

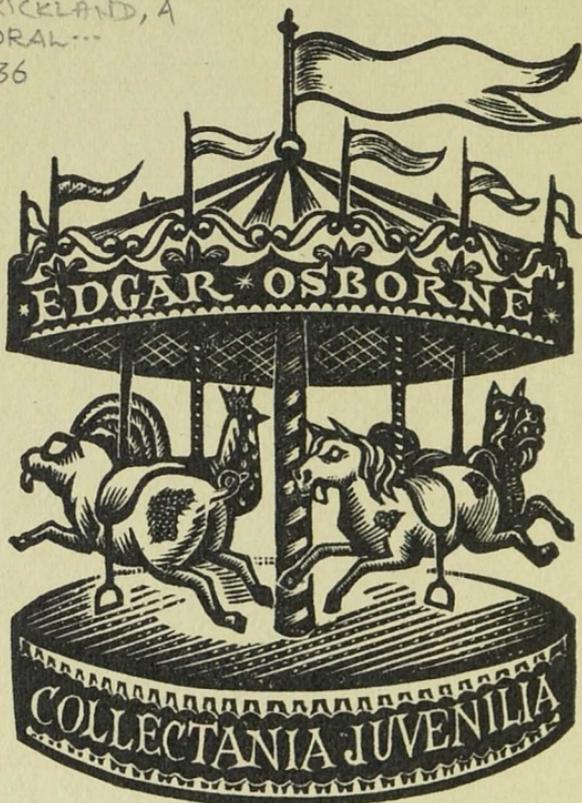
Floral Sketches

AND OTHER

POEMS

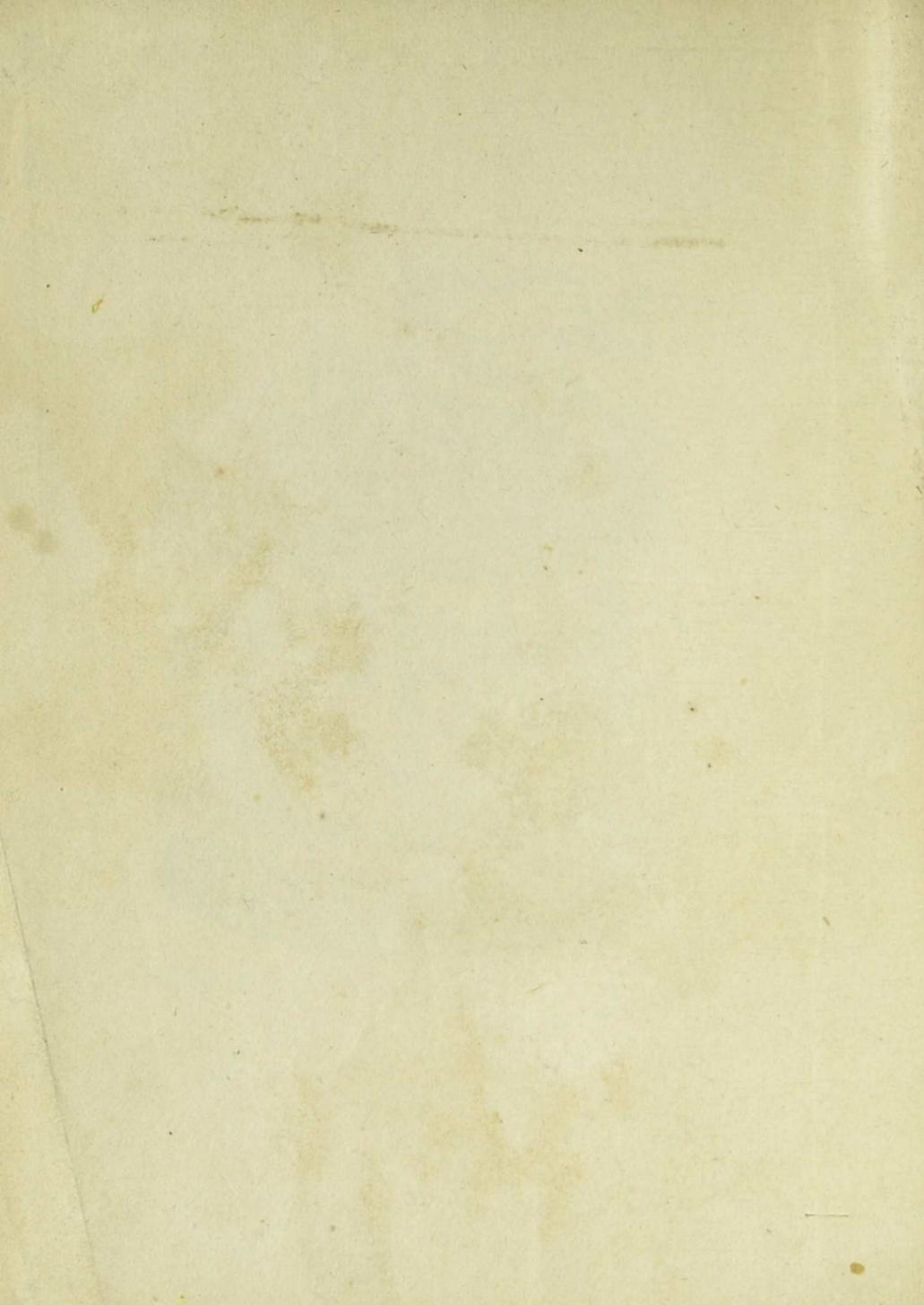
BY AGNES STRICKLAND

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FLORAL SKETCHES,
FABLES,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.



LONDON :
EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

JOSEPH RICKERBY, PRINTER, SHERBOURN LANE.

DEDICATION.

TO

ANNA CAROLINA,

DAUGHTER OF THE HONOURABLE COLONEL AND MRS.
LEICESTER STANHOPE,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED;

AND to the dedication the author adds the warmest wishes that this sweet child may fulfil the fair promise of her infancy: that as her education advances, and her mind unfolds, she may equal the excellencies of her distinguished parents; and, above all, the virtues of that dear relative whose only descendant she is, and who is the well-beloved friend of

AGNES STRICKLAND.

REYDON HALL,
Dec. 5, 1836.

P R E F A C E.

POETRY has, in all ages, been successfully employed as a medium for conveying moral instruction. It is the natural language of refinement and sensibility. It appeals more closely to the heart, it impresses itself more forcibly on the memory, than any other arrangement of sounds; it is connected with every object that is beautiful to the eye, or pleasing to the mind; and it is intimately linked with all the hallowed and endearing ties of home and social duties; in short, with “whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.”

It has been the great object of the author of FLORAL SKETCHES to attract youthful readers to subjects calculated to incline them to early

habits of observation and reflection ; by awakening in guileless and warm young hearts that sensibility to the beauties of created things, which may have the effect of leading them “to look through nature up to nature’s God.”

This little volume is by no means limited to the capacity of children, though expressly and carefully adapted for the mental recreation of that interesting portion of the community. It is the author’s wish to strengthen the intellectual powers of juvenile readers, by offering to their perusal a book which she hopes will be no less agreeable to their parents than to themselves.

Dec. 5, 1836.]

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THE WILD BEE'S SONG.

I HAVE come from the banks where the
 Violets bloom,
And the Primroses peep 'neath the long
 yellow Broom ;
And the Blue-bells are ringing soft peals
 to the breeze,
As it scatters amongst them bright drops
 from the trees ;
Where the Woodbine is wreathing her
 light pendant bowers,
And the white-breasted Hawthorn is lavish
 of flowers,

And the Jonquil is glowing all lovely to view :
I kissed it this morning, while bathed in
the dew.

I have been to the meadow where Cow-
slips abound,
Where the Pansy and purple-tinged Bugle
are found ;
And the crimson-tipped Daisies enamel the
green,
And the golden-haired Cinquefoil gleams
gaily between ;
And the Clover's rich glow, on its light
graceful stem,
Appears midst the grass, like an ama-
ranth gem :—
From all in their turns I the honey have
drained,
And I've drank of the nectar the King's-
cup contained.

The common's rude wild is no desert to
me,

For there blooms the Heather profusely
and free ;

And the Harebell is waving her head to
the wind,

And the Vetch her light wreath with the
Bramble has twined ;

And the sweet-scented Furze spreads her
fragrance around,

And the blossoming Thyme for me does
abound :—

I call this my manor, my ample domain,
Where all owe me tribute, nor owe it in
vain.

I enter unquestioned the gardens of state,
And rifle the costly parterres of the
great,

Where I wander unfetter'd, on light roving
wing,

And banquet on flowers that were reared
for the king.

I seek in his presence the one I love best,
And murmur my song of delight on its
breast;

And I take, when I'm weary, luxurious
repose,

In the urn of the Lily, or lap of the Rose.

I revel in sunshine and fragrance all
day;

There is not a monarch on earth half so
gay.

My labour is pleasure, when home with
my spoil

I wing my light way, and exult in my
toil.

