

A BRIDAL SONG.

In Eden's beauteous garden,
 Where crystal waters ran,
 Ere there was grief or burden
 On the smooth brow of man.
 In vain the air was incense,
 The birds enchantment pour'd,
 Each flower gave sweetest essence,
 And Heaven its bounty shower'd.
 The soul divine no joy could find,
 Till with it shared a kindred mind.*

Till form'd was angel woman,
 With love to bless man's way,
 Earth's empire how'd in vain,
 Nor shin'd the halcyon day.
 Till, with her voice enchanting,
 She own'd herself—his wife ;
 And, with her sunny smiling,
 She cheer'd and sweeten'd life.
 The soul divine no joy could find,
 Till with it shar'd a kindred mind.

When Heav'n, His gifts completing,
 Man's fair dear partner sent—
 Of all earth's joys the crowning—
 Then time her blessings lent ;
 The birds more sweetly chanted,
 The flow'rs more beauteous seem'd,
 The hours too swiftly glided,
 And suns still brighter gleam'd :
 The soul divine more bliss could find,
 When in it shar'd a kindred mind.

And since—a pilgrim roaming,
 With ruder skies and scenes,
 On hillows wildly foaming,
 Or deserts' thirsty plains—

* Gen. 8 c. 4 v.

Her voice has sooth'd the tempest,
 Her eye has chas'd the gloom ;
 Pillow'd by her faithful breast,
 Man smiles at adverse doom :
 And e'en in sorrow he can find
 A balm in woman's kindred mind.

His home she strews with his sing,
 And, like the fruitful vine,
 His peaceful roof adorning,
 The fondest ties combine.
 Her hand with magic sweetness,
 Transforms the desert drear,
 Train'd by her skill and neatness,
 The rose springs up to cheer.
 And this she joys the more to find,
 Because it glads a kindred mind.

Her glance refines his spirit,—
 A spell his heart can bind
 By virtue, smiles to merit,—
 The oak—with jasmine 'twin'd—
 He proves a more than brother,
 For her his life he dares ;
 While the sweet name of " Mother "—
 Repays for all her cares.
 Her gentle heart a joy will find,
 To watch and rear the infant mind.

Hail ! friendship, horn of heav'n
 Hail ! hail ! the nuptial rite !
 Hail ! the best gift that's given !
 Hail ! earth's supreme delight !
 Hail ! woman, man's fair partner !
 Hail ! angel bright of life !
 Hail ! sorrow's surest charmer !
 Hail ! hail ! the virtuous wife !
 The bliss of heav'n will be to find,
 All with a loving, kindred mind.

H-ail Albert and Victoria !
 A-ngela thy path defend !
 I-n peace, through many a year,
 L-et bliss thy steps attend !
 A lover's faithful homage
 L-ong, Albert ! may'st thou pay—
 B-e fam'd for faith as courage !
 H-'er hail thy nuptial day !
 H-ejoicing more than crowns to find—
 T-rue love with Peerless Beauty join'd.

A-nd hail ! England's bonny Rose !
 N-ew joys may days discov'r !
 D-ove-like Peace ! thyself disclose !
 V-irtue, Joy, o'er Britain hov'r !
 I-n thy union, Royal pair,
 C-ordial pray'rs are breathing,
 T-hat all blessings bright and fair,
 O-n your heads descending :
 R-ejoicing you may ever find,
 I-n nuptial ties, a kindred mind.
 A-ibert, hail ! and his Victoria !

NEMO.

In writing the preceding song, the author's object was so to celebrate the joyous event of the union of Her Majesty with Prince Albert, that, with the exception of the Acrostic, the Bridal Song might be suitable to all nuptial festivities. Mr Hart, author of "The Allegria," and other Quadrilles, having composed the music, it is hoped that the innocent harmony of many joyous occasions may be promoted by the Bridal Song ; a copy of which, printed with gold on white satin, was received by Prince Albert the day following the Royal union, and most graciously acknowledged by His Royal Highness.

ELIZA.

