The change—the sudden change that came—for he
Grew calm—most calm at once.—The mountain lake,
When the wild whirlwind's rage is past and gone,
And some cold earth-bound frost falls hard upon
Its clear still breast, was not more calm than he—
And not so cold;—the calmness of despair,
Of crush'd and ruined love, alone was there.

He knew not she had lov'd—no, he was spared
That worst of pangs, to know this when too late.
What could it then avail?—The turf was bared,
The damp green turf—and she was laid within
The narrow grave—pure—sinless—freed from sin.
He laid her there, and saw her lowly bier
Descend to earth, but could not drop a tear.
No—tears were lost to him—and he
But turn'd away to hide his misery.
And what became of him?—He wandered on
Knowing that all he lov'd on earth was gone—
For ever gone; and he—the strong man—proud,
So proud of his own strength—bent low, and bowed
Beneath this load of grief.—Oh love, how strong,
How very strong art thou!—They do thee wrong,
Who say the grave—the dark, cold grave can be
Something that comes between the lov'd and thee.

But this was not to last—and long before
The dampness of the turf that covered o'er
Her new made grave had dried, some one had said,
Or told to him, that she—the lov'd—the dead—
Had thought of none but him—had lov'd him well,
But fancied he ne'er lov'd.—Oh who could tell
This tale of woe to him—who could it be?
There was but one—a parent, and no other
Could tell of this.—Her fond mistaken mother
Told it all.—And how felt he?
He gazed—tearless and speechless—all the past
Rush'd on his mind at once—so quick—so fast
As to bewilder him—what might have been—
What was—the past—the present!—'Twas a scene
I would not see again.—Oh, I am loth
To tell the rest.—The thought that she was dead
Came uppermost, and reason fled
Ne'er to return again.—Such was the end of both!
THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

When the last spark is on the wing to fly,
Bear me to some ascending spot, where I
May view the sea—the calm, still placid sea,
At sunset's pleasing hour—and watch as he
Sinks to his rest, enthroned on clouds that glow
With more of beauty than aught else below.
When the bright west is crimsoned o'er and o'er,
With light that I shall never witness more;
And in each soft, sweet cloud that rests upon
The hill's fair side, or on the water's breast,
I may depict some spirit ling'ring on
To carry mine to pure and endless rest.
In such an hour—with such a scene, would I
Fain close my life, and, sunlike, seek to die,
But not, like him, to witness more of pain,
Or ever rise in this cold world again.
THE LIGHT OF THE EVENING.

"And in the evening a light shall arise."

Oh, I have liv'd, and liv'd to see
All that was sweet decay—
The brightest hopes of early youth
Pass one by one away.

The sun, that rose so bright at morn,
Like beauty in its bloom,
Set, long ere night or darkness came,
In cold and hopeless gloom.

In hopeless gloom that left no ray
To gild what yet might be,
Or light the dark and troubled wave
Of life's tempestuous sea.

And must it be for ever thus—
In this cold hopeless gloom
Must each fond cherished joy lie hid,
And perish in its bloom?
No—night shall come, and stars shall rise
To shine with fadeless light—
More distant, and more cold, 'tis true,
But not less pure and bright.*

* In northern climates, when there is no moon, the stars shine so brightly beautiful, that those of the first magnitude cast a deep and distinct shadow.
CAESAR AT JERUSALEM.

"As he (Titus Cæsar) came to Jerusalem in his progress, and compared the melancholy condition he saw it then in, with the ancient glory of the city, and called to mind the greatness of its present ruins, as well as its ancient splendour, he could not but pity the destruction of the city; so far was he from boasting, that so great and goodly a city as that was, had been taken by him by force."—JOSEPHUS.

