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POWER OF THE

OR

THE
BOWER OF SPRING.

THE
BOWER OF SPRING,

WITH OTHER

POEMS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF THE PARADISE OF COQUETTES,

“ IT VER ET VENUS.”

EDINBURGH:

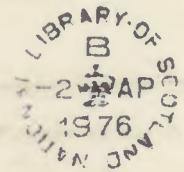
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TO WOMAN.

WITH many a relative and social name,
How fondly oft has glow'd the votive page!
Or pride, half-timid, there the sheltering fame
Has woo'd of titled Patron, or the Sage :—
But, dearer than them all, is left for me
One honour'd name ; and blest the page may be,
First vow'd to that high worth, O Woman ! vowed to
thee.

A grateful look if Memory backward cast,

Or Hope the tributary praise endear,

Thou sure are worthiest,—gladd'ner of the past!

Thou worthiest,—light of every future year!

What pleasure, like the joy thy smiles have shed?

What hope, like that which seems again to spread

Those living smiles around, that bless'd me ere they
fled?

Yet, ah! no meed of glory to bestow,—

Well can I feel, not laud, each charm divine;

Too proud, if kindling from my lyre there glow

A moment's gladness, like one glance of thine:—

Yet O! still prouder, if, while softly gay

My votive numbers glide, thou deign to say,

“ It is my bard who sings,—Come, listen to his
lay!”

PREFACE.

“THE Bower of Spring,” though in verse, is destined to unfold one of the most profound discoveries that have been made in the Philosophy of Nature.

How backward are our Summers now, compared with those of the good old times before us!—How much longer in duration

are our fashionable Winters!—It seems strange, that these two propositions should have been repeated over and over again by the same lips, innumerable times; and yet that nobody should have thought of putting them together, in their proper order, as cause and effect. The beautiful link, which binds them thus powerfully in mutual relation, had not then, however, been discovered. But it is now discovered; and with the pride of the Sage of Syracuse, I may exclaim, “I have found it.”

An apple falls to the ground:—The Planets do not fly away from the Sun.—When

one of the very few Sages, worthy of being named with the Syracusan, had put these two propositions together, he could have no peace of mind, till he had written a Quarto Volume, to tell the world the mighty secret, that he had done so. My secret is not less important; and I am content with teaching it in a few dozen of verses.

I trust, however, that the philosophic readers, who are to honour my theory with their attentive consideration, will not think the worse of the certainty of my "PRINCIPIA," on account of the axiomatic brevity with which they are unfolded; but will do me

the justice to admit, that there is as much sound philosophy in my short poem, as in many of the most subtile disquisitions that are addressed to the scientific ears of Royal Societies, or in hundreds and thousands of the pages of larger Treatises which have been written to demonstrate that *What is is*, —and certainly far more than in the still greater number of volumes, which have laboured as indefatigably to prove, that *That is which is not*.

One advantage my system, compared with the Apple Theory of NEWTON, evidently possesses,—that it is, or may be ren-

dered, more immediately practical. The Planets will continue to revolve as they have revolved, and our tides to ebb and flow as they have ebbed and flowed, whether we demonstrate their movements, or never say or write a word upon the matter. But Woman is a reasonable being; and when she finds, that she has been a cause of so much physical evil, of which she never dreamed, she has too much kindness of heart to make any long delay in changing the circumstances that have made her unintentionally so mischievous.

There is one bad effect, indeed, that may possibly arise from the light which I have

thrown on the meteorology of the Seasons ; and I confess that my fear of this, at one time made me almost reluctant to communicate my discovery to the very respectable Body of Country Gentlemen, who do us the honour of providing us with laws and with bread. Our fashionable Winters are long, in a great measure, because our Parliaments rise less early ; and when our agricultural legislators find, that, the longer their wives and daughters remain in town, the dearer will be the price of wheat in Windsor Market, there may be some fear, that our adjournments and our London Winters will be rendered still later, and perhaps even that

a bill may be brought in, to render it penal to retire to the country before the middle of July, or at least before a given time, corresponding with a parallel scale of prices according to the returns from Mark-Lane, regularly transmitted to the Opera House, and there set to music, and sung by the principal singer, at the conclusion of the ballet. I trust, however, a good deal in the well-known moral independence of Fashion, that disdains to be shackled in any case by the vulgar phrases of the statute-book; and I trust still more in the power of those imperial smiles, whose influence on the Seasons I sing, and before which I know that

legislators, who look with disdain on every other sort of opposition, must ultimately bend in acquiescence, content to be charmed and to obey.

THE
BOWER OF SPRING.

THE
BOWER OF SPRING.

YE vainly curious Sages, who delight
To watch the Seasons, in their circling flight,—
For this, arrest each cloud's uncertain form,
And count the bolts that flash along the storm ;
Point the far-darting telescope, to trace
Each spot that dimples on the Sun's broad face ;
Or bend o'er tubes, whose ponderous fluids tell
Ethereal secrets, as they sink or swell ;

Searchers of fire and ocean, earth and air,
On Woman look,—and find all wisdom there!

Ycs! to her smile, still paramount, since Heav'n
The sweet dominion of our globe has giv'n,
Think not, the laws, its clements obey,
Can e'er be foreign to her sovereign sway.

Ev'n now, while scarce the vernal sun can peer
Thro' wintry vapours of the lagging year,
Studious of alter'd Nature's chiller skies,
Scan ye the liquid silver, slow to rise?
Vain, vain on Mercury the watch ye set,
If Venus, mighty Venus, ye forget.

List, then ! If ever beamy form more fair
Have touch'd your hearts, than sphere or cubic square ;
And when soft Algebra her pages decks
With many a tender y and graceful x ,
Ye almost deem a glance which crowds adore
Sweet as the formula on which ye pore ;
Your magic numbers, wizard scrawls, discard,
And learn profounder science from the bard,—
Best mysteries, which he who solves will find
No riddle in dark Nature left behind !

Poet of Woman, from the charms, that knew
My earliest lays, all other lore I drew.
Whoe'er, like me, from infancy's first dream,
Has giv'n him studious to that dearest theme ;

Watch'd the close bosom of the fair, and sought
The sweet recesses of her coyest thought ;
Where others deem'd caprice, with sager skill
Found the new reason, that had rul'd her will,—
Some wish half-form'd, from little whimsies grown,
Dark to herself, and mark'd by him alone,
Or strife of passions, where the eddying heart
Thinks all but hate, nor knows that love has part ;—
Whoc'er, with practis'd eye, has to their springs
Trac'd these least visible of mortal things,
Learns, from that world ethereal, to behold
Powers, Virtues, Essences, of purer mould,
Till quickening vision, finer and more fine,
From charms half-heavenly rises to divine.
Light sunny forms Air's peopled mazes yield,
Which lens of sage, or mirror, ne'er reveal'd.

What, thro' the subtle microscope more dim,
Was a dull mass, is busy life, to him :—
Shape after shape the countless atoms pour ;
And, Woman seen, all else is gloom no more.

Mine is that mystic vision.—To my sight
Whate'er she feels, or sweetly feigns, is bright ;
Nor e'er to fondest worshipper was giv'n
A glance more cloudless of that inward heav'n.—
List then, ye dull-eyed Seers ! and learn the while,
How Spring has frown'd upon our alter'd Isle !

'Twas April's middle reign,—yet cold, at dawn,
Eve's frozen dew-drops sparkled o'er the lawn :
Faintly they sparkled ; for the misty air
Gave but a few scant beams, to glitter there.

The grove was leafless :—scarce the hawthorn cast
Its shivering buds, half-blighted, to the blast ;
And by the rill's warm edge, along the glade,
Just peep'd the primrose from its broomy shade.
High up the wooded bank, above the swell
Of the broad rock, that half-way clos'd the dell,
I stray'd, oft lingering.—Sudden, through the gloom
Flush'd round me, as I trod, a waste of bloom.
'Twas now the cowslip's gentle glow ; now mix'd
Mild hyacinths their pensile bells betwixt,
And cluster'd o'er my step ;—profuse, not coy,
From full proud tufts the violets breath'd their joy :
While, o'er the runnel, that with viewless tide
Scarce murmuring, trickled down the shelvy side,
The lily, as to grace some ample flood,
Spread its broad leaves, and op'd its glowing bud.

Above was answering sweetness.—Flaunting gay,
Where flower-bent lilacs over-arch'd my way,
Kind woodbine o'er the stem its wreaths had thrown,
And dew'd the bloom with fragrance not its own.
Then roses met me, budding;—short advance
Gave the full blossoms kindling on my glance;
And, as I gaz'd, each moment to my view
A brighter blush o'er all the branches grew.
Wondering I look'd around.—The narrowing bower
Seem'd the fair haunt of some ethereal Power:
And as I stoop'd the downward sprays to press,
That, mantling, almost hid the close recess,
Soft tremor o'er me glided,—not the awe
Which says, High Might is here;—Withdraw, with-
draw,—

But a sweet reverence, that forbade to fly,
And seem'd to say, A gentle Power is nigh.

