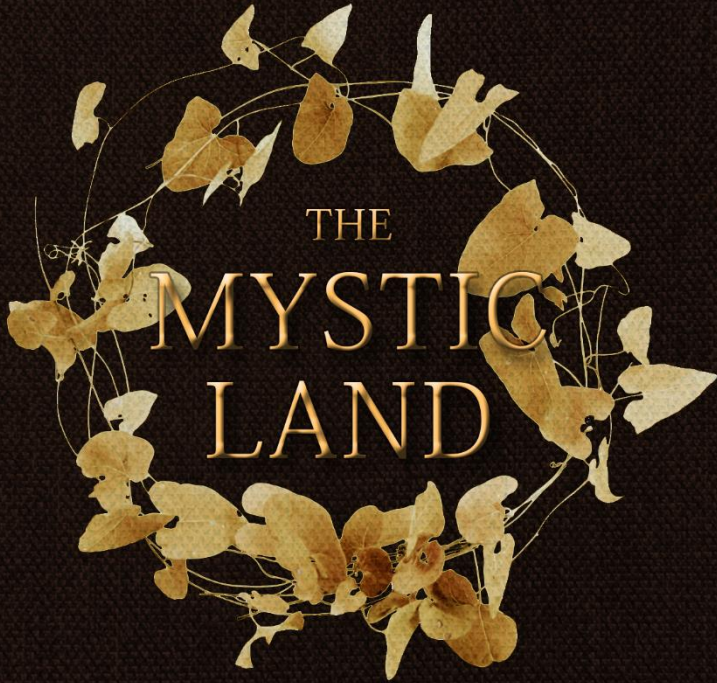


GEORGE HICKLING



FULLY RESTORED BY DAN BARKER

“The Mystic Land”

Written by George Hickling.

Originally published in 1856.

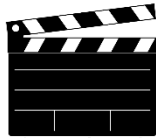
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George Hickling
Restoration Project



THE
MYSTIC LAND,

And Other Poems.

BY
GEORGE HICKLING,

LONDON:
SIMKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

NOTTINGHAM:
W. F. GIBSON, LONG ROW; AND W. PYATT, PETER GATE

MDCCCLXI

NOTTINGHAM:
PRINTED BY W. PYATT, PETER GATE.

TO HIS
KIND BENEFACTOR
AND HIS RESPECTED PASTOR,
The Venerable J. D. Browne, M. A.,
ARCHDEACON OF ELY,
AND RECTOR OF COTGRAVE,
THIS VOLUME,
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION,
IS HUMBLY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY
THE AUTHOR.

FORWARD

WRITTEN BY
DAN BARKER

After hearing about the work of my 4th great grandfather, I set out to find and preserve it. It was incredibly important to me that this work continued to live on and was widely available and accessible to everyone.

That's when I decided to launch the *George Hickling Restoration Project*. The project would see the works of this great poet, saved and re-released. It started with George's second book, *The Pleasures of Life*. I understood that he was a published poet but had no clue that it was his second book, until I read the line: *Author of "The Mystic Land"*. I searched for this book for two days and I finally found it stored by the *HathiTrust Digital Library*. From then on, I have been working on this project.

I have been restoring, remastering and creating the brand-new digital editions of both this book, *The Mystic Land*, and the second, *The Pleasures of Life*.

It's important to me that works of this artist lives on and doesn't fade away.

D.B.

Hucknall, March, 2020.

P R E F A C E.

The Author of the present Collection of Poems, now brought before the public, desires to say that he has been induced to publish them at the suggestions of numerous friends, and in consequence of their kind promises of support; which promises, he is thankful to say, have been fulfilled beyond his most sanguine expectations. And here he would beg with all deference to make a particular mention of the Venerable Archdeacon Browne, Rector of Cotgrave, whose unwearied kindness he can never forget.

He is not insensible to the fact that there are many defects and failings in these his poetical endeavours; but he sincerely trusts that his readers will take into consideration the circumstances under which this work has been written, and remember that it is the unaided production of a poor stocking-maker, who was put to the frame at thirteen years of age, and who never received any education but what the Village School afforded.

He respectfully begs to say that it is the great delight of his life to employ his leisure hours in the composition of poetry; and nothing affords him more pleasure than to roam, after the toils of the day are over, through the pleasant groves and dells which surround his native village, to meditate on the beautiful and the sublime; or to sit in his cottage home and endeavour to write down the thoughts which have passed through his mind during the day.

With regard to the contents of this volume very little will be said in particular; nor is it advisable, in the Author's opinion, so to do; but he desires to submit the whole to the candid judgement of his readers, although he hopes a short sketch may not be out of place. "The Mystic Land" contains some of the Author's own sentiments on certain momentous subjects, and although they may not coincide with the views and notions of some of his readers, he hopes they will be duly appreciated by others. "The Hour of Enchantments" is a sort of sketch from real life. The pictures and descriptions contained in that poem are true to nature as the Author, with his humble ability, could render them. The objects attempted to be described have now, or had a "local habitation and a name;" the events narrated, and the circumstances brought to light have all come within his own experience, and are strictly true.

The minor poems are a selection of what he considers the best of his pieces. The greater Part of them have previously appeared in print, principally in the "Nottingham Journal" and "Guardian," unto the Editors of which papers he would respectfully beg to tender his most sincere thanks for the unremitting kindness of which they have manifested towards him.

It may perhaps not be improper to state further that the Author is twenty-nine years of age, has a wife and family, and depends entirely on the Stocking-frame for support, and has had no opportunities for the cultivation of his mind except the small amount of leisure time he could spare in the evening.

He is at present time and has been for sixteen years in the employment of the firm Messrs. J. & R. Morley, Fletcher Gate, Nottingham; and he has heart-felt satisfaction in saying that he can number Arthur Morley, Esq., one of the members of that firm, amongst his greatest benefactors.

Cotgrave, September, 1856.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE MYSTIC LAND:

A VISION.

Methought I wandered in an unknown land,
Whose barren surface ne'er before had borne
The print of a human foot. I was alone.
It was the hour of night. A horned moon
Was settling o'er what seemed a distant range
Of rugged hills on the dim horizon.
Strange horror seized me as the darkness closed
Around my hidden path. The chill of death
Seemed gathering around my vitals as I tried,
With swimming eyes, to penetrate the gloom.
I heard a noise as of the mighty rush
Of some unfathomed sea whose angry waves
Dashed furiously against a rock-bound shore;
Or as of the impetuous hurricane
When distant heard to tear the giant pines
On some bleak mountain side. I stood aghast,
And every member of feeble frame
Did shake with fear and dread. The fearful sound,
Now near approached, each moment louder grew.
It seemed as though 'twould rend the very earth!
Prostrate I fell, when high above my head,
Swift through the dusky airs, in phalanx deep,
Methought a legion of black spirits winged

Their way to some no distant rendezvous.
 Night's darkness darkened as the mighty host
 Came sweeping onward through the fields of space
 With horrid tumult and unsteady speed.
 As when some awful fire-fraught thunder cloud,
 Impelled and driven by the whirlwind's force,
 Now scours the surface of the trembling globe,
 Then towers aloft and surges in mid-air,
 So seemed the movement of that marshall'd throng
 Of Hell's own progeny. I saw and heard
 Until the last of the black multitude
 Had passed o'er my lonely hiding place;
 Then I arose and essay'd to go forth,
 But scarcely would my palsied limbs perform
 Their wonted task. The frightful uproar died
 In distance far away; then silence reign'd,
 And 'twas the silence of the inmost tomb.
 Foreboding fear and terror's darkest shape
 Now took possession of my 'wildered mind.
 My thoughts, like lava from the crater's mouth,
 Flowed fiercely hot, and scorched my very soul.
 Why was I found in that most doleful place,
 Which seemed like earth, and yet no earthly sound
 Did greet my ears? No watch dog's distant bark,
 No low of kine, no bleat of folded sheep,
 No whirl of startled bird from tree or bush,
 No howl of fox, no yell of wolf, no sign
 Of animal or human life was there; –
 'Twas solitude; sad, cheerless solitude;
 Nay, more, 'twas e'en the very gates of death!
 A ray of hope ne'er shot across the gloom,
 Or shed a moment's light upon my path.

Methought I wandered on o'er trackless wastes,
 Or wound my devious way along the verge
 Of thick o'er-shadowing woods, whose monstrous trees,

All blasted, gnarled, and blighted, spread afar
 Their withered arms in ghastly attitude.
 The treacherous vapour in fantastic shapes
 Would sometimes beckon me unto the edge
 Of some foul death-bestridden bog or marsh,
 Whose stagnant waters and black reptile swarms
 Did waft their breath in to the poisoned air.
 Low riding in the murky atmosphere
 The frowning clouds, at frequent intervals
 Would open and discover to my view
 Strange stars and constellations which did glare
 With light unnatural on the dismal scene;
 Revealing the grim realities
 And perils of my situation dire.

At length I paused, o'er-whelmed, amazed, transfixed!
 Straight in my front, in close proximity,
 A shroud-like curtain of reluctant mist
 In motion set by the fresh born east wind,
 Now slowly gathered up its copious folds
 And left in massive grandeur there exposed
 A chain of lofty mountains. Peak on peak
 Loom'd into view as through the dusky air
 In dim obscurity the cloud arose,
 And rolled majestic o'er the rugged face
 Of perpendicular rocks, whose topmost heights
 In naked crags and pointed pinnacles
 Shot upward to the sky. With breath suppressed
 I looked and listened for a sight or sound
 Of moving life, but looked and listened in vain.
 Save the low murmur of a gathering storm
 Naught could I hear; and save the hideous dim
 Discovered sights which caused my blood to creep
 And curdle in my veins naught could I see.
 But Oh! Ye craggy steeps! What noise was that?
 The voice of distant thunder! Low and deep

The appalling music rolls in lengthened notes!
 The howling winds did now collect their strength
 Unto the conflict of the elements.
 The heavens were palled in mourning's deepest dye,
 From zenith to the uneven horizon.
 But Ah! What did I see? A glimmering light,
 Near a midway up the foremost eminence,
 There in the mazy distance burning blue.
 Like the bright star of hope, which sometimes guides
 The steps of the benighted traveller
 And bears his courage up, so seemed to me
 That flickering beacon on the mountain side.
 Perhaps some lone hermit in his rocky cell
 Would soon disarm me of my dreadful fears,
 And make me welcome to his scanty board;
 Or there perchance a numerous brotherhood
 Of pious monks, or holy anchorites,
 Had 'stablished their abode conventual,
 And could I but find access to their gates
 Would surely take delight in aiding me.
 As when the ship-wrecked sailor clinging firm
 Unto a raft of frail materials,
 His only vessel on the briny deep,
 At mid-night hour, espying a friendly sail,
 Within the reach of his enfeebled voice,
 Buoyed up with visions of returning life,
 Will eager call for help; so 'twas with me.
 O generous hope! Brought forth but to be crushed,
 How soon wouldst thou be smothered in my breast.
 Endued awhile with superhuman strength
 Methought I stumbled on with fitful speed,
 And called and cried with all my might for help,
 But echo's slumbers only were disturbed.
 And did deception mock me with her arts?
 And was I doomed to hear the bitter laugh
 Of disappointment thrilling through my soul?

As when the panting traveller in the east,
 Where sandy-deserts, furnace-like, do glow,
 Raging with thirst and parched in every pore,
 Before him he sees, or thinks he sees, a pool
 Of crystal waters, and with madman's haste
 He runs to bathe and cool his burning tongue;
 But, like a phantom floating in the air,
 The waters vanish, (O most fearful fate!)
 'Twas but the mirage which did mock his sight,
 And on the spot he falls and breathes his last
 Oh, this dread thought by me could not be borne.
 Though that which had infused into my gaze,
 And like the airy shadow of a dream
 My buoyant spirits were dissolved, yet Hope,
 Enthroned upon my heart, tenaciously
 Clung unto life, and would not willingly yield;
 Nor is she ever suddenly cast down,
 Or overcome when once established firm
 Amongst the tenants of the human mind.
 With faltering steps still onward I pursued
 My weary, darksome way up the base
 Of that high towering wide extended range.
 Anon the lightning's flash lit up the gloom,
 And there revealed distinct and prominent
 Each ponderous mass, in aspect horrible,
 And tinged with lambent flame the utmost top.
 The winged tempest now came rattling on,
 And in its furious strength 'twould soon descend
 On my devoted head. Dejected, cowed,
 A living piece of abject misery,
 Without a refuge for my feeble frame,
 There was I found, defenceless, faint, and cold.
 Oh, for the convent's hospitality!
 Oh, for the comfort of the hermit's cell!
 Now reason seemed to on her throne,
 And threatened to resign her functions there.

How could I climb those adamantine walls,
 And where, oh where. Should I direct my steps?
 In vain I strained my eyes with eager gaze
 In search of shelter from approaching storm:
 In search, with burning and expectant eyes,
 For one more glimpse of that bright signal star
 Which like a magnet had attracted me;
 In search of something which would fan and feed
 The dying embers of the flame of hope
 Within my breast. Oh, 'twas a bitter hour!
 Assured I felt that in the dark domain
 Of Terror's grisly king I walked alone,
 And soon should I feel his hand upon my heart.

Partly resigned to impending fate,
 And half delirious and half dead withal,
 Methought I stood impatient of my life,
 When lo! A lurid fire-cloud hove in sight:
 First tortuous like a fiery serpent huge,
 Then clad with wings the strange phenomenon
 Appeared a flaming monster in the sky
 Of aspect terrible. Alarmed at first,
 But soon accustomed to the sight I grew;
 And with unmoving apathy beheld
 Awhile the dread addition to the list
 Of horrid things which there surrounded me,
 So dead to feeling had my mind become.
 But soon the death-like stupor which unwrapped
 My yielding faculties slow moved away,
 And conscious I became, awake, alive
 Unto the change which passed o'er the scene.
 Illumined by that fearful rolling fire
 Which soon o'er-spread a portion vast of space,
 And caused the lowering heavens to flee away
 On wings of darkness to their utmost bounds
 Amazed, and by the oft repeated glare

Of lightning's vivid fork unto my view,
Oh, how unearthly did the prospect rise.

Back I recoiled with horror at the sight
Of beetling crags and huge mis-shape cliffs,
Tremendous steeps, and fissures yawning wide,
All scorched and charred as with infernal fires.
No eyes of man had surely ever gazed
On such a wild and hideous scene before.
Not Himalaya's heights, nor Andes' chain,
Where Cotopaxi rears his fiery head,
And spues forth sulphurous flames and blackened smoke,
Nor Alps, nor Apennines, Pyrenees,
Carpathian, Ural, Balkan, nor the Ghauts,
Nor e'en the wild Caucasus could compare
With those terrific heights: they pierced the clouds,
But other likeness or similitude
Had none upon the earth. The shadowy plain
Outstretching at their feet was strewn with black
Unightly masses, like to cinders burnt.
'Twas rude disorder's gloomy dwelling place
Where night and chaos held divided sway.
It might have been the recent battle field
Of an unrivalled contest waged between
The furious armies of some monstrous tribes,
Of giant size hellish mould, whose hands
Had clutched the mountain with demonian rage,
And had from thence huge fragments snatched and torn,
And in defensive and offensive war
Had hurl'd them at each other. Horrid sight!
O sight beyond description horrible!
But hark! A sound borne on the eddying wind
Fell faint upon my ears. 'Twas like a shout
Though much prolonged, and in the distance heard.
O! Would to God it were some human voice,
And voice of one who has the feel heart,

The willing, the power to minister
 Unto the wants of a poor fellow man,
 To calm the trouble waters of his soul.

The smouldering, dying spark within my breast
 Now shot anew into a burning flame;
 As when the taper in the sick man's room
 Low burning in the stick at noon of night
 And flickering faintly in departing strength,
 Will sometimes suddenly light up the gloom
 With brilliant flash one moment ere it dies.
 Again I hasted on. The lightning blazed,
 Incessant roared the thunder, peal on peal.
 With force concentrate, stationed firm on high,
 Immoveable, o'er devoted spot,
 In th' upper mountains, sidelong distant far,
 Where the black line a sudden curve described,
 Where highest seemed the rocks to raise their crests,
 Suspended in mid air, the maddening sight,
 That luminous monster which consumed the sky,
 From all sides round of its compacted form
 Was darting thunder bolts, and forks of fire
 All pointed to one place. With hasty feet
 I madly entered the dire ascent,
 All heedless of my life with frenzied Hope
 Revived and pointing at a rescue near.

An easy slope had brought me to a gorge,
 A mighty opening, rock-flanked, gaping wide,
 Which soon received my form, in eager search
 Of mountain path or bed of mountain stream.
 The latter quick I found, a labyrinth
 Upwinding through the steeps. On, on I toiled,
 And followed close the water's narrow track,
 And quick was lost unto the plain beneath.

But soon a barrier stayed my mad career,
 A frightful precipice, a yawning gulf
 Lay at my feet, and one advancing step
 Had seen me dashed and mangled far below.
 O fearful fate! O worst deaths to die,
 Uncared for on the lone and rocky wild.
 I lifted up my voice, I cried aloud,
 But such an answer did my call receive
 As nought of earth could give. A piercing shriek,
 A yell, a howling scream, as from a fiend,
 Loud echoed through the depths, and taken up
 Above, below, around, by kindred fiends.
 They Stygian chorus roused old Night himself,
 And made the very mountains shake with fear.
 Unto a ledge I crawled, and crouched beneath
 A beetling crag. Grim visaged black Despair
 Now dashed a millstone at the head of Hope,
 And crushed at once her small remains of life;
 Then took possession of her vacant seat.
 Upon destruction's brink I sat me down
 And wept until the fountain of my tears
 Was parched up, and prayed, or raved methought,
 In words like these: "Great God of Heaven and Earth
 Why am I banished from the haunts of men
 And left to perish in so dread a place,
 Which bottomless regions is allied?
 The blackest night of darkness in the depths
 Of that black pit could show few deeper shades!
 The horrors of the devil's own abode
 Could add but little to the horrors here!
 Why do I suffer thus the fiery wrath
 Of Justice ere my mortal course is run?
 O God of mercy let thine arm descend
 And rescue my poor body from the jaws,
 The fierce devouring jaws, of death and hell,
 Or let me here annihilated be!"

Such were the ravings of my maddening soul.

Now at its height the tempest rages and foamed,
 The gloomy caverns and declivities
 Resounded with the thunders awful voice.
 Deep called to deep; the lightnings chased the winds,
 Which howled as though they were frantic with pain.
 Down fell the blasted rocks; the strong hills shook
 As with an earthquake to their base.
 Hail, fire, and smoke, mixed with the pregnant air.
 Accursed spirits swept the gulf throngs
 With hideous outcry rushing from the face
 Of him who held the thunder in his hands.
 Confused I grew, and dizzy swam my eyes,
 And all things quickly faded from my view,
 And senseless there upon the rock I fell!

What time elapsed ere I again revived
 Ne'er did I learn. But by a power divine
 I was aroused from that deep lethargy.
 A soothing voice, soft as the zephyr's breath
 At summer's midnight in the woodland shades;
 Melodious as the early matin song
 Of joyous birds anointed with the dew;
 Fell on my ears, in rapturous words like these: –
 “Mortal! Stand upright, look upon the face
 Of one who is thy friend, to succour thee,
 To give thee life and strength, to liberate
 Thee from the dungeon of this hell on earth,
 And to inform thee of its origin,
 And why it now is suffered to exist.”