The proudest might sigh for my freedom
of will,
And the wisest might copy my patience
and skill ;
And the blithest might envy my joy, when
I stray
Among the fresh glories of April and
May.

JUNE.

OH, month of many blossoms ! thou dost
come

In all thy summer beauty, like a bride
Whose hair is wreathed with roses : the
gay hum

Of Bees doth greet thee ; thou hast well
supplied

The busy labourers with a countless sum
Of flowers, expanding now on every side
To thy sweet breath, in garden, mead,
and vale,

On mossy bank, wild heath, and wooded
dale.

The Cuckoo hails thee with her joyous
voice,

And the departing Nightingale delays
Her flight, to bid thee welcome. I rejoice
To see once more thy long, long sunny
days,

And nights of starry splendour; but my
choice,

Amidst thy many charms, bewildered
strays,

Delighted and enamoured with them all,
Pausing on each, uncertain where to fall :

Whether upon thy dew-bespangled morn,
Thy bright meridian, or mild evening
hours,

When day's last tints so gloriously adorn
The glowing west — thy ever balmy
showers,

The breeze that wantons in thy blossomed
corn,
Or softly sighs amidst thy woodbine
bowers,
Kisses thy crystal streams and meadows
gay,
And steals fresh fragrance from the new-
mown hay.

Fair June! thy gifts are so profusely
spread,
That musing Fancy is uncertain how
And where to rest. The very ground we
tread
Is rich with treasures : I have turned me
now
To cull the Strawberry from its lowly
bed,
Yet am no less attracted by the bough

On which, bright blushing through the
foliage green,
The tempting Cherries, red and ripe, are
seen.

Thou art the loveliest daughter of the
year;
And of thy sister months there is not one
(Though all in turn are fair) that may
appear
So beautiful as thou. The hast'ning sun
Doth speed too swiftly on in his career,
And brings thee to a close. Soon will be
done
Thy days, delightful June! and we shall
sigh
O'er thy short reign and pleasing memory.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

OH, mossy Rose! when in thy fragrant
bower
I named thee as the summer's peerless
queen,
Thou wer't exulting in the joyous hour
When thy expanding bosom first was seen
Spreading its glories to the sun and
shower,
Or softly sleeping in the calm serene
Of moonlight eve, begemmed with balmy
dews,
That borrowed blushing brightness from
thy hues.

Oh, mossy Rose! those smiling days have
fled,
And ta'en thy beauty with them. Sad
and pale,
Thy fallen honours now are withering,
spread
On earth's cold lap, or scattered by the
gale
In ruffian sport, and crushed by the rude
tread
Of passing stranger, who beholds how
frail
Thy bloom has been, yet will not from
thy fate
Apply the moral to life's changeful state.

The Butterfly, thy airy lover, now
To seek some newly-opened flower has
flown,

Regardless of thy fall, and reckless how
Thy fading leaves by every blast are
 strewn.

Oh, mossy Rose! thou dost too aptly
 show,

In this reverse, the 'semblance of our
 own

Uncertain joys, that hasten to decay,
Like thy frail charms, and melt in tears
 away.

But, mossy Rose, when our brief years are
 o'er,

And that blest season comes, as come it
 must,

When eyes that long have wept shall
 weep no more,

And broken hearts are mingled with the
 dust;

The trial borne, the pure in heart shall
soar

To that bright realm where heavenward
hope and trust

Shall humbly rest, till changing time
shall be

Lost in the ocean of eternity.

THE LILIES OF JERUSALEM.

“ Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ;
they toil not, neither do they spin : and yet I say
unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was
not arrayed like one of these.”

FAIR Lilies of Jerusalem !

Ye wear the same array
As when imperial Judah's stem
Maintained its regal sway.

By sacred Jordan's desert tide,
As bright ye blossom on
As when your simple charms outvied
The pomp of Solomon.

The lonely pilgrim's heart is fill'd
With holiest themes divine,
When first he sees your colours gild
The fields of Palestine;

Fresh springing from the emerald sod,
As beautiful to see,
As when the meek incarnate God
Took parable from ye.

What Rose, amidst her fragrant bowers
That steals the morning's glow,
Or Tulip, queen of eastern flowers,
Was ever honoured so?

But ye are of the lowly train
Which he delights to raise;
Ye bloom unsullied by a stain,
And therefore ye have praise.

Ye never toiled, with anxious care,
From silken threads to spin
That living gold, refined and rare,
Which God hath clothed ye in ;

That ye, His simplest works, should shine
In such adornment drest,
That mightiest kings of Judah's line
Could boast of no such vest.

Ye still as mute memorials stand
Of Scripture's sacred page,
Sweet Lilies of the Holy Land!
And bloom in every age.

Ye've seen the terrors of the Lord
By signs and wonders shown,
And kingly rebels to his power
Amidst their pride o'erthrown.

Ye flourished when the captive band,
By prophets warned in vain,
Were led to fair Euphrates' strand
From Jordan's pleasant plain ;

In hostile lands to weep, and dream
Of things that still were free,
And sigh to see your golden gleam,
Sweet flowers of Gallilee !

And ye have seen a darker hour
On Zion's children fall,
Than when Chaldea's vengeful power
Assailed her leagured wall.

Ye saw the eagles from afar
On wings of terror come ;
And godless priests maintain a war
'Gainst earth-subduing Rome :—

The meteor sword that high in air
O'er guilty Salem swept,
And all her burden of despair
O'er which Messiah wept.

Ye bloomed unscathed, meek lowly flowers!
On that terrific night,
When marble fanes and rock-built towers
Crashed downward from their height.

Ye have survived Judea's throne,
Her temple's overthrow,
And seen proud Salem sitting lone,
A widow in her woe;

Her children from that pleasant place
As outcasts sent to roam,
While Ishmael's misbelieving race
Lay waste their forfeit home.

But, Lilies of Jerusalem !

Through every change ye shine,
Your golden urns unfading gem
The fields of Palestine.

NOTE.—The *amaryllis lutea*, one of the *lilia*, derives much interest from the following remarks by Sir James Edward Smith :—

“ There is a celebrated Scripture text of great beauty to which I have ventured to apply a botanical elucidation : ‘ Consider the lilies of the field how they grow,’ &c. This is commonly applied to the white lily, or the tulip, neither of which grow in Palestine. It is natural to presume that the divine Teacher, according to his usual custom, called the attention of his hearers to some object at hand ; and as the fields of the Levant are overrun with the *amaryllis lutea*, whose golden liliaceous flowers in autumn afford one of the most brilliant and gorgeous prospects in nature, the expression of ‘ Solomon in all his glory’ is peculiarly appropriate. The valleys near Jerusalem are carpetted with this flower.”

THE WINTER ACONITE ;

OR,

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

OH, the New-year's Gift is a welcome
flower !

For she gladdens the gloom of the wintry
hour :

Amidst the dark tempests and blasts of
the north,

From her mantle of green she looks cheer-
ly forth.

The Jonquil, the Tulip, the Hyacinth gay,
Depart with the vanishing glories of May ;

And the Roses of summer with summer
take flight,
But a wintry gem is the Aconite.

When the trees of the forest are leafless
and bare,
And the hedgerows are stripped of their
coronals fair,
And the pride of the garden is faded and
gone,
She springs from the cold earth, all lovely
and lone.

When a brief gleam of sunshine dissolves
the first snow,
It is pleasant to gaze on her beautiful glow ;
At a time when no object in nature looks
bright,
Save the golden hue of the Aconite.

Before the pale Snow-drop or Daisy may
dare
To brave the rude hail, or the bleak frosty
air,
Or the Crocus peeps forth, or the sweet
Celandine,
Like a beacon of hope does the Aconite
shine.

Then speak not of friends who will shrink
from our side
In moments when friendship by sorrow is
tried ;
Give me those whose true love through
each storm sheds a light,
Like the bloom of the wintry Aconite.

THE SNOW-DROP.

THE first flower of the infant year
Through kindred snows that springeth,
Though gemm'd with many a frozen tear,
Is to my musing mind more dear
Than all which gay June bringeth ;
When blossomed trees and rosy flowers
Look bright in summer suns and showers.

But this lone child of wintry air
'Midst adverse storms appearing,
Resembleth spirits, sweet and fair,
Who in this world of grief and care
Its bitter woes are cheering ;

Serene amidst its ceaseless strife,
And smiling on the ills of life.
Like these thou meekly art, pale flower !
The tempest's warfare meeting,
Although the rough winds shake thy bower,
And on thy form, with ruthless power,
The icy showers are beating ;
Yet still thy oft-crushed leaves we see
Retain their spotless purity.

And thou, first pledge of coming spring,
The new-born year revealeth,
Dost thoughts of tenderer interest bring
Than all she from her lap shall fling,
When summer suns she feeleth ;
For thou dost from her leafless breast
Look forth, and promise all the rest.

THE CROCUS.

OH, pleasant is the hopeful hour,
When from her lowly bed
We mark the early Crocus' flower
Uprear her golden head !

To greet the first soft smile of spring
She opes her joyous eye,
Ere blackthorn buds are blossoming,
Or sky-lark sings on high.

