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ATHENÆUM SOUVENIR:

ORIGINAL POEMS, &c.,

Contributed by various Authors,

IN

AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE ATHENÆUM BAZAAR,

HELD IN THE

TOWN-HALL, KING-STREET, MANCHESTER,

OCTOBER, 1843.

MANCHESTER:

PRINTED BY J. GADSBY, NEWALL'S-BUILDINGS, MARKET-STREET.

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ATHENIUM SOUVENIR

ORIGINAL FORM

Confidential to various Editors

AND ON THE FUND OF THE ATHENIUM BAZAR

TOWN HALL KING STREET MANCHESTER

DECEMBER 1881

MANCHESTER

PRINTED BY J. GIBSON, NEWELL BUILDINGS, MARKET STREET

PREFACE

THE publication of this book is a result of the efforts of the ladies of the Athenium Bazar, who have been working for the benefit of the poor and the sick for many years. The book is a collection of the names of the ladies who have been patrons of the Bazar, and it is a record of their generous contributions. The book is a tribute to the spirit of self-sacrifice and to the power of womanhood.

TO THE

LADY PATRONESES,

THIS BOOK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

AND

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

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The pieces contained in this little book are submitted to the public with no apology for their appearance. Some of them are from pens already esteemed as worthy of the high meed of praise and distinction which adopts them as NATIONAL; others have been furnished by authors of great merit, but of less celebrity; the remainder have been contributed by occasional writers, residing in Manchester and the neighbourhood. All have been given with the desire of benefiting an Institution intended to promote "THE ADVANCEMENT AND DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE." While, therefore, the talent which proves the paternity of the pieces by the more celebrated writers, and the sterling merit attaching to the efforts of the less-known, are sufficient to vindicate the publication of this little collection of literary offerings, the kindness of feeling and the benevolence of purpose prompting their contribution, will give them an additional interest in the eyes of the public.

The publication of donations to a Literary Institution of so appropriate a character, makes it necessary to speak of the claims which have called forth such valuable aid. The ATHENÆUM was originated with the desire of enabling a large and important class of persons, who, from their position, were lagging behind, to keep pace with the rapid march of knowledge, and to effect, by the combination of numbers, what was individually impossible. The poorer portions, and the youth of the middle classes, confined by feelings, opinions, and perhaps prejudices—of which it is needless here to speak more fully—to their own social circles, were, before the establishment of the ATHENÆUM, in too many cases, destitute of those sound means of mental improvement supplied by Mechanics Institutions to the humblest workman. The ATHENÆUM once opened, became the resort of great numbers both of the young and old, who flocked to it to drink of the invigorating streams of knowledge at last permitted to flow unchecked for their advantage; to meet and interchange with one another ideas once left to spring up "and live but time enough to die," and thus to form friendships, and call into life virtues, which the dull, rigid routine of the shop or warehouse, and the exclusiveness of business intercourse, had ruthlessly forbidden to exist.

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the numbers who have, in consequence of its existence, become "not unknown to fame." To exhibit the effect of replacing the pursuit of mere senseless amusements by the pursuit of knowledge, upon the morals of all, and of providing a sort of literary home for those whose friends and relations are distant from them, it is sufficient to direct attention to the known and admitted improvement in the habits and manners of the class thus catered for. And that mental improvement and recreation can go on, not merely without detriment to, but greatly to the advantage of, commercial undertakings, the facts that many of the largest merchants in the town openly encourage their clerks and salesmen to become members of the ATHENÆUM, and that the members are found to be nearly always the best conducted and most industrious, amply demonstrate.

The difficulties which have fallen upon the ATHENÆUM have resulted mainly from the commercial embarrassments which so long darkened the horizon of our local prosperity. These difficulties have disappeared. A reduced subscription, to meet diminished means, has brought a large accession of members, and the Institution is now amply providing the advantages it so abundantly holds out, and is discharging all its current pecuniary engagements. All that remains is the debt—the legacy of by-gone misfortunes—which it is sought by the proceeds of the Bazaar to defray. And, when the readiness to assist in the effort, so generally displayed, is thought of, the hope of the Committee may not be regarded as unreasonable—that before this little work has been a week in the hands of the reader, they will have received a "receipt in full of all demands" from the creditors of the Institution, and the ATHENÆUM, freed from every impediment to its glorious course, will be enabled to enlarge its capabilities of usefulness, and to promote, more and more, the education, morality, and happiness of the community.

To all who have assisted in the Bazaar, to the ladies, and to the contributors to this little work in particular, the thanks of the friends of the ATHENÆUM are pre-eminently due. The Committee publicly acknowledge the kind assistance they have received, and call attention to the benevolence which has induced authors, whose works are eagerly competed for by booksellers, and largely recompensed, to lend their genius and reputations to accomplish the restoration of the ATHENÆUM. May the reward of all be that which each so generously seeks to aid in accomplishing—the complete realisation of their most ardent hopes.

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ORIGINAL POEMS, &c.

TO THE SECRETARIES OF THE ATHENÆUM BAZAAR.

(From my bed,) 17, Elm Tree Road,
St. John's Wood, 18th July, 1843.

Gentlemen,—If my humble name can be of the least use for your purpose, it is heartily at your service, with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Manchester Athenæum, and my warmest approval of the objects of that institution.

I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to literature,—that a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage. At the very least, my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon, with their degrading orgies. For the closet associate of Pope and Addison,—the mind accustomed to the noble, though silent, discourse of Shakspeare and Milton,—will hardly seek or put up with low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world.

Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking,—nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet—rich fare on the paper, for short commons on the cloth.

Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach for many months resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But, luckily, the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and, whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish table d'hôte, I could yet enjoy my Peregrine Pickle, and the feast after the manner of the ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head *à la tortue*, or sheep's heart; but I could still relish Head *à la Brunnen*, and the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

Still more recently, it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician,—to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the poor-law commissioners; all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted; as well as all fluids, stronger than that which lays dust, washes pinafores, and waters polyanthus. But “the feast of reason and the flow of soul” were still mine. Denied beef, I had *Bulwer* and *Cowper*; forbidden mutton, there was *Lamb*; and, in lieu of pork, the great *Bacon* or *Hogg*.

Then, as to beverage, it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face like a Turk against the juice of the grape. But, eschewing wine, I had still my *Butler*; and in the absence of liquor, all the *choice spirits* from Tom Browne to Tom Moore.

