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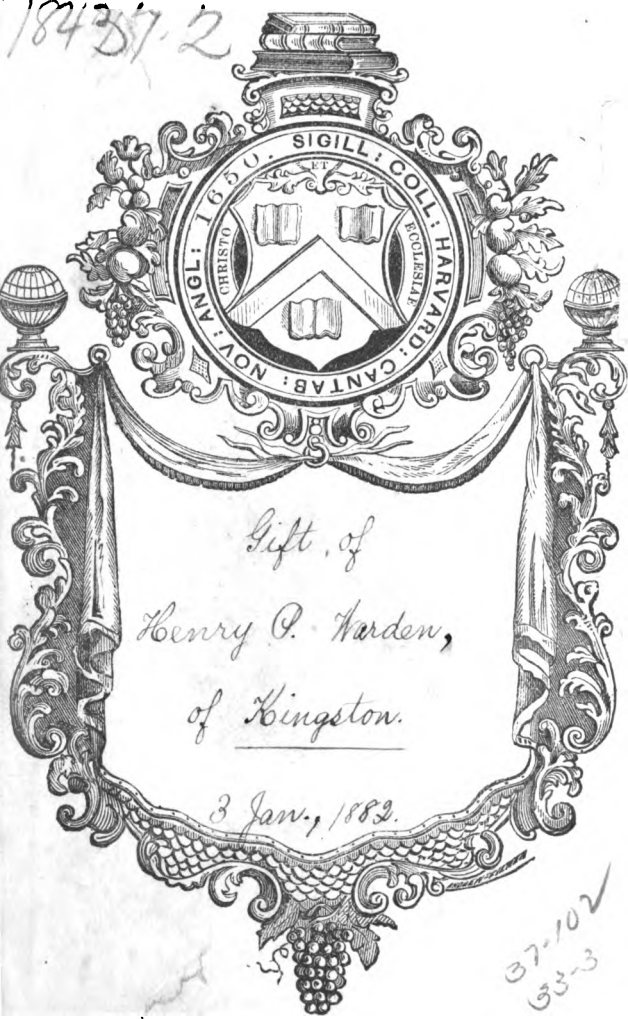


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T. Bhan. del.

A. Bowen Sculp.

*High on her rock, in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Bolivia's state.*



THE
WORKS
of
JAMES MONTGOMERY

VOL. 3

*Published by
Leonard C. Bowles
Boston*

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

INCLUDING
SEVERAL POEMS NOW FIRST COLLECTED;

WITH
A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

BOSTON:
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

GREENLAND.

	PAGE
Canto I.	13
II.	29
III.	45
IV.	65
V.	81
Notes	109
Appendix	127

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

The Combat	149
The Car of Juggernaut	150
The Inquisition	152
The State Lottery	155
To Britain	165

MEMORY OF RICHARD REYNOLDS.

Introduction	175
The Death of the Righteous	185
The Memory of the Just	187
A Good Man's Monument	191

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Hope	199
A Mother's Love	202
The Time-Piece	205
Stanzas to the Memory of the Rev. T. Spencer . .	208
Israel in Captivity	212
Human Life	213
The Christian Israel	214
The Visible Creation	216
Sonnet	218
Sonnet	219
Sonnet :—The Crucifixion	220
Christ's Passion	221
Christ's Triumph	222
Saints in Heaven	223
The Bible	224
Instruction	225
The Christian Soldier	227
On the Royal Infant	230
A Midnight Thought	231
A Night in a Stage-Coach	232
The Reign of Spring	236
The Reign of Summer	241
Incognita	254
The Little Cloud	259
Church Fellowship	266
A Theme for a Poet	267

GREENLAND :

A POEM,

IN FIVE CANTOS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"Oft var ek dasa, dur ek dro thik."

"Oft was I weary when I drew thee."

Page 65.

PREFACE.

IN the leading Poem of this Collection, the Author frankly acknowledges that he has so far failed, as to be under the necessity of sending it forth incomplete, or suppressing it altogether. Why he has not done the latter is of little importance to the Public, which will assuredly award him no more credit than his performance, taken as it is, can command ; while the consequences of his temerity, or his misfortune, must remain wholly with himself.

The original plan was intended to embrace the most prominent events in the annals of ancient and modern Greenland ;—incidental descriptions of whatever is sublime or picturesque in the seasons and scenery, or peculiar in the superstitions, manners, and character of the natives ;—with a rapid retrospect of that moral revolution, which the gospel has wrought among these people, by reclaiming them, almost universally, from idolatry and barbarism.

Of that part of the projected Poem which is here exhibited, the first three Cantos contain a sketch of the history of the ancient Moravian Church, the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland, and the voyage of the first three brethren who went thither in

1733. The fourth Canto refers principally to traditions concerning the Norwegian colonies, which are said to have existed on both shores of Greenland, from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries. In the fifth Canto the Author has attempted, in a series of episodes, to sum up and exemplify the chief causes of the extinction of those colonies, and the abandonment of Greenland, for several centuries, by European voyagers. Although this Canto is entirely a work of imagination, the fiction has not been adopted merely as a substitute for lost facts, but as a vehicle for illustrating many of the most splendid and striking phenomena of the climate, for which a more appropriate place might not have been found, even if the Poem had been carried on to a successful conclusion. But having proceeded thus far, personal circumstances, and considerations which it would be impertinent to particularize here, compelled the Author to relinquish his enterprise. Whether he may ever have courage or opportunity to resume it, must depend on contingencies utterly beyond his power.

The principle subjects introduced in the course of the Poem, will be found in *Crants's* Histories of the Brethren and of Greenland, or in *Risler's* Select Narratives, extracted from the records of the ancient *Unitas Fratrum*, or United Brethren. To the accounts of Iceland, by various travellers, the Author is also much indebted.

Among the minor pieces that complete the present volume, a few will be found of a more religious character than compositions, which aim at the honours of poetry, generally assume. Though these may not be acceptable to all readers, no apology can be necessary for their insertion ; and the writer ventures to cast them, with their companions, upon the liberality of that Public, whose final judgment will be unerring and irreversible.

Sheffield, March 27, 1819.

GREENLAND.

CANTO FIRST.

GREENLAND.

CANTO I.

The three first Moravian Missionaries are represented as on their Voyage to Greenland, in the year 1733. —Sketch of the descent, establishment, persecutions, extinction and revival of the Church of the United Brethren from the tenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century.—The origin of their Missions to the West-Indies and to Greenland.

THE moon is watching in the sky ; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars ;
Ocean, outstrect with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance ;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath ;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear ;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep ;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west,
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

Hark ! through the calm and silence of the scene,
 Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
 Celestial music swells along the air !
 —No ;—'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer
 From yonder deck ; where, on the stern retired,
 Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
 And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
 Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
 Devoutly stand :—their choral accents rise
 On wings of harmony beyond the skies ;
 And 'midst the songs, that Seraph-Minstrels sing,
 Day without night, to their immortal King,
 These simple strains,—which erst Bohemian hills
 Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills ;
 Now heard from Shetland's azure bound,—are known
 In heaven ; and He, who sits upon the throne
 In human form, with mediatorial power,
 Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour,
 When, by the' Almighty Father's high decree,
 The utmost north to Him shall bow the knee,
 And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race
 Kiss the victorious Sceptre of His grace.
 Then to *His* eye, whose instant glance pervades
 Heaven's heights, Earth's circle, Hell's profoundest
 shades,
 Is there a groupe more lovely than those three
 Night-watching Pilgrims on the lonely sea ?
 Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound
 The voices of adoring worlds around,

Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
 Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
 Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
 Secure as leaning on their Master's breast ?

They sleep ; but memory wakes ; and dreams array
 Night in a lively masquerade of day ;
 The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
 Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind ;
 One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
 That tears in slumber swell the' unconscious eye ;
 The other opens, with prophetic view,
 Perils, which e'en their fathers never knew,
 (Though school'd by suffering, long inured to toil,
 Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil ;)
 —Strange scenes, strange men ; untold, untried dis-
 tress ;
 Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
 Diseases ; death in every hideous form,
 On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm ;
 Wild beasts and wilder men :—unmoved with fear,
 Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
 May they but hope a Saviour's love to shew,
 And warn one spirit from eternal woe ;
 Nor will they faint ; nor can they strive in vain,
 Since thus—to live is Christ, to die is gain.

'Tis morn :—the bathing moon her lustre shrouds ;
 Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds,

That spans the ocean ;—while the infant dawn
 Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
 That ruffled by an April gale appears,
 Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
 Dark-purple as the moorland-heath, when rain
 Hangs in low vapours o'er the' autumnal plain :
 Till the full Sun, resurgent from the flood,
 Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood ;
 But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
 The lambent billows play in forms of fire.
 —Where is the Vessel ?—Shining through the light,
 Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
 Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
 Through reflux foam and iridescent spray.

Lo ! on the deck, with patriarchal grace,
 Heaven in his bosom opening o'er his face,
 Stands CHRISTIAN DAVID ;—venerable name !
 Bright in the records of celestial fame,
 On earth obscure ;—like some sequester'd star,
 That rolls in its Creator's beams afar,
 Unseen by man ; till telescopic eye,
 Sounding the blue abysses of the sky,
 Draws forth its hidden beauty into light,
 And adds a jewel to the crown of night.
 Though hoary with the multitude of years,
 Unshorn of strength, between his young compeers,
 He towers ;—with faith, whose boundless glance can see
 Time's shadows brightening through eternity ;

Love,—God's own love in his pure breast enshrined ;
 Love,—love to man the magnet of his mind ;
 Sublimar schemes maturing in his thought
 Than ever statesman plann'd, or warrior wrought ;
 While, with rejoicing tears, and rapturous sighs,
 To heaven ascends their morning sacrifice. *a*

Whence are the pilgrims ? whither would they roam ?
 Greenland their port ;—Moravia *was* their home.
 Sprung from a race of martyrs ; men who bore
 The cross on many a Golgotha, of yore ;
 When first Schavonian tribes the truth received,
 And princes at the price of thrones believed ; *b*
 —When WALDO, flying from the' apostate west, *c*
 In German wilds his righteous cause confess'd :
 —When WICKLIFFE, like a rescuing Angel, found
 The dungeon, where the word of God lay bound,
 Unloosed its chains, and led it by the hand,
 In its own sunshine, through his native land : *d*
 —When HUSS, the victim of perfidious foes,
 To heaven upon a fiery chariot rose ;
 And ere he vanish'd, with a prophet's breath,
 Foretold the' immortal triumphs of his death : *e*
 —When ZISKA, burning with fanatic zeal,
 Exchanged the Spirit's sword for patriot steel,
 And through the heart of Austria's thick array
 To Tabor's summit stabb'd resistless way ;
 But there, (as if transfigured on the spot
 The world's Redeemer stood,) his rage forgot ;

Deposed his arms and trophies in the dust,
 Wept like a babe, and placed in God his trust,
 While prostrate warriors kiss'd the hallow'd ground,
 And lay, like slain, in silent ranks around : *f*
 —When mild GREGORIUS, in a lowlier field,
 As brave a witness, as unwont to yield
 As ZISKA's self, with patient footsteps trod
 A path of suffering, like the Son of God,
 And nobler palms, by meek endurance won,
 Than if his sword had blazed from sun to sun : *g*
 Though nature fail'd him on the racking wheel,
 He felt the joys which parted spirits feel ;
 Rapt into bliss from ecstasy of pain,
 Imagination wander'd o'er a plain :
 Fair in the midst, beneath a morning sky,
 A Tree its ample branches bore on high,
 With fragrant bloom, and fruit delicious hung,
 While birds beneath the foliage fed and sung ;
 All glittering to the sun with diamond dew,
 O'er sheep and kine a breezy shade it threw ;
 A lovely boy, the child of hope and prayer,
 With crook and shepherd's pipe, was watching
 there ;

At hand three venerable forms were seen,
 In simple garb, with apostolic mein,
 Who mark'd the distant fields convulsed with strife,
 —The guardian Cherubs of that Tree of Life ;
 Not arm'd like Eden's host, with flaming brands,
 Alike to friends and foes they stretch'd their hands,

In sign of peace ; and while Destruction spread
 His path with carnage, welcomed all who fled :
 —When poor **COMENIUS**, with his little flock,
 Escaped the wolves, and from the boundary rock,
 Cast o'er Moravian hills a look of woe,
 Saw the green vales expand, the waters flow,
 And happier years revolving in his mind,
 Caught every sound that murmur'd on the wind ;
 As if his eye could never thence depart,
 As if his ear were seated in his heart,
 And his full soul would thence a passage break,
 To leave the body, for his country's sake ;
 While on his knees he pour'd the fervent prayer,
 That God would make that martyr-land his care,
 And nourish in its ravaged soil a root
 Of **GREGOR'S** Tree, to bear perennial fruit. h

His prayer was heard :—that Church, through ages
 past,
 Assail'd and rent by persecution's blast ;
 Whose sons no yoke could crush, no burthen tire,
 Unawed by dungeons, tortures, sword, and fire,
 (Less proof against the world's alluring wiles,
 Whose frowns have weaker terrors than its smiles ;) —
 That Church o'erthrown, dispersed, unpeopled, dead,
 Oft from the dust of ruin raised her head,
 And rallying round her feet, as from their graves,
 Her exiled orphans, hid in forest-caves ;

Where, midst the fastnesses of rocks and glens,
Banded like robbers, stealing from their dens,
By night they met, their holiest vows to pay,
As if their deeds were dark, and shunn'd the day;
While Christ's revilers, in his seamless robe,
And parted garments, flaunted round the globe;
From east to west while priestcraft's banners flew,
And harness'd kings his iron chariot drew :
—That Church advanced, triumphant, o'er the ground,
Where all her conquering martyrs had been crown'd,
Fearless her foe's whole malice to defy,
And worship God in liberty,—or die :
For truth and conscience oft she pour'd her blood,
And firmest in the fiercest conflicts stood,
Wresting from bigotry the proud controul
Claim'd o'er the sacred empire of the soul,
Where God, the judge of all, should fill the throne,
And reign, as in his universe, alone. †

'Twas thus through centuries she rose and fell;
At length victorious seem'd the gates of hell;
But founded on a rock, which cannot move—
The' eternal rock of her Redeemer's love—
That Church, which Satan's legions thought destroy'd,
Her name extinct, her place for ever void,
Alive once more, respir'd her native air,
But found no freedom for the voice of prayer :
Again the cowl'd oppressor clank'd his chains,
Flourish'd his scourge, and threaten'd bonds and pains,

(His arm enfeebled could no longer kill,
 But in his heart he was a murderer still :)
 Then CHRISTIAN DAVID, strengthen'd from above,
 Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove ;
 Bold as a lion on his Master's part,
 In zeal a seraph, and a child in heart ;
 Pluck'd from the gripe of antiquated laws,
 (—Even as a mother from the felon-jaws
 Of a lean wolf, that bears her babe away,
 With courage beyond nature, rends the prey,)
 The little remnant of that ancient race :
 —Far in Lusatian woods they found a place ;
There,—where the sparrow builds her busy nest,
 And the clime-changing swallow loves to rest,
 Thine altar, God of Hosts !—*there* still appear
 The tribes to worship, unassail'd by fear ;
 Not like their fathers, vex'd from age to age
 By blatant Bigotry's insensate rage,
 Abroad in every place,—in every hour
 Awake, alert, and ramping to devour.
 No ; peaceful as the spot where Jacob slept,
 And guard all night the journeying angels kept,
 Herrnhut yet stands amidst her shelter'd bowers ;
 —The Lord hath set his watch upon her towers. *j*

Soon, homes of humble form, and structure rude,
 Raised sweet society in solitude :
 And the lorn traveller there, at fall of night,
 Could trace from distant hills the spangled light,

Which now from many a cottage window stream'd,
Or in full glory round the chapel beam'd ;
While hymning voices, in the silent shade,
Music of all his soul's affections made :
Where through the trackless wilderness erewhile,
No hospitable ray was known to smile ;
Or if a sudden splendor kindled joy,
'Twas but a meteor dazzling to destroy :
While the wood echoed to the hollow owl,
The fox's cry, or wolf's lugubrious howl.

Unwearied as the camel, day by day,
Tracks through unwater'd wilds his doleful way,
Yet in his breast a cherish'd draught retains,
To cool the fervid current in his veins,
While from the sun's meridian realms he brings
The gold and gems of Ethiopian Kings :
So CHRISTIAN DAVID, spending yet unspent,
On many a pilgrimage of mercy went ;
Through all their haunts his suffering brethren sought,
And safely to that land of promise brought ;
While in his bosom, on the toilsome road,
A secret well of consolation flow'd,
Fed from the fountain near the' eternal throne,
—Bliss to the world unyielded and unknown.

In stillness thus the little Zion rose ;
But scarcely found those fugitives repose,

Ere to the west with pitying eyes they turn'd ;
Their love to Christ beyond the Atlantic burn'd.
Forth sped their messengers, content to be
Captives themselves, to cheer captivity ;
Soothe the poor Negro with fraternal smiles,
And preach deliverance in those prison-isles,
Where man's most hateful forms of being meet,
—The tyrant and the slave that licks his feet. *k*

O'er Greenland next two youths in secret wept :
And where the sabbath of the dead was kept,
With pious forethought, while their hands prepare
Beds which the living and unborn shall share,
(For man so surely to the dust is brought,
His grave before his cradle may be wrought,)
They told their purpose, each o'erjoy'd to find
His own idea in his brother's mind.
For counsel in simplicity they pray'd,
And vows of ardent consecration made :
—Vows heard in heaven ; from that accepted hour,
Their souls were clothed with confidence and power, *l*
Nor hope deferr'd could quell their heart's desire ;
The bush once kindled grew amidst the fire ;
But ere it shoots a tree of life became,
Congenial spirits caught the' electric flame ;
And for that holy service, young and old,
Their plighted faith and willing names enroll'd ;
Eager to change the rest, so lately found,
For life-long labours on barbarian ground ;

To break, through barriers of eternal ice,
A vista to the gates of Paradise ;
And light beneath the shadow of the pole
The tenfold darkness of the human soul ;
To man,—a task more hopeless than to bless
With Indian fruits that arctic wilderness ;
With God,—as possible when unbegun
As though the destined miracle were done.

Three chosen candidates at length went forth,
Heralds of mercy to the frozen north ;
Like mariners with seal'd instructions sent,
They went in faith, (as childless Abram went
To dwell by sufferance in a land, decreed
The future birthright of his promised seed,)
Unknowing whither ;—unenquiring why
Their lot was cast beneath so strange a sky,
Where cloud nor star appear'd, to mortal sense
Pointing the hidden path of Providence,
And all around was darkness to be felt ;
—Yet in that darkness light eternal dwelt :
They knew,—and 'twas enough for them to know,
The still small voice that whisper'd them to go ;
For He, who spake by that mysterious voice,
Inspired their will, and made His call their choice.

See the swift vessel bounding o'er the tide,
That wafts, with CHRISTIAN DAVID for their guide,

Two young Apostles on their joyful way
To regions in the twilight verge of day ;
Freely they quit the clime that gave them birth,
Home, kindred, friendship, all they loved on earth ;
What things were gain before, accounting loss,
And glorying in the shame, they bear the cross ;
—Not as the Spaniard, on his flag unfurl'd,
A bloody omen through a Pagan world :
—Not the vain image, which the Devotee
Clasps as the God of his idolatry ;
But in their hearts, to Greenland's western shore,
That dear memorial of their Lord they bore,
Amidst the wilderness to lift the sign
Of wrath appeased by sacrifice divine ;
And bid a serpent-stung and dying race
Look on their Healer, and be saved by grace.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

GREENLAND.

CANTO SECOND.

GREENLAND.

CANTO II.

Hopes and fears.—The Brethren pursue their Voyage.
—A digression on Iceland.

WHAT are thine hopes, Humanity !—thy fears ?
Poor voyager, upon this flood of years,
Whose tide, unturning, hurries to the sea
Of dark unsearchable eternity,
The fragile skiffs, in which thy children sail
A day, an hour, a moment, with the gale,
Then vanish ;—gone like eagles on the wind,
Or fish in waves, that yield and close behind ?
Thine hopes,—lost anchors buried in the deep,
That rust, through storm and calm, in iron sleep ;
Whose cables loose aloft and fix'd below,
Rot with the sea-weed, floating to and fro !
Thy Fears—are wrecks that strew the fatal surge,
Whose whirlpools swallow, or whose currents urge
Adventurous barks on rocks, that lurk at rest,
Where the blue halcyon builds her foam-light nest ;
Or strand them on illumined shoals, that gleam
Like drifted gold in summer's cloudless beam.
Thus would thy race, beneath their parent's eye,
Live without knowledge, without prospect die.

But when Religion bids her spirit breathe,
 And opens bliss above and woe beneath ;
 When God reveals his march through Nature's night,
 His steps are beauty, and his presence light,
 His voice is life :—the dead in conscience start ;
 They feel a new creation in the heart.
 Ah ! then, Humanity, thy hopes, thy fears,
 How changed, how wond'rous !—On this tide of years,
 Though the frail barks, in which thine offspring sail
 Their day, their hour, their moment, with the gale,
 Must perish ;—shipwreck only sets them free ;
 With joys unmeasured as eternity,
 They ply on seas of glass their golden oars,
 And pluck immortal fruits along the shores ;
 Nor shall *their* cables fail, *their* anchors rust,
 Who wait the resurrection of the just :
 Moor'd on the rock of ages, though decay
 Moulder the weak terrestrial frame away,
 The trumpet sounds,—and lo ! wherever spread,
 Earth, air, and ocean render back their dead,
 And souls with bodies, spiritual and divine,
 In the new heavens, like stars for ever shine.
 These are thine Hopes :—thy Fears what tongue can
 tell ?

Behold them graven on the gates of Hell :
 “ The wrath of God abideth here : his breath
 “ Kindled the flames :—*this* is the second death.”
 'Twas Mercy wrote the lines of judgment there ;
 None who from earth can read them may despair !

Man!—let the warning strike presumption dumb ;-
Awake, arise, escape the wrath to come ;
No resurrection from *that* grave shall be ;
The worm within is—immortality.

The terrors of Jehovah, and his grace,
The Brethren bear to earth's remotest race.
And now, exulting on their swift career,
The northern waters narrowing in the rear,
They rise upon the' Atlantic flood, that rolls
Shoreless and fathomless between the poles,
Whose waves the east and western world divide,
Then gird the globe with one circumfluent tide ;
For mighty Ocean, by whatever name
Known to vain man, is every where the same,
And deems all regions by his gulphs embraced
But vassal tenures of his sovereign waste.
Clear shines the sun ; the surge, intensely blue,
Assumes by day heaven's own aërial hue :
Buoyant and beautiful, as through a sky,
On balanced wings, behold the vessel fly ;
Invisibly impell'd, as though it felt
A soul, within its heart of oak that dwelt,
Which broke the billows with spontaneous force,
Ruled the free elements, and chose its course.
Not so ;—and yet along the trackless realm,
A hand unseen directs the' unconscious helm ;
The Power that sojourn'd in the cloud by day,
And fire by night, on Israel's desert way ;

That Power the obedient vessel owns:—His will,
Tempest and calm, and death and life fulfil.

Day following day the current smoothly flows ;
Labour is but refreshment from repose ;
Perils are vanish'd ; every fear resign'd ;
Peace walks the waves, Hope carols on the wind ;
And Time so sweetly travels o'er the deep,
They feel his motion like the fall of sleep
On weary limbs, that, stretch'd in stillness, seem
To float upon the eddy of a stream,
Then sink,—to wake in some transporting dream.
Thus, while the Brethren far in exile roam,
Visions of Greenland shew their future home,
—Now a dark speck, but brightening as it flies,
A vagrant sea-fowl glads their eager eyes :
How lovely, from the narrow deck to see
The meanest link of nature's family,
Which makes us feel, in dreariest solitude,
Affinity with all that breathe renew'd :
At once a thousand kind emotions start,
And the blood warms and mantles round the
heart !
←O'er the ship's lee, the waves in shadow seen,
Change from deep indigo to beryl green,
And wreaths of frequent weed, that slowly float,
Land to the watchful mariner denote :
Ere long the pulse beats quicker through his breast,
When, like a range of evening clouds at rest,

**Iceland's grey cliffs and ragged coast he sees,
But shuns them, leaning on the southern breeze ;
And while they vanish far in distance, tells
Of lakes of fire and necromancers' spells.**

Strange Isle ! a moment to poetic gaze
Rise in thy majesty of rocks and bays,
Glens, fountains, caves, that seem not things of earth,
But the wild shapes of some prodigious birth ;
As if the kraken, monarch of the sea,
Wallowing abroad in his immensity,
By polar storms and lightning shafts assail'd,
Wedged with ice-mountains, here had fought and
fail'd ;
Perish'd—and in the petrifying blast,
His hulk became an island rooted fast : a
—Rather, from ocean's dark foundation hurl'd,
Thou art a type of his mysterious world,
Buoy'd on the desolate abyss, to shew
What wonders of creation hide below.

Here Hecla's triple peaks, with meteor lights,
Nature's own beacons, cheer hybernal nights :
But when the orient flames in red array,
Like ghosts the spectral splendours flee the day ;
Morn at her feet beholds supinely spread
The carcass of the old chimera dead,
That wont to vomit flames and molten ore,
Now cleft asunder to the inmost core ;

In smouldering heaps, wide wrecks and cinders strown,
 Lie like the walls of Sodom overthrown,
 (Ere from the face of blushing Nature swept,
 And where the city stood the Dead Sea slept ;)
 While inaccessible, tradition feigns,
 To human foot the guarded top remains,
 Where birds of hideous shape and doleful note,
 Fate's ministers, in livid vapours float. *b*

Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow
 Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,
 Whose blacken'd slopes with deep ravines entrench'd,
 Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings quench'd,
 Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,
 While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs be-
 neath.

Hark! from yon cauldron-cave, the battle sound
 Of fire and water warring under ground ;
 Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
 Here might some spirit, fall'n from bliss, abide,
 Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
 Such emanating splendours fill the air. *c*
 —He comes, he comes ; the' infuriate Geyser springs
 Up to the firmament on vapoury wings ;
 With breathless awe the mounting glory view ;
 White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
 But lo! a glimpse ;—refulgent to the gale,
 He starts all naked through his riven veil ;

A fountain-column, terrible and bright,
A living, breathing, moving form of light :
From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,
The mighty apparition towers alone,
Rising, as though for ever he could rise,
Storm and resume his palace in the skies.
All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below ;
Around him beams the reconciling bow ;
(Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds ;))
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,
The air illumine with celestial hues,
As if the bounteous sun were raining down
The richest gems of his imperial crown.
In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
Foot-bound to fathomless captivity ;
A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
For ever working,—to his flinty cell,
Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres ;
He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears ;
Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,
While the low murmurs of the reflux tide
Far into subterranean silence glide,
The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.
—But is he slain and sepulchred?—Again
The deathless giant sallies from his den,

Scales with recruited strength the' etherial walls,
Struggles afresh for liberty,—and falls.

Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,
By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,
He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base
Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.

And can these fail?—Of Alpine height and mould
Schapta's unshaken battlements behold;
His throne an hundred hills; his sun-crown'd head
Resting on clouds; his robe of shadow spread
O'er half the isle; he pours from either hand
An unexhausted river through the land,
On whose fair banks, through valleys warm and
green,
Cattle and flocks, and homes, and spires are seen.
Here Nature's earthquake-pangs were never felt;
Here in repose hath man for ages dwelt;
The everlasting mountain seems to say,
"I am,—and I shall never pass away."

Yet fifty winters, and with huge uproar,
Thy pride shall perish;—thou shalt be no more;
Amidst chaotic ruins on the plain,
Those cliffs, these waters shall be sought in vain!
—Through the dim vista of unfolding years,
A pageant of portentous woe appears.
Yon rosy groupes, with golden locks, at play,
I see them,—few, decrepid, silent, grey;

Their fathers all at rest beneath the sod,
Whose flowerless verdure marks the House of God,
Home of the living and the dead;—where meet
Kindred and strangers, in communion sweet,
When dawns the Sabbath on the block-built pile ;
The kiss of peace, the welcome, and the smile
Go round ; till comes the Priest, a father there,
And the bell knolls his family to prayer ;
Angels might stoop from thrones in heaven, to be
Co-worshippers in such a family,
Whom from their nooks and dells, where'er they roam,
The Sabbath gathers to their common home.
Oh! I would stand a keeper at this gate
Rather than reign with kings in guilty state ;
A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent !
—But whither am I hurried from my theme ?
Schapta returns on the prophetic dream.

From eve till morn strange meteors streak the pole ;
At cloudless noon mysterious thunders roll,
As if below both shore and ocean hurl'd
From deep convulsions of the nether world.
Anon the river, boiling from its bed,
Shall leap its bounds and o'er the lowlands spread,
Then waste in exhalation,—leaving void
As its own channel, utterly destroy'd,
Fields, gardens, dwellings, churches and their graves.
All wreck'd or disappearing with the waves.

The fugitives that 'scape this instant death
Inhale slow pestilence with every breath ;
Mephitic steams from Schapta's smouldering breast
With livid horror shall the air infest ;
And day shall glare so foully on the sight,
Darkness were refuge from the curse of light.
Lo! far among the glaciers, wrapt in gloom,
The red precursors of approaching doom,
Scatter'd and solitary founts of fire,
Unlock'd by hands invisible, aspire ;
Ere long more rapidly than eye can count,
Above, beneath, they multiply, they mount,
Converge, condense,—a crimson phalanx form,
And rage aloft in one unbounded storm ;
From heaven's red roof the fierce reflections throw
A sea of fluctuating light below.
—Now the whole army of destroyers, fleet
As whirlwinds, terrible as lightnings, meet ;
The mountains melt like wax along their course,
When downward, pouring with resistless force,
Through the void channel where the river roll'd,
To ocean's verge their flaming march they hold ;
While blocks of ice, and crags of granite rent,
Half-fluid ore, and rugged minerals blent,
Float on the gulph, till molten or immersed,
Or in explosive thunderbolts dispersed.
Thus shall the Schapta, towering on the brink
Of unknown jeopardy, in ruin sink ;

And this wild paroxysm of frenzy past,
At her own work shall Nature stand aghast.

Look on this desolation :—mark yon brow,
Once adamant, a cone of ashes now :
Here rivers swampt ; there valleys levell'd, plains
O'erwhelm'd ;—one black-red wilderness remains,
One crust of lava, through whose cinder-heat
The pulse of buried streams is felt to beat ;
These from the frequent fissures, eddying white,
Sublimed to vapour, issue forth like light
Amidst the sulphury fumes, that drear and dun
Poison the atmosphere and blind the sun.
Above, as if the sky had felt the stroke
Of that volcano, and consumed to smoke,
One cloud appears in heaven, and one alone,
Hung round the dark horizon's craggy zone,
Forming at once the vast encircling wall,
And the dense roof of some Tartarean hall,
Propt by a thousand pillars, huge and strange,
Fantastic forms that every moment change,
As hissing, surging from the floor beneath,
Volumes of steam the' imprison'd waters breathe.
Then should the sun, ere evening gloom ascend,
Quick from the west the murky curtain rend,
And pour the beauty of his beams between
These hideous arches, and light up the scene ;
At the sweet touch of his transforming rays
With amber lustre all the columns blaze,

And the thick folds of cumbrous fog aloof
Change to rich drapery of celestial woof :
With such enchantment air and earth were fraught,
Beyond the colouring of the wealthiest thought,
That Iceland Scalds, transported at the view,
Might deem the legends of their fathers true,
And here behold, illumining the waste,
The palace of immortal Odin placed ;
Till rapt imagination joy'd to hear
The neigh of steeds, the clank of armour near,
And saw, in barbarous state, the tables spread
With shadowy food, and compass'd with the dead,
Weary from conflicts,—still the fierce delight
Of spectre-warriors, in the daily fight :
Then while they quaff'd the mead from skulls of foes,
By whirlwind gusts the din of battle rose ;
The strife of tongues, the tournament of words
Following the shock of shields, the clash of swords ;
Till, gorged and drunken at the' enormous feast,
Awhile their revels and their clamours ceased ;
Ceased to the eye and ear ;—yet where they lay,
Like sleeping lions, surfeited with prey,
In tawny groupes recumbent through the den,
In dreams the heroes drank and fought again.

Away with such Divinities ! their birth
Man's brain-sick superstition, and their mirth
Lust, rapine, cruelty ;—their fell employ
God's works and their own votaries to destroy.

—The Runic Bard to nobler themes shall string
 His ancient harp, and mightier triumphs sing :
 For glorious days are risen on Iceland :—clear
 The gospel-trumpet sounds to every ear,
 And deep in many a heart the Spirit's voice
 Bids the believing soul in hope rejoice.
 O'er the stern face of this tempestuous isle,
 Though briefly Spring, and Autumn never, smile,
 Truth walks with naked foot the' unyielding snows,
 And the glad desert blossoms like the rose.
 Though earthquakes heave, though torrents drown his
 cot,
 Volcanoes waste his fields,—the peasant's lot
 Is blest beyond the destiny of kings :
 —Lifting his eyes above sublunar things,
 Like dying Stephen, when he saw in prayer
 Heaven open'd, and his Saviour beckoning there,
 He cries, and clasps his Bible to his breast,
 " Let the earth perish,—*here* is not my rest." e

END OF CANTO SECOND.

4*

GREENLAND.

CANTO THIRD.

GREENLAND.

CANTO III.

The voyage to Greenland concluded.—A fog at sea.—
Ice-fields.—Eclipse of the Sun.—The Greenland
fable of Malina and Aninga.—A storm.—The ice-
blink.—Northern lights.—The Brethren land.

HOW speed the faithful witnesses, who bore
The Bible and its hopes to Greenland's shore ?
—Like Noah's ark, alone upon the wave,
(Of one lost world the' immeasurable grave,)
Yonder the ship, a solitary speck,
Comes bounding from the horizon ; while on deck
Again imagination rests her wing,
And smooths her pinions, while the Pilgrims sing
Their vesper-oraisons.—The Sun retires,
Not as he wont, with clear and golden fires ;
Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of haze,
His orb redoubled, with discolour'd rays,
Struggles and vanishes ;—along the deep,
With slow array, expanding vapours creep,
Whose folds, in twilight's yellow glare uncurl'd,
Present the dreams of an unreal world ;
Islands in air suspended ; marching ghosts
Of armies, shapes of castles, winding coasts,

Navies at anchor, mountains, woods, and streams,
 Where all is strange, and nothing what it seems ;
 Till deep involving gloom, without a spark
 Of star, moon, meteor, desolately dark,
 Seals up the vision :—then, the Pilot's fears
 Slacken his arm ; a doubtful course he steers,
 Till morning comes, but comes not clad in light ;
 Uprisen day is but a paler night,
 Revealing not a glimpse of sea or sky ;
 The ship's circumference bounds the sailor's eye.
 So cold and dense the impervious fog extends,
 He might have touch'd the point where being ends ;
 His bark is all the universe ; so void
 The scene,—as though creation were destroy'd,
 And he and his few mates, of all their race,
 Were here becalm'd in everlasting space. a

Silent and motionless, above, below,
 The sails all struck, the waves unheard to flow,
 In this drear blank of utter solitude,
 Where life stands still, no faithless fears intrude ;
 Through that impervious veil the Brethren see
 The face of omnipresent Deity :
 Nor Him alone ;—whate'er his hand hath made ;
 His glory in the firmament display'd ;
 The sun majestic in his course, and sole ;
 The moon and stars rejoicing round the pole ;
 Earth o'er its peopled realms and wastes unknown,
 Clad in the wealth of every varying zone ;

Ocean through all the enchantment of his forms,
From breathing calms to devastating storms ;
Heaven in the vision of eternal bliss,
Death's terrors, hell's unsearchable abyss ;
—Though rapt in secrecy from human eye,
These in the mind's profound sensorium lie,
And, with their Maker, by a glance of thought,
Are in a moment to remembrance brought ;
Then most, when most restrain'd the' imperfect sight,
God and his works shine forth in his own light.
Yet clearest through that veil the Pilgrims trace
Their Father's image in their Saviour's face ;
A sigh can waft them to his feet in prayer,
Not Gabriel bends with more acceptance there,
Nor to the throne from heaven's pure altar rise
The odours of a sweeter sacrifice,
Than when before the mercy-seat they kneel,
And tell Him all they fear, or hope, or feel ;
Perils without, and enemies within,
Satan, the world, temptation, weakness, sin ;
Yet rest unshaken on his sure defence,
Invincible through his omnipotence :
“ Oh ! step by step,” they cry, “ direct our way,
And give thy grace, like manna, day by day ;
The store of yesterday will not suffice,
To-morrow's sun to us may never rise ;
Safe only, when our souls are staid on Thee ;
Rich only, when we know our poverty.”

And step by step the Lord those suppliants led ;
He gave them daily grace like daily bread ;
By sea, on shore, through all their pilgrimage,
In rest and labour, to their latest age,
Sharp though their trials, and their comforts scant,
God was their refuge, and they knew not want.

On rustling pinions, like an unseen bird,
Among the yards, a stirring breeze is heard ;
The conscious vessel wakes as from a trance,
Her colours float, the filling sails advance ;
White from her prow the murmuring surge recedes :
—So the swan, startled from her nest of reeds,
Swells into beauty, and with curving chest,
Cleaves the blue lake, with motion soft as rest.
Light o'er the liquid lawn the pageant glides ;
Her helm the well-experienced pilot guides,
And while he threads the mist-enveloped maze,
Turns to the magnet his enquiring gaze,
In whose mute oracle, where'er he steers,
The pointing hand of Providence appears ;
With this, though months of gloom the main en-
robe ;
His keel might plough a furrow round the globe.

Again the night ascends without a star :
Low sounds come booming o'er the waves afar,
As if conflicting navies shook the flood,
With human thunders, in the strife of blood,

That slay more victims in one brief campaign,
Than heaven's own bolts through centuries have slain.
The seaman hearkens ;—colour flies his cheek,
His stout heart throbs with fears he dare not speak :
No lightning-splendours streak the' unbroken gloom ;
—His bark may shoot the gulph beyond the tomb,
And he, if e'er it come, may meet a light,
Which never yet hath dawn'd on living sight.
Fresher and fresher blows the' insurgent gale ;
He reefs his tops, he narrows sail by sail,
Yet feels the ship with swifter impulse sweep,
O'er mightier billows, the recoiling deep ;
While still, with doleful omen on his ear,
Come the deaf echoes of those sounds of fear,
Distant,—yet every volley rolls more near.

Oh ! in that agony of thought forlorn,
How longs the' impatient mariner for morn !
She wakes,—his eyes are wither'd to behold
The scene which her disastrous beams unfold :
The fog is vanish'd, but the welkin lowers,
Sharp hail descends, and sleet in blinding showers ;
Ocean one bed of foam, with fury tost,
In undistinguishable whiteness lost,
Save where vast fields of ice their surface shew,
Buoyant, but many a fathom sunk below :
Changing his station as the fragments pass,
Death stands the pilot of each ponderous mass ;

Gathering his brow into the darkest frown,
He bolts his raft to run the victim down,
But shoots astern :—the shock the vessel feels,
A moment in the giddy whirlpool reels,
Then like an arrow soars, as through the air,
So high the salient waves their burthen bear.

Quick skirmishes with floating batteries past,
Ruin inevitable threats at last :
Athwart the north, like ships of battle spread,
Winter's flotilla, by their captain led,
(Who boasts with these to make his prowess known,
And plant his foot beyond the arctic zone,)
Islands of ice, so wedged and grappled lie,
One moving continent appals the eye,
And to the ear renews those notes of doom,
That brought portentous warnings through the gloom ;
For loud and louder, with explosive shocks,
Sudden convulsions split the frost-bound rocks,
And launch loose mountains on the frothing ooze,
As pirate-barks, on summer seas to cruise.
In front this perilous array ;—behind,
Borne on the surges, driven by the wind,
The vessel hurries to the brink of fate ;
All efforts fail,—but prayer is not too late :
Then, in the imminent and ghastly fall
Foul on destruction,—the disciples call
On Him, their Master, who, in human form,
Slept in the lap of the devouring storm ;

On Him, who in the midnight watch was seen,
Walking the gulph, ineffably serene,
At whose rebuke the tempest ceased to roar,
The winds caress'd the waves, the waves the shore :
On Him they call ;—their prayer, in faith preferr'd,
Amidst the frantic hurricane is heard ;
He gives the sign, by none in earth or heaven
Known, but by him to whom the charge is given,
The Angel of the Waters ;—he, whose wrath
Had hurl'd the vessel on that shipwreck path,
Becomes a minister of grace ;—his breath
Blows,—and the enemies are scatter'd,—Death,
Reft of his quarry, plunges through the wave,
Buried himself where he had mark'd their grave.
The line of battle broken, and the chain
Of that armada, which oppress'd the main,
Snapt hopelessly asunder, quickly all
The' enormous masses in disruption fall,
And the weak vessel, through the chaos wild,
Led by the mighty Angel,—as a child,
Snatch'd from its crib, and in the mother's arms
Borne through a midnight tumult of alarms,—
Escapes the wrecks ; nor slackens her career,
Till sink the forms, and cease the sounds of fear,
And He, who rules the universe at will,
Saith to the reinless elements, “ Be still.”

Then rise sweet hymns of gratulation ; praise
From hearts and voices, in harmonious lays ;—

So Israel sang deliverance, when he stood
By the Red Sea, and saw the morning-flood,
That in its terrible embraces bore
The slain pursuers and their spoils on shore.

Light-breathing gales awhile their course propel,
The billows roll with pleasurable swell,
Till the seventh dawn ; when o'er the pure expanse
The sun, like lightning, throws his earliest glance,
“ Land ! Land ! ” exclaims the ship-boy from the mast,
“ Land ! Land ! ” with one electric shock hath pass'd
From lip to lip, and every eye hath caught
The cheering glimpse so long, so dearly sought ;
Yet must imagination half supply
The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky ;
Nor clearly known, till in sublimer day,
From icy cliffs refracted splendours play,
And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,
Or fall like stars through sunshine on the deep.
'Tis Greenland ! but so desolately bare,
Amphibious life alone inhabits there ;
'Tis Greenland ! yet so beautiful the sight,
The Brethren gaze with undisturb'd delight :
In silence, (as before the Throne,) they stand,
And pray, in prospect of that promised land,
That He, who sends them thither may abide
Through the waste howling wilderness their guide ;
And the good shepherd seek his straying flocks,
Lost on those frozen waves and herbless rocks,

By the still waters of his comforts lead,
And in the pastures of salvation feed.

Their faith must yet be tried :—the sun at noon
Shrinks from the shadow of the passing moon,
Till, ray by ray of all his pomp bereft,
(Save one slight ring of quivering lustre left,)
Total eclipse involves his peerless eye :
Portentous twilight creeps around the sky ;
The frightened sea-birds to their haunts repair ;
There is a freezing stillness in the air,
As if the blood through Nature's veins ran cold,
A prodigy so fearful to behold ;
A few faint stars gleam through the dread serene,
Trembling and pale spectators of the scene ;
While the rude mariners, with stern amaze,
As on some tragic execution gaze,
When calm but awful guilt is stretcht to feel
The torturing fire, or dislocating wheel,
And life, like light from yonder orb, retires,
Spark after spark, till the whole man expires.
Yet may the darken'd sun and mourning skies
Point to a higher, holier sacrifice ;
The Brethren's thoughts to Calvary's brow ascend,
Round the Redeemer's Cross their spirits bend,
And while heaven frowns, earth shudders, graves disclose
The forms of sleepers, startled from repose,

They catch the blessing of his latest breath,
 Mark his last look, and through the' eclipse of death:
 See lovelier beams than Taber's vision shed,
 Wreathe a meek halo round his sacred head.
 To Greenland then, with quick compassion, turn
 Their deepest sympathies ; their bosoms burn,
 To her barbarian race, with tongues of flame,
 His love, his grief, his glory to proclaim.

O could they view, in this alarming hour,
 Those wretched ones, themselves beneath the power
 Of darkness, while the shadow clips the sun !
 How to their dens the fierce sea-hunters run,
 Who death in every shape of peril brave,
 By storms and monsters, on the faithless wave,
 But now in speechless horror lie aghast,
 Till the malignant prodigy be past :
 While bolder females, with tormenting spells,
 Consult their household dogs as oracles,
 And by the yelping of their curs divine,
 That still the earth may stand, the sun may shine.
 Then forth they creep, and to their offspring tell
 What fate of old a youth and maid befell : b
 How, in the age of night, ere day was born
 On the blue hills of undiscover'd morn ;
 Where one pale cresset twinkled through the shade,
 MALINA and her gay companions play'd
 A thousand mimic sports, as children wont ;
 They hide, they seek, they shoot, harpoon and hunt ;

When lo ! ANINGA, passionate and young,
Keen as a wolf, upon his sister sprung,
And pounced his victim ;—gentler way to woo
He knew not, or he scorn'd it if he knew :
MALINA snatch'd her lamp, and in the dark
Dash'd on his felon-front a hideous mark,
Slipt from his foul embrace, (and laugh'd aloud,)
Soft as the rainbow melting from the cloud ;
Then shot to heaven, and in her wondrous flight
Transform'd her image, sparkled into light,
Became the sun, and through the firmament,
Forth in the glory of a goddess went.
ANINGA baffled, madden'd, unsubdued,
By her own beams the fugitive pursued,
And when she set, his broad disfigured mein
As the dim moon among the stars was seen ;
Thenceforward doom'd his sister's steps to chase,
But ne'er o'ertake in heaven's eternal race.
Yet when his vanish'd orb might seem to sleep,
He takes his monthly pastime on the deep,
Through storms, o'er cataracts, in his Kayak sails,
Strikes with unerring dart the polar whales,
Or o'er ice-mountains, in his dog-drawn car,
Pursues the rein-deer to the farthest star.
But when eclipse his baneful disk invades,
He prowls for prey among the Greenland maids,
Till roaring drums, belabouring sticks, and cries
Repel the errant Demon to the skies.

'The sun hath cast aside his veil ;—he shines
With purest splendour till his orb declines ;
Then landward, marshalling in black array,
Eruptive vapours drive him from the day ;
And night again, with premature controul,
Binds light in chains of darkness o'er the pole ;
Heaven in one ebon mass of horror scowls :
—Anon a universal whirlwind howls,
With such precipitation dash'd on high,
Not from one point, but from the whole dark sky,
The surges at the onset shrink aghast,
Borne down beneath the paralyzing blast ;
But soon the mad tornado slants its course,
And rolls them into mountains by main force,
Then utterly enbroil'd, through clouds and waves,
As 'twixt two oceans met in conflict, raves.
Now to the passive bark, alternate tost,
Above, below, both sea and sky are lost,
All but the giddy summit, where her keel
Hangs in light balance on the billowy wheel ;
Then, as the swallow in his windward flight,
Quivers the wing, returns, and darts downright,
She plunges through the blind abyss, and o'er
Her groaning masts the cavern'd waters roar.
Ruled by the hurricane, no more the helm
Obeys the pilot ;—seas on seas o'erwhelm
The deck ; where oft embattled currents meet,
Foam in white whirlpools, flash to spray, retreat,

And rock the vessel with their huge turmoils,
 Like the cork-float around the fisher's toils.
 Three days of restless agony, that seem
 Of one delirious night the waking dream,
 The mariners in vain their labours ply,
 Or sick at heart in pale despondence lie.
 The Brethren weak, yet firm as when they faced
 Winter's ice-legions on his own bleak waste,
 In patient hope, that utters no complaint,
 Pray without ceasing ; pray, and never faint ;
 Assured that He, who from the tempest's neck
 Hath loosed his grasp, still holds it at his beck,
 And with a pulse too deep for mortal sense,
 —The secret pulse of his omnipotence,
 That beats through every motion of the storm,
 —Can check destruction in its wildest form :
 Bow'd to his will,—their lot how truly blest,
 Who live to serve Him, and who die to rest !

To live and serve him is their Lord's decree ;
 He curbs the wind, he calms the' infuriate sea ;
 The sea and wind their Maker's yoke obey,
 And waft his servants on their destined way.
 Though many a league by that disaster driven
 Thwart from their course ; with planks and cordage
 riven,
 With hands disabled, and exhausted strength,
 The active crew reft their bark at length ;

Along the placid gulph, with heaving sails,
That catch from every point propitious gales,
Led like the moon, from infancy to age,
Round the wide zodiac of her pilgrimage,
Onward and smooth their voyage they pursue
Till Greenland's coast again salutes their view.

'Tis sunset : to the firmament serene,
The' Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene ;
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere ; above unroll'd
The keen, clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone ?
—Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land ;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the arctic Cyclades ;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent ;
—O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head
On which the sun, beyond the' horizon shined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind ;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,

Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky ;
With glacier-battlements, that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
—Winter's eternal palace, built by Time :
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust ;—mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps ; *here* for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument ; where every flake that falls,
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror, in his race,
That shews a brighter image of his face ;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal fires on its illumined crest ;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals ;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand caves ;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulph ; immoveable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

Midnight hath told his hour ; the moon yet young,
Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung ;
Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades :

Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem ;
Like a new morn from orient darkness, there
Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid air,
As though from heaven's self-opening portals came
Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
—Flame, that from every point an arrow sends,
Far as the concave firmament extends :
Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
Glistening like gossamer the welkin shines :
The constellations in their pride look pale
Through the quick trembling brilliance of that
veil :

Then suddenly converged, the meteors rush
O'er the wide south ; one deep vermilion blush
O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood ;
Again the circuit of the pole they range,
Motion and figure every moment change.
Through all the colours of the rainbow run,
Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun ;
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, fight,
And the glad ocean dances in the light.

The seaman's jealous eye askance surveys
This pageantry of evanescent rays,
While in the horror of misgiving fear
New storms already thunder on his ear.

But morning comes, and brings him sweet release ;
Day shines and sets ; at evening all is peace :
Another and another day is past ;
The fourth appears,—the loveliest and the last ;
The sails are furl'd ; the anchor drags the sand ;
The boat hath cross'd the creek ;—the Brethren land.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

GREENLAND,

CANTO FOURTH.

GREENLAND.

CANTO IV.

Retrospect of ancient Greenland:—The discovery of Iceland, of Greenland, of Wineland. The Norwegian colonies on the eastern and western coasts of Greenland; the appearance of the Skraellings, or modern Greenlanders, in the west, and the destruction of the Norwegian settlers in that quarter.

HERE while in peace the weary Pilgrims rest,
Turn we our voyage from the new-found west,
Sail up the current of departed time,
And seek along its banks that vanish'd clime,
By ancient scalds in Runic verse renown'd,
Now like old Babylon no longer found.
—"Oft was I weary when I toil'd at thee;"
This on an oar abandon'd to the sea,
Some hand had graven:—From what founder'd boat
It fell;—how long on ocean's waves afloat;
—Who mark'd it with that melancholy line;
No record tells:—Greenland! such fate was thine;
Whate'er thou wast, of thee remains no more
Than a brief legend on a foundling oar;
And he, whose song would now revive thy fame,
Grasps but the shadow of a mighty name.

From Asia's fertile womb, when Time was young,
And earth a wreck, the sires of nations sprung ;
In Shinar's land of rivers, Babel's tower
Stood the lorn relic of their scatter'd power ;
A broken pillar, snapt as from the spheres,
Slow-wasting through the silent lapse of years,
While o'er the regions, by the flood destroy'd,
The builders breathed new life throughout the void,
Soul, passion, intellect ; till blood of man
Through every artery of Nature ran ;
O'er eastern islands pour'd its quickening stream,
Caught the warm crimson of the western beam,
Beneath the burning line made fountains start
In the dry wilderness of Afric's heart,
And through the torpid north, with genial heat,
Taught love's exhilarating pulse to beat ;
Till the great sun, in his perennial round,
Man, of all climes the restless native, found,
Pursuing folly in his vain career,
As if existence were immortal here ;
While on the fathers' graves the sons, untaught
By their mischance, the same illusions sought,
By gleams and shadows measured woe and bliss,
As though unborn for any world but this.

Five thousand years, unvisited, unknown,
Greenland lay slumbering in the frozen zone,—
While heaven's resplendent host pursued their way
To light the wolf and eagle to their prey,

And tempests o'er the main their terrors spread
 To rock Leviathan upon his bed ;—
 Ere Ingolf his undaunted flag unfurl'd
 To search the secrets of the polar world. *b*
 'Twas Liberty, that fires the coldest veins,
 And exile, famine, death, prefers to chains ;
 'Twas Liberty, through floods unplough'd before,
 That led his gallant crew from Norway's shore ;
 They cut their cable, and in thunder broke,
 With their departing oars, the tyrant's yoke ;
 The deep their country, and their bark their home,
 A floating isle, on which they joy'd to roam
 Amidst immensity ; with waves and wind,
 Now sporting and now wrestling ;—unconfined,
 Save by the blue surrounding firmament,
 Full, yet for ever widening, as they went :
 Thus sailed those mariners, unheeding where
 They found a port, if Freedom anchor'd there.

