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Contributors

Walker, Henry.

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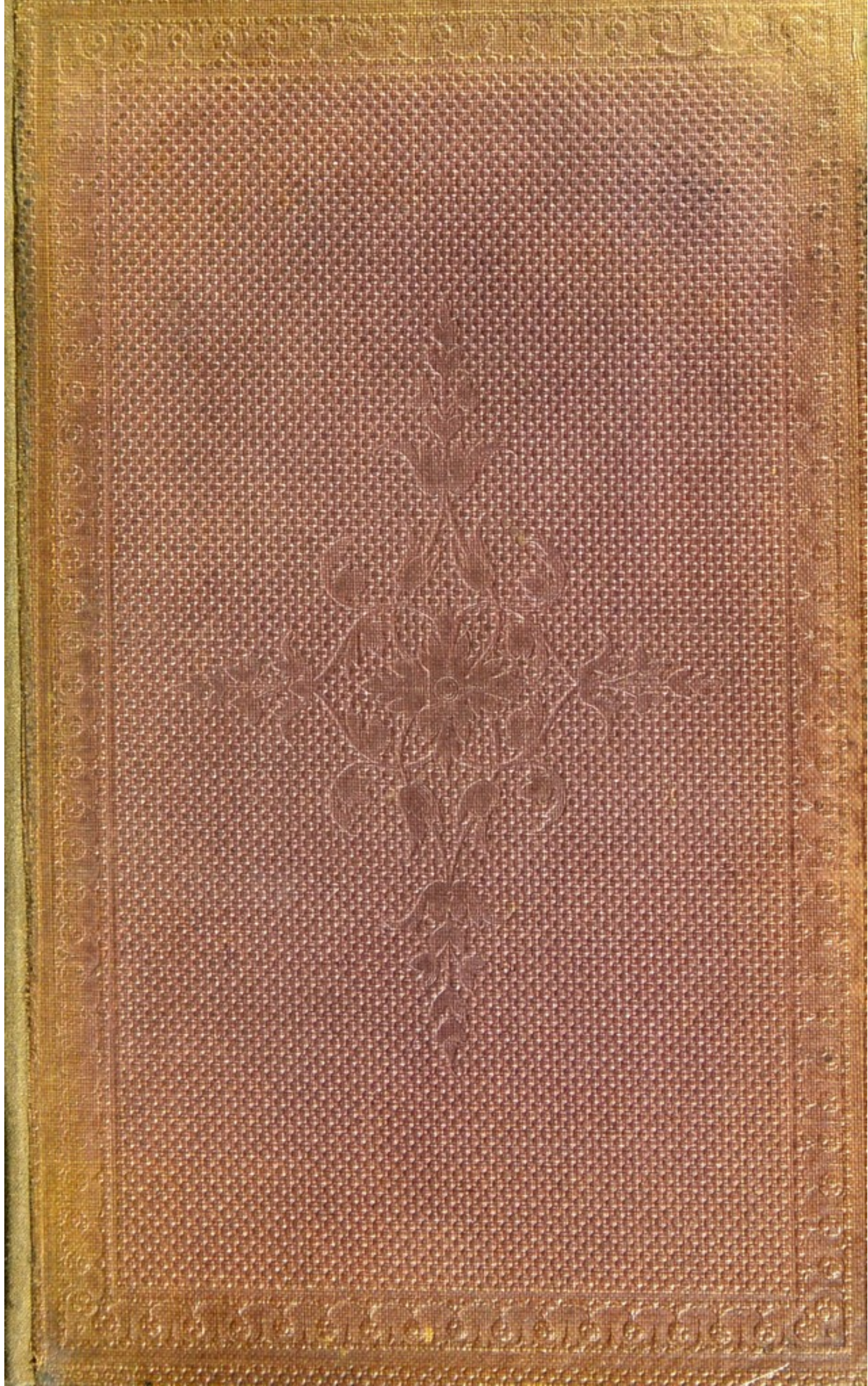
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A VOLUME OF SMOKE,

In Two Puffs.

WITH STRAY WHIFFS

FROM THE SAME PIPE.

SUBSCRIPTION COPY.

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & CO.,
25, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1859.

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PREFACE.

THERE must be Poets, and there must be Prefaces. Perhaps, dear reader, you "don't see the necessity." No more do I; but so it is. It is difficult to discover the precise use of either; and the only reason I can assign for their existence is, that what must be, must. As for the Prefaces, they are prescribed by the unimpeachable canons of the art and mystery of book-making, though nobody ever thinks of reading them; and an author, now-a-days, may think himself lucky enough if he can get anybody to read his book, let alone the preface. As for the Poets, they occupy their appointed place in the scale of creation, in accordance, I suppose, with the inscrutable laws of nature; and fill one of those vacua, which she abhors, in the intellectual world, like flies in the animal, and nettles in the vegetable. I am afraid the Poets, the flies, and the nettles are none of them appreciated as they ought to be; but that is no fault of theirs.

There are certain persons, animals, and things whose evident vocation in life we can clearly appreciate. Aldermen were made to eat turtle, pretty girls to be kissed, horses to be ridden, foxes to be hunted, melons to be eaten, apricots to be preserved, but what on earth is the use of Poets, flies, and nettles? I leave the question to the natural Philosophers. All I mean to assert is, that Poets are Poets, flies are flies, and nettles are nettles, because they can't help it! It is their misfortune, not their fault. The one can no more change his nature than the others,—which is rather hard upon them, especially the Poets (I don't suppose it is very acutely felt by the others); for what is the estimation, by society at the present day, of an unfortunate individual afflicted with the monomania of rhyming? Generally, I believe, that he is a bore. The race who were once supposed to be under the protection of Apollo are now transferred to the influence of Diana, and voted lunatics—harmless perhaps, but decidedly bores. Who considers a poet either useful or ornamental? What man of business would give him a place in his counting-house? What manœuvring mamma a place in her calculations? What Alderman a place at his table, or what Barnacle in office a place of any sort? Unless, indeed, there

happened to be a vacant gaugership, which, it is well known, is an employment peculiarly adapted for a man of genius and imagination,—as exemplified in the case of one Robert Burns, a departed rhymster, in whom we are all beginning to take a most affectionate interest, now he has been dead not much more than half a century. But that is quite the usual thing, and the usual fate of genius: he asks for bread when alive, and he gets a stone when dead! If he could only manage to dispense with living in the present, he might be sure of living in the future: if he does not presume to expect the appreciation of his own generation, he may be sure of the appreciation of posterity. But I do not exactly see what good posterity can do the departed. If we were Roman Catholics, posterity might subscribe, with its usual liberality, for masses for the Soul, instead of for monuments to the Man, and shorten the pangs of purgatory, if they could not prevent the pangs of earth. But we Protestants have not even that satisfaction; and I declare, I think there is no more melancholy mockery than the posthumous honours paid to the manes of men who have been miserably neglected all their lives.

But men of genius are by no means the only

beings who are never appreciated until they are dead; and Poetry, like Virtue, is its own reward—and very often its own only reward. Let us esteem it accordingly. The worst of it is, that, like murder, it “will out:” you can no more keep it to yourself than you can keep a chicken in its shell when it is fully hatched. It is a light that cannot be hid under a bushel—a rash that cannot be kept in; and the unfortunate patient is no more responsible for having the cacoëthes than he is for having the measles. The symptoms vary: in some cases the malady is acute but transitory; in others it is chronic and incurable; but in all it must have its course.

The only true believers in Poetry and Poets are those very young ladies, just emancipated from the thralldom of Minerva House, the dumb-bells of the drill sergeant, and the scales of the music-master—who look with enthusiastic admiration on the young gentlemen who write pretty lines to their pretty eyebrows in their pretty albums, and believe in the “flowing locks,” the “Byronic collar,” and the “eye in a fine frenzy rolling” of the Poet, with all their little hearts, God bless them! I think they also believe that the aforesaid young gentlemen live in the clouds, instead of in the sky-parlour—see

spirits instead of drinking them—lisped in rhyme (which, as the first words they articulated were of course Pa-pa and Ma-ma, they probably did)—and, in short, are all soul. And if they do, their ideas are not more absurd than those of the shrewd, hard, matter-of-fact man of business, who imagines that because a man professes what he is pleased to call the knack of writing rubbish, he is necessarily incapable of any of the ordinary duties and business of life—that he would probably reckon two and two make five, and never could be taught to know on which side his bread is buttered. Where did our matter-of-fact friend get his very matter-of-fiction idea from? Not that I mean to say that the cultivation of the Muses is likely to inspire a youth with a taste for the tallow trade, or that a money-lender ought to receive a liberal education; but there have been authors who could write very good cheques, and men of letters who by no means neglected the study of *£ s. d.*; and surely Milton, Latin Secretary to Oliver, Addison, Secretary of State of Anne, and Pryor, her Ambassador to the “Grand Monarque,” were capable of something besides jingling rhymes. To take more modern instances, Rogers, the banker, if he indulged in the “Pleasures of Memory,” did not forego the pleasures of money-making; and Talfourd, the uni-

versally esteemed and lamented Talfourd, was none the less qualified to hold the scales of Themis because he had previously handled the lyre of Apollo. Indeed, the most eminent Poets of all lands and all ages have been the most eminent in their different professions or avocations—for you will find very few instances of a man who has been all his life a Poet, an entire Poet, and nothing but a Poet. In fact, that would be impossible, unless he had inherited broad acres or buoyant consols; for Pegasus is very much like the white elephant which the King of Ava presents to obnoxious courtiers,—he confers an inestimable honour upon the possessor, but he is a terribly expensive animal to keep, and would soon eat a man of moderate means out of house and home.

There is a pithy little bit of advice once bestowed by Mr. Punch upon “Persons about to Marry,” which would apply equally well to persons about to poetize: it is contained in one word—“Don’t!” and I am sure it would have the same effect, or rather want of effect, upon both subjects. In fact, young lovers and young poets are two classes of persons who appear equally ridiculous in the eyes of the rest of the world, and who, happily for themselves, are equally insensible to ridicule, and, unhappily for themselves,

equally insensible to advice. It is no more use to tell young William Shakspeare Brown that his sonnet to the moon is not a production of inspired genius, and that even if it were, sonnets don't pay—it is no more use to tell W. S. B. this unpleasant truth, than it is to tell young Leander Briggs that his adored Hero Tomkins is not the fairest of her sex, and that even if she were, they could not exist on eighty pounds a-year, which is Leander's present income—Hero having no money, and lots of brothers and sisters. These young people will none of them listen to reason; and even in this latter half of the nineteenth century—in this age of steam-power and stock-jobbing, of Methodism and Puseyism, of gigantic enterprise and gigantic swindling—foolish boys and girls will fall in love with each other, and will write poetry. Don't be too hard on them, poor things!—they can't help it. And I am afraid they will continue to do so to the end of time. The spirit of Poetry is as universal and as eternal as the spirit of Love; and whilst there are eyes to read, ears to hear, and hearts to feel, there will be Poets to appeal to them. As for me, I confess myself a martyr to the “itch divine,” and I very much fear that in my case the malady has passed to the stage chronic and incurable. I have not the slightest idea how I

caught it; but it may probably have been from the injudicious remark of some thoughtless individual, who, on some occasion of my perpetrating an involuntary couplet, has pointed out to me that "that was a rhyme if taken in time," and since that time I have taken to rhyme. I cannot pretend to convulse you with laughter, or dissolve you in tears; but I do hope that amongst the following lines may be found some sentiments you will not disapprove, and some ideas whose acquaintance you will not be sorry to make: and in this hope, and encouraged by the favour with which a part of them have already been received, I place them in your hands, and leave them to speak for themselves.

A VOLUME OF SMOKE.



PART I.

Puff Prefatory.

Most potent, grave, and reverend Reviewers,
My very noble and approved Messieurs,
That I have writ these verses is most true ;
True, I have published them, no fear of you
Having before my eyes—though that's enough
To have deterred a man of sterner stuff,
And has deterred full many a more clever
Than my most unpresuming self ; however,
The head and front of my audaciousness
Hath this precise extent—no more, no less.

And you, I hope, will seriously incline
To read this round unvarnished tale of mine ;
Wherein your fancy shall not be beguil'd,
With tales of antres vast and deserts wild,
Nor Anthropophagi, and other wondrous tribes,
Othello so amusingly describes :
For these are only some of the strange things
That travellers see in their wanderings,
And in a love tale cut a pretty figure,
But don't conform at all to truth's stern rigour—
Whereto I mean most strictly to confine
My steady-going Muse, in every line.

I mean my rhymes to be as orthodox
And plain as plainest sermon of John Knox.
From all false sentiment and mysticism,
Likewise from every other modern 'ism,
Sweet Muse, deliver me ! I humbly pray :
Though the great Poets of the present day
Seem to think nothing can be good or grand,

Unless it's too sublime to understand,—
I don't, so shall endeavour, for a change,
To keep my Pegasus within the range
Of any common every-day capacity,
And hope to hit both rhyme and perspicacity.

My creed poetic is extremely brief,
One article sums up my whole belief—
The simple is the only true sublime;
And though, sometimes, the exigence of rhyme
Compels the Bard to be a little vague,
I don't call that a beauty, but a plague.
I'll not deny that sometimes when the brain
Gets heated to a boiling-over strain
Of extra formidable fermentation,
Its scum is difficult of explanation,
And some allowance therefore should be made
By those who read it coolly in the shade.
The Poet's thoughts may be so very fine,
That to himself their sense he can't define,

And in the vain endeavour to express
The inexpressible, writes foolishness :
All such ecstatic ravings might be sung
Appropriately in the unknown tongue.
I shall attempt no such exalted strain,
Truth is my Muse, my style can't be too plain ;
For like her sister, Beauty, Truth may boast,
That she, when unadorn'd, 's adorn'd the most.
So you shall have some plain truths, plainly told,
No whit less valuable if they're old ;
For Truth is old, old as the hills, yet new
And strange enough to some—if not to you.

Yet are these rhymes intended for the learning
Of scholars blest with headpieces discerning,
And apt to learn—a double *sine quâ non*,
At starting, I must lay the greatest strain on :
For being sunk in perfect scepticism
As to the miracles of mesmerism,
And consequently, to my great annoyance,

Ungifted with the power of clairvoyance,
I can't communicate intelligence,
But leave you to your native stock of sense.

I mean no rudeness, but must fain endeavour
At once to prove myself immensely clever;
For I am well aware, in all professions,
How much success depends on first impressions :
In fact, in the concoction of a poem,
The greatest difficulty is the proem ;
And if that awkward stile we once leap over,
There lies beyond a fertile field of clover,
In which we may run loose at ease, and browse
As happy as a hungry herd of cows ;
And leave you, when we've finished our refection,
To chew the cud of critical reflection.

I don't pretend to any settled plan
Or plot, and shall attempt no other than
To give my wayward Pegasus the bit,

And let him lead me whither he thinks fit ;
So, having started with this frank confession,
You cannot well accuse me of digression.

The Muse is no tame falcon, trained and bred
For sport, with jess on foot and hood on head ;
Daintily perched on fair Dame's slender wrist,
Who, loosed and launched at his antagonist,
With measured flight pursues him through the air,
And then returns submissive to the snare ;
But, like the untamed monarch of the sky,
In freeborn majesty she soars on high,
And as the feathered King, with steadfast gaze,
Unblinking bears the Day-god's noonday blaze,
So doth the Muse, with eye serene yet bold,
The dazzling countenance of Truth behold,
And by that pure and never-failing light
Directs her course, and steers her upward flight.

So soars the Soul, on Fancy's spreading wings,
Above the sphere of Earth and earthly things ;

Whilst the poor pris'ner freed Imagination,
Sports in bright regions of her own creation :—
Anon, she wakes the echoes of the Past,
Where they lie slumbering in their caverns vast ;
Forth from the silent tomb of ages fled,
Summons the Spirits of the mighty dead ;
To the wise, great, and good of bygone days,
Restores new life, and, in immortal lays,
To latest times and ears unborn hands down
The story of their virtues and renown.

Anon, with gaze prophetic, she explores
The awful Future's unknown, misty shores ;
Peopling its airy regions with thick swarms
Of dreamy habitants and brain-born forms ;
Weaving a rose-hued web of destiny,
Of hope-spun texture, that shall never be ;
With wild and fevered schemes of future bliss
Cheats the dull present of its dreariness,
Till, with a shock, that same intrusive present

Topples her down to earth, a wounded Pheasant,
For all you clever Critics to make game of,
And Poets indiscreet to bear the blame of.

I merely mean, by all this rhapsody,
Digression is the soul of Poetry.
Is not each stroke of wit, each turn of grace,
A mere digression from the commonplace?
Is not each noble thought that warms the breast
Of the poor Poet, a too manifest
Digression from the sordid, selfish cares
That make the sum of this hard world's affairs?
His moments of enjoyment few and brief,
For which on passing Time he plays the thief,
And snatching a few feathers from his wing,
Like an enfranchised bird begins to sing,
Sunning himself in joy's too transient beam,
Forgets life's dulness in a bright day-dream:
'Tis a digression from the beaten track,
To which stern Fate will quickly bring him back.