I enter'd.—There, 'mid every soft perfume
Which dewy vale e'er wafted, couch'd in bloom,
A youthful form reclin'd. His beamy rod,
And lucid wings, proclaim'd the Vernal God.
No plumes those many-colour'd wings unroll'd,
But thousand petals bloom'd from every fold ;
And, as he shook them thro' the kindling air,
Seem'd like his couching flowers, still hovering there.
The Wand, that lay neglected by his side,
Glow'd with a torch-like radiance bright and wide ;
And where it brightest pointed, in its ray
Buds swell'd, and blossoms burst from every spray.

Joy thrill'd me, gazing.—At my entering tread,
The Power half started from his bloomy bed.
He smil'd ; and O that sparkling smile to meet!—
The glance, I long had worshipp'd, scarce so sweet.
'Twas like a kindling life ;—and while it burn'd,
All boyhood's freshness o'er my heart return'd.

“ Fear not,”—he cried, with voice so soft to hear,
Enough the very sound to banish fear.

“ No wrathful Demon, I.—Thy joys, thy woe,
The tenderest wishes of thy soul I know.

One sadness ours.—Nay, wonder not, I pine
With the same grief, and mingle plaints with thine.

“ Thou seest my realm all desolate ;—how chill
The sunless mist, that creeps from hill to hill.

Bright is the faithful orb above ; but Earth
 Asks mightier power, to wake each vernal birth,
 Where once, glad-hovering on the mountain gale,
 I shook my flaming sceptre o'er the vale,
 Now all one flowerless waste below, on high
 One gloom thou seest;—and *thou* canst marvel why !

“ O dull and worthless of such fond regard !
 Thou, more than Beauty's worshipping,—her bard,
 Whose lyre's proud claim her grateful smiles aver,—
 Seek'st thou, for Nature's change, a cause, but her ?

“ Know—but thou sure hast known—when Earth
 was dress'd
 In youthful beauty, for her loveliest guest,

The Power, who form'd for that delightful shade
Man, and the queenly smile which Man obey'd,
Conscious, how quick would throb her answering heart
At each new charm, but O how quick to part!
Spread, lavish of fresh bliss, in Nature's range,
Not joy alone, but joy's enlivening change,
And bade the Seasons shift the circling view,
Till all which charm'd before again was new.

“ Of the glad rulers of this restless sphere,
Who deck for those lov'd eyes the varying year,
Thou mark'st who long was happiest;—the proud fate
Of glory mine, sole trusted,—to create:
For Summer waits my gifts.—From me were born,
What other Seasons toil but to adorn.

Ah ! once how sweet the power to call from death
The Year's young gladness, kindling into breath,
Fair as the infant Hour, at Morn's soft light
That starts, rejoicing, from the arms of Night !
In vain the rill, its song and prattle lost,
Chain'd into silence, own'd the tyrant Frost :
The glistening bands I touch'd, and instant freed,
The little warbler laugh'd along the mead.
As vain the rage of withering storms, that toro
The vale's last blooms, and bade it smile no more,
While o'er the cliff the leaf-stript boughs that hung,
Seem'd rugged, as the steep to which they clung ;
Vain,—for my wand scarce glitter'd, when, as fair,
More than they crush'd, again was blooming there.
Where'er I trod, or look'd, or breath'd, the ground
Was dewy light, and odours flow'd around ;

And branch with branch high-rustled, in gay strife,
As if the very rocks wav'd green with life.

“ Dear was that time,—for Beauty lov'd and sought
My dells and bowers, and gaz'd on all I wrought ;
Nor only gaz'd :—From Nature's smile there stole
A softer, kinder gladness on her soul,
That, while it shar'd, still felt in every bliss,
How sweet to be the source of joy like this !

“ O ! when, in morn's last hours, along the glade,—
That yet, half darkling in the upland's shade,
Gave but its highest pathway to the Sun,
Which groves and plains and heav'ns wide sweep had
won,—

Some youthful charmer to that upward way
Has climb'd, and smil'd to breathe the sunny ray,
Or, on the lowly wild-rose glad to view
The Year sweet promise of its blooms renew,
Felt, as she stoop'd that earliest bud to seek,
Its backward-starting dewdrop on her cheek,—
Who, who could deem, mid heaven's ethereal light,
And cloudless airs as bland, and tints as bright,
Alone her bosom caught no softening power,
Pure as what sparkled from the humid flower.

“ How chang'd !—No more those eyes so tender hail
My earliest step descending o'er the vale.
Hills, meads, and woods, my empire gladly own ;
But she, who made that empire sweet, is flown :—

Myself, while winter's ruins I repair,
More desolate, than all I cherish there.

“ In the thick City's smoke, can Beauty find
A charm,—a solace for the charms resign'd?
When, at soft noon, the river,—that had glow'd,
A flood of sunshine, dazzling as it flow'd,—
Bent, where the wood-hung rocks its course forbid,
Sinks into sweeter shade, oft seen, oft hid,
And airs so fresh are flowing, that on high
Their very breath would tell of waters nigh;—
While thro' the air a thousand warblings run,
And many a wing is glittering to the sun,
And on some shelter'd slope, where hillocks meet,
Glad echo answers to the lamb's first bleat,—

O ! loves she rather than such gloom, as falls
Where the same windows front the same dull walls,—
To see new weary idlers tread once more
The mud or dust, which crowds had trod before,
Or the gay chariot loiter, as it waits
Some fool she scorns, or envious flirt she hates,—
Or in the Park, where slow-drawn coaches pass,
And all is worsted-lace, and trees, and grass,
Of dusty verdure, 'twixt bright liveries seen,
Just snatch enough, to know that groves are green !

“ Yet, sometimes, not forgetful of the shade,
She calls my blooms, her feeble pomps to aid.
Then, from the hall, gay bowers the myrtle weaves,
And powder'd lackeys half are lost in leaves ;

Thro' full saloons, or where the dancer flies,
And a fair world of chalk in chaos dies,
The tow'ring orange flames, with roses mixt,
And gems and nodding feathers flash betwixt.
Vain artifice ! Can hues and odours, pour'd
'Mid essenced crowds, or on the steamy board,
Recall the simple vale, where violets drink
Sweet dews, and glisten o'er the runnel's brink ?

“ A while, regardless of my earliest reign,
But few sad weeks she linger'd from the plain.
Ah ! then, tho' slow each wishful day had pass'd,
Still sure to see her smiling here at last,
I lov'd the more to brighten all, and greet,
With nature's sweetest pomp, that smile so sweet.

“But now—Thou know’st my sorrow. Need I tell
The cruel change, those eyes have mark’d too well?—
She comes not.—Weeks,—alas! long months are
o’er.—

My reign now passes ;—and she comes no more.
When summer half has dried each streamlet’s bed,
And all the freshness of the year is fled,
Then haply may she gaze on gaudier flowers,
Spent waterfalls, parch’d meads, and faded bowers ;
Till then, content to breathe as vernal air
The dusty zephyrs of a London Square.
Ev’n this she grants not.—Scornful of my claim,
She mocks, denies, my power, my very name ;
And while glad incense breathes from lawn, wood, hill,
She summons crowds,—and calls it Winter still.

“ O! canst thou wonder then, that, lost to joy,
Lost to the gaze which bless'd my proud employ,
I leave the snow-chill'd blasts still wandering cold,
Nor think of blooms, she deigns not to behold!
All now is dreary toil. Short flights I take,
And faint my half-averted torch I shake,
More glad, within my bower, from morn to morn
To rest,—than view what speaks but of her scorn.

“ O! had I suffer'd sole!—But she too, she,
A smiling victim, well might mourn with me.
' In town self-prison'd, what can meet her there,
But wealth's dull pomp, the tumult and the glare,—
Bright chambers, whose bright mirrors still prolong
Of guests succeeding guests the gaudy throng,—

Or plumes and robes in dazzling cars enshrin'd,
And flaunting steeds before, and slaves behind!
Who then can marvel—O! not thou, whose skill
Has trac'd each softness of her yielding will,—
If the gay glitter, where her eyes must rest,
Should live a glowing image in her breast,
And a proud pant should deem it happiest fate,
To shine, as other wretches shine, in state!

