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EMILY,

WITH OTHER

POEMS.

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TO

MRS ELIZABETH GRAHAM

OF KINGSTON, SURREY.

THINE be the verse,—for O! that gentle gaze
Which loves the bard, will love his humble lays,—
To thee meet offering!—Ere one feeble line
My youthful heart had dar'd, that heart was thine,
So warmly thine, that years of sager lore,
More skill'd to prize thee, scarce can love thee more.

In boyhood's sunny dawn, when, at thy side,
A happy guest, I sought my seat of pride,
With what glad fondness, on thy words I hung,
While gravest truths seem'd cheerful from thy
tongue ;

Yet happier, when thy hand would sometimes press
My cheek, that kindled in the sweet caress,
And nobler visions on my soul would ope,
In that best praise, which whisper'd future hope.
Ev'n now can memory well the day renew,
When my first careless rhymes had caught thy view.
Not more the wretch, beneath his judge's eye,
Shrinks from the stern cold frown he cannot fly,
Than droop'd my trembling glance, while beam'd
above

That gentle gaze, whose only look was love :—

How blest, in that still partial smile to find,
 The quick approval of a heart too kind;
 Proud to be deem'd thy Poet,—but the fame
 Less gladd'ning, than the love which deign'd the
 name.

Since that first presage of my riper song,
 Year after year has glided swift along;
 And changeful have they sped.—On this wan cheek
 Vain were it now the bloomy flush to seek,
 Or think in these slow-kindled eyes to scan
 The laugh that sparkled ere the mirth began.
 Yet, with unfading glow, one nobler part
 Still lives, the warm unalterable heart,—
 A heart, still proud thy cherish'd thought to bear;
 For all the fondness of the past is there.

Hast thou not seen, from rock or sloping mount,
When the young stream scarce murmurs from its
fount,

A shrub, that almost stoops its boughs to lave,
Hang o'er the rill, as if it nurs'd the wave?
There, though the same bright waters never urge
O'er the same pebbly track their little surge,
All fleets not.—Still with constant shadow gleam
The boughs soft-pictur'd in the faithful stream,
True, as if wave on wave forgot to roll,
And smiling, like thy image in my soul.

PREFACE.

THE series of short Poems, which give a name to the present volume, are an attempt to describe the feelings of a delicate mind, in its progress from one rash moral error, through different stages of vice.

In the early part of this sad progress, **EMILY**, the only child of an old and widow-

ed father, is represented as induced by false assurances of marriage, to quit her home with a lover of superior rank : and her subsequent story is of those ordinary consequences of seduction, which occur often in real life, and are abundantly familiar to the readers of fictitious narratives, both in poetry and prose ; but which still, as I conceive, in the representation of the feelings of the sufferer, admit of some little originality of painting.

The very misery itself, I may remark also, is of a kind which admits of more frequent representation than almost any other

species of wretchedness. After exciting our pity a thousand times, it affects us almost as if it were new. We are still loving what was good, when we are called to lament over what is evil: and while, by the rapid succession of innocence and guilt, and confiding happiness and despair, which it brings before us in instant contrast, it forces on us the feeling of the precariousness of all which we value most, it excites, in this very impression of common insecurity, a deeper interest in the suffering, that has flowed from a frailty, of which we tremble to think, when we think of the excellence that accompanied it.

The sonnets, with the exception of the 7th, 13th, 14th, and 15th, are in the first person, as expressive of the thoughts and emotions of the sufferer, in the order in which they are to be considered as passing through her mind.

In the 3d, she is supposed to have received a letter from her lover, in which his perfidy is acknowledged, and pecuniary atonement offered. In the 5th, she has gone by night to visit her home. In the 6th, she has heard of her father's death. In the 11th, she recognises the voice of her seducer, in a distant apartment of a brothel. The 12th ex-

presses those feelings of almost frantic desperation, which find a sort of gloomy comfort in the greatness of misery itself.

That a species of poetry, so limited as the sonnet in its number and arrangement of lines, is better suited to the calm of monotonous feeling, than to the wild and rapid changes of passion, the author is fully aware; and he is not so ambitiously enamoured of difficulties, as to have chosen it on account of the very obstacles which it was to present. It must be his excuse, that the sonnets, as originally planned and composed, were fewer, and that some of the more impassioned have since been

added, not for any advantage that could be hoped from the peculiar measure, but from the favourable situations of picture which the tale itself seemed occasionally to open to him.

In every measure, there are two circumstances to be considered,—the rhythmical melody, as a pleasing succession of sounds, and the ease with which that peculiar order of sounds may be made to accord with the sentiment of the verse. When the accordance in this respect is perfect, the measure itself is scarcely perceived, or is felt only in the sweetness of its melody: and it is most complete, when not a word seems to be introduced for the purpose

of filling up the rhythmical period, but every phrase is such as might be supposed to flow spontaneously from the mind, in the particular circumstances represented. A measure may thus be very complicated in itself, and yet, by the happy art of the poet, when the labour of the art is never forced upon the reader's mind by an incongruous phrase, may produce the same effect as a much simpler measure; and the simplest measure may appear artificial and strained, if a single violent inversion, or stiff and awkward word, bring before us immediately the constraint of the writer, by reminding us of the rhythm or the rhyme, which forced the reluctant syllables to make their

appearance, where, but for that dire necessity, they never would have come of themselves. The natural order of thought, and the natural expression of that thought, are the very *nature* which the poetic artist is required to have constantly in view. In some measures, he may find an exact conformity with it less easy than in others: but, if he make the attempt, he may be considered as virtually binding himself to overcome the difficulties, with which he has voluntarily undertaken to struggle, and must not suffer an unappropriate phrase to remain, merely because a measure, which no one compelled him to use, does not admit of so wide a selection, as

other measures which were equally within his choice.

This self-imposed condition, and its penalties, I have had constantly in view; however inadequate my attempt may have been to fulfil it. I have no objection, that my readers, when they pause to criticise any one of the little poems, should be aware of the difficulty, which the constraint of a Sonnet, even of that freer species to which our English poetry is accustomed, must have produced, when I had passions to picture of a vivid kind: but I must indeed have failed, if, during the perusal, they have repeatedly been forced to re-

member, that they were reading what was necessarily to have a certain recurrence of rhymes at certain definite places, and as necessarily to be comprised in the exact compass of a hundred and forty syllables.

EMILY.

EMILY.

SONNET I.

DELIBERATION.

YES! EDWARD! I will trust thy vows sincere,
Thy looks of love.—The practis'd eyes of guile
Beam not such open sweetness. In thy smile
Truth glows, and checks this still-recurring fear.
Yes! I will trust thee.—Yet, while quick delight
Warms at thy voice, unwilling doubts combine;
And half I question, that a soul like thine
Should stoop to bless me, from a heaven so bright.

Mine is no charm that pride's cold homage gains.

But, O! thou scorn'st the wordling's sordid zeal;

And I can boast a bosom, warm to feel

And glory in thy virtues. Love disdains

The golden shrine, the temple's costly art.—

His simple altar is the glowing heart.

SONNET II.**ELOPEMENT.**

WOULD 'twere the promis'd time! Each moment past
Thrills with such new strange terrors, as o'erpower
My feeble spirit.—Never, at this hour,
Did other roof its shelter o'er me cast.
Thou sleep'st, my Father! and the morning light
Will see me distant from thy daily care.
Thy blessing eye will seek me.—Yet forbear
To grieve!—I will not linger from thy sight.

How will thine age rejoice, thy fond heart thrill,
When, blest beyond thy fancy's proudest dream,
I seek thy lov'd abode !—Yet hope may beam
Sweet to deceive me !—Throbbing breast be still !—
Hark ! 'Tis the faithful sign.—These vain alarms
Quick let me shelter in my EDWARD'S arms !

SONNET III.

DISCOVERY.

COME then,—come all my misery !—Let me sink
Low as the thing I am !—Feign'st thou to mourn,
Insulter ?—No ! Be proud,—for thou hast torn
A heart that clung to thee !—And dost thou think,
Wealth,—all thy powerless wealth,—its pangs may
cure?

Away !—Thy breast, which dares to offer gold,
Ne'er felt even vulgar fondness,—false and cold,
Even while it feign'd a generous warmth so pure.

What had I not believ'd?—And thou—beguil'd,
By her in whom thou liv'dst,—whose tenderest
tears
Were mix'd with mine,—whose heart the weight
of years
Shook off, while hope shone brightening on thy child!—
Let me not think!—Soon, soon must cease the pain
Of life, the burning anguish of my brain.

SONNET IV.**DELIRIUM.**

HE shall not know, I wept.—Hide, hide this rose !
'Twas pluck'd for his return. 'Tis wither'd now.
I thought my tears would dew it, and my brow
Have sunn'd it.—But all dies, that near me grows.
'Twill suit my bridal grave.—Fool, fool ! A bride
Weeps, but she lives.—If murder thou wouldst do,
Smile !—'Twill be surer.—Then, beneath the yew,
Calm shall I sleep, and dream of hopes denied.

I will not curse thee, EDWARD ! By thy bed,
When sick, I'll watch thee, and, when pangs assail,
I'll lull thee to repose.—I'll sing the tale
Of her who lost her lover.—Thou wilt shed
Some drops of pity.—Those kind tears to see,
Will be strange pleasure,—while I weep with *Thee*.

SONNET V.

HOME.

YES! I can bear it gladly now.—Why swell'd
My heart, half-shrinking from so lov'd a scene?
Dear haunts!—Again I tread my native Green;
Near thee again, my Father! though withheld
Thy fond embrace, yet near thee!—Still that light
Gleams thro' the woodbine.—*I* have chas'd thy sleep!
I taught thy guiltless soul to wake and weep!
And *I*, even *I*, can dare to wish thy sight!

On thy pale cheek I would not, must not, gaze.—

But O! one look, to bless me, ere I die!

Yet, darken'd thus with guilt, to meet that eye,
Which look'd affection, from my earliest days—
So pitying would it chide.—No! Still conceal'd,
From all but death my sorrows let me shield!

SONNET VI.

FATHER'S DEATH.

YET, yet I live !—Still throbs this burning heart,
Unrent with anguish ! O my first, last friend !—
I,—in thy very love,—who saw thee bend
Thy fond embrace,—I plung'd the murderous dart.
Oft, by thy bed of sickness, have I pray'd
The gracious Source of health, and, fear-beguil'd,
Have watch'd life's brightening spark ; and thou
hast smil'd,
Amid thy pangs, and bless'd my tender aid.