A touch as from a fairy's magic wand
 Now gently pressed my side, and through my frame
 Successive waves of bright sensation thrilled.
 The tropid blood, which stagnant in my veins

Was growing, danced anew into my heart,
 And straight, at once, upon my feet I stood.
 Genius of truth! Sweet, heaven-instructed muse!
 Goddess of light and love! Minstrel divine!
 Thou that dost brood o'er my enraptured soul,
 And fillest my mind with sacred harmonies,
 Wate'er thou art assist me now to sing
 In strains of immortal what I saw and heard!
 The storm was o'er, and calmness now reclined
 On every mountain's brow, – a death-like calm
 Which seemed as though 'twould never be disturbed.
 But dusky shadows still did over spread
 The face of all the scene. As when the orb
 Of day is darkened by the queen of night;
 When nature's tribes, alarmed, look up and mourn,
 And at meridian seek their dark retreats;
 Such were gloomy shades now cast around.
 But on the rock, close at my side there stood
 A being moulded not of earthen clay;
 A flaming sword depending at his side,
 Bright golden pinions towering o'er his head,
 In glittering garments clad, in stature tall,
 And in proportion vast, with countenance
 All radiant as the sun with smiled benign,
 In attitude majestic, and with power
 Bespeaking plain a mighty angel's form.
 I bowed, I fell, I cowered at his feet,
 But remain in that recumbent state
 I was not suffered; quick he bid me rise,
 And these to me in wonderous accents spake: –
 "Fear not O man of earth, be not dismayed,
 Not tremble at the presence or the sight
 Of one who is the servant of the King
 Of Heaven, to execute His sovereign will.
 My words do thou digest within thy heart
 And let thy memory my speech retain,

That thou mayest tell it to the sons of men
 When once again amongst them thou dost walk,
 For there thou shalt return. What thou hast seen
 And heard, and what thou yet shalt see and hear
 Thou wilt not soon forget. This fearful place
 By any of the motley tribes of earth
 Has ne'er before been visited, and thou
 Art now permitted to behold, and live,
 What flesh and blood ne'er fazed upon before.
 No questions ask, but rest assured that I,
 To my commission's furthestmost extent,
 Shall lunate thy mind, and shall unfold
 A tale of wonders to thy startled ears!
 The ways of God are all inscrutable,
 And past the ken of angels and of men;
 But all His acts proclaim His righteousness.
 When Justice strikes she but obeys His word,
 And just the stroke doth prove where'er it falls.
 His attributed are infinite as the term
 Of his endurance is; they equal are,
 And none exercised above the rest.
 What He permits of evil to exist,
 And why 'tis suffered, questions are which we
 Ad dependents have no right to ask.
 To do His bidding and in him to trust
 Is all the task which He enjoins on men
 And angels and when they this task perform,
 This easy task, how great is their reward.
 Of impious disobedience evil springs;
 By this 'twas first begot and not by God
 Whose eyes are purer than to view in the same
 And in whose sight the very heavens are vile.

O child of mortal race, hast thou e'er read
 That book of books, The Bible? Book of God,

Refulgent lamp of life; bright guiding star
 By which some few of thy poor kindred steer
 Their barks so frail, and oft so tempest tost,
 O'er the rough sea of life from earth to heaven.
 That book of blessings given by God himself
 In wondrous love and pity to the weak,
 The guilty, and the wretched here below.
 That book which tells a thrilling story true
 Of One who left the highest realms of bliss
 To take the garb of human flesh and blood
 Upon him, and to walk the earth and die
 A fearful death to save a guilty race,
 Exciting praise and wonder in the host,
 Th' exalted host, of heaven's beholding sons.
 That book whose glorious and superior light
 Where'er it shines dispels the darkness thick
 Of death and hell, a darkness which still hangs
 O'er many a corner of this spacious globe.
 That book which when by man 'tis eaten up,
 Digested, and mixed with his inmost soul,
 Will raise him to a standard towering high
 In being's scale, and next to angels he
 Will be regarded in the Almighty's sight.
 And hast thou read such book? Then thou hast seen
 The dire account of Satan it contains,
 That enemy of all that's pure and good;
 That black malignant spirit of all ill,
 Whose machinations blast and mar the earth!
 That proud and bold traverser of the deep
 Designs of Him who rules the universe
 With sovereign power and will. That subtle fiend;
 That wily tempter; that out-cast of heaven;
 That unrelenting foe of Adam's race;
 That roaring lion whose extended jaws
 Are ever ready to devour the souls
 Of those who live unwatchful and unarmed;

That prince of darkness whose black banners wave
 Exalted in the air, and whose dark hosts
 Go forth at his command to seek for prey.

Know then, O child of man, that this dread place
 Is the black habitation for a time,
 The chosen seat of Satan upon earth!
 Here to deceive, to ruin and devour
 The nations, all his fiendish plans are laid.
 Here since the day when the great Son of God
 On Calvary's top a wonderous spectacle
 Unto the universe suspended hung
 Upon the cross in death's most bitter pangs,
 And loud proclaimed redemption's finished work,
 Has Satan, conscious of his bruised head,
 Oft issued his commands unto his hosts.

'Twas on that day when sackcloth clothed the sun;
 When night's black pall at noon did shroud the earth
 With shadows gloomy as the vale of death,
 Which deeper grew around the thronged hill,
 That man might not with sacreligious eye
 Gaze on the writhings and the agony
 Of him who bore the bitter curse alone;
 When nature groaning in her very soul
 Did rend her garments, and did lacerate
 Her body frantic with profoundest grief;
 When awful sights and sounds were seen and heard,
 Such sights and sounds as only on that day
 Were witnessed by the sense of mortal man;
 When heaven's accustomed harmony was hushed,
 And angels wept the tears of silent sorrow,
 And shrunk from gazing, anguished and dismayed,
 The only day in all eternity
 When sorrow entered their divine abode.
 'Twas on that day, appointed by the great

Disposer and controller of events,
 That Satan scoured the globe, on pinions swift
 In search of place well suited to his mind,
 Where as a rendezvous convenient
 He might collect his vagrant legions oft,
 And oft instruct them in the deadly schemes,
 The wily plans, the deep contrivances
 Which now must be brought forth and carried out
 With zeal, inspired by hellish malice dire;
 For such a blow did he that day receive
 As made him foam, and writhe, and roar in pain.
 Full well he knew that by the Saviour's death
 A signal triumph for mankind was gained.
 The earth had previous been his easy prey,
 Through all the long drawn centuries of time.
 But now a war would be against him waged,
 A war of vast extent. His name, by Christ's
 Well armed apostles and evangelists,
 Would be denounced and spurned on every hand.

This is the place, this the devoted spot
 He fixed upon. To marshal up his hosts
 Straightway did he commence. Assembled here,
 To them, with gestures shadowing forth revenge,
 The subtle chief disclosed his new designs.
 The horrid conclave to deliberate,
 And listen to the mandates of their god
 Have here since then oft met. The well laid net,
 The deep adjusted and constructed trap,
 The fatal pitfall, and the snare concealed,
 In oft repeated instances on earth
 Have been successful in securing souls.

Oh! dust born mortal! thy rebellious race,
 Though oft by voices from on high forewarned,
 Contented slumber in the tempter's arms,

And are not easy roused. The willing slaves,
 The blinded captives, at their conqueror's will
 Are led through deepening shades in ruin's vale
 Until eternal darkness shuts them in,
 A wonder to the legions of the sky.

But some in armour clad, complete and bright,
 And armed with weapons from the Saviour's store,
 Give battle to the foe. This fight of souls,
 This mighty conflict by the angelic bands
 Is not regarded with indifference,
 Nor are they mere spectators of the scene.
 They tune their harps to highest notes of praise
 When one poor mortal from the ranks of sin
 Deserts, and casts the chains of darkness off
 To join the armies of the living God.

Intelligences numerous exist,
 And wait around Jehovah's awful throne.
 Of various orders is the whole composed,
 But to obey and execute His will
 Is the chief happiness of one and all.
 Invisible to hell's devouring wolves,
 And unrevealed to eyes of flesh and blood,
 One order tends the earth with perfect sight
 Beholding man and his insidious foes.
 To minister unto the dying saint,
 To pour fresh balm upon the wounded mind,
 To whisper music to the troubled soul,
 To guard the household of the righteous man,
 To encamp around all those who fear the Lord
 By day and night this order finds delight.
 But other orders are there great and strong,
 Who at the word of Him who sits above,
 Do exercise their Heaven imparted power
 In thwarting Hell's devices and designs,

In checking Satan in his mad career,
 Who, unrestrained, would make a very hell
 Of the fair habitation of mankind;
 Of such am I, and on such errand sent.

O, child of mortal mould! great is the love
 Displayed by Heaven to all thy fallen race
 Yet man gives back but base ingratitude.
 With sullen pride he spurns the proffered aid,
 And thus his dangers are tenfold increased.
 Where'er he is, or howsoe'er employed,
 Morn, noon, or night, amidst the city's din
 Where grasping mammon oils the roaring wheels
 Of busy gain impelled by avarice,
 Or in the sweet sequestered groves and dells,
 Or on the hill, or in the quiet vale,
 Or in the verdant fields, or on the road,
 In company, alone, in palaces,
 Or in the haunts of abject poverty,
 Or in the place where he pretends to bow
 His head with others and to worship God;
 In every island, continent, and sea,
 In every stage and every walk of life
 Is man with ghostly enemies beset,
 Who unremitting are employed unseen
 In teaching him rebellion, discontent,
 Sedition, malice, hatred, unbelief,
 And ministering narcotics to his soul.

The tribes of nature feel the withering curse,
 And oft when midnight hides the chequered scene
 Their piteous calls are heard. The weeping earth
 With doleful wailings and with piercing cries
 Laments the sad degeneracy of man.
 Creation groans in chains of sorrow bound,
 And writhes in pain. This will not ever last.

Great was the ransom, marvellous the price
 For man's redemption paid, and great will be
 And glorious the result. A day will dawn,
 A day in God's eternal counsels fixed,
 When the great Angel Minister of Justice,
 Armed with the thunders of omnipotence,
 And in his left hand holding forth a chain,
 Whose mighty links, forged in the flaming fires
 Of the Almighty's wrath, will set at nought
 The combined powers of its intended victims,
 A ponderous key depending from his side,
 And in his right hand brandishing a scourge,
 In likeness to a comet's fiery tail,
 Will on most speedy wings descend from heaven,
 And wrest the kingdoms from the usurper's hands;
 And with a shout, which through the trembling globe
 Will penetrate and echo round its sides,
 And sound in every ear of every tribe,
 Will then proclaim the Saviour king supreme.

Then hunted from the face of every land
 Will be the dragon and his progeny.
 In howling throngs, lashed by the fiery scourge
 Of the avenging Angel, down they'll sink
 Into the abyss of night, their own abode.
 None will be left to lurk in land remote,
 Or dark, or distant; not e'en this dread place
 Will then concealment offer to their hordes.
 Through outer darkness to the gates of hell,
 Which now convenient on their hinges swing,
 Affording egress and ingress to those
 Of Satan's hosts who by commission hold
 Chief places bearing orders to and fro,
 On rapid wings traversing night's domains,
 The horrid myriads with such haste will fly,
 And consternation, and tumultuous roar

That Erebus, nay, e'en the universe
 Will stand amazed. The huge Tartarean doors
 Back flinging all their adamantine folds,
 Displaying there a frightful orifice
 Through which pernicious smoke and hideous flames
 Leap forth, will then receive the numerous crew
 Closepacked, outstretched in line up-reaching far.
 The last of the accursed company
 Will enter, after lapse of time required
 For such a multitudinous host to pass,
 Close followed by the Angel of the Lord,
 Who, armed with lightnings from the throne of God,
 And more than proof against the Stygian fires,
 Will straightway pass unscathed into the pit,
 And o'er the infernal vales and gullies deep,
 And mountain gorges, and wide yawning caves
 Up-lighted by his own bright native rays,
 Revealing there full many a crouching form,
 Will sweep majestic to the middle space
 Where Satan, on a hill of conic shape,
 Hemmed round with circling fires, and squadrons deep,
 Now re-assured and rallied, like a tower
 Will stand erect and firm with brazen front,
 Defying all the powers of heaven and earth
 To approach him, or to harm, or cast him down.
 A fearful fight will follow. The close ranks,
 Inspired and flamed anew with hellish hate
 And confidence and vengeance by the speech
 And presence of their high, imperial head,
 Will shout exulting and prepare their arms
 As the great Minister of Justice sails
 On steady wing, undaunted, towards the mount.
 Their glorying will not last, for such a shower
 Of fiery wrath will on their heads descend
 As quickly to the utmost bounds of hell
 Dispersed, their anguished yells will echo loud

Through all the concave vast. These put to flight
 And held at bay by such a living fire
 As thou didst see o'er yonder mountain top
 (Of which hereafter), Satan, yet unmoved
 Upon the circular mound, will view his foe
 With such a frown as only he can give.
 Foaming with passion then will he appear
 Like the volcano huge when belching forth
 In dread eruption sulphureous flames and smoke.
 In voice of thunder will he then demand
 To know why forcibly he has been driven
 To the infernal regions, and why he
 Has there been followed by such punishment,
 And who the intended victim or victims
 Of those foul fetters are. Informed, his rage
 No bounds will know; and in fierce attitude,
 And with the blackest language of his tongue
 Will he defy Heaven's messenger to arms.

The Angel then advancing with the chain,
 And conscious of his strength, with mighty arm
 Will grasp the dragon, who with out-spread wings
 Will rush to the affray. Such conflict now
 Will hell behold that nought of figure here
 Or semblance to thy mind can I convey.
 Invulnerable one, and confident
 Of victory, in righteous cause engaged,
 And backed with power superior and commission
 By Heaven's high King; the other also sure
 Of conquering, thus in single combat matched,
 (For Satan yet inherits wonderous power),
 And worked to highest pitch of madness dire
 At thought of liberty to him denied,
 At sight of manacles brought there to bind
 Himself as captive in a dungeon cast,
 The two great combatants will then engage.

Closing in dread embrace with sudden force
 Each will his utmost do to overcome.
 With such a crash they'll meet as, if on earth
 The fight could be, her scared inhabitants
 Would stand aghast, and in their fear conclude
 That some great comet in its erring course
 Had struck their planet midway 'twixt the poles.
 Satan, whose tongue into a thousand darts
 Will be converted, tipp'd with venomous fires,
 And barbed with scorpion stings of deadly sort,
 In vain will try each art of devilish war.
 Back driven oft, as oft returning fierce
 Unto the charge, the Prince of Fiends will seem
 Awhile as equal to his radiant foe.
 The contest o'er full many a league of black
 Tartarean rocks and hills and vales will rage.
 The wolves of hell at many a cavern's mouth
 Will shew themselves and grin and howl and snarl ;
 But back affrighted to their inmost dens,
 Pursued by lightning's fork, quick will they fly.
 At length grown desperate at his failing strength,
 And bellowing loud as any earthquake's roar,
 The serpent to the last attack will come
 Long will they struggle, grapple, writhe, and heave,
 And fall at last firm lock'd in limb and wing!
 But uppermost and disentangled quick
 The Angel then will kneel upon the Fiend,
 Who panting, struggling, plunging, cursing, there
 Will fettered be. With dext'rous move and sure
 Th' Avenger 'neath the monster's scaly wings,
 And round his massive neck, and o'er his limbs
 In circling twists and folds will pass the chain,
 And join it close with many a rivet strong,
 Securing firm in helpless durance vile
 The boastful ruler of the earth and air.
 Him leaving there, the conqueror up borne

On wings unharm'd will wind the ponderous links,
 In strength full many a rattling fathom long,
 Thrice round a spiral mountain towering near,
 And with a bolted staple through the rock
 By powers of thunder driven secure the whole.

This task accomplished nought will now remain
 But to pronounce the prostrate captive's doom, –
 The term which he in penal chains must writhe
 In Hell's confinement. Hovering o'er the spot
 Where like a huge leviathan in pain
 The fiend will lie, the Angel in a voice
 Loud as the trump of God, and echoing round
 The furthest walls of night will there proclaim: –
 'Satan! Thou sire of sin and death and woe!
 Deceiver of the nations! Hear my words!
 A thousand years thou'rt bound! 'Tis the decree
 Of Him who rules the universe sole King!
 To thee or thine through yonder massive gates
 'Twill not permitted be henceforth to pass
 Until those years on earth have run their course;
 For with this key shall I so fast secure
 Their folds that all the enginery of Hell
 Will not avail the bolts and bars to burst!
 When these are ended Tartarus will run mad.
 Could all the ravenous beasts of every clime,
 Of every forest, and of every tribe
 On earth be close assembled in one place,
 And each give forth its own particular note
 To swell a general chorus 'twould be nought
 To that which through the Stygian vaults will ring
 When these have fallen from the Angel's lips.
 Revenge incapable, Malice restrained,
 Hate shorn of power will lift their voices up,
 And with a hideous yell will greet the speech.
 But on returning wing of speedy flight

Unto Hell gates the Angel now will fly.
 The portals passed and the great key produced
 The mighty folds of adamant will close
 With noise of thunder, which reverb'rating
 Through all th' infernal hollows, caves, and hills,
 Will make the very devils quake with fear.
 The bolts secured and the seals applied
 The Angel then, swift as a ray of light
 From rising sun, will to the earth return.

The hellish pest cast out, what thinkest thou
 By consequence will follow on the earth?
 O glorious day! O day by prophet, sage,
 And poet sung, predicted, and portrayed.
 O time long looked for by the sons of God.
 Then will the earth be blessed with holy joy;
 Then will she reap the fruits of perfect peace.
 Hast thou e'er rambled midst the beauteous scenes
 Of pastoral peacefulness and rural life
 On summer's Sabbath morn? All clear and bright
 The glorious sun shone in a cloudless sky.
 The path led on through lovely groves and dells,
 And winding glades, where nature's incense pure
 Was wafted thick upon the balmy air.
 The glittering leaves and close-wove branches formed
 A beauteous canopy above thy head.
 The nectared flowers in rich abundance strewn
 Rejoiced the busy bees, whose lively hum
 Co-mingled with the thrilling warbling notes
 Of joyous birds on every bush and spray
 Produced a chorus of rich harmony.
 Then o'er the hill, or by the limpid brook
 "Where graceful willows bow their silvery heads;
 Or on the lane; or through the grassy mead
 Where flocks of sheep and herds of cattle fed
 On fragrant herbage bending 'neath the weight

Of pearly dew drops in profusion strewn,
 All sparkling in the dancing rays of mom,
 Thou walkedst on in meditation deep.
 No breath disturbed the calm and quiet scene,
 Save where the gentle zephyr lightly tripp'd
 With nimble foot upon the ripening corn,
 Which scarcely waved or bowed its graceful head.
 Anon the sound of distant village bells
 Boomed sweetly in the air in holy chime,
 And, answered quick from many a neighbouring tower,
 Enhanced the pure delight which thou didst feel;
 And bid thee haste unto the house of God.
 The varied landscape to thine eye appeared
 As bathed in Heaven's serene and holy light.
 Each tree, each feathered songster, and each flower;
 Each blade of grass, each rippling rill, each brook
 Whose babbling music murmured in thine ears;
 Each peaceful hamlet in the distance seen;
 Each valley, and each undulating hill
 O'er-topped with smiling woods of scented pine,
 Each animal domesticate and wild,
 With sacred influence was compassed round,
 And all seemed conscious of the blessed day,
 And songs of praise ascended to the skies.
 Abashed, the powers of evil for a time
 Had fled the light- had slunk from off the scene.

What didst thou feel? Oft pausing in thy course
 That each enraptured sense might take its fill
 Of holy pleasures, round thine heart did glow
 Such fires of love, and gratitude, and joy
 That thou wert e'en compelled to lift thy voice
 In praise to God. Earth seemed no longer earth,
 All worldly cares, all sorrows, pains, and strifes
 Were banished for the moment from thy mind,
 And far removed from e'en thy memory.

Thy spirit soared to marvellous heights of bliss,
Thy listening soul drank in the enchanted strains,
And heard the blessed symphonies of heaven.
This hast thou felt, and this hast seen and heard.
'Twas just a glimpse, a feeble type, a shade,
Resemblance faint, a mere similitude
Most dimly seen, a taste in small degree
Of that bright cup of joys which shall be poured
On every kindred, tribe, and tongue of earth
When the great Saviour claims them for his own.
Delivered of its black and horrid load
And rained upon with blessings from the skies
The earth will bud and blossom as the rose.
A mighty anthem, one harmonious song
Of praise from every nation under heaven
Will echo through the vast celestial arch,
And fall in cadence round the throne of God.
Nature rejoicing then will lift her head,
And pour abundance forth on every hand.
Her voice will mingle with the voice of man
In sweetest notes of joy and thankful praise.
The barren wastes will yield a hundred fold,
And purity will spring on every hand.
Each ravenous beast will lose its appetite
For blood, and every unclean bird of prey
Will then a harmless songster pure become.
Then righteousness and harmony, and peace,
And love, and truth, and joy, a thousand years
Will dwell in every land. The earth restored,
Prolific then will yield her blessed fruits.
Increased and multiplied will be her kinds,
Increased and multiplied will be her stores,
No dread diseases then will rack the frame
Of man, or take him to an early tomb.
No wasting wars shall drench the earth with blood,

Or shroud the land with blackest shades of night.
 No direful earthquakes then shall ope their jaws
 To swallow helpless crowds. No hurricanes,
 Or storms shall meet the hardy mariner
 When sailing o'er the smooth and glassy deep,
 Or scatter devastation o'er the lands.
 No frightful accidents shall snap the thread
 Of human life asunder, or deprive
 Man of his useful limbs. No pestilence,
 Or plagues, or famines, then will stalk abroad
 To cast their winding sheets o'er man's bright home.
 No piercing cold will freeze his dancing blood;
 Nor scorching heat will waste his energy.
 No inundation then will roll and swell
 And drown the produce of the loaded plains.
 No conflagrations, no volcanic fires
 Will blast the works of nature or of art.
 No murders, persecutions, robberies,
 No foul ambition, no destructive arm,
 No desolating power, no tyrant force,
 No cries of woe, no waitings, no despair,
 No tears of anguish, no sad, mournful sights,
 No groans of poverty, no signs of want,
 No prison bars, no dungeons lone and dark,
 No hate, no fear, no pride, no bitter strife,
 Will mar the peace and happiness of man.