Thus, though confined, physically, to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally, not merely the best of our own home made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growths of France and Italy, of Germany and Spain—the champagne of Moliere, and the Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. Depressed bodily by the fluid that damps every thing, I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is quite equal to the best gruel with rum in it.

So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart, and the temper—bowls that will not roll right—well-laid schemes that will “gang alee”—and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these, Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my *burthen* has been greatly lightened by a *load of books*. The manner of this will be best understood from a feline illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known, that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to the breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now, the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten, for it is apt to *prey upon itself*, unless drawn off by a new object; and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of Defoe's; for who, in reading his thrilling “History of the Great Plague,” would not be reconciled to a few little ones?

Many, many a dreary, weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher—many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet! For all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart, “Thanks and honour to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press!”

Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of literature and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind, doubtless, was Sir Humphrey Davy, who went for “consolations in *Travel*,” not to the inn or the posting house, but to his library and his books.—I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

Oh, could I learn indifference
 From all I hear and see ;
 Nor think, nor care for others more
 Than they would care for me !
 Why weep I for another's woe ?
 Why mourn another's pain ?
 For friendship's shrine is built of snow,
 And love's a faithless chain.
 Oh, could I learn indifference !

There's nothing in this world sincere ;
 No truth two hearts may share ;
 The sunshine of a moment here
 Brings cloud and storm elsewhere :
 The very leaves which spring to birth
 So beautiful and green,
 Shake off the old leaves to the earth,
 To make themselves more seen.
 Oh, could I learn indifference !

'Tis home—but in our homeward glance
 How much hath ceased to charm ?
 Love finds a colder utterance
 Than when it first sprung warm !
 And memories now, where feelings moved,
 Breathe coldly o'er our way ;
 There's nothing in this world beloved
 More than a single day.
 Oh, could I learn indifference !

CHARLES SWAIN.

A GHOST STORY.

'Twas midnight ! and a noble sat in his ancestral hall,
 Where many a stern old portrait gloomed along the gilded wall ;
 And ivory, marble, ebony, and tapestries adorned
 The seat he used, the floors he trode—for meaner things he scorned.

And youth, and fame, and might were his, the splendid might of
 mind ;
 His spirit swept and bowed all hearts, as bending forests wind.
 Yet youth and genius oft—too oft—in worship bow the knee
 At Pleasure's shrine, in folly's fane—more wildly none than he.

He sat, but not in solitude ; a damsel by his side,
 Of beauty bright, and gay of heart, him with the wine-cup plied,
 Gazing on him with eye as though to him her soul was due ;
 Oh ! nought 'neath heaven itself might match that eye's dark sunny
 blue ;
 From which, too, ever and anon, smiles o'er her face would fly,
 Like the electric flames which flit o'er summer's evening sky ;
 And pearls were beaded o'er her brow, and gems illumed her breast,
 Like dew drops on the morning rose when wakening from rest.

" One parting goblet," cried the youth, " ere I away to-night ;
 Bring me the old monk's skull-cup, girl ; peace to his jovial
 sprite !"

She by the lofty window went—where, in the moon's pale sheen,
 The grey old cloisters arch about their fountain-centred green ;
 The stalcid satyrs seemed to grin and jibber 'neath her eye ;
 And, while she looked, a death-like cloud came creeping o'er the
 sky,
 And in one long and trembling moan the night-gust strove to die—

Up to the ebon cabinet, with flowery pearl inlaid,
And seized the goblet-skull, and laughed. How laughed that
merry maid!

He poured it full with bubbling wine, impatient to be quaffed,
Full to the silver-written rim, and drained it at a draught.
"Ah! would its owner were but here!" And gaily both they
laughed.

"Again!" he cries,—but what is that stirs in the far-off gloom?
The lady looked, and shrieked, and rushed out of that royal room.

Enveloped in a sable cowl and stole of sightless hue,
A ghostly figure glided swift, that noble youth unto.
Why drops the goblet from his grasp? Why trembles he with
dread?

The grave hath given birth!—he sees a spirit of the dead.

Another moment, unappalled, erectly still he stands;
He would not quail to man nor fiend for half his goodly lands;
Yet, like a tree by sudden gust, his soul was seized with fear
An instant, and his spirit shook as drew the spectre near;
His small white hand, veined like a leaf, close to his bosom clung,
And every nerve and sinew grew like to a bowstring strung,
As, with a shadow's voice it said—

"I am the monk of old,
A fragment of whose mortal frame I at thy feet behold.
For that I plead not, seek not now; a thing of nobler fate
Hast thou perverted and defiled than aught of human state,
Than bone or body. Sin, in truth, the soul doth desecrate."

"Nay, holy father," said the youth, "if thou hast left old Death
To preach to me, at dead of night, waste not thy pious breath.

Pledge me in this! the night is cold, yet colder is the grave;
And wine will warm thee. Shrink not back! Immortals should
be brave.

Ha! know'st the cup?—Well, heed it not! right welcome shalt
thou be

To drain it with me every night, and—*benedicite*."

With that he raised the cup, to fill and quaff it as before,
Till, fast as poured, the wine became but dust-encrusted gore;
He cast it on the fire—the lake could not have quenched it more.

Again the spectre spake, and still in cold and tomb-like tone—
"Drink thou with whom thou wilt, with girls, with gallants, or
alone;

I come to warn thee of thy fate—a fate to me made known."

The old monk raised his cowl, nor face nor feature was there there;
Nay, nothing but two eyes, which burned like stars distinct in air.

"Thou in a foreign clime shalt die, and thy poor fleshly frame
Be borne across the seas, to rest by theirs from whom it came;
Thy heart alone shall be inurned upon the spot where thou
Wilt pay the forfeit of thy life, where Death looks for thee now!
Embalmed, thy heart shall be, in gemmed and costly
case,

And, as a thing of worship, set before a nation's face,
Till, in the lapse of coming years, some sacrilegious thief
Shall filch that relic, set at naught that weeping people's grief.
The sacred dust which dwelt within, the dust that now swells high
Within thy bosom, he shall strew abroad relentlessly,
And this in retribution, youth, for that thou there hast done."

The voice, the vision ceased, and lo! that instant it was gone.

Again the night-wind sweeps along old Newstead's ivied halls;
Again o'er lake and fountain free the witching moonlight falls,
Chequering through the panes the dim old paintings round the walls.

But there was one who never went into that room again;
And prayers, and tears, and jeers were each alike essayed in vain.
That dark unearthly visitor was ever in her mind;
Like to the awe which filleth fanes where gods have once been
shrined.