When southern breezes melt the snow
She struggles into birth,
And sheds a bright rejoicing glow,
Like sunshine, on the earth.

We deem the weary winter past,
When from her darksome tomb
The merry Crocus bursts at last,
In her perennial bloom.

And as her earthward part decays,
Her frame of living gold
Becomes, to our admiring gaze,
More beauteous to behold.

The shapeless bulb in autumn sown
Is now a flower of spring ;
The same 'tis call'd, yet all will own
It is another thing.

The bulb that slumbered in the ground
Hath felt a quickening change,
And wakes, with bright apparel crowned,
As beautiful as strange.

E'en thus the spirits of the just
In glorious forms shall rise,
When God shall summon from the dust
His chosen to the skies.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

By the heaven's celestial blue,
By the morning's diamond dew,
By the day-star's lengthened march,
By the rainbow's glowing arch,
Which in changeful skies appears,
Born, like hope, of smiles and tears!
By the rosy-tinted west,
By the dawn in saffron drest,
By the pleasant noon-tide hours,
By the soft descending showers,
By the southern gale's caress,
And nature's growing loveliness,
By the sparkling of the rill,
By the zephyr on the hill,

By the sun's increasing force,
By the planet's radiant course,
And the smiling face of earth,
Spring, sweet Spring! we hail thy birth.

By the blithe lark, soaring high,
And wakening heaven with harmony ;
By the blackbird's carol gay,
And sprightly linnet's roundelay,
And warbling voice of finch and thrush,
Heard from every brake and bush ;
By the swallow's circling flight,
By the bat's career at night,
By the nightingale's love-song,
Lonely moonlight groves among ;
By the glowworm's fairy lamp,
On mossy bankside, green and damp,
Sparkling like some truant gem
From the bright moon's diadem ;

By the cuckoo's jocund cry,
By the enfranchised butterfly,
And busy wild bee on the wing,
We perceive the birth of Spring.

By the meadow's emerald shade,
By the corn's aspiring blade,
By the daisy-spangled vale,
And velvet cowslip in the dale ;
By the primrose-bordered rill,
And the unfolding daffodil ;
By the golden crocus' flowers,
And freshly-budding hawthorn bowers ;
By the vinca's purple wreath,
And the jacinth's bells beneath,
Bending from their graceful stem,
Each a waving sapphire gem ;
By the violet's soft perfume,
By the fragrance of the broom,

By the blossom on the bough,
By the hillock's flower-crowned brow,
And the young leaves' verdant pride,
And a thousand traits beside,
Of purest joy and holiest mirth,
Spring! Creation greets thy birth.

GREEN YARROW.

GREEN Yarrow ! nature's simplest child,
Thy leaves of emerald dye,
And silvery blossom undefil'd,
In rugged path, or barren wild,
The traveller passes by,
With reckless glance and careless tread,
Nor marks the kindly carpet spread
Beneath his thankless feet ;
So poor a meed of sympathy
Do gracious herbs of low degree
From haughty mortals meet.

They've driven thee from the gay parterre,
Where costly plants are growing :
The cultured spot thou must not share,
Where Phlox and Amaryllis are,
And Lychnis buds are blowing ;
Nor may thy feathery leaves be seen,
The shaven blades of grass between,
On velvet lawn or plot ;
And thou art from the springing corn
Expell'd also, with equal scorn,
For farmers love thee not.

But thou a resting-place hast found,
Which none disputes with thee :—
The silent church-yard's lonely bound,
Where sweetly on the hallowed ground
Thou growest, wildly free :
Aye mantling o'er each nameless mound,
Thy graceful foliage creeps around,

And thy pale blossoms wave,
Wet with the late descending shower,
Beneath the yew's funereal bower ;
And mourners, at the evening hour,
Behold and bless the gentle flower
That decks the peasant's grave.

APRIL DAYS.

THE first sweet day has gaily smiled
Of April's changeful weather :
But April, like a wayward child,
Oft smiles and weeps together.

Yet precious are her balmy tears
To earth's enamoured bosom ;
And lovelier in her smile appears
Each fresh unfolded blossom.

When buds in orchard bowers expand,
And trees, late bare and hoary,
Are dressed, like some fair sister band,
In spotless virgin glory ;

Such pageant passes all the power
Of human pride to render.
The clothing of God's simplest flower
Outvies a monarch's splendour.

Go, mark the Cherry's snowy bloom,
In its unsullied brightness,
And ask, if ever mortal loom
Wove web to match its whiteness.

The lively varying hues survey,
Where yonder bank discloses,
Like stars along the milky way,
Those groups of pale Primroses.

The Blue-bells, from their emerald stems,
Above them gently bending ;
Their graceful buds, like sapphire gems,
With softer colours blending.

That purple wreath, whose name I fear
 Would mock my powers of rhyming,
In rich, but dark profusion there,
 Among the Blackthorn climbing.

The golden Furze, the Celandine,
 The Bird's-eye, gaily peeping,
And lowly Violets, that decline
 Their heads, like beauty weeping.

Observe them all, and thousands more,
 In fair succession budding ;
If thou canst count the flowery store
 Young April's mantle studding ;

Then ask, what painting could impart
 Such tints, so soft, yet glowing,
Or groups combine, with skilful art,
 Like these, all wildly growing.

Behold, in yonder crystal stream,
The bright-winged myriads dancing,
Like flashes of a rainbow gleam,
Through tearful sunshine glancing.

And mark how each small glittering thing
His gracious power confesses,
Who wills the sweet return of spring,
And all creation blesses.

Thy glories, Lord, each month displays,
To every wandering nation ;
And cold the heart, on April days,
That feels not adoration.

THE IVY AND THE RUIN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BOSSI.

THE antique pile, o'er which stern time
Has past with dark, destroying tide,
Once stood majestic and sublime,
In royal pomp and pride,
Till Gothic hands, with ruthless power,
Defaced each stately arch and tower :—

From pictured walls, with barbarous rage,
The glowing colours swept away ;
And after-storms of many an age
Completed the decay,
And left the structure bare and lone,
A mournful wreck of splendours gone.

Now, dreary, grey, and desolate,
Abandoned and forlorn,
O'er fallen pride and vanished state
It sternly seemed to mourn ;
Like one who casts a backward gaze,
O'er glories of departed days.

At length it saw, its walls beneath,
An infant Ivy spring,
And marked with joy its mazy wreath
Round arch and column cling,
And mantle, with a verdant shade,
The ravages decay had made.

The castle, on its mouldering breast,
The plant sustained and nourished ;
Till gaily the insidious guest
Amidst the ruins flourished ;
And seemed with clasping arms to lend
The kindly succour of a friend.

Proud of its new luxuriant dress
The pile appeared to stand ;
Then, in complete unconsciousness,
The hour was near at hand,
Doomed to behold the general fall,
Of arch and column, tower and wall.

For while in outward love entwined,
The Ivy roots below,
The loosened stones had undermined,
Like secret, treacherous foe ;
And the sapped structure dearly paid
The price of its deceitful aid.

SEA-SIDE FLOWERS.

THE wild sea-cliff, though rude it be,
Is wreathed with many a flower,
That blossoms there, unscathed and free,
Through storm and shower.

There, bright as gems of fairy lore,
Or eastern poet's dream,
The horned Poppies gild the shore
With sunny gleam.

The threatening clouds and tempests dark
No terrors have for them,
When billows 'whelm the gallant bark
From stern to stem ;

When men who've braved the cannon's roar
Are pale with speechless dread,
The Stonecrop calmly mantles o'er
Her rugged bed.

The Red-bind to the barren soil
Clings safe, 'midst all alarms,
While drowning seamen vainly toil,
With fainting arms.

The Burnet there securely grows,
And scorns to turn away,
When o'er her hardy bosom blows
The drifting spray.

Eringo to the threatening storm,
With dauntless pride, uprears
His azure crest and warrior form,
And points his spears.

Unbidden there the Borrage springs,
Grey Lichens creep beneath,
And graceful Persicari flings
Her rosy wreath.

And there the emerald Samphire oft
Appears, a tempting sight,
And lures the vent'rous boy aloft
To scale the height.

Unvalued Wormwood lifts her head
Amidst surrounding gloom ;
And Behen's blushing stars bespread
Their radiant bloom.

The Bugloss' buds, of crimson hue,
To azure flowers expand ;
Like changeful banner, bright to view,
By wild winds fann'd.

There gay Chrysanthemums repose,
And when stern tempests lour,
Their silken fringes softly close
Against the shower.

But there are days, serene and mild,
When all that mighty deep
Lies tranquil, like some placid child,
That smiles in sleep.

And playful wavelets, if they swell,
They, as they gently curl,
Assume the colours of the shell
That shrines the pearl.

'Tis sweet, in pleasant hours like these,
To pace the glittering sand,
And court the light, caressing breeze
That sweeps the strand,

And whirls the Blow-balls' new-fledged
pride
In mazy rings on high,
Whose downy pinion, once untied,
Must onward fly.

