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THE SEATTLE CHURCH

WILD SCENES OF THE WEST



PORTLAND ME.

PUBLISHED BY SANBORN & CARTER.

1852.



HYMNS OF THE CHURCH;

THE NATIVITY,

AND OTHER

POEMS,

BY



THE REV. M. A. WALLACE.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile,
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.

CHILDE HAROLD.



PORTLAND:
PUBLISHED BY SANBORN & CARTER.
1853.

TO
HIS GRACE,
THE MOST REV. WILLIAM WALSH, D. D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX;

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

BY HIS GRACE'S HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR AND TRANSLATOR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by
M. A. WALLACE,
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PORTLAND:
PRINTED BY HARMON & WILLIAMS.

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P R E F A C E .

KIND READER,

THIS work, as you will observe, is for the most part, composed of religious pieces. The subjects are of such a nature as will, I fear, make it somewhat unpalatable to the general taste. The measure of praise or of blame which you will be likely to accord to it, will depend more perhaps upon your own peculiar manner of thinking, than upon the merit or demerit of the pieces themselves. If you be in the habit of walking that ground upon which I delight to tread, you will be apt to receive it favourably; if, on the contrary, you happen to be of those whom I shall, for want of a better term, call my antipodes, you will, I have no doubt, rank the author or translator as he may be, with the famous worthies of the Dunciad.

To be in our times “the poet of all circles and the idol of *one's* own,” the hopeful aspirant to enduring fame must adopt for his poetical policy something similar to that upon which is founded our system of state education; that is to say—he must at the outset either renounce Christianity *in*

toto, or what is much the same, he must be a professor of all creeds in general, but of none in particular—he must be a Homer of many sectarian dialects, and at any given time furnish forth a God and a Goddess suited to the motley multitudinous array whose favour he would hope to win. In bringing this volume before the public, I have not adopted the policy of which I have spoken. My success, I may therefore prognosticate, will be rather circumscribed.

Steam, rail roads, electricity, liberty, gold dust, spiritual rappings, spinning jennies, and the like—these are the things which a cunning bard would *now* delight to eulogize and blazon. There is in our days more melody in the whistle of a car, or it may be, some one whispers, in the explosion of an engine, than in all the solemn old chaunts of Cathedral choirs, or the merry roundelays of the more musical Past. The sign of the cross, holy water, fasting, paschal candles, sacraments, prayers for the dead, &c., things coming, one would fancy, under that honourable head, Old Age, are not only studiously excluded from every modern poet's page—"unhonoured and unsung,"—but they are invariably scouted and scorned by every walking exquisite who plumes himself upon that wonderful enlightenment of which the present so gratuitously boasts. Yet let us not be surprized. The

men, who loved the things just alluded to, were not so near the Apostles as the lights of *our* generation!

Some very industrious, and at the same time no less fastidious gentleman may on seeing this work, display a bit of his charitable disposition by saying that one in a calling like mine might, instead of picking up around the foot of Parnassus such withered flowers as these, devote his time to a better labour. Well, to this I would say in reply, as a very unimportant young man once replied to a celebrated orator, that upon this particular point "I entirely agree with Grattan." Yet "Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit." Since then "to err is human, to forgive divine," I hope that this very industrious christian will give me a proof of his singular perfection by extending to my passing folly a little of his large indulgent consideration. In the meantime, the individual in question will not, I trust, fail to remember that St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Paulinus, St. Bernard, St. Peter Damian, and many others in every rank of the church, considered it no folly to indulge at times in the pleasures, not the sins of poesy.

A word now about the contents. The Oratorio entitled the Nativity is not, for the reasons already assigned, a production of which a time like the present will be very much enamoured. The 'Wild Scenes,' written several

years ago, are not given here as specimens deserving the name of poetry, but merely as a small tribute of affection to a land* in which I spent the happiest and the most of my years. The Sacred Drama, St. John, must stand or fall according to the fiat of the critics. The Pastorals of Virgil, in as much as they are common property, can and will be judged impartially and according to their deserts. "Men and Things," a satire—is a light shot against existing evils, and must go for what it is worth. Emanuel, the Virgin-Born, has already been published, and was as well received as I could desire. The "Introduction" prefixed to this edition is taken from Sannazar's works, published some years ago in Dublin by a Catholic Priest.