And morning met the youth all pale, and pacing to and fro;
But ah! the goblet-skull he touched never again, I trow.

P. J. BAILEY.

Author of "Festus."

THE INFANT.

I saw an infant,—health, and joy, and light
Bloomed on its cheek, and sparkled in its eye,
And its fond mother stood delighted by,
To see its morn of being dawn so bright.
Again I saw it, when the withering blight
Of pale disease had fallen, moaning lie
On that sad mother's breast. Stern Death was nigh,
And life's young wings were fluttering for their flight.
Last I beheld it stretched upon the bier,
Like a fair flower untimely snatched away,
Calm and unconscious of its mother's tear,
Which on its placid cheek unheeded lay;
But on its lip the unearthly smile expressed—
"Oh! happy child! untried and early blest!"

AGNES STRICKLAND.

AN ENGLISH WATERING PLACE.

A SKETCH.

A picture of a town—a town I knew.
Its formal streets are curveless. Every house,
Ashamed of the rude, honest brick beneath,
Wears a smooth front of plaster. Stunted shrubs,
Whose roots strike faintly in the gravel soil,
Like floral culprits, droop their heads abash'd,
Beneath each window. Pompous porches lead
Through dim small passages, to rooms as small;
As though e'en Architecture had ta'en oaths
Unto PRETENCE, the *Genius Loci*! Trees
That, the year through, like exiles from the woods,
Wear home-sick faces—in whose branches dwells
No choral tenant—set in straight array,
Strive painfully to emulate arcades!
And under these poor trees, with listless air
And vacant eye, as though they moved in dreams,
Saunter the aristocracy of F——.
When group meets group, perchance both halt, retail
The news in whispers ominous, *surmise*
More than they care to say, complacently
Asperse the loftier few they fawn'd to meet,
And sneer at dinners which they cringed to share!
The ancient beau protests the ancient belle
Grows younger yearly; while lorn maidens mourn
That *sires*, in courtesy, exceed their *sons*!
They next discuss new comers. "Is he rich?"
"Who was his father?" "Are you positive
That the B——s dined, last Thursday, with Sir George?"
And may we safely count them in our set?"
"What church frequent they?" F—— has churches seven,

But only *one* in which a well-bred man
Can hear God's gospel. So on to the end!

And yet we are begirt with day and night.
Above us reigns the azure infinite,
Lit with perpetual fires; each fire—a *world*!
This earth of ours hath rainbow'd cataracts,
And cloud-robed mountains, and dread voice of seas,
And rills which flow in music, flowers whose hues
Tell of the breath of Beauty, caught in the cup,
To nourish every leaf; and on us tend
Unfading Might and Loveliness; while Silence,
Mysterious and eternal, bounds our life.
The graves of centuries are at our feet,
And Heaven above our heads.—*For shame! for shame!*

J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

PALACES.

Where'er a human being hath once drawn vital breath,
Hath hoped, fear'd, loved, and suffer'd, or bow'd himself to death,

There doth my spirit warmer glow;
Then, there a quicker pulse my heart doth ever know.

The mountains are majestic, the ocean vast and deep,
Tempest, and night, and winter, resistless in their sweep;

But human woes and agonies,
Remorse and self-reproach, are sterner powers than these.

The sun, which is a type of God, the silver moon by night,
The flowers upon earth's bosom, are beautiful and bright;

But neither flowers nor noon-day sky
Are beautiful as love within a human eye.

I never see the meanest shed, where human forms abide,
But I bless it in my inmost heart, and feel to them allied;

For there is woe in every heart,
And suffering is of life the only certain part.

The palaces of princes, they're built with wondrous skill,
In many a famous city; yet sacred all and still,

As if there were some holy shrine
Where mourners might steal in to worship the Benign.

With wondrous skill they're builded, as fair as lovers' bowers,
Yet strong as mountain fortresses, with battlemented towers:

Their brazen gates are bright with gold,
And wreaths of carved flowers the rugged stones unfold.

Their vast and sumptuous chambers are perfumed, light, and warm,
Where every gorgeous fancy reveals itself in form;

Where costly things in heaps are thrown,
And even gold enriched with many a precious stone.

Rich silken cloths, gold-flowered veil, ivory carved door,
And soft luxurious carpets are laid along the floor;

And painted windows, tall and wide,
Let in the light of heaven, superbly beautified.

The palaces of princes, my spirit enters in,
Sees many a veiled misery, and many a gilded sin,

And many a form, like angels fair,
From whom the spirit shrinks, and cries, "Beware, beware!"

Sees many a gorgeous chamber, more light than summer air,
Beneath whose floor lie dungeons of darkness and despair :

Hears waste to riot cry, "God speed!"

While thousands groan without, unheard, and droop and bleed.

The palaces of princes! O God! I would not know

The dark and doleful histories their petled walls might show.

For all the gold with which they're built,

I would not bear the load of their enormous guilt!

MARY HOWITT.

MAN'S TOMB.

We walk the earth in joyance and delight;

We bound with mirth, as, through the verdant field,

We pluck the flowers its fertile breast may yield,

And weave them into wreaths and garlands bright;—

We roam the forest, and its fearful gloom

Fills the lone heart with grandeur's awful night,

Till splendid visions rise, as from the tomb,

And rapture wings the soul, with dreams of light:—

Upon the mountain-tops a path we find;—

How slight an atom seems the mortal form,

Whose aspirations wander unconfined

Through starry realms,—at length to glad the worm.

Alas! bright world! 'twere well in awe to tread

Thy mountains, forests, plains,—one charnel of the dead!

NER GARDINER.

SONG.

Oh, ask not if I love thee well;

For thou dost surely know

It suits not maiden lips to tell

They love—though it were so!

Thou with thine own wild doubts must cope;

I dare not say thou'rt prized;

Nor must I even bid thee hope,

For Hope—is Love disguised!

Oh, there are those who oft will slight,

And many that will scorn;

And hearts that seem so warm at night,

May die of cold ere morn!

Still, if thou lov'st to sing to me,

Beside our village spring,

Go, take thy young lute from the tree,

And I will hear thee sing!

Perchance I should not list those chords,

And this, too, may be wrong;

Yet, surely if there's harm in words,

There is no harm in song!

And I will hear thee, as of yore,

Sing like some forest-dove,

If thou wilt promise never more

To ask me if I love!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE SEAMAN'S FUNERAL.