By stars that never set, their course they steer'd,
 And northward with indignant impulse veer'd,
 For sloth had lull'd, and luxury o'errun,
 And bondage seized, the realms that loved the sun.
 At length by mountain-ice, with perils strange,
 Menaced, repell'd, and forced their track to change,
 They bade the unimprison'd raven fly,
 A living compass through the chartless sky :
 Up to the zenith, swift as fire, he soar'd,
 Through the clear boundless atmosphere explored

The dim horizon stretcht beneath his sight ;
 Then to the west full-onward shot his flight :
 Thither they follow ; till from Thule's rocks,
 Around the bird of tempests rose the flocks
 Of screaming sea-fowl, widening ring o'er ring,
 Till heaven grew dark ; then wheeling on the wing
 Landward they whiten all the rocks below,
 Or diving melt into the gulph like snow.
 Pleased with the proud discovery, Ingolf gave
 His lintel and his door-posts to the wave,
 Divining as they drifted to the strand
 The will of destiny,—the place to land. c
 There on a homeless soil his foot he placed,
 Framed his hut-palace, colonized the waste,
 And ruled his horde with patriarchal sway ;
 —Where justice reigns, 'tis freedom to obey :
 And there his race, in long succession blest,
 (Like generations in the eagle's nest,
 Upon their own hereditary rock,)
 Flourish'd invincible to every shock
 Of time, chance, foreign force, or civil rage ;
 A noble dynasty from age to age ;
 And Iceland shone, for generous lore renown'd,
 A northern light, when all was gloom around.

Ere long by brave adventurers on the tide,
 A new Hesperian region was descried,
 Which fancy deem'd, or fable feign'd so fair,
 Fleets from old Norway pour'd their settlers there,

Who traced and peopled far that double shore,
Round whose repelling rocks two oceans roar,
Till at the southern promontory, tost
By tempests, each is in its rival lost.
Thus Greenland, (so that arctic world they named,)
Was planted, and to utmost Calpe famed
For wealth exhaustless, which her seas could boast,
And prodigies of Nature on her coast ;
Where, in the green recess of every glen,
The House of Prayer o'ertopt the' abodes of men,
And flocks and cattle grazed by summer-streams,
That track'd the valleys with meandering gleams :
While on the mountains ice eternal frown'd,
And growing glaciers deepen'd tow'rd the ground,
Year after year, as centuries roll'd away,
Nor lost one moment till that judgment-day,
When eastern Greenland from the world was rent,
Ingulph'd,—or fix'd one frozen continent. d

'Twere long and dreary to recount in rhyme
The crude traditions of that long-lost clime :
To sing of wars, by barbarous chieftains waged,
In which as fierce and noble passions raged,
Heroes as subtle, bold, remorseless, fought,
And deeds as dark and terrible were wrought,
As round Troy-walls became the splendid themes
Of Homer's song, and Jove's Olympian dreams ;
When giant-prowess, in the iron field,
With single arm made phalanx'd legions yield ;

When battle was but massacre,—the strife
Of murderers,—steel to steel, and life to life.
—Who follows Homer takes the field too late ;
Though stout as Hector, sure of Hector's fate,
A wound as from Achilles' spear he feels,
Falls, and adorns the Grecian's chariot-wheels.

Nor stay we monkish legends to rehearse ;
To build their cloister-walls in Gothic verse ;
Of groves and gardens, wine and music tell ;
Fresh roses breathing round the hermit's cell,
And baths, in which Diana's nymphs might lave,
—From earth's self-opening veins the blood-warm
wave,

Whose genial streams, amidst disparted ice,
Made laps of verdure ; like those isles of spice
In eastern seas ; or rich oases, graced
With flowers and fountains, in the Lybian waste.

Rather the muse would stretch a mightier wing,
Of a new world the earliest dawn to sing ;
How,—long ere Science, in a dream of thought,
Earth's younger daughter to Columbus brought,
And sent him, like the Faerie Prince, in quest
Of that "bright virgin throned in the west :"
—Greenland's bold sons, by instinct, sallied forth
On barks, like ice-bergs drifting from the north,
Cross'd without magnet undiscover'd seas,
And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,

Touch'd on the line of that twin-bodied land,
That stretches forth to either pole a hand,
From arctic wilds, that see no winter-sun,
To where the oceans of the world are one,
And round Magellan's streights, Fuego's shore,
Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found,
The flowery hills with emerald woods were crown'd,
Spread o'er the vast savannahs, buffalo herds
Ranged without master ; and the bright-wing'd birds
Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
Or turn'd the air to music with their song.

Here from his mates a German youth had stray'd,
Where the broad river cleft the forest glade ;
Swarming with alligator-shoals, the flood
Blazed in the sun, or moved in clouds of blood ;
The wild boar rustled headlong through the brake ;
Like a live arrow leapt the rattle-snake ;
The uncouth shadow of the climbing bear
Crawl'd on the grass, while he aspired in air ;
Anon with hoofs, like hail, the greenwood rang,
Among the scattering deer a panther sprang :
The stripling fear'd not,—yet he trod with awe,
As if enchantment breathed o'er all he saw,
Till in his path arose a wilding vine ;
—Then o'er his memory rush'd the noble Rhine ;
Home and its joys, with fulness of delight,
So rapt his spirit, so beguiled his sight,

That in those glens of savage solitude,
 Vineyards and corn-fields, towns and spires he view'd,
 And through the image-chamber of his soul,
 The days of other years like shadows stole ;
 All that he once had been again he grew,
 Through every stage of life he pass'd anew ;
 The playmates of his infancy were there,
 With dimpled cheeks, blue eyes, and flaxen hair ;
 The blithe companions of his riper youth,
 And one whose heart was love, whose soul was
 truth.

—When the quick-mingling pictures of that dream,
 (Like broken scenery on a troubled stream,
 Where sky and landscape, light and darkness, run
 Through widening circles,) harmonized in one ;
 His father's cot appear'd, with vine-leaves drest,
 And clusters pendent round the swallow's nest ;
 In front the little garden, at whose gate,
 Amidst their progeny his parents sate,
 He only absent ;—but his mother's eye
 Look'd through a tear ;—she reach'd him with a sigh :
 Then in a moment vanish'd time and space,
 And with a shout he rush'd to her embrace ;
 Round hills and dales the joyful tidings spread,
 All ran to welcome TYRKER from the dead.
 With bliss inebriate, in that giddy trance,
 He led his waltzing partner through the dance ;
 And while he pluck'd the grapes that blush'd at hand,
 Trod the rich wine-press in his native land,

Quaff'd the full flowing goblet, loosed his tongue,
 And songs of vintage, harvest, battle sung.
 At length his shipmates came ; their laughter broke
 The gay delusion ; in alarm he 'woke ;
 Transport to silent melancholy changed ;
 At once from love, and joy, and hope estranged,
 O'er his blank mind, with cold bereaving spell,
 Came that heart-sickness, which no tongue can tell ;
 —Felt when, in foreign climes, 'midst sounds unknown,
 We hear the speech or music of our own,
 Roused to delight from drear abstraction start,
 And feel our country beating at our heart ;
 The rapture of a moment !—in its birth
 It perishes for ever from the earth ;
 And dumb, like shipwreck'd mariners, we stand,
 Eyeing by turns the ocean and the land,
 Breathless ;—till tears the struggling thought release,
 And the lorn spirit weeps itself to peace.

Wineland the glad discoverers call'd that shore,
 And back the tidings of its riches bore ;
 But soon return'd with colonizing bands,
 —Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands ;
 Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
 War, commerce, pastime, peace, adventure, spoil ;
 Bold master-spirits, where they touch'd they gain'd
 Ascendance ; where they fix'd their foot they reign'd.
 Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
 Dissever'd ; stemming to and fro the tide,

Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye,
'They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
The ports of strangers, or their northern home,
Still 'midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
Loved as their own, their *unlost* Paradise.

—Yet was their Paradise for ever lost :

War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,
Their woes combining, wither'd from the earth
This late creation, like a timeless birth,
The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
Breathing awhile,—relapsing into night.

Ages had seen the vigorous race, that sprung
From Norway's stormy forelands, rock'd when young
In ocean's cradle, hardening as they rose
Like mountain-pines amidst perennial snows ;
—Ages had seen these sturdiest sons of Time
Strike root and flourish in that ruffian clime,
Commerce with lovelier lands and wealthier hold,
Yet spurn the lures of luxury and gold,
Beneath the umbrage of the Gallic vine,
For moonlight snows and cavern-shelter pine,
Turn from Campanian fields a lofty eye
To gaze upon the glorious Alps, and sigh,
Remembering Greenland ; more and more endear'd,
As far and farther from its shores they steer'd ;
Greenland their world,—and all was strange beside ;
Elsewhere they wander'd ; here they lived and died.

At length a swarthy tribe, without a name,
Unknown the point of windward whence they came ;
The power by which stupenduous gulphs they cross'd,
Or compass'd wilds of everlasting frost,
Alike mysterious ;—found their sudden way
To Greenland ; pour'd along the western bay
Their straggling families ; and seized the soil
For their domain, the ocean for their spoil.
Skraellings the Normans call'd these hordes in scorn,
That seem'd created on the spot,—though born
In trans-Atlantic climes, and thither brought
By paths as covert as the birth of thought ;
They were at once ;—the swallow-tribes in spring
Thus daily multiply upon the wing,
As if the air, their element of flight,
Brought forth new broods from darkness every night ;
Slipt from the secret hand of Providence,
They come we see not how, nor know we whence. *f*

A stunted, stern, uncouth, amphibious stock,
Hewn from the living marble of the rock,
Or sprung from mermaids, and in ocean's bed,
With orcs and seals, in sunless caverns bred,
They might have held, from unrecorded time,
Sole patrimony in that hideous clime,
So lithe their limbs, so fenced their frames to bear
The intensest rigours of the polar air ;
Nimble, and muscular, and keen to run
The rein-deer down a circuit of the sun ;

To climb the slippery cliffs, explore their cells,
 And storm and sack the sea-birds' citadels ;
 In bands, through snows, the mother-bear to trace,
 Slay with their darts the cubs in her embrace,
 And while she lick'd their bleeding wounds, to brave
 Her deadliest vengeance in her inmost cave :
 Train'd with inimitable skill to float,
 Each, balanced in his bubble of a boat,
 With dexterous paddle steering through the spray,
 With poised harpoon to strike his plunging prey,
 As though the skiff, the seamen, oar, and dart
 Were one compacted body, by one heart
 With instinct, motion, pulse empower'd to ride,
 A human Nautilus upon the tide ;
 Or with a fleet of Kayaks to assail
 The desperation of the stranded whale,
 When wedged 'twixt jagged rocks he writhes and rolls
 In agony among the ebbing shoals,
 Lashing the waves to foam ; until the flood,
 From wounds, like geysers, seems a bath of blood,
 Echo all night dumb-pealing to his roar ;
 Till morn beholds him slain along the shore.

Of these,—hereafter should the lyre be strung
 To arctic themes,—may glorious days be sung ;
 Now be our task the sad reverse to tell,
 How in their march the nobler Normans fell ; g
 —Whether by dire disease, that turn'd the breath
 Of bounteous heaven to pestilence and death,

In number, strength, and spirit worn away,
Their lives became the cool assassin's prey ;
—Or in the battle-field, as Skraellings boast,
These pigmies put to flight their giant-host,
When front to front on scowling cliffs they stood,
And shot their barbs athwart the parting flood ;
Arrow smote arrow, dart encounter'd dart,
From hand to hand, impaling heart for heart ;
Till spent their missiles ; quick as in a dream
The images are changed, across the stream,
The Skraellings rush'd, the precipices scaled ;
—O'erwhelm'd by multitudes the Normans fail'd ;
A scatter'd remnant to the south retired,
But one by one along their route expired :
They perish'd ;—History can no more relate
Of their obscure and unlamented fate ;
They perish'd ;—yet along that western shore,
Where Commerce spread her colonies of yore,
Ruins of temples and of homes are traced,
—Steps of magnificence amidst the waste,
Where Time hath trod, and left those wrecks to shew,
That Life hath been, where all is Death below.

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

7*

GREENLAND.

CANTO FIFTH.

GREENLAND.

CANTO V.

The depopulation of the Norwegian Colonies on the eastern coast of Greenland, and the abandonment of intercourse with it from Europe, in consequence of the increase of the arctic ices, about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

LAUNCH on the gulph, my little Greenland bark !
Bear me through scenes unutterably dark ;
Scenes with the mystery of Nature seal'd,
Nor till the day of doom to be reveal'd ;
What though the spirits of the arctic gales
Freeze round thy prow, or fight against thy sails,
Safe as Arion, whom the dolphin bore,
Enamour'd of his music, to the shore,
On thee adventuring o'er an unknown main,
I raise to warring elements a strain
Of kindred harmony :—O lend your breath,
Ye tempests ! while I sing this reign of death,
Utter dark sayings of the days of old,
In parables upon my harp unfold
Deeds perish'd from remembrance ; truth, array'd,
Like heaven by night, in emblematic shade,

When shines the horoscope, and star on star,
 By what they are not lead to what they are ;
 Atoms, that twinkle in an infant's eye,
 Are worlds, suns, systems in the' unbounded sky :
 Thus the few fabled woes my strains create
 Are hieroglyphics in a book of Fate,
 And while the shadowy symbols I unroll
 Imagination reads a direr scroll.
 Wake, ye wild visions ! o'er the northern deep,
 On clouds and winds, like warrior-spectres sweep ;
 Shew by what plagues and hurricanes destroy'd,
 A breathing realm became a torpid void.

The floods are raging, and the gales blow high,
 Low as a dungeon-roof impends the sky ;
 Prisoners of hope, between the clouds and waves,
 Six fearless sailors man your boat, that braves
 Peril redoubling upon peril past :
 —From childhood nurselings of the wayward blast,
 Aloft as o'er a buoyant arch they go,
 Whose key-stone breaks ;—as deep they plunge below ;
 Unyielding though the strength of man be vain ;
 Struggling though borne like surf along the main ;
 In front a battlement of rocks ; in rear,
 Billow on billow bounding ; near, more near,
 They verge to ruin ;—life and death depend
 On the next impulse ;—shrieks and prayers ascend ;
 When, like the fish that mounts on drizzling wings,
 Sheer from the gulph the' ejected vessel springs,

And grounds on inland ice, beyond the track
Of hissing foam-wreaths, whence the tide roll'd back ;
Then ere that tide, returning to the charge,
Swallows the wreck, the captives are at large.
On either hand steep hills obstruct their path ;
Behind, the ocean roaring in his wrath,
Mad as a Lybian wilderness by night,
With all its lions up, in chace or fight.
The fugitives right onward shun the beach,
Nor tarry till the inmost cove they reach,
Reclused in the labyrinthine dell,
Like the last hollow of a spiral shell.
There with the axe or knife which haste could save,
They build a house ;—perhaps they dig a grave :
Of solid snow, well-squared, and piled in blocks,
Brilliant as hewn from alabaster rocks,
Their palace rises, narrowing to the roof,
And freezes into marble, tempest-proof ;
Night closing round, within its shade they creep,
And weary Nature sinks at once to sleep.

Oh ! could we walk amidst their dreams, and see
All that they have been, are, or wish to be,
In fancy's world !—each at his own fire-side ;
One greets a parent ; one a new-made bride ;
Another clasps his babe with fond embrace,
A smile in slumber mantling o'er his face ;
All dangers are forgotten in a kiss,
Or but remember'd to exalt the bliss.

—One wounded sufferer wakes, with pain opprest ;
Yet are his thoughts at home among the rest ;
Then beams his eye, his heart dilated burns,
Till the dark vigil to a vision turns,
That vision to reality ; and home
Is so endear'd, he vows no more to roam.
Ha ! suddenly he starts ; with trembling lips,
Salt shower-drops, oozing through the roof he sips ;
Aware that instant, yet alarm'd too late,
—The sea hath burst its barrier, fix'd their fate ;
Escape impossible ; the tempests urge
Through the deep dell the inundating surge ;
Nor wall nor roof the' impetuous flood controuls,
Above, around, within, the deluge rolls ;
He calls his comrades ;—ere their doom be known,
'Tis past ;—the snow-house utterly o'erthrown,
Its inmates vanish ; never to be found,
Living or dead, on habitable ground.

There is a beauteous hamlet in the vale ;
Green are the fields around it ; sweetly sail
The twilight shadows o'er the darkening scene,
Earth, air, and ocean, all alike serene.
Dipt in the hues of sun-set, wreath'd in zones,
The clouds are resting on their mountain-thrones ;
One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
A golden paradise, above the rest ;
Thither the day with lingering steps retires,
And in its own blue element expires ;

Thus Aaron laid his gorgeous robes aside
 On Horeb's consecrated top, and died.
 The moon, meanwhile, o'er ocean's sombre bed,
 New-risen, a thousand glow-worm lights hath spread ;
 From east to west the wildfire splendours glance,
 And all the billows in her glory dance ;
 Till, in mid-heaven, her orb might seem the eye
 Of Providence, wide-watching from the sky,
 While nature slumbers ;—emblem of *His* grace,
 Whose presence fills the infinite of space.

The clouds have left the mountains ; coldly bright,
 Their icy summits shed cerulean light ;
 The steep declivities between assume
 A horror of unfathomable gloom :
 The village sleeps ;—from house to house, the ear
 Of yonder sentinel no sound can hear :
 A maniac ;—he, while calmer heads repose,
 Takes his night-round, to tell the stars his woes ;
 Woes, which his noble heart to frenzy stung ;
 —*He* hath no bard, and *they* remain unsung.
 A warrior once, victorious arms he bore ;
 And bears them still, although his wars are o'er ;
 For 'tis his boast, with shield and sword in hand,
 To be the guardian Angel of the land.
 Mark with what stern solemnity he stalks,
 And to himself as to a legion talks ;
 Now deep in council with his chiefs ; anon,
 He starts as at the trumpet, leads them on,

And wins the day ;—his battle-shout alarms
None but the infant in the nurse's arms ;
Soon hush'd, but closer to her side, it sleeps ;
While he abroad his watch in silence keeps.

At every door he halts, and brings a sigh,
But leaves a blessing, when he marches by :
He stops ; from that low roof, a deadly groan
Hath made unutterable anguish known ;
A spirit into eternity hath pass'd ;
A spouse, a father, there hath breathed his last.
The widow and her little ones weep *not* ;
In its excess their misery is forgot,
One dumb, dark moment ;—then from all their eyes
Rain the salt tears, and loud their wailings rise :
Ah ! little think that family forlorn
How brief the parting ;—they shall meet ere morn !
For lo ! the witness of their pangs hath caught
A sight that startles madness into thought ;
Back from their gate unconsciously he reels ;
A resurrection of his soul he feels,
There is a motion in the air ; his eye
Blinks as it fear'd the falling of the sky.
The splendid peak of adamantine ice,
At sun-set like an earthly paradise,
And in the moon of such empyrean hue,
It seem'd to bring the unseen world to view ;
—That splendid peak, the Power, (which to the spheres
Had piled its turrets through a thousand years,)

Touches, as lightly as the passing wind,
And the huge mass, o'erbalanced, undermined,
And dislocated from its base of snow,
Slides down the slope, majestically slow,
Till o'er the precipice, down headlong sent,
And in ten thousand, thousand spangles rent,
It piles a hill where spread a vale before :
—From rock to rock the echoes round the shore,
Tell with their deep artillery the fate
Of the whole village crush'd beneath its weight.
—The sleepers wake,—their homes in ruins hurl'd,—
They wake—from death into another world.
The gazing maniac, palsied into stone,
Amidst the wreck of ice, survives alone ;
A sudden interval of reason gleams,
Steady and clear, amidst his wildering dreams,
But shews reality in such a shape,
'Twere rapture back to frenzy to escape ;
Again the clouds of desolation roll,
Blotting all old remembrance from his soul ;
Whate'er his sorrows or his joys have been,
His spirit grows embodied through *this* scene ;
With eyes of agony, and clenching hands,
Fix'd in recoil, a frozen form he stands,
And smit with wonder at his people's doom,
Becomes the monument upon their tomb.

Behold a scene, magnificent and new ;
Nor land nor water meet the' excursive view ;

The round horizon girds one frozen plain,
The mighty tombstone of the buried main,
Where dark, and silent, and unfelt to flow,
A dead sea sleeps with all its tribes below.
But heaven is still itself ; the deep blue sky
Comes down with smiles to meet the glancing eye,
Though if a keener sight its bound would trace,
The arch recedes through everlasting space.
The sun, in morning glory, mounts his throne,
Nor shines he here in solitude unknown ;
North, south, and west, by dogs or reindeer drawn,
Careering sledges cross the' unbroken lawn,
And bring from bays and forelands round the coast,
Youth, beauty, valour, Greenland's proudest boast,
Who thus, in winter's long and social reign,
Hold feasts and tournaments upon the main,
When, built of solid floods, his bridge extends
A highway o'er the gulph to meeting friends,
Whom rocks impassable, or winds and tide,
Fickle and false, in summer months divide.

The scene runs round with motion, rings with mirth,
—No happier spot upon the peopled earth ;
The drifted snow to dust the travellers beat,
The' uneven ice is flint beneath their feet.
Here tents, a gay encampment, rise around,
Where music, song, and revelry resound ;
There the blue smoke upwreathes a hundred spires,
Where humbler groupes have lit their pine-wood fires.

Ere long they quit the tables ; knights and dames
Lead the blithe multitude to boisterous games.
Bears, wolves, and lynxes yonder head the chase ;
Here start the harness'd reindeer in the race ;
Borne without wheels, a flight of rival cars
Track the ice-firmament, like shooting stars,
Right to the goal, converging as they run,
They dwindle through the distance into one.
Where smoother waves have form'd a sea of glass,
With pantomimic change the skaters pass ;
Now toil like ships 'gainst wind and stream ; then wheel
Like flames blown suddenly asunder ; reel
Like drunkards ; then dispersed in tangents wide,
Away with speed invisible they glide.
Peace in their hearts, death-weapons in their hands,
Fierce in mock-battle meet fraternal bands,
Whom the same chiefs erewhile to conflict led,
When friends by friends, by kindred kindred bled.
Here youthful rings with pipe and drum advance,
And foot the mazes of the giddy dance ;
Grey-beard spectators, with illumined eye,
Lean on their staves, and talk of days gone by ;
Children, who mimic all, from pipe and drum
To chase and battle, dream of years to come.
Those years to come the young shall ne'er behold ;
The days gone by no more rejoice the old.

There is a boy, a solitary boy,
Who takes no part in all this whirl of joy,

8*

Yet in the speechless transport of his soul,
He lives, and moves, and breathes throughout the
whole :

Him should destruction spare, the plot of earth,
That forms his play-ground, gave a poet birth,
Who on the wings of his immortal lays,
Thine heroes, Greenland ! to the stars shall raise.

It must not be ?—abruptly from the show
He turns his eyes ; his thoughts are gone below
To sound the depths of ocean, where his mind
Creates the wonders which it cannot find.

Listening, as oft he listens in a shell
To the mock-tide's alternate fall and swell,
He kneels upon the ice,—inclines his ear,
And hears,—or does he only seem to hear ?—
A sound, as though the Genius of the deep
Heaved a long sigh, awaking out of sleep.

He starts ;—'twas but a pulse within his brain !
No ;—for he feels it beat through every vein ;
Groan following groan, (as from a giant's breast,
Beneath a burying mountain, ill at rest,)
With awe ineffable his spirit thrills,
And rapture fires his blood, while terror chills.
The keen expression of his eye alarms
His mother ; she hath caught him in her arms,
And learn'd the cause ;—that cause, no sooner known,
From lip to lip, o'er many a league is flown ;
Voices to voices, prompt as signals, rise
In shrieks of consternation to the skies :

Those skies, meanwhile, with gathering darkness
scowl ;

Hollow and winterly the bleak winds howl.

—From morn till noon had ether smiled serene,
Save one black-belted cloud, far eastward seen,
Like a snow-mountain ;—there in ambush lay
The' undreaded tempest, panting for his prey :
That cloud by stealth hath through the welkin spread,
And hangs in meteor-twilight over-head ;
At foot, beneath the adamantine floor,
Loose in their prison-house the surges roar :
To every eye, ear, heart, the' alarm is given,
And landward crowds, (like flocks of sea-fowl driven,
When storms are on the wing,) in wild affright,
On foot, in sledges, urge their panic flight,
In hope the refuge of the shore to gain
Ere the disruption of the struggling main,
Foretold by many a stroke, like lightning sent
In thunder, through the' unstable continent,
Which now, elastic on the swell below,
Rolls high in undulation to and fro.
Men, reindeer, dogs the giddy impulse feel,
And jostling headlong, back and forward reel :
While snow, sleet, hail, or whirling gusts of wind,
Exhaust, bewilder, stop the breath, and blind.
All is dismay and uproar ; some have found
Death for deliverance, as they leap'd on ground,
Swept back into the flood :—but hope is vain
Ere half the fugitives the beach can gain ;

The fix'd ice, severing from the shore, with shocks
 Of earthquake violence, bounds against the rocks,
 Then suddenly, while on the verge they stand,
 The whole recoils for ever from the land,
 And leaves a gulph of foam along the shore,
 In which whoever plunge are seen no more.

Ocean, meanwhile, abroad hath burst the roof
 That sepulchred his waves ; he bounds aloof.
 In boiling cataracts, as volcanoes spout
 Their fiery fountains, gush the waters out ;
 The frame of ice, with dire explosion rends,
 And down the' abyss the mingled crowd descends.
 Heaven ! from this closing horror hide thy light ;
 Cast thy thick mantle o'er it, gracious Night !
 These screams of mothers with their infants lost,
 These groans of agony from wretches, tost
 On rocks and whirlpools,—in thy storms be drown'd,
 The crash of mountain-ice to atoms ground,
 And rage of elements !—while winds, that yell
 Like demons, peal the universal knell,
 The shrouding waves around their limbs shall spread,
 “ And Darkness be the burier of the dead.”
 Their pangs are o'er :—at morn the tempests cease,
 And the freed ocean rolls himself to peace ;
 Broad to the sun his heaving breast expands,
 He holds his mirror to a hundred lands ;
 While cheering gales pursue the eager chase
 Of billows round immeasurable space. a

Where are the multitudes of yesterday ?