Now, thought'st thou,—now, when all was lonely there,
Of her, the soother, who thy couch forsook?—
Mine, mine that dying glance:—Ah! do not look
A curse upon thy child!—No! Thy mild prayer
Forgave me,—sought Heaven's mercy, to forgive.—
And yet I think on all the past, and live!

SONNET VII.

REMEMBRANCE.

O! THOU art faint, and pale ;—and o'er thy cheek
Flows lingering but unfelt the silent tear.
Again thou sit'st beneath the roof so dear ;
Again thou hear'st the voice of kindness speak.
'Tis but thy fancy's wandering.—O'er thee spread,
No sheltering roof extends ; no parent weeps
Thy fate:—but the cold blast, that harmless sweeps
Thy childhood's dwelling, howls around thy head.

Sigh'st thou for morn?—Morn soothes thee not.—Its

ray

Wakes, but to tell thee what thou art;—and, dull

The rage of memory's restless fiend to lull,

Sleep cannot charm thy torturing dreams away.

Woe, woe must still be round thee.—What kind art

Can balm, while conscience tears the festering heart?

SONNET VIII.

FRIENDLESSNESS.

TURN me—O! whither?—In what home obscure
Safe may I rest in peace my weary head?
Proud Virtue scorns to lend her humblest shed;
And Guilt, Guilt only, deigns her haunts impure.
Harsh world!—and ye,—O harshest! ye, who bind
The stranger's wound, where Want retires to grieve
All-bounteous,—ye, where conscience burns, can
leave
Unbalm'd the keener anguish of the mind!

O that one smile sweet-soothing, one soft tone
That speaks me not indifferent, one kind eye,
Beam'd on my darken'd heart!—'Tis but to die;
And the bruis'd reed shall flourish.—At one throne,
Will Penitence be heard: the Judge above
Takes the poor sufferer to his boundless love.

SONNET IX.

REVENGE.

HENCE, abject feelings!—By the world disown'd,
Why grasp the tie? Why cling around the breast,
That spurns me, scornful? Hated, and opprest—
By mutual hate be all my wrongs aton'd!
Man! thou shall feel my vengeance. Tho' my soul,
Self-stung, and shuddering at its own rebuke,
Shrink anguish'd, I will wreath the sportful look,
And smile thee to thy bane ;—from its proud goal

Win even thy struggling virtue to my rule ;—
And mixing blandishments, and prompting fraud,
Point gayer paths, and guide thee, and applaud :—
Then, when thy deep deep cup of guilt is full,
When Justice to thy life asserts her claim,—
Think on my wrongs, and triumph in thy shame.

SONNET X.

BROTHEL.

O! WHAT a day is past!—And am I doom'd,
Guilt's venal slave, with cold reluctant guile,
When all is sickness in my heart, to smile
A love, I loath?—What! Blush I still,—entomb'd,
Where lives no glance, that shares my conscious shame!
Deem'd I, my wrongs had quench'd each purer glow?
Hop'd I—How falsely!—'Tis my height of woe,
To feel and love the virtue I disclaim.

O days of innocence, when, yet untaught,
I mus'd on life, and still, as fancy beam'd,
This gloomy reign of Vice and Misery seem'd
A world of rapture to my glowing thought!
Dear, faithless visions! on my heart ye shine
No more ;—and life, sad real life, is mine.

SONNET XI.

RECOGNITION.

'Tis he!—Yes! let this guilty heart be wrung!

'Tis he!—That voice of loose loud mirth, which
broke

The stillness,—once I bless'd it; once it spoke
Sweet as the strains of Virtue's seraph tongue.

Would, I had heard it thus!—Just God! Again!—

Spare, spare thy suffering outcast!—Hark!—No
more!—

Wretch! thou shalt meet me, see this cheek, that wore
The bloom thou sulliedst, pure and blest till then.—

Thou!—Wouldst *thou* shrink, to mark its alter'd hue?

'Twould glad thee, in thy spoil.—And shalt thou
raise

Thy scornful brow, and with insulting gaze
Mock my mad grief?—Why cannot guilt subdue
This struggling pride! Wretch! thou shalt meet these
eyes

No more.—Enough, to hate thee and despise.

SONNET XII.

DESPERATION.

THESE thoughts are mine,—mine all these schemes
of dread,
That rage and revel in my frantic brain!
Once—But what now has Virtue to restrain?—
I am no more. All now is past and dead.
To sink is joy.—O! hadst thou liv'd, my sire!
This guilty bosom could thine anguish see,
'T would—But thou now canst sleep, and I am free,
Free to the frenzy of each wild desire.

Virtue!—O trusting fool!—Its slave no more,

I loose me from its grasp.—Away!—'Tis gone.

Fool, that couldst bask thee in a light, which shone
So transient!—Fool, that feed'st the pangs which tore,—
Which tear thee still!—Come, Guilt! Thy sheltering
breast

Is cold.—Come, take me burning to thy rest!

SONNET XIII.

STREET.

I KNOW thee now.—Even thro' thy misery's shade,
Gleams what thou wert.—Ah! can thy gentle voice,
That, balmier, while it bade the wretch rejoice,
Bless'd, ere thine eager hand had bent to aid—
No! thine were not those curses.—Yet thy mind,
Which, guilt's faint thought too tender to endure,
Shrunk trembling from each word or glance impure,
Can hear, and own, nor shudder at thy kind!

Bless'd be the darkness of the future hour!—

Thy earlier years flew light; for all was good,
And warm thy heart, and fearless.—Hopes, that
brood

Even on the storm, O, fly not! Could the power,
Which shrinks beneath a moment's anguish, bear
The load of years foreknown,—unmix'd despair?

SONNET XIV.

CONTRITION.

O ! COME not now, ye visions of the past,
That bless pale Virtue's death-couch! come not now,
To that lone bed of agony!—And thou,—
O thou, who feebly that sick look hast cast
Of wild rejoicing, that no eye is there,
No hated relic of the world!—O! cease,
Forsaken sufferer! nor, as hate were peace,
Rest in the sullen vengeance of despair!

The tears, which, in some revel's hour, thine eye
Has turn'd from man's cold mockery, till a smile
Has risen, not feign'd in wanton-seeming guile
But stern and scornful,—weep them now!—On high
Lift that sad glance! A softer sacred glow
May thrill,—and heaven yet open on thy woe.

SONNET XV.

DEATH.

LIFE'S wretchedness is o'er. Thy weary frame,
That struggled, but to fix the rankling dart,
Has laid its miseries down; nor more thy heart
Shall sink beneath the glance that scowls thy shame.
Haste to thy God, who knew thy wild despair,
Thy griefs, thy penitence!—He yet may cast
His brightening mercy o'er the guilty past;—
And youth's mild radiance gleam again more fair.

O! I have mark'd thy loveliness, sweet flower!

When Heaven's pure dews were on thee, and thy
bloom

Was glistening all in freshness and perfume.—

Thy smile was on thy spoiler :—in that hour

He crush'd thee ;—and he lives !—But O! the breast

Which bore to wound thee, dares not to be blest.

TO A LADY,

WITH THE PRECEDING TALE.

YES! I have felt thine eye's warm thrill,
When mirth shone sparkling in the blaze ;
And I have seen it, dearer still,
Smile soft in friendship's gentle gaze.

But not in light and joyous hour
Its tender spirit beams most dear :
That glance,—tho' sweet I feel its power,—
That glance were sweeter, thro' a tear.

O! come then, come, and bend thee low,
Where none the dewy gem shall see ;
And I will sing thee tales of woe,—
And thou mayst weep—to Heaven and me.

Come, hear of innocence deceiv'd,
Of peace, which smiling falsehood broke,
Of vows, which fearless love believ'd ;—
Quick-trusting ere the traitor spoke !

Then weep the victim, weep the guile,
That led her lingering to the tomb ;
Till more than health refus'd to smile,—
Till more than misery clos'd the gloom !

Ah! Blush not!—Why that tear conceal?

Nay, those kind drops are Virtue's all:—

She felt—what injur'd wretches feel;

She fell,—as injur'd wretches fall.

And think, in memory's iron grasp,

Ah! think on all, that breast would know;

What pangs, ere woe remorse would clasp,—

What pangs remorse would give to woe!

Yet, turn'st thou still?—Where Heaven forgave,

Still fearful, wouldst thou check thy sigh?

Come, let me lead thee to her grave!

'Twill speak in softness to thine eye.

No blasted verdure wilt thou view,
No gloom, as angry Nature frown'd ;
But Heaven's sweet tears the turf bedew,
And Heaven's sweet radiance glows around.

And canst thou breathe the gale of balm,
When Evening smiles upon her sod ;
And shalt thou scorn, in Nature's calm,
To share the mercy of thy God ?

No ! Let the breast, of virtue frail,
In chill unmelting caution sleep !—
Come thou, and listen to my tale,
And, pure in pity, dare to weep !

HOLY AGE.

The following Poem was sent to a venerable Friend, in answer to a letter received soon after the death of her Son. In its delineation of pure and serene old age, it is a faithful picture of the excellent person to whom it was addressed : and the portraiture was one on which I could dwell with more pleasure ; as it was equally descriptive of excellence which was at that time living before me, and which I had the happy privilege of loving and honouring as a Son, while I endeavoured, however faintly, to image it as a poet.

HOLY AGE.

HAIL to thy triumph! Parent, sufferer, saint,
Hail, victor of thy woe!—Tho' earthly tears
Dew'd the meek calmness of thy heavenward eye;
Tho' even thy prayer submissive, with faint pause,
Hung o'er the faded charm that bless'd thy life;
Yet mourn'dst thou not despairing. On thy heart
Still glow'd the deathless bond,—tho' wider drawn,
Unbroken. Thou couldst turn thee to thy God,

The God of him thou weptst ; there clasp assur'd,
Even in thy sorrow, those immortal hopes,
Which the proud scorner, when with shuddering haste
He tears them from his heart, with secret throb
That darkly yields the homage he disowns,
Sighs to retain,—feels all the balmy warmth
Of loves and holiest wishes, that surround
As in a circle where no grief has sway
The smiling sufferer ; feels, yet in the strife
Of passion madly rends them from his soul,
And, cold and trembling, casts his miseries forth
Unshelter'd to the storm. How glows sublime
Thy pictur'd contrast ! In thy tender page,
Fair Virtue's living portraiture how sweet ;
Thy pitying scorn of Earth,—thy hope, that, fix'd
Above, in mild endurance of the world,

Waits calm,—thy saintly majesty of woe,
That weeps not, but with tears which worship Hea-
ven !