The spoiler came down with his thousands behind,
His cohorts and horsemen, all fleet as the wind—
His legions and captains in purple arrayed,
To gaze on the ruin these thousands had made.
He saw thee, Jerus'lem, thy glory all gone—
Thy greatness departed—thy power overthrown;
Thy dwellings deserted—thy temples cast down,
Thy ruler deprived of his sceptre and crown;—
The fox at thy gate—the owl on thy walls—
The wolf at his lair in the midst of thy halls—
The silence of ruin hung over thy head,
Thy children forsaken, or captive, or dead;—
And he thought of the day when thy glory was bright—
Thy greatness in vigour—thy power at its might—
Thy dwellings all gay—and thy temples on high,
All glitt'ring and tow'ring in pride to the sky—
The song at thy gate—and the tabor and flute,
And the sounds of rejoicing that never were mute;
When first, with his thousands in purple arrayed,
He came, and thy glory in ruin was laid.
And he mourned thy lost greatness, o'erwhelmed by decay,
Thy beauty and glory all vanished away—
And he wept, even 'midst his thousands arrayed,
When he thought of the ruin these thousands had made.
THE DAY OF THE LORD.

Isaiah ii. 12—17.

The day of the Lord shall come on the proud,
And lay them as low as the dead in their shroud;
On the cedars of Lebanon lifted on high,
On the wild oaks of Bashan that tower to the sky;
On the mountains and hills that o'ershadow the plain,
On ev'ry high tower and fenced wall, raised in vain;
On each pleasing device, the work of mankind,
To strew it like chaff in the breath of the wind;
On the proud ships of Tarshish, that over the main
Have floated so long, but shall ne'er float again;
And the pride and the beauty of man shall be laid
In the dust with the wonderful things he has made,
And none but the Lord be exalted and raised,
In that day, when the Lord shall be worshipped and praised.
THE LIGHT OF RUINED HOPES.

What is this deep despondency that now
Pervades my ev'ry thought, and presses on
My weary heart its cold and leaden weight?
I cannot laugh—I cannot now enjoy
One single hour. The world appears to me
A wide and dreary wilderness, that I
Fain—fain would hurry thro'—there is no light,
There is no sun, to shed one ray for me.
All—all is dark, and desolate, and dim—
Ev'n hope is gone—and I can scarcely view
A scene so barren—so devoid of all
That makes us cherish life, and bear to live.
Those whom I lov'd are dead, or care not for
A being lost as me. I am alone
In this wide world—and there lives not one
Who, should I die, would waste a tear on me.
Grief weighs upon my heart—and grief in youth,
And hope destroyed, are hard indeed to bear.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

There is but one—one solitary hour
To which I yet may look; but first—oh first,
From youth to age—perchance old age—must
bear
A wounded spirit, and a broken heart.

Oh, this is sad—but I can only look
For peace beyond the grave, where I may hope,
When time shall be no more, to meet, and be
With those I lov'd—and with my Saviour—God.
Oh bright and blessed hope—it is the lamp
That lights the pilgrim's path—the guiding star
That shines so pure and sweetly from afar,
That makes us bear so much of grief and pain,
And sometimes love ev'n this cold world again.
FANCY'S DREAM.

I sometimes fancy, as I gaze upon
The soft still beauty of a summer sky
At ev'ning's placid hour, that I can see
A sweet blue eye, gaze calmly down on me;
Gaze calmly down from its bright home, amidst
Those glorious amber clouds that rest upon
The sky's pure breast, and silently implore
The weary trav'ller in this world below,
To quit its time-worn path—to leave its toil,
And make his home with it. Oh had I wings,
How gladly would I then, with that kind wish—
That speaking look, comply;—how gladly soar
From this dark world, to dwell for evermore
Amidst those amber clouds of peace and rest,
So all resplendent in that glorious west.
THE DEATH OF HEROD.


The morning sun it gazed upon a splendour like its own—
The king, in cloth of silver clad, sat on his ruby throne,
And guards and satraps bright with gold—in purple all arrayed,
Around him ranged in many ranks a glorious circle made.

He looked, and saw beneath him spread full many a thousand stand,
The best—the proudest—fairest—in that all beauteous land,
Who bowed the head—who bent the knee—who worshipped and adored,
And shouted loud, "'Tis not a man—but God—the mighty Lord."
And, from his seat of pride on high, he gazed, and deemed that he,
Of heav'nly birth and origin, and not of earth, must be,
Till with vain glory all his heart was filled, and he believed
The shouting multitude spoke truth, and could not be deceived.

But lo,—the Angel of the Lord came quickly on the blast,
And smote him dead with his right arm ere yet these shouts were past,
And there, in cloth of silver clad, a lump of lifeless clay,
A loathsome thing in that proud scene, all damp and cold he lay.
TO —

I pray for thee—that life and hope may shed
Their best of blessings on thy youthful head,
Till both be past;—then may the God of love
Take thy pure spirit to himself above.
THE LAST MAN!