The saints of God who now dishonoured are,
 Despised, obscured, and into corners thrust,
 And hated by the gabbling multitude,
 Will then triumphant with their Saviour reign
 On earth throughout the great sabbatic rest.
 As one great family united firm
 In Christian bonds mankind will then delight
 To cultivate each science and each art
 Of lofty nature which will then be raised

Unto perfection's height. No jarring sound,
 No note of discord, no obstructive weight
 Will then impede the progress of the mind.
 One principle will animate the whole.
 Pure love; pure love to God, pure love to man,
 Will be the mainspring in each human heart.

Such multitudes, such glorious multitudes
 Will then be trained for Heaven and gathered safe
 Into its folds as will out-number far
 The previous victims of the devil's snares.
 But woe to all the wicked on that day!
 Woe! woe to all the enemies of Christ!"

Methought abrupt the angel ended here,
 And in suspense I stood. His posture changed;
 The aspect of his countenance grew stern.
 With flashing eyes directed towards the gulf,
 And in an attitude most terrible
 He stood, as though confronting some dread foe.
 His flaming sabre high above his head
 Did cleave the sombre air. His golden wings
 Were quivering and out-spreading all their folds.
 At length advancing to the rocky verge,
 And piercing with an eagle eye the gloom
 A moment, then with mighty pinions swift
 He swept the gulf as if in eager chase.
 But quickly he returned. With graceful wheel,
 And evolution bold he reached the spot
 Where with most anxious thoughts I trembling stood.
 Folding his wings and sheathing up his sword
 He thus, with looks of love, his speech resumed: –
 "Mortal! my words in chief have been of things
 In future yet to be! of Satan bound,
 And of a glorious era yet to dawn
 Upon the earth at God's appointed time.

That time yet tarries, but 'twill surely come,
 And ushered in 'twill be with judgments dire,
 And fierce and fiery wrath which will descend
 Not on the devils only, but on all
 The sons of men who hate the gospel's light.
 Discriminating, searching, sifting power
 Will winnow every land; and men will mourn
 For Christ as for their first begotten sons.

Events gone by have also slight been touched;
 But now the present must be all our theme.
 The present time, the present circumstance,
 The present place, must now attention have.
 Satan yet roams, yet waves his banners high,
 Yet walks the earth, yet rules the powers of air,
 Yet sends his legions the wide world around,
 Yet makes head-quarters of this horrid place;
 And demonstration ocular shalt thou have
 Of his existence, and thine ears shall hear
 The thunderings of his voice. Be not afraid,
 For nought of harm shall unto thee approach.

The glorious sun ne'er looks with smiling face
 Upon this dismal scene. No cheering ray
 Lights up this region of perpetual gloom!
 It is a land of blasted name and nature!
 'Tis undiscovered and will so remain
 Until the day when God restores the earth
 With glorious beams of love and righteousness.
 I saw thy wanderings in the dreary plain,
 And heard thy calls and signal for thee made.
 Thy visit here is for a wise intent, »
 But knowledge geographic of the place
 Will not be now imparted to thy mind.

There is a spot amid these mountain heights

Where Satan has his seat: a castle strong
 And of dimensions huge, planned in the rocks.
 Together there soon will we both ascend,
 And safe shall I conduct thee. 'Tis a place
 Well known to me in all its hidden vaults.
 A council there is now about to sit
 With Satan at its head. To note his speech,
 To listen to the wily plans divulged,
 That I may true report the same in heaven
 For guide to other guardian angels' power,
 Here am I sent. Invisible at will,
 At will appearing in most dreaded form
 Unto the fallen hosts, I vantage have
 And power above the reach of hell's strong arm.

Didst thou just now observe the sudden move
 Of warlike nature which by me was mad?
 A vagrant troop of Satan's rebel chiefs
 Approached our standing place with thoughts malign.
 A multitude of creatures similar
 Has now been called from every land on earth
 By signals such as thou canst never know,
 Or see, or hear, unto the conference.

One legion passed swiftly o'er thy head
 As through the desert thou didst wander lone.
 That legion, gathered from those favoured lands
 Which men call Christian, European chief,
 Straight fled at once unto the common place
 Of meeting, but were not permitted there
 With base impunity to take their seats.
 Though yet at liberty to prey on man,
 To use his utmost to re-mould the earth,
 Satan oft feels the dread Avenger's arm,
 The foretaste of his final punishment.
 That fiery cloud of fearful shape and flame,

Which rolled across the heavens and lit thy feet,
 Pursued their wings unto the castled cave
 And with a shower of seething thunder bolts
 Dispersed them far and wide. The surging storm
 Then followed close upon their lingering
 And drave them quick through many a yawning gulf,
 And cries of pain, and curses deep and dire
 Broke from their lips as thou didst see and hear.

Such power have I, imparted by the King
 Of Kings Omnipotent enthroned above,
 To scourge the fiend in this his spacious hold.
 But to prevent his council is not mine.
 Up winding now through many a rocky gorge
 On stealthy wing to the attractive point
 The scattered legions wend their silent way;
 And 'mongst them soon will we, though unperceived,
 Take up our station in their meeting place.
 Prepare thyself, O mortal, for a flight
 Into the regions of the middle air."

Methought the angel now with gentle force
 Did seize my hand, and with a mystic move
 And sudden did invest my mortal frame
 With wondrous powers and strange capacities.
 I, buoyant as the light and feathery down,
 Astonished rose at once into the air,
 Along with the bright offspring of the skies.
 Traversing swift the murky atmosphere,
 Methought we scaled the huge o'er hanging cliffs,
 And passed o'er full many a rocky gorge,
 And skimmed the dizzy heights, and peaks, and crags
 In quick succession, upward rising still.
 At length near to the utmost top we came,
 And halted in our course close by the spot
 Of direful import, Satan's chosen seat!

Upon a table land of arid soil
 Hemm'd in on three broad sides with massive rocks,
 The topmost heights of all the mighty chain,
 Did we alight; and preparations sure
 And soon completed did the angel make,
 Imparting needful lessons to my mind.

Methought I saw at one extremity
 Of the flat space a mighty opening,
 The entrance to an avenue deep cut
 Into the rocks which formed on either side
 A black gigantic wall of height immense,
 The adamant being cleaved unto the top.
 This entered and its windings followed close,
 Descending at each step, we quick emerged
 Into an inner court or vestibule
 Of spacious bounds, and fenced on every side
 With perpendicular cliffs of darkest hue.
 The gloom was here lit by sullen fires
 Of blood red glare which issued from the sides,
 The crevices and loop-holed apertures
 Of two gigantic towers shaped in the rocks,
 And serving there as hideous ornaments
 Unto a gateway arched o'er with flames
 Of bristling nature, jets and fiery tongues,
 (A grim device in honour of the event);
 And guarded strict by giant sentinels
 Who paced their bounds with monstrous pomp and show.
 Methought the last of all the scattered host,
 The stragglers of the Hell-born multitude,
 Were entering there as we unseen arrived.
 Our entrance was not there. The powers of Heaven
 Anticipate the devil's cunning craft.
 Up bounding safe unto the middle height
 Of castellated granite carved and hewn
 A niche was entered, and a secret door,

Unlock'd by secret key, admitted us;
 And in a vaulted corridor lit up,
 I these received from my companion's lips: –
 "Mortal! So far have I conducted thee
 That thou may'st hear the voice and see the form
 Of him who is the deadliest foe of man.
 Ask not why such things are, and entertain
 No doubt of thy Creator's righteous laws.
 The very doubt is sin. Each man is free
 To choose the Saviour's or the devil's yoke.
 Though sin's black virus running through thy race,
 Hereditary pass'd from sire to son,
 First breathed by Satan on the human soul,
 Renders man's nature but a prominent point
 Of weakness and corruption for the attacks
 Of force or guile with which he is assailed.
 But whilst probationary on the earth
 Man runs the little circuit of his life
 Help ever near is ready at his call.
 But multitudes amongst thy puny race
 Would fain discover something in the laws
 Of God which inconsistent proves the same
 With infinite justice, truth, and righteousness.
 Deep mysteries do they attempt to fathom,
 And mysteries which angels understand
 But little of, nor can they ever learn.
 How then shall man, a reptile of the earth
 Whose mind is shattered like a broken gem,
 How then shall he find out the ways of God?
 As well might thou attempt to teach the worm
 That crawls beneath thy feet the useful arts
 And sciences in which thy race excel.
 Such distance lies between the God of Heaven
 And man, the frail existent of an hour;
 Nay infinite, immeasurable heights
 Exalt the Maker o'er His greatest works.

In God's revealed will man has the light
 To guide his steps through every slippery way.
 No fault of Heaven prevents his happiness;
 But disobedience is the fruitful source,
 Of present misery, and future woe,
 The bane and curse of his immortal soul.

Think not O man that inconvenience
 Attends my visit to this horrid place.
 Such things by Heaven's exalted company
 Are never felt. Our happiness consists
 In doing duty at the word of God,
 In executing all His bright designs,
 In building up the Saviour's glorious throne
 And in existing 'neath his smiles of love.
 Now pass we straight into the inner court
 Where the black multitude in council sit!"
 These ended to a corresponding door
 At further end of entrance winding far
 Methought we came, and issued straight at once
 Upon a rocky platform high up raised,
 When Oh! ye horrors, what a sight was there!
 A wide extended amphitheatre
 In hideous grandeur burst upon our view.
 In terraced tiers the horrid myriads sat
 In shadowy gloom discerned. Low at our feet,
 And on each side, and sweeping far in front
 The crowds expectant waited for their god.
 A ruddy flame, forth issuing from the top
 Of what appeared a huge truncated cone,
 In centre fixed, lit up the dismal scene,
 And threw a ghastly glare on all sides round.
 The vaulted roof, by many a wide spanned arch
 On pillar'd towers of pond'rous style and mould
 Supported, was in sickly light revealed;
 And dim discovered were the utmost walls.

The mighty murmuring of ten thousand tongues
 In deep discussion, like the distant sound
 Of many waters headlong leaping wild,
 Rose from the fiendish congregation vast.
 But soon their prince appeared and all was hush'd.
 Straight passing through the opening ranks the chief
 Of fiends took up his station in the midst,
 And raised on high upon a rocky throne
 Received the homage of his gathered hosts;
 Then in a voice which echoed far and near
 He thus addressed the black infernal crew: –
 "Ye gods of earth! Ye rulers of the air!
 Ye principalities! and potent powers!
 Once more have ye been summoned to the place
 Of earthly meeting, that ye may receive
 Instructions needful and advice anew.
 Just now have I returned from compassing
 The globe with observation's practised eye.
 Each land inhabited by mortal race
 Have I with scrutinising vision swept,
 And skimmed the surface of each mighty sea,
 To note the progress of our conquests there;
 To mark o'er what extent our sceptre sways;
 How flourishes the empire 'neath your hands;
 For well ye know that 'tis our will to rule
 Supreme on earth, to drive from thence all trace
 And spoiled the work of our great enemy
 The Omnipotent Himself. We shall not yield
 Our fair possessions up at first or last
 Without a struggle such as Heaven itself
 Beheld when ye my mighty, brave compeers
 Defied the armies of the living God.

Meanwhile let all your powerful arts be used,
 Exert your utmost strength to overthrow
 The rising kingdom of the risen Christ.

Access ye have unto the human soul
 In every grade and circumstance of life.

But to address you now in ordered form,
 To speak in separate words is my intent.
 Imperial thrones; dominions, principedoms, powers!
 High and illustrious! Ye whose mighty task
 It is to rule the lofty mind of man
 In Europe's nations, chief of all the earth,
 Where greatest skill and wisdom are required,
 And power of highest art, now hear my words!

Ye, first, who govern Albion's lordly isle
 Would I address. That spot as well ye know
 Has long been chosen by the crucified
 But risen Son of God as the chief place
 On earth— the great head-quarters of his hosts.
 It is the centre point from whence proceed
 The testimonies, statutes, mandates, laws,
 And gilded promises of Heaven's High King.
 It is the fountain-head which overflows
 The very globe with floods of hated light.
 Britannia long has vexed us to the core.
 Long has she needed all our choicest arts,
 And our most strict attention has required.
 Her hills and valleys, echo with the sound
 Of anthems raised in honour of the deeds
 Of Heaven's exalted Christ. Her villages,
 And towns, and cities bask in God's high favour;
 And wheresoe'er her wide-spread language sounds
 She tells the story of His so called love,
 And raises fanes and temples to His name.
 But thanks to ye my brave and faithful hosts
 The stubborn island shows some goodly spots
 Where we above all other worshipped gods
 Are honoured true. Our fanes out number far,

As do our worshippers those of our foe.
 Your deeds are great ye guardian gods of Britain,
 But greater yet shall your achievements be.
 A reinforcement shall ye have of power,
 And numbers shall be added to your ranks.
 Make haste to conquer, govern, and destroy.
 Go forth and let your legions all the land
 Encompass, and let every rank and class
 Of mortals there be plied with poisoned darts.
 Infuse self-will and lust into the young;
 The aged lull; the rich inflate with pride;
 The poor make discontented; statesmen rule,
 And in the senate house exert your skill;
 And double all your efforts in the land.

But chiefly those who bear the stamp of Christ
 Upon their fronts attack. Mark well the point
 Of greatest weakness in such cross-stamped prey;
 And mark the choicest mode and fittest time
 Wherein ye may succeed. But caution use
 In all your arts of cunning craft and guile.
 Success has hitherto your efforts crowned.
 Full many a one among their ranks I've seen;
 Who bear the name, but not the mark of Christ.
 Full many a one without a sword or shield,
 And some without a helmet I have seen,
 And multitudes quite destitute of arms.
 These have ye stript, and amongst the well clad few
 Do they appear as triumphs of your skill.

Close follow up each partial victory gained,
 And let your victims nought of respite know.
 Attack them singly, and in gathered bands;
 At break of morn attack; attack at noon;
 And when the shades of night close o'er the scene

Stay not your vigorous hands. Divisions make,
 And sow the seeds of discord in their midst.
 Engender strife, and bitter thoughts beget,
 And set the ranc'rous bickering tongue on fire.
 The leech¹ of vanity do ye apply
 Unto the heart where'er ye find access,
 That all humility may be withdrawn;
 And let the canker worm of envious pride
 Be introduced into its inmost core.
 Adorn each pleasant vice with virtue's garb,
 And thus present it ever to their view.
 Weave potent charms, and spells, and cast your nets
 On every hand. Of safe ingredients
 Mix draughts and potions of unfailing strength,
 That drinking they may sleep the sleep of sloth.
 Be present where in consultation met
 The higher sort, the leaders of the rest,
 Produce fresh schemes to spread the hated light
 Of their abounding Christianity.
 Frustrate their plans and all their efforts mar,
 And cross their purposes at every point.
 Let Albion be subdued. Let all her coasts
 Be guarded well with watchful sentinels;
 And let her watered be in every part
 With heaviest showers of black infernal rain.
 Haste, haste to strike a blow, for rest assured
 That in the hands of our Almighty foe
 An instrument she will be against our hosts
 Whene'er the last great contest finds us leagued
 In dread array against the Sons of God,
 Unless consummate skill and mighty power
 Devises means and carries out the same
 To bring the island safe within our grasp.
 Go forth, and cover like a sweeping flood
 That sun-lit object of our hottest hate.

Ye mighty ones who rule the vast expanse
 Of other lands European closely joined,
 Ye now would I address. O glorious bands!
 A fair and goodly heritage have ye.
 Those lands are our delight. Supreme we rule
 Amongst the millions there. The spacious earth
 Presents unto our view no choicer fruits
 Than 'mongst those willing nations we can find.
 Our conquests there are well-nigh quite complete.
 A priesthood have we and a sacrifice;
 And immolations daily we receive.
 A glorious system by ourselves upreared,
 Does honour to our name at every point;
 Yea, systems greet us wheresoe'er we turn,
 And lift their towering heads unto the skies,
 And pluck the stars of lesser magnitude
 Which would eclipse the lustre of their face.
 Ye mighty multitudes; uphold the same
 And pander to their every craving lust.
 Shut out the light and keep the province clear
 Of all intruders on our conquered rights.
 My eyes are gladdened and my ears rejoice
 Whene'er with lingering wing I hover o'er
 Those wide extended regions of our own.
 As angels of the light ye have achieved
 The greatest wonders. Ye have set aside
 The boasted laws of the Omnipotent;
 And with consummate art have taught mankind
 To trample all the same into the dust.
 In room thereof, unto their willing hearts
 Have ye presented yet another code
 More suited to their well-prepared minds.
 Ah, there have we a mighty multitude
 Of faithful ones, who at the signal given
 Will rally round our standard, and go forth
 With us to battle 'gainst our lofty foe.

Congratulations, thanks and highest praise
I offer you for this our noblest work."

Methought when these had fallen from the lips
Of the dread Potentate, the mighty mass
Did simultaneous rise, and with a shout
Which shook the rocks did high applaud their chief.
The fearful noise did rouse my mortal frame,
And thus abrupt my vision saw an end.

THE HOUR OF ENCHANTMENTS:

A POEM.

Come constant muse, wake up the tuneful lyre
With strains angelic, and with heavenly fire.
We sing the sweet delights of sunset hour,
The enchantments of a summer evening's tour;
The varied charms which meet our ravished gaze,
The sylvan scene, the haunts of childhood's days.
Our song must mingle with the woodland sounds, –
Ring through the vale where joyous life abounds.

Come Meditation, bless me with thine aid,
Attend my steps into the silent shade.
Thou Memory dear, throw wide the willing door,
Exhibit the rich treasures of thy store.
Come forth ye crowds of Recollections sweet,
Empty your golden caskets at my feet.
Blest Contemplation, child of placid brow,
Be never distant, but draw near me now.
Come all ye graces, Heaven born spirits pure,
Inspire my theme with feeling, truth, and power.

Delightful, balmy, calm, serene, and cool,
The evening air breathes peace upon my soul.
It stills the ruffled passions in my breast

And bids each anxious care be hush'd to rest.
 My spirit by the dew of summer's eve
 Is healed of all the wounds that make it grieve.
 My pallid brow removed from noisy loom
 Loses its paleness, and throws off its gloom.
 Grim poverty would fain oppress my mind,
 And wasted health with want is oft combined;
 But, ah, their power is vain, my thoughts are free,
 My mind, unfetter' d, scorns all slavery.
 Remote from all the busy scenes of life,
 Escaped from tumult, toil, and angry strife,
 While some delight to spend the precious hour
 In framing schemes of worldly wealth and power;
 While others love to wallow in the mire
 Of sensual lust, fulfilling each desire
 Of sinful flesh and carnal appetite
 In dens and holes deep hidden from the light,
 I love to wander on this wooded hill,
 Along the shaded path beside the rill;
 Or on the rustic rails to take my seat,
 Or on the scented grass to rest my feet;
 Or straight reclined upon some mossy bed
 To feel the zephyrs dancing o'er my head.
 Ah, here, alone I watch the gilded day
 Exchange its garb for twilight's humble grey;
 Drink in the sweet delights which here abound,
 Inhale the health fraught breeze which flies around,
 And linger near each fragrant bush and bower,
 And pluck the treasured sweets of richest power.
 I hold sweet converse with the ambient skies,
 Discourse with trees and flowers of beauteous dyes;
 Listen to music as it rolls and swells
 In fitful cadence through the groves and dells.
 With nature's song I join my humble lay, –
 To nature's God my feeble homage pay.
 My soul transported like a bird confined

Flutters impatient of the bars which bind;
 And longs to roam unfettered, light and free,
 And taste the sweets of joyous liberty.
 Oh! 'Tis celestial bliss my spirit feels,
 The breath of Heaven around my presence steals.

