

7

009511474



THE LIBRARY
University of Ulster
at Coleraine

Shelf No. PR4970.M19Z38

Accession Number 9511474

By
James Andrews Esq
with the
Authors
Compts

27 Feb 1846
#

THE LIBRARY

University of Ulster at Coleraine

Please return to or renew at the library from which this was borrowed by the date stamped below.

JOHN HEWITT COLLECTION

Use Manual Issue

SAME DAY LOAN

FOR USE IN LIBRARY ONLY

ZAYDA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ANDREW McEWEN.

BELFAST:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY

LAMONT, BROTHERS,

DOUGALL-PLACE BUILDINGS.

1846.

TO A FRIEND.

A WORTHIER TRIBUTE WOULD I FONDLY PAY,
TO ONE WHO WENDS IN TRUCE HIS HONOUR'D WAY;
BUT THAT HIS NATURE SHUNS THE PUBLIC GAZE,
HAPPIER TO MERIT, THAN OBTAIN DUE PRAISE;
BUT THAT HE SHRINKS FROM WELL-DERIV'D APPLAUSE,
THO' EVER PROMPT TO AID EACH WORTHY CAUSE.
ONE WHO DOTH MUCH, BY COUNSEL AND BY AID,
YET CLAIMS NO HONOUR, SHUNNING ALL PARADE;
WHOSE BOUNTIFUL HAND RESPEAKS HIS LIB'RAL MIND;
WHOSE ACTS ARE NOBLE, AS HIS THOUGHTS ARE KIND;
WHOSE PURSE SHUTS NEVER; WHO IS HAPPY STILL,
TO FIND HIS HAND AYE SECONDING HIS WILL;
WHOSE STEALTH WORKS GOOD, NOR WILLS TO FIND IT
FAME;
WHOSE LOVE-FRAUGHT HEART IS EVER SLOW TO BLAME;
LONG MAY HE LIVE, TO ACT THAT GEN'ROUS PART,
WHICH HATH GAIN'D HOMAGE FROM EACH KINDLY
HEART.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Zeyda	1
An Oplate Dream	85
Come wake that strain	100
Sat a lady, sighing	101
The flush that once suffused her cheek	103
The Smile's Worth	8.
The Rising Up	104
They tell us life's a chequer'd page	105
The Escaped Favourite	106
I loved young Alice	8.
To-morrow I will be Thirty	107
Madeline	109
Face thee well	112
Down yon green lanes of stately trees	114
April Weather	116
Thoughts of a Volunteer of '98	8.
Oh! give me air	121
Lillian Gray	8.
The Trysting Tree	122
The Reverse	123
A Wish	125
Boat Song	8.
The Sorrow-stricken	126
Oh God! with mercy on the poor	131
Slave Song	132
Shemone's Lament	133
God of peace, we bow to thee	135
To Inez	138
Song	140
We met but once	141
Lines	8.
Lines written near Scots Palace	143
Lines	144
Song	145
War Song	146
Lines	147
Song	148
Lines	149

CONTENTS.

	Page
Rise, gentle moon	150
Song	151
To ———	152
Lines to Miss Fancit	153
The Add Arm-chair	157
Bath	159
The Grotto of L ———	161
The Hurtle's Halloween	163
To the Memory of Mrs. Hemans	165
The Poor Teacher	166
On a Sleeping Child	168
A Thought from Washington Irving	172
Lines	173
They bid me talk	174
The Exiled Maiden's Song	175
A Sketch	176
The Bridal Morn	179
Marguerite	182
Lines, written on the Banks of the Burnfoot, Co. Tyrone	184
There are Remembrances	185
To ———	186
There is a Heaven	187
Well, weep	188
The Age of Innocence	189
To ———	190
Farewell to Forty-Five	191
The Jasmine	193
The Month of May	198
Thoughts suggested on reading Philip's Life of Curran	198
To ———	201
I bid my plough	202
Tilly Liddell	208
Response to Miss Frances Brown's Lines, entitled "The First"	204
The Household Wreck	206
Archibald Hamilton Rowan	209
The Bench	211
The Bard of Ettrick to his Harp	214
To my Lyre... ..	217

ZAYDA.

I.

HALLS of the dead, the sunbeams play
 Across your walls of mouldering gray;
 Sadly the Oreole is singing
 Where song and laughter once were ringing;
 And o'er ye now have wild flowers crept;
 Yet mirth was here—here beauty stepp'd.
 The festive scene what eye may trace
 In that bleak, desolated place!
 For, round its dark and ruined pile,
 No laughing sunbeams seem to smile:
 Yet fancy, nurse for thoughts that rise
 So oft, so brightly to our eyes,
 By thee those festive halls once more
 Are peopled, as in days of yore;
 By thee the damed in beauty bright,
 With her smile and her laugh, comes forth again,
 And he that she looked on with fond delight
 Anew is feeling love's pleasing pain.

Through waves that round them seem to smile
 A farewell to departing day.
 To heave the net, the line to cast,
 Without one fear of wave or blast.

III.

And to this bay and to this land,
 (For oft you'll see them on its strand
 In motley groups) have wanderers come
 From many a distant land and home;
 The Egyptian, with his caftan fair
 Of yellow silk, is lingering there,
 Smoking his amber-tipp'd chibouque
 With lazy ease in every look.
 You'll see the Armenian's bonnet too,
 Its classic folds of crimson hue;
 The proud, austere Mahomedan,
 The head-dress of the Drogue-man;
 The Arab, with his bright jubee;
 The swarthy Nubian peacefully
 Beside his gilded prow, reclining,
 (As the soft Summer day's declining.)
 Here, too, that aye expressive face:
 Surely some mark is on that race;
 For, let them wander where they will,
 If curse it be, 'tis with them still;
 The spotted turban and dark vest
 Here point the Jews, that race oppress'd.
 The merry Greek is chattering there,
 As if the world had not a care,

A thought for him; his small red pbe
 Upon his head cast gracefully;
 And oft you'll hear his light guitar
 When many round are sleeping,
 And oft his voice, when all is fair
 As night upon the waters there,
 Sweet tune to it is keeping.
 When so calm is that water in Morna's sweet bay,
 Scarce a ripple you'll hear, list as long as you may;
 And no sound, save the clank of some chain on the
 shore,
 Or the sailor's glad song, chiming in with his oar,
 As his bark cuts the waters, all brilliant and bright,
 Leaving far in its pathway one long line of light.
 Here, too, the stately Turcoman,
 The lazy, shuffling Mussulman,
 With sandals, never meant to please,
 Framed more for penance than for ease.

IV.

Scarce sunk hath yet to ocean's bed
 The sunbeams in this radiant clime,
 Yet is soft moonlight o'er it shed,
 And bright the rays that o'er it shine;
 No clouds are there to dim you light;
 No sound, save when the oar is falling
 Upon the waves, now silver bright;
 Or save the seaman at his calling,
 When, chaunting forth some merry lay,
 His father's voice, in days departed

Had sung, perchance within that bay,
 As joyous, and as lightsome-hearted.
 Dear tranquil hour! I well can deem,
 Full many a breast that calm is seeking,
 Thou dost incite so well, I ween;
 That many a pulse 'neath thee is beating
 With quick'n'd pace; that many a sigh
 Wakes, with thy deep serenity.
 How many a heart, that long hath stood
 In firm defiance, unsubdued,
 Against the gathering ills of life,
 Its crosses, cares, its taunts, its strife,
 Hath almost bowed and bent it down,
 Beneath one angry look, or frown,
 In one such hour, as memory drew
 Days half-forgotten, back to view,
 To show how tender it could be,
 When touched by some kind sympathy.
 And silent now is hill and dell,
 And softly through the twilight stealing,
 Floats on the ear the evening bell,
 That waker of so many a feeling.
 And oh! beneath a sky so fair,
 So soft, so tranquil, and so bright,
 How many a gazer's load of care
 Hath been disburthen'd? and how light
 Hath seem'd to the wrapt musser's eye,
 Tracing the starlit canopy—
 The joys, the cares, the peace, the strife—
 That chequer'd sum of human life.

Of all the past, at such an hour,
 Who hath not felt the magic power?
 And, felt not then, remembrance brings,
 Scenes, passions, hopes, unthought-of things
 Back in new light, scarce loved the less,
 Tho' summon'd forth in pensiveness.
 The kind, the glad dear hearts of old,
 The friends in our boyhood's play
 Have we forgot? or have they grown cold?
 Or are fallen their hopes, like the leaves, away
 From the goodly tree, ere the autumn day?
 And what are their fates? and where are they?
 And the first bright smile we loved to trace;
 And the first bright eye, and the first sweet face,
 That turned to ours, in the flush of youth,
 With a love how warm, and how full of truth?
 The plans we laid, the hopes arrayed
 For many a year, where are they now?
 Hath the eye of gladness not changed to sadness?
 Have no shadows darkened the young fair brow?

V.

By Morna's bay, in Mytolene,
 The crumbling ruins may be seen,
 Of what was once a stately dome,
 But its day is past, and its strength is gone.
 And even its ruins shall soon decay;
 It hath braved the blast for many a day,
 And the wintry sky, and the tempest's rage,
 And 'tis mouldering now in the lap of age;

And the ivy is hung o'er its ruined halls,
 As you've seen o'er the portals of ancient walls,
 Somberly shading the wreck beneath,
 Cloaking its chasms with many a wreath,
 As the forced smile decketh the maiden's cheek,
 When her heart is sad, and her sorrows deep.
 A few short years those walls may be
 Lashed over by the encroaching sea.
 A spot where the rough seal might dwell,
 Meet tenant of a rock-based cell;
 When the wild sea-bird scarce would brave
 The wildness of the wilder wave.

VI.

We wander back through fifty years,
 And woman's smiles, belike her tears,
 Were there to charm, to soften, plead,
 Through fifty long—long years of change,
 And over many a noble deed,
 And baffled hope may fancy range.
 Yet even then, on that bright isle,
 That tower so old scarce seemed to smile,
 Beneath the summer's light and sun,
 When all around it brightly shone;
 When forest-boughs, and vale, and bay,
 In one rich tint of beauty lay,
 So ag'd, it scarce then bore a trace,
 Upon its rugged, darken'd face,
 That would have told to him who gaz'd,
 The era when its walls were rais'd.

Perchance the dust of centuries
 Had o'er it lain; for of its rise,
 Or for what reared, no chronicle
 Or island-legend, aught could tell.
 'Twas such a strong, though scattered pile,
 As each age adding, might have made,
 The sire for son—yet had each style
 Been outlined well for light and shade;
 And from its wide and belfried tower,
 That opened to the broad blue sky;
 The lingerers there, at sunset hour,
 (Breathing the balmy air) might spy
 The crafts of nations floating by.
 Against its base, on one strong side,
 For ever lashed the untiring tide;
 Around it, on its inland one,
 Was stretched afar a forest glade,
 Where, from the noonday's glowing sun,
 Its inmates still could find sweet shade;
 Through which there ran a crystal stream,
 Whose banks with moss, and flowers, o'er-
 grown,
 Resembled more some summer's dream,
 Than aught to mortal vision shown.
 Its inner courts, with flowers arrayed,
 Rich gifts, brought there from distant lands;
 Its crystal streams, that ever played
 From marble fountains, or golden sands,
 That murmuring gushed, 'midst feathery spray,
 As dazzling 'neath the summer's ray,

In their clear crystal jets, and flow
 As sunset over frosted snow.
 Its costly vases, antiques rare,
 Its sculpture, fossils, all set forth
 With more than common skill and care,
 To show their beauty and their worth,
 Revealed, to him who gazed, a taste,
 If aught effeminate, still chaste.
 The gorgoonness that shone o'er all
 Within that old ancestral hall;
 The rich and softening luxury,
 That charms and chains the gazer's eye;
 Paintings (so old, so well revealing
 A taste refined, a chastened feeling;
 A nature, if not purified,
 Yet to ennobling arts allied);
 Music (dear Empress of the heart,
 Sweet balm, when coarser joys depart;
 Kind soother of the chords, that strung
 In human hearts, so oft are rung);
 And Poetry (thou simple maid,
 How often doth thy votaries sigh,
 In cold neglect, and in the shade,
 Whilst cool pretence trips flaunting by);—
 All there unto the eye of sense,
 Betokened ease and elegance,
 A tone exalted and refined,
 A taste advanced, the cultured mind;
 Proclaimed its inmates much above
 Those amongst whom they chose to move;

If that within but kept space,
 With the soft luxury of the place.

VII.

Lord of that tower of strength was Oswal Zair,
 Long years had passed since first a wanderer,
 Amidst the Ægean Isles, to Mytelene,
 He came, when youth and hope were in their spring.
 But why he made that isle his dwelling-place,
 They knew not there;—and none were there could
 trace
 His earlier history—if those days had passed
 'Midst bustling scenes of danger; if the blast
 Had blown around him bitterly—in shade
 If thwarted hopes the future had arrayed;
 If his warm feelings had been rudely crossed;
 If passions, curbed not when they burned the most,
 Had robbed his nature of her nobler part;
 If some foul act had cicatrized his heart;
 If stern by nature; if his youth had been
 One lengthened struggle, through its every pore;
 If disappointed, he had warred with fate,
 Returning hatred where he fancied hate;
 Mistrusting still the proffered good that came;
 If looking backward, there was much to blame.
 They never knew—yet oft his eagle eye
 Grew dark at times—then would its brilliancy
 Rekindle up, as if some memory
 Of wrong, or love, or happiness came back.
 Then dull again, as if that memory's track

O'er former years, had little that should move
 The sterner mood that time had round him wove,
 'Twere somewhat strange, if, in those days and climes,
 He shunned their errors, and escaped their crimes;
 Days, in which guile and force were more than law,
 When pirate deeds were blazoned with eclat;
 When Turkish rapine o'er the Ægean sea
 Left many a heart to wail its misery,
 When Turkish power, and treacheries, and wiles,
 Made many a mourner in the Ægean Isles.
 Whate'er his boyhood, few could penetrate
 The studied sternness of his man's estate;—
 In his hot youth it was his hap to land
 A bold adventurer on a foreign strand;
 A keen bright eye, a sweet persuasive smile,
 A frankness suited well to cover guile;
 A grace (so oft from lengthened lineage sprung);
 A manner winning, and a bridled tongue,
 With fortunes smiling, raised him to a power,
 Scarce ever looked for, even in that hour—
 The most ambitious hour that ever came,
 To fire his bosom with the love of fame.
 Well let the sophist wisely moralize,
 O'er all the changes that before him rise;
 Well may indeed the truly wise foresee,
 How little is—save much uncertainty;
 How little mars what hath been nighly planned;
 How little's known where all seems nicely scanned.
 Strive as some may, how often do they sink,
 Eager to rise, to toil, endure, and think;

Willing to struggle, nobly to contend
 'Gainst adverse fortunes, where but few befriend;
 Willing to act the fair and upright part,
 Though forced to feel their promised joys depart;
 Bowed with misfortunes, which themselves ne'er wrought,
 Harass'd by those they need have aided not.
 How many they, who seem as if they tried
 To shake off fortune and her gifts deride;
 Who seem as if they sought adversity,
 By courting folly, vice, and revelry;
 Who do not fall,—but only higher scale
 Ambition's ladder, where less rash would fail;
 Who seem the favourites of dame fortune still,
 Howe'er they act, whate'er their works of ill:
 Just neither to themselves nor to mankind,
 Unsympathizing—still to prudence blind,
 Who joy but rarely in their fellows' weal,
 And for their trials scarcely seem to feel.
 Haply this Zair had been a favoured child,
 Since fortune's gifts so brightly on him smiled—
 The wealthy heiress of a noble line
 He woo'd and won, one powerful in her clime.
 Had smiling fortune raised him early up
 So high! to dash his joyful pleasure cup
 With bitterness! or did his merits claim
 Such great desert, such honour, and a name?
 If slandering tongues, that woman had belied!
 If she had turned from virtue's path, aside!
 If growing coldness was in her deep blame!
 If Zair's own conduct drove her on to shame!

Was ne'er known rightly—whisperings of her crime;
 (That deep foul blot upon the book of time,
 Ne'er to be cancelled), fell upon his ear,
 And he believed them, though no proof was near,
 And none was brought; then dawning hatred rose
 To fire his breast with almost maniac throes,
 Till the roused bell, that in his bosom burned,
 To seeming madness all his actions turned.
 In one such hour a chalice drugged he gave;
 He fled—she died—in vain across the wave
 They tried to trace him and her child; years past,
 That child, young Zayda, woman grew at last.
 Her mother's smile, the same sweet smile was there,
 Upon her cheek; and oh! more bright and fair,
 The bloom, the beauty, and the grace, that shone
 O'er her, the mistress of that island home.
 E'er rolling years had somewhat curbed the fire
 And checked the daring spirit of her sire,
 Had he departed often from that isle
 They knew not where, or what his course the while.
 Pleased to return, yet willing to depart,
 'Twould seem that home claimed little of his heart,
 Or daughter less. Whate'er he felt or thought
 His acts to Zayda little gladness wrought;
 In later years the fire but smouldering slept
 Within his bosom, for at times there crept
 Across his brow gleams of as dark a shade
 As ever marred it, when fierce passions made
 That breast a bell; when, in that distant clime,
 His hand and heart were stained by blood and crime.

VIII.

And who art thou? and wherefore art thou here?
 So oft returning but to disappear.
 At Oswald's table scarce an honoured guest,
 Yet fitted ill to bear the uncourteous jest.
 The friend of Zair, leagued with him too! and why?
 Whoe'er thou art, beware his trustless eye;
 Whate'er the cause that leads thee to this isle,
 Watch if his looks betray no signs of guile!
 Upon thy brow there is a settled gloom;
 And yet the memory of those hours that threw
 Such sorrow, Gkika, o'er thy heart's young bloom
 Is even dearer, that the brightest view
 Of all the days since passed, or all that now
 Are passing on, or in the distance glow.
 Across thy brow a shadow long hath lain,
 Perchance the memory of some hour of pain,
 Some fatal hour for peace, clings to thy heart,
 And still o'ershadowing, never can depart.
 Yet are not thine the looks and tones that spring
 From a heart sated; passions uncontrolled,
 Or feelings deadened, when no joys can bring
 The simple gladness back that charmed of old.
 A few short days and thou shalt sail again,
 Once more thy bark shall plough the Ægean main;
 Till then adieu—too soon may come the hour
 That wafts thee, seaward, from his stately tower;
 Oft hast thou left it with a saddened brow!
 What if its shadow should be deepened now!

IX.

How pale beside Zair's southern face,
The sicklier tinge of England's race;
His black and wiry locks, that like

The snakes of stern Tysiphonè,
Lay curled—the teeth so white;

The black moustache; the deep dark eye;
The strong mark'd running lines that gave
Their curl-like chiselings to his grave,
Harsh features; the firm knitted frame
(The sculptor scarce had dared to blame)
And his firm tread of majesty,
None might have passed unnoting by,
So much of ease and dignity
Seemed centred in his stalwart form,
However passions might deform
The soul within him; he had passed
Scarce fifty years; yet had time cast
Full many a furrow o'er that face,
Stern ever, yet still full of grace.

X.

Within this island home there grew
Two gentle beings, but none knew
Young Ella's history; few might dare
To question ever much of Zair,
Or points he chose to keep concealed,
Nor much of her he e'er revealed;

He brought her there, and she had grown
From child to woman in that home.
Companion of his child she grew,
The only female friend she knew
Or cared for; they grew side by side,
And neither e'er had ought to hide
One from the other—selfishness
Had touched them not; and ne'er the less
Grew the deep love that they had cherished
From earliest years; few hopes had perished
That they had nursed, unrealized.
The present hour they ever prized
As present good; nor looked for ill,
Which, when it comes, casts shadows still
Full dark enough—blessing and blest,
Their days had little of unrest.
The other was his own fair child,
The gentle Zayda; when she smiled
Her father's very glance you read,
And in her step his very tread,
The firm, same step of majesty
And the same quick and dark blue eye.
Across her young and classic face
Hath sorrow left to-night no trace.
Nor left behind that ageing brow
Which few may soothe, since few may know
(So well disguised) its feverish glow.

Like streams that run

In silence on,

¹Neath robes of ice their swell concealing.

That to the eye
 All silently
 Seem hush'd, no sign of stir revealing;
 So thus the heart
 Oft turns apart
 To calm the fulness of its swelling,
 From scenes that wile
 The laugh and smile
 From eyes that seem for joy the dwelling;
 While, on the face,
 You cannot trace
 One lingering look of inward sadness:
 So calmly fair
 Peace hovers there,
 It almost wears the beam of gladness.

XI

Gaily Zair's old and towering hall
 Is lighted up for a festival;
 Music and song are merrily
 Re-echoing through those halls to-night;
 And there hath many a joyous eye
 Turned to young Zayla in delight,
 To gaze, and own her magic power,
 The mistress of that festive hour.
 Her sylph-like form of girlish years
 Is softly into woman wending;
 Bright girlhood's dreams, and woman's fears,
 In artlessness are round her blending.

Upon her young and virgin cheek
 The bloom of health is richly glowing;
 Her soft, low tones but seem to speak
 A heart with pleasure overflowing.
 Her beaming eye with flashes lit,
 And lustrous, in its every motion,
 Shines like the Summer hues, that flit
 Across the azure waves of ocean:
 In her young step and in her look
 What should the gazer see, but pleasure?
 And yet! if doubts have come to brook
 E'en now, her spirits youthful measure?
 The playful smile, the laughing eye
 Of joyance, are they still the token?
 Ah! who might deem, as years should fly,
 That hearts like hers could e'er be broken!
 She wears that sweet, that dream-like face,
 Which, seen but once, holds long a place
 In fancy's musings, that years never
 From memory's seat, can quite disaveer;
 The lids that crown'd her eyes of blue
 Had lent her face too deep a shade,
 But that there beam'd for ever through
 Her dark eyelashes, that which made
 Its features play, all loveliness,
 Shading alone its light's excess.
 Her small, half-arched, and crimson mouth,
 Despoke her lineage of the south,
 If sight of that fierce, slumbering fire
 That circled through her southern sire,

(Wrought still so easily into motion,
 So hard to quell its fierce emotion)
 Ran through her blood, few there could tell
 In that old hall; no bosom's swell,
 No quick, keen glance, no restlessness,
 She seemed but lingering there to bless;
 And every flash of her deep dark eye
 Had the wakening of song and of poesy;
 Her beauty, the statue's breathing face,
 Glorious and classic and full of grace,
 With the smile of love and a brow of light,
 Gaining still on the raptur'd sight.

XII.

Oh could we always curb the will,
 Did reason's light direct us still;
 Or, worm-like, could we creep along,
 Mere gazers on the world's great throng;
 And did the blood for ever flow,
 Calmly and coldly; did no glow
 Of passion, sympathy, or love
 E'er stir us; if around us wove
 Kind hearts no chains; and if the heart
 From its dear yearnings could depart,
 And be unmoved; and could we feel
 Death's cold and icy numbness steal
 O'er all around us, and yet be
 As dreamers in some reverie;
 Did selfishness guide all our feelings,
 Its promptings prove our best revealings;

And did no tear bedim the eyes,
 For suffering's worth, when friendship flies,
 How many a heart, that broken long,
 Or sadly crushed, had yet beat on
 Untroubled; ne'er had heaved the sigh,
 The deep-drawn one of misery.

XIII.

Oh, early, Zayda, sprung thy love!
 Burning and passionate; it wove
 Around thy nature, gentleness;
 Haply if it had burned the less,
 Thine might have been a happier state,
 If less, perchance, a wearier fate.
 It is a love now kept midst fears;
 It hath grown on through fleeting years,
 And with them deepened; it hath thrown
 Blessings and joy o'er thy heart's home;
 It is that deep and burning flame,
 So full of passion and of feeling;
 That earth hath far too cold a name
 For its deep spirit-like revealing.
 And who is he that maiden loves?
 And whence his lineage or his name?
 Alas! her heart her choice approves;
 She only feels, life's very flame,
 But burns for him; that with him near,
 Her heart asks nothing else to cheer;
 With that beloved one to share
 The joys, that crowned her young heart's measure;

Whose smiles still lessened every care,
 Her years had been till now all pleasure,
 For they had passed 'mid happy scenes,
 Scarce clouded by those ills of fate,
 That come so oft o'er life's bright dreams,
 Leaving the young heart desolate.

XIV.

'Twas strange! that Zair had sheltered one
 Whose thoughts had little unison
 With his! 'Twas stranger, too!
 He placed him near to one whom few
 Could see, and love not—his own child.
 And crossed it ne'er the mind of Zair?
 This Aman's presence had beguiled
 His daughter Zayda's love and care!
 Oh hearts there are, that early chilled,
 Have ne'er regained their wonted glow;
 Whom thwarted dreams, and hopes unfilled,
 And misery, and neglect, and woe,
 Have plunged in error, that had stood
 Else undefiled and unsubdued,
 Trustful and blessing; if such claim
 Pity, where sternness well might blame.
 Yet are there they, who, steeled 'gainst love,
 Yield never sympathy; that move
 As icebergs, withering, chilling all
 They can encompass; whom the call
 And voice of truth and friendship charmeth not;
 To whom all bright in nature seems a blot.

And all the heart's most sweet and tender ties
 Seem as foul cankers to their jaundiced eyes.
 Perchance a mingling of these too
 Conflicting feelings cast o'er Zair
 A rankling bitterness, which threw
 O'er his maturer years more care
 Than ill-curbed passions well would bear.
 Unnoticed, Zayda's love was nursed,
 In secret, had its course begun,
 Its depth, its force, unstayed at first,
 But stronger grew and deeper ran;
 Beloved for years, young Aman's thought
 Hath still been thine, hath he not caught
 Thy musings ever, e'er they well,
 In thine own heart had found a cell?

XV.

Enough Zair found this Aman one,
 Whose fearless soul he thought, might brave
 The toils, his swelling years would shun,
 The dangers of the Egean wave.
 One who might well, amidst those isles,
 Confront the pirate and his wiles;
 Whose daring deeds and arm might gain
 What then was more than power, a name
 In those dark days; whose eagle eye
 Might well lead on to victory;
 To carry out some such intent,
 Zair deem'd him fitting instrument.

And had young Zayda's love-lit eye
 Not beamed on him, he might have won
 Beneath the blue Ægean sky,
 Fame, though perchance an envious one;
 And but for that calm quiet mood,
 He learned of her—through scenes of blood
 And strife, his manhood might have past;
 And uncurbed passions might have cast,
 By their fierce workings, shadows deep
 And thick around him; (and they reap
 But bitter after fruits, who sow
 Those early seeds—those germs of woe).
 And, ah! how little serves to dash
 The cup, for many a year of life,
 With bitterness: one wrong, one rash,
 Ungenerous act, one thoughtless strife
 (In ill begun, begetting hate),
 May leave the young heart desolate.