Written at the age of 15.

SET TO MUSIC, AND PUBLISHED BY J. GRAY, COMPOSER,
CRAWFORD STREET, LONDON, 1826.

Eliza! sound thy lov'd guitar,
And blend it with thy tuneful voice,
Let not one fear, the measure mar,
But let thy strains and smiles rejoice,
Where'er I roam, believe me Love,
By land, or o'er the sea,
No other form my heart shall move,
It dwells alone on thee.
Then strike again thy lov'd guitar,
And let it sound so sweetly,
For though I roam away so far,
I'll ever love thee dearly.

The trumpet calls—I must away—
Must leave this more than mortal bliss,
And till I fall in battle's fray,
My thoughts shall dwell on thy pure kiss,
But should kind heaven shield thy love,
Ah, then, be not afraid,
I on the wings of joy will move,
To thee, my blue ey'd maid.
Then strike again thy lov'd guitar,
And let it sound so sweetly,
For though I roam away so far,
I'll ever love thee dearly.

FAREWELL MY NATIVE LAND.

Farewell, farewell, my native land,
 And thou Eliza, dear!
 Thy white robe flutters on the strand—
 A signal for a tear.

Farewell, farewell, yon ivy'd tow'r,
 And lake where moon beams play,
 Sweet moments in that jasmine bow'r,
 We've pass'd at close of day.

Farewell ye scenes, I love so well—
 That eye of sunny blue;
 My grief to part—no tongue can tell—
 Thy lover sighs adieu.*

* Adieu—one of the most beautifully expressive words, incorporated from the Norman into the English language; comprehensively signifying—“*To God's care I commit you.*”

ALBION'S BRIGHT CLIFFS.

My native land ! whose cliffs so bright,
 Rise o'er the foaming sea,
 Rejoice the wand'ers longing sight,
 His bark he speeds to thee ;
 But slow to him, the vessel moves,
 Who on hope's wing is borne,
 To meet the maid he truly loves,
 His " rose without a thorn."

Then sweep, my bark, across the main !
 Breathe, breathe, ye fav'ring airs !
 The shore of Albion dear to gain,
 With freedom from my cares.
 'Tis sweet again the home to view,
 Which blessings^{*} fair adorn,
 And doubly sweet to lover true
 His " rose without a thorn."

A L' Université de Boulogne-sur-mer, 1827.

* Frequently has the writer beheld with admiration, the white cliffs of Albion, with the proud towers of Dover, glittering across the Channel in the refulgence of a rising sun ; a prospect which France obtains, without imparting a similar one to the British shores.



How wintry the prospect at dawning of day ?
All cover'd with snow, the steep cliffs screen'd the bay,
Where gallant barks rode, closely moor'd from the gale,
To fam'd Hastings,* so near as to be within hail—
Or sound of the bells, inviting each crew,
Pure faith and sweet friendship's bright joys to renew.
'Twas Christmas—and sailors pull'd gladly for land,
Where both love and good cheer awaited the band.
Joyous hours seem'd moments—so swiftly they flew ;
But night quickly came, and more loud the wind blew,

The boatmen, alone, could the stormy howl hear,
 And turning, in grief, from the beach, with a sigh
 Committed the youths to the Saviour on high.
 All hope of their mates, being lost to the *Tico*,
 Below to the cabin, at last they withdrew ;
 Each wave, as it broke o'er the tempest toss'd ship
 Exciting just fears, that the moorings would slip
 When borne by the gale, to the opposite shore
 Like the *Amphythrite*, she, would soon be no more. ‡
 What star in the heavens, what gem in the mine,
 In seasons like these, could make Hope's ray to shine,
 Or far less impart the soul's dauntless, sweet calm,
 And bid it courageously smile at alarm ?
 Though no orb in the sky, no gem of the earth,
 To such brav'ry and peace could ever give birth,
 Yet the boys possess'd, in a locker, that prize—||
 " A message of love," from One, 'yond the bright skies—
 Which tells the toss'd sailor, his God is at hand,
 And with Him he's safe, on the sea, as on land.
 Of comfort the poor lads were greatly in need,
 The tempest, like lightning, augmented its speed,
 And hurling a sea 'gainst the bows of the bark,
 Dissever'd the cable at one mighty jerk.
 " The Hastings," no more, by " the hawser" confin'd,
 Rose on end in the surge—swung round with the wind ;