“ Pure was the kindling flame, when woodbine
wreath'd

The bower, where love's first secret sigh was breath'd,
And, in some tender walk, the stock-dove's tone,
Where love's first vow was whisper'd, mix'd its own.
No purpos'd studious fondness, taught to melt
In sighs half fore'd, and vows half feign'd, half felt,

'Twas Nature's breath,—one other voice,—a sound
In the wide harmony, that thrill'd around ;
And as, by shadowy woodland, where above
The branches hid some scarce-form'd nest of love,
Half listening to the murmur'd joy, she lay,
Half musing on a voice too far away,
Each tender wish, she cherish'd still and fed,
Was guileless as what warbled o'er her head.
But, in proud routs, and ceaseless galas, plann'd
By busy Luxury's inventive hand,
Where rooms, and robes, and tones, and smiles, alike
Works of sage skill, have one great aim,—to strike;
What charm, in all that boundless reign of Art,
Shall save for Nature still the simple heart ?
Yet seems the heart to own a native flame ;
And Pride and Avarice steal a gentler name.

The panel, with gay coronet emboss'd,
 The four grey steeds, with golden trappings cross'd,
 The gems, that, destin'd on her brow to shine,
 Have grac'd of Countesses an honour'd line,
 The title, which in secret by her ear
 Self-heard, self-whisper'd, still is sweet to hear,—
 For these she throbs, and blushing while he kneels,
 Smiles on the Earl, and thinks 'tis love she feels.

“ And man, too, nurs'd mid noisy pomps to know
 The sole dear rapture of a life of show,
 Who thinks, as fools have thought, and would dismiss
 Ev'n joy, if Fashion never nam'd it bliss,—
 Hopes she *his* love, who rates a wedded fair,
 By envy's wishes, and the coxcomb's stare,
 And, when sweet smiles his step long-absent greet,
 Thinks but of other eyes, that call them sweet?

Ev'n if awhile, in tenderness begun,
A lovelike charm the melting heart have won,
Born amid throngs, the fondness, scarce avow'd,
Fades, with brief flutter, changeful like the crowd.

“ Ah ! warn her—for, tho' joyless now like me,
Soon happier, thou remain'st, her charms to see,
And while thy lay yet thrills, she may regard
In that soft hour her monitory bard,—
Say, if she scorn the semblance, and would glow
With that best joy, which but the faithful know,
Love, the fond Power which gentle bosoms hail, X
Haunts not the gorgeous city, but the vale.
O ! let her come, when first the gurgling tide,
That chilly sparkled down the mountain side,

Smiles, thro' the grassy dell's new blooms to gush,
And glows, and wonders at the sudden flush !
When all the air is life, and every wing
That flutters, seems of tender joy to sing,—
Then, with some youth, whose soul, by Nature bless'd,
The fairest works of Nature loves the best,
Once more let Beauty wander thro' my groves,
And a new heart shall kindle, as she roves.

“ No longer then thy sadden'd gaze in vain
Shall seek the glories of my ancient reign ;
For, kindling like her heart, as if it caught
New life, new lustre, from that softening thought,
Bright round her happy guest shall Nature bloom,
Quick sharer of my bliss, as of my gloom.

Thou seest my chaplet, wintry now and bare ;—
The pale cold snow-drop all that blossoms there !
But, warm, as garlanded of old my head,
There, at her dear return, shall roses spread.
That toreh, so languid now, again shall wave
Beneath her glance, with all the joy it gave,
Earth, to its mountain summits, laugh the while ;
And the wide year be gladness,—like her smile.”

THE
LANDSCAPE.

THE
LANDSCAPE.

SEE, Lucy, see!—He bursts in gladness forth;—
The clouds all melt around him. The bright Sun
Smiles, as if happy to behold once more
The Earth he blesses;—and delighted Earth,
As at a Father's glance of fond return,
Flings off the gloom that mantled her, and gay
Smiles upward to his smile.—How swiftly flit
The shadows o'er that mountain's rugged top!

The forest, as it rises from the breeze,
Far backward shakes them from its branchy crest.—
See how they course the meadow!—Now 'tis all
One brightness,—save where, 'neath those elustering
 boughs
That o'er the streamlet hang from bank to bank,
Hid from the noontide beam, they linger still,
And, listening to the watery murmur, breathe
Fresh coolness from the wave. Ere the bright orb
Had chas'd them to their bower, methought the scene,
Distinct and lovely in their very shade,
Was present all as now. The mountain rear'd
High o'er the mist that circled the low cliffs
Its rough majestic summit, like a throne,
Where he who rules the storm might sit, and rest
His thundering sceptre. On its side, the woods

Reveal'd their dim recesses ; and below,
The copse and skirting meadow shew'd the flowers,
That, blooming there in rich luxuriance, fring'd,
The wide green mantle. Ev'n the shadowy rill,
Beneath those very branches, to our view
Gave its light surge, that, o'er the willow's stalk
Bent downward, rippled whiter mid the leaves ?
Deem'd we not then, my LUCY ! we had mark'd
What the full scene could offer ? Yet, when now
O'er all that faint magnificence the Sun
Spreads his new splendor, think'st thou not, we see
A different world,—unchang'd in form, but bright,
As with the shadow of a fairer heaven ?

Such the sweet radiance, LUCY ! which thy love
Has shed on all things lovely. I had deem'd,

Ev'n in my boyhood, nature could not glow
More bright, than then it shone. My earliest breath
Rose heav'nward in a wilderness of sweets
So fair, as might have cradled the young heart
Of one whom She whose temple is the world,
Was nursing for her altar. My first gaze,
Beyond the mansion of my simple home,
Was on the breadth of Ocean, and the hills
That circled me. The sounds that struck my ear
Came from the roaring Surge, or the dark Wood,
That shook its mighty branches o'er the cliff,
As if, above the storm, it were itself
Sole mover of the blast, and proudly sent
The tempest forth, to howl and rage below.
Ev'n in the city's busy haunt, my dreams,
True to that early charm, were still of groves

And waters. I have felt the mountain breeze
Float o'er me, and in slumber oft have caught,
As when I lay on some wild bank reclin'd,
The brook's sweet whisper, or wild rush of floods
Lull'd faint but hoarse afar. All other charms,
Save those which live before me now and bless
Their gazer, I had mark'd; but, these unknown,
I knew not other beauty. The same forms,
With same sweet change of morn, and noon and eve,
Were joy, ev'n then, and wonder;—but the light
That glistens o'er them now,—the tender charm,
Which souls not eyes behold—is thine, all thine.

Ev'n now, my LUCY! seest thou not the smoke
Thro' those loose branches rising, in a wreath
So light, as scarcely hides the leafy stem

Round which it twines? The cottage walls are hid ;
And tho' the roof peers upward thro' the boughs,
The close green moss that wraps it almost seems
A portion of the forest. Time has been,
When I have gaz'd on it, and only mark'd
How graceful every wavy fold,—how soft,
In contrast with the verdant gloom behind,
Its thin ethereal blue ;—as if the sky
Had dropt some azure brightness, that, too pure
For earthly soil, was hastening back to heaven.
'Twas loveliness ev'n then ;—but now, O now,
How eloquently fair ! The soft mild tints,
That melt and vanish in the sunny beam,
Are but a moment's charm. A sweeter light
Glow from thy breast. I think of thee,—and feel
What happiness, beside that cottage hearth,

May now be flowing from a love like thine.
Then fancy bears me nearer ;—from my glance
The walls are hid no more.—Already there,
I see the lattice, and the woodbine sprays
That half would shadow it, if one fond hand
Check'd not the gadding wreaths. I look within,
And see—No, LUCY, no ! I see not thee,—
But 'tis a form, where other eyes may gaze,
As mine have gaz'd on thine.—Once more I view
The curling smoke ;—'tis now a soul, a voice
That speaks of tender joy :—enough one roof,
One simple roof, to give thee to my thought
In all thy fondness ;—and what gives me back
That image,—must be beauty,—must be bliss.

What loveliness but yields it?—All of fair
Bears semblance of fair thought. If not thyself,

In the wide-glowing world of charming things,
At least some ever-brightening joy I see
Like what thou shed'st,—some gracious power of
good,
Like that which in thy bosom lives, and flows
In words or looks around thee. Thou hast taught
My eyes to feel all beauty ; for thy love
Gave the fair happiness I see in all :—
And often, when on some fresh scene, which Art
Has touch'd with reverent hand, or Nature's self,
More lavish from a richer source, has dress'd
In wilder grace, long pausing I have mus'd,
Unconscious of thy image,—I have found,
In that new rapture, some sweet charm which told
Of other charms more sweet, some half-felt joy

Of dearer hours, that on the scene had shed
Light like thy smile, and brighten'd it with thee.