At morn they came ; at eve they pass'd away.

Yet some survive ;—yon castellated pile

Floats on the surges, like a fairy isle ;

Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,

With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,

The semblance of a city ; towers and spires

Glance in the firmament with opal fires ;

Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow

O'er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.

No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky, *b*

Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye ;

Here, when the bitterness of death had pass'd

O'er others, with their sledge and reindeer cast,

Five wretched ones, in dumb despondence wait

The lingering issue of a nameless fate ;

A bridal party :—mark yon reverend sage

In the brown vigour of autumnal age ;

His daughter in her prime ; the youth, who won

Her love by miracles of prowess done ;

With these, two meet companions of their joy,

Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,

Who hoped, like *him*, a gentle heart to gain

By valourous enterprise on land or main.

—These, when the ocean-pavement fail'd their
feet,

Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat,

But in the shock, from its foundation torn,

That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,

An ice-berg !—on whose verge all day they stand,
 And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.
 All night around a dismal flame they weep ;
 Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep.
 Morn brings no comfort ; at her dawn expire
 The latest embers of their latest fire ;
 For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
 Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.
 —How long, by that precarious raft upbuoy'd,
 They blindly drifted on a shoreless void ;
 How long they suffer'd, or how soon they found
 Rest in the gulph, or peace on living ground :
 —Whether, by hunger, cold, and grief consumed,
 They perish'd miserably—and unentomb'd,
 (While on that frigid bier their corpses lay,)
 Became the sea-fowl's or the sea-bear's prey ;
 —Whether the wasting mound, by swift degrees,
 Exhal'd in mist and vanish'd from the seas,
 While they, too weak to struggle even in death,
 Lock'd in each other's arms, resigned their breath,
 And their white skeletons, beneath the wave,
 Lie intertwined in one sepulchral cave :
 —Or meeting some Norwegian bark at sea,
 They deem'd its deck a world of liberty ;
 —Or sunward sailing, on green Erin's sod,
 They kneel'd and worshipp'd a delivering God,
 Where yet the blood they brought from Greenland
 runs
 Among the noblest of our sister's sons

—Is all unknown ; their ice-berg disappears
Amidst the flood of unreturning years.

Ages are fled ; and Greenland's hour draws
nigh ;

Seal'd is the judgment ; all her race must die ;
Commerce forsakes the' unvoyageable seas,
That year by year with keener rigour freeze ;
The' embargoed waves in narrower channels roll
To blue Spitsbergen and the utmost pole ;
A hundred colonies, erewhile that lay
On the green marge of many a shelter'd bay,
Lapse to the wilderness ; their tenants throng
Where streams in summer, turbulent and strong,
With molten ice from inland Alps supplied,
Hold free communion with the breathing tide,
That from the heart of ocean sends the flood
Of living water round the world, like blood ;
But Greenland's pulse shall slow and slower beat,
Till the last spark of genial warmth retreat,
And, like a palsied limb of Nature's frame,
Greenland be nothing but a place and name.
That crisis comes ; the wafted fuel fails, c
The cattle perish ; famine long prevails ;
With torpid sloth, intenser seasons bind
The strength of muscle and the spring of mind ;
Man droops, his spirits waste, his powers decay,
—His generation soon shall pass away.

At moonless midnight, on this naked coast,
How beautiful in heaven the starry host !
With lambent brilliance o'er these cloister-walls,
Slant from the firmament a meteor falls ;
A steadier flame from yonder beacon streams,
To light the vessel, seen in golden dreams
By many a pining wretch, whose slumbers feign
The bliss for which he looks at morn in vain.
Two years are gone, and half expired a third,
(The nation's heart is sick with hope deferr'd,)
Since last for Europe sail'd a Greenland prow,
Her whole marine,—so shorn is Greenland now,
Though once, like clouds in ether unconfined,
Her naval wings were spread to every wind.
The monk, who sits the weary hours to count,
In the lone block-house, on the beacon-mount,
Watching the east, beholds the morning star
Eclipsed at rising o'er the waves afar,
As if, for so would fond expectance think,
A sail had cross'd it on the horizon's brink.
His fervent soul, in ecstasy outdrawn,
Glow with the shadows kindling through the dawn,
Till every bird that flashes through the brine
Appears an arm'd and gallant brigantine ;
And every sound along the air that comes,
The voice of clarions and the roll of drums.
—'Tis she ! 'tis she ! the well-known keel at last,
With Greenland's banner streaming at the mast ;

The full-swoln sails, the spring-tide, and the breeze,
Waft on her way the pilgrim of the seas.
The monks at matins issuing from their cells,
Spread the glad tidings ; while their convent-bells
Wake town and country, sea and shore, to bliss
Unknown for years on any morn but this.
Men, women, children throng the joyous strand,
Whose mob of moving shadows o'er the sand
Lengthen to giants, while the hovering sun
Lights up a thousand radiant points from one.
The pilots launch their boats :—a race ! a race !
The strife of oars is seen in every face ;
Arm against arm puts forth its might to reach,
And guide, the welcome stranger to the beach.
—Shouts from the shore, the cliffs, the boats, arise ;
No voice, no signal from the ship replies ;
Nor on the deck, the yards, the bow, the stern,
Can keenest eye a human form discern.
Oh ! that those eyes were open'd, there to see,
How, in serene and dreadful majesty,
Sits the destroying Angel at the helm !
—He, who hath lately march'd from realm to realm,
And from the palace to the peasant's shed,
Made all the living kindred to the dead :
Nor man alone, dumb nature felt his wrath,
Drought, mildew, murrain, strew'd his carnage-path ;
Harvest and vintage cast their timeless fruit,
Forests before him wither'd from the root.

To Greenland now, with unexhausted power,
He comes commission'd ; and in evil hour
Propitious elements prepare his way ;
His day of landing is a festal day.

A boat arrived ;—to those who scale the deck,
Of life appears but one disastrous wreck ;
Fall'n from the rudder, which he fain had grasp'd,
But stronger Death his wrestling hold unclasp'd,
The film of darkness freezing o'er his eyes,
A lukewarm corpse, the brave commander lies ;
Survivor sole of all his buried crew,
Whom one by one the rife contagion slew,
Just when the cliffs of Greenland cheer'd his
sight,
Even from their pinnacle his soul took flight.
Chill'd at the spectacle, the pilots gaze
One on another, lost in blank amaze ;
But from approaching boats, when rivals throng,
They seize the helm, in silence steer along,
And cast their anchor, 'midst exulting cries,
That make the rocks the echoes of the skies,
Till the mysterious signs of woes to come,
Circled by whispers, strike the uproar dumb.
Rumour affirms, that by some heinous spell
Of Lapland witches, crew and captain fell ;
None guess the secret of perfidious fate,
Which all shall know too soon,—yet know too late.

The monks, who claim the ship, divide the stores
 Of food and raiment, at their convent-doors.
 —A mother, hastening to her cheerless shed,
 Breaks to her little ones untasted bread ;
 Clamorous as nestling birds, the hungry band
 Receive a mortal portion at her hand :
 On each would equal love the best confer,
 Each by distinct affection dear to her ;
 One the first pledge that to her spouse she gave,
 And one unborn till he was in his grave ;
 This was *his* darling, that to *her* most kind ;
 A fifth was once a twin, the sixth is blind :
 In each she lives ;—in each by turns she dies ;
 Smitten by pestilence before her eyes,
 Three days and all are slain ;—the heaviest doom
 Is hers ; their ice-barr'd cottage is their tomb.
 —The wretch, whose limbs are impotent with cold,
 In the warm comfort of a mantle roll'd,
 Lies down to slumber on his soul's desire ;
 But wakes at morn, as wrapt in flames of fire ;
 Not Hercules, when from his breast he tore
 The cloak evenom'd with the Centaur's gore,
 Felt sharper pangs than he, who, mad with rage,
 Dives in the gulph, or rolls in snow to' assuage
 His quenchless agony ; the rankling dart
 Within him burns till it consumes his heart.
 From vale to vale the' affrighted victims fly,
 But catch or give the plague with every sigh ;

A touch contaminates the purest veins,
Till the *Black Death* through all their region reigns. d

Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore ?
There comes another :—there shall come no more ;
Nor this shall reach an haven :—What are these
Stupendous monuments upon the seas ?
Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
Immoveable as mountains in the storms ?
Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
Flanks the whole eastern coast ; and branching wide,
Arches o'er many a league the' indignant tide,
That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
To mine a passage to the beach below ;
Thence from its neck that winter-yoke to rend
And down the gulph the crashing fragments send.
There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
Not wrecked, nor stranded, yet for ever lost ;
Its keel embedded in the solid mass ;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass ;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung.
Wrapt in the topmast shrouds there rests a boy,
His old sea-faring father's only joy ;
Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean-born,
Nursed at the helm, he trod dry-land with scorn ;
Through fourscore years from port to port he veer'd,
Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest fear'd ;

Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,
His son at sea is ever in his eye,
And his prophetic thought, from age to age,
Esteems the waves his offspring's heritage :
He ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,
How brief that son's career, how strange his lot ;
Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,
Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear ;
Congeal'd to adamant his frame shall last,
Though empires change, till time and tide be past.

On deck, in groupes embracing as they died,
Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
Behold the crew !—They sail'd, with hope elate,
For eastern Greenland ; till, ensnared by fate,
In toils that mocked their utmost strength and skill,
They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still ;
The madness of the wildest gale that blows,
Were mercy to that shudder of repose,
When withering horror struck from heart to heart
The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,
And each, a petrification at his post,
Looked on yon father, and gave up the ghost ;
He meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised,
His beard of driven snow, eyes fix'd and glazed,
Alone among the dead shall yet survive,
—The' imperishable dead that seem alive ;
—The' immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,
Bore his last words into eternity,

While with a seraph's zeal, a Christian's love,
Till his tongue fail'd, he spoke of joys above.
Now motionless, amidst the icy air,
He breathes from marble lips unutter'd prayer.
The clouds condensed, with dark, unbroken hue
Of stormy purple, overhang his view,
Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,
One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,
Till thence the' emerging sun, with lightning blaze,
Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays ;
The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
And round the' expiring saint such visions burn,
As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
Wide open to receive his soul ;——'tis flown.
The glory vanishes, and over all
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall.

Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
Meet here with interchanging shade and light ;
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away ;
Perennial ice around the' encrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts shall grow,
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid ;
As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.
From age to age increased with annual snow,
This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,

Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,
And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,
Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,
Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.
But when the archangel's trumpet sounds on high,
The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,
And leave its dead, upstarting, at the call,
Naked and pale, before the Judge of all.

Once more to Greenland's long-forsaken beach,
Which foot of man again shall never reach,
Imagination wings her flight, explores
The march of Pestilence along the shores,
And sees how Famine in his steps hath paced,
While Winter laid the soil for ever waste.
Dwellings are heaps of fall'n or falling stones,
The charnel-houses of unburied bones,
On which obscene and prowling monsters fed,
But with the ravin in their jaws fell dead.
Thus while Destruction, blasting youth and age,
Raged till it wanted victims for its rage ;
Love, the last feeling that from life retires,
Blew the faint sparks of his unfuell'd fires.
In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell
Affection lingers ;—*there* two lovers dwell,
Greenland's whole family ; nor long forlorn,
There comes a visitant ; a babe is born.
O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled ;
'Twas Hope ;—for Hope is every mother's child :

Then seem'd they, in that world of solitude,
The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.
Brief happiness ! too perilous to last ;
The moon hath wax'd and waned, and all is past :
Behold the end :—one morn, athwart the wall,
They mark'd the shadow of a rein-deer fall,
Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow ;
The father track'd him, and with fatal bow
Smote down the victim ; but before his eyes,
A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize ;
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
She turn'd in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
The hunter ; but his dagger's plunging steel,
With riven bosom, made the monster reel ;
Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew,
Assailants each, till each the other slew ;
Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
Stretcht on the carcase of their antler'd prey.

Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
No burthen but her infant on her breast :
With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
And tells him all her dreams of future days,
Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
—Red evening comes ; no husband's shadow falls,
Where fell the rein-deer's, o'er the latticed walls :
'Tis night ; no footsteps sounds towards her door
The day returns, but he returns no more.

In frenzy forth she sallies ; and with cries,
 To which no voice except her own replies
 In frightful echoes, starting all around,
 Where human voice again shall never sound,
 She seeks him, finds him not ; some angel-guide
 In mercy turns her from the corpse aside ;
 Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
 Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,
 But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,
 Where lies the little one, all day forgot ;
 Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,
 Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
 Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
 One tear, between the living and the dead ;
 When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,
 The pangs of memory are to madness wrought ;
 But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
 Her heart would fain—but oh ! it cannot—melt ;
 At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
 With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.
 Poor orphan ! mine is not a hand to trace
 Thy little story, last of all thy race !
 Not long thy sufferings ; cold and colder grown,
 The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone.
 —'Tis done :—from Greenland's coast, the latest sigh
 Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

END OF THE FIFTH AND LAST CANTO.

NOTES.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

Note a.—p. 17.

To heaven ascends their morning sacrifice.

The names of the three first Moravian Missionaries to Greenland were *Christian David*, *Matthew Stach*, and *Christian Stach*.

Note b.—p. 17.

And princes at the price of thrones believed.

The Church of the United Brethren (first established under that name about the year 1460) traces its descent from the Sclavonian branch of the Greek Church, which was spread throughout Bohemia and Moravia, as well as the ancient Dalmatia. The Bulgarians were once the most powerful tribe of the Sclavic nations; and among them the gospel was introduced in the ninth century. See additional Note (A.) in the Appendix.

Note c.—p. 17.

—*When WALDO, flying from the' apostate west.*

With the Waldenses, the Bohemian and Moravian Churches, which never properly submitted to the authority of the Pope, held intimate communion for ages: and from *Stephen*, the last Bishop of the Waldenses, in 1467, the United Brethren received their episcopacy. Almost immediately afterwards, those ancient confessors of the truth were dispersed by a cruel persecution, and *Stephen* himself suffered martyrdom, being burnt as a heretic at Vienna.

Note d.—p. 17.

In its own sunshine, through his native land.

Wickliffe's writings were early translated into the Bohemian tongue, and eagerly read by the devout and persecuted people, who never had given up the Bible in their own language, nor consented to perform their church service in Latin. Archbishop *Sbinek*, of Prague, ordered the works of *Wickliffe* to be burnt by the hands of the hangman. He himself could scarcely read!

Note e.—p. 17.

Foretold the' immortal triumphs of his death.

It is well known that *John Huss*, (who might be called a disciple of our *Wickliffe*,) though furnished

with a safe-conduct by the emperor *Sigismund*, was burnt by a decree of the council of Constance. Several sayings, predictive of retribution to the priests, and reformation in the Church, are recorded, as being uttered by him in his last hours. Among others ;—" A hundred years hence," said he, addressing his judges, " ye shall render an account of your doings to God and to me."—*Luther* appeared at the period thus indicated.

Note *f.*—p. 18.

And lay, like slain, in silent ranks around.

After the martyrdom of *John Huss*, his followers and countrymen took up arms for the maintenance of their civil and religious liberties. The first and most distinguished of their leaders was *John Ziska*. He seized possession of a high mountain, which he fortified, and called *Tabor*. Here he and his people, (who were hence called *Taborites*) worshipped God according to their consciences and his holy word ; while in the plains they fought and conquered their persecutors and enemies.

Note *g.*—p. 18.

Than if his sword had blazed from sun to sun.

See Note (B.) in the *Appendix*, for a brief account of this *Gregory*, and an illustration of the lines that

follow concerning his trance and vision while he lay upon the rack.

Note h.—p. 19.

Of GREGOR's Tree, to bear perennial fruit.

John Amos Comenius, one of the most learned as well as pious men of his age, was minister of the Brethren's congregation at Fulneck, in Moravia, from 1618 to 1627, when the Protestant nobility and clergy being expatriated, he fled with a part of his people through Silesia into Poland. On the summit of the mountains forming the boundary, he turned his sorrowful eyes towards Bohemia and Moravia, and kneeling down with his brethren there, implored God, with many tears, that he would not take away the light of his holy word from those two provinces, but preserve in them a remnant for Himself. A remnant was saved. See *Appendix, Note (C.)*

Note i.—p. 20.

And reign, as in his universe, alone.

See Note (D.) in the Appendix.

Note j.—p. 21.

—The Lord hath set his watch upon her towers.

In 1721, (ninety-four years after the flight of *Comenius*) the Church of the United Brethren was revived

by the persecuted refugees from Moravia, (descendants of the old confessors of that name,) who were led from time to time by *Christian David*, (himself a Moravian, but educated in the Lutheran persuasion,) to settle on an uncultivated piece of land, on an estate belonging to *Count Zinzendorf*, in Lusatia. *Christian David*, who was a carpenter, began the work of building a church in this wilderness, by striking his axe into a tree, and exclaiming—“*Here hath the sparrow found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself; even thine altars, O Lord God of Hosts!*” They named the settlement *Herrnhut*, or *The Lord's Watch*. See *Appendix, Note (E.)*

Note k.—p. 23.

—*The tyrant and the slave that licks his feet.*

In 1732, when the congregation at Herrnhut consisted of about six hundred persons, including children, the two first missionaries sailed for the Danish island of St. Thomas, to preach the gospel to the negroes; and such was their devotion to the good work, that being told that they could not have intercourse otherwise with the objects of their Christian compassion, they determined to sell themselves for slaves on their arrival, and work with the blacks in the plantations. But this sacrifice was not required. Many thousand negroes have since been truly converted in the West-Indies.

10*

Note l.—p. 23.

Their souls were clothed with confidence and power.

Matthew Stach and *Frederick Boenisch*, two young men, being at work together, preparing a piece of ground for a burial-place at Herrnhut, disclosed to each other their distinct desires to offer themselves to the congregation as missionaries to Greenland. They therefore became joint candidates. Considerable delay, however, occurred; and when it was at length determined to attempt the preaching of the gospel there, *Frederick Boenisch* being on a distant journey, *Christian David* was appointed to conduct thither *Matthew Stach* and his cousin, *Christian Stach*, who sailed from Copenhagen on the 10th of April, 1733, and landed in Ball's River on the 20th of May following.

CANTO II.

Note a.—p. 33.

His hulk became an island rooted fast.

The most horrible of fabulous sea-monsters is the *kraken* or *hafgufa*, which many of the Norway fishers pretend to have seen in part, but none entire. They

say, that when they find a place which is at one time 80 or 100 fathoms deep and at another only 20 or 30, and also observe a multitude of fishes, allured by a delicious exhalation which the kraken emits, they conclude that there is one below them. They therefore hasten to secure a large draught of the fry around them; but as soon as they perceive the soundings to grow shallower, they scud away, and from a safe distance behold him rising, in a chain of ridges and spires, that thicken as they emerge till they resemble the masts of innumerable vessels moored on a rocky coast. He then riots upon the fish that have been stranded and entangled in the forest of spikes upon his back, and having satiated his hunger, plunges into the depths with a violent agitation of the waters. See *Crantz's Greenland*.

Note b.—p. 34.

Fate's ministers, in livid vapours float.

Hecla is now the ruins of a volcano. The three peaks are said to be haunted by evil spirits in the shape of birds. The island abounds with volcanic mountains.

Note c.—p. 34.

Such emanating splendours fill the air.

The Geysers, or boiling fountains, of Iceland, have been so frequently and so happily described, that their

phenomena are sufficiently familiar to general readers not to require any particular illustration here. The Great Geyser, according to *Dr. Henderson*, (the latest traveller who has published an account of Iceland,) is seventy-eight feet in perpendicular depth, and from eight to ten feet in diameter : the mouth is a considerable basin, from which the column of boiling water is ejaculated to various heights ; sometimes exceeding 100 feet.

Note *d*.—p. 36.

Those cliffs, these waters shall be sought in vain !

This imaginary prophecy (1733) was fulfilled just fifty years afterwards, in 1783. The *Schapta*, *Schaptka*, or *Skaftar Yokul* and its adjacencies were the subjects of the most tremendous volcanic devastation on record. Two rivers were sunk or evaporated, and their channels filled up with lava ; many villages were utterly destroyed ; and one-fourth part of the island rendered nearly uninhabitable. Famine and pestilence followed.

Note *c*.—p. 41.

“ Let the earth perish,—here is not my rest.”

One of the finest specimens of Icelandic poetry extant is said to be the “ *Ode to the British and Foreign*

Bible Society," composed by the *Rev. John Thorlakson*, of Bægisâ, the translator of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* into his native tongue. Of this Ode there is a Latin translation by the learned iceland Professor, *Finn Magnusson*. A spirited English version has also appeared. *Thorlakson* is a venerable old man, and holds church preferment to the amount of six pounds five shillings per annum, out of which he allows a stipend to a curate.



CANTO III.

Note a.—p. 46.

Were here becalm'd in everlasting space.

The incidents described in this Canto are founded upon the real events of the voyage of the Missionaries, as given in *Crantz's History*. See the *Appendix*, Note (F.)

Note b.—p. 54.

What fate of old a youth and maid befell.

For the fable of *Malina* and *Aninga*, (the Sun and the Moon,) see Note G. of the Appendix ; which also explains the allusions here made to the terror of the men, and the courage and spells of the women, during eclipses of the Sun.

Note c.—p. 58.

The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head.

The term *Ice-Blink* is generally applied by our mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished by this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.

CANTO IV.

Note a.—p. 65.

—“*Oft was I weary when I toil'd at thee.*”

About the middle of the seventeenth century, an oar was drifted on the coast of Iceland, bearing this inscription in Runic characters :

“*Oft var ek dasa, dur ek dro thik.*”

“*Oft was I weary when I drew thee.*” This oar was conjectured to have been brought from East Greenland, a hundred and fifty years after the last ship sailed from Norway for that coast.

Note b.—p. 67.

To search the secrets of the polar world.

Among the numerous incoherent traditions, it is recorded, that Iceland was first discovered by one *Flokko*, a pirate, who being bewildered at sea, let fly (as was the custom of the Norwegians in such extremities) a raven, which soaring to a great elevation, discerned land, and made for it. *Flokko* followed, and arriving at a mountainous coast covered with snow and glaciers, called it Iceland. Some time afterwards, about the year 874, *Ingolf*, a Norwegian earl, with his vassals, escaping from the tyranny of *Harold Harfagar*, pursued the same course as *Flokko*, and by the same experiment with a raven, discovered Iceland; which he and his followers peopled, and there he established a commonwealth that reflected honour on an age of barbarism.

Note c.—p. 68.

The will of destiny,—the place to land.

This device of superstition is borrowed from the tradition concerning *Ingolf*, and probably the same was frequently employed by the northern rovers, leaving their native country, and seeking a home in strange lands.

Note d.—p. 69.

Ingulph'd,—or fix'd one frozen continent.

The extravagant accounts of the fertility of ancient Greenland need not be particularized here. Some of the annals state, that the best wheat grew to perfection in the valleys; that the forests were extensive and luxuriant; flocks and herds were numerous, and very large and fat, &c. At *St. Thomas's Cloister*, there was a natural fountain of hot water, (a *geyser*,) which, being conveyed by pipes into all the apartments of the monks, ministered to their comfort in many ways. Adjoining this cloister there was a richly cultivated garden, through which a warm rivulet flowed, and rendered the soil so fertile, that it produced the most beautiful flowers, and the most delicious fruits.

Note e.—p. 70.

Of that "bright virgin throned in the west."

Spenser introduces *Prince Arthur* as traversing the world in search of his mistress *Gloriana*, whom he had only seen in a dream. The discovery of a region in the west, by the Greenland Norwegians, about the year 1000, and intercourse maintained with it for 120 years afterwards, may be considered as the most curious fact or fable connected with the history of these colonists.

The reason why it was called *Wineland*, is given in the sequel. See also Note (H.) in the Appendix.

Note f.—p. 75.

They come we see not how, nor know we whence.

See Note (I.) of the Appendix.

Note g.—p. 76.

How in their march the nobler Normans fell.

The incidents alluded to in this clause are presumed to have occasioned the extinction of the Norwegian colonists on the western coast of Greenland. *Crants* says, that there is a district on Ball's river, called *Pisiksarbik*, or the *place of arrows*; where it is believed, that the Skraellings and Norwegians fought a battle, in which the latter were defeated. The modern Greenlanders affirm, that the name is derived from the circumstance of the parties having shot their arrows at one another from opposite banks of the stream. Many *rudera*, or ruins of ancient buildings, principally supposed to have been churches, are found along the coast from Disko Bay to Cape Farewell.

CANTO V.

Note *a.*—p. 92.*Of billows round immeasurable space.*

The principal phenomena described in this disruption of so immense a breadth of ice, are introduced on the authority of an authentic narrative of a journey on sledges along the coast of Labrador, by two Moravian missionaries and a number of Esquimaux, in the year 1782. The first incident in this Canto, the destruction of the snow-house, is partly borrowed from the same record.

Note *b.*—p. 93.*No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky.*

The *Ice-bergs*, both fixed and floating, present the most fantastic and magnificent forms, which an active imagination may easily convert into landscape-scenery. *Crantz* says, that some of these look like churches, with pillars, arches, portals, and illuminated windows; others like castles, with square and spiral turrets. A third class assume the appearance of ships in full sail, to which pilots have occasionally gone out, for the purpose of conducting them into harbour: many again resemble large islands, with hill and dale, as well as villages, and

even cities, built upon the margin of the sea. Two of these stood for many years in Disco Bay, which the Dutch whalers called Amsterdam and Haarlem.

Note c.—p. 95.

That crisis comes ; the wasted fuel fails.

Greenland has been supplied with fuel, from time immemorial, brought by the tide from the northern shores of Asia, and other regions, probably even from California, and the coast of America towards Behring's Straits. This annual provision, however, has gradually been decreasing for some years past, (being partly intercepted by the accumulation of ice,) on the shores of *modern* Greenland towards Davis's Straits. Should it fail altogether, that country (like the east) must become uninhabitable ; as the natives themselves employ wood in the construction of their houses, their boats, and their implements of fishing, hunting, and shooting, and could not find any adequate substitute for it at home.

Note d.—p. 100.

Till the Black Death through all their region reigns.

The depopulation of Old Greenland is supposed to have been greatly accelerated by the introduction of

the plague, which under the name of the *Black Death* made dreadful havoc throughout Europe towards the close of the fourteenth century.

Note e.—p. 101.

Looked on yon father, and gave up the ghost.

