CLIO.

BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

NO. III.

Quæ tantæ tenuere moræ?

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PREFACE.

After an interval of four years, I have prepared a third number of Clio. Like the two former numbers, it is partly made up of articles before published in a scattered form. Some unpublished articles are added, and among others, one of some length, near the opening of the volume. Whatever favour the articles already published may have found with the public, I trust will not be denied them in this collection. The rest of the volume must be its own advocate.

CLIO.

SONNET.

Why have ye lingered on your way so long,
  Bright visions, who were wont to hear my call,
And with the harmony of dance and song
  Keep round my dreaming couch a festival?

Where are ye gone, with all your eyes of light,
  And where the flowery voice I loved to hear,
When, through the silent watches of the night,
  Ye whispered like an angel in my ear?

O! fly not with the rapid wing of time,
  But with your ancient votary kindly stay;
And while the loftier dreams, that rose sublime
  In years of higher hope, have flown away:
O! with the colours of a softer clime,
  Give your last touches to the dying day.

GENIUS SLUMBERING.

He sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame;
  He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
  That once in transport drew his spirit on;
He lies in dull oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet not all forgotten sleeps he there;
  There are who still remember how he bore
Upward his daring pinions, 'till the air
  Seemed living with the crown of light he wore;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.

He sleeps,—and yet around the sightless eye,
  And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays!
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
  There hovers still the light of other days;
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep for ever, but will rise
  Fresh to more daring labours—now, even now,
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,
  The gathered slumber leaves his lifted brow;

From his half-opened eye, in fuller beams,
His wakened spirit streams.

Yes, he will break his sleep—the spell is gone—
  The deadly charm departed—see him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
  Keen as the famished eagle darts her wing;
The goal is still before him, and the prize
Still woos his eager eyes.

He rushes forth to conquer—shall they take,
  They, who with feebler pace still kept their way,
When he forgot the contest—shall they take,
  Now he renews the race, the victor's bay?
Still let them strive—when he collects his might,
He will assert his right.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
  Whose essence is ethereal—they may try
To darken and degrade it—it may rust
  Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die;
And when it wakens, it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.

GREECE FROM MOUNT HELICON.

This is the land of song—the very mountains
Are vocal with invisible minstrelsy;
The valleys are the haunt of unseen choirs;
The fountains utter music, and the hills
Are full of pleasant sounds. Before me stands
The temple of the Muses, Helicon,
The seat of their divinity, when Greece
Stood fair and glorious. It is beautiful,
But lonely. Where are now the hallowed shrines,
The pillared porches, and the sun-gilt domes,
Where ancient Genius offered up his prayers,
And kindled, on the altar of his God,
A sacrifice, whose odour was divine,
And breathed of inspiration?—fallen, broken,
And overgrown with natural wildness, like
The intellect that wanders round these ruins,
With all its brightness veiled.
Now, I have come
On a fond poet's pilgrimage; my foot,
Wearied, yet eager still, shall find its way
Upward to yonder pinnacle of rock,
The mountain's sacred summit, by the side
Of clear Termessus, where it throws itself,
From leap to leap, over the polished stones,
And with a sportive wildness hurries on

To this secluded nook of bays and roses,
This quiet shelter, where the dove of peace
Nestles securely, while the distant roar
Of violence comes from the open plains,
Echoed, but faintly.
Pleasant stream, that erst
Gave water to the shepherd in old times,
When from their cloudy dwelling they descended,
Memory's bright daughters, in the silent night,
Breathing sweet voices, through the slumbering air,
Into his dreaming ear, and told to him
Mysteries, which he revealed in harmonies
Of measured sounds, high oracles that made
The crowd his worshippers, and drew around
The woodmen from their caves, to learn of him
Kindness and love—clear rolling stream, whose wave
Shines in this gladdening sun, like flowing gold
Poured from a fretted urn, so smooth the rocks
That border thee, and so fantastical
Their time-worn hollows—how it gushes out
From some obscure recess, where it lay hidden
In clustered vines and feathery foliage, wet
With ever-falling dews! and how it bulges
In silvery brightness o'er the polished boss
Of marble, veined like pictures from the hand
Of tasteful art, and yet the very sport
Of frolic nature! what a busy din
Of tinkling water-falls! and how it blends
With the low murmur of the shaken leaves,

And the still hum of bees! These many sounds,
These murmuring melodies of many voices,
They lap me in oblivion, and I seem
Living in dreams. I wonder not the bards
Who gathered here in worship, and were filled
With the dim feeling of religious awe,—
That they imagined, on the shores of Lethe,
Such murmurs from the beds of amaranth flowers,
When they went nodding to the odorous winds,
That stole from laurel groves and myrtle shades,
And crisped the waters, as they glided on
Over their sands of gold. Such happiness,
As now I feel in listening to thy music,
And gazing on thy sparkling water-falls,
Thy bubbling wells, thy mossy cinctured lakes,
And rose-crowned islands, where the bird and bee
Nestle and find their home—such happiness
Elysium well might envy. But I pause,
Even on the threshold, when the far ascent
Calls me to regions where a loftier power
Dwelt on his airy throne.
Then be my guide,
Wandering Termessus, upward through thy vale,
And let me find, beneath the twisted boughs
Of these old evergreens, coolness and shade,
To make my toil the easier. Darkly rolls
Thy current under them, and hollower sounds
Thy hidden roar. I just can catch a glimpse
Of yon deep pool—dark and mysterious,

Sunk in its well of rock ; and now from out
A tuft of seeded fern I see thee plunge,
Tinted with golden green, for there a sunbeam
Strays through thy arch of shade. Still as I climb
Thy voice goes with me, like the labourer's song,
To cheer me ; and anon I see thee flashing
Through the laburnum thickets, rivalling
Their golden flowers ; and then thou rushest by
Crested with foam, the whiter for the darkness
That covers thee ; and then I pause and hang
Over a broad smooth mirror, where the sky
Looks in, and sees itself, as purely blue,
As vast and round, and all its cloudy folds ;
Their snowy bosses and their iris fringes
Are there, and all the circling rocks repeat
Their lights and shadows in that vacancy,
So clear, it seems but air. Thou rollest on
Thus brightly, and for ages thou hast kept
This ever-varying, yet eternal way ;
And like the voice of a divinity
Thou pourest thy endless song. But now the rocks
That hemmed thee in recede, and round and fair,
The open vale of Aganippe smiles
To greet me, as a fond and gentle mistress
Welcomes her weary lover, when he comes
At evening to her bower.
Enchanted vale !
Well did the early worshippers of song
Choose thee to be their place of pilgrimage,

That in thy quiet groves and still recesses
They might invoke, with due solemnity,
The boon-inspiring power. Here they would come,
From the blue islands, and the olive groves
Of Thebes and Athens, and thy laurel-crowned
And golden banks, Alpheus, and the shores
Of far Ionia, where the wooing air
Pants with a softer breath through myrtle groves,
And thee, thou emerald gem, amid the foam
Of ocean, whence thy guardian goddess rose,
To be the world's delight. From every land,
That heard the echo of those flowing sounds,
That dropping honey, which, from eloquent lips,
Distilled persuasion, reverently they came,
Clad in white robes, and crowned with wreaths of bay,
And bearing golden harps and ivory citterns,
And round the marble temple, and the fountain
Of soft and gentle harmony, uplifted
The joyous pæan, through the bright-eyed day
Singing, till sunset threw its yellow veil
Round thy blue summit, Helicon, and Night
Sat on her purple cloud, and dipped her bough
Of cypress in Nepenthe, and then waved,
Over their leafy beds, oblivion
And holy dreams—and when their God arose,
And shook his yellow locks in the blue air,
And dropped his shining dews, then they began
Anew their solemn chaunt, and up the heights
They moved in measured march, bearing their hymns

To Hippocrene, and the crowning rocks,
Whence they beheld Parnassus, white and bare,
Glittering among the clouds, a golden throne
Rich with a waste of gems ; and as it rose,
Touched with the sun's first blaze, its forked peak
Seemed like twin spires of flame, curling and trembling
From earth to heaven. They saw—and then they bowed
And worshipped in their hearts—their voices paused,
Their harps were mute, and fearful silence told,
More eloquent than words, their love and awe.
'Twas thus of old—now all is desolate,
But fair and lovely. 'Tis a wilderness
Of bush and flower, and over it are hung
A few old knotted oaks and untrimmed bays,
That, in their careless dress, are like the hearts
Of this rude land—beautiful thoughts run wild—
Courage and tenderness, concealed beneath
Ungovernable rage and stern revenge.
Here is a ruin—once a temple, now
Fallen, shapeless, and o'ergrown—a mingled pile
Of blocks and broken pillars, fretted ceilings
And sculptured friezes, moulded cornices,
And wreaths and garlands, heaped confusedly,
And veiled with clematis and ivy, where,
Under their verdurous tufts, the lizard lurks,
And serpents cast their coats, or in the sun
Lie basking in their burnished mail, and roll
Their fascinating eyes. There is a hum
Of settling bees, and the quick swallow darts

Between two columns, sole amid the wreck
Unbroken, with their brief entablature
Telling in scattered characters, half worn
And eaten out by time, here was the temple
Of Pæan and the Muses. But the fountain,
Where wells it? It has gathered in a marsh
O'ergrown with rustling reeds and water lilies,
And bordered round with tamarisks and osiers,
The favourite haunt of painted flies and reptiles
That love the mid-day sun; and here I trace it,
Oozing through tall rank grass and irises
From underneath a falling arch. Here flowed
The gentle fountain—here they built a shrine
To its peculiar Naiad, where it threw
Its bubbling waters from the opening rocks,
In shade and coolness. Still it gushes over
Through tangled leaves, and still it gives a murmur,
That soothes and yet inspires. Methinks I see,
Peeping from bosky dells, the nymphs who loved
This sylvan hollow. Grecian girls are they,
With braided locks twined gracefully around
Their ivory foreheads, and their arching brows
Pencilled above such eyes, gems, living gems,
Dark as deep night, and wild yet winning quick
And darting like a flame; and now and then,
Less timidly, they lean from their retreats;
And then such lips, cheeks, dimples, necks like swans,
And polished arms, colours so bright and clear,
Still dripping from their fountains, glancing still

With water-drops—they seem to beckon me,
Only to smile and vanish. Happy days,
When ye were seen as real, worshipped too
With dance and song—worshipped by youths and maidens
Only less bright and fair than deities,
Full of high health and buoyant happiness,
Creatures of poetry and love. Ye ages!
Why have ye borne us downward, till the blood
Flows stagnant, like this fountain, from its well,
Mid weeds and thorns? Or has it ever been
Thus with the dreamer, Man—ever in love
With an imagined joy?

But what is here,
Perched on the hill-side? Here a chapel stands,
Built of the fragments of the Muses' shrine,
And with its humble cross and rude stone altar,
Telling of other faith and lowlier worship
Than that of old. Here are no genial banquets,
No songs nor dances. Here the lonely hermit
Utters his feeble orisons, and chaunts
His one unvaried hymn. A shadowy elm
O'erhangs his cell; and here upon the turf,
Half slumbering, half awake, I muse away
The hours of noon. The mountain tops around
Sparkle and glow—a quivering vapour floats
Above them, and with strange mysterious power
Lifts them to loftier regions, where they hang
Like hot and fiery clouds. How still the air—
How motionless the leaves! The only sound

Is the perpetual hum of water flies
Above the reedy pool. My brain feels dim,
And slumber steals apace, and silently
I sink in deep oblivion. Still my fancy
Plays with the shapes before my half-shut eyes,
And tunes the falling murmur in my ears
To music—so I pass away in dreams
The sultry hours; and now the sun descending
Behind the loftier summits, I awake,
And feel the breezy coolness steal around me,
And give me life and joy. I turn myself
To the fresh evening air, and let it dry
My feverish brow and dripping locks, and twine them
In artless curls—then to my pleasant task,
And onward to the summit.
Now my way
Is by a gentler stream, that tinkles down
Over the smooth-worn marbles, hollowed out
In semblances of urns, and bowls, and lavers;
And then in open pipes lapsing away,
Clear as a gush of flowing pearls, and tinged
With shifting colours, as it catches hues
From the stained rock it kisses, purple, green,
And golden—hues that emulate the dove's
Or trembling opal's—soft and velvet hues
Due to the water mosses, silent growth
Of centuries, o'er which the hurrying wave
Slides with a stiller murmur. Now the mountain,
Lifted above the forest region, glows

With flowering shrubs, that scatter odorous airs,
Sweet as from Eden—purple heath and balm,
And lurking beds of thyme, and bright laburnum,
And arbute hung with snowy flowers and fruits
Red as a flammant's wing, and spiry grass,
Breathing of early May, and calling up
Memories of pastoral days, of shepherds lulled
By whispering elms, and nymphs with flowing hair,
Tressing it in the fountains, bleating flocks
Calling their truant lambs, and browsing goats
Pendant from bushy rocks, and harmonies
Of pipes, and flutes, and voices, warbling out
Unstudied songs, and with alternate verse
Singing the sun to setting, while cool airs
Came from the west, as if Favonius loved
Their minstrelsy, and with the tuneful leaves
Went dallying, and woke the slumbering pool
To music faint but sweet. Such thoughts are wakened
By the low whispering of the evening wind,
Through tufts of flowering grass and withered halm,
The golden harvest of an earlier year,
Still in this happy climate undecayed,
Still nodding with its ears. And as I move
Thoughtfully on, how populous these flowers
With honey-bees! how still their humming sounds
O'er all the voiceless mountain, while they gather
Nectar from golden cups, and urns of pearl,
And homelier vases hidden in their beds
Of heath and thyme, vases that breathe perfume,

And lurking yet reveal their hiding-place,
As if by clouds of incense. There they dart
From bloom to bloom, and till the lengthening shadows
Fall from the mountain peaks, and stretch away
O'er vale and plain, and distant cottages,
Tell of their evening fires, they ply their task,
And then go murmuring to their sheltered hives
In cave, or hollow trunk, or straw-roofed shed,
O'er which the ivy climbs. Thus whiled away,
Time flies apace, till suddenly I pause,
And greet the higher fountain, whence uprose
The flying steed, that bore to loftier heights
The young aspiring soul. It gushes forth,
Sparkling, and bright, and clear, from out the clefts
Of living rocks, and throws at once a stream
Full and o'erflowing. How the settling light
Tinges it with its hues, rich, golden hues,
As if the God of Song still loved spring,
And smiled as he withdrew! No broken arch
Chokes up its way, but from its natural caves
At once it bursts to light, and hurrying takes
Its journey to the plain. Here all is left
Simple and void of art, but where the rock
Is graved with moss-grown characters, that tell
Of earlier pilgrims, when they came and paid
Vows from the heart. Above me swells a throne
Of broad bare rock, and there Apollo sat,
With all his train of muses, and indulged
The charm of thought. Here many a poet dreamed,

When night was full of stars, that heavenly voices
Came from that shadowy summit, and they told
The bliss of song. They kindly led him on,
Spite of a scornful world, and filled his heart
With self-approving joy. Now, as the sun
Bends to his ocean couch, and well has neared
The far blue mountains, round his holiest shrine
In Delphi, upward to that pinnacle
My foot must hasten. Let no wandering look
Turn from the one bright goal. Even as the pilgrim
Goes with his eye fixed on his prophet's tomb,
Or where his god is laid, so let me on
Bent to that summit, where retiring day
Kindles its latest fires.

I now have conquered,
And heaven is all above me. Earth below
Spreads infinite, and rolls its mountain waves
Tumultuously around me. Breathless awe
Broods o'er my spirit, and I stand awhile
Rapt and absorbed. The magic vision floats
Dimly before me, and uncertain lights
Flash on my troubled eye, and then a calm,
High and uplifted, like the peace of heaven,
Steals on my heart, and instantly my thoughts
Are fixed and daring. 'Tis the land of song,—
The home of heroes. O! ye boundless plains,
Ye snowy peaks, ye dusky mountains, heaped
Like ocean billows, far retiring vales,
Blue seas, and gleaming bays, and islands set

Like gems in gold—to you I kneel with awe
Deep and unfeigned. If I have ever felt
The stirring energies of warlike virtue,
The sternness of unbending right, the bliss
Of high and holy dreams, the charm of beauty,
The power of verse and song—only to you
Be all the praise. And now ye are before me,
Rich with the tints of evening. What an arch
Of golden light swells, from the point of setting,
Over the Delphian hills! and how it rolls,
In dazzling waves, round all the mingled heights
That rise between! Yonder my eye can catch
Glimpses from out the far Achaian gulf,
Waving with flame, and seeming through the depths,
That dimly open to them, fiery portals
To brighter worlds. But now to calmer scenes,
And shadier skies. I trace the silver stream
Threading its way, now hidden, now revealed,
To the round vale, half up the mountain side,
Then lost in woods, and then in distant windings
Stealing along the plain. Yon lower ridge
Lies dark in shade; and hidden half in trees,
The white-washed convent, with its gilded cross
And humble tower, sends upward through the hushed
And vacant air its vesper knoll, by distance
Mellowed to music. This is all the sound
That tells of life. Down through a gloomy gorge,
Walled in by rifted rocks, the vale of Ascra
Lies, like a nook withdrawn beyond the reach

Of violence, and yet the crescent crowns
A minaret, and tells a startling tale
Of wo and fear. Beyond, the Theban plain
Stretches to airy distance, till it seems
Lifted in air—green cornfields, olive groves
Blue as their heaven, and lakes, and winding rivers,
And towns whose white walls catch the amber light,
That burns, then dies away, and leaves them pale
And glimmering, while a floating vapour spreads
From marsh and stream, till all is like a sea,
Rolling to Œta, and the Eubean chain,
Stretching in purple dimness, on the verge
Of this unclouded heaven. Far in the East
The Egean twinkles, and its thousand isles
Hover in mist, and round the dun horizon
Are many floating visions, clouds, or peaks,
Tinted with rose. Before me lies a land,
Hallowed with a peculiar sanctity,
The eye of Greece—a wild of rocks and hills,
Lifted in shadowy cones, and deep between
Mysterious hollows, once the proud abodes
Of Genius and of Power. Now twilight throws
Around her softest veil, a purple haze
Investing all at hand, and farther on
Skiey, and faint, and dim. Methinks I catch,
Through the far opening heights, the Parthenon,
And all its circling glories. Salamis
Lies on its dusky wave ; and farther out
Islands and capes, and many a flitting sail

White as a sea-bird's wing. The stars are out,
And all beneath is dark. The lower hills
Float in obscurity, and plain and sea
Are blended in one haze. Cyllene still
Bears on her snowy crown the rosy blush
Of twilight; and thy loftier head, Parnassus,
Has not yet lost the glory and the blaze
That suit the heaven of song. There let me pause;
There fix my latest look. How beautiful,
Sublimely beautiful, thou hoverest
High in the vacant air! Thou seemest uplifted
From all of earth, and like an island floating
Away in heaven. How pure the eternal snows
That crown thee! yet how rich the golden blaze
That flashes from thy peak! how like the rose,
The virgin rose, the tints that fade below,
Till all is sweetly pale! Are there not harps
Warbling above thee? voices, too, attuned
To an unearthly song? Methinks I hear them
Breathing around me, with a charm and spell,
That melt my heart to weeping. It is sad,
That song of heaven,—the funeral symphony
Of ancient worthies, for the murdered peace
And glory of their land. They greet the heroes,
Who rise to meet them in these iron times,
And hail them as their sons; and yet they weep
Their unavailing toil. Is there no hand
To grasp the avenging sword, and tear the knife
From the assassin? Must these generous hearts

Pour out their blood like water, till the flood
Of rage and power has swept them from the earth,
And buried all their bright and hallowed land
In death and darkness? O! forbid it, nations
Who bear the name of Christians, and are proud
Of light, and truth, and mercy. Arm ye; take
The cross and sword; move to the war of death
Stern and devoted; pause not, till the Turk
Has lost the power to harm—then give to Greece
Her ancient liberty, and ye shall live
Immortal, in your fame.

THE PARTHENON.

This rock was once the seat of pomp and power;
Here rest the chiefs of olden time,
And here the orator sublime
Shed on their willing ears his golden shower.

Here stood their temple in its beauty's blaze,
When like a thing of light it rose,
And proudly on their dazzled foes
So brightly beamed, it quelled their daring gaze.

Here stood Minerva with her guardian shield,
And from her threatening lance
Shot such a lightning glance,
None dared to try the heaven-protected field.

Here Genius, Glory, Piety, were shrined,
And hence that Spirit flew,
Whose wing has hurried through
The darkened world, and fired the inglorious mind.

THE SUNIAN PALLAS.

By Sunium's rock I took my way
Along the blue Egean sea,
That bright in golden sunset lay
Round the fair islands of the free :
A form of more than mortal mould
On the high rock sublimely rose ;
The bosses of her buckler rolled
Like eyes of lightning on her foes
I looked—the blue-eyed goddess there
Stood glorious in the evening air.

She stood and raised her brazen lance,
That glittered like a meteor's beam ;
Its light below in quivering dance
Flashed gaily on the ocean stream :
Round her tall casque her plumy crest
Shook with a terrible sign of power,
And the grim Ægis on her breast
Told to the Turk his destined hour :
She spake—and like the rush of flame,
Her voice in awful murmurs came.

" Sons—worthy of your warrior sires!
  Yours is the cause of earth and heaven;
Shame to the heart that faints or tires,
  Till the last sacrifice is given:
Go fearlessly along your path—
  It mounts to liberty and fame;
Go—with an unrelenting wrath,
  And conquer till the Turk is tame:
When the red fires of battle glare,
Remember—I am with ye there.

These rocks that rise so rudely round,
  Were consecrate to me of old;
Here the Athenian sternly bound,
  For rapid fight, his mantle's fold:
He saw the Persian tents below;
  They filled and blackened all the plain:
He rushed—and like a torrent's flow,
  Swept them, and hurled them to the main:
This was the wrath that made him free,
The fearless wrath of Liberty.

What if a cold and coward world
  Leave ye to work your way alone;
Be the new banner never furled
  Till Liberty is all our own.
Tell them we ask no other aid,
Than our own hearts in such a cause;

No—none but Freemen's hands were made
To fight and win for equal laws.
Go—with a firm confiding breast—
Go—fight, and win the conqueror's rest."

THE GREEK MOUNTAINEERS.

Now bind in myrtle wreaths the avenging sword,
Like him, who at the Panathenian games,
With the bold heart, no tyrant quells nor tames,
The bosom of the proud Usurper gored—
We have a sterner foe to wake our wrath,—
Centuries of darkness have not dimmed us quite,—
We have the heart to feel, the hand to smite—
Wo to the wretch who dares to cross our path !
Our souls are gathered to the effort—free
We have been, and we will be, and our sires
Shall look from heaven, and see us light the fires
On thy eternal altars, Liberty !
Though the proud fanes of ancient glory lie
Crushed by the hand of havoc and of time,
Still tower, with front as lofty and sublime,
Yon hoary peaks, the pillars of the sky.
There lived the Suliote free, when all below
Bowed to the Ottoman—the Mainote there
Wandered as wildly as his mountain air,
And dealt at will his vengeance on his foe.

