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*The Poetical Works
of James Montgomery*

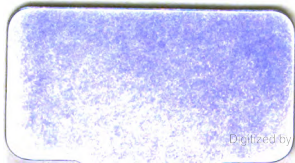
James Montgomery

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Parker

Roffe

Montgomery.





Self

in form.

THE
LITTEKAL. WOKK
OF
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. I.



*Yet suspend thy griefs awhile:
See the plenteous table crown'd;
And my wife's endearing smile
Boasts a rarer welcome round.
The wanderer of Switzerland.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.
THE WEST INDIES. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
PRISON AMUSEMENTS.



LONDON:
LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1841.

490.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

GENERAL PREFACE.

ON the appearance of a new edition of these collected works, at so late a period of his long and desultory course, the Author feels himself justified in giving more publicity than would formerly have been expedient to some of those peculiar circumstances, which, having governed his choice of subjects, and influenced his manner of handling them in his earlier compositions, have continued more or less to determine the character and tone of the whole.

The small pieces, accompanying "THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND," in the first volume, which gained for him a name, however humble, among his poetical contemporaries, were almost exclusively *personal*; — reveries, reminiscences, and anticipations referring to blighted hopes, existing troubles, and fearful forebodings of evils to come. Of this singularity, he was so little conscious at the time, that,

when first pointed out to him, the discovery alarmed the morbid egotism which had betrayed him into it, quite as much as the offence itself, if it were one, shocked the modesty, and provoked the scorn of critics in the highest place. Without pretending to vindicate this or any other indiscretion, into which he may have been misled by that self-love which is self-ignorance, or that ignorance of the world which is not the greatest crime in it, especially when found in a young man,—he must now, at an advanced age, hazard the charge of committing a more aggravated offence of the same kind (since what is venial in verse may be deemed unpardonable in prose), when he frankly lays before his readers such information concerning himself as shall enable those, who will take the necessary pains, to better understand, and more correctly to appreciate the merits or defects of productions, which have incurred more censure and won more favour than can often fall to the lot of an obscure and solitary adventurer in verse.

Passing over in this place the vicissitudes of his previous life till, at the age of twenty years, he became a resident in the town of Sheffield, he will offer, as the least exceptionable mode of communicating the proposed intelligence, portions of two statements which have been locally circulated, when he retired from the invidious station, which he had

maintained, for more than thirty years, through good report and through evil report, as proprietor and conductor of the *Iris*, a weekly journal sufficiently notorious in its day. The first of these documents contains an exposition of the motives and principles on which he had acted,—and acted at his peril even to the last,—throughout his editorial career; presented in full confidence to those who, at the time and upon the spot, were the most competent judges of the writer's veracity. The following paragraphs are quoted from the farewell to his readers when he had parted with the above-mentioned property,—not because he had made his fortune, but because he could not afford to make it at the expense of so much peace of mind as the effort increasingly cost him, “so to exercise (himself) as to have always a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward men,”—a duty, which he found harder and harder to fulfil, just in proportion as he became more and more impressed with the responsibility which he owed to both for what he sent forth into the world on all manner of subjects, and among all classes of the community.

“*Sheffield, September 27. 1825.*”

“A man can seldom speak of himself, in public, without appearing vain or ridiculous. Yet there are

occasions when, at any peril, it is right for him to do so. After having conducted the *Iris* for one-and-thirty years and upwards, I ought not to lay down my pen without a few words at parting.

“ I came to this town in the spring of 1792, a stranger and friendless, without any intention or prospect of making a long residence in it, much less of advancing myself, either by industry or talents, to a situation that should give me the opportunity of doing much evil or much good, as I might act with indiscretion or temperance. The whole nation, at that time, was disturbed from its propriety by the example and influence of revolutionised France ; nor was there a district in the kingdom more agitated by the passions and prejudices of the day than this. The people of Sheffield, in whatever contempt they may have been held by supercilious censors, ignorant of their character, were then, as they are now, and as I hope they ever will be, a reading and a thinking people. According to the knowledge which they had, therefore, they judged for themselves on the questions of reform in parliament, liberty of speech and of the press, the rights of man, and other egregious paradoxes, concerning which the wisest and best men have always been divided, and were never more so than at the period above mentioned, when the decision, either way, was not to be

merely speculative, but practical, and to affect permanently the condition of all classes of persons in the realm, from the monarch to the pauper,—so deep, comprehensive, and prospective was the view taken by every body, on the issue of the controversy. The two parties in Sheffield, as elsewhere, arrayed themselves on the contrary extremes; some being for every thing that was old, the rest for every thing that was new. There was no moderation on either side: each had a little of the truth, while the main body of it lay between; yet it was not for *this* that they were contending (like the Greeks and Trojans for the body of Patroclus), but for those few dissevered limbs which they already possessed.

“It was at ‘the height of this great argument,’ that I was led into the thickest of the conflict, though, happily for myself, under no obligation to take an active share in it. With all the enthusiasm of youth,—for I had not then arrived at years of discretion,—I entered into the feelings of those who avowed themselves the friends of freedom, justice, and humanity. Those with whom I was immediately connected verily were such; and had all the reformers of that era been generous, upright, and disinterested, like the noble-minded proprietor of the *Sheffield Register* (as this paper was then called), the cause which they espoused would never have been dis-

graced, and might have prevailed even at that time, since there could have been nothing to fear and all to hope from patriotic measures, supported by patriotic men. Though with every pulse of my heart beating in favour of the popular doctrines, my retired and religious education had laid restraints upon my conscience, which (I may fearlessly say so) long kept me back from personally engaging in the civil war of words raging in the neighbourhood, beyond an occasional rhyme, paragraph, or essay, in the newspaper, written rather for the purpose of showing my literary than my political qualifications. Ignorant of myself, and inexperienced in the world as a child of seven years old, having actually not lived so long among its every-day inhabitants, even when I became editor of the *Iris*, I, nevertheless, was preserved from joining myself to any of the political societies till they were broken up in 1794, when I confess I did associate with the remnant of one of them for a purpose which I shall never be ashamed to avow, — to support the families of several of the accused leaders, who were detained prisoners in London, under the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and who were finally discharged without having been brought to trial. I simply state the fact; any explanation of my motives would be irrelevant here: they satisfied me then, and they satisfy me now. Since that time I

have had no correspondence with any political party whatever.

“ From the first moment when I became the director of a public journal, I took my own ground ; I have stood upon it through many years of changes, and I rest by it this day, as having afforded me a shelter through the far greater portion of my life, and yet offering me a grave when I shall no longer have a part in any thing done under the sun. And this was my ground,—a plain determination, come wind or sun, come fire or water, to do what was right. I lay stress upon the purpose, not on the performance, for that was the pole star to which my compass was pointed, though with considerable variation of the needle; for, through characteristic weakness, perversity of understanding, or self-sufficiency, I have often erred, failed, and been overcome by temptation on the wearisome pilgrimage through which I have toiled :— now struggling through ‘ the Slough of Despondency ;’ then fighting with evil spirits, in ‘ the Valley of Humiliation ;’ more than once escaping martyrdom from ‘ Vanity Fair,’ and once at least (I will not say when) a prisoner in ‘ Doubting Castle,’ under the discipline of Giant Despair. Now, though I am not writing this address in one of the shepherds’ tents on the ‘ Delectable Mountains,’ yet, like Bunyan’s Christian, I can look back on the past,

with all its anxieties, trials, and conflicts, thankful that it *is* the past. Of the future I have little foresight, and I desire none with respect to this life, being content that 'shadows, clouds, and darkness dwell upon it,' if I yet may hope that 'at evening time there will be light.' But I must return to days gone by.

"It was on the 4th of July, 1794, that the first *Iris*, in succession to the *Sheffield Register*, was published. Then, and for twelve months ensuing, I was in partnership with an esteemed coadjutor, by whose liberality and confidence I was enabled the next year to continue the paper alone. This was done under disadvantages and difficulties, of the extent of which I was little aware; I persevered, however, through a series of sufferings, desertions, crosses, and calamities without a name, against which I had nothing to oppose but the shield of patient endurance, for neither sword nor spear was found in my hand. I had many foes, but I did not overcome them in battle; I outlived their enmity; and so mercifully did the Providence of God over-rule their wrath, that when they had repeatedly triumphed over me, the very hands which had smitten me down were stretched out to raise me up, and by the arms that had fought against me I was supported for years in a path of moderate prosperity. At the

commencement of my career, 'twice in the course of twelve months I was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for imputed offences.' I choose to quote these words from the preface to the first volume in which I appeared as an author. I can now add, that all the persons who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795 are dead, and without exception they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of them distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law; I rest my justification, in these cases, now on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then. I mention the circumstance to the honour of the deceased, and as an evidence, that, amidst all the violence of that distracted time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed, and by its healing influence did indeed comfort those who had been conscientious sufferers. Such at least was my experience, and gratitude to God and man required this testimony from me, when the motives from which it is given cannot be suspected.

“On two other occasions I was in danger of legal vengeance. In the first case, I had been merely

the printer and publisher of a tract, for a person of wealth and character, who, I admit, may possibly have been ignorant of the misery of fear and suspense in which he involved me, for, till a prosecution should be actually commenced, I had determined never to apply to him, and I never did. [Nor did he ever allude to the circumstance in later intercourse with me.] That gentleman, if living, now resides far from Sheffield, and will not be betrayed by this intimation concerning a fact, which I state as a warning to inexperienced publishers. The article itself was a speculative argument respecting war, and, like all other charges which have been brought against me, referred to the iniquity of shedding man's blood. The next case of threatened but abortive prosecution assumed a more formidable aspect, the subject being a paragraph of my own, which appeared in the IRIS in the autumn of 1805, containing some strictures on the campaign in Germany, in which the renowned General Mack certainly saved an immense effusion of human blood by surrendering himself and his army alive into the hands of Buonaparte. I never knew how this blow missed me, for it was aimed with a cordiality that meant no repetition of the stroke. I had made up my mind to meet it, 'as the anvil meets the hammer,'—to avow the sentiments, and stand or fall

by them, without any other defence than the simple plea of 'Not guilty.'—The death of Lord Nelson probably saved me; for in the next *Iris*, having to announce that lamentable event, I did it in such a strain of patriotism (in the best sense of *that* word) that my former week's disloyalty was thereafter overlooked. I have sometimes thought that I was indebted for my escape to the firmness and good sense of a gentleman in authority, who declined to countenance the conspiracy against me.

“No man who did not live amidst the delirium of those evil days, and that strife of evil tongues, can well imagine the bitterness of animosity which infatuated the zealous partisans. I was peculiarly unfortunate in being the heir, I may say, to the treasured wrath that was ready to burst upon the head of my predecessor, at my very outset in the world of politics; for example,—before I had committed any offence whatever,—I found myself visited with a punishment directly intended for another, in the withdrawal of all the county-advertisements from the *Iris*, merely because it took the vacated place of the *Sheffield Register*. It was years before those advertisements were allowed to me. Nay, such was the reign of terror at home, that persons, well disposed to serve me in the way of business, have brought their orders to the office,

with express injunctions that no imprint should appear at the foot of their bills, &c. lest they should give offence, and come to harm for having employed an obnoxious press.

“ It is true, that, amidst all these tribulations, I had many ardent and active friends, by whose help I was carried through my legal adversities with small pecuniary loss, and with all the consolations which kind offices could afford. One instance of rare magnanimity I must mention. The late Doctor BROWNE stood by me through every perplexity. He was then at the head of the town, and having the command of all the public business, he never failed to throw as much of it into my hands as circumstances would warrant. What rivals solicited, and enemies would have intercepted, he resolutely and gratuitously bestowed upon me, though I never asked a boon of him, nor in any way compromised my own independence to insure his patronage. Even when I was under prosecution, and in prison, at the instance of those with whom he was politically connected, he never changed countenance towards me, nor omitted an opportunity of serving me. The resolutions and addresses of loyal meetings he has repeatedly brought away with him to my office, jocularly telling me what battles he had been fighting in my behalf to win them. The manliness with

which these favours were conferred, gave them a grace and a value beyond what I could estimate at the time, and, probably, secured for me a measure of personal respect in the town, which, otherwise, I might not have so easily obtained. It was in the crisis of my affairs, and during the heedlessness of youth respecting ulterior consequences, that he thus delicately and dexterously aided me, both against my adversaries and myself. Meanwhile I did not shrink from expressing my own opinions in the very newspapers which he made the vehicle of his when at variance with mine; nor did I perceive that I lost his esteem by such conduct. On one occasion, indeed (not political), we had a misunderstanding respecting a point which he very earnestly urged, but which I would not yield, because I was confidently right, according to my most deliberate judgment. This disagreement occurred during a personal interview at his house; but I had scarcely reached home, when I received from him a conciliatory message, which did equal credit to his candour and his condescension. This tribute I gladly pay to the memory of the greatest public character that has done honour or service to Sheffield; and I should prove myself unworthy of his former regards, if I did not thus record the name of Doctor BROWNÉ as one of my earliest, longest, and best benefactors.

“ At the close of 1805 ended the romance of my life: the last twenty years have brought their cares and their trials with them, but these have been of the ordinary kind,—not always the better to bear on that account. On a review of them I can affirm, that I have endeavoured, according to my knowledge and ability, to serve my townspeople and my country with as little regard to the fear or favour of party-men as personal infirmity would admit. From the beginning I have been no favourite with such characters. By ‘*the Aristocrats*’ I was persecuted, and abandoned by ‘*the Jacobins*’ (as the contending factions were reciprocally styled in those days). I have found as little grace in the sight of the milder representatives of these two classes in later times; yet, if either have cause to complain, it is, that I have occasionally taken part with the other, and sometimes dissented from both,—a presumptive proof of my impartiality. Whatever charges of indecision may be brought against me by those who *will* see only one side of every thing, while I am often puzzled by seeing so many as hardly to be able to make out the shape of the object,—it cannot be denied, that, on the most important questions which have exercised the understandings or the sympathies of the people of England, I have never flinched from declaring my own senti-

ments, at the sacrifice both of popularity and interest. I refrain from particulars.

“ If I have not done all the good which I might, and which I ought to have done, I have rejected many opportunities of doing mischief; a negative kind of virtue, which sometimes costs no small self-denial in the editor of a public journal to practise. While I quit a painful responsibility in laying down my office, I am sensible that I resign the possession of great power and influence in the neighbourhood. These I cannot have exercised through so many years, without having made the character of my townspeople something different from what it would have been, had I never come among them. Whether they are better or worse for my existence here, they themselves are the best judges. This I can affirm, that I have perseveringly ‘ sought the peace of the city ’ wherein I was led as an exile to dwell; and never neglected an occasion (so far as I can remember) to promote the social, moral, and intellectual improvement of its inhabitants. Nor in retirement can I forget, that the same duty I still owe to them. Either through the channel of this paper, or by personal exertions for the public welfare, I shall be happy to avail myself of any favourable opportunity to show my gratitude for all the hospitality, patience,

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kindness, and friendship, which I have hitherto experienced from the people of Sheffield."

After circulating the foregoing address at the close of his editorial course, the Author of these volumes had no thought of further intruding his personal affairs upon the public, either at home or abroad; but, in November of the same year (1825), an entertainment having been given him by his townspeople and neighbours, of every shade of political and religious distinction, avowedly as a token of respect and esteem for him, both in his public and his private character, he was necessarily called upon to make some acknowledgment for the honour and kindness thus bestowed upon him. From the printed report of the sentiments which he uttered on that occasion, the following passages referred more distinctly than would have been becoming in the newspaper farewell to his literary aspirations, disappointments, and successes. The preamble and close, bearing principally upon the speaker's conduct in certain local concerns with which he had been long and actively connected, would be irrelevant here. Lord Viscount Milton (now the Earl Fitzwilliam) being in the chair, their guest gave the following account to his Lordship and the company of his former labours and sufferings: —

“ I do not know that I ever stood in a more difficult situation, than that in which I find myself at this moment. I have often encountered opposition, and if I have seldom triumphed, I have never been so vanquished by hostility, but that I have in the end risen above it. Against friendship, however, I cannot hold out ; the force of kindness is too much for me ; I yield, and cast myself on your indulgence, confident that *this* will not fail me, though both thoughts and language may, in attempting to address you under my present embarrassment.

* * * * *

“ Since I came to this town I have stood through many a fierce and bitter storm, and I wrapt the mantle of pride tighter and tighter about my bosom, the heavier and harder the blast beat upon me ; nay, when I was prostrate in the dust, without power to rise, or a friend strong enough to raise me, I still clung to my pride, or, rather, my pride clung to me, like the venomed robe of Hercules, not to be torn away but at the expense of life itself. However haughtily I may have carried myself in later trials and conflicts, the warmth and sunshine of this evening, within these walls, compel me, irresistibly, because willingly, to cast off every encumbrance, to lay my pride at your feet, and stand before you modestly, yet upright, in the garment of

humility. But the humility which I now assume is as remote as possible from baseness and servility; nay, it is allied to whatever is noble and excellent in social feeling,—it is the offspring of gratitude; gratitude for the favour shown to me this day, by friends, fellow-townsmen, and neighbours. The deaf and dumb boy being required to define ‘gratitude,’ wrote down upon his slate, ‘it is the remembrance of the heart:’—may my heart never lose its memory!

* * * * *

“With politics I do not mean to trouble you here; I have already made my last speech and confession on those topics, as Editor of the *Iris*. Respecting that farewell address, I know not that I have any thing to add, to explain, or to retract. I give credit to every gentleman present for as much honesty in the choice of his opinions, and as much independence in the assertion of them, as I have always claimed for myself; I only ask, what, indeed, the presence of so many reputable persons of dissimilar persuasions, at this social board, assures me that I have,—I only ask that I may be judged by others as I myself desire to judge them. I may be allowed to observe, that if there be a day in the three hundred and sixty-five that compose the year,—and surely out of three hundred and sixty-five

there must be one at least,—on which the civil war of parties should be suspended, and a truce, nay a jubilee, of all true patriots held; it is the fourth of November (the speaker's birthday), on which are commemorated, not the event only, but the principles of the revolution of 1688. From these principles we all profess to derive our peculiarities;—before we take one step then towards dissension, we are all standing on common ground, and, to be consistent, we must be concordant to-day.

“ But the terms of the requisition for this meeting warrant, if they do not make it incumbent on me, that I should allude to a character, in which I have won more honour, and hardly suffered less severely, than I have done in politics. In the issue of circumstances too minute and perplexing to bear exposure here, the following was my situation when I came, a stranger, to Sheffield. I had fondly, foolishly, sacrificed all my friends, connections, and prospects in life, and thrown myself headlong into the world, with the sole view of acquiring poetic laurels. The early, ardent breathing of my soul from boyhood had been,

‘What shall I do to be for ever known?’

COWLEY.

and to gain ‘golden opinions from all sorts of men’ by the power of my imagined genius, was the che-

rished hope and determined purpose of my mind. In the retirement of Fulneck, among the Moravian Brethren, by whom I had been educated, I was nearly as ignorant of the world and its every-day concerns, as those gold fishes swimming about in the glass globe on the pedestal before us are of what we are doing around them; and when I took the rash step of running into the vortex, I was nearly as little prepared for the business of general life, as they would be to take a part in our proceedings, were they to leap out of their element upon this table. The experience of something more than two years (at the time to which I now refer) had awakened me to the unpoetical realities around me, and I was left to struggle alone amidst the crowd that compose the world, without any of those inspiring motives left to cheer me, under the delusive influence of which I had flung myself amidst scenes, and into society, for which I was wholly unfit by feeling, taste, habit, or bodily constitution. Thus, I came hither, with all my hopes blighted like the leaves and blossoms of a premature spring, when the woods are spun over with insects' webs, or crawling with caterpillars. There was yet life, but it was perverse, unnatural life, in my mind; and the renown which I found to be unattainable, at that time, by legitimate poetry, I resolved to secure by

such means as made many of my contemporaries notorious. I wrote verse in the doggerel strain of Peter Pindar, and prose sometimes in imitation of Fielding and Smollett, and occasionally in the strange style of the German plays and romances then in vogue. Effort after effort failed. A Providence of disappointment shut every door in my face, by which I attempted to force my way to a dishonourable fame. I was thus happily saved from appearing as the author of works which, at this hour, I should have been ashamed to acknowledge before you. Disheartened at length with ill success, I gave myself up to indolence and apathy, and lost seven years of that part of my youth which ought to have been the most active and profitable, in alternate listlessness and despondency, using no further exertion in my office affairs than was necessary to keep up my credit under heavy pecuniary obligations, and gradually though slowly to liquidate them.

“During this dreary interval, I had but one friend and counsellor at home, Mr. EBENEZER RHODES*, and another at Manchester, Mr. JOSEPH

* The author of *Peak Scenery*, a beautiful descriptive work, embellished with admirable engravings from sketches by Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY. Mr. RHODES might have been a poet of no mean order, had he continued to cultivate the talent by which he was advantageously known in his youth. He departed this life in December, 1839.

ASTON, with whom I frequently corresponded. To these two I confided my schemes, enterprises, and miscarriages; and they, so far as they could, consoled me with anticipations of a favourable change in the taste of the times, or a luckier application of my talents, when such productions as mine might be acceptable to the public. About the year 1803 I wrote, in my better vein of seriousness (being sickened with buffoonery and extravagance), a lyric poem, which appeared in the *Iris* under a signature not likely to betray me. Such were the unexpected applauses bestowed upon this piece (especially by the friends whom I have named), that, thenceforward, I returned to the true Muses, abjured my former eccentricities, and said to myself,

'Give me an honest fame or give me none.'

POPE.

Though I made not a literal vow to this purport, yet I have ever since endeavoured to act as though such a vow were upon me; and I do think, that no person in this room, or elsewhere, can rise up to contradict me. One occasional lay after another, in the same reformed spirit, were issued in the course of the two following years. I then began to collect the series into a volume for publication. While this was slowly proceeding through my own press, a gentleman of high talent and skill both in

poetry and painting, Mr. WILLIAM CAREY, made several visits to Sheffield; and with him I soon became so well acquainted, that I freely communicated to him my poems and my projects. With zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance most exemplary, he took up my cause, and not only recommended the unknown poet in distant parts of the kingdom which he visited professionally, but made me better known as such even at home, where for a long period I had been principally celebrated as the writer of a weekly article, entitled *Facts and Rumours*, in my own newspaper. * * *

“Soon afterwards THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND appeared, and was immediately hailed by another stranger of distinguished abilities, as a poet, an essayist, and a critic,—the late Dr. AIKIN. He took the poor foundling under his protection,—I may say, adopted it into his family,—for his illustrious sister, Mrs. BARBAULD, and his accomplished daughter, Miss LUCY AIKIN (who has since proved herself worthy of her lineage by her own admirable writings), as well as two of the Doctor’s sons, each eminently gifted,—I eagerly avail myself of the present happy opportunity of confessing obligations,—these, all utterly unknown to me, except by their respective works, introduced my little volume into the literary circles of the metropolis, and secured

for it, within a few weeks, a reading, which advertisements and reviews might not have obtained in twelve months. This poem and its accompaniments were rapidly rising in reputation, when a critical blast came over my second spring from so deadly a quarter (*The Edinburgh Review*), that I thought my immortality once more, and for the last time, slain. The devoted volume, however, survived, and it survives to this hour. Meanwhile one publication after another was issued, and success upon success, in the course of a few years, crowned my labours,—not indeed with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison with whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus, my small plot of ground is no more than Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own, it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it, from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say that not an inch which I had once gained have I ever lost. I attribute this to no extraordinary power of genius, or felicity of talent in the application of such power as I may possess;—the estimate of that I leave to you who hear me, not in this moment of generous enthusiasm, but when the evening's enjoyment shall come under the morning's reflection:—the secret of my moderate success, I consider to have been the

right direction of my abilities to right objects. In following this course I have had to contend with many disadvantages, as well as resolutely to avoid the most popular and fashionable ways to fame. I followed no mighty leader, belonged to no school of the poets, pandered to no impure passion; I veiled no vice in delicate disguise, gratified no malignant propensity to personal satire; courted no powerful patronage; I wrote neither to suit the manners, the taste, nor the temper of the age; but I appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, to primary elements of our common nature, found wherever man is found in civilised society; wherever his mind has been raised above barbarian ignorance, or his passions purified from brutal selfishness.