O happy dreams, the Poet's store of wealth,
Amassed in secret, and enjoyed by stealth,
Than the starved Miser's hoard a greater treasure,
Than the rash Profligate's a truer pleasure!
O happy, happy dreams, that compensate
For Fortune's malice and the spite of Fate,
And fill his being with a tranquil joy,
Wealth cannot give nor poverty destroy!
That form a mine of limitless extent,
Wherefrom he digs the precious ore, content;
That nerve his heart, with self-reliant power,
To live superior to the present hour;
And o'er his lone path shed their holy light,
As some kind star, more than its fellows bright,
Cheers the benighted traveller with soft ray,
Sustains his soul, and guides him on his way!

And yet ye are but Dreams, and he must wake
To full perception of his sad mistake.
The dream of Love, that first, with soft control,

Soft, yet resistless, sways his youthful soul,
And with voluptuous, sweet influence,
Steals the dominion of each scarce-formed sense,
Implanting in his virgin breast the seed
Of passions that grow ripe with hothouse speed ;
Quickening his torpid pulses with the fire
Of new-found rapture and new-born desire,
Till, in the wild delirium of delight,
The boy believes his life shall be one bright,
Soft, sunny, Summer's-day of ecstasy,
Cloudless and fair as an Italian sky !
How soon shall all this melt into thin air !
How soon the dreamer wake to blank despair !
His heart for ever seared, his boyish trust
Destroyed, the luscious fruit all turned to dust,
And all the hopeful visions of his youth
Scattered like chaff by the rude breath of Truth !
Like April clouds dispersed by the rough wind,
They melt away, and leave no trace behind—

Save that in Heav'n shines one bright star the less
To guide him through Life's tangled wilderness.

The dream of Fame, that in its turn betrays
The ardent longings of his riper days,
With baits more tempting and more false than those
Whose once-proved speciousness too well he knows—
Glory and Honour! soul-inspiring names!
Whose lofty sound his eager breast inflames,
With high-flown hopes, and courage undismayed,
To court a Phantom, and pursue a Shade.
The phantom, Glory, with her glittering toys,
As aye the dream of men, as Love of boys,
And lures them on with bright deceitful ray,
Like him who beckons travellers astray,
Will o' the Wisp, the mischievous marsh-sprite,
Who haunts the fens, and through the gloomy night
Runs to and fro, with fatal, flickering fire,
To tempt the wand'rer into deeper mire:
So Glory, with her meretricious glare,

Hovers above the black slough of despair,
And ever, as she seems within our clutch,
Eludes our grasp, and withers from our touch ;
Till, at length, weary with his endless suit,
Heart-sore, and worn out in the vain pursuit,
When even Hope, the mocking fiend, takes flight,
And leaves him comfortless in his sad plight,
The poor, deluded dreamer wakes once more
To desolation keener than before.

Alas ! that visions of so bright a hue—
Refreshing to the soul as is the dew
Of early morning to the opening flower,
That bares her bosom to the balmy shower,
And with distended and expectant lips,
Her morning draught of Nature's nectar sips—
Should, like the lovely fragile child of earth,
Die, almost in the moment of their birth ;
Like the resplendent bow of Heaven, fade
Before its gorgeous tints are well displayed,

And yet, unlike the mercy-sealing token,
Return no more when once their spell is broken.

Alas ! that such sweet spells should ever break,
Or that from dreams so fair we must awake.
I have but dreamed like one, who, in his sleep,
Whilst brightest visions o'er his slumbers creep,
By some imperfect power of perception,
Half feels his airy bliss is but deception ;
And whilst his wandering brain with fancies teems,
Believes them false, and dreaming, knows he dreams.

Your pardon, gentle Critics, if awhile
I have forgot the shallow, flippant style
Of levity, and suffered to appear
An under current, deeper, more sincere.
I know that sentiment is deadly sin,
But still one can't be always on the grin :
Bright Phœbus does not always deign to shine,
Therefore the weather can't be always fine ;

One's loving Mistress is not always kind,
Which casts a cloud of coldness o'er the mind ;
Contrasts enhance succeeding pleasure's zest,
And dulness gives fresh relish to a jest.
Who values health until he has been sick ?
Or ready money till denied all " tick ?"

Therefore, without more tedious tautology,
Accept, I beg, my most sincere apology
For having ventured to get sentimental—
A thing, to young men, highly detrimental,
Because it's very apt to make them flighty,
Or what their fond Mammias call hoity-toity.
Indeed, the pranks it plays upon the brain,
Are much like those arising from champagne,
Causing a kind of mental elevation—
Some stupid people call intoxication—
Of every conceivable variety,
Like the degrees of vinous inebriety,
Ranging from simply talkative or glorious,
To moony maudlin or downright uproarious.

Queer is the thought, to think that all we think,
Chiefly depends on what we eat and drink ;
For "he who drinks beer thinks beer," saith the Poet,
And argal, he who drinks champagne thinks Moët,
Unless, uncommonly capricious swiller, he
Prefer perhaps Aï mousseux, or Sillery.
The stomach rules the brain, M.D.s decide,
Like wives their husbands, or the Moon the tide :
And so of course, and in course, it must follow,
That what we think depends on what we swallow.
All our ideas are but a simple question
Of appetite, and good or bad digestion ;
He who can all devour and all digest,
May well believe that all is for the best,
Whilst the poor wretch whose stomach is dyspeptic,
Grows cynic, hypochondriac, and sceptic.
The author's little crudities of style
Are but some slight derangement of the bile ;
Pork chops for supper may produce a most
Truculent satire ere next morning's toast ;

Whilst a light dinner, on the other hand,
May form a part and parcel of some grand,
Heroic Ode, or amatory sonnet,
With love's own inspiration stamped upon it;
And if you'd keep your cacoëthes quiet,
There's nothing like a low and sparing diet.

'Tis difficult indeed to tell whence spring
Those chromotrope-like gleams of thought, which
fling
Across the mind their many-tinted hue,
And colour every object that we view ;
Or what it is that keeps the soul astir
Like mercury in the Barometer,
Jumping about from stormy to set fair,
As much beyond our guidance as the air :
Too happy, if its bent we might indulge,
And all its varied impulses divulge !
That may not be, and we must learn betimes,
To stifle all emotions, which are crimes

Not to be tolerated in society,
Where all is one cold, uniform propriety ;
Hearts are unknown, and faces are but masks,
And how to wear them is the first of tasks,
That Education sets her upper class,
Who wish genteelly through the world to pass.
By some 'tis studied with complacent zeal,
But most a natural repugnance feel,
As little babies, when they're weaned, at first
Dislike the new attempt to quench their thirst ;
But that wears off,—at first we make wry faces,
But later, take it kindly in both cases.
I think 'tis sad that life should thus be made
A spiritless, dull, ill-played masquerade,
Where, muffled in its shapeless domino,
The soul its true contour can never show.
But still, I've no intention to lay bare
My soul's dark corners to your searching stare ;
Or turn my body lining inside out,
For you to haul and maul and poke about.

What are the Poet's joys or woes to you?
With hearts and feelings what have you to do?
'Tis yours to find his faults, and, with keen spite,
Drag all his imperfections to the light;
Leaving the indications of his skill
For others to discover—if they will.
'Tis yours, with murd'rous wit, well trained and
cool,
To turn his noblest thoughts to ridicule;
To greet his tend'rest warblings with a jeer,
His highest aspirations with a sneer!

Oh that stern Pluto would restore to us
The caustic spirit of Archilochus;
Or that a spark of his satiric fire
Might for a moment's space my verse inspire!
I would not drive to mis'erable self-slaughter
Perfidious Father, and vain, jilting Daughter;
But, with far nobler and more useful aim,
I'd make a Critic hang himself for shame!

Heaven have mercy on the wretched Bard
Forced, by a fate as undeserved as hard,
To prostitute the noblest of God's gifts—
The power of intellect—to paltry shifts
For mere subsistence, which it scarce will give ;
For he, like other men, must eat to live,
And only seems endowed with finer sense
To feel more keenly Fortune's virulence !
No sight, alas ! more common, than to see
Fair Genius and repulsive Poverty,
Like two twin brothers, roaming hand in hand,
Inseparable wand'ers through the land :
Like Anteros and Eros, they seem both
Born of one womb, and growing with one growth.
Perhaps (oh agony beyond compare !)
Objects more dear than self his pains must
share ;
Then the brave heart, by selfish fears unmoved,
Is crushed beneath the weight of those it loved.

Oh such things are! and 'tis such sights as
these

That make us murmur at the just decrees
Of Providence, and wisdom infinite,
Whose ways are not revealed to mortal sight;
But just they are, though heavy and extreme
To us, who cannot read them right, they seem.
The wretch who sinks beneath some crushing woe,
Can scarce believe that justice guides the blow;
The beaten boy rebels against the rod,
And man against the chastisements of God.

Yet all is best; for little can we know,
Until by time made intimate with woe:
Subject to suffering, by grief refined,
As metal from the crucible, the mind
Emerges purified, and learns from thence
The noblest lesson that experience
Can teach to man—for others' woes to feel,
And taste pure happiness in others' weal.

Hard is the task to tune Apollo's lyre,
And make its strings breathe forth sweet sounds for
hire,

With naught but pinching want for inspiration ;

To rack the unready imagination

For thoughts that cannot be compelled ; to feel

It is not fame he writes for, but a meal ;

Whilst his fagged senses on distraction border,

Be grave or gay, light or severe, to order ;

And when on some grand theme he longs to dwell,

Reflect and check himself,—it would not sell !

It is a dreary, dismal tale—become,

By oft repeating, stale and wearisome—

How Genius, in each succeeding age,

Has been a curst and barren heritage.

Whether with eager ardour it pursues,

Like lover bold, the coy, coquettish Muse,

Or worships, lowly, at the shrine of Art,

Or seeks the source of Harmony apart,

Or in the surer paths of Science treads,
Knitting together Wisdom's scattered threads—
Striving to please or benefit mankind—
The same reward awaits the ardent mind :
For all its pains, neglect, contempt, and laughter,
Vain honours, vainer sympathy, hereafter.

'Tis madness, in severe, unfruitful toil
To waste the hours, and burn the midnight oil,
Till the unwholesome spirit of the lamp
Sets on the brow of youth its sickly stamp,
And life's sweet spring, the season of delight,
Is stripped of all its blossoms by the blight :
Its hopes in disappointment's gulf entombed,
And all its joyous energies consumed
In the destroying struggle,—after what ?
Does Fame bring happiness ? It brings it not.
E'en if the laurel crown is won whilst life
Remains to wear it, 'tis not worth the strife ;

Whilst for that after crop, which does not bear
Till he who sowed the harvest cannot share—
That hope of future Fame, which makes the mind
To all the present's pleasures deaf and blind—
That wretched shadow for which men resign
The substance of content, life's true design—
It is indeed a fever-dream, as vain
As those that mock the sick man's wand'ring brain.
What matters it, when all our bones are rotten,
Whether our name's remembered or forgotten?
Or what avails a monumental bust
Above our undistinguishable dust?
Can the dead hear the praises of the living,
Or sleep more calm for honours of their giving?
Or shall man's verdict, written on our tomb,
In that tremendous day decide our doom,
When at the dread tribunal of the Lord
The soul awaits its ultimate award?
Oh! who, for such a hope, had ever spent
A life of anxious toil and discontent;

Shunning, beneath a self-inflicted ban,
Fair woman's love, and fellowship of man ;
Shut out from sympathy, by none befriended,
Despised of all, because uncomprehended ;—
Who had so lived, but that the sacred fire
Consumes each earthly impulse and desire,
And, once enkindled in the chosen breast,
Burns self-sustained, and cannot be suppress'd,
But marks the mortal set apart by Fate,
For ever to the Muses consecrate ?
The voice that speaks is not the earthly clod :
The Poet is the mouth-piece of the God !

Happy, the favoured darling of the Muses,
Fortune permits to sing just what he chooses ;
The clamour of the vulgar to despise,
And hope to please the tasteful and the wise.
If any such these lines with favour see,
'Twill be reward and fame enough for me ;

b And though I miss e'en that,—though these poor lays
c Crown me with obloquy instead of bays—
d For buttermen's waste paper doomed to serve,
e If destiny so useful they deserve—
f In undisturbed oblivion to rot,
g Never be known enough to be forgot—
h Or only just enough to be employed
i To teach young tyros what they should avoid,—
j Neglect or censure little shall me move,
k Whilst what I write my conscience can approve.
l Those ardent days are long ago gone by,
m When praise could make me smile, or censure sigh !
n Now, flattery, as little as scurrility,
o Can much affect my imperturbability ;
p And if the world won't listen to my song,
q All I can say is, that the world is wrong :
r 'Twill be but one more mute inglorious Milton
s The public want of taste to lay the guilt on.
t I'm perfectly aware that, if you please,
u You'll crush my poor defenceless Muse with ease.

You're rather famous for heart-crushing feats :
You crushed the too susceptible soul of Keats ;
You crushed Montgomery (I don't mean "Satan,"
But the Swiss Bard—a Poet, and a great one) ;
You tried your best young Byron's heart to break,
But there you made a terrible mistake :
You went wool-shearing, but you came home
shorn—

He paid you back, with interest, your scorn !
It was the bitter blast of critic spite,
That crushed the budding hopes of young Kirke
White.

Poor White ! his was a brief and bitter sip
Of earthly life,—the cup scarce touched his lip !
He never looked upon life's sunny side,
Nor launched his soul on the seductive tide
Of Earth's great sea of pleasure and temptation—
That sea so difficult of navigation,
Which has engulfed so many a fair vessel,
Too frail against its treach'rous waves to wrestle ;

So his pure spirit passed away ere yet
The charms of life could cost him much regret.
Oh let us hope that he, and, like him, all
Whose portion in this short life is of gall,—
Who on their tortured brows have meekly worn,
With patient agony, the crown of thorn,—
In that existence of eternity,
Whose space, compared to our brief days, shall be
As this Earth's bigness to one grain of sand,
As the vast Heavens to this speck of land,—
Whose bliss supreme, too great to be believed,
Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor mind conceived,—
Shall drink the living stream of love divine,
And wear a crown whose glories ever shine !

Ye awful literary Potentates,
Who by a word determine authors' fates,
As easily as all the Russias' Czar
Provides for a refractory Boyar !

Ye mighty Autocrats of literature !
Standards of taste immaculately pure !
With fear and trembling I approach your throne,
And most submissively your dread sway own—
And own, if that will spare you any pains,
Faults plenty, and to spare, my work contains.
Never did mortal yet perfection reach,
Though many have professed the road to teach ;
And, if 'twere possible so high to soar,
A perfect man would be a perfect bore.
Artificers, pure metals don't employ,
And gold is never coined without alloy ;
A little frailty, in this world of sin,
Is needful—with our kind to make us kin.

Wherefore, unflinchingly will I endure
Your censure, if ye cauterize to cure,
Like sage professors of the healing art,
Who burn, or cut away, the injured part—

Lest the corrupting virus of the wound
Should spread its fatal influence around :
But if, with indiscriminate abuse,
You think to scarify my tender Muse,
As some vile, ignorant, empiric quack,
His wretched victim's flesh would rudely hack,
With all due deference, I don't think fit,
To such an operation to submit.

Forgetting, in your riper, wiser age,
The days when you yourselves were not so sage,
You practised veterans, and hoary sinners,
Would fain extinguish all untried beginners ;
For venial faults, which time would surely mend,
To Coventry the aspirant you send—
When, probably, a word of kind correction
Would start him in a different direction.
If ever the nine tuneful virgins deign
Their favours to bestow on mortal swain,

Like mortal maidens, they select the young,
And love an unsophisticated tongue :
In youth, or not at all, they must be wooed,
And youth's first efforts must be somewhat crude—
The ardent boy, inspired but yet untaught,
Is apt to set the rules of Art at naught ;
For Poetry is just as much an art,
Has rudiments that must be learned by heart—
As great composers first must learn their notes,
And singers to sol fas must strain their throats.

'Tis true that Poets must be born, not made—
But can't be born quite full-grown, I'm afraid ;
Infants must cut their teeth, poor little dears !
Though with their health it sadly interferes,
And puzzles anxious mothers to explain
Why the poor babes should suffer so much pain ;
But it is so ordained, for some good reason,
As all things have their due appointed season :

So, if a spark of true Promethean fire
Inflames the Poet's breast with fond desire,
When his quick mind, conceiving some bright
thought,
So to speak, of a child to bed is brought,
The precious offspring of his lab'ring brain
Can't be a perfect full-grown man, 'tis plain,
But needs long years of care and cultivation,
Ere it is fit for public presentation.