These are thy temples, Liberty !—these heights
Nursed the first hardy Dorian in his cave ;
And there, when Sparta sank, the free and brave
Hung on the unconquered rocks their beacon lights.
There stood thy altars, and the eternal flame
Burns round the cloudy summits, with a glow
As bright as when it cheered the plains below,
And lit the sacred band to death and fame.
We too will have our glory—we will light
Our torches in the fire that never dies ;
And with a terrible and solemn rite
Devote us to our country's liberties.
We bind our swords in myrtle, and we go
To meet the proud oppressor on his way :
Let but the tyrant sink beneath the blow,
Gladly we die—our foes can only slay.
They cannot rob us of that wreath of fame,
The glorious chiefs of ancient Athens bear :
O ! how they come to meet us in the air,
Borne on their chariots and steeds of flame.
We hasten to our vengeance and we die—
Wide to the winds our blood—our lives are given ;
In the mid joy of fight they hurry by,
Seize us, and bear us to the Patriot's Heaven.

THE LAST SONG OF THE GREEK PATRIOT.

One last, best effort now—
  They shall not call us slaves—
These iron necks shall never bow
To barter for a hated life,
But we will tell, in mortal strife,
  What wrath a freeman braves:
A few short years, and we have known
The pride and joy—to live alone.

Our ancient land was free;
  We washed its stains in blood:
Again the hymn of Liberty
Rose from the high Athenian shrine,
And virgin hands did often twine,
  In the dark olive wood,
Their garlands for the youthful brow,
Who taught the heathen Turk to bow.

These have been glorious days:
  Let come what will, our fame
Is like the sun's eternal blaze,
And when they tell of Marathon,
And all the fields our fathers won,
  They too shall name
Bozzaris, and the few who died,
Victims of glory, by his side.

The world has told our doom—
  'Tis Liberty or Death—
The tree we planted must not bloom,
For Turk and Christian—all unite,
And royal hands our sentence write,
  And yet our breath,
When trampled by the ruffian herd,
Shall never breathe one recreant word.

If we must die—then die—
  And let the foul disgrace
Cling to their names eternally,
Who, when they had the power to save,
Doomed to a dark and bloody grave
  A high, devoted race;
Awhile the sweets of life to know,
O God! and then to perish so!

But Freedom has one shore—
  Would we could shelter there
The tender ones we value more
Than life or fame—O! generous men,
Be with us, as ye long have been,
  And we will share
All the poor fruit of toils and pains,—
Our hearts—our lives—perhaps, our chains.

Come, at this fatal hour,
  Ye last of high-born souls;

Come—when the crushing weight of power
Has all but bent our necks to earth—
We will not shame our glorious birth;
  Nor Turk, nor Hun controls
The heart that holds the Spartan fire,
The sacred relic of his sire.

We know, ye cannot fear—
  We know, that ye are brave—
To us—your very name is dear—
O! by that name, and all its light,
We bid ye join the murderous fight,
  To win and save—
O! come—if it be only time
To fall with us—in Death sublime.

GRECIAN LIBERTY.

Glorious Vision! who art thou,
With thy starry crown of light,
Like the diadem of night
On the Æthiop monarch's brow?
And why art thou descending
From thy bright Olympian throne,
And thy lavish glory lending,
Like the ever-rolling sun,
To the self-devoted band
On the threshold of their land?

Few, but hardy are their ranks,
And they never will retire,
Though ten thousand on their flanks
Hurl a storm of steel and fire--
Though an iron tempest rain
Death and darkness, till the day
Pass in dim eclipse away—
Though the thunderbolts of war
Plough their furrows in the plain,
And the echoing mountains bay
To the tumult from afar.

O! bright and glorious creature,
Winged, and mailed, and armed for fight;
Though beautiful in feature,
Like a spirit of delight,
Yet the arching of thy brow,
And thy proud and gallant form,
Tell of one who rides the storm,
When the sternest warriors bow
And the bravest yield their breath
At the sommoning of Death.
There thou standest on the mountains,
And the sparkle of thy spear,
Like a sunbeam on the fountains
To the gallant few below,
Is a sign of wrath and fear
To the blind and brutal foe;

Like a beacon, let it blaze
Broad and flaring, till it daze
All who come with foot profane
To this consecrated plain,
Where thy pure and perfect shrine
Youths and maidens loved to twine
With the laurel and the myrtle—
And the shadow of thy grove,
Haunt of innocence and love,
Heard the winged arrows hurtle
From the flowery-wreathen bow,
With a whisper like the flow
Of a brook, that winds afar
Underneath the Evening star.

O! they were happy days,
When, reposing in the shade,
Elms, and vines, and poplars made,
It was all thy joy to gaze
On the races and the dances,
Twining hands and burning glances,
Where Passion went and came,
Like an arrow tipped with flame.
Though thou didst often lie
With a pleased and placid eye,
As thy children took their pleasure,
And the merry flute and viol
Told, in light and airy measure,
All the joys and sports of leisure;

Not the less, to meet the trial,
Thou wouldst gird thy warlike arms,
And with bare and eager blade,
On, through dangers and alarms,
To the wreath of Victory wade.
Thou couldst leave thy pleasant woods,
And the harvest of the plain,
And along the torrent floods
To the frozen mountains climb,
Where they reared their fronts sublime;
Or scorning Slavery's chain,
Make thy dwelling on the main.
From the Dorian rocks and caves,
When the gorged and glutted foe
Lay in careless ease below,
Like an Alpine stream that raves
When the autumn rains are pouring,
And the pines in mist are towering—
So thou did'st rush and sweep
To the dark remorseless deep,
With thy fury and thy force,
Shield and chariot, man and horse,
And thy sword wrought far and wide,
Till the land was purified.

And now thou dost awake,
And thy dream of ages break—
From the halls of ice and snow,
Whence thy classic rivers flow;

From thy palace in the clouds,
Where the light of evening runs
On the rolling wreath that shrouds
The last refuge of thy sons—
Peaks, that never Turk has trod,
Where the armed and ardent Klepht
Found his shelter, when he left,
For a prey to wasting fires,
All the temples of his God,
And the dwellings of his sires;
From thy caverns in the rock,
From thy dark and hidden hold,
Thou hast nerved thee to the shock,
And thy warning shout has rolled—
Height from height has caught the sound
And thy foes in haste retire;
Now the tumult rises higher—
'Tis a nation's cry of joy—
"None to ravage and destroy—
Not a foreign foot is found
On our consecrated ground."

HELLAS.

Land of Bards and Heroes, hail !
  Land of Gods and godlike-men,
Thine were hearts, that could not quail—
  Earth was glorious then :
Thine were souls that dared be free,
Power, and Fame, and Liberty.

In thy best and brightest hour,
  Thou wert like the sun in heaven—
Like the bow that spans the shower,
  Thou to earth wert given :
Nations turned to thee and prayed,
Thou wouldst fold them in thy shade.

Like the infant Hercules,
  Thou didst spring at once to power,
With the energy that frees
  Millions in an hour :
From the wave, the rock, the glen,
Freedom called her chosen then.

What though thousands fought with one—
  Did thy sons draw back in fear ?
No—with Ægis like a sun,
  Pallas hovered near :

Wisdom with her diamond shield
Guarded well the fatal field.

Fair and bright her temple shone,
  Meet for such divine abode—
There in majesty alone,
  Loftily she trode :
Time in vain his bolt has hurled ;
Still it stands, to awe the world.

Thine were all that rouse the spirit
  From its dim and deathly dreams—
O ! shall man again inherit
  Such undying beams :
Lend thy kindling breath awhile ;
Earth shall then in glory smile.

Land, where every vale or mountain
  Echoes to immortal strains—
Light is round the stream and fountain—
  Light, on all thy plains.
Never shall thy glory set ;
Thou shalt be our beacon yet.

Yes—for now thy sons are calling
  To the tombs that hold their sires—
One by one their chains are falling—
  They have lit their fires :
See ! from peak to peak they run,
Bearing Freedom's signal on.

On, from peak to peak, they rush;
  Wide and far the glory flows—
Streams of light unearthly gush
  From their crown of snows.
Hear ye not the warning call?
"Shall a nation rise and fall!"

No! Forbid it, gracious heaven!
  Though a world look coldly on;
Be the unyielding spirit given—
  Be the battle won—
Or if hope desert the brave
Be their land their common grave!

If they lose the glorious prize,
  Be thy rocks a nation's tomb—
Man shall sink, no more to rise,
  If they meet that doom!
Come, ye slaves! and read, and fear—
Freedom's *last*, *best* hope is here!

ODE

FOR THE CELEBRATION AT BUNKER HILL,

JUNE 17, 1825.

When our patriot fathers met
  In the dark and trying hour,
While the hand of Britain yet
  Pressed us with its weight of power,
Still they dared to tell the foe,
  They were never made for slaves,—
Still they bade the nations know,
  They were free as ocean's waves.

Yonder is the glorious hill,
  Where their blood was nobly shed—
Never with a firmer will
  Hearts of freemen beat and bled:
Shall the son forget his sire?
  No—the admiring world shall see
High a pillared tomb aspire,
  Like a tower of Liberty.

Now the arch of empire swells
  Proud and daring, fixed and strong:
While the hand of ruin fells
  Nations that have flourished long;

Loftier the temple springs—
  Telling on its front sublime,
How it scorns the rage of kings,
  And the wasting tooth of time.

From its high and lifted brow,
  See! it sends a wakening light,
Where a world is slumbering now
  In the shades of eastern night;
They shall feel the quickening fire—
  Rise and run to meet the day,
And their hearts shall never tire,
  Till their chains are rent away.

None shall ever rashly dare
  Lift his hand against this shrine,
While its pediment shall bear
  Names so honoured and divine:
High above the sacred band,
  There in light unfading set,
Like twin stars of glory, stand
  WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE.

ODE

FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE,

JULY 4, 1826.

BRING to this high and holy rite
A spirit worthy of our sires—
Still may their zeal, a guiding light,
Inform us with its noblest fires—
This the day that saw them rise
Bright, in glory, to the skies.

Then came they forth, a nation new,
To kindle and to warn a world;
Then high to heaven their eagle flew;
Defiance on their foe they hurled.
Britons dared not call them slaves—
Freedom flourished on their graves.

Be round us now, a sacred band;
Assist us, at the shrine ye raised;
Go forth to animate our land,
Bright as at first your valour blazed.
Fathers—Heroes—you we call;
May your spirit grace us all.

Look down from that sublime abode,
Where now ye sit in high repose ;
Fair are the battle fields ye trode ;
No more the tide of slaughter flows.
Welcome, Peace—the boon is due,
Full and glorious, all to you.

A few, an aged few remain,
Your brethren in the war of death ;
Their presence—be it not in vain—
It stirs us with a quickening breath.
Let us emulate our sires—
Let us cherish long their fires.

O ! gladly beats the veteran's heart
To hail this holiest Jubilee ;
Theirs was the noblest, proudest part,
The toils that set a nation free.
Now those generous toils are done ;
Liberty and peace are won.

The flame that warmed and waked their souls,
Burns like a beacon on our hills ;
Through all our favoured land it rolls ;
Bright is the heart it fires and fills.
Still the watch-word sounds—be free :
Still 'tis Death or Liberty.

Then close this high and holy rite
With honour to the wise and brave;
The men who dared the field of fight,
Their homes to bless, their land to save.
Now to those who fought and fell,
Bid the lofty chorus swell.

SEA PICTURES.

I.

WIDE to the wind the canvass throw;
The moment calls—away—away,
And let the full libation flow
To the bright sentinel of day;
Fill high the beaker to its brim,
And freely pour it in the sparkling sea,
That the blue-cinctured galley swim
Light as a bird who feels its liberty,
And gladdening in the sun's reviving smile
Floats o'er the water to its osier isle.

Now let the sails be widely spread
To catch the welcome breath of heaven;
The light clouds hurry over head
By the free mountain breezes driven—

We catch it now—the enlivening air
  Sounds cheerily amid the crackling sails ;
Away—away—the wind is fair—
  Haste on to meet the ever blowing gales,
Where softly breathing o'er the marble main
They smooth its billows to a liquid plain.

II.

Spread every sail before the wind ;
  Catch all the breathings of a gale so fair :
It steals upon us from behind,
  Like an invisible spirit, through the air :
Wide laughs the quickly heaving sea—
  Its foam-wreaths twinkle in the sun ;
Onward the galley hurries, steadily,
  Like the front horse who knows the victory won,
And with his balanced limbs and waving mane
Skims, lightly as a dove, the even plain.

Yonder the mountains bluely rise,
  Their foreheads whitened by the smile of heaven ;
They hang like summer clouds around the skies
  Soft slumbering in the golden light of even :
Yon peaks mount upward from the Elysian vales,
  Where an eternal spring unfolds
Flowers never fading to her quickening gales,
  And the same tree in blended beauty holds
Bud, bloom, and fruitage in its early down,
Or brightly peering forth amid its leafy crown.

There live the blessed—a gentle air
  Steals round them laden with the breath of flowers;
All tells of an eternal beauty there;
  One glorious sunshine gilds the amaranth bowers:
No rolling cloud, no gusty rain,
  No light-winged snow come rushing from the sky,
But shining dews bedrop the spiky plain,
  Oft twinkling as the sea wind flutters by;
There hangs in middle air the princely palm,
  Swaying its broad leaves to the whispering gale,
Its flower-tufts drooping low, as in a calm
  Floats the gay pennon round the uncertain sail;
There springing from the ocean's breast,
  Silent and cool, Hesperian breezes rove;
They only fan the happy to their rest,
  And give a pleasing murmur to the grove.

III.

Steadily breathes the ever-blowing gale;
  The ship rides proudly on the silent sea;
There's music in the bosom of the sail,
  Like the soft night-wind in a cypress tree:
Spread smoothly as a temple's marble floor,
  Heaves onward to the sky the long—long swell;
Nothing is heard, but the far-uttered roar,
Stealing in undulations from the shore
  Like the low murmur in a twisted shell.

Steadily moves the ship along its way,
  Sporting its streamers in the tropic sun,
While overhead glows a redoubled day,
  And the still hours in higher circles run,
Till evening, in a wreath of glory drest,
Comes blushing from the rosy kindling west.

There is no visible motion in the air;
  'Tis one eternal tide for ever going
On with the glorious orb that guides it there,
  Like rivers down to ocean's hollow flowing:
The gull wheels round them on his balanced wing
  Light as a snow-flake calmly floating by,
Watching with fixed eye, where with sudden spring
  The blue-fin leaps to catch the painted fly:
So deep a calm broods over all—the crew
  Slumber at mid-day on the shaded deck,
While the lone pilot safely steers them through
  Seas that have rarely borne the shattered wreck;
Where the ship glides upon the pointed rock
So gently, not a sleeper feels the shock;
Then slowly rocking dips its plunging prow,
And rushes headlong to the abyss below.

The glory and the beauty of a calm;
  The sun throned proudly in a deep blue sky;
  No mist—no stain to dim its Tyrian dye;
The air all living with a breathing balm
Sent from the scarlet flower-tufts of the palm
  On the lone rocky islet lifted high;

There the Flamingo, like a thing of fire,
  Shoots in a meteor flight, and grandly there
  Sits the sea-eagle poised in middle air,
Rolling his red eye with a monarch's ire.
The ocean as it moves along below,
  Just strikes the rock, and heaves one foaming wave,
  Or sends a hollow murmur through the cave,
Then softly steals away in silent flow.
How high, and yet how soothing, thus to sail
  Steadily o'er a sheet of glassy green,
Curved to its centre like a verdant vale,
Where, all her canvass spread to catch the gale,
  The vessel walks her way like ocean's queen,—
Seeming at distance through the crystalline air,
  Her bright sails fringed with each aerial hue,
  An Iris floating on its ground of blue,
Or white winged spirit calmly hovering there.

A FRAGMENT.

He long had wound his solitary way
  Beneath the branches of a forest old,
And by his tangled path, in murmuring play,
  A little river down its waters rolled ;
Now in a deep and darkling pool it lay ;
  Then from the sun it caught a touch of gold,
As through the lightly opening leaves it passed,
And gave a cheerful glance that could not last.

And so in long and silent wandering
  He walked beneath the thick inwoven roof
Of the long boughs, and leaves low whispering ;
  And nothing sounded near him, but the hoof
Of the scared deer, that with a sudden spring
  Fled his approach, and slily kept aloof,
Watching him with a dark and eager eye,
Till he had passed the timid creature by.

And so he travelled on till low the sun
  Had sank, and now looked through the ancient wood,
And bronzed the mossy trunks, as one by one
  They met the flowing of that airy flood,
Which seemed on the cool evening wind to run,
  Till it flowed o'er the thicket where he stood,
And gave to every shivering leaf and spray
A flush as of the merry morn in May.

And now he saw that he had well nigh passed
  The weary length of wilderness, for soon
Between two poplars slender as a mast,
  The sun shone broad, as when he holds at noon
The middle sky, and from behind them cast
  A flash of light, till all the roof was strewn
With brightness, like a multitude of stars,
As the leaves shifted with the shifting airs.

And forth he went, and all before him lay
  A meadow covered thick with summer flowers,
And through that glade the river took its way,
  Now open, then beneath high arching bowers,
Where the vine hung its clusters, and the bay
  Shot through their purpling tuft its leafy towers ;
The wind blew fresher there, and all the grass
Bent low its heavy head to let it pass.

And all that meadow kindled by the flush
  Of the red sun, who now behind a hill
Dipped his broad circle, and with deepening blush
  Each moment clipped his rosy fulness, till
He vanished quite, and then with sudden rush
  Wide flashing streams of glory seemed to fill
The sky above him, and then mounted higher,
'Till half the heaven was like a sea of fire.

And gradually this glow of light grew pale,
  And only hung on the low-lying cloud ;
And then a long dark shadow hid the vale,
  And covered up its beauty, like a shroud ;
Then all was dark, but the out-spreading sail
  Of the lone eagle, where he circled proud,
Seeming as if he could not bid adieu
To his loved sun, and so to meet him flew.

And then from out the forest boughs was heard,
As if it faintly mourned the dying day,
The soft complaining of a twilight bird;
And as the visible world all silent lay,
So that a bush or thicket hardly stirred,
It floated through the darkness far away;
Then sinking to a faint and fainter tone,
It left the wearied wanderer alone.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF GREECE.

THERE was a time, when the o'erhanging sky
And the fair earth with its variety,
Mountain and valley, continent and sea,
Were not alone the unmoving things that lie
Slumbering beneath the sun's unclouded eye;
But every fountain had its spirit then,
That held communion oft with holy men,
And frequent from the heavenward mountain came
Bright creatures, hovering round on wings of flame,
And some mysterious sybil darkly gave
Responses from the dim and hidden cave:
Voices were heard waking the silent air,
A solemn music echoed from the wood,
And often from the bosom of the flood
Came forth a sportive Naiad passing fair,
The clear drops twinkling in her braided hair;

And as the hunter through the forest strayed,
Quick-glancing beauty shot across the glade,
Her polished arrow levelled on her bow,
Ready to meet the fawn or bounding roe;
And often on the mountain tops the horn
Rang round the rocky pinnacles, and played,
In lighter echoes, from the chequered shade,
Where through the silvery leaves at early morn
Stole the slant sunbeams, shedding on the grass
Brightness, that quivered with the quivering mass
Of thickly arching foliage;—often there
Dian and all her troop of girls were seen
Dancing by moonlight on the dewy green,
When the cool night-wind through the forest blew,
And every leaf in tremulous glances flew;
And in the cloudless fields of upper air,
With coldly pale and melancholy smile
The moon looked down on that bright spot, the while,
Which in the depth of darkness shone as fair,
As in lone southern seas a palmy isle;
And when a hunter-boy, who far away
Had wandered through the wild-wood from his home,
Led by the eagerness of youth to roam,
Buried in deep unbroken slumber lay,—
Then as the full moon poured her mellow light
Full on the mossy pillow where he slept,
One more than nymph, in sylvan armour dight,
Bent fondly over him, and smiled, and wept.
Each lonely spot was hallowed then—the oak

That o'er the village altar hung, would tell
Strange hidden things ;—the old remembered well,
How from its gloom a spirit often spoke.
There was not then a fountain or a cave,
But had its reverend oracle, and gave
Responses to the fearful crowd, who came
And called the indwelling deity by name.
Then every snowy peak, that lifted high
Its shadowy cone to meet the bending sky,
Stood like a heaven of loveliness and light ;
And as the gilt cloud rolled its glory by,
Chariots and steeds of flame stood harnessed there,
And gods came forth and seized the golden reins,
Shook the bright scourge, and through the boundless air
Rode over starry fields and azure plains.
It was a beautiful and glorious dream,
Such as would kindle high the soul of song ;
The bard who struck his harp to such a theme,
Gathered new beauty as he moved along—
His way was now through wilds and beds of flowers ;
Rough mountains met him now, and then again
Gay valleys hung with vines in woven bowers
Led to the bright waves of the purple main.
All seemed one bright enchantment then ;—but now,
Since the long sought for goal of truth is won,
Nature stands forth unveiled with cloudless brow,
On earth One Spirit of Life, in heaven One Sun.

PAINTING—A PERSONIFICATION.

One bright sunshiny autumn day,
When the leaves were just beginning to fade,
I saw a gay and laughing maid
Stand by the side of a public way.

There she stood erect and tall;
Her flowery cheek had caught the dyes
Of the earliest dawn—and, O! her eyes,
Not a star that shoots or flies,
But those dark eyes outshine them all.

She stood with a long and slender wand,
With a tassel of hair at its pointed tip;
And fast as the dews from a forest drip,
When a summer shower has bathed the land,
So quick a thousand colours came,
Darting along like shapes of flame,
At every turn of her gliding hand.
She gave a form to the bodiless air,
And clear as a mirrored sheet it lay;
And phantoms would come and pass away,
As her magical rod was pointed there.

First the shape of a budding rose,
Just unfolding its tender leaf;

Then, all unbound its virgin zone,
Full in its pride and beauty blown,
It heavily hangs like a nodding sheaf;
And a cloud of perfume around it flows.

Then a mingling of vale and hill,
Hung around with a woody screen—
O! how alive its quivering green;
And there a babbling brook is seen
To turn the wheel of a moss-grown mill:
There is a clear and glassy pool,
And a boy lies idly along its brink,
And he drops a pebble to see it sink
Down in that depth, so calm and cool;
And out from behind a bowering tree
There peeps a maiden crowned with flowers;
The two are innocent paramours—
At her delicate laugh he turns to see,
And then she darts like a frighted fawn
That springs away from the turfy lawn,
And far in the tangled thicket cowers—
So she flies in her haste to hide
The blush that mantles her cheek and brow;
Then he languidly turns his eye aside
To the quiet brook's eternal flow.

There you may see a warrior horse,
All his trappings are dropped with gold—
How his eye sparkles! and, O! how bold,

As he springs away in his pride and force.
There a dark and keen-eyed Moor
Hangs and pulls at his bridle rein,
But all his skill and might are vain ;
He prances and tosses—and, hark ! away,
Bright as the flashing steeds of day,
He has broke from his keeper, and flings his mane,
Like a streaming meteor, over the plain.
Can you not see the creature neigh,
In his vapoury nostrils panting wide,
In his tossing head and his arch of pride,
And his rapid glance from side to side,
As he stands and beats the echoing ground
With quivering tramp, and sudden bound ?
Then with a tremble in every limb,
And an angry snort he darts away,
And round in a circle he seems to swim,
Or bends and turns like a lamb at play.