And think not, LUCY ! brightner as thou art
Of other loveliness, those eyes, that beam
So sweetly on me now, have caught no power
From scenes they gladden. Ever art thou fair,
Ev'n in the city's gaudy tumult, fair ;
Yet he who marks thee only as the charm
And worship of gay crowds in festive halls,
Knows but thy living image, not thy soul,
Joyless in that cold pomp. What splendid throng
E'er saw thee lovely, as when now thou sitst
On this lone bank, beside one faithful heart,
And feel'st in Nature's softness all thy own ?
Heaven's sacred light is round thee, and pure airs

Waft incense from each bloom ; the river breathes
Its gentlest murmur at thy feet ; and meads,
And groves, and sunny hills, and those calm clouds
That dazzle as themselves could give the day,
Have kindred in thy smile. Whate'er thou look'st,
Whate'er thou look'st upon, are here one charm,
One harmony of beauty ;—and thyself
Like some bright Power, that with reflective glance
Shares the full lustre, it has spread o'er all,

THE MOTHER,

ON THE BIRTH OF A FIRST CHILD.

HE lives!—With new affection blest,
Yet half-distrustful of the joy,
Weeps she?—O! prouder to her breast,
And fonder still, she clasps her boy.

And oft she bends, the kiss to sip,
And gazing mute, his smile to win,
Oft thinks, she almost hears his lip
The wish'd maternal name begin.

Nor only love's new fervour burns,
Nor only present raptures thrill :—
The wedded past more sweet returns,
And *one*, long lov'd, seems dearer still.

That glistening cheek of smiles and tears,
At each new glance, but warms the flame
Which burn'd as pure, in other years ;—
Still but a wife's the mother's name.

Tho' fonder love the trembler fold
Than blends with pity's tenderest fire,
How poor the transport, and how cold
The love,—did she forget the sire!

When to *his* ear that silent voice

First gives the father's name to scan,

How will the mother's heart rejoice,

As if the mother then began!

How will she watch the father's joy,—

How weep, when first his glance is caught!—

Ev'n now she weeps;—ev'n now her boy

She clasps, as dearer in the thought.

And brighter years on fancy beam;—

Yet, while that future brightness charms,

She almost fears, as if the dream

Could snatch the nursling from her arms.

What Powers celestial round him shine,—
Each Grace that wins with native art,—
And Genius, breathing thoughts divine,—
And Virtue, smiling on his heart!

And many a voice the heavenly gifts
Proclaims ;—and, dearer yet than fame,
How many a downcast mourner lifts
An eye of blessing at his name!

Yet ah! to nobler glories blind,
If Pleasure tempt him to excess,—
Or Avarice chill that warmth of mind,—
Or Sloth the languid wish repress,—

Or if yet wilder Passions woo

A heart too weak,—O cease that dread !

Hope all is thine.—Can Vice subdue

The feelings *thou* hast rous'd and led !

Tho' Pleasure hail him to her arms,

Her smile the soul unmov'd must see,

Which hears thee talk of Virtue's charms,

And loves what Virtue is,—in thee.

MISERY.

WHEN souls have throbb'd, together glowing
In many a vow of answering truth,
And fancy looks, thro' joys still growing,
On love-blest age, that rivals youth ;

Ah ! then, for sounds that rapture heighten,
To hear the chill unpassion'd tone,
And mark the smile on others brighten,
Which warm'd *one* conscious breast alone—

What words shall tell?—The hearts that languish
With griefs where still a hope may shine,
Can never rightly paint the anguish;—
And that which feels it—breaks, like mine.

REMAINS OF LOVE.

COME not, as once, my trusting soul to fill!
Ah! speak not of her charms, but of her art!
Smile not again, false visions!—or my heart,
Too slow to hate, will almost love her still.

Has that mild eye a melting warmth as blest,
As when each glance, each blush, sweet falsehoods
told?
Nay! let me view it still,—but view it cold,
And proud, and darkly loveless,—as her breast!

Speak the gay scorn, that triumph'd to destroy
The hopes it fed !—or, O ! if still it cast
One look as tender,—give me *all* the past !
Give the quick faith, that fear'd not to enjoy !

Yes ! come once more, dear trustless smiles !—Ev'n yet,
As if 'twere love's first bliss, again deceive !
Ye, ye, that taught me madly to believe,
May teach me now,—or lull me,—to forget.

ASK NOT !

THERE is an eye, which once was blest
With that soft gaze divine ;
There is a heart, that once was prest,
Ah loveliest ! prest to thine.

Yet ask'st thou, false one ! of its fate ?—
Leave, leave its misery free ;
Nor add the pang,—to think, its state
Was known,—was scorn'd,—by thee !

TO THE
SPIRIT OF MUSIC,

As addressing us, in some foreign language of delight, that charms us with the melody of words, of which we do not understand the meaning.

WAKE me not thus, with bliss I cannot name;
To doubtful thoughts, and passions half unknown!
Say,—for not Earth's that strangely tender tone!—
Say, what diviner realms its language claim?

Is Love's blest world thy home,—where on the ear,
In moonlight groves, such gentle murmurs rise,
As, faint yet tender, like the whispering eyes,
Speak what alone the answering heart can hear?

Or haunt'st thou, where, mid weeping flowers that blow
By sunless fountains, Grief and Pity dwell?
Sighs the sole language there,—that, soften'd, swell
From breast to breast, in extacy of woe!

No! Thine the native voice, the words, of Heav'n.—
High thoughts of holiest truth thou breath'st around.
There, Angels hear, and learn.—To us, the sound,
Dark, dark,—but O how sweet!—alone is giv'n.

LORD MALCOLM.

“ WHY roam’st thou, Lord MALCOLM! thus wild
thro’ the glade,

With those tears on thy cheek, and that blood on thy
blade?”

“ The tears are for EDITH, the fairest, the best;
And that blood—Would’st thou know it?—’Tis warm
from her breast.

“ What!—Start'st thou?—For thee, did she smile
in her bloom?

Was she youth to thy heart? Was she light to thy
gloom?

Was she all which the widow'd with gladness can see?

Was she half,—what her smile, what her voice, was
to me?

“ These hairs Time has left me.—Thus, thus be they
torn!

She is lifeless;—and whom should I keep them to
mourn?

The grey lock might gleam in my hall.—But what eye
Would view it with joy,—as when EDITH was nigh?

“ Well, well might I weep, tho’ my tears were a flood.—
But this dagger—I plung’d it,—to feed on her blood.
In that bower was she waiting.—Her bridegroom
was slow.—

I was swifter,—and widow’d the Son of my foe.

“ ’Tis her gore.—Coward, see!—Dost thou shudder
and start?

Dost thou faint?—Dost thou fear, that ’tis doom’d
for thy heart?

No, wretch!—The pure drops of her bosom were
mine:—

Not ev’n on my blade shall they mingle with thine.

“ I loath’d thee.—When most thou wert dear to the
crowd,

’Twas food to my hate, that thy sire could be proud.

Be this dagger its pledge !—When my last sigh seems
o’er,

I shall view it, and live,—but to curse thee once
more.”

He spoke.—But no ear caught the rage as it rung ;

For ANGUS had sunk, ere the dark curse he flung.

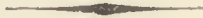
But well told the plaid, in his streaming blood
dyed,

Why the chill hand it muffled was fix’d on his side.

Awhile paus'd the Father.—The tartan he rais'd ;
And changeless and calm was his check as he gaz'd.
But, down the steep crag as he rush'd to the vale,
Loud, loud came his laugh, shrieking wild on the gale.

ELEGY

*On a very amiable Young Lady, of distinguished
musical excellence, written at the approach of
Winter.*



O SPARE this simple turf of love,
Stern Power, that lay'st the forest bare!
The bloom, that smiles and sighs above,
Shall speak the sweetness treasur'd there.

O call not here thy blasts to rave!

Let but some gentle breeze prolong
Its evening whispers o'er her grave,
Like living echoes of her Song!

That strain is hush'd to mortal ear.—

The tender luxury is o'er.

The voice which Heaven might love to hear,—

Alas! that voice is Earth's no more.

O thou, whose smile in gladness came,

While every breast the gladness caught!

Shall now a sigh attend thy name,

And all be anguish, at thy thought?

'The wit, which once could teach the wise,
And charm even grief, till grief were gay,—
Ah! shall it now to memory rise,
Like dreams of sorrow far away?

How oft my heart has breathless glow'd,
How quick thy changeful strain confess'd,
That now, all faint as whispers, flow'd,
Now rush'd, a torrent, o'er the breast!

Then, while my soul, which o'er thee hung,
Seem'd with each note to faint or swell,
Why knew I not, that angel tongue
So soon should be, where Angels dwell?

Yet, ah ! ev'n then, that charm so fleet

Not dearer, softer, had I deem'd ;

I could but feel the song as sweet,

As song of thine for ever seem'd.

Who, who could gaze on thee, and drink

Those tones,—and fear one joy to miss ?

Who, in that hurrying rapture, think

Of time,—of aught,—but thee and bliss ?

Nor fades it now.—I feel it yet.—

It lives, till life all thought resign.—

For never can that ear forget,

Which listen'd to a lay of thine.