XVI.

She was all nature, Zayda; fears
 Perchance were shadowing now her years,
 Her woman's spring-time; yet till now
 Light cares had touched her; o'er her brow
 Sat blessedness; and to her young, dark eye
 Long had love's joyance lent such brilliancy
 As colder natures know not—thus had passed
 Those happy, earlier years, and so they cast
 Regrettings not, nor paining; if she erred
 In seeking not the counsel of her sire,

It was because her heart too truly feared
 Her tale of love would rouse his latent fire
 Ne'er witness'd save in terror, and ne'er seen,
 But still it wrought her heart, deep sorrowing.

XVII.

Alas! too well she felt this morn,
 His words were those of ire and scorn.
 When she but dared to speak of one
 In secret loved; of one whose name
 Had grown familiar as her own,
 In terms less harsh, than those of blame.
 This morn, and she had hoped as near
 The day, when to her father's ear
 She might have breathed what long had been
 Her untold story—her life's dream,
 Her deep, long cherished early love
 For Aman; which long years had wove
 So silently around her heart,
 It would not, if it could, depart.
 Yes but this morn, so stern her sire,
 So couched his speech in tones of fire,
 That spoke of him, she more than thought
 It was his rashness all had wrought;
 Which spoke of him, so long beloved,
 From childhood to that very hour,
 Where'er he went, or strayed, or moved,
 Whose very name for her had power.
 It chilled her blood, it flushed her brow,
 The very thought of parting now

From that belov'd and chosen one,
 Whose radiant smile so early won
 Her heart's pure homage; unto whom,
 In the glad confidence of truth,
 With all the gentleness of youth,
 She breathed her thoughts, as still they came,

Glowing and fresh; and never dreamt
 That there was aught in that to blame,
 So wholly had their spirits blent.

She knows not yet the cause, or why,
 But in her father's glance and eye
 Shone deep disdain, insulted pride,
 Which rising hate could ill but hide.
 They tell us, on the burning pile,
 The Indian's face can wear the smile,
 And they who watch him till he dies,
 Can see no shudder, hear no sighs:
 Somewhat it was of such strong power
 That came to Zayda in that hour
 This morn, for o'er her brow

No shadows fell, or sadness crept;
 Almost unmoved, she stood as though
 She heeded not; as if there slept
 No secret fire, no passion's force,
 Within her young blood's quick'ning course.

XVIII.

Amid the gay and glittering throng,
 In beauty's light, she moves along.

And many an eye hath turned to her
 Who charms all eyes, that favourite child,
 And many an artless worshipper
 In vain for her fond love hath smiled.
 Oh! seldom comes that flushing brow,

Which almost wakes the gazer's sigh,
 Without the aching heart, I trow,

The wearying thought, and restless eye;
 Alas! young Zayda, can it be
 That sorrow's cloud hath shadowed thee.
 Alas! that the heart's early love
 (Ere the world's sorrows may have wove
 Their darkness round it) should be ever

Dependant on some other's will,
 Whose tyrant sternness dares to sever
 Hearts, which though parted, must live still,
 Though brokenly and lone; that fears
 Should ever dim youth's earlier years.
 And yet, how many scarcely know,
 Or seem to feel, that long-felt woe,
 That sorrows, borne from youth to age,
 Find record on no printed page;
 That hearts long broken may survive,
 And 'gainst increasing struggles strive.

XIX.

The warrior lives an after age;
 The sculptor in his classic stone;
 The painter's toil, the poet's page,
 O'er each a radiant light have thrown;

But woman's trying records pass
 Like shadows o'er the mirror'd glass;
 They come scarce heeded, pass away,
 Scarce pitied; and how few are they
 That show one kindly sympathy
 To hearts, that bear too oft deep ill,
 Hearts oft forgiving—though suffering still;
 How many a tear in silence shed
 Hath told of hopes and visions fled;
 Of bitter taunts, that plant in scorn,
 In woman's breast, so oft the thorn;
 Of long, long nights of watchfulness
 For one who heeds not her distress.
 And, oh! how oft hath she to mourn
 In bitterness o'er hopes departed,
 O'er visions that can ne'er return
 To her once joyous, happy-hearted,
 And trustful bosom; now, alas!
 So rent and stripped of all that was
 So dear to it—and oh! how few
 Have prized those hearts that still beat true,
 And trusted on, though seared and chilled,
 When wouled joys no longer thrilled;
 That from the world, and all, except
 Some long loved friend, unknown, have kept
 Their cankering sorrows; that have felt
 Life's fondest hopes like day-dreams melt.
 Alas! the heart's affections cross'd,
 The dreams of many a long year lost,
 The hapless fate of ill-matched love,

(Where nought in unison would move),
 The broken confidence, the cares
 A mother's boundless, dear love, shares,
 Pass oft unheeded—and no sigh
 Reveals them to the world's sharp eye,
 Though deeply they pain, and silently.

XX.

Bright are the eyes in yon festive hall;
 Oh! not one cloud o'er such brows should fall;
 Music and song are on the air,
 Glad, glad be the voices that mingle there.
 No tears should dim such beaming eyes,
 No griefs should cloud those young hearts,
 meeting:
 It is no time for cares or sighs,
 When eyes meet eyes in such sweet greeting.
 And Zayda mingles 'mid that gay
 And glittering throng—yet far away
 Thou heardst the morn, few days shall see
 Young Aman, o'er the Ægean sea.
 Yes! 'twas this morn so slightly
 Thy sire rebuked him, that thy sigh
 And troubled look had nigh revealed
 Thy love, so long, so well concealed.
 'Twere little wonder if they wrought
 E'en now, those tones, deep lines of thought;
 If to thy heart, and on thine ear
 Fell wearily that festive cheer.

—'Tis even so—and at this hour
 To fly from mirth she cannot share.
 She seeks her own secluded bower,
 To breathe one moment the sweet air
 That wanders through it—on her ear
 Come the gay tones of festive cheer.
 Alas! the low and gentle sound
 Of the light breeze that lingers round
 Her leafy bower, her heart is swelling
 With dreams of joy, too deep for telling.
 It stands by Morna's lake-like bay,
 That little grot of marbled stone;
 Two or three hundred paces away
 From those castle walls of iron gray;
 'Tis trellised around, and overgrown
 With many a beauteous leaf and flower;
 Cool is its shade, for the laughing sun
 Smiles but at parting o'er that sweet bower.
 Such peace without, and so calm within,
 You might deem that blight, or sorrow, or sin
 Had never entered so sweet a spot
 As that maiden's bower—that trellised grot.
 And the summer's breath, when 'tis ling'ring near,
 Whispering many a lullaby
 From tree to tree,
 Is rich with the joyous melody
 Of many a warbler; as sweet and as clear
 As the harp's low tones to the pensive ear,
 When its strings, enamoured of evening's gale,
 Fall soft as the tones of the nightingale.

Those tones of mirth from out that hall
 Upon her ear unheeded fall.
 Dreams of the past, the bright revealing
 Of what might happen, gently stealing
 O'er her young mind, in that soft hour,
 Hath for her soul a holier power.
 And having stolen one moment forth
 To breathe that calm and perfumed air;
 She deems one hour so quiet, worth
 Long nights of noisier pleasure there,
 In that old hall; (and well to-night
 May sorrows shade her brow of light).
 And in that soft and stilly hour,
 Soft as e'er lingered 'neath that sky,
 Even as she stands within her bower,
 The dulcet tones of melody
 Upon her ear scarce heeded fall,
 The merry tones of that old hall.
 But there is a music soft and low,
 Breathing ever, and soothing still;
 And the hurricane, the torrent's flow,
 Can check it not, sound as they will;
 The good, the gentle, and the kind,
 The firm in soul, the high in mind,
 Hear still that voice; in hut, in hall,
 O'er the thoughtful heart that strain will fall.
 But it cometh not amidst revelry,
 And not at the bidding of beauty's eye,
 And the joy that it yields, gold cannot buy.

Oh! who may know what thoughts will rise,
At such an hour, beneath such skies;
What dreams, and doubts, and hopes, intrude
In such calm hours of solitude.

XXI.

Scarce hath she gained the wicket, near
Her bower, returning sad at heart,
When warningly upon her ear
The quick low tones of Seria start—
(Her faithful slave for long, long years,
Safe guardian of her hopes and fears;)
Comes she from Ella? doth Zair miss
Thee, Zayda, on a night like this?
Think on this morn! what if thou'rt sought?
"My dearest mistress, linger not
A moment longer in this spot,—
Ill time to rouse suspicious fear!
When doubt and danger come so near."
"Danger and doubt!"—"Watch and beware,
For peril threatens; what, or where
I scarce can tell; this morn I know
Aman has found thy sire his foe;
Something, though clearly not, I heard
Of Ackbar's coming—of a guard—
Hints dark, dear mistress, of a day
Far distant—when to Morna's bay
Thy lover shall return again!
Perchance our fears are worse than vain,

And fears shall be your greatest foe."
"Seria, my fears have boded right!
Do thou be watchful—more we'll know,
With morn to-morrow,—come to-night
Into our chamber—wake thou not
Suspicion—if to-day be fraught
With plottings dark, 'gainst Aman, why,
There are sweet lands beneath a sky
As fair as this—what ties me here—
One, whom I love, and one, I fear,
But ne'er had, had he ever been
Like a kind father—from this scene,
He who hath clung to me departs.
What's left me but this Ackbar's arts?
Oh hapless day!—oh night portent of ill,
How shall this be? oh! beating heart be still."

XXII.

And Zayda treads again the hall,
The fairest in that festival;
Ever the fairest to his sight,
Who comes not there to watch to-night
The beaming of her young dark eye,
So purpose full; whose destiny
With his is now so interwoven,
Never to be annull'd, or cloven.
In all her youth (his secret pride)
She lingers there his promised bride.
Dimmed is not her dark blue eye,
Nor pallid cheek, nor care-wrought sigh.

Nor absent look, nor thoughtful mien,
 Upon her face to-night are seen.
 Oh! in such hours, when joys seem vain,
 And thickening fears are worse than pain,
 When mingling in the crowded throng,
 When joy and music, mirth and song
 (Tones that we *would not*, but *must* hear),
 Come o'er the wrapt, unmindful ear;
 How often is the gathering tear
 Almost upon the brink of gushing!
 Even in the midst of festive cheer,
 As doubts *will* come and thoughts *are* rushing.

XXIII.

And where is he? or why forgot?
 Young Aman!—joins he not the throng?
 No welcome guest!—and wherefore not?
 The young—the loved so well—so long
 The one belov'd, that had still cast
 Such gladness o'er young Zayda's past.
 Oh! what were festive scenes to him
 In such an hour, in such a mood;
 The bright sun were but dark and dim
 To his wrapt eyes—"and yet if blood—"
 Is his wild utterance, as his gaze
 Is wandering to the star-like skies,
 Turning from thence to lamps, whose blaze
 Seem dim, remembering Zayda's eyes.
 His bark is on yon dark blue water,
 His thoughts on Zair, and on his daughter.

His tread is by the dark blue wave,—
 "If blood should flow? whose blood or why?
 We'll have no foes sweet love to brave;—
 Or, if we have, friends shall be by.
 Why should Zair dream of flight prepared?
 I spoke not words to rouse that fear;
 He cannot aught have seen or heard;
 To-morrow's plans are known but here,
 Within this breast, and to one other,
 Safer with her, than with a brother.
 Ay, Zayda, ay, to-morrow night,
 Yon moon shall smile to guide our flight;
 It is our only safety left;
 Hopes cherished long, to day are left.
 And, oh! how sweet shall o'er us rise
 The blessed light of happier skies,
 When fears and doubts shall come no more;
 As in some calm secluded bower,
 We'll trace this home, this island shore.
 Remembering all, yes, even this hour.
 The breeze is fresh'ning even now,
 Joy to my thought, and to this brow,
 Burning and flush'd, a blessedness,
 Less soothing, if 'twere fresh'ning less.
 And wherefore should we linger here?
 I dared not crouch—I shall not fear—
 Too long—oh! far too long I've borne
 Thy father's bitter taunts and scorn;
 Unheeded, all had passed away,
 And all that crossed me yesterday.

For thy dear sake had vanished too,
 Forgot—forgiven—but that he threw
 Falseness most foul upon the dead,
 And slandering her, upon my head.
 I would have let the sneering smile
 Unmoved, have clothed his cheek the while,
 Nor have returned the glance he gave,
 Too heartless for his meanest slave.—
 But so to slur my mother's name,
 And cast on me, the brand of shame,
 When none knew better—truly knew—
 The charge was false, the tale untrue,
 I could not for a moment brook,
 I dared not—I have braved that look.
 Perchance I erred, the serpent eye
 Beamed out on me; well let it beam,—
 To-morrow, Zayda, we must fly,
 And then—its slumbering fires may gleam,
 But not for us—in distant seas
 Our bark shall catch the fresh'ning breeze;
 And with thy bright eyes still before me,
 Thy sweet smile bending ever o'er me,
 Thy glad, sweet voice, with music teeming,
 Our hours shall be one joyous dreaming;
 And, oh! in those calm, quiet hours,
 When these our fears are hushed asleep,
 'Neath skies as fair, in happier bowers,
 We'll turn to this sweet isle, to weep?
 Ay! tears of joy,—yes, fresher gale,
 Our bark shall spread each inch of sail,

And trimmed right well and fleet must be
 The brigantine that matches thee."
 Such was the utterance, such the hurried train
 Of Aman's thoughts, by that deep moonlit main.

XXIV.

Within the hall, the beams which shed
 So lately over beauty's brow,
 Their light and loveliness, are fled,
 And silence there is lingering now;
 Hush'd is the song, and eyes to-night,
 That beamed, as if some new-sprung light
 Had lent them lustre from above,
 To weave their magic chains of love,
 Have ceased their shining; hopes and feelings,
 And thoughts of joy, and love's revealings,
 Seem now forgotten.

* * * * *

Late is the hour, and gone each guest,
 Yet hath not Zayda sunk to rest;
 It comes, with dark forebodings fraught,
 Almost with fear, the very thought
 Of Aman's parting from her now;
 Such fears ne'er chilled before her brow,
 Nor cast such shadows, as to-night,
 Have clouded her young brow of light.
 Oft had they parted; still he came,
 Unchanged ever; still the same
 Glad meeting theirs, all full of joy and truth,
 With the strong confidence of trustful youth.

Her eye upon yon moonlit sea,
 Hath travers'd many a trackless mile,
 Gaze on—to-morrow eve, and he
 Shall breast its billows; if thy smile
 Shall near him be, in sooth 'twill bless
 Those hours, else passed in wretchedness.
 Within her chamber Zayda stands,
 Mourful and musing; her white hands
 Together clasp'd are gently pressed,
 Upon her young and beating breast;
 And Ella too, is there, but oh!
 How shall she tell her tale of woe!
 Oft in that chamber had they stood, [told,
 When their matins were said, and their beads were
 To list to the dark, deep murmuring flood,
 That far beneath them its waters rolled.
 How often, too, at midnight's hour,
 When all were hushed in sleep,
 Had Zayda, from that rock-based tower,
 Heard o'er that moonlit deep,
 With cloudless brow, and heart at ease,
 The murmuring of the midnight breeze.

XXV.

How soon doth friendship's eye behold
 Slight change across the features straying;
 When the bright smile that charmed of old
 Hath aught of strangeness in its playing.
 A single look at Ella there,
 Told Zayda that some heavy care

On her young brow sat wearily.
 "Why, Ella, mirth and festive glee,
 Methinks far more have saddened thee,
 Than have a father's chidings, me."
 Yes! sad indeed was Ella now,
 And heavy on her youthful brow
 The cloud had set; and oh! her tone
 Was not that gay and happy one,
 That gladdened still, and still had power
 To cheer young Zayda's loneliest hour.
 "What wonder! if to-night our cheer
 Fell wearily upon my ear,
 Dear Zayda; I but thought on thee,
 And all its joys seemed mockery;
 Be firm, be resolute, and beware."—
 And Zayda's fingers through her sunny hair
 Are twined, and wander, as her deep dark eye
 Unto young Ella, but gives back reply.
 Not looks the death-doomed more amazed,
 When from his arms the chains are razed,
 Who hears the tones scarce credited,
 Which wake up joy when hope had fled,
 Than looked she now—her large dark eye
 Glistening with fear's intensity.
 "Hear me, dear Zayda:—As I strayed
 But yesternight in Cooshal's glade;
 (Thou know'st what duty kept thee here)
 I heard the tread of footsteps near—
 Turned—saw thy father—in his eye
 I read at once some danger nigh.

"Yes, Zayda, it has come at last—
 The hour I've long so darkly feared;—
 Oh! would to Heaven that it had passed,
 And all the doubts my fears have reared
 Were hushed—and thou wert far away,—
 For here thou canst not longer stay
 In safety. On a brink you stand,
 Ackbar comes here; he sought your hand
 Once, and what followed?—hear me yet:
 Whose sails are almost yonder set?—
 He comes—this suitor scorned! Again
 Must he but know, his pleading's vain?"—
 "Then Serla's fears were all too true,
 More had she told, if less she knew.
 Of Ackbar spoke? I thought to know,
 Ella, this man, my secret foe.
 I looked not for his coming here—
 That should indeed forewarn our fear;
 I've thought of such, and more, purchase;
Well now, I read my father's glance,
 And yesterday's dark loweringness,
 And all his brow's deep cloudedness;
 And much comes breaking o'er me now
 I dreamt not of—and dark to-night,
 And wrapt at times, I saw his brow;
 I know his eye had not the light
 'Twas wout to give me; yet I feel
 'Twere worse than madness to reveal
 My sacred oath, so freely given
 To Aman—never, never to be riven.

"What? Ackbar wed? oh! perish first,—
 Yes, Aman, though the storm may burst
 For ruin, round us, never—never,
 Thus must we part, it were for ever.
 Oh! more than joy and blessedness
 To me, to sleep the dark waves under,
 Than live to love thee, dearest, less,
 And know our fates lie far asunder,—
 Dearer by far the mountain's cave,
 If thou wert only nigh to me,
 A shelter, by some lone sea wave
 Than this, my home, if here to be,
 And thou not nigh me—the low cress
 Our scanty food—the wilderness
 Our fairest view, yet were I blest
 If fearing nought, thou mightst be pressed
 Unto this bosom, Aman, ever,
 And none were near our hearts to sever;
 Oh! blessed hour, that so revealed,
 What else, had been too long concealed."
 Unmoved she stands, her white hands drooping,
 O'er Ella's shoulders; and her eyes
 Beaming and wrapt, are downward looking,
 And oh! what fire within them lies.
 "More spoke my sire, I had forgot—
 So wrapt my brain, so sad my thought—
 Of Aman's journey, was it not?"
 "' Soon must this Aman sail,' he said,
 ' Matters of moment may delay
 His quick return—the day is sped
 When here he can be bade to stay;

The first fresh breeze brings Ackbar here,
 Belike this fair and fresh'ning gale,
 Is wafting thither now his sail—
 His suit should meet no unwilling ear;
 To counsel is my duty, though
 The task may brighten not the brow;
 When Ackbar first sought Zayda's hand,

Her will was strong—more strong than well
 Befits young girlhood—stern command
 Hath sometimes made stern hearts rebel;
 He comes again—I will not say
 What now, I more than merely will:
 Such scenes as those of yesterday,
 Can work but little else than ill'

Some words of lighter moment passed
 Between us—yet deep blame he cast
 Still upon Aman; can it be?
 He knows what yet we cannot see."

Such was young Ella's tale: it fell
 On Zayda's ear like death's deep knell.
 Oh! what a crowd of thoughts came rushing,
 (Fast even as the fountains gushing),
 When its dread import, withering, first
 Upon her ear in misery burst:
 As starts the desert wanderer back,
 When meets his eye some drowled track,
 Pale with suspense, and part with fear,
 When not a human eye is near;
 As feeleth he that bends o'er one
 Whose vital powers the while seem gone,

Who waits returning consciousness,
 Yet waits in vain; such the distress,
 The deep suspense and fear, that now
 Were pictured on young Zayda's brow;
 Oh! never yet the struggling oar,
 Urging with might the sinking boat
 Toward the wild breakers on the shore;
 Nor that wild, piercing, harrowing note,
 A woman's shriek (when storm and wave
 Seem opening fast for her a grave)
 On the strained ear, so fearfully,
 E'er fell, beneath night's angry sky,
 As on her heart those tidings came;
 Her love she could not, dared not blame.
 She only felt 'twas rooted there,—
 She only felt—no—not despair.

XXVI.

As lit with lightning's flash, her eye
 Beamed with a more than human fire;
 Yet gave her bosom forth no sigh,
 "And this," she said—"this from my sire?
 Not Aman thus, we must be crossed,
 Not now we part, or all is lost;
 In flight alone, our safety now,—
 I know all pleadings were but vain,
 I would not, dared not, break the vow
 I gave him, Ella, heart and brain.
 I know my sire—Oh well his mood,
 For long, long years, this heart hath known;

"Parted now, Aman, we but brood
 O'er days too blest, for ever gone.
 I thought of flight this very morn,
 When first I heard those tones of scorn
 That slandered thee, and chilled my blood;
 I marked my sire's unbending mood,
 And in his tones, and in his eye
 I half foresaw some danger nigh.
 Thou didst not, Ella, see his brow,
 (Oh! doubly dark its lowering now),
 How stern it grew, when I but tried
 To mention Aman's name with pride,
 And dared to hurl indignantly
 On his foul slanderers back, the lie
 That evil hate had framed, to throw
 O'er him and me the cloud of woe.
 Soon as thou canst thou'lt see him—few
 The hours now left us—all I would
 To him disclose—our path is through
 An ordeal thick with dangers strewed;
 They must be braved—the time is near,—
 I dare not look to future hours,
 If present ones are dimmed by fear,
 The future in deep darkness, lowers.
 What dangers threaten, must he know,
 And where he most may fear his foe;
 Tidings of where we'll meet, and when!"
 "Are learned already—'tis the glen.—
 Zayda, thy touch is icy cold."
 "When heard he of it?"—"But to-night,

"Chance led him to my longing sight;
 The escape is planned; the attempt is bold,"—
 "Proposed *he* flight?" "What else remained?
 It was his first—his only thought;
 A few short hours, to-morrow gained,
 And future days thy fears shall blot:
 And thou shalt bless each morning's rise,
 And"—tears have dimmed young Ella's eyes.
 "Near Yatton rock, to-morrow eve
 Will Aman be; if thou canst leave
 Ere sunset, this, unseen, thine ear
 From his own lips his plans shall hear.
 If fate mars that, within this breast
 His plans are known;—with Heaven the rest."—
 "Oh, Ella! if on wandering back,
 I could but trace, on Memory's track
 One hour, when, by my father's side,
 I deemed he viewed his child with pride;
 One hour, when his soul's sternness bent,
 Or unto mine glad rapture went:
 One hour, when his dark kindling eye
 Was turned to mine with sympathy;
 Or with that confidence and truth,
 Which cheers, not blights, consoling youth;
 If even now, upon this brink
 Of doubt and fear, I could but think
 That prayers or pleadings could avail;
 That he would calmly list my tale
 Of long-owed love; could I believe
 Tears, supplications—ought could weave

" Around his nature, gentleness,
 Oh! with what joy and blessedness,
 Would my heart prompt my willing tongue
 To tell its hopes—what fears have wrong,
 And are now wriangling it—but oh!
 My soul is heavy with its woe!
 And weary doubts encompass me,
 And what I've dreamt so long should be,
 Flits dimly by me, till I feel
 Forebodings darkling round me steal.
 Yet, Ella, 'tis no time to quail,
 Fear is sure harbinger of fail;
 'Tis but the tarrying hours I dread,
 And their thick shadows round me spread;
 The trying hour shall 'farm me less,
 Than the swift thoughts that round me press."

XXVII.

Alas! that the young heart should sigh,
 O'er promised joys, too early blighted;
 That from its fount should ever fly
 The hopes that ever most delighted.
 Oh! in those hours, when anxious fears
 O'ershadowing all our future years,
 Seem thickening round us;—when the heart
 From its own throbbings oft would part,
 Yet dares not;—when beneath bright skies,
 Radiant and cloudless, racking sighs
 Will rush upon us, what a load
 The heart bears, 'long life's weary road!

As some fair form, fast locked in sleep,
 Whilst borne across the watery billow;
 (No visioned dangers of the deep,
 Marring the sweetness of her pillow),
 With one rude shock, at peril's brink,
 Wakes up to fear, and finds despair:
 That at a glance sees link by link,
 The world to her is closing there;
 So feels that heart, to madness driven,
 That finds its dearest ties thus riven.
 A thousand times! oh, better far
 To follow Phrensy's erring guide;
 Than live beneath calm reason's star,
 And feel the earth a desert wide.

XXVIII.

Too long had Zair been used to sway,
 And all around him, to obey;
 Lord over men, with whom his will
 Ne'er questioned, seemed their duty still:
 If Zayda's love he e'er repaid,
 Had passions strong, and uncontrolled?
 Will and desires, that long had swayed
 His every act no stronger hold?
 Alas! how soon doth selfishness
 And the world's ways, incrust the heart
 In stony hardness; cares may press,
 And griefs may shroud, and fate may thwart
 The young, the generous, and the kind,
 The true in soul, the high in mind;

But oh! how light and little seem
 Their toils, their struggles, unto him
 Whose god is gold; to him, whose dream
 By day, by night, is how to win
 Some fancied good, that ever flies,
 And only with his dying dies.

XXIX.

That weary night hath passed away,
 And gone, too, morning's dappled gray;
 'Tis early morn, and all is bloom,
 Sunlit and fresh; and in her room,
 Whilst others in that home are blest
 With sleep, sweet Zayda cannot rest.
 The long, soft night she hath not slept,
 So many thoughts have o'er her crept.
 The day hath past, and eve is there—
 That eve of hope, suspense, and care.
 You scarce may hear the leaf in motion,
 The rippling of the dark blue ocean;
 The light craft lies upon its breast,
 The very moonbeams on it rest.
 And many a craftsman lingering there,
 Shall soon be slumbering; not a care
 Around him stealing; bright should be
 The eyes, sweet orb, that turn to thee;
 Pure their young hearts, untutored they
 In the world's weightier misery;
 The loved, the loving, not the gay,
 Should watch thee on thy trackless way.