Bright spirit bands from other spheres descend,
 And to the earth their blessed influence lend;
 And for the time assist with care and skill
 To beautify the vale, to paint the hill;
 And with enchantments on their glittering wings
 Give man to feel the joys of heavenly things.
 O 'tis a golden hour! The lovely sight
 Fills me with rapture and supreme delight.

The woodland shades are peopled with a throng
 Of nymphs and sylvans chanting forth their song.
 My ears are ravished with the sweetest sound
 Of pealing anthems rising all around.
 Congenial sympathies their powers impart,
 And touch sweet chords in my o'erflowing heart.
 Ah ! 'tis a time when I may walk with God,
 Draw near the confines of His blest abode,
 And leave behind the sorrow and the strife,
 The painful toils and cares of human life.
 'Tis then the christian as he roams abroad
 May make advances on the heavenly road;
 Discover what his numerous failings are,
 And pour his plaints into his Father's ear.
 The calm retreat, the cool and solemn shade,
 The lovely scented grove, the flowery mead,
 The songs of nature animated there,
 The incense pure which fills the balmy air
 Combine to fill his soul with holy joy,
 And banish that which would his mind annoy.
 There at the close of day, like one of old,

He meditates and finds a peace untold.
 His faith is then increased, his strength renewed,
 And with fresh vigour is his soul endued.

O ye who never lift your heads on high
 Or raise your dowcast eyes unto the sky;
 Ye men of earth, of tastes depraved and low,
 Ye cannot see the streams of blessings flow;
 Ye will not taste the joys of nature's feast,
 Though she invites the greatest and the least.
 All, all are welcome to the banquet spread,
 To quaff the loving cup, to eat the bread
 Of blessedness, the meats of sweet delight,
 To sing the songs of gladness through the night.
 Her revellings are pure and leave behind
 No dread remorse or stings of poisonous kind.
 But ye prefer your self-created joys,
 Full of vile mixtures and of foul alloys.
 Ye seek for pleasures where none can be found,
 And all your boisterous mirth is hollow sound.
 Your joys are transient as the meteor's blaze,
 No sooner seen than vanished from our gaze.

Ye sons of averice, who worship gold,
 And cherish naught but what is bought and sold.
 O all ye murmuring discontented fools
 So full of worldly schemes and worldly rules;
 Ye pitiable, grovelling, mortal worms,
 Ye crawl and creep like things of vilest forms.
 Ye don't fulfil the object of your birth, –
 Anomalies ye are upon the earth.
 Ye miss the happiness which life can give,
 And walk in self-made misery while ye live.
 Come hither: see how nature spends her time,
 And know that nature teaches the sublime.
 Here learn a lesson from her open book,

'Tis plain, and may be learnt in tree or brook.
 See, vegetation springs at God's command,
 And animation leaps on every hand.
 Each object does its humble station fill,
 And all obey the Maker's sovereign will.

O ye who go repining all your days,
 Whose lives are dull and destitute of praise;
 Come here and ope your eyes and strive to find
 A thankful heart and a contented mind.
 Throw off your gloom —your sad, oppressive load,
 And bless the name of nature's bounteous God.
 I would not wish to dwell in splendid halls,
 I envy not the city's routs and balls;
 I care not for the pleasures wealth can give.
 I ne'er desire in luxury to live;
 Give me the wild bird's joyous liberty,
 A cheerful mind, the christian's property,
 O then I'll laugh at care, though toil's own son,
 And through the vale of life with joy I'll run.

Here, here in solitude, I love to stroll
 On this delightful height, this much loved knoll.
 Before me stretched my native valley lies,
 A fair familiar map unto my eyes.
 Ah! here I gaze on scenes to memory dear,
 The cherished haunts of many a bygone year.
 The rural nook, the green and shady lane,
 The grassy bank, the farm-house neat and clean;
 The old grey steeple towering o'er the grove,
 The humble cot, the abode of peace and love;
 The silvery brooklet winding through the mead,
 The well trod pathway leading down the glade;
 The rustic bridge, the crooked gate and stile,
 The beauteous woods which in the sunset smile;
 The sheltered walks where grow the scented thymes,

The village poplars and the village limes.
 Now evening spreads abroad her gentle wings,
 And o'er all these her beauteous mantle flings.
 The varying lights and shades of wide degrees
 Rest on the vale, and beautify the trees,
 Gild o'er the heights, and bathe the village green,
 And add a tenfold beauty to the scene.

The sun is sinking on the ocean's breast,
 The golden clouds attend him to his rest.
 A sultry day is past. The evening falls
 With healing virtues on the hills and dales.
 Exhausted nature lifts her drooping head, –
 A genial influence now abroad is shed.
 The sober kine in yonder distant mead
 Come forth anew with greedy haste to feed;
 The noontide saw them panting in the stream,
 In thickest shade remote from solar beam.
 The blackbird now gives forth his mellow lay,
 And life abounds on every bush and spray.
 The light-wing'd lark to heaven's high portal soars,
 And on the listening earth her music pours.
 The 'lated bee rejoicing at her load
 With noisy speed pursues her homeward road.
 The hum of insect life prevades the air;
 The neighbouring wood resounds with music clear.
 The throstle perched on some exalted bough
 Sings his vehement song to all below.
 The stock dove calls unto his loving mate;
 The bright plumed pheasants crow, the magpies prate,
 The land-rail's voice is heard, the swifts now scream,
 The lapwing pipes, the wild duck seeks the stream,
 The whitethroat chatters in the wild rose tree,
 The swallows high o'er head are full of glee.
 The noisy rooks have left the ripening corn,
 And in yon wood collect till break of morn,

When with much clamour, yet with watchful care,
 They'll break their fast with many a well fill'd ear.
 Now see along that gently sloping bank,
 Where grow the wild brier and the hemlock rank,
 The tiny conies from their dark retreat
 Come out to play and crop the herbage sweet,
 In comic attitude oft will they sit,
 And watch and listen as each dainty bit
 They nibble there; and with sharp eye detect
 Each move suspicious and each form erect;
 Ah, now they've sighted me— their play is done,
 And quick as thought into the wood they run.
 Why do the lower tribes all dread our race,
 And see such horror in the human face?
 They know, by never failing instinct taught,
 That man is cruel in each deed and thought;
 And thus they from his dreaded presence fly,
 And hide themselves while he is passing by.
 The birds which sing so sweetly in yon tree
 My movements eye with closest scrutiny;
 And should I now direct my steps that way
 They'll cease their song and take themselves away.
 I would it were not so, but ah, in vain
 I strive a little confidence to gain.
 It grieves me much whene'er I walk abroad
 To see each creature shun my 'customed road.
 Oh, I would wish to be the acknowledged friend
 Of nature's tribes where'er my steps I bend.
 I'd love to stand at corner of yon wood
 And at a call collect them to the food
 Which I would scatter there with hand profuse,
 While with their tricks they should my mind amuse.
 But 'twill not be till nature's laws are changed,
 And Peace and Goodness side by side are ranged.
 But days are coming when this world shall be
 A paradise of love and liberty.

The word is spoken and it standeth firm,
 And waiteth but for the accomplished term.
 Then evil will be banished from the earth,
 And Nature then will see another birth.
 The leopard will no more the kid molest,
 Each bird will dwell securely in its nest.
 The lion will be humble as the ox,
 The lamb no more will fear the cunning fox.
 The poisonous serpent then will lose its sting,
 The wolf will cease to be a dreaded thing.
 The calf will gambol with the tiger's young,
 The little child will rule them with his tongue.
 The asp will lose its fang, the eagle's claws
 Will cease to grow, and in its flight will pause
 The horrid vulture as it seeks its prey,
 And all and each will then new laws obey.
 None will destroy, or harm or spill the blood
 Of weaker fellows in the field or wood.
 And none will fear the face of human kind
 For man will then become by nature kind.
 Peace, harmony, and joy will then abound,
 And songs of gladness through each land will sound.
 The placid waters of the world's wide sea
 Will ne'er be ruffled by foul anarchy
 Or strife, or war, or any other pest,
 The calm of Heaven will sleep upon its breast,
 The glorious light of God's most holy word
 Will then be shed on each dark heathen horde.
 Then man and nature hand in hand will go,
 And drink in blessings as from Heaven they flow;
 The ruling law in every heart will be
 Pure love divine —sweet heaven born charity.

But see, the fiery orb has disappeared,
 The sounds of busy toil no more are heard.
 Calmness on yon resplendent cloud reclines,

While heaven's high arch its roseate tint resigns.
 No breath disturbs the bough or leafy spray,
 Sweet peace attends the fast expiring day.
 The golden corn scarce waves or bows its head,
 The airy zephyrs now most lightly tread.
 The valleys are enwrapp'd in sombre hue,
 The distant hills are clothed in deep dyed blue.
 The blinking owl her evening's plan has laid.
 The prowling fox has cross'd the darkening glade.
 There goes the affrighted hare swift as the wind, –
 My vagrant steps have chanced her seat to find.
 The whirring partridges next startle me
 With sudden noise as from my face they flee;
 The sturdy cart horse on the upland lea
 Now roams at large from servile yoke set free.
 The whistling swain benighted hies him home;
 The shepherd o'er the farm has ceased to roam.
 The village lovers now with whispered talk,
 Enraptured, pace the sweet sequestered walk.
 The tired mower hides the glistening scythe,
 Which in the morn awoke the sky lark blithe;
 His task is done, his hard day's work is o'er;
 He seeks his clothes, consumes his basket's store,
 Collects his tools, adjusts each nail and peg,
 And drains to the last drop the ample keg,
 Then wipes the moisture from his sunburnt brow,
 And seeks the cot where rose and woodbine grow.

The lovely village rests in peace below, –
 The enchanted prospect makes my bosom glow.
 Sweet are the sounds to my delighted ear
 Which rise and mingle in the balmy air
 O'er that dear spot, and reach me where I stand,
 And echo through the intervening land.
 The milk-maid's song, the boisterous revelry
 Of playful children full of health and glee;

The bark of surly watch-dogs loud and deep,
 The piteous bleatings of the folded sheep;
 The oft repeated low of distant kine,
 The frequent uproar of the hungry swine;
 The shouts and laughter of the rustic clown,
 The noise of post-chaise just arrived from town.
 The softened cadence of sweet songs of praise
 Which rural christians in the evening raise.
 The faintest whisperings of the magic strains
 Of simple music rising in the lanes.
 And oft the melting sounds of village bells
 Steal on my ears and echo through the dells;
 And oh! those evening chimes are dear to me,
 They vibrate through the depths of memory.
 Sweet recollections of my early days
 Flock to my heart like stars of brightest rays;
 Remembrances, which might have been consigned
 To blank oblivion, crowd my willing mind;
 Pleasing, yet sad and melancholy thought,
 Unto my overflowing soul is brought.

I am but young, my years are yet but few,
 But, ah, of this world's cares I've had my view.
 Vicissitudes in my short life I've seen,
 And oft on trouble's stormy sea I've been;
 Yet still the narrow sphere in which I move
 Has not been destitute of peace and love.

Mark yonder old thatched cottage near the church,
 O'er-shadowed by the aspen and the birch, –
 That was my childhood's home, there was I born,
 There felt the sunshine of life's early morn.
 The ample roof, o'er grown with lichen green,
 Is just discerned the leafy boughs between.

'Twas there the noisy sparrows rear'd their young,
 And, perched above, the robin sung his song.
 Oft would they wake me at the break of day
 With constant chirp, and ever warbling lay.
 The rose and woodbine mantling o'er and o'er,
 Scarcely permitted entrance through the door.
 The lattices which open in the thatch
 Do with the tumbling chimnies purely match;
 The bended rig with moss and house-leek crowned,
 Is not far distant from the earth around.
 The scanty window at the gable end,
 On which the beams of early morn descend,
 Lights up the little chamber where I slept,
 And where my weary vigils oft I kept.
 The rattling casement felt each gust of air
 Which shook the arms of the old walnut near.
 The leaning walls hung o'er my humble bed,
 And e'en did threaten my devoted head.
 Oft when the church clock told the midnight hour,
 And with loud scream the owl flew from the tower;
 When louder through the ancient tree did moan
 The fitful blast which made the strong boughs groan;
 When 'neath my window o'er the well fed grass
 On many a green grave waving oft did pass
 With hoarse unearthly cough the church-yard sheep,
 By howling dog disturbed from quiet sleep;
 When some black beetle in its erring course
 Did strike the casement with disastrous force;
 When oft the skin-winged bat in eager chase
 Of some night insect swept the narrow space;
 Or when a falling leaf of shrivelled form
 Did brush the window in the midnight storm,
 Then would I cover o'er my eyes and ears,
 And multiplied would be my childish fears.
 Oft had I heard of graveyard ghost and sprite,
 And of each rustic urchin's awful fright,

Long tales oft told by village dame and sire
 Around the magic flame of winter's fire.

Well I remember waking one dark night
 When on the ceiling a portentous light
 Did shine reflected from the graves below, –
 'Twas here and there, and oft did come and go.
 I watched and listened, and the clammy sweat
 Did start from every pore, my heart did beat
 Convulsively, and every sinew shook,
 My eyes grew dim, and e'en refused to look.
 I could not look, I scarcely drew my breath,
 I felt as folded in th' embrace of death.
 I heard a sound, a low mysterious noise,
 As of the wailing of some doleful voice;
 Again I heard as of some hollow cough
 Repeated thrice, and thrice the wind blew rough.
 The horrid stories of the winter's fire
 Rushed to my mind with force and feeling dire.
 At length strange courage seized me, and to take
 One look a desperate effort I did make.
 With trembling hand I drew the curtain's fold,
 When Oh! what did my swimming eyes behold?
 Horror of horrors! sight of sights most wild!
 The village sexton graved a still-born child!

But Ah! that humble cot to me is dear,
 'Twas there I passed full many a happy year.
 The scalding drop will start into my eye,
 My breast will heave with many a deep drawn sigh,
 As here I gaze on that beloved spot, —
 That cottage home which ne'er can be forgot.
 'Twas there I dwelt in peaceful bliss secure,
 And basked in beams of radiant love so pure.
 'Twas there, amidst a numerous family,
 I took my share in play and youthful glee.

'Twas there I chased the light-winged hours away,
 And hailed with joy each quick returning day.
 I knew no care, no sorrow rent my breast,
 Nor did disease my mortal frame infest.
 Beneath the wide-spread boughs of yon old tree
 Full many a game and frolic I did see.
 Alas! those days sped swift- they saw an end,
 Sickness and woe did e'er our heads impend.
 Our happy circle quick was broken up,
 We drained the dregs of sorrow's bitter cup.
 Death came amongst us- marked his helpless prey,
 And bore a sister for his prize away.
 Soon he returned, another sister took,
 And passing by he cast a lingering look
 Upon a much loved brother, next to be
 The victim of his ruthless tyranny.
 Few days elapsed, our mourning was not o'er,
 Ere death again passed through the cottage door.
 The shaft was aimed- we felt his presence dread-
 That brother quick was numbered with the dead.
 O yes, he died, in youth's gay prime he went,
 Ere manhood dawned his lamp of life was spent.
 Scarce twenty summers sped across his brow
 Ere in the cold graveyard we laid him low.
 O death thou art the terror of our race,
 From thy dread darts there is no hiding place.
 Thou severest all fond nature's strongest ties,
 And heedest not her tears, or wailing cries.
 None can resist thy fell destroying power,
 Or take away thy sceptre for an hour.
 No wealth can bribe thee to withhold thy hand
 When once to strike from heaven thou hast command.
 The rich, the poor, the young, the aged, all,
 Without distinction, by thine arrows fall.
 The dispensations of God's Providence
 Are far above the reach of mortal sense.

Sometimes His chastenings are severe indeed,
 But truth and justice mark his every deed.
 Man's fallen nature, and rebellious state
 Beget the rod, and call for scourgings great.
 Sorrow and sickness, pain, disease, and death,
 Are wages due to all the tribes of earth.

Ah! 'twas a blow that nearly brake my heart
 When, short of warning, I was called to part
 With that companion of my early years—
 Partaker of my childish joys and fears.
 A child of genius bright and true was he,
 And earth seemed not his native place to be;
 So quick he passed from all his labours here,
 And was translated to some other sphere.
 O bitter, bitter were the tears I shed
 When as each night I sought the simple bed
 Which had so many, many nights been shared
 With him who from my sight had disappeared.
 Oft when the midnight breeze passed gently by,
 And when the neighbouring trees did softly sigh,
 My fancy then would hear his well-known voice
 Alas! 'twas but the night's mysterious noise.
 Scarce ten good paces from our humble cot
 You'll find the dear, the ever sacred spot
 Where the poor lost one in the cold, cold ground
 Deep hidden lies, far from all sight and sound.
 What burning grief consumed my inmost soul,
 When the dread thought did o'er my spirit roll,
 That 'neath the window of my scanty room,
 With loathsome worms, and chill, and damp, and gloom,
 My former sprightly, blithesome brother lay,
 No more to see the glorious light of day.
 When sudden wakened at the midnight hour,
 The thought would strike me with a tenfold power
 When by my side I felt the vacant space

Which long had been his own sweet resting place.
 Each morn I gazed with aching throbbing brow
 Upon the spot which oft I gaze on now;
 I watched the grass grow on his narrow bed,
 And saw the daisy flourish o'er his head.

Ah, memory takes me to life's early dawn,
 To childhood's hours when sorrows were unknown.
 'Twas then we sported like the lambs in spring,
 Or like the birds which in the branches sing,
 The honied moments in a golden stream
 Did bear us on their current, and did teem
 With joy, and love, and rapture, and delight,
 And every hour brought pleasures new and bright.
 Like some sweet dream by music's strains begot,
 The fond remembrance of our happy lot,
 When gamboling on childhood's bank of flowers,
 Steals o'er my mind with softly melting powers.

Then came the sweets of boyhood's happy day,
 With time divided 'twixt the school and play.
 Full many a spot here starts before my eyes
 Endeared to memory by a thousand ties.
 The sycamore, at foot of yonder hill,
 Where motionless now stands the snug old mill,
 O'er hung that fane of wit, the village school,
 Where we were taught full many a golden rule.
 Well do I recollect those dingy walls,
 The master's presence, and his awful calls,
 The ponderous benches, and the dreaded slates,
 The "Rule of Three," which every school-boy hates;
 The well-worn books, the desks, the creaking door,
 The narrow windows, and th' uneven floor;
 But the old structure now has disappeared, –
 For growing wants a larger has been reared.
 When spring and summer spread their charms around,

And flowers of gold and silver decked the ground,
Together then, with chums selected well,
We roamed the hill, the vale, the grove, and dell,
In search of mischievous adventure bold,
Receiving oft the well deserved scold.
We robb'd the nest of every early bird,
The cuckoo's morning notes we always heard.
We waded bare-foot in the limpid brook,
And fished, with broken needle for a hook.
We climbed the ash or elm beside the wood,
To rob the chattering magpie of her brood.
A fledgling thrush, or blackbird was a prize,
An owl was also priceless in our eyes;
But when by chance we found a rabbit's nest,
Then that was valued far above the rest.
The tiny things with care were handed round,
And in some old oak chest a home they found.
And thus we passed the merry sunlit hours,
We roamed at large, and basked amongst the flowers.
Within our lips with stem of buttercup
From milk-maid's pail we drew the nectar up.
Oft late at meals, or school, all tired and worn,
With bleeding hands, and garments rent and torn,
We sent our voices loudly through the grove,
And o'er yon brook each others powers did prove.
When harvest with its busy days came on,
We gladly then the gleaning bag did don;
And through the heated field or dusty lane
We sought the remnant of the farmer's grain.
But oft instead of gathering golden ears,
Our lazy forms were found amongst the briars
Taking their fill of blackberries so ripe,
Or of the stubble making pandean pipe.
Or perhaps the crab or nut would tempt our taste,
Then up we went into the boughs wjth haste.
The biting winter never came amiss,

Nor much detracted from our boyish bliss.
 What shouts and laughter from the duck-pond brake,
 When frost transform'd it into one broad cake;
 What glee was shewn when as two armies ranged
 Successive rounds of snow-balls were exchanged;
 Or when by moonlight o'er the glittering grounds
 We scoured the village as the fox and hounds.
 But mark yon mansion, built in modern times,
 Just seen behind yon row of graceful limes;
 That structure is the village parsonage,
 A spot held sacred both by youth and age.
 When Sunday came oft were we taken there,
 To be most kindly questioned, and to hear
 The word of exhortation, and of truth
 To guide us through the slippery paths of youth.
 Ah, many a precept did we there receive,
 And admonition, which will never leave
 The treasured storehouse of the attentive mind,
 Or lose the impressions which remain behind.