The moonbeams cast a holy light
 Upon the sailor's grave,
 As, in the mid-watch of the night,
 They cast him to the wave :
 They sadly paced the silent deck,
 And slowly breathed the prayer,
 Ere to the deep they cast the wreck
 Of him once gayest there.

While on the deck his corse remain'd,
 The funeral hymn they sung ;
 The flag whose honour he ne'er stain'd,
 Upon his corse they flung :
 They thought of those he'd left behind
 On the dim and far-off shore,
 And of her who pray'd that every wind
 The lost one would restore.

At length the funeral prayer was read ;
 I saw his comrades weep,
 As they lower'd him down to his ocean bed,
 In the lone and trackless deep :
 One ripple stirr'd the waveless sea,—
 One plash—and all was o'er ;
 And where the sailor's grave may be,
 There's none can mark it more.

J. E. CARPENTER.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WRITTEN IN ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION
 OF HORATIO NELSON, ESQ., OF OLDHAM.

Hast thou, then, left thy fair and far-off home,
 That bless'd abode where sun and stars look dim,
 Where o'er the pathways blissful spirits roam,
 And ever soundeth song of seraphim ?
 Hast thou departed from the throne of Him
 Whose rays of glory o'er his hosts are spread,
 To dwell where sorrow doth her lone lamp trim,
 Where flickering tapers light the sick man's bed,
 And erring mortals weep for the immortal dead ?

Oh, heavenly wanderer ! where have stray'd thy feet
 In the dark labyrinths of this clouded sphere ?
 Hast thou sought out the desolate retreat
 Where suffering virtue drops the bitter tear,
 Or whisper'd comfort in the sleeping ear ?
 Hast thou brought warnings to the sinful mind,
 And made it shrink from guilty deeds with fear ?
 Hast thou given light unto the worldly blind,
 And made them bow to God, and help their kind ?

Thou standest now with one uplifted hand,
 As though thou wouldst some counsel wise impress ;
 Thou dost not bear a rich and costly wand,
 But flowers of pure and pallid loveliness ;
 A scarf of splendid dye floats o'er thy dress,
 And thy light wings seem as if poised for flight.
 Whom with thy presence hast thou deign'd to bless ?
 Why did thy angel-footsteps here alight ?
 Who feels the love that beameth from thy glances bright ?

Most glorious visitant ! forsake us not,
 Hover above us in our troubled dreams,
 Gladden, at least in vision'd hours, our lot,
 And give our souls of heaven imperfect gleams ;
 For even now the sweet, clear light that streams
 From thy bright semblance flings a joy around ;
 And, as we gaze, a holier spirit seems
 To live within us, as if we had found
 A guide, our steps to lead where angel-guests abound.

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

O those merry moonlight meetings
 In the times that are gone by,
 And the long and loving greetings
 When none were nigh !
 Ah ! too happy, fleeting hours,
 You'll return to us no more.
 We have pluck'd the sweetest flowers
 Upon life's bleak shore !

As each billow brightly flashes
 In the young moon's mellow ray,
 For a moment, and then dashes
 To the ocean away ;
 So those hours, though spent in sighing,
 Were too sweet and bright to last ;
 And as swiftly were they flying,
 To join the past !

O those merry, &c.

CHARLES B. GREATREX, JUN.

THE ATHEIST AND THE THISTLES.

No noonday shadows fell upon the fields ;
 Envelop'd in a mist of distant clouds,
 And scarcely visible, the sun pursued
 His heavy track. I reach'd a lofty mound,
 Of which the summit had a beacon been,
 A wild uncultured spot, that overlook'd
 Some miles of prospect stretch'd extensive round ;
 Itself enclosed from prying eyes below
 By tangled brushwood and luxuriant verdure.
 My eye delighted scann'd the ample scene.
 'Mong summer fields and shady avenues,
 Clear woodland streams, with banks of moss-cloth'd green,
 Whence the gay lark, upsoaring with his song,
 Charm'd the adjoining woods—I rambled free,
 Imagining them all ; nay, even heard
 The pealing chime-bells of the distant spires,
 Witness'd, in fancy, on their village greens,
 The noisy pastimes of assembled swains,
 Talk'd with the gossips at their cottage doors,
 Inhaled the odours of the woodbines train'd
 About the lattice ; and enjoyed them all.
 Wearied at length with gazing miles away,
 My eye, withdrawn to the immediate spot,
 Fell on a tuft of thistles at my feet ;
 Its thorny stems with heavy globes were crown'd ;
 One was in blossom. "Strange," quoth contemplation,
 "So vile a plant should occupy the soil
 Wherein a thousand useful seeds and herbs
 Might multiply for man ! Behold around
 The sturdy sapling and the berried thorn,
 The alder, and the hazel ; these are good !

Since all creation was for man designed,
What is this tuft of thistles?"

Presently,

From out the crimson head crept many insects,
Whence taking flight, they hover'd o'er the flower.

Anon, a swallow, wheeling through the air,
Remark'd the thing, and, chirping, seized his food;
And oft, myself unseen, would he return

To snatch his prey from o'er that thistle's head!

Again I look'd. The crimson flower was hid

By many bees: with humming wings they came,

Lit on the flower, and 'mong the petals deep

Buried their heads, their laden thighs above,

And filch'd the hidden sweets!

Of these innumerable tribes still came,

From that which moulds the cell in hollow trees,

Dilapidated walls, or mossy banks,

To the domestic tenant of the hive.

And as they fled, fresh wanderers sought the flower,

As 'twere a fountain, whose delicious waters

Never could be exhausted. In these things

Reason descried a Providence—a God!

Let sceptics study in creation's book,

Nature's asserted self-sufficiency,

In every leaf, shall furnish evidence

Of mighty Authorship and Rule supreme!

HENRY W. WYNN.

THE RELEASE.

"A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy."

Free! free! I am free! I have burst my chain;

I have rent my bonds assunder:

My spirit is fetterless once again,

And soars aloft in a rapturous strain;—

Ay, free as the cloud-born thunder!

No longer I pine with an earthly love,

Or the froth of passion's leaven;

Like an uncaged bird I aspiring rove,

A fuller and holier joy to prove,

In the calm delights of Heaven.

The well-spring of bliss is at length unsealed,

And with unchecked force it gushes;

To the inner sight are its depths revealed,

And the broken spirit its wounds hath healed,

Where light's source the fountain flushes.

A bright and glorious freedom is mine,

With no trammels on soul or voice;

No longer a thrall to an idol's shrine,

My energies rouse from their rest supine,

And in God's free service rejoice.