What is that comes from a golden cloud,
Floating along in thinnest air—
Was there ever a shape so fine and fair ?
And, O ! what wealth of sunny hair
Clings around like a glittering shroud.
See ! she raises a snowy arm,
Pure as a flake, ere it leaves the sky.
She waves it around with a grace and a charm,
And putting her glossy ringlets by,
Shows to the sight a lip and eye.

Is it a shape of light and air,
A vermeil cloud, and a midnight star,
That meet and mingle in glory there,
Or one of the winged spirits that fly
Like the prophet who rose in his fiery car?
No, 't is a being of human mould,
Changing with blush, and tear, and smile,
Such as the bard in his lonely isle,
Close to his heart would love to fold.
Back she throws her tossing curls,
Cheek, and brow, and neck are bare,
Tenderly crimson and purely fair,
Like a damask rose when it first unfurls
Its feathery bosom to light and air.
Now that world of grace is calm,
Sweeter and dearer, but not so bright,—
Like a flower when it sends the dew of night
Back from its breast in a cloud of balm.
See on her lids the gathering tear,
Clear as a star in the midnight main,
Such she might drop on her mother's bier,
Or shed for the youth who has long been dear,
When she parts and never may meet again.
O! what flashes of glory break
From that crystalline fount of love and joy;
All her smiles and glances wake,
And those opening lips such music make,
As rings from the heart of the trustier boy.

When he springs through the forest, fleet and proud,
And the startled echoes are many and loud,
Loud as the burst of a nation's joy,
In the rocks that girdle the mountain lake.

Now for the touch of a master hand—
See! how she poises and waves her wand,
As if in a dream of busy thought
She sought for visions and found them not.
Now it rises—and look—what power
Springs to life, as she lifts her rod—
Is it a hero, or visible god,
Or bard in his rapt and gifted hour ?
What a lofty and glorious brow,
Bent like a temple's towering arch,
As if that a wondering world might march
To the altar of mind, and kneel and bow ;
And then what a deep and spirited eye,
Quick as a quivering orb of fire,
Changing and shifting from love to ire,
Like the lights in a summer-evening sky ;
Then the living and breathing grace
Sent from the whole of that magic face,
The eloquent play of his lips, the smile
Sporting in sunbeams there awhile,
Then with the throb of passion pressed
Like a shivering leaf that cannot rest,—
And still as a lake when it waits a storm,
That wraps the mountain's giant form.

When they lie in the shade of his awful frown,
And his gathered brows are wrinkled down.

Such the visions that breathe and live,
The playful touch of her wand can give.

Good

MUSINGS.

My spirit was o'erwearied with the toil,
At which the heart revolts; and dark and chill
The world was hushed around me, and all life
Lay in a death-like slumber. I alone
Was wakeful, and I looked upon the night
Beautiful in its cloudless firmament,
And in its canopy of myriad stars,
With such a sense of sorrow, as when one
Deeply enamoured gazes on a form
Shaped to celestial beauty, with the keen
And bitter thought that he can only gaze,
And love and worship, but can never be
Loved with an equal passion. It was dark,
And all the light, that looked upon the earth,
Was in those glorious creatures which afar
Shone in their awful grandeur. No sweet moon
Lent to the twilight hills a softer day,
And threw upon the waving folds of mist,
Then curling from the valley, such a tint

Of purity, the far-off mountain snow
Is dim and faint beside it. It was still;
The winds were silent, and the forest boughs
Stood hushed without a motion, and their leaves
Sent out no more that harmony of sounds,
By which the unseen ministers of air
Utter their low-tuned voices. All was mute,
Solemnly mute, but the faint-falling chime
Of a small rivulet, that stole away,
Buried in tufts of roses, through a grove,
That rose high-arching o'er it. This would come
At times upon my ear with such sweet sounds
Of clear, yet broken melody, my soul
Drank in the quiet rapture, and was filled
Awhile with a like sweetness, and I seemed
A portion of the pure and motionless air,
And that the voices of invisible forms,
All young and lovely, were enshrined within
The compass of my being, and myself
Was living with their music. Then it sank
Slowly away, and down the flowery bank,
That still sent up its offerings of balm,
And filled the night with odours wafted far
On the calm breathings of the western gale,
Which now seemed waking, and at times would wave
In a wide fold the drapery of my couch,
And shake the wild vine, where it clustered o'er
My half-raised casement—down the flowery bank
Reflecting, in its beads of dropping dew

Hung on the bending grass, the many eyes
That calmly watched in heaven, and looked on earth,
As mothers on their infants, when the night
Draws near to its meridian, and the pale
Fast-dying taper throws its trembling light
Full on the innocent slumberer, whose repose
Is happiness ; whose dreams, if it has dreams,
Are all in smiles ; and as the day flits by
Light-winged, and without tears, that are not pure,
So is its slumber full of deep delight,
And unembittered by the keen regret
Of past repented follies, or the fear
That darkens in the future—down the bank
The tinkling of the water-fall would glide,
And stealing through its canopy of flowers,
It then would seem all silent ;—yet my ear
Followed it, and I hung upon its sounds
Still warbling near in fancy, as we gaze
Intently on the lips, that lately breathed
With a most tender music, and still seem
To listen to that deep mysterious flow
Of spirit-touching melodies ; and when
They tremble with her breath, as the full leaves
Shake on the rose, when the still air awakes,
And comes to kiss their dews—oh, then we hear,
Though all is silent, such a strain, the heart
Beats quickly, and dissolves in tears away.
  Thus were my feelings softened by the night,
Its silence, and its darkness, and the sounds

That made that silence deeper, as they came
Low-whispering through my window, like the voice
Of one who sighs in love, or as the breath
Of a pure spirit on its ministry
Of comfort to the wretched, or of hope
And courage to the failing. Then my thoughts,
Now freed from their dark burden, took a flight
Into a fonder region, and they went
Back to remembered days, when summer smiled,
Not only in the blue sky, and the fields
Ripe for the harvest, but more sweetly smiled
In my young heart, and in its livery dressed
All forms that moved around me, and endowed
The lovely with a spirit's loveliness,
And made them so divinely beautiful,
I lived in beauty, and it was the sum
Of all my thoughts and feelings, and it threw
Its mantle o'er all creatures, and it gave
An all-pervading colour to my life,
And happiness alone was centered in
The contemplation of the fairest things;
And whether it were forms, or hues, or sounds,
Or looks that speak the heart, and shadow out
The workings of the faculty within,
Which images all nature, and anew
Shapes it to fresh creations of a port
More lofty, and an attitude and air
More kindred to its tastes and tendencies—
Whether it was in things, that have no life,

The sports of Nature's handy-work, or those
Eternal statues, where the soul of Man
Stands fixed in immortality—in flowers
Or leaves light-dancing, or in waving woods
Poised in luxuriant majesty aloft
On the uplifted mountain—in the wing,
That glided through the yielding element
In every curve of gracefulness, and swept
Proudly the deepest bosom of the air,
And rode in light triumphant—in the forms,
That bounding scoured the meadow, tense with life,
And nerved to trembling buoyancy—or those
Who are like us in shape, in look and soul,
Only more beautiful, and nicely tuned
To a far softer harmony :—where'er
Nature was in its being, there my eye
Drank nothing in but BEAUTY, and my thoughts
Were hidden in a tide of loveliness,
And with the delicate motion of young life
My senses were one ecstasy, one thrill,
Which was not hushed, but heightened in my dreams.
  I had gone back through darkly-shadowed years,
One round of fears and sorrows, and its long
And stagnant hours, which seemed for ever fixed
In one blank joyless moment, as if Time
Had grown Eternity, and life could ne'er
Reach its long wished-for ending—those dark years
Were passed like waves, when on the broken sea

Before the steady wind the vessel glides
Swift as a darting eagle, and my thoughts
Soon centered in those happy summer days,
And they were as realities, and seemed
Fairer than any I had seen before ;
And in the deep intensity of soul,
Drawn from all outward things, and poised and bound
In this one pure enchantment—then I formed
Visions of Paradise, which to have known
And felt one fleeting moment, in their full
O'erpowering presence—it is more, ah more
Than a whole age of cold and heartless years
Spent in one round of animal wants and toils,
With far less innocence and true delight,
Than the keen feelings of the mother-bird
Who watches in the thicket o'er her young.

—

She faded, but in beauty—not a charm
Of feature or expression left her calm
And all-enduring look, that meekly bore
Smiles, as in happier years of infancy,
Before her roses withered; not a sigh
Escaped her, but she seemed to live in hope,
That kindled by deferring. She had fed
So long upon the higher sympathies,
And had so purified her heart's desires,
That all to her was spirit ; and a veil

Of an ethereal tenderness was thrown
O'er all that once seemed beautiful ; and thus
She saw no other world than such as faith
Had promised to her second life. No dark
And bigot frown o'ershadowed her fair brow,
That every day grew purer, till it seemed
Wrought of an angel's essence, and it rose
Calm as the cloudless canopy of heaven ;
And through it came a light, that gave to all,
On whom it sweetly shone, her peacefulness
And silent hope. Her feelings ever grew
Softer, and every thing that had a sense
Of suffering was pitied, if the winds
Blew chillier ; and even the falling flowers
Were tenderly lamented. She had been
A devotee to Nature, and she felt
Intensely all its loveliness, and hung
Delighted on its wonders, not with dumb
And thoughtless ecstasy, but with an eye
That read a soul within them, and a voice
That hymned the song of gratitude. Her eye
Yet stole abroad at evening, when the wind
Is silent, and the landscape all is still,
And flowers are folding up their dewy leaves,
And birds are going to their unfledged young
Hid in the clustered foliage ; when the air
Just stirs enough to rock them to repose,
And crisp the surface of a silent stream,
That flashes in the last departing ray,

And circles with its sheet of flowing of gold
The islet tufted with an iris crown,
And the bright purple of the floating leaves,
That wave along its current, as the wind
Sways them in graceful curves, and slowly turns
Their ever-changing mirrors to the sun,
Till the pool glitters with their glancing light.
  She chose this hour of worship, and she knelt,
Not to the beautiful creatures she beheld,
But to their COMMON PARENT.—Though the world
Might claim a spirit's awe, it spread so fair,
So awful and so wonderful around;
And had such magic hues upon its clouds,
And such a tint of love upon its sky,
And such a blended harmony of light
And shadow, such a host of fairy forms
All mellowed by the misty evening air,
And lovelier in their softness, that a soul
Fresh from its fountain might have worshipped there
Such rare and countless beauty. There she bent,
Herself the fairest; and she first took in
With an intensest pleasure, all the fair
And wondrous forms around her, and then raised
Her eyes in adoration. Then her brow
Met the clear sky, that was alone as pure,
And her keen eyes, that gathered, as her life
Grew weaker, more of spirit, till they flashed
With her soul's inward movings—those keen eyes
Looked on the stars, that now came faintly forth

On their night watching, and they seemed to find,
In those ethereal messengers, their home ;
And there was such an ecstasy, her form
Seemed changed to something heavenly, and to rise
As a dove rises on a quiet wing,
And float into her kindred purity.

—

She was the first I loved ; but years had gone
Since we had parted. Still the very look,
That lent me such enchantment, that I seemed
Raised to a higher being, when she sat
Sweet in her mildness by me, or with light
And flying footstep hastened to my call,
And hung upon my words with such a fond
And all-confiding earnestness,—that look
Still lived in all its light before me, fair
As the fresh dress of nature in the calm,
Unclouded beauty of an April eve,
When the gay twilight ends, and in her full,
The white-robed planet overtops the hill,
And now is far in heaven, and rolls her way
In majesty and love, shedding a wave
Of soothing influences on them who sit,
Or walk beneath her all-embracing smile,
To the wood-cinctured mountains in their groves
Wrapped as in a dark mantle, to the hills

Swelled to a sphere of fresh-grown turf, the vales
More darkly greened and fairer flowered, the lakes
Sheeted in chrystal purity, and all
The winding brooks and thread-like rills, that lace
The soft and oozy meadows, one calm look,
Silent and yet expressive, one far glance
Of peace and beauty lending. Thus she seemed,
And fairer in my fancy, and where'er
My eye roved in its wandering through dark shades,
Down close embowered dells, where brooklets steal
Their steps o'er glossy pebbles and bright sands—
Where'er my quick eye wandered, she was still
The spirit of the beauty it beheld,
The living thing that animates the wild,
The nymph of the still waters, and the woods
Uttering unnumbered whisperings of joy
In their soft-rustling leaves, the Deity
That consecrates the valley and the lake
To her peculiar worship,—so her fair
And tranquil features, and her sylph-like form
Wrought in a purer world, and o'er-informed
With the quick life of feeling,—so she filled
Nature with her dear presence, and alone
Adorned the rudest landscape, and embraced
The desert with an atmosphere of love,
And lent my hours of utter solitude
A fellowship of fondest thoughts, too bright
To be aught else than momentary gleams
Of unsubstantial pleasure. So she lived,

Still loved and lovely in my head and heart,
The image of my fancy, and the charm
That mastered my affections ; and the spot
Where I had first beheld her innocent,
And soft, and spotless features, where I heard
The liquid music of her tender voice—
That home of all my wishes still commands
My spirit to its center, and I turn,
Wearied and sated from all other things,
To that, and there find quietness. The charm,
That hangs around the moment and the place
Of our first sudden meeting, lives for ever,
And grows in strength and freshness as in years.
It cannot die, although thy love is gone,
And thou, too, hast forgotten such a thing
As I am has a being. Though thine eye
Lights on another dearer one, thy lip
Smiles welcome to him, and thy voice is heard
Inviting him to happiness—though I
Know this, and even have seen thee hand in hand
With one whom I have scorned, as far beneath
The scope of my high musings, as a toy
Fit to be breathed on by the scented breath
Of childish female flattery, as a thing
Thy pure and lifted spirit would have deemed
Unworthy of communion,—though I see
Thy fond eye resting on him, and thy arm
Locked tenderly in his, I will not curse,
Nor wish thee aught of evil. Those dear hours

Shall be thy safety, and the thoughts that dwell
With a redeeming fondness there shall throw
A veil o'er all thy weaker deeds, and quell
All darker feelings, which might rise within
My crushed and wounded bosom. I have lived
Too long for such a heart as mine, and life
Must henceforth be an unprized gift, resigned
When nature shall recall it, as a load
That I have long cast from me with a wish
To be from earth all free; for if a world
Purer and brighter follows, I would know
How it is pure and beautiful, and be
One of its high inhabitants, and fly
On a quick pinion through its cloudless skies,
And with the gladness of life's newest spring,
Would breathe its balm, and wanton round its flowers!

—

He had a twofold nature, and the one
Was of a higher order, with the souls
Who shine along the path of centuries
In full and perfect brightness, standing forth
In their own loftiness the beacon lights
By which the world is guided and upborne
From its forever downward tendency;
By which it gathers beauty and is formed
To the one true refinement, that of thought
And chastened feeling,—with such better souls

Communing in an equal fellowship,
As clear in intellect, as brightly clear
In every high conception, and as warm
In all emotions, where the heart of man
Ascends and widens, and with outspread wings
Shadows all human hearts in kindness, lending
Its inspiration unto all who feel
The glow of its benignity, and dwell
Blessed in its steady sunshine. As a rock
Lifts its blue forehead from a mountain ridge,
And heaves a cloudless summit into heaven,
For ever smiling in the softened beam
Of an eternal noonday ;—to the world
Of living things, who watch it far below
With a mute look of wonder, as a throne
On which the gods are dwelling,—to that world
Soaring in unstained purity it seems
The center of devotion, and the fane
Where the heart bows in awe, and offers up
Its deepest adoration :—so these souls
Are to the humbler spirits, who go on
Mincing along the track they draw, upreared
To a commanding loftiness, and set
As idols on their pedestals to fill
The crowd with wonder. Men are made to bend
Before the mighty, and to follow on
Submissive where the great may lead—the great
Whose might is not in crowns and palaces,
In parchment rolls or blazoned heraldry,

But in the power of thought, the energy
Of unsupported mind, whose steady will
No force can daunt, no tangled path divert
From its right-onward purpose. Few are they,
And well that they are few, who in the blaze
Of genius kindled, like a baleful star,
To such a flame as terrifies, and bears
Ruin when rushing onward—who in wrath
Are launched along the path where nations go,
The highway of the battle, and the field
Where power is won, and thrones are emptied.—Few
The spirits who originate and bend
All meaner hearts to wonder and obey,
As if their look were death, their word were fate;
As if they held the balance and the sword
To measure out their happiness, and give
To each his stated portion, and avenge
All such as dare to murmur.—Few are they,
And if they were not, earth would be the list
Of an eternal conflict, the abode
Of ever warring fiends, who in the train
Of a controlling spirit, in the march
Of a high conqueror's madness, still athirst
For a new field of bloodshed, never tired
Of the hot harvest of a passionate war,
Where the deep feelings of a nation's rage,
And the awakened thoughts of long revenge
Are blended with those passions, which arise
From the uprooted evils of an age

Of ever-growing tyranny, the sense
That chains are broken, prison-gates unbarred,
And the more galling servitude of mind,
The bowing of the spirit to the weight
Of a corrupted priesthood, and a court,
Which robs to show unto their famished eyes
Their earnings, with a splendid mockery
Of pageants, and false justice, and the pomp
Of a bedizened soldiery, the tools
Who forge and link their fetters—the glad sense
That this deep charm is scattered, that this weight
Is from their long-bowed shoulders shoved away,
And like the waking from a painful dream,
Has left them in the wonder and the joy
Of lightness and deliverance—who go on
As tigers in blood-thirstiness, to slake
Their longing in the plunder and the waste
Of those who dare not, like themselves, be free,
At least who dare not cast the spell aside,
That binds them to the altar and the throne,
And palsies all their vigour, and subdues
All their due might of soul; for men know not
The force that sleeps within them, till the sound
Of a loud warning wakes them from the sleep
Of a long night of darkness—they know not
How they may rush upon the coward foe,
Whose power was in delusion, and the maze
Of falsehoods sanctified by time, and made
Sacred by being hallowed to the use

Of an unmeaning worship, feared the more,
The more it is unmeaning: they know not
How they have only to come forth, and say,
"Ye shall not be our masters, ye shall not
Riot, as ye were wont, in our best blood,
And feed upon our toil, and in our sweat
Bathe as in perfumed waters;" how at once
By firm resolve, and union, and the act
That lingers not one moment, they are free,
And lords of those who were their lords. Oh slaves!
How long will ye be silent, and await
The task-word of a master, and bow down
To his unfeeling ministers, and bear
His manacles and stripes, and see your loves
And little-ones torn from you with a dumb
And quivering terror, and with fruitless tears
Water the bitter bread of toil, and fill
The cup of want and sorrow? Ye are strong,
And Nature has been kind to you—your hands
Might work an awful vengeance, could your minds
Throw off the sottishness of servitude,
And concentrate their energies, and feel
Intensely their just power and rights. The heart
Sinks when want presses on it, and the world
Turns from the claims it urges, and will hear
None of the earnest words by which it pleads
For right and justice only—then he feels
Lost in that darkest wilderness, the crowd,
Who know not, care not, when or how he die,

Who pass him by as if he were a thing
Fit only for the grave, and if he beg
One single act of mercy, he has then
Resigned all nobler feelings, and come down
To such a sense of wretchedness, it weighs
Like a cold rock upon him, and the strength,
And light, and action of his soul are gone,
And he can only linger on his way,
The scorn of those who prosper, and the hate
Of his own better spirit, which will seek
Death or forgetfulness, its only cure.

INSCRIPTION.

THE NAIAD OF THE FOUNTAIN.

Thou who art wearied with the idle world,
Come to my hospitable shade. No sound
Shall here disturb thee, but the gentle gush
Of a clear-flowing fountain, poured away
From a rude rocky hollow. Overhead
My branches weaved with ivy and spring flowers,
Moss-rose, and woodbine, intercept the day,
And make perpetual twilight. Dark below
Gushes the ever-spouting spring, and spreads
Light dew upon the moss that beds it in,
As with a velvet margin. There it lies

Clear to its lowest depth, for ever circling
With the undulation of the wave below,
And with the faint uninterrupted dash
Of the bright crystal curve, that from the rocks
Darts with a never-wearied leap away.
  Enter beneath my hospitable shade,
And thou mayest hold communion with the world
Of beautiful and pure imaginings,
Egerias and Dianas, such as came
On the soft moonlight to Endymion,
Or such as to the thoughtful Roman king
Were all apparent at the silent hour,
When the sun sank beneath the Iberian wave,
And gaily on the Alban mountain's cone
Glittered the last departing beam of day.
  Here thou mayest sit, and making of the moss
A pillow for thee, ponder silently
On thy most inward feelings, and control
Thy passions to a calm. 'Tis wisdom oft
To leave the bustle of resort, and seek
Silence wherein to meditate and hold
Communion with the spirits of better men,
And better times—for so we always deem,
When we are over-wearied with the push
And jostling of life—of better times,
When our grey ancestors grew purely old,
And in the last declining hour of life
Had all the innocence of childhood. Fond

And soothing is the dream: it quickens us
To emulate them, so that we may look
Upon their monuments without the blush
Of shame to mantle o'er our brows. One hour
Of thoughtful solitude may nerve the heart
For days of conflict—girding up its armour
To meet the most insidious foe, and lending
The courage sprung alone from innocence
And good intent.
The sun glows overhead
Intensely, and the hot and sultry blue,
Unclouded and unstained, burns with the blaze
That fills the orb of noon: the panting hart
Looks for a shelter, and a cool fresh spring
To slake his thirst; the cattle in the brook
Lave their hot sides, and underneath the elm,
Arching its hanging branches till they dip
And kiss the scarcely gliding water, mute
And patiently await the coming on
Of evening, to go out around the beds
Of tufted grass and wild flowers, there to crop
The tender herbage. Wearied as thou art,
Come to my woodland hall, and thou wilt find
Beneath my canopy of leaf and vine,
And on my beds of moss, so soft, they seem
Instinct with a quick spirit swelling them
To meet thy gentle pressure—thou wilt find
In these, and in the clear and glassy depth

Of the round basin, strewed with sands, like snow
Drifting and heaving, as the waters gush
From their unknown and hidden cave,—the fall
Of molten crystal lapsing from the rocks
Amid an intertangled mass of fern
And cresses, where the sifted fountain flies
Away in a light vapoury cloud, that fills
Freshly my secret bower—ah! thou wilt find
The coolness thou dost long for, and the peace,
The silent peace, thy over-wearied heart
So long has sought and found not.

A FRAGMENT.

It is the noon of night—the stars look faint
With their long watching, and the slumbering earth
Heaves not a breath—the very air is still—
The waters hush their voices, and the leaf
Hangs silent in the woods—no living thing
Looks on the sleep of nature—I alone
Sit like a centinel, and feel how calm
And beautiful is night.