It is a night unfit for those,
 Whose wounded spirits scarce can bear
 Their own heart's beatings; doubts and woes
 Accord but ill with scenes so fair;
 It is the hour she is to meet
 Her lover, in his lone retreat;
 And she is there; and now her name
 She deems with the soft rustling came
 Of the thick boughs; and now, more near
 Comes that quick tread—Oh! never fear,
 So wrought those features; doubt is over,
 Her arms are twined around her lover.

XXX.

There's not a breath of air to stir
 One ringlet on the cheek of her
 That Aman looks on; as if all
 His hopes were centred in that face,
 Which none could deem but beautiful;
 So full of love, and light, and grace.
 "Oh! Aman, dearest love," she sighs,
 As close to hers those lips are pressed,
 As her young, dark, and beaming eyes,
 On his, now all impassioned rest.
 "Oh! Aman, all the hopes so prized
 And cherished——" "Shall be ours this night;
 And mine be more than realized;
 Dear Zayda; when with morning's light,
 Thy tongue shall bless the fresh'ning breeze,
 That wafts our bark to distant seas.

"Short time to fit thee forth to fly;
 Too long, when Ackbar is so nigh!
 All—all I know—I've thought o'er all,
 Oh! never shall that hour befall,
 That part us now, as we have parted;
 Our hopes, dear love, shall not be thwarted.
 The wind is fair, the watch is set;
 At midnight on yon minaret
 My lamp will burn; leave then thy tower;
 Thou know'st my signal; near our bower
 True hearts shall wait, sweet love, for thee;
 True as this blade hath been to me.
 Zayda, not now is fitting time,
 Nor this the place, perchance the clime
 For you to hear, or me to tell
 The scenes that yesterday befel;
 Believe me, dearest, if there broke
 Through yesterday's dark hours one hope,
 That Zair would ever look on me,
 Save as his foe; or could I see
 In all the past, a single ray
 To which my willing thoughts might stray,
 Yielding me hope of brighter days,
 Here, and with thee; and could I raze
 The strong conviction from my heart,
 That parted now, we're parted ever;
 Could I believe the treacherous part,
 This Ackbar plays, might harm thee—never;
 And did I think thou might'st regret
 This act hereafter; even yet,

"With misery bow'd, I'd wander forth
 Alone, (and oh! how lonely) feeling
 A wilderness, indeed, were earth,
 —Its very joys my bosom stealing—
 This peril past, thy smile shall be
 The light to cheer our wandering bark;
 And joy thine eye will ever see
 In mine, if truth be in man's heart.
 The deck shall be my Zayda's throne,
 Our world, our hearts; and dare shall none
 To cast one cloud around that home
 Of hearts, that beat in unison.
 Thy voice, in peril's hour, shall bless;
 Shall cheer, should cares around me press;
 Lulling to peace all thoughts would rise,
 To mar our happier sympathies.
 Fear not, unseen shall I be near,
 This key shall leave thy pathway free;
 To morrow's light shall bring no tear,
 If Aman's bliss yields joy to thee."

* * * * *

He sounds his call—'tis answered back,
 He gains his boat, his bark's clear deck,
 Midst hopes that gladden, fears that rack;
 It is his own fleet brigantine;
 See how the bright waves round her shine,
 Flashing with lambent flames of light;
 (Those phosphorescent fires of night).

To-morrow eve, in other seas,
 Thy bark shall catch the fresh'ning breeze,
 Oh! then how sweet and bright shall rise
 To thine, the light of Zayda's eyes;
 If heaven should blast thy prospects now!
 Casting deep shadows o'er thy brow;
 If all seem smiling to deceive
 And mock thee! if to-morrow eve
 Thy bark shall plough no distant main!
 If all thy hopes prove worse than vain!
 What may thy future course not be?
 What hers? who thus hath clung to thee?

XXXI.

As one bewildered, with a face
 That long doth fascinate the gaze,
 (So heavenly fair, so exquisite,
 Each feature, full of grace and light),
 Stands Aman, musing; heavy now
 The shadowing o'er his manly brow;
 How fair unto his dreaming eye
 Seem'd she, that lately sigh for sigh
 Gave him, in that sweet shaded bower,
 In that calm, stilly, soft'ning hour.
 And they have parted; who may tell
 The grief of that but short farewell,
 To hearts thus plighted; who may paint,
 In language (at the best but faint),
 Thoughts of such hours, which ever dress
 The future in their loneliness.

Strange! that the memory of that hour
 (When first within her favourite bower
 As half reclined upon his breast
 His burning lips to hers were press'd)
 Should now return, and all between
 That time, and the scarce closed scene.

XXXII.

Whate'er the cause, the fire-lit eye,
 Of Zair is flashing fearfully!
 And that roused mood! that clouded brow!
 What new-sprung ill hath crossed thee now?
 Oh! there are moments, when the flame,
 That fires the maniac's blood and brain,
 When all the madman's passions rise,
 To glister in the look and eyes,
 Of the earth's wise, accounted one;
 Whose execrations, dark and dread,
 (That but their utterer only burn)
 Are hurled alike, upon the dead,
 And on the living; when each vein
 Is passion swollen, as though pain
 All torturing racked; when the dark scowl
 Of hatred lowers, (that look so foul
 Which memory long is forced to keep)
 When the thin lips, and sallow cheek
 Grow blanched with passion; when the blood
 Boils in one wild, tumultuous flood;
 When demoniac wrath is seen
 In every look, in all the mein,

Till we are almost forced to trace
 Before us, but a demon's face—
 So, Zayda, looks thy sire the while,
 So harrowing now his withering smile.
 "Watch'd Aman, ay, for many an hour,
 And closer now;" such was the train
 Of thoughts, that nigh his daughter's bower,
 O'er Zair thus roused, now rushing came.
 "He seek her love! I've mark'd of late,
 What he and Zayda dared to hide;—
 I deem'd that he had feared my hate,
 Else I had crushed ere now his pride.
 In fitting time, and fitter mood,
 More shall she learn of all I would;—
 To chide was rash; perchance, 'twas bold,
 To say, what had been well untold;
 'Twas want of thought, not oft indeed,
 It serves me thus—my keener eye
 Must only better watch each deed,
 Whilst smileless Gkika is so nigh!
 He comes not to this home again
 This wanderer, or my plans are vain;
 Too long, oh! far too long, I've nursed
 And fed this Aman; if there burst
 O'er their wrecked bark, one yawning wave,
 Entombing both in one deep grave,
 Why should I grieve? to-morrow's sun
 Perchance shall see their course begun;
 Few hours of toil, few days, at most
 Must waft them far from Lesbos' coast,

"What reck's it where? Kusal! returned?
 What hast thou seen? or what hast learned?
 Can they sail soon?—what hast thou heard?"—
 "For instant sail is all prepared,
 At midnight's hour they fly to night."
 "And Zayda?" "She, too, shares their flight."
 "Where met she Aman?" "In the glen
 Near Yatton rock."—"Their plans are known!
 All their deep-plotted plans; why then
 They shall be foiled;—by look, or tone,
 Alarm not, Kusal—seek the hall—
 And wait my signal, when I call,
 Hence!—so then, I've read aright;
 'Twas boldly planned! to fly to-night!
 There's little time now left to choose
 What course; and there is much I lose
 If they succeed—well, if they do!
 I've trusted hands, ere now, less true
 Than Gaston's; yet I'll trust not all
 To him; 'twere ill mischance should fall
 In such an hour. Accursed be
 The day I brought this Aman thither!
 This Gkika, too; Zayda, to me
 'Twere joy to see thee droop and wither,
 Ere thou shouldst haue me thus, and now;
 And though no shadows dim thy brow,
 Nor faltering tongue to-night disclose
 Thy harrowing fears; though soft repose
 Lights every feature; though thy smile
 Shall beam, as though it cloak'd no guile;—

" Ay, though thy look shall falsely beam
 With Heaven's own calmness; though no gleam
 Of anxious thought arrays thy brow;
 And though thine eyes to mine shall make
 Confessions not, whilst terrors shake
 Thy soul, I will not trust thee —no—
 To-night! to fly; it may be so—
 'Tis but a deep, unerring blow,
 Ere I am thwarted now; I've ta'en
 My deep resolve, let who dare blame;—
 Ackbar has come; they know that not;
 The boat! ay—true, I had forgot;
 I'll see to it myself—keen eyes
 These lovers must have, if surprise
 Alarm them till the fitting time,
 Ere all is ripe; the task be mine
 To teach stern lessons; there is work at home!—
 What if I'm missed! the hour will quickly come,
 That pays thee, Gikla, many hates in one."

XXXIII.

How cold and chilly must have crept
 Young Zayda's heart's blood midst her sorrow;
 Yet still her features calmly kept
 That look, dissembling joy will borrow.
 Alas! through many a human heart,
 Two streams of thought gush often on;
 And one is deep, and deeply dark
 With hopes departed, pleasures gone;
 Are the beams that lure'd, and the rays that shone.

(Those meteor lights that the coming day
 Still robed in their beauty), where now are they?
 And often that current runs silently,
 Unseen by the world and its prying eye;
 And many a sorrow, and many a sigh,
 O'er parted gladness, for ever flows
 Down that stream, so shadowed by earthly woes.
 But a lighter and brighter stream keeps gliding,
 And the world sees it, as buoyantly riding
 Are smiles for that world, and music, and mirth,
 And much that seems fashioned to give joy birth,
 Adown on its surface; 'tis sunshine there,
 When perchance in the deeper stream runs despair.
 Oh God! how paining to behold
 The joyous look we loved of old,
 Wearing that cold, mistrustful smile,
 Which, if not sprung from guilt, looks guile;—
 To see a daughter's visor'd face,
 Turned to a father's searching gaze,
 When all his looks too well reveal
 Thoughts which her own, can scarce conceal.
 To hear the free and joyous tone
 Of confidence, so frankly given
 In happier days, now chilled and gone,
 And know its ties are well-nigh riven.
 And who may guess what thoughts will crowd,
 In such an hour, o'er many a brain,
 Whilst others' joys but seem to shroud
 Those harrowing thoughts in tenfold pain.

Oh! few to look on Zayda's face,
 Would dream of feelings working there,
 That well its calmness might deface,
 That well her heart might wring with care.
 She scarce had dreamt, so long since first
 Her heart, love's burning flame had nursed,
 (Until that hour) that years could come
 When Aman's smile, (the only one)
 She ever loved to watch, as though
 Earth could no brighter one bestow,
 She scarce had dreamt, his smile should be
 The dark star of her destiny.
 And yet, to live apart from him,
 Thy smile so early won,
 Were but to know joys waxing dim,
 Ere life had well begun.
 Bitter indeed the tears that flow,
 From the heart, blighted in its hour
 Of spring-time, and of hope: and woe,
 To him, who rules with ruthless power
 The young heart's destiny; that makes
 Life but a dreary wilderness;
 Whose sternness withers, and then breaks
 That heart that would have lived to bless.

XXXIV.

Oh! for a bright and cloudless sky;
 A freshening gale the blue waves over;

Through which the gallant bark shall fly,
 That soon shall bear thee and thy lover.
 Few hours of fair and favouring wind,
 And Lesbos far shall lie behind.

XXXV.

The day hath closed o'er Lesbos' Isle,
 The twinkling stars above are shining;
 How eagerly she wished the while!
 And inly blest that day's declining.
 Past is the hour for regretting or pining.
 The future, Zayda, is all to thee;
 And the happiest wreath around memory twining,
 The thoughts of this trial and night shall be
 A blessed and hallow'd memory.

XXXVI.

'Tis come at last; it is the hour;
 And yon his signal! if thy power
 Should fail thee now?—if Aman fail?
 Oh! banished be such thought: to-night,
 His bark shall feel the fresh'ning gale,
 And thou shalt watch those eyes, whose light
 Shall beam in gladness still to thine,
 Where'er the land in which they shine.
 Oh! bear thee on; to-morrow's sun
 Shall rise upon thy life begun
 A new existence; doubts and fears
 Shall find no place through future years

Within thy bosom—in that home,
 (Distant it must be from the one
 Thou leavest now), oft shalt thou bless
 This hour, midst fullest blessedness.
 Thy power shall fail thee not—away!—
 His bark is bounding in the bay;
 It waits but thee and him, and then—
 But look! the signal burns again!

XXXVII.

No lurid gleam is that which now
 Breaks, Zayda, on thine aching gaze;
 See! the bright glass-like waves below
 Are almost glowing in its rays.
 It is, indeed, thy trying hour;
 The peasant, sheltered in his home,
 From the black clouds that o'er him lower,
 Who yet looks forth, and sees the foam
 Of the wild torrent, rushing near
 That spot, of all to him most dear;
 Who sees the wild tumultuous tide
 Bursting at length from its pent bed,
 And bounding down the mountain side,
 Threat'ning each moment his low shed,
 And tooming fields, with its fierce flow,
 Perchance may feel, as thou dost now.

XXXVIII.

It is no meteor flash, that light!
 Oh! not a moment must be lost—

It is his signal!—see! 'tis bright!
 Pause not—how much may moments cost!
 On—on—with quick and noiseless tread
 O'er halls, now silent as the dead,
 She hastens—she has gained the last—
 All's still—the inner court is passed,
 The outer one—the path is clear—
 The gate stands open! friends are near!—
 Safe—safe—beyond the castle walls,
 And no alarm her heart appals:
 On thro' sweet lentisk groves, she treads;
 On—where the fragrant mastich sheds
 Its drooping tears:—the fig-tree there,
 And the rich olive, with its fair
 And glossy violet coloured drupes;
 And the white flowering prune that stoops
 Its drooping head so gracefully,
 Beneath that fair and moonlit sky,
 Are hushed and still; all is at rest,
 Save the wild throbbing of her breast.
 And oh! how wildly beats that heart;
 Yet fear thee not, but hie thee on,
 A few short hours, and who shall part
 Hearts, that have been betrothed so long.
 Oh haste thee, Zayda, quicker fly!
 It is his call—she sees her lover!
 Alone, beneath that star-lit sky,
 Their lips have met—is danger over?
 And on, to the boat that awaits in the bay.

Quick is their tread, and silently;
What now have hearts such as theirs to say.

XXXIX.

One moment! and but one! her eye
Hath caught you light in Ella's tower;
She knows it burns for danger nigh—
She sinks not, quails not, in that hour;
Fly with her, Aman, quick, and save—
She clings to thee! oh, breast the wave,—
Thy bark is almost in thy reach,
Its prow upon the sandy beach.
Safe o'er its side, how wilt thou bless
This hour of peril and distress;
They gain the beach—the boat; the water
Bears o'er its breast Zair's lovely daughter.

XL.

* * * * * Hark! in the hall!
See how they muster, and hear ye that call!
Surprise in each face, in each right hand a blade!
Where now is their leader? why stand they dis-
mayed?
Is that sighing the wind? not a night breeze is there,
Oh! let not thy fears, Ella, picture despair;
She is safe through her bower, and far from the
tower,
Young Zayda; then what will those bright blades
avail;

O'er her and her lover! how now have they power!
But hark! that wild shriek! was it woman's loud
wail?

XLI.

The boat hath scarcely cleft the wave,
The muffled oar in time kept measure;
Or ere within her home, a slave
Hath told her flight! its dearest treasure.
Alas! how oft have we to mourn
At eve, o'er plans we laid at morn.
(In confidence of sure success),
Blasted and shattered; and how soon
The hopes we most believed, would bless
And gladden life, are lost in gloom.
How often do the roses die
Of human hearths, and what is left?
What but their memory; and the sigh
Of the lone heart, of them bereft!
Few words inform that band; they fly
Along the strand, their blades are gleaming;
And fitfully the moon on high,
Far o'er that water's waste is beaming.

XLII.

Strange! that no voice greets Aman's ear,
From men who never crouched in fear!
His trustful band; alas! their power
Can aid not in this fearful hour.

Vain was that mustering; far too well
 And masterly had all been planned;
 'Twere only idle now to tell,
 How Zair had gained that boat's command;
 What Aman's arm, unaided, dared;
 What lengthened misery Zayda shared
 In that dread hour; what maddening fears
 O'ershadowed then her dreams of years;
 And how those two young hearts had met
 For sorrow; and how desolate
 Their souls, when the reality,
 Burst on them 'neath that midnight sky.
 Quick, (though too late) all Aman sees,
 'Tis but a moment's task to seize
 With giant strength the helm—'tis vain,
 The boat but gains the deepening main;
 Unnerved, unawed, he stands alone;
 The hands he could have trusted, gone,
 Captive and bound; how vain were strife?
 With men who still sought life for life!
 Yet quick, as the keen glance he throw
 On all around him, forth he drew
 His yataghan; and as each blow
 He dealt was gain upon the foe,
 Madly still smiting, down he fell;
 One blade had struck too deep, and well.
 Oh God! what depth of agony
 Was in that moment, when the cry
 Of Zayda on that midnight air,
 Thrilled hearts like theirs by its despair,

As kneeling low by Aman's side,
 In vain she strove to stanch the tide
 Of blood that gushed unceasingly
 Through her thin fingers, fast and free;
 As o'er his prostrate body bending,
 The night air her deep wail is rending;
 Too well she feels his life's-blood gushing,
 Chilled is her own, and checked its rushing.
 They raise her from that gory bed,
 The scarcely living, off the dead,—
 Her unstrung arm, her drooping head,
 And scarcely throbbing heart are telling,
 How little life within is dwelling.

XLIII.

The mask is off—thine, Ackbar, thine.
 The hand that struck—that damning act—
 Could none but Zair have planned such crime?
 What, Ackbar, hast thou gained? what wreck'd?
 Oh! hearts like theirs should ossify
 Through long, long years with ceaseless pain;
 And all that gladdens life should fly
 From such as they; their hopes prove vain;
 The fear of death be ever near them,
 And nought in life have power to cheer them;
 A coward conscience leave them never;
 Joys almost gained forsake them ever;
 Their slumbers be but agonies;
 Their promised pleasures turn to sighs.

XLIV.

And now the boat regains the shore,
 From which so late it had but parted;
 Her promised dreams of hope are o'er,
 With one fell blow all crushed and thwarted.
 Silently they reach the strand
 In that still hour; but cold her hand,
 And damp and chill; and fearfully
 Her dark eyes gleam; yet now no sigh
 Heaves that fair bosom—Oh! that sleep
 So cold, so motionless, and deep,
 Which cold corruption cannot waken,
 Were huge relief, to that heart breaking,
 Unutterable woe, when thought returning,
 Shall find within all darkness—all is mourning.

XLV.

They bear her to her father's hall,
 And sad the wail, and deep the sigh
 Of those who tend her; as the cry
 Of "Aman," "Oh great God," doth fall
 From her young lips, so cold, so pale
 And death-like; and no tones avail
 To stay one moment that one cry,
 So withering in its agony.
 She looks upon her father's face,
 But with that half unconscious gaze,
 So fearful in its look—then came
 Flushings, that turned her cheek to flame,

To leave it like the marble, dull
 And death-like, yet still beautiful.

XLVI.

And now around her couch they stand;
 Pale is her lip, and cold her hand;
 And hard and quick her labouring breath,
 As one who struggles against death.
 Oh Heaven! grant tears; how great, how deep
 Is that heart's sorrow, that doth keep
 Its grief un murmuring; when scarce sleep
 Steals for one moment o'er the brain,
 To lull the agonizing pain
 That racks it; when the eyes
 Unto the gazer, will bring sighs,
 And thoughts too deep for utterance,
 So wild, so fearful is their glance.
 Alas! the source when tears may flow,
 It is not Zayda's fate to know.

XLVII.

That sad eventful night is gone,
 And passed hath too the early morn;
 A few short hours and night shall lie
 (For darkness seldom dims that sky),
 Upon the waters. Eve is there;
 And what of Zayda? what of Zair?
 He hath not felt Heaven's breath to-day,
 Cooling the burning of his brow;
 And stealing slowly dim and gray
 Are the night's dusky shadows now;

He wanders forth, at this soft hour,
 A few short minutes to her bower,
 So calm, so lonely, and so still;
 The balmy air feels cold and chill,
 As there he stands,—alone? oh, no!
 Beside him lurks a secret foe!
 His blade is bare to strike the blow!
 As springs the tiger on his prey,
 So sprung on Zair, young Ouled Bey,
 A rescued slave, whom Aman's power
 Had cherished, whilst his life remained;—

'Tis he, who in this stilly hour,
 This spot with Oswald's blood hath stained.
 Rash was the act; yet planned with none;
 What passion urged, had rashness done.
 Scarce came a moan, and not a sigh—

Look up, Zair! look, if sight be left thee!
 For see! more foes are hastening nigh,
 In one short hour, they may have reft thee
 Of country, home, it may be—life!
 Ay, gaze, but think not now of strife:
 Look on yon tower! to-night thou'rt cast

Thy last look upon Zayda's brow;
 The future only, not the past
 Should be thy one sole vision now,
 'Tis stealing o'er thee, death's dread hour,
 Oh pray for mercy whilst thou'rt power;
 Oh think what change awaits on all,
 And think what doom to thee may fall.

XLVIII.

The shadows of the twilight
 Have gone down in yonder bay;
 Within yon chamber hath the light
 Been shaded; for its ray
 Though feeble, burns, oh all too bright
 For a fleeting child of clay.

XLIX.

And who are they so silently
 You dark waves seeking hurriedly
 And what the load they bear?
 And that crush'd form—that glazing eye—
 Yes—'tis the bleeding Zair!
 No friends to him, indeed, are they;
 In silence onward to the bay
 Is their quick tread; and see yon boat
 How o'er the water it comes gliding;
 'Tis anchored by yon little moat,—
 And yonder bark, see how she's riding!
 Dost thou not guess, yet, what awaits thee?
 Nor fearest thou the foe that hates thee?

L.

The current's course is strong, that flows
 Around yon well-manned brigantine;
 And on her deck are many foes
 For thee; all there would deem his crime,

Who plunged thee in those dark waves, Zair,
 Scarce worthy of a moment's care.
 Alas! thou canst not hope to-night
 To reach thine own yet beck'ning tower;
 Far, far from it with morning's light,
 And thou shalt feel his dreaded power,
 Who holds thee captive—yet the heart
 Less lion in its moult than thine;
 Had deemed it happiness to part
 From scenes, so lately stain'd with crime.

L I.

Upon the sea, that gallant bark
 Bears proudly onward; hushed and dark
 Is the swell round her, though the eye
 Is wandering o'er a cloudless sky.
 Upon her deck there is no sound
 To mar the silence ling'ring round,
 Save the quick tread of him, who now
 Keeps watch beside that vessel's prow.

L II.

'Tis morn: the dawn at sea, how bright
 And grand, and beautiful a sight,
 Beneath that blue Ægean sky,
 After the soft and balmy night,
 So frequent there—soft as the dye
 Of sunset, o'er the blue waves lying,
 When scarce a breath is o'er them sighing.

L III.

The morn is past, and gently smiles
 The bright sun o'er the Ægean isles;
 And proudly on before the wind,
 That gallant bark bounds o'er the water;
 Fast leaving in the waste behind,
 The scene so late of crime and slaughter.
 Three days have smiled; the third grows dim;
 And Zair bound closely limb to limb
 Upon that deck, in misery's throes,
 A captive lies, begirt by foes.
 That woman, forced as 'twere to feel
 The tempter, vice, around her steal;
 (Who in the depth of want and grief
 Finds none to succour or relieve;—)
 Who yet withstands the villain's art,
 Strong, in her purity of heart;
 When cold mistrust, and doubt, and blame,
 Have almost rent her heart in twain;
 Feels little of his wretchedness,
 Knows little of his mind's distress.

L IV.

The fourth day now hath dawned—is past—
 On—on, the bark hath cleft her way;
 Hunger and thirst o'er him have cast
 The look of tearless agony.
 Upon that deck, in chains, he lies,
 The moonbeams streaming on his eyes,

Bloodshot and wandering—Oh! how long
 Shall torture rack him; on and on
 That bark is bounding; and now dim
 And indistinct grow all to him;
 The bolsterous jest, the wild rude song;
 The forms of that rough pirate throng;
 The watchfires glimmering in the light
 Of that unclouded, breathless night,
 O'er the tall hills; the stars that quiver,
 And may, perchance, beam thus for ever.
 Remembrance now, the memory of all
 Is but confusion; joys and cares alike;
 The future, oh! how darkly doth it fall,
 How dim to him now seems that dreamless night.

Scarce feels he now the heaving main,
 Past is his consciousness of pain:
 Life still is there, but ebbing fast;
 Thy tortures, Zair, will soon be past;
 For the thin, hazy film of death,
 Is gathering o'er thy glazing eye;
 Those wild convulsive gasps for breath,
 Shall cease but with thy latest sigh,
 That first dread opening of eternity;

Thy pains are ended, and now they have unbound
 thee;
 Thy winding-sheet shall be the waves around thee;
 Thy knell, the dash that gives thee to the wave,
 Its sound, the only mourner o'er thy grave.

L.V.

O'er Zayda now hath mistiness fallen;
 A dullness, what shall be recalling?
 Deep as that lethargy, which clings
 Around the heart, when its warm springs
 Of deep affection, hopes and pleasure,
 By one rude stroke, seem crushed for ever:
 Deep as that sorrow, which consumes,
 When nothing the great void illumines;
 When the mind, wandering from its sphere,
 In its own workings, makes it here
 The Hell it looks for—such is now
 The sadness carved on Zayda's brow.
 Dim as those dreamings which come o'er
 The spirit, in its wild despair,
 When gladness, hope, and love, no more
 In life's existence have a share,
 So dark are all the thoughts that cast
 Their shadows o'er her to the last;
 And as sinks down at evening's close,
 (Though wanting all its soft repose),
 The fair child, on its mother's breast,
 So sinks she to her dreamless rest.
 How calmly o'er her marble brow
 Is slumber settled; o'er it now
 Shade scarce hath fallen; on her face
 The child-like smile, and the sweet grace
 That lit it ever, still is there,
 Calm and unclouded, and as fair

And bright, as if some memory
 Of love, and happiness, and truth,
 Had passed before her dreaming eye;
 As if the cherished hopes of youth
 In her young bosom lingered yet,
 And with dark death alone could set.

LVI.

'Tis finish'd—dim and dull for ever
 Those once bright eyes, long years shall never
 Illuminate—and all thy tears,
 Thy blighting agony, thy fears
 Are nothing now; the light is shed,
 The lamp's last flickering beams are fled.
 In all her loveliness she died
 Even beautiful, as when in pride
 She trod in queen-like majesty
 Her father's halls—when every eye
 Confessed those charms, that grace which gave
 To her, so many a willing slave.