When Sleep, in visions of the sky,
 Shall round me call celestial bands,
And hymns of Seraph Choirs reply
 To holy harps of Seraph hands,—

While yet my half-wak'd sense shall thrill,
 Nor know the gleamy vision flown,
One voice long-lov'd shall linger still ;—
 And well my heart that voice shall own.

Even earthly airs,—if song again
 Can charm this breast—thy thought shall wake ;
And Music's saddest, dearest strain
 Be softer, dearer,—for thy sake.

THERE YET MAY BE JOY.

To a Lady, whom a Lover, that for years had professed for her an affection which he was waiting only for more favourable circumstances to permit him to avow, had at length deserted.

YES! he is false.—One long-lov'd charm has perish'd,

One charm, that shed o'er life its dearest bloom.—

Yet say not, hope shall ne'er again be cherish'd!

O say not, think not, all must now be gloom!

When, credulously gay, with faith unshaken,
On every vow thy soul could fondly hang,
Sweet was the trust ;—and ah ! tho' now forsaken,
Say, if 'twere dearly bought, by many a pang !

Look round, where Nature still, in wide profusion,
Pours her fresh charms, to deck the vernal year !—
Ev'n if the joy, the smile, be brief illusion,—
As brief, as trustless, be the grief, the tear !

Soon on thy fading tear may gladness brighten ;
Soft thy calm sigh, half-sweet thy pensive dream.
Short is all mortal bliss ;—but O ! to lighten
Life's short dark hour, enough that little gleam.

Why say, that all but mocks the lost believer,—

That life is all one varying guile prolong'd?—

No, Lady! Earth might bear the stern deceiver;

But Earth too bore that gentle heart, he wrong'd.

TIDE

HEATH-FLOWER.

WITH thousand gay blooms tho' the valley have
 smil'd,
More dear that lone flower of the rock and the
 wild ;
For, LUCY ! thy fondness there imag'd I see,
That shines on the waste of my fortune and me.

The dewdrop may gleam in that wind-shaken bell ;
But it glistens all calm, breathing sweets from its
cell ;—

To thine eye, too, a tear, in our sorrow, may start,
But it still has a smile,—for my gaze, and my heart.

THE CHARM OF THE VALLEY.

I KNOW, that the valley is fair.—

I have gaz'd from that mountain's warm brow;—
And oft, o'er the stream that is wantoning there,
I have mark'd every rock, every bough.

Now, the vale, where, with love half-begun,

My Lucy first heard me, I see ;

And I think not of charms thou behold'st;—for that

one

Makes it ten times more lovely, to me.

THE
HAZARDS OF AN UNKNOWN POET.

THE
HAZARDS OF AN UNKNOWN POET,
AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

YES! thou mayst smile.—The last sweet labour sped,
At length a beauteous whole thy lay is read.
Ev'n now the long-wish'd sound thou seem'st to hear
Fame's future voice half-murmuring in thy ear ;
And almost think'st, that o'er the glowing line
A thousand eyes are glist'ning warm with thine

Yes! smile,—yet trust not, tho' the toil be done,
 Thou soon shalt wear the laurel, nobly won!
 'Tis vow'd to Wisdom; but how often lives
 On Folly's brow the wreath, which Fashion gives,—
 Frail judge, whom Reason vainly strives to guide,
 When Dulness, Envy, whisper at her side.

Thou com'st.—But who thy merit's call shall own,
 To name-regarding eyes a name unknown?
 No witless Earl stands sponsor for thy wit;—
 Lisp'd by soft tongues, by snowy fingers writ,
 Thy rhymes ne'er glitter'd o'er the milky way,
 From Album on to Album beaming gay.
 How then,—O tell, ye critic Belles and Beaux!
 Can *he* have merit,—whom no creature knows?

Ah worse than nameless ! to thy early youth
Fond Science op'd the shadowy walks of Truth,
And gave thee, with fix'd vision, to descry
The light, that flits but from the wavering eye.
What Powers all space pervade,—what dim control
Rules the quick changes of the realm of soul,
Oft hast thou studious search'd ;—and yet,—O hard
To credit !—yet thou hop'st to be a bard !

Think'st thou, his mighty summons to fulfil,
Nature's wide stores should wait the poet's will ;
From all that blooms the vale, to all that shrouds
The cliff half-floating in its sea of clouds,
Earth's myriad shapes, in watchful vision caught,
Should live, the treasures of his future thought ?

O! think'st thou, *he*, whose best dominion sways
The soul, that gladly trembles and obeys,
Should inward bend his studious glance, to find
Each spring ethereal of the moving mind?
Alas! to critic mobs, the studious hour
That won new treasures to thy fancy's power,
The quicken'd insight, and the letter'd wit,
The charm, the grace, but stamp thee more unfit.
Too wide thy search of Nature's boundless field,
One image, from a store so rich, to yield;
And skill'd in every passion's ebb and swell,
Too well thou know'st the heart,—to paint it well.

How have I seen thee bend, with zeal untir'd,
O'er the warm strain in glowing hour inspir'd,

Pleas'd still, tho' Genius smil'd before, to chace
Some erring shade, or add some tempering grace!
Ah too successful,—happier, didst thou pore,
Not lightest spots to touch, but sprinkle more!
Then haply, when thy page of faults was full,
Some partial band had hail'd thee of their school;
And praise and blame of warring tongues, all loud,
With very noise had forc'd thee on the crowd.
But thou, whose school is Nature, and whose art
Whate'er has charm'd the universal heart,—
Thy dream of proudest glory, to have won
Of all some beauty, and the faults of none,—
What band shall hope new honours from thy name,
What censor fiercely damn thee into fame?
Crowds, whose dull rapture knows not to detect
The bounding shade of beauty and defect,

All praising, in the favourite bards they boast,
Or best remembering what had glar'd the most,
Will see no kindred graces, where the line
Gives not the imag'd whole, they deem'd divine.
Tho' all that glows in SILIUS grac'd thy song,
Without his faults 'twere charmless to the throng:
Yet thine his beauties only wouldst thou call?—
O fool! *His* blemishes are beauties all.

But there are souls, more faithful to its fire,
That throb and kindle at the glowing lyre.
Yes! there are bosoms true to every tone,
Nor want there hearts to feel, but tongues to own.
O'er nameless worth a jealous watch who keep,
How many curse the page, at which they weep,

From leaf to leaf the dreaded charm pursue,
And loathe, and sicken, as still charm'd anew;—
Their only solace, that, what'er the spell
May force to feel, it cannot force to tell!
How many, whom a little band had plac'd,
Within their critic circle, chief of taste,
In coward pride, that trembles, lest a voice
Should seem, half dissonant, to blame the choice,
Think how the dull will think,—and fear to praise
A charm too lovely for the vulgar gaze!

See hoary CURIO, whom the young and fair
Still circ'le, proud his gallant jest to share!
Theme after theme all gaily sped,—what chance
Has fix'd them solemn on the last romance?

Not the fond hero only, and his inaid,—
Each ghost must come to judgment, and be weigh'd.
'Tis but another eve, since CURIO, caught
By the wild opening tale of wonders wrought,
Slept not, till what the earlier tome conceal'd,
The second, foe to mystery, reveal'd.
Ev'n now, if smiles applausive dawn'd around,
He, venturous too, might own the charm he found ;
But, quick to mark how brow with brow agrees,
He sagely leads the censure he foresees,
Meets, on sly lips, the malice, ere 'tis flown,
And steals the very spite he makes his own ;
When all the fool within some scoffer moves,
What he would blush to speak with smiles approves,
Or with new meaning barbs the gibe to hit,
Till what was nonsense first at last is wit.

Yet if, by merit, or some patron's name,
The tale in happier hour should rise to fame,
Who then like CURIO boastful,—that deseri'd
Each latent grace, when all were blind beside?
How much he marvell'd, and how loud had run
The praises,—utter'd oft,—but heard by none!

But VARRO's sneer has motives more sublime,—
Too zealous for his friend, to laud his rhyme.
What sin, to cherish many an idle lay,
Where powers so wondrous would be thrown away!
Still quick is VARRO in each work to read
All talents,—but the one, that work would need.
If suffering Beauty's wrongs the tale rehearse,
Or wit's quick lustre flash from verse to verse,

He marks the calm slow genius, in whose light
Circles grow squares, all Nature's darkness bright ;
And, lest the bard should on the sage intrude,
In very friendship, damns him, for his good.
Yet, not dishonest to the flame divine,
Which breathes a poet's warmth thro' every line,
He only waits the hour, for sage regard
To tell the world, how *LYSIAS* is a bard.
'Tis when he marks, half-tir'd of fancy's dream,
His *LYSIAS* dare in prose some graver theme ;—
Sure then to find, tho' close the chain he wrought,
The loose wild wanderings of a poet's thought.