The *Danish Chronicle* says, that the Greenland colonists were tributary to the kings of Norway from the year 1023 ; soon after which they embraced Christianity. In its more flourishing period this province is stated to have been divided into a hundred parishes, under the superintendance of a bishop. From 1120 to 1408 the succession of seventeen bishops is recorded. In the last-mentioned year, *Andrew*, ordained bishop of Greenland by *Askill*, archbishop of Drontheim, sailed for his diocese, but whether he arrived there, or was cast away, was never known. To his imagined fate this episode alludes.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX TO GREENLAND.

CANTO I.

(A.) p. 109.

THE story of the introduction of Christianity among the Slavonic tribes is interesting. The Bulgarians, being borderers on the Greek empire, frequently made predatory incursions on the Imperial territory. On one occasion the sister of *Bogaris*, King of the Bulgarians, was taken prisoner, and carried to Constantinople. Being a royal captive, she was treated with great honour, and diligently instructed in the doctrines of the gospel, of the truth of which she became so deeply convinced, that she desired to be baptised; and when, in 845, the Emperor Michael III. made peace with the Bulgarians, she returned to her country a pious and zealous Christian. Being earnestly concerned for the conversion of her brother and his people, she wrote to Constantinople for teachers to instruct them in the way of righteousness. Two distinguished bishops of the Greek Church, *Cyrillus* and *Methodius*, were accordingly sent into Bulgaria. The King *Bogaris*, who heretofore had resisted conviction, conceived a particular affection for *Methodius*, who, being a skilful painter, was desired

by him, in the spirit of a barbarian, to compose a picture exhibiting the most horrible devices. *Methodius* took a happy advantage of this strange request, and painted the day of judgment in a style so terrific, and explained its scenes to his royal master in language so awful and affecting, that *Bogaris* was awakened, made a profession of the true faith, and was baptized by the name of *Michael*, in honour of his benefactor, the Greek Emperor. His subjects, according to the fashion of the times, some by choice, and others from constraint, adopted their master's religion. To *Cyrrillus* is attributed the translation of the Scriptures still in use among the descendants of the Sclavonian tribes, which adhere to the Greek Church; and this is probably the most ancient European version of the Bible in a living tongue.

But notwithstanding this triumphant introduction of Christianity among these fierce nations (including the Bohemians and Moravians,) multitudes adhered to idolatry, and, among the nobles especially, many continued Pagans, and in open or secret enmity against the new religion and its professors. In Bohemia, Duke *Borziwog*, having embraced the gospel, was expelled by his chieftains, and one *Sloymirus*, who had been thirteen years in exile, and who was believed to be a heathen, was chosen by them as their prince. He being, however, soon detected in Christian worship, was deposed, and *Borziwog* recalled. The latter died

soon after his restoration, leaving his widow, *Ludomilla*, regent during the minority of her son *Wratislaus*, who married a noble lady, named *Drahomira*. The young duchess, to ingratiate herself with her husband and her mother-in-law, affected to embrace Christianity, while in her heart she remained an implacable enemy to it. Her husband dying early, left her with two infant boys. *Wenceslaus*, the elder, was taken by his grandmother, the pious *Ludomilla*, and carefully educated in Christian principles; the younger, *Boleslas*, was not less carefully educated in hostility against them by *Drahomira*; who, seizing the government during the minority of her children, shut up the churches, forbade the clergy either to preach or teach in schools, and imprisoned, banished, or put to death those who disobeyed her edicts against the gospel. But when her eldest son, *Wenceslaus*, became of age, he was persuaded by his grandmother and the principal Christian nobles to take possession of the government, which was his inheritance. He did so, and began his reign by removing his pagan mother and brother to a distance from the metropolis. *Drahomira*, transported with rage, resolved to rid herself of her mother-in-law, whose influence over *Wenceslaus* was predominant. She found two heathen assassins ready for her purpose, who, stealing unperceived into *Ludomilla's* oratory, fell upon her as she entered it for evening prayers, threw a rope round her neck, and strangled her. The remorseless *Drahomira* next plotted against *Wenceslaus*, to de-

prive him of the government; but her intrigues miscarried, she proposed to her heathen son to murder him. An opportunity soon offered. On the birth of a son, *Boleslas* invited his Christian brother to visit him, and be present at a pretended ceremony of blessing the infant. *Wenceslaus* attended, and was treated with unwonted kindness; but suspecting treachery, he could not sleep in his brother's house. He therefore went to spend the night in the church. Here, as he lay defenceless in an imagined sanctuary, *Boleslas*, instigated by their unnatural mother, surprised and slew him with his sabre. The murderer immediately usurped the sovereignty, and commenced a cruel persecution against the Christians, which was terminated by the interference of the Roman Emperor *Otto I.*, who made war upon *Boleslas*, reduced him to the condition of a vassal, and gave peace to his persecuted subjects. This happened in the year 943.

(B.) page 111.

The genuine followers of *John Huss* never approved of the war for religion carried on by *Ziska*, though many of them were incidentally involved in it. *Rokyzan*, a Calixtine, having with his party made a compromise with their sovereign and the priests, by which they were allowed the use of the cup in the sacrament, was made archbishop of Prague in the year 1435; and thenceforward, though he had been fully

convinced of the truth of the doctrines promulgated by *Huss*, he became a treacherous friend or an open enemy of his followers, as it happened to serve the purposes of his ambition. The Pope, however, refused to confirm him in his new dignity, unless he would relinquish the cup; on which, for a time, he made great pretensions of undertaking a thorough reform in the church. All who hoped any thing good of him were disappointed, and none more than his pious nephew *Gregorius*, who in vain, on behalf of the peace-loving Hussites, besought him to proceed in the work of church-regeneration. He refused peremptorily, at length, after having greatly dissimulated and temporized. His refusal was the immediate cause of the commencement of the Church of the United Brethren, in that form in which it has been recognized for nearly 400 years. They were no sooner known, however, as "*Fratres legis Christi*," Brethren according to the rule of Christ, than they were persecuted as heretics. Among others, *Gregorius*, who is styled the "*Patriarch of the Brethren*," was apprehended at a private meeting with a number of his people. The judge who executed the royal authority, on entering the room, used these remarkable words: "*It is written, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution; therefore follow me, by command of the higher powers.*" They followed, and were sentenced to the torture. On the rack, *Gregorius* fell into a swoon, and all present supposed him to be dead. Hereupon his apostate uncle *Rokyzan* hastened

to the spot, and falling upon his neck, with tears and loud lamentations bewailed him, exclaiming—" *O, my dear Gregorius! would God I were where thou art!*" His nephew, however, revived, and was set at liberty. He afterwards, according to tradition, declared that in his trance he had seen a vision;—a tree, covered with leaves and blossoms and fruits, on which many beautiful birds were feeding and melodiously singing. Under it, was a shepherd's boy, and near at hand, three venerable old men, (as guardians of the tree,) whose habiliments and countenances were those of the three persons who, several years afterwards, were consecrated the first bishops of the church of the United Brethren, by *Stephen*, the last bishop of the Waldenses.

(C.) page 112.

Comenius afterwards visited and resided in various parts of Germany, Holland, and England; every where, on his travels, recommending, with earnestness and importunity, the case of his oppressed brethren in Bohemia and Moravia to men in power. But his appeals were in vain; and when, at the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, he found that nothing was provided for their protection in the free exercise of their religion, he published an affecting representation of the peculiar hardships of their church, in which he observed:—"We justly, indeed, deserve to bear the wrath of Almighty God; but will such men (alluding to the Protestant

“ diplomatists and their constituent authorities) be able
 “ to justify their actions before God, who, forgetting
 “ the common cause of all Protestants, and the old
 “ covenants amongst us, neglect to assist those who
 “ are oppressed in the same engagements? Having
 “ made peace for themselves, they never gave it a
 “ thought, that the Bohemians and Moravians, who at
 “ *the first, and for so many centuries*, asserted the
 “ truth in opposition to Popery, were likewise worthy
 “ to be mutually considered by them; that the light of
 “ the gospel, which first was enkindled and put upon
 “ the candlestick in the Brethren’s church, might not
 “ now be extinguished, as it appears to be. This
 “ afflicted people, therefore, which on account of its
 “ faithful adherence to the apostolic doctrines, follow-
 “ ing the footsteps of the primitive church, and the in-
 “ structions of the holy fathers, has been so much
 “ hated, persecuted, tossed to and fro, and even for-
 “ saken by those of its own household, and now finds
 “ mercy from no man;—this afflicted people has
 “ nothing left, but to cast itself upon the aid of the
 “ eternally merciful Lord God, and with the ancient
 “ prophet, when his nation was overthrown by its ene-
 “ mies, to exclaim—‘ For these things I weep; mine
 “ ‘ eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because
 “ ‘ the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far
 “ ‘ from me.’ Lam. i. 16.—But Thou, O Lord God!
 “ who abidest for ever and ever, and whose throne is
 “ eternal, why wilt Thou forget us, and even forsake

“ us in this extremity? O bring us, Lord, again to Thyself, that we may return to our homes. Renew our days as of old.” In 1649, *Comenius* published a History of the Brethren’s Church, which he dedicated, as his “last will and testament,” to *the Church of England*, to preserve for the successors of the Brethren in future ages, as to the last hour of his life he cherished the hope of their revival and establishment in peace and freedom.—This work was translated from the original Latin, and published in London in 1661.

(D.) page 112.

Previous to the Reformation, for about fifty years, the prisons in Bohemia, and especially at Prague, were filled, from time to time, in consequence of special decrees, with members of the Brethren’s Church. *Michael*, one of their first bishops, was long under rigorous confinement. Many perished in deep dungeons, with cold and hunger; others were cruelly tortured. The remainder were obliged to seek refuge in thick forests, and to hide themselves by day in caverns and recesses among the rocks. Fearing to be betrayed in the day-time by the smoke, they kindled their fires only at night, around which they employed their time in reading the Scriptures, and in prayer. If they were under the necessity of going out in the snow, either to seek provisions or to visit their neighbours, they always walked behind one another, each in his turn treading

in the footsteps of the first, and the last dragging a piece of brushwood after him, to obliterate the track, or to make it appear as if some poor peasant had been to the woods to fetch a bundle of sticks. With the Reformers, *Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, Melancton, Bucer, and Capito*, the Brethren held the most friendly correspondence, and by all were acknowledged to be a true apostolical church. The strictness of their church-discipline, however, and the difference which subsisted among these great men themselves on that general subject, as well as the insulated locality of the Brethren, probably were the causes why they remained still totally distinct from any of the new Christian societies which were then instituted. *After* the Reformation, especially about the beginning and till the middle of the seventeenth century, they were exposed to the same kind of persecutions and proscriptions which their ancestors had suffered. After the death of the Emperor *Rudolph*, in 1612, the resolutions of the Council of Trent were decreed to be put in force against all Protestants in Bohemia. This occasioned a civil war, like that of the Hussites. The Brethren, though they are understood to have taken very little share in this defence of the truth, by weapons of carnal warfare, were nevertheless exposed to all the vindictive cruelty, by which the Protestants in Bohemia were nearly extirpated, after their defeat by the Imperialists, on the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620. On the 21st June 1621, no less than *twenty-seven* of the Patrons

(*Defensores*) of the Protestant cause, principally nobles and men of distinction, were beheaded, who all died as faithful witnesses and martyrs to the religion of Christ. This execution was followed by a decree of banishment against all ministers of the Brethren's Churches in Bohemia and Moravia. Many hundred families, both noble and plebian, fled into the neighbouring provinces. Emigration, however, was rendered as difficult as possible to the common people, who were strictly watched by the emissaries of persecution. Many thousands, notwithstanding, gradually made their escape, and joined their ministers in exile; others, who from age, infirmity, or the burthen of large families, could not do the same, remained in their country, but were compelled to worship God, after the manner of their forefathers, in secret only; for thenceforward neither churches nor schools for Protestants were allowed to exist in Bohemia and Moravia. Search was made for their Bibles and religious books, which were burnt in piles, and in some places under the gallows.

(E.) page 112.

After the lapse of nearly a century, during which the refugees of the Brethren's Churches, in Saxony, Poland, and Prussia, were nearly lost among the people with whom they associated, and the small remnant that continued in Moravia kept up the fire on their

family-altars, while in their churches it was utterly extinct, a new persecution against this small remnant drove many of them from their homes, who, under the conduct of *Christian David*, finding an asylum on the estates of *Count Zinzendorf*, founded near Bertholdsdorf the first congregation of the revived church of the United Brethren. On the 8th of June 1722, *Christian David*, with four of the first fugitives that arrived in Lusatia, were presented to *Count Zinzendorf's* grandmother, who instantly gave them protection, and promised to furnish them with the means of establishing themselves on one of her family-estates. *Count Zinzendorf* himself gives the following account of the circumstances under which he fix'd upon the situation for these settlers. He proposed a district called the *Hulberg*, near the high road to Zittau. It was objected, by some who knēw the place, that there was no water there : he answered, "*God is able to help ;*" and the following morning early he repaired thither to observe the rising of the vapours, that he might determine where a well might be dug. The next morning he again visited the place alone, and satisfied himself of its eligibility for a settlement. He adds, "I laid the misery and desire of these people before God with many tears ; beseeching Him, that his hand might be with me and frustrate my measures, if they were in any way displeasing to Him. I said further to the Lord : *Upon this spot I will, in thy name, build the first house for them.* In the meantime the Moravians

“ returned to the farm-house, (where they had been
 “ previously lodged,) having brought their families
 “ thither out of their native country. These I as-
 “ sisted to the best of my power, and then went to
 “ *Hennersdorf* to acquaint my lady (his grandmother
 “ aforementioned) with the resolution I had taken.
 “ She made no objection, and immediately sent the
 “ poor strangers a cow, that they might be furnished
 “ with milk for their little children ; and she ordered
 “ me to shew them the trees to be cut down for their
 “ building.”

CANTO III.

(F.) page 117.

Crantz says :—“ On the 10th of April the Brethren
 “ went on board the king’s ship *Caritas*, Captain *Hil-*
 “ *debrand*, accompanied with many sincere wishes for
 “ blessing from the court (of Denmark) and all benev-
 “ olent minds. The congregation at Herrnhut had a
 “ custom, from the year 1729, before the commence-
 “ ment of a year, to compile a little manuel, containing
 “ a text of Holy Scripture for every day in the same,
 “ and each illustrated or applied by a verse annexed,
 “ out of the hymn-book. This text was called the
 “ word of the day ; it was given to be the subject of

" meditation with each member of the church in pri-
 " vate, and of discourse by the ministers in the public
 " meeting. Many a time it has been found that the
 " word of the day, on which some peculiar event oc-
 " curred, has remarkably coincided with it. Thus on
 " this 10th of April, when our brethren set sail (from
 " Copenhagen) on a mission, which often afterwards
 " seemed to baffle all hope, the word was (*Heb. xi. 1.*)
 " *'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the*
 " *'evidence of things not seen.'*

" *'We view Him, whom no eye can see,*
 " *'With faith's perspective stedfastly.'*

" In this confidence they set sail, nor did they suffer
 " themselves to be confounded by any of the unspeak-
 " able difficulties of the following years, till they and we
 " at last beheld the completion of what they hoped for
 " by faith. They had a speedy, and, excepting some
 " storms, a commodious voyage. They sailed by Shet-
 " land April 22d, passing there out of the North into
 " the West Sea, or long reach, and entered Davis's
 " Straits about the beginning of May. On the 6th
 " they fell among some floating ice, in a thick fog, and
 " the next day were assailed by a terrible tempest, but
 " this very tempest drove the ice so far asunder, that it
 " also dissipated their fears. The 13th they descried
 " land, but on the same day, after a total eclipse
 " of the sun, there arose a violent storm, that lasted

“ four days and nights, and drove them sixty leagues
 “ back. May the 20th they entered Ball’s River, after
 “ a voyage of six weeks. The word of the day was,
 “ ‘ *The peace of God, which passeth all understanding,*
 “ ‘ *keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.*’
 “ By this they were frequently encouraged in the first
 “ years ensuing, amidst all the opposition which they
 “ encountered, and the small prospect of the conver-
 “ sion of the heathens.”

(G.) page 117.

The Greenlanders believe that the sun and moon are
 sister and brother. They, with other children, were
 once playing together in the dark, when *Aninga* behav-
 ing rudely to his sister *Malina*, she rubbed her hands in
 the soot about the extinguished lamp, and smeared his
 face, that she might discover by day-light who was her
 tormentor ; and thus the dusky spots on the moon had
 their origin ; for she, struggling to escape, slipped out
 of his arms, soared aloft, and became the sun. He fol-
 lowed up into the firmament, and was transformed into
 the moon ; but as he has never been able to rise so high
 as she, he continues running after her, with the vain
 hope of overtaking her. When he is tired and hungry,
 in his last quarter, he sets out from his house a seal-
 hunting, on a sledge drawn by four great dogs, and stays
 several days abroad to recruit and fatten ; and this pro-
 duces the full moon. He rejoices when the women die,
 and *Malina*, in revenge, rejoices when the men die :

therefore the men keep at home during an eclipse of the sun, and the women during an eclipse of the moon. When he is in eclipse, *Aninga* prowls about the dwellings of the Greenlanders, to plague the females, and steal provisions and skins, nay, even to kill those persons who have not duly observed the laws of temperance. At these times they hide their most precious goods; and the men carry kettles and chests to the tops of their houses, and rattle upon them with cudgels to frighten away the moon, and make him return to his place in the sky. During an eclipse of the sun, the men skulk in terror into the darkest corners, while the women pinch the ears of their dogs; and if these cry out, it is a sure omen that the end of the world is not yet come; for as dogs existed before men, according to Greenland logic, they must have a quicker foresight into futurity. Should the dogs be mute, (which of course they never are, under such ill treatment,) then the dissolution of all things must be at hand.—See *Crants*.

CANTO IV.

(H.) page 120.

An Icelander, named *Bioern*, in the year 1001, following his father, who had emigrated to Greenland, is said to have been driven by a storm to the south-west,

where he discovered a fine champaign country covered with forests. He did not tarry long there, but made the best of his way back again, north-east, for Greenland, which he reached in safety. The tidings of his adventure being rumoured abroad there, one *Leif*, the son of *Eric the Red*, a famous navigator, being ambitious of acquiring fame by discovering and planting new lands, fitted out a vessel, with thirty-five men, and sailed with *Bioern* on board, in search of the south-west country. They arrived, in due time, at a low woody coast, and sailed up a river to a spacious lake, which communicated by it with the sea. The soil was exceedingly fruitful, the waters abounded with fish, particularly salmon, and the climate was mild. *Leif* and his party wintered there, and observed that on the shortest day the sun rose about eight o'clock, which may correspond with the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and denotes the situation of Newfoundland, or the river St. Lawrence in Canada.—When they had built their huts, after landing, they one day missed a German mariner named *Tyrker*, whom, after a long search, they found in the woods, dancing with delight. On being asked what made him so merry, he answered, that he had been eating such grapes of which wine was made in his native country. When *Leif* saw and tasted the fruit himself, he called the new region *Vünland*, or *Wineland*. *Crantz*, who gives this account, on various authorities, adds in a note, that “well-flavoured wild grapes are known to grow in the forests of

“Canada, but no good wine has been produced from them.”—After the return of *Leif* to Greenland, many voyages were undertaken to Wineland, and some colonies established there. One *Thorfin*, an Ice-lander, who had married a Greenland heiress, *Gudrid*, the widow of the third son of *Eric the Red*, by whom he obtained the inheritance of Wineland, ventured thither with sixty-five men and five women; taking cattle and implements of husbandry with them, for the purpose of building and planting. The natives (probably the *Esquimaux*) found them thus settled, and were glad to barter with their furs and skins in exchange for iron instruments, &c. One of these barbarians, however, having stolen an axe, was dolt enough to try its edge on his companion’s skull, which cost the poor wretch his life; whereupon a third, wiser than either, threw the murderous weapon into the sea.—Commerce with Wineland is reported to have been carried on for upwards of an hundred years afterwards.

(I.) page 121.

The ancestors of the modern inhabitants first appeared on the western coast of Greenland in the fourteenth century, and are generally supposed to have overpowered the few Norwegians scattered in that quarter. They were called *Skraellings*, a word of uncertain etymology, but most probably a corruption of *Karallit* or *People*, by which they designated themselves. Of

their origin nothing can be ascertained. It seems on the whole not incredible (from evidence and arguments which need not be quoted here,) that they are the descendants of Tartarean rovers, gradually emigrating from the heart of Asia, crossing over into West America, traversing the northern latitudes of that continent, and settling or wandering, as suited their convenience, till the foremost hordes reached Canada and Labrador; from whence the first Skraellings may have found a passage, by land or sea, to Greenland. That the Greenlanders are of the same stock with the Esquimaux, is obvious from the remarkable correspondence between their persons, dress, habitations, boats, and implements of hunting and fishing, as well as the similarity of manners, customs, superstitions, and language. Of these more may be said hereafter, should the poem of Greenland ever be completed. Meanwhile the slight sketch given in the context may suffice. The following description of a Greenlander's fishing-boat, or kayak, will, however, be useful to illustrate the passage. The kayak is six yards in length, pointed at the head and stern, and shaped like a weaver's shuttle; it is at the same time scarcely a foot and a half broad over the middle, and not more than a foot deep. It is built of a slender skeleton of wood, consisting of a keel, and long side-laths, with cross-ribs, like hoops, but not quite round. The whole is covered with seal's skin. In the middle of this covering there is a round aperture, supported with a strong rim of wood or bone.

The Greenlander slips into the cavity with his feet, and sits down upon a board covered with soft skin; he then tucks his water-belt, or great coat, so tight about him, (the rim of the opening forming a girdle round his loins,) that no water can penetrate into his little skiff. His lance, harpoon, and fishing tackle are all arranged in due order before him. His *pautik*, or oar, (made of red deal, and strengthened with bone inlaid,) he uses with admirable dexterity. This, except when he is using his weapons, he grasps with both hands in the middle, striking the water on either side alternately, by which means he can sail at the rate of twenty or even twenty-four leagues a day. In his kayak the Greenlander fears no storm, so long as he can keep his oar, which enables him to sit upright among the roughest breakers, or if overturned, while the head is downward under water, with one stroke he can recover himself; but if he loses his oar, in a high sea, he loses all. No European has ever yet been able to learn to manage a kayak except in calm weather, and when he had nothing to do but to row: to fish in it has been found impracticable to any but the natives themselves, trained from their infancy to all the hardy exercises, which constituted, before the introduction of Christianity, the whole education of the poor barbarians.

THOUGHTS

ON

WHEELS :

A POEM :

==
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.
==

“ Crooked cannot be made straight.”

Ecclesiastes, i. 15.

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.



THE COMBAT.

OF old, when fiery warriors met,
On edge of steel their lives were set ;
Eye watching eye, shield crossing shield,
Foot wedged to foot, they fought the field,
Dealt and withstood as many strokes,
As might have felled two forest-oaks,
Till one, between the harness-joint,
Felt the resistless weapon's point,
Quick through his heart,—and in a flood
Poured his hot spirit with his blood.

The victor, rising from the blow,
That laid his brave assailant low,
Then blushed not from his height to bend,
Fouly a gallant deed to end ;
But whirled in fetters round the plain,
Whirled, at his chariot wheels the slain ;
Beneath the silent curse of eyes,
That looked for vengeance to the skies ;
While shame, that could not reach the dead,
Poured its whole vial on *his* head.

Who falls in honourable strife
Surrenders nothing but his life ;
Who basely triumphs casts away
The glory of the well-won day ;
—Rather than feel the joy he feels,
Commend me to his chariot wheels.



THE

CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

ON plains beneath the morning star,
Lo ! Juggernaut's stupendous Car ;
So high and menacing its size,
The Tower of Babel seems to rise ;
Darkening the air, its shadow spreads
O'er thrice a hundred thousand heads ;
Darkening the soul, it strikes a gloom,
Dense as the night beyond the tomb.
Full in mid-heaven, when mortal eye
Up this huge fabric climbs the sky,
The Idol scowls, in dragon pride,
Like satan's conscience deified ;
—Satan himself would scorn to ape
Divinity in *such* a shape.

Breaking the billows of the crowd,
As countless, turbulent and loud
As surges on the windward shore,
That madly foam, and idly roar ;
The unwieldy wain compels its course,
Crushing resistance down by force ;
It creaks, and groans, and grinds along,
'Midst shrieks and prayers,—'midst dance and
song ;

With orgies in the eye of noon,
Such as would turn to blood the moon :
Impieties so bold, so black,
The stars to shun them would reel back ;
And secret horrors, which the sun
Would put on sack-cloth to see done.
Thrice happy they, whose headlong souls,
Where'er the enormous ruin rolls,
Cast their frail bodies on the stones,
Pave its red track with crashing bones,
And pant and struggle for the fate
—To die beneath the sacred weight.

“ O fools and mad !” your Christians cry ;
Yet wise, methinks, are those who die.
For me,—if Juggernaut were God,
Rather than writhe beneath his rod ;
Rather than live his devotee,
And bow to such a brute the knee ;

Rather than be his favourite priest,
Wallow in wantonness, and feast
On tears and blood, on groans and cries,
The fume and fat of sacrifice ;
Rather than share his love,—or wrath ;
Pd fling my carcase in his path,
And almost bless his name, to feel
The murdering mercy of his wheel.

THE INQUISITION.

THERE was in Christendom, of yore,
—And would to heaven it were no more !—
There *was* an Inquisition court,
Where priestcraft made the demons sport :
—Priestcraft,—in form a giant monk,
With wine of Rome's pollutions drunk ;
Like captive Samson, bound and blind,
In chains and darkness of the mind,
There shewed such feats of strength and skill
As made it charity to kill,
And well the blow of death might pass
For what he called it—*coup de grace* ;
While on his little hell on earth,
The foul fiends quaked amidst their mirth.
But *not* like Him, who to the skies,
Turned the dark embers of his eyes,

(Where lately burned a fire divine,
Where still it burned, but could not shine,)
And won by violence of prayer,
(Hope's dying accents in despair,)
Power to demolish, from its base,
Dagon's proud fane, on Dagon's race ;
Not *thus* like Samson ;—false of heart,
The tonsured juggler played his part,
God's law in God's own name made void,
Men for their Saviour's sake destroyed,
Made pure religion his pretence
To rid the earth of innocence ;
While spirits, from the infernal flood,
Cooled their parched tongues in martyrs' blood,
And half forgot their stings and flames,
In conning, at those hideous games,
Lessons,—which he who taught should know
How well they had been learned, below.