But all the charms of boyhood passed away,
 And youth's light bark was entered, oft astray
 To shoot upon the gliding stream of life,
 To taste its folly, and its toil and strife.
 The time arrived when for our daily bread
 We had to labour, and the simple trade
 Our sire and grandsire followed with success
 Was learnt by us with quickness and address.
 But hours of leisure plenty then had we
 And from a master's harshness were we free.
 Our daily task accomplished, to the field
 We sped away; or music oft would yield
 Its virtuous charms to our enraptured ears,
 And gild the moments of those happy years.
 In concert oft we made the welkin ring,
 And sent sweet strains upon the evening's wing.

In books we also took supreme delight,
 And oft would ponder o'er them half the night.
 The drawing pencil also, with much skill,
 Was handled by my poor lost brother Will;
 And when I view the pictured landscapes o'er,
 Traced by his hand, and cherished evermore,
 How I lament his permature disease!
 But grief is vain, death will no more release.
 'Twas at His word in whose almighty hand
 Our lives are held, and by whose power we stand,
 That the dear youth his earthly father left, –
 That a fond mother of her son was reft.
 A mother! ah, a mother once I had,
 But I have mourned for her with wailings sad.
 She too is numbered with the silent dead,
 And in yon old grave-yard low lies her head.
 Of mothers kindest of the kind was she.
 And fondly cherished is her memory.
 She quickly followed to their early grave
 Her three beloved children, and did leave
 A mournful group beneath yon roof of moss
 To grieve in silence o'er their heavy loss.
 And 'tis a loss which naught can here replace
 When such a parent passes from her race.
 O, who can e'er forget, that once has seen,
 The death-bed of a mother? 'Tis a scene
 With which on earth no other can compare, –
 The depths of griefs solemnity are there.
 Ah! deep impress'd upon my conscious soul
 Is such a scene; and though time's tempests roll
 With violence destructive o'er my head,
 The memory of a mother's dying bed
 Will ne'er be driven by the surging tide
 From off my mind while on life's stream I ride.
 'Twas there I stood and saw the languid eye,
 The patient look, the tear of agony;

I heard the kind injunction calmly given,
 The sweet request to follow her to heaven.
 With trembling voice my mother bid me tread
 The ways of God, that death I ne'er might dread;
 The sacred words oft through my ears will thrill,
 Like the soft music of a rippling rill.
 The sad survivors as they stood and grieved
 Some parting words of kind advice received;
 The fluttering soul then took itself away,
 And sped to regions of perpetual day.

My long lost parent! suffer now the tear
 While I remember all thy toil and care,
 Thy smiles of love, thy kind and gentle words,
 Thy tender heart with all its binding cords.
 As here I walk in meditation deep
 Amongst these silent shades, when calmly sleep
 The waters of the world within my breast,
 I'll think of thee, and of thy heavenly rest.
 I see thee now as when in childish glee,
 In yonder cot, I climbed upon thy knee.
 I see thee now as when beside thy chair
 I said my lesson or my evening prayer,
 I see thee watching near my simple bed
 When sickness gathered round my youthful head;
 I see thy anxious eye, thy careful feet,
 Thy willing hands, and hear thy voice so sweet.
 I see thee toiling that we might be fed
 As up life's hill of labour we were led;
 And then I see thee in the arms of death,
 And thy poor form consigned unto the earth.
 Oh, to thy mem'ry here my mother dear
 Permit me now to drop a burning tear.

O come ye spirits of departed friends
 And tell how far your line of flight extends.

Do ye not hover round my lonely path
 When my rapt soul such heavenly visions hath?
 Do ye not oft look down with loving eye
 "Upon the scene which saw your bodies die?
 Do ye behold the struggle and the strife
 Of those who yet remain in mortal life?
 Say, what is death, that dread, that mighty change,
 Oh ye who through the heavenly valleys range!
 Say, do ye not flit o'er our homes of clay
 And to our bed-rooms frequent visits pay?
 And do I not sometimes at midnight hear
 Your spirit voices in the stilly air?
 Strange music oft will then enchant my soul,
 And heavenly harmonies will o'er me roll.
 O mystery! O secret undivulged!
 My curious mind must not be thus indulged.

But Oh, how soon may I the barrier cross,
 And on the waves of death's cold river toss!
 How soon may my poor body side by side
 With kindred dust in yon graveyard abide.
 Then may my spirit soar to worlds above,
 And join with those whose memories now I love.
 Let some kind friend sometimes the silent tear
 Shed o'er my grave, but raise no monument there.
 But see, the moon is rising o'er the hill,
 The village sounds are hush'd, and all is still,
 Save where the ring of sheep bell in the vale
 Is borne upon the gently whispering gale;
 Or save where in the depths of yonder grove
 The nightingale pours forth its tale of love.
 In sombre vestments clad the goddess night
 Walks forth majestic to assume her right.
 How sacred is the scene! A mighty power
 O'erwhelms my senses at this awful hour.
 In solitude's unbroken depths profound

I stand and view the solemn scene around.
The breeze sighs softly through the shadowy woods,
And over the valley deepest quiet broods.
Advancing ghost-like the white mist appears,
The magic sounds of night salute my ears.
Unto the arch of the deep azure skies
In fear and wonder now I turn my eyes.
I see the glittering stars and planets roll,
Within the great Omnipotent's control.
By day and night His care is over all
Yon mighty orbs, and our terraqueous ball.

But towards my cot I now must turn my feet,
And leave these haunts of meditation sweet.
The hour of rest, of bodily rest, has come,
And the dark shadows bid me seek my home.

THE END.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG

With ears erect and ever watchful eye,
Brim full of instinct and intelligence;
With gaze upturned and oft inquiring whine,
And talking tail, by him well understood,
The shepherd's constant friend, his faithful dog,
Trots near him on the road. Their daily rounds
O'er the accustomed farm extended wide,
Now o'er the crooked stile and on the path
Through lovely grove and glen, in rural nooks,
Through shady lanes and sweet sequestered vales;
O'er hill and dale; by rippling rill, or brook;
Whose winding course is marked by willows rank
Of growth; then o'er the rustic bridge which spans
The stream with planks so rotten that they scarce
Will bear the weight of man and dog at once;
Along the skirts of scented woods; beneath
The shade of hedge-row elms, or wide-spread oaks,
The boon companions walk. Their ramble oft
Disturbs the timid hare, which sudden starts
From its accustomed seat amongst the grass,
And dashes o'er the field swift as the wind.
The nibbling sheep at their appearance run
From all sides round, as by attraction drawn;

And in some corner form a solid square.
 Then, counted o'er, the number short appears.
 Now at the signal Rover scours the field
 With eager haste, and searches every turn.
 At length, heels uppermost in the deep ditch,
 Bound fast with wiry brambles, intersect
 With furze and thorn, the unfortunate is found.
 Oft when the noon-day sun in summer time
 Dissolves the traveller and burns up the earth
 With fierce and scorching heat, the shepherd then,
 In sheltered nook, remote from busy life,
 Will take his nap upon the grassy sward,
 Or mossy bank, both beds of down to him.
 Deep silence reigns around, save where the sleek
 And comely cow, by heat or insects driven
 From open field and arid pasture ground,
 Splashes the water of the refreshing stream,
 Where lazily it wends its crooked way
 Beneath the alder and the ancient thorn,
 The ivy mantled ash and bushy crab,
 Which overhang its weedy banks, and form
 A verdant canopy and cool retreat;
 Or, save when wandered from its parent's side,
 The late-born lambkin's Heatings rend the air.
 Lulled by the music of the babbling brook,
 And fanned by zephyrs light which haunt the place,
 The shepherd sleeps the sultry hour away.
 The heated dog with dangling tongue exposed
 Squats down beside him, and with watchful care
 Protects him as he slumbers on the green.
 The panting sheep, by flies tormented, seek
 The cooling shade of friendly sycamore,
 Amid field planted for their special use.
 Then comes the hour when to his humble cot
 And frugal meal the shepherd wends his way.
 His entrance there is greeted by a host

Of noisy children, full of health and glee.
Then Rover by the whole mischievous crew
At once is roughly handled and caressed.
One pulls his ears, another pulls his tail,
And then another cards his woolly hide.
Then for the time transformed into a beast
Of burden, on his back the chuckling babe
Is placed, and with him round the scanty room
He trudges, midst the merriment of all.
The sleepy cat, curled up in th' old arm chair,
Just lifts her head and spreads her paw abroad,
Then turns and sinks composed to sleep again.
When winter's storms drive all the cattle home,
Arid Rover basks upon the cheerful hearth,
Puss, then, with cautious steps will mount the height
Of his warm cushioned ribs, and there, with legs
Tucked up, by him permitted, nods and sleeps.
When spring comes round with all its sweet delights,
And lovely May and June light up the year,
What busy scenes o'er all the country side
Are then presented to our vagrant gaze.
The flocks are driven from each verdant field,
And with loud uproar on the dusty road
They slowly move unto the dreaded wash,
When seized by brawny arms of rustic swains,
Each individual sheep is there immersed.
Then shearing time arrives, when 'neath the shade
Of broad-leaved chestnuts in the homestead bare,
The prostrate creatures lose their useful coats.
Then parting day comes on, when with much din
The lambkins bid farewell unto their dams,
And are asunder torn, and Rover runs,
And barks, and barks till he can bark no more.

THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.

Thou sacred pile! what ages now are past and gone;
 Since some one laid thy first foundation stone;
 Yet there thou stand'st in solemn majesty,
 "With silent finger pointing to the sky."
 The hands that reared thy walls, where are they now?
 They've mingled with the clods, they've been laid low
 Some centuries; but thou hast braved the storm—
 A thousand tempests have not marred thy form.
 The noble walnut near thy steepled tower
 Is the orchestra of the feathered choir;
 Among its boughs the sparrow rears her young,
 And robin redbreast sings his evening song:
 The starlings, too, with notes above the rest,
 Here take abode, and here they make their nest;
 The blackbird perched on high at break of day,
 In early spring here pours his mellow lay:
 The ploughboy hears, and from his humble bed
 Unwilling creeps to eat his morning bread.
 The stately yew tree, at thy chancel end,
 Through many a fleeting year has been thy friend;
 Beneath its shady branches, widely spread,
 Lie buried in the dust the silent dead;
 The moaning wind sighs through its creaking boughs
 As evening's darkness thick around it grows:
 Ah! that's the spot—the terror of the place—
 The churchyard yew frights all the rustic race;
 On winter nights the village urchin there
 Oft sees strange sights, and does strange noises hear,
 As terrified he plods his homeward way
 From some beloved and long-protracted play.
 Time-honoured building! consecrated fold!
 Hadst thou a tongue, thou couldst a tale have told;
 Under thy shade the village worthies sleep,

And o'er their graves a strict watch thou dost keep.
 The godly minister of bygone years,
 Whose warning voice was heard till hoary hairs
 A crown of glory on his brow did lie,
 Rests here, till the last trumpet rends the sky.
 The parish clerk, who in the time of yore
 His office held full forty years or more,
 Here sleeps secure, in sheltered corner laid,
 Amongst the congregation of the dead.
 The sexton, worthy man, who in his day
 Could tell where each departed neighbour lay,
 Himself at last a narrow home he found
 In the accustomed spot, the well-known ground.
 The village rulers —men of common sense,
 Who in their life time spent the village pence,
 And were content, and never once did dream
 Of railways or the mighty powers of steam;
 The slow-paced husbandman of ages past,
 Who followed ancient rules from first till last,
 And seldom ventured o'er the village bounds,
 Except to sell the produce of his grounds;
 The village idler and the village slave,
 The merry milkmaid and the shepherd grave,
 The brawny arms that flung the rustic flail,
 The stalwart forms that walked the hill and dale,
 The village squire —the man of high renown,
 The village maiden and the village clown;
 The sage, philosopher, the village fool,
 The man of wit that kept the village school,
 The lowly cottager, the man of wealth,
 The child of sickness, and the son of health;
 The village matron and her children dear,
 The patriarch that saw his ninetieth year, —
 Here, side by side, are laid in kindred dust,
 To wait the doom of wicked or of just.
 The infant thou hast seen first draw its breath

Pass on to youth, to manhood, age, and death—
 And this repeated oft and o'er again;
 Yet thou thy form and fashion doth retain, —
 The vane topped spire, the battlemented base,
 The merry bells, the clock with ancient face,
 The old grey walls, the gravestone leaning near,
 The grated vault, the tomb with moss grown o'er,
 Are now the same as when in childhood's days
 We rambled round thy sides and trod thy ways.
 Thou pile-revered, thou hallowed house of God!
 What generations have thy pavement trod;
 What numbers now lie buried at thy feet
 Who once within thy sacred walls did meet;
 And we, who in thy presence now perform
 Life's varied duties and endure life's storm,
 Shall soon with our forefathers sleep, and swell
 The dust wherein the worms delight to dwell.

SELFISHNESS; OR THE TWO DONKEYS:

A PABLE.

Two donkeys travelling on a summer's day
 Did chance to fall in company by the way;
 The one was unencumbered, light, and free,
 As any wayfarer need wish to be;
 An ass he was of much cute observation, —
 Extremely fond also of conversation;
 Full many years a roadster he had been,
 And oft he'd boast of what he'd heard and seen.
 The other bowed beneath a heavy load,
 And weary jogged along the dusty road;
 The bags and panniers slung across his back
 Absorbed his mind, and all his thoughts did take;
 Sedate and grave he ne'er did lift his head; —

He kept the path with slowly measured tread.
 Both to a place the travellers were bound,
 And each was glad that company he had found;
 The lanes were bare, the heat was very strong,
 The journey was in prospect rather long;
 These circumstances taken into mind,
 A good companion all would wish to find.
 To read a lecture on the sins of man,
 His favourite theme, ass number one began;
 Of self and selfishness he chiefly spoke,
 And thus, at once, the dreary silence broke: —
 " My friend," says he to donkey number two,
 (Who, by the way, had something else in view) " My friend and neighbour
 hast thou ne'er observed
 How man by man in this bad world is served?
 Hast thou not seen in all thy many rounds
 How all their thoughts are shillings, pence, and pounds?
 I've travelled over many thousand miles,
 I've studied mankind in their various styles,
 And I have just arrived at this conclusion,
 (I'm confident I'm under no delusion)
 That man, the boasted lord of the creation,
 Is all for self, and this in every nation;
 The lord, the squire, the peasant, and the king,
 All, all are govern'd by this very thing.
 Self-love, self-will, self-interest, and self-ease,
 Their life, their daily life is ruled by these.
 Were I a man possessed of wealth and power
 I'd aid the low and wretched every hour;
 I'd punish vice where'er I saw its head,
 I'd help the weak, and fill the poor with bread;
 If I could rule, this world should be a place
 Where self and meanness dare not show their face."
 And thus he talked, and thus they journey 'd on,
 O'er many a weary mile of dust and stone;
 And oft behind our serious friend had tarried

To re-adjust the heavy load he carried;
 At last he sunk, —worn out and quite exhausted, —
 He must have rest, for all his strength was wasted.
 Says number one, " My friend, I must proceed,
 Our goal is not yet gained, and day doth speed."
 Poor donkey number two then groaned and sighed,
 And unto number one he thus replied: —
 " My friend, thou hast been talking all the way,
 Just stay and hear what I have got to say;
 When first I heard thy fair and gentle speech I thought that thou wouldst
 do as well as teach;
 But ah! I was deceived—thou talkest big —
 To do, it seems, thou dost not care a fig.
 Did not the thought once cross thy generous mind,
 When oft thou saw'st me jaded lag behind,
 That thou would' st better prove thyself a neighbour
 By taking part in this my heavy labour?
 But no! thou did'st not even brush the flies
 From off my ears or from my swollen eyes.
 The middle road I've kept, the heat I've borne,
 Whilst thou hast crept beneath the tree or thorn
 Alas! I see there's selfishness in asses,
 As well as in mankind's wide varied masses.
 Go then, false friend, and learn thyself to know,
 And learn also to preach and practice too."
 Ass number one at this was quite astounded,
 He ne'er had thought to be so much confounded
 So off he ran, and soon was lost to view,
 And left alone poor donkey number two.
 This is the moral which flows from our fable: —
 " Let each man help his brother when he's able."

NIGHT IN TOWN AND COUNTRY:

A CONTRAST.

Now night's dark pall upon the earth is thrown,
 The stars peep shy into the glittering town;
 The hour of eight is told from twenty towers,
 And toil awhile suspends in part its powers.
 A stream of life fresh pours into the street,
 The pavement rings with tramp of many feet.
 The busy mart is closed, the shops deserted,
 And plans for night's diversion are concerted;
 The clerk and shopman arm in arm appear,
 Cigar and meerschaum scent the frosty air.
 The furious cabman thunders o'er the stones,
 The ear is struck with inharmonious tones.
 The thoughtless youth runs to the haunts of sin,
 The profligate to drown his soul in gin.
 A goodly number, gladsome, wend their way,
 Some to the concert, others to the play;
 While some again the lecture hall frequent,
 Or in the reading-room an hour is spent;
 Bent on improvement some, and some on pleasure,
 Though more abuse the short-lived hours of leisure.
 The public clocks now point to half-past ten,
 Yet mingled sounds pervade the haunts of men;
 The angry voice of pot-house politician
 Now "mixes up with harp of hired musician.
 The belted blue-coat hears the rising din,
 And knows his night's work shortly will begin.
 The noisy wheels still o'er the pavement roll,
 The throng from finished entertainments stroll.
 The streets anew present a busy scene,
 The crowds descant on what they've heard and seen.
 The sober part now to their homes retire,
 And sit and sup before the cheerful fire;

Then chat or read till near the midnight hour,
 When to their beds they take their upward tour;
 But oft disturb'd by drunken fray below,
 No rest they find until the clock strikes two,
 When something like the calm repose of night,
 Rests on the town and stays till morning's light.

Now turn we to a far more peaceful scene,
 And sing the quiet of the village green.
 The old church clock tells out with solemn sound
 The hour of eight to all the village round;
 The curfew echoes through the silent vale,
 The boding night bird tells her piteous tale.
 The wind no more gives motion to the mill,
 Stall'd are the cattle, and the sheep are still.
 The watch-dog barks and rogues in shadows sees,
 The yew tree sighs unto the passing breeze.
 The cart horse in the stable has been fed,
 The ploughman hies him to his simple bed.
 The curfew bell has ceased, —the village swain
 Now courts the milk-maid in the shaded lane.
 The stars with lovely brightness gild the night,
 And fill the rustic with supreme delight;
 Or with sweet beaming face the silvery moon
 Grants to the thankful earth her useful boon.
 The peasant ponders o'er some well worn book,
 Or nods and doses in the chimney nook
 Till this the welcome hour of rest arrives,
 When from his mind all troublous thoughts he drives,
 And quick into his pallet does he creep,
 And soon he snores in depths profound of sleep. —
 The clock strikes nine, —the village streets are still,
 The fox is howling on the wooded hill.
 A sacred influence now descends from heaven,
 A sacred peace unto the earth is given.

Calm and serenely brooding silence reigns,
 And night's soft mantle rests on all the plains.
 No mirth is heard, no busy crowds are seen,
 No brawling words disturb the quiet scene.
 The hasty footfall of some rustic late
 Returning homeward from some errand great
 Will sometimes wake the echoes of the street,
 But swiftly from our ears the sounds retreat.
 The clock strikes ten, the ploughman turns him round
 Upon his bed, and listens to the sound,
 And counts the strokes so slowly measured o'er,
 Then sleeps securely till the hour of four,
 When chanticleer proclaims the break of morn,
 And sturdy teams expect their 'customed corn.

I SAW A LOVLEY MAIDEN WEEPING.

I saw a lovely maiden weeping,
 And she bow'd her graceful head
 Like the drooping willow keeping
 Vigils o'er the silent dead.
 When the shades of night were gath'ring
 Round the mossy mantled stone,
 Where the yew tree's boughs were hov'ring
 There she wander'd all alone.
 "Maid," I ask'd, "what great affliction
 Wounds thy young and tender heart?
 Grief has made a sad infliction,
 Cannot I some aid impart?
 Perhaps the loss of some kind brother,
 Or a sister wounds thee deep;
 Or the new grave of a mother
 Brings thee here this night to weep?"