As skilful they, whose malice knows to take
A holy name, and sin for virtue's sake,—

Self-praising prudes of purity, so nice,
That lisp'ing innocence to them is vice.
In love's coy tale, tho' bashful all, above
The blushing modesty of virgin love,
They see, and mourn, with well-feign'd grief demur'd,
The dangerous sparklings of a flame impure,
And bid each quickly-trembling mother start
At such dread poison for her daughter's heart.
With warning lesson, when thy verse reveals,
How soft o'er youth's frail bosom passion steals ;—
Skill'd then the frantic lone-left heart to ope,
And shew the wretchedness which dares not hope,—
Tho' not a ray the soul's wild lightnings cast,
But gleams a horror o'er the guilty past,
And Pity, weeping, shuddering, loves the more
In every tear the virtue lov'd before ;

Yet may some censor, skilful to forget
The thousand agonies of mad regret,
Strive, in that dread dark misery, nought to find
But the soft picture of a fair too kind.
The saddening image, in thy verse that glows,
How pure, in many a page of holy prose !
Thine haply too as blameless,—if the lay
Had left vex'd Envy something else to say.

But spiteful pruderies Man might vainly try,
If lovelier prudes ne'er join'd the willing lie.
Who knows not MARCIA?—Fond, as tales pretend,
Of her dear lord, she lov'd him—in his friend.
True, 'twas but scandal.—None to Bench or Bar
E'er swore, her spousal fondness went so far ;

And her kind husband, who should know the best,
Still clasps his MARCIA to his trusting breast.
But nice her virtue now ;—what crowds aver
Of soiless purity oft foul to her.
One morn, some luckless rhymes her lord had bought,
Mild, holy, as their gentle poet's thought :
She read, till, as the page she slowly turn'd,
“ Love,” horrid “ love,” in four bright letters burn'd.
Shock'd by that single syllable so dire,
She flung the whole vile volume in the fire ;
Then strode in conscious pride of soul, and bent
Fond o'er the harp, where filial beauty leant,—
Pleas'd still to hear those tender lips prolong
The raptures of some fashionable song,
Where each new strain was record of a kiss,
And all was panting, glowing, throbbing bliss.

Such perils wait, till Fashion stamp the line.
How many CURIOS, VARROS, MARCIAS, thine!

Yet O! when, conscious how thy lyre excell'd,
Thou seest the meed, it proudly earn'd, withheld,
In that stern hour, if in thy heart shall rise
Scorn of the fool, and hatred of the wise,
Quick chace them from thy breast! Let hope's mis-
take

For Man no harsher colder thought awake;
Nor, with the homage of a quick-past day,
Lose the kind joy,—which glory could not pay!

Far is their comfort flown, whose harsh distrust
Still thinks the bosom with the voice unjust,

And in poor honest Folly's blank of mind
Sees but the wide-spread malice of mankind.
Who keeps thy guerdon, may be frank and true,—
More glad to give it, if he deem'd it due.
Rich, titled, poor, the mob, whate'er their style,
Wait but the call, that tells them where to smile ;
When Fashion bids, as ready to avow
Thy worth,—as all they laud and worship now.

And doubt not thine the triumph ! Soon shall come
Years, when ev'n baffled Envy shall be dumb,
And Fashion's letter'd slaves,—that must adore
Or scorn,—bend fondly where they scowl'd before.
High souls, that fear'd not o'er thy page to melt,
Shall wide proclaim the tender joy they felt ;

And thousands there shall gaze, and thousands still,
And every eye shall glow, and heart shall thrill;—
More sure thy sway, than if, with earlier name,
Kind smiles had softly nurs'd thee into fame.
Dandled, caress'd, the fondling of renown
Thinks all is faultless, where he sees no frown,
Repeats each error, and, as years advance,
Makes habit what was carelessness or chance ;
But he, for whom no flattery twines the bays,
Whose stubborn worth must work its way to praise,
Marks, with sure skill, where Censure's fang would
press :
And learns to merit more,—as favour'd less.

Wait then,—and, conscious of thy glorious fate,
O! not with sullen wrath impatient wait ;

But mildly tranquil,—if, in wonder born,
Rise at the world's neglect a moment's scorn,—
Think,—and a gentler mood while joy inspires,
Of sons, that soon shall love thee, love the sires!

What tho' the brook, which yet no runnels swell,
Glides darkling 'twixt the boughs that arch the dell,
Whose pebbles, ever murmuring, seem to rave,
As if their little brawl could check the wave,
Think'st thou, when chill-embower'd the waters run,
They ne'er shall glitter to the brightening sun?
Look onward!—In the opening vale more fair,
The gloom has vanish'd,—but the stream is there.
It spreads for ever.—Where it smiling glows,
Age after age shall bless it as it flows;—
In one pure image to its bosom giv'n
Earth's blooms, and all the sunny pomp of Heav'n.

CHEMISTRY FOR THE FAIR.

*On being present with Ladies, at a Chemical
Lecture.*

CEASE, dear Usurpers!—Why on arts
Which Love would scorn, those wishes thrown?
Nay, you may take our hands, our hearts,
But leave our crucibles our own!

Sage CHYMIA, to our nature true,
For each fit ministry assign'd.
Matter to us she gave,—to you,
A nobler lab'ratory, *Mind*.

She taught you, to command at will
The soft attractions, where to fall ;
And gave an easy test of skill,
Man, ready Man, to bear them all.

Yet knows he not, what magic arms
Your graces with their quick control ;—
Blind, mid the blaze of outward charms,
To the sweet alchymy of soul.

'Tis not the lip of humid red,
That breathes enchantment in the kiss :
No ! 'tis a mental witchery shed,—
Love, virtue, mingling into bliss.

When every thought is dark despair,
And one kind tone bids all be bright,
Deems he, 'tis but a pulse of air,
Which turns the darkness into light ?

And in the eyes of tender glow,
Half shrinking from the gaze they win,
Thinks he, a glance subdues ?—O no !
'Tis sweeter power, that beams within.

Of many a rapture thrilling warm,
And many a soothing calm employ,
Light as soft airs of Heav'n ye form
That purest ether, wedded joy.

What gladness on your smile attends!

Ev'n mirth how chill, that smile denied!

Again ye come :—and quick ascends,

Warm as before, the buoyant tide.

Each ponderous metal, sternly tame,

The power of earthly fire has felt;—

But O! with what a gentler flame,

A sterner stubbornness ye melt!

If wrath in stormy flashes lour,

Or sullen glooms around be thrown,

Ye know the neutralizing power

Of glance serene, and balmy tone.



Hence then—from earth's cold dross away !

Content you with your prouder part !

Still charm and rule, with noblest sway,—

The moral Chemists of the heart !

A FORTUNE TOLD.

COME, MARY! look me in the face!

One smile of alms in merey fling!

And in those features I will trace,

What fate thy years of love will bring.

Ah!—Shall I tell thee all I spy?

No! Ask not!—Well, thy heart will ache.—

'Tis fairly written in thine eye,

That—*never conquest shalt thou make.*

Now, turn not to thy glass, in scorn,
And think, a thousand charms are there!
Nor hope, each weakness to adorn!
Yes! look,—but only, to despair!

I own, that glance is sweetly bright,
And sweetly soft that smiling bloom;
But, ten times softer were its light,
Not all the charm could change thy doom.

O! never by such eyes as these
Has man's stern bosom been subdued.—
Thy sweetest glance can only please;
To conquer, thou must be—withstood.

MUSICAL MURDER.

To a Lady, who has dared to attempt Composition.

THINK'ST thou, a flatterer of thy skill,

To other toils I would entice thee?

No! Let them praise thy power who will!

From one, let harsher truth suffice thee!

Enchanting, charming, sweet, divine,

Thy art may be,—for thousands say it:—

I only know, no verse of mine

Thou e'er shalt murder, to display it.

He, rather, lead my rhymes along,

Who, bright Vauxhall's gay tumult cheering,

Makes tortur'd Quavers sigh in song,

And charms whole crowds,—beyond the hearing!

Ev'n he excels thee.—By his power,

How many a strain, half dead without it,

Has proudly liv'd its month or hour,

And lips, soft lips, have lisp'd about it.

But thou, thou, death to many a lay!—

Too well a hundred murders shew it—

Alas! so sweet,—so sad,—so gay,

Thou charm'st,—that all forget the Poet.

THE POWER OF NUMBERS.

WITH fifty flutterers in your train,
To glide around your morning walk,
To catch your smile, and laugh and talk,—
Why, FLORA! why that glance so vain?

By Fashion, not by Beauty, won,
The love they seek not, but the pride;
And, were not fifty at your side,
FLORA! perhaps there would be—none.

TO INDOLENCE.