Among the engines of his power
Most dreaded in the trying hour,
When impotent were fire and steel,
All but almighty was the wheel,
Whose harrowing revolution wrung
Confession from the slowest tongue ;
From joints unlocked made secrets start,
Twined with the cordage of the heart ;
From muscles in convulsion drew
Knowledge the sufferer never knew ;

From failing flesh, in Nature's spite,
Brought deeds that ne'er were done to light ;
From snapping sinews wrenched the lie,
That gained the victim leave to die ;
When self-accused,—condemned at length,
His only crime was want of strength ;
From holy hands with joy he turned,
And kissed the stake at which he burned,
But from the man, of soul sublime,
Who lived above the world of time,
Fervent in faith, in conscience clear,
Who knew *to love*,—but not *to fear* ;
When every artifice of pain
Was wasted on his limbs in vain,
And baffled cruelty could find
No hidden passage to his mind,
The wheel extorted nought in death,
Except—forgiveness, and his breath.

Such a victorious death to die
Were prompt translation to the sky ;
—Yet with the weakest, I would meet
Racks, scourges, flames, and count them sweet ;
Nay, might I choose, I would not 'scape,
“ The Question,” put in any shape,
Rather than sit in judgment there,
Where the false prophet fills the chair :
—Rather than turn his torturing wheel,
Give me its utmost stretch to feel.

THE STATE LOTTERY.

ESCAPED from ancient battle-field,
Though neither *with*, nor *on* my shield ;
Escaped,—how terrible the thought
Even of escape !—from Juggernaut ;
Escaped from tenfold worse perdition
In dungeons of the Inquisition ;
O with what ecstasy I stand
Once more on Albion's refuge-land !
O with what gratitude I bare
My bosom to that island-air,
Which tyrants gulp, and cease to be,
Which slaves inhale, and slaves are free !
For though the wheels, behind my back,
Still seem to rumble in my track,
Their sound is music on the breeze ;
I dare them all to cross the seas :
—Nay, *should* they reach our guarded coast,
Like Pharaoh's chariots and his host,
Monks, bramins, warriors, swoln and dead,
Axles and orbs in wrecks were spread.

And are there on this holy ground,
No wheels to trail the vanquished sound ?
None, framed the living bones to break,
Or rend the nerves for conscience sake ?

No :—Britons scorn the unhallowed touch,
They will not use, nor suffer such ;
 Alike *they* shun, with fearless heart,
 The victim's and tormentor's part.

Yet here are wheels of feller kind,
 To drag in chains the captive mind ;
 To crush, beneath their horrid load,
 Hearts panting prostrate on the road ;
 To wind desire from spoke to spoke,
 And break the spirit stroke by stroke.
 Where Gog and Magog, London's pride,
 O'er city bankruptcies preside ;
 Stone-blind at *nisi prius* sit,
 Harken stone-deaf to lawyer's wit ;
 Or scowl on men that play the beasts
 At Common Halls and Lord Mayors' feasts,
 When venison or the public cause,
 Taxes or turtle stretch their jaws :
There,—in a whisper be it said,
 Lest honest Beckford shake his head ;
 Lest Chatham, with indignant cheek,
 Start from his pedestal and speak ;
 Lest Chatham's Son in marble groan,
 As if restored to skin and bone :*
There—speak,—speak out,—abandon fear ;
 Let both the dead and living hear ;

* These lines refer to the statues of British Worthies, which adorn the Guildhall of London.

—The dead, that they may blush for shame
Amidst their monumental fame ;

—The living, that forewarned of fate,
Conscience may force them, ere too late,
Those wheels of infamy to shun,
Which thousands touch, and are undone.

There,—built by legislative hands,
On Christian ground, an altar stands ;
—“ Stands ? gentle Poet, tell me where ?”
Go to Guildhall :—“ It stands not *there* !”
True ;—’tis my brain, that raves and reels,
Whene’er it turns on Lottery Wheels :
Such things in youth, can I recall,
Nor think of thee,—of thee, Guildhall ?
Where erst I played with glittering schemes,
And lay entranced in golden dreams ;
Bright round my head those bubbles broke,
Poorer from every dream I ’woke ;
Wealth came,—but not the wealth I sought ;
Wisdom was wealth to me ; and taught
My feet to *miss* thy gates,—that lay,
Like toll-bars on the old “ broad way,”
Where Pilgrims paid,—O grief to tell !
Tribute for going down to hell.

Long on thy floor an altar stood,
To human view unstained with blood,
But red and foul in Heaven’s pure eyes,
Groaning with infant sacrifice,

From year to year ;—till sense or shame,
 Or some strange cause without a name,
 —'Twas *not* the cry of innocence,—
 Drove such abomination thence :
 Thence drove it,—but destroyed it not ;
 It blackens some obscurer spot ;
 Obscurer,—yet so well defined,
 Thither the blind may lead the blind,
 While Heralds shout in every ear,
 “ This is the temple,—worship here.”
 Thither the deaf may *read* their way ;
 'Tis plain ;—to *find* it, *go astray* !
 Thither the lame, on wings of paper,
 May come to nothing, like a vapour ;
 Thither may all the world repair ;
 A word, a wish, will waft you there ;
 And O so smooth and steep the track,
 'Tis worth your life to venture back ;
 Easy the step to *Coopers' Hall*,*
 As headlong from a cliff to fall ;
 Hard to recover from the shock,
 As broken-limbed to climb a rock.

There, built by legislative hands,
 Our country's shame, an altar stands ;
 Not votive brass, nor hallowed stone,
 Humbly inscribed—“ To God unknown ;”

* Where the State Lottery has been drawn for some time past.

Though sure, if earth afford a space
For such an Altar, here's the place :
—Not breathing incense in a shrine,
Where human art appears divine,
And man by his own skill hath wrought
So bright an image of his thought,
That Nations, barbarous or refined,
Might worship there the' immortal mind,
That gave their ravished eyes to see
A meteor glimpse of Deity ;
A ray of Nature's purest light,
Shot through the gulf of Pagan night,
Dazzling,—but leaving darkness more
Profoundly blinding than before.
—Ah ! no such power of Genius calls
Sublime devotion to these walls ;
No pomp of art, surpassing praise,
Britannia's altar here displays ;
A MONEY CHANGER'S TABLE,—spread
With hieroglyphics black and red,
Exhibits, on deceitful scrolls,
“ The Price of Tickets,—and of Souls ;
For thus are Souls to market brought,
Bartered for vanity,—for nought ;
Till the poor Venders find the cost,
—Time to eternal ages lost !

No sculptured Idol decks the place,
Of such excelling form and face,

That Grecian pride might feign its birth,
 A statue fall'n from heaven to earth :
 The Goddess here is best designed,
 —A flimsy Harlot, bold and blind ;
 Invisible to standers by,
 And yet in every body's eye !
 FORTUNE her name ;—a gay deceiver,
 Cheat as she may, the crowd believe her ;
 And she, abuse her as they will,
 Showers on the crowd her favours still :
 For 'tis the bliss of both, to be
 Themselves unseen, and not to see ;
 Had she discernment,—pride would scout
 The homage of her motley rout ;
 Were she revealed,—the poorest slave
 Would blush to be her luckiest knave.

Not good OLD FORTUNE here we scorn,
 In classic fable, heavenly born ;
 She who *for nothing* deigns to deal
Her blanks and prizes from *One* Wheel ;
 And who, like Justice, wisely blind,
 Scatters her bounties on mankind
 With such a broad impartial aim,
 If none will praise her, none should blame ;
 For were ten thousand fancies tried,
 Wealth more discreetly to divide
 Among the craving race of man,
 Wit could not frame a happier plan.

Here, 'tis her *Counterfeit*, who reigns
O'er haunted heads and moon-struck brains ;
A *Two-wheeled Jade*, admired by Sots,
Who flings, *for cash in hand*, her lots
To those, who,—fain “their luck to try,”
Sell Hope, and Disappointment buy.
The wily sorceress here reveals
With proud parade, her mystic Wheels ;
—Those Wheels, on which the nation runs
Over the morals of its Sons ;
—Those Wheels, at which the Nation draws,
Through shouting streets, it broken laws !
Engines of plotting Fortune's skill
To lure, entangle, torture, kill.
Behold her, in imperial pride,
King, Lords and Commons at her side ;
Armed with authority of State,
The public peace to violate ;
More might be told,—but not by me
Must this “eternal blazon” be.
Between her Wheels the Phantom stands,
With Syren voice, and Harpy-hands :
She turns the enchanted axle round ;
Forth leaps the “**TWENTY THOUSAND POUND !**”
That “twenty thousand” *One* has got ;
—But twenty thousand more have *not*.
These curse her to the face, deplore
Their loss, then—take her word once more ;

Once more deceived, they rise like men
 Bravely resolved—to try again ;
 Again they fail ; again trepanned,
 She mocks them with her slight of hand ;
 Still fired with rage, with avarice steeled,
 Perish they may, but never yield ;
 They woo her till their latest breath,
 Then snatch *their* prize—a blank in death.

The Priests, that in her temple wait
 Her minor ministers of fate,
 Like Dian's Silversmiths of old,
 True to the craft that brings them gold,
 Lungs, limbs and pens unwearied ply
 To puff their Goddess to the sky ;
 O that their puffs could *fix* Her there,
 Who builds such castles in the air,
 And in the malice of her mirth
 Lets them to Simpletons on earth !
 —Who steals the rainbow's peaceful form,
 But *is* the demon of the storm ;
 —Assumes a Star's benignant mein
 But wears a Comet's tail unseen ;
 —Who smiles a Juno to the crowd ;
 But all that win her catch a cloud,
 And, doomed Ixion's fate to feel,
 Are whirled upon a giddier Wheel.
 —O that her Priests could *fix* *her* there,
 Whose breath and being are but air !

Yet not for this their spells they try,
 They bawl to keep her *from* the sky,
 A harmless meteor in that sphere ;
 A baleful *Ignis fatuus* here,
 With wandering and bewildering light,
 To cheer, and then confound the sight,
 Guide the lorn traveller,—then betray,
 Where Death in ambush lurks for prey.

Fierce, but familiar, at their call,
 The veriest fiend of Satan's fall ;
 —The fiend, that tempted him to stake
 Heaven's bliss against the burning lake ;
 —The fiend, that tempted him again,
 To burst the darkness of his den,
 And risk whate'er of wrath untried
 Eternal justice yet could hide,
 For one transcendant chance, by sin,
 Man and this new-made world to win ;
 —That fiend, while Satan played his part,
 At Eve's fond ear, assailed her heart,
 And tempted her to hazard more
 Than fallen Angels lost before ;
 They ruined but themselves,—her crime
 Brought death on all the race of time :
 —That fiend comes forth, like *Ætna's* flame ;
 The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING call his name ;
 So flushed and terrible in power,
 The Priests themselves he would devour,

But straight, by Act of Parliament,
 Loose through the land his plagues are sent.
 The Polypus himself divides,
 A legion issues from his sides ;
 Ten thousand shapes he wears at will,
 In every shape a devil still ;
 Eager and restless to be known
 By any mark, except his own ;
 In airy, earthly, heavenly guise,
 No matter,—if it strike the eyes ;
 Yet ever at the clink of pelf,
 He starts, and shrinks into himself :
 —A traitor now, with face of truth,
 He dupes the innocence of youth ;
 A shrewd Pretender, smooth and sage,
 He tempts the avarice of age ;
 A Wizard, versed in damned arts,
 He trammels uncorrupted hearts ;
 He lulls Suspicion, Sense way-lays,
 Honour and Honesty betrays,
 Finds Virtue sleeping, and by stealth
 Beguiles her with a dream of wealth ;
 Till rich and poor, till fools and wise,
 Haste to the headlong sacrifice,
 Gaze till they slip into the snare ;
 —Angels might weep to see them there ;
 Then to the Lottery Wheels away,
 The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING drags his

Hail to the fiery Bigot's rack !
Hail Juggernaut's destructive track !
Hail to the Warrior's iron car ;
But O be Lottery Wheels afar !
I'll die by torture, war, disease,
I'll die—by any Wheels but these !

TO BRITAIN.

I LOVE Thee, O my native Isle !
Dear as my mother's earliest smile ;
Sweet as my father's voice to me
Is all I hear, and all I see,
When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,
The guardian angels of thy coast,
Who watch the dear *domestic Host*,
The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam
Around the quiet haven of home.

I love Thee,—when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures, which neither Indies know.

I love Thee,—when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters labouring on their course,
And arts, and industry, and wealth
Exulting in the joys of health.

I love Thee,—when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail ;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire ;
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame ;
Nor less delighted when I stray
Down history's lengthening, widening way,
And hail Thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine, over land and main.

I love Thee,—when I read the lays
Of British bards in elder days,
Till, rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs, my spirit sings ;
For I, among thy living choir,
I, too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love Thee,—when I contemplate
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state ;

Thy laws and liberties, that rise,
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,
To which the pyramids were tame,
And Grecian temples bow their fame :
These, thine immortal sages wrought
Out of the deepest mines of thought ;
These, on the scaffold, in the field,
Thy warriors won, thy patriots seal'd ;
These, at the parricidal pyre,
Thy martyrs sanctified in fire,
And, with the generous blood they spilt,
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,
Cancell'd the curse which vengeance sped,
And left a blessing in its stead.
—Can words, can numbers count the price,
Paid for this little paradise ?
Never, oh ! never be it lost ;
The land is *worth* the price it cost.

I love Thee,—when thy sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams, that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountain were the sun :
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen house of prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On Him, who is the Lord of all.

I love Thee,—when my soul can feel
The seraph-ardours of thy zeal :

Thy charities, to none confined,
Bless, like the sun, the rain, the wind ;
Thy schools the human brute shall raise,
Guide erring youth in wisdom's ways,
And leave, when we are turn'd to dust,
A generation of the just.

I love Thee,—when I see Thee stand
The hope of every other land ;
A sea-mark in the tide of time,
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime ;
Whence beams of gospel-splendour shed
A sacred halo round thine head ;
And Gentiles from afar behold,
(Not as on Sinai's rocks of old,)
GOD,—from eternity conceal'd,—
In his own light, on Thee reveal'd.

I love Thee,—when I hear thy voice
Bid a despairing world rejoice,
And loud from shore to shore proclaim,
In every tongue, Messiah's name ;
That name, at which, from sea to sea,
All nations yet shall bow the knee.

I love Thee :—next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers ! Thee I love ;
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
“ With all thy faults I love Thee” still :

For faults Thou hast, of heinous size ;
Repent, renounce them, ere they rise
In judgment ;—lest thine ocean-wall
With boundless ruin round Thee fall,
And that, which was thy mightiest stay,
Sweep all thy rocks like sand away.

Yes, Thou hast faults of heinous size,
From which I turn with weeping eyes ;
On these let them that hate Thee dwell :
Yet *one* I spare not,—*one* I tell,
Tell with a whisper in thine ear ;
Oh ! might it wring thine heart with fear !
Oh ! that my weakest word might roll,
Like heaven's own thunder, through thy soul !

There is a *Lie* in thy right hand :
A *Bribe*, corrupting all the land ;
There is within thy gates a pest,
—*Gold* and a *Babylonish vest* ;
Not hid in shame-concealing shade,
But broad against the sun display'd.
These,—tell it not,—it *must* be told :
These from thy **LOTTERY-WHEELS** are sold ;
Sold,—and thy children, train'd to sin,
Hazard both worlds these plagues to win ;
Nay, thy deluded statesmen stake
Thyself,—and lose Thee for their sake !

Lose Thee ?—They shall not ;—He, whose will
Is Nature's law, preserves Thee still ;
And while the' uplifted bolt impends,
One warning more his mercy sends.

O BRITAIN ! O my country ! bring
Forth from thy camp the' accursed thing ;
Consign it to remorseless fire,
Watch till the latest spark expire,
Then cast the ashes on the wind,
Nor leave one atom-wreck behind.

So may thy wealth and power increase,
So may thy people dwell in peace ;
On Thee the' ALMIGHTY'S glory rest,
And all the world in Thee be blest.

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VERSES
TO
THE MEMORY
OF THE LATE
RICHARD REYNOLDS.
OF
BRISTOL.

=====
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.
=====

Know ye not, that there is a Prince and a Great Man
fallen in Israel ?
2 Sam. iii. 38.

Rey

Rey

TO

THE MEMBERS

OF

Reynolds' Commemoration Society,

AT BRISTOL,

THESE

VERSES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

Sheffield, October 26, 1816.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Author has nothing to say in favour of the following Verses, except that they are the sincere Tribute of his Affections as well as his Mind, to the Christian Virtues of the Deceased.

RICHARD REYNOLDS was one of the *Society of Friends*, but, as far as human judgment can extend, he was one of those who also *are* Christians, not in word only but in deed.—To *his* Memory the Inhabitants of Bristol have already instituted, and may their Posterity perpetuate it, the noblest monument, perhaps, that Man ever raised in honour of his Fellow Man. This will be sufficiently explained by the following advertisement.

“ At a GENERAL MEETING of the Inhabitants of BRISTOL, held in the Guildhall of that City, on Wednesday, the 2d October instant,

“ The Right Worshipful the MAYOR in the Chair:

“ It was unanimously Resolved,

“ That in consequence of the severe loss which Society has sustained by the death of the venerable RICHARD REYNOLDS, and in order to perpetuate, as far as may be, the great and important benefits he has conferred upon the City of Bristol and its vicinity, and

to excite others to imitate the example of the departed Philanthropist, an Association be formed under the designation of

'REYNOLDS' COMMEMORATION SOCIETY.'

"That the Members of the Society do consist of Life Subscribers of ten Guineas or upwards, and Annual Subscribers of one Guinea or upwards; and that the object of this Society be to grant relief to persons in necessitous circumstances, and also occasional assistance to other benevolent Institutions in or near the City, to enable them to continue or increase their usefulness, and that especial regard be had to the SAMARITAN SOCIETY, of which RICHARD REYNOLDS was the Founder.

"That the Cases to be assisted and relieved be entirely in the discretion of the Committee; but it is recommended to them not to grant any relief or assistance without a careful investigation of the circumstances of each Case; and that, in Imitation of the Example of the Individual whom this Society is designed to commemorate, it be considered as a sacred duty of the Committee, to the latest period of its existence, to be wholly uninfluenced in the distribution of its funds, by any considerations of sect or party."

The Third Piece in the ensuing Series entitled, "*A Good Man's Monument*," was intended for a figurative representation of this sublime and universal Charity. The resemblance ought to have been sufficiently obvious, without being pointed out here.

At the Public Meeting, mentioned in the foregoing advertisement, many eloquent Panegyrics were pronounced on the Character of RICHARD REYNOLDS. Here let his own Words and Deeds speak for him, in a few cases, which were made public on that occasion.

Mr. BUTTERWORTH, of *London*, said:—"When the first subscription was opened to relieve the distress in Germany, I took some part in that Institution. Being in *Bristol* soon afterwards, I had some conversation with Mr. REYNOLDS on the subject. He made many judicious observations and enquiries as to the nature of the distress, and the best mode of distribution, which served as valuable hints to the Committee in *London*. He then modestly subscribed a moderate sum with his name; but shortly after, the Committee received a blank letter, having the post mark of *Bristol*, and enclosing a Bank of England bill for Five Hundred Pounds."

Dr. POLE gave the following account:—"It is well known, that he made it his constant practice from religious principle, annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of in subscriptions and donations for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects, or parties. At one particular time, (if I am rightly informed,) he wrote to a friend in *London*, acquainting him that he had not that year, spent the whole of his income, requesting that if he

knew of any particular cases claiming charitable relief, he would be glad to be informed. His friend communicated to him the distressing situation of a considerable number of persons confined in a certain prison, for small debts. What did this humane and generous philanthropist do on this representation? He cleared the whole of their debts. He swept this direful mansion of all its miserable tenants. He opened the prison doors, proclaimed deliverance to the captives, and let the oppressed go free."

Dr. Stock said, that he had heard from what he considered good authority, the particulars of an act of princely liberality, mentioned by a gentleman before him.

"Mr. Reynolds, at the period alluded to, (1795,) resided at Coalbrook Dale.—He addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made upon his mind, by the distresses of the community, and desiring that they would draw upon him for such sum as they might think proper. They complied with his request, and drew, in a very short time, to the extent of eleven thousand pounds. It appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measure of his liberality; for, in the course of a few months, he again wrote, stating, that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were still too full: in consequence of which they drew for nine thousand pounds more!"

Mr. STEPHEN PRUST told this characteristic anecdote: "Mr. Reynolds having applied to a gentleman

whom he thought rich, but who was really only in circumstances of mediocrity, to stimulate him to give, made use of the following argument: 'When gold *encircles* the heart, it *contracts* it to such a degree, that *no good* can issue from it; but when the pure gold of faith and love gets *into* the heart, it expands it, so that the last drop of life blood will flow into any channel of benevolence.'

The following pleasing circumstance comes from the same authority. "A lady applied to him on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said, 'When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his Benefactor.'—'Stop, (said the good man,) thou art mistaken—we do not thank the clouds for the rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank HIM who giveth both the clouds and the rain.'"

The Rev. WILLIAM THORPE, in the course of a most impressive speech, related a circumstance which strikingly exemplifies the humility of this excellent man:

"So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a friend who applied to him with a case of distress, 'My talent is the meanest of all talents,—a little sordid dust; but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great LORD of ALL.'"

A simple but noble monument, from the Association of Illustrious Names, was erected to the honour of

RICHARD REYNOLDS, during his life-time, by one of his most favoured friends, who entered into rest long before him. On hearing of lord Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, the late worthy **Mr. JOHN BIRTILL**, of *Bristol*, placed a marble tablet in a private chapel, in his dwelling house, bearing this inscription :—

JOHN HOWARD.

JONAS HANWAY.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, M. D.

RICHARD REYNOLDS.

“Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto Thy Name be the glory.”

Beneath some ample hallowed dome,
The warrior's bones are laid,
And blazoned on the stately tomb
His martial deeds displayed.

Beneath an humbler roof we place
This monumental stone,
To names the poor shall ever bless,
And Charity shall own :

To soften human wo their care,
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer :
Their work on earth not to destroy ;
And their reward—their Master's joy.

Finally, "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace;" as the annexed authentic document will testify.

"Sept. 14, 1816.—MEMORANDUM respecting the late RICHARD REYNOLDS.

"In the spring of this year, his anxious friends thought they saw in his countenance indications of declining health; he was indeed, about this time, frequently complaining of weakness and loss of appetite. In May he was very unwell from a cold; but had nearly recovered it, when a bilious attack reduced him considerably, and did not permanently yield to medical skill. Seeing this, he was urged to try the waters at Cheltenham; to which he submitted, evidently to satisfy his friends; for his mind was fixed on the probability, that the complaint would terminate his earthly pilgrimage, and with this view he frequently expressed himself quite satisfied, having brought his mind to a dependance only on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. He went to Cheltenham the 7th August; and continued, with but little variation as to his disorder, till Friday, the 6th September—(walking and riding out every day, and even driving the carriage himself, accompanied by his daughter or cousin only,) on which day he walked out before breakfast; but soon after became much weaker; and towards evening declined rapidly. On Sunday, however, he revived so much as to give hope that it would be possible to remove him to Bristol the next day,—the prospect of which had before appeared

to be agreeable to him. But these hopes were disappointed; he sunk again in the course of that night, never to revive. For many years, he had not been confined to his bed a whole day; and during this illness, he got up and sat at table with the family at all their meals, till Monday, his last day, when he was induced by his friends to lie in bed till the afternoon; then he arose, drank tea with them in another room, and went to bed at his usual time. At five o'clock next morning, an alteration for the worse appearing in his breathing, some of his relatives, who had retired for a while, were called to him; but none of them thought his end so near. He had before desired that his daughter would be with him at his close; and now about six o'clock, raising himself a little, he signified that she should go to the other side of the bed; when turning on his side, and taking her hand in his, and pressing it, he quietly, and almost imperceptibly expired!—A silence, which can hardly be described, pervaded the room; no one quitting the awful scene for more than an hour. This was the 10th of September, 1816. “*Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great Man fallen this day in Israel?*”

“A few days previous to this event, after something consolatory had been ministered by an endeared female friend, he said, ‘My faith and hope are, as they have long been, on the mercy of God, through JESUS CHRIST, who was the propitiation for my sins, and not for mine only, but for the sins of the whole world.’”

“ During his illness he was exceedingly placid, and kind to every body ; his countenance and conduct indicating that all within was peace. . No alarm, no regret at leaving a world in which no one perhaps had more of its real blessings to relinquish—the love, the veneration of all around him ; but, on the contrary, a willingness to yield up his spirit to Him who gave it, and had sanctified it by the blood of the Redeemer.”

THE

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THIS place is holy ground ;
World, with thy cares, away !
Silence and darkness reign around,
But, lo ! the break of day :
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears ?

'Tis not the morning-light,
That wakes the lark to sing ;
'Tis not a meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing :
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time
Met for a moment here ;
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By Death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view,
 Midst flaming hosts above ;
 Whose ranks stood silent, while he drew
 Nigh to the throne of love,
 And meekly took the lowest seat,
 Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrilled with ecstatic awe,
 Entranced our spirits fell,
 And saw—yet wist not what they saw ;
 And heard—no tongue can tell
 What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
 What glory filled the eye of thought.

Thus far above the pole,
 On wings of mountain fire,
 Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
 But soon her pinions tire ;
 It is not given to mortal man
 Eternal mysteries to scan.

—Behold the bed of death ;
 This pale and lovely clay ;
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Marked ye the eye's last ray ?
 No ;—life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
 Rivers should swell our eyes ;
 Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
 We would not quench our sighs,
 Till love relumed this altered mein,
 And all the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead ;—and weep
 In stillness o'er the loss ;
 Bury the dead ;—in Christ *they* sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross,
 And from the grave their dust shall rise,
 In his own image to the skies.



THE

MEMORY OF THE JUST.



STRIKE a louder, loftier lyre,
 Bolder, sweeter strains employ ;
 Wake, Remembrance !—and inspire
 Sorrow with the song of joy.

Who was He, for whom our tears
 Flowed, and will not cease to flow ?
 —Full of honours and of years,
 In the dust his head lies low.

Yet resurgent from the dust,
Sings aloft his mighty name ;
For the memory of the Just
Lives in everlasting fame.

He was One, whose open face,
Did his inmost heart reveal ;
One, who wore with meekest grace,
On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks expressed,
Charity was every word ;
Him the eye beheld, and blessed ;
And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,
Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
He could blend the awe of age
With the sweetness of a child.