One stood alone,—high on the side
Of a cold desolate mountain; the tide
Of ages had swept past, and left
That being by himself;—he stood bereft
Of ev'ry tie that bound him once to earth:
Nothing—no, nothing of created birth
Was near him.—In his hand he grasped
A slender cross, on which he gazed, and clasped
It ever and anon to his cold breast,
As if that symbol now were something blest
And dear to him.—And there were strewn around
Arms, legs, and bodies on the barren ground;
And cups, and goblets, and a kingly crown;
And gold, and wealth, and that pale man look'd down
With cold indifference on all; they were
To him as less than nothing now—the fair,
The beautiful of earth were gone,
And he, the last, the lost, stood there alone,
None to rejoice or mourn with him. He raised
Those eyes which met no other look, and gazed
Upon the ruin time had made. The high
And barren mountains smoked; the cold blue sky
Hung motionless above, as if its heat,
Its only heat were now derived from earth;
Rocks, that had stood coeval with the birth
Of time, were rent—the works of man were gone,
Lost, shattered, ruined; scarce a single stone
Raised on another now remained to tell
Where palaces had been; the endless swell
Of the cold sea was past—its waters lay,
Their last tide ebbing—motionless—for they
Had nothing left to do. A shattered bark,
Masts, sails, and cordage gone, crept on its dark
And solitary way—no living hand
To guide it onward to that fated land:
The pale lone being looked on it, and he
Thought of himself, and the uncertain bourne
Towards which he moved,—dark, dark eternity,
Like it a wreck, and never to return.
The low’ring sun, with dark and heavy gloom,
Shed his last ray, and sunk into a tomb
Of many waters; and he gazed on it
A last, a farewell look, for it had set
Never to rise again. Time was no more,
Life was a shadow, and its reign was o’er,
And that pale solitary man lay dead,
Dead—with the last expiring ray that sun had shed.
WHERE SHALL WE MEET?

Where shall we meet? In some bright isle,
Where grief and sorrow are unknown,
And nothing but thy own sweet smile
Can come to bless this heart alone?

No—not there!

Or shall we meet where palm trees wave
Their fan-like leaves above the deep,
And sadness in a sunny grave
Lies buried in eternal sleep?

No—not there!

Or, it may be, in that bright land,
Where perfumes load the balmy air,
And green waves on the coral strand
Lie wrapt in heav'nly beauty there?

No—not there!

Then can it be where tempests roar,
And wild waves dash their snowy foam,
And surges beat from shore to shore,
That we shall make our blessed home?
   No—not there!

Or where blue cloudless skies look on
Bright orange groves and blooming flowers,
And sparkling waters waste upon
The idle beach long sunny hours?
   No—not there!

But we shall meet on earth again,
On some blest spot this world holds dear,
Or must a hope so bright be vain,
And shall we never more meet here?
   No—not here!

Then it must be in heav’n above,
When time is o’er and sorrow past,
Where nothing comes but joy and love,
And bliss—to part no more at last?
   Yes—yes, there!
OH YE AFFLICTED.

Acts vii. 34.

Oh ye afflicted, how long must ye bow
To the dust in the land where the infidel's tread
But wakens the echoes of slavery now,
And the hand of the spoiler is placed on your head—

Where the dawning of morn but shines on the flow
Of tear drops that fall like rain from the skies,
And ev'ry soft wind that yet chances to blow,
Can but waft to pale Judah a burden of sighs.

Like the fountain that played when all that could bring
Light and life to its waters was distant and gone;
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

But froze and grew cold like some changeable thing,
When the bright star of day on its pure waters shone,*

Ye did, from the God of your sires, turn aside,
And scorn'd the kind hand He stretched forth to your aid;
Ye would none of Him then—and now, when the tide
Of adversity comes, ye are left in the shade.

Yet, cheer ye, the hours of your doom are but few,
Till forth from the household of Pharaoh shall come
The commissioned of God to guide you anew,
Through perils and toils, to your own blessed home.

* The Fountain of the Sun, near the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, is warm at the dawn of day, but becomes progressively cool as the day advances, and at noon is extremely cold.

THE END.