“ I sang of war,—but it was the war of freedom, in which death was preferred to chains. I sang the Abolition of the Slave Trade, that most glorious decree of the British Legislature, at any period since the Revolution, by the first parliament, in which you, my Lord, sat as the representative of Yorkshire. Oh! how should I rejoice to sing the Abolition of Slavery itself, by some parliament of which your Lordship shall yet be a Member! This greater act of righteous legislation is surely not too remote to be expected even in our day. Renouncing the Slave Trade was only ‘ceasing to do evil;’ extin-

guishing slavery will be 'learning to do well.'
Again: I sang of love, the love of country, the love
of my own country; for,

————— 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!

I sang, likewise, the love of home; its charities, endearments, and relationship; all that makes 'Home sweet Home;' the recollection of which, when the air of that name was just now played from yonder gallery, warmed every heart throughout this room into quicker pulsations. I sang the love which man ought to bear towards his brother, of every kindred, and country, and clime upon earth. I sang the love of virtue which elevates man to his true standard under heaven; I sang, too, the love of God, who *is* love. Nor did I sing in vain. I found readers and listeners, especially among the young, the fair, and the devout; and as youth, beauty, and piety will not soon cease out of the land, I may expect to be remembered through another generation at least, if I leave any thing behind me worthy of remembrance. I may add, that from every part of the British empire, from every quarter of the world where our language is spoken,—from America, the East and West Indies, from New Holland and the South Sea

Islands themselves,—I have received testimonies of approbation from all ranks and degrees of readers, hailing what I had done, and cheering me forward. I allude not to criticisms and eulogiums from the press, but to voluntary communications from unknown correspondents, coming to me like voices out of darkness, and giving intimation of that which the ear of a poet is always hearkening onward to catch,—the voice of posterity.

“But I might have been a notable politician in my day, and forgotten as soon as my day was over. I might have been a far greater poet than I am deemed, and have left a name behind me, which would have rendered illustrious the place where I had so long resided; and, in either of these cases, honours and rewards suitable to my pretensions might have been conferred upon me,—but they would not have been such as my townspeople and neighbours have this day bestowed upon me. For these I am mainly indebted to a circumstance of equal interest both to the benefactors and the beneficiary,—I have been your fellow-labourer in many a great and good work for the amelioration of the condition, not of the poor only, but of every class of the community in Sheffield and Hallamshire. * * * * * All eyes have been continually upon me; and as I have seldom done absolutely ill, and *appeared* to be, generally,

may, I will say sincerely, that I *was* actually—endeavouring to do well, I have gained credit for my deeds rather proportioned to my obvious intentions than my positive merits. The rewards and honours which I am enjoying through your kindness, therefore, are not the hasty expressions of temporary feeling;—they have been more than thirty years in preparation. For these I return you my most fervent and cordial acknowledgments; but, in conclusion, let me frankly state the situation in which you have placed me from this day forward.

“ You have brought me to this altar of hospitality. We have broken bread, we have eaten salt together. And you have done this, not merely to give me a splendid proof, in the eyes of all the world, of the estimation in which you hold my general conduct and character since I became an inhabitant of Sheffield;—but you have done it, also, to require of me a pledge, that my future conduct and character shall correspond with the past. And this I give you freely, fully, hand, and heart, and voice. * * * * * But let me remind you, that you have committed to my keeping a very perilous charge. The honour awarded to me, with all deference to your judgment, is one which perhaps ought rather to have been posthumous than antedated. * * * * *

‘ No man can be pronounced happy till he is dead,’

said a sage of antiquity. In the same spirit I may say, No man's character is secure till death has set the seal of eternity upon it. Mine, however, unsealed, you have given to my own custody. Recollecting that the credit of yours is now implicated with it, I shall have a double motive to deliver safely, and in due course, this yet unratified instrument of trust, at the grave, there to be enregistered till the great day of account. If I succeed in doing this, I may with confidence leave the care of my good name to your posterity."

The foregoing records, rescued from the perishing pages of the local newspapers of the day, will not, after the lapse of fifteen years, be less, but rather more necessary for the proper intelligence of many of the pieces, especially the earlier ones, contained in these volumes. The principal poems are now republished in the same order as they originally appeared, accompanied, for the most part, by the miscellaneous compositions then attached to them.

From the preface to the former edition of these collected productions the following paragraph shall close this retrospective preamble:—"On the greater part of these poems, the judgment of the public has

been so long exercised, and so gradually formed, that it may by this time be considered irreversible. Wherefore, having little further to hope, and less, perhaps, than once he had to fear, the Author is willing to acknowledge that, with the place which has been assigned to him among numerous and far more successful contemporaries, he has abundant reason to be satisfied. What may become of his name and his writings in the next age, it is not for him to anticipate here ; he has honestly endeavoured to serve his own generation, and, on the whole, has been careful to leave nothing behind him to make the world worse for his having existed in it, and obtained an influence, however small, beyond his personal circle, and to the brief limit of what may be his posthumous memory."

*The Mount, near Sheffield,
October 27, 1840.*

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THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND,

A POEM, IN SIX PARTS.

I.

B

as no mortal verse could be expected to survive. Reviewers may be infallible in their critical judgments,—and in their own courts they are so, of course,—but when the most sagacious of them turn prophets, they show that they have as little claim to that character as poets themselves have, in these degenerate days, when it can no longer be said, as of old, that

————— “ the sacred name
Of poet and of prophet is the same.”

The writer of the article alluded to was pleased to say, in his plural capacity, “ We are perfectly persuaded, that, in less than three years, nobody will know the name of the Wanderer of Switzerland, or of any other of the poems in this collection ;” — a prognostic as true, probably, as any thing else in the entire paper, and worthy, it must be confessed, of honourable mention, on the appearance, in the present series, of a thirteenth edition of the same poems, three and thirty years after they had been left for execution, in less than a tenth of the time which has elapsed since the sentence of oblivion was recorded. Of this, the critic himself may have had some second-sighted anticipation, when, within eighteen months from the utterance of this oracle, a *fourth* impression (1500 copies) of the condemned volume was passing through the press whence the *Edinburgh Review* itself was issued ; while, for several years afterwards, successive editions of that and other works from the same excommunicated

quarter, were printed by Messrs. James Ballantyne and Co. And all these "feeble outrages" were committed, notwithstanding the tender mercy of the reviewer towards the culprit, so amiably exemplified in his forbearance to do justice, till the third offence became "too alarming to be passed over," according to the following very frank acknowledgment in the preamble to the *critique*:—

"We took compassion upon Mr. Montgomery, on his first appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and other provincial literati, and tempted, in that situation, to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment. A third edition, however, is too alarming to be passed over in silence; and though we are perfectly persuaded, that, in less than three years, nobody will know the name of the Wanderer of Switzerland, or of any of the other poems in this collection, still we think ourselves called upon to interfere, to prevent, in as far as in us lies, the mischief that may arise from the intermediate prevalence of so distressing an epidemic. It is hard to say what numbers of ingenuous youth may be led to expose themselves in public, by the success of this performance, or what addition may be made in a few months to that great sinking fund of bad taste, which is daily wearing down the debt which we have so long owed to the classical writers of antiquity." — *Edinburgh Review*, No. XVIII. January, 1807.

When a giant of twenty horse-power undertakes

“ To break a butterfly upon a wheel,”

it is ten to one but he misses his aim, and stuns his own arm by the violence of the first stroke; while the silly insect flits away, to the delight of, “it is hard to say, what numbers of ingenuous youth,” who have been “led to expose themselves in public,” on so august an occasion, irreverently shouting,—

“ *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*”

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

* * * The historical facts alluded to in the following narrative may be found in the *Supplement to Coxe's Travels in Switzerland*, *Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy*, and *Zschokke's Invasion of Switzerland by the French in 1798*, translated by Dr. Aikin.

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART I.

A Wanderer of Switzerland and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter, and her young Children, emigrating from their Country, in consequence of its Subjugation by the French in 1798, arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd, beyond the Frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.

Shep. “WANDERER, whither dost thou roam?
Weary wanderer, old and grey;
Wherefore hast thou left thine home
In the sunset of thy day?”

Wanderer. “In the sunset of my day,
Stranger, I have lost my home:
Weary, wandering, old and grey,
Therefore, therefore do I roam.

Here mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace;
There my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

These her infants — O their Sire,
 Worthy of the race of TELL,
 In the battle's fiercest fire,
 — In his country's battle fell !”

Shep. “ SWITZERLAND then gave thee birth ?”

Wand. “ Ay — 'twas SWITZERLAND of yore ;
 But, degraded spot of earth !
 Thou art SWITZERLAND no more :

O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,
 Are the waves of ruin hurl'd ;
 Like the waters of the flood
 Rolling round a buried world.”

Shep. “ Yet will Time the deluge stop :
 Then may SWITZERLAND be blest :
 On St. Gothard's* hoary top
 Shall the Ark of Freedom rest.”

Wand. “ No ! — Irreparably lost,
 On the day that made us slaves,
 Freedom's Ark, by tempest tost,
 Founder'd in the swallowing waves.”

Shep. “ Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,
 All my blessings to partake ;
 Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
 For thine injured country's sake.

* ST. GOTHARD is the name of the highest mountain in the canton of URI, the birth-place of Swiss independence.

On the western hills afar
 Evening lingers with delight,
 While she views her favourite star
 Brightening on the brow of night.

Here, though lowly be my lot,
 Enter freely, freely share
 All the comforts of my cot,
 Humble shelter, homely fare.

Spouse ! I bring a suffering guest,
 With his family of grief ;
 Give the weary pilgrims rest,
 Yield the Exiles sweet relief."

Shep.'s Wife. " I will yield them sweet relief :
 Weary pilgrims ! welcome here ;
 Welcome, family of grief !
 Welcome to my warmest cheer."

Wand. " When in prayer the broken heart
 Asks a blessing from above,
 Heaven shall take the Wanderer's part,
 Heaven reward the stranger's love."

Shep. " Haste, recruit the failing fire,
 High the winter-faggots raise :
 See the crackling flames aspire ;
 O how cheerfully they blaze !

Mourners ! now forget your cares,
 And, till supper-board be crown'd,

Shep. “ Yet suspend thy griefs awhile :
See the plenteous table crown'd ;
And my wife's endearing smile
Beams a rosy welcome round.

Cheese from mountain-dairies prest,
Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
Honey from the wild-bee's nest,
Cheering wine and ripen'd fruits :

These, with soul-sustaining bread,
My paternal fields afford :—
On such fare our fathers fed ;
Hoary pilgrim ! bless the board.”

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.

After supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his Country, during the Invasion and Conquest of it by the French, in connection with his own Story.

Shep. "WANDERER! bow'd with griefs and years,
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale,
O give language to those tears!
Tell their melancholy tale."

Wand. "Stranger-friend, the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek
Tell a mystery of woe
Which no human tongue can speak.

Not the pangs of 'Hope deferr'd'
My tormented bosom tear:—
On the tomb of Hope interr'd
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world:

Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,

L

C

Shep. " Yet suspend thy griefs awhile :
 See the plenteous table crown'd ;
 And my wife's endearing smile
 Beams a rosy welcome round.

Cheese from mountain-dairie
 Wholesome herbs, nutritior
 Honey from the wild-bee'
 Cheering wine and riper

These, with soul-sust
 My paternal fields ;
 On such fare our
 Hoary pilgrim ! stream,
 at rest ;
 dream
 her's breast.

at wreck'd the world,
 areer,
 ain hurl'd
 ENT g heart held dear.

icely towers of BERNE
 allic thunder-stroke :
 lake of poor LUCERNE,
 submitted to the yoke.

EDING then his standard raised,
 Drew his sword on BRUNNEN's plain * ;

BRUNNEN, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of
 of URI, where the first Swiss Patriots, WALTER FURST

booming waters swell'd
 k beneath the flood.*

phant day,
 ns once more
 k array,
 ore.
 's fate he
 rew his country's

men were those who fell
 ng on their fathers' graves!
 etched those who lived to tell,
 Reason made the victors slaves! †

Thus my country's life retired,
 Slowly driven from part to part,
 UNDERWALDEN last expired,
 UNDERWALDEN was the heart. ‡

of URI, WERNER STAUFFACHER of SCHWITZ, and ARNOLD of MELCHTAL in UNDERWALDEN, conspired against the tyranny of Austria in 1307, again, in 1798, became the seat of the Diet of these three forest cantons.

* On the plains of MORGARTHEN, where the Swiss gained their first decisive victory over the force of Austria, and thereby secured the independence of their country; ALOYS REDING, at the head of the troops of the little cantons, URI, SCHWITZ, and UNDERWALDEN, repeatedly repulsed the invading army of FRANCE.

† By the resistance of these small cantons, the French General SCHAWENBOURG was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport; but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force; and with threats of extermination compelled them to take the civic oath to the new constitution, imposed upon all Switzerland.

‡ The inhabitants of the Lower Valley of UNDERWALDEN

While the lingering moon delay'd
 In the wilderness of night,
 Ere the morn awoke the shade
 Into loveliness and light ; —

GALLIA's tigers, wild for blood,
 Darted on our sleeping fold ;
 Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
 Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.

By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
 All the valley burst awake ;
 All were in a moment arm'd,
 From the barriers to the lake.

— In that valley, on that shore,
 When the graves give up their dead,
 At the trumpet's voice once more
 Shall those slumberers quit their bed.

For the glen that gave them birth
 Hides their ashes in its womb :
 O'tis venerable earth,
 Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb.

Then on every side begun
 That unutterable fight ;

overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains, and surrounded their camp, while an assault, at the same time, was made upon them from the Lake.

Never rose the astonish'd sun
On so horrible a sight.

Once an eagle of the rock
('Twas an omen of our fate)
Stoop'd, and from my scatter'd flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

While the Parents fed their young,
Lo! a cloud of vultures lean,
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly screaming rush'd between.

Fiercely fought the eagle-twin,
Though by multitudes opprest,
Till their little ones were slain,
Till they perish'd on their nest.

More unequal was the fray
Which our band of brethren waged ;
More insatiate o'er their prey
GAUL'S remorseless vultures raged.

In innumerable waves,
Swoln with fury, grim with blood,
Headlong roll'd the hordes of slaves,
And ingulph'd us with a flood.

In the whirlpool of that flood,
Firm in fortitude divine,

Slain for me, his dearest breath
 On my lips he did resign ;
 Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
 From the blow that menaced mine.

He had raised his dying head,
 And was gazing on my face ;
 As I woke, — the spirit fled,
 But I *felt* his last embrace.”

Shep. “ Man of suffering ! such a tale
 Would wring tears from marble eyes !”

Wand. “ Ha ! my daughter's cheek grows pale !”

W's Wife. “ Help, O help ! my daughter dies !”

Wand. “ Calm thy transports, O my wife !
 Peace for these dear orphans' sake !”

W's Wife. “ O my joy, my hope, my life,
 O my child, my child, awake !”

Wand. “ God ! O God, whose goodness gives ;
 God ! whose wisdom takes away ;
 Spare my child !”

Shep. ————— “ She lives, she lives !”

Wand. “ Lives ? — my daughter, didst thou say ?

GOD ALMIGHTY, on my knees,
 In the dust will I adore
 Thine unsearchable decrees ;
 — She was dead : — she lives once more.”

W.'s Dtr. "When poor ALBERT died, no prayer
Call'd him back to hated life :
O that I had perish'd there,
Not his widow, but his wife !"

Wand. "Dare my daughter thus repine ?
ALBERT ! answer from above ;
Tell me, — are these infants thine,
Whom their mother does not love ?"

W.'s Dtr. "Does not love ! — my father hear ;
Hear me, or my heart will break :
Dear is life, but only dear
For my parents', children's sake.

Bow'd to Heaven's mysterious will,
I am worthy yet of you ;
Yes ! — I am a mother still,
Though I feel a widow too."

Wand. "Mother, Widow, Mourner, all,
All kind names in one, — my child ;
On thy faithful neck I fall ;
Kiss me, — are we reconciled ?"

W.'s Dtr. "Yes, to ALBERT I appeal : —
ALBERT, answer from above,
That my father's breast may feel
All his daughter's heart of love."

Shep.'s Wife. "Faint and way-worn as they be
With the day's long journey, Sire,

Let thy pilgrim family
Now with me to rest retire.”

Wand. “ Yes, the hour invites to sleep ;
Till the morrow we must part :
— Nay, my daughter, do not weep,
Do not weep and break my heart.

Sorrow-soothing sweet repose
On your peaceful pillows light ;
Angel-hands your eyelids close ;
Dream of Paradise to night.”

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

PART V.

The Wanderer, being left alone with the Shepherd, relates his Adventures after the Battle of Unterwalden.

Shep. "WHEN the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies),
Bright beyond the gulf of death,
Lo! the land of promise lies.

Peace to ALBERT'S awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease;
And to ALBERT'S ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, peace."

Wand. "On the fatal field I lay
Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.

Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look'd around,
Where embracing, friends and foes,
Dead and dying, strew'd the ground.

Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping where her husband bled,

Heedless though her babe was by,
Prattling to his father dead.

Many a mother, in despair
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she long'd to seek in vain.

Dark the evening-shadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death;
And the evening-dews fell cold
On the lip that gasp'd for breath.

As I gazed, an ancient dame,
— She was *childless* by her look,
With refreshing cordials came;
Of her bounty I partook.

Then, with desperation bold,
ALBERT'S precious corpse I bore
On these shoulders weak and old,
Bow'd with misery before.

ALBERT'S angel gave me strength,
As I stagger'd down the glen;
And I hid my charge at length
In its wildest, deepest den.

Then returning through the shade
To the battle-scene, I sought,
'Mongst the slain, an axe and spade;—
With such weapons FREEMEN fought.

Scythes for swords our youth did wield
In that execrable strife ;
Ploughshares in that horrid field
Bled with slaughter, breathed with life.

In a dark and lonely cave,
While the glimmering moon arose,
Thus I dug my ALBERT's grave ;
There his hallow'd limbs repose.

Tears then, tears too long repress,
Gush'd : — they fell like healing balm,
Till the whirlwind in my breast
Died into a dreary calm.

On the fresh earth's humid bed,
Where my martyr lay enshrined,
This forlorn, unhappy head,
Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

But while o'er my weary eyes
Soothing slumbers seem'd to creep,
Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
From the clasping arms of sleep.

For the bones of ALBERT dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave beneath my head
Burst asunder ; — ALBERT rose !

' Ha ! my Son — my Son,' I cried,
' Wherefore hast thou left thy grave ? '

“O’ my father,” — he replied :
“Save my wife — my children save.” —

In the passing of a breath
This tremendous scene was o’er :
Darkness shut the gates of Death,
Silence seal’d them as before.

One pale moment fix’d I stood
In astonishment severe ;
Horror petrified my blood, —
I was wither’d up with fear.

Then a sudden trembling came
O’er my limbs ; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering like a flame
In the instant to expire.”

Shep. “ Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast.”

Wand. “ Ay ! — my heart, unwont to yield,
Quickly quell’d the strange affright,
And undaunted o’er the field
I began my lonely flight.

Loud the gusty night-wind blew ; —
Many an awful pause between,
Fits of light and darkness flew,
Wild and sudden o’er the scene.

For the moon's resplendent eye
Gleams of transient glory shed ;
And the clouds, athwart the sky,
Like a routed army fled.

Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
Heard alternate loud and low ;
Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
But the breezes murmur'd woe.

As I climb'd the mountain's side,
Where the Lake and Valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

On that grim and ghastly plain,
UNDERWALDEN'S heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mothers' arms set free,
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chased the wandering bee.

On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their fathers' flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

There, with shepherd's pipe and song,
In the merry mingling dance,

Once they led their brides along,
Now! — Perdition seize thee, France!"

Shep. " Heard not Heaven the accusing cries
Of the blood that smoked around,
While the life-warm sacrifice
Palpitated on the ground? "

Wand. " Wrath in silence heaps his store,
To confound the guilty foe;
But the thunder will not roar
Till the flash has struck the blow.

Vengeance, Vengeance will not stay;
It shall burst on GALLIA's head,
Sudden as the judgment-day
To the unexpected dead.

From the Revolution's flood
Shall a fiery dragon start;
He shall drink his mother's blood,
He shall eat his father's heart.

Nurst by Anarchy and Crime,
He — but distance mocks my sight,
O thou great avenger, TIME!
Bring thy strangest birth to light."

Shep. " Prophet, thou hast spoken well,
And I deem thy words divine:
Now the mournful sequel tell
Of thy country's woes and thine."

Wand. " Though the moon's bewilder'd bark,
By the midnight tempest tost,
In a sea of vapours dark,
In a gulf of clouds was lost ;

Still my journey I pursued,
Climbing many a weary steep,
Whence the closing scene I view'd
With an eye that would not weep.

STANTZ — a melancholy pyre —
And her hamlets blazed behind,
With ten thousand tongues of fire,
Writhing, raging in the wind.*

Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
Cast a grim and dreadful light ;
Like funereal lamps they burn'd
In the sepulchre of night ;

While the red illumined flood,
With a hoarse and hollow roar,
Seem'd a lake of living blood,
Wildly weltering on the shore.

'Midst the mountains far away,
Soon I spied the sacred spot,

* The town of STANTZ, and the surrounding villages, were burnt by the French on the night after the battle of UNDERWALDEN, and the beautiful valley was converted into a wilderness.

Whence a slow consuming ray
Glimmer'd from my native cot.

At the sight my brain was fired,
And afresh my heart's wounds bled;
Still I gazed: — the spark expired —
Nature seem'd extinct: — I fled. —

Fled; and, ere the noon of day,
Reach'd the lonely goat-herd's nest,
Where my wife, my children lay —
Husband — Father — think the rest."

END OF THE FIFTH PART.

PART VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd, that, after the example of many of his Countrymen flying from the Tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote province of America.

Shep. “WANDERER, whither wouldst thou roam;
To what region far away
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day?”

Wand. “In the twilight of my day
I am hastening to the West;
There my weary limbs to lay
Where the sun retires to rest.

Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man;

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,

But where Nature worships God
In the wilderness alone ;

— Thither, thither would I roam ;
There my children may be free :
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

Though my fathers' bones afar
In their native land repose,
Yet beneath the twilight star
Soft on mine the turf shall close.

Though the mould that wraps my clay
When this storm of life is o'er,
Never since creation lay
On a human breast before ; —

Yet in sweet communion there,
When she follows to the dead,
Shall my bosom's partner share
Her poor husband's lowly bed.

ALBERT'S babes shall deck our grave,
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery verdure wave
Through the winter-waste of years."

Shep. " Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease ;
Late and lovely be thine end ;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace !

As our lakes, at day's decline,
Brighten through the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the night-fall of the tomb."

Wand. " Though our Parent perish'd here,
Like the Phoenix on her nest,
Lo! new-fledg'd her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden West.

Thither shall her sons repair,
And beyond the roaring main
Find their native country there,
Find their SWITZERLAND again.

Mountains, can ye chain the will?
Ocean, canst thou quench the heart?
No; I feel my country still,
LIBERTY! where'er thou art.

Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine-wasted North.*

* There is a tradition among the Swiss, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians; among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined in the Assembly of the Nation, that every tenth man and his family should quit their country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the North. They prayed to God to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding food for their families, and pasture for their

‘ Freedom, in a land of rocks
 ‘ Wild as Scandinavia, give,
 ‘ POWER ETERNAL ! — where our flocks
 ‘ And our little ones may live.’

Thus they pray’d ; — a secret hand
 Led them, by a path unknown,
 To that dear delightful land
 Which I yet must call my own.

To the vale of SWITZ they came :
 Soon their meliorating toil
 Gave the forests to the flame,
 And their ashes to the soil.

Thence their ardent labours spread,
 Till above the mountain-snows
 Towering beauty show’d her head,
 And a new creation rose !

— So, in regions wild and wide,
 We will pierce the savage woods,
 Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
 Plough the valleys, tame the floods ;—

Till a beauteous inland isle,
 By a forest-sea embraced,

cattle. God, says the tradition, led them to a valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the forests, built the town of SWITZ, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the cantons of URI and UNDERWALDEN.