Then she told me of her sorrow,
 Faster though her tears did flow;
 "Would," she said " that I to-morrow
 In my grave could be laid low.
 Not a sister, nor a brother,
 Nor a parent makes me mourn;
 No! my grief is for another,
 For another do I yearn.
 "For a warrior I am grieving,
 Bravest of the brave was he;
 But between us seas are heaving —
 I no more his face shall see;
 Mangled, bleeding, torn, and gory,
 Died he on the battle plain;
 O! the sad and mournful story
 Wrings my heart and burns my brain.

"'Neath this sombre yew tree's branches
 (Here by some strange fancy led),
 Here I saw his last fond glances,
 Here the last farewell he said;
 Here to parting vows I hark'ned,
 And he press'd me to his side,
 When the list'ning moon was dark'ned,
 And the night bird wildly cried.

"Leave, O leave me to my wailing,
 Leave me to this sacred spot;
 With the darkness around me veiling
 Here I'll mourn my bitter lot;
 Here I'll keep my vigils dreary
 'Neath this sympathising tree; —
 Night brings rest unto the weary,
 But it has no rest for me."

MY VILLAGE HOME.

My cottage is scanty, its limits are small,
 And it ranks with the lowly on earth;
 But the shadows dance gaily along each white wall
 As the flames briskly burn on the hearth.
 Though hardship and toil through the day may betide,
 Yet the evening as surely doth come,
 When contented I sit by the cheerful fireside
 In my own dearly-loved Village Home.

The strifes of the world, and its mammonish cares,
 And its questions so vexed and abstruse,
 Excite in my bosom no sorrows or fears,
 Nor rob my sweet home of its use.
 When, simple and fearless, in God I confide,
 And a child in His hands I become,
 O then I am blest by the cheerful fire-side,
 In my own dearly loved Village Home!

When I watch the bright flames as they dance in the grate,
 And feel the sweet glow at my heart,
 I'll think of the wretches who mourn their sad fate
 In lands o'er the ocean apart;
 I'll think of the place where' the despots abide,
 And of homes which are compassed with gloom;
 And I'll joyfully sing by the cheerful fire-side
 In my own dearly loved Village Home.

O England! blest England! no country with thee
 In all the wide world can compare;
 The cot of thy peasant, so favoured and free,
 Is a castle of liberty dear!
 No pleasures of freedom to him are denied,

No shadows around him dare loom; —
 Then thankful I'll sit by the cheerful fire-side
 In my own dearly loved Village Home!

WHEN WILL IT COME?

When will it come? when will the day arrive,
 When love shall bloom and fill the gladden'd earth,
 When godliness in every land shall thrive,
 When nature shall rejoice with sacred mirth;
 When men shall learn the art of war no more,
 Or nations thirst for neighbouring nation's blood;
 When still'd shall be the cannon's dreadful roar,
 When peace shall flow like some high swelling flood?

When will it come? that great sabbatic rest,
 When swords and spears no more shall see the light,
 When the fierce passions of the human breast
 Shall be consign'd to the abyss of night.
 Then the green hills will clap their hands and sing,
 And every tribe will feel the power divine;
 Sweet songs of praise through ev'ry vale will ring,
 And every voice will in the anthem join.

When will it come? that long expected time,
 When man no more shall feel life's bitter woes; —
 The dawning of that era so sublime,
 When earth shall bud and blossom as the rose;
 When art, and science, commerce, trade, and laws
 Shall flourish unmolested in the land;
 When harmony shall rule without a pause,
 And plenty cast her store on every hand.

When will it come? that day so much desired,
 When every grade of Christians shall agree,
 And of their bick' rings and their strife grow tired,
 And walk together here in unity;
 When pride in every shape shall be laid low,
 When foul ambition ne'er shall lift its head;
 When sweet humility instead shall grow,
 And by its side contentment shall be fed.
 When will it come? that long predicted day,
 When full destroyed shall be oppression's yoke,
 When ruthless tyrants shall be swept away,
 And all the chains of slavery shall be broke;
 When man with man shall deal most just and true,
 When love shall dwell in palace and in cot;
 When rich men shall be blessed in all they do,
 And when the poor shall never be forgot.

When will it come? earth's glorious jubilee,
 O hasten Lord that happy, happy time,
 When peace, and love, and joy, and harmony,
 Shall take the place of war, and grief, and crime.
 That day will come, ah, 'tis a certainty!
 But sweeping judgments first must do their work;
 Then Satan and his hosts will banished be,
 And naught of hell will here be left to lurk.

ANGRY WORDS.

How oft the tongue breaks madly through
 Discretion's sober bounds!
 How like a wild fire it consumes,
 How like a sword it wounds!

"Tis keener than the sharpest blade,
 And cuts into the soul;
 'Tis fiercer than the hottest flame,
 And burns without control.

How oft a few unguarded words,
 Rough spoken in a pet,
 Will mar the peace of families,
 And endless strife beget!
 As when the winds in eastern climes
 Give forth their pois'nous breath,
 And scorch the blood of man and beast.
 And blast the fruits of earth.

The ties which love and friendship twine —
 Those strongly binding cords —
 Are oft asunder rudely torn,
 By harsh and angry words.
 As when the clust'ring rosebuds sweet,
 Close nestling side by side,
 Are by some sudden storm o'ercome,
 And scatter'd far and wide.

How oft the mother's heart is made.
 In secrecy to bleed
 By daggers from the tongues of those
 Who at her breast did feed!

How oft in passion's fearful heat
 The father spurns the son,
 And deeds of darkness often end
 What angry words begun!

The sons of toil great burdens bear,
 Their lot is always hard,

But when unkindness adds its weight
 O where is their reward?
 Sometimes they writhe beneath the lash
 Of an employer's tongue,
 And pain and sorrow take the place
 Of cheerfulness and song.

The Christian oft would fain call back
 An unbecoming word,
 And cause for deep regret to him
 The tongue will oft afford;
 He cannot always keep in check
 That little world of sin,
 'Twill sometimes burst through every band
 Rebellion to begin.

THERE IS A VOICE.

There is a voice runs through the earth
 And through the air and skies;
 And through the conscious soul of man
 The thrilling echo flies.
 Sometimes in music soft and sweet
 That voice falls on our ears;
 But oft in mighty power it speaks,
 And wakes our inmost fears.

'Tis heard in every month that rolls
 The yielding year along;
 And every changing season hears
 That great mysterious tongue.
 'Tis heard when rosy-featured morn

Proclaims the approach of day,
 And when the evening shadows fall
 Upon the traveller's way.

'Tis heard above the hurricane
 Which sweeps the trembling earth;
 'Tis heard amid the sullen roar
 Of winter's stormy breath:
 It speaks in every bud and flower
 Which beautifies the spring,
 And every gentle breeze that blows
 That voice to us doth bring.

'Tis heard in woods, and dales, and glens,
 In groves and fragrant bowers;
 It speaks in every varied strain
 In summer's sunny hours.
 When awful thunders rend the air,
 And lightnings dart around,
 And when the rainbow spans the sky
 That voice is heard to sound.

'Tis heard when autumn gathers in
 Her rich and bounteous store;
 In every loaded valley then
 It echoes o'er and o'er;
 It speaks in every blade of grass,
 In every singing bird;
 And in the hum of insect life
 That voice is always heard.

It speaks in every joint and limb
 Of man's most wondrous frame;
 And every blessing he receives
 Is vocal with the same.

It speaks in yonder spangled sky
 In every burning star; —
 In system, planet, sun, and moon—
 'Tis heard both near and far.

'Tis heard when midnight throws its pall
 Of darkness o'er the earth;
 It speaks aloud when some dear friend
 Is called away by death.
 O, hear ye not, ye sons of men,
 That voice of truth and love?
 It speaks to all below, and says,
 "There is a God above."

DUTY.

When duty calls, O linger not
 Amongst the flowers of ease;
 Obey the stern command at once,¹—
 The present moment seize.
 Whate'er may be the task imposed,
 O never from it shrink,
 But cheerfully perform the same,
 Nor once of murmuring think.

When duty calls lay self aside,
 And every pretext loose;
 Do not confer with flesh and blood,
 Regard no vain excuse.
 Acquit thee like a man, be firm,
 Let courage swell thine heart!
 Address thee boldly to the work,

act no coward's part.

Where duty calls the road may be
 All thorny, rough, and steep;
 And dark and drear may be the night,
 And winds may on thee leap.
 But face it, man, and fear no ill,
 For duty's path is safe,
 And if 'tis followed close by thee
 Thou'lt shun much pain and grief.

Each passing hour which ti'er thy head
 Speeds on with steady wing,
 Some still small voice, some duty's call,
 Unto thine ears will bring.
 O swerve not from the rightful track
 At morn, or noon, or night,
 The track which now seems difficult
 Will end in glorious light.

HOPE.

Hope fills the heart with life and joy
 And fires the languid eye, —
 Disperses many a frowning cloud,
 And makes the shadows fly.
 Like some bright beacon burning clear
 Which guides the traveller late,
 She luminates our darkest night,
 And cheers our saddest state.

Her voice, like music on the gale,
 Sounds sweetly on our ears, —
 It soothes the bitterest hour of pain,
 And quells foreboding fears.
 She fondly clings unto the soul,
 Nor does she willing yield;
 And from the attacks of black despair
 She does our spirits shield.

O, like an angel bright and fair
 She hovers round our path;
 And words of comfort and delight
 For every soul she hath.
 She points unto the sunny side
 Of every picture here;
 She bids us trust in Providence,
 And never, never fear.

FRIENDSHIP.

O, sweet it is to have a friend
 In whom we may confide; —
 A friend who in life's darkest hours
 Is ever at our side.
 Our life is but a varied tale,
 The earth a chequered scene;
 Sometimes we bask in sunny smiles,
 And all is bright and green.
 But oft our beaming sun will set
 In rising clouds and gloom;
 And shades of trouble pain and grief
 Will o'er our prospects loom.

How lovely then is friendship's star
 Which rises on our night;
 How cheering are its gentle rays,
 How beautiful, how bright.

Kind friends are numerous round the man
 Of honour, wealth, and fame, —
 On whom the sun of plenty shines
 In many a smiling beam.
 But he's the friend most kind and true
 Who never from us parts,
 When sorrow and adversity
 Weigh heavy on our hearts.

WHEN I THINK OF JOYS DEPARTED.

When I think of joys departed,
 And of happy moments fled;
 Oft the tear of grief is started,
 And by sorrow's hand I'm led.
 When the scenes of youth come stealing
 O'er my memory like a dream,
 Floods of sweet yet mournful feeling
 Through my conscious soul will stream.

When I think of friends who slumber
 In the dark and cold, cold grave,
 Then I miss the joys past number
 Which their living presence gave.

When their forms in fancy's vision
 Sudden start into my mind,
 One bright moment's sweet delusion,

One short glimpse of bliss I find.

But the vision quickly fadeth,
 Quickly melts before my view;
 And a gloom my mind o'er-shadeth,
 Sombre as the grave-yard yew.
 Ah, 'twas like a ray of sun-light
 Bursting through the winter's shroud;
 Like a transient beam of moon-light
 From behind a stormy cloud.

When I take my lonely ramble
 At the meditative hour,
 By the brook, or near the bramble,
 Or through fragrant woodland bower,
 Then my spirit deeply drinketh
 At the fount of heavenly joys;
 Then all earthly pleasure sinketh
 For 'tis mixed with foul alloys.

When the evening's gentle shadows
 Gather round the wooded hills;
 When through scented groves and meadows
 Naught but nature's music thrills, —
 Through the glade I love to wander,
 Through the green and shady dell,
 There alone I love to ponder,
 Where the feathered songsters dwell.

Life with all its varied changes
 Then recedes awhile from view;
 And my light-wing'd fancy ranges
 Far above the sky's deep blue.

Waves of heavenly bliss roll o'er me,
 Liquid music laves my soul,

Heavenly visions flit before me
 And I feast without control.

LINES

WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1856.

Another year has run its silent course
 Along the sands of Time. Its joys are fled,
 And all its changing scenes have passed away
 Swift as the shuttle of a weaver's loom.
 It seemeth but the twinkling of an eye
 Since, joyfully, we hail'd its natal day;
 But now 'tis left in past eternity.
 'Twas fraught with horror and it brought forth death
 To thousands of our fellow mortals here
 In violent forms. But glorious days it had,
 As well as days of darkness and of blood.
 But oh, how swift the light-wing'd moments fly!
 How short the time of man's sojourn on earth!
 His life is but the shadow of a dream!
 'Tis like the fiery meteor when it shoots
 Its course erratic through the midnight air,
 And for a moment throws its light around,
 Then vanishes for ever from the scene.
 'Tis like the ignited vapour on the marsh,
 Which the belated traveller sometimes sees
 To dance awhile in strange fantastic shapes,
 And then to disappear amid the haze.
 'Tis like the rose which in the morning blooms
 So fresh and fair upon the parent bush,
 But ere the sun has reached his noon-day height
 Some ruthless hand has scattered all its leaves.

'Tis like a gleam of moon-light from between
The passing clouds. 'Tis but a tale that's told.
Ah, here we stand in anxious attitude
Upon the threshold of another year,
Attempting but in vain to pierce the veil
Which hides the future from our wondering sight:
That veil whose folds no human eye can pierce.
Enveloped in profound obscurity,
The future lies unlighted, unrevealed.
Tis wisely hid from e'en the good man's gaze.
Whate'er may swell the pregnant womb of Time,
And be brought forth before the latest day
Of this new period we cannot tell.
Events of mighty import may be brought
To sudden birth, and dire calamities
May o'er our heads impend, and like a flood
May come upon the nations of the earth;
But why forebode? Why listen to the fears
Which fancy prompts and wild conjecture feeds?
Hear that bright angel Hope, whose soothing voice
Like liquid music poured upon the soul,
Dispels the gloom which oft will gather o'er
Our fearful minds. She speaks of sunny hours,
And shows the fairest side of things, and points
To brighter days. She lifts her hands on high,
And with benignant smiles she recommends
Our faithless souls to God's kind providence,
And bids us trust and banish trembling fear.

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Now Nature's mourning days are o'er,
The darksome hours are past;
Stern winter's form is seen no more,
Nor does the snow lie at the door,
Gone is the searching blast.

The spring returns, the genial sun
Sends forth his cheering rays,
The woodland music has begun,
The echo through the groves doth run
In sweet melodious lays.

The birds on every bough rejoice,
The busy bee comes forth;
Each living creature lifts its voice,
And fills the air with cheerful noise,
To praise the God of earth.

The bursting buds in beauty stand,
And speak the summer near;
And garden, corn, and fallow land,
Are free from Winter's iron hand,
And now have nought to fear.

The violets bloom, the daisies peep,
The primrose rears its head;
And from its winter's dreary keep
Each dormant creature now doth creep,
And rises from the dead.

The lambkins sport along the green,
The skylark mounts the air;
And in yon elms, a busy scene,

The noisy rooks each day are seen
 To build and to repair.

The brook from frost's strong fetters free,
 Bounds o'er its stony bed;
 And with its wonted majesty
 The river flows on to the sea,
 And hastes with joyous speed.

The ploughman to the fields doth bring
 Each morn his master's team;
 And hill and dale rejoice and sing,
 And mount and vale with praises ring,
 And with new life do teem.

Let man lift up his heart and soul,
 With Nature let him joy;
 And as the changing seasons roll,
 His Maker's name let him extol—
 In praise his tongue employ.

THE WANDERING SONGSTERS' RETURN.

O welcome, welcome once again
 Ye songster wanderers;
 O welcome to the shady lane,
 And to the thicket, brake, and glen,
 And welcome to the firs.

To the accustom'd haunts ye come,
 Ye roving minstrels dear;
 Back to the much lov'd nest and home
 Which ye, by nature taught to roam,

Did leave the former year.

In rural nooks, by tree or thorn,
 Where ye delight to dwell,
 I love to stroll at eve or morn
 When in my ears, by zephyrs borne,
 Sweet strains in cadence swell.

My native hills and dales resound
 With pure delicious notes;
 O how familiar is the sound
 Which bursts upon me all around
 From those sweet warbling throats.

Along the path, in yonder wood,
 Beneath the scented pine, —
 Where oft the wary fox hath stood,
 And where the wild-flowers shoot and bud,
 And round each other twine.

When sinks the sun into the sea,
 And all the west is gold, —
 When fragrance springs from shrub and tree, —
 When sweets delight the home-bound bee,
 And glory gilds the wold;

When not a breath disturbs the bough,
 Or shakes the leafy spray;
 When clouds are swept from heaven's high brow,
 When into summer spring doth grow,
 And nature's self is gay,

O there in solitude I love
 To roam at that blest hour; —
 On either side, below, above,
 Sweet music thrills through every grove,

And through each fragrant bower.

The swallow twitters in the air,
The whitethroat in the brier;
And every new arrival there
In general chorus takes a share,
And strikes the living lyre.

This lovely spot not long ago
Was silent as the grave,
Save when the wintry wind did blow,
Or save when some half-famish' d crow
A long hoarse wailing gave.

But ye who braved the winter's storms,
And ye who cross'd the seas,
Now mingle here your beauteous forms,
And every bush with life now swarms,
And teems with notes of praise.

Sing on, ye birds, O let your song
Pervade the balmy air;
Ye are the earth's bright angel throng
"Which pour loud anthems all day long
Into th' Almighty's ear.

JUNE.

Tis the smiling month of June,
Nature sings her sweetest tune,
Puts her loveliest garments on,
Bids the sombre shades begone.
See the hills with emerald speck'd,
See the vales with gold bedeck'd,
Fragrance fills the balmy air,
Woods resound with music clear.
Birds on every spray rejoice,
Cattle lift their gladsome voice,
Plenty springs on every hand,
Beauty travels o'er the land.
Hawthorn blossoms meet the eye,
Babbling brooks dance gaily by,
Sweet-voiced blackbirds in the bush
Sing responsive to the thrush,
In the depths of yonder grove
Hark! the nightingale makes love.
Primrose, daisy, buttercup,
Lift there shining faces up,
Sip the sparkling nectar dew
And exalt their crests anew.
Bees are passing to and fro,
Humming gaily as they go,
Insect millions sport and play
In the sunbeams all the day.
Fatness fills the flowery mead
And delights the glassy glade.
Cornfields flourishing so free
Fill the husbandmen with glee.
With rosy smiles the morning breaks,
Earth to pleasure then awakes,
Noon with lusty earnest sings,

The welkin then with laughter rings.

Evening next with gentle grace
Meets the earth with kind embrace,
Then the lovely blue-bells nod
To the cowslip on the sod.
Then the dear forget-me-not
Throws a kiss by love begot
To the blushing daisy's cheek,
While the lady-smock so meek
Strives to hide her graceful head
In her green and grassy bed.
Then the lilies of the vale
Ring their bells upon the gale.
Fairies to their magic sound
Gaily dance the mystic round
'Neath the fragrant hawthorn tree
There they hold their revelry.
Lovely zephyrs spread their wings
Loaded with delicious things,
Then they whisper through the dell
And fond tales of love they tell,
Perfumed compliments they bear
To and from each floweret there.
Scenes of rapture and delight
Charm the heart and greet the sight.
June thou art a maiden fair,
Briggest gem of all the year.

A MORNING IN AUGUST.

The light is breaking o'er the hill,
 And tints which mock the painter's skill
 Illumine the eastern sky;
 The new-born zephyrs blithe and gay
 Around my form disport and play; —
 The mists and shadows far away
 On night's dark pinions fly.

The fiery orb majestic now
 Walks forth above the mountain's brow,
 And ushers in the morn;
 The woods into fresh beauty spring,
 And with the strains of music ring, —
 All Nature's tribes in concert sing—
 "Another day is born!"

The golden fields in rich array
 Reflect the early beams of day, —
 The corn enchants the eye;
 The crystal gems adorn each ear,
 And every burdened cluster there
 Bows graceful to the balmy air
 Which floats so gently by.

The sounds of life now fill the vale,
 The milk-maid with her shining pail
 Trips o'er the dewy ground;
 Her song delights the waiting kine,
 And echoes where the birch and pine
 Do with the lovely beech combine
 To spread perfume around

The ploughboy leaves his bed and dream,
 And hastes to seek his master's team
 Upon the upland lea;
 The feather'd tribes flock to the wheat,
 The rabbits seek their dark retreat,
 The fowls domestic in the street
 Do hail the morn with glee.