Oft as the blessings of my life I scan,
With grateful thought adoring, not for gifts
That fill the dream of vulgar wishes, flows
The praise most sweet ; not that, when tempests low'r,
'Tis mine, safe-shelter'd by the cheerful hearth,
To list the rage that baffled howls without ;
Not that soft vestments wrap my glowing limbs,
And, quick as appetite, the light repast,
Where many a social smile gay-mingles, spreads
With more than luxury my simple board :—
I bless that primal bounty, which ordain'd
The calm domestic roof, where on my gaze

Of boyhood, in kind circle, round me beam'd
Smiles, and meek generous wishes, and pure deeds
Divine ; in early reverence to my breast
Gave to admire and love ; and taught to seek
In souls like thine its happiness. My heart,
Tho', wayward oft and heedless of control,
It stray from Reason's guidance,—madly stray,
Even while it worships, from that better Power
Who, quenching with a sigh each frail delight,
Calls the tir'd truant to his dearer home ;—
Yet loves to mingle with the faithful band
Whose step is ever onward ;—on the bliss
Or passing sorrows of their glorious toil
Attendant, with that fondly watchful awe,
Which half is virtue. Sweet the day, that gave
Thine eye's first greeting. Yet, when round me youth

Bloom'd fresh, perplexing with a thousand joys,
And woo'd me, faltering, on life's upward path
All indolent to linger and admire,
Or, in some rosy bower luxurious couch'd,
Lap me in softer sloth ;—why beam'd not then
With earlier warning radiance on my soul
Thy smile, in virtue's cloudless light serene !
Yet may it bless me still. If this frail pulse,
Already languid, throb to other years,
It will be gladness for my age, to think
Of all which thou art now ;—thy heavenward track,
Like hers whose hallowing glance maternal lives
To bless me with its saintliness of love,
A light of future guidance. Tho' denied,
The stream first-glittering from its source to trace
In fertilizing softness, when, thro' fields

That bend their verdant banks to court its way,
It flows serene, and smiles, and blesses all,—
'Tis sweet to view it, rich with many a wave,
When, full and raising in the conscious breast
A kindred swell, it bears, in solemn state,
Its sun-bright waters to the boundless deep.

Why does the youthful fancy love to cast
O'er the pale placid form of drooping life
A gloomy veil, and, in the ceaseless wish
To lead existence to a lengthen'd close,
Half dread the prayer it forms? Severe the sway
O'er minds vice-feeble; but o'er Virtue's breast.
How powerless Age! Tho' health's diminish'd stream
Flow cold; and, like that languid tide, the step,
Once glowing, bound no more,—what torpor chills

The dearer inmost pulses of the heart,
Which throb with tenderness? Tho' dim the eye
To every hue, that, o'er the charming scene,
Rough rock, and shadowy wood, and stream-bright
vale,
Melts on the wanderer's glance, or warm from eyes
Of rapture, in the sunny smile of love
Reflects diviner beauty,—there are thoughts,
Than outward bloom more fair, that ask no gaze
To mark their loveliness,—a glowing world,
That lives within the bosom, whose mild light
Is light that fades not. To the sound-shut ear
In vain may converse in the changeful theme
Speak soft instruction,—the despairing lute
Pour all its luxury of tender grief,—
And, sweeter still, the music of the heart,

Tones, long-endeared, of cherished kindness die
Faint as a half-hushed whisper ;—yet within,
Sweet voices still are heard, that speak of all
Which love would gladliest breathe. Not less delights,
In many a hope for others, many a care,
The social bliss. Affection even expands,
More ardent glowing, as increasing wants
From the glad train that court the task of love
Receive the tender office. Memory spreads
Her richest stores of wisdom's better wealth ;
And Conscience, in the heart's sweet stillness heard,
Speaks of far hours,—and smiles. O ! what has Age,
In all the languor of the sinking frame,
To quench the fervent spirit ?—In thy soul
Each passing year a future joy prepares,

Remember'd virtue,—and in Friendship's thought
Warms but to fonder awe the gentle love.

Yet, o'er the homeward pilgrim, as she seeks
Her bright abode, tho' no dark horrors low'r
At life's soft eve ; but, like the clouds that blaze
At golden sunset betwixt Earth and Heaven,
New glory shines round Virtue's closing steps ;
Oft, in the fairest scenes of noontide life,
Mid balmy airs ethereal, and the glow
Of every freshening blossom, sudden gloom
Frowns on the startled eye. How frequent bleeds
Affection, when the gentle band is burst,
That liv'd from heart to heart ! How cold the pang,
When shrinking memory almost learns to weep
Each hour, when love was bliss ! The parting soul

Struggles, and smiles ; the last faint prayer is heard
Of earthly tenderness :—and o'er the bier
Youth blends his sighs with Age. O ! I had hop'd,
With him,—the bless'd, the blesser of thy love,
The faithful to thy virtues,—to have trod
The anxious steep of life, and lost its toil
In mutual soothing ; to have shar'd, with him,
Thy smile maternal ; and around thy couch,
When Age receiv'd thee to its soft repose,
Have mingled tender duty.—But in vain,
When thy kind glance seems brighter still,—in vain
When silent grief low'rs darkling in thy gaze,
These eyes shall seek him. His the early dawn
Of that blest day, which from the shadowy dream
Of mortal sorrow hails the waking Just.
Yet, not of earth forgetful,—with the hymns

Of Seraphs, and bright Visions, and the joy
Which only Angels know, he blends thy thought,
Turns on thy form rever'd his anxious eye,
And feels but half his bliss,—till shar'd with thee.

PASSION.

NAY! tho' 'tis love I dare to ask,

Why, at that word, should gladness cease,—
As if thou fear'dst thy heart to task,—
As if thy heart must lose its peace?

O no!—My passion wild may gleam,

Like storms to sudden lightning wrought,—
A bright yet often-clouded beam,
In the dark tumult of my thought:

But not by thought so quick to low'r,
Not by this heart, unapt to rest,
O! judge not thus the gentle Power!—
Sweet Meekness! judge it, by *thy* breast!

Trust me, that heaven, so calm, so free,
To no wild gloom of soul 'twill ope.—
But half of what I feel for thee
Is all, is more than all, I hope.

A smile, a meek confiding glance,
A whisper of that voice divine,
Will lull me in so sweet a trance,
'Twill sooth even passion warm as mine.

And, when I fondly bend above,
If one soft answering look should rise,
As thou wert happy in my love,
That look were rapture—from thine eyes.

I cannot say, I cannot feel,
What gentle flatterers feel and say ;
But more than e'er was feign'd of zeal
This heart, this faithful heart, can pay.

CONSOLATIONS

OF ALTERED FORTUNE.

YES! the shades we must leave, which my childhood
has haunted,
Each charm by endearing remembrance improv'd ;
These walks of our love, the sweet bower thou hast
planted,—
We must leave them—to eyes, that will view them,
unmoved.

O! weep not, my FANNY!—Tho' chang'd be our
dwelling,

We bear with us all, in the home of our mind :
The virtues which glow in that heart fondly swelling,
Affection's best treasure,—we leave not behind.

I shall labour, but still by thy image attended.

Can toil be severe, which a smile will repay?
How glad shall we meet! Every care will have ended;
And our evening of bliss will be more than a day.

Content's cheerful beam will our cottage enlighten;

New charms the new cares of thy love will inspire;
Thy smile mid the smiles of our offspring will brighten:
I shall see it—and O! can I feel a desire?

THE MISANTHROPE.

No smile, to cheer thy lone retreat,
No tones that bid the heart rejoice,—
O! tell me not, the gloom is sweet!
O! ask me not, to share thy choice!

The proud, the cruel, to forsake,
If Virtue sternly call above,—
Her milder whisper bids thee take
Their suffering victims to thy love.

When Sorrow seeks thy soothing eye,—
When Guilt half loathes her purpos'd deed,—
When Want, slow passing, checks her sigh,
And turns, and, trembling, dares not plead ;

O lost to all that mingled claim !
Deem'st thou, in lonely scorn apart,
'Tis thine, to nurse with holier flame
Proud musings of an ardent heart ?

No ! If one tear, a dewy star,
In eyes of gentle pity shine,
'Tis purer, holier, happier far,
Than all the wrath that burns in thine.

What tho', in toils for human weal,
Ere yet thy generous wish was won,
Insulting Slander mock'd thy zeal,
And baffled what thy cares had done ;—

If envious hate thy hopes have torn,
Did conscience wither in the grief?
Thy glorious wishes canst thou mourn,
And think, such wishes need relief?

All was not lost.—With guileful charm,
Some heart's frail peace may Vice destroy :
Yet seest thou not the radiant arm,
That pours around the flood of joy ?

And canst thou sigh, as hope were dead ;
And, thankless, shall these scenes be trod ;—
Heaven warm in brightness o'er thy head,
And Earth fair-smiling on its God ?

Go, and, while Joy in every gale
Wafts thousand gladdening sounds, repine !
Go, wrap thee in thy rock-girt vale,
Or seek a gloom as dark as thine !

And when thy bosom, sternly sad,
Broods o'er the ills of all below,
Thy scorn to what it hates will add
Another crime, another woe.

TO A LADY IN AMERICA,

THE PROMISED BRIDE OF A DECEASED BROTHER.

O! PAUSE, sweet mourner!—From thy lonely dream,
Turn to the heart-warm breathings of esteem!
Not mine, with idle solace,—while Despair
Hangs o'er thy couch, and all is sadness there,—
To bid obtrusive Joy's gay visions glow;
I only seek the union of thy woe.
To him, who, by thy love confiding taught,
Pour'd on thy bosom all his ardent thought,

This heart was dear.—To thee, in sad bequest,
Flow'd the pure passions of his gentle breast :
Each quick-felt social throb, each fond design,
His hopes, his fears, of friendship,—all are thine.

Where, slowly circling, Night retires, to shun
The noontide fervour of thy Western sun,
Warm, as thy youth had trod this distant isle,
And love had grown and flourish'd in thy smile,
My heart, responsive to thy tender claim,
With all a Brother's fondness, hails thy name.

Yes! tho' thy form, of beauty's softest light,
Ne'er beam'd its living language on my sight,
Nor e'er, in kind persuasive converse, stole
Thy spirit's gentler graces on my soul ;

Yet, bound with ties which distance cannot break,
Affection loves thy new-born thought to wake,
To shadowy fancy brighter colours gives,
And glows, and muses, till the image lives ;—
Blends the warm tear ;—and when, with colder beam,
Some thought too real mingles with the dream,
Wakes, with a sigh, thy distance to deplore ;
And, while it mourns thee absent,—loves thee more.