I thank thee, O Lord ! thou hast torn the veil
 From vision passion-shrouded ;
 For the scenes of earth show, dim and pale,
 The loved and false-worshipped one, weak and frail,
 To eyes thou hast unbeclouded.

I thank thee, O Lord ! thou hast given a light
 To sustain my soul in sorrow,
 To dispel the gloom of affliction's night,
 And over the grave shed that glory bright,—
 The hope of an endless morrow.

ISABELLA VARLEY.

AMBITION.

What is ambition ? It is a thing of air—
 A thought—a dream—a bubble of the brain—
 A well that never fills, but ever dry,
 Still thirsts for more—a wish—a phantasy—
 A misty crown, that mocks our eager gaze,
 And lures us onward to the fatal brink
 Of dread destruction—a sunny gleam,
 That hope afar off spies, but, clouded quick
 With disappointment, mocks us vainly still ;
 Yea, it is all that's good, but in it lies
 All things of evil, all of pain and care,
 That more than balance to the virtue in't ;
 And yet 'tis something, though by this 'tis nought,
 And being nought, 'tis nothing after all.

THOMAS SMELT.

SORROW.

The willow,
 By its brook's fond side,
 Bends o'er its waters as they glide,
 And dips
 Her graceful branches in their tide,
 As though with lips
 She stoop'd to kiss the bright face of a bride :
 Whilst rippling on,
 The waters blend their murmuring with the lay
 The willow sighs around,
 Then fleet away.

So sorrow,
 O'er Time's silent stream,
 Droops pensively, in wakeful dream,
 And flings
 Bright diamond drops along the ground,
 As the dipp'd wings
 Of the meek willow shed their gems around ;
 Whilst pensive sighs
 Swell from the mourning heart they waste away,
 Whose swan-like notes arise—
 A dying lay !

NER GARDINER.

THE WAY-SIDE SPRING.

Oh! a sacred thing is the way-side spring,
 That runneth so clear and bright,
 That floweth along, a gladsome thing,
 Nor stayeth by day or night;
 Where the thirsty reaper laves his brow
 When the harvest time is nigh,
 And the herdsman leads his kine to bow
 Where its waters sparkling lie.

Wert thou a gem in the mystic clime
 Of some hidden cave of earth?
 Was not the sun of the bright spring-time
 Shining upon thy birth?
 For in winter thou flowest as clear and free
 As beneath the summer sky—
 A thing, if one upon earth there be,
 Of immortality!

A blessing be on thee, way-side spring,
 That givest health to all,—
 To the flowers that spring—the leaves that cling
 Where thy crystal waters fall:
 Thy pebbly grot makes glad the spot
 When summer flowers are fled;
 Fount of the greensward, that diest not
 In thy clear and pearly bed.

J. E. CARPENTER.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Fortune left, 'tis known,
 Two gold balls, and set them
 On a mount of stone,
 For those who first could get them.
 Wisdom ladders got,
 Though he climbs but seldom;
 Whilst Wit an arrow shot,
 And cut the string that held them.
 Sing for Wit, whose brain
 Never went to College,
 Never sought for gain
 Through the gates of knowledge.

Wisdom could not know,
 Giddy with ascension,
 Deeming Wit below
 His sublime attention!
 Step by step he moved,
 Till the last completed,—
 Up he gazed, and proved
 How Wisdom may be cheated!
 Sing for Wit, &c.

Wisdom, finely bit,
 Call'd for help and guiding.
 "Grasp the sides," cried Wit,
 "And reach the earth by sliding!"
 Half inclined to ride,
 Half afraid of action,
 Wisdom got astride,
 But never moved a fraction!
 Sing for Wit, &c.

"Loose your hands, and slide!
 Trust to courage mainly."
 Wisdom tried and tried,
 And better tried—but vainly!
 Guiding hand and hip,
 As in frosty weather,
 Wisdom got a slip,
 And came down altogether.
 Sing for Wit, &c.

On the earth he lay,
 Far less hurt than frighten'd.
 "Up," cries Wit, "and say
 All your cares are lighten'd;
 Never look thus cold;
 Frowns will never mend it;
 What's the use of gold,
 Unless you've Wit to spend it?"
 Sing for Wit, &c.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE PAST.

The past! Alas, what is not of the past?
 What rings not in that funeral sound?
 What myriad hopes have felt its withering blast,
 And joys been blighted e'er well found!

It tells of bright and sunny days gone by,
 Of pleasures pregnant once with bliss,
 And friends that now do slumbering lie
 Within its sepulchred abyss!

On it is graved the record of all life,
 From first when childhood was our lot;
 It brings to memory all of joy and strife,
 And scenes now long ago forgot.

Our little bark we launch upon the wave;
 The ebbing present bears us fast
 Where ocean future marks an early grave,
 And all is shipwreck'd in the past!

Yet not alone man feels its mighty power:
 Creation—all before it bend;
 The mighty oak, the tiny flower,
 And life itself shall know its end!

Grave of all good and ill! thine is the mouth,
 The entrance to Oblivion's tomb.
 Insatiate Past! each moment is thy growth,
 Fed from the Future's teeming womb!

E'en now, whilst curious thought would scan thy sense,
 Quick on my track thy footstep comes;
 And, soon as written, every image thence
 A part and parcel of thyself becomes!

The future is!—the present is the past!
 The grave that waits our dying nod.
 So let us live, that, undismay'd at last,
 We may, through it, approach our God!

THOMAS SMELT.

THE BARD AND HIS PUPIL.

PUPIL.

Bard, I pray come show to me
 Secret I would fain be knowing:
 What are the two things that be
 Greatest blessings unto man?
 Son of Light, I wait your showing;
 And declare it, if you can.

BARD.

Wisdom is a precious thing,
 Unto peasant or to king;
 She hath far-pervading eye,
 Human knowledge to apply;
 So that good may be obtained,
 And that evil be refrained.
 In her clear, discerning mind,
 Best of counsel we may find:
 She would teach us how to choose,
 What restrain and what to loose,
 What we sternly should repress,
 What permit, and what caress.
 If a sudden storm assail,
 Wisdom hath foreseen the gale;
 And, whilst she is at the helm,
 Fear not thou an overwhelm:
 Or, if wake the clang of war,
 She hath seen the danger far,
 And can either meet in fight,
 Or in peace maintain her right.
 Ever seeing, ever ready,
 Ever calm, and ever steady;

High ones of the world she tendeth;
 With the lowliest she wendeth;
 And, if fortune do despite thee,
 She will never turn and slight thee;
 So, if friend thou wouldst select,
 Couldst thou better one expect?