I have thus often sat, and deep in thought
Outwatched the stars; have seen their fires grow dim,
Till the young morning stood upon the hills
Wreathed with her dewy roses. I the while

Have fed my spirit on the inspiring dreams
Of the olden time, and with inquisitive eye
Pried in the depths of nature. I have gained
Much doubt and little certainty; have lost
Youth and its innocent joys, and blanched my hairs,
Even in my newest prime.
But I have gained a mastery o'er spirits,
And can evoke them from their secret caves,
Or from the viewless regions of the air,
And call them at my bidding. It is so.
I have seen glorious creatures throng around me,
All loveliness and light. They were not dreams,
But were substantial essences, pure forms,
That had a look and voice. I spake to them,
And they did answer, and their tones were music,
Such as they say the harmony of spheres,
When the seven orbs move round the golden sun,
Hymning too deep and ravishing melodies
For mortal ear to listen to, and live.
They spake, or rather chaunted, and their song
Revealed a mystery so high, methought
The fountains of all knowledge opened up
To meet my gaze, and from their hidden caves
Came forth the darkest elements of things,
And stood before my presence.
I will try
Once more the potency of muttered charms,
And they shall come in their particular forms,
And do as I shall bid them.

Spirits! if ye are such, I do command ye,
From your most secret hiding place come forth,
And be apparent to me. Spirit of Light!
From the clear concave of the southern sky,
The world of elemental flame; and thou
Whose dwelling is the abyss of rolling waters;
And thou who lurkest deep in central caves;
And thou, light-footed messenger of heaven,
Whose way is in the thin and empty air;
I challenge your obedience.
Hear ye not?
There is no sound to interrupt my voice,
And yet I have no answer. Comes there not
New brightness from the south? The very air
Burns with the living glory. Haste, thou spirit
Of most celestial beauty! I have loved thee,
And worshipped thee, when thou didst come at morning,
Scattering thy light on earth, and kindling heaven,
And wakening all to life. Dost thou not come;
Or is it only that the moon looks out,
In her unstained and virgin loveliness,
From the white cloud that dimmed her like a veil?
'Tis so. I have dreamed myself to the belief
Of my own crowding fancies, and have made
The visions of my brain realities.
But no! there is a sound on the far waters;
A form is rising from their depths, and shedding
Brightness on the blue waves. It fades—and now
There is no other light shed on the waters,

Than that beneath the moon, or some lone star
Deep sunk amid their darkness. Ye have vanished,
Dreams of delight and power! Ye gave to me
All I have known of joy; for in the sense
Of power I dwelt delighted: and though dreams,
Baseless and empty dreams, ye had to me
The force of strong reality, and made me,
In the chill winter of untimely age,
Even too happy. O! there was a spell
In the belief that some unearthly spirit
Held high communion with me, and informed
My heart to higher deeds, and gave revealings
Of a sublime futurity, and fed
Those hopes that lend even to the grave a charm.
But I have tried them, and have found them vain.
I have sought wisdom, and for this have pored
Over the blind imaginings of man,
And racked unwilling nature to reveal
A few half hidden laws. In the vain search,
Age has come on me, and the proper joys
Of youth are lost for ever. O! how gladly
Would I resign all I have ever gained,
Or hoped to gain, of knowledge or of power,
For a few moments of the innocent gladness
A young heart feels, when the pure bloom of health
Runs o'er the cheek, and all things look of love.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

I SAT beside the pillow of a child—
His dying pillow—and I watched the ebb
Of his last fluttering breath. All tranquilly
He passed away, and not a murmur came
From his white lips. A film crept o'er his eye,
But did not all conceal it, and at times
The darkness stole away, and he looked out
Serenely, with an innocent smile, as if
Pleased with an infant's toy; and there was then
A very delicate flush upon his cheek,
Like the new edging of a damask rose,
When first the bud uncloses. As I watched,
I caught at these awakenings better hope,
And yielding to the longing of my heart,
Fancied I saw him opening from a trance,
And with a gentle effort shaking off
The oppression of a dream. A moment more,
And the film mantled o'er his eye again,
And the faint redness left his faltering lips,
And backward to its center in the heart
The crimson current rallied, leaving him
Like a chill statue, icy cold, and pale.
He was my only one, and I had long
Loved him for all his innocent playfulness,
And his endearing fondness. He would hang

Whole days around me, watching all I did,
And questioning each particular act, as if
He could not rest, till he had known the why
Of every word and motion. I indulged him,
And in that kind indulgence found his love
Grow every hour, till I was as his life,
And he was more than mine. Well pleased I saw
His opening faculties, and well I knew
His curious bent betokened better things
In a maturer age; but when he seemed
Rosy, and full of health, and o'er informed
With life's young buoyancy, a hidden blight
Nipped him, and he decayed. He sank away
With scarce a visible token, like a breath
Of summer wind, when it has spent itself
And blows so faintly, that the feathery leaves
Of the Mimosa only tell of it,
All others resting as if nothing stirred
In the wide air. I watched him eagerly,
And I could only see that he decayed,
And soon must die. With a consenting stillness
My heart grew calm, and while his dying breath
Stole from his lips so faintly, not a murmur
Met the deep listening ear, I felt a power,
Too peaceful for an earthly emanation,
Come with a tranquillizing influence o'er me
And soothe me to the trial. As I looked,
The quivering of his lids, that lay like leaves
Of alabaster on his darkened eyes,

And the small trembling of his parted lips,
Curled outward like the margent of a lily,
Suddenly died away, and all was still.
Life was no more—I knew it, and at once
The utter loneliness of sorrow sank
Deep—deep within me, and awhile I sat
Without a tear. The stream was frozen up
And would not flow; but soon relenting nature
Gave way, and a full burst of passionate weeping
Flowed with a sudden gush, that quite unmanned me,
Then ebbing silently it left me calm.

CLOUDS.

Ye Clouds, who are the ornament of heaven;
Who give to it its gayest shadowings,
And its most awful glories; ye who roll
In the dark tempest, or at dewy evening
Hang low in tenderest beauty; ye who, ever
Changing your Protean aspects, now are gathered,
Like fleecy piles, when the mid sun is brightest,
Even in the height of heaven, and there repose,
Solemnly calm, without a visible motion,
Hour after hour, looking upon the earth
With a serenest smile:—or ye who rather
Heaped in those sulphury masses, heavily
Jutting above their bases, like the smoke

Poured from a furnace or a roused volcano,
Stand on the dun horizon, threatening
Lightning and storm—who, lifted from the hills,
March onward to the zenith, ever darkening,
And heaving into more gigantic towers
And mountainous piles of blackness—who then roar
With the collected winds within your womb,
Or the far uttered thunders—who ascend
Swifter and swifter, till wide overhead
Your vanguards curl and toss upon the tempest
Like the stirred ocean on a reef of rocks
Just topping o'er its waves, while deep below
The pregnant mass of vapour and of flame
Rolls with an awful pomp, and grimly lowers,
Seeming to the struck eye of fear the car
Of an offended spirit, whose swart features
Glare through the sooty darkness—fired with vengeance,
And ready with uplifted hand to smite
And scourge a guilty nation; ye who lie,
After the storm is over, far away,
Crowning the dripping forests with the arch
Of beauty, such as lives alone in heaven,
Bright daughter of the sun, bending around
From mountain unto mountain like the wreath
Of victory, or like a banner telling
Of joy and gladness; ye who round the moon
Assemble, when she sits in the mid sky
In perfect brightness, and encircle her
With a fair wreath of all aerial dyes;

Ye who, thus hovering round her, shine like mountains
Whose tops are never darkened, but remain,
Centuries and countless ages, reared for temples
Of purity and light; or ye who crowd
To hail the new-born day, and hang for him,
Above his ocean couch, a canopy
Of all inimitable hues and colours,
Such as are only penciled by the hands
Of the unseen ministers of earth and air,
Seen only in the tinting of the clouds,
And the soft shadowing of plumes and flowers;
Or ye who, following in his funeral train,
Light up your torches at his sepulchre,
And open on us through the clefted hills
Far glances into glittering worlds beyond
The twilight of the grave, where all is light,
Golden and glorious light, too full and high
For mortal eye to gaze on, stretching out
Brighter and ever brighter, till it spread,
Like one wide radiant ocean without bounds,
One infinite sea of glory:—Thus, ye clouds,
And in innumerable other shapes
Of greatness or of beauty, ye attend us,
To give to the wide arch above us, Life
And all its changes. Thus it is to us
A volume full of wisdom, but without ye
One awful uniformity had ever
With too severe a majesty oppressed us.

THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

HERE rest the great and good. Here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And gathers them again, as Winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre—green sods
Are all their monument, and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demigods of old.
Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure consecrated love of home.

No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
Where first our patriots sent the invader back
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature, and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts,
And the one universal Lord. They need
No column pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
And there alone reposes. Let these elms
Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,
And build with their green roof the only fane,
Where we may gather on the hallowed day
That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.
Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute
In the deep sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
An offering of the plenty Nature gives,
And they have rendered ours—perpetually.

THE DESOLATE CITY.

I had a vision.—
A city lay before me, desolate,
And yet not all decayed. A summer sun
Shone on it from a most ethereal sky,
And the soft winds threw o'er it such a balm,
One would have thought it was a sepulchre,
And this the incense offered to the manes
Of the departed.
In the light it lay
Peacefully, as if all its thousands took
Their afternoon's repose, and soon would wake
To the loud joy of evening. There it lay,
A city of magnificent palaces,
And churches towering more like things of Heaven,
The glorious fabrics, fancy builds in clouds,
And shapes on loftiest mountains—bright their domes
Threw back the living ray, and proudly stood
Many a statue looking like the forms
Of spirits hovering in mid air. Tall trees,
Cypress and plane, waved over many a hill
Cumbered with ancient ruins—broken arches,
And tottering columns--vaults, where never came
The blessed beam of day, but only lamps
Shedding a funeral light, were kindled there,
And gave to the bright frescoes on the walls,

And the pale statues in their far recesses,
A dim religious awe. Rudely they lay,
Scarce marking out to the inquisitive eye
Their earliest outline. But as desolate
Slumbered the newer city, though its walls
Were yet unbroken, and its towering domes
Had never stooped to ruin. All was still ;
Hardly the faintest sound of living thing
Moved through the mighty solitude—and yet
All wore the face of beauty. Not a cloud
Hung in the lofty, sky that seemed to rise
In twofold majesty, so bright and pure,
It seemed indeed a crystalline sphere—and there
The sun rode onward in his conquering march
Serenely glorious. From the mountain heights,
Tinged with the blue of heaven, to the wide sea,
Glassed with as pure a blue, one desolate plain
Spread out, and over it the fairest sky
Bent round and blessed it. Life was teeming there
In all its lower forms, a wilderness
Of rank luxuriance ; flowers, and purpling vines
Matted with deepest foliage, hid the ruins,
And gave the semblance of a tangled wood
To piles, that once were loudly eloquent
With the glad cry of thousands. There were gardens
Round stateliest villas, full of graceful statues
And temples reared to woodland deities ;
And they were overcrowded with the excess
Of beauty. All that most is coveted

Beneath a colder sky, grew wantonly
And richly there. Myrtles and citrons filled
The air with fragrance. From the tufted elm,
Bent with its own too massy foliage, hung
Clusters of sunny grapes in frosted purple,
Drinking in spirit from the glowing air,
And dropping generous dews. The very wind
Seemed there a lover, and his easy wings
Fanned the gay bowers, as if in fond delay
He bent o'er loveliest things, too beautiful
Ever to know decay. The silent air
Floating as softly as a cloud of roses,
Dropped from Idalia in a dewy shower,—
The air itself seemed like the breath of heaven
Filling the groves of Eden. Yet these walls
Are desolate—not a trace of living man
Is found amid these glorious works of man,
And nature's fairer glories. Why should he
Be absent from the festival of life,
The holiday of nature? Why not come
To add to the sweet sounds of winds and waters—
Of winds uttering Æolian melodies
To the bright, listening flowers, and waters falling
Most musical from marble fountains wreathed
With clustering ivy, like a poet's brow—
Why comes he not to add his higher strains,
And be the interpreter of lower things,
In intellectual worship, at the throne
Of the beneficent power, that gave to them

Their pride and beauty ?—" In these palaces,
These awful temples, these religious caves,
These hoary ruins, and these twilight groves
Teeming with life and love,—a secret plague
Dwells, and the unwary foot, that ventures here,
Returns not—Fly ! To linger here is death."

MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

A NIGHT had passed away among the hills,
And now the first faint tokens of the dawn
Showed in the east. The bright and dewy star,
Whose mission is to usher in the morn,
Looked through the cool air, like a blessed thing
In a far purer world. Below there lay
Wrapped round a woody mountain tranquilly
A misty cloud. Its edges caught the light,
That now came up from out the unseen depth
Of the full fount of day, and they were laced
With colours ever brightening. I had waked
From a long sleep of many changing dreams,
And now in the fresh forest air I stood
Nerved to another day of wandering.
Before me rose a pinnacle of rock,
Lifted above the wood that hemmed it in,
And now already glowing. There the beams
Came from the far horizon, and they wrapped it

In light and glory. Round its vapoury cone
A crown of far-diverging rays shot out,
And gave to it the semblance of an altar
Lit for the worship of the undying flame,
That centered in the circle of the sun,
Now coming from the ocean's fathomless caves,
Anon would stand in solitary pomp
Above the loftiest peaks, and cover them
With splendour as a garment. Thitherward
I bent my eager steps; and through the grove,
Now dark as deepest night, and thickets hung
With a rich harvest of unnumbered gems,
Waiting the clearer dawn to catch the hues
Shed from the starry fringes of its veil
On cloud, and mist, and dew, and backward thrown
In infinite reflections, on I went
Mounting with hasty foot, and thence emerging
I scaled that rocky steep, and there awaited
Silent the full appearing of the sun.
Below there lay a far extended sea
Rolling in feathery waves. The wind blew o'er it,
And tossed it round the high ascending rocks,
And swept it through the half hidden forest tops,
Till, like an ocean waking into storm,
It heaved and weltered. Gloriously the light
Crested its billows, and those craggy islands
Shone on it like to palaces of spar
Built on a sea of pearl. Far overhead,
The sky, without a vapour or a stain,

Intensely blue, even deepened into purple,
Where nearer the horizon it received
A tincture from the mist that there dissolved
Into the viewless air,—the sky bent round,
The awful dome of a most mighty temple
Built by omnipotent hands for nothing less
Than infinite worship. There I stood in silence—
I had no words to tell the mingled thoughts
Of wonder and of joy that then came o'er me,
Even with a whirlwind's rush. So beautiful,
So bright, so glorious! Such a majesty
In yon pure vault! So many dazzling tints
In yonder waste of waves,—so like the ocean
With its unnumbered islands there encircled
By foaming surges, that the mounting eagle,
Lifting his fearless pinion through the clouds
To bathe in purest sunbeams, seemed an ospray
Hovering above his prey, and yon tall pines,
Their tops half-mantled in a snowy veil,
A frigate with full canvas, bearing on
To conquest and to glory. But even these
Had round them something of the lofty air
In which they moved; not like to things of earth,
But heightened, and made glorious, as became
Such pomp and splendour.
Who can tell the brightness,
That every moment caught a newer glow,
That circle, with its center like the heart
Of elemental fire, and spreading out

In floods of liquid gold on the blue sky
And on the opaline waves, crowned with a rainbow
Bright as the arch that bent above the throne
Seen in a vision by the holy man
In Patmos! who can tell how it ascended,
And flowed more widely o'er that lifted ocean,
Till instantly the unobstructed sun
Rolled up his sphere of fire, floating away—
Away in a pure ether, far from earth,
And all its clouds,—and pouring forth unbounded
His arrowy brightness! From that burning center
At once there ran along the level line
Of that imagined sea, a stream of gold—
Liquid and flowing gold, that seemed to tremble
Even with a furnace heat, on to the point
Whereon I stood. At once that sea of vapour
Parted away, and melting into air,
Rose round me, and I stood involved in light,
As if a flame had kindled up, and wrapped me
In its innocuous blaze. Away it rolled,
Wave after wave. They climbed the highest rocks,
Poured over them in surges, and then rushed
Down glens and valleys, like a wintry torrent
Dashed instant to the plain. It seemed a moment,
And they were gone, as if the touch of fire
At once dissolved them. Then I found myself
Midway in air; ridge after ridge below,
Descended with their opulence of woods
Even to the dim seen level, where a lake

Flashed in the sun, and from it wound a line,
Now silvery bright, even to the farthest verge
Of the encircling hills. A waste of rocks
Was round me—but below how beautiful,
How rich the plain! a wilderness of groves
And ripening harvests; while the sky of June—
The soft blue sky of June, and the cool air,
That makes it then a luxury to live,
Only to breathe it, and the busy echo
Of cascades, and the voice of mountain brooks,
Stole with such gentle meanings to my heart,
That where I stood seemed heaven.

THE PERPETUAL YOUTH OF NATURE.

A SOLILOQUY.

With what a hollow voice these broken ruins
Tell of the vanished past. Here they are thrown
Too rudely for the most inquiring eye
To read one legend of the men who reared them,
Or even form a guess of those who made
These walls their home. It is a beautiful clime,
And all the year is lovely on these shores;
For there is neither winter here to blight,
Nor the hot sun to dry the fountains up,
And make the plains a desert. Nature here

Has built her bower of evergreens ; and flowers
Are never wanting for her festivals,
And these are every day, and there is in them
Such a perpetual variety
Of bright and fair, the heart is never weary
Of the soft revelry ;—and yet no trace
Of human footsteps on the bordering sands
Of the calm ocean, gives a sign that man
Has found his way before me to this haunt
Of silence and repose. Well, be it so,
And I will hold myself the rightful lord
Of all this fair domain, by the strong claim
Of first discovery. No inheritance
Of gilded palaces, or loaded fields
Bent with a thousand harvests, could so fill
My spirit with the stirring health of joy,
As thus to hold myself the sole possessor
Of such a solitude—so full of life,
And yet so mute,—so bright and beautiful,
And yet so darkly shadowed with the pall
Of buried ages. How the merry vines
Go gadding in the brisk and spirited air,
That even calls from out the barren rocks
A welcoming smile. The wind is very low—
It hardly wags the shrinking violet,
Or sends a quiver to the aspen leaf,
Or curls the green wave on the pebbled shore,
Or gives a wrinkle to the quiet sea,
That like a giant resting from his toil,

Sleeps in the morning sun. That flowery palm
Has a most glorious aspect as he bows
In silent worship to his rising god;
And from his station on the tallest pile
Of these mysterious ruins, once the shrine,
It may be, of the living Sun himself,
How like a most majestic sovereign
He keeps his lofty seat, and yet adores
The Lord that made him! It is wonderful,
That man should hold himself so haughtily,
And talk of an immortal name, and feed
His proud ambition with such daring hopes,
As creatures of a more eternal nature
Alone should form. Why, 'tis a mockery
Too poor for tears, and yet too sad for smiles,
To think how much of glitter and of pride
Has flaunted in the sun, and sent him back
His fullest beams. These rude disjointed heaps,
That seem the chaos of a broken world,
And hardly give us signs enough to show,
They were not thrown from out the central earth
By an upheaving earthquake—these were bright
With such barbaric pomp, as made the sun
Muffle his head, and hide himself at noon
To shun the poor encounter. So they sung,
The sycophants, who told the gorgeous tyrant
Of these once peopled shores, he was a god,
And with the port and bearing of a god
Sat on his throne, or in his chariot

Went sounding on his long triumphal way.
Fools! and where are they? Not a mark to tell
The shadows of their names. The tooth of Time
Has ground the marble sculptures to rude forms,
Such as the falling waters eat from rocks
In the deep gloom of caves!—and yet, as if
They meant to show their scorn of him, who calls
Himself their lord, the beasts and creeping things
Have come from out their deserts and their holes,
And made their dens in the crushed palaces,
And round the buried altars hollowed out
Their lurking places. O! how fresh and fair
Grows the young grass, and how the wild vines clasp
The rifted columns, with as bright a foliage,
As when from out the bosom of the earth
First rose the rampant Spring, and the glad Sun
Laughed from his azure throne to see the buds
Put out their tender leaves, and the soft green
Spread like a carpet to the tented sky.

ITALY—A CONFERENCE.

A. Why hast thou such a downward look of care,
As if thine eye refused the sweet communion
Of these enchanted skies? I cannot weary
In gazing on them, there is such a clearness
In the mid-noon; and then the calmer hours

Have such a glory round them, that I grow
Enamoured of their clouds. O! they have caught
Their hues in heaven, and they come stealing to us
Like messengers of love to kindle up
This volatile air. How light and thin it floats!
Methinks I now can pass into the depths
Of yon wide firmament, it lies so open
And shows so fair. The stars are hung below it,
And they are moving in a vacancy,
Like the poised eagle. How the studded moon,
All dropped with glittering points, rolls on its way
Between the pillowy clouds, and that which seems
A crystalline arch—a dome that rests on air,
Buoyed by its lightness! Can thy heavy eyes
Still pore on the discoloured earth, and choose
Their home in darkness? Something weighs upon thee
With no light burden, if thou hast no heart
To mingle with the beautiful world around thee.

B. Thou talk'st of clouds and skies. Has the sweet face
Of spring a power to charm away the fiends
That riot on the soul? Will the foul spirit
Go, when the cock crows, like a muttering ghost,
To find his kindred shades, and leave the heart
To gladden through the day; and dares he not
To fill it with his terrors, when the Sun
Is out in heaven? Is there a sovereign balm
In cloudless skies, and bright and glowing noons,
To make the spirit light, and drive from it

The moody madness and the listless sorrow?
I feel there is not. Something tells me, here,
There may be such a grief, that nothing earthly
Hath power to stay it. I too have a feeling,
How beautiful this clime; and though the native
Looks on it with a blank indifference,
To us who had our birth in clouded skies,
And reckoned it a bright and fortunate day,
If the sun gave us but an hour at noon,
It is indeed a luxury to see
Whole days without a cloud, but these light shapes,
That float around us more like heavenly spirits,
They are so bright and wear such glorious hues,
Or hang so quietly, and look so pure,
When all is still at noon. O! I have felt
This luxury of sense, but yet it comes not
So far as here. The heart knows nothing of it;
And now that I have seen so many days,
All of an equal brightness, like the calm
That reigns, they say, perpetually in heaven,
Why—I grow weary of them, and my thoughts
Are on the past. Thou need'st no other answer.