Of the Cathemerinon, I think I will not be mistaken in saying that it will be judged according to the religious bias of those who may have the patience to give it a perusal. In publishing this work of Prudentius, I have, if nothing else, the honour of being the first to introduce to the English reader the venerable poet of Calahorra. To a certain class of critics I am, I know, submitting in this translation, as dull and uninteresting a book as I could possibly bring forth. To those for whom the work has been particularly prepared, I am submitting some-

*Nova Scotia.

thing very different. On perusing the writings of one who, like Prudentius, lived no less than fifteen hundred years ago, when we find repeated allusions to the doctrines and practices of Catholicity, we cannot but exult in the antiquity of our creed. Those very rites and ceremonies, which above all others are now disputed and decried by those who differ from us in religion, are the identical things upon which the genius of this ancient poet has been here particularly displayed. With that laudable pride, then, which one naturally feels in being allied to the glorious past, it can truthfully be said by every Catholic who may read this little work, that he was in this far down century baptized and confirmed in the very same way as was Prudentius in the third—that, when he lies down to rest, or when danger threatens him, he signs himself in the same way with the semblance of the cross—that he beholds lighted for his consolation the same sacred light of the altar—that he too fasts for his sins—that he too prays for his departed brethren—that he too sprinkles himself with the purifying water—and that he entertains the like fears of eternal punishment, the like hopes of eternal reward. The translation now presented will, for this reason, be more than acceptable to my brethren in the faith.

The difficulty of translating, particularly of translating into rhymed feet, requires no demonstration. Every one

acquainted with the process has fully felt the burden. It has been said by a shrewd one that—

“ Sometimes,
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.”

I mention this truth not exactly by way of excusing myself, but rather with a view of defending the man whose bones were, more than a thousand years ago, mingled with the dust. Had I no inducement to publish this version of mine but the mere poetry itself, I would scarcely have allowed it to pass beyond the precincts of my study. The matter, not the verse, is my apology. The subjects treated in the *Cathemerinon* are valuable testimonies, showing as powerfully as the most ancient monuments themselves, how true are the claims of the Catholic Church, and how shallow are the novelties of the reformation.

If then, I can, by calling this Spanish bard from his sleep of ages, and making him speak in plain old English phrase, succeed in adding to the defenders of the Faith one more time-honoured witness of truth, I will accomplish a work from which I shall derive a pleasure, compared to which a poet's name would be only “ sound and fury, signifying nothing.”

“ Go, then, my Book ! from this my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways.”

MILTOWN, ST. STEPHEN, }
January 7th, 1853. }

THE NATIVITY.

PART FIRST.

SCENE.....The plains outside Bethlehem.....Time, Midnight.

CHORUS.—(*Of Spirits floating over the plains.*)

WHEN thro' fair Eden's fragrant shade
Thy feet in bliss and beauty strayed,
We viewed thee from our home on high,
And marked thy joys with gladsome eye :
But when we saw the demon's power
With shame and sorrow blight thy bower,
 And mar our Maker's plan,
We wept the ruin thou wert left,
The bliss of which thou wert bereft,
The crown of glory shorn and cleft,
 O faded, fallen man !

 But now again
We joy and we raise a joyous strain
 Where sorrow, long,
 Hath poured her song,

Filling with loneliness and fear,
 Thy mortal ear,
 And we joy still more
 Than we joyed before,
For the triumph of satan forever is o'er.

 Joy! Joy! Joy!
Albeit among thy thankless kind
A softer couch He will not find,
Than what a stable may bestow
Where the rains may beat and the winds may blow,
 Still, O still,
 It is his will
 That thy toils shall have rest,
 And thyself shall be blest,
 And there must be
 Such peace for thee,
As nothing may henceforth destroy.

He comes—the conqueror comes to night,
Not with the gleam of shield and spear,
As victors of the world appear
 Midst the hurrying feet
 Of war steeds fleet
And the flashing of falcions, the floating of plumes—
 Yet he comes
 The king of majesty and might,
 'Gainst whom in vain all powers unite,
And hell shall tremble and be put to flight.