No bands of natal joy our hearts enwreath'd ;—
No sire, our names in one warm blessing breath'd,
Led our mix'd steps thro' childhood's fairy bowers ;
But kindred wishes, kindred griefs, were ours.
For one lov'd breast, with self-rewarding care,
Rose mingling soft to Heaven our equal prayer :

For him,—ah torn from every love below!—
We bend, in darker sympathy of woe.
O! had the Wisdom, of unerring thought,
Heard all which love with human frailty sought,
And, pausing from the stroke of mortal fate,
To joys, to virtues, given a longer date,
These hands, thy worth how eager to avow,
Had twin'd a gayer garland for thy brow.
How gladly would my heart, when grief oppress'd,
Have flown in fancy to new scenes of rest;
Have shar'd the cares of love, the light employ,
The simple pleasures of thy home of joy!
Yet not alone her flowers of gayer bloom
Affection twines:—She seeks and lights the gloom.
Warm'd by her smile, the hearts that cheerless bear
Their lonely woe, and muse but to despair,

Sooth'd in fond union, rise their griefs above ;—
And even the cypress is the gift of love.

Sweet sorrower ! if my verse, in tones less deep,
All calmly sage, should bid thee cease to weep ;
Prove, that each tear of erring sadness flow'd
False to HIS will, whose will is joy bestow'd ;
That he, who in thy love's mild radiance dwelt,
Whose last fond pang thy grief, thy fondness, felt,
Trode with ethereal foot the dark abyss,
Tho' snatch'd from blessings, snatch'd to higher bliss ;—
Awhile thy bosom, struggling, might subdue
Its sigh, and own the words of solace true :
Yet wouldst thou turn still sadlier from the strain,
And even the heart, which breath'd it, own it vain.

The Powers, which humble Meekness taught to
pause,—

The bashful Virtues, shrinking from applause,—
Love, in thy breast which all its rapture set,—
Who, who shall bid thee feel them, and forget?
No! Hearts like thine if kinder feelings ope,
The passion fades not, with the blasted hope:
To waking thought no cheerful hours may bloom;
But dreams can fill the slumbers of the gloom.

What tho' thy dazzled eye, that saw the blaze
Of rapture vanish sudden from thy gaze,
Sad hanging o'er the closing tomb, may think
Quench'd each sweet ray, that lingers o'er the brink;
Yet shall not all be darkness.—Time will shed
His beamy twilight brightening round thy head.

In tears, which weeping Love would fear to miss,
Each mild regret, that half recalls the bliss,
Even while thy sickening spirit shuns relief,
Shall memory lose the bitterness of grief.
Serener musings shall thy hours employ,
Whose very sorrow is but softer joy,
Half wish, half memory, when, reflective cast,
Beams on the present all the tender past,
And, mingling with the hopes, of holier birth,
That gentler dearer flame, which burn'd on earth,
More ardent lifts our soul to climes above,—
The blissful dwelling of the saints we love!

EARLY ATTACHMENT.

O! ASK me not, what happy hour
First rank'd me of Love's gentle train!
I feel, I feel the growing power,
Tho' memory cannot trace its reign.

Yet far I view, thro' years unskill'd,
The early joy, thy smile impress'd:
Not mine alone,—I deem'd, it thrill'd,
Like light and fragrance, every breast.

Even then, amid the playful band,
In many a frolic's gay career,
The sport I wove with careless hand ;—
All all *I* felt was HENRY near.

I knew not what the soft content,
That ever found me at thy side :
I only knew, where'er I went,
'Twas sweet to go—when thou wert guide.

When coyly first thy clasping arm
I loos'd, and turn'd me from thy kiss,—
No ! love began not : for the charm
Was but the growth of earlier bliss.

How oft the Village Green, to view

Its sports at eve, my footsteps led!—

And, more than thine, this bosom knew

The wish, the trust, the mingled dread.

The contest o'er,—how proud my gaze,

How quick, each wondering glance to see!

To thee were given the sounds of praise,—

The triumph and the joy, to me.

Thou still wert all.—Whate'er the throng,

If absent thou, the gay employ,

The circling dance, the circling song,

Were labour, but they were not joy.

That year, when Summer gave her rite
 Beneath the hawthorn's bloom to share,
And *one*, so oft the feast's delight,
 With Death faint-struggling, came not there,

Thou know'st I went not, know'st that high
 Like thine my pulse of sickness glow'd :
Yet never heardst thou—None but I
 Could tell thee—whence that sickness flow'd.

And when return'd the weekly dance,
 In those slow months, no joy could hail,
When, journeying far, that truant glance,
 Mid new delights, forgot our vale,

I went not.—What tho' many a brow
Might smile as cheerful,—well I knew,
Its sorrow should no smile avow,
That smile 'twere deeper grief to view.

O! wherefore ask me, to reveal
Love's earliest hour of cherish'd sway?
Its birth I mark'd not ;—and I feel,
I ne'er shall witness its decay.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

WHY, gentle warbler! on my lonely ear
Pour'st thou such lavish sweetness? Be thy lay
The bliss of love-led wanderers, as they stray,
And pause, mid tenderest vows, thy song to hear!
No more can LUCY hear thee.—That soft hour
Ah! never, never can thy voice recall,
When, at thy long-swell'd murmur's dying fall,
Warm seem'd to glow the moonlight of our bower:—

And she too felt the charm ; for brighter flame
Shone in the dewy coyness of her eye,

And, while she listen'd to my vow, a sigh
More soft seem'd fondly trembling thro' her frame.

Yet cease not !—Wake, while still those tones can last,

The sweet faint dream of shadowy pleasure fled !

Tho' every future joy with hope is dead,—

Who, who shall rob the wretched, of the past ?

THE FRIEND OF THE VILLAGE.

THOU lov'st the City's glittering throng ;

And thou wert destin'd there to shine :

For all the magic charms of song,

And eloquence and wit are thine ;

And Science, in thy studious hour,

Has oft her secret stores display'd ;

And HE who bless'd thee with the power,

Has plac'd thee, where it most can aid.

But me, whose unreflecting skill
Flows half-instinctive from the heart,
Heav'n calls, an humbler part to fill,
Yet makes as sweet that humble part.

Dear is my simple hamlet,—dear,
At morn and noon, its busy crowd,—
When Labour laughs, and Virtue near
Smiles to the song that rises loud ;

And when the moonlight pastime glows,
And every voice and look is mirth,
Sweet there to sit at evening's close,
And feel, that there are charms on earth !

When still on Age new blessings fall,—

When youths the first fond homage give,—

There let me, trusted, lov'd of all,

Live in the joys of all that live ;

There, in their griefs of virtue, feel,

How soon, by kindness sooth'd, they cease ;

Watch the first blush of sinking zeal,

And lead again to Heaven and peace !

One tear of Innocence suppress,

One erring wish to Virtue brought—

O! poorer, to thy lofty breast,

Its kindling ecstacies of thought !

While gladden'd looks, that meet me, own,
From whom one humble comfort came,
I ask not praise of crowds unknown,
The thousand voices of thy fame.

That sculptur'd fame let Sages view,
Proud at thy kindred shrine to bend !
My turf may simpler tears bedew,
That mourn the hamlet's general friend !

EPISTLE.

The Epistle is supposed to be addressed by a Lover to his Mistress, who had forsaken him, and become miserable in wedlock.

EPISTLE.

STILL still belov'd, whose form, when memory hovers
Mid youth's gay hopes, each past delight endears !
Ah ! start not, when again thine eye discovers
The heart-own'd traces, bless'd in other years !

Think not—Even hours of joy I ne'er upbraided—
Think not, I come, to triumph in thy woes !
Would, would the past could cease,—forgotten,—faded,
As the wild dream, that breaks thy night's repose !

No! thou art friendless now.—In pomp of fashion,
When gay cold smiles are glittering on thine eye,
Forget my claims, forget my early passion!
Deem me thy friend!—Thy friend may share thy sigh.

Ah! once, a happier name my proudest treasure,
In toils how soft the passing hour we fix'd!
The world had scorn'd our schemes of busy pleasure;—
But nought was trifling, with thy image mix'd.

How oft,—thy arm enclasp'd with love's sweet boldness,—
We paus'd o'er Nature, from the crowd apart!
Not ours to gaze with eyes of languid coldness.
'Twas lovely; for we view'd it—from the heart.

Dear was the slope, the narrow path that bounded,
Where swell'd the rock thro' gloom of woods above,
And faint below the scarce-seen streamlet sounded.—
There first thine eye—O! beams it still?—was love.

'Twas hallow'd by that hour.—Soon fondly piling
A rude memorial in the wild retreat,
The mossy stone I wreath'd :—and, blushing, smiling,
Thou heard'st me hail thee to Affection's Seat.

There oft,—tho' darkly now its beauties languish,—
I sit, and on the hopes thy smile had giv'n
Brood, till, even memory lost in fiercer anguish,
I start, and fly, by maddening impulse driv'n.

Yes! there are hours, when, wild as fancy muses,
Even with thy thought indignant feelings throng :
But soon a hate so strange my heart refuses,
And, self-condemning, I forget thy wrong.

That day, which gave thee from my hope for ever,
That day of death, I vow'd,—as if despair
Felt a stern joy, thy form yet more to sever,—
I vow'd to shun the haunt,—and found me there.

I found me there!—Ev'n now that hour's distraction—
I feel it still.—'Twas as if all were new,
All sudden treachery,—as no warning action,
No word, no look, had whisper'd thee untrue.

There, there, while, in that grief tumultuous rushing,
Came the sweet past,—its trust, its transport, o'er,—
Hopes, which thy bridal hand was careless crushing,
Hopes which thou shar'dst,—and therefore lov'd the
more,

One stone my grasp, as if in short aversion,
Loos'd.—'T was replac'd, with speed of guilt-like fear;
And eyes, that, burning, wept not thy desertion,
Shed o'er the half-torn moss their softest tear.

That morn forget'st thou, when we gay contended,—
Two wandering rills to wed, our sweet employ?
More tranquil, fuller, clearer, flow'd they blended.—
Thou smil'dst, and call'dst them emblems of our joy.

Yet thou couldst leave me,—leave me,—fondly listen
To other vows,—the tender past forget,—
Couldst scorn my anguish.—No! A tear would glisten,—
One tear.—He sure would spare that short regret.