Now o'er yon trees the smoke doth rise
 In curling wreaths toward the skies
 From many a cottage fire;
 The rooks and jackdaws far and near
 With sounds familiar greet the ear, —
 The swallows, sportive in the air,
 Flit round the old church spire.

The heavens above are "all serene,"
 The peasant gazing on the scene
 Predicts a glorious day;
 Then of his morning meal partakes,
 Then with his scythe, or forks and rakes,
 And budget stored with wheaten cakes,
 A-field he plods his way.

Near yonder copse the reapers' song
 Does now the morning's praise prolong,
 And laughter rends the air;
 The rustic swains are all abroad,
 The waggons rattle o'er the road,
 The farmers leave their neat abode,
 And to the field repair.

NOW THRUST IN THE SICKLE.

Now thrust in the sickle, the harvest is ready,
 The golden corn waits for the reaper's strong arm;
 The valleys with laughter and mirth are all ringing,
 The hills are rejoicing, and dancing, and singing,
 And bright is the prospect o'er many a broad farm.

Now thrust in the sickle, the bright mellow sunshine
 Of August is resting on each drooping ear;
 The rich burden'd clusters are gracefully bending,
 The pure tints of nature in beauty are blending,
 And sweet is the fragrance which fills the mild air.

How delightful to walk in the cool of the evening
 Along the hill side on the corn-shaded path;
 When zephyrs on sunbeams come bounding to meet us,
 And wild birds are singing their joy songs to greet us,
 And the valleys repose in a heavenly bath.

How pleasing the landscape, how lovely, how charming!
 Our senses are ravished, our feelings are raised;
 The bounteous Creator, o'er the face of all nature,
 Hath poured out rich plenty for each living creature;
 Then with a loud anthem let his name now be praised.

Soon, soon shall we hear the loud song of the reapers,
 Arising and mingling with the sweet woodland sounds,
 Which awake with the dawning of the bright laughing
 morning,
 When the first dancing rays of the sun are adorning,
 And hanging with crystal the fruit of the grounds.

And soon shall we hear the wild joy of the gleaners,
 As, delighted, they trip through the grassy green lane;

Our eyes, too, will gaze on the scenes interesting,
 In field and in farmstead, on rustic swains resting,
 On the fast rising rick and the high loaded wain.

Now thrust in the sickle, the harvest is ready,
 The command will be sounded one -day through
 the sky;
 When angelic reapers will gather each nation,
 The tribes and the kindreds of every station,
 To the sifting tribunal establish'd on high!

Now thrust in the sickle, earth's harvest is ready,
 'Tis a message from Heaven, and to man 'twill be dire,
 The graveyard and abbey, the field and the ocean
 Must yield up their contents with fearful commotion,
 When the wheat will be garner'd, the chaff burnt
 with fire!

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

Unerring Time now wheels along the year
 With rapid stride;
 And signs of Nature's swift decay appear
 On every side;
 The verdant woods put on a garb embrown'd
 By Autum's breath;
 The yellow leaves lie thick upon the ground,
 Emblems of death.

The robin perched on yonder gable end.
 So blithe and free,
 Alternate with some never tiring friend
 In neighbouring tree,

Pours forth in thrilling cadence sweet and clear
 His warbling lay;
 And sounds the requiem of the falling year
 All through the day.

The short-liv'd insects die, the sparrow leaves
 The well-gleaned field,
 In the full barn, or rick, or cottage eaves,
 Himself to shield;
 The feathered tribes of northern breed so fleet
 Appear in sight;
 The beauteous summer bird of song so sweet
 Has taken flight.

The twittering swallows from the accustom'd nest
 Have sped away, —
 To some more genial clime they're gone in quest
 Of summer's ray;
 The rooks and starlings meet in friendly flock,
 And scour the fields;
 Devouring keenly ere the welcome stock
 To winter yields.

The vales are shorn of their most bounteous load;
 The rattling wain
 No more is seen on the deserted road,
 Or silent lane;
 The harvest song has ceased, the driving storm
 Now howls instead;
 And Nature mourns o'er her poor wasted form,
 And bows her head.

The hunter's horn is sounding on the hill,
 And echoes wide;
 The shortened days roll o'er us dark and chill;
 The black clouds ride

Across the troubled arch of Heaven's high brow,
 And the keen blast
 Proclaims aloud that Winter's form is now
 Advancing fast.

WINTER:

WRITTEN FEB. 1ST, 1856.

Winter! we are of thee weary,
 O withdraw from us thine ire,
 In thy mildest garb thou'rt dreary,
 In severest thou art dire.

See the snow clad roads and meadows,
 See the fettered fallow ground;
 The white hoar frost clothes the hedge rows,
 And the water is not found.
 See the sliders on the river,
 See the skaters on the lake,
 Each clear brook is frozen over,
 And the duckpond is a cake.
 See the blackbird and the sparrow,
 And the robin redbreast dear,
 Flutter round our door-stone narrow,
 For the crumbs we scatter there.
 See the linnets and the finches
 Flock in clouds to the barn door;
 See the surly hog, by inches
 There disputes the welcome floor.
 See the farm-yard bullocks gravely
 Eye their clean and empty cribs,
 See the shiv'ring herd-boy bravely
 Blows his hands and strikes his ribs.

See the stirk in yonder homestead
 Waits the slow return of day,
 When into yon rustic thorn shed
 Goes the meal of mouldy hay.
 See the sheep industrious scratching
 With their feet the hard'ned snow,
 Vainly toiling, vainly searching,
 For the withered grass below.
 See the rooks to yonder turnips,
 As a last resource do fly,
 And they are buoy'd up with vain hopes,
 When the sun shines in the sky.
 Winter tames the very nature
 Of creation's varied bands —
 See each starved and famish'd creature
 Seeks protection at our hands.
 Winter bars the gates of labour,
 Steals each comfort from the poor,
 Like some cruel, ruthless robber,
 Taking all and asking more.
 Child of 'want, where art thou hiding?
 Where dost lay thine aching head?
 Misery is with, thee abiding,
 K
 Winter takes away thy bread.
 Child of sickness, child of suffering,
 Winter is a foe to thee;
 Some have yielded as an offering,
 And on earth have ceased to be.
 But the days of Spring so genial,
 Soon will dawn upon the land,
 And, unto our hearts congenial,
 Spread delights on ev'ry hand.
 Sportive lambs will soon be racing
 O'er the daisied banks so sweet,
 Nature all will be rejoicing,
 And those golden days we'll greet.

OUR VILLAGE.

Our sweet little village has qualities rare,
 No village with it in the Shire can compare;
 'Tis lovely, 'tis pleasing, 'tis charming, 'tis quiet,
 'Tis seldom disturbed with confusion and riot.
 Its farmhouse and cottage are both neat and clean,
 Its orchards are fruitful, its homesteads are green.
 It sits in a valley surrounded with trees,
 It receives in its pureness the fresh morning breeze.
 The sun at his rising looks down with delight
 On its gardens of roses so blooming and bright.
 'Tis bless'd with a plenteous supply of good water,
 And health paints the cheek of the peasant's sweet
 daughter.

It has groves, it has dells, it has sweet rippling rills,
 It has flower bedeck'd vales, it has green wooded hills,
 Where the song birds of summer do sing with delight,
 And the bees gather nectar from morning till night.
 It has elm trees and poplars, acacias and limes,
 And clustering laburnams hang over sweet thymes.
 It has green shady lanes, where with high flavour'd talk,
 At the mild hour of eve rustic lovers do walk.
 A neat little church, with a tall gothic spire,
 Makes the prospect as pleasing as taste can desire.
 Its streets are commodious, its houses well built,
 And of plague-breeding nuisance it bears not the guilt.
 It has a well-ordered inn, and a sure-going mill,
 And a snug little school-room at foot of the bill.
 It has garden allotments, and suburbs most charming,
 And acres on acres of excellent farming.
 'Tis owned by a landlord most liberal and kind,
 And in loyal devotion 'tis never behind.
 'Well fed and well clad are its sons of hard labour,
 Who look not with envy upon their rich neighbour.

On Sunday you scarce would be able to tell,
Which was rich and which poor when you heard the
church bell.

So gay and so fine does our village appear,
You would hardly discover a dark corner there.
As you saw the dear children trip on the broad street,
You'd find them all healthy and rosy and neat;
No squalor or wretchedness are to be seen,
But all are respectable, wholesome, and clean.
Our village has beauty, and talent, and wit,
High life, and real worth, and much learning has it.
It has hearts than which none can be truer or warmer,
It contains the real species of true British farmer.
Kind friends and kind neighbours are there to be found,
Kind words and kind actions within it abound.
It has fondhearts and sweethearts, and hearts full of love,
And hearts which are filled from a fountain above.
If you pass on the streets true politeness will meet you,
Kind looks and bright smiles and sweet voices will
greet you.

Unlike the false state of the huge market town,
Where even your neighbour next door is not known,
Our village rejoices in friendship and unity,
Closely joined is the whole of its little community.
The butcher looks in at the house of the baker,
The baker oft chats with the worthy shoemaker;
The shoemaker speaks to the man of the plough;
The man of the plough to be civil knows how
To the man of the loom —to your servant dear sirs,
And the man of the loom with the tailor confers;
And thus by the cords of sweet sympathy bound,
Our village as one loving household is found.
It has faults, it has failings, why this I know well,
But these I will leave for some other to tell:
My muse knows not how to bring these to your view —
She delights in the beautiful, good, and the true.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

In a cottage dark and lonely
 Shaded by a drooping tree,
Sat a wife and mother lowly
 With an infant on her knee.
Thick and fast her tears were falling,
 And her pangs of grief were keen
As she gazed upon that darling
 Which the father ne'er had seen.

Now the lovely smiles were sporting
 On that sleeping infant's lips,
Now the pearly drops were starting, —
 From some inward joy it weeps.
Then the shades of trouble gathered
 O'er its pure and marble brow;
And the feeble cry half uttered
 Pierced the feeling parent through.

But the babe knew not the anguish
 Which did rend the mother's breast;
Sorrow made her droop and languish,
 And deprived her of her rest.
Ah! that mother's heart was breaking,
 All her thoughts were o'er the sea;
Of her husband she was thinking,
 For a soldier's wife was she.

Oft she'd heard th' exciting tidings
 And the news of victory, won;
But to her they brought forebodings
 Of the dreadful mischief done.
Days, and weeks, and months in numbers
 Had she sighed and watched alone, —

Fearful dreams disturbed her slumbers, —
 In her soul despair did reign.

In the midst of death and danger,
 Far away on distant lands,
 Where the battles rage in anger,
 Where the blood-stained banner stands, —
 There, amongst the nation's brave ones,
 There she sees her husband's form;
 In the front of charging squadrons,
 There she sees him face the storm.

At the creeping hour of midnight,
 When the fancy most will roam, —
 When the bat flits in the moonlight,
 And the horrid owls do scream, —
 Oft she starts—she hears the wailing
 Of some dismal doleful voice;
 Ah! 'twas but the watch-dog howling,
 Or some nameless nightly noise.

Then she hears the awful thunder
 Of the cannon rage around;
 Sees the wretches torn asunder,
 And the blood spilt on the ground!
 Then she sees the dead and wounded
 Scattered o'er the gory plain;
 Hears the frightful death-note sounded,
 And the bitter groans of pain!

Where, O where is he she looks for!
 Does he there to anguish yield?
 Help! O help! she thinks he calls for,
 And she searches o'er the field:
 Then she starts up in the vision,
 And she cries in accents wild, —
 "Bring, O bring me back my husband,
 Father of my darling child!"

I WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

I would I were a child again,
 So blithe, and gay, and free,
 Caroling in the grassy lane
 Or 'neath the greenwood tree.
 I wish that those bright golden hours
 Would once more come to me,
 When 'mongst the sweet wild woodland flowers
 I chased the wandering bee.

I would that I could now commence
 My earthly life anew;
 And those dark clouds of care so dense
 Did not obstruct my view.
 I wish those sunny school-boy days
 Would unto me return,
 When on my head joy's brightest rays
 Did shine at ev'ry turn.

I would I were a child again
 So blithe, and gay and free,
 Just entering on the flowery lane
 Of life in youthful glee.
 I would my time could be brought back
 O then I would beware;
 I'd shun each dark and dangerous track
 Each folly and each snare.

But ah! 'tis idle thus to sing,
 Each cherish'd wish is vain;
 I cannot stay Time's steady wing
 Or pause from him obtain.
 Then let me to the future turn,
 And when on shoals I'm cast,
 O may I oft with profit learn
 A lesson from the past.

THE ORPHAN MAID.

The sun had gone down in the far, far west,
 And each gay little songster had sought it's nest,
 And the gems of the night glitter'd high;
 The sound of the sheep bell came on the gale,
 And mixed with the notes of the nightingale,
 While the queen of the night, with her face so pale,
 Climb'd the arch of the blue, blue sky.

A maiden all pensively sought the deep dell,
 Where the wild rose of summer high o'er the blue bell
 In a posture so graceful was bent: —
 Then she sat on a bank, 'neath the deep hanging shade,
 Where the brooklet shot into the far winding glade,
 And she summoned each sorrowful nymph to her aid,
 While she gave to the woods her lament: —

"No father, no mother, no friend have I,
 No sister, no brother to hear me cry,
 No lover to cheer my dark hours;
 All alone, all alone in the wide, wide world, —
 From the heights of sweet friendship and love I am hurl'd,
 And the wings of my deepest affections are furl'd,
 And dead are my soul's fondest powers.

The birds on the branches do tell of their love,
 And the flowers of the forest, the field, and grove,
 With each other do seem to rejoice;
 But I do not know of a fond-feeling heart
 Who would unto me the least comfort impart,
 Or withhold the fierce thrustings of sorrow's keen dart,
 Or soothe me with sweet gentle voice.

When I see the gay crowds and the light-hearted throng,
 And hear the loud laughter, the mirth and the song,

O, how bitterly then do I cry;

No charms have the games and the frolics for me,
 In the deepest distress from their presence I flee,
 Life's joys do no more with my spirit agree,

O, would that I also could die!

To solitude's bosom at eve I'll repair; —

Ye shades and ye bowers 'tis ye that shall hear

My wailings of sorrow so wild;

Far away from the gaze of the strangers keen eye

I'll pour out my grief in thick torrents and cry:

' O God of the friendless look down from on high,

And pity a poor orphan child."

That moment a rose-bud bent down its fair crest,

And on the pale cheek of the maid it impressed

A kiss all anointed with dew;

Then dancing so gaily just over her head,

In language of beauty and music it said :

"God takes care of flowers, gives the ravens their bread,

How then can he e'er forget you?"



SEBASTOPOL.

[AN ACROSTIC] – WRITTEN DURING THE SIEGE.

S ebastopol! thou tyrant of the sea!
 E ngendering woe and dire calamity;
 B ehold! within and round those fated walls
 A tempest roars, and death to sickness calls!
 S tern fortress! how thy oft repeated name
 T hrills in our ears, and runs through all our frame;
 O nee never named—the word scarce understood, —
 P artaking now of war, disease, and blood!
 O Id men and young, in every state of life,
 L isten familiar to that word of strife.

S ebastopol! thou centre of our thoughts,
 E ach day reminds us of those dreary heights;
 B efore thee there the bloody river runs —
 A round thee lie the wreck of Britain's sons.
 S ee! the brave heroes face the Crimean blast;
 T hey murmur not—fear to the winds they cast;
 O ft in the trench, oft in the mountain crag,
 P acing the mud or through the snow they drag;
 O r oft at mid-night hour from startled sleep
 L eaving their tents, aroused by tumult deep!

S ebastopol! thy name and memory
 E ngraven on the soldier's heart will be;
 B lack tales of horror and of blood he'll tell —
 A las in future years remembered well;
 S cars and deep wounds and injured limbs he'll shew,
 T hen oft he'll speak of misery, want, and woe;
 O f Russian guns, and Russian savages,
 P ale faced disease, and death's dread ravages;
 O f cold, of storms, of fogs that hid the sun, —
 L ong histories, too, of battles lost and won.

S ebastopol! thou wilt not be forgot!
 E ach widow and each orphan mourn their lot!
 B efore thee, hid for ever from their eyes,
 A soldier husband, or a father lies!
 S teadfast and firm he trod in duty's path;
 T herein he met the warrior's glorious death;
 O n Alma's height? Perchance at Inkermann?
 P erhaps Balaklava's battle saw him slain?
 O r laid among some thousand comrades brave,
 L et the Scutari cypress shade his grave!

S ebastopol! grim tyrant of the sea!
 E ngland and France will long remember thee!
 B eleagured city! Fortress stanch and strong!
 A h! terrible will be thy fall ere long!
 S oon, soon, for horrors and disasters great
 T hou'lt answer with thyself—sealed is thy fate!
 O weep! O cry! Let all in thee lament!
 P assed is the sentence—sure the punishment!
 O f blood, and death, and woe, thou'lt have thy fill—
 L ong hast thou roared, but soon thou wilt be still!

EUROPE UNDER THE ROD:

WRITTEN DURING THE LATE WAR.

Great God of Justice, Lord of power and might!
 The lofty King of Kings Omnipotent!
 Whose firm established and enduring throne
 Is Heaven, and whose unbounded dwelling-place
 Is vast eternity! O, righteous God!
 Parent of good! most righteous are thy ways
 To man, and just art Thou in all Thy works.
 The irations of the world, O Lord, are thine;

The rivers, islands, and the continents,
 And mighty seas, are holden in the spacious
 Hollow of Thine hand; and the huge mountains
 Thou dost count as dust; the ponderous globe
 Itself with all its varied furniture,
 Is in Thy balance but a simple grain!
 Thou dost, though with unwilling hand, afflict
 This lower world with scourges, and Thy rod
 Is now descending on the empires ripe!
 The dreaded time is come! A fearful noise
 Is distant heard, as of some mighty flood
 In sweeping cat'racts headlong leaping wild;
 Or as the dreadful earthquake's bellowing,
 Deeper and louder grows the awful roar!
 As when portentous some black cloud, o'er-charged
 With fire and hail, hangs in the northern sky,
 The Russian Autocrat frowns on the world!
 Anon, the lightnings glare, the thunder peals
 Tremendous, the terrific whirlwind flies
 With fury, and the rushing storm descends!
 Blood, hail, and vapour, mingle on the ground!
 The fiery floodgates of deluging war
 Are wide thrown open, and in surging billows,
 Fierce and strong, belch forth the hideous flames!
 Wave unto wave succeeds; destruction reigns;
 With dire consuming rage the torrent rolls!
 Europe's broad continent, from side to side,
 From end to end, becomes one furious blaze!
 Convulsive, nature shakes—the sun himself
 In sackcloth mourns the day; the moon withdraws
 Her shining; the stout hearts of men do fail,
 And horror seizes their distracted souls.
 Towers fall, kings bow, thrones totter to their base,
 The nations tremble, and the earth itself
 Reels to and fro beneath the frightful load!
 The guardian angel, lovely Peace, with her

Attendants comely —Plenty, with her sweet
 And smiling face, and sunny-featured Joy;
 Prosperity, with sleek and portly front;
 Blessed Charity, and Harmony divine —
 Have sorrowfully spread their golden wings,
 And from these fair and long accustomed lands
 Have taken their reluctant flight away!
 Affrighted, man beholds and mourns their sad
 Departure; his dim eyes ere long will see,
 Instead of those bright heaven-born spirits pure,
 Whose influence blessed hath so long been shed
 Around his home, and on his fatherland,
 Gaunt spectres, and grim visaged monsters, Hell's
 Misshapen progeny; a multitude
 Of horrid elves from the abyss of night!
 Black Woe! and crouching Misery! Despair
 And Discord! Famine, with her bony hands
 Spread* forth, a withered hag of ghastly form!
 Devouring Plague, and burning Fever's train!
 Adversity, with Nakedness and Sword!
 Grim Want, and Terror in full many shapes,
 Their revels keep near to the haunts of men,
 And ready now they wait to re-commence
 Their dark career on earth; therefrom to chase
 All semblance of its maker and its God,
 And, with their presence foul, into a hell
 Convert it! Wretched man! O horrible!
 As dark as midnight does the prospect seem!
 Great God of mercy, and of love and truth!
 The struggle of the nations has commenced;
 O may it be the last this world shall see!
 Good out of evil thou dost bring; O let
 The work be speedily accomplished!
 Hasten the time when nations shall no more
 Against their neighbour nations go to war;
 Soon may it please Thee, O Lord, to restore
 Unto the earth the long lost Paradise.

LINES,WRITTEN OCTOBER, 1855.