COME to my bower,
Nymph of the softly-sleeping eye!
Come, where I lie,
Safe from the sun, and mock his feeble power!
The beams, that thro' the foliage stray,
But with thy quivering glance shall play,
And, while its veil they close,
Woo the sweet languor to more sweet repose.

Not Silence weaves
Her waveless gossamer around ;
—The pause of sound
Would tempt too wakeful fancy—But the leaves,
Scarce fann'd by Zephyr's lightest wing,
Shall such faint fluttering murmurs fling,
As, lost by fits and caught,
May fill at once and lull the listless thought.

Where Evening sips
Sweet fragrance for her dews unseen,
There let me lean,
Couch'd on soft roses, o'er thy softer lips,
And watch their breathings, number'd all
By thy slow bosom's rise and fall,—
Till tir'd I sink, opprest
With the sweet toil, and slumber on thy breast ?

No dream shall rise
Of morrow's weary strife and care :
Enough, if there
A moment's joy the moment's thought supplies.
Her softest gentlest visions shed,
Calm Pleasure, floating o'er our head;
Shall pause in smiles above ;—
Rest ev'n our waking, ev'n our sleep all love.

THE NON-DESCRIPT.

To a very charming Monster.

THOU nameless Loveliness, whose mind
With every grace to soothe, to warm,
Has lavish Nature bless'd,—and shrin'd
The sweetness, in as soft a form !

Say, on what wonder-bearing soil,
Her sportive malice wrought thy frame,—
That haughty Science long might toil,
Nor learn to fix thy doubtful name !

For this, she culi'd, with eager care,
The scatter'd glories of her plan,—
All that adorns the softer Fair,
All that exalts the prouder Man;

And gay she triumph'd.—Now, no more
Her works shall daring systems bound;
As tho', her skill inventive o'er,
She only trac'd the forms she found.

In vain, to seek a kindred race,
Tir'd thro' her mazy realms I stray.—
Where shall I rank thy radiant place?
Thou dear perplexing creature! say!

Thy smile so soft, thy heart so kind,
Thy voice, for pity's tones so fit,
All speak thee Woman ;—but thy mind
Lifts thee, where Bards and Sages sit.

The Sirens thus, in softness strong,—
Half maid, half fish,—with charming art,
Breathe o'er the pausing surge their song,
And soothe the distant sailor's heart.—

Home fades upon his soul.—The sea
From his turn'd helm swift-flashing flies.—
He lands,—and, as we gaze on thee,—
Views the fair Monsters,—hears,—and dies.

TRUE COURAGE.

ON SEEING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE LADY OF A
GALLANT NAVAL COMMANDER.

YES! let the lasting page record
Each daring of thy victor lord,—
The throngs of wondering foes withstood,
That scarce had trembled, till subdued!
But O! the hand, which gives to shine
His full desert, should pencil thine;

For never, till this hour,—tho' still,
With many a warm and anxious thrill,
Thro' perils dark'ning where he came,
Proud have I trac'd his path of fame,—
Till now, I felt not half the force,
That sways his spirit's fearless course.

When life is joyless dull despair,
Ev'n cowards may the hazard dare ;
But pure his patriot flame, who, free,
Yet risks a life,—he shares with thee.

DEEP TRAGEDY.

TO A LADY, WHO, ON TWELFTH NIGHT, HAD DRAWN,
AND ASSUMED, THE CHARACTER OF MELPOMENE.

THOU, who, with many a tale of blood,
Back to the heart hast dash'd the rushing flood,
That sinks, or rages, at thine eye's command ;
On whose slow step, with looks of fate,
The dark-brow'd Horrors sternly wait,—
Pale Pity shrinking mid the circling band !

O ! by the poisons of thy bowl,—
Thy blade, that swifter grasps the trembling soul !
By every wrong, that fires the frantic crowd !
Dread Goddess, cease thy whelming art !
A moment, spare this weary heart ;
And do not, do not——laugh——so very loud !

A LADY'S REFORMATION

“WHAT is Pleasure's dull employ,—
Hours and years all idly flown!—
Give me moments of my own!
Give me calm domestic joy!”

Why so chang'd to Pleasure's call?
Tell me,—aid me to divine!
'Tis—'tis—yet but sober *Nine*;—
Not till *Twelve*, begins the Ball.

THE
AWKWARD CHIDER.

*To a Lady, who, by nature, or a bad education, has
the unfortunate defect of not being able to scold.*

HOP'ST thou to frown, with eyes that smile,
And chide, with tones that but endear thee?
Thou mayst do all things, ere revile,—
And all things I,—ere learn to fear thee.

Alas! too simple novice, cease!—

Free be the tongue, that dares to wrangle!

But thine what sounds of love and peace,

What thousand kindnesses, entangle!

Ere one harsh thought thy soul can feel,—

Ere two harsh words be faintly mutter'd;—

Soft tones upon thy voice will steal,

And turn to mercy all it utter'd.

Nymphs have I seen, of gentle mould,

Who, sad as at some wailing ditty,

Mid awkward frowns, that strove to scold,

Had still some look, that said—I pity.

But O, more awkward in thy sway!

Ne'er canst thou make one smile beam colder.

Thy wrathless look, all sad, will say,—

Pity, O! pity for——the scolder!

SHORT SIGHT,

A CONJUGAL VIRTUE.

SEE, angry sage,—nor dare revile

The faith that guards the wedded vow!—

Still on her lord how LAURA's smile

What love first look'd is beaming now!

The whisper LAURA wondering heard,

And rais'd her glass, the truth to trace.—


“Well, how these eyes of mine have err'd!

I could have sworn, it was His Grace.”

THE
VISIT OF BEAUTY
TO THE
CAVE OF POVERTY.

The following Ode,—in which a figurative description is attempted of the quick tenderness of Female Compassion in offices of benevolence, and of the additional loveliness of Beauty when employed in that gentle ministry,—was written on the establishment of a Charitable Institution, to which Ladies are the Contributors.

THE
VISIT OF BEAUTY
TO THE
CAVE OF POVERTY.



PALE dweller of the wintry cave,
Who haunt'st the blasted heath,
Its leafless weeds thy wreath,
And, mid the lightnings of the sudden storm,
Seek'st with faint step the deathlike grave,
That shrouds thy shivering form ;

Who, weary, on thy earthy heap
Lay'st thee, to sigh, but not to sleep,—
Thy thought's sad toil to picture drear
Thro' many a long unsolac'd year
Still dark'ning hours of gloomier dread,—
While, with the dews eold-dropping on thy head,
Falls, colder still, thy tear !

Hark !—'Twas his howl—the Fiend's, who elings,
Wild-shrieking, to thy breast,
And, if a moment's rest
Searee lull thee, wakes thy dream with wilder cries.—
Now, far he waves his blasting wings,
And curses as he flies.
But O ! he flies.—A charm so fair
Not Famine's sullen eye could bear :

For see! the brightness, as he fled,
'Twas Beauty's sweet approach that shed.
She comes.—The Loves, along the plain,
In closer circle, gather round her train,
Half-shuddering, as they tread.

But not amid that timid throng
Falters her step serene:—
Where never joy had been,
She smiles glad sunshine on the waste of night.—
And thou, with heart benumb'd so long,
So deaden'd to delight,
O! start not at the bliss! Tho' melt
Thy soul with warmth so sweetly felt,
O! wonder not! for, see! where bloom
Her radiant steps along the gloom,

Far, far behind, what glories play !
All Nature wakes ;—and shall no softer day
Thy night of soul illumine ?

She comes.—No more thy rocks, all bleak,
Frown to stern blasts on high.—
A smile is in the sky ;—
The spreading blossoms laugh and dance around.
Ev'n thou, pale sufferer ! on thy cheek
A gleam like joy hast found :—
For there her glance has bid unfold
The torpid smiles, that slumber'd cold ;—
And She too, as they kindling start,
From that sweet radiance bears a part ;
Her conscious eye beams doubly bright,—
And charms, that won the gaze with cold delight,
Now, melting, bless the heart.

A MEDITATION,
ON A MEMORIAL OF LOVE.

ALBERT fondly came ; and bright
Shone the sparkling gift he bore :—
But more fair her smile of light,
Who that gift of fondness wore.

Call'd to battle, love's sweet charm
Wishful, lingering, he resigns.—
Lone she sits ; and on her arm
Dear his votive circlet shines.

Now her eye soft-glistening strays
O'er each gem, with rival gleam;
Now, more fix'd, her musing gaze
Looks a thought, in every beam.

Thro' what hours of rapture fled,
Floats her gentle spirit, lost?—
Slow she lifts her pensive head,
Sighs,—and wonders—what 'twould cost.

THE BRIGHTEST SPECTACLE.

TO A YOUNG LADY GOING TO LONDON, FOR THE
FIRST TIME, TO REMAIN THERE ONLY A FEW
WEEKS.