As a cedar of the Lord,
On the height of Lebanon,
Shade and shelter doth afford,
From the tempest and the sun:—

While in green luxuriant prime,
Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
From its locks it shakes sublime,
O'er the hills, the morning dews.

Thus he flourished, tall and strong,
Glorious in perennial health ;
Thus he scattered, late and long,
All his plenitude of wealth.

Wealth, which prodigals had deemed
Worth the soul's uncounted cost ;
Wealth, which misers had esteemed
Cheap, though heaven itself were lost.

This, with free unsparing hand,
To the poorest child of need,
This he threw around the land,
Like the sower's precious seed.

In the world's great harvest day,
Every grain on every ground,
Stony, thorny, by the way,
Shall a hundred fold be found.

Yet, like noon's refulgent blaze,
Though he shone from east to west,
Far withdrawn from public gaze,
Secret goodness pleased him best.

As the sun, retired from sight,
Through the purple evening gleams,
Or, unrisen, clothes the night,
In the morning's golden beams :

Thus beneath the horizon dim,
He would hide his radiant head,
And on eyes that saw not him,
Light and consolation shed.

Oft his silent spirit went,
Like an angel from the throne,
On benign commissions bent,
In the fear of God alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
As she turned her wheel, for joy ;
Then the bliss of hope would spring
On the outcast orphan boy.

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,
To the ignorant and vile,
Stranger, captive, slave, he came
With a welcome and a smile.

Help to all he did dispense,
Gold, instruction, raiment, food
Like the gifts of Providence,
To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
Shall eternity record,
Which he durst not call his own,
For he did them to the Lord.

As the Earth puts forth her flowers,
Heavenward breathing from below ;
As the clouds descend in showers,
When the southern breezes blow.

Thus his renovated mind,
Warm with pure celestial love,
Shed its influence on mankind,
While its hopes aspired above.

Full of faith at length he died,
And victorious in the race,
Won the crown for which he vied,
—Not of merit, but of grace.



A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

The pyre that burns the aged Bramin's bones,
Runs cold in blood, and issues living groans,
When the whole Haram with the husband dies,
And Demons dance around the sacrifice.

In savage realms, when tyrants yield their breath,
Herds, flocks, and slaves, attend their lord in death ;
Arms, chariots, carcasses, a horrid heap,
Rust at his side, or share his mouldering sleep.

When heroes fall triumphant on the plain ;
For millions conquer'd, and ten thousands slain,
For cities levelled, kingdoms drench'd in blood,
Navies annihilated on the flood ;
The pageantry of public grief requires
The splendid homage of heroic lyres ;
And genius moulds impassioned brass to breathe
The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,
Calls marble honour from its caverned bed,
And bids it live—the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these ;
No blood of widows stains his obsequies ;
But widow's tears, in sad bereavement, fall,
And foundling voices on their father call :
No slaves, no hecatombs, his relics crave,
To gorge the worm, and crowd his quiet grave ;
But sweet repose his slumbering ashes find,
As if in Salem's sepulchre enshrined ;
And watching angels waited for the day,
When Christ should bid them roll the stone away.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
'Midst slaughtered legions, he resigned his life ;
But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
His spirit vanished from its house of clay,
And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
They seemed with him to enter into rest.

Hence no vain pomp his glory to prolong,
No airy immortality of song ;
No sculptured imagery, of bronze or stone,
To make his lineaments for ever known,
Reynolds requires :—his labours, merits, name,
Demand a monument of surer fame ;
Not to record and praise his virtues *past*,
But shew them *living*, while the world shall last ;
Not to bewail one Reynolds snatched from earth,
But give, in every age, a Reynolds birth ;
In every age a Reynolds ; born to stand
A prince among the worthies of the land.
By Nature's title, written in his face :
More than a prince—a sinner saved by grace,
Prompt at his meek and lowly Master's call
To prove himself the minister of all.

BRISTOL ! to thee the eye of Albion turns ;
At thought of thee thy country's spirit burns ;
For in thy walls, as on her dearest ground,
Are " British minds and British manners " found :
And 'midst the wealth, which Avon's waters pour
From every clime on thy commercial shore,
Thou hast a native mine of worth untold ;
Thine heart is *not* encased in rigid gold,
Wither'd to mummy, steel'd against distress :
No—free as Severn's waves, that spring to bless
Their parent hills, but as they roll, expand
In argent beauty through a lovelier land,

And widening, brightening to the western sun,
 In floods of glory through thy channel run ;
 Thence, mingling with the boundless tide, are hurled
 In ocean's chariot round the utmost world :
 Thus flow thine heart-streams, warm and unconfined,
 At home, abroad, to woe of every kind.
 Worthy wert thou of Reynolds ;—worthy he
 To rank the first of Britons even in thee.
 Reynolds is dead ;—thy lap receives his dust
 Until the resurrection of the just :
 Reynolds is dead ; but while thy rivers roll,
 Immortal in thy bosom live his soul !

Go, build his monument :—and let it be
 Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
 Low in *his* grave the strong foundations lie,
 Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
 On crystal pillars resting from above,
 Its sole supporters—*works of faith and love* ;
 So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight,
 They cast no shadow : all within be light :
 No walls divide the area, nor enclose ;
 Charter the whole to every wind that blows ;
 Then rage the tempest, flash the lightnings blue,
 And thunders roll,—they pass unharmed through.

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
 With this, and only this inscription graced,

The song of angels, at Immanuel's birth,
"Glory to God ! good-will, and peace on earth."
There be thy duteous sons a tribe of priests,
Not offering incense, nor the blood of beasts,
But with their gifts upon that altar spread ;
—Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread,
Beneficence to all, their hands shall deal,
With Reynolds' single eye and hallowed zeal.

Pain, want, misfortune, thither shall repair ;
Folly and vice reclaimed shall worship there
The God of *him*—in whose transcendant mind
Stood *such* a temple, free to all mankind :
Thy God, thrice-honoured city ! bids thee raise
That fallen temple, to the end of days :
Obey his voice ; fulfil thine high intent
—Yea, be thyself the *Good Man's Monument* !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HOPE.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF SERAFINO
AQUILANO.

HOPE, unyielding to Despair,
Springs for ever fresh and fair ;
Earth's serenest prospects fly,
Hope's enchantments never die.

At Fortune's frown, in evil hour,
Though honour, wealth, and friends depart,
She cannot drive, with all her power,
This lonely solace from the heart :
And while *this* the soul sustains,
Fortune still unchanged remains ;
Wheresoe'er her wheel she guides,
Hope upon the circle rides.

The Syrens, deep in ocean's caves,
Sing while abroad the tempests roar,
Expecting soon the frantic waves
To ripple on a smiling shore :
In the whirlwind, o'er the spray,
They behold the halcyon play ;

And through midnight clouds afar,
Hope lights up the morning star.

This pledge of bliss in future years
Makes smooth and easy every toil ;
The swain, who sows the waste with tears,
In fancy reaps a teeming soil :
 What though mildew blight his joy,
 Frost or flood his crops destroy,
 War compel his feet to roam,
 Hope still carols Harvest Home !

The monarch exiled from his realm,
The slave in fetters at the oar,
The seaman sinking by the helm,
The captive on his dungeon floor ;
 All through peril, pain, and death,
 Fondly cling to parting breath ;
 Glory, freedom, power, are past,
 But the dream of Hope will last.

Weary and faint, with sickness worn,
Blind, lame, and deaf, and bent with age,
By man the load of life is borne
To his last step of pilgrimage :
 Though the branch no longer shoot,
 Vigour lingers at the root,
 And in Winter's dreariest day,
 Hope foretells returning May.

When, wrung with guilt, the wretch would end
His gloomy days in sudden night,
Hope comes, an unexpected friend,
To win him back to hated light :

“ Hold !” she cries ; and from his hand
Plucks the suicidal brand ;
“ Now await a happier doom,
“ Hope will cheer thee to the tomb.”

When virtue droops, as comforts fail,
And sore afflictions press the mind,
Sweet Hope prolongs her pleasing tale,
Till all the world again looks kind :
Round the good man’s dying bed,
Were the wreck of Nature spread,
Hope would set his spirit free,
Crying—“ Immortality !”

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love,—how sweet the name !

What is a Mother's love ?

—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
The warmest love that can grow cold ;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone ;
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear ;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest ;
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death ;
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire ;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks ;
This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold ?
Can she forget her boy ?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy ?
A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild ;
—Is *this* a Mother's Love ?

Ten thousand voices answer “ No ! ”
Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow ;
Yet ah ! remember this ;—
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth ;
—Is *this* a Mother's Love ?

A parent's heart may prove a snare ;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell ;

Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind :
 Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
 Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant ! whom his mother taught
 Early to seek the Lord,
 And pour'd upon his dawning thought
 The day-spring of the word ;
 This was the lesson to her son,
 —Time is Eternity begun :
 Behold that Mother's Love.*

Blest Mother ! who, in wisdom's path,
 By her own parent trod,
 Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
 And know the fear of God :
 Ah ! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
 Begin Eternity in time,
 Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love !—how sweet the name !
 What *was* that Mother's Love ?
 —The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
 That kindles from above
 Within a heart of earthly mould,
 As much of heaven as heart can hold,
 Nor through eternity grows cold :
This was that Mother's Love.

* 2 Tim. i. 5, and iii. 14, 15.

THE TIME-PIECE.

WHO is *He*, so swiftly flying,
His career no eye can see ?
Who are *They*, so early dying,
From their birth they cease to be ?
Time :—behold his pictured face !
Moments :—can you count their race !

Though, with aspect deep-dissembling,
Here he feigns unconscious sleep,
Round and round this circle trembling,
Day and night his symbols creep,
While unseen, through earth and sky,
His unwearying pinions ply.

Hark ! what petty pulses, beating,
Spring new moments into light ;
Every pulse, its stroke repeating,
Sends its moment back to night ;
Yet not one of all the train
Comes uncall'd, or flits in vain.

In the highest realms of glory,
Spirits trace, before the throne,
On eternal scrolls, the story
Of each little moment flown ;
Every deed, and word, and thought,
Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a minute
Thus to mortal sight unroll'd,
More of sin and sorrow in it,
More of man, might we behold,
Than on History's broadest page
In the reliques of an age.

Who could bear the revelation ?
Who abide the sudden test ?
—With instinctive consternation,
Hands would cover every breast,
Loudest tongues at once be hush'd,
Pride in all its writhings crush'd.

Who, with leer malign exploring,
On his neighbour's shame durst look ?
Would not each, intensely poring
On that record in the book,
Which his inmost soul reveal'd,
Wish its leaves for ever seal'd ?

Seal'd they are for years, and ages,
Till,—the earth's last circuit run,
Empire changed through all its stages,
Risen and set the latest sun,—
On the sea and on the land,
Shall a midnight Angel stand :—

Stand ;—and, while the' abysses tremble,
Swear that Time shall be no more :
Quick and Dead shall then assemble,
Men and Demons range before
That tremendous judgment-seat,
Where both worlds at issue meet.

Time himself, with all his legions,
Days, Months, Years, since Nature's birth,
Shall revive,—and from all regions,
Singling out the sons of earth,
With their glory or disgrace,
Charge their spenders face to face.

Every moment of my being
Then shall pass before mine eyes :
—God, all-searching ! God all-seeing !
Oh ! appease them, ere they rise ;
Warn'd I fly, I fly to Thee :
God, be merciful to me !

STANZAS

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER,
OF LIVERPOOL,

*Who was drowned, while bathing in the tide, on the
5th of August, 1811, in his 21st year.*

“ Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great
“ waters; and thy footsteps are not known.”
Psalm lxxvii. 19.

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise ;
To Thee I consecrate my lays,
 To whom my powers belong ;
These gifts, upon thine altar strown,
O GOD ! accept ;—accept thine own ;
My gifts are Thine,—be Thine alone
 The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
 Seen, felt, or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With GOD begins, continues, ends,
 The source and stream of good.

I worship not the Sun at noon,
The wandering Stars, the changing Moon,
The Wind, the Flood, the Flame ;
I will not bow the votive knee
To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty ;
“ There is no God but GOD,” for me ;
—Jehovah is his name.

Him through all nature I explore,
Him in his creatures I adore,
Around, beneath, above ;
But, clearest in the human mind,
His bright resemblance when I find,
Grandeur with purity combined,
I most admire and love.

Oh ! there was ONE,—on earth a while
He dwelt ;—but transient as a smile
That turns into a tear,
His beauteous image pass'd us by ;
He came, like lightning from the sky,
He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,
As prompt to disappear.

Mild, in his undissembling mein,
Were genius, candour, meekness seen ;
—The lips, that loved the truth ;
The single eye, whose glance sublime

Look'd to eternity through time ;
 The soul, whose hopes were wont to climb
 Above the joys of youth.

Of old,—before the lamp grew dark,
 Reposing near the curtain'd ark,
 The child of Hannah's prayer
 Heard, through the temple's silent round,
 A living voice, nor knew the sound,
 —That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found
 The Lord, who chose him there.*

Thus early call'd, and strongly moved,
 A prophet from a child, approved,
 SPENCER his course began ;
 From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
 Swiftest and foremost in the race,
 He carried victory in his face ;
 He triumph'd as he ran.

How short his day !—the glorious prize,
 To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
 Appear'd too quickly won :
 —The warrior rush'd into the field,
 With arm invincible to wield
 The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
 When lo ! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
 Sets early in the western main,

* 1 Sam. chap. iii.

And leaves the world in night ;
 The brightest star of morning's host,
 Scarce-risen, in brighter beams is lost ;
 Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,
 Thus sprang his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
 That saw him, from the ravening deep,
 Pluck'd like the lion's prey ?
 For ever bow'd his honour'd head,
 The spirit in a moment fled,
 The heart of friendship cold and dead,
 The limbs a wreath of clay !

Revolving his mysterious lot,
 I mourn him, but I praise him not ;
 Glory to God be given,
 Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
 His covenant of peace to show ;
 Athwart the breaking storm to glow,
 Then vanish into heaven.

O Church ! to whom that youth was dear,
 The Angel of thy mercies here,
 Behold the path he trod,
 " A milky way " through midnight skies !
 —Behold the grave in which he lies,
 Even from this dust thy prophet cries,
 " *Prepare to meet thy GOD.*"

ISRAEL IN CAPTIVITY.

—
Psalm cxxxvii.
—

WHERE Babylon's proud waters roll,
In exile we sate down to weep ;
For thoughts of Zion, o'er our soul,
Came like departed joys in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though lost for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where worn with toil our limbs reclined ;
The chords, untuned and trembling, rung
With mournful music on the wind ;
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried, " Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land ?
If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,—
Jerusalem !—forget her skill,
My tongue lie mute, my pulse be still.

HUMAN LIFE.

—
Job, chap. xiv.
—

HOW few and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born !
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways :
—Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms with the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night ;
—Man like a shadow flees.

And dost Thou look on such an one ?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all ?
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep ;
—Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.

—Oh ! hide me, till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst kill or save ;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave.



THE

CHRISTIAN ISRAEL.



THUS far on Life's perplexing path,
Thus far the Lord our steps hath led ;
Safe from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head ;
Here then we pause, look back, adore,
Like ransom'd Israel from the shore,

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
As all our fathers in their day,
We to a Land of Promise go,
Lord ! by thine own appointed way ;
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night,

Protect us through this wilderness
From serpent plague, and hostile rage ;
With bread from heaven our table bless,
With living streams our thirst assuage ;
Nor let our rebel-hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but Thine,

Thy righteous laws to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone ;
Hid in the rock-clift, be thy name,
Thy power, and all thy goodness shewn ;
And may we never bow the knee
To any other gods but Thee.

Thy presence with us move or rest ;
—And as the eagle, o'er her brood,
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly ;
—Thus, thus prepare us for the sky.

When we have number'd all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with human fears,
Oh ! let not then the spirit shrink,
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream,—to rise above.

THE
VISIBLE CREATION.

THE God of Nature and of Grace
In all his works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plann'd ;
'Twas He, who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye ;
Thither his path pursue ;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
A high-way for their God ;
He walks amidst the desert land,
—'Tis Eden where He trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice ;
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains ;
His praise is warbled by the birds ;
—O could we catch their strains !

—Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers through the night !

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound ;
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found !

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GAETANA
PASSERINI.

IF in the field I meet a smiling flower,
Methinks it whispers, " God created me,
" And I to Him devote my little hour,
" In lonely sweetness and humility."
If, where the forest's darkest shadows lower,
A serpent quick and venomous I see,
It seems to say,—" I, too, extol the power
" Of Him, who caused me, at his will, to be."

The fountain purling, and the river strong,
The rocks, the trees, the mountains raise one song ;
" Glory to God !" re-echoes in mine ear :—
Faitless were I, in wilful error blind,
Did I not Him in all his creatures find,
His voice through heaven, and earth, and ocean hear.

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIAMBATTISTA
COTTA.

I SAW the' eternal God, in robes of light,
Rise from his throne,—to judgment forth He came ;
His presence pass'd before me, like the flame
That fires the forest in the depth of night ;
Whirlwind and storm, amazement and affright,
Compass'd his path, and shook all Nature's frame,
When from the heaven of heavens, with loud acclaim,
To earth he wing'd his instantaneous flight.

As some triumphal oak, whose boughs have spread
Their changing foliage through a thousand years,
Bows to the rushing wind its glorious head,
The universal arch of yonder spheres
Sunk with the pressure of its Maker's tread,
And earth's foundations quaked with mortal fears.

SONNET.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF CRESCENBINI.

I ASK'D the Heavens ;—" What foe to God hath done
" This unexampled deed ?"—The Heavens exclaim,
" 'Twas Man ;—and we in horror snatch'd the sun
" From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

I ask'd the Sea ;—the Sea in fury boil'd,
And answer'd with his voice of storms,—"'Twas Man ;
" My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
" Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."

I ask'd the Earth ;—the Earth replied aghast,
" 'Twas Man ;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
" 'That still I groan and shudder at the past."
—To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless Man, I went,
And ask'd him next :—*He* turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.

CHRIST'S PASSION.

THE morning dawns upon the place,
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer ;
Through brightening glooms behold his face,
No form nor comeliness is there.
Last eve, by those He call'd his own,
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

Brought forth to judgment now he stands,
Arraign'd, condemn'd, at Pilate's bar ;
Here spurn'd by fierce Prætorian bands,
There mock'd by Herod's men of war :
He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Feign'd homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, the' accursed tree,

No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains ;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst his murderers He remains :
But hark ! He prays ;—'tis for his foes ;
He speaks ;—'tis comfort to his friends ;
Answers ;—and Paradise bestows ;
" 'Tis finish'd !"—here the conflict ends.

He dies ; the veil is rent in twain ;
 Darkness o'er all the land is spread,
 High, without tempest, rolls the main,
 Earth trembles, graves give up their dead :
 " Truly this *was* the Son of God !" —
 —Though in a servant's mean disguise,
 And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
 Not for Himself,—for Man He dies.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.

HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :—
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God Omnipotent, shall reign ;
 Hallelujah !—let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
 From the' abysses to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All Creation's harmonies :

See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheathed his sword :—He speaks,—'tis done ;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away :
Then the end :—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

WHAT are these in bright array ?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song ?
—“ Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
New dominion, every hour.”

These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with his eternal name ;
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead ;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels their fears,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away all tears.

THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world ?—A wildering maze,
 Where Sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
 Her victims to ensnare ;
 All broad, and winding, and aslope,
 All tempting with perfidious hope,
 All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
Down to eternal night :
—*One* humble path, that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to shew that path?
The Bible :—He alone, who hath
The Bible, need not stray :
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly Guide to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

INSTRUCTION.

FROM heaven descend the drops of dew,
From heaven the gracious showers,
Earth's winter-aspect to renew,
And clothe the spring with flowers ;
From heaven the beams of morning flow,
That melt the gloom of night ;
From heaven the evening breezes blow,
Health, fragrance, and delight.

Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of wisdom fall,
Awaken man's unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call :
Like morning beams they strike the mind,
Its loveliness reveal ;
And softer than the evening wind,
The wounded spirit heal.

As dew and rain, as light and air,
From heaven Instruction came ;
The waste of Nature to repair,
Kindle a sacred flame ;
A flame to purify the earth,
Exalt her sons on high,
And train them for their second birth,
—Their birth beyond the sky.

ALBION ! on every human soul,
By thee be knowledge shed,
Far as the ocean-waters roll,
Wide as the shores are spread :
Truth makes thy children free at home ;
Oh ! that thy flag, unfurl'd,
Might shine, where'er thy children roam,
Truth's banner round the world.

THE
CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE

REV. THOMAS TAYLOR ;

After having declared, in his last Sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.

**“ SERVANT of God ! well done ;
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master’s joy.”**
—The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame :
He fell,—but felt no fear.

**Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield :
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight ;
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.**

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it smote between :
'Twas death to sin ;—'twas life
To all that mourn'd for sin ;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force,
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
" To meet thy God prepare !"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sun-rise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

**The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ ! well done ;
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.**

ON THE ROYAL INFANT,

Still-born, Nov. 5, 1817.

A THRONE on earth awaited thee ;
A nation long'd to see thy face,
Heir to a glorious ancestry,
And father of a mightier race.

Vain hope ! that throne thou must not fill ;
Thee may that nation ne'er behold ;
Thine ancient house is heirless still,
Thy line shall never be unroll'd.

Yet while we mourn thy flight from earth,
Thine was a destiny sublime ;
Caught up to Paradise in birth,
Pluck'd by Eternity from Time.

The Mother knew her offspring dead :
Oh ! was it grief, or was it love
That broke her heart ?—The spirit fled
To seek her nameless child above.

Led by his natal star, she trod
The path to heaven :—the meeting there,
And how they stood before their God,
The day of judgment shall declare.

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

IN a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit stray'd,
I awake where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.

Is the dream of Nature flown ?
Is the universe destroy'd,
Man, extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void ?

No :—my soul, in God rejoice ;
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence here his voice,
And his hand is over me.

When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place ;
Fearless in the day of doom,
May I stand before his face !

▲

NIGHT IN A STAGE-COACH.

BEING A

MEDITATION ON THE WAY BETWEEN LONDON AND
BRISTOL, SEPT. 23, 1815.

I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown ;
I travel, like a bird in flight,
Onward, and all alone.

In vain I close my weary eyes,
They will not, cannot sleep,
But, like the watchers of the skies,
Their twinkling vigils keep.

My thoughts are wandering wild and far ;
From earth to heaven they dart ;
Now wing their flight from star to star,
Now dive into my heart.

Backward they roll the tide of time,
And live through vanish'd years ;
Or hold their " colloquy sublime"
With future hopes and fears ;—

Then passing joys and present woes
Chase through my troubled mind ;
Repose still seeking,—but repose
Not for a moment find.

So yonder lone and lovely moon
Gleams on the clouds gone by,
Illumines those around her noon,
Yet westward points her eye.

Nor wind nor flood her course delay,
Through heaven I see her glide ;
She never pauses on her way,
She never turns aside.

With anxious heart and throbbing brain,
Strength, patience, spirits gone,
Pulses of fire in every vein,
Thus, thus I journey on.

But soft!—in Nature's failing hour,
Up springs a breeze,—I feel
Its balmy breath, its cordial power,
—A power to soothe and heal.

Lo ! grey, and gold, and crimson streaks
The gorgeous east adorn,
While o'er the' empurpled mountain breaks
The glory of the morn.

20*

Insensibly the stars retire,
Exhaled like drops of dew ;
Now through an arch of living fire,
The sun comes forth to view.

The hills, the vales, the waters burn
With his enkindling rays,
No sooner touch'd than they return
A tributary blaze.

His quickening light on me descends,
His cheering warmth I own ;
Upwards to him my spirit tends,
But worships God alone.

Oh ! that on me, with beams benign,
His countenance would turn :
I too should then arise and shine,
—Arise, and shine, and burn.

Slowly I raise my languid head ;
Pain and soul-sickness cease,
The phantoms of dismay are fled,
And health returns, and peace.

Where is the beauty of the scene,
Which silent night display'd ?
The clouds, the stars, the blue serene,
The moving light and shade ?

All gone !—the moon, erewhile so bright,
Veil'd with a dusky shroud,
Seems, in the sun's o'erpowering light,
The fragment of a cloud.

At length, I reach my journey's end ;
—Welcome that well-known face !
I meet a brother and a friend ;
I find a resting-place.

Just such a pilgrimage is life ;
Hurried from stage to stage,
Our wishes with our lot at strife,
Through childhood to old age.

The world is seldom what it seems ;—
To man, who dimly sees,
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is call'd away ;
Are but the watches of a night,
And Death the dawn of day,

THE

REIGN OF SPRING.

WHO loves not Spring's voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet who would chuse, however dear,
That Spring should revel all the year?
—Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet who would chuse, however bright,
A Dog-day noon without a night?
—Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would chuse, however gay,
A year of unrenew'd decay?
—Who loves not Winter's awful form?
The sphere-born music of the storm?
Yet who would chuse, how grand so ever,
The shortest day to last for ever?

'Twas in that age renown'd, remote,
When all was true that Esop wrote ;

And in that land of fair Ideal,
Where all that poets dream is real ;
Upon a day of annual state,
The Seasons met in high debate.
There blush'd young Spring in maiden-pride,
Blithe Summer look'd a gorgeous bride,
Staid Autumn moved with matron-grace,
And beldame Winter pursed her face.
Dispute grew wild ; all talk'd together ;
The four at once made wondrous weather ;
Nor one, (whate'er the rest had shewn,)
Heard any reason but her own,
While each, (for nothing else was clear,)
Claim'd the whole circle of the year.

Spring, in possession of the field,
Compell'd her sisters soon to yield ;
They part,—resolved elsewhere to try
A twelvemonth's empire of the sky ;
And calling off their airy legions,
Alighted in adjacent regions.
Spring o'er the eastern champaign smiled,
Fell Winter ruled the northern wild ;
Summer pursued the sun's red car,
But Autumn loved the twilight star.

As Spring parades her new domain,
Love, Beauty, Pleasure, hold her train ;

Her footsteps wake the flowers beneath,
 That start, and blush, and sweetly breathe ;
 Her gales on nimble pinions rove,
 And shake to foliage every grove ;
 Her voice, in dell and thicket heard,
 Cheers on the nest the mother-bird ;
 The ice-lock'd streams, as if they felt
 Her touch, to liquid diamond melt ;
 The lambs around her bleat and play ;
 The serpent flings his slough away,
 And shines in orient colours dight,
 A flexile ray of living light.