Now,
Thou of the fiery eye, and haughty brow!
In whose fell triumph came
Wo, darkness, sin and shame,
Down
With thy conquered crest, and thy crumbled crown
To the deeps
Where hell's black torrent boils and sweeps,
And torture's viper gnawing creeps,
And burning anguish never sleeps,
And everlasting sorrow weeps :
Down, down, down,
With thy lightning-wrath, and thy thunder-frown,
To the gloom
Of deadliest doom :
To the damned abyss
Where fiends and furies howl and hiss :
From pomp and sway,
Foul foe of clay !
Away—away—away—
O blasted one !
Begone ;
For evermore thy reign is o'er,
And earth is joy from shore to shore.

PART SECOND.

SCENE....The plains.....Shepherds watching their flocks....Time, after
midnight.

SHEPHERD.

'Tis a wild night—wild blasts around us sweep,
And starless skies o'erlook the land and deep,
In stillest rest the distant city lies,
And not a gleam attracts the straining eyes ;
All nature sleepeth, but we slumber not,
As if the shepherd's were not mortal lot :
The day was made for toil, the night for rest ;
Why was I born, or born, alas ! unblessed ?

SECOND SHEPHERD—(*Singing.*)

Away with sorrow and with care,
Why would'st thou sigh in vain ?
Is there not sweetness in the air,
And freshness on the plain ?
Are these not blessings few partake ?
And see—the darkness flies,
The clouds that loomed begin to break
And stars illumine the skies !

THIRD SHEPHERD.

Heaven ! what is this ? What change do we survey ?
The howling storm has wholly died away,
The gloom is scattered, all around grows bright,
And what is this that robes the world in light ?
God of the waters ! Ruler of the sky !

(An Angel appears, at sight of whom the Shepherds fall to the ground.)

ANGEL.

Rise, gentle Shepherds ! and dismiss your fear,
 I bring you tidings of immortal cheer !
 Wake from your terror, and believe the voice
 That bids all nations of the world rejoice ;
 To you in David's capitol this morn
 A Saviour who is Christ the Lord is born ;
 Haste to the manger where his glory glows,
 There will ye find him wrapped in swaddling clothes.

CHORUS.—*Of Spirits in the air.*)

Oh sons of earth ! high sons of earth !
 Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice !
 Go, welcome the dawn of immortal mirth,
 And raise your warbling voice ;
 Let the tear of sorrow no longer stream,
 But bid the smile of happiness beam !
 Let grief for lost Paradise be o'er,
 For its scenes shall smile,
 And its hours beguile,
 And the world be blest once more.

O sons of earth ! high sons of earth !
 Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice !
 Go hail ye the morn of the Saviour's birth,
 And raise your warbling voice ;
 The time of your exile is gone,
 The reign of freedom hath come on,
 The flowers will bloom
 With a sweeter perfume,

The world will all be fair,
 And there was never a region of bliss
 So full of beauty and joy as this,
 For heaven itself is there.

O ye sons and daughters of earth !
 Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
 To meet the promised of ages go forth,
 And raise your warbling voice ;
 Sent down from the skies
 In a manger he lies,
 All loveliness and love,
 And there's nought so bright
 As his eyes of light,
 Below, around, above ;
 Before his smile all troubles fly
 And all dissensions cease,—
 Glory and honour to God on high,
 And to men of good will, peace !

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Heard ye that thrilling song ? methinks I hear
 Its dulcet chimes still sounding sweet and clear !
 And did I sorrow at my humble lot,
 That all were slumbering while I slumbered not ?
 O have I liv'd to see this heavenly sight,
 Have we for this been shepherds thro' the night ?
 O rapture of all raptures ! come away
 And taste the sweets of that celestial lay ;
 Hasten to the city to complete our joy,
 And gaze enamoured on the new-born boy.

CHORUS.—(*Of Shepherds.*)

Away, away—our flocks may stray,
 Where'er their footsteps will,
 To a better care we now repair,
 Rejoice, rejoice we still.

PART THIRD.

SCENE.....The Stable.....The Child, Mary and Joseph.....Time, before daybreak.

MARY.