On the gale they were borne, and the schooner adrift.
 How dreadful that night, wherein many on land,
 Were grasp'd by the storm in death's icy hand! §
 Yet more dreadful by far, the case on the main,
 Where labour'd the schooner, with reeling and strain ;
 Now lurching—aloft, on the crest of the wave,
 Now headlong entomb'd in the dark briny grave—
 While the blood chilling hail, with pitiless sweep,
 Gave new horrors to night,—new fears to the deep.
 Oh, heav'ns ! what a task— what a scene did they view—
 When stagg'ring on deck, in the snow storm that blew ;
 The cordage all frozen—boards slipp'ry as glass,
 The waves in a fury they scarce could surpass
 No light to illumine—but the lantern's pale gleam,
 That made yawning deaths, e'en more horrible seem.
 At daybreak, dismay seized the crew and the town,
 The schooner had drifted—been wreck'd, or " gone down "
 In a perilous night, which " old men"—before
 Ne'er had witness'd—and hoped to see, never more.
 Still prompt to the chains, distress'd mariners urge,
 The Sea-kings their barks, quickly launch'd through the surge; ¶
 To know if " the Hastings " at sea could be found,
 But thinking, most likely, the boys must be drown'd.
 In answer, however, to many a prayer,
 The poor youths were kept by Omnipotent care,
 They'd seiz'd on the helm, lash'd it firm to " the lee,"
 A small sail too, they rais'd, to keep the wide sea,

§ This snow storm, which was unprecedented in extent and severity, was fatal in many instances to life. On roads in the vicinity of Hastings, the snow was found to be 17 feet deep.

¶ Hastings is by constitution the chief of the Cinque Ports, of which the Duke of Wellington is Lord Warden, and are iden- tified with the rise of the British navy, though now superseded in utility. Hasting, the Danish Sea King, made this place his rendezvous, and it is supposed to derive its appellation from him. The inhabitants long enjoyed peculiar privileges, and as finer seamen are not to be found, the author's denomination is a just one.

Preferring the ocean, if there they were lost,
 To certain destruction on Gallia's lee coast.
 Their strength was renew'd through that mis'erable night,
 Joyful, at dawn, they view'd the fair Isle of Wight,
 With its bold rugged peaks festoon'd up in snow,
 The tempest was hush'd, though the blast still did blow,
 And thankfully leaving the desolate sea,
 Gladly moor'd " in the haven, where they would be."**

** Ps. cvii., John vi. 21.

The preceding is a simple narration of facts which came under cognizance of the author. The ever memorable day, the 25th Dec., 1837, closed so suddenly with a snow storm, that the crew of a trader at anchor off the town of Hastings, Sussex, were unable, on account of darkness and tempest, to return on board their vessel, left in care of two apprentice lads, and on the following morning, the greatest consternation was experienced, at finding " the Hastings" had parted from her moorings, and had been blown to sea. Notwithstanding the truly awful character of the weather, some boats crews immediately put to sea, in hopes of discovering some tidings of the lost vessel, public sympathy being deeply interested in the fate of the boys on board. These gallant fellows succeeded in steering the vessel down the channel, until off Weymouth harbour, in which they took refuge.