Nature unbinds her wintry shroud,
 (As the soft sunshine melts the cloud,)
 With infant gambols sports along,
 Bounds into youth, and soars in song.
 The morn impearls her locks with dew ;
 Noon spreads a sky of boundless blue ;
 The rainbow spans the evening scene,
 The night is silent and serene,
 Save when her lonely minstrel wrings
 The heart with sweetness, while he sings.
 —Who would not wish, unrivall'd here,
 That Spring might frolic all the year ?

Three months are fled, and still she reigns,
 Exulting queen o'er hills and plains ;
 The birds renew their nuptial vow,
 Nestlings themselves are lovers now ;

Fresh broods each bending bough receives,
Till feathers far outnumber leaves ;
But kites in circles swim the air,
And sadden music to despair.
The stagnant pools, the quaking bogs,
Teem, croak, and crawl with hordes of frogs ;
The matted woods, the' infected earth,
Are venomous with reptile-birth ;
Armies of locusts cloud the skies ;
With beetles hornets, gnats with flies,
Interminable warfare wage,
And madden heaven with insect-rage.

The flowers are wither'd ;—sun nor dew
Their fallen glories shall renew ;
The flowers are wither'd ;—germ nor seed
Ripen in garden, wild, or mead :
The corn-fields shoot ;—their blades, alas !
Run riot in luxuriant grass.
The tainted flocks, the drooping kine,
In famine of abundance pine,
Where vegetation, sour, unsound,
And loathsome, rots, and rankles round ;
Nature with nature seems at strife ;
Nothing can live but monstrous life,
By death engender'd ;—food and breath
Are turn'd to elements of death ;
And where the soil his victims strew,
Corruption quickens them anew.

But ere the year was half expired,
Spring saw her folly, and retired ;
Yoked her light chariot to a breeze,
And mounted to the Pleiades ;
Content with them to rest or play
Along the calm nocturnal way ;
Till heaven's remaining circuit run,
They meet the pale hybernal sun,
And gaily mingling in his blaze,
Hail the true dawn of vernal days.

THE
REIGN OF SUMMER.

THE hurricanes are fled ; the rains,
That plough'd the mountains, wreck'd the plains,
Have pass'd away before the wind,
And left a wilderness behind,
As if an ocean had been there
Exhaled, and left its channels bare.
But, with a new and sudden birth,
Nature replenishes the earth ;
Plants, flowers, and shrubs, o'er all the land,
So promptly rise, so thickly stand,
As if they heard a voice,—and came,
Each at the calling of its name.
The tree, by tempests stript and rent,
Expands its verdure like a tent,
Beneath whose shade, in weary length,
The' enormous lion rests his strength,
For blood, in dreams of hunting, burns,
Or, chased himself, to fight returns ;
Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
Grinds his wedged teeth, and spurns the ground ;

While monkeys, in grotesque amaze,
Down from their bending perches gaze,
But when he lifts his eye of fire,
Quick to the topmost boughs retire.

Loud o'er the mountains bleat the flocks ;
The goat is bounding on the rocks ;
Far in the valleys range the herds ;
The welkin gleams with fitting birds,
Whose plumes such gorgeous tints adorn,
They seem the offspring of the morn.
From nectar'd flowers and groves of spice,
Earth breathes the air of Paradise ;
Her mines their hidden wealth betray,
Treasures of darkness burst to-day ;
O'er golden sands the rivers glide,
And pearls and amber track the tide.
Of every sensual bliss possest,
Man riots here ;—but is he blest ?
And would he chuse, for ever bright,
This Summer-day without a night ?
For here hath Summer fix'd her throne,
Intent to reign,—and reign alone.

Daily the sun, in his career,
Hotter and higher, climbs the sphere,
Till from the zenith, in his rays,
Without a cloud or shadow, blaze

The realms beneath him :—in his march,
On the blue key-stone of heaven's arch,
He stands :—air, earth, and ocean lie
Within the presence of his eye.
The wheel of Nature seems to rest,
Nor rolls him onward to the west,
Till thrice three days of noon unchanged
That torrid clime have so deranged,
Nine years may not the wrong repair ;
But Summer checks the ravage there ;
Yet still enjoins the sun to steer
By the stern Dog-star round the year,
With dire extremes of day and night,
Tartarean gloom, celestial light.

In vain the gaudy season shines,
Her beauty fades, her power declines ;
Then first her bosom felt a care ;
—No healing breeze embalm'd the air,
No mist the mountain-tops bedew'd,
Nor shower the arid vale renew'd ;
The herbage shrunk ; the ploughman's toil
Scatter'd to dust the crumbling soil ;
Blossoms were shed ; the' umbrageous wood,
Laden with sapless foliage, stood ;
The streams, impoverish'd day by day,
Lessen'd insensibly away ;
Where cattle sought, with piteous moans,
The vanish'd lymph, midst burning stones,

And tufts of wither'd reeds, that fill
The wonted channel of the rill ;
Till, stung with hornets, mad with thirst,
In sudden rout, away they burst,
Nor rest, till where some channel deep
Gleams in small pools, whose waters sleep ;
There with huge draught and eager eye
Drink for existence,—drink and die !

But direr evils soon arose,
Hopeless, unmitigable woes ;
Man proves the shock ; through all his veins,
The frenzy of the season reigns ;
With pride, lust, rage, ambition blind,
He burns in every fire of mind,
Which kindles from insane desire,
Or fellest hatred can inspire ;
Reckless whatever ill befall,
He dares to do and suffer all
That heart can think, that arm can deal,
Or out of hell a fury feel.

There stood in that romantic clime,
A mountain awfully sublime ;
O'er many a league the basement spread,
It tower'd in many an airy head,
Height over height,—now gay, now wild,
The peak with ice eternal piled ;

Pure in mid-heaven, that crystal cone
A diadem of glory shone ;
Reflecting, in the night-fall'n sky,
The beams of day's departed eye ;
Or holding, ere the dawn begun,
Communion with the' unrisen sun.
The cultured sides were clothed with woods,
Vineyards, and fields, or track'd with floods,
Whose glacier-fountains, hid on high,
Sent down their rivers from the sky.
O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale,
On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale,
Earth's universal tenant,—He,
Who lives wherever life may be,
Sole, social, fix'd, or free to roam,
Always and every where at home,
MAN pitch'd his tents, adorn'd his bowers,
Built temples, palaces, and towers,
And made that Alpine world his own,
—The miniature of every zone,
From brown savannahs parch'd below
To ridges of cerulean snow.

Those high-lands form'd a last retreat
From rabid Summer's fatal heat ;
Though not unfelt her fervours there,
Vernal and cool the middle air ;
While from the icy pyramid
Streams of unfailing freshness slid,

That long had slaked the thirsty land,
Till avarice, with insatiate hand,
Their currents check'd ; in sunless caves,
And rock-bound dells, ingulph'd the waves,
And thence in scanty measures doled,
Or turn'd heaven's bounty into gold.
Ere long the dwellers on the plain
Murmur'd ;—their murmurs were in vain ;
Petition'd,—but their prayers were spurn'd ;
Threaten'd,—defiance was return'd ;
Then rang both regions with alarms ;
Blood-kindling trumpets blew to arms ;
The maddening drum and deafening pipe
Marshall'd the elements of strife :
Sternly the mountaineers maintain
Their rights against the' insurgent plain ;
The plain's indignant myriads rose
To wrest the mountain from their foes,
Resolved its blessings to enjoy
By dint of valour ;—or destroy.

The legions met in war-array ;
The mountaineers brook'd no delay,
Aside their missile weapons threw,
From holds impregnable withdrew,
And, rashly brave, with sword and shield,
Rush'd headlong to the open field.
Their foes the' auspicious omen took,
And raised a battle-shout, that shook

The champaign ;—staunch and keen for blood,
Front threatening front, the columns stood,
But, while like thunder-clouds they frown,
In tropic haste the sun went down ;
Night o'er both armies stretch'd her tent,
The star-bespangled firmament,
Whose placid host, revolving slow,
Smile on the impatient hordes below,
That chafe and fret the hours away,
Curse the dull gloom, and long for day,
Though destined by their own decree
No other day nor night to see.

—That night is past, that day begun,
Swift as he sunk ascends the sun,
And from the red horizon springs
Upward, as borne on eagle-wings ;
Aslant each army's lengthen'd lines,
O'er shields and helms he proudly shines,
While spears, that catch his lightnings keen,
Flash them athwart the space between.
Before the battle-shock, when breath
And pulse are still,—awaiting death ;
In that cold pause, which seems to be
The prelude to eternity,
When fear, ere yet a blow is dealt,
Betray'd by none, by all is felt ;
While, moved beneath their feet, the tomb
Widens her lap to make them room ;

—Till, in the onset of the fray,
Fear, feeling, thought are cast away,
And foaming, raging, mingling foes,
Like billows dash'd in conflict, close,
Charge, strike, repel, wound, struggle, fly,
Gloriously win, unconquer'd die ;—
Here, in dread silence, while they stand,
Each with a death-stroke in his hand,
His eye fix'd forward, and his ear
Tingling the signal blast to hear ;
The trumpet sounds ;—one note,—no more ;
The field, the fight, the war is o'er ;
An earthquake rent the void between ;
A moment shew'd, and shut the scene ;
Men, chariots, steeds,—of either host,
The flower, the pride, the strength were lost :
A solitude remains ;—the dead
Are buried there ;—the living fled.

Nor yet the reign of Summer closed :
—At night in their own homes reposed
The fugitives, on either side,
Who 'scaped the death their comrades died ;
When lo ! with many a giddy shock,
The mountain-cliffs began to rock,
And deep below the hollow ground
Ran a strange mystery of sound,
As if, in chains and torments there,
Spirits were venting their despair.

That sound, those shocks the sleepers woke ;
In trembling consternation, broke
Forth from their dwellings, young and old ;
—Nothing abroad their eyes behold
But darkness so intensely wrought,
'Twas blindness in themselves they thought.
Anon, aloof, with sudden rays,
Issued so fierce, so broad a blaze,
That darkness started into light,
And every eye, restored to sight,
Gazed on the glittering crest of snows,
Whence the bright conflagration rose,
Whose flames condensed at once aspire,
—A pillar of celestial fire,
Alone amidst infernal shade,
In glorious majesty display'd :
Beneath, from rifted caverns broke
Volumes of suffocating smoke,
That roll'd in surges, like a flood,
By the red radiance turn'd to blood.
Morn look'd aghast upon the scene,
Nor could a sun-beam pierce between
The panoply of vapours, spread
Above, around the mountain's head.

In distant fields, with drought consumed,
Joy swell'd all hearts, all eyes illumed,
When from that peak, through lowering skies,
Thick curling clouds were seen to rise,

And hang o'er all the darken'd plain,
The presage of descending rain.
The' exulting cattle bound along,
The tuneless birds attempt a song,
The swain, amidst his sterile lands,
With outstretcht arms of rapture stands,
But, fraught with plague and curses, came
The' insidious progeny of flame :
Ah ! then,—for fertilizing showers,
The pledge of herbage, fruits, and flowers,—
Words cannot paint, how every eye,
(Blood-shot and dim with agony,)
Was glazed, as by a palsying spell,
When light sulphureous ashes fell,
Dazzling, and eddying to and fro,
Like wildering sleet or feathery snow :
Strewn with grey pumice Nature lies,
At every motion quick to rise, -
Tainting with livid fumes the air ;
—Then hope lies down in prone despair,
And man and beast, with misery dumb,
Sullenly brood on woes to come.

The mountain now, like living earth,
Pregnant with some stupendous birth,
Heaved, in the anguish of its throes,
Sheer from its crest the' incumbent snows ;
And where of old they chill'd the sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian eye,

Or, purpling in the golden west,
Appear'd his evening throne of rest,
There, black and bottomless and wide,
A cauldron rent from side to side,
Simmer'd and hiss'd with huge turmoil ;
Earth's disembowell'd minerals boil,
And thence in molten torrents rush :
—Water and fire, like sisters, gush
From the same source ; the double stream
Meets, battles, and explodes in steam ;
Then fire prevails ; and broad and deep
Red lava roars from steep to steep ;
While rocks unseated, woods upriven,
Are headlong down the current driven ;
Columnar flames are rapt aloof,
In whirlwind forms, to heaven's high roof,
And there, amidst transcendent gloom,
Image the wrath beyond the tomb.

The mountaineers, in wild affright,
Too late for safety, urge their flight ;
Women, made childless in the fray,
Women, made mothers yesterday,
The sick, the aged, and the blind ;
—None but the dead are left behind.
Painful their journey, toilsome, slow,
Beneath their feet quick embers glow,
And hurtle round in dreadful hail ;
Their limbs, their hearts, their senses fail,

While many a victim, by the way,
Buried alive in ashes lay,
Or perish'd by the lightning's stroke,
Before the slower thunder broke.
A few the open field explore ;
The throng seek refuge on the shore,
Between two burning rivers hemm'd,
Whose rage nor mounds nor hollows stemm'd ;
Driven like a herd of deer, they reach
The lonely, dark, and silent beach,
Where, calm as innocence in sleep,
Expanded lies the' unconscious deep.
Awhile the fugitives respire,
And watch those cataracts of fire,
(That bar escape on either hand,)
Rush on the ocean from the strand ;
Back from the onset rolls the tide,
But instant clouds the conflict hide ;
The lavas plunge to gulphs unknown,
And as they plunge, relapse to stonie.

Meanwhile the mad volcano grew
Tenfold more terrible to view ;
And thunders, such as shall be hurl'd
At the death-sentence of the world ;
And lightnings, such as shall consume
Creation, and creation's tomb,
Nor leave, amidst the' eternal void,
One trembling atom undestroy'd ;

Such thunders crash'd, such lightnings glared :
—Another fate those outcasts shared,
When, with one desolating sweep
An earthquake seem'd to' ingulph the deep,
Then threw it back, and from its bed
Hung a whole ocean overhead ;
The victims shriek'd beneath the wave,
And in a moment found one grave ;
Down to the' abyss the flood return'd :
Alone, unseen, the mountain burn'd.

INCOGNITA :

WRITTEN AT LEAMINGTON, IN 1817,

ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

“ She was a phantom of delight.”—WORDSWORTH.

IMAGE of One, who lived of yore !
Hail to that lovely mein,
Once quick and conscious ;—now no more
On land or ocean seen !
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass,*
Many as fair as Thou might be,
But oh ! not one,—not one like Thee.

Thou art no Child of Fancy ;—Thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
Wreathed with luxuriant hair ;

* *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, of Nettesheim, counsellor to *Charles V.* Emperor of Germany,—the author of *Occult Philosophy*, and other profound works,—is said to have shewn to the *Earl of Surrey* the image of his mistress *Geraldine*, in a magical mirror.

Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue ;
Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but *One*.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
In shadowy tints have stood ;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once-resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm ?

Of gentle blood ;—upon her birth,
Consenting planets smiled,
And she had seen those days of mirth,
That frolic round the child ;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young !
Lives there a record, which hath told,
That she was wedded, widow'd, old ?

How long her date, 'twere vain to guess :
The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
One motion of the heart ;
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face ;

One passion's changing colour mix ;
 One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs, alike in vain,
 Would fancy here recall ;
 Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
 Lull'd in oblivion all ;
 With her, methinks, life's little hour
 Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
 That leaves upon the vernal wind
 Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she ?—Ask you aged tree,
 Whose bows embower the lawn,
 Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
 Awoke her here at dawn ;
 Whether beneath its youthful shade,
 At noon, in infancy she play'd ;
 —If from the oak no answer come,
 Of her all oracles are dumb.

The Dead are like the stars by day ;
 —Withdrawn from mortal eye,
 But not extinct, they hold their way,
 In glory through the sky :
 Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
 Vanish amidst immensity,
 Where human thought, like human sight,
 Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
 Could I explore that round,
 In bliss, or woe, there is a place,
 Where she might still be found ;
 And oh ! unless those eyes deceive,
 I may, I must, I will believe,
 That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
 Is what she only seem'd below ;—

An angel in that glorious realm,
 Where God himself is King :
 —But awe and fear, that overwhelm
 Presumption, check my wing ;
 Nor dare imagination look
 Upon the symbols of that book,
 Wherein eternity enrolls
 The judgments on departed souls.

Of Her of whom these pictured lines
 A faint resemblance form ;
 —Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
 Aloof amid the storm ;
 Of Her, this “ shadow of a shade,”
 Like its original must fade,
 And She, forgotten when unseen,
 Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah ! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,
 Of all that e'er I sung,



A lorn memorial may remain,
When silent lies my tongue ;
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.

With One who lived of old, my song
In lowly cadence rose ;
To One who is unborn, belong
The accents of its close :
Ages to come, with courteous ear,
Some youth my warning voice may hear ;
And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
Reader ! If I am blest,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
In glory and in rest :
If not,—and *I* have lost my way,
Here part we ;—go not *Thou* astray ;
No tomb, no verse my story tell !
Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well.

THE LITTLE CLOUD,

SEEN IN A COUNTRY EXCURSION, JUNE 30, 1818.

THE summer sun was in the west,
Yet far above his evening rest ;
A thousand clouds in air display'd
Their floating isles of light and shade,
The sky, like ocean's channels, seen
In long meandering streaks between.

Cultured and waste, the landscape lay ;
Woods, mountains, valleys stretch'd away,
And throng'd the' immense horizon round,
With heaven's eternal girdle bound :
From inland towns, eclipsed with smoke,
Steeple in lonely grandeur broke ;
Hamlets, and cottages, and streams
By glimpses caught the casual gleams,
Or blazed in lustre broad and strong,
Beyond the picturing powers of song :
O'er all the eye enchanted ranged,
While colours, forms, proportions changed,
Or sunk in distance undefined,
Still as our devious course inclined ;
—And oft we paused, and look'd behind.

One little cloud, and only one,
Seem'd the pure offspring of the sun,
Flung from his orb to shew us here
What clouds adorn *his* hemisphere ;
Unmoved, unchanging, in the gale,
That bore the rest o'er hill and dale,
Whose shadowy shapes, with lights around,
Like living motions, swept the ground.
This little cloud, and this alone,
Long in the highest ether shone ;
Gay as a warrior's banner spread,
Its sunward margin ruby-red,
Green, purple, gold, and every hue,
That glitters in the morning dew,
Or glows along the rainbow's form,
—The apparition of the storm.
Deep in its bosom, diamond-bright,
Behind a fleece of pearly white,
It seem'd a secret glory dwelt,
Whose presence, while unseen, was felt ;
Like Beauty's eye, in slumber hid
Beneath a half-transparent lid,
From whence a sound, a touch, a breath,
Might startle it,—as life from death.

Looks, words, emotions of surprize
Welcomed the stranger to our eyes :
Was it the phœnix, that from earth
In flames of incense sprang to birth ?

Had ocean from his lap let fly
His loveliest halcyon through the sky ?
No :—while we gazed, the pageant grew
A nobler object to our view ;
We deem'd, if heaven with earth would hold
Communion, as in days of old,
Such, on his journey down the sphere,
Benignant RAPHAEL might appear,
In splendid mystery conceal'd,
Yet by his rich disguise reveal'd :
—That buoyant vapour, in mid-air,
An angel in its folds might bear,
Who, through the curtain of his shrine,
Betray'd his lineaments divine.
The wild, the warm illusion stole,
Like inspiration, o'er the soul,
Till thought was rapture, language hung,
Silent but trembling on the tongue ;
And fancy almost hoped to hail
The seraph rushing through his veil,
Or hear an awful voice proclaim
The embassy on which he came.

But ah ! no minister of grace
Shew'd from the firmament his face,
Nor, borne aloof on balanced wings,
Reveal'd unutterable things.
The sun went down : —the vision pass'd ;
The cloud was *but* a cloud at last ;

Yet when its brilliancy decay'd,
The eye still linger'd on the shade,
And watching, till no longer seen,
Loved it for what it once had been.

That cloud was beautiful,—was one
Among a thousand round the sun ;
The thousand shared the common lot ;
They came,—they went,—they were forgot ;
This fairy-form alone impress'd
Its perfect image in my breast,
And shines as richly blazoned there
As in its element of air.

The day on which that cloud appear'd,
Exhilarating scenes endear'd :
—The sunshine on the hills, the floods ;
The breeze, the twilight of the woods ;
Nature in every change of green,
Heaven in unnumber'd aspects seen :
Health, spirits, exercise, release
From noise and smoke ; twelve hours of peace ;
No fears to haunt, no cares to vex ;
Friends, young and old, of either sex ;
Converse familiar, sportive, kind,
Where heart meets heart, mind quickens mind,
And words and thoughts are all at play,
Like children on a holiday ;

—Till themes celestial rapt the soul
In adoration o'er the pole,
Where stars are darkness in *His* sight,
Who reigns invisible in light,
High above all created things,
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings ;
Faith, which could thus on wing sublime
Outsoar the bounded flight of time ;
Hope full of immortality,
And God in all the eye could see ;
—These, these endear'd that day to me,
And made it, in a thousand ways,
A day among a thousand days,
That share with clouds the common lot ;
They come,—they go,—they are forgot :
This, like that plaything of the sun,
—The little, lonely, lovely one,
This lives within me ;—this shall be
A part of my eternity.

Amidst the cares, the toils, the strife,
The weariness and waste of life,
That day shall memory oft restore,
And in a moment live it o'er,
When, with a lightning-flash of thought,
Morn, noon, and eve at once are brought,
(As through the vision of a trance,)
All in the compass of a glance.

Oh ! should I reach a world above,
 And sometimes think of those I love,
 Of things on earth too dearly prized,
 (Nor yet by saints in heaven despised,)

Though Spirits made perfect may lament
 Life's holier hours as half-mis-spent,
 Methinks I could not turn away
 The fond remembrance of that day,
 The bright idea of that cloud,
 (Survivor of a countless crowd,)

Without a pause, perhaps a sigh,—
 To think such loveliness should die,
 And clouds and days of storm and gloom
 Scowl on Man's passage to the tomb.

—Not so :—I feel I have a heart
 Blessings to share, improve, impart,
 In blithe, severe, or pensive mood,
 At home, abroad, in solitude,
 Whatever clouds are on the wing,
 Whatever day the seasons bring.

That is true happiness below,
 Which conscience cannot turn to woe ;
 And though such happiness depends
 Neither on clouds, nor days, nor friends,
When friends, and days, and clouds unite,
 And kindred chords are tuned aright,
 The harmonies of heaven and earth,
 Through eye, ear, intellect, give birth

To joys too exquisite to last,
—And yet *more* exquisite when past !
When the soul summons by a spell
The ghosts of pleasures round her cell,
In saintlier forms than erst they wore,
And smiles benigner than before ;
Each loved, lamented scene renews
With warmer touches, tenderer hues ;
Recalls kind words for ever flown,
But echoing in a soften'd tone ;
Wakes, with new pulses in the breast,
Feelings forgotten or at rest ;
—The thought how fugitive and fair,
How dear and precious such things were !
That thought, with gladness more refined,
Deep and transporting, thrills the mind,
Than all those pleasures of an hour,
When most the soul confess'd their power.

Bliss in possession will not last ;
Remember'd joys are never past ;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were,—they are,—they yet shall be.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort now are found ;
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me to your rest.

Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
Follow me, I know thy voice—
Jesus Lord, thy steps I see,
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burthen now to me.
Sheffield, April, 1820.

A THEME FOR A POET.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1814, IN CONTEM-
PLATION OF A POEM WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN
PUBLISHED.

'What shall I do to be forever known.'—COWLEY.

THE arrow that shall lay me low,
Was shot from Fate's unerring bow,
The hour I first drew breath ;
And every footstep I proceed,
It tracks me with increasing speed ;
I turn, it meets me ; Death
Has given such impulse to that dart,
It points forever at my heart,
And soon of me it must be said,
That I have lived—that I am dead !
Of all I leave behind
A few may weep a little while,
Then bless my memory with a smile :
What monument of mind
Can I bequeath to deathless fame,
That after-times may love my name ?

Let SOUTHEY sing of war's alarms,
The pride of battle, din of arms,
The glory and the guilt

Of nations treacherously enslaved,
As realms by patriot martyrs saved :
Of blood insanely spilt,
And millions sacrificed to fate,
To make one little mortal great.

Let SCOTT in wilder strains, delight
To chant the lady and the knight,
The tournament, the chase,
The wizard's deeds without a name,
Perils by ambush, flood, and flame,
Or picturesquely trace
The hills that form a world so high,
The lake that seems a downward sky.

Let WORDSWORTH weave in mystic rhyme,
Feelings ineffably sublime ;
And sympathies unknown ;
Yet so our yielding breasts enthrall,
His soul shall transmigrate through all,
His thoughts become our own ;
And strangely pleased, we smile to find,
Such hidden treasures in our mind.

Let CAMPBELL's sweeter numbers flow
Through every change of joy or wo,
Hope's meaning dreams display
The Pennsylvanian cottage wild ;
The frenzy of O'Connor's child,
Or Linden's dreadful day ;

And still in each new theme appear,
To every Muse and Grace more dear.

Let BYRON, with untrembling hand,
Impetuous foot, and fiery brand,
Lit at the flames of hell,
Go down, and search the human heart,
'Till fiends from every corner start,
Their crimes and plagues to tell ;
Then let him fling his torch away,
And sun his soul in heaven's pure day.

Transcendent Masters of the Lyre !
Not to your honours I aspire,
Humbler, yet higher views
Have touch'd my spirit into flame ;
The pomp of Fiction I disclaim ;
Fair Truth ! be thou my Muse ;
Reveal in splendour deeds obscure ;
Abase the proud, exalt the poor.

I sing the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian clans to roam ;
Who land and ocean crossed,
Led by a star, discerned on high
By Faith's unseen, all seeing eye ;
To seek and save the lost ;
Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
To call his children from the dead.



Strong is the great Redeemer's name,
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
And, like their master here,
Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,
Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
And every form of fear ;
To taste his love their only joy,
To tell that love their best employ.

O thou of old in Bethlehem born,
A Man of sorrows and of scorn,
Jesus ! the Sinner's Friend !
Oh Thou, enthron'd, in filial right,
Above all creature power and height ;
Whose kingdom shall extend,
'Till earth, like heaven, thy name shall fill,
And men, like angels, do thy will :

Thou, whom I love, but cannot see ;
My Lord ! my God ! look down on me,
My low affections raise ?
Thy spirit of life and light impart,
Enlarge, inspire, inflame my heart ;
And while I spread thy praise,
Shine on my path, in mercy shine,
Prosper my work, and make it thine.

END OF VOL. III.

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Should be returned to
before the last date