And Poesy, like grammar, has two voices,
Between which often difficult the choice is—
The active, which can of itself create,
The passive, which can but appreciate :
So the young tyro, in his eager thirst
For fame, may take the second for the first.
Happy for him, when he his error finds
Betimes, and flings verse-making to the winds !
The rugged paths of Literature, at best,
With many thorns and roses few are drest,

And he who over steep Parnassus scrambles,
Must not expect to keep clear of the brambles,
Ev'n if his aspirations he confine
To writing sonnets for a magazine,
Or in soft, sentimental, rhyming prose,
Proclaim the beauties of his mistress's nose.
But if he dare, with honest indignation,
To blame the vices of his generation,
That very instant he becomes a mark
At which the vilest cur may safely bark;
And if he e'er knew peace of mind before,
Assuredly, he'll never know it more.
As well might he play with a razor's edge,
Or naked, rush upon a quickset hedge—
Disturb a rich old Aunt's pet lap-dog's rest,
Or bring about his ears a hornet's nest—
In short, do any madly foolish thing
Which, if he were a wealthy man, would bring
A "de lunatico" upon his head,
Or send a poor one to a Bedlam bed.

'Twill seem perhaps that, judged by my own
rule,

I prove myself a madman or a fool.

Well, if I am, you too, most learned Brother,

Must be content to pass for one or other ;

For, under these two large denominations,

Are comprehended all men of all stations,

Conditions, castes, or callings whatsoever ;

And he the clever world accounts most clever,

Is oft the dullest dunce of all his class—

Too stupid to perceive himself an ass !

The “pia mater” of each man contains,

Or should contain, a certain stock of brains ;

And were the balance equally adjusted,

It might produce a headpiece to be trusted.

It seems, unluckily, that the division

Has not been managed with that nice precision :

A trifle plus or minus in the skull

Makes, more or less, a madman or a fool.

As for myself, I leave the voice divine
Of popular opinion to define—
That voice infallible, which can't be wrong—
To which of the two classes I belong ;
And like a criminal by jury tried,
Their verdict must my future fate decide ;
And settle, if in choosing my vocation,
I have but nursed a wild hallucination,
As strong as that which turned the valiant noddle
Of poor Cervantes' mock chivalric model,
Or felt a real call ; if this be so,
The World must judge, and Time alone will show.

Meantime I wait, and placidly prepare,
With undisturbed serenity, to bear
Those pleasant proofs of amiable feeling,
Always so prominent in Critics' dealing.
I know full well, that you will find with ease
Good grounds enough for just blame if you please ;

But if in these, my modest lines, appear
Some indications of a mind sincere,
In honest love of truth, and hate of wrong,
Excuse the imperfections of my song.
As in a mine, deep burrowed under ground,
The precious Ore with quartz combined is found,
And hardy miners with enduring toil,
Cleanse the bright metal from the worthless soil,
Nor think their sweaty labour thrown away,
If some few grains of gold their toil repay ;
So be it yours, O Critics ! to refine
The ore from dross in this my mental mine ;
And with exact discrimination stern,
The sterling metal from the gross discern ;
And if my rhymes you kindly condescend
To read from the beginning to the end,
I say, I hope without too much conceit,
Amongst the chaff you'll find some grains of wheat.

The first part of the ...

The second part of the ...

The third part of the ...

The fourth part of the ...

The fifth part of the ...

The sixth part of the ...

The seventh part of the ...

The eighth part of the ...

The ninth part of the ...

The tenth part of the ...

The eleventh part of the ...

The twelfth part of the ...

The thirteenth part of the ...

The fourteenth part of the ...

The fifteenth part of the ...

The sixteenth part of the ...

The seventeenth part of the ...

The eighteenth part of the ...

The nineteenth part of the ...

The twentieth part of the ...

NOTES TO PART I.

Page 10, line 15.

— *the luscious fruit all turned to dust.*

PARADISE LOST, Book x. verse 550.

Page 13, line 10.

— *and dreaming, knows he dreams.*

The subject of dreams is, I think, one of the most puzzling to human ingenuity; and all attempts to account for their marvellous phenomena are utterly vain. We have, indeed, read of persons who seemed to be able to exercise a certain amount of control over their imagination, even in sleep, and force themselves to dream of certain subjects; but such cases, if any have ever been well authenticated, are rare, and quite exceptional. When one particular object engrosses our waking thoughts, it is sometimes reproduced in our nightly dreams, in a distorted and fantastic shape; but generally the visions of the night have no more connection with the realities of the day than the absurdities of a pantomime with the heavy tragedy which preceded it. But as everybody dreams more or less, I suppose most people have experienced the sensation I have endeavoured to describe—that of being actually fast asleep and dreaming, and yet having a dim perception and uneasy feeling that we are in a dream, and shall presently awake.

Page 16, line 7.

'Tis difficult indeed to tell whence spring, &c.

Who can account for the variations of his humour? Are we not all sometimes joyous, sometimes sad, without any assignable cause? At one time we can bear a real misfortune with calmness; at another, a trifling inconvenience altogether upsets our equanimity—and why?

Page 18, line 12.

—the caustic spirit of Archilochus.

Archilochus, the satiric Poet, had been promised in marriage Neobule, the daughter of Lycambes, who afterwards gave her to another person of higher rank than the Poet. This so incensed Archilochus that, to revenge himself, he wrote a satire so bitter that both father and daughter hanged themselves in despair.

Page 19, line 13.

*Like Anteros and Eros, they seem both
Born of one womb, and growing with one growth.*

Venus complained to Themis that her son Cupid, or Eros, always remained a child, and was told that if he had a brother, he would grow up with him. As soon as Anteros was born, Cupid's strength increased, and he began to grow; but whenever he was separated from his brother, he became a child again.

Page 21, line 11.

It is a dreary, dismal tale, &c.

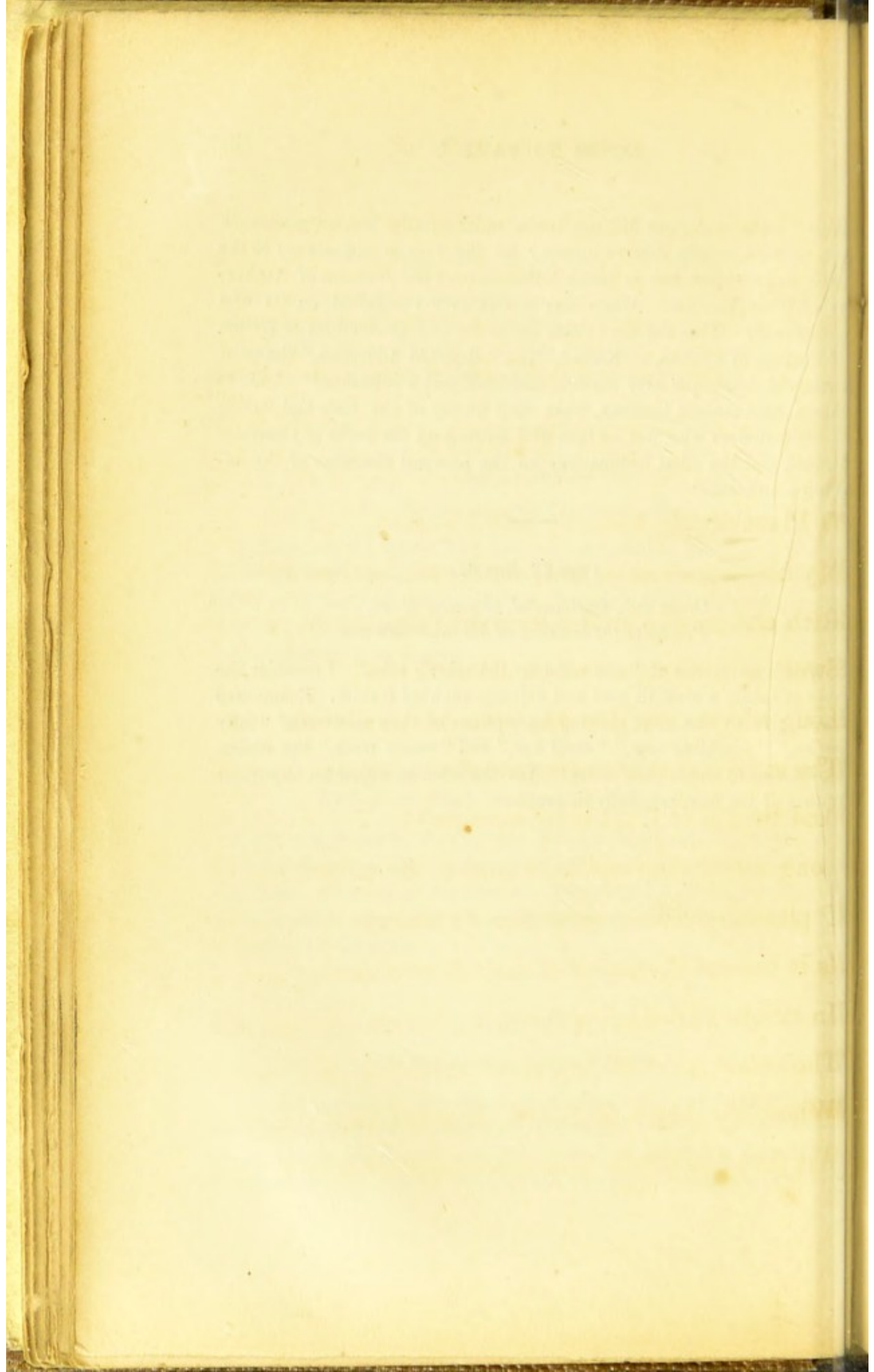
We learn, indeed, in later times, the struggles and sufferings of those who eventually compel a recognition of their genius;—the fate of Butler, Otway, Savage, Chatterton, and their brothers in talent and misfortune, is as familiar to us as their names;—but who ever hears of the innume-

rable "mute, inglorious Miltons" who suffer equally, but never succeed, yet, perhaps, equally deserve success? for the race is not always to the swift, and accident has as much influence over the destinies of Authors as of other mortals. When was genius ever recognised on its first appearance? What did the Critics say of the first productions of Byron, of Shelley, of Crabbe, of Keats? The "Rejected Addresses," the most successful burlesque ever written, could not find a publisher! And, to take a more modern instance, what shall we say of the taste and feeling of the reviewers who, not content with cutting up the works of Charlotte Brontë, cast the vilest insinuations on the personal character of the unknown authoress?

Page 32, line 6.

*Or in soft, sentimental, rhyming prose,
Proclaim the beauties of his mistress's nose.*

This is not a case of "one verse for the other's sake." I consider the nose of beauty a most ill-used and unjustly-snubbed feature. Enamoured Poets give us the most glowing descriptions of their mistresses' "lofty brows," "sparkling eyes," "coral lips," and "pearly teeth," but seldom condescend to notice their noses! Yet the nose is rather an important feature of the face, especially in profile.



PART II.

Puff Principal.

O Plant divine, absurdly called a weed,
My blessing on thee, leaf, and flower, and seed !
Rich and prolific be thy fragrant crop,
Sweet as the grape, and genial as the hop !
Long mayst thou flourish, 'spite of envy blind,
The universal solace of mankind ;
And thanks to fiscal regulations wise,
Long mayst thou swell the sum of the excise !
O plant divine, as yet by bards unsung,
Is it beyond the power of mortal tongue,
In strains of fitting grandeur to declare
The catalogue of all thy virtues rare ?
Whose worship is more widely spread than thine ?
Art thou less potent than much-vaunted wine ?

Shall vulgar beer incite to vulgar lays,
And not an Ode be written in thy praise?
No! here to thee I dedicate my lyre,
Accept my homage, and my verse inspire!
If slight my skill, profound my veneration,
My Pipe my daily source of inspiration:
Much prized, and often proved its magic power,
To soothe a sad, or pass a weary hour.
The equal luxury of rich and poor,
Impartial friend of noble and of boor—
Sweet comfort, ever ready to assuage
The woes of giddy youth and fretful age;
Well may all prize thee, for thou art indeed
That rare phenomenon, a friend in need!
Thee can no frowns of adverse fortune frighten,
Ever at hand, our miseries to lighten;
For thy fidelity, no test can try it,
Except the inability to buy it,
That sad catastrophe which quickly sends
Unto the right-about our fastest friends;

And when we writhe in evil Fate's stern gripe,
Our surest consolation is our pipe.

Thrice wretched he, who knows not the relief
That thou canst minister in time of grief!
Thou bringest calm to the distracted breast,
Lullest Despair's wild agonies to rest,
Soothest the pains that rack our corp'ral frame,
Even the pangs of hunger thou canst tame.
In ev'ry scene and circumstance of fate,
Bowed down with sorrow, or with joy elate,
By the snug hearth, or in the savage glen,
Thou always art all things unto all men.

The man of wealth, reclined in cushioned
ease,

Through amber tube inhales the perfumed breeze;
The hardy lab'rer, Nature's common clay,
Dhudeen in mouth, goes plodding on his way;
The wanderer beneath high Heaven's dome,
Sees in his pipe the image of his home;

The thoughtful student, rapt in meditation,
Finds, in the smoke, fresh food for contempla-
tion ;

The soldier, after a forced march encamped,
Forgets the weary miles so footsore tramped,
Forgets the rifle's crack, the cannon's thunder,
And dreams smoke-dreams of glory—or of plunder ;
And Jack, the sailor, if no storm is brewing,
Smokes like a steamer—when he is not chewing.

Nor is the worship of the weed confined
Unto Creation's lords, of stronger mind ;
Creation's ornaments, in other climes,
Think imitation not the worst of crimes :
Spain's dark Senoras, brilliant brunettes,
Outsparkle with their eyes their cigarettes ;
And Eastern beauties, languidly provoking,
To Western graces add the art of smoking.
Nay, possibly, some fair audacious Frank,
Whose lips might well excuse a bolder prank,

With innate longing for forbidden fruit,
Has rashly ventured on a mild cheroot ;
And even well-conducted English misses,
May taste smoke second-hand in lovers' kisses.

By gallant Raleigh first, from lands unknown,
O'er trackless seas brought safely to our own ;
So widely has the weed been cultivated,
Now its varieties are graduated
From common shag, the common smoker's manna,
Up to the Royal epicure's Havanna ;
And even in the fashion of a pipe,
Each nation has its own peculiar type.

The Calumet, of primitive design,
Prolific parent of a lengthy line ;
The long Chibouque, luxurious and cool,
As any bearded Pasha of Stamboul ;
The graceful Narghili, whose perfumes scent
The Emir's palace and the Arab's tent ;

The simple Bamboo of the Chinaman ;
The Hookah, rich with spice of Hindostan ;
The German porcelain, bright with colours
 gay ;
The Dutchman's plain, capacious yard of clay ;
The costly Meerschaum of Vienna make,
And Pat's Dhudeen, stuck in his wide-awake ;
'Till Fashion, which assimilates mankind,
Stamps the Cigar, its test of taste refined.

 A fig for Fashion's fluctuating laws,
Enacted, shelved, repealed, without a cause !
Let those who like them smoke cigars, whilst I a
Pipe may enjoy of fragrant Latakia.
Prince of tobaccos ! dainty for a king !
Sweet as the flow'ry scented breath of Spring—
Sweet as the kiss from Maiden's lips beguiled,
Soft as the Mother's chiding of her child !
Essence of essences ! cream of the cream !
Who has not tasted thee can never dream

How great the treat he wilfully foregoes,
How little true philosophy he knows.

By James's "Counterblaste" in vain assailed,
Pedants and fools unceasingly have railed
At poor Tobacco, as they vent their hate,
On all their dulness can't appreciate ;
Whilst, taught by sweet experience, the wise
Calmly enjoy what they have learned to prize.
For smoking, like most tastes, must be acquired,
And therefore is the more to be desired ;
The sweetest pleasures are the hardest earned,
All that is worth the knowing must be learned.
Could we but circumscribe our tastes and wants
To those which Nature in our breasts implants,
'Tis certain, ladies would not dress in silk,
Man might retain his native taste for milk,
Instead of dining off French "plats," *chez*
Verey,
With Medoc and Amontillado sherry.

“Smoke is the glory of the world,” Mynheer
Said, sucking in his K’naster and his beer.
Oh, worthy Hans! ’twas but a dry Dutch joke,
Alas! the glory of the world is smoke;
Its glory and its pleasures, honour, fame,
And every cheat, that with some sounding name,
And tempting shape, fantastically capers
Before our eyes, are all as airy vapours
As those light clouds that rise from a Cigar,
And vanish gracefully in forms bizarre.
Nay, life itself can find no truer type,
Or sign more fit, than a tobacco-pipe.
Smoker and pipe are moulded both of clay,
The smoker, like the smoke, must pass away;
The fire that sparkles fitful in the bowl
Is the reflection of the smoker’s soul,
And when both fires die out, as die both must,
Each leaves a mere residuum of dust.