I saw his eye, with falsehood dimly gleaming ;
I heard his voice,—the soften'd tones of art !—
But thou—Ah! thou couldst see affection beaming :
For all was rapture, in thy trusting heart.

And who could deem, a breast, thy love had chosen,
Could mark thy worth, nor share the holy fire !
Yet,—to thy smile of heaven, thy virtues, frozen,—
'Twas but thy wealth, that warm'd his chill desire.

Even in the solemn rite, when fondly tremble
The blush-veil'd glances, Love exults to see,
That heart its sordid triumph could dissemble :—
He prest thy hand,—and thought of all, but thee !

Now, sunk in selfish joy, thy cares rejected,
He scorns thy very love's too partial choice ;
And thou—Ah ! thou, while sad thou pin'st neglected,
Hear'st in thy misery an upbraiding voice.

Nay ! heed it not !—Forget me !—All has perish'd.—
Forget, with mine thy kindred wishes burn'd !—
Think me a friend, thy worth who calmly cherish'd.
Or lov'd thee,—but with passion unreturn'd !

O! had it been!—Why, life's fond dawn adorning,
Why shone that sunny joy, so quickly o'er?—
Yet bloom'd this heart, and, mid the blaze of morning,
Drew, like some weed of death, its rankling store.

Yes! even this heart could bloom, this heart so blasted—
Yes! once—But what is all it feels!—My breast
Is dull'd.—So long the whelming weight has lasted,
Its crush of wonted anguish is like rest.

Calm as the gloom of storms that lour at distance,—
I could—perhaps I could—thy falsehood bear:
But thou, thou wretched—Ah! my weak resistance
Sinks, in *thy* misery,—lost and powerless there.

TO A FATHER,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

YES! bend thee o'er her corse! One look,—and still
A fonder, snatch,—that on her pale fix'd cheek
Still seem to answer thine!—They live, they speak
A glowing tenderness, not Death can chill!
O! bend thee yet in fondness! Yet renew
Thy heart's faint image of the smile, she wore
In meekest agony! for never more
That eye's cold dewless gleamings shalt thou view.



Not such its light, when, from this dark abyss,
It hails thee to thy heaven. These hours, the while,
Oft shalt thou sadly muse ; yet when her smile,
Bright then with lustre of eternal bliss,
Thou mark'st in ever-flowing love serene,—
Shalt almost doubt the sufferings thou hast seen.

LOVE'S EXCUSE.

AH! why repeat—Too well I know,
How mad the dear impassion'd view—
That Love is but an idle foe,
Which struggling Reason may subdue?

Yet say not, all I now must bear
I might have shaken from my breast!
Yes! there was once a time.—But where,
O! where have flown those hours of rest?

Then, not a warning whisper spoke,
To bid me shun the tender wiles.—
Her voice—no fear the sweetness woke ;
She look'd—O ! who could dread those smiles ?

All melting fell they on the heart :
So soft the very wish they mov'd ;
Ere Reason knew to use her art,
Sooth'd to the sleep of heaven,—I lov'd.

PICTURES.

The verse of nine syllables, of which the two little Poems that follow are specimens, is, I believe, new to our language, though frequent in German poetry. In its omission of the opening short syllable, it may be considered as bearing to the common heroic line the same relation, which the Anacreontic verse of seven syllables bears to the common eight-syllabled Iambic. In very short pieces, of alternate rhyme, and of which the character is that of languid tenderness, it seems to me peculiarly pleasing; though, from the uniformity of the opening full accentuation, it does not appear to be well fitted for such long series of lines, as are sometimes to be found in this measure in the Works of German Poets.

A MORNING PICTURE.

BEAUTY SLUMBERING AND DREAMING.

SMILES she ev'n in sleep,—or does her arm,
Couching soft below, sweet dimples trace ;
As if, form'd for ceaseless joy, a grace
Liv'd still wakeful in each slumbering charm ?
Brightening now, the sunshine o'er her cheek
Steals, and trembles.—Ah ! what sudden blush
Starts,—and now—O ! now with warmer flush,
Speaks some bashful thought that fears to speak ?

Pale again it fades.—But mark that eye,
Gently opening ; and a tear is there,
Floating :—and, tho' no full sound they bear,
See ! her lips seem trembling with a sigh.
Ah ! She wakes.—Yet still the humid beam
Looks a softness, that shall ever last.
Boast no more the coldness of the past !—
All its scorn has melted, in thy dream.

AN EVENING PICTURE.

BEAUTY REPOSING AND MUSING BY MOONLIGHT.

WHEN the moonlight thro' thy rosy bower
Beams in dewy fragrance ; and thy breast,
As when Love its first sweet softness bless'd,
Feels, yet knows not what the charming power ;—
Then, when float before thy musing eye
Hours by memory cherish'd,—and a tear
Rises warm,—and half thou seem'st to hear
Gentle breathings answer to thy sigh ;—

Blest, whose image then, still first to shine,
 Floats soft-visions in the shadowy beam;
 Whose known accents are the sounds that seem
Whispering in the sigh which blends with thine !
But O blest, all earthly joy above,
 Who, in hour so kind, the dream fulfils,
 List's thy bashful heart, and, while it thrills,
Hears thee own the blessedness of love !

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

TO A LOVELY EXTOLLER OF ITS BARBAROUS GALLAN-
TRY AND MAGNIFICENCE.

O THANKLESS, false to every Grace,
That lights with soul thy glance, thy mien !
Why, strifes and gloomy pomps to trace,
Half turn'st thou from a happier scene ?

Of toils which generous Valour bore,
Of honour warm in every breast,
And love unchangeful, talk no more!—
Ah! think of nobler powers deprest!

Mourn thy degraded sex!—Tho' dear
They shone, on hearts that proudly dar'd;
And many a sigh in Beauty's ear
Was breath'd, and many a rapture shar'd;

Her cherish'd name the pledge of arms,
The lists for her in triumph swept,—
That zeal but hail'd the shringing charms,
Where, all unown'd, the Spirit slept.

The genius form'd of gentler kind,
To bid sweet truth more sweetly fall,
In converse of the mutual mind,—
Was nothing,—where a smile was all.

Unknown the joy to fancy given,
The flame from distant ages caught,
The dreams that mingle earth and heaven,
The wild sublimities of thought,—

Enough the banquet, or the dance,
That easier rapture could illumine,
Give fresher brightness to her glance,
Give warmer softness to her bloom.

Had Nature, hastening to avow
Her work of love, then fix'd thy date,—
Yes! Thou hadst charm'd:—but not, as now,
Had Wisdom paus'd, thy voice to wait.

The soul, which hangs, each word to own,
Not hovering then in fond suspense,
Had bless'd the sweetness of the tone,
And, careless, scarcely mark'd the sense.

Ah! cease!—Tho' wit like thine may fling
Gay light, to dazzle all who see,
That very charm a proof I bring,
And triumph, while I point to THEE.

THE CHILD OF SABBATH.

TO AN INFANT BORN EARLY ON SUNDAY MORNING.

CHILD of the peaceful dawn! while Earth all new
In gleamy twilight brightens on thy view,—
As o'er thy fated scene it eager strays,
What trembling wonder glistens in thy gaze!

O! whether, holier born, thou come sublime,
A seraph wanderer from a happier clime,

Or, dazzled with existence, from thy God
Fresh-glowing,—earth, and air, and heaven untrod,—
At life's first call, thou start with sweet surprise,
And smile, to feel the new sensation rise ;
Rejoice !—See ! Nature, warm from nightly rest,
Soft as the Zephyr slumbering on her breast,
Her eye still beaming with love's dewy tear,
Looks all in fondness, and forbids thy fear.
'Tis heaven's own calm ; or, if the stillness cease,
Dear is the pause,—whose very sounds are peace.

In lands of every clime, where wide they roam
'Twixt farthest shores, one long expanse of home,
Man's kindred race, their equal Parent sought,
Blend in sweet brotherhood all self-born thought.

Lo pure as mid thy seraph choir above,
One boundless temple Earth,—one reign of love!
Even now,—what gladness!—From the prostrate
 throng

Adoring, hark! 'tis rapture's bursting song:—
And Heaven delighted hears.—See, o'er their head,
The conscious sky in milder radiance spread!
Each catching warm from each a purer flame,
Their hopes accordant, as their wants the same,
On love all-knowing every wish they cast;—
Their only prayers fond praises of the past.
Yes! hail that hymn!—Tho', doom'd to mortal birth,
Some brighter holier orb thou quit for earth,
Still mayst thou bend in conscious joy, to hear
Song, such as gladden'd once thine ardent ear.

From every lip while those sweet warblings flow,
In every eye how bright that hallow'd glow!
Thy native strains their wonted rapture give.
Rejoice! 'Tis bliss,—ev'n yet 'tis heaven,—to live.

Ah! shalt thou trust the joy?—A nurseling, cast
On life's uncertain ocean wild and vast,
Tho' round thy cradling bark the breeze scarce spread
Its gentle wing, to flutter o'er thy head,
In that calm radiance, fearless shalt thou think,
No tempest dimly lurks along the brink,—
Till, dark with all its thunders, round thee lour
More fierce, with sudden flash, the whirlwind's power?

O no!—For glooms beyond that evening sky,
Child of a happier dawn! prepare thine eye!

Another morn shall chill thy gay belief ;
Another sun shall wake thee into grief.
That orb, which, lingering o'er the glowing stream,
Half set, and paus'd, and cast a fonder beam,—
Pleas'd, as when, mid the stars that hail'd her birth,
Smil'd in first innocence the joyous Earth,—
Shall sadly rise, the changeful scene to light
Of crimes and griefs, and gladly sink in night.

'Tis come,—that alter'd morn.—Thy dream to
break,

See Poverty her busy world awake !
From rest that sooth'd not, his weak arm to wield,
Again sick Labour slowly seeks the field.
In streets, where clanging car with car contends,
O'er his dull task the pale mechanic bends.

Hark! from damp mine, cold rock, and swampy vale,
What weary sounds rush harsh on every gale!
With struggling Nature all is ceaseless strife,—
Life one long toil to snatch the means of life.