Each is commissioned, could we trace
The voyage to each decreed,
To convoy to some distant place
A pilgrim seed ;

As surely chartered as yon sail,
Like white-winged butterfly,
Before the gently-drifting gale
That glideth by.

There's nothing left to chance below ;
The Great Eternal Cause
Hath made all-beauteous order flow
From settled laws.

That soaring mote, now lost in light,
The impulse but obeys,
That wings it for ærial flight,
And shapes its ways ;

Unconscious of His high intent,
Whose love is over all,
And hath its freight in mercy sent,
Where'er it fall.

His wisdom thus we dimly see,
Who, through creation's chain,
Hath formed all things in harmony,
And nought in vain.

SWEET LAVENDER.

SWEET Lavender! I love thy flower
Of meek and modest blue,
Which meets the morn and evening hour,
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen,
In simple touching grace ;
And in the garden of the queen,
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,
Thou also hast a place.



The Rose, with bright and peerless bloom,
 Attracteth many eyes ;
But while *her* glories and perfume
Expire before brief summer's doom,
 Thy fragrance never dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train,
 Our adverse fates estrange ;
Who, in the day of grief and pain,
Are found deceitful, light, and vain,
 For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend,
 Who, whatsoe'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend,
And, true and constant to the end,
 May die, but alters not.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

By the lengthening twilight hours,
By the chill and frequent showers,
By the flowrets pale and faded,
By the leaves with russet shaded,
By the grey and clouded morn,
By the drooping ears of corn,
Ripened now, and earthward tending,
As man, when full of years, is bending
Towards his kindred dust, where he
Lowly soon shall withering be ;
By the harvest-moon's long light,
Shedding splendour on the night ;
By the silence of each grove,
Vocal late with notes of love ;

By the meadows overspread
With the spider's wavy thread ;
By the soft and shadowy sky,
By the thousand tears that lie
Every weeping bough beneath,
Summer ! we perceive thy death !

Summer ! all thy charms are past ;
Summer ! thou art waning fast :
Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded brow repose.
Day by day, more feebly shining,
Sees thy glorious beams declining ;
Though thy wan and sickly smile
Faintly lingers yet awhile.
Thrush and nightingale have long
Ceased to woo thee with their song ;
Cuckoo's notes are heard no more,
From the hill, or wooded shore ;

And on every lonely height
Swallows gather for their flight;
Streams that, in their sparkling course,
Rippling flowed, are dark and hoarse ;
While the gale's inconstant tone,
Sweeping through the valleys lone,
Sadly sighs, with mournful breath,
Requiems for sweet Summer's death !



AUTUMN FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the closing year,
Ye bloom amidst decay ;
And come, like friends sincere,
When wintry storms appear,
And all have passed away,
That dressed gay spring's luxuriant bowers,
With garlands meet for sunny hours.

When Rose and Lily fade,
And later Amaranths fail,
And leaves, in grove and glade,
Assume a russet shade,
And shiver in the gale ;
Or, withering strew the chilly plain,
With blighted hopes of summer's reign:

'Tis then, when sternly lours,
O'er nature's changing face,
Dark clouds and drifting showers,
Ye come, ye come, sweet flowers !
With meek and touching grace ;
And o'er the parting season's wing
A wreath of lingering beauty fling.

The Hare-bell, bright and blue,
That decks the dingle wild,
In whose cerulean hue
Heaven's own blest tint we view,
On day serene and mild ;
How beauteous, like an azure gem,
She droopeth from her graceful stem !

The Fox-glove's purple bell,
On bank and upland plain ;

Sun-loving Pimpernell,
And Daisy in the dell,
That kindly blooms again,
When all her sisters of the spring
On earth's cold lap are withering.

The Bind-weed, pure and pale,
That sues to all for aid ;
And when rude storms assail
Her snowy virgin veil,
Doth, like some timid maid,
In conscious weakness, most secure,
Unscathed its sternest shocks endure.

How fair her pendant wreath
O'er bush and brake is twining !
While meekly there beneath,
'Midst fern and blossomed heath,
Her lovelier sister's shining ;

Tinged with such tender hues as streak
A slumbering infant's glowing cheek.

And there Viorna* weaves

Her light and feathery bowers,
'Midst russet shaded leaves,
Where robin sits, and grieves

Your hast'ning death, sweet flowers!
He sings your requiem all the day,
And mourns because ye pass away.

* Viorna—Travellers' Joy.

THE HARVEST WREATH.

COME, walk with me, this beautiful morn,
In the pathway-fields, through the waving
corn ;

For the sun is up, and the early breeze
Is at play like a wanton among the trees.

The leaves are now of a darker green
Than the hue at their first unfolding seen ;
And richer and deeper that shade is
thrown,

Near the fields which the ripening har-
vests crown ;

For the landscape is tinged with a golden
light,
On hill and lea :—'tis a glorious sight !
A sight that lifts, from the fruitful clod,
The eye of praise to nature's God.

Come, roam with me, for the hour is fair,
There's a breathing freshness in earth and air;
And we'll pause and gather a gorgeous
wreath,
From the flowers that are sheltered the
corn beneath.

There are velvet Campions, both white and
red,
And Poppies, like morning glories spread,
That flash and glance in their scarlet
sheen,
The bending ears of the wheat between.

And mark, when it bows to the breeze's
 sway,
How it shows the Cockle in rich array,
And the lowly Bind, with its delicate tinge,
And the azure Succory's silken fringe ;
The modest Scabious, of meeker blue,
And silvery Gallium,* of virgin hue ;
The gay Fluellen, and Ox-eye bold,
And their gaudy neighbour, the Marigold.
The Thistle is here, but it should not be
Admitted, I think, in such company ;
So we'll pass it by, though its purple globe
Might outvie the tints of an emperor's
 robe,
And the martial leaves that begird its stem
Are like guards round a regal diadem ;

* White Lady's Bedstraw—an autumn flower, of great elegance and delicious fragrance.

It is armed at all points with a hostile fence,
Eager to wound for each slight offence,
Like vulgar pride in its consequence.
So we'll none of the Thistle tribe or nation,
Nor the surly Teazle, its near relation :
But the Honey-wort is a herb of grace,
And shall find in our garland a fitting place ;
And the blue Cyanus we'll not forget,
'Tis the gem of the harvest coronet.



FABLES.



THE COUNTRY DOG IN TOWN.

A FARMER, of the name of Brown,
Took a tall mastiff up to town,
To guard his sheep from each marauder,
And help him keep the pigs in order,
Which he to Smithfield drove for sale,
From Romney Marsh—so goes my tale.

Now Chowder, who had never been
Before in such a busy scene,
Was quite bewildered with surprise,
And stared about with both his eyes,
And seemed to want another pair,
To look at all the wonders there ;

And like most country dogs, no doubt,
Was rudely squeezed and pushed about,
And much annoyed in every street,
By people treading on his feet,
While he was pausing in amaze
At London's famous sights to gaze ;
And, barking, which he deemed his duty,
At the ill deeds of Punch and Judy.
Amidst the bustle, crowd, and rattle,
He lost the farmer and the cattle :—
“ But that,” thought he, “ is no disaster :
A dog like me can get a master,
At any time, in this fine town,
Superior far to Gaffer Brown !
'Twixt him, his sheep, his pigs, and
 wife,
I've led a stupid sort of life ;
But now I've got the chance and leisure,
I'll see the world, and take my pleasure.

This is a place where, I suspect,
My race is held in great respect.
Here, in a carriage, one may see
A dog upon a lady's knee ;
And curs so small, they look like cats,
Wear scarlet coats and gold-laced hats ;
And on their hind legs skip about,
Like lords and ladies at a rout :
And would it not the folk surprise,
To see a mastiff of my size
Stand up erect, in cap and frill,
To dance a hornpipe or quadrille !”

Just on that spot, with fife and drum,
A pair of Savoyards had come,
With pugs and poodles, all arrayed
In red, like soldiers on parade ;
And, at a signal of command,
They danced a reel and saraband :

Whereat the people gave a shout ;
And master Chowder thought, no doubt,
That he could bear a worthy part
In this admired and graceful art ;
So seized the moment to advance,
When they commenced a country dance,
And by his sudden rude intrusion
Threw the whole figure in confusion ;
On which a monkey, who was near,
Jumped on his back, and bit his ear
So sharply, that he yelled with pain,
And fled, pursued by all the train
Of poodles, monkey, men and boys,
'Midst bites, and barks, and angry noise ;
Thinking, no doubt, that sheep and hogs
Were more polite than dancing-dogs.

Chowder's next project was to wait
Before a wealthy lady's gate,

In hopes she'd take him in the stead
Of Moppet, who was lately dead.
When she appeared, he ran to meet her
With awkward bounds, and barked to
greet her ;
At which the lady, in a fright,
Exclaimed, "The monster means to bite !"
Her footmen whipped him from the door,
And cried, "Get hence, and come no
more !"