LVII.

How calm, how motionless, that silent clay!
 But ah! how soon shall that, too, pass away;
 Soft was that eye, and meek intelligence
 Lit every feature, shone in every glance.
 Fair was the blossom of that sun-bright isle,
 The expanded flower in beauty ne'er shall smile.
 Oh! could we find some talismanic power,
 To stay the placid look of death's first hour;

To give to fading clay continuance,
 Making death's sleep fair semblance of life's trance;
 Leaving it fair as marble to the eye,
 Calm remnant left of past reality;
 If such our power, how oft might we return
 From scenes that harrow, and from thoughts that
 burn;
 From folly's maze, from passion's stings, from strife,
 Back to that wax-like form, so like to life;
 Gaze on that face, so soft, so calm, so cold,
 And all the littleness of all, behold!
 How vain might seem these pleasures of a day;
 What lessons learn from that unthinking clay!
 Low was her voice, as evening's balmy air,
 Heard midst sweet musings, by the waters fair.
 Mild as the melodies of other days,
 When o'er the strings some master spirit strays.

LVIII.

The bark that would have borne to-day
 Young Aman and his bride, makes way;
 Within her is one stately form,
 Deep thoughts are shadowing o'er his face;
 One who hath quailed not in the storm,
 For fear hath never bow'd his race:
 A spirit free as the blue wave
 That bears him o'er its bosom, on;
 Who ne'er hath been as yet the slave
 To deeds, the villain's heart doth own.

And yet, in that calm, quiet hour,
 Hath come a deeper shade than e'er
 Hath crossed that brow, when human power
 Had given up hope in wild despair;
 When the fierce storm, and yawning wave
 Seemed opening for his bark a grave.
 He wanders to and fro her deck,
 With eyes that burn, with thoughts that rack.
 The wind is fresh, the gale is fair,
 But if the Indian Typhoon's breath
 Had come to blast lone Gkika there,
 He little heeds—for what is death?
 When that which most we loved, is parted
 For ever from us; when all's thwarted
 We had most wished for; when, within
 (And without more) have all grown dim
 And joyless; when 'tis worse than pain
 To turn unto the past again;
 When memory only rends anew
 The wounds that time can never heal;
 When shadows cloud all future view,
 And sadness tinctures all we feel.
 Alone he stands, his strong arms pressed
 Upon his broad, scarce heaving chest;
 Darkly and mournfully his eyes
 Are gazing on the starlit skies
 In wrapt emotion—Oh! I well
 Believe, there is some magic spell
 Doth wrap the wanderer on the sea,
 At midnight, when so silently,

Feelings, and dreams, and thoughts come rushing,
 Fast even as the waters gushing.
 What of that wanderer? his a tale
 "That better bosoms might bewail."
 Driven too early forth to sea,
 'Twere hard to shun all guilt and guile,
 Where few returned him sympathy,
 And very few gave smile for smile.
 Enough:—he came to manhood's years,
 He had his hour of hopes and fears;
 He loved at length—his passion's flame
 Had stained a pure and spotless name:
 Yet his not all that crime, which wrought
 That woman's hour of sorrow—not
 That cold seductive villany
 Was his, which ruins, when no sigh
 Or anguish follows: (for o'er him
 Had shadows fallen; and still dim
 And clouded rose that distant scene,
 And she, and the long years between
 That and the present); theirs that flame,
 Burning and passionate, when blame
 Would neither cast upon the other;—
 They fed; and she became—a mother.
 Even with the life she left, she died;
 Her child, young Aman, grew his pride—
 His father's pride; 'twas all that made
 Gkika's one comfort; now the shade
 How deep upon his furrowed brow!
 Since Aman's death!—since that fell blow!

Across his darken'd brow no more
 Shall joy one gladness cast;
 His hopes of future years are o'er,
 What memory dims the past!
 His grief, his dark affliction's night
 Whose smile shall e'er illumo?
 What eye for him shall have that light,
 Lost in young Aman's tomb?

LIX.

More wearying than the lassitude,
 That o'er the way-worn wanderer steals;
 Than that sad, harrowing, heart-sick mood
 That stealth o'er him, when he feels
 The hot sirocco's breath; when sighs,
 Heavy and deep-drawn, will arise
 From his sunk heart, as on he roams
 O'er Asia's wastes, and by her domes;
 Is that dread loneliness, which now
 Is furrowing deeply Gkika's brow,

LX.

Oh! faintly in these northern climes,
 Can you conceive the light and glory,
 The sweet moon sheds, whene'er she shines
 O'er scenes like these long-famed in story;
 When o'er the bright Egean Isles,
 Midst twilight lightness, forth she smiles.

Their sky is all one softened blue,
 The twinkling star scarce claims your view;
 All is so blended, bright and fair,
 That scarce the contrast meets you there;
 Their night is as our twilight here,
 Our autumn twilight, calm and clear.

LXI.

It is the hour—the sweetest hour
 Of all that bless that tranquil sky;
 And scarce a leaf round Zayda's bower,
 Moves to the night's soft murmuring sigh.
 The bay itself seems hushed in sleep,
 And death-like silence reigneth there;
 And all around that glorious deep,
 Its dreamy aspect seems to wear.
 Anon, the concave of the sky
 Is one unbroken arch of pearl;
 And now a blush, soft as the dye
 O'er the fair cheek of some fair girl.

LXII.

And now again, in that sweet bay,
 Is heard the fisher's roundelay;
 As o'er its deep and bright blue water,
 (So late the scene of blood and slaughter),
 Light barks are flying; the fresh air
 Is chilly not that wanders there;

It is a gentle night in June,
 With scarce a cloud beneath its moon.
 How gently on the listening ear
 Fall those soft tones she loved to hear
 At that sweet hour, who by that deep
 Is circled in her last long sleep;
 Who but so lately, 'neath that sky
 Smiled, as if love could never die!
 How often had she lingered there,
 In very gladness—now, the air,
 Soft as 'twas then, scarce seems to wave
 The leaves that shadow o'er her grave;
 Deep is thy sleep, thy home of death
 How quiet! O'er thy brow,
 Where is the bright and pearly wreath?
 And where thy beauty now?
 And those wild flowers, and that rank stem,
 Ask as ye stand, what nourished them!
 What, but the form below;
 Here learn the littleness of all,
 A cradle first, and then a pall!—
 So calm and still is her sweet bower,
 The loiterer there at that soft hour,
 Might well believe her gentle heart
 Was lingering near, and could not part,
 From what it once had loved so well;
 Perchance, most parted ones do dwell
 At times amidst those happy scenes,
 Once so beloved—and the bright dreams,

That were but faintly visioned forth,
 And scanned by eyes of mortal birth,
 Now glow unshadowed—not a feeling
 Of earthliness around them stealing.
 All memory of the world's sad pain,
 For ever gone—oh! blessed gain!
 Remembrance, only left of all
 That was beloved, and beautiful,
 And chaste, and glorious; of the bright
 And hallowed yearnings, that throw light
 And gladness round us; of the ties
 That were so dear to us; of sympathies
 Which purified, which raised us far above
 The lowly failings of an earth-born love.

LXIII.

'Tis morn again—its sunbeams shed
 Light on the living; for the dead—
 The early dead—why mourn? we know
 That youth's warm tears indeed will flow,
 Yet plough no channels—happy they!
 Snatched midst their dreams of hope away;
 Ere bitterness and coldness fling
 Their iciness, o'er their youth's spring;
 Ere slander's tongue, and cold disdain,
 Have sown the seeds of hate and pain;
 Ere vice hath chilled, mistrust dispelled,
 The dreams that all too soon depart;

Or nursed what never quite are quelled,
 The yearnings of a thwarted heart;
 Ere the once fair and goodly tree,
 Hath blasted been ingloriously;
 Ere listless apathy hath spread,
 O'er much of what we feel and see;
 Ere youth's confiding trust hath fled,
 Or manhood's nobler powers are sped,
 Stained deep by sin and revelry;
 Ere passion and those bright hopes fly
 Which are life's essence; ere they mourn,
 Life's fairest visions dull'd, and shorn.

LXIV.

But for the withering cares of age,
 And life's long weary pilgrimage;
 And for the heart—that blighted heart—
 That lives to feel its hopes depart;
 That outlives the bright joys, which threw
 Such charms o'er all, when hope was new;
 For him, whose palsied powers oft claim
 But pity, or derisive blame;
 Whose keen perceptions have grown dull,
 And all the bright, and beautiful,
 And glorious aspirations of past days
 Have become tasteless; when, or blame, or praise,
 Alike fall heedless; when the sunken eye
 Is telling more than e'en the wearying sigh;

When tears will flow not; when the heart,
 From its own beatings oft would part,
 Yet dares not; which, long chilled and seared,
 Still beats, and bears those ills, once feared
 To look on; and to feel within,
 Hopes, that were joys, now more than dim;
 For such, let pity shed her tear,—
 Meet tribute o'er the veteran's bier.

END OF ZAYDA.

AN OPIATE DREAM.



I.

A SIGHT scene in a vision,
Was in beauty round me lying:
I saw a group of eastern girls,
With dark blue eyes, and flowing curls,
As the summer's day was dying.
Some o'er the harp their fingers strayed,
And thrilling, rung the measure;
And some upon the timbrel played,
Awakening dream-like pleasure:
Their ringing laugh, the dancers gay,
Their silver tones, their eyes bright gleaming;
Their merry tread, their blythesome lay,
Come o'er me oft at evening's beaming.
And one of sweetest face came nigh,
Singing a dulcet melody,

Plaintive, and low, and full of feeling;
 That wild bright strain around me stealing.
 Is with me often, when none are near;
 'Twill wake when the wind o'er the string is
 playing;
 When the purling stream o'er the pebble is straying.
 Or gushing forth from the fountain clear:
 Its beauty and its wildness,
 Soothing ever, and ne'er less,
 Cometh o'er me, when the sigh
 Of the summer night awakes the string's
 Empassion'd melody;
 With the gushing of the fountain;
 With the tinkling shepherd bell;
 With the pine bough's gentle waving,
 In the lone sweet dell,
 It cometh over me, its gentle, gentle swell.
 Sweeter than the lute's soft witchery,
 Than to the wanderer, 'neath Asia's glorious sky,
 When the sirocco's breath is past,
 The Inbat's balmy sigh,
 That o'er the traveller's fainting heart, in freshness
 passes by:
 In the tones of gentlest sweetness,
 It told the blessedness of home:
 'Twas a strain for early youth,
 And for manhood, ere the truth
 And the generousness of early years,
 Hath been warped by the world's doubts and fears,
 Or chilled by its tone.—

'Twas a strain of wild delight,
 That came o'er me that sweet night;
 Upon the green,
 The fairy queen,
 With many a happy sprite,
 I still believe that vision wrought,
 So much with beauty was it fraught.
 Like some damsel's, with a dulcimer,
 Like some spirit-child's, of air,
 It had a strange and varied swell;
 Alas! that dreams so beautiful,
 Our waking thoughts can scarce recal,
 By fancy framed so well.
 Now soft, now low
 Was that strain, in its flow,
 Now wild as the torrent, now calm as the river,
 That wends through the valley all peacefully ever;
 Now as sweet as the tone, (to the ear of the peasant),
 Of the conquering band, through his valleys so
 pleasant,
 When the foes of his country are routed and slain,
 And his home and his altars, are safe once again.

 The strain had ceased, of that gentle maiden,
 That strain so much with beauty o'rladen;
 She waded me forth, sweet task to me,
 'Twas to keep that maiden company;—
 Something like this seemed a story she told,
 As we sat by the side of a lake of gold—
 For sunset was gilding its waters cold.

Of Isabel, of Ashatel,
 And what there behapp'd, and what her befel,
 Art thou ready to listen, as I am to tell?—
 The castle walls are a dusky gray,
 The forester old, afar may see
 The flag that has floated so merrily,
 O'er that castle high, for many a day.
 Within her rooms,
 That is laden with many a choice perfume,
 Sitteth that lady, and it is noon.
 What aileth the lovely Isabel!
 She leaneth her arm on her antique table;—
 She presseth her brow, so lofty and fair;—
 She hath plighted her faith, and given her vow,
 Unto him that she loveth—is it that, which now
 Is saddening over her young broad brow,
 With the shadow of sorrow, the look of care?
 Whose is that voice
 That ever maketh her heart rejoice,
 And whose the power?
 Can brighten to gladness the loneliest hour,
 That ever may swell
 With sorrow, the heart of young Isabel?—
 Alone in her garden she strayeth—'tis noon,
 And the lemon and citron are there in their bloom;
 And bright is the spray, that eternally
 Riseth over bright fountains in play,
 Wafting along with them sweet perfume.
 She readeth a letter; but oh! it teemeth
 With words of fire! the light that streameth

Down through the lentisk's leaves, is showing,
 Her features now pale, and now half glowing.
 In anger they parted, (they had parted too soon—)
 She and her lover—but yesternoon;—
 'Tis his letter hath fallen, and there she stands,
 Upon her bosom her close clasped hands:
 Where now is Hugon—he that she loved,
 And loveth now more, though this strife befel:
 If Hugon spoke bitterness, sorrow hath followed,
 For cold was the look of sweet Isabel:
 By yon sycamore tree,
 So close to her bower,
 Silently,
 He lingers in hope, and he lingers in fear;
 He had spoken harshly, cold words were said,
 But regret hath followed, and anger is fled.
 Pale is Isabel's cheek, and her gath'ring tear
 Is almost gushing—oh! stay its tide,
 See, Hugon is near thee—he's by thy side;
 Thou'rt dearer than ever, his promised bride.
 Alas! she hath no art to hide,
 Sweet maid, how deep, how strong her love!
 How much love's lightest quarrels move.
 A Parion maid is Isabel,
 A Naxion he of whom I tell;
 But light is his task, his oars to ply,
 As he ferries him over from isle to isle;
 To watch the sweet beaming of Isabel's eyes,
 And live in the light of her happy smile.
 To-morrow month's their bridal day;

But look! your bark is making way,
 That bears young Hugon from the bay,
 Soon to return, if all be well,
 Then cheer thee, gentle Isabel.
 Two days are past: a Turkish squadron
 Bears down on Hugon's Greek corvette;
 Strife were but vain; he yields,—ere gone
 The evening's rays, which ever set
 In beauty, o'er the Ægean sea,
 His bark is theirs—a captive he.
 Days,—weeks have passed,—and months have sped,—
 The happy thoughts, that long shed
 O'er Isabel's unclouded brow,
 Their loveliness, are vanished now.
 'Tis hard to look on burning tears,
 In silent sorrow shed;
 Nor feel a kindred sympathy,
 At youth's warm dreamings fled.
 They hid her hope,—her tears to stay;
 Her happier hour will come, they say;
 They try to soothe, they try to cheer;
 She only feels a racking fear,
 And knows young Hugon is not near.
 That Turkish horde their work have done;
 They've sabred all his crew—alone,
 They've cast him on a barren stone,
 Two miles or more from the nearest shore,
 Sought but the blue waves around him roar:
 He hath not tasted food to-day,

And the gnawing of thirst and hunger lay
 Heavy and sick o'er him yesterday.
 The vintage moon is shining bright,
 O'er many an ivied turret's height;
 And softly, as the softest eyes
 That ever have turned to the deep blue skies,
 Seem the twinkling stars, that now are looking
 Down on the earth, as if rebuking
 Our vain regrettings; and yet looking
 As if they felt our sympathies.
 What awaiteth him there on that rock, but a grave?
 And a lingering death? yet how can he fly?
 Hunger'd!—athirst!—can he breast the wave?
 Human aid is there none to save,
 Not a boat is passing nigh;
 On the shore the promontory
 Is raising aloft, to the midnight sky,
 In bold relief, and majesty.
 There's hope of life, if he can swim
 To the nearest point, that is beck'ning him;
 He's in the water!—he nears the beach!—
 The rugged cliff is almost in his reach!—
 But the spirit of nature grows faint within;
 Numberless visions, gaunt and grim,
 Are swimming before his sightless eyes;
 He is dashed on the beach! but he cannot rise,
 And none are hearing his moaning cries.
 On the hostile coast he hath hidden by day,
 And wander'd by night—and few are they

Who have given a crust to the wandering Greek;
 His pillow, the rock, by some lonely creek.
 He hath fallen in with a wandering clan,
 And they've bound him to a Turcoman,
 And he's broken in spirit, and weak, and wan.
 Disguised in a peasant's garb, he flies—
 He gains the sea-coast as daylight dies;—
 With the dawn of the morning a ship sets sail,
 If Heaven but grant her a favouring gale;
 Her course is Smyrna—a few short hours
 Of sail from thence, and thine own sweet bowers!
 And Isabel's home shall near thee be!
 And Isabel's tears, that flow for thee.
 Who saith that the sailor's manly form,
 (Framed for his calling, and formed for the storm),
 Bears not a kind and pitying eye,
 And a heart that beateth in sympathy?
 The captain of that brigantine
 Heard Hugon's tale; he gave him wine;
 He gave him food, for he was weary;
 He bade him hope, be true, and cheery;
 He clothed him in the Turkish vest,
 (But all the Greek possessed his breast);
 After a "sea of troubles," past,
 And after shipwreck; when the blast,
 With its wild fury had been spent,
 He stood beside a monument,
 Reared upon Asia's burning sand,
 That fallen (though yet how great a land)!

* * * * *

The summer's day is dying,
 The wind is faint and low;
 Isabel is sighing,

And burnished with the glow
 Of the setting sunlight, are the waters
 Like a mirror, stretched below.
 She looketh far as eye may see,
 O'er the blue Ægean main;
 And Hugon's bark, where can it be?
 And will he come again?
 She sitteth by the lone sea-side;
 And oh, how lone is that promised bride!
 That voice!—that sounding lyre!
 Lost, part with wonder, part in fear,
 She holds her breath! she draws more near!
 Its tones swell high! and higher!
 It is an old and plaintive air,
 That little, mournful ditty;
 And Hugon oft had sung it there,
 Where now she sits, in very care,
 A painter's study for young Pity.

SONG.

For the light of thy beauty, my dearest, my heart
 Hath burned for thee;
 Through absence, by the moonlight, midst the dark-
 ness,
 My soul hath turned to thee;

O'er me, the memory of thy voice hath fallen,
 Like dew on parched tree;
 In the desert, 'neath the sirroc wind, by the stream-
 let's flow,
 Thy smile was near me ever;
 Captive, and a wanderer, and wheresoc'er I've been,
 I have forgot thee, never;
 And I've come back to thee, dearest,
 After hours of sorrow past;
 Sweet Isabel, sweet Isabel,
 Thou art near me now at last.

All, all the time, as on her ear,
 Came those dear words (in tones as clear
 As ever Hugon sung it there
 To her, at that same twilight hour;
 Or by yon moss-clad arbour, where
 His hands had framed for her a bower).
 She had been near the singer stealing;
 But scarce his words had died away,
 Ere with one cry of joyous feeling,
 In Hugon's outstretch'd arms she lay.

II.

Another vision—there were two,
 And both were young, and hope was new.
 I saw one in that vision gaze
 (The maiden with an angel's face),
 On one, I know, who seemed to her,
 Almost her very worshipper;

The maiden's head was backwards bent,
 And as her face towards his was bent,
 Drinking deep draughts of love, I knew
 One would be false, and one be true;
 For coming years before me flew
 As in a mirror; and in sorrow,
 I thought upon that future morrow.
 Loved and beloved, and happy so,
 They dreamed their barks might onward go
 Together down life's changeful tide,
 His and that maiden's, by his side—
 I looked into the glass of time,
 I saw the past and future shine;
 I saw the torrents heave and rise;
 I looked again, and they had parted;—
 I saw but clouds and angry skies,
 And then I knew *she* had been thwarted.

III.

There came a change: the round large moon,
 Shone in the merry month of June;
 A bark upon a stream was flowing,
 Helm had it none, nor sail: nor rowing
 Needed that bark to quicken its going;
 On to the rapids it floated away,
 (Faster than falcon e'er follow'd its prey),
 Nothing to stay it on that fleet tide,—
 On to its doom, with nose beside.
 A wild loud noise, like the sound of battle,
 A wild shrill shriek, and all was still:—

And they who sat but a minute ago
 In their boat, came forth from the water below,
 Dancing like atomies, round a hill,
 As away they sped to the fairy hall,
 To dance at the fairy festival.

IV.

Change, change—nothing but change—
 A bandit's party were clamming, at play,
 In the pass of Abruzzi; as there they lay,
 Waiting, like bloodhounds, for human prey,
 Cursing the slowness of parting day;
 A flash!—a fall!—a death-groan!—then————

V.

I looked upon a sunlit glen;
 The blue smoke curling rose above
 A cottage home of human love;
 And one fair child was there to bless
 Its parents, by its gentleness.
 It fell upon a rugged rock,
 Before my gaze!—it lived the shock!—
 I could not move!—I could not call!—
 It was an idiot, by that fall;
 And then I thought some demon's yell,
 Rang through that glen, as down it fell.

VI.

The world—the busy world rolled on;
 And I was left in the clouds—alone—

I could not move, I could not stir;
 The sun became my worshipper,
 And took a form I knew,
 The stars shone out, in the broad daylight;
 The sun shone ever, and yet 'twas night.
 I felt a numbness o'er me stealing,
 Chillier, chillier still I grew,
 And then I lost all sense of feeling.

VII.

Then all within me turned to flame;
 I felt as if cased in an iron frame;
 I could not move—I could not cry—
 Death had been bliss to that agony,
 Without a groan, without a sigh,
 As there I hung, alone—alone,
 Active in mind, but my body stone.
 The clouds grew black, were rent asunder;
 Lightning, and tempests, and rain, and thunder,
 I heard the Ice-king bid issue forth,
 O'er man's erring race, and the teeming earth.

VIII.

Suddenly motion crept through my frame;
 A wearying lightness over me came;
 I felt myself falling slowly at first,
 Quick—then quicker my body fell;
 Faster yet—faster—the clouds had burst,
 Then came the sound of a booming bell,
 Dreadful to hear—on—on—I fell!—

IX.

Alone, at night, in a sepulchre,
 The cold damp dead were round me;
 I heard from my prison that dull death-bell,
 Mournfully pealing my last long knell;
 And though night was there, yet all could I see.
 Numberless living things were there:
 I could not bend my thoughts to prayer;
 I would have given long years of pain,
 For but one short hour of earth again;
 For one last look on the summer sky;
 I could not breathe—I could not die—
 I deem'd I had been doomed to lie,
 Yet rot not, in that horrid place;
 And the children of many a vanished race,
 From many a star, and many an earth,
 Were bid before my gaze come forth.
 I knew how worse than sinful then,
 Was the cloak for Religion, that worldly men
 Put on—deceiving the dull world's eye,
 And how guilty to His, was such mockery;
 I knew the littleness, then, of all
 The joys and sorrows, that here might fall
 On perishing man—the child of a day,
 The tenant alone of Eternity.

X.

I walked as through mist, I scarce knew where,
 Up—up, my step's through the murky air;
 I passed through the mist, and was standing now

'Neath a calm blue sky, and all haze below,
 On the topmost peak of old Jura's brow;
 It lay beneath me, that mist like a sea:
 The noonday sun shone gloriously;
 The mist was rent, and a glorious bay,
 Basking in sunshine and beauty lay,
 I thought, at my feet; the misty shroud,
 Grew thin as a gossamer's web—not a cloud
 In the blue above—another rent,
 And far below, rose a tencement,
 On the mountain's side, most gracefully;
 And beneath it a peaceful village lay,
 Kissing the waters of that sweet bay.

XI.

I had lived long years, yet I still was young;
 I knew every word, that in every tongue
 Had ever been written; around me lay
 Those that had died but as yesterday,
 And those, that for many a century
 Had mouldered in death; past ages came,
 And stood before me; I knew the name
 Of the cities that were, and were tenantless then,
 And they rose before me, their ancient men.
 What more befel, I scarce can tell.
 Alone I sat by the wild sea wave,
 Chill as death's partner, and cold as his grave.
 Madness came o'er me, and the roar
 Of the breakers that lashed the lone sea-shore,

Was nought to the fury, that raged within
 My burning brain, as the day grew dim.
 Eyes of fire, disjointed things,
 Phantoms of Phrensy's fancyings;
 Skeleton forms, that gamboll'd about,
 With many a shrill unearthly shout;
 And many a shadow, and many a sprite,
 O'er my dreaming, so tortured and varied, broke;
 Ere the visions had passed from my aching sight,
 With the icy numbness of death, I woke.

COME, WAKE THAT STRAIN.

Come, wake that strain I've heard thee sing
 So sweetly, with such joy and power;
 For oh! its tones around me bring
 The freshness of my boyhood's hour.

Our cottage home, can I forget!
 The redbreast's song! it woke for thee!
 I hear the brook still babbling yet,
 Sweet music making, love, for me.

The scented thorn, beneath whose shade,
 Together thou and I have lain;
 With the ten thousand dreams that made,
 Those happy days, I trace again.

The long—long years that since have pass'd
 (Midst much of woe, but more of weal);
 Their shadows never o'er me cast,
 Whene'er thy tones around me steal.

But chaunt no more your Italian airs—
 Give me the strains that touch my heart;
 If they be sad, I'll too find cares;
 If gay, I'll smile, if glad thou art.

SAT A LADYE, SIGHING.

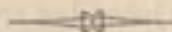
Sat a ladye, sighing,
 In a tower high;
 Round it crows were crying;
 Dark as night her eye,—
 Sleeping not, nor keeping she
 Any companie.

"Husband old," she speaketh,
 "Thou wert jealous, I am young;
 Husband cold," she weepeth,
 "Thee I wed but with my tongue;
 Thou ne'er mov'd'st me—one hath lov'd me,
 And my heart for him is rung.

"I was poor, and poorer he;
 But I've never loved another;
 Dearer far was he, to me,
 Than ever sister to a brother—
 Oh! 'twas madness to forsake him,
 For thy gold, or any other."—

Came the knight she lovèd,
 Glist'ning grew her eye;
 Words he spoke, that movèd,
 Steeds stood champing by;
 "'Twas in the onset of the battle,
 That I saw thy husband die."

Grew her cheek a deeper pallid;
 Grew her brow as marble cold;
 "Let his memory then be hallow'd,
 Go thy ways, thy love untold,
 Well thou knowest I have loved thee,—
 Hapless she who weds for gold!"



THE FLUSH THAT ONCE SUFFUSED HER CHEEK.