A. 'Tis not the barren luxury of sense,
That makes me love these skies—but there is in them
A living spirit. I can feel it stealing
Even to my heart of hearts, and waking there
Feelings that never yet have stirred within me,
So blessed, that I almost weep to think

How poor my life without them. I now walk
In a glad company of happy visions,
And all the air seems like a dwelling-place
For glorious creatures. Like the shifting waves,
That toss on the white shore, when evening breezes
Steal to the land in summer, they are floating
In airy trains around me. Now they come
Laughing on yonder mountain side, a troop
Of jovial nymphs; and now they flit away
Round the far islands of the golden sea,
Islands of light that seem to hang in air,
Midway in heaven. No wonder they so love
The song and dance, and walk with such a look
Of thoughtless gaiety—the merry beggars,
Who breed like insects on these sunny shores,
And live as idly. There are glorious faces
Among them—there are Roman spirits here,
And Grecian eyes that tell a thousand fancies,
Like those that shaped their deities, and wrought
Perfection. True, they have no stirring hopes
To lift them; yet at times they will give vent
To the o'erburdened soul, and then they speak
In oracles, or like the harp of Memnon,
They utter poetry, as the bright skies
And wandering winds awake it. Who can wonder,
That every voice is bursting out in music,
And every peasant tunes his mandoline
To the delicious airs, that creep so softly
Into the slumbering ear! O! 'tis a land,

Where life is doubled, and a brighter world
Rolls over this, and there the spirit lives
In a gay paradise, and here we breathe
An atmosphere of roses.

B. Yes—but this
Is nothing to the heart. They never felt,
These summer flies, who buzz so gaily round us,
They never felt, one moment, what we feel
With such a silent tenderness, and keep
So closely round our hearts. We do not wake
The echoes with our loud and thoughtless carols,
Nor sit whole days beneath a bowering vine,
Singing its amber juice, and telling too
Of starry eyes, and soft and languishing looks,
And talking of our agonies with smiles,
Making a sport of sorrow. No, our year,
With its long time of gloom, and hurried days
Of warmth, that call for more of toil than pleasure,
Our pensive year forbids the wandering spirit
To make itself a song-bird. We must keep
Our sorrows and our hopes close cherished by us,
Till the heart softens, and by often musing
Takes a deep, serious tone, and has a feeling
For all that suffer. So we often bear
A grief, that is the burden of a life,
And will not leave us. Something that would seem
Too trifling to be laughed at here, will weigh
And weigh upon us, till we cannot lift it,

And then we pine and die. Her heart is broken,
And the worm feeds upon her early roses,
And now her lily fades, and all its brightness
Turns to a green and sallow melancholy,
And then we strew her grave; but here the passion
Breaks out in wildness, then is sung away
With a complaining air, and so is ended.
I have no sympathy with such light spirits,
But I can see my sober countrymen
Gather around their winter's hearth, and read
Of no unreal suffering, and then weep
Big tears that ease the heart, and need no words
To make their meaning known. One silent hour
Of deep and thoughtful feeling stands me more,
Than a whole age of such a heartless mirth,
As a bright summer wakens.

THE FAIR ITALIAN.

She looked how lovely. Not the face of heaven
In its serenest calm, nor earth in all
Its garniture of flowers, nor all that live
In the bright world of dreams, nor all the eye
Of a creative spirit meets in air,
Could in the smile and sunshine of her charms,
Not feel itself o'ermastered by such rare
And perfect beauty. Grace was over all;

Her form, her face, her attitudes, her motions,
Each had peculiar charms. Like gliding swans,
Sailing upon a smoothly mirrored lake,
Before the breeze of evening, when the waves
Curl rippling round their bosoms, so she moved
Through all the mazy dance. She bore herself
So gently, that the lily on its stalk
Bends not so easily its dewy head,
As with a gliding step she wound her way
To the soft echoes of the light guitar,
The dreamy music of her sunny clime
Where all is languishing. There was a brightness,
How high, and yet how soothing in her smile.
O! I could look on her a summer's day,
Delighted—every moment more delighted,
With the soft sense that hovers over me,
When on a slope of moss, I lay me down
In the warm sun of April. I could kneel
In worship to her, as a radiant vision
Sent from a purer world, without a stain
Of earth breathed over her, but all entire
In infant loveliness, yet ripe and full
In her meridian elegance, a flower
With all its leaves expanded, and its hues
Mellowed by kindly sunbeams.

It was evening;
The sun looked through the wood of chestnut trees,
And bronzed their rugged trunks, and lit their leaves,
Till, as they rustled on the bending boughs,

Each seemed a flake of gold; and far beyond them
My eye caught glimpses of a quiet bay,
A nook of sleeping waters, where the light,
Shone with a flashing blaze. It was so still!
The wind had stolen into the mountain valleys,
And left the plains and hillocks to the calm
That sinks upon the world when night steals on,
And the day takes its farewell, like the words
Of a departing friend, or the last tone
Of hallowed music in a minster's aisles,
Heard, when it floats along the shade of elms,
In the still place of graves. A wood of palms
Rose on a far hill, where the amber light
Was rich and dazzling, with their pointed leaves
So nicely balanced, that the faintest breathing
Of the wide air swayed them in graceful curves,
While all below seemed in the still repose
Of sleep, the twin of death, that infant slumber,
Where life is only visible in the play
Of blushes, which for ever come and go
On the soft cheek's transparency, as pure
As the clear rime, that masks the untimely rose,
Mellowing its purple to the hues of heaven,
The tremulous tints of air.

I lay abroad
In careless dreaming, by the twisted roots
Of an outspreading beech-tree, and methought,
The swains of Enna and Parthenope
Were dancing round me to the sound of viols

And oaten pipes. As the light sank away,
The rose and jasmine thickets, and the shades
O'erhung with vines, in the full scent of flowers,
Seemed populous with the sylvan family
Of nymphs and fauns. I listened to the sounds
Of Grecian melody and song, and lay
Reclining on a couch of new plucked leaves,
Attentive to the many quiet voices,
That fill a summer's night—the drowsy hum
Of beetles, and the shrill cicada's song,
And the complaining of the nightingale,
That in a bush of brambles passed away
The silent hours, in answering to the echoes
Herself had made. As thus I sank away
In pleasant thoughts of the dear times of old,
I saw a group of dancers, on a lawn
Not distant, to the music of a lute
Cross the yet rosy twilight. She was there,
Lovelier for the witching time they chose
To be their hour of joy. Her full dark curls
Were clustered on a brow of ivory,
And fell in lavish wealth, shading a neck
Clear as an alabaster shrine concealing
A ruby, that with soft suffusion fills it,
As with a living glow. Her face was kindled
By the quick glances of her large black eyes,
That flashed from underneath her arching brows,
Like gems in caves; and yet there was a softness
At times, when shades of thought stole over her—

But in the happy consciousness of beauty
Her heart was all so joyous, that her smiles
Gave a perpetual sunlight to that face,
So beautiful, to see it was to love.
I could not choose but watch with earnest gaze
One of so perfect form, and finished grace,
That those who moved around her were but foils
Heightening the one sole diamond. When I look
On one so fair, I must believe that heaven
Sent her in kindness, that our hearts might waken
To its own loveliness, and lift themselves,
By such an adoration, from a dark
And grovelling world. Such beauty should be worshipped,
And not a thought of weakness or decay
Should mingle with the pure and hallowed dreams
In which it dwells before us. It should live
Eternal; or, if it must pass away,
And lose one tint of its now perfect brightness,
Let it be hidden from me, for the sense,
That all this glow must fade, falls on my heart,
Like the cold weight of death.

INSCRIPTION.

Stranger, if thou hast ever blest the shade,
That lent thee shelter from the sun or rain,
Thou wilt not rest thee underneath this elm
Without a sense of gratitude. The boughs,
That overshadow thee have borne the brunt
Of centuries, and have records of the past
In all their whispering leaves. We cannot hear them
Telling their tales, through the long summer day,
To the cool west-wind, and have other thoughts
Than of the generations who have sat,
In long succession, on the mossy turf
That beds these twisted roots. Sunshine and calm,
Darkness and storm, have been around these boughs,
And they have smiled to the unclouded sky,
And rocked in the rude tempest, but have stood
Unbroken, while the stream of human life
Has ebbed and flowed like the perpetual tide,
And hardly left a trace upon its shores,
To tell us where it came. Then rest thee, stranger,
And think thou hearest in the ancient wood
A monitor, that warns thee of thy end
With a low earnest voice, a voice of kindness,
That, like a silent fountain running over,
Refreshes where it flows, and, like its waters,
Gives life to the sere heart it passes by.

A VISION.

I HAVE been haunted by an awful dream—
A vision of my childhood—one that grew
From an o'erheated fancy, nursed to fear
In a dark, visionary creed. A star,
Of a malign aspect, had been to me,
For a few weeks of dread uncertainty,
The prophet of evil; and I saw in it
The minister of judgments, such as oft
Had been denounced before me, and had grown
To an undoubting faith.
Methought that star,
As in a vision of the night I lay,
Stood with its train directed to the earth,
And every moment it did spread itself,
And grew a deeper crimson. Where I was
I could not tell; but I stood gazing on it
With unaverted eye, and I could watch it
Taking ten thousand fiery shapes, and changing
To every terrible hue and form, and still
Widening and widening out its burning orb,
Till a whole quarter of the heavens was red
And glowing like a furnace. Then, methought,
A form stood visible within it, vast
And indistinct, as a far mountain seen
Through a dense vapour, when the morning strikes it,

And makes it such a thing as the mind frames,
When it goes wandering through the infinite,
And builds on dreams. I gazed upon it, charmed
And fascinated by its terrible glory,
And with it such a sense of fear, the drops
Stood thick upon my forehead, and my heart
Was near to bursting. 'T was an agony
Of wonder and of death; for I beheld
Already come the day of doom, and earth
Seemed parched and burnt by the intensity
Of that approaching flame. The sky above
Was like a vaulted furnace, and it quivered
And sparkled in the heat, and at the center,
Transparent in the fierceness of its fire,
Still that illimitable form did frown
Blacker than tenfold night. His quick approach
Left me no time to scan him, but he seemed
To gather in himself all I had heard
Or dreamed of horrible. A muttering sound,
Like that of far-off winds, or smothered flame
Roaring in caves—a sound that fell like fate
On my stunned ear, came as a warning voice,
That earth was now within the wasting sphere
Of that consuming plague. At once the wind
Seemed to blow over me, with hot, thick breath,
Wafting such clouds of smoke and sheets of fire,
That all around me seemed one conflagration;
And even the firm foundations of the hills
Cracked and fell inward, and one long, long peal

Gave warning, that this ponderous globe was rent
And shivered. Suddenly a burst of flame,
So clear and strong, no thought can image it,
Filled the whole visible space; and still it flashed,
And flashed, till in an instant utter darkness
Closed heavily around me, and I woke:
I woke, and yet the horrors of that dream
Would visit me at times, even when I grew
To know its causes, and could reason of it;
And though the mind moved in its own pure light,
And stood aloof from fear, yet there were moments,
When the dark memory of this dream would quell me
Well nigh to trembling.

DREAMS.

Aut quæ sopitos deludunt Somnia sensus.

I.

METHOUGHT 't was night; and my unquiet spirit
Stood in the silent presence of a Power
Invisible, though felt. There was no voice,
And yet unutterable thoughts came o'er me,
Accompanied by feelings, such as grow
From some unearthly music. There were words
Spoken as in the fever of a dream,
Breathless and indistinct, yet full of awe
High and mysterious. The air was full
Of sights, that scarce were seen, dim images,

Crowding from out the depth of darkness, wild
And terrible, though calm. They looked upon me
Intensely, and they seemed to beckon me
Thoughtful and sad. No utterance meanwhile
Told me their wishes, but they made themselves
Visible to me in their gathering brows
And lowering glances. Then they waved me on
To follow them, and like a vanishing troop
Of shadows, mingled in the thicker shades,
And all were lost. A deeper darkness hung
Around me, like a burden, and it seemed
To close me in a prison, like the grave,
Narrow and cold. A damp and deathly chill
Ran through me, and methought the earth beneath
Sunk, and the utter night, that circled me,
Grew thicker, till all thoughts were objectless,
And memory vanished. All the little light,
That centered in my brain, seemed like a taper
Amid the vapours of a charnel-house,
Quivering and pale; a blue, unearthly flame
Hovers awhile above it, and it falls
Beneath the dank oppression, and then dies.
So thought, and life, and all their energies
Trembled awhile, and hung upon their close,
And then went out. I lay entranced, I know not
If hours or ages—not a sleep of dreams,
Busy and full of forms and phantasies,
But blank and desolate, without a motion,
Even in the spirit's core—an utter death,
That leaves no memory of itself, and makes

Myriads of years a moment. So I lay,
Forgotten and alone. Methought a stir
Came to my heart and brain, and some dim feelings
Were moving there, faint as the light of shadows,
When night is deepest, and the waning moon
Hurries behind a cloud. They grew upon me,
And there was light and joy,—a happy dream,
Confused and shapeless, but a dream of days
That are to us our heaven; the early days
Of wonder and of hope, the blissful days
Of buoyancy and love, unspeakable
And holy love, stainless, and bright, and pure—
The heart's devotion. They were in my dreams
Struggling to life, and taking, every moment,
A fairer being. I was on the hills,
Methought; and it was Spring; and one sweet bird
Settled beside me, on a flowering thorn,
And sang how softly. Then the morning came,
And there was brightness, and the kindling clouds
Were pearl, and gold, and flame; and then the sun
Rolled up, and all was day. An avenue
Of ancient elms bent over me their boughs,
And the slant light came underneath the arch,
And tinted all the leaves, the quivering leaves,
With rainbows, till a vault of liquid fire
Seemed lifted round me, and I walked unhurt
Amid the glorious furnace. There was magic
And wonder in the hour; and then I looked
On the calm ocean, like a burnished sheet
Of emerald, and all its long, long waves

Were ridged with flame ; and by me flowed a brook,
Prattling its merry tale to the cool winds,
That shook the grass and flowers, that stood around it
To gaze upon its mirror, and behold,
Narcissus-like, their beauty ; and it wound
Its way unto a meadow, all one bed
Of glancing diamonds. 'T was a dream of light,
And soon as full of love. Methought a voice,
A well-known voice, a voice of very sweetness,
So tender, that I felt the first fresh tears
Flow at its touch of music, and dissolve me
In the young happiness, once known, and then
For ever gone—methought that tender voice
Came from a wood hard by ; and it was singing
Catches of old familiar tunes, the treasures
Of infant memory, that warble on
In the bright stream of innocent joys, through all
Our darker years, and hold their unchecked way
Even to the old man's grave. I heard that voice—
And then awoke within me such a flow
Of passionate thoughts, blended of bright and dark,
Gentle and wild, a flood, that long had swelled
And borne me on its crest, till it became
A sea of cloud and storm, that, in the grasp
And agony of passion, and the last
Fixed struggle of despair, again the light
Faded around me, and I sank once more
In night and horror.

II.

Darkness was thick around me, as of old,
In Egypt, it was felt. No glimmering lamp,
Nor solitary star-light found its way
Through the dim shadows that encompassed me,
But all was waste and void—a desolation
Without a form or voice—a deathlike silence,
Where even the waters had forgot to flow,
And winds to whisper,—such a total silence,
My breathing startled me, although I held it
In fear and awe. The heavens had vanished then,
And earth was gone, only the foothold, where
I stood and dared not move,—in like suspense,
As when upon a mountain crag, a mist
Sweeps suddenly around the hunter's path,
And hides the precipice and dread descent,
Where all is death,—he pauses, and awaits
The passing of the vapour, till it rolls
Its heavy wreaths around the glacier heights,
And all at once reveals the dark abyss
Below him, where he hung close on the verge,
And knew not of his danger; such a fear
And wild suspense held me, and then I stood
Waiting for morning, while the laggard hours
Seemed lengthened out to ages. Who has felt
The sickening doubt, the cold uncertainty,
The dying of all hope, when we have seen
Day after day pass on, and yet no sight,

No tidings of the expected happiness,
On which our being rested, we had fixed it
So deeply in our hearts,—he only knows
How much I suffered in those long, dull hours,
That heavily dragged on, and brought no dawn,
No token of it; still the same blank void
Closed me, and narrowed to a sepulchre's
Scant compass all the universe to me;
And left me nothing but to count my pulses,
And tell my hours by throbs. The air seemed thick
And deathly, and a sense of suffocation
Pressed on me, like a mountain's weight, and bore me
Seemingly down a gulf, from which I struggled
To lift me; but the ever-backward plunge
Hurried me, like the rushing of a torrent,
Farther and farther from all hope of light
Or the sweet face of heaven. O! had a star,
A single lonely star, one of the smallest,
That scarcely twinkles, when the winter's night
Is clearest, and there is no moon to shade
The lesser lights, and the bright evening planet
Has set, and Jove not mounted yet his throne,
And made his vassals dim—had such a star
Broke out a moment, from the thick obscure,
To tell me where to look upon the sky,
And, in that utter void, forget not where
To wait the dawning, I had then had hope,
And not been wholly desolate; and yet
None greeted me, but all was like a chaos,

After its waves have settled to a calm,
And even the swell, that follows on the storm,
Subsided into stillness.
Then, methought,
I heard a sound, like the far roar of winds
Amid the forest oaks, when the whole sea
Of branches tosses, as the coming tempest
Stoops from its car of clouds, and scourges them,
Till the wide wilderness bows to the dust
Before its anger. Such a hollow sound
Rolled onward, and yet louder every moment,
Seemed like the rush of myriad wings, or sweep
Of mailed horsemen, when the beaten plain
Trembles, and, in the mid encounter, wide
Their armour shocks and rings. A breathless fear,
A terror that had winged my flying feet,
Had not the deeper dread of what I knew not
Beyond the point I stood on, held me fixed
And rooted to the ground, and with it, too,
A mingled feeling of desire and hope,
Wakened me from my trance, and turned me whence
The rushing came. Methought the darkness seemed
To fade, and from its womb a glimmering rose,
Pale and uncertain, as the flitting glance
Of moonlight through a storm. Anon it took
More fixedness, and then it reared itself
Into a dreamy shape, a wavering form,
Hovering in mist far on the sleeping waves,
When night is deep, and all the light in heaven

Just gives a visible outline, so that earth
Seems like a land of shadows. Then it stood
Before me, and a chill and spectral glare
Invested it, and as it onward drew,
With ominous bearing, I could dimly catch
Traces of human likeness, yet it seemed
More like a moon-struck ghost, than living thing;
For there was not a motion in its limbs,
Gesture, or step, but it seemed borne along
On the swift tide of air—its glaring eyeballs
Rolled not, and had no meaning, but they stared,
Like a blind statue's, with everted lids,
Glassy and cold, and from its bloodless lips
There seemed to come no voice, for they were still,
And yet stood open, like the last fixed gasp
Of dissolution. Soon the vision neared me,
And then I heard a low and muttering sound,
Like the faint utterance of forbidden charms,
When, even herself in fear, the sorceress
Evokes the shades of hell, or calls the spirits,
Whose dwelling is in air. Then, as I heard it,
I started and looked round me; for no breath
Quivered upon those ashy lips, and yet
I knew the voice came from them, and it sounded
Hollow, as from the tomb: "Creature of earth,
Child of despair and fear, of doubt and madness,
I bid thee follow me; the spell is on thee,
And where I go, thou must perforce attend me;
And I will show thee such unearthly things,

As will not leave thee to thy dying day,
But haunt thee like the secret consciousness
Of undiscovered crime." He said; and then
Turned from me, and went moving through the darkness,
Lofty and proud. At once I felt myself
Lifted, as by the sweeping of a tempest,
And borne along so rapidly, my breath
And sense were lost. Awhile I knew of nothing,
But that my flight was onward; then my brain
Grew wonted to the change, and fined itself,
So that all objects took a startling clearness,
Though seen in deepest shade. A magic world
Seemed bursting into being, wondrous, wild,
Majestic, beautiful, obscure, and dark,
Then bright to dazzling. Countless images
Crowded before me, till the eye was weary
In looking onward through the living sea,
That rolled upon me, like the toppling waves
Heaved from the womb of ocean, surge on surge,
To burst upon the shore. I hurried by them,
And back they rushed behind me, like the hills,
And groves, and towns, and spires, when borne along
The bosom of some mighty stream by winds
That send the vessel through the frothy waves,
Like a shaft winged with fate. It were a tale
Too high for mortal utterance, to tell
The shapes that met me, and they ravished me
With such unearthly joy, the vision melted
In its own fervour, and I found myself
Alone in darkness.

III.

I HAD a dream of music and of song.
Methought one thrill of general harmony
Pervaded all the region, and the winds
Were all attuned, each to its several part,
As if some master spirit had controlled
Their sounds to one accord. Fast flowing waves
Seemed rolling from an ocean, whose deep heart
Fed them and never failed; and they came onward,
Each with its crown of foam; and as they struck
The shaken shore, their burst was like the echo
Of organ notes in heaven—majestic sounds,
Awful and terrible, yet far and sweet
As the last pause of thunder, when it sinks
In the embrace of silence. So my ear
Seemed full to overflowing with these strains
Of modulated sound—loud airy swells,
And solemn pauses—touches, as if made
By a most gentle hand; then lingering peals,
That died away in echoes; and again
Soft stealing symphonies, that wound their way
Into my heart, like Zephyr, when he haunts
The first blown field of spring, in fond delay
Pausing at every flower, and loading thence
His wings with balm.
As yet there was no vision,
But deep and utter night—the night of Hades,
Through which the bodiless spirits make their way,

Unheard, unseen, and one impervious veil
Of darkness covers all. The music paused,
And all was one deep hush—so deep and still,
The beating of my heart was audible,
And my own breathing mingled in my dreams
Like the far rush of waters. Then there came
A solemn march of melody, a flow
Of faint unearthly warblings, like the sighs
Of sorrowing ghosts; and these stole through my brain,
Like lapsing fountains; and anon there rushed
One tide of sound, that poured its airy surges
Into my inmost soul. And as the curtain
Rolls up its shadowy folds, and slowly opens
The glories of the scene, far back retiring
In avenues of pomp, and fading off
In the blue tint of mountains, where some rock
Catches the coming dawn, all else below
Cradled in slumbering shade, so, it meseemed,
The vision opened on me. Faint and chill
It rose before me; and its floating forms
Drew their dim outlines on a cold wan heaven,
Where neither moon, nor star, nor even dawn
Gave light and hope—one rayless blank, embracing
Within its leaden cope, shapes indistinct,
Confused and void—a chaos, like the dreams
That haunt a sick man's couch—a waste of shadows,
Like mountains in a storm, swelling and heaving,
Broader and higher still, their giant peaks,
Till the eye shrinks from gazing. So it rose,

That visionary pomp, and stood awhile
In terrible obscure ; but then it seemed
As if the opening eyelids of the dawn
Unveiled their kindly beams, and sent abroad
The charm of early day. Soft lights and shadows
Now parted from each other, till they took
Distinct and certain shapes ; and then a world
Of beauty lay before me. O ! how calm
And still it lay—an infant world, reposing
In its fresh dewy cradle, hung with flowers,
And rocked by summer winds, such as in June
Crisp the smoothed ocean, till it smiles and kisses
The green embracing shore.
Methought I stood
Somewhere above it, and it stretched beneath me
In beautiful stillness ; for no living sound
Stole upward on the motionless atmosphere,
That circled it as with a brooding wing,
And hushed it all to peace. Far off it lay,
Too far to give the fainter lineaments,
But the broad outline ; that was broad and clear—
Clear, as at noon, the ridges and the vales,
On the blue mountain, sloping to the sun
Its walls, a nation's bulwarks ; liker still
That mountain, when it comes in the dense air,
That with a crystalline brightness ushers in
The invisible storm—when it comes drawing near us,
Till the eye looks into its closest dells,
And sees the fountain flowing so at hand,

That fancy hears it murmur. Thus it lay
In the new dawn—but soon a cone of flame
Rose up behind a circling ridge that closed
The bosom of a vale, and poured abroad
Rich golden waves, wherewith the mountain peaks
And lowest hollows kindled up, and shone
In more than dazzling brightness—burnished gold
And liquid trembling silver, so the rocks
And winding rivers shone ; and far away
Lay the wide sweep of ocean, like a sheet
Of molten glass, and all its islands burnt
Cerulean, like the many hues that play
On the hot gush of steel.
Such was the pomp
That ushered in the day : but when the sun
Had come abroad, and now in the wide heaven
Held on his lordly way, these glorious hues
Were faded, and a clear and steady light
Settled on all below. Methought I sank
Slowly to earth, as through the summer air
Floats the light plume, or from his heavenward seat
An angel stoops to be the messenger
Of love and joy. So gently I descended
Into a flowery plain. Then rose around me
A spacious theatre of wood and mountain,
Stage over stage, from the low shrub that blooms
Beside the hunter's path, up to the rocks
With forehead bald and bare. Not long I stood,
Before a strain of music flowed from out

The forest, as if harps and voices joined
In one unearthly song. It had the power
Of magic, for at once my eyes were closed
On all the beauty, that with near embrace
Threw round its circling arms. The waving woods,
Fresh flowers, and gurgling brooks, and rustling winds
Had vanished, and my spirit, at the sound
Transported, saw another world, and heard
That music all alone.
There lay before me
A broad bright river, glancing to the morn
In silent motion; waving to and fro,
Not in the wind, for the tall palm tops stood
Still, as if pillared marble, and the canes
Shook not their spiry blades—not even a ripple
Gurgled along the shore; but to and fro
Slowly it waved, and from its sloping mirror
Sent back the coming day. Masses of shade
Lay on the sleeping water, and between
Opened its depths, how clear—far down the heavens
Were vaulted, and the bands of lazy clouds,
All in their gorgeous trim, went moving by
With scarce perceptible motion, and their trains
Waved, like the heavy banner of a ship
Down-rolling from the top-mast, when the calm
Has only breath enough to bend its folds
In slow meanderings, and its stars shine out
A momentary glance, and then retire,
And twinkle then again, even as at night

The stars dance on a fountain. Smooth it spread,
That river, and the lotus leaves and flowers
Covered its quiet bays with broidery
Of blue and scarlet, on a ground of purple
And virgin green; and with the long slow swell
They turned their mirrors sunward, one short flash,
And then fell back in shade. A tall pagoda
Rose opposite, and stretched its frowning walls,
And lifted high its pyramids, o'erfretted
With a wild waste of dreams; and high above
Glittered the golden trident, for the sun
Had risen there, in all that burst of power
Had risen, with which he rushes on the heaven
In equatorial climes. This was the hour
Of prayer, and many white-robed devotees
Came to the river's brink, to sip its wave
And bathe them in its waters. Then I saw
One like a nymph in shape, yet darkly tinted,
Sit on the shady shore. She wove a crown
Of starry flowers, and twined it gracefully
Over her locks of jet; then to the east
She turned, and sung her hymn.