ON no embroidered couch reclines my head,
 No brilliant lamps their lustre round me shed,
 No joyous music charms my list'ning ear,
 Nought but the night-wind coldly warbles here :
 Yet more than all, within my cottage low,
 There shines a bliss heav'n only could bestow :
 The glorious hope of David's royal race,
 Is sweetly smiling in my fond embrace,
 The Christ—the Saviour—rapture unexpressed !
 And do I clasp him to my beating breast ?
 O let the wine-cup sparkle bright
 In regal hall and bower,
 The season of its best delight
 Will vanish like the flower.
 Far sweeter is my humble shed,
 Tho' wild and bleak and bare ;
 O there the Saviour's couch is spread,
 And all is Eden there.

JOSEPH.—(*Gazing on the infant.*)

O joy ! O rapture ! O delight supreme !
 Do these bright eyes before me surely beam ?
 Do I behold him whom the seers of old
 In vain, in vain were longing to behold ?
 On the long wished-for, the Desired of all,
 Him who shall right unhappy mortals' fall,
 O is it mine to feed my ravished eyes,
 And feel my soul exulting in me rise !

Auspicious, blest, triumphant hour,
 How beautiful art thou !
 Ev'n smiling nature owns thy power
 And seems transported now.

The night-breeze hath a sweeter sigh,
 The streams more softly flow,
 And brighter tints are in the sky,
 All lovelier looks below.

And hark ! the warblers of the wild
 Forget that midnight reigns,
 They come to hail the heav'nly child
 And sing their sweetest strains !

MARY.

Exult, O Bethlehem ! for blest art thou !
 Earth's noblest city hails thee highest now ;
 O cheer with revelry thy gay green bowers
 And o'er thy pathways scatter fairest flowers.
 Let voice and harp in mingled song combine,
 And chaunt that glory which is ever thine.

Rejoice, O Bethlehem ! rejoice and sing,
Thou art the birth-place of the Nation's King !

JOSEPH.

What whispers ? Hush—hearest thou that sound ? Again,
It is the breathing of some heavenly strain :
List—clear yet soft, it spreads along the skies,
And now it swells, and now it sinks and dies ;
Once more it bursts—hark ! what a thrilling sound—
The songs of Seraphim are floating round.

CHORUS.—(*Of Spirits from without.*)

Hail, hail, hail !
Flower of the field ! Lamb ! Lily of the vale !
Life ! Light ! the Lawgiver ! Eternal word !
Truth ! King of glory ! Right arm of the Lord !
King of kings ! Brightness of Eternal light !
Lord of Hosts ! Prince of Peace ! Lord God of might !

Arise, now arise,
Thou that wert born to dwell in the skies !
Wake, mortal ! wake,
The dawn of bliss begins to break ;
The royal hour
Of gladness, glory, pomp and power
Sent forth to shine
With light divine,
O'er earth, and air, o'er thee and thine,
Flings now its beam
O'er sea, o'er stream,
O'er hill, o'er vale, o'er hall, o'er bower.

The long expected One has come;
 Come to avert man's dreadful doom,
 And bid the sad
 Be glad,
 The desert-rock, the desert-gloom,
 Light, life, bloom,
 And all
 On earth's illumined ball,
 Excess, O sweet excess
 Of love and joy and happiness,
 Then sing
 To the King,
 And o'er his path thy roses fling.

JOSEPH.

My soul ! They fly—the spirits fly—and lo !
 Around us now ambrosial breezes blow ;
 O God of glory ! praise be unto thee,
 Who wert, and art, and shalt forever be.

(Noise without.)

Ha ! Listen—wherefore ? flying feet are near—

SHEPHERDS.—*(Rejoicing in the sight of the Child.)*

The Saviour ! heaven and hope—behold him here !

(Song of Angels.)

O sweetness of the evening breeze !
 O radiance of the morning ray !
 O beauty of the sparkling seas !

O glory of the summer day !
O fragrance of the fragrant flowers !
O bloom and beauty of the vale !
O softness of the vernal showers !
All hail—all hail—all hail !

Thou that hast been expected long !
Thou after whom the nations sighed !
Thou the high theme of Prophets' song !
Thou the world's joy, peace and pride !
Thou who wilt cheer the heart that faints !
And bid the mourner cease to wail !
Thou the Redeemer ! saint of Saints !
All hail—all hail—all hail !

FIRST SHEPHERD.