She is highly, too, descended;
 Heaven's court she erst attended,
 When, as saith that sacred story,
 Once came down the King of Glory,
 And this lower world descried,
 Ocean-weltered, dark, and void.
 With his hand he did but motion,
 And roll'd back that fearful ocean;
 Sun he robed in living light,
 And the moon came meekly bright;
 And the stars in heaven he strew'd—
 Glory-streaming multitude!
 Herb, and tree, and beast, were rife,
 Crowding on that morn of life;
 And a pair went hand in hand,
 Through that green and sunny land,
 Happy, till they, tempted, fell;
 When, as ancient poets tell,
 (Sign that heaven did not discard them,)
 Wisdom was vouchsafed to guard them
 Through all time, and every stage
 Of their world-wide pilgrimage.

Child of man, whate'er thou gain,
 Strive thou Wisdom to obtain:
 She will be a friend indeed,
 Ever present in thy need.

If bright wealth thine heart rejoice,
Add this pearl of matchless price !
And, if Fortune still denies thee,
Gain this friend, who will advise thee.

PUPIL.

Son of Light, my thanks are thine.
Would I had that friend divine !

BARD.

In a meek and constant spirit,
Seek her, and thou shalt inherit.
Take thou, also, to thine aid
Valour, which is true and staid :
He will best support thy heart,
Whilst it acts a noble part.
If thou needeth strife's award,
Valour smiteth quick and hard,
And will neither flinch nor fail,
Till his cause, or death, prevail.
Lo ! a stalwart warrior stands,
Battle-hewing with both hands ;
Not a thought of peace comes o'er him,
Whilst a foe-man stands before him ;
Though his knees with dead are cumber'd,
Though by enemies outnumber'd,
Rest ! he never could enjoy it,
Whilst his sword had work to try it.
But true Valour may be found
On far other battle-ground :
Oft he worketh humble good—
Not by means of force and blood ;

Wrong he baffles, though of might,
And assists the feeble right,
Nothing caring who stands by,
Who applaud, or who decry.
What, save Valour, stout and true,
Doth enable to subdue
All the groans that else were sounded,
When men's very souls are wounded ;
All the yearnings of their ire,
When their hearts are trod like mire ?
What hath helped man to bear,
With his years of loaded care,
Ills that daily do beset him,
Wantonly that chafe and fret him ?
Envy, with her viper-brood,
Wounding in his solitude ;
Whilst to contumely of pride
Throb of pain alone replied.
Open hate, and covert scorn,
Lowly hero oft hath borne ;
And the arrows, poison-stew'd,
By abhor'd Ingratitude ;
And the shafts that deepest stung,
By the hand of Friendship flung ;
Till his constancy was tried,
And he turned and wept aside.
O ! but Valour, stout and true,
Still up-bore him through and through,
And enabled him to say,
As the Holy-one did pray,
" God ! forgiveness to them show ;
For they know not what they do."

Wouldst thou act a stedfast part,
Take thou Valour to thine heart.

PUPIL.

Son of Light, I have that boon :
I besought, and found it soon ;
And I hold it here within.

BARD.

Keep it pure from taint of sin.
So, if Wisdom thou obtain,
Thou hast won a noble twain.

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

"LIFE'S DULL REALITY."

"Life's dull reality!"—ah! say not so;

Speak rather of its solemn mystery.

What there is in it hidden, none shall know,

Until they read it in eternity.

It is not life, nor earth, but *we* are dull.

There is a meaning in all things around :

The lowliest life, of poetry is full;

Each home, a shrine; each grave, a sacred ground.

Is not our dwelling in the universe,

Whose course we see? But whither doth it tend?

Look not upon it as mankind's vast hearse:

It hath yet *other* destiny and end.

Are not the starry skies above thy head?

Are their far-gleaming lights no mystery?

Is not the wild flower trembling to thy tread—

The dew-drop glittering on the path by thee?

Where is thy home?—amid the haunts of men?

Sigh not to have it otherwise than there.

Or is it nestled in the mountain-glen,

Washed by clear waters, fann'd by purer air?

Each of the busy crowd can hope and fear,

And know and live, and silently must go

Through Death's lone portal, nor shall disappear,

Leaving no trace to work for weal or woe.

And who is there that ever felt the power

Of nature mid her solitudes, could deem

The all of life is but the little hour

Of earthly being, passing as a dream?

For then the heart, with earnest longing, yearns

For something holier, purer, deeper far;

And to the spirit-land instinctive turns,

Seen dimly through the veil of things that are.

How thin the veil, how near that spirit-land,

Those many strivings of the heart declare!

Look trustingly, and, from this mortal strand,

Its shores shall stretch before thee faint, yet fair;

And when a whisper to thy spirit comes,

Borne on no breezes, let not earthly strife,

And the world's cares, or honour's noisy dreams,

Drown the still voice: it speaks to thee of life!

ANN HAWKSHAW.

A SUMMER EVENING IN JULY.

"Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rose brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

MILTON.

The Sun hath declined, and the dome on high
Spans the earth like a gorgeous canopy;
But a light round his glorious orbit gleams,
And a myriad clouds are tipp'd with his beams.
Small dappled flakes, from the crimson west,
Are stretching afar to the deep blue east;
Whilst sapphire, and amber, and purple, glow
In splendour around the eternal bow!
Oh! they look like down from a cygnet's wing,
And a blessed thought to the spirit bring
Of peaceful bliss to the contrite soul,
When freed from the gyves of this earthly goal.
Reposing away in the southern sphere,
Broad shadowy clouds in the mist appear,
Like a glimpse of night from a brighter scene,
Or a gloomy thought to a mind serene.
Now a quivering flash, from the troubled lair,
Cleaves its dazzling course through the murky air;
And the deep, long sound of the thunder boom
Is passing away with the lurid gloom.
In the northern arch, hangs a misty grey,
Awaiting to hail the returning day,
As a yearning soul would greet the bliss
Of undying rest from a world like this.
Now the Moon looks down from her heavenly place,
With the solemn calm of an angel's face,

Like a blessed minister sent from God
To soothe mankind on the lowly sod;
And her train of silvery clouds appear
Like magic isles from a happier sphere;
Strange shapes and hues, now drifted and rent,
Bestrew the ethereal firmament.
Lo! the star of eve, like a glittering gem,
Shines afar in the radiant diadem.
A stillness and charm, soft, peaceful, and grand,
Gives a beauty to earth, like enchanted land;
Nor sound of a human voice, nor bird,
From cottage or nestling vale, is heard,
Save the lofty trees' Æolian lay,
Like a vesper-hymn to departed day.
Oh! 'tis sweet to walk in the hallow'd light,
When glory and loveliness gladden the night,
And a halo reigns, and the skies above
Seem to greet the world with a smile of love.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

REMEMBER ME.