Hungry and sad, with humbled pride,
He now for meaner places tried ;
But when he slyly sought to pop
His nose into a butcher's shop,
The butcher cried, "You thief, get out !"
And all his curs raised such a rout
About his ears, that, in dismay,
The wretched Chowder sneaked away.

Hunted and beat from place to place,
He felt afraid to show his face,
And gladly would have crouched him down
To lick the feet of farmer Brown.
He begged of all the town, but none
Would give the stranger dog a bone ;
Who found, like others, he could faster
Lose one kind friend and worthy master,
Than find another at his need,
That generous patron to succeed.

THE FROG AND THE BIRDS.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

FROM the dark puddle in a bog,
Where he was born, a croaking Frog
Went forth, and chose another dwell-
ing,
Where a clear garden-fount was swell-
ing.

Limpid and bright these waters played
Beneath the green embowering shade
Of waving trees, the pleasant haunt
Of birds, who thither came to chant.

In his first home our Frog had known
No other singing than his own ;
And therefore had a strange conceit
That his discordant notes were sweet.

All seemed to gladden and rejoice,
He deemed, whene'er he raised his voice ;
While silent and attentive stood
The wandering herds, in listening mood.

The homage of this stupid train
Had made our foolish Frog so vain,
That he resolved to give these bowers
A sample of his vocal powers.

But eager large applause to gain,
To ope his lips he did not deign
Till auditors enough were near,
His froggish minstrelsy to hear.

He chose that pleasant time of day
When birds were hopping on each spray ;
And proudly, to the assembled throng,
Commenced his old accustomed song.

But, to his horror, every bird
Who that cracked croaking cadence heard,
Shocked and disgusted beyond measure,
Flew from the spot in high displeasure ;

Exclaiming, “ What hoarse wretch is this,
Who thus disturbs our bower of bliss ;
And with his tuneless notes invades
The choral music of these shades ?

“ If this annoyance here remain
We must forsake the place—that’s plain.”
Thus rudely stopped, in mid career,
By critics, who refused to hear,

And, shrinking from their scorn, the Frog
Retreated to his native bog ;
And, quite confounded, hid his head
In the dark pool where he was bred.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

ONE lovely morning in the spring,
A Butterfly, on airy wing,
Now soaring high, now skimming low,
And sometimes swift, and sometimes slow,
Through verdant meadows, with delight,
Pursued his wild inconstant flight.

A wanton boy, with eager eyes,
Beheld, and marked him for his prize ;
And traced his course for many an hour,
And hunted him from flower to flower,
Till the tired flutterer took repose
On the sweet bosom of a rose.

Trembling with anxious hope and fear,
The wily urchin draws more near,
With beating heart and noiseless pace,
While brighter crimson paints his face :
He next a cautious hand extends,
As o'er his destined prey he bends.

'Tis done ! and now secure he holds,
Within the blossom's fragrant folds,
That lovely child of sun and spring,
With downy plumes and painted wing ;
And dearer far for all the toil
And doubtful chace, he grasps his spoil.

Now, with exulting shouts of joy,
He calls to every neighbouring boy,
And bids them leave their toys and play,
And come his treasure to survey ;
And slowly, to the expecting band,
Prepares his fingers to expand.

But first extols, in boastful tone,
His captive's beauties, one by one ;
Describes the purple and the gold
Of his rich mantle's glowing fold,
And tells them all how rich and rare
His brightly varied colours are.

Persuaded now to show his prize,
He opes his hand, with sparkling eyes ;
But stops confused—that hand contains
But worthless dust, the poor remains
Of all those charms he praised so much—
They all have perished at his touch.

'Tis thus that love too oft we find,
Unless calm reason rule the mind,
Producing on its object's fate,
The same effects as deadly hate.

THE CROW AND THE CORN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

A CROW,—who might have been related
To her from whom old Esop stated
Sly Reynard, with his flattering strain,
Contrived the envied cheese to gain,—
Saw, in a well-filled barn, one morn,
A peasant threshing out the corn,
Who first the plenteous sheaves unbound,
And spread in careless heaps around.

Our Crow surveyed the tempting grain
With greedy eyes, intent to gain

A portion to increase her hoard,
Against the wintry season stored.
The thing was easy—ample spoil
Laid open to reward her toil ;
But all her trouble and her care
Was how to clutch the larger share.

Said she, “ My venture I’ll delay,
Till straw and chaff are cleared away ;
For then the solid grain will be
A prize of greater worth to me ;
And less fatigue, when dross is gone,
For me to carry off alone.”
Thus reasoning, three long days, or more,
She watched the barn’s unguarded floor,
Until she saw the shining grain
Free from both straw and chaff remain ;
Then, greedy of the golden store,
She pounced upon the threshing-floor,

But found, with grief, the slippery spoil,
Eluded all her grasping toil ;
Nor could her felon-bill and claws
Convey the corn without the straws.

THE DISCONTENTED CAPTIVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERTÓLA.

A BIRD was captive to a boy,
Who made it all his care and joy;
And, fearing it should use its wing,
He fastened to its leg a string;
Yet loved it fondly, says the fable,
And always fed it from his table;
Did every thing to give it pleasure;
And was surprised, beyond all measure,
To find his darling full of woe;
And when he wished the cause to know,

“It is the string,” the captive cried ;
“And is that all !” the boy replied ;
“I’ll make it soon another thing,
And change for silk that hempen string.”

But still the bird was ill at ease :—
His master, still resolved to please,
For silver changed the silken tie,
And much, again, he wondered why
His prisoner was not yet content ;
And to console him fully bent,
He as a last resource, I’m told,
For silver substituted gold ;
And cried, “With such a splendid
chain,
You cannot surely live in pain !”

“Silver or gold, or silk or thread,
Are all alike,” the captive said ;

“The while my free-born limb I find
In durance, by its thrall confined.
You cannot make restraint the better,
Howe’er you change or gild the fetter:—
A chain of gold is still a chain,
And ’tis of that which I complain.”

THE LIZARD AND THE CROCO- DILE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERTÓLA.

A LIZARD, with obsequious smile,
Thus, on the muddy banks of Nile,
Addressed a lordly Crocodile.

“Oh, what delight it is to see
A member of our family,
So high, so mighty, and so great,
And filling such a lofty state!
A thousand miles, I'm sure, or more,
To see you, I have travelled o'er.

Your name among us, gracious king,
Is often heard ; for 'tis a thing
Well known to Lizards, great and small,
Though in the dust condemned to crawl,
That from your royal stock we trace
The first beginnings of our race :
Our loss of size is accident,
And cannot mar our high descent."

The amphibious king, who slumbering
laid,
While all these compliments were paid,
Heard of the last words some half dozen,
And looked to see who called him
cousin ;
But when he saw his small relation,
The envoy of the Lizard nation,
To answer him he did not deign,
But turned, and went to sleep again.

Leave to the great, the rich, the high,
To claim with you the kindred tie :
Unless its memory endures
With them, they'll shut their eyes to
yours.

THE BEES AND THE BLOSSOMS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

“WHY are you always closed to me,
Sweet Blossoms?” sang a wandering
Bee,

Who, with his brethren, all the day
Had hovered round a flowery Spray.

“Ah! would you but your veils unfold,
And let your faithful friends behold
Your matchless charms, with what de-
light

We'd strive your goodness to requite!”

The Spray, who heard these flattering things,

Though oft he'd seen their wanton wings
Amidst his fragrant neighbours flutter,
Believed whate'er they chose to utter,
And softly bade his buds expand,
When in rushed all the hungry band,—
A dozen Bees, I'm sure, or more,—
And rifled all his honied store ;
And then, in quest of further plunder,
The petals rudely forced asunder,
And seized on whatsoe'er they found,
Till the torn Blossoms strewed the ground ;
And then the faithless buzzing crew
Away to distant objects flew,
And left, without remorse or care,
The fallen flowers to wither there ;
Whilst the poor Spray, despoiled for ever,
Beheld again the spoilers never.

A monarch, when this tale was told,
Thus to his flattering court did say,
“The moral briefly I’ll unfold,—
You are the Bees, and I the Spray.”

THE SAPLING AND THE WORM.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

WITHIN a shady grove, up sprung
A Sapling Oak, that, while 'twas young,
Experienced constantly alarm,
Lest beasts with trampling feet should
 harm,
Or with sharp teeth its bark invade ;
So, as they past, to each he said,
With humble and pathetic prayer,
“ Ah ! deign my tender stem to spare ;
And when to age mature I grow,
My leaves shall sweet repasts bestow ;

And, 'neath my shadow, you shall gain
A shelter from the sun and rain."

The beasts were noble, and the stem
Received no injury from them ;
But while in greenest hope it reared
Its graceful head, a blight appeared
All unexpectedly and dread ;
That sickly languor o'er it spread ;
And in a brief unlooked-for time,
Destroyed it ere it reached its prime.

The cruel and insidious foe,
That wrought the hapless plant this woe,
Was a vile Worm, despised and mean,
That grovelled in the dust unseen,
When the young Sapling made its
prayer
To every noble creature there ;

And finding he was not addressed
With lowly homage, like the rest,
He, basely stealing to its foot,
With venom'd tooth assailed the root ;
And took, with low malignant spite,
A deadly vengeance for the slight.