And thou, blest Mother—O what bliss is thine !
Throughout all days thy spotless name shall shine :
Maid of the innocent and virtuous mind !
The pride, the glory, queen of womankind !
Until the point when time shall cease to be,
The old and young shall ever honour thee !
To thee shall come the virgin in delight,
And strew thy path with fragrant flowers and bright,
While all, to thee melodious songs shall pour,
And hail thee virgin blest for evermore !

SECOND SHEPHERD.

Come, brother Shepherds ! haste we now away,
The night departs, and dawns a lovely day ;

Wake to high wonderment the slumbering earth,
With the blest tidings of the Saviour's birth,
'Till the proud peal make every bosom bound,
And gladness warble far and wide around.

SHEPHERDS ALL.

To the field, the vale, the plain,
 Away, away, away ;
A King has come from the skies to reign,
 Lift high the joyous lay.

WILD SCENES OF THE WEST.

INTRODUCTION.

THE hills arise between my friends and me,
And leave me now near many a rocky isle,
Washed by the waters of a wide, wide sea
That dashes onward many a stormy mile,
Far, far beyond the wave where Indian summers smile.

And on a mountain that, like anger, frowns,
I now recline, and mark the waves below
Gilding with sunshine their majestic crowns,
And decked, like brides, with wreaths of ocean's snow,
And dancing to the winds that warble as they blow.

And I will rest upon this craggy steep,
And drink the air till day has gone to rest,
And, thus far off from where all troubles sweep
Across the soul, like storms o'er ocean's breast,
I'll view the opening scene—the wildest in the west!

Farewell, awhile, ye distant ones so dear!
Tho' lone the prospect when ye are not nigh,
Still feels my soul a thrilling transport here
By these white rocks, broad sea, and fair fresh sky,
Where life is close allied to immortality.

O gentle breeze ! that swept the southern pole,
 What treasures bear'st thou on thy wave-born wing !
 Here will I wed thee to my longing soul
 Thou child of air ! thou fair unfettered thing !
 And tune my lively harp, and by the waters sing.

H O B S O N I S L A N D .

I STAND upon as wild a spot
 As ever warmed beneath the sun,
 Where summer's glory dazzles not,
 Nor blossoms blow, nor rivers run ;
 The rays of June flash brightly round,
 The storms are slumb'ring in their caves,
 And, save yon sea's eternal sound,
 'Tis calm as ev'ning over graves.

Yet vain the scene so still and warm,
 And joyless too, creation's smile ;
 With all of these there is no charm,
 Amid this lonely ocean isle.
 The wand'rer's eye must turn away,
 And envy Hobson such an hour,
 And look for charms where summer's ray
 With beauty clothes some far-off bower.

The wild winds soon shall wake again,
 And sweep in wrath around the shore ;
 O we shall see a prospect then,
 As only we have seen before.

The waves come rushing here from sea
In such magnificent array,
That—royal sight !—'twould seem to thee,
As if they'd sweep the isle away.

And as they charge with dreadful cry,
And back recoil with wilder roar,
The spray makes rockets in the sky,
As cheering them to charge once more ;
And then they foam again and flash,
And send their thunders to the stars,
'Till caves and dells, and wild woods crash
With shouts and sounds as loud as war's.

And sweeping, frothing, boiling, back
Again they hurry to their caves,
To scour anew their wonted track,
With thrice the crushing weight of waves,
Fly—fly—the sea has left its bed !
Again the deluge drowns the world !
Howling they come with with'ring dread,
And rocks are from their restings hurled.

Joys ! What high raptures such can give
To eye, to ear, to heart, to soul !
'Twould make the very dying live,
And keep the living ever whole ;
Then hither come, thou faded cheek !
Thou art too youthful yet to die ;
Here shalt thou find that health you seek,
Which balmier climes might long deny.

But see, the sun goes down, the while,
 And evening's breezes swell my sail,
 I must away from thee, dark isle,
 Obedient to the fav'ring gale ;
 Then, farewell Hobson ! I shall tell
 Thy name to others far away,
 'Till they, too, come, and bid farewell,
 Pleased with thy cliffs like me to-day.

THE ROAR ON THE SHORE.