Thou bidst me wake the muse's lyre,
And chaunt with a poetic fire;
Thou bidst me tune th' harmonious string,
And words in measured cadence sing,
That the soft wish, "Remember me,"
The burden of my song should be.

E'en be it so. Those accents fell,
When last we whisper'd a farewell,
Upon mine ear; and I have dwelt
Upon their sound, till I have felt
No other tones could ever be
So dear as thy "Remember me."

And when to foreign lands I roam,
Far, far from that loved spot, my home;
When parted by the billowy sea,
And all I love is memory!
Will thy affection faithful be,
And wilt thou then "Remember me?"

For oft in that sweet pensive hour,
When moonbeams shine o'er ruined tower,
When memory loves to weep, and pore
O'er joys and pleasures then no more,—
Then will I breathe a sigh to thee,
And think I hear—"Remember me."

I charge thee, then, ere now we part;
I charge thee by my breaking heart;
By every fount, and valley green,
Where oft together we have been;
By the deep grief I dare not tell;
By the wild accents of farewell;
By every vow I've pledged with thee,
I charge thee to "Remember me."

ISABELLA CAULTON.

THE CHINA TEA CUP.

Oh, fairy shape of clay! thou bearest
A green leaf and a purple flower,
And with a wondrous charm transportest
My spirit back to childhood's hour.
How bright a draught of nectar sparkled
Within thee at the evening tide!

How gay were all the hearts that gather'd
That hour around our own fireside!
The day's allotted tasks were over,
And youth gave to our simple fare
A zest that prouder boards might covet,
Though graced by dainties rich and rare:

For us no urn of silver glitter'd,
Nor richer porcelain's gorgeous stain;
The household kettle's cheerful music
Rejoiced us with its homely strain:

But then what kindly words were spoken!
What harmless mirth and laughter clear!
What gentle themes of matron knowledge
Were pour'd upon the willing ear!
With what a warmth of pure devotion

We heard our sire's thanksgiving pour'd,
And felt a holier bliss encircle,

With angel-wings, our simple board!
Alas! the golden dreams have perish'd,
Frail symbol of a vanish'd hour!

Yet still *thy* snowy surface beareth
The green leaf and the purple flower.

Broken for aye, that joyous circle,
That household band shall meet no more;
The world has hush'd the heart's sweet laughter,
And changed the trusting faith of yore.

We have gone forth from that old dwelling,
 And left the loving hearts alone;
 But oh! how worthless is the guerdon
 That in our early visions shone!
 Never shall that sweet peace revisit
 Our spirits in the world's turmoil—
 A haunting grief for ever mourneth
 Around us with our daily toil,
 And in its fearful mirror showeth
 The wrecks of many a slighted hour.
 O for the time when first I gazed on
 The green leaf and the purple flower!

ELIZA S. CRAVEN GREEN.

WAR.

Oh, God of mercy, harmony, and peace!
 When will the thirst for slaughter have an end?
 When will the havoc of destruction cease?
 Most impious thought, to deem that thou dost lend
 Thy aid to those who seek, in butchery, fame,
 And dying groans with mocking music blend;
 Who call thee God of battles—horrid name!
 As if thou madest thy creatures to destroy
 The boon of life, and murder with wild joy.
 Oh! for that time when musket, spear, and sword,
 Shall be but relics of an age of strife,
 For ever blotted from the page of life;
 When earth shall be the home of peace, oh, Lord,
 And man shall dwell in love, according to thy word!

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

THE REQUEST.

Come to my lone and silent home,
 With all thy grace, and love, and light,
 That I may watch thee day by day,
 And be thy guardian through the night;
 Be thou my household's happy queen,
 The pride and beauty of my bower,
 My wandering soul's presiding star,
 My fond heart's first and cherished flower.

Light labours only wait thee here,
 My chosen and my peerless one,
 For thou shalt teach the nectar-tree
 To hang its tresses in the sun;
 By thee the many-fingered bine
 Shall mantle round our rural shed,
 And the sultana summer rose
 Lift high her fair imperial head.

Through radiant Summer's gorgeous time,
 When pleasant toils are duly told,
 When burn upon the western skies
 The sun's vast robes of cloudy gold,
 We'll tread the green and fragrant sward,
 Or, leaning by some devious stream,
 Give to the sweet and stirless air
 The words of some immortal dream.

When garish day fades softly out,
 And pensive twilight gathers o'er,
 We'll read upon the book of heaven
 Its God-illuminated lore;

Then, filled with quiet thankfulness,
 While murmuring night-winds round us creep,
 We'll turn with homeward steps, and slow,
 To woo the gentle bliss of sleep.

When moonlit snow is on the roof,
 And pictured frost is on the pane,
 When clustering stars look brightly forth,
 And clouds send forth their solid rain,

We'll nestle near the chimney side,
 Unenvious of the festive throng,
 And drown the moaning of the blast
 In the united voice of song,

Should sickness bow thy fragile form,
 Or sorrow rifle thee of rest,

Should aught of human ills destroy
 The tranquil rapture of thy breast,
 My lips shall speak of hope and health,
 To cheat thee of thy grief and pain,

And all my faculties combine
 To bring thee back to peace again.

When other voices than our own,
 When other forms which are not here,
 Shall fill these walls with childish glee,
 And make existence doubly dear,

What shall estrange us heart from heart,
 When such connubial joys are given?

Come, be the angel of my life,
 And make my humble home a heaven!

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell! I leave ye!

That setting sun for me no more will rise;
 And when the lark her matin song is singing,
 And the green hills with jocund sounds are ringing,
 And morning ope's the flowers' dew-sparkling eyes,

The heart will be

Unconscious of that joy. Through every tree
 The south wind may her fairy fingers run,
 Till each breathes living music; and the sun
 May woo the flowers and kiss the murmuring brook;
 But on these glories I no more may look!