NATALIS,

A Poem.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Unequall'd Thames! Why glares thy midnight flood
 With horrid light? Why issue forth thy sons
 In dire dismay? Is thine the ruddy blush
 Of shame, to view the fires ascend a Tow'r
 That erst upon thy youthful commerce smil'd?
 See how the flames triumphant sweep along
 That place of arms—a wonder of the world!
 Wild, and more wild, the blazing wreaths light up
 The trophi'd glories of the hard fought field!
 In warlike, marvellous devices, rang'd
 Upon the lofty walls, and pillars high,
 Buckler, and helm, with shield, and sword, and gun,
 Arms for ten times ten thousand of thy sons—
 Come clanging, crashing, thund'ring down—enough
 To wake their victims, that for centuries
 Have soundly slept. Ah "tell it not in Gath!"
 Nor let thy harks to Gallia bear the tale!

Peace, peace, my Son, nor heed the childish sneer,*
 Lo, mid the flames those trophy guns still rear
 Their heads, above the wreck—an emblem true
 Of martial glory, and of Waterloo.†

* The manner in which some portions of the French press gloried over the conflagration in the Tower of London, presented a humiliating picture of childish enmity and folly.

† The pillars of the Waterloo trophy on the landing of the grand staircase, consisting of great guns taken in that memorable battle, were found after the fire, standing erect, as if to perpetuate a triumph which gave peace to Europe.

Unscath'd, all great mementoes we retain, †
 Of Britain's triumphs on the sea and plain,
 Just as the Grecian monarch saw the day,
 Fair Wisdom's fane in flames and ruin lay,
 As if, to hode the foolish slaught'rer's sway,
 To celebrate the near, approaching morn,
 On which Britannia's royal Son was born,
 To reign, we trust, in times, when wars shall cease,
 And leave the world to universal peace ;
 'T was meet to raise with warlike arms a pyre,
 And melt the swords for ploughshares in the fire.
 Betoken, with the bloody Hydra's fall, §
 And fierce Medusa bristling on the wall,
 The close of superstition's dreary night,
 Burnt is *her spear* ||—Departed be her might !
 Peace, then, my son—Thames reddend'd not with shame,
 But joyful glow'd to greet the Prince that came.

That man's more worthy, than is womankind ;
 Man, good, modest man,—at once a party
 And the judge ; has long declar'd ; and so takes
 Precedence : although Britannia's bark of
 Wholesome liberty, stretching round the globe,
 As well at least is steer'd by daughter fair,
 As by her ruder sons. Intelligence,
 A love of right, a gen'rous faithful heart,
 That sympathetic beats with human kind ;

† Although the destruction of small arms was immense, yet a great part of these were obsolete, although wanting antiquity, and it is a matter of national rejoicing, that the historical parts of the Tower, with the Horse Armoury, were untouched by the flames, as such loss would have been tenfold greater, because irreparable.

§ Two of the most consummate devices in the destroyed Armoury consisted of representations of Medusa and Hydra, composed of martial weapons.

|| Alluding to the pikes, taken from the Spanish Armada. These were 18 feet long, and were stately "designed to bleed the English Protestants with."

Are qualities, that give capacity
 To rule. Let those that dare gainsay these claims
 In *WOMAN*,—contemplate, abas'd that "mount,"
 Where female courage, constancy, and love,
 By terrors vanquish'd not—triumphant stood ;
 When stronger forms, and rougher minds gave way.
 And yet, methinks, a parent's love regards
 Well pleas'd, a shelter for her beauteous flow'r,
 From blows, and wrongs, at *WOMAN* even hurl'd.
 Yea more, a Mother's joy, the image of
 Her spouse to see, reflected in her *SON*,
 This, this obliterates, the compliment
 Unfair, which man has pass'd upon himself.
 Then ring the welkin with glad loyal shouts !
 Rend, rend it with the cannon's festive roar !
 Thames joyous leaps, and smiles afar to waft
 Upon his flood, the tidings of his Prince.
 Thy lofty cliffs fair Albion thunder forth
 With joy, the news to Gallia's neighb'ring strand.
 Fast as the sound can fly, glad Echo wakes ;
 And ev'ry bell and tow'r, and town pours out
 Its glad'ning notes. Wales cries, " my Own is come !"
 Green Erin sweeps her harp, with joys intense ;
 Proud Scotia hails her Island Lord : † and here,
 The silv'ry Ness, reflecting on her fair
 Breast, th' Alpine summits of her pine clad craigs,
 Grows warm, beneath the beacon fire that lights
 Her battl'd tow'r's ; while wide the booming gun
 O'er firth and lake, adown Glen Albyn peals **
 The welcome note ; till where Ben Nevis, cap'd
 In snows eternal, loud takes up the theme,

† " Lord of the Isles," is the Scottish title appertaining to the Prince of Wales.

** CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Tuesday being the day determined upon for celebrating the auspicious event of the birth of the Prince of Wales, a public dinner took place. The health of her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince

Shouting—"Now! now! East with it! West with it ††
 Ye winds, from Thule far, till Niagg'ra's
 Mighty voice, sounds it o'er many a flood
 Along the western world: nor stops it there:
 But swimming down the southern main, startles
 With joy, each loyal Briton at the Cape.
 Onward, and forward, still the tidings sail,
 Till Indian myriads rise, and ask what
 Mean these deafening peals of joy; nor, wonder,
 When they're told "BRITANNIA has a SON!" Thine
 Infant world, Australia! emulates the
 Gladness felt in all the climes and scenes
 Under the shelter of "her meteor flag."
 Where e'er that floats—and where's the
 Food it does not grace? from Palestina's
 Shores, beside Melita and Gibraltar's
 Adamantine rock, westward till China
 Stops; the main; from Northern shores to Southern
 Realms of ice—Hark! 'neath that flag, Britannia
 Thunders out a welcome to her Prince, more
 Widely than ever empire did before.
 'Tis well! for on a people, blest as thine
 My native land, the sun has never beam'd!
 Well may'st thou seek to perpetuate thy
 Blessings! And yet methinks, in after

of Wales, the Princess Royal, with the customary loyal toasts were drank with unbounded applause. About 6 o'clock the guns of the Revenue Cutter, which had been removed to the Castle Hill poured forth a double royal salute, which, assisted by a keen frost, made the welkin ring for miles; the land of the mountain and the flood, re-echoing from its rocky glens the joyful sounds. On the Castle Hill, a bonfire, composed of piles of wood and barrels of tar, blazed from this elevated spot, the light of which threw out in bold relief, the embattled towers and machicolated turrets of the Castle of Inverness, frowning in stately grandeur over the town and the impetuous river Ness. *A feu de joie* was also fired on the Hill—*Inverness Herald*.

†† "A nis! a nis! an tar lets, 's an ear lets!" is the exclamation in giving Highland honours to a chief.

Years, when that new Infant Prince may read the
 Tale of joy, I've sought to tell; the youthful
 Mind on the high pinnacles of earthly
 Glory rais'd—may grew dizzy with the sight.
 Ah what shall counteract the dangers of
 Such elevation? Where may the royal
 Ardent soul employ itself in search of
 Further Glory? Thou Prince of Rivers
 That hast borne upon thy breast in ages past
 Roman and Saxon, the Dane and Norman,
 With many a monarch of Britain's race,
 Impart experience—speak, Father Thames!

Though oft upon my breast, in days of yore,
 The richest gems of Indian mines I bore;
 Enrich'd my children with the finest gold;
 Pour'd in their laps, bright precious things untold;
 Yet never, till a bark conveyed me "Truth,"^{‡‡}
 Had I a talisman for Royal youth:
 Who now, the giddy height may safely reach,
 If lov'd those truths, the Cross and Bethle'm teach:
 Devoid of such—the Grecian, call'd "the Great,"^{‡‡‡}
 Wept, like a child, to think that cruel fate,
 Had form'd no other world, his sword to rue,
 Slave of his Insts, his faithful friend he slew,
 But ne'er the world of *self* o'erthrew.
 Far diff'rent ALFRED! Great, by name and act,^{‡‡‡}
 Brave, pious, temp'rate, learned, and exact;
 O'er a long stream of time, he sheds a light,
 Shining more brilliant midst surrounding night;
 Yet pointing now, the way to deathless fame—
 How kings may gain, a blessed, mighty name.