Turn'st thou, where clamorous Want compels
 thine eye?—

Nay, list to gentler Misery's timid sigh!
Where those close bars, in scanty pity given,
Seem, while they shut from Earth, to shut from
 Heaven,

Some wife, whom all her husband's pang benumbs,
Bends o'er that straw, where solace never comes;—
In that dim garret, where despair might dwell,
In all but freedom, like the dungeon's cell,

Some widow, yet unprison'd, but who thrill'd
Cold at the threat, and dreams it still fulfill'd,
Crush'd with her double load of debt and dread,
Shrinks from that tomb which waits not for the dead.
She, who, as once in happy plenty free,
Wak'd her sweet babe, nor wept its smile to see,
Pleas'd at *one* day, which soon, too soon, to set,
Yet gave awhile the comfort, to forget,—
Views gathering dark the long long week of fears,
And, trembling at each asking voice she hears,
Counts every hope, to which her faltering call
May turn,—and shrinks, to feel how trustless all.
And he, her dread, the merciless, whose tongue
Mid pealing choirs the anthem loudest sung,
Content, to HIM who asks no victim's blaze,
No costly shrine, to give a cheaper praise,—

Impatient while the holy echoes ran,
Has turn'd from God, more fierce, to prey on man.

Yet dread not thou!—No woes around thee wait;
Even fearful Fondness smiling o'er thy fate.
The pangs, that, lingering in the breast they tear,
And sternly urging Patience to despair,
Dew her mild eyes, with tears that half repine,—
Shall but in softest pity melt on thine.
The morn of peace, which gave thee calm to live,
A sure sweet omen of thy life shall give.
While Love Parental bends in sheltering pride,
While Friendship breathes her wishes at thy side,
Each guardian Virtue watchful round thy breast,—
Yes! thou mayst grieve;—but shall not grief be blest?

When, mid the smiles from Misery grateful ray'd,
Still sighs a wretchedness, thou canst not aid ;—
When, on her dauntless victim, prostrate trod,
Oppression stamps, and laughs, and mocks her God ;—
Yes! thou wilt turn thee, saddening.—Yes! thy cheek
The vengeance kindling in thy hope will speak.
But ev'n thine anguish, ev'n the thoughts that start
In sacred ire tumultuous from thy heart,
All, all thy wrath of pity shall effuse
Such tears, as Rapture would not wish to lose.
Like gales of dewy freshness, that allay
The sultry fervours of too fierce a day,
Those gentle sorrows, tempering joy too bright,
With softer charm shall vary thy delight ;—
And the calm sunshine of thy hours on earth
Be but the lengthen'd Sabbath of thy birth.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.

O NO!—'Twas but that gentle beam,

Whose ready pity shines for all.

Why thought I, 'twas a fonder gleam?

Why hop'd I, bliss on me could fall?

Haste, haste, my sorrow!—With no strife

Reluctant, bend I to decay.—

Thine is each feeble pulse of life;

But silent, silent be thy sway!

He shall not know, tho' anguish chill

My faded cheek, for whom I grieve ;

And I shall view that pity still,

Nor blush, the solace to receive.

Yes ! let no word, no look, no sigh

The wasting pang within declare !

The hour, the home, of rest is nigh ;

And misery needs no solace there.

Then, when each weary throb must cease,

Why should I wish his tears to flow ;—

Why vainly wish those eyes to weep,

Whose grief, even now, 'twere death to know ?

And while, for him, the pang I hide,
 Tho' Love refuse a dearer part,
Even suffering, I may feel the pride,
 To know me worthier of his heart.

Ah! silent, silent, let me sink!
 An hour's lone anguish soon will cease.—
And, tho' of bliss I dare not think,
 'Twill yet be joy to save his peace.

THE MURDERER.

The companion of many years of intimate and confidential friendship is supposed to have abused the opportunities which that confidence afforded, to seduce the affection of the mistress of his friend,—and the deadly blow to have been inflicted, in punishment of the treachery.

THE MURDERER.

SPEED, speed thy flight!—His pangs are o'er.—

Thou heard'st the faint death-stifled cry.

That arm shall rush in strength no more,

Nor proudly smile that hated eye.

Saw'st thou its quiverings, as in death

He grasp'd thee to his struggling breath,

When their short flash the clouded moonbeams threw?

Speed, speed thy flight!

The dawning light

Gleams distant, where no watchful steps pursue.

Why shrink'st thou? Ne'er again thine ear

That voice of hateful joy shall hear.

He groans not now.—He call'd not, mid the blast.—

Start not!—One shriek thou heard'st,—one groan,—

but 'twas his last.

Safe in the shades that saw thy birth,

Suspicion spares thy mild renown.

Here all is peace.—Why still on earth

So sternly fix'd that sullen frown?

O! if all dark of soul thou seek

These smiling haunts, let memory speak

Of early loves, and youthful joys endear'd.

How gay that grove

Has seen thee rove !

There proud thy hands the fairy grotto rear'd :

Oft on this lawn, the sport, the dance,

Has laugh'd.—Why, why that shuddering glance ?

Think'st thou of boyish friendship ?—Soon 'twas

o'er.—

He stung thee,—but he sleeps,—thy friend, thy foe,

no more.

He sleeps, as guilt should sleep.—The guile,

That feign'd in all thy gladness part,

Mix'd with thy smile its trusted smile,

Then stole the treasure from thy heart,—

The charm that won her fickle vow,
That glance of triumph, beams not now.
Yet why, with haste too sparing of thy foe,
No pause between,
Unheard, unseen,
From the dim archway rush'd thy sudden blow?
Why knew he not the wrath, which weigh'd
With double impulse on thy blade?
Then, then, the death 'twere sweet revenge to give.
The death!—Ah no! Thou feel'st, the torture were
to live.

'Tis night.—Let Joy retire to rest!
Yet trust not thou the silent gloom!
Again those strains may lull thy breast,
Those smiles a moment's smile illumine.

Still even that moment's charm prolong!—

Nay, fliest thou from the festive throng?

Come!—But what visions shall thy gaze employ!

With solemn tread,

Around thy bed—

O! hide thee, from that glance of scornful joy!

What fleshless arm, of growing size,

Slow, slow, and cold, so near thine eyes

Leads the dim blade? His blood encrusts it still.—

Hark to that groan!—'Twas *his*.—Yes! memory owns
the thrill.

Now, on her couch impatient cast,

Sad watching, let the traitress pine!

She dreams of fondness sweetly past,

Sighs o'er each vow,—but not at thine.

And fears she for his slow return?—

Yes! let her tremble!—She could spurn

Thy sorrow.—Now her triumph let her see,—

The slow-borne bier,

The form so dear;—

Yes! let her meet her lord, and think—of thee!

O no!—That glance, with swift delight,

Once flow'd upon thy melting sight;

Once even that smile, that faithless smile, could charm.

Ah! let her mark the wound,—nor know the murder-
ing arm.

Tho' Horror haunt the waking hour,

Why, why thy weary eyelids close?

To thee, sleep wafts no soothing power.

O! yield thee not, nor hope repose!

It comes,—the dream!—Thro' burning air,

Thy shuddering form what demons bear?

Slow, o'er the torrent's gloom they downward fly.—

Its whirling flood

All red with blood,—

As swells each wave, shrill sounds of anguish die.

What form, in fiercer vengeance blest,

Cold clasps thee to his gory breast?

Start not!—He quits thee soon.—Each hope denied,

They loose thy struggling frame, and plunge thee mid
the tide.

Awake!—See! Morning smiles.—'Tis past.

Swift as the gloom, thy vision fled.—

And feel'st thou still the burning blast,

The surge still eddying round thy head?

Arise!—O yet one glance above

Lift to that Power, whose wrathless love

Calms ev'n the fierce stern anguish of despair.

Why start'st thou wild?

He heard.—He smil'd.—

The eye of mercy frown'd not on thy prayer.

O! rush not, sink not thus, with frame

Frantic yet faint! That glance of flame

Cease, cease,—that groan,—those limbs that struggling
twine!—

Ah! Death, that beams on woe, wafts deeper gloom
to thine.

THE REPOSE OF VIRTUE.

ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT OF AN OLD AND VERY
DEAR FRIEND, PAINTED BY HER NIECE.

THANKS to the gifted genius, by whose skill
The distant smile is beaming on me still!
Bless'd power!—But O! tho' never tints divine
Have shone more faithful to the fair design,

Not Art's alone the praise. Affection threw
Her own warm colours, as the pencil drew ;
Ere languor dull'd the cheek, with tender strife
Of converse charm'd it into fresher life ;
And where the eye had miss'd some shadowy part,
Gave the full image, living, from the heart.

It is her peaceful self. In that calm mien,
How shines the spirit, like the brow, serene !
The wonted dress,—the long-familiar chair,—
The Book she dearest prizes,—all are there.
Not now her eye bends o'er it, but, tho' rais'd,
Still seems to speak, where late it fervent gaz'd ;
So mild,—so pure,—as if 'twere glistening bright
From Heaven's own Volume, with a heavenlier light.

Few years have pass'd, since, fresh with youth-like
power,
Far other moments fill'd each varying hour.
In calm or storm, the city or the shade,
Wherever grief had wants, her care could aid,—
Wherever friendship could receive and feel
Some new kind office of unweary zeal,—
She hail'd, for toil, the early-dawning sun,
Nor slept, till what a day could do was done.
Who then, that mark'd her, at each active call,
Where all were busy, busier still than all,
Could deem, when Age, forbidding more to roam,
Should bind the wanderer to a changeless home,
No fretful gloom would darken on her brow,
But all be cloudless, as its beamings now ;

On that lone seat as tranquil, as when nigh
She gaz'd on crowds, that watch'd her guiding eye !

Yet be our wonder o'er !—The change serene
One spirit rules,—the spirit that has been ;
What charms us now, by softer love endear'd,
Best charm of all the worth we long rever'd.
When every limb was nerv'd with buoyant speed,
Strength was the frame's, but Virtue's was the deed :
On languor's couch, that unrepining will
Is but the calm of holiest Virtue still ;—
Alike the heaven-breath'd influence, when it glows
Cheerful in toil,—as cheerful in repose.

Mark we the peaceful lake !—How waveless rest
Its waters, in the valley's sheltering breast !

The breeze scarce stirs it ; or, one flutter o'er,
The imaged heaven is shining as before.
Yet many a rill is there, whose eager tide
From rock to rock of the cleft mountain's side
Leapt sparkling,—then, thro' copse and mead, along
Gush'd free, with warbling waves all loose to song.
'Twas joy, where'er it flow'd.—The banks more gay
With tufts of bloomy fragrance mark'd its way,—
And richer verdure spread,—and oft, tho' bare
The wide expanse, a clustering grove was there.
No dull and sluggish loiterer,—when sweet bowers
Woo'd it to rest, with softest airs and flowers,
Still journeying, far it bore the freshening swell
To many a thirsty plain, and many a dell.
Now, the same influence, centering into peace,
That led its onward wanderings, bids them cease :

With conscious smile, its course of blessing past,
Calm but unwearied rests the stream at last,—
Reflecting in its bosom's cloudless shade
That Heaven,—whose bounty it so long convey'd.