The flush that once suffused her cheek,
 Alas! is fled;
 She that was once so lovely,
 Now sleepeth with the dead.
 That brow, in life so shadow'd,
 Heeds nought, at last;
 Alone, in the lone tomb,
 Her cares are past.

Thy lips, once of roscate hue,
 Bloodless are now;
 Thy locks, black as raven's wing,
 What shade they now?
 Thine eyes, once so dazzling bright,
 Dim are, for ever;
 Bright days shall bring thee, light?
 Never, oh! never.

THE SMILE'S WORTH.

The cheerful smile, the bright eye,
 That lightens up at any e'en;
 Is like the rainbow in the sky
 To one, while struggling in life's stream:

Around whom the world hath thrown
Trials, hardly to be borne,
Were it not, there's yet at home,
The wife's smile, at any e'en.

Lightest cares, seem heavy all,
When you meet the frown of strife;
Heaven befriend (when ills befall),
Him, who finds a frotful wife:
Like that spirit, lost for ever,
That torments, and ceases never;
She, whose souring look would sever,
Hearts once pledged, to love for life.

THE RISING UP.

We watched her, as the smile's light,
Play'd o'er her cheek, so pale and wan;
Her taper fingers, snowy white,
Among her dark brown tresses ran.

But up to-day! for weeks abed!
How lustrous now her quick'ning eye;
Our hearts had sunk, we knew her low,
Resigned to death, yet loath to die.

But up to day! and yet what plans
Are crowding, even now, her brain;

How worthless, scarce a week ago,
Seem'd earthly all—she dreams again!

What tempting food is by her side!
What care they paid her, wake or sleeping!
Oh God! be thou the poor man's stay,
When sickness to his heart is creeping.

THEY TELL US LIFE'S A CHECQUER'D PAGE.

They tell us life's a checquer'd page
Of joy and care; a mingled measure;
From bounding youth, to feeble age,
Dark shadows lit by beams of pleasure.

I only know young Lea's eyes
Turn winter's look, to sunlit skies;
I only feel her happy smiling,
My heart, of care, is still beguiling.

They say that hearts are stern and cold,
And insincere; that power and gold
And selfish ends, are all the aim
Of all, who with us kindred claim.

I know there is one guileless heart,
And all its chords, untaught by art,
For ever vibrate to my own,
That full of hope, loves dearly on.

THE ESCAPED FAVOURITE.

Come back to thy cage, sweet bird,

I have fed thee through winter's hours;

Choice, my bird, thy food shall be,

Berry and seed I'll bring to thee;

And many a flower, from forest tree

Shall deck thy cage right gracefully;

Then seek not thou the bowers.

Call me not back—I am free again,

To soar o'er the mountain, o'er valley, and glen;

Aloft, on my wing, glad, glad shall rise,

My song of freedom, 'neath sunlit skies;

Thy flowers will fade, and die on the stem,

Would you have me droop, and then fade, like them?

Oh! you never have grieved under slavery's chain,

I'm away to the wild woods and mountains again.

I LOVED YOUNG ALICE.

I lov'd young Alice, oh! fair was she,

But pride will sever good company;

I breath'd my hopes, yet I only mourn,

"I live forgotten, I love forlorn."

She pledged me her faith—I blest that day;

But pride will sever good company;

She wed another; her heart is torn;—

"I live forgotten, I love forlorn."

Thy tears falling, Alice, in secret, oh stay;

Oh that pride should sever good company;

Hath a slighting husband thy hopes not shorn?

"I live forgotten, I love forlorn."

I think of thee often, and still when I pray;

Oh that pride should sever good company;

Thy young heart broken, I pity—not scorn,—

"I live forgotten, I love forlorn."

TO-MORROW I WILL BE THIRTY.

Ah! well-a-day, yet though I mourn,

O'er feelings dull'd, o'er bright hopes shorn;

What do I more than millions feel,

Whose pangs time ne'er shall wholly heal?

I dare not say, "my soul is dark,"

I may not deem my hopes are dim;
But oh! I cannot else but mark,

My length of days have much of sin:
My trust is in thy mercy, Lord,

In my strong wish, and deep desire,
To feel the precepts of thy word

Within my heart a cleansing fire.
Grant me but strength to keep thy ways,
And blessed peace shall crown my days;
Should dark afflictions round me press,
Ne'er may I own thy goodness less;
Thou dost chastise, thy power can heal
The woes, thy mercy bids us feel.
If cares weigh heavy on my heart;

If grieved I am at much I see;
Still may I act that better part,

And live at peace with man and thee.
When bigotry, with scorn allied;
When purse-proud men the meek would chide;
When shallow-brained intolerants,
And fashion's flies, and ignorance,
Would sour those hearts that have beat still
In kindness, through good and ill,
Oh then make such, to feel and know
Such is thy will; thou workest so.
Ne'er may they judge thee by thy ways,
Thou art all wise, be thine all praise.
I look around me—what is life?
Its sixty years, but toil and strife,

And hours of gladness, intermingled;
Yet, if its sunniest hours were singled,
Out from the waste of vanished years,
Well might we say midst "cadent tears,"
Alas! what hopes have not been ours,
How fair the buds! how scant the flowers!
Teach me to quell each angry thought,
Oh Lord! unkindness may have wrought.
Still may I deem that others feel
For ills, my aid would help to heal.
O'er time mispent, I needs must grieve,
To me, may manhood's passions leave
No harrowing thoughts, when sweet repose
Alone should soothe life's evening close.

MADALINE.

GENTLE, blooming Madaline,
I were blessed, wert thou mine,
Gentle, gentle Madaline;
Blest at morn, and blest till even
Round about thee, I'd be weaving
Fancy spells;
Never wild bee, when 'twas leaving
The sweet heather-bells,
Gladly laden with its treasure,
Ever tasted the deep pleasure
Of my spirit's joyous measure;

For it dwells,—
 My deep, deep-rooted gladness,
 In thy voice; whose silver flow
 Is the emblem of thy guileless heart,
 That has known but little woe.

Tell me, sweet Madaline, what are you musing on?
 What are you thinking of, tell me, I pray?
 Why did you borrow
 That sweet look of sorrow?
 Or thoughtfulness rather, come tell me, I say.

Your arch replies,
 Your hazel eyes,
 Have charms, dear charms, sweet maiden, for me!
 Care or woe
 Never I'll know,
 If thou'lt but voyage life's stream with me.

Pure thou, as e'er was maiden,
 When she hears some vesper bell—
 When her fingers intermingle,
 And with thrilling joyance tingle;
 When the sunset air is laden,

With her prayers; when gently swell
 Round about her, bright blue ripples,
 Of some calm and lovely lake;
 When all within her, and beside her,
 Happy memories only wake.

Dear as the sweet stream gushing
 By the sea-sand, on the shore,
 To the thirsted, fainting mariner;
 Dearer, oh, far more!
 Than was that brother to Medea,
 When his heart lay withering;
 Dearer than the softest voice
 Of the spirit of bright spring,
 When 'tis breathing gentlest balminess
 Unto every chilled thing;
 Dearer thou, by far, to me,
 Sweet Madaline.

Do the phantoms of the beautiful
 And bright, thy fancies fill?
 Are the cadences of Circe
 And her sirens, with thee still?
 Hast thou the power of the alchemist,
 To extract only what is fair,
 And beautiful, in all thou meet'st?
 Do the spirits of the air
 Wait on thee, gentle Madaline,
 To learn thy fancyings, so rare?

I know thee, gentle Madaline,
 I know thee as thou art!
 Oh! cursed ever be his lot,
 Who brings thee pain, or smart;
 I know thy spirit's truthfulness,
 Is the guide of thy young heart.

Thou seem'st to me, sweet Madaline,
 Like fay from fairy land;
 The merry heart, the enrapturing lay,
 Wait still, at thy command;
 A simple grace, a saint-like love
 That heaven-ward seem to turn
 All trustfully, around thee move,
 To temper hearts that burn
 With vain desires
 And grosser fires,
 Which palling soon, oh! never
 Leave to the heart that pure, deep joy.
 (Once lost, is lost for ever.)

FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well, and oh, long may the echo of gladness
 Be heard thro' thy halls, bidding loneliness fly;
 Long may hope's brightest visions, (sweet dispellers of
 sadness),
 Banish far from thy bosom, the pang and the sigh;
 Yet, at times, if some sadness thy hopes shall
 o'ercast,
 Wilt thou give one stray thought to the pilgrim
 that's gone,

Wilt thou turn thee, to muse o'er the days that are
 past?
 Wilt thou think on the scenes we've so oft gazed
 upon?
 Wilt thou turn thee in fancy, to look on those waves,
 And those rocks, where thy young steps once
 fearlessly bounded;
 And behold in the distance those spar-spangled caves,
 Where our voices together once happily sounded.
 Should it be that thou'lt wander, apart from the
 gay,
 Unto days, oh, too transient, to those scenes, to
 that sea?
 Wilt thou think of the pilgrim, now far, far away—
 Who then gazed on those rocks, and that billow
 with thee.
 I've believed that thou wilt—oh! 'twere better by far,
 To meet never a warm heart, a love-lighted eye,
 Ne'er a smile, sweet and trustful, (that bright beaming
 star,
 In the night of our sorrow), than thus part them,
 and sigh!
 And believe, that the hands we've so oft clasped in
 ours,
 And the friends so belov'd, in the days that are
 past,

We shall ne'er meet again, thro' the long waste of
hours;

That their memory shall round us, but loneliness cast.

But bless'd be bright hope, that points forward, to cheer
The poor pilgrims of earth, 'midst their sadness and
sorrow;

Which proclaims, that sweet joy oft steals after the
tear,

That the cares of to-day, may be felt not to-morrow.

In the spring-time of life, hope gilds many a dream,

And the freshness of feeling is round them;

And we turn to those dreamings thro' many a scene,

But, alas! what too often surrounds them?

May those dreams be to thee, Ida, lasting and bright,
Banish'd not, tho' thy heart may feel sorrow;

If at eve, cares should darken thy young brow of
light,

May no trace of them shadow thy morrow.

DOWN YON GREEN LANE OF STATELY TREES.

Down yon green lane of stately trees,
Ere rudely bared by Autumn's breeze;
Oft have I ta'en my noiseless way,
And mused the Sabbath eve away.

And oft, sweet bells, at such a time,
I've stopp'd to list your soothing chime;
And by yon rippling streamlet lain,
With thoughts that rose, nor pass'd in vain.

I've heard the choir, the anthem singing,
And full, clear voices, sweetly ringing:
Seen, then, the lips of many move:
Would that they still but spoke with love!

And yet, at that same quiet hour,
Alone—my soul hath felt a power,
As chastening, full of thankfulness;
As if my lips had moved to bless.—

Such hours of thought may teach content;
Perchance we mourn o'er time mispent;
In such a mood, we worship well,
Though in no temple, nor the cell.

Oft in such hour, I sigh to think,
How many tread on peril's brink;
How oft we court the specious ill,
Nor see His hand controlling still.

APRIL WEATHER

MEET emblem of life is the sunshine and shade,
That steals o'er us, in April weather;
Like its varying tints, o'er the blossoming glade,
Come our sorrows and joys together.

As its sunbeams bursting in beauty forth,
Is hope, in our warm youth beaming;
As dear as its rays to the quick'ning earth,
So to youth, is its world of dreaming.

As transient as ever its smiles, or tears
The child's fair cheek bedewing;
Are the phantom fancies of boyhood's years,
No after time's renewing.

Like its buds, are the hopes of our earlier hours,
Both promise rich fruits on the morrow;
We awaken! alas! there's a blight o'er the bowers!
Do our dreamings oft end not in sorrow?

THOUGHTS OF A VOLUNTEER OF NINETY-EIGHT.

WHEN Leila's voice, in accents sweet,
Steals o'er my dreaming ear,
No vanish'd forms, my thoughts would meet,
Nor other tones I'd hear;

Yet, oh! she leads me back, to dream
O'er days long past, again;
Yet do not check the inspiring theme,
That soul-enobling strain.

Yet whilst I list thy patriot lay,
Loved friends, long-lost, I see;
Tones that made glad my boyhood's day—
Again, come back to me;

The true in soul, the great in thought,
That rose to right our land;
That for thy good, dear Erin, fought,
Came forth, a glorious band.

They rose in stirring days; we trace
Coldly what goaded them;
They, who may think their fates, disgrace,
Feel not, as armed men.

Yet shame be theirs, who now can gloat
O'er England's hour of ill;
The "Flag that's braved a thousand years"
Shall be triumphant still.

And why scorn now the Saxon blood?
Why scout the Norman name?
Are there no ties of brotherhood?
Springs love at tones of blame?

If guilt, oppression, wrong, we bore,
 Let's trust, those ills are fled!
 Not cherish hate for doeds of yore!
 Tho' patriot bosoms bled!

Wait, wait awhile; there *is* a voice
 Gone forth throughout the land;
 It calls for justice—who shall dare
 That whirlwind voice, withstand?

It pleads, my country, for thy weal
 Neglected, long decried;
 Forbid it! that again the steel
 Shall arm our peasant's side!

It calls, that voice, for equal laws!
 Its mandate who shall stay;
 The poor man's rights, the peasant's cause,
 Who's he that shall gainsay?

'Tis warning as the lava's fall,
 Resistless as the main;
 What hath not yielded to like call?
 What may that voice not gain?

It is the knell of faction's reign!
 Strong, as the torrent's rush,
 'Twill load the oppressor's heart with shame;
 A voice, no bribe shall hush!—

It long was still'd—'tis woke at last
 But brave men's blood was shed;
 Yet who shall deem your deeds have cast
 Shame o'er ye?—honoured dead!

O'er them who wrought, and them who bore
 Those ills, must memory dwell?
 On those, let rancour vent no more,
 These, not ignobly, fell.

When, Erin, shall religion's light
 Thy bigot's views dispel;
 And party rancour cease to blight
 Hearts tuned for love, so well.

When shall that chasten'd spirit, caught
 From heaven, thy children guide?
 How long shall ring thy assassin's shot?
 Thy green, with blood, be dyed?

I well remember Ninety-eight,
 Our safest beds the plain—
 Fearful almost to hold debate,
 Midst fields of yellowing grain.

The cannon's boom, our morning bell!
 Its roar, at eve, our fear!
 Few of its strong men now can tell
 The sufferings of that year.

Turn we from these to later days;
 Hast thou not, Erin, still
 Sons—rash, who work thee but dispraise?—
 Thy blessings turn to ill?

Cherish they not sectarian hate?
 Who's he whose creed is best?
 Doth sympathy make kind the great?
 For virtuous poor, oppressed.

To others just, as to ourselves,
 Are we a thinking race?
 Do works of knowledge grace our shelves?
 Have we kept on apace

With other lands? less favoured far!
 Walk we, as if in light?
 Or trust we but some meteor star?
 Yet walking, still in night.

'Tis past, the day for suppliant tones!
 The nation's voice doth cry;
 Demands for those who labour—homes!
 Not dens!—and not a sty!

And trumpet-tongued, proclaims aloud,
 That power, when it hath right!
 Hath duties, too! and that the rod
 With justice, all must smite.

OH! GIVE ME AIR.

Oh, give me air! the fresh air!
 The wild breeze, breaking off the sea;
 Oh! heavier, mother dear, than lead!
 These clothes are weighing down on me.

Oh! mother dear! my forehead press:
 'Tis racking, racking pain—
 A sheet of ice, to freeze it, mother;
 To cool my hotter brain.

Oh! water, mother, cold—oh! colder
 Than the ice I'd gather here;
 I am lying as on thorns, my mother,
 Oh! a bed of air spread, mother dear.

LILLIAN GREY.

My heart was mair than sick or sair;
 I strove to heeze my thoughts frae wae;
 'Twas waur than vain, I sighed the mair,
 I sighing said, "O Lillian Grey!
 Sweet, blythesome, winsome, Lillian Grey,
 How! will I gang—I cannot stay,
 I wiss I"—"what," some soft voice said,
 I turned—'twas only—Lillian Grey.

My heart was beating, a' with fears,
 I said "'Tis come, our parting day"—
 Her dark een filled wi' glittering tears—
 And then—I kissed young Lillian Grey.
 What a' she said, I winna say;
 I said "I would, but darena stay;"
 As een she pit me 'yunt the knowe,
 My bonnie lass, sweet Lillian Grey.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

He has toiled a lang day, Robin;
 But he's drest noo, at the een;
 He's no by the ingle, noddin',
 He's awa, o'er the birks sae green:
 Merrily whistling, on gaes he,
 Humming by turns a border sang;
 It's a bittock, or mair, to the trysting tree,
 Oh! happy is Rob, as he trips along.

To-day is Lucy quilting it,
 Twa guid lang miles, or mair, frae hame;
 And weel young Robin kens o' it,
 Ye'll no gang, Lucy, hame your lane;
 It wad be mair than mickle shame,
 You ware sae kind to him, yestreen,
 To let you wander back, alane,
 To-night, along the birks sae green.

Dear, dear spots are trysting trees,
 Sweetest aye, at gloamin';
 When the cheery simmer's westlin' breeze,
 O'er the bonny birks is roamin';
 Robin, dinna turn deceiver,
 Woo her not, to blight or grieve her:
 Young she is, wha trusts thee fairly;
 Wed her, loo her lang and dearly.

THE REVERIE.

He sat him by a river's bed,
 The streamlet by him bent;
 His elbow on his knee; his head
 Upon his hand was leant.
 'Twas autumn, and 'twas eventide,
 No breath was on the hill;
 The browsing herd ate side by side,
 Along a gurgling rill.
 The leaf upon the tree was wan,
 The fields of grain were bare;
 How like, thought he, life's little span,
 Its bloom, decay, and care,
 To all the wide extended range,
 Which round me here, I see;

For every hour is full of change,
And ever thus shall be.

The thoughts of youth's departed days,
Were hurrying o'er his brain;
The thoughts of life's uncertain ways,
The future, link'd with pain.

The present hour—the busy past,
Had many a dream for him;
And many a cherish'd hope, at last,
Was waxing dull and dim.

The busy past, its joys, its woes,
The memories of years;
In quick succession fleeting, rose
To dim his eyes with tears.

The faces seen beside such brooks,
The hands that once took his;
The gentle forms, the gladsome looks,
Which crown'd those days with bliss;

That ever loved, remembered voice,
To childhood's hours so dear;
Whose happy tones said still, rejoice,—
Alas! none now were near.

A WISH.

A home in some sweet vale with thee,
Where ruder sound, than rippling river;
Our cottage hearth's sweet harmony,
Should come to sadden never.

Where the blithe bird, 'midst thy employ,
Its swelling song, thy bosom thrilling;
Would yield thee presage bright of joy,
Years would be still fulfilling.

Each eve our joys, sweet thoughts should be,
None happier would we borrow;
They'd give, like crimson'd skies at sea,
Bright promise of the morrow.

And thus our days should glide away,
Care scarce should round us hover;
And years, that may these locks turn gray,
Would leave me still, thy lover.

BOAT SONG.

Steadily on, our oars we ply,
Skimming the waters so merrily;

And we scarce leave a curl on the moonlit lake,
 Its glass-like pictures of beauty, to break,
 As we brush o'er its breast so speedily:
 So merrily thus we row.

Come, pull quickly, feather each oar;
 Lightly we pass from shore to shore,
 With a steady stroke, and a ready hand,
 All together,—the prow to land,—
 For daylight will soon be o'er:
 So merrily thus we row.

Mind,—pull evenly,—on we go,
 Crystal clear is the deep below;
 O'er shadowy forms we gaily steal,
 Leaving nor tracings of oar, nor keel,
 As merrily on we row:
 So merrily thus we row.

 THE SORROW-STRICKEN.

The day is closing drearily,
 And a poor man wends his way;
 But hark! what sounds so cheerily,
 Through yonder casements stray;
 List he would not—on, he could not—
 Yes, 'tis children, at their play;

Bringing, with their ringing,
 Happy, little, silver voices,
 Back to him sad memory,
 Of his own life's early day.

The mizzling rain falls wettingly,
 Few linger in the street;
 In that joyous home, how happy they,
 He stands with nipping feet
 Cold and cheerless; to him never,
 Came kind accents soft and sweet;
 Nor a mother's, nor a brother's,
 Wak'ning kindly sympathy;
 Ne'er such blythemood cheer'd his childhood,
 Nor his boyhood's heart, with glee.

One, there is, and she is fair;
 Fairer, than the child might be,
 That but claims a poor man's care,
 Straggling 'midst his poverty;
 Fondly loves he that sweet child,
 His daughter's, who had gone astray:
 That had left him, and bereft him,
 Of how much, by guilt betrayed;
 Now, her child, by sickness stricken,
 On its pallet, low is laid.

He's rememb'ring, though with trembling,
 The long illness of that child;

And he's fearing, whilst he's hearing
 Tones, that almost had beguiled
 Him of his sorrow, by their gladness;
 Yet now grateful, she hath smiled
 Through her sickness; bowed with sadness,
 Hath he passed the rich man's door;
 Left his blessing with those children,
 What could he do more?

Bow'd and wearied he, with mourning;
 Wearied watching long in vain,
 For that health to her returning,
 That would make him glad again;
 That would make his garret yet be bright,
 As of erst 'twas wont to be:
 When her smiling, so beguiling,
 Us'd to thrill his heart with glee;
 What is she now? what was she then?
 What soon may not she be?

From yon old bridge, towards the water,
 That runs darkling far beneath,
 He is gazing—his child's daughter
 Brings the thought, if't be to death,
 Her long sickness—if?—he's with her,—
 How he feels her fever'd breath!
 "Sure you're better, Amy, dearest,"
 Faltering, kissing her, he saith;
 "I will soon be," is her murmuring,
 Little dreaming she of death.

* * * * *

The wind, it moaneth fitfully,
 His fire, it burneth low;
 The lamps, they glimmer gloomily,
 Through the hazy mist below;
 Above is a dark and dreary sky,
 In the poor man's room, deep woe;
 He is weeping, she is sleeping,
 But the cannon's loudest boom
 By her bedside, ne'er could waken
 The slumberer in that room.

What self-reproaching memories,
 Such hour of grief reveals!
 How sick'ning that deep loneliness,
 That o'er the watcher steals!
 When the sufferer past all weariness,
 No longer anguish, feels;
 When not moving, accents loving,
 Hears the dead, or wailings low;
 Spoke we ne'er unkindly? blindly
 Ask me now? as tear-drops flow!

From yon terrace, though not nigh her,
 Echoing rolls the tide of song;
 Ay, those tones will feed the fire,
 Of evil passions, guilt and wrong;

He is there, his child's betrayer,
 His the "hip, hip," loud and long,
 Sits the future, far off beckoning?
 List, "fill up, lads, to the brim."
 It *shall* come—the hour of rock'ning,
 Oh how sweet will then be sin!

* * * * *

Hark! his marriage bells are ringing,
 Trustful she, who loves him now;
 Heaven grant he be not bringing,
 Shadows dark, unto her brow;
 'Twill be well, if she shall curse not,
 Bridal peal, and marriage vow.
 Daylight breaking, she may waking,
 Fear a drunken husband's spurn;
 Till her weary heart forsaking
 All its love, to loathing turn.

The yellow leaf lies rottingly
 Round a mansion's trellised door;
 Its lord hath that deep sunken eye,
 Nought now can e'er restore;
 Cold spoiler of the poor man's child,
 Thy course is well nigh o'er.
 Thy mad career, wakes now thy fear?
 Leaves thee one friend, and none beside;

Look on her brow! how altered now!
 She was thy happy, trustful bride.

* * * * *

The night is waning drearily,
 The snow flakes thickly fall;
 The same lone wanderer wearily,
 Stands by the same bridge wall,
 Alone in the world, and sear'd in heart,
 What bringeth him there at all?
 The water's flow is cold below,
 More meet for his burning brain;
 The stream is at play in the morning ray,
 —And all runs smooth again.—

O God, with mercy on the poor,
 And the distress'd, look down;
 Thou seest all their hearts endure,
 Thou knowest that the frown,
 The slighting taunt and tongue too oft,
 Their pleadings only crown.

Within thy temples, as we kneel,
 To bear thy teachings read,
 Oh may that kindness round us steal,
 Which over Jesus shed
 Such loveliness; that we may give
 To those who ask for bread

Compassion, when not charity;
 And place round England's throne.
 Men conscientious, fearing thee:
 Who, whilst they guard their own,
 Seek still the people's benefit,
 The Nation's good, alone.

Oh Thou! who, in the days of old
 The stream didst cause to glide
 Forth from the rock,—this land behold;
 Oh! have its poor supplied;
 And from the lowly peasant's door,
 Turn famine, Lord, aside.

Oh! poverty's a bitter thing;
 And oft 'tis view'd as shame;
 Doth not its sight too often bring,
 Thoughts, if not words of blame?
 And for our wealthier heritage,
 What merits shall we claim?

SLAVE SONG.

(BORROWED FROM COLERIDGE.)

Death, oh come hither by night or by day,
 To our race that is yok'd to misery;
 Why shouldst thou tarry, we have sigh'd for thee
 long,
 We will welcome thy coming, with timbrel and song.

O'er the blue waves of ocean, is our tribe's native
 home,
 Midst the groves of the cedar, and citron we'll roam;
 And at rest, beside fountains, where summer smiles
 still,
 We'll remember no longer, our long days of ill.

Oh, happy those days, and thrice welcome that hour!
 When the lash shall no longer to torture, have power;
 When blessed and blessing, on, on we shall rove,
 Through the bright land of promise, with those that
 we love.

SHENONE'S LAMENT.

Och! I'm all alone,
 By my cold hearth-stone;
 And as I'm listenin',
 The wind seems whistlin',
 Och, Mary me!
 Your Shenone's moan:
 Light of my cabin, dear,
 Sorrow is thickening here;
 Who now this heart shall cheer?
 Mary, ochone!

Happy were we, poor though:
 But Mary dear, I'm lonely now;

And from our weeny Cathleen's brow,
 Sorrow won't depart;
 And all without is thick with snow,
 And cheerless as this heart.
 Could—could you, come again,
 Ochone! my wishin'g's all in vain;
 And I'm hearin', Mary darlin',
 Your own speckle-breasted starlin',
 Saying, "Oh! she's comin', comin', comin'!"
 Till my tears gush out again.

Oh! lonely is the cabin, Mary,
 When I'm out, or when I'm in;
 For I miss the love-light of your eye,
 That for me was never dim;
 And I don't know, what I'm dreamin' of,
 As I toll the long day through;
 But I'm thinkin' of but little, Mary,
 That isn't mindin' me, of you.