Great God of Heaven, Almighty King of Kings,
 Creator great of all created things!
 Omnipotent Jehovah, Author sole
 Of the vast universal endless whole!
 The nations of this lower world are thine,
 Thine empire knows no bounds, thy works no line.
 Thy ways are righteous and thy laws are just,
 And man before thy face must lick the dust,
 Enthroned above, enshrined in awful state,
 All living creatures in thy presence wait.
 In thee they live, they die at thy command, —
 The issues of all life are in thine hand,
 Though earthly empires fall and come to nought,
 Though princes perish, and (O! awful thought,)
 Though the great globe itself, and all it holds
 Shall melt away and pass through other moulds,
 Thy throne is firm and will for ever last,
 In ages future as in ages past.
 Thou rulest all the great events of time
 For some wise purpose, to some end sublime.
 The vast machine, though hidden from our sight,
 Is working surely by thy power and might.
 The complicated wheels thine eye looks through,
 And all their movements thou art guiding true.
 The various parts their several tasks perform
 In harmony with motion uniform;
 Thy wisdom infinite shines through the whole, —
 Illumines each axle, lever, spring, and pole.
 A wond'rous work a mystery profound,
 Which in the end with glory will be crown'd.
 Thou scourgest men and nations with thy rod

To make them wise and humble, just and good.
 The sparrow lives, the monarch does no more, —
 They both exist, but by thy mighty power.
 They fall! 'Tis by thy hand, 'tis at thy word,
 Thou art supreme, and all must own thee Lord!
 Come then, O man adore the God of earth,
 And know thyself, and know who holds thy breath.
 Lift up thine eyes and scan the midnight sky
 See there what wisdom power and majesty!
 Ah, sinful creature, this thy dwelling place
 Is marr'd and blighted by thy fallen race.
 What is the state of all those rolling spheres?
 Are they the dark abodes of grief and tears?
 Are they inhabited? by what or whom?
 Do happy spirits o'er their surface roam?
 We cannot tell, nor do we need to know,
 'Tis not reveal'd to mortal man below.
 Intelligences num'rous may exist, —
 Of various orders may the whole consist,
 But surely no such world as this is found,
 In all the vast and measureless profound.
 'Tis hoped no corner in the depths unknown
 Presents so dark an aspect as our own.
 What though the dull and ruddy planet Mars,
 Is styled by some the ruler of the wars?
 What though in motion, atmosphere, and girth,
 It much resembles this the planet Earth?
 It argues not that Mars is full of blood,
 It does not prove that planet aught but good;
 O no! 'tis hoped that earth and man alone
 Are foul'd by sin and under curses groan!
 In other worlds perchance no sin is found,
 Perhaps holiness and joy do there abound;
 Divine commands perchance have ne'er been broke,
 Then happines and peace are all their yoke.
 But ah! it matters nought to man below,

What Mars, or Venus, or the Moon can shew;
 Let him look up and bless the Maker's name,
 The God and Ruler of all worlds the same.
 Whatever else the universe displays,
 Whate'er the sun enlightens with his rays,
 We know that this our own terraqueous globe
 Is cloth'd in sin as with a spacious robe,
 'Tis bathed in blood, 'tis filled with actions dire,
 'Tis all corrupt and must be purged with fire.

ODE, ON PEACE:

WRITTEN AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE LATE WAR.

Prepare a feast, and let the joy bells ring
 In merry pealings;
 Let praise ascend, and let the nations sing
 With joyful feelings.
 With tabret, harp, and joyous lute and pipe
 Go forth to meet her;
 And wave on high the banner, scroll, and stripe,
 With welcomes greet her;
 Your war cry cease!
 See, Gentle Peace
 Advances to resume her sunny reign;
 And from above,
 With looks of love,
 The heavenly bands regard the earth again.

She comes, she comes once more to man's abode
 With smiling features;
 And in her hands she bears a pond'rous load
 Of goodly creatures.
 Hope boldly speaks of prosp'rous days in store

For this our nation,
 And plenty talks of blessings for the poor
 And low in station;
 And Commerce feels
 In all its wheels
 A power superior urging on its speed,
 And each man's heart
 Must take its part
 In joy and praise whate'er may be his creed.
 The sword is sheath'd, the brazen throated gun
 In silence slumbers;
 Stern Justice, Truth, and Right this day have won.
 The warlike numbers
 Lay down their arms, and cease their bloody strife!
 Heroes brave-hearted
 Will soon return to cheer each lonely wife,
 By seas now parted.
 The demon war,
 Has fled afar;
 Fair maidens dance, fond mothers weep for joy,
 And cease to sigh;
 The horrid cry
 Is hush'd Ad lance and spear no more destroy.
 The sweet Restorer, hand in hand with Spring,
 Is now returning;
 Full cups of ev'ry pure delight they bring;
 Land! cease thy mourning;
 The prospect opening up unto our view
 Is bright and cheering;
 Receding are the clouds of sombre hue,
 The sky is clearing.
 Rejoice O earth!
 But let thy mirth
 With mingled prayers to God's high throne ascend,
 That soon we may
 See that blest day
 When wars shall come to a perpetual end.

AN EPISTLE TO THE AUTHOR,
 INSERTED IN THE "NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL" BY "J.D."

Brother, I never saw thy face,
 Yet oft our names are both enroll'd
 On the same printed page, by grace —
 Of those dread potentates, who hold
 Sway o'er the realms of prose and rhyme;
 The awful "We" who mould the Time.

I never saw thy rural dome,
 Or rustic "COT, or—? (Eh! what!)— GRAVE," —
 The village! — but the sweet perfume
 Its flowrets yield, condensed, I have;
 And oft I hear the voice of song,
 And oft with thee the strain prolong.

The pomp of luxury and pride,
 We covet not; content are we
 To woo the muse; let those deride
 Who know not the sweet ecstasy,
 When "Fancy" plumes her glittering wings,
 And tunes her harp of golden strings.

"Man wants but little here below,"
 But food and raiment; and the soul,
 That oft in tears doth good seed sow
 Shall reap in joy, as ages roll;
 We have a goodly heritage;
 Tho' now like linnets in a cage.

Albeit, we will not droop and pine,
 We yet shall seek our native hills,
 Shall in the swelling chorus join,
 And drink at the eternal rills;
 And plume our wings beside the streams,

Foreshadow'd in the poet's dreams.

Such visions indicate how fair
 The spirits' bright and blest abode,
 As truly as the ancient seer,
 Who saw the crystal, sapphire road.
 No marvel that it should be so,
 The power to see from God doth flow.

Deeper insight shall yet be ours,
 If we are worthy to receive,
 If not, be sure our feeble powers
 Shall constantly our spirits grieve.
 Truth, welded with simplicity,
 Unlocks all hearts, — have we that key?

Not ours to soar on wing sublime,
 With Milton, Shakspeare, in their flight:
 To live for aye throughout all Time,
 Immortal with Fame's glorious light;
 Yet doth the Wren his pinions spread,
 The eagle towering over head.

Nor will we strut in borrow'd plumes,
 Bewilder'd by fantastic weeds,
 Fine furniture in shabby rooms, —
 Some people like, as children beads;
 Give us the good old Saxon words,
 They touch the spirit's deepest chords.

The "Ottoman" is very well,
 I like the ample "Old Ami Chair,"
 I love the pealing organ's swell,
 Not squeaking clarionets to hear,
 The language of the Homilies.
 Brother farewell, friend if you please!

THE AUTHOR

IN REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

My friend and brother bard, "J.D."
 My willing muse impatiently
 Takes up the lyre, enraptured grown
 To sing responsive to your own.
 Your kind epistle I have read,
 And thank you for it. Oft I've said,
 When conning o'er your sweet effusions,
 And eke admiring your allusions,
 I would that I could near you stand,
 To shake you warmly by the hand;
 I would you were my personal friend,
 That we together oft might spend
 A blissful hour; for sure I am
 Our spirits are of mould the same.
 Congenial sympathies impart
 A power which oft o'erflows the heart
 With holy joy and rapturous love
 When friends are water'd from above.
 Our kindred muses have howe'er
 The first advances taken here,
 And thus before the public gaze
 In kind salute their voices raise.
 Well, be it so. None can deny
 Our aspirations to the sky.
 O, yes, my friend, together we
 Will raise a sacred harmony.
 The talent which to us is given
 Shall glorify the God of Heaven.
 Direct or indirect, our song
 Shall the great Saviour's praise prolong.
 No line by us shall be begot
 " Which dying we would wish to blot."

Be it ours to sing in simple strains
 Whate'er the heavenly muse ordains.

Thou tell'st me thou ne'er saw my face;
 Nor did I e'er thy features trace.
 Nor hast thou seen my rural dome," —
 My rustic cot, my village home;
 Then thou hast yet a treat in store
 Whene'er thou passest through my door.
 My cottage limits are but small,
 And scanty is its 'widest wall;
 Within you scarce could " swing a cat,"
 I prop the ceiling with my hat;
 But merry faces gather there,
 And merry voices banish care,
 True happiness my friend, you know,
 Is not confined to pomp and show.

My village neither hast thou seen, —
 Blest Cotgrave with its fields so green.
 O come, my brother, come and see
 My home of sweet simplicity.
 I'd show you many a lovely spot,
 Existing round my humble cot,
 Where, when the toils of day are o'er,
 My muse will ope the golden door,
 And then on Fancy's glittering wings
 I soar above all earthly things.
 'Tis thine, my friend, to understand
 What now is falling from my hand.
 Perchance amid the ceaseless din
 Of manufacture thou'rt shut in
 Well, some must fill the busy hive, —
 In cities and in towns must live;
 I love the green and wooded hills,
 The purling brooks, the rip'ling rills;

I love the sweet sequester'd vales
Where song birds tell their loving tales;
I love, at summer's evening hour,
To roam through fragrant woodland bow'r;
I love the grassy lane and field,
Where beauteous flowers their incense yield;
I love the pure and balmy breeze,
The old thatched cottage midst the trees;
O come, my brother, come and see
My home of sweet simplicity.
Meanwhile, farewell! Too long, I fear,
My poor epistle will appear.

SONNETS.

ON FINDING A ROBIN REDBREAST FROZEN TO DEATH.

A martyr to the bitter biting blast!

Poor bird, thy little heart hath ceased to beat;

No more thou'lt sing thine evening song so sweet;

No more thou'lt gather the few crumbs we cast.

Oh! to the snow clad earth thou'rt frozen fast!

Thy little wings are stiff, (O cruel fate!)

And cold and icy are thy tiny feet.

Alas! poor thing, thou'rt not the first or last

Of winter's victims! Where's the child of want?

The half-clad wretch, whose home is dark and cold?

The houseless wanderer? Where the tender plant?

The destitute, the hungry, and the old?

O ye who dwell in palaces and halls,

Give ear to pinching poverty's loud calls.

ON A BELOVED PASTOR PREACHING THE FIRST TIME
AFTER A LONG AND SEVERE ILLNESS.

Affliction's bitter storms have passed o'er
Thy placid brow, O faithful man of God;
And each dark wave of sorrow's angry flood
Hath left a deep indented furrow there!
But thou hast come forth from the searching fire
As gold well tried; and meekly thou hast trod
Thy Master's footsteps 'neath the chast'ning rod.
O, once again thy much-loved voice we hear,
And our glad hearts rejoice as when some long
Lost counsellor and friend hath been restor'd
To our dejected homes. May God prolong
Thy lengthen'd years, and unto thee afford
A calm of many days! Long may thy song
Of joy, with ours, arise unto the Lord!

When midnight throws its dismal shades around
My cot, and all the village rests in sleep,
And naught disturbs the watchdog in its keep,
Save when the old church clock gives forth its round
Of slowly measured stokes, oft am I found
In waking attitude. My thoughts flow deep,
And some strange power will o'er my senses creep.
Sometimes methinks I hear the mingled sound
Of spirit voices in the stilly air;
And fancy bids me listen to the song—
The sweet unearthly music of the throng
Of guardian angels who are hov'ring near.
O 'tis a solemn hour! Reflections roll
Like troubled waters on the conscious soul.

 ON A WILD ROSE.

Thou simple beauty! Queen of all the flow'rs
 Which shed their fragrance on the balmy air
 Of summer's morn, thou art so fresh and fair,
 That those thy sisters, who, in gorgeous bowers
 Do droop and languish through the sunny hours
 'Neath luscious weight, may not with thee compare.
 Bright star of day! to me thou art more dear
 Than cultivated sweets of richest powers.
 Pure child of freedom! at thy golden bowl
 The wild birds drink the nectar dews of heav'n,
 And sing their love songs there without control;
 The zephyrs kiss thy cheeks from morn till ev'n,
 And bear thy perfume on their gentle wings
 Through shady groves where joyous nature sings.

 ON POVERTY.

Thou meagre sharer of my board and home,
 Gaunt Poverty, familiar is thy face,
 But, Oh, how cheerless is thy cold embrace;
 Around my cot thou throw'st a horrid gloom,
 And now, thou wither'd creature, thou dost come
 With Winter at thy side, and all the race
 Of those cold-blooded things which never cease
 To hold their revels in my scanty room.
 But ah, I'll heed thee not. Thou can'st not steal
 My peace of mind. Though thou my flesh dost gnaw,
 And tak'st my bread to feed thy spacious maw,
 And rob'st a portion of my children's meal,
 We'll be content. Though thou our guest must be,
 Thou shalt not introduce foul misery.

ON MUSIC.

Delightful charmer of my captive heart,
 Pure, gladsome Music, spirit bright and fair,
 I love thee. When thy voice falls on my ear,
 What raptures fill my soul! Thou canst impart
 A taste of Heaven's own pleasures. O thou art
 A creature sent from thence to light and cheer
 The weary footsteps of poor mortals here.
 How dark would earth be, should'st thou hence depart!
 How lovely is thy voice on Sabbath morn
 When village bells and songs of praise are heard;
 How sweet on summer's eve, when flowers adorn
 The vocal woods and greet the joyous bird!
 My sadden'd soul oft canst thou fill with joy,
 And soothe my mind when other things annoy.

When Fancy beckons my enraptured soul
 To soar with her on swift and glorious wings
 Above the earth, and sense and carnal things,
 To roam the hills of heaven without control;
 To hear the golden sea of glory roll;
 To sip delights at Love's delicious springs;
 To bask on heights where angel's music rings;
 Shall I refuse her? No! But when I stroll
 Through copse or glen on summer's balmy eve,
 In solitude, far from the haunts of men,
 All weighty cares behind me will I leave,
 And my glad soul with the enchantress then
 With Hope to lead, and Reason for a guide,
 In Faith's bright chariot far away shall ride.

ON HEARING THE SONG OF A THRUSH ONE MILD DAY
IN DECEMBER.

Are those the notes of some poor throstle's song,
Which fall so strange upon my startled ear?
Dear willing songster, thou art not aware
How soon thou mayest find thyself among
The shiv'ring, starving, helpless, hungry throng
Of beggars at our door. Before the year
Has run its course thou'lt perhaps be stiff. But care
Thou know'st not —murm'ring never finds thy tongue.
This is a beauteous day. Thou know'st no more.
But thou art thankful for it, and dost sing
As though it were the harbinger of spring,
Thou'rt wiser than our race. Man opes the door
Of his unthankful heart to every fear
Which his foreboding fancy carries there.

TO MAY.

O, May! They tell us that in time of yore
They call'd thee Queen of Months! and that thy brow
A graceful wreath of choicest flowers did show.
Alas! Thy charms are fled. We see no more
The chaplet there! Thy sunny reign is o'er!
No Zephyr's kiss, no smiles, no songs hast thou,
No garland crown adorns thy temple now;
Rude Boreas binds thee, and takes all thy store!
Nature impatient mourns the sad event,
And pauses in her course, and faints away!
O, burst thy bands, and to her heart's content
Let Nature hail thee as her own sweet May.
Be bold, fair maiden, as in years before,
And drive old Boreas through his northern door.

O what a deadly poisonous serpent's nest
 The human heart is. Things of vilest form
 Are huddled there. Ambition, foulest worm,
 With pride and envy chiefly rule the rest.
 And O these horrid reptiles are the pest
 Of this our lower world. How they deform
 The face of nature. The fierce blasting storm
 Of war, is but their breath. Revenge when press'd
 By those cold-blooded murderers black Hate
 And crouching Malice, all of the same breed,
 Will on the blood of human victims feed.
 The fearful strife, the bitter grief, the great
 And frightful crimes which blast the trembling earth
 Are caused by these base things of hellish birth.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment is a rare and precious flower
 Of aromatic fragrance. Where it grows
 (Sometimes 'tis where the chilling night wind blows
 Of dark adversity) it has the power
 Of killing all those weeds so rank and sour
 Which spring around it. 'Tis a charm to those
 Who cultivate it 'gainst a host of woes.
 It sheds its virtues ev'ry passing hour.
 But 'tis not often met with. Near the hut
 Of the poor peasant it is sometimes found ;
 But rarely does it flourish on the ground
 Of those who tread abundance under foot.
 O that it were more common in the earth,
 'Twould nip a thousand ranklings in their birth.

A sea of sweet celestial harmonies
Will sometimes o'er the list'ning spirit roll;
And floods of glory burst upon the soul
In sudden waves descending from the skies.
At those enraptur'd intervals we rise
Superior to our native earth's control
And drink delights at heaven's o'er-flowing bowl.
With eagle pinions wing'd the fancy flies
Above the clouds of sense up to the height
Which nears the confines of the world above,
And there rejoicing at her marvellous flight
She basks upon the holy mount of love.
But soon she shapes her downward course again,
And scours the surface of the dreary plain

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

Come, ye mortals, lift your voices

In a thankful song of praise;

To the bountiful Creator

Now a joyful anthem raise,

Join with all the holy angels

In the glorious courts above;

And in concert with creation

Sing exulting "God is love"!

He it is that rules the morning,

Holds the Sun in yonder sky,

Gives unto the earth her seasons,

And commands the winds to fly.

He sustains in life and beauty

Every tree, and shrub, and flower;

Gives to man in every station

Blessings numerous every hour.

Praise the Lord, ye sons of Adam

For His love unto your souls;

Praise Him for His gracious kindness

Every day that o'er you rolls.

Praise Him for redemption's mercies,

For a Saviour's wondrous death;

For the Spirit's healing virtues,

And His cleansing, quick'ning breath.

Praise Him all ye mighty waters,

Lift your voices O ye floods!

Praise Him all ye hills and valleys

Praise him all ye verdant woods.

All ye varied tribes of nature
 Clap your hands, rejoice and sing
 Let your gladsome voices echo,
 And in pealing anthems ring.

Praise Him all ye lofty mountains,
 Praise Him all ye rippling rills;
 Praise Him all ye stars that glitter
 Glorious on the heavenly hills.

Let the earth a loud hosanna
 Raise in honour of His name;
 Let ten thousand thousand voices
 Magnify and laud the same.

Praise Him all ye rich and noble,
 Praise Him all ye mighty kings
 Praise Him in the hall and cottage,
 Praise Him every bird that sings.
 Let the earth with all its fulness,
 Every tribe, and every horde,
 Every language, every nation,
 Every mortal, — Praise the Lord.

THE END.

SPECIAL THANKS

Remastering and restoring this book was a long and hard project, one that was made possible through support and enthusiasm of those around me.

I would first of all, like to thank George 'Rusticus' Hickling himself, who wrote this magnificent book. *Your work means the world to me and I thank you for creating this art. May you rest peacefully as your art runs free still to this day.* I would also like to thank my father, Nick Barker. *You worked tirelessly, tracing back our family tree to find this poet and then, once found, you proceeded to download the digital copy of this book, page by page (literally). Without your hard work, this would not have happened.*

Additional thanks goes to William Pyatt for printing the original publication, Google for digitising the original publication and to the HathiTrust Digital Library for storing it online, for the world to study and appreciate.

- *Dan Barker.*

Written by George ‘Rusticus’ Hickling.

Original Publication Printed by W. Pyatt

Originally Published by Simkin, Marshall & Co and W.F. Gibson & W. Pyatt

Original Publicatuon Digitised by Google

Archived by HathiTrust Digital Library

Restored and Remastered by Dan Barker

Front Cover and eBook Design by Dan Barker.

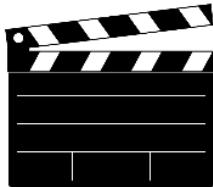
Executively Produced by Nick Barker and Dan Barker.

This restoration was part of the George Hickling Restoration Project



Headed by Dan Barker Co-Chaired by Nick Barker

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