Thus, ev’n in smoke, the philosophic mind,
Sermons of strict morality may find;

And leave to those at poison sniffing keen,
The pleasure to extract its nicotine.
If there is any virtue in example,
At least thy votaries have warrant ample ;
Let anti-fumigators vent their ire on
The smoke-dried names of Raleigh, Newton, Byron.
Oh, Raleigh !—Poet, Warrior, Statesman, all
That man most honours or can noble call,
The foremost figure of that Hero band,
Whose deeds romantic—but that fixed they stand
Recorded in our country's brightest page
Of history, Elizabeth's grand age—
We lesser men, in these degenerate days,
Could scarce believe, and now but with amaze—
What English heart but glories in its claim
To share in thy inheritance of fame ?
Even thy last most enterprising scheme,
Long scouted as a visionary's dream,
Thy " El Dorado," with its fields of gold,
Has been out-realized a thousand fold.

Oh, noble heart! alas, that such a fate
As thine should such as thee await!
That thy proud head should fall a sacrifice
To that Scotch fool's unkingly cowardice!
But in those good old times men died for less,
And heads were shaky under "good Queen
Bess."

Did she, I wonder, ever try a whiff?
It might have soothed her, after a sharp tiff
With Leicester, Hatton, Essex, or whoever
Happened just then to be the favoured lover.
That gentle daughter of a gentle sire
Was slightly ungenteel when roused to ire,
And when the blood of all the Tudors rose,
Occasionally clenched her words with blows,
Giving, on one occasion—a most striking
Memento of her Grace's gracious liking—
To Essex, that historical hand cuff,
Which so deranged his temper and his ruff.

Poor Essex ! fate had yet a harder knock
In store for thee, when, on the fatal block,
The Headsman's heavy hand, with one sharp stroke,
Cut short thy restless, rash career ; and broke
That stubborn woman's heart, who, in her pride,
Her own death-warrant signed the day he died.

Yet those were days to which our own are
tame—

An age of smoulder to an age of flame :
Heads were held high, and honours proudly worn,
When head and honours might at once be shorn ;
The hand that laid the sword upon their backs,
Might send them next to kneel beneath the axe.
Our modern peers are stiffer in the neck,
And modern honours diff'rent shoulders deck :
Some gallant soldier, who has never seen
A tented field, but risen by routine,—
That is, by length of purse, for now stern Mars
To Plutus sells the honours of his wars ;

Some doughty hero, warlike as blank cartridge,
Ancient campaigner against grouse and par-
tridge ;

Skilled, tradesmen's heavy charges to disperse,
Dauntless defender of the privy purse !

Not that the Army all monopolizes—

The Civil Service also has its prizes,

Which peaceful patriot M.P.s may win,

And crown the toils of active whippers-in ;

Or lucky lawyer, bullying or bland,

Who goes Chief Justice to Tom Tiddler's land.

Or city potentate, more lucky still,

Whose turn has come the civic throne to fill ;

Who, by degrees, has reached the envied chair—

Grub Parish 'Prentice, butterfly Lord Mayor.

Now on the justice-seat he sits severe,

And frightens London's rascals for a year ;

Then from his eminence sublime descends,

And once again his dips and moulds he vends,

And settles down to his late social status,
A most involuntary Cincinnatus.

But during his authority's brief span,
To swell the fortune of the lucky man,
Her Majesty most gracious condescends—
Or, in her stead, her royal Consort sends—
To visit London's ancient, dirty City,
The pride of natives and the stranger's
pity—
To lay a first stone, open an exchange,
Or some important matter to arrange,
Which tempts the beams of royalty so far
Beyond their sphere, as east of Temple Bar,
Amongst the Cits, with rare effect to shine,
And with my Lord Mayor afterwards to dine.
So there's a mighty fuss and preparation,
Much civic splendour and conglomeration ;
And after all the bustle and the stir,
His one-year Lordship kneels and rises " Sir ;"

And Mistress Greenfat, happy, lucky, wife,
Will be a real ladyship for life.

Such are the mighty deeds that now com-
mand

Reward and honour from our Sov'reign's hand ;
Though honour's fountain certainly is pure,
It flows through channels not quite so secure.
Nay, if a man can urge no other claim,
Even in spite of a plebeian name,
If Plebs can boast his plum or two a year,
Hey, presto—change ! and Dives is a peer !
Plutus again, and everywhere, for he it is
Whose fame alone, of all the ancient deities,
On modern scepticism maintains its hold—
We laugh at Jove, but who despises gold ?
Where, Phœbus, is thy votaries' reward ?
Who ever knew a Poet made a Lord ?
And more incredible, but that we know it,
Is, that a Lord should ever make a Poet.

Yet one there was, who in himself combined,
With noble birth, nobility of mind.

O Byron ! thou spoilt child of genius,
By thy fond mother, with too generous
And lavish bounty of her gifts endowed,
In very wantonness of love bestowed ;
Yet to thee most disastrous, since they turned
To fiery torments on thy head, and burned
The breast they should have warmed ; for what avails
The breath of genius to fill thy sails,
O gallant barque ! if Prudence, calm, austere,
Hold not the helm, through Passion's storms to steer ?

Oh what a blessing is an easy mind,
Contented always in its sphere assigned !
And what a curse, a wild imagination,
Soaring for ever high above its station !
Yours, gentle dullards, is the happy lot—
Happy the votaries of pipe and pot ;

And happy all who take things as they come,
Deaf to ambition, and to passion dumb.

As the deep stream, obstructed in its course,
O'erleaps its banks with overwhelming force,
And crushing all that would its rage restrain,
Rushes resistless o'er the neighb'ring plain,
E'en so burst forth, impatient of control,
The thwarted lovingness of his great soul ;
So, from the channel nature formed, forced back,
Rolled on at random, without bourn or track.
It might have been, if all-directing fate
Had yoked him to a more congenial mate,
That haughty mind, which baffled sterner sense,
Had bowed to woman's gentle influence.

For recollect, ye wedded dames, whose lords,
In search of happiness no home affords,
To scenes more tempting seem inclined to roam,
That love, like charity, begins at home ;

But, having wings, is apt their strength to try,
Unless you make his cage too snug to fly;
And if he once a roving taste acquires,
May turn his back on even gilded wires.

O Love! thou mighty power, who in caprice
Transformest gods to swans and men to geese,
On all mankind thou play'st impartial pranks,
Without respect of persons or of ranks;
And dairymaid and duchess, Queen and quean,
Duke, dairyman, King, clodhopper, have been
Involved by thee in many a sad scrape,—
How shall the rash, impulsive Poet 'scape?
Has not the race been thy especial aim,
Time out of mind, thy hardest hunted game?
The Bard is born to wear the chains of love,
And thou mayst drive him as thy Mother's
dove;
Love is his theme, his element, his God,
The spark divine that animates the clod;

That Lyre is ill attuned to harmony,
Whose first shy chords are not evoked by thee.

He was a Poet, such as Poets were,
Whilst yet the Muse to bards vouchsafed her care ;
Not on a worthless race bestowed, and when
The Sons of Song had honour amongst men.
In true devotion, at Apollo's shrine,
He knelt in rapture, and the power divine,
Pleased with his homage, filled his glowing breast,
And chose the young enthusiast his priest.

With no sham sympathy did he deplore
The bondage of fair Hellé's classic shore,—
No hackneyed cant his burning exhortation,
To rouse Achaia from her degradation,—
When, with one burst of ancient energy,
The honoured Mother of all liberty
Sprang up from her long lethargy, and broke,
With stern resolve, the hated Moslem's yoke ;

Amongst the Nations once more raised her head,
Like Freedom's corse, new risen from the dead,
And, breathing on her sons with new-found breath,
Bade them be free again, in life or death ;
He who had urged them to the sacred strife,
Proved his sincerity at cost of life.

In such a death, let faults forgotten be :
His epitaph—" He died for Liberty !"
His dirge—the sad and never-ceasing roar
Of waves that break on Missolonghi's shore !
His tomb—the heart of every Spartan boy
And Argive maid, who once more, in proud joy,
Breathe the enfranchised air, too pure for slaves,
That floats above their sires' eternal graves !
Oh ! shame to Greece, and everlasting stain,
That Tyrants' feet such spots should e'er profane !
Could Greeks be slaves, and know that where they
 dwell
Leonidas and his three hundred fell ?

It was not well to bear the mighty dead
Back to the land from which in life he fled ;
Who, like a heartless step-dame, drove away
Her gifted son, nor to his lifeless clay
Atoned the injuries heaped on the living—
In life unjust, in death still unforgiving.
It was not well ; they should have dug his grave
In that beloved land he died to save,
And left his bones, a last sad legacy,
To teach the race he died for to be free !
The Poet hero's spirit had " slept well
By the sea-shore whereon he loved to dwell."

And still, when aged Warriors recite
To eager youths, impatient for the fight,
The tale of their heroic grandsires' fame,
Not unremembered shall be Byron's name.

Peace to thee, restless Pilgrim ! mayst thou find
Thy God a judge more lenient than thy kind !

May He, who to its source can trace each deed,
And as an open book our secrets read,
When to the judgment seat thy soul he brings,
Remit thy sins, and count thy sufferings !

In fact, when Passion's varied shades he drew,
He painted Nature with a hand too true ;
Offence unpardonable in the eyes
Of canting hypocrites, who'd fain disguise
From all the world, their Maker, and the Devil,
With outside fair, the hidden core of evil ;
And since all virtue in their hearts is dead,
Parade its spectre on their lips instead.

These are the Teachers who, with Scripture phrase,
Warn others of the error of their ways,
And cover, with hypocrisy's thin crust,
Envy and hate, cupidity and lust ;
Whose cant is chosen as the surest plan
To ruin woman, and to plunder man ;

These are the real Infidels, whose deeds
Would bring discredit on the best of creeds.

Alas ! poor Virtue ! in what nook obscure
Dost thou thy bashful modesty immure ?
Daughter of Heaven ! doomed on earth to
roam

From door to door, in vain search for a home,
How canst thou hope to prove a welcome guest
In any pelf or pleasure-loving breast ?

Besides, unlike bold free and easy Vice,
About your quarters you are rather nice ;
Like single ladies who in lodgings live,
Much trouble and few perquisites you give.

Virtue is like a sphere in equipoise,
Perched on a pinnacle ; a touch destroys
Its hold, and sets it rolling down a plane,
No mortal force can roll it up again.

Sin is of strychnine strength : a single drop
Is bitterer than loads on loads of hop,—

One grain of poison tones a cask of beer,
And one slight slip may stain a long career.

And since primeval sin all flesh must taint,
'Tis difficult to find a modern saint:
I mean a really righteous individual,
(Whom, if you know one, to respect I bid you all,
Not a white-neckcloth'd, lank-hair'd, ranting rascal,
For they're as plentiful as lamb at Paschal!
Their saintship is composed of starch and snuffing,
Their active charity displayed in muffling
The naked Niggers' limbs in British flannel,—
It all begins beyond the British Channel!
Their trade is ranting, and their house of call
Is Cant's head-quarters—Exeter's famed Hall.

Thither the saintly flock in merry May,
When Nature smiles, and all but them is gay.
Pouring along the busy, crowded Strand,
You'll see a beatific-looking band,

In sombre habit, and with looks demure,—
Those looks much oft'ner treacherous than pure,—
Enduring with meek grumblings, deep not loud,
Many a jostle from the worldly crowd.
They straggle on, and won't keep the right side—
Your saints of course must not go with the tide.
There's no mistaking the elect, among
The ordinary, business-minding throng ;
By that peculiar air they may be singled,
Of self-complacency and meekness mingled—
Of true and false, that marks each saintly visage,
Sure as a horse's teeth will tell you his age.
In straight-cut coat and hat of broad brim clad,
In bonnet poked, and gown of colour sad—
For sanctity admits within its pale
As well the weaker vessel as the male.

It forms a useful refuge for the fair,
When Time no longer their frail charms will
spare ;

When dimples turn to wrinkles, raven locks
Grow thin and silvery, and stern age mocks
The shifts of art to hide its frightful ravages,
And men no longer flatter (heartless savages!)—
When dress and diamonds, concert, fête, and ball,
Flirtation and intrigue begin to pall,
They all at once discover life is fleeting,
When 'tis nigh fled, turn saints and go to meeting—
Eschew the world, and all its pomps condemn,
Because the world has first forsaken them !

O Woman ! if indeed thy tender heart
Prompt thee in mercy's work to take a part,
Thy Charity need seek no distant sphere—
The hottest zeal may find employment here.
Look on the outcast wretch who walks the street,
Whom thou wouldst spurn as dirt beneath thy feet,
The thing thou wouldst not name, who tramps the
 mire,
With weary heart, and feet that dare not tire ;

Denied all honest means of getting bread,
Ruined by sin, by sin she must be fed ;
Dressed smartly, like an actress for her part,
Paint on her face, and anguish in her heart,
Drowning in draughts of her sole solace, gin,
The Hell that Conscience would create within ;—
Look ! and turn shuddering from the sickening
sight—

Shudder, and read the warning lesson right !
Think what has dragged her to that deep per-
dition,

Lost beyond hope, condemned beyond contrition :
Man's perfidy the first cause of her fate,
Her sex's cruel scorn the deadly weight
That like a mountain on the fallen lies,
And renders hopeless all attempt to rise !
Yet you, her Sisters, who to her deny
All possible atonement—save to die—
Frown on her shame, yet shut your eyes to his,
And smile on him who made her what she is !

Thou, who art spotless as fresh-fallen snow,
So was she once, perhaps not long ago :
Degraded as she is, thou canst not tell
From what a height of innocence she fell,
Nor think how short the interval between
The first false step and this revolting scene.
Think how all human flesh alike is frail,
How, in the hour of trial, all may fail ;
And if from mortal sin thou art exempted,
Thank Heaven thou hast not been too sorely
tempted !

O happy Mother ! honourable dame !
Be not too hard upon the lost one's shame ;
Think, had thy darling, taken unaware,
Caught in some practis'd villain's subtle snare,
Fallen a victim to his damned art,
Wouldst thou to her harden thy yearning heart ?
Thou, to whom Conscience could not e'en upbraid
A thought impure, sweet, loving-hearted maid !

Should thy fair Sister, she thou lovest best—
Who shares the joys and sorrows of thy breast—
Should she be wreck'd upon that treach'rous shoal—
Man's honour—wouldst thou cast her from thy soul?

Woman ! if one despairing soul thou canst but save
From Hell on earth, and Hell beyond the grave—
One outcast, unsexed pariah once more
To decency and womanhood restore—
Thou hast performed a work of truer piety
Than all a lifetime spent in cold propriety :
A deed whereover Angels shall rejoice,
And thou hereafter add to theirs thy voice ;
More Heaven-inspired, more Heaven acceptable,
Than all the rantings of a whole Conventicle.

And here, I pray, don't misinterpret me,
Or think I mock at earnest piety,
Or, with most mis'erable presumption, sneer
At Virtue unaffected and sincere ;

But when false Vice stalks forth in Virtue's
guise,

And boldly thrusts itself before our eyes,

And cries aloud, "Look here! how good I am!"

We shrink with loathing from the hateful sham,

And trace, through all the windings of deceit,

The miserable, paltry counterfeit!

Of all the vile impostures which disgust

All who in honesty have any trust,

And righteous indignation most provoke,

The worst are played beneath Religion's cloak.

Religion! gentle maid of birth divine!

Who shouldst to largest charity incline

Mankind, and our too selfish natures move

To universal brotherhood of love,

That so we may, unworthy, imitate,

And all imperfectly appreciate

The mighty vastness of that love profound,

Whose depth exceeds our weak conception's bound:

Thou, whose professed object is to teach
All men how best that Heavenly home to reach,
Whither we all are bound—the longed-for goal
And resting-place of every weary soul—
This was the blessed promise at thy birth—
Glory to God! peace and goodwill on earth!

How has thy holy mission been fulfilled?
Witness the righteous blood of Martyrs spilled!
Witness the spirit of the old Crusades,
When Christians steeped in gore their pious
blades,
Seeking the realms of peace by force to gain,
And mount to Heaven over heaps of slain!
Witness, at home, in more enlightened days,
The teaching of Smithfield's infernal blaze!
Witness, in this still more civilized age,
Religious bickerings, and bigots' rage,
When High and Low Church at each other rail,
And deem their own Salvation's only pale;

And each grim ranter dooms to deep damnation

All but his own immediate congregation !

Is this our Master's teaching ? Do we seek

By means like these to glorify the meek

And slaughter'd Lamb, whose last expiring

prayers

Were for forgiveness on his wretched slayers ?