Oh! I'm weary, Mary, weary,
 As I stray by the Slaney's side,
 And I'm leavin' the sweet cabin, Mary,
 That you came to, when my bride;
 The cricket has forsaken it;
 And this is the cuttie chair,
 That you sat in, as you turned to me
 Your sweet face, kind and fair:
 "She's comin', comin', comin'!"

Are tones my heart can't bear;
 Yet your bird is on my shoulder,
 Or on your little cuttie chair,
 Saying, "Oh, she's comin', comin', comin'!"—
 And my heart is rung with care.

To our blessed mother, Mary,
 My prayers for you I've said;
 But for the many happy days,
 Your kind heart round me shed,
 I can't but mourn,
 As with each morn,
 I rise to feel I am forsaken,
 Of you and them;
 And tears come then;
 But Mary, Shenone's heart is breakin'.

God of peace, we bow to thee;
 Hear thy suppliants' humble prayer;
 Ever thou our safeguard be;
 Guide us, Lord, through every snare;
 Hearts at war with thee and love,
 Passions still unholy move.

God of hope, we trust the days
 Distant far are not, when man

Loving thee, and thy pure ways,
 Shall for forms of faith none damn.
 Who thy mercy, Lord, shall see!
 All we know is, rests with thee.

Let religion's chast'ning light
 O'er our hearts its influence spread;
 Sweet charity and love, delight
 Still around our paths to shed
 Holy calmness; all can feel
 Words that soothe, yet cannot heal.

God of justice, let this land—
 This spot, "set in the silver sea,"
 Ever know thy fostering hand;
 Let its rising peasantry,
 Let its rulers forget never,
 Thou art just, now and for ever.

God of right, in woe or weal,
 Teach the strong thy paths to scan;
 Ever let the humble feel,
 They are part in wisdom's plan;
 Teach thou both, the weak and strong,
 What is just, and where is wrong.

WHERE SHOULD HER GRAVE BE?

WHERE should her grave be?
 Not with the nameless dead,
 Not where the thoughtless tread,
 Rank weeds round them springing:
 Not where the thoughtless throng,
 Heedless o'er friendships gone;
 Hers was a happy home,
 Happy hopes still bringing.

Where should the maiden lie?
 There, where the stream runs by,
 Far from the crowded haunt;
 There, and there only:—
 Let the frail willow weep o'er her narrow bed,
 By yon village church, entomb the dead,
 For the calm of that spot o'er her heart still shed
 A peace, neither sad or lonely.

There let her grave be,
 Far from the throng'd way;
 Where oft at close of day,
 Kind hearts may come to ponder;
 If the world on such hath frown'd,
 Left its sorrows, or its wound,
 Slighted them; here peace is found—
 Muse on her, and onward wander.

What should they say of thee!

Blighted in thine early prime,

Honour'd in no common clime,

In thy land's long heraldry:

Nothing now—we mourn thee not—

None shall slight thy fame—forgot

Soon shall be their names who wrought,

Grief and pain to thine and thee;

Feeling hearts thy tale shall tell,

Gifted lady—Fare thee well.

TO INEZ.

INEZ, thy heart of overflowing tenderness,

Hath borne those harsher dreams of life away,

I had once pictured, made this glorious earth,

A land for deep, and petty jealousies.

Thy soft, subduing voice hath drawn down balm

Where sorrow's touch hath blighted:

In my youth's trials, I had been unchang'd

Hadst thou been near to succour—as it is,

I yet can turn to thee, and feel afresh

The bright, dear joys that boyhood's springtime gave,

And my youth promised; still confiding,

Ever trusting thee, I ask not to grow wiser:

Thou'st been to me that green spot on the waste

Of life's all-chequered passage, which all deem

They can look back on, tinged by no alloy;

And, feeling thus, I would that I could gaze

Ever on its refresh'ning verdure. Time may charge

That heart of thine, with more than its own sorrows;

For sympathy hath been the strong, firm link

That binds thee to the many. Oh! I still

Can turn to thee, a home for all my visions:

I know thou hast been slighted; but I feel

Thou hast forgiven. Gazing on thy face,

I can believe that there are shrines of love,

Where little base could enter—that there are

Hearts pure and hallow'd, that the searching eye

Of Providence might care to contemplate.

And in the settled features of that face,

And in the quiet of thy noiseless mood,

And in thy young eye's brightness, I can trace

Thy spirit's gentle calmness; in its solitude

Thy spirit hath not canker'd, it but lent

Thy heart sweet seriousness—and from its fount

Are ever rushing sweetest sympathies,

And gentlest kindnesses. To me are known

Thy sacrifices, trials, others had been changed,

And nourished rancour, hate, had they endured

What thy resolve hath conquer'd.

In my trials thou hast given me aid,

For I have learned of thee: Madonna-like,

Within thy dark, deep eye I trace

Thoughts which speak feelingly of mighty things.

If heaven hath not such eyes, and if they speak

A language dif'rent from thine orbs, which beam

With light and purity, with truth and holy feeling,
 Subduing passion, worldliness, and strife,
 And lifting me from earth, and weaning me,
 From all its sordid feelings, purifying
 The soul's bright aspirations, I know not,
 Wherein that heaven consists.

SONG.

I CANNA tell ye, how I lo'e her,
 A' she's been lang years to me;
 Gin her troth to me is broken,
 Lane and weary, man I be:—
 Lane and weary, lane and weary,
 Sick o' cot, and glen, and heather;
 Gin she be fause, I'll lea'e them a',
 And you, ye brass o' sweet Balquither.

Gin Lizzy Lemon prove untrue,
 I'll ne'er believe there's faith in woman;
 Sae artless, kind, sae bonnie too,
 My winsome lass, o' sweet Glen-oman;
 She's telt me a' her heart for years,
 We've tent the flocks lang days thegither;
 I'll no believe sic guile, an' art,
 Has ever dwelt in sweet Balquither.

WE MET BUT ONCE.

We met but once, yet for long after;
 Even in the crowd, midst joy and laughter,
 When virtuous woman's trustful eye
 Hath turned to mine, I've turned to sigh;
 That passion's force, and guilt and guile,
 Could e'er have dimm'd so sweet a smile,
 As that lost child of virtue wore,
 Smiles, which men fatally adore.

LINES.

PVE oft times felt 'twere bliss, to tear
 Myself away from the dull spot
 Of crowded ways, to linger there,
 Where busy tongues might enter not:
 I've pictured oft a sunny home,
 Beside some sweet, untroubled sea,
 Where far apart, (tho' ne'er alone,
 If thy young smile might near me be);
 My days might pass 'midst quiet scenes;
 My hours, amidst untroubled dreams.
 I've sat me 'neath the summer sky,
 And watched the sun go down at even;
 And, gazing on those tints, that vie
 With aught unto creation given;

I've thought how few, in such an hour,
 Have owned, or bow'd beneath its power.
 Oft when the blythe birds merrily,
 Sang out at eve, from tree to tree,
 I've loved to watch the rippling river,
 That wearies not, nor ceases ever;
 To listen to the breakers' roar,
 And muse beside the lone sea-shore.
 And, yet! in that soft stilly hour,
 Of nature's majesty and power,
 I've seen the reveller go forth
 To glory in his wickedness;
 Too mean a thing to chide, scarce worth
 A sigh amid his wrought distress,
 As if, in all that docks the sky,—
 The starry myriads, in their sphere,
 Those systems which unceasingly
 Revolving, shine from year to year;
 Those shades, upon a summer's eve,
 When moonlight meets a shroud,
 The glist'ning dew upon the leaf,
 The changing, light, and feathery cloud,
 In the soft murmuring of the breeze,
 In the lull'd music of the trees,
 As if in these, he could not trace
 A purer and a holier joy,
 Which rolling years could ne'er efface—
 A pleasure freed from base alloy:
 As if earth, and the sky, and sea,
 Had nought for him,—so let him be—

So let him be—to wisdom dead,
 On let him in his revel joy;
 He'll find, e'er youthful years are fled,
 The baseness of the base alloy.
 He'll turn him (shall it matter not?)
 To seek what once he might have had,
 But spurned—now, long unsought,
 Sweet nature's voice to him, is sad
 And dull—and such shall ever be
 The ending of such revelry.
 Go, strike the harp—yet not its tone,
 Though soft and sweet, shall soothe his ear,
 Whose length of days shall thus have flown:
 And not the brook, that babbles near,
 Nor shall the landscape's varied shade,
 Mountains, or rocks, or smilt glade,
 Nor evening, mantling lawn or lea,
 Have one deep charm, for such as he.

LINES

(WRITTEN OPPOSITE SCONE PALACE.)

FAREWELL, old towers; adieu to thee,
 Sweet classic stream—again, if ever
 This land I see, my path shall be,
 Along thy banks, sweet river.

In days of old, how merrily,
 Upon these banks, this river,
 May ladies bright, and many a knight,
 Have used the oar, and quiver.

I deem shall wave the spreading tree,
 Above thy waters ever;
 Yet should I ne'er, behold thee more,
 Can I forget thee?—never.

LINES

(ALTERED FROM A GERMAN TRANSLATION.)

In happier days one blessed dream
 Threw light around my way;
 Thou wert the star—from thee the beam,
 That lit my manhood's day:—
 Oh! thou art fair, as when we met;
 But deep the gulf and wide,
 That parts me, dearest, from thee—yet
 My thoughts are by thy side.

Drunk with excess of joy and love,
 My spirit turned to thee;
 The magic chain had round me wove,
 And thou wert all to me.

Oh! still as fair as when we met;
 But, oh! the gulf, how wide,
 And deep, they've now between us set,—
 Turn from me, O sweet bride!

SONG.

Oh! bright is the tint of my young love's eye,
 As the deep blue shade of the summer sky;
 On her cheek is the tinge of the blushing rose,
 As it opens to beauty, from soft repose.

And the long, deep fringes, o'er her eyes so bright,
 Has its hue from the mantle of sable night;
 And the clustering curls of her sunny hair,
 Lie soft o'er a neck, as the marble fair.

There's a soft, sweet tone, in my young love's voice,
 That seems as if whispering, "dear heart, rejoice;"
 And the sculptur'd figure, in form and fold,
 Seems far less fair than her bosom's mould.

And my young love's lip has the deep, rich tinge,
 Of the scarlet hep, in its silky fringe;
 And the thoughts, that her musings in fancy twine,
 Are gems, from the fountain, at feeling's shrine.

WAR SONG.

WARRIOR, to the battle field,
 Slavery's chain is round us;
 Leave thy home, the sword to wield,
 Wrongs have closely bound us;
 On—the hour of freedom's nigh!
 Be the watchword—Liberty.

Chieftain, leave the bower, the hall,—
 Think not now of revelry;
 Gird thine arm, at freedom's call,
 Hear the shout, "for liberty,"
 Back return'd from glorious war,
 What our country's good, shall mar?

Herdsman, leave thy flocks and go,
 Haste thee, from thy mountain home,
 Raise thine arm 'gainst freedom's foe,
 Think on battle, lost and won;
 Right gives might, and right is ours—
 False is he, to-day who cowers.

Huntsman, leave the stag at bay;
 Think not thou of mountain horn;
 Mount thy fleet steed and away,
 Ere the dawning of the morn.
 On—our country must be free;
 Spare it cannot, men like thee.

Peasant, quit these rural charms,
 Leave thy poor, but much lov'd cot;
 Hie thee to the clash of arms;
 Though thro' blood our freedom's sought,
 Wouldst thou rather wear the chain
 Than struggle there? though 'twere in vain?

Patriots, when for honour's laws
 Our freeborn sons arose, to claim
 Freemen's rights; in freedom's cause
 They shed *their* blood—they strove in vain.
 Their spirits guard us—forward then,
 Strike for the blood of injured men.

LINES

ON SEEING ———— SHED TEARS AT THE GRAVE OF HER INFANT.

Why weep for her? the tears that flow
 In silence o'er her narrow bed,
 She heeleth not; and who may know
 The griefs they're spared, the early dead.
 Why weep for her? a summer's cloud
 Was all that marr'd her little life;
 No blighting sorrows came to shroud
 Her infant years, with care or strife.

Why weep for her? affection's tear
 I know will gush—yet, check the flow:
 The many cares thou suff'rest here
 Wouldst have her share? who sleeps below?
 Then, be her grave to thee a place,
 Where holy thoughts may chide thy sorrow;
 Where, ling'ring, thou mayst love to trace
 That coming day, which knows no morrow.

SONG.

I'll tell thee when I'd love to roam,
 Mary dear, with thee;
 When the wearied sun's returning home,
 Beyond the dark blue sea;
 When scarce a breath is moving, love,
 And ne'er a wave may be;
 Oh! then the hour for roving, love,
 For roaming, love, with thee.

When from the forest boughs among,
 Steals forth the song-bird's note;
 When faintly's heard the sailor's song,
 From some home-hastening boat,
 When the sun sets o'er the land, love;
 When a calm is on the sea,
 When the ocean bird has sought the strand,
 I'd linger, love, with thee.

Whilst yet the mellow'd shades of night,
 Are warning pilgrims home,
 How happy! 'neath the young moonlight,
 Sweet Mary, could we roam;
 As the night steals o'er the land, love,
 And all's calm upon the sea,
 When the ocean bird has sought the strand,
 I'd linger, love, with thee.

LINES.

Oh! couldst thou know how often (when my thoughts,
 Wearied with much about me, and oppressed
 With the bold thoughtlessness I see around me),
 How very often solitude hath been
 My greatest comforter—my soothing balm—
 My heart's calm quieter;—thou wouldst not chide
 That mood, which would not pain a living thing,
 Yet prompts me, lady, not to mingle there,
 Where prating tongues are ever slow to breathe
 The real, truthful feelings of the heart.
 How often, lila, did I turn to thee,
 When fewer years had left me more of hope,
 When much of joyance swell'd my buoyant heart.
 How often, yet, do I return to thee,
 And dream again, the hopes of boyhood o'er.
 Oh! would that thou couldst learn of me, and know

How brightly I had pictur'd coming years;
 How fair they seem'd to my anticipation.
 Upon thy grave I've been a mourner oft,
 And ever, as the summer's gentle breath
 Hath fann'd me there, its very gentleness
 I've deem'd did syllable thy softer name.
 When thou wert summon'd hence, much passed away
 Of all that I most wish'd for, and most car'd for.
 And yet remembering, *Ida*, all thou wert,
 (When the world's troubles now encompass me),
 I can return unto those vanished days,
 (Days, oh! how little prized amidst possession,
 Yet so long after sigh'd o'er), and draw forth
 From memory's storehouse, thoughts that sadden not,
 And feelings which corrode not. * * *

RISE, GENTLE MOON.

Rise, gentle moon,

Fall your beams, sweet moon, on me;
 I sit in thy shadow, O night, alone.
 By thy cliffs, O restless sea.

I'm weary with dreaming—with hoping long,
 Would that thy voice, O sea!
 Could still for ever, the thoughts that never
 Can rest, till I cease to be.

Sleep o'er the ocean-sons lieth;
 Rest, I cannot—nor stay—
 Hapt at thy lashings, come voices I loved,
 Their utterers, where are they?

Dash waves, roar—

On these crags, how I joy in thee!
 Oh! hearts long hushed, and eyes that gushed—
 What spells are ye twining for me?

SONG.

"Sing, maiden, gentle maiden,
 Sing a sweet song unto me;
 With a voice not overladen
 Nor too full of glee."
 Give thy voice a mellow'd softness,
 Let thine eyes, sweet maiden, shine
 With a spirit of deep thoughtfulness,
 For mine eyes, shall learn of thine.

Let the joyance of thy voice be
 Like the wild bird on the wing;
 And long after, its rich melody
 On mine ear, shall sweetly ring.
 Let thy song, my gentle maiden,
 Of bright days and dreams rehearse,
 And I'll live again, those happy days,
 In the magic of thy verse.

And thy song from thoughts shall win me,
 That are tinged by fears of woe;
 Then maiden, gentle maiden,
 Sing a sweet song, ere I go.

TO ——

LONG years have pass'd, dear girl, since first
 Thy tiny form, my boyhood nursed;
 Since those sweet lips to mine were pressed,
 Hath many a sorrow pierc'd this breast.
 Time's finger (oh! I well could blot
 Much it hath 'graven, but may not)
 Hath written deeply, on this heart
 What I shall never feel depart.
 I lov'd thee, as a little child,
 When thy fair face to mine, hath smiled;
 How can I cease to love thee less,
 In all thy woman's loveliness.
 Our paths thro' life lie far apart,
 I seek no share in thy young heart;
 I know, thine is a favour'd lot;
 No anxious cares have round thee, wrought
 Their world of troubles—thy young eye
 Asks not for pitying sympathy.
 In many a bright, entranc'd dream,
 My spirit turns to muse on thee;
 Thy young, sweet smile shall ever beam,
 A "something, seen but once," for me.

LINES

PRESENTED TO MISS HELEN FAUCY AFTER HER LATE
 PERFORMANCE IN BELFAST, ON JANUARY 15TH.

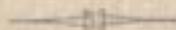
Oh! how I pity that man's bigotry,
 That will not let him see thee: and yet more
 Must I compassionate his mould of mind,
 That is unfitted to appreciate
 Thy great conceptions of these mighty works,
 Which term, as 'twere, with light, and new-sprung
 beauties,
 Beneath thy grand and great delineations;
 His want of taste and nobleness of soul,
 That cannot turn to thee; and in thy voice,
 Thy mind's conceptions, their great working out,
 Sees not thy spirit's greatness:—in each tone,
 In every look, in every step, the stamp,
 The type and token of thy gifted mind.
 What is the ideal that thy thoughts have formed
 Of dignity, of beauty, and of grace? Have they not
 caught
 The Roman greatness, with the Grecian taste?
 Oh! what a heart should beat beneath thy breast,
 If thine own love were like thy painting of't,
 So food, so soft, all truth, and full of strength;
 If so, a thousand hearts were poor for thee.
 Those hearts of daily life—if Belvidera's love
 Was half so noble, so entrancing, lady,

As thou didst fashion it, but yesternight,
 'Twas little wonder, Jaffier's firmness failed,
 That she became the saviour of her country:
 Oh! I have pictured such a one as thou,
 In some rapt mood of fancy; when the page
 Of ancient Greece unfolded to my mind
 The high, the lofty, and the dignified;
 And all that shadowing forth of loveliness,
 Which so enchained me; that deep love
 Which hath the pure, the beautiful, and chaste:
 The classic and refined for its object,
 Thou did'st embody; for thou hast become
 The picture of my dreamings, realized.
 How deep, how thrilling, and how wild thy tone;
 Thy burst of dire despair, when madness changed
 Thy misery into fury: when "Hell, hell
 "Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
 "If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am"—
 Fell on mine ear, and chill'd my very blood.
 'Twas godlike, and 'twas great, thy broken tones
 Of deepest wretchedness—I thought like thine
 (As then thou seem'dst) was that sorrowing
 Our hapless mother Eve, must have endured,
 When forth she wandered from her paradise;
 So chill, so withering, and so choicless too.
 In those calm, quiet hours, when none are near
 To hear thee, or to see thee, have thy thoughts
 None of the light, the loveliness, and charm
 That breathes around thy scenic portraits?
 And wherefore should thou not bear with thee, lady,

Even into privacy, much of that charm,
 That loveliness, and grandeur, which, last night,
 Charmed many an eye, and thrilled thro' many a heart.
 And yet, I scarce would wish to know thee more,
 Lest the bright spell might break, wherewith thou'st
 bound me.

Yet long, long after this, when other tongues
 May have forgot to chronicle thy fame,
 Shall thy sweet, winning smile before me flit;
 The silver cadence of thy soft sweet voice
 Steal o'er me, as the wind across the string.
 At summer's sunset hour; oft have I heard
 Soft tones, and soft expression, but so chaste,
 Such faultless elocution, such delivery,
 So equal and so pure, hath never fallen
 Upon the portals of my listening ear,
 As have thy readings. Thy rich utterance
 I must remember long indeed, and long
 The beauty of the nobleness thou'st painted.
 'Twill be a green spot on my memory,
 The memory of thee—adieu, "a word that must be."—
 Oh! never may the idle tongue have power
 To breathe thy name, and link it with dishonour.
 Oh! let it go unsullied down to fame;
 A chaste star, in that pathway where have burned
 So many tarnished lights; a name immaculate;
 And it shall shine, reflected forth, with his
 Whose fame but brightens with decaying years,
 The first of England's poets—and 'twill shine,
 A no unfitting gem, in the bright crown

The world, great Shakespeare, hath bestowed on thee,
 Thou hast not beauty to enchant his eye
 Who sees not in thine own an earnestness,
 An energy, an intellectual fire—whose heart
 Glows not at sight of thy embodiment,
 Of all that is most chaste and beautiful,
 In the bright works of genius; in thy mood
 Of gentlest pleadings and of tenderness,
 And in thy love-enkindling accents, lady,
 And in thy deep, impassioned eloquence,
 As in thy bursts of passionate resolve,
 Thou hast the charm, (and long mayst thou possess it),
 "To take the reason prisoner for a while,
 And lap it in Elysium." Around Siddons
 There is a halo years have shadowed not;
 Yea, only brightened, as they have, thy fame,
 O'Neill, thou enchantress of our native land;
 So, Faucit, shall report yet speak of thee
 As one, on whom their tragic crowns were laid,
 And one, who wore them with no borrowed lustre.



THE AULD ARM-CHAIR.

I HAE sat fu' aft at e'en, lassie,
 As ye see me sittin' now;
 Hae witness'd mony a dreary scene,
 Seen mony a sadden'd brow.

And whilst it gies me mickle joy,
 Thy young sweet smile to see;
 Gin thoughts o' a lang syne come back,
 The saut tear dims my e'e.

For yonder is the auld green lane,
 That to the church descends;
 Where lang thy mither went wi' me,
 The best o' a' my friends.

You Linden trees, their shadows still,
 Throw o'er the lang green grass;
 The days are shadowy now, when she
 Beneath them, used to pass.

Thy heart is guileless, as was hers,
 When in her youth's sweet prime,
 I led her to yon village church,
 And join'd her fate to mine.

But, lassie, much is chang'd, I trow,
 These scenes are nae sae dear;
 For mickle o' life's sunshine, laae,
 Did with her disappear.

Yet let the auld man not repine;
 Thy smile shall be that light,
 By which, the days o' a lang syne,
 With these days, he'll unite.

My auld arm-chair, I sit in thee;
 The voices of the past,
 Rise up again, and mournfully,
 My visions backward, cast.

I've seen the young in vigour rise,
 Midst strength and welfare fa';
 And maist wha gladden'd these auld eyes,
 Are now far, far awa'.

And aften, at the simmer's e'en,
 My bairn's bairns on my knee,
 I canna stap the starting tear,
 As thoughts come back to me.

Thou'rt growing frail, my auld arm-chair,
 I've chang'd as well as thou;
 Kind hearts and souls of worth thou'st held,
 Alas! where are they now?

Midst fond desires, and dreams of hope,
 Less bright, as day chas'd day,
 I've follow'd on, to find at last,
 My simmer dreams decay.

And she—she was the morning dream,
 That cheer'd my manhood's prime,
 I canna but remember her,
 In every turn o' thine.

Oh! mournfu' thoughts, dear memories,
 Strange musings (nae can share)
 Aft cross me, as I sit and think,
 In this, my auld arm-chair.

We shall na part, my oaken stay,
 I've tent ye lang wi' care,
 At simmer's e'en, I'll dream in ye,
 O'er joys, that are nae mair.

It was a bless'd summer's day,
 As Naomi was sighing;
 As on her bosom Orpah lay,
 Whilst gentle Ruth was crying.

As still she said, in accents low,
 "Entreat me not, dear mother;
 For where thou goest, will I go,
 With thee, and with none other.

Thy people shall be all to me,
 And thy God shall be mine;
 And where thou diest, let me die,
 And my grave be in thine."

They wander forth; the midnight dew
 Lies heavy o'er the plain;
 The Harvest Moon is shining o'er
 The fields of yellowish grain.

'Tis morn!—a gleaner in the fields,
 Is gentle, guileless Ruth,
 All trustful is her heart, though sad;
 Heaven sees it is all truth.

And so she glean'd until eve,
 And when its shadows fell,
 She came home unto Naomi,—
 The mother lov'd so well;

For ever had she truly been,
 A gentle one to Ruth;
 And sorrows ne'er had torn from them
 The trustful hearts of youth.

At Boaz's uncovered feet,
 See, gentle Ruth is laid;
 'Tis midnight hour—he wakes—but why
 Should Boaz be afraid?

What sees he but a woman's form?
 Doth that bring to him fear?
 Feels he her godlike guilelessness?
 Such Prophets still held dear.

Or sees he, in the humble Ruth,
 The pure and contrite heart;
 And will he rise a holier man,
 And act her kinsman's part?

He hath redeemed her—she is his!
 He hath ta'en her to his breast;
 And Naomi is bless'd sure,
 And surely Ruth is blest.

 THE GROTTO OF L——.

Once more I am with thee, dear moss-cover'd grot,
 Yet methinks that thy walls yield a lonelier tone;
 Well, changes make change—I have felt—have I not?
 Even lonely as thou, when the old friends are gone.

Strange voices of late have been mingling in thee,
 And the bright joyous laugh hath been heard
 through thy bower;
 But where are the young, with their mirth-making
 glee?
 That rejoice'd 'neath thy shade, in my boyhood's
 bright hour.

Lovely grot, there are days which leave never, regrets,
 Sweet tones (well-belov'd in the days that are gone)
 Beaming eyes fondly turn'd to, the heart ne'er forgets,
 So soft was their beaming, so sweetly they shone;
 There are scenes, the remembrance of which never
 fades,
 Bright spots where we've linger'd, that ne'er are
 forgot,
 The home of our childhood, its dear leafy shades.—
 When I turn back to them, I will turn to thee, grot;

And I'll think, have the voices that echoed in thee,
 As the years have roll'd on, ta'en a lonelier tone;
 And I'll feel should they have, what their feelings may
 be,
 If they echo the musings, my spirit doth own:
 Dear moss-cover'd grot, I have roam'd from thee far,
 But the light of those days, when I gamboll'd in
 thee,
 Even now, looking back, seems a bright joyous star,
 That for ever keeps shining on, sweetly for me.

THE RUSTIC'S HALLOWEEN.