"Forth from thy mountain throne
Advance along thy starry-vaulted way,
Thou burning Lord of day!
Thou holdest on alone,
And all the gods of darkness steal away.
Before thy luminous ray
Night and her shades are flown.

Forth from the Swerga's bowers
Thou issuest in thy robe of flame;
And over heaven's blue lotus flowers
Rush the wild steeds, no other hand can tame.
They champ, they snort, they blow;
They heave their winnowing manes;
And round thy wheels, in sparkling showers,
Perpetual streams of lightning flow,
And fill yon azure plains.

Thy beamy car descends,
And gliding o'er the forest trees,
To the still river bends,
Up-curling with the newly wakened breeze.
Over its bright expanse
Thy bounding coursers dance,
And sweep the rolling foam before thy path.
They hurry, hurry by;
I hear the chariot's thunder nigh:
I see the radiant God;
He lifts his golden rod—
How terrible the flashing of his eye!
SURYA, Lord of day, retain thy wrath—
Send forth thy light to bless, and not to scath."

Her song had ceased,
Its magic ended; but another spell
At once was on me. Then, methought, a garden
Spread out its avenues, o'erarched with planes,

And filled with citron flowers. One ancient tree
Towered over me, and threw its shadow broad
And deep below. Beneath it flowed a fountain
Hewn from a natural rock, and by it rose
A tomb, plain wrought in marble, turban-crowned,
And on it carved, "GULGHESHTI MUSELLARA."
This was the tomb of Hafiz—these the walks
Of roses, by the fountain Mosellay,
Dearer to him than bowers of Paradise,
The eastern heaven of love. Far round me lay
One harvest of ripe roses, sending out
Their vaporous dews in one invisible cloud
Of odorous bliss. The silence and the calm,
The coolness and the shade, the sweet low sound
Of the still flowing fountain, and the breath
Of a faint wind that panted through the thickets,
Were beautiful. They sank upon my soul,
Like dews on withering flowers. They quickened me,
And freshened all my thoughts—and then a voice
Came from the garden, silver-toned and clear,
But melancholy sweet, and often choked
By stifling sobs, as if the bulbul wooed
And languished for his rose, or as the dove
Gurgles around his mate, or sadly mourns
His widowed nest, and makes the twilight wood
Responsive to his sighs. Slowly it came
On through the vaulted alleys, till a group
Of maidens, veiled and fearful, from the bowers
Stepped cautious forth. On to the Poet's tomb

They glided, and low bowed their offerings gave
Of garlands silken-twined, and with them dressed
Their favourite shrine; then throwing back their veils
Revealed their sunny locks, and full black eyes,
Soft as the dove's, and rich in starry light
As the gazel's. So to the fountain bending,
They dipped their pictured vases, and then rose
And sprinkled all their wreaths, and bade them hang
Fresh till the coming dawn—then round the tomb
They linked their hands, and slowly moving sang
Their pious hymn.

"O! weave the Poet's tomb with flowers,
And bring it water from the spring;
And ever with the dawning day,
O! let us haunt these lonely bowers,
And on our withering garlands fling
The freshening dew of Mosellay.

He best deserves a maiden's heart,
Who teaches best her heart to love.
O! how can she so well repay
The bard who taught the gentle art—
O! can she give him aught above
The freshening dew of Mosellay.

He loved this calm and cool retreat,
And with his friend and mistress oft
In music passed the summer day.

In vain the noonbeam fiercely beat—
He only felt it murmuring soft,
The gushing dew of Mosellay.

And then he crowned his bowl with wine,
And pressed it to his maiden's lip—
She smiled, and moved the gift away.
A maiden, who would seem divine,
Had better fill her bowl, and sip
The freshening dew of Mosellay.

O! gentle bard of joy and love—
A gentle heart can only feel
Thy sweetness, and alone repay.
O! may we, like the trembling dove,
From care and tumult often steal
Beneath the bowers of Mosellay."

Another change—the desert,
Wide as an ocean, indistinct and dim
Beneath the moon, now full, but hanging low
In the pale west. A well—its clustered palms,
Tall columns, throwing far upon the sands
Their shadows, and the stars between their leaves
Coming and going. All beneath in sleep—
A wandering tribe, stretched round the stifled glow
Of a half covered fire, and quietly
Behind them in a circle, deep reposing,
Their only friends, their camels and their steeds,

Harnessed and ready. Not unguarded rest
The wanderers, but a sentinel apart,
With spear uplifted, watches through the night,
With the keen tiger's instinct, and afar
Catches the faintest sound, and quick espies
The smallest creature, on the very verge
Of the encircling waste. There on his watch,
I hear him cheat his weary hours, with tales
Slow chaunted, and with songs of love and sorrow,
The treasures of his tribe, from age to age
Transmitted even with awe. A mournful air,
Well suited to his utter loneliness,
Is now his pastime; sung so faint and low,
It rather seems but sighs—some captive's song,
In a far distant land.

"My father's tent is far away,
And they are weeping there;
And often, often, do they say,
"Where is our Kaled, where?"

My master tells me to forget
My home, my own dear home—
"Why wouldst thou close thy heart, nor let
Another fondness come?"

And Leila, then, his dark eyed girl,
Sits blushing by her sire—
I know that sire is not a churl;
Can love be pointed higher?

But Leila, fair, and sweet, and young,
  And gentle as a fawn—
Though fairer poet never sung,
  Though fresh as early dawn—

O ! Leila, think not of my heart—
  I left my heart at home—
O ! from my home it could not part—
  My spirit could not roam.

A fairer and a sweeter one
  Has all my fondness there—
And, " O !" she often sighs alone,
  " Where is my Kaled, where ?"

Another change—
A valley, freshly green, and girdled round
With white rocks, tufted o'er with feathery ferns
And rambling vines, and at their foot a cave,
The issue of a spring, clear bubbling out
In a perennial flow. Religious hands
Have arched it over, for a fount, a well,
In such a thirsty land, is loved and cherished,
As a choice gift of heaven. A date-tree bends
Its clustered fruit, and nard and cassia scent
The ever dewy air. The bibulous turf
Catches the rolling moisture, as it glances
O'er the bright pebbles, down the winding dell,
Till one intensest verdure tapestries

The level lawn. Between the parting hills,
Off stretching into dimness, opens out
A sweep of plain, spotted with clumps of palms,
White cottages and dovecotes, avenues
Of sycamores, and woods of olives blue
With their autumnal load, and vineyards hung
On the slope mountains ; in the midst, the walls,
And towers, and temple-tops, and pinnacles
Of a wide city, sitting like a queen
Amid her beautiful fields, and shining bright
In the low evening sun. Around it flows
A wandering river, hidden now beneath
Its willows, now out-flashing like a gush
From the tapped furnace, now its course revealing,
By wilderness and garden, ever fed
From out its quickening wave—still further winding,
Like a gilt serpent, through a naked plain,
On to a lake, now bright, but dimly fading
Into a boundless blue. Up in that cove,
On whose encircling battlements the cedar
Nods to the evening wind, and the set sun
Gilds with a fringe of gold the tall grey rocks,
Now glittering, though beneath them all is dim
And shadowy cool—up in that cove, a tent
Is planted for the night, and round it throng
A shepherd's train—his children and his dogs
Busy at play, his ruminant sheep reposing
Under the shelving walls, with here and there
A lordly ram, gazing upon his likeness
In the deep mirrored pool, and seeming half

Intent on war—a patriarchal scene,
Like that of old, when Abraham fed his flocks
In Mamre. 'Tis the hour of evening prayer—
A reverent pause—and then the loud clear voice
Comes up amid those rocks, to him who rules
Alone in heaven, and after it a hymn
Low sung by gentle voices. From the tent
Flows the soft melody, more touching sweet,
For the veiled mystery, within whose shade
So much of beauty breathes.
With that low hymn,
Came darkness to my dream; and all the pomp
Of mountain, forest, vale, and ocean, faded
Slowly and solemnly away, and vanished
In utter gloom. As after many a train
Of bright illusions, cities, camps, and caves,
Dark robbers, helmed hosts, and monarchs seated
Proud on their thrones—after gay sights and sounds,
The measured march, the merry dance, the rush
And clash of battle—when the eye is fixed
Intensely on the full catastrophe,
Glad for relief, yet lingering o'er the scene
Of false but real wo—slowly descends
The curtain's massy folds, and to the sound
Of distant music, one by one withdraws
Each glittering pomp, till dark before us hangs
A funeral pall, as if in mockery
Of this poor world—so from my spirit's eye
My dream withdrew, and to the still repose
Of midnight left me.

SONNETS.

"Never saw a good Sonnet & never shall."
I have been a great many & hope to see many more.

I.

If, on the clustering curls of thy dark hair,
And the pure arching of thy polished brow,
We only gaze—we fondly dream, that thou
Art one of those bright ministers, who bear,
Along the cloudless bosom of the air,
Sweet solemn words, to which our spirits bow,
With such a holy smile thou lookest now,
And art so soft and delicately fair.
A veil of tender light is mantling o'er thee;
Around thy opening lips young loves are playing;
And crowds of youths, in passionate thought delaying,
Pause, as thou movest by them, to adore thee;
By many a sudden blush and tear betraying,
How the heart trembles, when it bends before thee.

II.

O! I could wish I sat upon yon cloud,
Moving with such a silent flight away,
And pure, as if it were an angel's shroud,
And bright, as if it were the veil of day.
Silently on the wind it passes by,
And o'er the mountain glides and comes no more;
So, when a few short days are gone, shall I
Glide to a dim and undiscovered shore.

O! thou art pure and beautiful, sweet form,
Who softly movest by me in the light
Of thy young beauty, as upon the storm
Falls, with a fainter tint, the bow of night:
Thy way is to a better world; and there
Thou lookest as a cloud that smiles at even;
O! be to me that cloud, and kindly bear
My spirit with thee to thy own pure heaven.

III.

Thy form may fade, but thou wilt not all die,
For love with thee is deathless—thou wilt be
Dear, as thou ever hast been, unto me,
For thou wilt ever have the speaking eye;
And that alone is beauty, and it tells
How many fond affections burn within;
And it too hath a magic power to win
By the enchantment of its living spells.
Only with that fond heart, and that dark eye,
Thy love will ever guide me, and control
My spirit to thy gentle sympathy;
And as the needle trembles to the pole,
So shall my heart for ever to thee fly,
The center and attraction of my soul.

IV.

If, when I look on thee, and hear thy voice
In a low-whispered melody alone,
When it is breathing in its softest tone,
All the deep feelings of my heart rejoice—
O! what were it to sit beside thee long,
And gaze on thy bright looks, and thy dark eyes,
And hear thy tender words and thy sweet song,
As sweet as if it floated from the skies—
O! what were it to know, that thou art mine,
Indissolubly mine!—that thou wilt be
For ever as an angel unto me,
Whether the day be dark, or fortune shine,
Giving me, in the bliss of loving thee,
A portion of the bliss they call divine.

V.

Calm look of gentleness—I see thee now,
Even in the dead of night I see thee—fair
Thou movest like a spirit through the air,
And there is light unearthly on thy brow—
Yes, by that smile, it can be only thou;
For as the fresh dew trembling on the rose,
When first the silken leaves their red unclose,
Or as the jewel on the frosted bough,
So bright and pure thy tender look of love;
And as thou hoverest over me, my heart

Beats gentler, and I feel my spirit play
Light as a linnet on his airy way ;
And as thy blue eyes look on me, they dart
The soft and winning glances of the dove.

VI.

GREEN herbs and flowers new opening, ye have known
The soft hand, that once gathered you, and made
Of your bright leaves and tender stalks a braid,
To crown those angel looks, which long have flown.
Ere the warm wind from off the sea had blown,
And waked the sleeping buds among the bowers,
She loved to pluck the pale and soft-eyed flowers
Of tint so purely fading like her own.
These were her chosen woodlands, where she paid
The tribute of her spirit to the power,
Whose voice is heard in every wind that blows,
Whose tears descend in every vernal shower,
And as they trickle through the mantling shade,
A stream of life and love and beauty flows.

VII.

O LOVE ! thou art a pure and holy thing,
And none should ever dare to breathe thy name,
Whose hearts are lit not with as bright a flame,
As sunward burns around the eagle's wing :
O ! let me not unworthy offerings bring

To one, whose all-commanding power can tame
Each vagrant wish, and stamp the brand of shame,
Where the least stains of earthly passion cling:
Then let me gather from my inmost heart
Pure feelings that from infancy have slept,
Silent as waters in a hidden well;
And to the gentle offering then impart
The fire and tears that Sappho breathed and wept,
When her faint cittern gave its dying swell.

When the woodlands are covered with leaves and with [flowers,
In the loveliest time of the year;
When the sky is now clear, and now chequered with show-
And life rambles on through the warm sunny hours, [ers,
Undimmed with a shade or a tear;
O! sweet are the feelings, that kindle and burn
As we gaze on the flowers and the sky;
But to higher and purer devotion they turn,
As water takes tint from the hue of its urn,
When they burn in the light of thine eye.

And when, in the calm of a moonshiny night,
A serenade steals o'er the bay,
As it curls in the smile of her mellowest light,
Or lies in its beauty, as silent and bright,
As it slept in the sunshine of day—
O! sweet is the clear and the silvery tone,

As it softly comes over my ear ;
But sweet as it breathes, when I hear it alone,
It breathes like a flute by a wind-spirit blown,
When I know thou art listening near.

O ! the music and beauty of life lose their worth,
When one heart only joys in their smile ;
But the union of hearts gives that pleasure its birth,
Which beams on the darkest and coldest of earth,
Like the sun on his own chosen isle ;
It gives to the fire-side of winter the light
The glow and the glitter of spring—
O ! sweet are the hours, when two fond hearts unite,
And softly they glide, in their innocent flight,
Away on a motionless wing. very good

SPRING.

Again the infant flowers of Spring
Call thee to sport on thy rainbow wing—
Spirit of beauty ! the air is bright
With the boundless flow of thy mellow light ;
The woods are ready to bud and bloom,
And are weaving for Summer their quiet gloom ;
The tufted brook reflects, as it flows,
The tips of the half unopened rose,

And the early bird, as he carols free,
Sings to his little love and thee.

See how the clouds, as they fleetly pass,
Throw their shadowy veil on the darkening grass;
And the pattering showers and stealing dews,
With their starry gems and skyey hues,
From the oozy meadow, that drinks the tide,
To the sheltered vale on the mountain side,
Wake to a new and fresher birth
The tenderest tribes of teeming earth,
And scatter with light and dallying play
Their earliest flowers on the Zephyr's way.

He comes from the mountain's piny steep,
For the long boughs bend with a silent sweep;
And his rapid steps have hurried o'er
The grassy hills to the pebbly shore;
And now, on the breast of the lonely lake,
The waves in silvery glances break,
Like a short and quickly rolling sea,
When the gale first feels its liberty,
And the flakes of foam, like coursers, run,
Rejoicing beneath the vertical sun.

He has crossed the lake, and the forest heaves,
To the sway of his wings, its billowy leaves,
And the downy tufts of the meadow fly
In snowy clouds, as he passes by,

And softly beneath his noiseless tread
The odorous spring-grass bends its head;
And now he reaches the woven bower,
Where he meets his own beloved flower,
And gladly his wearied limbs repose
In the shade of the newly-opening rose.

THE REIGN OF MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;

And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods,
With the light dallying of the west-wind play,
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

TRUE GREATNESS.

There is a fire, that has its birth
Above the proudest hills of earth;
And higher than the eternal snows,
The fountain whence it rose.

It came to man in ancient days,
And fell upon his ardent gaze,
A god descending in his car,
The spirit of a star.

And as the glorious vision broke
Full on his eye, at once he woke,
And with the rush of battling steeds
He sprang to generous deeds.

Then first he stood erect and free,
And in the might of destiny
A stern, unconquerable fate
Compelled him to be great.

He strove not for the wreath of fame;
From heaven, the power that moved him, came,
And welcome, as the mountain air,
The voice that bade him dare.

Onward he bore, and battled still
With a most firm, enduring will;
His only hope, to win and rise,
His only aim—the skies.

He saw their glories blaze afar;
A soul looked down from every star;
And from its eye of lightning flew
A glance, that thrilled him through.

Full in the front of war he stood;
His home, his country, claimed his blood:
Without one sigh that blood was given;
He only thought—of heaven.

THERE is nothing can equal the tender hours,
When life is first in bloom;
When the heart, like a bee in a wild of flowers,
Finds every where perfume;
When the present is all, and it questions not,
If those flowers shall pass away,
But, pleased with its own delightful lot,
Dreams never of decay.

O! it dreams not the hue, that freshly glows
On the cheek, shall ever flee,
And fade away like the summer rose,
Or the crimson on the sea,
When far in the west the setting sun
Goes down in the kindled main,
And the colours vanish one by one,
But never revive again.

O! life in its spring-time dances on
In smiles and innocent tears;
It casts not a look to the moments gone,
But hails the coming years;
They shine before its fancy's eye,
Like eastern visions, bright,
Gay as the hues in the western sky,
At the coming on of night.

Thus happy in all their bosoms feel,
And in all their fancy dreams,
Their quiet moments onward steal
Like the silent flow of streams,
Gliding through tufted flowers away
To the far and unknown sea;
So on with a flight that cannot stay
Their days of innocence flee.

But soon—too soon their hearts shall know,
The future was falsely bright,
And its gay and far-deluding glow
Shall change to the gloom of night;
O! then with a fond and lingering eye
They shall turn to the early hours,
When life, as their moments hurried by,
Was a wild of sweets and flowers.

Dear moments of childhood! how sweetly ye smile,
As I gaze on the vista of years that are gone;
Ye smile in your innocent loveliness, while
In the downhill of life we are hastening on.

O! could I return to your beautiful prime,
When ye shone like the morn of a clear summer day,
And my spirit ne'er thought how the footsteps of time,
Like the flight of an eagle, were hastening away;

O could I return to those innocent hours,
When my heart knew no sorrow, that fled not as soon
As the soft drops of April that fall upon flowers,
And vanish at once in the bright air of noon;

O then I might taste of the silent delight,
That beams in the eye of an infant, and flows
As peacefully on as the dove in her flight,
Or the dew stealing out of the cup of a rose;

O then I might lay all my sorrows at rest,
And be calm as the first whispered zephyr of spring,
When it comes on its pinions of down from the west,
And shakes the soft fragrance of May from its wing;

O then I might know what it is to be free
From a burden that presses a heart to the grave,
Might charm back the feeling of lightness and glee,
The first look of love and of gentleness gave.

But no—I have passed from the fresh blooming shore,
Where life gathers round it its verdure and flowers;
I can fondly look backward—but ah! never more
Can I taste of your sweetness—ye innocent hours.

Then whither—ah whither, escape from the night
Which darkens more deeply, the farther I go!
Look out from the gloom, some benevolent light!
Like a star on the traveller, who wanders below.

A light now is breaking—it comes from above,
Still clearer and purer than life's early dawn;
It descends with the motionless flight of a dove,
And guides me in safety and cheerfulness on.

Then let me not turn to the innocent hours
Of childhood, when brighter hours wait me before;
There are thorns in life's earliest and tenderest flowers,
But yonder are flowers that shall sting me no more.

Come from thy home in the far blue sky,
  Spirit of beauty, and love, and song!
Hang on thy airy pinions nigh,
  When the dreams of my wayward fancy throng;
Give them a brighter and gayer hue,
  Shape them to forms of finer mould,
Fairer than ever painter drew,
  Brighter than all the gods of old.

Lead me to that delicious clime,
  Where the Anana swells and glows;
Lay me beneath the flowering lime,
  Where the dew in drops of nectar flows;
There let the visions of beauty rise,
  And float in fairy trains away,
Bright as their own unclouded skies,
  And rich as the parting light of day.

Bring to my heart the melting tone,
  Once so sweet to my lingering ear;
Though the days of youth have flown,
  Still that tone to my heart is dear:
Now it seems to murmur by,
  Soft as the wind in a bed of flowers;
Now the falling whispers die;
  Gone is the dream of my fairest hours.