THE BOY AND THE GENIUS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERTÓLA.

A YOUTH, lamenting he was born
To labour, prayed from night till morn,
The guardian Genius of his fate,
To raise him from his low estate.

The courteous Genius to his sight,
Veiled in a cloud of rosy light,
Appeared, and gravely thus addressed
This answer to his rash request:—

“Thou wouldst have greatness! Thou
shalt be
A wealthy lord of high degree;

From hence no toils shall mar thine
ease;

Yet learn to dread worse ills than these.”

The Youth, on any terms contented
To change his state, in haste consented :
He took the Genius at his word,
And straightway he became a lord.

A few brief days sufficed to show
That idle lords may suffer woe :
Instead of labour, he had care,
And found it harder far to bear.

And finding these new ills redouble,
For every day brought forth its trouble,
He loudly now his case lamented.—
“What!” said the Genius, “discon-
tented?”

Then, with a look of stern disdain,
Continued, "Why do you complain?
What would you have? The happier lot
Which Heaven accorded pleased you not.

"Are you to learn that man must bear
A life of toil, or mental care?
Or high or low, whate'er his state,
One or the other is his fate."

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SCORPIONS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

ONCE on a time, a Butterfly,
While hovering o'er sweet basil flowers,
Heard two presumptuous voices nigh,
Beneath the neighbouring bowers ;
These, to each other, thus did say,
In haughty tone :—“ We wonder why
The trees, the herbs, the fragrant blos-
soms

Should feed and shelter in their bosoms
The worthless insect tribes, that rove
In garden, meadow, vale, and grove ?



Vile, noxious creatures, everywhere
Infecting water, earth, and air!
'Tis quite disgusting, sure, to count
Their hideous classes and amount ;
But only just to name a few
Of this superfluous loathsome crew,—
Why are we plagued with ants, I pray,
And odious worms, more base than they ;
And gnats, those teasing buzzing things,
With plumed heads, and venomed stings ;
With crickets, glow-worms, moths, and
flies,

That everywhere annoy our eyes ?
And if one species we detest
More heartily than all the rest,
It is the gaudy painted train
Of Butterflies, that skim the plain ;
Their only business to display
Their colours on a sunny day :

That class is surely void of worth ;
What use are they upon the earth ?
To us 'tis marvellous that Jove
Did in his wisdom never move,
To sever from creation's chain
A link so trifling, weak, and vain."

The Butterfly was much confused
To hear his species so abused,
And looked around, with wondering eye,
These insect censurers to spy ;
For strangely he desired to see
What creatures midst them all could be
Of such surpassing worth possessed,
To look with scorn on all the rest :
But scarcely he believed his sight,
When, lurking midst the blossoms bright,
Of hideous form and murky hue,
Two deadly Scorpions met his view.

'Tis thus the truly vile and base,
In human life we ever find,
With ruthless voice and shameless face,
The harshest censors of mankind.

THE MARBLE AND THE DROP OF WATER.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERTÓLA.

THE hard and solid marble block
Resisted long the beetle's shock ;
And, with determined stubborn pride,
The chisel's sharpest strokes defied ;
Till skilful sculptors, in despair,
Confessed their art was baffled there ;
And masons left it in disdain,
A shapeless mass upon the plain.

Forgotten, in the sylvan shade
The long obdurate marble laid,

Where, from a fountain on the hill,
A limpid drop was trickling still;
And through the leaves, in constant course,
Descending from its crystal source,
It fell unceasingly upon
The rugged surface of the stone :
By slow degrees, from day to day,
It wore its sure but silent way,
And the rough marble's stubborn breast
At length its gentle power confessed ;
And where stern strength its might essayed,
And failed, that drop impression made ;
And to its very heart, at last,
By persevering softness past.

How much by gentleness we gain
Which violence could ne'er obtain.

THE FRUITLESS CHASE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

“CLORIS, still you smiling roam,
Thoughtless of the waning day :
Mark you not that, in the west,
Phœbus hides his sinking ray ?”

’Twas thus the anxious mother cried,
To call her truant from the hill ;
But Cloris, though her feet obeyed,
In looks and wishes lingered still.

And homeward though the damsel hied,
Yet evermore she glanced behind,

Until she reached her mother's side,
And round her neck her arms en-
twined.

“And, oh! my mother, I'll reveal
The cause of my delay,” she said;
“I saw, while wandering forth this morn,
A beauteous bird in yonder glade.

“And once he let me come so near,
I deemed him then my captive quite.
But, almost when beneath my hand,
He 'scaped, and took another flight.

“And then he hopped from bough to
bough;
I following, still my labour lost.
Alas! what hours of fruitless toil
Has this deceitful flutterer cost!

“ And when, dear mother, I had spent
In vain pursuit the live-long day,
The traitor spread his wings once more,
And flew—for ever flew away ! ”

Young Cloris ceased ; but, angry still,
Could scarce the starting tear-drops hide ;
But tenderly, in accents mild,
The experienced mother thus replied :—

“ E'en thus, in life, my simple child,
Weak mortals, not less simple, view
Some vain chimera, which they call
Their happiness, and still pursue.

“ Misled by hope, a rash career,
Through years of grief and care, they run ;
And though it seem for ever near,
In this low vale 'tis never won.

“ Though baffled oft, they follow still,
And take no warning from the past ;
But madly urge the fruitless chase,
Deceived and flattered to the last.”

THE GIRL AND THE BLOSSOMS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

WHEN Apple-trees in spring were gay,
With many a rosy Blossom,
A damsel plucked them every day
To deck her hair and bosom.

She wove her wreaths in sport alone,
Or vain profusion rather,
Till all the gifts of May were gone,
And none were left to gather.

But Time, who sleeps not, though he's
mute,
At length brought on the season
When Blossoms are exchanged for Fruit,
Which all expect with reason,

But when the careless maiden thought
To share the Autumn treasure,
The trees produced not what she sought,
Which filled her with displeasure.

The gardener marked her vain pursuit
Among the orchard bowers,
And cried, "If you expected Fruit,
Why did you pluck the Flowers?"



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



THE MOTH.

THE Moth is a sober-suited Nun,
She loves not the glare of the noonday
sun ;
Her mantle of grey is folded all day,
While she slumbers and sleeps 'neath a
sheltering spray ;
But when all is hushed in the Emmets'
camp,
And the Glowworm is lighting her fairy
lamp,
She taketh her flight in the dim twilight,
To keep vigils abroad through a Midsum-
mer night.

She seeks, by the planet's silvery gleam,
The Weeping Willows that fringe the
stream ;

Where the blossoming Rush, with its
roseate flush,

Reflects the soft tints of a Maiden's-
Blush ;

And the Gladwyn is blooming for her
alone,

And the Arrowhead's shade on the water
is thrown ;

And the Brooklime's blue hath a tenderer
hue,

As it shines through the pearls of the
moon-lit dew.

She lives on the essence of virgin
flowers,

And she haunteth the pale Syringa's
bowers,

When the faint perfume of their lavish
bloom
Is borne on the breeze through the sha-
dowy gloom;
But the Evening Primrose is her delight,
And the Privet arrayed in its robe of
white;
Aye hovering round those nooks, she's
found
Where they wave in the shrubbery's fra-
grant bound.

Well knoweth the Bat, her wily foe,
Each spot where her chosen treasures
grow;
And in airy ring he tracks her wing,
Through the mazy rounds of her wan-
dering;

And in darkening circle he sails more
near,

Till he wheels above her his swift career ;
And while waving boughs play, he darts
on his prey,

And bears the poor flutterer away ! away !

THE EARLY BLEST.

THY mother's sad eyes in wild anguish
 wept o'er thee,
And the tears of a father flowed fast to
 deplore thee,
And thine own feeble cries told the strug-
 gle within,
When thou, sinless babe ! paid'st the forfeit
 of sin.

There was speechless despair when life's
 last rose had faded,
And thy death-darkened eyes with their
 cold lids were shaded,

And thy young limbs were wrapped in the
 robes of the dead,
And for ever consigned to their lone
 narrow bed.

They mourned for the hope that affection
 had cherished ;
They saw it in dust, and they deemed it
 had perished ;
But they knew not that Mercy directed the
 blow,
That laid their beloved and their beautiful
 low.

Like the blossom that's plucked ere rude
 winds have profaned it,
Or the snow-wreath that melts ere a soil
 has distained it,

Thou wert snatched from a world of corruption and strife,
And saved from the cares and temptations of life.

We heard not the summons exultingly given,
Which called thee from earth and its conflicts, to heaven :
We saw not the seraphs that chid thy delay,
And pointed its glories, and whispered,
“ Away ! ”

We saw not the prospects that brightened around thee,
When the cold hand of death in its fetters had bound thee ;

We heard not the joy-notes, triumphant
and clear,
Which angels exultingly poured on thine
ear.—

“ Heir of mortal sin and pain,
Thou hast ’scaped each earthly stain.
Child of sorrow, care, and woe,
Grief and care thou ne’er wilt know :
Life’s dark page can never be,
Happy Babe ! unrolled to thee ;
Tears can never dim that eye
Brightening now with ecstasy !