O man, when He who made thee sent his Son,

Only begotten, well beloved one,

To certain agony, that in thy shape

He might atone thy sins, and thou escape,

Did not He, Lord himself, who gave thee breath,

For thy sake suffer even unto death—

From His High Majesty so low descend,

The Godhead with thy earthly dust to blend ;

That He alone of human origin,

Tempted like us, yet spotless of all sin,

His purity thy forfeit soul might save

From sin's stern doom, an everlasting grave ?

And yet dost thou, poor insect of a day,
Dare to dictate unto thy fellow clay :
Thus only shalt thou worship Him who died
For all, who in His saving love confide ;
Making Religion a mere empty thing
Of forms and phrases, signs and posturing ?
Surely, He will not turn away his ear
From any voice upraised in faith sincere ;
The Shepherd of the flock will gladly greet
The wanderer, though tardy be his feet,
Not shut the fold and turn him back in wrath,
Because he may have missed the straightest
path.

I am a Protestant, my education
Has taught me in that faith to seek salvation,
Whilst other Christians, differing from me,
Although we all to one God bow the knee,
Yet in the manner of their worship, use
Forms which my teachers teach me to refuse :

Wise and good men, wiser and better far
Than many who despise their tenets are,
Pious have lived, and hopeful passed away,
In firm expectance of a better day—
Cheered with the hope, amidst their dying pain,
That He who died for all died not in vain ;
Shall I, in self-sufficient pride, condemn
All that seemed good and righteous unto
 them ?

I am a Christian, by birth at least,
Baptized in Church, confirmed by mitred Priest—
Trained in the culture of my native land,
The triune God, mysteriously grand !
And trusting only, that the blood of Jesus,
For us once shed, from sin inherent frees us.
Now let us see how tallies my behaviour
With the Divine example of my Saviour :
If one in anger smite me on the cheek,
Do I, with gesture of endurance meek,

Turn round my face, regardless of the pain,
And bid my fellow-Christian smite again ?
Or if my foe revile me, do I proffer
The hand of peace and pardon to the scoffer ?
Do I the naked clothe, the hungry feed,
Or help the helpless in their hour of need ?
Do I, with cheerful charity forego
Indulgences, that more I may bestow ?
Or with strict self-denial, rarer still,
Believe the good I hear, and not the ill ?
Do I, in short, in thought, or word, or deed,
At all fulfil the precepts of my creed ?
Alas ! I fear our conscience, justly stern,
To me and many others must return
For answer, that we have but little claim
To be Christ's followers in aught but name ;
And shall we, sinners that we are, pretend
Our neighbours' principles of faith to mend ?
O Brothers ! ere we set our neighbours right,
First pluck we out the mote from our own sight.

Perhaps the Lord may dwell within the walls
Of far Saint Peter's and of near Saint Paul's,
And Infinite and Omnipresent fill
Cathedral, Chapel, and Conventicle.

Whilst modern wizards nightly show their spells,
Put not your faith in modern miracles ;
Think not your crop of sins will grow the thinner,
For being counted to a Brother sinner ;
Nor if from him you absolution buy,
His Master will the bargain ratify ;
But disbelieving these with all your might,
Those who believe, respect ; they may be right.

Of all the thousand different religions
That flourish in this wide world's different regions,
No two alike, excepting in believing
That all the rest are equally deceiving,
Although each dozen years brings forth a new one,
Eternity alone can show the true one ;

And Faith must be our antidote to doubt,
Till on our last of journeys we set out,
To solve the mystery, which in all ages
Has been a stumbling-block to wisest sages.
Then we shall learn which creed we ought to choose,
But rarely now our power of choice we use ;
Content to follow where our Fathers lead,
And say the prayers our Mothers o'er us said.
If one be right in damning all the rest,
How few of all earth's millions can be blest!

Yet we may hope, and my belief is strong,
On that one point all sects alike are wrong,
And each who conscientiously fulfils
The duties which his native creed instils,
Has done his part as far as in him lies,
And doing more may prove more nice than wise.

But hold, my Muse, we tread on hallowed ground ;
The theme is far too solemn and profound,

Too reverend, for our light careless rhymes :
Let us be warned, and change our course betimes,
Leave homilies to those ordained to teach,
Sermons to those whose duty 'tis to preach :
Our cue is not to lecture, but to laugh—
The Jester's bauble is our leading staff !

'Tis dangerous enough with such a tool,
The badge of office of the antique fool,
Which gave immunity to his sharp wit,
At modern mummers right and left to hit.
Who dares the follies of the day assail,
His breast should be encased in triple mail,
Nor even then dire wounds shall he evade,
Although in panoply of proof arrayed :
Although with skill in self-defence he wield
Truth's trenchant sword, and Honesty's stout
shield,
Slander's insidious, envenomed dart
Shall hit him home in some unguarded part.

Achilles' self, of more than mortal might,
With arms divine to shield him in the fight,
And by a mother's careful hand imbrued
In murky Styx' invulnerizing flood,
By coward Paris' shaft was made to feel
That little inch of vulnerable heel :
And Slander's stings for poignancy beat hollow
The keenest dart of Paris or Apollo.

Why, like a bold knight errant, run a tilt
At pleasant sin and fashionable guilt ?
For, like the Don's encounter with the mill,
'Tis one in which, however great the skill
And courage in the fight made manifest,
We're pretty sure to come off second best.
In truth, La Mancha's valiant, crack-brained
knight,
That fearless champion battling for the right—
With brains a little turned, or over ripe,
Like fruit from too much sun—was no bad type

Of modern errant knights, who sally out
To put all vice and folly to the rout,
Mounting, instead of rawboned Rosinante,
A sorry Pegasus, of pace as scanty ;
And substituting for the potent lance,
Wherewith the ancient Heroes of romance
Were wont such formidable blows to deal,
That smaller, sharper instrument of steel,
The Pen, which is a weapon of more might
In modern days, than sword of stoutest
knight,

Prince, Paladin, or Cut-throat, of them all,
From Arthur down to Amadis de Gaul.

Alas ! the good old times of Chivalrie,
Of sword and lance, and armour *cap-à-pie* ;
Of tournays, tilts, and passages of arms,
And dames of literally killing charms,
Whose favours only blessed the lucky swain
Who had at least his score of rivals slain ;

Of gentle squires, bold yeomen and foot pages,
Not of the "buttons" tribe, paid vulgar wages,
But youths genteel in breeding and in clothes,
Who ruffled it in doublet, cap, and hose ;
Of women chaste, and honourable men,
Departed never to return again !—

I mean, those times, so good and ancient, gone are—
Not female chastity, or manly honour ;
Of both of which, I daresay, on the average,
Our age can boast as much as any other age :
For woe betide the slanderer who dare
Hint Britain's daughters are less chaste than fair !
And as for honour, don't men pay their bets
Solely because they're honourable debts,
Whilst snip's, and snob's, and needy tradesman's
bill,
The Honourable's schedule serve to fill ?

Alas ! for the days of Young England's dream,
Sans books, sans education, and sans steam ;

When the light of the age was torch, not gas,
And windows were horn instead of glass;
(But then, to make up for these slight drawbacks,
There was neither Window nor Income-tax);
When Kings to soldiering were over partial,
And Prince Field-Marshals in the field were martial
When a Bishop could smash his score of laymen,
And knock out their brains with a pious "Amen;"
And when to be able to read or write,
Was voted quite "infra dig." for a knight.
When the Manchester school could no man pester,
Because in those days there was no Manchester.
When Peace societies as yet were not,
Friend Bright's peace-talking mischief-making lot,
Whose creed is cotton and whose God is gold,
Whose only good is goods that can be sold,
Whose principles and politics may be
Summed up in just three letters, £ s. d.
Since they're so anxious all to keep the peace,
Why don't they try a berth in the police,

And just to show their doctrines' operation,
Settle an Irish row by arbitration?
When ladies fayre, of birth and high degree,
Talked scandal over treble X, not tea,
And rode about in litters or on pillions,
And went the wedding-tour without postillions.
When British Peers, in independence thorough,
Did as they liked with shire, and town, and borough,
And noble Lords preserved their serfs and peasants,
Just as they do their partridges and pheasants.

Good lack! to think how Poor Laws and Free
Trade,

Reform Bills and the scythe of Time, have made
An end of all those pleasant little pastimes,
Rather behind the spirit of our fast times!
But whilst your glories past and gone we grant ages,
Let us admit, our times have their advantages.
Have we not monster Ships, too big to launch;
Railways, impatient all our bones to scranch;

Balloons, that go up to come down again ;
Electric Cables, that submerged remain,
And Telegrams we try to read in vain ;
Low Preachers who society will frighten,
High Bishops who the people will enlighten.
See, in our streets, those rival new machines,
Perambulators, jostle crinolines ;
Our Clubs and Cafés, Concerts and Casinos ;
And how the Drama flourishes, Charles Kean
knows.

Of *Music's* Muse we surely can't complain :
Whilst for the *few* she fills our Operas twain
With notes too high for general circulation,
She don't forget her friends of humble station,
But makes herself accessible to *all*
In every gin-shop's new-built concert hall.
Art too is fostered with paternal care
In Architecture's boast—Trafalgar Square ;
And German connoisseurs oblige the nation
By buying daubs at owner's valuation ;

Whilst those who, spite of our commercial taint,
Boldly believe an Englishman can paint,
In Frith's last "Derby-day" may see a sight
Quite English and quite unpre-Raphaelite.
And *Commerce*, not to be behind the age,
And fired with Speculation's noble rage,
Laughs at old-fashioned Bankers' steady pace,
Pooh-poohs poor Lombard Street, and, in their place,
We've Joint Stock Banks, through which the whole
community,
By well-bred rogues, is swindled with impunity.
And Brokers, who obligingly invest
Our Cash at any rate of interest,
And whilst our capital they kindly spend,
Pay anything per cent. for dividend.
Whilst *Education*, in her own despite,
To Vice and Virtue lending equal light,
With right hand founds her pet Shoe-black Bri-
gade,
And Ragged Schools young Honesty to aid ;

And with the left, Academies for thieves,
Where each young Proletarian receives
Instruction in the art of spoliation,
Beginning with simple appropriation,
Plain petty larceny and pocket-picking,
The last new artful dodge the beak for trick-
ing;

And so on, to the higher walks of crime,
Murder, and so forth—in all which, in time,
When duly finished, he will play his part,
A recognised Professor of his Art!
And certainly may thank civilization,
For his advantages of education.

And now, as all my efforts would be vain,
To smooth or ravel out the tangled skein,
Whereinto my ideas all have got,
I sha'n't attempt the task, but cut the knot,
In that most royal and convenient fashion,
That Alexander set once in a passion.

Tobacco! first inspirer of my song!
Whence I have strayed so frequently and long,
Yet never altogether losing sight
Of thee, in fancy's most erratic flight;
For ev'ry train of thought to thee I owe,
My Pipe, the source from whence my musings flow,
Once more to thee, instructor bland, I turn,
A lesson of philosophy to learn.
O Heart of man! O wondrous human Heart!
How strange a piece of mechanism thou art!
How firm, how weak, how delicate, how strong,
How prone to do, how soft to suffer wrong!
A word, a look, may cause a pang more keen
Than torture's most elaborate machine;
And thou thyself, of fancied ills inventor,
Art thine own most ingenious tormentor.
Say, hath thy neighbour wronged thee, dost thou burn
With vengeful hate the evil to return?
Are thy affairs disordered, canst thou trace,
In ev'ry boon companion's low'ring face,

The warning symptoms of the storm a-brewing,
Charged with the elements of thy undoing ?
Hath thy dear Pythias, thy bosom friend,
Refused his money or his name to lend ?
Hast thou reaped evil where thou sowedst good,
For charity received ingratitude ?
Or, to complete the climax of despair,
Has she you thought, poor fool ! as fond as fair,
Transferred her favours to some richer swain,
As women have before, and will again ?
Hast thou, in brief, unwillingly been taught,
By sad experience too dearly bought,
That precept stern of Christianity—
That all vexation is, and vanity ?
Art thou in proper suicidal cue,
And only pausing, calmly to review
The different modes of exodus, and choose
Between the Thames, the razor, and the noose ;
Pistols and poison, or more tempting ways,
That may suggest themselves to end your days ?

Consider just a little longer—think,
Poison is most unpleasant stuff to drink,
Hanging is vulgar, drowning dreadful pain,
Bullets may spoil the face and spare the brain,
And razors, missing artery and vein,
Leave your cut throat to be sewn up again ;
And if you do the trick beyond all curing,
You'll spill a life perhaps you've been insuring,
And thus to lose both life and cash would be
A shocking instance of bad policy.

Sweet, doubtless, are the uses of Adversity ;
But by some unaccountable perversity,
When Fortune plays us one of her sour tricks,
We generally “kick against the pricks,”
And fail to recognise its uses vast,
Until the inconvenience is past.

Lives there a man, whose course of life has flown
So smooth and evenly, he has not known

That mortal weariness, and strong desire
To be at rest, where nothing more can tire ?
Oh ! there are moments in the lives of most,
When we would willingly give up the ghost,
And from the horrors of our situation
Seek instant refuge in annihilation,
Could we but compass that ; but therein lies
The fatal doubt that stays our enterprise ;
Or, rather, the dread certainty—we know,
And dare not doubt it, that the selfsame blow
That lets out life, lets in eternity ;
And thus, with all our longing to be free
From present ills, we shrink unnerved with dread
Before the awful future of the dead.

Let none, then, venture, with impatient hand,
Presumptuously to invade the land
Whose solemn portals, at the hour of fate,
Shall open wide their bars inviolate,—

Whose mysteries we all shall surely learn,
And little know how soon may come our turn !
For over all hangs Death ! The fatal sword,
Which at the Syracusan tyrant's board
Taught rash Damocles how far he mistook
(Like all who only on the surface look)
The state of others, over ev'ry head
Hangs always swinging by as slight a thread.

O happy fate ! when in the hour supreme
Of joy and triumph, it cuts short life's dream !
Happy the Soldier some stray shot lays low,
In the last charge upon the flying foe !
Happy the Poet whose hard-earned renown
The cypress and the bays together crown !
Happy the Patriot whose life-blood dyes
The charter of his country's liberties !
Thrice blest the loving boy who sinks to rest
On his first mistress' yet unfaithless breast !

Who would not rather thus bid life farewell,
Than linger on the barren earth to dwell,
When all that once could charm has lost its
zest,

The weary senses crave to be at rest,
The vital spark sinks like a burnt-out fire,
And neither emulation nor desire
The spirit's worn-out energies can goad,
And daily life becomes a daily load?

But it is not for us to choose the hour,
Fixed by a higher and a wiser Power ;
Nor, when our patience is a little tried,
To cut short life and hope by suicide.
Cheer up, my friend ! your woes, though hard to
bear,

Are but your portion of the common share,
To which, you know, all flesh by birth is heir.
If the division sometimes seems unequal,
No doubt 'twill be adjusted in the sequel.

Light a cigar, and as the fumes ascend,
So shall thy temper and thy fortunes mend ;
And as each wreath of vapour melts away,
With it shall vanish some of thy dismay.
Think, be thy injuries however great,
Forgiveness is far easier than hate ;
Of all the evil passions that infest
That seat of wickedness, the human breast,
Hate is at once the silliest and worst ;
The hater more than him he hates is cursed :
And it is well that we whose hopes of Heaven
Are founded on our hope to be forgiven,
Whilst in this transitory world we live,
Should also have a little to forgive.
Faint not at frowns from that capricious
 jade,
Miss Fortune—coquetry is all her trade,
Her frowns to-day are signs of smiles to-morrow ;
Whilst for your friend, from whom you could not
 borrow,

Friendship, like India-rubber, is elastic,
Yet there's a point at which they both must fast stick :
Damon was but an amiable myth,
If you believed him more, abjure forthwith.
Even that heavy blow and great discouragement,
Your mistress' loss, may yet admit encouragement—
Be comforted, the sea still holds, don't doubt of it,
Far better fish than ever yet came out of it.

Thus you may find your spiritual woes
As curable as the corporeal throes,
For which we drench ourselves with draught and pill ;
May your cigar its healing task fulfil,
And leave you, by the time 'tis smoked to end,
Convinced, when things are at the worst, they mend !

Give them, at all events, the chance, and wait
Until, at the appointed hour, kind Fate
Comes silently behind you with her shears,
And snaps the thread of all your doubts and fears ;

Relieves you from your fleshy incubus,
And kills you quietly without a fuss.

All things must end, and even this effusion
Of smoke finds here its natural conclusion ;
My cloud is blown, my Pipe smoked fairly through—
I trust its fumes may savour sweet to you ;
And if you still insensible remain,
To all the benefits that smokers gain,
At least be candid, and confess there are
Things to be learnt from—even a Cigar.

NOTES TO PART II.

Page 43, line 12.

Thou always art all things unto all men.