SONNETS

ON NEGRO SLAVERY

IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The following Sonnets were written, when the importation of human beings, as slaves, into the United States was still legally permitted; and when even Britain had not yet delivered herself from the moral ignominy of that misnamed species of trade.

In these circumstances of equal atrocity, the author, when he chose America as the scene of his little Poems, had not forgotten the guilt of his own Country; nor was he desirous of extenuating it, by bringing forward the similar guilt of another Nation, for the general liberal spirit of whose Government he feels a very high respect, and which connections and friendships of the liveliest regard have given him many delightful reasons to love. The subject and the scene were alike suggested by the perusal of an account of one of those Festivals which are annually devoted in the Great Western Republic to remembrances of general freedom, and which, by

this very circumstance, give a peculiar incongruity to the slavery in the midst of which they are held. It is gratifying indeed, to a lover of mankind, to think of the many States of the Federal Union, which, as they have nobly set an example of liberty that does not depend on birth and colour, may therefore justly commemorate the events that made them independent. But there are other States, in which the laws that have established independence have established also the tyranny of the independent, without any attempt to fix a period to it, however remote, or even to prepare a way for its gradual cessation: and in which, therefore, it seems scarcely possible, without a mixture of the most discordant feelings, to view the triumphant commemoration of the recovery of a few petty rights, by those who are themselves the daily violators of every right, and whose feast of freedom is prepared by slaves.

On the justice of the cause of the Americans in the Revolutionary War, and on the patriotic energy which they displayed in the

course of it, the author would be very unwilling to throw any reflection. It is not the censurer, but the friend and approver, of any great national measure, who laments, when it is attended with circumstances, which expose the measure itself to be viewed even by the most prejudiced with any other sentiments, than those of admiration and joy, if it have succeeded, or of sorrow and not less admiration if unfortunately it have failed. The very principle of the sympathy that is so ardent in every generous breast for those who are struggling against oppression, is that which calls for indignant reprehension of them, when, after asserting successfully their own rights, they become themselves or continue to be oppressors. A mind, that deals out its political esteem from motives of faction or caprice, may admire still, in the one case, as it admired in the other. But he who loves liberty, as liberty should be loved, and feels accordingly all the worth of that moral spirit, which it is its glory to diffuse, will look on freemen as having obligations of higher virtue to

fulfil, and, therefore, in corresponding degree, still greater guilt in the violation of any of the ordinary duties of mankind. He will lament, indeed, over an outrage against humanity, wherever it may have been committed: but he will deplore it with far deeper sorrow of heart, when it has been committed by a Nation of the Free, than when a similar oppression has occurred under a Government less happily constituted; where law is less the restraint, than the expression or the sanction, of the arbitrary will of the powerful, and where the chief or only distinction of man from man is that of the despot who commands and the slave who suffers.

SONNET I.

TO THE GUARDIAN GENIUS OF AMERICA.

DREAD Power, that, from thy mountain throne
supreme,
Grasp'st in wide gaze the Empire of thy care,
And, while dark tempests fan thy meteor hair,
Hurl'st their broad clouds in many a sea-like stream!
Smil'st thou, to mark, where baffled Armies trod
In desolating ire the bloomy vale,
A busier labour laugh along the dale,
A brighter verdure wave along the sod?

And shall not *all* rejoice?—Exulter, see

Those fetter'd mourners!—Came they fierce to tear

A Land, whose mercy dooms them but to wear

The chains they brought?—No spoilers of the free,

Unknowing on the battle's grassy mound

They tread,—and wonder at the heaps around.

SONNET II.

THE SLAVE ON HIS PASSAGE.

O THOU, who feel'st each burning pang relief,
That gives thee, from the prison'd crowd apart,
While the sick throb still rages in thy heart,
To breathe this moonlight air, and muse thy grief!
Count'st thou each homeward surge that slowly fled?
Ne'er shall its murmur reach thy native stream:
But thou wilt come, where suns more soft shall beam
A balmier freshness on that aching head.

Grasp not thy chain, despairing ! To the realm
Of generous Liberty thy vessel flies.

There once invaders trod : but, swift to rise,
Her children saw, and rush'd but to o'erwhelm.
Come to the fields of freedom !—O'er the wave
Proudly they smile.—O ! come,—and be a slave !

SONNET III.**THE ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE.**

HASTE to the shrine!—The joy tumultuous share!

Haste to the shrine, that asks its ready throng!

Yet other voices waits the bursting song;

Yet other voices waits the holy prayer.

Linger not thou! awhile suspend thy scourge!

What tho' the slave have this brief respite won,

Go, and, when Freedom's sacred rite is done,

With fresher strength thy arm its weight may urge.—

And thou, who, silent, when the busy lash
On the yet rankling wound more heavy came,
Groan'st at the shout of freedom! thy faint frame
Drag, with thy torturer!—Even that eye may flash
A gentler fire.—Come, bend thy mingling knee,
And bless the day,—which made thy tyrant free!

SONNET IV.**ON THE SAME.**

Not o'er the dead—O! not as if its smart
In sullen agony of pride he bore,—
Lift not again the scourge!—His wrongs are o'er:
No joy of scorn now burns within that heart.
He groan'd not; and the low indignant sigh
Ye, in your pride of thankfulness devout,
Ye heard not, patriots! when the million's shout
Rose to the fetter-breaking arm on high.

O listless of his pang, the pang of death !

Call not your God, ye heaven-insulting free !

Call not your God, his shielded land to see !

Weep that his gaze has mark'd it ! That faint breath
Reach'd its avenger ;—and, O ! tremble more,
Tyrants !—he heard you bless him, and adore.

THE GLORIES OF POESY.

The study of elegant literature, especially with a view to the cultivation of poetic talent, has been very generally considered as unfavourable to what, in the language of the world, is termed advancement in life ; and by those who regard happiness itself as of far less value than the possession of the occasional and doubtful means of happiness, which wealth and official station confer, the opinion may perhaps have been very justly formed.

The high intrinsic dignity of the enjoyments of taste and fancy is the subject of the following verses. They were written, after hearing in conversation a very strong expression of that sordid preference, which it is their object to expose ; and the tone of indignant scorn, therefore, will account for a diction and structure of verse, which, on a more humble subject, or in the expression of gentler feelings, might perhaps be considered as too declamatory and stately.

THE GLORIES OF POESY.

YE bowers of Fancy, in whose shade my soul,
Tir'd of the bustling cares and strifes of Earth,
Has oft rejoicing wander'd,—glad to feel
The soft refreshment of your purer airs,
And warbling fountains, and the songs, that sweet
As from the harps of Angel hands unseen,
Float from each sacred grove ! O yet again,
If still with heart not all profan'd I come,

From toils and tumults of a sordid world
Receive me ! Let me listen to the strains,
That woke my first ambition ; ere I knew
Pomp, and the crowds, that round the gaudy throne
Of Wealth, expectant, bend the guilty knee !
When from that servile homage I have turn'd
In sullen wrath disdainful, I have flown,
Best reconcilers ! to your tranquil shades :
And ye have deign'd me solace ;—oft have given,
Propitious, my dark bosom to inhale
Your fresh perfumes, and my sick weary eye
To gaze on your mild beauty, till the scorn
Has melted into gladden'd love, and Earth
Seem'd calm and holy with the joy I felt.

Yet are there, who with jealous watch forbid
To rove amid the freshness of your glades.
In vain ye spread your Paradise to throngs
That, worshippers of Fortune, deem her smile
Sole honour, and the musings ye have bless'd
Dull as the idler's dream. With warning frown,
They scowl severe; and he, whose youthful heart
Has linger'd, doubtful, at the sweet approach,
Hears the harsh murmur of accusing tongues,
And trembles at the bliss,—he fain would share.

Shame to the coward Avarice, that usurps
The dignity of Wisdom, while it bids
Seek but what Wisdom scorns,—of Heaven's high gifts
Inemulous, and fearful but to lose
Some portion of that gaudy dust, which Earth

Beneath the foot-tread of its clamorous throng
Deigns to the wretch, that stoops to gather it!

O credulously sordid! Shall the Power,
That prompts with lowly passion, so to judge
Of base and lovely, be accounted still
Prudence, sage guide;—with cautious eye, too dim
To scan sublime the airy paths of life,
Fix on some little height, that shines below,
Her sluggish gaze,—and deeming there, where sloth
Basks in dull grandeur, of the Heav'n-will'd course
The summit, with ignoble thoughts blaspheme
Creative Wisdom! In that fateful hour,
When yet was nothing, save the Mighty One
Who was from everlasting; and, in pomp
Of future light and loveliness, a World,

Fair-imag'd, from the bright Eternal Mind
Shone into being, was the kingly guest
Of Nature, Man, who moves with nobler step
And eye that marks him lord of all he treads,
Crown'd with such splendour, but to gaze awhile
On Earth, and prove how soft its radiant bloom,
Its fruits how balmy! Was the form erect
Giv'n, that his robe in folds of lighter grace
Might wave around his limbs, and genius breath'd
In his quick spirit, that his languid frame
Might revel, lull'd in more luxurious ease?
O still discordant folly!—Shall the heart,
That oft, in joyless hours, has felt how vain
Pomp's cheerless glare, with eager zeal repress
In youthful bosoms each sublimer hope,
That pants not for the world! Shall weary Age,

Soon as the querulous lament has ceas'd,
The still-repeated strain, of empty toil,
And pleasure's tastelessness, and baffled pride,
The vanity of grandeur,—cautious teach
The listening train who wonder round his knees,
To give their souls to gold,—for gold to deem
Even guilt and misery blessings! To be rich
In earthly treasures is not to possess
That nobler wealth, which, in the conscious mind,
Is happiness exhaustless. There are joys
Soft, inly glowing, pure, with which compar'd,
The haughty throb that swells the sensual heart
Is dull, as the dull earth-worm's feeble ray
To Man's ethereal gaze. Tho' circling crowds
Bend not in idle homage; tho' the slave,
Who, mov'd as if a god descended, marks

With envy lost in awe the dazzling pride
Of guilt, in that insulting pomp forget
The blood, the tears, the rapine, all the man,—
Bow to the gaudy pageant, not the wretch
It hurries swift from view,—and on lone Worth
Slow-passing, meek and friendless, scowl disdain ;
Lives there not ONE, who, when he marks the heart,
Heeds not what glitters o'er it,—who can hush
Even with a whisper, mid a realm's applause,
The pride of acclamation,—on the mind
Which gives to virtue every throbbing power,
Still smiles approving,—and whose smile is bliss ?