“ Child whom Jesus died to save,
Wake, and triumph o’er the grave !
Cast its gloomy thralls aside ;
Thou art freed and justified !

Death hath touched, but could not
slay.—

Heir of glory, come away !

“ Leave the sable bier and shroud,
Mount the morning’s golden cloud :
Come through realms of azure space !
Come to thine appointed place !
Thou wert purchased with a price ;
Thou shalt enter Paradise.

“ Come through sunbright fields of
air,
Ever shining, ever fair :
Come where blessed spirits dwell,
Come to joys ineffable :—
Come through boundless fields of space ;
Come to thine appointed place.

“Come where heavenward souls are
winging ;
Come where angel harps are ringing ;
Come where seraphs ever cry,
‘ Glory be to God on high ! ’
Come where shining cherubim
Pour the everlasting hymn.
Thou shalt join that radiant train ;
Thou wilt swell their raptured strain.

“Come, thou highly-favoured one !
Come before thy Maker’s throne :
Come where guilt can enter never :
Come and praise the Lord for ever.”

THE COTTAGE EMIGRANTS'
FAREWELL.

IN a lone mossy dingle,
With green trees o'erhung,
Their wild song of sorrow
Three Highland maids sung ;
Who were doomed with their people
In exile to roam ;
O'er the stormy Atlantic
To seek for a home.

For the hearths of their fathers,
By want's chilling hand,
Had been sternly extinguished
That morn in the land ;

And they came. for the last time,
All weeping, to bring
The cool gushing waters
From that pleasant spring.

It was piteous to see
How their sweet eyes grew dim,
With their fast flowing tears,
As they hung o'er its brim ;
And looked their farewell
To that beautiful spot,
Endeared by those ties
Which could ne'er be forgot.

And oft from their vessels,
Replenished in vain,
They restored the pure stream
To the fountain again ;

As fondly they lingered,
And loath to depart,
They sobbed forth their grief
In the anguish of heart :—

“ Dear Fountain of our native glen!
Far hence we're doomed to go ;
And soon for other urns than ours
Thy crystal streams will flow.

“ Thy snowy Lilies still will bloom,
On this delightful spot ;
Dear Fountain of our native glen !
Though we behold them not.

“ And thou wilt, from thy sparkling cell,
Still softly murmur on,
When those who loved thy voice to hear
To other lands are gone.

“ Dear Fountain of our native glen,
Which we no more must view !
With breaking hearts thy children pour
Their long—their last adieu.”

THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS.

I KNEW a little cottage maid,
An orphan from her birth ;
And yet she might be truly called
The happiest child on earth.

As guileless as the gentle lambs
That fed beneath her care ;
Her mind was like a summer stream,
Unruffled, calm, and fair.

'Midst all the hardships of her lot,
Her looks were mild and meek ;
And cheerfully the rose of health
Was blooming on her cheek.

The merry sports that childhood loves
To her were never known ;
But Ellen, in her lonely hours,
Had pleasures of her own.

She heard a music in the sigh
Of streams and waving trees,
And sang her artless songs of joy
To every passing breeze.

She loved her peaceful flock to lead
To some lone wooded hill,
That overhung the flowery plain,
And softly-gliding rill :

And couched upon the blossomed heath,
From that delightful spot
To trace the distant village spire,
And many a well-known cot.

Whence watched she oft the curling smoke
In misty wreaths ascend,
And on the blue horizon's verge
With loftier vapours blend.

She made acquaintance with the birds
That gaily flitted by ;
And e'en the lowly insect tribes
Were precious in her eye.

She saw a glory in each cloud,
A moral in each flower,
That all to her young heart proclaimed
Their great Creator's power.

Nor looked the lonely one in vain,
Some kindly glance to meet ;—
One lowly friend was ever near,
Reposing at her feet.

A friend, whose fond and generous love
Misfortunes ne'er estranged ;
In sunshine and in storm the same,
Through weal and woe unchanged.

The lordly park, the barren moor,
Brown heath, or pasture fair,
Are all alike to faithful Tray,
If Ellen be but there.

His joys are centred all in her ;
His world's the lonely wild,
Where he attends, the live-long day,
That solitary child.

THE HARVEST.

THE Harvest! the Harvest! how fair
on each plain

It waves, in its golden luxuriance of
grain!

The wealth of a nation is spread on the
ground,

And the year with its joyful abundance is
crowned:

The Barley is whitening on upland and
lea,

Andt he Oat-locks are drooping, all grace-
ful to see,
Like the long yellow hair of a beautiful
maid,
When it waves in the breezes, unloosed
from the braid.

The Harvest! the Harvest! how brightly
the sun
Looks down on the prospect!—its toils are
begun;
And the wheat-sheaves so thick in the
valley are piled,
That the land in its glorious profusion has
smiled.
The reaper has shouted the furrows
among;
In the midst of his labour he breaks into
song;

And the light-hearted gleaners, forgetful
of care,
Laugh loud and exult as they gather their
share.

The Harvest! the Harvest! once more
we behold
Fair plenty arrayed in its livery of
gold.
We are spared to exult in its bounties
again :—
A year hath been granted; and shall we
remain.
Forgetful of him who hath lengthened our
days?
Great God of the Harvest! to thee be the
praise :

Who hast prospered our toils, and hast
 given the increase,
And established the land in abundance
 and peace.

SISTER'S LOVE.

THIS earth hath not a feeling given,
So holy and so fair,
So like the intercourse in Heaven,
Which blessed spirits share,

As those sweet friendships which entwine
Young kindred hearts around,
And make an earthly Eden shine
In home's delightful bound ;

Bright seraphs, pausing on the wing,
Might gaze on and approve,
That beautiful and precious thing,
An elder Sister's Love !

How wisely will her lips impart
The words of peace and truth,
And counsel an unpractised heart
To shun the snares of youth.

And when for faults of froward will
E'en parents kind reprove,
How soothing in that hour of ill
Appears a Sister's Love!

Oh, prize her well! The world's caress
Is but for summer hours,
Withdrawn in seasons of distress,
When winter darkly lours.

But when the troublous storms of life
On thy frail bark descend,
More precious, 'midst its bitter strife,
Thou'lt find so true a friend.

And let adversity's stern test
Each flatterer far remove :
A stricken sister still finds rest
In some fond Sister's Love.

THE ENFRANCHISED ;
OR,
THE BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

THOU hast burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air !
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight ;

Where the sunbeams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine :

Then lower descending
To regions again,
Where in beauty are blending
Hill, forest, and plain ;

And tasting new pleasures
In summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh-opened flowers :

Or delighted to hover
Around them, to see
Whose charms, airy rover !
Bloom sweetest for thee ;

And fondly exhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is failing,
And fading away :

Then seeking some blossom
That looks to the west,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest ;

And there dost betake thee,
Till darkness is o'er,
And the sunbeams awake thee
To pleasure once more.

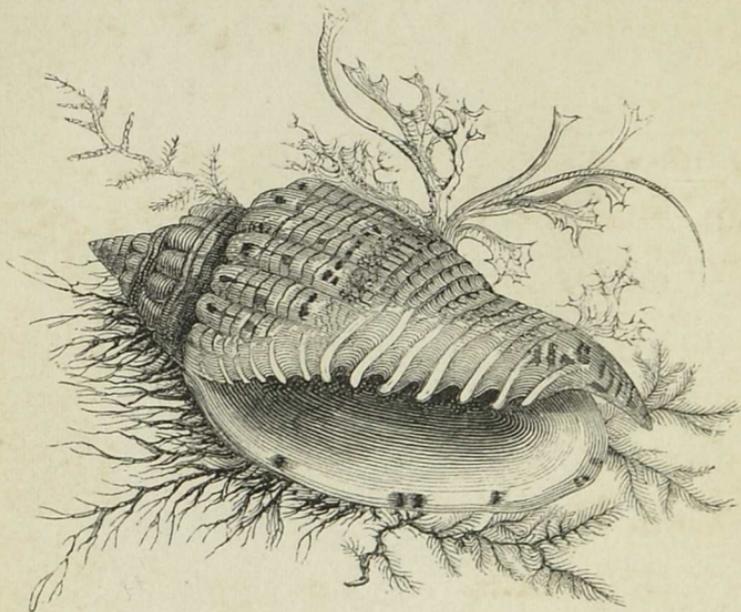
THE ROBIN.

A THOUSAND birds, in joyous tone,
Proclaimed the birth of Spring ;
But, Robin, thou art left alone
The Autumn dirge to sing.

We hear the merry Linnet's voice,
When waving woods look green ;
And Thrush and Nightingale rejoice,
When hawthorn buds are seen :

But when they wither on the ground,
Then, Robin, thou art heard
To mourn their fall, in plaintive sound,
For thou art pity's bird.