Shall make Desolation smile
In the depth of his own waste.

There, unenvied, and unknown,
We shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty."

Shep. " Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
Warm with Evening's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind ; —

And thy native country's song,
Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,
— Simple, tender, and sublime ; —

How will thy poor cheek turn pale,
And, before thy banish'd eyes,
UNDERWALDEN'S charming vale,
And thine own sweet cottage, rise !"

Wand. " By the glorious ghost of TELL ;
By MORGARTHEN'S awful fray ;
By the field where ALBERT fell
In thy last and bitter day ;

SOUL OF SWITZERLAND, arise !
— Ha ! the spell has waked the dead :
From her ashes to the skies
SWITZERLAND exalts her head.

See the Queen of Mountains stand,
 In immortal mail complete,
 With the lightning in her hand,
 And the Alps beneath her feet.

Hark! her voice: — ‘My sons, awake;
 ‘Freedom dawns, behold the day:
 ‘From the bed of bondage break,
 ‘’Tis your Mother calls, — obey.’

At the sound, our Fathers’ graves,
 On each ancient battle-plain,
 Utter groans, and toss like waves
 When the wild blast sweeps the main.

Rise, my Brethren: cast away
 All the chains that bind you slaves:
 Rise, — your Mother’s voice obey,
 And appease your Fathers’ graves.

Strike! — the conflict is begun;
 Freeman, Soldiers, follow me.
 Shout! — the victory is won, —
 SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY!”

Shep. “Warrior, Warrior, stay thine arm!
 Sheathe, oh sheathe, thy frantic sword!”

Wand. “Ah! I rave — I faint: — the charm
 Flies, — and memory is restored.

Yes, to agony restored,
 From the too transporting charm: —

Sleep for ever, O my sword !
Be thou wither'd, O mine arm !

SWITZERLAND is but a name :
— Yet I feel, where'er I roam,
That my heart is still the same,
SWITZERLAND is still my home."

END OF THE SIXTH AND LAST PART.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
 From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish; — O my Mother Earth!
 Take home thy Child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
 Resembling me.

Hark ! — a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
My pulse, — my brain runs wild, — I rave ;
— Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
 —— “ I am THE GRAVE !

“ The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
O listen ! — I will speak no more : —
 Be silent, Pride !

“ Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
 By fell despair ?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
 Murder thy rest ?

“ Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool, to find
 A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell ;
By the dread secrets of my womb ;
By Death and Hell ;

“ I charge thee LIVE ! —repent and pray ;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ; —go thy way,
And sin no more.

“ Art thou a MOURNER ? — Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

“ O LIVE ! —and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven’s unchanging will
For peace at last.

“ Art thou a WANDERER ? — Hast thou seen
O’erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwreck’d sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune’s mark ?

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn’d in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE ! —thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

“ To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow ?

“ LIVE !—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told :
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

“ Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

“ Did WOMAN'S charms thy youth beguile,
And did the Fair One faithless prove ?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love ?

“ LIVE ! 'Twas a false bewildering fire :
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

“ Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye ;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

“ A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove ;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
 In woman's love.

“ — Whate'er thy lot,— who'er thou be, —
Confess thy folly, — kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
 The hand of GOD.

“ A bruised reed He will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel :
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
 He wounds to heal.

“ Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore :
'Tis done ! — Arise ! HE bids thee stand,
 To fall no more.

“ Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
 Pursue thy flight.

“ There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground,

SCCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"I'VE FOUND A SPARK OF LIFE.

"I'VE FOUND A SPARK OF LIFE, BORN FROM CLAY.

"I'VE FOUND A SPARK OF LIFE, BORN FROM CLAY.

"I'VE FOUND A SPARK OF LIFE.

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"I'VE FOUND A SPARK OF LIFE.

"I'VE FOUND A SPARK OF LIFE.

"I'VE FOUND A SPARK OF LIFE, BORN FROM CLAY.

✱

THE LYRE.

“ Ah ! who would love the lyre ! ”

W. B. STEVENS.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn *ALCÆUS* wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale :
Timeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Once his dear companion, hung,
And, in spirit deep dejected,
Thus the pensive poet sung ;
While at midnight's solemn noon,
Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

“ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart ;
Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
We must now for ever part ;

“ The Soul, of origin divi
 GOD'S glorious image, f
 In heaven's eternal spher
 A st

“ The SUN is but a sy
 A transient meteor in
 The SOUL, immorta
 S

1804.

WOLFE to die.

legions
 the skies ;
 regions,

ve ;
 daring sail,
 ots to the gale.

gently blowing,
 ppy shore,
 is ever flowing,
 r treasures pour ;
 oor in health,
 l wealth,
 ternal soil,
 arvest of my toil.

All Misery's sons and daughters
 In lowly dwellings sing :
 As the Nile's dark waters,
 Discover'd as their spring,
 Scatter o'er the land
 Songs with a secret hand ;
 Each angelic tasks design'd,
 To give the lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
 Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
 Sigh'd and told the simple story
 Of the patriarch of trees ;
 High in air his harp he hung,
 Now no more to rapture strung ;
 Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
 He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
 Hark ! — the Lyre enchants the wind ;
 Fond ALCÆUS listens, lingers
 — Lingerin', listening, looks behind.
 Now the music mounts on high,
 Sweetly swelling through the sky ;
 To every tone, with tender heat,
 His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
 Soft in ecstasies expire ;
 Oh ! with what romantic feeling
 Poor ALCÆUS grasps the Lyre.

Lo ! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest o'er the strings ;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'Tis Jove that scatters lightning from a cloud.

“ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart ;
Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
We will never, never part :
Glory, Commerce, now in vain
Tempt me to the field, the main ;
The Muse's sons are blest, though born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

“ What, though all the world neglect me,
Shall my haughty soul repine ?
And shall poverty deject me,
While this hallow'd Lyre is mine ?
Heaven — that o'er my helpless head
Many a wrathful vial shed, —
Heaven gave this Lyre, — and thus decreed,
Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed.”

1803.

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

AH ! why, unfeeling WINTER, why
Still flags thy torpid wing ?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly,
And yield the year to SPRING.

Spring, — the young harbinger of love,
An exile in disgrace, —
Flits o'er the scene, like NOAH'S dove,
Nor finds a resting-place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds, — and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook, the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

I.

F

She wooes her embryo-flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads ; —
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms ; —
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay ;
And strain their little stammering throats
To charm thy blasts away.

Ah ! WINTER, calm thy cruel rage,
Release the struggling year ;
Thy power is past, decrepit Sage,
Arise and disappear.

The stars that graced thy splendid night
Are lost in warmer rays ;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping WINTER, why
Still flags thy frozen wing ?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly —
And yield the year to SPRING.

SONG.

ROUND LOVE's Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise ;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies :
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of BEAUTY's smile.

Round LOVE's deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise ;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies :
And PLEASURE's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of BEAUTY's frown.

Then, YOUTH, thou fond believer !
The wily Siren shun ;
Who trusts the dear Deceiver
Will surely be undone :
When BEAUTY triumphs, ah ! beware ; —
Her smile is hope — her frown despair.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER

A DRAWING OF YARDLEY OAK,

CELEBRATED BY COWPER.

See Hayley's Life and Letters of W. Cowper, Esq.

THIS sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind ;
From age to age its noble head
As slowly wither'd and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
When fled ; — no longer known than seen ;
This tree was doom'd to pass away,
And be as if it *ne'er* had been ; —

But mournful COWPER, wandering nigh,
For rest beneath its shadow came,
When, lo ! the voice of days gone by
Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the Poet had reveal'd
The words of those prophetic strains,
Ere death the eternal mystery seal'd
— Yet in his song the Oak remains.

And fresh in undecaying prime,
There may it live, beyond the power
Of storm and earthquake, Man and Time,
Till Nature's conflagration-hour.

SONG

WRITTEN FOR A SOCIETY, WHOSE MOTTO WAS

" FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

WHEN " Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of BROTHERS,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others :
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow ;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow :
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy " FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling ;
Old TIME lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good humour smiling :
With ermine beard and forelock grey,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy " FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure :
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure ?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a Constellation,
Where every Star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy " FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

1799.

RELIGION.

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain ;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form—
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease ;

RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears
The Gate of Paradise restored ;
Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign !

1799.

“ THE JOY OF GRIEF.”**OSSIAN.**

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast ;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest ?

Have you lost a friend, or brother ?
Heard a father's parting breath ?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death ?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms before your view ?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you ?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss ?

Did you not, with fervour frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but, when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
ANNA left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair:
Can you call to mind the feeling?
No! there was no feeling there.

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on YOU ALONE!

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No, the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd ;
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak ;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonising,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning-star arising,
Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
Rose in ecstasy sublime,

Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend ; and by this token,
You have felt " THE JOY OF GRIEF."

1803.

But he lower'd on hostile FRANCE,
Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
High he rode in vengeance dire ;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave !
'Twas the Carnival of Death ;
'Twas the Vintage of the Grave.

Charged with ABERCROMBIE's doom,
Lightning wing'd a cruel ball :
'Twas the Herald of the Tomb,
And the HERO felt the call—

Felt—and raised his arm on high ;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of FRANCE o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight,
Were the weeping MUSE to tell,
O 'twould cleave the womb of night,
And awake the dead that fell !

Gash'd with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie ;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
When, with expectation pale,
Of her soldier far away
The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild,
She shall wander o'er this plain,
Rave,—and bid her orphan-child
Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
O ye evening breezes, rise !
O'er the Lyre of MEMNON sweep,
Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of MEMNON ! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres ;
While the HERO'S dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers soft and slow
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones
Tremble from thy plaintive wires :
Hark ! the wounded WARRIOR groans :
Hush thy warbling !— he expires.

Hush !—while Sorrow wakes and weeps :
O'er his relics cold and pale,

Night her silent vigil keeps,
In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of MEMNON ! from afar,
Ere the lark salute the sky,
Watch the rising of the star
That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the Sun's ascending rays,
In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
Let them pierce the HERO's grave ;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
O how sweetly sleep the brave !

From the dust their laurels bloom,
High they shoot and flourish free ;
Glory's Temple is the tomb ;
Death is immortality.

1801.

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this PILLOW press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest ;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head !

MY FRIEND was young, the world was new ;
The world was false, MY FRIEND was true ;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, MY FRIEND was poor ;
To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense ;
For NATURE never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.
His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame ;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd :
And yet, O PILLOW ! yet to me,
My gentle FRIEND survives in thee ;
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead.

On HELICON's inspiring brink,
Ere yet MY FRIEND had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The MUSE OF SORROW wander'd by ;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye ;
With sweet astonishment he smiled ;
The Gipsy saw — she stole the child ;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest ;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gaily sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire :
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew ;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings ;
Then forth the music brake like thunder ;
Back he started, wild with wonder.
The MUSE OF SORROW wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah ! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers ;
The fall from Infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge drives us thence :
O Knowledge ! worthless at the price,
Bought with the loss of PARADISE.

As happy ignorance declined,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires.
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the flitting shade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man.

Then NATURE's charms his heart possess'd,
And NATURE's glory fill'd his breast :
The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue ;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth ;
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired ;
And as the new moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night ;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to heaven his GENIUS soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,

And hail'd, where'er its footsteps trod,
In NATURE's temple, NATURE's God :
Or pierced the human breast to scan
The hidden majesty of Man ;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride :
Pursued along their erring course
The streams of passion to their source ;
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought.
— Yet still through all his strains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
It spake the MUSE OF SORROW's child.

O PILLOW! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew ;
On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild control
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realised his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke ;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire
Through every chord that strung his lyre.

No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue ;
Amidst the wilderness he sung ;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd :
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name, — a life in death,
Denied — a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame,
To thee, O PILLOW ! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known ;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
That laid his high ambition low ;
But, ah ! his looks assumed in vain
A cold ineffable disdain,
While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O PILLOW ! only told to thee :
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude ?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel FAIR was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd,

They stung remembrance to despair :
“ A wounded spirit who can bear ! ”
Meanwhile disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away ;
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast !
How did delirious fancy dwell
On Madness, Suicide, and Hell !
There was on earth no POWER to save :
— But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
RELIGION !— Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death ;
She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace :
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To HEAVEN his gentle Spirit rose.

1803.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE,
OF LOTHERSDALE,
ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS,

Who, with seven others of his religious community, had suffered a long Confinement in the Castle of York, and Loss of all his worldly Property, for Conscience Sake, in the years 1795 and 1796. He was a thoughtful, humble-minded man, and occasionally solaced himself with "*Prison Amusements*" in verse, at the time when the Author of these Stanzas, in a neighbouring room, was whiling away the hours of a shorter captivity in the same manner.

" SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay ;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath !
Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death !"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed ;
As the bonds of life he broke ;
And the ransom'd captive fled.

" Prisoner, long detain'd below ;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest ;
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest !"

Thus thy **GUARDIAN ANGEL** sang,
As he bore thy soul on high ;
While with **Hallelujahs** rang
All the region of the sky.

— Ye that mourn a **FATHER's** loss,
Ye that weep a **FRIEND** no more,
Call to mind the **CHRISTIAN** cross,
Which your **FRIEND**, your **FATHER**, bore.

Grief, and penury, and pain
Still attended on his way ;
And **Oppression's** scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in distress
('Twas the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the **MOURNER** walk'd with **GOD**.

Till his **MASTER**, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the **WANDERER** home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind ?

Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropp'd behind ?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast ;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest !

Yet rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall Memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave ! the guardian of his dust,
Grave ! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls —
“ Soul, rebuild thine house of clay :
IMMORTALITY thy walls,
And ETERNITY thy day ! ”

THE THUNDER-STORM.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade !
Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-cinctured glade,
Round the hermitage of HEALTH :
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air,
Agonising silence reigns,
And the wanness of despair :
NATURE faints with fervent heat,
Ah ! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
Hung o'er NATURE's shrinking head :
Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,
—God is coming !—God is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot-wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls ?
NATURE, startled NATURE reels,
From the centre to the poles ;

Tremble ! — Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Tremble ! — God is passing by !

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place ;
Should He, from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil, and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestuous fall ;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all ;
Struggling NATURE gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

GOD OF VENGEANCE, from above
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art LOVE !
Spare ! O spare a guilty world !
Stay Thy flaming wrath awhile,
See Thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of Mercy still ;
Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,
“ Peace on Earth, to Man good will.”
NATURE ! GOD's repenting child,
See thy Parent reconciled.

Hark the nightingale, afar,
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy-tinted west :
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high.

Cool and tranquil is the night,
NATURE's sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent its might,
Was a covenant of peace ;
VENGEANCE drops her harmless rod :
MERCY is the POWER OF GOD.

1805.

ODE

TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN,

ON THE PROSPECT OF INVASION.

O FOR the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie!

How beautiful in death
The WARRIOR's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
And bathed in WOMAN's tears!

Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In the dear land that gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

— But the wild waves shall sweep
BRITANNIA's foes away,
And the blue monsters of the deep
Be surfeited with prey. —

No! — they have 'scaped the waves,
'Scaped the sea-monsters' maws;

They come! but O, shall GALLIC SLAVES
Give ENGLISH FREEMEN laws?

By ALFRED's Spirit, No!
— Ring, ring the loud alarms;
Ye drums, awake! ye clarions, blow!
Ye heralds, shout "To arms!"

To arms our Heroes fly;
And, leading on their lines,
The BRITISH BANNER in the sky,
The star of conquest shines.

The lowering battle forms
Its terrible array;
Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
That thunder on their way:—

The rushing armies meet;
And while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

— Ghosts of the mighty dead!
Your children's hearts inspire;
And while they on your ashes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return;
Our Fathers' spirits rise;
— My brethren, in YOUR breasts they burn,
They sparkle in YOUR eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
The lightning of your rage ;
Strike, strike the assailing giants low,
The TITANS of the age.

They yield, — they break, — they fly ;
The victory is won :
Pursue ! — they faint, — they fall, — they die :
O stay ! — the work is done.

SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE ! rest :
Sweet MERCY cries, “ Forbear ! ”
She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast ;
Thou wilt not pierce them there ?

— Thus vanish BRITAIN'S foes
From her consuming eye ;
But rich be the reward of those
Who conquer, — those who die.

O'ershadowing laurels deck
The living HERO'S brows ;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
— His children and his spouse.

Exulting o'er his lot,
The dangers he has braved,
He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
Which his own valour saved.

DAUGHTERS OF ALBION, weep :
On this triumphant plain,
I H

Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep,
For you and freedom slain.

O gently close the eye
That loved to look on you ;
O seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath was true :

With knots of sweetest flowers
Their winding-sheet perfume ;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
The WARRIOR'S corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION'S breath,
And bathed in WOMAN'S tears.

— Give me the death of those
Who for their country die ;
And O be mine-like their repose,
When cold and low they lie !

Their loveliest mother Earth
Enshrines the fallen brave ;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

1804.

THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

RETURNING from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet, romantic, tender talk,
Two lovers paused awhile :

EDMUND, the monarch of the dale,
All conscious of his powers ;
ELLA, the lily of the vale,
The rose of AUBURN'S bowers.

In airy Love's delightful bands
He held her heart in vain ;
The Nymph denied her willing hands
To HYMEN'S awful chain.

“ Ah ! why,” said he, “ our bliss delay ?
Mine ELLA, why so cold ?
Those who but love from day to day,
From day to day grow old.

“ The bounding arrow cleaves the sky,
Nor leaves a trace behind ;
And single lives like arrows fly,
— They vanish through the wind.

“ In Wedlock's sweet endearing lot
Let us improve the scene,

That some may be, when we are not,
To tell—that we have been.”

“ ’Tis now,” replied the village Belle,
“ St. Mark’s mysterious Eve ;
And all that old traditions tell
I tremblingly believe :—

“ How, when the midnight signal tolls,
Along the churchyard green
A mournful train of sentenced souls
In winding-sheets are seen.

“ The ghosts of all whom DEATH shall doom
Within the coming year,
In pale procession walk the gloom,
Amid the silence drear.

“ If EDMUND, bold in conscious might,
By love severely tried,
Can brave the terrors of to-night,
ELLA will be his bride.”

She spake,—and, like the nimble fawn,
From EDMUND’S presence fled :
He sought, across the rural lawn,
The dwelling of the dead.

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot,
Where human follies cease.

The gliding moon through heaven serene
Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
Young EDMUND gain'd the church,
And chose his solitary seat
Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds assembled soon,
Their dragon wings display'd;
Eclipsed the slow retiring moon,
And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
No ray of beauty smiled,
Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
The glow-worm's lustre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
The long grass whistled drear,
The steeple trembled to the ground,
Ev'n EDMUND quak'd with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
Dumb horror chill'd the air,
While NATURE seem'd to pause aghast,
In uttermost despair.

— Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd,
As oft did EDMUND start;

For every stroke fell dead and cold
Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghastly gloom,
Along the churchyard green,
The destined victims of the tomb
In winding sheets were seen.

In that strange moment EDMUND stood,
Sick with severe surprise!
While creeping horror drank his blood,
And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave;
He saw the face of DEATH:
No pitying power appear'd to save—
He gasp'd away his breath.

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
And every spectre cast
A look, unutterably wild,
On EDMUND as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay;
At length the vision broke:
— When, lo! — a kiss, as cold as clay,
The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud,
The darting moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
And show'd a face most fair :
“—My Love! my ELLA!” EDMUND flew,
And clasp'd the yielding air.

“Ha! who art thou?” His cheek grew pale :
A well-known voice replied,
“ ELLA, the lily of the vale ;
 ELLA — thy destined bride.”

To win his neck her airy arms
The pallid phantom spread ;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid,
His speed outstript the wind ;
But,—though unseen to move,—the shade
Was evermore behind.

So DEATH's unerring arrows glide,
Yet seem suspended still ;
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor, and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The ghost of ELLA, wild and pale,
Pursued her lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
Ere yet the morning shone,

She vanish'd like a nightmare-dream,
And EDMUND stood alone.

Three days, bewildered and forlorn,
He sought his home in vain ;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
That crown'd his native plain.

'Twas evening ; — all the air was balm,
The heavens serenely clear ;
When the soft music of a psalm
Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart ; — a strange surmise
Made all his blood run cold :
He flew, — a funeral met his eyes :
He paused, — a death-bell toll'd.

“ 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! ” — He burst away ;
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was ELLA lay,
He all beside forgot.

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewilder'd mien,
He wanders, weeps, and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every Eve of pale ST. MARK,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with ELLA in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate.

1799.

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart :
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so sweet a pain !

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid :
I stole her hand,—it shrunk,—but no ;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my HANNAH's downcast eye—
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy :

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, woos young May ;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love ;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet in the glory of my pride,
I stood.—and all his wrath defied;
I stood.—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph:—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye:
I shunn'd her, for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Of the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest:
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hallowam's cot I took my way:
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the Spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I liv'd my wooing days once more;

And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise, —
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes :
The rural bells rang sweet and clear, —
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet :—all was gay ;
I love a rustic holyday ;
I met a wedding, —stepp'd aside ;
It pass'd, —my HANNAH was the bride.

— There is a grief that cannot feel ;
It leaves a wound that will not heal ;
— My heart grew cold, —it felt not then :
When shall it cease to feel again ?

1801.

A FIELD FLOWER.**ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1803.**

**THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.**

**The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.**

**But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the Sun.**

**It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.**

**The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,**

O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis FLORA's page ; — in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER, retire,
Thy reign is past ;
Hoary Sire,
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away.
Winter, retire ;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay ?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day ;
On thy state
Whirlwinds wait ;
And blood-shot meteors lend thee light ;
Hence to dreary arctic regions
Summon thy terrific legions ;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.

From halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze !
Awake, arise :

Breath of heaven, benignly blow,
Melt the snow ;
Breath of heaven, unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment through the air ;
On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair :
Dark before her Angel-form
She drives the demon of the storm,
Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic Hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And shine in FLORA's desert bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers,

O welcome to our isle,
Thou Messenger of Peace !
At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease :

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And I meet thee by the way,
 As a merry sportive child,
 In the sunbeams-washed wild,
 With thy dancing breeze and jay,
 Looking to the radiant sky
 At the sweetness of thine eye;
 — O! bright with sunbeams fresh with showers,
 O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers!
 Watch thou now the plain advance
 At the head of Flora's dance:
 Simple SNOW-DROP, then in thee
 All thy sister-train I see:
 Every brilliant bud that blows,
 From the blue-bell to the rose:

All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the Year,
All that wreath the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
—All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
—Their hues, their odours, all are thine.
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muse's keen prophetic sight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magic makes the vision true.

—There is a Winter in my soul,
The winter of despair ;
O when shall Spring its rage control ?
When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom there ?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly pass away :
Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn
That never turns to-day !

—But, hark ! methinks I hear
A still small whisper in mine ear ;
“ Rash youth, repent :
Afflictions, from above,
Are angels sent
On embassies of love.

I.

I

A fiery legion at thy birth,
Of chastening woes were given,
To pluck the flowers of hope from earth,
And plant them high
O'er yonder sky,
Transform'd to stars,—and fix'd in heaven."

1805.

THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH, IN THE SUMMER OF 1805.

ALL hail to the ruins*, the rocks and the shores !
Thou wide-rolling OCEAN, all hail !
Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver-wing'd sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee ;
I gaze, — and am changed at the sight ;
For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
My soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night-shadow'd
pole.

* Scarborough Castle.

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
Where the billows are rubies on fire,
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
Are sweet as the Phoenix's pyre :
O regions of beauty, of love, and desire !
O gardens of Eden ! in vain
Placed far on the fathomless main,
Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown ;
Where the giant of Tyranny crushes mankind,
Where he reigns, — and will soon reign alone ;
For wide and more wide, o'er the sun-beaming zone,
He stretches his hundred-fold arms,
Despoiling, destroying its charms ;
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the Demon of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
Its mildewing influence sheds :
The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their beds,
Are slain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noonday with death ;
And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the ground.

Ah ! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming the world,
With the waters divided the land,

His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
And cradled the Deep in his hand,
If man may transgress his eternal command,
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth,
To ravage the uttermost earth,
And violate nations and realms that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea ?