‡‡ "Thy Word is Truth." John xvii. 17.

‡‡‡ To expatiate on the well known excellencies of Alfred's character and acquirements, is needless, but as our first translator of Scripture from a dead into a vernacular language, he merits being held in everlasting remembrance and honour,

Still blissful times await the human race,
When Ier'el glad resumes her former place :
Bless'd then are those who aid and not annoy,
Such shall partake her glory and her joy,

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

Heav'n's richest blessings rest on thee my child !
Upon whose graceful form with love I gaze,
And musing on thy fair, sweet features, pray
With all a parent's warm anxiety,
Thy path may prove bright as those eyes of thine ;
Smooth, unsoiled as thy snowy brow.
Long may the rose bloom sweetly on thy cheek ;—
The sunny smile of cheerfulness remain
Above thy horizon—an emblem true
Of guileless sympathy, and inward peace.
Ah may that heart that knows no foe, and views
A friend in ev'ry face, ne'er fall a prey
To selfish, base deception's lurking snares !
How my soul trembles when I look on thee,
With such attractions, in a world like this :
Sever'd from a mother's fond constant care,
And cast on a rude and treacherous sea,
Beset with shoals, and rocks, and storms, and foes,
Needing skill and wariness consummate.
On ev'ry side are strewn the wrecks of ships,
Once fearless and beautiful as thine own.
Ah ! who shall steer thy lov'd, but fragile bark,
With honour and success through scenes like these ?
One Hand alone, the pilot's part can act—
'Tis His whom " e'en the winds and seas obey."
Give Him the command, my child !—Admit Him
To thy heart.—Should wrathful tempests threaten,
Then shalt hear His timely word—" Peace be still"—
If doubtful of thy course—" His still small voice,"
" This is the way, walk ye in it"—when from
The narrow path thy heedless steps would turn.
Heav'n be thy strength, thy guide, thy shield, my girl !
Give thee the serpent's wisdom, with the dove's
Sweet, gentle mood, and render e'en thy gifts
Dangerous though they are—sifts of virtue—
Before which, vice itself bows low—abash'd,
And shrinks away, self humbled and displeas'd.

Inverness, October, 1841.

A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Constant praise each angel sings,
And it is most fit that we,
At thy footstool bow the knee.
Sons of guilt, and woe, and shame,
We would plead the Saviour's name,
On His work and blood rely,
Unto Thee to bring us nigh.
By the Holy Spirit led,
Whom on us we pray thee shed,
That our sin He may reveal,
Faith impart, and pardon seal.
May He guide us into Truth,
Guard, and sanctify our youth ;
Meek, obedient, may we be—
Children, Holy Lord of Thee.
Thus on earth, preserv'd by Grace,
May we run a heavenward race,
And when death shall break our chain,
Joyful rise, in Heav'n to reign ;
Wash'd in Jesu's cleansing blood,
Cloth'd in " righteousness of God,"
Sanctified—complete in Thee—
Sav'd and bless'd eternally.

Inverness, 7th Feb., 1842.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

ARR.—" Scots wha hae,"

Men ! who bear and boast the name,
Rouse and vindicate the claim ;
Rise and wipe away the stain
Of unmanliness.

He who strikes at woman's breast,
Is of mind itself bereft ;
Or he is by hell possess'd,
A monster nameless.

Who for Britain's Royal Rose
Would his breast not interpose,
To shield her from th' impious blows
Of vile treachery ?

May the bless'd Almighty Pow'r
Guard Victoria's ev'ry hour,
Prove her adamantine tow'r
Through eternity.

Heav'n prolong Her precious life,
Free from fear, and care, and strife—
Bless'd as Mother, Queen, and Wife—
Honour'd and belov'd.

Long Britannia 'neath her reign—
Peace and plenty may'st thou gain—
Spread thy blessings as the main,
Be by storms unmoved.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.
THE CHURCH REVIEWED.

BEING

A Letter to its Supporters and Opponents. Having
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