Where fading leaves their shadows fling,
I love to see thee nigh ;
A listener, when I touch the string,
And warbling in reply.



THE MUSIC SHELL.

THE opinions of learned men oft waver
About the invention of Crotchet and
Quaver ;

And many a brain has been puzzled in
vain,

To decide whether Orpheus or Tubal
Cain

Be entitled to claim

The honour and fame

Of giving to music the visible signs,
Implied in those mystical dots and lines,
Which in every nation and age are found
As the silent language of tuneful sound.

But no antiquarian has yet been able
To elicit the truth from the mists of fable,
Or the period to trace, when with bar and
 with space,
Science checked the wild rushings of
 Melody's pace ;
 And bound her in fetters,
 And taught her her letters,
Which combined in a thousand sweet con-
 cords impart,
Those raptures which thrill from the ear
 to the heart,
And give memory and life to the exquisite
 strain,
Which else might be never repeated
 again.

But the forms of those magical letters
 existed

Before the bright sisters of Helicon
twisted

The chords of the Lyre ; and with fingers
of fire,

Struck the notes which could heroes and
minstrels inspire ;

And ere viols were strung,

Or Minstrels had sung,

When the fifth day's creation was finished
on earth,

And the waters brought forth of their
kinds to the birth,

They were found in the depths of Ocean's
cells,

Inscribed on the scrolls of the Music
Shells.

And there you may see them still im-
printed,

By Nature's own exquisite pencil tinted,
With the five-fold line, distinct and fine,
And the spaces between, where the characters shine,
 In roseate spots,
 Or ebony dots,
All as perfectly traced as if lady fair
With her delicate hand had copied them
 there,
As they lie in their coral caves below,
Where the Amber weeps, and the Sea-weeds grow.

NOTE.—The musical notes and lines so marvelously distinct on the Music Shell are considered by most people as entirely artificial. They are regarded as a practical imposition, and supposed to be figured by the shell-dealers by means of muriatic acid or aquafortis. This is an error: that they are imprinted by the hand of nature alone, full proof can be afforded. Dr. Abel Stuart, an eminent physician of Bar-

badoes, and an ardent inquirer into the natural history of his country, informs the author, that he has seen the Music Shells brought out of the sea by the fishermen of the West-India islands with the living creatures inhabiting them, and at the same time the Musical Notes wonderfully marked on the surface of the shells, which shells were of every variety of size. At the Geological Museum, the author has seen Fossil Music Shells with the dots and lines clearly impressed, which shells most probably assumed the fossil state long before a human hand ever wrote a musical note.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

LOVELY blossom, meek and fair,
Child of placid evening air,
Sweeter in thy twilight bower
Than the brightest noonday flower.

When the dazzling sun is nigh,
Thou dost droop, and withering die,
For thou canst not bear to be
Gazed upon so ardently.

But the moon's chaste silvery beam
On thy modest flowers may stream,
And thy hues become more bright
Hourly in her peaceful light.

Floweret, thus should beauty be,—
Meek, retiring,—like to thee,
In her graceful mild retreat,
Growing every hour more sweet.

Thus to shrink from public gaze,
Thus to shun the voice of praise,
And from folly's train apart,
Charming every eye and heart

THE SHOOTING-STAR.

OH ! for an angel's mighty wing,
To track thy radiant flight,
Thou unexplained, mysterious thing,
That glancest through the night.

Traveller of paths to man unknown,
Through boundless fields of air,
Scarce marked by mortal eyes, ere gone,
None knows, none guesses where.

Comet art thou ? or wandering star,
On thine appointed round ?
Or seraph, in his shining car,
On some high mission bound ?

As erst the heavenly bow was here
A sign from God to man,
Appear'st thou to some distant sphere,
Beyond our glance to scan ?

Or to some doomed and guilty world,
Denouncing wrath divine,
With red destroying flag unfurled,
Dost thou avenging shine ?

Or hast thou, from the birth of Time,
Since heaven's azure arch
Was brightly spanned, with steps sublime,
Pursued thy wondrous march ?

Say, hast thou thine appointed place
Amidst the starry train,
Which thou dost, through unbounded
space,
Press onward to obtain ?

Or wilt thou that unwearied course
Through countless ages run,
With fresh and unabated force,
As when 'twas first begun?

When young creation's birth-day song
By morning stars was sung,
And from the rapt angelic throng,
The loud hosannas rung?

Meteor or Star! whate'er thou art,
Our purblind race below
May muse, and dream, and guess in
part,
But ne'er will fully know!

Weak Reason's powers could never reach
To thy meridian height;
Nor Science her disciples teach
To calculate thy flight.

Go, tell Presumption, all must err
Who venture on thy road ;
And bid the proud philosopher
Walk humbly with his God.

NOTE.—This poem was suggested by a curious fact first noticed in the travels of Don Antonio d'Ulloa, in 1754, to South America, for the purposes of astronomical observation. This learned man scaled the heights of some of the mightiest Andes, and endured great hardships for the advancement of his favourite science, and among other observations he noticed that the Shooting-Stars, which had been formerly supposed to be mere meteors, produced by electric vapours in the region of the clouds, appeared the same as formerly to him, though he stood on the highest peaks of the Andes attainable to the foot of man, and was elevated some thousand feet above the clouds. He saw thunder storms and other effects of electric atmosphere go on *beneath* his feet, but the Shooting-Stars seemed as far above him as they did when he was on the usual level of the earth. From this fact he drew the conclusion that learned men had been greatly mistaken regarding their nature,

and the observations of recent writers have confirmed his opinion, without being able to define what these beautiful and curious appearances really are. Those children who have never seen a Shooting-Star will now be pleased to watch for one in a starry night. They chiefly appear in the Milky Way, that beautiful white arch that crosses the heavens, directly over-head, but no one can tell when they are coming, or where they go. They are oftener seen in November than in any other month. Sir John Herschel made some curious observations at the Cape on these Stars, last year, (November, 1835;) but he has not formed any decisive opinion respecting their nature.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

OH God! thy wondrous works I view
 Whene'er I look around,
Not more in heaven's celestial blue
 Than on the lowly ground;
Where e'en the meanest herb and flower
Bear marks of an Almighty power.

That power is seen when tempests rise,
 And wild winds vex the deep,
Nor less when in unclouded skies
 The stars their vigil keep,
And in uncounted myriads roll
In their bright course from pole to pole.

The living things of earth and air,
To Thee their being owe ;
And in their wondrous forms declare
Thy glorious works below.

Oh ! who could gaze on them, and see
No trace, Almighty God, of thee ?

Stars, sun, and moon, and day and night,
Thy power alike proclaim ;
And midnight gloom and noonday bright
To Thee are both the same :
Thou art in all, and shall not we
In them adore thy majesty ?

But these shall in the wreck of time
Wax old as doth a robe ;
And thy Almighty power sublime
Shall change this earthly globe :
Yea, these shall fail, but Thou shalt be
The same to all eternity !

THE ENGLISH CHILD TO THE CUCKOO.

THE Cuckoo! the Cuckoo! how dearly I
love

To hear her blithe voice, from the meadow
and grove;

For she tells us that rude winds and
storms are all past,

And the beautiful spring is approaching
at last.

Oh Cuckoo! sweet Cuckoo! your cry
sounds so clear,

Though I cannot perceive you, I know you
are near:

Oh, where are you hidden? I wish so to
see

Your form for a moment; oh, where can
you be?

Oh, where is your country, and where is
your nest?

Of the lands that you visit, pray which
love you best?

How I wish, wandering bird, you no longer
would roam,

But stay all the year, and make England
your home.

Then will you not tarry, dear Cuckoo?

Ah, why

Will you follow the summer, and reck-
lessly fly?

When all songsters are voiceless—save
Robin alone,
Who sings when the faithless are silent or
flown ;
You will follow the summer wherever she
flies,
And enjoy all the year sunny days and
blue skies.



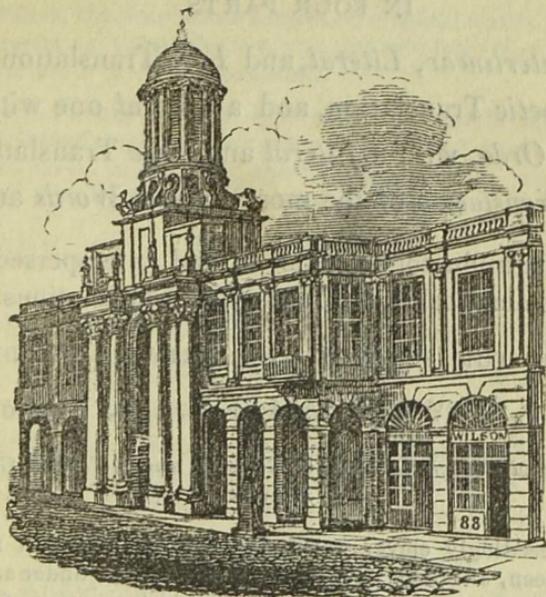
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