Of the pleasures of smoking under ordinary circumstances, every one can judge for himself; those who have been in hot climates can better appreciate its advantages; and we read in the accounts of Australian shepherds and gold-diggers, American trappers and backwoodsmen, and others whose course of life exposes them to the greatest hardships and privations, that their pipe is their most cherished friend and inseparable companion—their resource, when all others fail, against cold, fatigue, and hunger. And in that thrilling narrative, which every Englishman has read, of the defence of Lucknow, we find that one of the privations most severely felt by the harassed and heroic garrison was the want of tobacco—a want which they endeavoured to supply by all sorts of substitutes, determined to smoke something if they could not get the thing.

Page 44, line 9.

*Nor is the worship of the weed confined
Unto Creation's lords, of stronger mind.*

If sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, why should not smoke for the gander be smoke for the goose?

Page 47, line 2.

By James's "Counterblaste" in vain assailed.

That sagacious monarch, James I., seems to have had as great a horror of tobacco as of witches, and exerted himself as much to prevent the burning of the one as to procure the burning of the other. He wrote a work which he called "A Counterblaste against Tobacco;" but puffing was not to be put down in those days, any more than in the present.

Page 50, line 12.

*And when the blood of all the Tudors rose,
Occasionally clenched her words with blows.*

Which certainly was a forcible way
Of bringing her arguments into play,
And plainly, as proof positive it may go,
That, if no Virgo, Bess was a Virago.

Page 54, line 8.

*Even in spite of a plebeian name.
Say Brown, Jones Loyd, or Smith.*

Page 59, line 5.

*He who had urged them to the sacred strife,
Proved his sincerity at cost of life.*

Though Byron did not die with harness on his back, fighting for liberty, it is no stretch of poetic licence to say that he lost his life in her cause; besides, he gave what some people value more than blood—his money.

Page 65, line 15.

Look on the outcast wretch who walks the street.

There can be, I trust, no indelicacy in touching on a topic which, under the title of the "Delicate Question," has been thrust before the eyes of the public day after day in the newspapers. The subject, delicate or not, is most distressing; and, to say the least, many unfortunates, however much they are to be blamed, are also to be pitied—society first degrades them, and then reproaches them for being degraded. It may be right that sin should bring suffering, but if society were as hard on all sins as on theirs, what would become of some of its most respectable members?

Page 75, line 6.

Put not your faith in modern miracles.

With the greatest possible respect for all shades of genuine religious opinion, it is difficult to have patience with men of education who, professing to be ministers of Christ, in the nineteenth century, give their countenance to such mummeries as the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the Virgin of Salsette, and preach as a dogma the Immaculate Conception and Deification of the Virgin Mary; and it is no doubt equally difficult for them to have patience with us, who laugh at their clumsy impositions.

Page 76, line 9.

*If one be right in damning all the rest,
How few of all earth's millions can be blest!*

According to statistics published some years ago by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the following was then the rough calculation of the proportions of the principal religions of the world:—

Christians	260,000,000
Jews	4,000,000
Mahomedans	96,000,000
Idolaters	500,000,000
	<hr/>
Total	860,000,000

When we reflect on the innumerable sects into which each of these aggregates is divided, and that each sect teaches, and no doubt conscientiously believes, that salvation is only to be found within its own pale, I think we must hope, if we have any regard for our species, that the prospect of future bliss may not be confined to that very small per centage of them who agree on all points of theology.

Page 81, line 7.

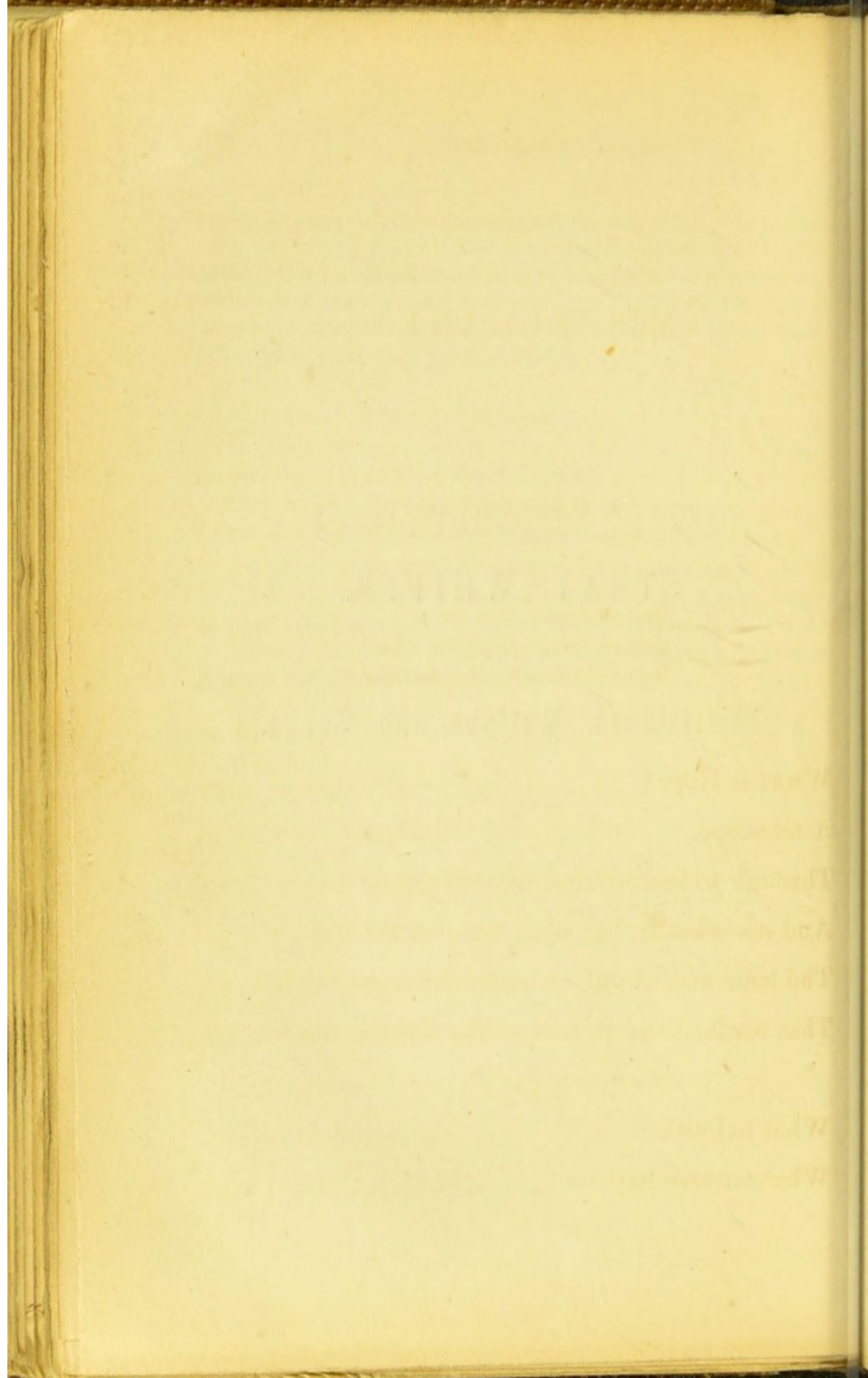
*When a Bishop could smash his score of laymen,
And knock out their brains with a pious "Amen."*

It is related of one of these martial members of the church militant that, having scruples about shedding the blood of his enemies, he used in battle a ponderous mace, wherewith he only knocked out their brains. This was probably that Bishop of Beauvais whom Cœur-de-Lion reproached with the unclerical cut of his coat of mail.

STRAY WHIFFS.



Miscellanea, Ballads, and Songs.



MISCELLANEA.

A CATECHISM.

Quid est spes? Vana res.

Quid est fides? Quod non vides.

Quid est charitas? Magna raritas.

WHAT is Hope?

A telescope,

Through which into futurity we pry,

And not what is, but what we wish for, spy;

The lame man's staff—a trusty-looking crutch,

That breaks beneath him on the lightest touch.

What is Faith?

What no man hath—

The evidence of things unseen,
A witness hard to find on earth, I ween.

What is Charity?

A rarity,
More difficult to find
Than the other two combined.

What is Life?

A scene of strife
With an unconquerable foe,
Who, in the end, must lay us low ;
A drama of uncertain tendency,
To some mere farce, to some deep tragedy ;
An unsought boon, whose forced possessing
As often proves a burden as a blessing ;
A gift some use, some hoard, some throw away,
And soldiers sell for thirteen pence a-day ;
A lease of strange and arbitrary measure,
That's terminated at the granter's pleasure ;

A talent, given each man to invest,
And answer for with interest.

What is Death?

A stoppage of the breath—

A sleep which thousands ev'ry day are taking,

But none yet ever told its waking ;

A voy'ge, for which we've all our lifetime to equip,

And yet are never ready for our trip ;

A shadowy curtain, that hangs between

The audience and the coming scene ;

A thoughtful bride, who sends her carriage

To fetch her bridegroom to the marriage ;

A blessing—a curse—

Black feathers and a hearse ;

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,

Is all we know, and take the rest on trust.

What is Sin?

What we are born in—

A kind of caul
That envelops us all ;
The universal pedlar's pack,
Each son of Adam carries on his back ;
Man's birthright—an entailed estate,
No lavish heir can alienate,
Bequeathed to us, because our great grandmother
Would rather eat one apple than another.

What is Virtue ?
A gift that will not hurt you
If you have it and don't know it,
But 'tis dangerous to show it—
Because, not being understood,
The world accounts it little good,
And thrusts aside the true possessor,
To fawn upon the mock professor ;
A theory none practise, yet all preach,
None learn, and yet all teach.

What is Vice ?

The Devil's spice,

Wherewith he seasons ev'ry dish,

To suit the nicest feeder's wish,

And though his cookery is hot and hellish,

Gives his ragouts a very tempting relish ;

A visitor, on whom we slam the door,

And leave the back-gate gently open for ;

A habit which all practise, yet none preach,

All learn, and yet none teach.

What is Man ?

A pastoral wild clan,

Expanded to an omnigenous tribe

Of varied species, puzzling to describe ;

A substantive governed by circumstances ;

A verb of irregular moods and tenses ;

A compound verb, expressing every thing

Comprised in being, doing, suffering ;

A creature endowed with a soul, 'tis said—
A brain sometimes, a stomach, and a head ;
An animal who reads, and writes, and talks,
And when he's sober quite, on two legs walks—
Whose claim to the possession of a soul,
Is chiefly proved by love of alcohol ;
The noblest work of all th' Almighty planned,
Last and most perfect creature of his hand ;
A puppet, with whose strings fell Até plays ;
A weathercock, each breath of fortune sways ;
To-day, the lord of wealth, and lands, and flocks—
To-morrow, of less value than an ox ;
He who alive, the lives of thousands owns—
Dead, is not master of his cast off bones ;
A plum that ripens on the tree of life,
Till Death, the gardener, prunes it with his
knife.

What is Woman ?

A supplement to you, man ;

A riddle worthy of the Sphinx ;
A bashful maid—a forward minx ;
Fickle as fortune—fixed as fate ;
Constant in love—more constant still in hate ;
A Circe, who transforms mankind to swine—
An Angel, sent to teach us love 's divine ;
The sex which offers us the choice between a
Lucretia and a Messalina ;
A fair enigma, understood by no man,
To please whose fancy, Antony, the Roman,
Empire and life could lightly sacrifice,
And Adam lost his soul and Paradise ;
Eve's daughter, whom the sons of Adam
yet
Will risk their souls to gain without regret.

What is Cant ?

The Devil's rant—

A methodistic set harangue,

He snuffles out with pious twang,

And teaches to all hypocrites,
His most especial favourites ;
A jargon of dissimulation ;
A string of vile sophistication,
Which, being whined out through the nose,
The saintly sinner's teaching shows ;
A weed that overruns the earth,
And soon destroys all honest worth—
A weed that all mankind of late,
Take mighty pains to cultivate ;
A mask 'neath which the hypocrite, demurely,
Grins at the world, and sins securely ;
The ruling spirit of the age ; a pest,
That only slays the noblest and the best ;
The modern Hydra, many tonguéd beast,
'Twould take a Hercules to kill, at least.

What is Truth ?

A habit, which in youth,

If well brought up, we're taught to set some store by,
But lay it with our toys and pinafore bye ;
For though as boys, we're birched for telling lies,
As men we have no rod before our eyes.
Truth is a stubborn, antiquated dame,
Who will call things each by its proper name ;
A lady who is said to dwell
Down at the bottom of a well—
But that must be a guess, none e'er
Dived deep enough to find her there :
Too many, if she stood upon the brink,
Would rather push her in, and let her sink ;
And I have ventured, with some slight misgiving,
To help her out, and prove that she is living.

A LESSON IN PRONUNCIATION ;

OR, SOUND AND SPELLING.

UNDER the shadow of a leafy bough,
Young Damon to fair Phyllis breathed love's vow ;
When, suddenly, a smothered sound of cough
Started the startled lovers quickly off !
Above the hedge appeared a visage bluff,
Of aspect wild, with locks unshorn and rough :
Away, like timid hares, the lovers go,
Nor pause to cast a glance behind, although
Had they but turned the branches to look through,
They would have seen—I leave the rest to you !

EPIGRAM.

BE not ashamed, O Tailor ! of thy trade,
Since Man's first coat was by his Maker made.

HAVELOCK.

BREAK off the song of triumph ! lay aside
The Conqueror's unmeasured pride !
Silence the trumpet's loud exultant throat,
And let the drums give forth a muffled
note !

Cease your rejoicings : give a thought
To him whose life the victory has bought !
Cover thy face, O England ! veil thy face !
Strew ashes on thy head !

Put on the deepest garb of woe !
Amongst thy heroes is a vacant place,
For Havelock is dead !—

Is dead, unwounded by the foe,
But, conquered by disease and toil
Beyond the strength of mortal man,

He sleeps beneath the blood-stained soil,
Where he just vengeance first began.
Mourn, England, mourn thy matchless son !
Weep not for him—his course is run,
His task achieved, his duty done ;
And he who, all his lifetime through,
No guiding star but duty knew—
The gallant Soldier, fearless as his sword,
The humble Christian, fearing Heaven's
 Lord—
Passes, at all his perils' close,
To Heaven's well-deserved repose.
Weep for thyself ! where canst thou hope
To find, unchilled by long neglect,
 In danger's direst need,
 A heart for thee to bleed—
An arm with fiendish foes to cope,
A sword thy daughters to protect ?
Weep not for him, although he never heard
Of honours, late and sparingly conferred !

The Nation's hero can disdain
Such courtly toys and baubles vain :
His earthly fame is built on broader base,
Deep graven on the hearts of all his race.
Weep not for him ! or, if thou shed a tear,
Let thy contrition be expressed
In manner that had pleased him best—
Honour to those to Havelock most dear !

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

IF on this tomb no Epitaph be read,
'Tis that we speak no evil of the dead.

“HOC VITIUM OMNIBUS EST CANTORIBUS.”

'Tis a very strange thing,
That people who sing,
When asked to amuse
Should always refuse ;
If requested thereto,
There's such a to do :
Their throats are so sore,
To sing is a bore ;
“ I've got such a cold,
I can't be so bold.”
“ The vile influenza
Would spoil each cadenza—
Besides, I've not sung for so long,
I really can't think of a song.”
“ Now, Mamma, you know I can't :
(*Sotto voce*) No, I shan't !

It's not the slightest use to frown,
 I won't sing after Fanny Brown;
 Besides, Frank's not here to turn over—
 He's flirting with that odious Jane Grover!
 Ask her to sing; her voice I hate,
 But still, 'twill spoil their *tête à tête*."
 "Will you oblige us, Mr. Whitehead?"
 "Oh, really, I should be delighted,
 But the weather
 Altogether
 Plays the dickens with one's high notes:
 H, you know, is one of my notes;
 But to-night you must excuse me,
 I'm sure A flat would quite confuse me."
 Thus, the general use is
 To make silly excuses,
 Very plainly expressing
 That they only want pressing;
 But if from asking you desist,
 They no longer can resist;

Quick their voices they recover—
As you will very soon discover—
And in startling array,
Their talents they display
In Bravuras and Airs,
Or Duets, if in pairs ;
And you'll have music
Enough to make you sick :
Contralto, Soprano,
Sing forte, piano,
Diminuendo
And crescendo ;
Now andante,
Breath is scanty ;
Allegretto,
Voice “in petto ;”
Now Tenor, now Bass,
With alarming grimace,
Shocks at once ears and eyes,
Hoarsely shouts, sadly sighs.

Now he gets up too high—try again ;
Now he goes down too low—change the strain.
Encore ! encore !
Do try one more.
Will you have sentiment ?
There shall be plenty meant.
Is your taste comical ?
Then upon Tom I call.
Anything, everything,
Somebody's sure to sing.
Trovatore, Miserere !
Libiamo—rather beery.
Rose of Castille, Satanella—
Leather this, and that prunella.
English Ballad—namby pamby,
Sense and meaning must a sham be.
Gay Romance,
Fresh from France ;
German Lieder from the Rhine,
Full of love, and beer, and wine.