AULD Hallowe'en (when lads and lasses
 Gang owre the braes, and well-kenn'd passes,
 To spend the nicht wi' quendam cronies—
 Nicht lo'ed fu' weel by Souther Johnnies—)
 All hail, thou thirty-first October!
 Nicht for the young,—the gay,—the toper;

Nicht when grim goblins walk the earth,
 To watch beside some auld wife's hearth;
 Or gi'e a keek owre maiden's shouter,
 O' some braw lad wha lang has lo'ed her;
 Evo o' the supper, sang, and story,
 When a' are held in merriest glory.

To cotter hames, frae neighb'ring ha's,
 The elder bairns their steps are bendin':
 They dinna feel the blast that blaws,
 For bright's the joy young hope is sendin':
 Stray thoughts o' them they've seen afore,
 Nor aye beside their daddy's door!

The light beams frae the kitchen-ingle,
 Where merry tones and laughter mingle;
 A wee, short click, the latch is raisin',
 See what a weel-heap'd fire is blazin'!
 "A hearty welcome" is the sound,
 And quick the joke and clack gae round.

The gudewife's wheel is in the neak,
 O'er clean-swept floors, light heels are trippin';
 But sober age fu' weel can brook
 Those merry tones, nor yet stop sippin':
 Ye dancers, now, upon the stage,
 Ye, too, may limp in stiffen'd age.

Noo, supper owre, the board is spread,
 And mony met, wha fain could stay
 To see the light o' mornin' shed,
 And usher in November's day:
 Ye little ken how much sic joy
 Mak's up for hours, o' sair employ.

The rich may revel in their wine;
 Their grander feasts ha'e wiser themes;
 But friendship, love, and virtue, find
 As aft a hame 'mid humbler scenes,
 As 'mid the gilded domes, whar care,
 Gies twitches, aft fu' hard to bear.

Amidst those honest, simple folk,
 Wha meet to chat, and crack their jokes,
 This night is held, o' a' the year,
 A festive aye, for mirth and cheer;—
 Nor ca' mispent those hours o' time,
 That bring back thoughts o' auld langsyne.

The wee short tap has lang gi'en warnin',
 And Hallowe'en ends in the mornin';

Each tak's his way, fu' weel content
 Wi' supper, sang, and merriment:
 Some nigh half-kilt by bonny o'en,
 Some in the cheer this eve has gi'en.

Ye cynics, o' that salstly race,
 Wha'd rail at glee in ony place,
 Just stap this night, for Care sleeps trig in
 Some shapeless ha', or landy biggin':
 Man is but earthly—is the measure
 O' his life's cup no grief, and pleasure?

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HEMANS.

AFFECTION sigh'd with secret pain,
 As first the lyre thy fingers swept:
 As feeling urg'd thy enrapturing strain,
 Thy soul of song, so long, had slept:
 And glowing friendship, blest to meet,
 With thoughts so pure, a heart so true,
 Was but too joy'd to bring her sweet
 And kindest votaries, to thy view.
 Neglected now, thy harp, that woke
 The lays "of many a land,"
 And sadly mute its tones, that spoke
 Thy feelings, touch'd by magic's wand.

Thy lip is hush'd; thy finger cold;
 And darkness thy fair brow hath shaded;
 Thy heart of softest, tenderest mould,
 All earthly else, of thee, is faded.
 Who now the harp shall tune so well?
 To strains of rich, undying measure;
 Who wake its sweet, enchanting swell?
 Which solaced grief, and heighten'd pleasure?
 Shall fancy's glow be felt no more
 Warm in thy deathless melodies?
 —The minstrel's fitful hour is o'er,—
 The power of genius never dies.

THE POOR TEACHER.

Yes, there she sits, and o'er her pensive face,
 What long-lost dreams might not a musér trace;
 Alone, yet hopeful, is that trustful maid,
 In modest guise, of homely black, arrayed;
 Perchance she mourns a father, mother, lost;
 The halcyon dreams of many a long year crossed;
 A sister snatched, in roddy health, away,
 The dear companion of her childhood's day;
 Alone she sits, no friendly voice is there,
 To break the silence of her lonely fare;
 Yon quiet church, by distance mellow'd, seems
 The study now of all her waking dreams.

Those large, full eyes, with tears have overflown;
 Is memory wand'ring back to childhood's home?
 That quiet eye, which shuns the public gaze,
 That modest worth, which scarce dares look for praise,
 That gentle bearing, fitted ill to strive,
 Where leaden dulness seems so oft to thrive,
 The slender frame, with timidness combin'd,
 The heart, imbued with love, to all mankind,
 (Quick still to feel, yet quicker to forget
 Sights, if but follow'd by profess'd regret)
 Are gifts, which poorly fit us, to contend
 Against the world, where few so oft befriend.
 Those little hands of snowy whiteness, well
 Of gentle blood, and of past leisure, tell;
 But who may know their task, in years to come!
 When in the stranger's uncongenial house.
 Ah! who may gaze upon such tenderness,
 Such lovely innocence, perchance distress,
 Such faithfulness of duty, nor yet own
 The heart untutor'd, tho' to coldness grown.
 Oh! few, indeed, can contemplate the power,
 The might and greatness, that in one short hour
 The heart exhibits; few, indeed, may guess
 Its untold sorrow, and its wretchedness.

ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

FORGETFULNESS is on thee, but who may know what
dream

Is sitting through thy little brain, or where its chang-
ing scene;

For those tiny fingers moving, show the spirit's stir
within;

Can it be a thought of pleasure pass'd, or likely to
begin?

I see thee in thy beauty, with thy locks of flaxen hair,
Upon a brow of whiteness, that has felt but lightly,
care:

A smile upon thy rosy cheek, the painter ne'er could
show,

He might give, indeed, the colour, but his sketch would
lack thy glow.

Thy ruby lips are parted, and a mother's press on
thine;

Sweet child, thou feelest not the arms that round thee
twine;

Nor hearest thou the fervent prayer she offereth for
thee,

That thy years (if many yet are thine) may be from
sadness free.

I have gaz'd upon that mother, when methought I
trac'd the tear,

As she watch'd thee in thy playfulness; could it be
that she did fear?

I have seen her dark eyes glisten, as she clasp'd thee
to her breast,

And I said, so fair the child, sure its mother hath been
bless'd.

We might turn us from thy childhood, unto some far
distant year,

And behold thine eye, now bright with joy, all darken'd
by the tear;

Thy spirit's lightness broken, thy fancy's visions fled,
The past—the only current—by whose banks you care
to tread.

We might turn us from this childhood, unto many a
coming hour:

The child hath grown to womanhood, the bud is now
the flower:

The frolic, and the lightsome step, of childhood's years
are gone,

The childish voice we lov'd so well, hath ta'en a sterner
tone.

We might turn at fancy's promptings from youth's
playfulness and joy,

To years when passions, deep and strong, may many
hours employ:

When pleasure, like some bad escap'd from out a
 blighted tree,
 Might scarcely break the loneliness that years may fix
 on thee.

We may see thee 'mid the beautiful, within the ban-
 quet room;
 The clustering pearls upon thy brow, upon thy cheek
 the bloom:
 The brightness of thy dark blue eye, attracting where
 it goes,
 Thy kindness 'midst the social hearth, a balm for hu-
 man woes.

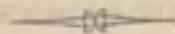
[may—

We may see thee, the beloved—and the echo says we
 Of that being, who hath tended thee through many a
 vanish'd day;
 Her pride, her comfort, and her joy, as she is hasten-
 ing home
 To that last peaceful resting-place, where sorrows never
 come.

We may see the young and happy with the lov'd one
 by thy side,
 And many a heart, half envying thee, so fair and blest
 a bride;
 We may see thee, but we cannot scan the thoughts of
 the Most High,
 And 'tis well, doth shadow many a scene, the dim
 futurity.

Yet thou'lt turn thee from the crowded ways, when
 early days are gone,
 To think how great thy happiness, when thou wert left
 alone
 In childhood's hour to wander; and, it may be, that
 thou'lt grieve
 To find the lightsome child so soon, at woman's pro-
 mis'd eve.

There are hopes which charm in youthful years, we
 trust that they may last;
 Oh! may they still have power o'er thee, when many
 a year hath past;
 Oh! mayst thou with a heart as light as ever wild
 bird on the wing,
 Ever feel that joyous buoyancy, so dear in life's warm
 spring.



A THOUGHT FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

How sweet and touching 'tis to see

Fond woman, with her timid heart,
Still to each care so sensitive,

When fortune smiles; yet bear her part
Unshrinkingly, and with a power
Unlooked for, when misfortunes lower;
Who, in life's sunnier hours, seems sent,
To be our hearth's sweet ornament.

The tender flower, ill made to bear
Life's wintry storms, and grief, and care;
(So tender, that she seems but made
To cling to man for helping aid);

Yet prove her husband's stay and guide,
When there are few, perchance, beside,
To soothe his scar'd heart's wretchedness,
When friends are few, and waxing less.
And as the vine, whose tendrils twin'd
Around the oak, has with it climb'd,
And lift'd been to sunshine, will,
When the stout tree is blight'd, still
Cling but the closer; hiding all
The shatter'd boughs, that else might fall;
As the storm, wak'd from its repose,
In its wild fury round it blows:
So, in kind mercy it is given,
That man, by cares and trials driven

Almost to misery and despair,
Finds what the wife's fond heart can bear,
In such an hour—to cheer his way,
And soothe his heart's calamity.
Wending her by her gentleness
Around his nature's deep distress;
Upholding and supporting still,
His fainting heart, thro' every ill;
Until the hours of trial past,
Fortune begins to smile at last.

LINES.

I've ever lov'd that spirit, caught
So oft, midst nature's solitude;
Its peaceful musings, still have taught
My heart a grave, unchanging mood;
Yet would I not exchange it, for
The gayest one, in pleasure's store.

I know not why—but it hath been
Full oft, my sweetest joy, to stray
Far from the busy, bustling scene,
To loiter by the noiseless way;
To commune with myself, and feel
How much such hours of thought reveal.

THEY BID ME TALK.

They bid me talk in gayer mood,
 And think of brighter days in store;
 I've tried, and ever as I've woo'd,
 Youth's happier thoughts, I've sorrow'd more;
 I would the past I did not trace,
 But oh! it is my resting-place.

They bid me look to summer time;
 I know the flowers shall bloom; and green
 The leaves shall round our lattice, twine;
 That joyance comes where tears have been;
 I only know, my sunken heart,
 From bless'd days, I cannot part.

They say, grief lessens still with years;
 I'm bow'd beneath my spirit's sadness;
 Oh! could these eye-balls feel but tears,
 My wither'd heart might dream of gladness.
 The hopes I cherish'd long, are o'er,
 My halcyon days shall come no more.

Thou bid'st me live not in the past?
 What's left me through the future hours?
 I've known the calm, have felt the blast,
 I see the cloud that dark'ning lowers;
 The grave's like soon to be my bed,
 Oh! happy ye, ye bless'd dead!

THE EXILED MAIDEN'S SONG.

I see your flocks through valleys stray;
 Your dark-ey'd daughters smile;
 But my thoughts are with my home, away
 On the shores of my own lov'd isle.
 On the shores, &c.

I hear the harp, at evening strung,
 In feeling's softest tone;
 I would it had in silence hung,
 For it breathes of pleasure gone.
 For it breathes, &c.

I see my home—my childhood's home,
 Youth's playmates,—where are they?
 Oh! 'tis fancy, leading me back, alone,
 To ponder o'er cold decay.
 To ponder, &c.

I see not now the smiles I've seen,
 Hear not, mine isle's glad songs;
 I can see no more, for mine eyes have been
 Bedimm'd, by my bright land's wrongs.
 Bedimm'd, &c.

A SKETCH.

WHEN the hawthorn, by its tapping, at my window,
 used to break
 My boyhood's happy slumbers, to what gladness did I
 wake;
 Bright dreams were all before me; nor felt I then as
 now,
 That morning's light and waking thoughts, bring oft a
 troubl'd brow.

Lough Cuan's deep blue waters, with its tiny crafts
 at rest,
 Its scatter'd islets, that like stars, seem'd spangl'd
 o'er its breast,
 Were often joyous sights to me; and many a pleasant
 spot,
 By our happy cottage home of old, I never have
 forgot.

Look—yonder stood the scutching mill, I lov'd its
 very clack,
 'Tis silent now—and yonder stood the miller's house
 —a wreck!
 And yonder is the old green lane, that leads down to
 the bay,
 Where our little bark rode merrily, through many a
 whistling day.

And that the road we travers'd oft, two good long
 miles to school,
 Still happier back returning; tarrying carelessly to
 pull
 The berry from the thorny brake; or try the running
 leap;
 And yon was then our kinsman's home, his slumbers
 now are deep.

No kin is there inheriting his little left of pelf;
 Too generous he, to thankless men, to benefit him-
 self:
 And yonder lay the Seggan grove, where boats stood
 ready made,
 Barks easier launch'd, and oft as safe, as the costlier
 ones of trade.

Oh! many an August morning with the skylark rose
 we up,
 To dig the sand-eel from his bed, and fill our baiting-
 cup,
 And many a line, with many a hook, into the deep we
 cast,
 And many a wholesome dinner earn'd, ere we gain'd
 our morn's repast.

A simple child, scarce two years old, I nurs'd for
 hours together,
 In that cottage home, when winds blew high, and
 changeful was the weather;

I see her wear, in these chang'd days, the look of
guileless truth,
May after years o'ershadow not, the bright dreams of
her youth.

I meet her oft, yet pass we by, unnoting: let that be—
I've liv'd not until now, nor felt, such changes still
must be;
Alas! how many hopes are gone, I cherish'd; and
how vain,
Hereafter may these joys appear, I struggle now to
gain.

How happy were those days to me, when, as each
evening came,
I hid across the well-known path, to meet the "kye
come hame;"
When the tinkling of the sheep-bell, as it came across
the lea,
Was a sound of rich sweet melody and music unto
me.

When Jenny left her spinning-wheel, (for milking time
had come)
And Robin left his out-door work, his day of labour
done;
When the gloamin' in the summer, found me often in
my bed;
Oh! merry was the life, I trow, at that sweet time I
led.

THE BRIDAL MOEN.

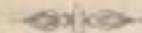
'Tis early morn—'tis gentle June,
Sunlit and fresh; and in her room,
Whilst others in that home are blest
With happy sleep, Rose cannot rest;
But there she lies with beating heart:
This day from Roslyn she must part;
(Dear pleasant Roslyn, in whose shade,
She grew the lov'd, much cherish'd maid),
From which, once part'd, who may tell,
What cares her truthful heart may swell?
And even now, her bright eye sees,
The quiet church amidst the trees;
The flowers, that round her window cling,
Seem bowing this sweet morning in;
The lark's glad voice, his peal is ringing,
"And soaring still is ever singing;"
All else is hush'd, as merrily
He singeth his song to the dawning day.
This long sweet night, she hath not slept,
So many thoughts have o'er her crept,
Of present, past, and future years,
What wonder if they came with tears!
And now she sleeps a few short hours:
Rise, gentle Rose, they bring thee flowers;

It is thy bridal morn, sweet girl;
 Yet heed not thou, the gem or pearl;
 Those eyes, so soft, so full, half dim
 With truth and love, are all to him;
 Come, deck thee in thy snow-white vest,
 The stainless rose upon thy breast;
 Thou needest not the haubles' rare,
 To sparkle in thy sunny hair;
 He waits below, who knows thy worth;
 He long hath loved thee,—Rose, come forth.

See those merry maidens round thee;
 See their happy smiles surround thee;
 Round thee, see their fingers plying,
 Pensive Rose, come cease your sighing,
 Merrily forth the bells are ringing,
 See the maidens sweet flowers are bringing;
 Soon at the altar thy feet shall stand,
 With him who has sigh'd for thee, hand in hand.
 Why art thou sighing, my gentle Rose?
 Hast thou not sigh'd for this many a day?
 Haste to the altar, come, hie thee away.

'Tis finished, yet check not thy tears;
 I know these partings grieve; that fears
 For future days (in such an hour)
 Will come, with an o'ermastering power.
 Courage, sweet girl, yet do not chide
 Those happy tears, thou young, sweet bride;

For they are gushings, which relieve
 The young heart's fulness; and they leave
 No lingering traces; yes, 'tis over,
 And he is more to thee than lover:
 Guard thou her well, be thou her stay,
 Friend and companion, when away
 From them she lov'd; when far apart
 From scenes long wedded to her heart.
 Hath she not given up much for thee?
 Her home's long-lov'd society?
 Her promis'd dreams of hope and joy,
 Canst thou not darken or destroy?
 Her peace of mind, her happiness,
 Canst thou not mar? If thou wouldst bless
 Her gentle heart, and have it bloom,
 To be thy light, should care or gloom
 E'er gather round thee; oh! believe,
 Thy first harsh looks, and tones, may leave
 A lingering sadness o'er that brow,
 So fair, so tranquil-looking, now.



MARGUERITE.

Ah! who should think, that sorrows e'er could dim
 An eye so full of light and love; that years
 Could ever cloud its depth of joyous beaming.
 What, fair Marguerite, are the dreams which cast
 Such saint-like calmness o'er thy loveliness?
 Yet who may tell! what baff'd dreams of hope
 Shall overshadow yet thy youthful visions.
 Thine is a face, of sweet and deep content;
 Oh! not one blight of early years should leave
 With thee a sadness; features like to thine
 Were never fitted for life's bustling scenes,
 To bear the up-hill work, and brave the scorn,
 Of an unsympathizing, selfish race.
 Upon thy brow, so marble-like and fair,
 Years should no furrows set; and time no change;
 Thy large, full eye bespeaks a depth of thought;
 There is a sweetness in thy features' play,
 Enchaining by its very innocence.
 Gazing on thy face, I know it speaks
 Of trustful hope, for many a coming hour:
 There is a language, speaking in thine eye,
 Dearer than all the gentle tones that fall
 Upon the ravish'd ear; its eloquence
 Shall be remembered, when thy tones are hush'd.
 On thy fine brow is that nobility,

Which intellect commands, which should be ever
 The token of true nobleness of soul.
 Art thou belov'd? are all his ways like thine?
 Art thou his world? his heart's heart? his sweet
 home?
 Art thou the keeper of his secret soul?
 Are his thoughts thine? his aspirations, feelings,
 The mirror to thine own? hast thou no dreams
 He cannot share with thee? in unison
 With thine, are all his hopes and joys?
 Thou dreamest; Lady! life is one long dream;
 How few have realiz'd the palaces,
 Those air-built castles, that have rear'd themselves
 So gloriously to youth; and yet, how few
 Arriv'd at age, would travel o'er the past,
 Recalling all, that hath been written there.
 Oh! I could picture one as fair as thou,
 A midnight watcher, when no tones reveal'd
 A breaking heart, and her deep disappointments.
 Thou art not fitted for the world's harsh breath,
 Its cares should touch not thee.

LINES.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE BURNBETT, CO. TYDOR.

AROUND me, all is tranquil; the cold beam
Of night's pale orb, is silv'ring many a scene
Of pleasure, as of sadness; o'er the moss-grown
tower

Have shadows fallen; the late joyous bower
Hath settl'd into stillness; and the hearth
Forsaken now, knows not its wonted mirth.
Sweet lamp! the bright and bless'd days gone by
Recall'st thou not? to them who silently
Are watching thee, upon thy trackless way.
How eloquent this place around me here!
How hallow'd is its quiet! days draw near,
Long vanished; what bright scenes arise!
With how much vividness! beneath such skies,
Scenes, I had deem'd forgotten: how the track
Of the old time, comes gently on me, back,
As youth's sweet pastimes almost sound once
more.

On my wrapt ear, as joyous as of yore!
What happy musings! thoughts, and tones, and
dreams,
Come flitting o'er me, as these fitful beams
Are dancing on this streamlet: here I've strayed

Off at hot noontide, when the leafy shade,
Along thy margin, was a grateful boon;
Here, too, I've wander'd at the cooler noon
With you, ye sharers in her love, whose care
For us hath never flagg'd, which long yet may we
share.

THERE ARE REMEMBRANCES.

THERE are remembrances, sweet memories,
Of boyhood, and its dreamings; of bright days
Long vanished, (when the quick, light pulse,
And youth's gay joyance, were but emblem fair
Of the bright buoyancy of heart within);
Dear cloudless recollections, which outlive
The storms and trials of maturer years,
And ever shine as green spots on life's waste:
And as the sunflower, when 'tis shin'd upon,
(Beneath the glowing of the mid-day sun),
But glistens brighter with its dewy vest,
Yielding an increas'd sweetness; so those dreams,
Woven as fresh'ning flowers, through the dark web
Of our life's checquer'd tissue, but more bright
And dear become, as thick'ning shadows fall.
As stern events oppose them.

TO ———

NAY, mock me not, that thus I wear
 This simple plait of braided hair;
 Alas! full many a year hath pass'd,
 Since her sweet smile and beauty, cast
 Their spells around me, that it grac'd:
 Yet from my memory time hath ras'd
 Her image not; ah! well I know,
 My later days, midst troubles, flow.

Remembering her, I've ta'en my way,
 Amidst the young, the grave, the gay,
 Through shade, through sunshine,—yet so bright
 Was her young eye's uncloud'd light,
 That never such hath crossed my gaze,
 To break that spell of earlier days.

Like some bright star, she seems to shine,
 When my youth's dreams have lost with time,
 Much of their freshness; shining on,
 Midst alter'd feelings, fond hopes gone:
 I only know the lute's soft flow,

 Hung on her lips; and when I pray,
 My thoughts oft seek the long ago,
 Oft turn to her, so far away.

THERE IS A HEAVEN.

There is a heaven, or man hath liv'd in vain,
 Far, far beyond this transient globe of earth;
 And oh! there needs to be a strong belief,
 A permanent conviction of that truth,
 In those, who tread the paths of poverty;
 Who struggle with the frowns, and taunts, and sneers,
 Of those who rais'd a little, aowl on them;
 As if the poor, were outcasts born of Heaven:
 Else, how should they live on, unheed'd, spurn'd,
 Fore'd to believe their lowliness a curse:
 What else doth make the slight'd heart beat on?
 What succour's worth, neglected, and forlorn?
 The poets paint us, a sweet paradise,
 Amidst this vale of tears, a second heaven,
 Which they who seek desirously, might find,
 If they but curb'd that narrow selfishness,
 Which chills and withers up the heart's warm springs;
 If they but nourish'd, with a fostering care,
 Those precious germs, which Heaven hath planted
 deep
 In every human heart; but which the world
 And the world's rules, have ever tried to crush;
 If they but sought it with a simple truth,
 And a confiding spirit; if the love
 Of what is pure, and beautiful, and bright,
 Became a living spirit unto them,
 As on we stray, by some sweet waveless lake.

Through the soft moonlight, when the landscape
 sleeps;
 When nodding boughs seem whispering charmed tales,
 To waft us gently unto fairy-land;
 When thoughts of noble deeds come fitting by;
 When the heart turns it back to blessed dreams,
 Recounting much of good it strove to do,
 And sighs, because so little it hath done;
 When it doth feel the heavy sacrifice
 Of its own peace at times, were happiness
 (If not a duty), if it but relieved
 A fellow's misery, making light his gloom;
 Are we not *then*, and *there*, uprooting much
 Of the vile dross, the world hath gathered round us;
 Are we not nourishing a mood sublime?
 And shall we stay its promptings?

WELL, weep, for oh! "there's bliss in tears;"
 'Tis long since mine have ceas'd to flow;
 And they who shed them, ne'er can feel
 The withering blight of harrowing woe;
 Yes, yes, that gushing is relief,
 'Twill calm thy young, thy truthful heart;
 I know all thou hast borne for me,
 Yet, Geneveve, this night we part;
 To-morrow's sun shall rise and set,
 When I'll be on yon trackless sea;
 Thou, in thy happy home, with friends,
 When friends and home are far from me.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

It was a simple little child,
 Two years or more; and as it smil'd
 Upon her knee—its mother's knee,
 And laugh'd and jump'd right merrily,
 It tried to grasp the grapes that strung
 Above its head, in clusters hung.

And whilst unto that mother's gaze,
 The child turn'd up its smiling face:
 Though disappointed—struggling still,
 To gratify its thwarted will;
 I deem'd, indeed, that guile or art
 Was far remov'd from that young heart.

Not in its dark-blue laughing eye
 Could I discern iniquity;
 I only felt, as standing there,
 That years had wrapt me round with care;
 How sinless was that cherish'd child
 To him who watch'd it as it smil'd.

TO —

Oh! never wake that simple strain,
 For I had deem'd the spell was broken,
 That reads anew this aching brain,
 Until thy voice to-night hath spoken.
 'Twere vain, to tell thee now of years,
 That glided on, through bliss and pleasure;
 And vainer far, to tell how tears
 Have dimm'd, since then, my spirit's measure.
 Her voice is in each tone of thine;
 Her galleless smile I trace in thee;
 But oh! thou hast not power to twine
 Fresh blossoms round the blighted tree.

FAREWELL TO FORTY-FIVE

ANOTHER year to the past is gone!
 Like the mountain stream, time hurries on;
 And its vapoury clouds are away, away,
 And the fleeting showers of its April day;
 And its wintry blast has sigh'd farewell
 To the forest tree, and the woodland dell.

Farewell, Forty-Five!—thy beams, that play'd
 On the mountain's brow, and the rocky glade,
 Are faded along with thy twilight hours,
 And leafless now are thy once green bowers;—
 Thou art gone, with the joy of the wild bird's tone,
 And, dirge-like, the wind through thy bare boughs
 moan.

Friends, who but lately smil'd, are fled,
 And have fallen asleep with their kindred dead;
 How many, now buoyant, in sunny bloom,
 May soon lie cold, in the silent tomb!
 How many an eye, that thou saw'st look bright,
 Past year! hath gone down to a dawnless night!

Farewell, Forty-Five! in thy Summer hour,
 I have seen thee adorn'd with the leaf and flower;
 Thy robe, the richest of earthly hue,
 And thy curtain, a shroud of the loveliest blue;
 And the spray from thy fountains, like the crystal gem,—
 All have faded away—thou art gone with them.

How many bright hopes, that came with thee,
 Were snatch'd away in their infancy!
 Shall coming sunlight a beam supply,
 To illumine the death-eclips'd eye?
 Has the whiten'd head of departed age,
 Not caused a blank on the new year's page?

Farewell, Forty-Five!—with thy vanish'd beams,
 We parted with hopes and with fairy dreams;
 Are our hearts as glad as when first we met?
 Is their joy unmix'd with a fond regret?
 Have no feelings taken a sterner tone,
 Or the breast been chill'd by long friendships gone?

What though we see not the smiles we've seen;
 Though we are not now where we late have been;
 Are no hopes in store for the coming hour?
 Will the sun not shine on the faded flower?
 Or will he, who is God of the mountain and flood,
 Not brighten the gloom, if it seem to Him good?