There are, gloomy OCEAN! a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into slaves :
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers'
 graves,
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
They are dragg'd on the hoary abyss ;
The shark hears their shrieks, and, ascending to day,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,
And makes their destruction its sport !
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
And waft them in safety to port,
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon resort ;
Where Europe exultingly drains
The life-blood from Africa's veins ;
Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,
And spurns at his footstool the image of God !

The hour is approaching, — a terrible hour !
And Vengeance is bending her bow ;

Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow :
Back rolls the huge OCEAN, Hell opens below :
The floods return headlong, — they sweep
The slave-cultured lands to the deep ;
In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd !

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
More lovely than clouds in the west,
When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles
Sinks softly and sweetly to rest ?
— NO ! — Father of mercy ! befriend the opprest ;
At the voice of thy Gospel of peace
May the sorrows of Africa cease ;
And the slave and his master devoutly unite
To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light ! *

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy extends
Her star-lighted course through the skies,
High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
And turns upon Europe her eyes ;
Ah me ! what new prospects, new horrors arise !
I see the war-tempested flood
All foaming, and panting with blood ;
The panic-struck OCEAN in agony roars,
Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores,

* Alluding to the glorious success of the Moravian Missionaries among the Negroes in the West Indies.

FOR BRITANNIA is wielding the trident to-day,
Consuming her foes in her ire,
And hurling the thunder of absolute sway
From her wave-ruling chariots of fire :
— She triumphs ;— the winds and the waters conspire
To spread her invincible name ;
— The universe rings with her fame ;
— But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays. *

O Britain ! dear Britain ! the land of my birth ;
O Isle, most enchantingly fair !
Thou Pearl of the Ocean ! Thou Gem of the Earth !
O my Mother ! my Mother ! beware ;
For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare :
O let not thy birthright be sold
For reprobate glory and gold !
Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,
They weigh down thy trunk — they will tear up thy
root :—

The root of thine OAK, O my country ! that stands
Rock-planted, and flourishing free ;
Its branches are stretch'd o'er the uttermost lands,
And its shadow eclipses the sea :
The blood of our ancestors nourish'd the tree ;

* While the author was meditating these stanzas, in sight of the ocean from the northern cliffs, intelligence arrived of the naval victory of Sir Robert Calder, over the French and Spanish fleets off the western coast of Spain.

From their tombs, from their ashes it sprung ;
 Its boughs with their trophies are hung ;
 Their spirit dwells in it : — and, hark ! for it spoke ;
 The voice of our fathers ascends from their Oak !

“ Ye Britons, who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
 Who inherit our battle-field graves ;
 Though poor were your fathers, — gigantic and bold,
 We were not, we could not be, slaves ;
 But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
 The spears of the Romans we broke,
 We never stoop'd under their yoke ;
 In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone, —
 The world was great CÆSAR'S—but Britain our own.

“ For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
 The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
 We wrestled, were foil'd, were cast down, but we rose
 With new vigour, new life from each fall ;
By all we were conquer'd : — **WE CONQUER'D**
THEM ALL !

— The cruel, the cannibal mind,
 We softened, subdued, and refined :
 Bears, wolves, and sea monsters, they rush'd from
 their den ;
 We taught them, we tamed them, we turn'd them to
 men.

“ Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven
 bands,
 The tenderest, strongest of chains :

Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
And mingled the blood in our veins ;
One race we became :—on the mountains and plains
Where the wounds of our country were closed,
The Ark of Religion reposed,
The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

“ Ark, Altar, and Temple, we left with our breath !
To our children, a sacred bequest :
O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death !
So the shades of your fathers shall rest,
And your spirits with ours be in Paradise blest :
—Let Ambition, the sin of the brave,
And Avarice, the soul of a slave,
No longer seduce your affections to roam
From Liberty, Justice, Religion, AT HOME.”

THE COMMON LOT.

A Birthday Meditation, during a solitary Winter Walk, of seven Miles, between a Village in Derbyshire and Sheffield, when the Ground was covered with Snow, the Sky serene, and the Morning Air intensely pure.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man : — and WHO was HE ?
— Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perish'd from the earth ;
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear !
— Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd, — but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd, — but his delights are fled ;

Had friends, — his friends are now no more ;
And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
O, she was fair ! — but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
He was — whatever thou hast been ;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this, — **THERE LIVED A MAN!**

November 4. 1805.



THE WEST INDIES.

A POEM, IN FOUR PARTS,

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF THE ABOLITION OF THE AFRICAN
SLAVE TRADE, BY THE BRITISH LEGISLATURE,
IN 1807.

“ Receive him for ever ; not now as a servant, but above a servant,—a brother beloved.” — St. Paul’s Epist. to Philemon, v. 15, 16.

PREFACE

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

IN the spring of 1807, while I was mourning over what Lord Byron has been pleased to call my "*lost works*," from the havoc which the Edinburgh Reviewers have made of them ; and while I was meditating how I might indemnify my enterprising publishers for the waste paper of two thousand copies, which they had recently issued at their own risk, — a more formidable calamity than my early "*blossoms perishing before the northern blast*," overtook me, which threatened destruction to hopes more reasonable, and resting upon foundations more substantial than castles in the air, which may be upheld by a puff, or blown down with a breath.

The slow but sure prosperity of my newspaper met with a check, which might bring upon it decay not less sure and much less slow than had been the gradual ascendancy which it had gained through thirteen years of patient struggling against rival-

THE
LIFE
OF
GEORGE
WASHINGTON
BY
CHARLES C. CLARK
VOLUME I
1732-1754
NEW YORK
1857

the judgment which had been passed upon my recent performances by the critical infallibilities of my own country. But the prize held out was worth an effort at any peril to my doubtful reputation, especially as the condemned volume had been more graciously treated by the censors of literature in the land which had adopted me from my childhood, than in that which had given me birth. Wherefore, having ever since I penned a paragraph, either in verse or prose, for a newspaper, availed myself of every fair opportunity to expose the iniquities and abominations of the Slave Trade and Slavery, I gave my whole mind to the theme. It haunted me day and night, in the house and in the field, alone or in company; however engaged in business, in conversation, or in amusement, the process of thought and of composition was continually in exercise, and under all these different situations and incompatible circumstances, portions of the poem were either suggested, elaborated, or suddenly, not to say spontaneously, produced. This fact may account for a certain tone of earnestness and vehemence, pervading many passages, which a friendly but candid critic told me gave to the versification the character of loud speaking. Such as it was, however, the public willingly listened and sufficiently approved.

Mr. Bowyer, meanwhile, having extended his plan, and instead of one poem, having obtained three, I found myself honourably associated with the late James Grahame, Esq. the author of *The Sabbath*, and Miss Benger, to whom our national literature is in-

debted for several valuable works in history and biography. The publication, from various hinderances which interfered, did not take place till 1809. The following is a copy of the Original Preface to my portion of the work, entitled "*The West Indies*," which preceded the contributions of Mr. Grahame and Miss Benger, the one entitled "*Africa Delivered*," and the other "*The Abolition of the Slave Trade*."

October 17. 1840.

TO
THE PUBLIC.

THIS poem was undertaken at the request of Mr. Bowyer, in May, 1807. The author had not the resolution to forego an opportunity of being presented before the public, in a style of external magnificence, which he would never have had the assurance to assume unsolicited. Though he is convinced that, were it proper to explain the private history of this work, he would be fully acquitted of presumption in having accepted the splendid invitation of the proprietor, yet he cannot help feeling that an appearance so superb, instead of prejudicing the public in his favour, will, in reality, only render him more obvious, and obnoxious to criticism, if he be found unworthy of the situation in which he stands. Conscious, however, that he has exerted his utmost diligence and ability to do honour to his theme, and well aware that his poem can derive no lustre from the accompanying embellishments, unless it first casts a

glory upon them, he thinks himself warranted to hope that it will be read and judged with the same indulgence, which, from past success, he believes it would have experienced had it been produced in a form more becoming his pretensions as a man and a writer.

There are objections against the title and plan of this piece, which will occur to almost every reader. The author will not anticipate them : he will only observe, that the title seemed the best, and the plan the most eligible, which he could adapt to a subject so various and excursive, yet so familiar and exhausted, as the African Slave Trade, — a subject which had become antiquated, by frequent, minute, and disgusting exposure ; which afforded no opportunity to awaken, suspend, and delight curiosity, by a subtle and surprising development of plot ; and concerning which public feeling had been wearied into insensibility, by the agony of interest which the question excited, during three and twenty years of almost incessant discussion. That trade is at length abolished. May its memory be immortal, that henceforth it may be known only by its memory !

Sheffield, December 1. 1808.

THE WEST INDIES.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction; on the Abolition of the Slave Trade. — The Mariner's Compass. — Columbus. — The Discovery of America. — The West Indian Islands. — The Charibs. — Their Extermination.

“ THY chains are broken, Africa, be free!”
Thus saith the island-empress of the sea;
Thus saith Britannia. O, ye winds and waves!
Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;
Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side,
And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide*,
Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,
Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,
Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
“ Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!”

* Mungo Parke, in his travels, ascertained that “the great river of the Negroes” flows *eastward*. It is probable, therefore, that this river is either lost among the sands, or empties itself into some inland sea, in the undiscovered regions of Africa. See also page 144. line 20.

Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd ;
Light came from heaven, — the magnet was reveal'd,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky ;
Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray ;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
And failing heart, along the windward shore ;
Broad to the sky he turn'd his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favouring gale,
Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest ;
While free, as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-wing'd vessels coursed the unbounded
deep ;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land ;
The floods o'erbalanced : — where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulph of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters : — long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main ;
When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,

Light, order, beauty ! — While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored ;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye,
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky :
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind :
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

“— Ah ! on this sea of glory might I sail,
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
Where daylight sojourns till our morrow rise !”

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone ;
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
The eye of evening, brightening through the west
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest :
“ Whither, O golden Venus ! art thou fled ?
Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed ;
Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn ;
Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
The morn and eve divide the year with thee.”

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
Crested the farthest wave, then sunk below :
“ Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,

What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?"

Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
The starry firmament alone was seen ;
Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host
Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
Danced on the mountains :—" Lights of heaven !"
he cried,

" Lead on ;— I go to win a glorious bride ;
Fearless o'er gulphs unknown I urge my way,
Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey :
Hope swells my sail ;— in spirit I behold
That maiden-world, twin-sister of the old,
By nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me."*

* When the author of *The West Indies* conceived the plan of this introduction of Columbus, he was not aware that he was indebted to any preceding poet for a hint on the subject ; but, some time afterwards, on a second perusal of SOUTHEY'S MADOC, it struck him that the idea of Columbus walking on the shore at sunset, which he had hitherto imagined his own, might be only a reflection of the impression made upon his mind long before, by the first reading of the following splendid passage. He therefore gladly makes this acknowledgment, though at his own expense, in justice to the author of the noblest narrative poem in the English language, after the FARRIE QUEENE and PARADISE LOST.

" When evening came toward the echoing shore
I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth :
Bright with dilated glory shone the west ;
But brighter lay the ocean flood below,

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore ;
Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
Dawn'd the new world on his enraptured sight :
Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within, and light without he found ;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

The burnish'd silver sea, that heaved and flash'd
Its restless rays intolerably bright.
' Prince !' quoth Cadwallon, ' thou hast rode the waves
In triumph when the Invader felt thine arm.
O what a nobler conquest might be won
There, — upon that wide field !' — ' What meanest thou ?'
I cried : — ' That yonder waters are not spread
A boundless waste, a bourne impassable ;
That thou shouldst rule the elements, — that there
Might manly courage, manly wisdom, find
Some happy isle, some undiscover'd shore,
Some resting-place for peace. Oh ! that my soul
Could seize the wings of morning ! soon would I
Behold that other world, where yonder sun
Now speeds to dawn in glory.' "

Vain, visionary hope ! rapacious Spain
Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main,
Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword ;
Their steps were graves ; o'er prostrate realms they
trod ;
They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell ;
How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
The sun's resplendent empire in Peru ;
How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold.
— That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous Heaven was doom'd to shed
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head ;
For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away, —
His gold and he were every nation's prey.

But themes like these would ask an angel-lyre,
Language of light and sentiment of fire ;
Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
Of Charib martyrdoms and Negro chains ;

One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
One doom'd to slavery by the taint of birth !

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furl'd
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles ;
Fair as Orion when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendour from the sky :
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze ;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales :
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits, and amaranthine flowers ;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom.—NATURE FREE
Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty.
She flourishes where'er the sunbeams play
O'er living fountains, sallying into day ;
She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole :
Man too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise,
Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies ;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod ; his root is in the grave :
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair ;
Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air !

In placid indolence supinely blest,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possess'd ;

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

The Cane. — Africa. — The Negro. — The Slave-Carrying Trade. — The Means and Resources of the Slave Trade. — The Portuguese, — Dutch, — Danes, — French, — and English in America.

AMONG the bowers of paradise, that graced
 Those islands of the world-dividing waste,
 Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks,
 And vines luxuriant cluster'd round the rocks ;
 Where orange-groves perfum'd the circling air,
 With verdure, flowers, and fruit for ever fair ;
 Gay myrtle-foliage track'd the winding rills,
 And cedar forests slumber'd on the hills ;
 — An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil *,
 Was till'd for ages with consuming toil ;
 No tree of knowledge with forbidden fruit,
 Death in the taste, and ruin at the root ;
 Yet in its growth were good and evil found, —
 It bless'd the planter, but it cursed the ground ;
 While with vain wealth it gorged the master's hoard,
 And spread with manna his luxurious board,

* The Cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils, by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Charibbee Islands. — See also page 143. line 5.

Its culture was perdition to the slave,—
It sapp'd his life, and flourish'd on his grave.

When the fierce spoiler from remorseless Spain
Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane,
(Already had his rival in the west
From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness press'd,)
Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose roll'd
To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away ;
Silence and horror o'er the isles were spread,
The living seem'd the spectres of the dead.
The Spaniard saw ; no sigh of pity stole,
No pang of conscience touch'd his sullen soul :
The tiger weeps not o'er the kid ;—he turns
His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
For nobler victims, and for warmer blood :
Thus on the Charib shore the tyrant stood,
Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
And far beyond the gloomy gulph descried
Devoted Africa : he burst away,
And with a yell of transport grasp'd his prey.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon ;
From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse,
With stately heads among the forest boughs,
To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
With torrid fire beneath eternal snow :

*The Cane. —
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sunset, when voracious monsters burst
 from dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst;
 when the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,
 ring with wild echoes through the hideous night;
 when darkness seems alive, and all the air
 one tremendous uproar of despair,
 horror, and agony;—on her they call;
 she hears their clamour, she provides for all,
 she goads the light leopard on his eager way,
 and goads the gaunt hyæna to his prey.

In these romantic regions man grows wild:
 Here dwells the Negro, nature's outcast child,
 scorn'd by his brethren; but his mother's eye,
 that gazes on him from her warmest sky,
 sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
 power on his forehead, beauty in his face;
 sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
 the heart of friendship and the home of love;
 sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,
 fierce as his clime, uncultur'd as his plains,
 a soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
 and trees of science bend with glorious fruit;
 sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
 an emanation of eternal light,
 ordain'd, midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
 and shine for ever when the stars expire.
 Is he not *man*, though knowledge never shed
 her quickening beams on his neglected head?
 Is he not *man*, though sweet religion's voice
 ne'er made the mourner in his God rejoice?

Is *he* not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is *he* not man, for whom the Saviour died?
Belie the Negro's powers:—in headlong will,
Christian! *thy* brother thou shalt prove him still:
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stamp't him Man.

The Spaniard found him such:—the island-race
His foot had spurn'd from earth's insulted face;
Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
Abroad he look'd, a sturdier stock to find;
A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
His channels as he drank the rivers dry:
That stock he found on Afric's swarming plains,
That spring he open'd in the Negro's veins;
A spring, exhaustless as his avarice drew,
A stock that like Prometheus' vitals grew
Beneath the eternal beak his heart that tore,
Beneath the insatiate thirst that drain'd his gore.
Thus, childless as the Charibbeans died,
Afric's strong sons the ravening waste supplied;
Of hardier fibre to endure the yoke,
And self-renew'd beneath the severing stroke;
As grim oppression crush'd them to the tomb,
Their fruitful parent's miserable womb
Teem'd with fresh myriads, crowded o'er the
waves,
Heirs to their toil, their sufferings, and their graves.

Freighted with curses was the bark that bore
The spoilers of the west to Guinea's shore;

Heavy with groans of anguish blew the gales
That swell'd that fatal bark's returning sails ;
Old Ocean shrunk as o'er his surface flew
The human cargo and the demon crew.
—Thenceforth, unnumber'd as the waves that roll,
From sun to sun, or pass from pole to pole,
Outcasts and exiles, from their country torn,
In floating dungeons o'er the gulph were borne ;
—The valiant, seized in peril-daring fight ;
The weak, surpris'd in nakedness and night ;
Subjects by mercenary despots sold ;
Victims of justice prostitute for gold ;
Brothers by brothers, friends by friends betray'd ;
Snared in her lover's arms the trusting maid ;
The faithful wife by her false lord estranged,
For one wild cup of drunken bliss exchanged ;
From the brute-mother's knee, the infant-boy,
Kidnapp'd in slumber, barter'd for a toy ;
The father, resting at *his* father's tree,
Doom'd by the son to die beyond the sea :
—All bonds of kindred, law, alliance broke,
All ranks, all nations crouching to the yoke ;
From fields of light, unshadow'd climes, that lie
Panting beneath the sun's meridian eye ;
From hidden Ethiopia's utmost land ;
From Zaara's fickle wilderness of sand ;
From Congo's blazing plains and blooming woods ;
From Whidah's hills, that gush with golden floods ;
Captives of tyrant power and dastard wiles,
Dispeopled Africa, and gorged the isles.

Loud and perpetual o'er the Atlantic waves,
For guilty ages, roll'd the tide of slaves ;
A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest,
Constant as day and night from east to west ;
Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course,
With boundless ruin and resistless force.

Quickly by Spain's alluring fortune fired,
With hopes of fame, and dreams of wealth in-
spired,
Europe's dread powers from ignominious ease
Started ; their pennons stream'd on every breeze :
And still where'er the wide discoveries spread,
The cane was planted, and the native bled ;
While, nursed by fiercer suns, of nobler race,
The Negro toil'd and perish'd in his place.

First, Lusitania, — she whose prows had borne
Her arms triumphant round the car of morn,
— Turn'd to the setting sun her bright array,
And hung her trophies o'er the couch of day.

Holland, — whose hardy sons roll'd back the
sea,
To build the halcyon-nest of liberty,
Shameless abroad the enslaving flag unfurl'd,
And reign'd a despot in the younger world.

Denmark, — whose roving hordes, in barbarous
times,
Fill'd the wide North with piracy and crimes,

Awed every shore, and taught their keels to sweep
O'er every sea, the Arabs of the deep,
— Embark'd, once more to western conquest led
By Rollo's spirit, risen from the dead.

Gallia, — who vainly aim'd, in depth of night,
To hurl old Rome from her Tarpeian height,
(But lately laid, with unprevented blow,
The thrones of kings, the hopes of freedom low,)
— Rush'd o'er the theatre of splendid toils,
To brave the dangers and divide the spoils.

Britannia, — she who scathed the crest of Spain,
And won the trident sceptre of the main,
When to the raging wind and ravening tide
She gave the huge Armada's scatter'd pride,
Smit by the thunder-wielding hand that hurl'd
Her vengeance round the wave-encircled world ;
— Britannia shared the glory and the guilt, —
By her were Slavery's island-altars built,
And fed with human victims ; — while the cries
Of blood demanding vengeance from the skies,
Assail'd her traders' grovelling hearts in vain,
— Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
Sordid as earth, insensible as gold.

Thus through a night of ages, in whose shade
The sons of darkness plied the infernal trade,
Wild Africa beheld her tribes, at home,
In battle slain ; abroad, condemn'd to roam

O'er the salt waves, in stranger-isles to bear,
(Forlorn of hope, and sold into despair,)
Through life's slow journey, to its dolorous close,
Unseen, unwept, unutterable woes.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

The Love of Country, and of Home, the same in all Ages and among all Nations. — The Negro's Home and Country. — Mungo Park. — Progress of the Slave Trade. — The Middle Passage. — The Negro in the West Indies. — The Guinea Captain. — The Creole Planter. — The Moors of Barbary. — Buccaneers. — Maroons. — St. Domingo. — Hurricanes. — The Yellow Fever.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth ;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend :
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 " Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found ?"
 Art thou a man ? — a patriot ? — look around ;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's
 plains,
 In pale Siberia's desolate domains ;
 When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
 Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
 The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
 And feasts his famine on the fat of bears :
 Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
 Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
 Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
 Plunging down headlong through the whirling
 main ;
 — His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
 Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky ;
 And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
 His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods ;
In California's pathless world of woods ;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his
throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone ;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles ;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health ;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth ;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals
drink,
Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink ;
On Carmel's crest ; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream ;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves ;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonour'd vales ;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of Liberty ;
— Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the Negro outlaw'd from his birth ?
Is he alone a stranger on the earth ?
Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears ?

NO KING whose name in fame heard will GET
 Let through his veins, and lightning through his
 heart?

Al! yes; beneath the beams of brighter skies
 His home amidst his father's country lies:
 There with the partner of his soul he shares
 Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares:
 There as with nature's warmest final fire,
 He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire;
 His children sporting round his lum behold
 How they shall cherish him when he is old,
 Train'd by example from their tenderest youth
 To deeds of charity, and words of truth.*
 —Is he not blest? Behold, at closing day,
 The negro-village swarms abroad to play:
 He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
 To the wild music of barbarian sounds;

* Dr. Winterbottom says, "The respect which the Africans pay to *old people* is very great. — One of the severest insults which can be offered to an African is to speak disrespectfully of his mother." — "The Negro race is, perhaps, the most prolific of all the human species. Their infancy and youth are singularly happy. — The mothers are passionately fond of their children." — *Goldbury's Travels*. — "Strike me," said my attendant, "but do not curse my mother." — "The same sentiment I found universally to prevail." — "One of the first lessons in which the Mandingo women instruct their children is the *practice of truth*. It was the only consolation for a Negro mother, whose son had been murdered by the Moors, that the *poor boy had never told a lie*." — *Park's Travels*. The description of African life and manners that follows, and the song of the Negro's daughters, are copied without exaggeration from the authentic accounts of Mungo Park.

Or, stretch'd at ease, where broad palmettos shower
Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
To breathless wonder, or ecstatic mirth :
Yet most delighted, when, in rudest rhymes,
The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
When men were heroes, slaves to Beauty's charms,
And all the joys of life were love and arms.
— Is not the Negro blest ? His generous soil
With harvest-plenty crowns his simple toil ;
More than his wants his flocks and fields afford :
He loves to greet the stranger at his board :
“ The winds were roaring, and the White Man
fled,
The rains of night descended on his head ;
The poor White Man sat down beneath our tree,
Weary and faint, and far from home was he :
For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,
No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul ;
— Pity the poor White Man who sought our tree,
No wife, no mother, and no home has he.”
Thus sang the Negro's daughters ; — once again,
O that the poor White Man might hear that strain !
— Whether the victim of the treacherous Moor,
Or from the Negro's hospitable door
Spurn'd as a spy from Europe's hateful clime,
And left to perish for thy country's crime ;
Or destined still, when all thy wanderings cease,
On Albion's lovely lap to rest in peace ;
Pilgrim ! in heaven or earth, where'er thou be,
Angels of mercy guide and comfort thee !

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
Till Christian cruisers anchor'd on his strand :
Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues, fled ;
Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
They flourish'd in the sight of Heaven alone :
While from the coast, with wide and wider sweep,
The race of Mammon dragg'd across the deep
Their sable victims, to that western bourn,
From which no traveller might e'er return,
To blazen in the ears of future slaves
The secrets of the world beyond the waves.