Oh ! when once they're set going,
When they'll stop there's no knowing !
The noise grows appalling,
Like cats catawauling,
And unceasing the din,
Till you really begin
To wish that a slight
Attack of bronchit-
is, cold, or catarrh,
Would stop all the jar,
And cause, for a while hence,
The blessing of silence.

BALLADS.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

THERE is a flower, a tiny, modest thing,
That scarce itself could into notice bring,
Yet through the world it has so famous grown,
There blooms, perhaps, no flower better known.

To sentimental boys and girls most dear,
I shudder when its pretty name I hear,
Remembering it was baptized in death,
And christened with a dying man's last breath !

It was in Germany, in days of old,
A pair of lovers by a river strolled,
Indulging, doubtless, much the same day-dreams
That modern lovers dream by modern streams.

The maid all modesty, the youth all love,
Wishing, and not in vain, its strength to prove ;
For suddenly the girl a flower spied,
Growing in clusters by the water-side.

It was enough for her but to admire :
Had she but deigned the bright Sun to desire,
He would have scaled high Heaven for her dower,—
It was an easy thing to pluck a flower.

So down he rushed, and gathered eagerly
The pretty buds ; but happening to see
Beneath his feet a group which fairer seem,
He stoops, and slips, and falls into the stream.

The tide was deep and rapid, and in vain
He bravely strove its steep shore to regain ;
And still he would not, in his mortal strife,
Let go the flowers that cost him his dear life !

So he was drowned before his mistress' eyes,
Who could not aid, nor bring aid with her cries ;
And as he sank for ever from the spot,
Waving the flowers, he cried, " Forget me not ! "

And ever since, that fatal little flower
Has borne the name bestowed in that dread hour ;
And, hearing once, I never have forgot
How it was christened the Forget-me-not.

ROLAND.

FROM distant wars, the brave Roland,
The Paladin renowned,
Returns to his dear Rhenish strand,
With well-won honour crowned.

Of all the Peers of Charlemagne,
So valiant in the fight—
Of all the sons of Allemagne,
He is the bravest Knight.

Where strife and battle rage most fierce,
His crest is sure to shine ;
His lance is always first to pierce
The foe's deep serried line.

But now he comes with peaceful train,
His harness laid aside,
To tread his native halls again,
And claim his promised bride.

Fair Hildegarde for loveliness
Is famed as wide and far,
In beauty reigns supreme, no less
Than he excels in war.

Her hand the guerdon is, and prize
Of all his knightly deeds ;
On love's impatient wings he flies,
And to her presence speeds.

He gains her bow'r ; what fearful sight
His eager footstep stays ?
Why starts he back in wild affright,
Recoiling in amaze ?

All tenantless is that sweet spot,
Dismantled are its walls,
And echo mocks but answers not,
When on her name he calls.

No sign, no sound, of light no beam,
The mystery explain ;
Ruin and desolation seem
There undisturbed to reign.

Confused, bewildered with despair,
Stupefied, overcome,
He, who so joyous entered there,
Stands paralyzed and dumb.

He bows his head, in silent grief,
Upon his trembling hand,
Anguish, too strong for tears' relief,
Sears like a burning brand.

His sword has widowed many a heart
Of loving wife and maid,
Now on his head the cruel part
Is bitterly repaid.

But she, the Idol of his choice,
Has she betrayed her troth ?
Ah, no ! false Rumour's lying voice
Has crushed the hearts of both.

There came a rumour from afar,
To Hildegarde it spread,
That he had fallen in the war,
And she believed him dead.

To Nonnenwerder's cloistered Isle
The love lorn maid retires,
Within the cold monastic pile
To quench Love's burning fires.

The world is all a tomb to her,
Now that her love is dead ;
So in that living sepulchre
She hides her weary head.

As though monotony could still
The soul's deep agonies,
Or penances of body kill
The worm that never dies !

Oh rash resolve ! oh fatal haste !
Oh love too deep and true !
He lives, but life henceforth a waste
Must be to him and you.

And when in her dark cell she learns
That Roland is come back,
To God she humble thanks returns,
And then her heartstrings crack.

He builds a castle on the shore
That overlooks her cell,
And constantly, for evermore,
His eyes upon it dwell.

Crushed and unmanned by his despair,
He shuns the sight of men,
And like a wild beast in his lair,
Frets lonely in his den.

His soul within his body pines,
His sword rusts on the wall,
His faithful hound neglected whines,
His steed chafes in his stall.

At length, the warrior awakes
From his long lethargy,
His knightly soul its torpor breaks,
And bids him bravely die.

He dons his armour once again,
And girds on his good sword,
And hurries to the battle plain,
To succour his liege lord.

In Roncesvalles' fatal pass,
Death reaps a harvest blithe,
And man and horse go down like grass
Before the mower's scythe.

The Kaiser there is leaguered sore,
With foes on every side,
Who on the band of heroes pour,
Swift as the raging tide.

And as, upon some craggy coast,
A strong and stubborn rock,
Spurns back the foaming wat'ry host,
So they repel the shock.

But weary grows each stalwart arm,
Well-nigh with carnage spent,
And still the eager foemen swarm—
The bravest heart grows faint.

When o'er the battle's horrid din,
A shrilly note is borne,
Well knows each sinking Paladin
The sound of Roland's horn.

It gives new courage to each heart,
New vigour to each blow,
And spreads, as by some magic art,
A panic through the foe.

So the Archangel's mighty voice,
On earth's expiring day,
Shall Heav'n's exultant sons rejoice,
And Hell's sad crew dismay.

He urges on his gallant steed,
Straight to the battle's front,
But little spurring doth he need,
He knows his Master's wont.

But never has Roland the Brave
Fought as he fights to-day,
He comes to seek a soldier's grave,
And turns no blow away.

And stroke on thrust unheeded falls,
His blood unheeded flows,
Till fainting, on her name he calls,
And sinks beside his foes.

There lay his body, stiff with gore,
A heap of slain above,
His noble heart, dead long before,
Lay buried with his Love.

Still Rolandseck o'erlooks the Rhine,
On Nonnenwerder green,
Where Hildegarde was doomed to pine,
A tavern now is seen.

And travellers the spot pass by,
And note its loveliness,
A few bestow a passing sigh—
None eat and drink the less.

WOMAN'S CHOICE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.)

I WANDERED with Molly amongst the thick corn,
Inhaling the sweets of the white blossomed thorn,
And all was so quiet, so cosy, we chat,
Unheard and unwatched, about this thing and that.

So quiet and still, though we cosily chat,
No soul caught a word about this thing and that;
The light Zephyrs heed not the low-murmured sound,
But toy with the flowers that blossom around.

With loving caresses, so tender and warm,
We roam, like two innocents, locked arm in arm:
As grape upon grape clusters thick on the vine,
So kisses with kisses we close interwine.

Like grapes all united on one sturdy stalk,
Our kisses are mingled with song and with talk :
No vine upon earth ever bore such sweet fruit
As this, that in two loving hearts had its root.

“ O Molly,” thus said I, thus sung tenderly,
“ Sweet darling ! why kissest, why lovest thou me ?
Say, is it my form and my face you love best ?
Or, is it the true heart that beats in my breast ?”

“ O dear one,” thus said she, thus sung she to me,
“ O dearest ! what is there I love not in thee ?
Ah ! sweet are the face and the form I love best,
But dearer the true heart that beats in thy breast !”

“ Sweet darling ! say, which of the two would you
choose,
If forced either one or the other to lose ?
Say, must then my fond loving heart still be thine ?
Say, wouldst thou for constancy all else resign ?”

“ O bright is the sheen of a goblet of gold,
But brighter and sweeter the wine it will hold :
Then, so that the generous spirit be mine,
The goblet of gold I would gladly resign.”

“ O Molly, sweet darling ! say, how should I fare,
If gay wanton elves roamed as once through the air—
The fairest of fairies were smitten with me,
And cast her spells on me, and stole me from thee ;

“ And carried me off to her palace enchanted,
And vowed that my freedom should never be
 granted,
Until I had sworn to a mutual flame,—
Then wouldst thou forgive me and love me the same ?”

“ Oh ! if ere a deed so disgraceful were done,
You ask your bewildered and heart-broken one,
She answers—Bethink thee, my jewel, my soul !
Come back to me never, or come back heart-whole.”

“How, if she should say—Love, with me come and
dwell,

Or quickly to beauty and youth bid farewell ;

And, changed to a dwarf, old, repulsive, and
grey,

Your sweetheart will shrink from you then in
dismay ?”

“O dearest! the false one's vain threats never
heed ;

But if thy fair face she could spoil thus indeed,

And if all the evil she threatens were done,

Though altered, my true love I never will shun !”

“How, if she should say then—Come, youngster,
with me,

Or changed to a serpent your sweetheart shall be !

O Molly, sweet darling ! I leave it to you,

What then should I choose, and what then should I
do ?”

“ O dearest, a horrible choice you propose !
’Tis not that I care for the elf’s threaten’d woes ;
As honey and wine to you now I am sweet,
But then, vile and loathsome, must crawl at your
feet !”

“ Believe, then, you ne’er could inspire me with dread,
But still in my bosom I’d lay thy dear head,
And there you should hear throb for you day and
night,
The heart that you only could ever delight.

“ And still I should long for thy soft, tender kiss,
My lips still should thirst for its heavenly bliss.
O Molly, sweet darling ! I leave it to you,
What then must I choose, and what then must
I do ?”

“ O dearest, O sweetest ! my choice then you know ;
What need then of sorrow ? what need then of woe ?

The skin of the snake I'd contentedly wear,
I could not my loved one's unfaithfulness bear."

"How if she should say—Boy, with me come
away,

Or Death on the instant shall make you his prey?
O Molly, sweet darling! I leave it to you,
What then should I choose, and what then should
I do?"

"Beloved, too horrid a choice you impose,
On either hand threaten me anguish and woes;
Deliver me, God, from such dire agony,
Whatever my choice, death it must bring to
me!

"But equally threatened to right and to left,
Still let me by death not of love be bereft;
O die, my beloved, and mine still remain—
Soon Molly shall follow and meet you again!"

“ Then all is decided,—from all ills we fly,
To love undisturbed and eternal on high ;
Then die, O my sweetest ! and mine still remain,
Your love soon in Heaven shall meet you again ! ”

With loving caresses, so tender and warm,
We roam, like two innocents, locked arm in arm :
As grape upon grape clusters thick on the vine,
So kisses with kisses we close interwine.

We lingered, entranced in Love's heavenly bliss,
Our vine bears abundantly kiss upon kiss ;
By Yea and by Nay, then, we steadfastly swore,
In life and in death to be true evermore !

SONGS.

THE THIRSTY TRAVELLER.

A HORSEMAN pulled up at an Inn
One broiling August day,
Dust drab without, thirst parched within,
With little time to stay :—
“ Oh, I am choked with thirst almost,
So weary I could sink ;
Come, tell me quick, my jolly host,
What had I better drink ?

“ My mouth is like an oven hot,
My tongue a cinder in it ;
The mare foams like a shaving-pot—
Come, give us drink this minute !”

“ But sure, your honour, you’ll dismount ?”

“ No, no ! I must be off ;

Already, on her own account,

The mare has found the trough.”

“ What will your honour please to take ?

Shall it be hot or cold ?

A mull of claret shall I make,

Or bring some Rhine wine old ?”

“ I care not what, good host ; with dust

My throat is lined so thick !

I care not what, but drink I must,

And plenty,—bring it quick !”

“ What say you to some sherry, spiced,

Or rosy, sparkling port ?

I’ve got some Burgundy, high priced,

You’ll find it the right sort.

Or if Madeira you prefer,

I’ll give you such a glass

As you won't find in England, Sir—
I've little left, alas !”

“ Stop, stop ! your list is far too long :
Here, bring me out some ale ;
And, heark ye, see it's old and strong,
And bring it in a pail !”

They brought a bucket, as he said,
He drank one wondrous draught,
Then flung the rest on landlord's head,
And smacked his lips, and laughed.

“ There ! that's the stuff for thirsty men,
There's not much left you see ;
And when I ride this way again,
You'll know the drink for me !
'Tis ill to tease a hungry hound,
Or baulk a love-sick maid,
And thirsty men, as you have found,
Don't like their draught delayed !”

THE BLIND GIRL.

O MOTHER, dearest Mother, let me weep,
And lay my aching head upon thy breast,
Where I so oft have sobbed myself to sleep,
And thou hast lulled my childish grief to
rest ;
But seek not now my anguish to restrain—
This is no passing pang, no childish woe ;
E'en thy caresses, Mother, are in vain,
My tears, if checked, would choke me—let them
flow !

I have been patient, Mother, have I not ?
Before my Maker's will I strove to bow ;
I never knew how hopeless was my lot,
I never felt that I was blind till now !

Alas ! I must have been as vain as blind,
To think that love could be inspired by me ;
And yet he seemed so gentle and so kind,
I thought I felt all that I could not see.

I thought I felt the fervour of his look,
I thought I felt his hand mine softly press ;
I heard his voice was gentle, and mistook
For love what was but pity's tenderness.

'Tis past ! I will not shed another tear ;
My soul is dark, my sightless eyes are dry ;
My heart is broken ! Kiss me, Mother dear !
And pray to God for me, that I may die !

KISS ME !

Kiss me, my darling ! kiss me, Mary !
Another and another kiss ;
You need not of your lips be chary,
Since all you give you cannot miss !

I'll pay you kiss for kiss again—
Then let our lips in rapture meet,
Till of your bounty I complain,
And swear that honey is not sweet !

But sweets may surfeit, love, you think,
So of your sweetness you are coy :
Nay, more I thirst the more I drink—
True love's kisses never cloy !

LOVE.

My love ! my love ! my only love !
I would I were a petted dove,
That to thy soft arms I might fly,
And nestled in thy bosom lie !
Oh take me to thy gentle breast,
And set my throbbing heart at rest !
Love's fiercest fires within me rage—
Thou only canst my pangs assuage.

Though other eyes may brightly shine,
And other charms may rival thine ;
Though other lips as red may be,
And other forms as fair to see,—
Unseen, unheeded, they are all,
For thou my senses dost enthral :

Fair idol of my fond affection,
Thou, and thou only, art perfection.

One tender glance from those bright eyes
Above all earthly joys I prize ;
From those sweet lips one long-breath'd kiss
Thrills through my soul ecstatic bliss.
What words my passion can express ?
How on thy heart shall I impress
The fervour of my love for thee,
And kindle there like love for me ?

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

Go, Rose, to her I love so fervently,
 And tell the maid,
That she, though fair beyond comparison with
 thee,
 Like thee, must fade.

Tell her that thou, amongst thy sister flowers,
 Hadst bloomed in pride
A little while, then after thy few fragrant hours,
 Unnoticed died ;

But now, O happy Rose, if she should deign
 My gift to cherish,
Long after death mayst thou thy sweets retain,
 Not idly perish.

Tell her thy perfume is thy choicest part,
 And that her charms
Are little worth, unless a loving heart
 Her bosom warms.

She, like a solitary lily fair,
 Awhile may bloom,
But even her transcendent loveliness must share
 The common doom.

But love, immortal, withers not, nor dies,
 Nor fades away ;
But, all unchanging and unchangeable, defies
 Time and decay.

LOVE'S LESSON.

TRUST, if you will, the tranquil sea,
So calm, so blue, so bright,
Think not the storm waits fretfully
To crush you in its might ;
Trust, if you will, the splendour clear
Of April's fairest sky,
Believe no cloud will dare appear—
But trust not Woman's eye.

Trust, if you will, the Tyrant grim,
When he is pleased to smile ;
Trust in the Mob, more fierce than him,
More ruthless and more vile ;
Trust all the lies, told but in jest,
Poets have ever sung ;

Trust fawning slave, or canting priest—
But trust not Woman's tongue.

Trust in the Miser's charity,
Or in the hangman's ruth ;
Trust in the dotard's energy,
As in the calm of youth ;
Trust in the alchemist's dark skill,
The necromancer's art ;
Trust all and everything you will—
But trust not Woman's heart.

Her eye is false—each glance is sped
With sure and fatal aim ;
Her tongue more false, each word is said
Your bosom to inflame ;
Her heart most false, 'tis there that she
Has planned your ruin, Man :
If you are weak, avoid her, flee,—
Subdue her if you can.

LOVE'S LESSON LEARNT.



OH! I'll be no desponding swain,
A sighing like a bellows!
True love can never give us pain—
He's prince of jolly fellows!

I'll never woo an icy maid,
Cold as a winter's morn,
Who thinks devotion well repaid
With freezing pride and scorn.

I'll choose a smiling girl, whose breast
Though white is not of snow;
Whose hand won't melt when softly prest—
Whose heart with love can glow.

And if my charmer prove unkind,
And scorn my love, why let her ;
I warrant, one full soon I'll find,
As fair, who'll like me better !