THE roar, the thundering roar that never ceases,
 As swells the gale, how wildly it increases !
 From this high peak I hear it in the rocks
 Heaving and howling like an earthquake's shocks :
 The stunning yell—the everlasting sound,
 At which the very granite groans around.
 How long since first it struck on mortal ear !
 How many ages till men cease to hear !

This smiling generation shall go by,
 Another rise and fall—another live and die,
 And others after, and a thousand more,
 While those rough rocks must echo to that roar :
 'Tho wild thro' day, 'tis wilder still thro' night.
 The darkness seems to fill it with affright.
 Till howls it, mad, with more than usual pain.
 To see the golden day-beams break again.

It seems, in truth, like some huge animal,
That by the grasping waves is kept in thrall ;
More like the "ancient dragon" it appears,
Bound by the angel for a thousand years,
Writhing and striving to be free in vain,
Then falling back in phrenzy on his chain,
And sending forth this hurricane of thunder
That often rends the very rocks asunder.

And now it rises—rages—rushes on—
Full to the clouds that loud alarm is gone ;
With such a blast how sleep the buried longer ?
Can Gabriel's trumpet blow a warning stronger ?
A million shells are scattered to the sky !
O for the eagle that would soar so high !
A field of foam now flashes on the tide
And showery rainbows glitter far and wide.

Niagara ! thou glory of our land !
Thou mighty fall, so fairly, wildly grand !
With all your voices silent wert thou here,
A jackall to the lion roaring near,
It is an echo of Jehovah's power
Loud sounding since Creation's primal hour,
 The stormy spirit of sublimity,
 The never dying moaning of the sea.

S T. M A R G E R E T ' S B A Y .

From thy soft skyey bower, come awake, gentle breeze !
And waft me away from those deep dashing seas,
To where verdure and blossom enliven the day,
And the winds bear sweet scents to the wild woods away.

To the shore and the shallow

I now bid adieu,

And welcome the scene

That is opening to view ;

A bright sheet of waters

As dazzling and fair,

As ever was fanned

By the sweet summer air.

Away thro' the forests it winds in its pride,
With inlets so pleasing, and basins so wide,
Where swift glancing fishes leap out to the sun,
Brightning all the blue wave 'till the daylight is done.

And many an Isle

Is asleep on its breast,

O'ershadowed with pines,

And in loveliness dressed,

Sequestered retreats,

Where the linnet's light lay

Makes a heav'n all day long

Of this beautiful bay.

I never, never would, while I sailed by yon shoals,
Where the sand ever surges, the wave ever rolls,

Dream for once, that so lovely a haven was here.
Or a haven at all, save a stormy and drear ;

Yet the cloudiest skies
That were ever yet seen
Displayed in their darkness
Some region serene.
On the morn of creation
Tho' all else was wild
In the midst of the desert
A Paradise smiled.

But these are receding—my boat's gliding on—
This fairy-like vision shall quickly be gone.
Other coves now expand—other beauty is near—
I am past them—O skies ! what a sweet place is here !

I gaze o'er green gardens,
Bright meadows I see.
With ten thousand feasts
For the whimsical bee ;
There sits youthful summer,
All radiant with smiles,
Sweet and fair as she reigns
In her own Indian isles.

How placid and pure all the bright water lies !
With skies in it shining more bright than the skies ;
No wave did, methinks, e'er so beautifully beam,
Save the one "clear as crystal" God's own glassy stream.

O which is the fairer now
Shoreside or bay ?
They are vying for beauty
In evenings soft ray ;

One, as verdant and flow'ry
 As Eden's young prime,
 And the other as calm
 As the soul before crime.

GATHERING THE MAY-FLOWERS.

WINTER, the wild, with his storms and gloom
 Darkens, no longer, the day,
 Ours is a world now of beauty and bloom,
 Glowing, and gladd'ning, and gay ;
 Come, then, enjoy we the beautiful spring !
 Pleasure was sent but for some ;
 Hear the glad strains which the sweet birds sing.
 Come—come—come.

Leave we our toil, now, and leave we our care,
 Fling to the winter our pain,
 There is no shadow on earth, or in air,
 Sunshine is sovereign again ;
 Fly, then, O fly from the city's mad scene,
 Ye that are sick of its hum,
 Life lives, alone, on the fairy fresh green.
 Come—come—come.