O WEARIED, and lost, in gay dreams of delight,
A thousand new hopes on each thought flashing bright!
When all shall be real in bliss, and thine eye
From wonder to wonder, unsated, shall fly,
Still London, when sigh'st thou, as each were the last,
Shall boast in one brightness those glories surpass,—

One charm, with whose splendor compar'd ev'n in thought,
Fanes, theatres, palaces, vanish to nought !

Sweet, sweet is the vision.—But short is its stay.

Who wishes to see it, forbear to delay !

“ Nay, be sure, that no wonder so bright shall be miss'd.

“ Come, tell me the miracle !”—List then, O list !

'Tis—but only a whisper must speak it—nor start

When thou hear'st,—'tis—in short, 'tis—wherever
thou art.

GRIEF AND LOVELINESS.

O CEASE!—Must thou, too, learn to sigh,
Whose very glance 'twas bliss to gain?—
The smile that brighten'd in thine eye,
Must eyes, it gladden'd, seek in vain?

One look could stern Affliction see,—
One whisper of that voice withstand,—
Nor with fond awe avert from thee
The slow grasp of his icy hand?

Ah ! he has mark'd thy pitying form,
Still glad his fury to oppose,
Smile, sweetly radiant, thro' his storm,
And beam away the wretch's woes.

How oft that gentle light has cheer'd,
When languid glooms even mirth depress'd,—
Ah ! not unmark'd !—His arm is rear'd.—
It lours in vengeance, o'er thy breast.

Yet fear not thou, his frown to view !
That baffled rage will soon be o'er :—
For all his utmost wrath can do
Is but to make thee charm the more.

LINES

IN AN ALBUM.

O THOU, whose eye from lay to lay may roam,
Judge not the owner, by this motley tome !
Tho' Wit and Fool, the Coxcomb and the Sage,
Here claim alike the ever-open page,
Her heart for one she keeps, and, coy as fair,
Half shrinks to read what Love has written there

NEEDLESS MODESTY.

ASK'ST thou a tender song and gay?

Well, FLORA! listen to the lay!

Maid of my heart, whom every hour
Still fondly decks with brighter power;
Who, mildly virtuous, know'st to make
Even virtue dearer, for thy sake;
In whom each glance, each varied mien,
Is but a charm, before unseen,

And sweetest seems each tope to thrill,
Till gently falls a sweeter still!—

“ Cease, if my blush thou wouldst not see ! ”—

Nay, gentle FLORA ! what can be
In FANNY'S praise,—to startle *thee* ?

THE INFALLIBLE COSMETIC.

YES! thro' the dregs of noble veins
Thy blood has crept, in sluggish glory;
And Grandeur o'er thy wide domains
Frowns, from thy towers, of ancient story.

I own thee fair.—Of softer light
Love never bloomy sweetness moulded;—
And gay might seem that robe so bright;
If any heart, but thine, it folded.

For thou, at humble Misery's sigh,
Canst smile, to feel thy happier station,—
Mark the pale sunk imploring eye,—
And flirt thy fan,—and talk flirtation.

Ah! think, when throbs thy haughty breast,
Proud amid joyless tumults living,
No glory shines, in wealth possess'd ;
It brightens,—only in the giving.

When Want's warm tear the bounteous hand
Gems, while her babes in smiles encluster,—
Thy toys, that blaze mid Pleasure's band,
What are they, to the living lustre?

If, that thy form more gay may gleam,
 ·Thou toil o'er trinkets robes and tresses ;
If well employ'd the day thou deem,
 When Morning *shops*, and Evening *dresses* ;

How powerless all that studied skill,
 To the sweet glow of conscious duty !
Ah ! then, thy conquests to fulfil,
 Court the mild Grace of Moral Beauty !

The witchery, that in virtue dwells,
 A thousand essenced charms outmeasures.
Trust me, one generous wish excels
 Thy balmy toilet's countless treasures.

The eye, the cheek, it lights;—from sway

Of Age it gives the brow protection :—

Or, if a wrinkle force its way,

That very wrinkle wins affection.

Nor only from each outward part,—

Soft from the soul its lustre flushes ;

All glows, and charms,—the gleaming heart

More sweet, than glance, and smiles, and blushes.

But thou canst scorn it!—Go then, proud

To shine a glittering thing of fashion !

Dear to our follies,—by the crowd

Prais'd, sought,—be all things, but our passion!

Enough that pomp of beauty's glare,
Which Pride may woo, tho' Love despise it.
Go, reign o'er wondering eyes!—Be fair!
But leave the heart,—to those who prize it!

Now, tho', at soft eve's softest hour,
Shone with fresh charms thy smile subduing,
Should some pale wretch approach thy bower,
And sue, with looks that need not suing,—

If, careless, o'er thy cheek, the while,
Laugh follow'd laugh, in changeful fleetness,
I could not love the heartless smile,
That sparkled with such icy sweetness.

Ev'n tho' my fancy's tenderest sigh
Had throbb'd, to warm thy wish consenting,
And thou shouldst turn thee, and thine eye
Melt on my gaze, and sink relenting,—

I could not, on thy lip of bliss,
Forget, what hover'd there, to greet me ;
No ! I should scorn, and, mid the kiss,
Shrink from the soul, it gave to meet me.

Tho' proud it rear its branching head,
And blossoms with rich gems enwreath it,
I hate the tree, that blooms, to shed
Death on the wretch, who rests beneath it :

Give me the valley's simple flower,
All innocence, serenely glowing,
Which charms, amid the silent hour,
And smiles, its guileless sweets bestowing!

NOTES.

NOTES.

P. 4.—“ *I have found it.*”

To this celebrated exclamation so many allusions have been made, in prose and verse, that there is scarcely any reader, for whom it can be necessary to repeat the story of the circumstances which led to it. It may be enough to mention, that HIERO, King of Syracuse, having reason to suspect that his goldsmith had adulterated with silver the more pre-

cious metal which he had given him, to be formed into a crown,—but unable to convict him of the fraud,—had recourse, in his perplexity, to his illustrious cousin and counsellor, ARCHIMEDES. The philosopher, who exercised, at the Court of Syracuse, a sort of Secretaryship of State for the Scientific Department, was himself not a little puzzled; till a fortunate observation of the rise of the water in his bath, as he was entering it, led him to a solution of the difficulty. In the joy of his discovery, he is said to have leaped from the bath, and, without paying quite as much attention to his drapery as on ordinary occasions, to have run through the streets, exclaiming exultingly, in a single comprehensive Greek word, what our slower monosyllabic English must express in four.

P. 5.—“ *An apple falls to the ground.*”

Of the train of reflection, which is said to have been thus suggested to NEWTON, every body has heard, who knows any thing more of the philosopher, than his mere name ;—and those who are particularly fond of tracing very great effects to very trifling causes, have of course no doubt whatever, that it is to the fall of a pippin we are wholly indebted for the noblest work in Science. It was a Tree of Knowledge, that produced of old the most memorable of all apples ;—and if it was indeed an apple that produced the PRINCIPIA, it might almost seem worthy of having sprung from a scion of the same goodly stock.

P. 13.—“ *For this arrest each cloud’s uncertain
form.*”

One of the latest improvements in meteorology is a nomenclature of the clouds,—the prevailing forms of which for the day are now as faithfully reported to us, as the veerings of our weathercocks from point to point, and the rise or fall of the mercury in our thermometers and barometers.

P. 22.—“ *Thou, more than Beauty’s worshipper,—
her bard.*”

In the introductory Canto of THE PARADISE OF COQUETTES, the author had laid claim to the proud title of the Poet of Woman.

P. 31.—“ *All now is dreary toil. Short flights I take.*”

It will of course be understood, that this picture is descriptive of the general aspect of our Springs, and not of occasional seasons of greater brightness. There is a sort of caprice in the grief of lovers; and often, when they have been very ill used, they start out of their melancholy, to assume for a time an appearance of extraordinary cheerfulness, which soon, however, relapses into the ordinary state of grief. The Vernal God has his caprices, in like manner; and sometimes indulges us with seasons like those of the golden years of old,—perhaps in the vanity of shewing what he might still do if he thought proper, and how great is the unkindness of Beauty in deserting a Being so noble.

P. 56.—“ *Misery.*”

This, and some others of the smaller pieces, have been printed before. They are now reprinted, with many corrections.

P. 98.—“ *Chemistry for the Fair.*”

The subject of this little poem made it impossible not to employ some of the technical phrases of chemistry, which may not be intelligible to all my readers. I have not attempted, however, to explain these phrases in a note; because it would not be easy to explain them in short compass, and because those who are so little acquainted with the science, as to be ignorant of the meaning of the terms, would,

I, fear, be unable to understand the allusions themselves, even though the terms, as mere words of art, were explained to them, with all the exactness of scientific definition.

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