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb ;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth ;
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead :
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulph, that roars
From Guinea to the Charibbean shores,
Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main*,

* On this subject the following instance of almost incredible cruelty was substantiated in a court of justice : —

Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

“ In this year (1783), certain underwriters desired to be heard against Gregson and others of Liverpool, in the case of the ship *Zong*, Captain Collingwood, alleging that the captain and officers of the said vessel threw overboard one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the sea, in order to defraud them, by claiming the value of the said slaves, as if they had been lost in a natural way. In the course of the trial, which afterwards came on, it appeared that the slaves on board the *Zong* were very sickly ; that sixty of them had already died ; and several were ill, and likely to die, when the captain proposed to James Kelsal, the mate, and others, to throw several of them overboard, stating, ‘ that if they died a natural death, the loss would fall upon the owners of the ship, but that, if they were thrown into the sea, it would fall upon the underwriters.’ He selected, accordingly, one hundred and thirty-two of the most sickly of the slaves. Fifty-four of these were immediately thrown overboard, and forty-two were made to be partakers of their fate on the succeeding day. In the course of three days afterwards the remaining thirty-six were brought upon deck, to complete the number of victims. The first sixteen submitted to be thrown into the sea, but the rest, with a noble resolution, would not suffer the officers to touch them, but leaped after their companions, and shared their fate.

“ The plea which was set up in behalf of this atrocious and unparalleled act of wickedness was, that the captain discovered, when he made the proposal, that he had only two hundred gallons of water on board, and that he had missed his port. It was proved, however, in answer to this, that no one had been put upon short allowance ; and that, as if Providence had determined to afford an unequivocal proof of the guilt, a shower of rain fell, and continued for three days, immediately after the second lot of slaves had been destroyed, by means of which they might have filled many of their vessels¹ with water, and thus have prevented all necessity for the destruction of the third.

“ Mr. Sharpe was present at this trial, and procured the attendance of a short-hand writer to take down the facts

¹ It appeared that they filled six.

Yet small the number, and the fortune blest,
 Of those who in the stormy deep found rest,
 Weigh'd with the unremember'd millions more,
 That 'scaped the sea, to perish on the shore,
 By the slow pangs of solitary care,
 The earth-devouring anguish of despair*,
 The broken heart, which kindness never heals,
 The home-sick passion which the Negro feels,
 When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
 His spirit wanders to his native plains ;
 His little lovely dwelling there he sees,
 Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
 The home of comfort :—then before his eyes
 The terrors of captivity arise.
 —'Twas night :—his babes around him lay at rest,
 Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast :
 A yell of murder rang around their bed ;
 They woke ; their cottage blazed ; the victims fled ;

which should come out in the course of it. These he gave to the public afterwards. He communicated them also, with a copy of the trial, to the Lords of the Admiralty, as the guardians of justice upon the seas, and to the Duke of Portland, as principal minister of state. No notice, however, was taken by any of these of the information which had been thus sent them."—*Clarkson's History of the Abolition, &c.* pp. 95—97.

* The Negroes sometimes, in deep and irrecoverable melancholy, waste themselves away, by secretly swallowing large quantities of earth. It is remarkable that "earth-eating," as it is called, is an *infectious*, and even a *social* malady : plantations have been occasionally almost depopulated by the slaves, with one consent, betaking themselves to this strange practice, which speedily brings them to a miserable and premature end.

Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far
away ;

The white man bought them at the mart of blood ;
In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood ;
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves, — the fellowship of grief.
The Negro, spoil'd of all that nature gave
To freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave,
His passive limbs, to measured tasks confined,
Obey'd the impulse of another mind ;
A silent, secret, terrible control,
That ruled his sinews, and repress'd his soul.
Not for himself he wak'd at morning-light,
Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night ;
His rest, his labour, pastime, strength, and health,
Were only portions of a master's wealth ;
His love—O, name not love, where Britons doom
The fruit of love to slavery from the womb !

Thus spurn'd, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
The Negro-exile languish'd in the West,
With nothing left of life but hated breath,
And not a hope except the hope in death,
To fly for ever from the Creole-strand,
And dwell a freeman in his father-land.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave ?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,

False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulph that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood ;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere ;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the waters shine ;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies ;
When from the unburden'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves ;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.*

Lives there a reptile baser than the slave ? †
—Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,

* See note, page 156.

† The character of the Creole planter here drawn is justified both by reason and fact : it is no monster of imagination, though, for the credit of human nature, we may hope that it is a monster as rare as it is shocking. It is the double curse of slavery to degrade all who are concerned with it, *doing or suffering*. The slave himself is the lowest in the scale of

See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
 Attendant vassals cringing round their lord :
 Sate with food, his heavy eyelids close,
 Voluptuous minions fan him to repose ;
 Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,
 Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain ;
 He starts in horror from bewildering dreams ;
 His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams :
 He stalks abroad ; through all his wonted rounds,
 The Negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
 And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
 To distant fields his dread approach declare.
 Mark, as he passes, every head declined ;
 Then slowly raised, — to curse him from behind.
 This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
 Own'd by no country, spurn'd by every race ;
 The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span,
 The bloated vampire of a living man ;
 His frame, — a fungous form, of dunghill birth,
 That taints the air, and rots above the earth ;
 His soul ; — has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
 Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest ?
 Who follows, headlong, ignorant, and blind,
 The vague brute instinct of an idiot mind ;

human beings, — except the slave-dealer. Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the West Indies*, and Captain Stedman's *Account of Surinam*, afford examples of the cruelty, ignorance, sloth, and sensuality of Creole planters, particularly in Dutch Guiana, which fully equal the epitome of vice and abomination exhibited in these lines.

I.

M

Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless
 grown,
 E'en from his mother's lap was chill'd to stone;
 Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;
 A stranger to the tenderness of love,
 His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
 Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie;
 His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
 Are born his slaves, and loved at market price:
 Has *he* a soul? — With his departing breath,
 A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
 The spectre Conscience, — shrieking through the
 gloom,
 “ Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.”

O Africa! amidst thy children's woes,
 Did earth and heaven conspire to aid thy foes?
 No, thou hadst vengeance — From thy northern
 shores
 Sallied the lawless corsairs of the Moors,
 And back on Europe's guilty nations hurl'd
 Thy wrongs and sufferings in the sister world:
 Deep in thy dungeons Christians clank'd their chains,
 Or toil'd and perish'd on thy parching plains.

But where thine offspring crouch'd beneath the yoke,
 In heavier peals the avenging thunder broke.
 — Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
 Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain*,

* Alluding to the freebooters and buccaneers who infested

A mammoth race, invincible in might,
Rapine and massacre their dire delight,
Peril their element ;—o'er land and flood
They carried fire, and quench'd the flames with
blood ;

Despairing captives hail'd them from the coasts ;
They rush'd to conquest, led by Charib ghosts.

Tremble, Britannia ! while thine islands tell
The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell * ;
The wild Maroons, impregnable and free,
Among the mountain-holds of liberty,
Sudden as lightning darted on their foe,
Seen like the flash, remember'd like the blow.

While Gallia boasts of dread Marengo's fight,
And Hohenlinden's slaughter-deluged night,
Her spirit sinks ;—the sinews of the brave,
That crippled Europe, shrunk before the Slave ;
The demon-spectres of Domingo rise,
And all her triumphs vanish from her eyes.

God is a Spirit, veil'd from human sight,
In secret darkness of eternal light ;
Through all the glory of his works we trace
The hidings of his counsel and his face ;

the Charibbean seas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were equally renowned for their valour and brutality.

* See Dallas's *History of the Maroons*, among the mountains of Jamaica ; also, Dr. Moseley's *Treatise on Sugar*.

Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will ;
Mercies and judgments mark him, every hour,
Supreme in grace, and infinite in power :
Oft o'er the Eden-islands of the West,
In floral pomp, and verdant beauty drest,
Roll the dark clouds of his awaken'd ire :
—Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood, and
fire,
Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
Tell the pale world, —“the God of vengeance reigns.”

Nor in the majesty of storms alone*,
The Eternal makes his dread displeasure known ;
At his command the pestilence abhorr'd
Spare the poor slave, and smites the haughty
lord ;
While to the tomb he sees his friend consign'd,
Foreboding melancholy sinks his mind,
Soon at his heart he feels the monster's fangs,
They tear his vitals with convulsive pangs :
The light is anguish to his eye, the air
Sepulchral vapours laden with despair ;
Now frenzy-horrors rack his whirling brain,
Tremendous pulses throb through every vein ;

* For minute and afflicting details of the origin and progress of the yellow fever in an individual subject, see Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the West Indies*, vol. iii., particularly Letter XII., in which the writer, from experience, describes its horrors and sufferings.

The firm earth shrinks beneath his torture-bed,
The sky in ruins rushes o'er his head ;
He rolls, he rages in consuming fires,
Till nature, spent with agony, expires.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Moravian Brethren. — Their Missions in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies. — Christian Negroes. — The Advocates of the Negroes in England. — Granville Sharpe, — Clarkson, — Wilberforce, — Pitt, — Fox, — The Nation itself. — The Abolition of the Slave Trade. — The future State of the West Indies, — of Africa, — of the Whole World. — The Millennium.

WAS there no mercy, mother of the slave!
 No friendly hand to succour and to save,
 While commerce thus thy captive tribes oppress'd,
 And lowering vengeance linger'd o'er the west?
 Yes, Africa! beneath the stranger's rod
 They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
 Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
 Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
 A phoenix from the ashes of the first;
 From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
 Among Bohemian mountains Truth retired;
 There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
 She found a people scatter'd, scorn'd, and poor,
 A little flock through quiet valleys led,
 A Christian Israel in the desert fed,

While ravening wolves, that scorn'd the shepherd's
hand,
Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long ;
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toil'd through danger, trials, and distress,
A band of Virgins in the wilderness,
With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear :
But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light :
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away.*

Ages roll'd by, the turf perennial bloom'd
O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd ;

* The context preceding and following this line alludes to the old Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who flourished long before the Reformation, but afterwards were almost lost among the Protestants, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when their ancient episcopal church was revived in Lusatia, by some refugees from Moravia. — See Crantz's *Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren*. Histories of the missions of the Brethren in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies, have been published in Germany : those of the two former have been translated into English. — See Crantz's *History of Greenland*, and Loskiel's *History of the Brethren among the Indians in North America*. It is only justice here to observe, that Christians of other denominations have exerted themselves with great success in the conversion of the Negroes. No invidious preference is intended to be given to the Moravians ; but, knowing them best, the author particularised this society.

No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,
No kings adorn'd, no pilgrims kiss'd their shrine ;
Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept :
But God remember'd them :—their Father kept
A faithful remnant ;—o'er their native clime
His Spirit moved in his appointed time ;
The race revived at his almighty breath,
A seed to serve him, from the dust of death.

“ Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
claim

Mercy to sinners in a Saviour's name : ”
Thus spake the Lord ; they heard, and they obey'd :
—Greenland lay wrapt in nature's heaviest shade ;
Thither the ensign of the cross they bore ;
The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore ;
With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The Red Man roam'd, a hunter-warrior wild ;
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled ;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renew'd ;
The bold base savage, nature's harshest clod,
Rose from the dust the image of his God.

And thou, poor Negro ! scorn'd of all mankind ;
Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind ;
Thou dead in spirit ! toil-degraded slave,
Crush'd by the curse on Adam to the grave ;

The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
That sought the sons of sorrow, stoop'd to thee.
—The captive rais'd his slow and sullen eye ;
He knew no friend, nor deem'd a friend was nigh,
Till the sweet tones of Pity touch'd his ears,
And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears :
Strange were those tones, to him those tears were
strange ;

He wept and wonder'd at the mighty change,
Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
And heard a still small whisper in his heart,
A voice from heaven, that bade the outcast rise
From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran ;
The slave that heard them started into man :
Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,—
The angel came, his night was turn'd to day ;
“ Arise ! ” his fetters fall, his slumbers flee ;
He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

No more to demon-gods, in hideous forms,
He pray'd for earthquakes, pestilence, and storms,
In secret agony devour'd the earth,
And, while he spared his mother, cursed his birth* :
To Heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,
In morning vows and evening sacrifice ;
He pray'd for blessings to descend on those
That dealt to him the cup of many woes ;

* See notes, pp. 156. 158.

Thought of his home in Africa forlorn ;
Yet, while he wept, rejoiced that he was born.
No longer burning with unholy fires
He wallow'd in the dust of base desires ;
Ennobling virtue fix'd his hopes above,
Enlarged his heart, and sanctified his love :
With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
A happy pilgrim, for he walk'd with God.

Still slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
In death and darkness pagan myriads lay :
Stronger and heavier chains than those that bind
The captive's limbs, enthral'd his abject mind ;
The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,
The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.

Meanwhile, among the great, the brave, the free,
The matchless race of Albion and the sea,
Champions arose to plead the Negro's cause ;
In the wide breach of violated laws,
Through which the torrent of injustice roll'd,
They stood :—with zeal unconquerably bold,
They raised their voices, stretch'd their arms to
save
From chains the freeman, from despair the slave ;
The exile's heart-sick anguish to assuage,
And rescue Afric from the spoiler's rage.
She, miserable mother, from the shore,
Age after age, beheld the barks that bore
Her tribes to bondage :—with distraction wrung,
Wild as the lioness that seeks her young,

She flash'd unheeded lightnings from her eyes;
 Her inmost deserts echoing to her cries;
 Till agony the sense of suffering stole,
 And stern unconscious grief benumb'd her soul.
 So Niobe, when all her race were slain,
 In ecstasy of woe forgot her pain:
 Cold in her eye serenest sorrow shone,
 While pitying Nature soothed her into stone.

Thus Africa, entranced with sorrow, stood,
 Her fix'd eye gleaming on the restless flood:
 — When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's charter'd
 shore*,

From Libyan limbs the unsanction'd fetters tore,
 And taught the world, that while she rules the waves,
 Her soil is freedom to the feet of slaves:

— When Clarkson his victorious course began †,
 Unyielding in the cause of God and man,
 Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
 No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend;
 He rose o'er Afric like the sun in smiles, —
 He rests in glory on the western isles:

* Granville Sharpe, Esq. after a struggle of many years, against authority and precedent, established in our courts of justice the *law of the Constitution*, that there are no slaves in England, and that the fact of a Negro being found in this country is of itself a proof that he is a freeman.

† No panegyric which a conscientious writer can bestow, or a good man may receive, will be deemed extravagant for the modest merits of Mr. Clarkson, by those who are acquainted with his labours. — See his *History of the Abolition*, &c. 2 vols. lately published.

—When Wilberforce, the minister of grace,
The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race* ,

* The author of this poem confesses himself under many obligations to Mr. Wilberforce's eloquent letter on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, addressed to the Freeholders of Yorkshire, and published in 1807, previous to the decision of the question. Las Casas has been accused of being a *promoter*, if not *the original projector*, of the Negro Slave Trade to the West Indies. The Abbé Gregoire some years ago published a defence of this great and good man against the degrading imputation. The following among other arguments which he advances, are well worthy of consideration.

The slave trade between Africa and the West Indies commenced, according to Herrera himself, the first and indeed the only accuser of Las Casas, nineteen years before the epoch of his pretended project.

Herrera (from whom other authors have negligently taken the fact for granted, on his bare word) does not quote a single authority in support of his assertion that Las Casas recommended the importation of Negroes into Hispaniola. The charge itself was *first* published thirty-five years after the death of Las Casas. All writers antecedent to Herrera, and contemporary with him, are silent on the subject, although several of these were the avowed enemies of Las Casas. Herrera's veracity on other points is much disputed, and he displays violent prejudices against the man whom he accuses. It may be added, that he was greatly indebted to him for information as an historian of the Indies.

In the numerous writings of Las Casas himself, still extant, there is not one word in favour of slavery of any kind, but they abound with reasoning and invective against it in every shape: and among his eloquent appeals, and comprehensive plans on behalf of the oppressed Indians, there is not a solitary hint in recommendation of the African Slave Trade. He only twice mentions the Negroes through all his multifarious writings: in one instance he merely names them as living in the islands (in a manuscript in the National Library at Paris); and in the same work he proposes *no other* remedy for the miseries of the aboriginal inhabitants, than the suppression of the *repentimientos*, or divisions of the *people*, with the soil on which they

With angel-might opposed the rage of hell,
And fought like Michael, till the dragon fell :

were born. In another memorial, after detailing at great length the measures which ought to be pursued for the redress of the Indians, (the proper opportunity, certainly, to advocate the Negro Slave Trade, if he approved of it,) he adds, — “The Indians are not more tormented by their masters and the different public officers, than by their servants *and by the Negroes.*”

The original accusation of Las Casas, translated from the words of Herrera, is as follows : — “The licentiate Bartholomew Las Casas, perceiving that his plans experienced on all sides great difficulties, and that the expectations which he had formed from his connection with the High Chancellor, and the favourable opinion the latter entertained of him, had not produced any effect, projected other expedients, such as, *to procure for the Castilians established in the Indies a cargo of Negroes*, to relieve the Indians in the culture of the earth and the labour of the mines ; also to obtain *a great number of working men* (from Europe), who should pass over into those regions with certain privileges, and on certain conditions, which he detailed.”

Let this statement be compared with Dr. Robertson's most exaggerated account, avowedly taken *from Herrera* alone, and let every man judge for himself, whether one of the most zealous and indefatigable advocates of freedom that ever existed, “while he contended earnestly for the liberty of the people born in one quarter of the globe, *laboured* to enslave the inhabitants of another region, and, in his zeal to save the Americans from the yoke, pronounced it to be *lawful and expedient* to impose one *still heavier* on the Africans.” — Robertson's *History of America*, Vol. I. Part III. But the circumstance *connected by Dr. Robertson with this supposed scheme* of Las Casas is unwarranted by any authority, and makes his own of no value. He adds — “The plan of Las Casas was adopted. Charles V. granted a patent to one of his Flemish favourites, containing an exclusive right of importing four thousand negroes into America.” Herrera, the only author whom Dr. Robertson pretends to follow, does not, in any place, associate his random charge against Las

— When Pitt, supreme amid the senate, rose
The Negro's friend, among the Negro's foes ;
Yet while his tones like heaven's high thunder broke,
No fire descended to consume the yoke :
— When Fox, all-eloquent, for freedom stood,
With speech resistless as the voice of blood,
The voice that cries through all the patriot's veins,
When at his feet his country groans in chains ;
The voice that whispers in the mother's breast,
When smiles her infant in his rosy rest ;
Of power to bid the storm of passion roll,
Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul.
He spake in vain ; — till, with his latest breath,
He broke the spell of Africa in death.

The Muse to whom the lyre and lute belong,
Whose song of freedom is her noblest song,
The lyre with awful indignation swept,
O'er the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept,

Casas with this acknowledged and most infamous act. The crime of having first recommended the importation of African slaves into the American islands is attributed, by three writers of the life of Cardinal Ximenes (who rendered himself illustrious by his opposition to the trade in its infancy), to *Chièvres*, and by two others to *the Flemish nobility themselves*, who obtained the monopoly aforementioned, and which was sold to some "Genoese merchants for 25,000 ducats: and *they were the first who brought into a regular form that commerce for slaves between Africa and America, which has since been carried on to such an amazing extent.*" — It is unnecessary to say more on the subject. — A translation of Gregoire's defence of Las Casas was published in 1803, by *H. D. Symonds*, *Pater noster Row*.

—When Albion's crimes drew thunder from her
tongue,

—When Afric's woes o'erwhelm'd her while she sung.

Lamented Cowper! in thy path I tread;

O! that on me were thy meek spirit shed!

The woes that wring my bosom once were thine;

Be all thy virtues, all thy genius, mine!

Peace to thy soul! thy God thy portion be;

And in his presence may I rest with thee!

Quick at the call of Virtue, Freedom, Truth,
Weak withering Age and strong aspiring Youth
Alike the expanding power of Pity felt;
The coldest, hardest hearts began to melt;
From breast to breast the flame of justice glow'd;
Wide o'er its banks the Nile of mercy flow'd;
Through all the isle the gradual waters swell'd;
Mammon in vain the encircling flood repell'd;
O'erthrown at length, like Pharaoh and his host,
His shipwreck'd hopes lay scatter'd round the coast.

High on her rock in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate:
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind;
Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept;
The Mother thought upon her sons, and wept
—She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,
And his last signal beaming o'er the main*;

* “ England expects every man to do his duty.”

In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
 While Victory bound the laurel on his head;
 At once immortal, in both worlds, became
 His soaring spirit and abiding name ;
 —She thought of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier;
 And, "O my country!" echoed in her ear;
 —She thought of Fox ;—she heard him faintly speak
 His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
 His dying accents trembled into air ;
 " Spare injured Africa ! the Negro spare !"

She started from her trance ! — and round the
 shore,

Beheld her supplicating sons once more
 Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
 Renew'd, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,
 The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
 And all the tyrant ravish'd from the slave.
 Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim,
 Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame ;
 Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd
 To helpless, hopeless Africa she turn'd ;
 She saw her sister in the mourner's face,
 And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace :
 " All hail !" exclaim'd the empress of the sea, —
 " Thy chains are broken — Africa, be free !"

Muse ! take the harp of prophecy : — behold !
 The glories of a brighter age unfold :
 Friends of the outcast ! view the accomplish'd plan
 The Negro towering to the height of man.

The blood of Romans, Saxons, Gauls, and Danes,
Swell'd the rich fountain of the Briton's veins ;
Unmingled streams a warmer life impart,
And quicker pulses to the Negro's heart :
A dusky race, beneath the evening sun,
Shall blend their spousal currents into one :
Is beauty bound to colour, shape, or air ?
No ; God created all his offspring fair :
Tyrant and slave their tribes shall never see,
For God created all his offspring free ;
Then Justice, leagued with Mercy, from above,
Shall reign in all the liberty of love ;
And the sweet shores beneath the balmy west
Again shall be " the islands of the blest."

Unutterable mysteries of fate

Involve, O Africa ! thy future state.

— On Niger's banks, in lonely beauty wild,

A Negro-mother carols to her child :

" Son of my widow'd love, my orphan joy !

Avenge thy father's murder, O my boy !"

Along those banks the fearless *infant* strays,

Bathes in the stream, among the eddies plays ;

See the *boy* bounding through the eager race ;

The fierce *youth*, shouting foremost in the chase,

Drives the grim lion from his ancient woods,

And smites the crocodile amidst his floods :

To giant strength in unshorn *manhood* grown,

He haunts the wilderness, he dwells alone.

A tigress with her whelps to seize him sprung ;

He tears the mother, and he tames the young

I.

N

In the drear cavern of their native rock :
Thither wild slaves and fell banditti flock ;
He heads their hordes ; they burst, like torrid rains
In death and devastation o'er the plains ;
Stronger and bolder grows his ruffian band,
Prouder his heart, more terrible his hand,
He spreads his banner : crowding from afar,
Innumerable armies rush to war ;
Resistless as the pillar'd whirlwinds fly
O'er Libyan sands revolving to the sky,
In fire and wrath through every realm they run,
Where the noon-shadow shrinks beneath the sun ;
Till at the Conqueror's feet, from sea to sea,
A hundred nations bow the servile knee,
And throned in nature's unreveal'd domains,
The Jenghis Khan of Africa he reigns.

Dim through the night of these tempestuous
years

A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears ;
Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
And healing arts to hideous arms succeed ;
At home fraternal bonds her tribes shall bind,
Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind ;
While Truth shall build, and pure Religion bless,
The Church of God amidst the wilderness.

Nor in the isles and Africa alone
Be the Redeemer's cross and triumph known :
Father of Mercies ! speed the promised hour ;
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power ;

Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean-waters roll !

—Hope waits the morning of celestial light ;
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight ;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun ;
Millennial years are hastening to the sun ;
Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing
eyes,

The New Creation shines in purer skies.

— All hail ! — the age of crime and suffering ends ;
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends ;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword ;
Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restored ;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is All in All.

END OF THE FOURTH AND LAST PART.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

" O laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cunque salve,
Rite vocanti."

HORAT. *ad Lyram*,
Od. XXXII., Lib. 1.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command ;—
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear, departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
Snapt in their freshness by the blast :

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day of death :—

The weeping Minstrel sings ;
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
Responsive to the notes of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,

The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet, to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play ;—

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still.

O! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who hast been a stranger long ;
O! strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead ;—

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase ;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace ;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
And everlasting as his truth : —

Sing, heavenly Hope ! — and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long ;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah ! then, this gloom control,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
A native Eden in my heart.