When eve comes on,

And when the sun's last glow, last fading ray,
 Hath melted from the sky, ye will be bending
 In silent grief o'er what ye now are tending
 With gentle love;—the spirit fled away,

I shall be gone—

Life's sufferings o'er, its sins and sorrows done.
 When round the world night's sable curtains close,
 To win earth's weary children to repose,
 And wrap them in sweet slumber, gift divine!
 But night's deep shadows will not deepen mine.

And must I then

Forget the love, true love that bless'd me here?
 Forget the eyes that ever more would lighten
 Whene'er I came? the cheek whose rose would brighten
 At my approach? and must I never hear

Love's voice again,

And I forgotten be? No! I would fain

Think that I shall not; that my memory,
In the heart's home, long, long will cherished be.
Oh! human love looks higher in its trust
Than the poor ruin it consigns to dust!

From earth it flies;
And when the one it loved is laid in dust;
When o'er the lonely grave the stars are keeping
Their silent watch, and midnight dews seem weeping
The ruin of all human love and trust,

Does not faith rise?
Pointing in humble triumph to the skies,
Says, "Sins repented are through Him forgiven,
Who died on earth that man might live in heaven."
So ties that bound us and are broken here,
May be united in that brighter sphere!

E. C. S.

THE EMBLEM OF LIFE.

I wander'd forth one morn. The rising sun
Had streak'd the heavens with tints of varying hue—
Tints that, successive following one by one,
O'er all around a mystic beauty threw,—
A flower, begemm'd with friendly dew of night,
But half awaken'd, laugh'd to meet the God of light.
Again I wandered, when the moon was up,
And beautiful was heaven's star-lighted stair;
But oh! within the blushing flow'et's cup,
No more the tender dew-drop glistened there;

No more! the flower that raised its blushing head
At morn, ere eventide was withered and dead.

And this, methought, is life; 'tis but a flower
That thus so sweetly blooms its little day;
The joys that cheer us in some fitful hour,
As fair, as fleeting, withering away,
But tell the anxious wanderer after rest,
In heavenly climes alone he can be ever blest.

W. B. FLOWER.

FALLING LEAVES.

Ye are falling now that were so bright,
Ye leaves of fallow hue;
There is a mystery in your flight
As deep and strange as true:
Ye may no more, upon the trees,
Flutter like wings unto the breeze;
Ye never more may utter praise,
Hymning to God your tuneful lays.

And yet again, when spring returns,
Oh, dark, deserted tree!
Each branch that nakedly now mourns
Shall, clad, burst forth with glee:
Ye summer trees, how bright ye are!
Ye winter ones, how dark and bare!
Ye look like care who sobs and grieves,
And sheds her tears, like falling leaves.

NER GARDINER.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

What is the brief and chequer'd life of men?
 Its term, at most, is three score years and ten;
 Varied with grief and joy—now shade, now sun—
 A dream, a tale, a meteor, and 'tis done!
 Age quits the scene, and makes his bow with grace,
 Whilst youth, impatient, steps to fill his place.
 'On! on!' cries Time, away through life he speeds
 To fall, and then another quick succeeds.
 All time, all life, all matter hurries on;
 A universe is going—never gone!
 A little while we sport in youth along;
 A little while we mingle with the throng;
 A little while we look with raptured eye
 On nature's vast and wondrous pageantry;
 A little while we find bliss smiles serene,
 As crystal well amid some desert scene;
 Brief while, in which, if we ne'er make our way,
 How many ills still mark us for their prey!
 And if we scale the cliffs that frown on high,
 We scarce surmount them ere 'tis time to die:
 Then we seem banish'd from ourselves almost,
 And feel our Age is of our Youth the ghost.
 How many leave no record on life's tide
 Than this—that they have lived, and they have died!
 The only goal *unsought* by all mankind,
 The grave's the only sure one we shall find,
 To which we fall, unfinished each fond plan,—
 Such the brief history of the *life of man*!

ROBERT ROSE.

THE MYSTERIOUS ONE.

Of all the Enigmas that ever were penn'd,
 At the head of Enigmas am I—so attend.
 I'm the funniest creature that's come into being,
 And, though myself says it, am really worth seeing;
 I'm close at your elbow; I'm under your nose;
 I nestle at eve in the folds of your clothes;
 I peep from your pockets as snug as a mouse;
 I'm in each chimney corner of every man's house;
 I rise in the dew; I fall in the showers;
 I bound with the bee over beds of bright flowers:
 Sometimes I'm a twin—then I sit on your cheek,
 Or boldly look out from the eyes of a Greek;
 Sometimes I am short, sometimes I am long,
 And silently lurk at the end of your tongue;
 In the heart of all men I am steadfast and true—
 In the heathen, the Swede, the Maltese, or the Jew:
 In the heart of all *women* I ought to be too,
 But alas! I'm afraid you will find me in few.
 I attend upon battles, though not in the van—
 Yet, without my assistance to counsel and plan,
 No peace e'er concluded or empire began!
 And so great in high places my power to please,
 That a Queen, lacking *me*, is bereft of all *ease*!
 I'm no friend to the church, but in chapels am found,
 Especially those where the doctrine is sound;
 And though frequenting concerts, and theatres too,
 You seldom will find me away from my pew.
 The scholar eschews me, though poets are known
 Without *me* to be things of mere metal or stone;
 And a great public school is on one point agreed—
 That if *I* were not there, 'twould be heavy indeed!
 Notwithstanding all this, 'tis my duty to own,
 (Which I do in most humble and penitent tone,)
 I have one silly weakness—wherever I rove,
 By some means or other I'm always in love!

And now, lest you guess me too soon I'll give o'er,
 Just closing my verses with one couplet more:
 To health I'm essential—to wealth I'm a slave—
 And, like all mortal beings, I end in the grave!

THE MYSTERIOUS ONE.

Of all the Kingdoms that ever were born,
 At the head of England am I—so attend.
 I in the faintest creature that's come into being,
 And though myself say I, am really worth seeing,
 I'm close at your elbow; I'm under your nose;
 I nestle at eve in the folds of your clothes;
 I peep from your pocket as snug as a mouse;
 I'm in each chimney corner of every man's house;
 I sit in the dew; I fall in the shower;
 I pound with the bee over heads of bright flowers;
 Sometimes I'm a twin—then I sit on your cheek;
 Or boldly look out from the eyes of a Greek;
 Sometimes I am short, sometimes I am long,
 And silently lurk at the end of your tongue;

ERRATA.

Page 13, four lines from bottom, for *stated* read *stated*;

Page 39, three lines from bottom, for *dreams* read *drums*.