Farewell, Forty-Five!—if grief you brought,
 'Twas still with pleasure as amply fraught;
 Though some clouds were thine, they but dimm'd the
 ray
 Of too bright a sun; all have pass'd away:—
 Shall we pine, then, if lov'd things that came with
 thee,
 Have pass'd to a shoreless eternity?



THE JASMINE.

[It is said in tradition, that, in a garden in Tuscany, a Duke possessed the only flower of the Jasmine on earth; and that, having intrusted a florist to watch it, a stem was stolen away, which, being replanted, flourished, and spread over other countries. The Tuscans wear it, to this day, in their marriage ceremonies, and esteem it an emblem of fidelity.]

It chanced, within an eastern bower,
 There, 'gan to bloom a precious flower;
 A lonely gem, it flourished there,
 Watch'd by a florist's anxious care.
 There was but one on the wide earth,
 A solitary flower from birth;—
 It seem'd a frail and tender thing,
 Scarce fit to bear the breath of spring.
 Well was it watch'd that eastern flower,
 At morn—at noon—at evening's hour—
 When smiling spring came gaily on,
 And sunbeams on the flow'rots shone,
 It raised its drooping head, to be
 The emblem of fidelity.
 A Tuscan florist cull'd the flower,
 And rear'd it through its sickly hour;
 And, when the summer sunlight fell
 Upon the mountain heather-bell,

The Tuscan flower was in its pride—
 With one spare stem for Aliph's bride;
 For she alone seem'd meet to wear
 A gem so pure—a flower so rare;
 Alone seem'd worthy such a dower,
 As, then, they deem'd that matchless flower.
 The poet hath sung, in jocund gloe,
 "Where there are women, must mischief be:"
 The Tuscan florist was not yet old,
 Nor the circling blood in his veins grown cold;
 Well knew he the spell of a laughing eye,
 In the weary hour when awakes the sigh;
 And his comforter sped, when the evening horn
 Was heard o'er the valleys, by zephyrs borne,
 To this garden bower—now what does she there?
 Save to gaze on the flowers of Istakar?*

O'er beds of roses the maid hath bent,
 To her cheek, have those roses their blushes lent?
 She hath chosen her wreath; by a fairy grot,
 She hath girt it round with Forget-me-not:
 And she stops but to gaze on the shades that cling
 To that wreath of her own bright fancying:
 Amidst blossoms of many a form and hue,
 Fragrant and glowing, and bright to view,
 She hath placed a flower of little show,—
 A spotless thing, with a vest of snow:
 Oh! little deems she of the mischief done,
 Of a bright pearl lost, and a bright gem won!

* The name of the Duke who possessed the flower.

And woe to that florist, who kept watch
 there—
 Will that maiden soothe, what the wrong'd must
 bear!—
 Time fled, and spring came on again,
 And wild-flowers decked the mountain glen;
 The maid had given the flower to earth,—
 The Jasmine bloom'd in second birth.
 Years roll'd away—the Jasmine flowers
 Within our English garden bowers;
 And Tuscan ladies, to this day,
 In mind of her, who stole away
 The little gem, now have it worn
 Upon each happy bridal morn;—
 Like her who wore it by her side,
 That hour, she was the florist's bride—
 The same that, with the laughing eye,
 Beside the grot, looked smilingly.

 THE MONTH OF MAY.

You'RE very welcome, pretty May,
 The sweetest of them all;
 You look this morn, just as you'd say,
 "Good morning to you all!"

Pray mark that bud, this opening flower;
 Now don't they charm your sight?
 The birds are up this many an hour,
 In love with you—oh, quite!

The herd is friking o'er the lea,
 The stream is hard at play,
 In fact they seem to me, to be
 Quite taken with you, May.

The boy wout look into his book,
 The child wout stop its glee,
 And all because they've got a look,
 My pretty May, at thee.

How graceful in your morning gown,
 (To them who don't drink deep,)
 But fact is, many folks in town
 Don't go till morn, to sleep.

You need'nt talk 'bout April's breath,—
 I'm sure I'm glad she's gone,
 The blast'ring mixx; for in good faith,
 She nipt me to the bone.

You'll what, you say? you'll soon be off—
 Well, but you needn't say it;
 That cap of dying winter doff,
 And we'll go, May, and may it.

And what's the use of talking, pray,
 'Bout autumn's fading flowers,
 And yellow leaves? good sooth, sweet May,
 You want me to the bowers.

Look, there's welcome mistress swallow,
 Skimming over lake and lea;
 See her lovers how they follow!
 Wheeling round her in their glee.

Thus tripping it at eventide
 Along the village green;
 When every lad has by his side,
 His little village queen.

We will court you; and at twilight,
 By the vale, too, and the hill;
 Ay,—if seen but through the skylight,
 Why! we can't but "love you still."

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED ON READING PHILIP'S
LIFE OF CURRAN.

SAD picture too; and yet where'er we turn
Have all we meet with, not had much to mourn;
In the full vigour of maturer years,
What doubts and hopes are ever chasing fears;
Trusting when dapp'd, still hoping to be blest,
Revolving years oft leave a troubl'd breast:
And standing there, where all indeed must stand,
On the dread brink of that far better land,
Who hath not felt how little worth were all
The joys and pleasures, we would scarce recal.

And Curran, from the crowd of gay composers,
Oft didst thou turn to dream of long-lost years?
From the gay board, where wit indeed was found,
Oft hast thou turn'd to seek that spot of ground,
To seek alone that sweet secluded spot,
Her resting-place, in death not much forgot.
And thou didst weep! ay, tears indeed did flow!
No half-forc'd gushings, shed so oft for show;
Even in the zenith of thy worldly fame,
With wealth, belov'd, and with a stainless name,
'Midst much to cheer thy manhood in its flow,
Oft has thy heart confess'd its secret woe.
Ah! who could deem that, from such bright array
Of wit, and genius, he could turn away?

His not the faith with bigotry to feel,
To act the Christian ever was his zeal;
And what a picture is that faith's dark gloom,
Which scarce can see a heaven beyond the tomb;
Which deems this earth all evil—all therein
Under some ban—all virtuous acts but sin;
Which, with the Ruler of this mighty world,
Sees still the flag of ample vengeance fur'd.
That deems there is one form of faith alone,
Which finds acceptance before Mercy's throne!
Which must condemn, because men will not read
God's holy word, as councils have decreed;
Because men's reason, or their judgment err,
Shall they be doom'd to never-ending care?
He deem'd, indeed, religion was divine,
Its forms oft fram'd to suit a sect, or time;
Its healing influence, he believ'd, should throw
A light and sunshine over every woe.

Who hath not felt his almost magic dower
Of words, that harrow'd, when his voice and power,
Were raised to blast the cold seducer's name,
And hand it down to infamy and fame.
And when to him did injur'd virtue fly
To seek relief, and on him vain rely?

And still his country claim'd his deepest care,
Each wrong she suffer'd gave to him a share;
Each act, injustice o'er her millions, cast
Still on his heart, lay heavy to the last.

No young aspirant for forensic fame,
 E'er found in Curran, aught even hate could blame;
 The liberal patron, as the generous friend,
 Quick to forgive, as ready to befriend;
 In worldly matters, only not a child;
 Too easy led—by promise fair beguil'd;
 The poet, orator, and wit, alike
 Shone forth in him, his circle's true delight;
 The patriot's ardour, and the scholar's taste,
 In him by follies, never were defac'd.
 Gone is the look, all-eloquent, that woke
 The list'ner's wonder, as he stood and spoke:
 That eye of fire, that beam'd but to enhance
 The ferrid gushings of his eloquence;
 The sweet, persuasive voice that charm'd and gave
 The spell-bound hearer, for the while, his slave;

The ferrid breathings for his country's weal,
 For injur'd worth his never cold appeal,
 All, all are gone; and language can but give
 A feeble sketch of him, whose name shall live
 When theirs, who fill'd the purchas'd posts of trust,
 Shall be forgotten, 'mid their mouldering dust.

It was my lot, some years ago, to stand
 Beside thy shell, and lay on it my hand;
 And as I felt its crumbling fibres fall
 Beneath my touch, what thoughts did it recall?
 I felt a pride, (since 'twas but due to thee,)
 To know thy mould should mix'd with Erin's be:

I felt, indeed, as standing by thy dust,
 Thy course was honest, and thy deeds were just;
 That youths thy example well might emulate,
 In crouching not, poor hirelings, of the great.
 In dang'rous days, thy voice, unaw'd, arose
 The scourge of them who prov'd thy country's foes;
 In peril's hour, 'twas thine to fire the brand
 Which since hath gleam'd o'er thy benighted land:
 Neglected, mark'd, it was thy fate to strive,
 When pension'd menials seem'd alone to thrive.

TO ——

Oh! never cross my path again;
 I scarce should heed a thing so vain:
 Thy love? a curse! with which would spring
 The seeds of early withering:
 Mock not! thy nature grows but hate;
 Seem not to feel what vice hath chill'd;
 Nor let those snake eyes imitate
 That love which virtuous breasts hath thrill'd.
 Oh! if thou look'st to be forgiven,
 Ask mercy from offended heaven;
 For the deep misery thou hast brought,
 The ruin, thy revenge hath wrought:
 But never cast thy serpent eye,
 Its glist'ning is hate's intensity,—
 Again, on woman's—for, oh! 'twould perish
 What thy selfish ends, might wish to cherish.

I LAID MY PLEUGH.

I LAID my pleugh aent the dyke;
I gied my pownie, bod, and bite;
And down the glen, right cheerily,
I hasten'd to the trysting tree.

As out I gaed, suntu Peg I saw,
But deil a word said I ava;
Sae out I trudg'd right cannille,
I guess'd sweet Nan wad waitin' be.

It was na day, it was na night,
'Twas just the gloamin's sossie light,
That show'd me Nan's dark e'en o' gray,
As down we tripp'd the craigy brae.

"It mair na be," in turn, she said,
"I'll na gang hame, to auld aunt Peg;
My minnie's cot," she said, "is sma',
But Jamie, lad, I've taubl' her a'."

"We'll tent the kye on Logan's braes,
Fu' short I'll be our simmer's days;
Ye'll crack to me, 'gin ye come in,
As by the cozie hearth I spin."

I gied her convoy down the glen,
Her minnie bid me welcome ben;
Dear has that night been sin', to me,
I woo'd beneath the trysting tree.

TILLY LIDDELL.

TILLY LIDDELL staps in Fife—
A merry lass is she; I warn ye—
Tho' in her teens, she's a promis'd wife,
So swains beware, or her e'en may harm ye.
Dilly dally, tyrell laddie,
Hi an ho, for Tilly Liddell.

As simmer's day, the story gae,
As she was bathin' in a fountain,
A shepherd laddie scis'd her claes,
And on her hamely nag was mountin'.
Dilly dally, &c.

"My bonnie lad, 'gin ye'll be kin',
Lae'e down the claes, an' I'll get on me;
Then baith can ride, I'll gang behin',
And you afore, can hand the pownie."
Dilly dally, &c.

They came unto her father's ha',
 A wa o' stane was round about it;
 "Now hand ye here, an' I'll awa
 An' open the gate; ye need na doubt it."
 Dilly dally, &c.

She bang'd it to, and the bar was stout;
 So she keek'd thro' the wicket, an' laugh'd at
 him,—
 "I'm thinkin', lad, ye're the fool without,
 And may-be, I'm na the fool within."
 Dilly dally, &c.

RESPONSE TO MISS FRANCES BROWN'S LINES,

ENTITLED

"THE FIRST."

I CANNOT think so: early youth
 Hath passions, deep and strong;
 But the tried hearts were found all true
 To riper years belong.
 Sweet may, indeed, her memory be
 That boyhood lov'd the first,
 But the blessedness of life is she,
 Our manhood's love hath nurs'd.

Our first-born joy, what's left of it?
 Our first cares, do they last?
 Are there not summer flowers as sweet?
 As those of summers past?
 Hath life no gladness to bestow?
 As bright as that we nurs'd
 In earlier years? and do we know
 No joyance like our first?

And find we not in manhood's prime
 The depths of woman's heart?
 A holy temple it—a shrine
 Whose love, cares cannot thwart;
 What is youth's early love at best?
 To that deep feeling nurs'd,
 When manhood's home with her is blest,
 The best lov'd, not the first.

THE HOUSEHOLD WRECK.

THREE were three in that household, in days now gone;

A kind old man, o'er whose temples strewn,
Were a few thin hairs of silvery gray,
—Frosted and whiten'd by time's decay.—
A young fair girl, on whose thoughtful face,
Was the look of love, and the smile of grace;
In the depths of whose deep and dark blue eye,
Was the wak'ning of song and of poetry.
The third of that group was a restless boy,
The pride of that father, that sister's joy:
You have seen the child, when it scarce could part
From the cherish'd plaything that charm'd its heart;
But whilst half'd into slumber, has held it, press'd
With many a kiss, to its happy breast;
Far dearer than all, to that child so young,
Was that father's joy in his only son.

I came again, at the leaf's decay:
At the calm, clear noon of an autumn day,
In the sober silence of lonely thought,
I had felt the deep lessons that time had taught;
That the joy of to-day, might not gladden to-morrow;
That the echo of mirth oft is prelude to sorrow;
How the quick step of youth, with its tread full of
glee.

Might be chang'd for the footsteps of reverie.
I thought of the changes that years might bring;
How fondly that girl to the past might cling,
As years hurried onward; how false might prove
To her trusting bosom the breath of love;
How that son might wander, in search of wealth,
And return to that home, in pursuit of health;
I thought of that old man, if she were gone,
Whose voice should echo her silver tone?
Whose smile should lighten that old man's heart?
Bid the blighted hopes of the past depart?

I stood by that ruin, yet not alone;
The boy, from that household hearth had gone;
Long years had pass'd, and he stood once more
By the home of his childhood, his wanderings o'er.
As the setting beams of the autumn sun,
O'er that ruin'd mansion, in beauty shone,
And where was she, in that hour of care?
His sister, so long'd for, his hopes to share.
It were folly to hide from that son, the fame,
The world had thrown o'er that sister's name;
Oh! curs'd be the villain, whose perjuring art
Had left with her father a desolate heart.
Short tho' her story, 'tis one of truth,
Of that blackness of passion, that poison's youth:
Of that villain baseness, that smiles to win,
Then leaves its victim, the child of sin;
Of the trustful bosom, by anguish riven:
Of the young, warm heart, from its fond home driven.

To buffet the scorn of each passion slave,
To long for the rest of a nameless grave.

I saw her again, in the twilight shade,
Kneel, where that father and son were laid;
Where nought but a simple name did tell
The tenants that slept in that lonely cell.
She had come to weep o'er their narrow bed,
Whom she shunn'd when living, and mourned, though
dead;

The world had deem'd her base passion's slave,—
She had come to weep o'er her father's grave.
Could it be, that woman's heart had grown,
To kindness dead, as the senseless stone?
That it own'd no feelings of former years,
When her heart's first sorrows were sooth'd by tears;
And deem ye not, as she linger'd there,
Alone and neglected; with few to share
Her heavy misery; o'er her stealing,
There came no thoughts, touch'd by holy feeling;
That apart, from the scenes of her earlier days,
She might turn her, a pilgrim, to virtue's ways.

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON BOWAN.

His mind, with classic lore imbued,
A heart that prized his country's good;
The first to raise the patriot brand,
When rose the valiant of the land.
Fair freedom traced his name on history's page,
Her bravest knight in youth, her steadiest friend in age.

WALSINGHAM.

EARL, thy name hath long been as a term
Reproachful; let us deem thy bright
Auspicious day is dawning; that the germ
Of peace is quick'ning in thee; that thy night
Of sorrow and misrule, for aye have pass'd:
Hath harsh oppression marr'd not thy bloom?
Oh! may no statesman's tactics ever cast
On thy now cheering promise, shade of gloom.

What if we mourn the brave, who strove in vain
Against oppression? had they not much cause?
They had been heroes, had the struggle's gain
Been theirs; they lost it—'gainst their country's
laws
Did they turn rebels? can a fickle die
Make justice, then, so wavering a thing?
Must men be patriots but in victory?
And can chance, then, or shame, or glory bring?

Are men now silenc'd? speaks no fearless voice,
 For freedom, liberty, and right, to scan
 A senate's actions? shall men not rejoice
 In having justice dealt them? And shall man
 Submissive yield, what should be ever dear?
 And far above all censure, his best reasonings?
 Shall man trample his fellow? and what fear
 Should stay that voice, which unto justice clings?

ROWAN, thy name lives in thy country's wrongs;
 Thy voice is hushed, and dull'd thine eagle eye;
 Breathes not the spirit of thy country's songs
 Of cold neglect, and heartless tyranny?
 Where be the monuments they've rear'd to thee,
 And other names? but in her history's page,
 Midst her sad annals; where indeed to be,
 Is to continue honour'd, age by age.

Thy faith, was not the zealot's burning seal,
 Misjudging ill, its object, as its will;
 Thine not the faith, with bigotry to feel,
 Or doom thy brother, though a Christian still.
 Thy tenets were the principles, which flow
 From chaster'd feelings; nor were they less true
 Than those school dogmas, which alas! would show
 No hope of mercy, save unto the few.

How many they! firm, generous, and sincere,
 (We shall not say they wisely agitato)!

Who yield thee, Erin, even now the tear;
 Whose acts to-day, might once have sealed their
 fate;
 Oh! ne'er may civil discord mar this land;
 Ne'er may its people have just cause to blame:
 Thy sons against each other, raise the brand,
 Or fan their discontentments, into flame.

THE BEACH.

I stood upon the beach, a crowd was there
 Of human beings; 'twas a summer's eve;
 Unruffled by a breath, the waters lay,
 And the last sunbeams of the setting sun
 Had cast their mantle, o'er the azure deep;
 And as they faded, tint by tint, away,
 How like they seem'd to many a bosom there,
 To picture its own feelings; as these rays grew less,
 Now almost faded, seem'd they not too like
 To the departing joys, and fading-hopes.
 So many felt, upon that crowded beach
 The traveller stood upon the spacious deck,
 Scarce seeming to take note of those around,
 Save when they stayed his progress, by delay,
 To somewhere else; seemingly not moved
 To part from men and places; since, to come and go,

Had been to him long habit; and to seek
 New faces, and new scenes, and newer friends,
 Had been to him the usage of long years.
 A father and his son; pale, but not ill, the boy,
 Though delicate, and somewhat nigh eighteen;
 So young, to leave the fond roof, where so oft
 His footsteps bounded; to seek another hearth,
 So different from that one, of happy boyhood!
 And as that father clasped his child, and gave
 His parting blessing, I could see, indeed,
 The tears come to his eyes. The boy was fair,
 And many bright hopes were in store for him,
 When time should bring him to his home again;
 They parted; might that home, so cherish'd,
 So belov'd, not lose its charm, as absence,
 Or new friends, or places strange, or time,
 Might change the current of his earlier thoughts?—
 And, pacing anxiously that vessel's deck,
 A mother, and her hope, her only child,
 And well nigh womanhood; upon whose cheek
 A sickly hue had settl'd. She goes forth,
 To tarry amidst strangers, seeking health—
 It may be, peace of mind, and ease of heart;
 For sorrow spareth not the loveable,
 But combats rather with earth's gentlest ones.
 See, in that cabin, those young stalwart forms;
 The punch is mingled, the cigars are lit;
 For pleasure they, exuberant of mirth—
 A fortnight's leisure, then again, for toil—
 Why should they check the joyance of their hearts?

Within due measure, let it freely flow;
 Such freedom, from the hackney'd course of life;
 Such snatches, from the city's dull routine,
 Are scarce fair 'lowance, for a twelvemonth's toil.
 And see, beside yon loof, a noisy band,
 With well tried shearing-hooks, encas'd in straw;
 Forms fram'd for toil, oft tillers of a patch
 Which scarce can yield them homeliest sustenance:
 And seeing them, might not the thoughts arise,
 That the world's goods are scarcely well divided;
 That wealth hath much of power for good or ill;
 That where much comes, there should be much of
 good.

All now is hurrying; it is come, the hour—
 The parting hour—and soft eyes have o'erflow'd,
 And sterner ones have soften'd; she goes forth—
 The good ship—like a strong and mett'd steed,
 With slacken'd rein: how different are the views
 Which cross those wand'ers, on that trackless path!
 Their plans, their projects, feelings, and their hopes:
 What bright anticipations gladden some!
 What blessed hopes, what fancies, and what thoughts!
 Shall the reality enchant them more?
 What fears, what doubts, encompass others there!
 What heart-aches, what regrettings!

THE BARD OF ETRICK TO HIS HARP.

WHEN many an anxious year had fled,
 And cares seem'd thick'ning round my head;
 When few beheld the shepherd boy,
 Amidst his rude, and wild employ;
 When scarce of hope, one cheering ray,
 Was lent to soothe my weary way;
 When scarce had eighteen summers thrown
 Their shadows o'er me, and my home,
 I found thee in the Bracken glen,
 Far from the crowded haunts of men;
 Sought moorland, heath, and shaggy dell,
 To listen to thy wild notes swell.
 Left to myself to be my guide,
 With little skill, and less of pride.
 I took the path of busy life,
 And found it girt with cares and strife.
 I scarce can tell, if magic wrought
 Along thy chords, so quick they caught
 My spirit's fire; as in some trance,
 When stretch'd upon my Highland heather,
 I thought there came before my glance,
 Twin geni of my land together:
 The one was clad in mountain green;
 The wild harp to her arm was clinging;
 And aye her silver tones, I ween,
 Upon my ear are sweetly ringing.

THE BARD OF ETRICK TO HIS HARP. 215

A young fair form, in whose pensive eye,
 Was the wak'ning of song and of poesy;
 And she seem'd to me then, as she seems to me
 now,
 With her gentle bearing, and marble brow,
 A being to love, and one to follow,
 Amidst men so cold, and friendships so hollow;
 For hers, are the lessons, the gifted, prize,
 And they waken a spirit, which never dies;
 And her teachings are glimpses of holy truth,
 The dreamings, which charm us in early youth.
 And methought there was pride, and a look of
 disdain,
 In the look of that other, who stood by her
 side,
 As if saying, "Her promptings, I warn you, are
 vain,
 Follow me, and I'll lead you to splendour and
 pride;
 Wealth and power shall flow from your efforts,
 I trow,
 And commerce, her garland, shall twine round
 thy brow;
 But my pathways are far from the mountain and
 dell,
 And my labours unlike what this spirit can tell."

The charm was o'er, the trance was gone;—
 I've wander'd forth, but not alone;

My harp is o'er my shoulder hung;
 My tartan plaid is round me flung;
 My fearless heart, well trimm'd to bear
 Of human ills, its certain share,
 With thy sweet aid, shall battle all
 The cares, that may around me fall.
 Thy strains shall soothe, should friends forget;
 Thy harmless joys yield no regret;
 The guileless heart hath ever lov'd
 The feelings, thy pure strains have mov'd.

On Yarrow's bras, no sunbeams fell;
 The winds kept sighing through the dell;
 The quivering boughs, (their leaves now strown),
 Sigh'd to the breeze, fast hurrying on,
 As forth, with buoyant heart, my way
 I bent along the banks of Tay.
 I left the vale, where oft I stray'd,
 The bracken heath, the tang'd glade,
 The flocks to wander o'er the hill,
 To seek, with thee, through good and ill,
 My mountain harp (and rustic still)
 Edina's seat; and much, I ween,
 The pilgrim gaz'd upon that scene.

The shepherd boy has met, since then,
 His country's great and gifted men;
 Uncouth, unpolish'd (haply rude),
 I've held me on, and ne'er subdued.

I scarce am young; I'm chang'd, alas!
 (And much of late) from what I was;
 I've found my dreams, too bright to last;
 And much that charm'd me once, can cast
 Now, little gladness round my way;
 Yet come, my Lyre, be thou my stay;
 Thy strains can soothe the minstrel's heart;
 We've long been friends; we ne'er shall part.

TO MY LYRE.

Now fare thee well; oft on the past,
 My thoughts have turn'd, and oft with pain;
 Thy notes have sooth'd my saddening hour,
 And grief hath own'd thy secret power,
 When promis'd joys prov'd vain.

I found thee harsh—I leave thee so—
 I've woo'd thee for thy soothing joy;
 Amidst a world, so prone to pride,
 Where envy mocks, and fools deride,
 I found in thee a youthful toy.

I lov'd thee, for that peace thou gav'st,
 Midst friendships chill'd, and bright hopes
 chang'd;

I've watch'd my early dreams depart;
 Have known the tongue belie the heart.
 And youth's warm feelings, be estrang'd.

Midst happy thoughts by fancy given,
 I've pass'd some hours of youth away;
 Have sought apart the mountain dell;
 Have sat me, where the wild waves swell,
 And deem'd myself as free as they.

I've known the feelings most have felt,—
 Ay, felt them in life's early prime;
 Have only felt with years, but less
 Of all that promis'd happiness,
 Which charm'd my youth's bright summer
 time.

Yet fancy's but a wayward nurse,
 Oft apt to spoil the child, she'd cherish;
 And wisdom's light burns oft afar
 From him, whose guide is fancy's star;
 His dreamings all too fleetly perish.

Oh, do not check the enchanting dreams,
 Which crown with bliss, youth's joyous day;
 Life—busy life—full soon shall quell
 The youthful bosom's rapturous swell;
 Its blessed thoughts too soon decay.

Time, shall full many a hope dispel;
 And mingling with the human crowd,
 Shall crush the joys of many an hour,
 No after years shall e'er have power,
 To draw forth from their shroud.

Change still works change; in later years
 We'll turn to childhood's happier day;
 Well may we mourn its witching dreams,
 Its hopes, its visions, and its scenes,
 So soon have pass'd away.

And when those early dreams are fled,
 How fondly do we wander back
 To joys, that never can return,
 From out their dim, sepulchral urn;
 To trace again youth's happy track.

I've lov'd thee long, perchance too well;
 But active life hath bade me string
 My thoughts, to other chords than thine,
 Yet never thoughts so sweet, shall time
 My days of manhood bring.

Now fare thee well, my russet harp,
 A toy thou'st been to me;
 Yet deem I not as vain, the hour
 I bow'd beneath thy mast'ring power,
 From weightier follies free.

Whilst others, lull'd with revel's sounds,
But only scorn'd the simple lay;
Thou'st been my secret joy and pride,
"My more than friend;" thy flowing tide
Of tones, lead few astray.

THE END.