O thou, who, in the ardent dream divine,
That rises on thy fancy, when, the strain
Of Genius round thee floating sweet, thine ear,

As if from Heaven's pure height the warblings fell,
Lists reverent,—hear'st, within, a kindred voice,
That bids thee, where his sunward pinions blaze,
Dare the bright path ; and, in the rising swell,
The mix'd confusion of that mighty thought,
Glow'st with presageful joy ! O ! pause awhile,
Enthusiast ! pause, till Reason calm approve !
Trust not the fickle impulse of an hour,
But weigh thy wishes ! If thine eager heart
Pant for the splendour of fastidious wealth :
If gems delight thee, if a gaudy throng
Must watch thy changeful will, sweet spoils be mix'd
Of many a clime, to call reluctant back
Tir'd appetite, and the grape's richest juice
Flame dull, but when its crystal cup reflects
A golden glare around :—If Power allure

Thy bending footstep to his iron throne,
And thy ambitious fancy throb to stretch
His delegated sceptre, ponderous held,
That crushes where it falls ; with trembling voice
To sanction deeds, from which thy conscience shrinks
Unwilling yet subdued ; to mix and rule
The strife of warring senates, and with spoil
Of trusting kingdoms hush the venal tongue
Of clamorous Eloquence ; with busy guile,
Watching the mazes of each dark cabal,
Till, wrapt in thickest clouds, a sudden flash
May thunder on thy foes :—away ! away !
Thou seek'st what Poesy would scorn to give,
Even were she rich to offer it. If, gold
To win, or guilty rule, thou must submit
To be a slave, her freedom will but make

The dreary toil more dreary to thy soul.

Lov'st thou a fierce renown,—the fame, whose shout
Still louder, as more gasping wretches bleed,
Is but the echo of a groaning world?
Does war rejoice thee? In thine ardent years
Of boyhood, hast thou listen'd to the tale
Of patriot bands, who, in some narrow pass,
Against invading myriads, link'd in soul
One column of resolve, undaunted stood,—
Fought, stronger in each tie, for maids belov'd
Who cast the frantic look, for hoary age
Torn from calm household tombs to fiercer death,
For infants soon perhaps with careless smile
Sporting with chains of slavery?—When thou heardst,
How, thinn'd and whelm'd beneath the ceaseless host,

They slowly fell, yet with life's lingering power
Still grasp'd the sword of freedom, on their foes
Still glanc'd disdain, and with an eager look,
That mourn'd their brethren lessening at their side,
Sank cold ;—if then thy heart have kindled, warm,
But not with indignation, fir'd to reach
The honours of his name, who wav'd his helm
High on the bloody field, and on the slain
Gaz'd with a fell delight, and call'd his bands
To triumph in the mastery of death :—
If no quick wrath then heav'd thy struggling breast,
O ! seek not thou the lyre ! The simple wreath,
Which gentle Poesy with fostering smile
Twines round her nurseling's brow, no murderous hand
Wtih gory grasp has stain'd ;—and power and wealth
Are, in the sober measure of her thought,

The trifles of an hour. If these awake
Thy daily sigh, and glitter in thy dream,
Abjure each heavenly musing ;—to the world
Unfaltering give thy strength ;—and, if thy heart
Can hush each feeling, that, in nobler hours,
Has warm'd it with a generous pulse divine,—
Dull'd like the gelid stream that waveless holds
Its ice-incrusted course ; the envied prize,
Tho' Disappointment oft may mock thy toil,
Will crown thy triumph.—But if, happier breath'd,
From heaven thy wishes flow ; if thy pure heart,
Long fed with joy of thoughts divine, have scorn'd
The sordid cares of earth, O ! check not, yield,
Yield to that native impulse ! 'Tis the voice
Of genius, that, from pausing throb to throb
Of admiration, when thy spirit burns,

Oft whispers, in the charming song, of powers
Untried, and worship soon to wait thy name,
All pure and generous as the flame thou feel'st.
Thy ardour was not given thee, to be quench'd
In conflicts of the dust, in low pursuit
Of pleasures frailer than the wish they breathe,
Of momentary passion. Thou wert form'd
With powers of nobler sway,—to soothe and bless
And consecrate the world; in youthful minds
To wake, with many a thrill of wondering awe,
That early sympathy with deeds sublime,
Which prompts the future hero, when in strength
Mature, and in some public cause supreme,
The champion of a Nation's wrongs, he dares
High combat, where 'tis glory ev'n to fail.
Thou still art with him;—in each pause of strife

To soothe with all the sweetness of the lyre
His weary frame, till, charm'd, again, more fresh
Than from the slumber of a softening couch,
He rises ardent ; and, the patriot praise
His patriot zeal enkindling, feels new fire
In every thought, impatient of repose,
And proud mid gathering perils to approve
The mighty past, and vindicate his fame.

Best moralist ! from thy exalting song
Vice startled flies. When wealth-enfeebled States
Sink in luxurious softness, sink and love
The sweet decay, and Virtue trembling feels
The light contagion float around her breast,
'Tis thine to nerve her weakness ;—and while Guilt,
Beneath thy wrathful eloquence appall'd,

Shrinks powerless,—on the half-repentant heart,
That, led by Passion, struggles still, and sighs
With wishes holier than it dares to speak,
To pour a penitence so soft, so calm,
That eyes, which fear'd to view offended Heaven,
Dare thro' their veil of tears to lift on high
A meek adoring gaze, and grateful look
The steadfast fond resolve.—The private home
Owns thy sweet influence; and when smile to smile,
In jest or frolic of unthinking mirth,
Laughs in glad circle round the winter's blaze,
Oft, in that heedless hour, some voice that pours
Thy chastening strain, shall breathe such temper'd joy,
That pleasure shall be like a hallow'd charm,
Which but to feel is virtue.—Where the grief,
That scorns thy solace,—wandering in the woes

Thou paint'st, till, pitying, half it lose its own?
Ev'n he, the loneliest,—that from light and love,
And every mortal and celestial wish,
Has turn'd, with agony that sought no rest
Save silence and despair,—shall feel thy skill,
In strains to misery's wildest madness tun'd,
With unsuspected soothings of delight,
Steal on his soul, and win his softening thought,
And bend his long-reluctant view to joys,
That almost seem as hope could bless again.

O! if, for such high ministry, was breath'd
Thy charming power ;—in vice-subduing lays
If thine to give to utterance Heaven's mild will,
The chosen of thy God ; thou wilt not sigh,
That earthly splendour calls thee not to share

A few brief moments of that glittering pomp,
Which scarce thou deign'st to witness. When the
 sound

Of distant acclamations, caught and swell'd
By heedless crowds, that press around the car
Of some gay triumph, breaks that deep repose,
In which thy fancy muses, self-entranc'd,
Its own majestic visions, thou wilt turn
On Grandeur's toiling slaves thy wondering view,
And pity even their joys. The large command,
Which gives rich Indolence around his bower
To call the varying grace of grove and lawn
Luxurious, boast'st thou not?—Yet not to thee,—
O not to eyes that best can worship, Earth
Denies her bounty. Nature all is thine ;
Nature, of which the amplest range, that swells

With haughty joy the bosom of its lord,
Is but a shade to grace the wondrous whole.
Thou canst not bid, o'er rocks with labour pil'd,
The light cascade in feeble splendour pour
Its narrow stream ;—but thou canst listening sit,
Where the dark cataract down the dread descent,
The precipice of cliffs rough-broken, hurls
Its foaming sea of waters : thou canst view
The wild sublime that dazzles shrinking Art,
And mid the thunders of the boiling surge,
When all is vastness in thy swelling soul
Canst muse eternal things. The earth-fix'd eye
Sees not o'er Nature shed the moral charm,
Which fires thy raptur'd gaze : 'tis Beauty's form,
Cold in the silent loveliness of death.
To thee all speaks with mind ; each feature beams

A lustre varying soft, a brightening grace,
The majesty of life. In all thou view'st
The Wisdom, Goodness, Power, which o'er the fate
Of each minutest organ tun'd to feel
Harmonious watching,—guard and bless the world.

If haply to thy voice, of purer strain
Than earthly Passion loves, the sordid ear
Be shut disdainful; while fell Envy's breath
Low'rs o'er the budding honours of thy name,—
It shall not blast them. Other Springs more soft,
As the chill circling vapours shrink away,
Shall nurse with balmier suns the drooping bloom,
And spread it bright to Heaven.—O! Turn not then
Despairing, when the jealous voice denies,
With feeble pride, its homage of an hour:

But, not forgetful of His trust who gave
The glowing burthen to thy soul, and strong
With that meek confidence, which, calm as sure,
Claims not in wrath the honours soon its own,
Wait thou thy ripening glory! Future years
Thy fame shall cherish. Even the humblest spot,
Rich with thy birth or home, that bears imprest
Thy hallowing image, oft shall wake the tear
Of doubtful joy, when wonder, love, regret,
Throb in one mix'd emotion. Grateful Age
Will praise the bard of Virtue: and how oft
Shall youthful Genius, kindling with fond awe,
Muse o'er thy name! But, nobler than the wreath
Of mortal honour waving o'er the brow,
Even in the silence of a thankless world,
Shall Heaven's sweet light be with thee: thou wilt feel

Around thy heart the gentle radiance play,
Softening and blessing all. Each generous wish
Shall live in memory ;—and, when conscience speaks,
Alike reproach and praise of earthly tongue
Fall cold, and thrill not. In the last dim hour,
When, on his splendid couch, no comfort near,
Wealth sighs amid his treasures, owns how frail
His boasted joy, yet clings with feeble grasp
Even to the dross he scorns ;—when Power reviews,
Now lull'd no more by pleasure, lull'd no more
By flattering pride, the record of his crimes,
And, trembling o'er each character of blood,
Starts from the dark unknown ;—thou, gently sooth'd
By sweet remembrance of thy virtuous toils,
Thy life of holiest innocence, shalt feel,
As in the slumber of thy nightly couch,

No chill foreboding,—from the happy past
Presage the gracious future,—calmly breathe
One sigh in pitying wishes for the world,
And, mid heaven's brightest spirits, meet thy God.

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