1807.

POPE'S WILLOW.

VERSES

Written for an Urn, made out of the Trunk of the Weeping Willow, imported from the East, and planted by Pope in his Grounds at Twickenham, where it flourished many Years ; but, falling into decay, it was lately cut down.

ERE POPE resign'd his tuneful breath,
And made the turf his pillow,
The minstrel hung his harp in death
Upon the drooping Willow ;
That Willow from Euphrates' strand,
Had sprung beneath his training hand.

Long as revolving seasons flew,
From youth to age it flourish'd,
By vernal winds and starlight dew,
By showers and sunbeams nourish'd ;
And while in dust the Poet slept,
The Willow o'er his ashes wept.

Old Time beheld its silvery head
With graceful grandeur towering,
Its pensile boughs profusely spread,
The breezy lawn embowering,
Till, arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot
A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at summer noon, he view'd
The lovely Nine retreating,
Beneath its twilight solitude
With songs their Poet greeting,
Whose spirit in the Willow spoke,
Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.

By harvest moonlight there he spied
The fairy bands advancing ;
Bright Ariel's troop, on Thames's side,
Around the Willow dancing ;
Gay sylphs among the foliage play'd,
And glow-worms glitter'd in the shade.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree
In beauty green and glorious,
"The hand," he cried, "that planted thee
O'er mine was oft victorious ;
Be vengeance now my calm employ,—
One work of POPE'S I *will* destroy."

He spake, and struck a silent blow
With that dread arm whose motion
Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,
And wields o'er land and ocean
The unremitting axe of doom,
That fells the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the Willow's root it went,
And cleft the core asunder,

Like sudden secret lightning, sent
Without recording thunder :
—From that sad moment, slow away
Began the Willow to decay.

In vain did Spring those bowers restore,
Where loves and graces revell'd,
Autumn's wild gales the branches tore,
The thin grey leaves dishevell'd,
And every wasting Winter found
The Willow nearer to the ground.

Hoary, and weak, and bent with age,
At length the axe assail'd it :
It bow'd before the woodman's rage ;
The swans of Thames bewail'd it,
With softer tones, with sweeter breath,
Than ever charm'd the ear of death.

O POPE ! hadst thou, whose lyre so long
The wondering world enchanted,
Amidst thy paradise of song
This Weeping Willow planted ;
Among thy loftiest laurels seen,
In deathless verse for ever green,—

Thy chosen Tree had stood sublime,
The storms of ages braving,
Triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time
Its verdant banner waving,

While regal pyramids decay'd,
And empires perish'd in its shade.

An humbler lot, O Tree! was thine,
—Gone down in all thy glory;
The sweet, the mournful task be mine,
To sing thy simple story;
Though verse like mine in vain would raise
The fame of thy departed days.

Yet, fallen Willow! if to me
Such power of song were given,
My lips should breathe a soul through thee,
And call down fire from heaven,
To kindle in this hallow'd Urn
A flame that would for ever burn.

1806.

A WALK IN SPRING.

I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
Where, issuing from the forest shade,
A little mountain stream
Along the winding valley play'd,
Beneath the morning beam.

Light o'er the woods of dark brown oak
The west-wind wreathed the hovering smoke,
From cottage roofs conceal'd,
Below a rock abruptly broke,
In rosy light reveal'd.

'Twas in the infancy of May,—
The uplands glow'd in green array,
While from the ranging eye
The lessening landscape stretch'd away,
To meet the bending sky.

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear
The earliest music of the year,
The Blackbird's loud wild note,
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
The Thrush's stammering throat.

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,—
The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
The sorrel's simple bloom.

Wherefore I love the walks of Spring,—
While still I hear new warblers sing,
Fresh-opening bells I see ;
Joy flits on every roving wing,
Hope buds on every tree.

That morn I look'd and listen'd long,
Some cheering sight, some woodland song,
As yet unheard, unseen,
To welcome, with remembrance strong
Of days that once had been ;—

When gathering flowers, an eager child,
I ran abroad with rapture wild ;
Or, on more curious quest,
Peep'd breathless through the copse, and smiled,
To see the linnet's nest.

Already had I watch'd the flight
Of swallows darting through the light,
And mock'd the cuckoo's call ;
Already view'd, o'er meadows bright,
The evening rainbow fall.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first Spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, white, and blue,
Among the verdure crept ;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its blooms,
He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
Then fled in airy rings ;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

O, welcome, as a friend ! I cried ;
A friend through many a season tried,
Nor ever sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
The glittering coronet of morn,
In calm delicious hours,
Beneath their beams thy buds are born,
'Midst love-awakening showers.

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briary glens, o'er pasture-land,
Thy fairy tribes we meet ;
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk,
But stoops his little neck in vain
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the rural children stray,
To pluck thy nectar'd bells ;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,
The frugal cottage-dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine,
While many a festal cup they fill
With Britain's homely wine.

I.

O

Unchanging still from year to year,
Like stars returning in their sphere,
With undiminish'd rays,
Thy vernal constellations cheer
The dawn of lengthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breathed their balmy lives away
In this neglected place.

And O, till Nature's final doom,
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plough secure,
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure!

Yet, lowly Cowslip, while in thee
An old unalter'd friend I see,
Fresh in perennial prime;
From Spring to Spring behold in me
The woes and waste of Time.

This fading eye and withering mien
Tell what a sufferer I have been,
Since more and more estranged,
From hope to hope, from scene to scene,
Through Folly's wilds I ranged.

Then fields and woods I proudly spurn'd ;
From Nature's maiden love I turn'd,
 And wooed the enchantress Art ;
Yet while for her my fancy burn'd,
 Cold was my wretched heart,—

Till, distanced in Ambition's race,
Weary of Pleasure's joyless chase,
 My peace untimely slain,
Sick of the world,—I turn'd my face
 To fields and woods again.

'Twas Spring ;—my former haunts I found,
My favourite flowers adorn'd the ground,
 My darling minstrels play'd ;
The mountains were with sunset crown'd,
 The valleys dun with shade.

With lorn delight the scene I view'd,
Past joys and sorrows were renew'd ;
 My infant hopes and fears
Look'd lovely, through the solitude
 Of retrospective years.

And still, in Memory's twilight bowers,
The spirits of departed hours,
 With mellowing tints, portray
The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
 For ever fall'n away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with hope, we look before,
The future good to find;
In age when error charms no more,
For bliss we look behind.

1808.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.

The body of the Missionary, John Smith, (who died February 6. 1824, in prison, under sentence of death by a court-martial, in Demerara,) was ordered to be buried secretly at night, and no person, not even his widow, was allowed to follow the corpse. Mrs. Smith, however, and her friend Mrs. Elliott, accompanied by a free Negro, carrying a lantern, repaired beforehand to the spot where a grave had been dug, and there they awaited the interment, which took place accordingly. His Majesty's pardon, annulling the condemnation, is said to have arrived on the day of the unfortunate Missionary's death, from the rigours of confinement, in a tropical climate, and under the slow pains of an inveterate malady, previously afflicting him.

COME down in thy profoundest gloom,
Without one vagrant fire-fly's light,
Beneath thine ebon arch entomb
Earth, from the gaze of heaven, O Night!
A deed of darkness must be done,
Put out the moon, hold back the sun.

Are these the criminals, that flee
Like deeper shadows through the shade?
A flickering lamp, from tree to tree,
Betrays their path along the glade,
Led by a Negro; — now they stand,
Two trembling women, hand in hand.

A grave, an open grave, appears;
O'er this in agony they bend,
Wet the fresh turf with bitter tears;
Sighs following sighs their bosoms rend:

These are not murderers ! — these have known,
Grief more bereaving than their own.

Oft through the gloom their straining eyes
Look forth, for what they fear to meet :
It comes ; they catch a glimpse ; it flies :
Quick-glancing lights, slow-trampling feet,
Amidst the cane-crops, — seen, heard, gone, —
Return, — and in dead-march move on.

A stern procession ! — gleaming arms,
And spectral countenances dart,
By the red torch-flame, wild alarms,
And withering pangs through either heart ;
A corpse amidst the group is borne,
A prisoner's corpse who died last morn.

Not by the slave-lord's justice slain,
Who doom'd him to a traitor's death ;
While royal mercy sped in vain
O'er land and sea to save his breath ;
No ; the frail life that warm'd this clay
Man could not give nor take away.

His vengeance and his grace, alike,
Were impotent to spare or kill ;
— He may not lift the sword to strike,
Nor turn its edge aside, at will ;
Here, by one sovereign act and deed,
God cancell'd all that man decreed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
That corpse is to the grave consign'd ;
The scene departs : — this buried trust,
The Judge of quick and dead shall find,
When things which Time and Death have seal'd
Shall be in flaming fire reveal'd.

The fire shall try Thee, then, like gold,
Prisoner of hope ! — await the test ;
And O, when truth alone is told,
Be thy clear innocence confess'd !
The fire shall try thy foes ; — may they
Find mercy in that dreadful day !

THE SWISS COWHERD'S SONG,

IN A FOREIGN LAND.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
 Our forests, our fountains,
 Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet, —
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
 My father, my mother,
 My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
— 'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

THE OAK.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

THE tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main;
The self-same foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.

THE DIAL.

THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
That steals from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away ;
This shadow, which, in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime ; —
What is it ? — Mortal Man !
It is the scythe of TIME :
— A shadow only to the eye ;
Yet, in its calm career,
It levels all beneath the sky ;
And still, through each succeeding year,
Right onward, with resistless power,
Its stroke shall darken every hour,
Till Nature's race be run,
And TIME's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
This silent phantom, day by day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Steals moments, months, and years away ;
From hoary rock and aged tree,
From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,

From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
From every blade of grass it falls ;
For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
The scythe of Time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps
O'er evanescent joys ;
Like flow'rets glittering with the dews of morn,
Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn :
— Ah ! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.

Then TIME, the Conqueror, will suspend
His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
Whose moving shadow shall portend
Each frail beholder's doom :
O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
Though TIME's triumphant flight be shown,
The truest index on its face
Points from the churchyard stone.

1807.

THE ROSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

Two Roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew,
Together hail'd the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew ;
While sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume ;
While foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendour pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses to the last
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves in falling round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,

And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin Roses spend your time,
— Life's little, lessening span ;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair, and more fair, as you decline ; —

Till, planted in that realm of rest
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

1808.

TO AGNES.

REPLY TO SOME LINES, BEGINNING, "ARREST, O TIME!
THY FLEETING COURSE."

TIME will not check his eager flight,
Though gentle AGNES scold,
For 'tis the Sage's dear delight
To make young Ladies old.

Then listen, AGNES, friendship sings ;
Seize fast his forelock grey,
And pluck from his careering wings
A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
And bid him plough your face,
For every furrow of old age
Shall be a line of grace.

Start not ; old age is virtue's prime ;
Most lovely she appears,
Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time,
Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
The eternal mountains rise ;
Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.

1804.

AN EPITAPH.

ART thou a man of honest mould,
With fervent heart, and soul sincere?
A husband, father, friend? — Behold,
Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes yon violet's bloom,
Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death,
The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
Was once his vital breath.

The roving wind shall pass away,
The warming sun forsake the sky;
Thy brother, in that dreadful day,
Shall live and never die.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

SHALL Man of frail fruition boast?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and, at most,
A momentary year?

There was a time, — that time is past, —
When, youth! I bloom'd like thee!
A time will come, — 'tis coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me: —

Like me through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn; —
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And pleasure held the reins till noon,
But grief drove down the sky.

Like autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign ;
My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year ;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere !

I long to cast the chains away,
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo, — never free
Till Nature yields her breath,
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in Death.

1804.

THE GLOW-WORM.

The male of this insect is said to be a fly, which the female caterpillar attracts in the night by the lustre of her train.

WHEN Evening closes Nature's eye,
The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
To captivate her favourite fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark.

Conducted by a sweeter star,
Than all that deck the fields above,
He fondly hastens from afar,
To soothe her solitude with love.

Thus in this wilderness of tears,
Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
The transient torch of Hymen cheers
The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.

Unhappy he whose hopeless eye
Turns to the light of love in vain ;
Whose cynosure is in the sky,
He on the dark and lonely main.

1804.

BOLEHILL TREES.

A conspicuous plantation, encompassing a school-house and play-ground, on a bleak eminence, at Barlow, in Derbyshire: on the one hand facing the high moors; on the other, overlooking a richly-cultivated, well-wooded, and mountainous country, near the seat of a gentleman where the writer has spent many happy hours.

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
That welcome my wandering eye!
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky;
On the brow of the mountain, uncultured and bleak,
They flourish in grandeur sublime,
Adorning its bald and majestic peak,
Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise;— to the stranger forlorn,
All night on the wild heath delay'd,
'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of morn
Unveiling behind their dark shade:
The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
On the line of the grey evening scene,
Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sunset expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor*,
While weary and fainting they roam,

* Bilberries, cluster-berries, and crane-berries.

Through the blue dazzling distance of noon-light
explore

The trees that remind them of home :
The children that range in the valley suspend
Their sports and in ecstasy gaze,
When they see the broad moon from the summit
ascend,
And their school-house and grove in a blaze.

O ! sweet to my soul is that beautiful grove,
Awakening remembrance most dear ;—
When lonely in anguish and exile I rove,
Wherever its glories appear,
It gladdens my spirit, it soothes from afar
With tranquil and tender delight,
It shines through my heart, like a hope-beaming
star,
Alone in the desert of night.

It tells me of moments of innocent bliss,
For ever and ever gone o'er ;
Like the light of a smile, like the balm of a kiss,
They were,—but they will be no more :
Yet wherefore of pleasures departed complain,
That leave such endearment behind ?
Though the sun of their sweetness be sunk in the
main,
Their twilight still rests on the mind.

Then peace to *his* ashes who planted those trees !
Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,

With simple and lovely magnificence please
All bosoms, and gladden all eyes :
Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazon his fame
Like his own sylvan trophies, that wave
In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,
And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah! thus, when I sleep in the desolate tomb,
May the laurels I planted endure,
On the mountain of high immortality bloom,
'Midst lightning and tempest secure !
Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,
And nations sit under their shade,
While my spirit, in secret, shall move o'er my lyre,
Aloft in their branches display'd.

Hence dream of vain glory !—the light drop of dew
That glows in the violet's eye,
In the splendour of morn, to a fugitive view,
May rival a star of the sky ;
But the violet is pluck'd, and the dew-drop is flown,
The star unextinguish'd shall shine :
Then mine be the laurels of virtue alone,
And the glories of Paradise mine.

1807.

THE MOLE-HILL.

TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath !
Tell me how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death ?

The mole that scoops with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

But, O ! where'er she turns the ground,
My kindred earth I see ;
Once every atom of this mound
Lived, breathed, and felt, like me.

Like me these elder-born of clay
Enjoy'd the cheerful light,
Bore the brief burden of a day,
And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn,
The rising sun surveys
Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
Where eastern grandeur shone,
And vultures scream, hyænas yell
Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
To watch the sport of Fate,
While Time between the pillars leans,
And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples crush'd by Time,
Stupendous wrecks! appear
To me less mournfully sublime
Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould
Once the warm life-blood ran ;
Here thine original behold,
And here thy ruins, Man !

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath ;
Ten thousand pulses beat ;
Tell me, — in this small hill of death,
How many mortals meet ?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,
From ocean, earth, and sky,

Collected here, the frail remains
Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
Breaks through the twilight gloom ?
What hand invisible displays
The secrets of the tomb ?

All ages and all nations rise,
And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wild champaign while they pass,
Their footsteps yield no sound,
Nor shake from the light trembling grass
A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts,
My wondering eyes explore
Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
Heroes and kings of yore :—

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
Whose withering influence ran
Through all the promise of the mind,
And smote and mildew'd man :—

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
Whose genial aspects smiled,
And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
Was he, whose fatal skill
First beat the plough-share to a sword,
And taught the art to kill.

Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
Of fondly worshipt fame ;
He built the Pyramids, but left
No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
As tempests when they roar ?
— The first who push'd his daring bark
Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
He steer'd with steadfast eye ;
His path was on the desert waves,
His compass in the sky.

That youth who lifts his graceful hand,
Struck the unshapen block,
And beauty leap'd, at his command,
A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,

Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade.

Sweet are the thefts of love ;—she stole
His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon listening nymph, who looks behind,
With countenance of fire,
Heard midnight music in the wind,—
And framed the Æolian lyre.

All hail !—The Sire of Song appears
The Muse's eldest born ;
The skylark in the dawn of years,
The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
That echoed to his voice,
Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
And earth and heaven rejoice.

Though charm'd to meekness while he sung,
The wild beasts round him ran,
This was the triumph of his tongue,—
It tamed the heart of man.

Dim through the mist of twilight times
The ghost of Cyrus walks ;
Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
The son of Ammon stalks.

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
Of sworn, fix'd hatred, lowers ;
Cæsar, — 'tis Brutus at his side, —
In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
Dissolve the spectred gloom,
The leading star of Greece in arms,
Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer ; — see the bard arise !
And hark ! — he strikes the lyre ;
The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
The Argive Chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
The towers of Troy sublime,
Raised by the magic breath of song,
Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
The storms of battle rage :
And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer ! Were it mine
To track thy fiery car,
And in thy sunset course to shine
A radiant evening star, —

What theme, what laurel might the Muse
Reclaim from ages fled ?

What realm-restoring hero choose
To summon from the dead ?

Yonder his shadow flits away :
—Thou shalt not thus depart ;
Stay, thou transcendent spirit, stay,
And tell me who thou art !

'Tis Alfred !—In the rolls of Fame,
And on a midnight page,
Blazes his broad refulgent name,
The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
Howl'd o'er the British wild,
But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth,
And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
By mad invasion hurl'd ;
His voice was liberty to slaves,
Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea
Shall Albion's foes appal ;
The race of Alfred *will* be free ;—
Hear it, and tremble, Gaul !

But lo ! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past ;
Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Immortal spirits dwell ?

I know not, but I soon shall know
When life's sore conflicts cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines
The pledge of bliss to Man ;
Time with Eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

1807.

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the two following poems were suggested by the loss of the *Blenheim*, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean. — The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father. — Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran a-ground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare ;
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep, that like a cradled child
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day :
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear
In morning's rich array ;
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling winds in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale ;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind ;
—But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar ;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught ;
But late her evil star
Had cursed it on its homeward way,
—“ The spoiler shall become the prey.”

Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omen'd show !
So views the mother through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
Peril and death they spurn'd ;
Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew ;
Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd
In battle-hurricanes to wield
His lightnings on the billowy field ;
And many a look they turn'd
O'er the blue waste of waves to spy
A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate ;
— That story would the Muse relate,
The song might rise in vain ;
In ocean's deepest, darkest bed,
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
Their sails were never furl'd ;
Never on known or friendly land,
By storms their keel was hurl'd ;
Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod ;
Throughout the living world,
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The spirit of the Cape* pursued
Their long and toilsome way ;
At length, in ocean-solitude,
He sprang upon his prey ;
“ Havoc !” the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play ;
The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
Firm stood the seamen till the last.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were sped ;
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
They mark'd the high mast-head
Of that devoted vessel, tost
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost ;
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar ;
—At length they saw, they heard no more.

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms. — See *Camoens' Lusiad*, book v.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake ;
When these the voice of Rumour hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache ;
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

THE SEQUEL.

HE sought his sire from shore to shore,
He sought him day by day ;
The prow he track'd was seen no more,
Breasting the ocean-spray ;
Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
He sail'd above his father's head,
Unconscious where it lay,
Deep, deep beneath the rolling main ;
—He sought his sire ; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave ! no longer weep ;
Still with affection true,
Along the wild disastrous deep,
Thy father's course pursue ;
Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
His compass guides thee through ;
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

1810.

M. S.

TO THE MEMORY OF

"A FEMALE WHOM SICKNESS HAD RECONCILED TO THE
NOTES OF SORROW,"

Who corresponded with the Author under this signature, on the first publication of his Poems, in 1806, but died soon after; when her real name and merits were disclosed to him by one of her surviving friends.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd her ear;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
Consoled me with her latest breath.

What is the Poet's highest aim,
His richest heritage of fame?
— To track the warrior's fiery road,
With havoc, spoil, destruction strow'd,
While nations bleed along the plains,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheels in chains?
— With fawning hand to woo the lyre,
Profanely steal celestial fire,
And bid an idol's altar blaze
With incense of unhallow'd praise?
— With syren strains, Circean art,
To win the ear, beguile the heart,

Wake the wild passions into rage,
And please and prostitute the age?

NO!—to the generous bard belong
Diviner themes and purer song :
—To hail Religion from above,
Descending in the form of Love,
And pointing through a world of strife
The narrow way that leads to life :
—To pour the balm of heavenly rest
Through Sorrow's agonising breast ;
With Pity's tender arms embrace
The orphans of a kindred race ;
And in one zone of concord bind
The lawless spoilers of mankind :
—To sing in numbers boldly free
The wars and woes of liberty ;
The glory of her triumphs tell,
Her nobler suffering when she fell *,
Girt with the phalanx of the brave,
Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,
Which tyrants tremble to pass by,
Even on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,
The angel-visions of the Muse,
That o'er his morning slumbers shine ;
These are his themes, — and these were mine.

* " Piu val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire."

GAETANA PABRERINI.

But pale Despondency, that stole
The light of gladness from my soul,
While youth and folly blindfold ran
The giddy circle up to Man,
Breathed a dark spirit through my lyre,
Dimm'd the noon-radiance of my fire,
And cast a mournful evening hue
O'er every scene my fancy drew.
Then though the proud despised my strain,
It flow'd not from my heart in vain ;
The lay of freedom, fervour, truth,
Was dear to undissembling youth,
From manly breasts drew generous sighs,
And Virtue's tears from Beauty's eyes.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd HER ear ;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
She bless'd me with her latest breath.

A secret hand to me convey'd
The thoughts of that inspiring Maid ;
They came like voices on the wind,
Heard in the stillness of the mind,
When round the Poet's twilight walk
Aërial beings seem to talk :
Not the twin-stars of Leda shine
With vernal influence more benign,
Nor sweeter, in the sylvan vale,
Sings the lone-warbling nightingale,

Than through my shades her lustre broke,
Than to my griefs her spirit spoke.

My fancy form'd her young and fair,
Pure as her sister-lilies were,
Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
With every charm of soul and face,
That Virtue's awful eye approves,
And fond Affection dearly loves ;
Heaven in her open aspect seen,
Her Maker's image in her mien.

Such was the picture fancy drew,
In lineaments divinely true ;
The Muse, by her mysterious art,
Had shown her likeness to my heart,
And every faithful feature brought
O'er the clear mirror of my thought.
— But she was waning to the tomb ;
The worm of death was in her bloom ;
Yet as the mortal frame declined,
Strong through the ruins rose the mind ;
As the dim moon, when night ascends,
Slow in the east the darkness rends,
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendour of her beams,
Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
Free as a disembodied soul !
Thus, while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade ;

Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd,
In nature's weakness were reveal'd ;
And still the unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last,
Dissolved its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
Emerging into perfect light.

Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep,
Though rapt to heaven the saint aspire,
With seraph guards on wings of fire ;
Yet shall they weep ; — for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak,
With beaming eye and burning cheek,
Each action, word, and look recall,
The last, the loveliest of all,
When on the lap of death she lay,
Serenely smiled her soul away,
And left surviving Friendship's breast
Warm with the sunset of her rest.

O thou, who wert on earth unknown,
Companion of my thought alone !
Unchanged in heaven to me thou art,
Still hold communion with my heart ;
Cheer thou my hopes, exalt my views,
Be the good angel of my Muse ;
— And if to thine approving ear
My plaintive numbers once were dear ;

If, falling round thy dying hours,
Like evening dews on closing flowers,
They soothed thy pains, and through thy soul
With melancholy sweetness stole,
HEAR ME :—When slumber from mine eyes,
That roll in irksome darkness, flies ;
When the lorn spectre of unrest
At conscious midnight haunts my breast ;
When former joys and present woes,
And future fears, are all my foes ;
Spirit of my departed friend,
Calm through the troubled gloom descend,
With strains of triumph on thy tongue,
Such as to dying saints are sung ;
Such as in Paradise the ear
Of God himself delights to hear ;
— Come, all unseen ; be only known
By Zion's harp of higher tone,
Warbling to thy mysterious voice ;
Bid my desponding powers rejoice ;
And I will listen to thy lay,
Till night and sorrow flee away,
Till gladness o'er my bosom rise,
And morning kindle round the skies.