Dimly the visions of beauty fade,
  Like the cloud that melts in the evening air,
When its colours vanish shade by shade
  Till the blue of the sky alone is there;
Ere they have wholly faded, throw,
  Spirit of beauty! one glance to me,
Bright as the last and fullest glow
  Of the setting sun on the golden sea.

Thou hast come from thy home in the far blue sky,
  To dwell in the bosom of flowery dells;
Thou hast laid thy mantle of glory by,
  With its heavenly hues and its magic spells;
Thou hast wrapped thee in weeds of sober grey,
  And simply braided thy flowing hair,
And thy locks in fond and amorous play,
  Sport with the soft and balmy air.

From thy wintry hall in the evening cloud,
  Where gathered thy pomp of airy hues,
And thine eye, from the folds of thy golden shroud,
  Looked down on the glistening of frozen dews,
Where each drop, like a bright particular star,
  Caught the iris colours around thy throne,
And the moon, as she mounted the hills afar,
  On a world of seeded silver shone:

From thy glittering hall in the lonely sky
  Thou hast come to dwell in the tangled bower,
Where a stealing brook is murmuring by,
  And bathing the roots of herb and flower—
Here thy beneficent hand shall throw
  Its thousand hues o'er the budding plain,
Till we dream, the clouds, in their sunset glow,
  Have melted in showers of golden rain.

  Soul of the lyre and song!
Who comest from the blue and boundless air,
  And bearest me along
To read the starry glories gathered there;

  Who callest from the deep
The spirits of the long departed dead,
  To move in gallant sweep,
And proud array above their honoured bed;

Whether from air or sea
Thy voice is uttered, or from mountain heights,
Where the hawk hovers free,
And morn and evening hang their thousand lights ;

Whether from cove or stream
Bosomed in shady forests, where of old
To the rapt prophet's dream
A tale of visionary pomp was told ;

'Tis the one stirring breath,
That moves through every creature, urging on
The warrior to death,
The bard to give to fame the victory won.

I LOOKED on the broad setting sun,
When his flight through the wide heaven was done,
And the waves glowing bright with his fire
Rose around like a funeral pyre.

I watched the red twilight decay,
When its tints melted slowly away,
Till the light of the soft evening star
Looked out on the blue sea afar.

I saw it hang low in the west,
Till it sank on the ocean's calm breast,
And it seemed as its brightness grew dim,
In the mirror of waters to swim.

I turned and beheld a new day
From the low-lying clouds burst away,
And its light on their wreathed volumes throw,
Till they rolled like a deluge of snow.

I followed the round ruddy moon,
Till she stood at the height of her noon,
And watched her deep blushes expire
As she rose on the blue heaven higher.

I saw the far ocean grow bright
With the flow of her mellowest light,
And the waves, in their long-rolling swell,
Caught her smile as they mounted and fell.

I marked, as her pale-tinted ray
In the first flush of dawn died away,
Broad pillars of fire dart again
From the breast of the kindling main.

Then the sea flashed, like gold, in its flow,
And the clouds caught the beautiful glow,
Till the sun from the wide ocean came,
Like a god in his chariot of flame.

Thou glorious spirit of life and love!
There is not a leaf or flower,
That spreads to the sun, when meadow and grove
Awake with the April shower;

There is not a creature, that walks the earth,
  And is glad in his liberty,
But feels and knows, from his earliest birth,
  How his being is full of thee.

The waters, that fall from the mountain's brow,
  Or in verdurous valleys flow;
The waves, that around the gallant prow
  In the noon-light flash and glow;
The sea, as it heaves from the line to the pole,
  In calm or in tempest—free,
Feels deep in its heart the enlivening soul—
  The ocean is full of thee.

The clouds that hang in the evening sky,
  And burn with the setting sun;
The glorious beings, who meet on high,
  When the light of day is done;
The brightness that fills the boundless blue,
  When the shades of twilight flee—
O! the quickening air with its rain and dew—
  The air is full of thee.

"WHERE hast thou been on thy rainbow wing,
  Soul of the light and festive song?"
"I have been, where around the magic spring
  The spirits of love and beauty throng;

There, to the sound of languishing airs,
  They wheel their dance on the moon-lit well,
And every breath of the night-wind bears
  Through wilds of roses the warbled spell;
Then it silently steals away,
  Like a floating bird, when the sea is calm,
And the lingering breeze, with a fond delay,
  Hovers around those bowers of balm:
Thence on my rainbow wing I flew,
  To bear this bud of a rose to thee;
Never a fairer blossom blew,
  Than this when it opens its leaves shall be."

"Whither is now thy airy flight?"
  "Over the blue and boundless ocean,
Where it lifts, to embrace the setting light,
  Its golden waves with a softest motion:
Far to the pictured west I fly,
  Where the wings of the spirits of fire are glancing,
And their radiant forms on the kindled sky,
  Like sparks in a stormy sea, are dancing:
Thither I go, and I soon return,
  When my torch is lit in the fount of glory,
That thy pen with a hallowed glow may burn,
  When thou givest the names of the good to story.

Then I will bring, from the coral cave,
  Flowers of a brighter and purer hue,
Than ever Hesperian gardens gave,

Or drank from the sky its tender blue;
Down in the fathomless deep they lie,
Tufted with leaves of glassy green,
And their pearly tints, like the opening sky
Through the rift of a cloud, look out between;
Some shall mimic the setting sun,
Or the reddening glow of a distant fire,
And in some every tint shall blend and run,
Like the mingling sounds on a trembling wire;
These I will pluck from the coral cave,
In the silent depths of the tropic sea;
Then the treasures of earth, and sky, and wave,
Shall be borne on my rainbow wing to thee.

Then I will bend my airy flight,
From my wanderings, back to the magic well,
Where the gentle spirits, who love the light
Of the moon, in its fullest beauty, dwell;
There, when the fountain bubbles over,
Shedding a soft and vapoury dew,
Their glistening wings, as around they hover
In the silvery cloud, shall quiver through;
Whether I fly to the setting sun,
Or down in the depths of ocean roam,
Still I seek, when my flight is done,
In the wild of flowers, my cherished home."

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

From the flowery isles of the southern sea,
  Where the fulness of life for ever flows,
Where the waters are ever gliding free,
  And the ripened fruit by its blossom glows ;
From the region of light and wooing gales,
  Where the plumed wanderer loves to roam,
And glad, as the fair wind fills his sails,
  Bounds over the wave to his unseen home :

From the flowery isles of the southern sea,
  Where life seems one long and glad repose,
And the savage beneath his sheltering tree
  No fairer and happier being knows ;
Where he wakes to a clear and cloudless day
  With the notes of the earliest matin song,
And silently dreams the hours away,
  Or hurries to join the sportive throng :

From those flowery and happy Elysian isles,
  Where the ocean kisses the coral shore,
And, spread like a silvery mirror, smiles,
  Nor ever awakes to the whirlwind's roar ;
Where the halcyon ever might fold its wing,
  And float on the calm and silent sea,
And wide the joyous mariner fling
  His sails to the wind's full mastery :

I come from those blest Elysian isles
With the dews of life in my brimming urn;
Young spring at my bidding wakes and smiles,
And the infant blushes of beauty burn;
A thousand busy and joyous wings
O'er meadow and forest my treasures bear,
And health, in her innocent gladness, flings
New-braided wreaths from her flowing hair;
All waken and brighten where'er I go,
Like the hearts that welcome a festive day,
And happy creatures around me flow,
Like the crowds that greet a conqueror's way.

Spirit of high and mighty souls!
Thine is the darkly hovering cloud,
Deep in whose heart the thunder rolls,
With a murmuring echo long and loud;
Thine the gulph, where the cataract pours
With a sudden rush its emerald tide;
Thine the height, where the eagle soars,
And the winds in their stormy chariots ride:

Thine the unbounded world of waves
Bursting aloft with fiery foam;
Thine the fearless bark, that braves
Danger and death on its ocean home;

Thine the mountains that gird the pole,
  Wreathed like a starry crown of light—
These are the haunts of the mighty soul—
  Thither it bends its daring flight.

But by the side of the hidden spring
  Shaded with newly budding flowers,
Where the butterfly floats on its filmy wing,
  And the rose breathes sweetlier after showers;
But in the cool sequestered shade
  At the lonely foot of a wooded hill,
Where a low and pleasing din is made
  By the dash of the brook at the village mill:

But in the coloured sky at even,
  When the glorious tints are fading away,
And shapes like the missioned spirits of heaven,
  Round the top of the gilded forest play;
But by the sweep of the silent river,
  Where its waters in gentle stillness roll,
Like the tides of Eternity, ruffled never—
  O! these are the haunts of the tender soul.

Had I the pinions of an eagle's wing,
  In the pure mountain air,
Poised like a glorious and celestial thing,
My soul afar should fling
  Its glances there.

Above the mid-way haunt of clouds and storms,
  In the bright summer sun,
Whose tempered influence kindles, as it warms,
O'er beauty's fairest forms
  My eye should run.

There all that dims and darkens fades away;
  One flow of mellow light,
Fresh as the newly risen beam of day,
In ever varying play,
  Makes all things bright.

The woods that wave below in tufted green,
  The meadows pranked with flowers,
The pebbly brooks that wind in light between,
Glad as their blushing queen
  Descends in showers—

From the clear height of that aerial throne,
  Heaved like a prop of heaven,
Towering in solitary pride alone,
Where never storms have blown,
  Nor clouds were driven—

Seen from that airy tower, so far below,
  They swim in waving gold,
As when the misty hills at evening glow,
And light in liquid flow
  On earth is rolled.

On the far confines of the bending sky,
  Where ocean melts in air,
Light curls of snowy vapours hover by,
And azure islands lie
  In slumber there.

Like halcyons floating on the silent sea,
  With wings of skyey hue
Shading their weary eyes,—so tranquilly
They take, bright heaven, from thee
  Thy purest blue.

There as I gaze, I feel a gentle power
  Steal through my heart, and lay
Its cares at rest, as when the dewy shower
Freshens at night the flower,
  That drooped by day.

ON THE DEATH OF ——.

I SHED no tear upon thy early grave,
For thy pure soul has found deliverance now,
  And from the eminence that Nature gave,
Looks down upon a world, that sought to bow,
  With a low burden of consuming cares,
Thy spirit to the reach of theirs.

Thou wert not fashioned for the menial throng,
Who plod with easy step the common way,
But thy delight was in the sons of song,
And, sooth, to play
On the light strings of some unearthly lyre
Was all thy office, and thy sole desire.

Thy spirit could not brook the common lot,
Not that it wore the plume and crest of pride,
For the meek tenant of a shepherd's cot
Went as a loved companion by thy side;
But all thy thoughts were lent,
With a perpetual bent,
To meditations of an unknown sphere,
And therefore life below
Seemed all too lag and slow,
And every look was cold, that met thee here;
So thou didst keep thy melancholy way
With earnest longing for a brighter day.

And it has come—and now a loftier air
Encompasses about thy liberal soul—
The welcome winds that blow around thee bear
Sounds that from fitly chiming planets roll,
And now thy all-attentive spirit hears
The harmony of spheres—
Thy path is now through amaranth beds, and lines
Of laurel, such as crown the chosen few,
Whose tuneful company in glory shines
Bathed with large offerings of Castalian dew,

That from a golden overshadowing cloud
In full effusion flows,
And while their harps and voices echo loud,
Breathes round the living perfume of the rose.

And now admitted to their willing train
Thou standest high upon the starry floor,
And thou shalt walk on that cerulean plain
Inlaid with burning gems and sparkling ore :
Thou shalt behold no more
The clouds that overshade our darker day,
For they have rolled away—
Like a bright jewel in a coronet,
Or, fitter simile, a rolling star,
Imperial Jove in his eternal car,
In the full front of Heaven's armada set,
That ride the airy sea,
Spreading without a limit or a shore,
And stead of rush and roar,
Moving to a most gentle harmony—
Thus bright, and thus upheld in port and place,
Thou shalt maintain thy station evermore,
And with such lofty grace,
As Theron erst the palmy garland wore,
Bear on thy youthful brow the immortal bay,
And so thy fame shall never pass away.

Then why should we with long and vain lament
Weep o'er thy early fate, as if it were

Inflicted on thee with no good intent,
  But dropped unkindly from the infected air—
Rather be glad, for 'tis the blessed care
  Of some benevolent power,
  Whose wont it is, with open hand to shower
  His liberal gifts, that thou so soon hast given
  Thy spirit to the full embrace of heaven.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

Now the growing year is over,
  And the shepherd's tinkling bell
Faintly from its winter cover
    Rings a low farewell :—
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,
Where the withered beech-leaves quiver,
O'er the dark and lazy river,
    In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,
  Reddening in the rising sun;
Now the flowers around the fountains
    Perish one by one :—
Not a spire of grass is growing,
But the leaves that late were glowing,
Now its blighted green are strowing
    With a mantle dun.

Now the torrent brook is stealing
  Faintly down the furrowed glade—
Not as when in winter pealing,
    Such a din it made,
That the sound of cataracts falling
Gave no echo so appalling,
As its hoarse and heavy brawling
    In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering
  Round the clifted rock's bare height—
All the bordering mountains covering
    With a dim uncertain light:—
Now, a fresher wind prevailing,
Wide its heavy burden sailing,
Deepens as the day is failing,
    Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stained moon is riding
  Through the still and hazy air,
Like a sheeted spectre gliding
    In a torch's glare:—
Few the hours, her light is given—
Mingling clouds of tempest driven
O'er the mourning face of heaven,
    All is blackness there.

THE SOUL OF SONG.

WHERE lives the soul of song?
Dwells it amid the city's festive halls?
Where crowd the eager throng,
Or where the wanderer's silent footstep falls?

Loves it the gay saloon,
Where wine and dances steal away the night,
And bright as summer noon
Burns round the pictured walls a blaze of light?

Seeks it the public square,
When victory hails the people's chosen son,
And loud applauses there
From lip to lip in emulous greetings run?

Dwells it amid the host,
Who bear their crimson banners waving high;
Whose first and only boast
Draws tears of anguish from the patriot's eye?

Follows it on the path,
Where the proud conqueror marches to his home,
And wearied of his wrath
Smiles as he steps beneath the imperial dome?

No—not in festive halls,
In crowded marts, nor in the gay saloon;
Not in the forum falls,
Nor on the conquering host the gracious boon;

But where blue mountains rise
Silent and calm amid the upper air,
And pure and cloudless skies
Bend o'er a world, that lies below as fair;

But where uncultured plains
Spread far and wide their beds of grass and flowers,
And heaven's bright pencil stains
Clear gems that roll away in silent showers;

But in the depth of woods,
Where the slant sunbeam gilds the hoary trees,
And the soft voice of floods
Glides on the pinions of the evening breeze;

But in the broken dell,
Where the crisped ivy curls its tangled vines,
And the wild blossom's bell
Drops with the dew, that in its hollow shines;

But in the gulfy cave,
Where pours the cascade from the glacier's height,
And all its waters wave,
Like rainbows, in their luxury of light;

There dwells the Soul of song—
It flies not to the city's festive halls,
But loves to steal along,
Where the lone wanderer's silent footstep falls.

MORNING TWILIGHT.

The mountains are blue in the morning air,
And the woods are sparkling with dewy light;
The winds, as they wind through the hollows, bear
The breath of the blossoms that wake by night.
Wide o'er the bending meadows roll
The mists, like a lightly moving sea;
The sun is not risen—and over the whole
There hovers a silent mystery.

The pure blue sky is in calm repose;
The pillowy clouds are sleeping there;
So stilly the brook in its covert flows,
You would think its murmur a breath of air.
The water that floats in the glassy pool,
Half hid by the willows that line its brink,
In its deep recess has a look so cool,
One would worship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

Pure and beautiful thoughts, at this early hour,
Go off to the home of the bright and blessed;
They steal on the heart with an unseen power,
And its passionate throbbings are laid at rest:

O! who would not catch, from the quiet sky
And the mountains that soar in the hazy air,
When his harbinger tells that the sun is nigh,
The visions of bliss that are floating there.

"The memory of joys that are past."—*Ossian.*

WHERE are now the flowers that once detained me
Like a loiterer on my early way?
Where the fragrant wreaths that softly chained me,
When young life was like an infant's play?

Were they but the fancied dreams, that hover
Round the couch where tender hearts repose?
Only pictured veils that brightly cover
With their skyey tints a world of woes?

They are gone—but memory loves to cherish
All their sweetness in her deepest core.
Ah! the recollection cannot perish,
Though the eye may never meet them more.

There are hopes, that like enchantment brighten
Gaily in the van of coming years;
They are never met—and yet they lighten,
When we walk in sorrow and in tears.

When the present only tells of anguish,
  Then we know their worth, and only then:
O! the wasted heart will cease to languish,
  When it thinks of joys that might have been.

Age, and suffering, and want, may sever
  Every link, that bound to life, in twain:
Hope—even hope may vanish, but for ever
  Memory with her visions will remain.

INSPIRATION.

Glorious creatures! Shapes of light!
  Where are now those looks of power;
Where the eyes that glistened bright,
  In my visionary hour?

Ye were fair, and ye were high;
  Far, too far away from earth;
Shadowy pinions hovered nigh,
  When my fancy gave you birth.

I was in a trance of heaven;
  Spirits then would come and go:
Where the eternal walls were riven,
  Rushed a dazzling overflow.

I was then, on sounding wings,
  Borne along the living air;
All of bright and beauteous things,
  All of great and good were there.

Not a sound, but seemed to tell
  Harmony and holy love;
Every echo gently fell,
  Like an answer from above.

Then the soul assumed its reign;
  Then it stood erect and bold;
All it sought so long in vain,
  Then in torrents round it rolled.

With a full and sudden rush,
  Thought, and light, and knowledge came,
Like an instantaneous gush
  From the purest fount of flame.

Thick as atoms in the sun,
  Dancing on the dusty way,
Thousand sparkles seemed to run,
  Meeting, mingling into day.

'T was the Spirit's jubilee;
  Passion sprang, and rent his chain;
Mounting into ecstacy,
  Bright, and free from every stain.

Visions, many as the stars,
  Glowing like a summer even,
Proud as victors on their cars,
  Heralded my way to heaven.

REMORSE.

I AM banished from home and from heaven,
Like the rush of a thunderbolt driven;
Ever blacker the night sinks before me,
And louder the storm rages o'er me;
A whirlwind behind me is rushing,
And torrents around me are gushing;
My flight must be onward for ever,
And a rest from my wandering be never.

My proud heart is broken and saddened;
My brain, like a scorpion, maddened,
When a circle of flame has fast bound him,
And death is within and around him;
My hopes are all scattered and flying,
And the last pulse that stirred me is dying;
Of memory no time can bereave me,
It may torture, but never will leave me.

O! where the ambition that hovered,
Till its pinions with glory were covered;

Where the hopes, ever fonder and lighter,
Like the morning sun, brighter and brighter;
Where the fancy that coloured and painted,
Till the picture was hallowed and sainted;
And the love, a devoted adorer,
That bent in his ecstasy o'er her.

O! these were my forfeited heaven;
But few were the days they were given:
And now, like a wanderer benighted,
Every blossom and bud torn and blighted,
In the regions of darkness and sorrow,
Forbidden the hope of a morrow,
From all that was dear I must sever,
And rush to my ruin for ever.

Now rage, like a hurricane, wings me,
And the goading of memory stings me;
If I look, for a moment, behind me,
The arrows of thought sear and blind me;
The far echoed music of gladness
Now stirs me to fury and madness,
And the fame, that once wooed me, now spurns me,
And its brightness now scorches and burns me.

Then welcome the rush and the roaring,
And the storm that is bursting and pouring,
And the darkness that thickens around me,
As if earth in its centre had bound me;

Better onward through chaos be driven,
Than be scared by the frowning of heaven,
Though a rest from my wandering be never,
And my flight be for ever and ever.

A FANCY-PIECE.

I FOUND thee where the woods were wild,
And weeds and thorns had round thee grown;
No hunter's foot, no wandering child,
Had met thee, thou wert all so lone.

Above the cypress and the yew
Had wreathed around their funeral shade,
And the still wind that faintly blew,
A sound, like that of sorrow, made.

And ever as it o'er thee swept,
Low-breathing melodies were heard,
As if a mourner sobbed and wept,
Or nightly sang the widowed bird.

And now, as fitfully the blast
Shook the tossed branches overhead,
A voice like that of terror passed,
And like a midnight vision fled.

And then again a mingled tone
Of all sweet echoes met my ear,

Sweet as when storms are overblown,
  The warm south wind comes stealing near;

Sweet as the closing breath of even,
  When wet with dews her pinions fall,
And, like a messenger of heaven,
  Night comes and whispers peace to all.

I took thee from thy sylvan haunt,
  And brought thee to the cultured plain,
And saw thee flourish, like a plant
  Nursed by the dews and kindly rain.

And there was music round thee still,
  And it was sweet—O! sweeter far;
Like voices echoed from the hill,
  When Love has lit his trembling star:

Or like the fluttering airs in May,
  Stealing among the musky flowers,
And bearing mingled sweets away
  From pansied beds and orange bowers:

A sound, that with the fretting stream,
  And feeding flocks, and murmuring bees,
Blent, like the closing of a dream,
  In undistinguished harmonies.

And ever, as the mounting sun
  Shone broader in the summer heaven,

Voices and symphonies would run
  In hurried chords around thee driven.

And then the melody was high,
  Like organs pealing through a choir,
Or thunders mingling in the sky,
  Or like the distant roar of fire :

A solemn tempered tone, that gave
  A shuddering, not unmixed with joy ;
  As when the proud, unshrinking boy
Fears, and yet breasts the bursting wave.

And ever as the loftier swell
  Sank from its airy throne, there came
Soft utterings of peace that fell
  Silently breathing one loved name.

Still loftier grew the master song,
  And sweeter stole the under tone,
When suddenly there rolled along
  Rude storms, and every breath had flown.

Silent and cold I saw thee lay
  Thy honours and thy hopes aside,
And slowly, faintly sink away,
  Slow as the long-retiring tide.

The breath of spring to thee was balm,
And summer gave thee light and love ;
Thy leaves were green, when air was calm,
And heaven dropped blessings from above.

But when the hills are bleak and bare,
Thou canst not stand the open plain ;
But rather thou wouldst wither, where
I found thee, in thy woods, again.

SPIRIT OF MAY.

Welcome, thrice welcome, Spirit of May !
Blessings be round thy airy way ;
Come, with thy train of rainbow hues
Of hovering clouds and falling dews—
Come to our garden beds and bowers,
And cover them over with leaves and flowers.
Already the summer bird is there,
And he sings aloud to the warm, warm air ;
There he carols strong and free,
And his song and his joy are all for thee.

Come when the sparkling rivers run,
Full and bright, to the gladdening sun ;
Come, when the grass and springing corn
In their newest and tenderest green are born ;
When budding woods and tufted hills
Wake to the music of foaming rills,

As they rush from their fountains deep and strong,
And in calm and in sunshine roll along;
Come, when the soft and winning air
Tells us a quickening life is there.