IN VINO VERITAS !

A HEALTH ! a health ! to rosy Bacchus !
Jolly boys, your glasses fill !
Grim care had better not attack us,
Whilst we brimming bumpers swill !
Each drop that down our windpipe trickles
Some sorrow helps to drown,
The seat of mirth and laughter tickles,
And washes out a frown.

And if for truth ye seek, believe
You'll find it in the glass—
The Son of Jove can ne'er deceive,
In vino veritas!

Believe not that poor Truth lies drowned,
Deep buried in a well,
As soon might charity be found
In miser's breast to dwell!
Tale told by some teetotal ass,
From wat'ry brain distilled;
Truth sparkles in a brimming glass,
With grape juice fairly filled!
Come, seek her then with all your might!
Boys, round the bottle pass;
You'll find the jolly Roman right,
In vino veritas!

A PASTORAL.

THROUGH all the shady green lanes straying,
With Chloe once I went a-Maying ;
The swain was young, the nymph was fair—
In truth, we were a happy pair
As ever went a-Maying.

We rambled on, with hearts so gay,
And now we stopped to pick the May,
When Chloe shrieked, and nearly swooned—
A bee had dared her hand to wound,
Whilst we were out a-Maying !

Distressed, I strove with all my might
To cheer my fair one's piteous plight :

I kissed her soft hand o'er and o'er,
She sobbed, and vowed that never more
 Would she come out a-Maying !

But when the dear one slow recovered,
Too late, ah me ! I then discovered
The lovely girl had given me
A wound far deeper than the bee
 Gave her, whilst out a-Maying !

Then to my charmer I confess'd
The passion burning in my breast,
Whilst she, sweet darling, turned aside,
The blushes on her cheek to hide,
 And said—Let 's go a-Maying !

But when I drew her on my knee,
And swore eternal constancy,

The gentle maid no longer tried,
The sweet proofs of her love to hide
From me, whilst out a-Maying !

Reluctant now, with much delay,
We slowly took our homeward way ;
But when we reached home, strange to say,
We found we 'd both forgot the May,
Though we went out a-Maying !

INCONSTANCY.



You call me fickle, Lady mine,
Inconstant and untrue :
Say, would you have the Sun to shine
Alone on you ?

Do you believe the changeful wind
From one point always blows ?
Or does the bee his honey find
All in one Rose ?

O no ! he ranges far and wide,
From beauteous flower to flower,
Who on their gallant love, with pride,
Their favours shower.

He woos the lady Rose so fine,
And toys with her sweet lips ;
Next from the dainty Jessamine
He honey sips.

Into the Lily's snow-white breast
He flies, and wantons there ;
Then courts the Pink, more gaily drest—
But not more fair.

He flirts with ev'ry pretty Miss,
So debonair and gay ;
On all their lips he leaves a kiss,
Then flies away.

And all the while the pale Woodbine,
His constant love, at home
Sits patiently, and does not pine
To see him roam.

For she is sweetest, well she knows,
Of all the fragrant fair ;
And neither Lily, Pink, nor Rose,
Can vie with her !

So, Lady mine, be thou secure
In thine own beauty's charms,
Nor think another me could lure
To quit thine arms.

My eyes may roam, my heart is blind
To charms that others see :
On all the earth no flower I find
So sweet as thee.

A TENDER CHORD.

SING not, I pray, that song again,
 Though sweet its plaintive air,
Such bitter thoughts crowd o'er my brain,
 Their weight I scarce can bear.
Those well-known chords within my breast
 A mournful echo wake,
Of memories not yet suppress,
 Whose spell I cannot break.

Oh never choose that song again ;
 I love to hear thee sing,
But little canst thou tell the pain
 Those tuneful tones now bring.
'Twas sung by one whose voice no more
 Shall glad my listening ears,
Whose fatal loss I still deplore
 With unavailing tears.

SERENADE.



O'ER grassy mead and glassy mere,

The bright Moon softly beams,

And dances on the waters clear

Of thousand rippling streams :

The scorching Sun

His race has run—

The Lord of Day

Sinks weary to his ocean bed,

The Queen of Night rules in his stead,

With milder sway.

Fairest, awake !

Thy couch forsake !

Shine forth in all thy beauty, Love,

Brighter than any star above !

The breath of Night is sweet with balm,
Dispersed is Day's rude throng,
And not a sound disturbs the calm,
Save Philomel's sad song.
O list not to her mournful tale,
Of passion ill requited!
Never, I swear, shalt thou bewail
Thy tenderness so slighted!
Come, darling! I implore thee,
No danger shall betide,
Chaste Luna shall watch o'er thee,
And I will be thy guide.
Awake! awake!
Thy slumbers break,
And crown with love's entrancing power,
The soft delights of this sweet hour!

THE SYREN'S SONG.

MARINER, Mariner, come to my arms!
Little thou dream'st of the hidden charms
Deep down below the glassy sea,
Nor how my bosom beats for thee!

I love thee! I love thee!

Brave Son of the Main!

May I not hope

Thy love to gain?

Down below the rolling waves,
Lie the Syrens' coral caves,
Palaces of structure grand,
Hewn by Nature's giant hand;
There lie heaps of glitt'ring gold,
Stores of wealth unknown, untold;

Gems of radiance too rare
To waste their glories on the air ;
Emeralds, whose lustrous green
Eye of man hath never seen ;
Pearls of soft and melting white,
And diamonds, bright suns of light.
Come ! one bold plunge through the brine,
And all these shall be thine !

Have I in vain my love confess'd ?
Or is my song so ill express'd ?
I long to clasp thee to my breast,
Still, Mariner, thou tarriest !

I love thee ! I love thee !

Again and again,

I'll sing to thee

The selfsame strain !

With me thou shalt die not, nor grow old,
Nor thy heart's strong pulse wax faint and cold ;

But life shall be, like love, eternal,
One scene of joy for ever vernal !
Dull, wintry age shall cast no gloom
Over its ever-budding bloom ;
And I'll give thee a love as deep, and more true,
Than that sea thou fearest to venture through.
Come, love ! come ! why linger so long ?
Art thou deaf to the voice of my song ?

Mariner, why dost thou hesitate ?
Dost thou then fear to share my fate ?
Come, be my lord, thou Seaman brave !
I'll be thy patient, loving slave !

I love thee ! I love thee !

Again and again !

O surely thou wilt not

My love disdain !

Or thinkest thou on some mortal's charms ?
Thou wilt forget them in my arms.

I'll heap caress upon caress,
Each joy shall make the last seem less ;
And when thou art weary, and sated with bliss,
I'll sing thee to sleep with a song like this ;
And my bosom shall be thy loving pillow,
If thou 'lt dive with me beneath the billow.
Yes, yes, I read it in thy face—
Thou comest to my fond embrace !
Now, one bold plunge through the brine !
Ha, ha ! ha, ha !—thou art mine ! thou art mine !

THE LAST SONG.

A SONG before we part,
One last concluding strain,
That speaks to ev'ry heart,
Longing to meet again !

'Midst mirth, and song, and glee,
Too fast the hours have fled ;
But sober men are we,
And now we must to bed.

A toast before we part,
One kindly farewell greeting,
That comes from ev'ry heart—
Here's to our next good meeting !
Good night, dear friends, good night,
Shake hands, and say good-bye,
And may your heads lie light,
As all true friends' should lie !

AIMÉE.

UN jour, j'ai fait la connaissance
D'une jeune et charmante fille—
Je crois qu'elle est de bonne naissance,
Je sais qu'elle est gentille ;
Je voudrais croire qu'elle m'aime un peu—
Je sais que je l'aime bien ;
J'ai osé faire le doux aveu,
Elle me repondait—rien.

Elle est si jeune, si fraîche, si belle,
Si pure et si modeste,
Chaque pensée est spirituelle,
La grâce est dans chaque geste.
Oh oui ! je l'aime de tout mon cœur ;
Ce cœur n'est plus le mien,

Elle me l'a volé, et j'ai peur
Qu'elle ne me rendra—rien.

Ses cheveux sont noirs comme la nuit,
Sa joue fraîche comme l'Aurore,
Sa bouche plus tentante qu'aucun fruit,
Et parfumée par Flore !
Mais oh ! ces yeux ! oh, ces beaux yeux !
En eux mon seul soutien—
Si expressifs, que malgré eux,
Ils ne peuvent pas dire—rien.

“ IL SEGRETO.”

THE secret of happiness if you would learn,
Come listen, dear friends, to my song ;
In all seasons and times—let it freeze, let it burn—
Drink and laugh, and you 'll never be wrong !

'Tis the simplest and best of all rules—

I ne'er waste a thought on regret ;

But I laugh, and I quaff, and despise the poor fools

Who with fears of the future will fret

Their wretched lives.

Leave to-morrow to them, let it bring what it may :

Friends, let us make the most of to-day !

On the bright days of youth let us seize ere they pass,

And with pleasures retard their quick flight ;

For old age stands behind, and too surely, alas !

As he threatens our young hearts he'll blight ;

But if he our hot blood must cool,

Glass in hand we can drive him off yet ;

So we'll laugh, and we'll quaff, and despise the dull

fool,

Who with thoughts of the future will fret

His wretched life.

Leave to-morrow to him, let it bring what it may :

Friends, let us make the most of to-day !

GERMAN PART SONGS.

TO THE SUNSHINE.

O SUNSHINE fair ! O Sunshine bright !
Thou fillest all my heart with light !
Such longing wak'st within my breast,
That here my spirit cannot rest !

And in the house I cannot stay,
But hasten to the Gate away,
Where sporting on the grassy green
The fairest Maidens all are seen.

Sunshine, thou know'st o'er vale and hill
I long like thee to roam at will ;

And every charming flower embrace,
Who only shows her pretty face.

Thou art so used the world to see,
And know'st its joys are not for me :
O Sunshine cruel ! Sunshine vain !
How canst thou give me so much pain ?

O Sunshine fair ! O Sunshine bright !
Thou fillest all my heart with light !
Such longing wak'st within my breast,
That here my spirit cannot rest !

WHO'S THE MAN FOR US?
—

Who will not drink,
When the brimming goblets clink—
No, no, no! he
Our Brother true can never be!
But who, in hearty brotherhood,
Drinks like a German true and good,
And with joy and pleasure drinketh,
Till full of bliss to earth he sinketh:
 He's the man for us!
 With hearty welcome, thus
 We drink to him!

Who will not kiss,
When rosy lips invite to bliss—
No, no, no! he
Our Brother true can never be!

But he who after thousand kisses,
For a thousand more still wishes,
And to sweeter pleasures warms,
In his mistress' snow-white arms :

He's the man for us !

With hearty welcome, thus

We drink to him !

Who will not sing,
In tones that through the soul may ring—
No, no, no ! he
Our Brother true can never be !
But who, in sparkling, fiery lays,
The glowing charms of wine can praise,
And to tender melting air,
Sing the beauties of his fair :

He's the man for us !

With hearty welcome, thus

We drink to him !

THE LITTLE CHURCH.

A CHURCH stands in the azure,
Upon the steep hill's height,
With mingled pain and pleasure,
I gaze upon the sight.

It stands there all deserted,
A sign of bygone days,
On Sundays it is skirted,
With morning's rosy rays.

And when the bells are klinging
In the morning air,
With soft low peal is ringing
A little bell too there.

Its gentle tones awaken
Thoughts slumbering, not dead ;
In that little Church forsaken,
Many a prayer is said.

SPRING SCENE.

A PEDAGOGUE lean, reclining,
His lanky limbs has laid,
Where overhead, intertwining,
Thick boughs make pleasant shade :

In Spring's fair Eden-garden
He lies, stretched out at length—
Takes snuff his nerves to harden,
When Zephyr tries his strength.

And by him on the moss is
A big book bound in calf,
Wherein his long proboscis
He buries more than half.

He cries—"Voice of the Spheres,
Dumtaxat! Utpote!
Thou movest me to tears,
My woes are healed by thee!

"With thee to earth descending,
O Latin excellent,
The joys of Heaven blending
To comfort me are sent!"

Whilst thus his book he lays in
Long snout and furrowed brow,
Close by his side are grazing
Two oxen and a cow.

Epilogue.

Go forth, my child, dear offspring of my brain !
Thou dost within thy lifeless breast contain
More of my soul than may to flesh pertain,
Child of my mind !

As the young mother, in the vacant face
Of her first babe, with partial love can trace
Beauty unmatched, so wit and grace
In thee I find !

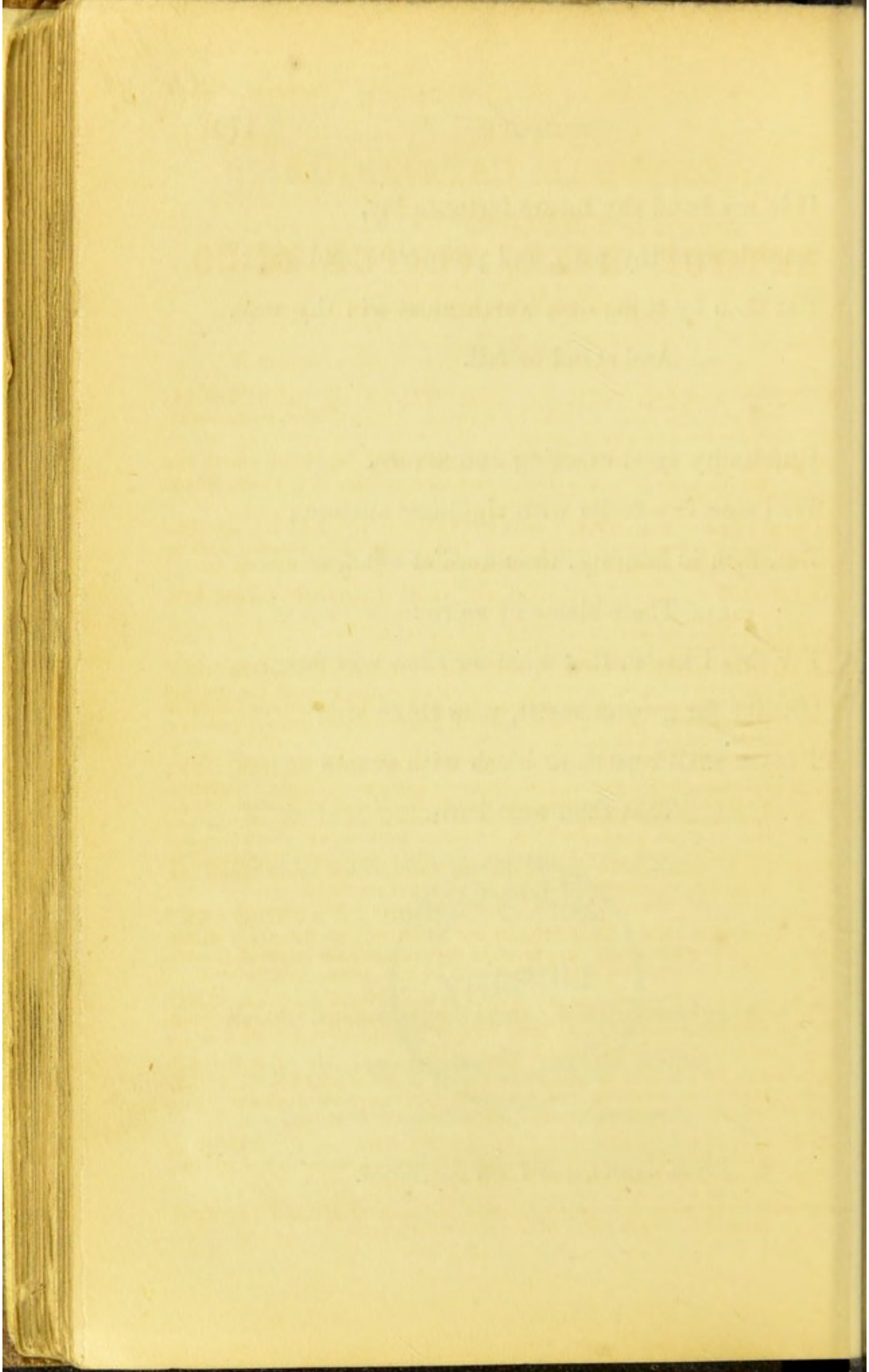
Go forth, my eldest born ! harsh-seeming sire,
I cast thee on the world, but not in ire ;
My highest hopes to thy success aspire,
And centre all.

If in my hand thy future fortunes lay,
Smooth were thy path, and prosperous and gay ;
But thou by thine own worth must win thy way,
And stand or fall.

Unfriendly eyes, exacting and severe,
Will scan thy faults with rigidness austere ;
But, firm in honesty, thou need'st not fear
Their blame or scorn :

For this I know, that whether thou win fame,
Or, like far greater merit, miss thine aim,
I never shall repent, or blush with shame
That thou wert born.





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