If thus to me, sweet saint, be given
To learn from thee the hymns of haeven,
Thine inspiration will impart
Seraphic ardours to my heart ;
My voice thy music shall prolong,
And echo thy entrancing song ;

My lyre with sympathy divine
Shall answer every chord of thine,
Till their consenting tones give birth
To harmonies unknown on earth.
Then shall my thoughts, in living fire
Sent down from heaven, to heaven aspire,
My verse through lofty measures rise,
A scale of glory to the skies,
Resembling, on each hallow'd theme,
The ladder of the Patriarch's dream,
O'er which descending angels shone,
On earthly missions from the throne,
Returning by the steps they trod,
Up to the Paradise of God.

1808.

PRISON AMUSEMENTS:

WRITTEN

**DURING NINE MONTHS OF CONFINEMENT IN THE CASTLE
OF YORK, IN THE YEARS 1795 AND 1796.**

INTRODUCTION

TO THE PRESENT EDITION OF THE
PRISON AMUSEMENTS.

It has been mentioned already in the general Preface to these volumes, that the first number of the *Iris* (succeeding to the *Sheffield Register*) was published by myself, and a friend whose name did not appear in the imprint, on the 4th of July, 1794. He, however, soon becoming weary of the vexation, and alarmed by the peril to which we were exposed in the conduct of an independent journal, at the end of the first year retired from the conflict, leaving me in possession of a field, every inch of which was to be maintained either by inflexibly passive resistance, or by alternate aggression and defence, against numerous adversaries banded against my predecessor, and whose disappointed vengeance fell upon me,—more from the misfortune of having stepped into his place when he left the kingdom, than for any offences that I had committed, or any personal spleen against myself. But I was singled out, as will appear in the sequel, not only as an object of suspicion from the situation which I occupied, but I

was watched at every step of my progress as a proper object for prosecution, when a feasible pretext could be found,—an example being wanted to deter others from doing what *I* had not yet done, but what *they* were doing with impunity, because they were either above or below the mark of legal visitation. How this was effected I will now tell.

Little more than a month after I had become connected with the newspaper, I was one day called into the bookseller's shop, where business-orders were received. There I found a poor-looking elderly man, whom I recollected to have seen in the street a little while before; when I was attracted both by his grotesque appearance, and his comical address as a ballad-monger. He stood with a bundle of pamphlets in his hand, crying out in a peculiar tone, "Here you have twelve songs for a penny!" Then he recapitulated at full length the title of each, thus: "The first song in the book is"—so and so; "The second song in the book"—so and so; "The third song"—so and so, and on he went, "so and so," to the end of the catalogue. He now offered me the specimen of an article in his line, and asked what he must pay for six quires of the same. I immediately replied that I did not deal in such commodities, having better employment for my presses; he must therefore apply elsewhere (I believe I named a place where he might be served). "But," he rejoined, like one who had some knowledge of the terms used by printers, "you have *this* standing in your office."—"That is more than I know," was

my answer. Taking up the printed leaf, I perceived that it contained two copies of verses, with each of which I had been long familiar, but had never seen them coupled in that shape before; at the top of the page was the impression of a wood-cut (Liberty and the British Lion), which I recognised as having figured in the frontispiece of an extinct periodical, issued by my predecessor, and entitled "The Patriot." The paper, also, of which a large stock had devolved to me, was of a particular kind, being the material of certain forms for the registration of freeholds, under a still-born act of parliament, printed on one side only, and which had been sold for waste. On discovering this, I went up into the office, and asked when and for whom such things as I held in my hand had been printed, as I had no knowledge of the job. "Oh, sir," said the foreman, "they were set up ever so long ago by Jack," (Mr. Gales's apprentice, who had not been transferred to me,) "for himself, and to give away to his companions; and the matter is now standing in the types just as it was when you bought the stock in the office."—"Indeed," I exclaimed; "but how came the ballad-seller, who was bawling out his twelve songs for a penny the other day, to have a copy?"—In explanation of this he stated, that he had formerly known him, when he himself was an apprentice in an office at Derby, from which such wares were supplied to hawkers. Hearing his voice in the street, he had called him in for old-acquaintance sake, and, in the course of talking about trade, had shown him an im-

pression of Jack's songs, by which he thought his old acquaintance might make a few pence in his strange way. "Well then," said I, "let the poor fellow have what he wants, if it will do him any good; but what does he mean by *six quires*?" — "Not quires of whole sheets, but six times twenty-four copies of this size," was the information which I received on this new branch of literature. I then went down stairs, and told my customer that he might have the quantity he wanted for eighteen pence, which would barely be the expense of the paper and working off. He was content, the order was executed, the parcel delivered by myself into his hand, and honestly paid for by him; away then he went, and I saw no more of him. I have often said, when I have had occasion to tell this adventure of my romantic youth, (for adventure it was, and no every-day one, as the issue proved,) that if ever in my life I did an act which was *neither* good nor bad, or, if either, *rather* good *than* bad, it was this. I repeat the statement here, as the only feeling of my mind at the time, and as the conviction of my mind at this hour.

Two months afterwards, one of the town-constables waited upon me, and very civilly requested that I would call upon him, at his residence in the adjacent street. Accordingly I went thither, and asked him for what purpose he wanted to see me. He then produced a magistrate's warrant, charging me with having, on the 16th day of August preceding, printed and published a certain seditious libel respecting the war then waging between his Majesty and the

French government, entitled, *A Patriotic Song by a Clergyman of Belfast*. I was quite puzzled to comprehend to what production from my press the charge alluded, not the remotest idea of the ballad-seller occurring to me at the moment. Accordingly I expressed my ignorance, and begged to see the paper that contained the libel. He then showed me a copy of the songs which I had allowed to be printed, as aforementioned, at the request of a hawker, whom I had never seen before nor since. I said immediately, "I recollect that very well; but this song cannot be a libel on the present war, because it was published, to my knowledge, long before hostilities between England and France began in 1793; having been composed for an anniversary celebration of the destruction of the Bastile, and referring solely to the invasion of France by the Austrian and Prussian armies under the Duke of Brunswick, in July, 1792." That, however, was a question not to be settled between the constable and me. The former, on further inquiry, told me that on the 16th of August, as he was going down the High Street, he observed the aforesaid ballad-monger, and heard him crying, "Straws to sell!" As it was his business to look after vagrants, he went up to the man and bought a straw of him, for which he paid a halfpenny, but complaining that it was a dear bargain, the other gave him one of these songs to boot. On looking at the contents, he thought there was something not right about them, or the manner of their disposal. Hereupon he

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told the chapman that he would be a wholesale customer, and take both himself and his stock into safe-keeping. The prisoner, terrified at the thought of going to gaol, immediately informed him how, where, and from whom he had got the papers. He then took him before a magistrate, who, on hearing the case, committed the culprit to Wakefield House of Correction as a vagrant, where he had been detained till the West Riding Sessions, on the 16th of October—the day on which it had been deemed expedient to arrest me as the principal in the affair. All this was news to me, and quite as unwelcome as it was amusing and instructive. The trick of selling a straw, and giving something not worth one with it, was a lesson, which, having never learned before, certainly reduced to the amount of its value the vast stock of ignorance of the world with which I had set out in it; which, however, was otherwise so rapidly diminishing by my daily experience, that I had a fair prospect of becoming, within a reasonable time, as wise in my generation as the people with whom I had to deal then and in the sequel.

At the Sheffield Sessions then being holden, I was forthwith arraigned, pleaded “Not guilty,” and traversed the indictment to Doncaster Sessions, to be held in January 1796. Bail to the amount of 200*l.* from myself, and two sureties of 100*l.* each, being demanded, though I came into court unprepared to name the latter, two respectable townsmen, with neither of whom had I any acquaintance, beyond civil recognition when we happened to meet, volun-

tarily stepped forward to my assistance and were accepted. Joseph Jordan (for that was the song-seller's name) was then remanded (with a recommendation from the Bench to be kindly treated) to Wakefield, and kept there three months longer, that he might be forthcoming as a witness against me when the trial should take place.

The following is a copy of the song from which the libel was inferred. The other verses on the same paper, entitled *The Tender's Hold*, complaining of the wrongs of seamen from impressment, I believe, were the elder Dibdin's.

“ A PATRIOTIC SONG BY A CLERGYMAN OF
BELFAST.

“ While Tyranny marshals its minions around,
And bids its fierce legions advance,
Fair Freedom! the hopes of thy sons to confound,
And restore his old empire in France,—

“ What friend among men to the rights of mankind,
But is fired with resentment to see
The satraps of pride and oppression combined,
To prevent a great land being free?

“ *Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends ;
Most important its issue will be ;
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends,
If she triumphs the world will be free.*

“ Then let every true patriot unite in her cause,
A cause of such moment to man :

and occupied nine hours, nearly two of which the jury took in considering their verdict. At the close of the first they brought in a verdict of "guilty of publishing." This the court refused to receive, the chairman declaring, that if the defendant had merely published the song he was not guilty at all, for the guilt, if any, must have consisted in publishing it with a seditious intention. This was law and it was equity. But as the jury were retiring, another magistrate called out and told them, that they must infer the intention of the defendant from the *contents* of the publication itself. This might be wise counsel, but it was hardly reconcilable with the foregoing remarks of the chairman, and in direct contradiction to the doctrine of libel, as laid down by the latter in his charge to the jury. He then had said: "It had been stated, that the song, for which the defendant stood indicted, had been written, printed, and published long before the war began. This, however, was nothing to the purpose; that which was perfectly innocent in 1792 might be grossly libellous in 1794; and though this song was no libel when *first* published, yet it might be a libel, for all that, at *the time* when the defendant published it. But of this the jury were to be the judges. Many parts of the Scriptures themselves, if published now, might be libellous; for instance, the words, '*To your tents, O Israel!*' if it could be proved that by Israel was meant England, would be a libel, and in like manner many other passages of a similar nature."—This I can perfectly understand and approve; I can also

admit that in many libels the intention of the utterer is plainly deducible from the nature of the contents; but mine was a case in which time and circumstances alone could determine the purpose of the publisher, because the contents referred exclusively to one series of events, and nothing but a criminal application of the same to another series could fix guilt upon the accused. Now the only point against me was the *time* of issuing this equivocal libel, while all the *circumstances* were in my favour. The chairman had closed his charge, by saying, "With respect to the case before them, it was the duty of the jury to consider all the circumstances attending the publication of the song, as well as the contents, before they could judge whether it were libellous or not. Every doubt must be favourable to the defendant, and it certainly was a circumstance greatly in his favour, that he had sold these songs to a stranger, a person of no character, whom he had never seen in his life before. The jury were to consider the intention only; for neither the printing nor the publication, if they were ever so clearly proved, could constitute the guilt or innocence of the defendant, but the design and intention alone." I copy this from the record of the trial, in the newspapers of the day. The jury, after deliberating nearly an hour longer, returned a verdict of *Guilty*. The sentence of the court was, *Three months' imprisonment in the Castle of York, and a fine of twenty pounds.*

Now, through the whole of the pleadings on this

occasion there was not even the feint of an attempt, on the part of the prosecutors or their counsel, to fasten upon me the guilt of seditious intention from the evidence of any of the circumstances attending my dealings with Jordan. The whole stress of the charges against me was laid on, *not* what *I* had done, but what my *predecessor* was said to have done, and what I might do in following him, as a champion of liberty in Sheffield, at that period of political excitement; nor was there an allusion made to a line or a paragraph which I had ever written, or was suspected to have written for Mr. Gales's paper or in my own. With regard to the latter, I have just now carefully examined every number, from the first published in July, 1794, to that of January 23. 1795, the day after my trial, and find not one sentence, original or quoted, which can be construed even into a slight on the king's government, or the conduct of the war, nor a syllable that could justify the charge against me in the indictment, of "being a wicked, malicious, seditious, and evil-disposed person." The fact is, that whatever I may have been, my partner was the principal editor of the newspaper all that time, and continued so till we separated, six months later. It was he who converted *The Sheffield Register* into *The Iris*, he who chose the motto —

" Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace,
Unwarpt by party rage, to live like brothers ;"

and it was he who wrote our introductory address,

wherein are these passages, explanatory of the principles on which the paper was intended thenceforward to be conducted. "They (the editors) have their own political opinions and their own political attachments; and they have no scruple to declare themselves friends to the cause of peace and reform, however such a declaration may be likely to expose them, in the present times of alarm, to obnoxious epithets, and unjust and ungenerous reproaches. But, while they acknowledge themselves unconvinced of the necessity or expediency of the present war, and fully persuaded that an amelioration of the state of the representative body is intimately connected with the true interests of the nation, they declare their firm attachment to the constitution of its government, as administered by King, Lords, and Commons; and they scorn the imputation which would represent every Reformer as a Jacobin, and every advocate for peace as an enemy to his king and country." * * * * * "It is not their intention to enter themselves, as parties, on the field of political controversy. For, though they shall think it their duty to state the reasonings on both sides, upon public and interesting questions, they do not conceive it to be at all the proper business of the editor of a newspaper to present his readers with his own particular opinions. And, whatever theirs may at any time be, it is too much their wish to live in peace and charity with all men, to feel disposed to come forward as angry zealots or violent partisans." On these principles of comparative neutrality

that if we are fortunate enough to succeed in convicting the prisoner, it will go a great way towards curbing the insolence they have uniformly manifested, and particularly since the late acquittals."

Thus, after the lapse of nearly half a century, the true key to the measures of my adversaries against me is found. What my newspaper was during the twelve months in which these things happened, I have already shown. Files of the *Iris* are in existence, and the printed records cannot be falsified. In its pages, between the 4th of July, 1794, and the day of my trial, the 22d of January, 1795, there is but one advertisement from the Sheffield Constitutional Society, namely, "An Address to Mr. Joseph Gales," on his escape from persecution, acknowledging his private worth, and his public services in "the cause of truth and liberty." — On the liberation of three members of that body, after six months' confinement under the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*, to give evidence on the trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and others, for high treason, there also appears an account of a civic entertainment among the members of the same society, at which the toasts and proceedings were distinguished by quite as much temperance, in feasting and speechifying, as is usually observed on such occasions. Besides these, I recollect that an address of the Society was printed at the *Iris* office, on some occasion which I have forgotten. I was told afterwards, that my prosecutors had deliberated between *this* and *the patriotic song*, on whether of the two

it would be most expedient to indict me. Had they decided for the address they would have found that it was no more my production than the song, for it might have been claimed by one of those who, in the draft aforesaid, are designated my "principal supporters, *who ought to act differently.*" Here, then, is the sum total, so far as my memory can trace, of all "the inflammatory and seditious resolutions, pamphlets, and papers," issued from my press by "the associated clubs in Sheffield;" for whose warning and example I was foredoomed to suffer, without so much as allowing me time to commit an offence to warrant condemnation on my own account.—In the farewell address to my readers, in 1825, I have stated the only occasion on which I formed a temporary connection with the Constitutional Society of Sheffield, namely, in the time of its adversity, when it became the duty of the remnant of its dismayed and scattered members to preserve from starvation the families of their brethren, in bonds under the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act. That Society, soon after the release of these, and the result of the trials for high treason, in London, died a natural death.—With regard to the gratuitous charge that I "occasionally wrote essays" for my predecessor's newspaper, those who made it never pretended to prove it; nor will I pretend to deny it. Had it been possible to convict me of sedition for one or all put together of these juvenile rhapsodies, I should not have escaped. It was to them that I alluded, in the address delivered at the dinner given

PRISON AMUSEMENTS.

VERSES TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

WHO VISITS THE WINDOW OF MY PRISON EVERY DAY.

WELCOME, pretty little stranger !
Welcome to my lone retreat !
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat :
Robin ! how I envy thee,
Happy child of Liberty !

Now, though tyrant Winter, howling,
Shakes the world with tempests round,
Heaven above with vapours scowling,
Frost imprisons all the ground ;—
Robin ! what are these to thee ?
Thou art blest with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river*
Mourns in solid icy chains ;

* The Ouse.

Though yon flocks and cattle shiver,
On the desolated plains ;—
Robin ! thou art gay and free,
Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
While my cates one crumb afford ;
Colds nor cramps shall e'er oppress thee ;
Come and share my humble board :
Robin ! come and live with me,
Live—yet still at liberty.

Soon shall Spring in smiles and blushes
Steal upon the blooming year ;
Then, amid the enamour'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear ;
Then shall I, too, join'd with thee,
Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin !
And confine thee in a cage,
Then, poor prisoner ! think of me,
Think—and sigh for liberty.

Feb. 2. 1795.

MOONLIGHT.

GENTLE Moon ! a captive calls ;
Gentle Moon ! awake, arise ;
Gild the prison's sullen walls ;
Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside ;
Let those smiles that light the pole
Through the liquid ether glide, —
Glide into the mourner's soul.

Cheer his melancholy mind ;
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart :
Let thine influence, pure, refined,
Cool the fever of his heart.

Chase despondency and care,
Fiends that haunt the GUILTY breast :
Conscious virtue braves despair ;
Triumphs most when most oppress'd.

Now I feel thy power benign
Swell my bosom, thrill my veins ;

As thy beams the brightest shine
When the deepest midnight reigns.

Say, fair shepherdess of night!
Who thy starry flock dost lead
Unto rills of living light,
On the blue ethereal mead;

At this moment, dost thou see,
From thine elevated sphere,
One kind friend who thinks of me, —
Thinks, and drops a feeling tear?

On a brilliant beam convey
This soft whisper to his breast, —
“Wipe that generous drop away;
He for whom it falls is blest.

“Blest with Freedom unconfined,
Dungeons cannot hold the Soul:
Who can chain the immortal Mind?
—None but He who spans the pole.”

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,
With her subtle magic spell,
In romantic visions airy
Steals the captive from his cell.

On her moonlight pinions borne,
Far he flies from grief and pain;

Never, never to be torn
From his friends and home again.

Stay, thou dear delusion! stay;
Beauteous bubble! do not break;
— Ah! the pageant flits away;
— Who from such a dream would wake?

March 7. 1795.

THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

NOCTURNAL Silence reigning,
A Nightingale began
In his cold cage complaining
Of cruel-hearted Man:
His drooping pinions shiver'd,
Like wither'd moss so dry ;
His heart with anguish quiver'd,
And sorrow dimm'd his eye.

His grief in soothing slumbers
No balmy power could steep ;
So sweetly flow'd his numbers,
The music seem'd to weep.
Unfeeling Sons of Folly !
To you the Mourner sung ;
While tender melancholy
Inspired his plaintive tongue.

“ Now reigns the moon in splendour
Amid the heaven serene ;
A thousand stars attend her,
And glitter round their queen :

Sweet hours of inspiration !
When I, the still night long,
Was wont to pour my passion,
And breathe my soul in Song.

“ But now, delicious season !
In vain thy charms invite ;
Entomb'd in this dire prison,
I sicken at the sight.
This morn, this vernal morning,
The happiest bird was I,
That hail'd the sun returning,
Or swam the liquid sky.

“ In yonder breezy bowers,
Among the foliage green,
I spent my tuneful hours,
In solitude serene :
There soft Melodia's beauty
First fired my ravish'd eye ;
I vow'd eternal duty ;
She look'd—half kind, half shy !

“ My plumes with ardour trembling
I flutter'd, sigh'd, and sung ;
The fair one, still dissembling,
Refused to trust my tongue :
A thousand tricks inventing,
A thousand arts I tried ;
Till the sweet nymph, relenting,
Confess'd herself my bride.

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ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL ! resplendent Evening Star !
Brightly beaming from afar ;
Fairest gem of purest light
In the diadem of night.

Now thy mild and modest ray
Lights to rest the weary day ;
While the lustre of thine eye
Sweetly trembles through the sky ;
As the closing shadows roll
Deep and deeper round the pole,
Lo ! thy kindling legions bright
Steal insensibly to light ;
Till, magnificent and clear,
Shines the spangled hemisphere.

In these calmly pleasing hours,
When the soul expands her powers,
And, on wings of contemplation,
Ranges round the vast creation ;
When the mind's immortal eye
Bounds, with rapture, to the sky,
And, in one triumphant glance,
Comprehends the wide expanse,

Where stars, and suns, and systems shine,
Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE ;—
—Now, when visionary sleep
Lulls the world in slumbers deep ;
When silence, awfully profound,
Breathes solemn inspiration round ;
Quee of Beauty ! queen of stars !
Smile upon these frowning bars,
Softly sliding from thy sphere,
Condescend to visit here.

In the circle of this cell,
No tormenting demons dwell ;
Round these walls in wild despair,
No agonising spectres glare :
Here reside no furies gaunt ;
No tumultuous passions haunt ;
Fell revenge, nor treachery base ;
Guilt, with bold unblushing face ;
Pale remorse, within whose breast
Scorpion-horrors murder rest ;
Coward malice, hatred dire,
Lawless rapine, dark desire ;
Pining envy, frantic ire ;
Never, never dare intrude
On this pensive solitude :
—But a sorely-hunted deer
Finds a sad asylum here ;
One, whose panting sides have been
Pierced with many an arrow keen ;

One, whose deeply-wounded heart
Bears the scars of many a dart.
In the herd he vainly mingled ;
From the herd, when harshly singled,
Too proud to fly, he scorn'd to yield ;
Too weak to fight, he lost the field ;
Assail'd, and captive led away,
He fell a poor, inglorious prey.

Deign then, gentle Star ! to shed
Thy soft lustre round mine head ;
With cheering radiance gild the room,
And melt the melancholy gloom.
When I see thee, from thy sphere,
Trembling like a brilliant tear,
Shed a sympathising ray
On the pale expiring day,
Then a welcome emanation
Of reviving consolation,
Swifter than the lightning's dart,
Glances through my glowing heart ;
Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes,
In a soft, serene repose.
Like the undulating motion
Of the deep, majestic ocean,
When the whispering billows glide
Smooth along the tranquil tide ;
Calmly thus, prepared, resign'd,
Swells the independent mind.

But when through clouds thy beauteous light
Streams, in splendour, on the night,

Hope, like thee, my leading star,
Through the sullen gloom of care,
Sheds an animating ray
On the dark, bewildering way.
Starting, then, with sweet surprise,
Tears of transport swell mine eyes ;
Wildly through each throbbing vein,
Rapture thrills with pleasing pain ;
All my fretful fears are banish'd,
All my dreams of anguish vanish'd ;
Energy my soul inspires,
And wakes the Muse's hallow'd fires ;
Rich in melody, my tongue
Warbles forth spontaneous song.

Thus my prison moments gay,
Swiftly, sweetly, glide away ;
Till the last long day declining,
O'er yon tower thy glory shining,
Shall the welcome signal be
Of to-morrow's liberty !
Liberty, triumphant borne
On the rosy wings of morn,
Liberty shall then return !

Rise to set the captive free :
Rise, O sun of Liberty !

Feb. 29. 1796.

SOLILOQUY OF A WATER-WAGTAIL

ON THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

On the walls that guard my prison,
 Swelling with fantastic pride,
 Brisk and merry as the season,
 I a feather'd coxcomb spied :
 When the little hopping elf
 Gaily thus amused himself.

“ Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
 All good subjects, young and old :
 I'm the Lord of the Creation ;
 I—a Water-Wagtail bold !
 All around and all you see,
 All the world was made for ME !

“ Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
 Kisses—when I leave my nest ;
 Sets behind the hills declining,
 Sets—when I retire to rest :
 Morning and evening, thus you see,
 Day and night, were made for ME !

“ Vernal gales to love invite me ;
Summer sheds for me her beams ;
Autumn’s jovial scenes delight me ;
Winter paves with ice my streams ;
All the year is mine, you see ;
Seasons change, like moons, for ME !

“ On the heads of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees ;
By the banks of warbling fountains,
I enjoy myself at ease :
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers, made for ME !