Come to our bosoms, Spirit of May!
We would not be sad, when the earth is gay;
Wake, in the heart that is newly strung,
The love that dwells with the fair and young;
Give, to their full and speaking eyes,
Visions, that glitter like sunset skies;
Waft them with quick and favouring gales,
Filling with music their glancing sails;
Theirs be a flight o'er a summer sea,
Where nothing of cloud or storm can be.

And give us, who long have bode the storm,
To feel for a moment our spirits warm;
Let the hopes, that once were a world of light,
Look out from our sorrows serene and bright,
Like stars that come forth on the midnight air,
When the cloud has passed and the sky is fair;
Give us awhile to forget our cares,
And be light as thy own enlivening airs;
Let feelings of childhood awake like flowers,
When they open to catch the falling showers.

Come from thy palace, Spirit of May!
Where flowers ever blossom and fountains play;
Bring with thee Plenty's brimming horn,

And the tears of evening and dews of morn;
Build thy throne in the clear, blue air,
And earth shall be bright, and heaven be fair,
And the winds, that rushed from the rolling cloud,
And lifted their voices and called aloud,
Shall sink to a softer and mellower tone,
Like gales from a happy island blown.

Then the sea shall glow in its darkest bed,
And life shall revisit the mountain head;
And the valley shall laugh, and the forest ring,
For joy shall be out on his glittering wing;
And the old shall pause, and the young shall stare,
As they hear his voice in the sunny air;
Glad shall their hearts and their spirits be,
When they know he is sent to tell of thee,
To tell them, the Queen of Love and May
Is now on her bright, triumphal way.

Shall I gather the rose of the mountain,
  Or the violet low in the vale,
Or the birch bending over the fountain,
  Or the flower that wakes up with the gale?
Shall I bring thee the pink-coloured blossom,
  That closes its leaves on the rain,
Or the petals that open their bosom
  To the night, and are lovely in vain?

The violet is sweet in the valley,
  And the wind flower that welcomes the gale ;
And the birch, where the bright waters sally,
  Tells the night wind a murmuring tale.
Not the sun-loving flower of the dry land
  Do I choose, nor the blossom that blows
In the moon, but I go to the highland,
  And pluck from the mountain the rose.

TO A SHIP, ON GOING TO SEA.

The gallant ship is out at sea,
  Proudly o'er the water going ;
Along her sides the billows flee,
  Back in her wake, a river, flowing :
She dips her stem to meet the wave,
  And high the tossed foam curls before it ;
As if she felt the cheers we gave,
    She takes her flight,
    Where the sea looks bright,
  And the sun in sparkles flashes o'er it.

Gallantly on she cuts her way,
  And now in distance far is fleeting ;
There are some on board whose hearts are gay,
  And some whose hearts are wildly beating :
Loud was the cheer her seamen gave,
  As back they sent our welcome cheering ;

Many a hand was seen to wave,
And some did weep,
And fondly keep
Their gaze intent when out of hearing.

They have parted, and now are far at sea—
Heaven send them fair and gentle weather!
They part not for eternity;
Our hands shall soon be linked together:
The sea was smooth, and the sky was blue,
And the tops of the ruffled waves were glowing,
As proudly on the vessel flew,
Like the feathered king,
On his balanced wing,
To a distant land o'er the ocean going.

APOSTROPHE TO THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

Nov. 1822.

There is blood on thy desolate shore,
Thou island of plunder and slaves!
Thy billows are purpled with gore,
And murder has crimsoned thy waves;
The vengeance of nations will come,
And wrath shall be rained on thy head,
And in terror thy voice shall be dumb,
When they ask for their brothers who bled.
Thy hand was not stirred, when their life-blood was spilt;
And therefore that hand must partake in the guilt.

Thou art guilty or weak,—and the rod
Should be wrenched from thy palsied hand ;
By the pirate thy green fields are trod,
And his steps have polluted thy land ;
Unmoved is thy heart and thine eye,
When our dear-ones are tortured and slain ;
But their blood with a terrible cry,
Calls on vengeance, and calls not in vain ;
If Europe regard not—our land shall awake,
And thy walls and thy turrets shall tremble and shake.

The voice of a world shall be heard,
And thy faith shall be tried by the call ;
And that terrible voice shall be feared,
And obeyed—or the proud one shall fall.
Enough of our life has been shed,
In watching and fighting for thee ;
If thy foot linger still—on thy head
The guilt and the vengeance shall be :
We have sworn that the spirit of ALLEN shall lead,
And our wrath shall not rest, till we finish the deed.

TO MELANTHE.

I SAW thee, like a lovely dream—
I heard thy flowery voice—
I saw that eye of mildness beam,
And even the air around did seem,
In brightn ess, to rejoice.

Thou wert before me, pure and fair,
  A nymph, a saint, a child
Of very loveliness, and there
Was glory, such as angels wear,
  When all that beauty smiled.

Thou wert before me, but my heart
  Was any thing, but gay—
There was a quick, a sudden start,
And then my spirit took no part,
  But wandered far away.

It could not rest in that delight,
  So natural to thine—
It had been darkling long in night,
And it was round thee all too bright,
  Too gentle, too divine.

The thoughts of many hopeless years,
  Dark visionary hours,
Wild phantoms of unholy fears,
The wo that wrings, the grief that sears—
  They could not dwell with flowers.

Thou hadst a smile for me—for me.
  O! would, that I had known
A friend, a more than friend, like thee,
When my young heart was pure and free,
  When love was newly blown.

My life had been a dearer thing—
  I had not then despaired ;
And all the many joys, that fling
Their colours round the fleeting wing
  Of time, been with thee shared.

O ! thou wert all, I could have dreamed,
  In love's first purple bloom ;
I saw thee smile, and then it seemed,
As if a blessed vision beamed,
  All light and all perfume.

The very air was musical—
  A glory round thee flowed—
The winds sank to a dying fall,
And melody encircled all
  In that serene abode.

It could not last—it would not stay—
  It was not real—no.
Yet thou didst speak to me—they say,
Such memories cannot pass away,
  And it is with me so.

That smile—that smile—it was not mine ;
  And yet on me it smiled.
Would I had met thee so divine,
When I could dare to call me thine,
  A boy, and thou, a child.

SONNET.

Behold yon hills. The one is fresh and fair ;
The other rudely great. New-springing green
Mantles the one ; and on its top the star
Of love, in all its tenderest light is seen.
Island of joys ! how sweet thy gentle rays
Issue from heaven's blue depths in evening's prime ;
But round yon bolder height no softness plays,
Nor flower nor bud adorns its front sublime.
Rude, but in majesty, it mounts in air,
And on its summit Jove in glory burns ;
Mid all the stars that pour their radiant urns,
None with that lordly planet may compare.
But see, they move ; and tinged with love's own hue,
Beauty and Power embrace in heaven's serenest blue.

CANZONETS.

I.

Tell me, heart, oh tell me where
All my loves and hopes are flown ?
Ah ! to weep and sigh alone
Withers all that's fresh and fair.

Hours of tenderest pleasure, where,
Where have fled your golden dreams?
Sorrow now in life's warm streams
Mingles cold and wintry care.

Youth—how proud and light it springs,
Shouting, "welcome flowery May!
See, the turtle sleeks his wings,
Roses bloom, and fountains play;
Earth is full of joyous things"—
Ah! but soon they fade away.

II.

I DIE, my love, my treasure;
My heart, my soul, I die.
O! turn that gentle eye,
My ebbing life shall fly
Back, in one tide of pleasure.
O! fairest, sweetest, dearest—
O! soft as any dream,
When by the meadow stream
Thy loved one's lute thou hearest.
I ask one gift, deny not—
Those eyes of living light,
O! let them glad my sight—
Look hither, love, and fly not.
My heart, my heart is beating—
O! hear its fond entreating—
O! turn those eyes in kindness—
What if the look be blindness?
My prayer, my prayer, deny not.

SONNET.

Earth holds no fairer, lovelier one than thou,
Maid of the laughing lip, and frolic eye.
Innocence sits upon thy open brow,
Like a pure spirit in its native sky.
If ever beauty stole the heart away,
Enchantress, it would fly to meet thy smile;
Moments would seem by thee a summer day,
And all around thee an Elysian isle.
Roses are nothing to the maiden blush
Sent o'er thy cheek's soft ivory, and night
Has nought so dazzling in its world of light,
As the dark rays that from thy lashes gush.
Love lurks amid thy silken curls, and lies
Like a keen archer in thy kindling eyes.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares:
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The rose is the sign of joy and love,
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the lily's bell,
  Pure as a heart in its native heaven ;
Fame's bright star, and glory's swell,
  By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.
The silent, soft, and humble heart
  In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
  A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.
The cypress that darkly shades the grave,
  Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot ;
And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
  Speaks in thy blue leaves, forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

Every day I muse upon thee—
Life and joy thou art to me—
If a faithful heart could win thee,
  Soon my own love thou wouldst be.
  Ah ! how sweet to dwell with thee.

Swift my years would glide away—
All around would laugh with pleasure—
Rich would be the priceless treasure—
  Art could find no words to say,
  How my bounding thoughts would play.

Let me then be ever nigh thee—
Youth shall be our spring of love—
Mild as any mother dove,
Age shall sit in quiet by thee—
Never may misfortune try thee.

HOME.

My place is in the quiet vale,
The chosen haunt of simple thought;
I seek not fortune's flattering gale,
I better love the peaceful lot.

I leave the world of noise and show,
To wander by my native brook;
I ask, in life's unruffled flow,
No treasure but my friend and book.

These better suit the tranquil home,
Where the clear water murmurs by;
And if I wish awhile to roam,
I have an ocean in the sky.

Fancy can charm and feeling bless
With sweeter hours than fashion knows;
There is no calmer quietness,
Than home around the bosom throws.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Faintly flow, thou falling river,
  Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
  Keep thy calm unruffled way:
Time with such a silent motion,
  Floats along, on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
  Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;
  Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither—
  Then, like visions hurry by:
Quick as clouds at evening driven
  O'er the many-coloured west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
  Home of happiness and rest.

FADING FLOWERS.

Can the rose of summer fade,
  The bright and blooming rose?
Shall winter sweep the glade,
  Where its tender beauty blows?

There is perfume in the air,
  And it steals from the opening flower;
But the winds shall rudely tear
  The treasures of field and bower.

They fade—how soon they fade,
  The flowers of earth and sky.
Was all that beauty made,
  To smile a moment and die?
O! will not the colours stay,
  That glow in the west at even,
And the hues of the rising day
  Be ever the charm of heaven?

O! let me not think, the flowers
  Shall ever be borne away,
From the full and loaded bowers,
  Where they welcome the early day.
I would not indulge one thought,
  That a rose or a cheek could wither;
But believe, their colours caught
  From heaven, shall be wafted thither.

MOONLIGHT IN A WOOD.

Moonlight is gleaming,
Where the brook, streaming
Over the bright sands,
Winds through the woodlands;

Where the trees, bending
Lowly, are lending
Gloom to the clear flow,
Erst in a full glow
Under the broad light
Of the starred midnight—
But now it darkles,
Save a few sparkles,
Where some stray moonbeam
Falls in a pale stream,
Or a soft shower
Through the high bower,
Which the dark wood weaves
Close with its young leaves.
Then as I view them,
Light trembles through them;
While far above them,
(O! how I love them,)
See the stars twinkle,
Where the clouds crinkle,
And the bright moon sheds
Light on the hill-heads,
With such fair glances,
As when she dances,
Where the calm ocean,
With a soft motion
  Hushing its roar,
Rolls its white breakers,
Those wide earth-shakers,
  Slow to the shore.

THE CONTRAST.

I saw the fair one pass away,
In her earliest beauty's bright array,
In the glow of hope and the flush of pride,
And the innocent joy of a virgin bride,
When her heart, yet pure as the first fallen snow,
Gave loose to its feeling's fullest flow,
And her cheek, as rich as the crimson flower
That opens in India's sunny bower,
Was hung with curls that danced and flew,
As the wind of the morning lightly blew,
And swelled the sail of the bark that bore
The bride from that loved and lovely shore.
O! thus in her maiden beauty gay
I saw that fair one pass away.

I saw that faded fair return
With heart as chill as a marble urn,
And cheek of as pale and wan a hue,
As a blossom wet by the poison dew,
That falls from the leaves of the funeral yew;
Her eye had lost its glancing fire,
Her cheek the glow of young desire,
And she gazed on the home of her tender years
With a look too cold for smiles or tears,
But a look that told how her peace had flown,
And how she was left in her grief alone.

Thus pale and still to the shore she drew,
As the wind of the morning lightly blew,
O! how unlike to the joyous day,
When she passed in her beauty's pride away.

MY NATIVE LAND.

O! NOT the clear and sunny wave,
That rolls around the Egean isles;
Nor all that ancient beauty gave
Of fondest dallyings and smiles;
Nor all the spirit-stirring notes,
That come from high Apollo's shrine,
When the full hymn and song divine
Round Delphi's golden temple floats:
O! not the hills that bear the vine,
And far their breathing odours throw;
Not the bright skies, whose evening twine
Outvies, in tints, the breded bow;
Not all the luxury of shade
Beneath the spreading chesnut-tree;
Not all the flowers that never fade,
Rude land of storms! can equal thee.
In thee my infant being drew
The first reviving breath of air;
My early years in gladness flew
Light, as a dream of summer there:

Still round thy rocks my spirit clings—
  It cannot tear itself away;
And if it had an eagle's wings,
  There it would ever hovering play;
For, O! there is no spot of earth
Dear, as the land that gave us birth.

ODE,

JULY 4, 1826.

BRIGHT Day! with thee the song
  Of Independence rose;
Then Freedom, bold and strong,
  Defied her mortal foes:
Armed into life and light she sprung,
  Like Pallas born of Jove;
At Britain's feet the gauntlet flung,
  And back her champion drove:
Young, and yet wise, she won her cause,
  And war's red banner furled;
Then fixed the reign of equal laws,
  And awed a wondering world.

Bright Day! with thee our sires
  Proclaimed Columbia free—
Light with auspicious fires
  This holiest jubilee:

Mid clouds of war thy sun arose,
  And danger met thy birth;
Now wide and full thy bounty flows,
  It warms and kindles earth:
The Andes redden in thy blaze;
  Their millions kneel to thee—
They hail thee, earliest born of days,
  First dawn of Liberty.

Earth owns thy influence now—
  'Tis not the few, who dared
Refuse to bend and bow,
  When Power's right arm was bared—
'Tis not that sacred band, who tore
  The charter and the chain,
Then on a nation's altar swore,
  Their birthright to maintain—
Now hear a continent proclaim
  One vow, one prayer, to heaven,
For every foreign lord in shame,
  Back to his home is driven.

Then, be thy quickening light
  Still brighter as it rolls,
Till all on earth unite,
  One band of kindred souls;
For ever may thy altar burn
  With Freedom's holiest flame,

And ages after ages turn
To venerate thy name—
O! never may our sons forget
The men who dared be free,
And on its firm foundations set
Thy temple, Liberty.

ODE,

CONCORD, APRIL 19, 1825.

When first from the land of the tyrant and slave
Our fore-fathers ventured to cross the wide ocean,
They kneeled as they came from the perilous wave,
And uttered their vows with an earnest devotion;
Bright Spirit! in thee
We will ever be free,
While thy sun gives its light
To the land and the sea,
And here on the storm-beaten rock we unite
To conquer or die for our God and our right.

Then deep in their bosoms they nourished the flame,
That burst from their hearts in the moment of danger,
When proudly the minion of tyranny came,
Polluting their homes with the foot of the stranger.
Then they flew to the fight,
Where Liberty's light

Called the bold-hearted yeoman
To rise in his might,
And the hard hand of labour undauntedly gave
The welcome of death to the murdering slave.

Here first in the red field of battle they stood,
And fearlessly gathered the harvest of glory;
Here they first stamped the seal of their union in blood,
And imprinted their names on the records of story:
Here proudly again
We meet on the plain,
Where England first tried
To enslave us in vain,
And firm in their purpose our Fathers unfurled
Bright Liberty's flag to a wondering world.

Here, flushed with the high hopes of Freedom, we join
In an act of the purest and deepest devotion—
O! long may our children be drawn to this shrine
By an instinct as sure as the tides of the ocean;
May they never forget,
How their fore-fathers met,
And planted the green tree
That flourishes yet,
But warm with the spirit of Liberty raise
To the brave hearts who saved us, one chorus of praise.

WASHINGTON'S NAME.

At the heart of our country the tyrant was leaping,
To die there the point of his dagger in gore,
When Washington sprang from the watch he was keeping,
And drove back that tyrant in shame from our shore :
The cloud that hung o'er us, then parted and rolled
Its wreaths far away, deeply tinctured with flame ;
And high on its fold
Was a legend that told
The brightness that circled our Washington's name.

Long years have rolled on, and the sun still has brightened
Our mountains and fields, with its ruddiest glow ;
And the bolt that he wielded so proudly, has lightened,
With a flash as intense, in the face of the foe :
On the land and the sea, the wide banner has rolled
O'er many a chief, on his passage to fame ;
And still on its fold
Shine in letters of gold
The glory and worth of our Washington's name.

And so it shall be, while eternity tarries,
And pauses to tread in the footsteps of time ;
The bird of the tempest, whose quick pinion carries
Our arrows of vengeance, shall hover sublime :
Wherever that flag on the wind shall be rolled,

All hearts shall be kindled with anger and shame,
If e'er they are told,
They are careless and cold,
In the glory that circles our Washington's name.

LIBERTY.

A VOICE is on our hills,
And it echoes far at sea:
With a quickening power it fills
Every heart, and inly thrills—
'Tis the voice of Liberty.

A glance darts from yon cloud,
And it frights thee, tyrant—thee;
But the freeman rises proud,
And his sire stirs in his shroud—
'Tis the glance of Liberty.

A warning calls at night;
"Nations, rouse ye, and be free."
They hear it with delight,
But the monarch looks affright—
'Tis thy warning, Liberty.

There's a presence in the air,
Which we feel, but cannot see;

Every bosom gladdens there,
High to hope, and strong to dare—
'Tis thy presence, Liberty.

The God our hearts adore,
Builds his throne on land and sea;
He is in the tempest's roar,
Or when ocean laps the shore—
That God is Liberty.

THE GREEK SONG OF VICTORY.

The red day of slaughter is done;
The rose tint is pale in the west;
The triumph of Liberty won,
Joy swells each Athenian breast:
We have buried our foes in the wave,
That rolls on our iron-bound shore;
And the foot of the Ottoman slave
Shall dare scale our ramparts no more:
They came in their pride and their pomp to the fight,
But have scattered like dust, in the rush of our might.

They came with the dawning of day;
The sun brightly glanced on their sails;
And their fleet, on its conquering way,
Bore forward with favouring gales:

Like a dark cloud of tempest they came;
Already they uttered their yell—
When we let loose our arrows of flame,
And the pride of the Mussulman fell:
Then the waves with the fire and the slaughter were red,
And our prows hurried on through the dying and dead.

They are gone—and the sea rolls again
In peace on our iron-bound shore;
They have left but the wreck and the stain,
Where the green waves heaved purple with gore:
As the last light grows dim in the west,
O God of the brave and the free!
How the fullness that swells in each breast
Is poured forth in blessings to thee:
For we trusted in thee—and the arm of thy might
Has scattered our foes in the perilous fight.

BIRTH-DAY OF LINNÆUS.

In a temple built by God,
The bright and boundless heaven—
Its pavement the green sod,
With the woods to wave around,
In a harmony of sound,
To his favourites only given—
Only given to those ears,
Who can catch the chiming spheres—

Only given to those hearts,
  Who can feel him in the flowers,
Who with high and holy arts
  Know to steal away the hours
  From the blank of vulgar men—
  We are spirits only then,
  And with voices pure and free,
  Only then can worship thee—
  Then can only at thy throne,
  Thou unseen invisible one!
  At thy throne of earth and air,
  In the common gladness share
Of a universe that smiles
  Underneath thy quickening ray,
  As we see at noon of day,
Through wide groups of palmy isles
  The ocean dance its way.

  In that temple wide as earth,
    And unlimited as air,
  May the mind, who called to birth
    A creation, none may dare
  With a reckless hand profane—
May he look from out his heaven,
  And with smiles, like early rain
    Falling on the joyous flowers,
    Be among us through these hours,
When we meet to weave a crown
    For his sacerdotal brow—
    Not to this our spirits bow—

A better light came down
With thy teaching—thou didst ever
Lead us upward to the giver.
Like the white-robed priest of old,
In a mantle pure as light,
Thou didst lead us on through night
Into nature's deepest fold,
Till we caught the fire divine
Beaming from the inmost shrine—
Caught the radiance of that sun,
Where the spirit dwells alone.

'Tis a pure and holy rite,
One that loves the blessed light—
With a sacrifice of bloom,
Rich in colours and perfume,
Let the altar now be graced;
And that living breath shall rise
Unburnt incense to the skies.
Be our hearts as free from stain,
Thou, invisible one, shalt smile
Kindly on our rites, the while
With our dear ones at our side,
We are gathered here again,
In thy fairest month of May,
Our grateful debt to pay
To thy servant, and our guide.

HOPE OF FAME.

To live beyond the grave—to leave a name,
That, like a living sun, shall hold its way
Undimmed through ages—to be hailed hereafter,
As first among the spirits who have gifted
Their land with fame—to dwell amid the thoughts
Of all sublimer souls, as deities
Are treasured in their shrines—to load the tongues
Of nations, and be uttered in the songs
And prayers of millions—he who bears such hope
Fixed in his heart, and holds his lonely way
Cheered by this only, and yet keeps himself
Unwavering in the many shocks that push
His purpose from its path—he was not cast
In nature's common mould. Such hope itself
Is greatness.

SONNETS.

I.

Is it not true, as one has proudly sung,
"A Poet's love is Immortality?"
Many a time and oft that note has rung
Echoings of high and heavenly harmony.

Sweet when the weary day is done, to be
  Greeted by budding lips and kindling eyes,
Pressed to the one true heart in ecstasy—
  Enchantment, only worthy of the skies.
Repose my heart has sought, and all in vain;
  Care, like a demon, hunts me every where;
  In vain this faded brow a wreath may wear—
Vain laurels, colder than the captive's chain:
  A look, a word of fondness, kindly given,
  Love-lit and tender, to that fame were heaven.

II.

O! thou sole-sitting Spirit of Loneliness,
Whose haunt is by the wild and dropping caves,
Thou, of the musing eye and scattered tress,
I meet thee with a passionate joy, no less
Than when the mariner, from off his waves,
Catches the glimpses of a far blue shore—
He thinks the danger of his voyage o'er,
And pressing all his canvass, steers to land,
With a glad bosom and a ready hand.
  So I would hie me to thy desolate shade,
And seat myself in some deep-sheltered nook,
And never breathe a wish again to look
  On the tossed world, but rather listless laid
Pore on the bubbles of the passing brook.

ERRATA.

Page 18, line 16, for *settling* read *setting*.
" 23, " 5, " *Christians* read *Christian*.
" 31, " 7, from bottom, for *sommoning* read *summoning*.
" 36, " 15, for *or* read *and*.
" 48, " 6, " *tuft* read *tufts*.