“ Boundless are my vast dominions ;
I can hop, or swim, or fly ;
When I please, my towering pinions
Trace my empire through the sky :
Air and elements, you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME !

“ Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
All their humble distance keep ;
Man, subservient to my wishes,
Sows the harvest which I reap :
Mighty man himself, you see,
All that breathe, were made for ME !

“ ’Twas for my accommodation,
Nature rose when I was born ;

Should I die—the whole creation
Back to nothing would return :
Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
Sprung — exist, will fall with ME !”

Here the pretty prattler, ending,
Spread his wings to soar away ;
But a cruel Hawk descending,
Pounced him up—an helpless prey.
—Could'st thou not, poor Wagtail ! see,
That the Hawk was made for THEE ?

April 15. 1796.

THE PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT.

IN TWO EPISTLES TO A FRIEND.

EPISTLE I.

You ask, my friend, and well you may,
You ask me how I spend the day ;
I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,
How wisely I befool my time :
Expect not wit, nor fancy then,
In this effusion of my pen ;
These idle lines— they might be worse—
Are simple prose, in simple verse.

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamant doors unlock ;
Bolts, bars, and portals, crash and thunder ;
The gates of iron burst asunder ;
Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
With clattering chains, in concert mingle ;
So sweet the din, your dainty ear,
For joy, would break its drum to hear ;
While my dull organs, at the sound,
Rest in tranquillity profound :
Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
And waft my spirit home again.

Though captive all day long 'tis true,
 At night I am as free as you ;
 Not towers high, nor dungeons deep,
 Can bind me when I'm fast asleep.

But every thing is good in season,
 I dream at large—and wake in prison.
 Yet think not, sir, I lie too late,
 I rise as early even as eight :
 Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty,
 Fit any man in four-and-twenty.
 You smile—and yet 'tis nobly done,
 I'm but five hours behind the sun !

When dress'd I to the yard repair,
 And breathe on the pure, fresh air :
 But though this choice Castalian cheer
 Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
 Five reasons strong enough with me,
 I mend the meal with toast and tea.
 Now air and fame, as poets sing,
 Are both the same, the self-same thing :
 Yet birds are not cameleons quite,
 And heavenly food is very light ;
 Whoever dined or supp'd on fame,
 And went to bed upon a name ?

Breakfast despatch'd, I sometimes read,
 To clear the vapours from my head ;
 For books are magic charms, I ween,
 Both for the crotchets and the spleen.

When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
Where sound is sense, and sense is sound ;
When art and nature both combine,
And live, and breathe, in every line ;
The reader glows along the page
With all the author's native rage !
But books there are with nothing fraught,—
Ten thousand words, and ne'er a thought ;
Where periods without period crawl,
Like caterpillars on a wall,
That fall to climb, and climb to fall ;
While still their efforts only tend
To keep them from their journey's end.
The readers yawn with pure vexation,
And nod—but not with approbation.
In such a fog of dulness lost,
Poor patience must give up the ghost ;
Not Argus' eyes awake could keep,
Even Death might read himself to sleep.

At half-past ten, or thereabout,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging post-boy come,
With letters or with news from home.
Believe it, on a captive's word,
Although the doctrine seem absurd,
The paper-messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends :
But if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, sir, and try.

Sometimes to fairy land I rove :
Those iron rails become a grove ;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay ;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains ;
You feiçons grim, with fetters bound,
Are satyrs wild, with garlands crown'd ;
Their creaking chains are wreaths of flowers ;
Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers :
The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
Are metamorphos'd into songs ;
While wretched female prisoners, lo !
Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
Those hideous walks with verdure shoot ;
These pillars bend with blushing fruit ;
That dunghill swells into a mountain,
The pump becomes a purling fountain ;
The noi-ome smoke of yonder mills,
The circling air with fragrance fills ;
This horse-pond spreads into a lake,
And swans of ducks and geese I make ;
Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,
That bill and coo their pretty loves ;
Wagtails, turn'd thrushes, charm the vales,
And tomtits sing like nightingales.
No more the wind through key-holes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles ;
The rattling rain that beats without,
And gurgles down the leaden spout,

In light, delicious dew distils,
And melts away in amber rills ;
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene.

Then by the enchantress Fancy led,
On violet banks I lay my head ;
Legions of radiant forms arise,
In fair array, before mine eyes :
Poetic visions gild my brain,
And melt in liquid air again ;
As in a magic-lantern clear,
Fantastic images appear,
That beaming from the spectred glass,
In beautiful succession pass,
Yet steal the lustre of their light
From the deep shadow of the night :
Thus, in the darkness of my head,
Ten thousand shining things are bred,
That borrow splendour from the gloom,
As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.

But lest these glories should confound me,
Kind Dulness draws her curtain round me ;
The visions vanish in a trice,
And I awake as cold as ice :
Nothing remains of all the vapour,
Save—what I send you—ink and paper.

Thus flow my morning hours along,
Smooth as the numbers of my song :

Yet let me wander as I will,
I feel I am a prisoner still.
Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,
Is ravish'd from his little nest
By barbarous boys who bind his leg,
To make him flutter round a peg:
See the glad captive spreads his wings,
Mounts, in a moment, mounts and sings,
When suddenly the cruel chain
Twitches him back to earth again.
— The clock strikes one — I can't delay,
For dinner comes but once a day ;
At present, worthy friend, farewell ;
But by to-morrow's post I'll tell,
How, during these half-dozen moons,
I cheat the lazy afternoons.

June 13. 1796.

EPISTLE II.

IN this sweet place, where freedom reigns,
Secured by bolts, and snug in chains ;
Where innocence and guilt together
Roost like two turtles of a feather ;
Where debtors safe at anchor lie
From saucy duns and bailiffs sly ;
Where highwaymen and robbers stout
Would, rather than break in, break out ;
Where all's so guarded and recluse,
That none his liberty can lose ;
Here each may, as his means afford,
Dine like a pauper or a lord,
And those who can't the cost defray
May live to dine another day.

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
To see and hear what's heard and seen ;
To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
And hail yon sun, who shines as bright
Upon the dungeon and the gallows
As on York Minster or Kew Palace.
And here let us the scene review : —
That's the old castle, this the new ;

I.

U

Yonder the felons walk, and there
The lady-prisoners take the air ;
Behind are solitary cells,
Where hermits live like snails in shells ;
There stands the chapel for good people ;
That black balcony is the steeple ;
How gaily spins the weather-cock !
How proudly shines the crazy clock !
A clock, whose wheels eccentric run,
More like my head than like the sun :
And yet it shows us, right or wrong,
The days are only twelve hours long ;
Though captives often reckon here
Each day a month, each month a year.
There honest William stands in state,
The porter, at the horrid gate ;
Yet no ill-natured soul is he,
Entrance to all the world is free ;
One thing, indeed, is rather hard,
Egress is frequently debarr'd :
Of all the joys within that reign,
There's none like—getting out again !
Across the green, behold the court,
Where jargon reigns and wigs resort ;
Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
For life and death, for straws and rattles ;
Where juries yawn their patience out,
And judges dream in spite of gout.
There, on the outside of the door
(As sang a wicked wag of yore),

Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
Who never yet hath ventured in.
The cause, my friend, may soon be shown,
The lady was a stepping-stone,
Till—though the metamorphose odd is—
A chisel made the block a goddess :
—“ Odd ! ” did I say ? — I ’ m wrong this time ;
But I was hamper ’ d for a rhyme :
Justice at—I could tell you where—
Is just the same as justice there.

But lo ! my frisking dog attends,
The kindest of four-footed friends ;
Brim-full of giddiness and mirth,
He is the prettiest fool on earth.
The rogue is twice a squirrel ’ s size,
With short snub nose and big black eyes ;
A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
That curls and serves him for a sail ;
The same deep auburn dyes his ears,
That never were abridged by shears :
While white around, as Lapland snows,
His hair, in soft profusion, flows ;
Waves on his breast, and plumes his feet
With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet.
A thousand antic tricks he plays,
And looks at one a thousand ways ;
His wit, if he has any, lies
Somewhere between his tail and eyes ;
Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
Than *Billy* cease to wag that tail.

And yet the fellow ne'er is safe
From the tremendous beak of Ralph ;
A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave as e'er you knew ;
Who hops about with broken pinions,
And thinks these walls his own dominions.
This wag a mortal foe to Bill is,
They fight like Hector and Achilles ;
Bold Billy runs with all his might,
And conquers, Parthian-like, in flight ;
While Ralph his own importance feels,
And wages endless war with heels :
Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
He slyly pinches in the rear ;
They start surprised with sudden pain,
While honest Ralph sheers off again.

A melancholy stag appears,
With rueful look and flagging ears ;
A feeble, lean, consumptive elf,
The very picture of myself !
My ghost-like form, and new-moon phiz,
Are just the counterparts of his :
Blasted like me by fortune's frown ;
Like me, TWICE hunted, TWICE run down !
Like me pursued, almost to death,
He's come to gaol to save his breath !
Still, on his painful limbs, are seen
The scars where worrying dogs have been ;
Still, on his woe-imprinted face,
I weep a broken heart to trace.

Daily the mournful wretch I feed
With crumbs of comfort and of bread ;
But man, false man ! so well he knows,
He deems the species all his foes :
In vain I smile to soothe his fear,
He will not, dare not, come too near ;
He lingers—looks—and fain he would—
Then strains his neck to reach the food.
Oft as his plaintive looks I see,
A brother's bowels yearn in me.
What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me, we leave to fate :
We know, by past experience taught,
That innocence availeth nought :
I feel, and 'tis my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself an host :
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me—I'm at rest ;
Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
I'd rather **SUFFER** than **DESERVE**.

But yonder comes the victim's wife,
A dappled doe, all fire and life :
She trips along with gallant pace,
Her limbs alert, her motion grace :
Soft as the moonlight fairies bound,
Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground ;
Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
And licks my hand, and begs for bread :
I pat her forehead, stroke her neck,
She starts and gives a timid squeak ;

Then, while her eye with brilliance burns,
The fawning animal returns ;
Pricks her bob-tail, and waves her ears,
And happier than a queen appears :
—Poor beast ! from fell ambition free,
And all the woes of LIBERTY ;
Born in a gaol, a prisoner bred,
No dreams of hunting rack thine head ;
Ah ! mayst thou never pass these bounds
To see the world—and feel the hounds !
Still all her beauty, all her art,
Have fail'd to win her husband's heart :
Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest ;
Her swan-white neck, and ermine breast ;
Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
So softly, delicately pied,
In vain their fond allurements spread,—
To love and joy her spouse is dead.

But lo ! the evening shadows fall
Broader and browner from the wall ;
A warning voice, like curfew bell,
Commands each captive to his cell ;
My faithful dog and I retire,
To play and chatter by the fire :
Soon comes a turnkey with “ Good night, sir ! ”
And bolts the door with all his might, sir :
Then leisurely to bed I creep,
And sometimes wake—and sometimes sleep.
These are the joys that reign in prison,
And if I'm happy 'tis with reason :

Yet still this prospect o'er the rest
Makes every blessing doubly blest;
That soon these pleasures will be vanish'd,
And I, from all these comforts, banish'd!

June 14. 1796.

THE BRAMIN.

EXTRACT FROM CANTO I.

ONCE, on the mountain's balmy lap reclined,
The sage unlock'd the treasures of his mind ;
Pure from his lips sublime instruction came,
As the blest altar breathes celestial flame ;
A band of youths and virgins round him press'd,
Whom thus the prophet and the sage address'd :—

“ Through the wide universe's boundless range,
All that exist decay, revive, and change :
No atom torpid or inactive lies ;
A being, once created, never dies.
The waning moon, when quench'd in shades of night,
Renews her youth with all the charms of light ;
The flowery beauties of the blooming year
Shrink from the shivering blast, and disappear ;
Yet, warm'd with quickening showers of genial rain,
Spring from their graves, and purple all the plain.
As day the night, and night succeeds the day,
So death re-animates, so lives decay :
Like billows on the undulating main,
The swelling fall, the falling swell again ;
Thus on the tide of time, inconstant, roll
The dying body and the living soul.
In every animal, inspired with breath,
The flowers of life produce the seeds of death ;—

The seeds of death, though scatter'd in the tomb,
Spring with new vigour, vegetate and bloom.

“ When wasted down to dust the creature dies,
Quick, from its cell, the enfranchised spirit flies ;
Fills, with fresh energy, another form,
And towers an elephant, or glides a worm ;
The awful lion's royal shape assumes ;
The fox's subtlety, or peacock's plumes ;
Swims, like an eagle, in the eye of noon,
Or wails, a screech-owl, to the deaf, cold moon ;
Haunts the dread brakes where serpents hiss and
glare,

Or hums, a glittering insect in the air.
The illustrious souls of great and virtuous men,
In noble animals revive again :
But base and vicious spirits wind their way,
In scorpions, vultures, sharks, and beasts of prey.
The fair, the gay, the witty, and the brave,
The fool, the coward, courtier, tyrant, slave ;
Each, in congenial animals, shall find
A home and kindred for his wandering mind.

“ Even the cold body, when enshrined in earth,
Rises again in vegetable birth :
From the vile ashes of the bad proceeds
A baneful harvest of pernicious weeds ;
The relics of the good, awaked by showers,
Peep from the lap of death, and live in flowers ;
Sweet modest flowers, that blush along the vale,
Whose fragrant lips embalm the passing gale.”

THE BRAMIN.

EXTRACT FROM CANTO II.

* * * * *

“ Now, mark the words these dying lips impart,
And wear this grand memorial round your heart :
All that inhabit ocean, air, or earth,
From ONE ETERNAL SIRE derive their birth.
The Hand that built the palace of the sky
Form'd the light wings that decorate a fly :
The Power that wheels the circling planets round
Rears every infant floweret on the ground ;
That Bounty which the mightiest beings share
Feeds the least gnat that gilds the evening air.
Thus all the wild inhabitants of woods,
Children of air, and tenants of the floods ;
All, all are equal, independent, free,
And all the heirs of immortality !
For all that live and breathe have once been men,
And, in succession, will be such again :
Even you, in turn, that human shape must change,
And through ten thousand forms of being range.

“ Ah ! then, refrain your brethren's blood to spill,
And, till you can create, forbear to kill !
Oft as a guiltless fellow-creature dies,
The blood of innocence for vengeance cries :

Even grim, rapacious savages of prey,
Presume not, save in self-defence, to slay ;
What, though to heaven their forfeit lives they owe,
Hath heaven commission'd thee to deal the blow ?
Crush not the feeble, inoffensive worm,
Thy sister's spirit wears that humble form !
Why should thy cruel arrow smite yon bird ?
In him thy brother's plaintive song is heard.
When the poor, harmless kid, all trembling, lies,
And begs his little life with infant cries,
Think, ere you take the throbbing victim's breath,
You doom a dear, an only child, to death.
When at the ring the beauteous heifer stands,
—Stay, monster ! stay those parricidal hands ;
Canst thou not, in that mild dejected face,
The sacred features of thy mother trace ?
When to the stake the generous bull you lead,
Tremble, — ah, tremble, — lest your father bleed.
Let not your anger on your dog descend,
The faithful animal was once your friend ;
The friend whose courage snatch'd you from the
grave,
When wrapp'd in flames or sinking in the wave.
—Rash, impious youth ! renounce that horrid knife,
Spare the sweet antelope ! — ah, spare — thy wife !
In the meek victim's tear-illumined eyes,
See the soft image of thy consort rise ;
Such as she is, when by romantic streams,
Her spirit greets thee in delightful dreams ;
Not as she look'd, when blighted in her bloom ;
Not as she lies, all pale in yonder tomb ;

That mournful tomb, where all thy joys repose !
That hallow'd tomb, where all thy griefs shall close.

“ While yet I sing, the weary king of light
Resigns his sceptre to the queen of night ;
Unnumber'd orbs of living fire appear,
And roll in glittering grandeur o'er the sphere.
Perhaps the soul, released from earthly ties,
A thousand ages hence may mount the skies ;
Through suns and planets, stars, and systems range,
In each new forms assume, relinquish, change ;
From age to age, from world to world aspire,
And climb the scale of being higher and higher :
But who these awful mysteries dare explore ?
Pause, O my soul ! and tremble and adore.

“ There is a Power, all other powers above,
Whose name is Goodness, and His nature Love ;
Who call'd the infant universe to light,
From central nothing and circumfluent night.
On His great providence all worlds depend,
As trembling atoms to their centre tend ;
In nature's face His glory shines confess'd,
She wears His sacred image on her breast ;
His spirit breathes in every living soul ;
His bounty feeds, his presence fills the whole ;
Though seen, invisible—though felt, unknown ;
All that exist, exist in Him alone.
But who the wonders of His hand can trace
Through the dread ocean of unfathom'd space ?

When from the shore we lift our fainting eyes,
Where boundless scenes of Godlike grandeur rise ;
Like sparkling atoms in the noontide rays,
Worlds, stars, and suns, and universes blaze.
Yet these transcendent monuments that shine,
Eternal miracles of skill divine,
These, and ten thousand more, are only still
The shadow of his power, the transcript of his will.

April 14. 1796.

A TALE TOO TRUE :

Being a supplement to *The Prison Amusements*, originally published under the name of PAUL POSITIVE, in which many of the Author's Juvenile Verses were composed. The following were written at Scarborough, whither he had retired, on being liberated from York Castle, for the recovery of his health, before he returned home. They are dated July 23. 1796, and were literally a summer-day's labour.

ONE beautiful morning, when Paul was a child,
And went with a satchel to school,
The rogue play'd the truant, which shows he was
wild,
And though little a very great fool.

He came to a cottage that grew on the moor,
No mushroom was ever so strong ;
'Twas snug as a mouse-trap ; and close by the door
A river ran rippling along.

The cot was embosom'd in rook-nested trees,
The chestnut, the elm, and the oak ;
Geese gabbled in concert with bagpiping bees,
While softly ascended the smoke.

At the door sat a damsel, a sweet little girl,
Array'd in a petticoat green ;
Her skin was lovely as mother of pearl,
And milder than moonlight her mien.

She sang as she knotted a garland of flowers,
Right mellowly warbled her tongue ;
Such strains in Elysium's romantical bowers,
To soothe the departed are sung.

Paul stood like a gander, he stood like himself,
Eyes, ears, nose, and mouth open'd wide ;
When suddenly rising, the pretty young elf
The wonder-struck wanderer spied.

She started and trembled, she blush'd and she smiled,
Then dropping a courtesy she said,
" Pray, what brought you hither, my dear little child?
Did your legs run away with your head?"

" Yes! yes!" stammer'd Paul, and he made a fine
bow,
At least 'twas the finest he could,
Though the lofty-bred belles of St. James's, I trow,
Would have call'd it a bow made of wood.

No matter, the dimple-cheek'd damsel was pleased,
And modestly gave him her wrist ;
Paul took the fine present, and tenderly squeezed,
As if 'twere a wasp in his fist.

Then into the cottage she led the young fool,
Who stood all aghast to behold
The lass's grim mother, who managed a school,
A beldame, a witch, and a scold.

Her eyes were as red as two lobsters when boil'd,
Her complexion the colour of straw ;
Though she grinn'd like a death's head whenever she
smiled,
She show'd not a tooth in her jaw.

Her body was shrivell'd and dried like a kecks,
Her arms were all veins, bone, and skin ;
And then she'd a beard, sir, in spite of her sex,
I don't know how long, on her chin.

Her dress was as mournful as mourning could be,
Black sackcloth, bleach'd white with her tears ;
For a widow, fair ladies ! a widow was she,
Most dismally stricken in years.

The charms of her youth, if she ever had any,
Were all under total eclipse ;
While the charms of her daughter, who truly had
many,
Were only unfolding their lips.

Thus, far in a wilderness, bleak and forlorn,
When winter deflowers the year,
All hoary and horrid, I've seen an old thorn,
In icicle trappings appear :

While a sweet-smiling snow-drop enamels its root,
Like the morning-star gladdening the sky ;
Or an elegant crocus peeps out at its foot,
As blue as Miss Who-ye-will's eye.

“ Dear mother ! ” the damsel exclaim'd with a
sigh,

“ I have brought you a poor little wretch,
Your victim and mine, ” — but a tear from her eye
Wash'd away all the rest of her speech.

The beldame then mounting her spectacles on,
Like an arch o'er the bridge of her nose,
Examined the captive, and crying “ Well done ! ”
Bade him welcome with twenty dry blows.

Paul fell down astounded, and only not dead,
For death was not quite within call ;
Recovering he found himself in a warm bed,
And in a warm fever and all.

Reclined on her elbow, to anguish a prey,
The maiden in lovely distress
Sate weeping her soul from her eyelids away ;
How could the fair mourner do less ?

But when she perceived him reviving again,
She caroll'd a sonnet so sweet,
The captive, transported, forgot all his pain,
And presently fell at her feet.

All rapture and fondness, all folly and joy,
“ Dear damsel ! for your sake, ” he cried,
“ I'll be your cross mother's own dutiful boy,
And you shall one day be my bride. ”

“ For shame ! ” quoth the nymph, though she look’d
the reverse,

“ Such nonsense I cannot approve ;
Too young we’re to wed. ” — Paul said, “ So much
the worse ;

But are we too young then to love ? ”

The lady replied in a language that speaks

Not unto the ear but the eye ;

The language that blushes through eloquent cheeks,
When modesty looks very sly.

Our true lovers lived, — for the fable saith true, —

As merry as larks in their nest,

Who are learning to sing while the hawk is in view,

— The ignorant always are blest.

Through valleys and meadows they wander’d by day,

And warbled and whistled along ;

So liquidly glided their moments away,

Their life was a galloping song.

When they twitter’d their notes from the top of a
hill,

If November did not look like May,

If rocks did not caper, nor rivers stand still,

The asses at least did not bray.

If the trees did not leap nor the mountains advance,

They were deafer than bailiffs, ’tis clear ;

If sun, moon, and stars did not lead up a dance,
They wanted a musical ear.

But sometimes the beldame, cross, crazy, and old,
Would thunder, and threaten, and swear ;
Expose them to tempests, to heat, and to cold,
To danger, fatigue, and despair.

For wisdom, she argued, could only be taught
By bitter experience to fools,
And she acted as every good school-mistress ought,
Quite up to the beard of her rules.

Her school, by-the-bye, was the noblest on earth
For mortals to study themselves ;
There many great folks, who were folios by birth,
She cut down to pitiful twelves.

Her rod like death's scythe, in her levelling hand,
Bow'd down rich, poor, wicked, and just ;
Kings, queens, popes, and heroes, the touch of her
wand
Could crumble to primitive dust.

At length in due season, the planets that reign,
By chance or some similar art,
Commanded the damsel to honour her swain
With her hand as the key to her heart.

The grisly old mother then blest the fond pair ;
—“ While you live, O my darlings !” she cried,

“ My favours unask'd for you always shall share,
And cleave like two ribs to my side.

“ Poor Paul is a blockhead in marrow and bone,
Whom nought but my rod can make wise ;
The fellow will only, when all's said and done,
Be just fit to live when he dies.”

The witch was a prophetess, all must allow,
And Paul a strange moon-stricken youth,
Who somewhere had pick'd up, I'll not tell you
how,
A sad knack of telling the truth.

His sorrows and sufferings his consort may paint,
In colours of water and fire ;
She saw him in prison, desponding and faint,
She saw him in act to expire.

Then melting her voice to the tenderest tone,
The lovely enthusiast began
To sing in sweet numbers the comforts unknown,
That solace the soul of the man,

Who, hated, forsaken, tormented, opprest,
And wrestling with anguish severe,
Can turn his eye inward, and view in his breast
A conscience unclouded and clear.

The captive look'd up with a languishing eye,
Half quench'd in a tremulous tear ;

He saw the meek Angel of Hope standing by,
He heard her solicit his ear.

Her strain then exalting, and swelling her lyre,
The triumphs of patience she sung,
While passions of music and language of fire
Flow'd full and sublime from her tongue.

At length the gay morning of liberty shone,
At length the dread portals flew wide ;
Then hailing each other with transports unknown,
The captive escaped with his bride.

Behold in a fable the Poet's own life,
From which this lean moral we draw,
—The MUSE is Paul Positive's nightingale-wife,
MISFORTUNE his mother-in-law.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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