On to the spot where the white blossoms blow,
 Weave we bright crowns for our hair,
 Soon shall the glories that gladden us go—
 Who would not gather his share ?

Sport with the spring, then, and laugh with its flowers,
Bring the fresh spoils to our home.
Joy calls aloud from the green forest bowers
Come—come—come.

We fly, then, we fly to the wildwoods away.
Happy and healthful and free.
To rifle the crown of that beautiful May.
Queen now of earth and of sea.
When our life's last spring shall have fled by
The tongues that warble are dumb.
May voices thus call from the spring of the sky,
Come—come—come.

NORTON RIVER.

THOU stream that glid'st so softly by,
Upon thy banks I love to stray.
When summer laughs along the sky,
And gilds thee with her radiant ray.

There's something in thy tranquil flow,
That more than charms my eager eye.
For thou art like a stream I know,
For which in vain I now may sigh.

Fair river ! lo ! a stranger's tongue
Would sing the charms he sees in thee !
Thou might'st by sweeter bards be sung
But none enraptured more than he.

He loves to seek thy grassy brink,
 Ev'n as he loved his own sweet home,
To sigh—to sing—to walk—to think—
 The only joys of those who roam.

The swarthy ones that wildly strayed
 Around thy banks in times of old,
Are underneath this greensward laid,
 With names unknown, with deeds untold.

Yet thou art free and youthful still,
 And calm, and beautiful, and clear,
As when they ranged the woody hill,
 And hunted down the mountain-deer.

O many an Indian's light canoe
 Hath skimmed along thy glassy tide,
And many a poisoned arrow, too,
 Has shrilly whizzed along thy side.

And many a war-whoop has been yelled,
 And many a noble heart laid low,
And dreadful scenes, perchance, beheld
 Between the savage and his foe.

When morning throws his rosy beam,
 Across thy waters calm and clear,
'Tis sweet to view thee, placid stream !
 And hear thy birds that warble near.

And thou art fair at even, too,
 When stilness broods o'er grove and bower,
In noontide's glare thou glad'st the view,
 And thou art beauteous every hour.

Thy breeze invigorates me now,
It quickly shall be felt again :
And often shall it fan my brow,
And glad my heart, and wake my strain.

My days are spent in weighty care,
And lonely life and solemn thought ;
Yet shall thy beauties make them fair
With thee enwreathed, with thee unwrought.

O I could gaze on scenes like this,
And o'er their glories dream away,
'Till all absorbed in thoughtful bliss,
I would forget the world's dull day.

And I would bless the hallowed spot,
And I would laud the glowing time,
That thus conspired to cheer my lot
With all that lives of Eden's prime.

SHETLAND ISLAND.

(A LEGEND.)

THE dream of many a night had told
That on a far-off Island lay
Fair treasures of forgotten gold,
That there had lain thro' many a day.

Two dark-eyed strangers, proudly brave,
Rejoicing left their homes, the while,

To plough the deep cerulean wave,
And seek the shores of that rich isle.

When sixteen suns had rolled away,
No more they called the fav'ring gale;
At length with spirits gladly gay
They furl'd, beneath its cliff, their sail.

A spot it was so lone, so wild,
That there, it seem'd, was never heard
Since first the morn thro' ether smiled,
The voice of man, or lyre, or bird.

And now, while o'er the dome of night
The moon with cloudless lustre beamed,
In haste they sought the treasures bright,
Of which their souls so oft had dream'd.

And soon they saw, with wond'ring eyes,
That hidden gold's refulgent glare,
They seized upon the glitt'ring prize—
But lo! a spirit watch'd it there.

And, louder than the vullied storm
A voice of dread re-echoed round,
And now, a dark unearthly form,
Full in their sight terrific frowned.

Alas! what living eye could look
Upon a brow so dark, so dread?
Each frame with palsied horror shook,
And from their cheek the life-blood fled.

The gold fell from their grasp—their heart
 Could dare the venturous deed no more,
 Unblessed the wand'ers should depart
 From that rude island's haunted shore.

And now, in disappointment dark,
 Far o'er the wild waves' feathery foam
 Again they steered their hopeless bark,
 And sought the haven of their home.

But ah ! upon the younger breast,
 The horrors of that night still hung ;
 He died—the ocean was his rest—
 His dirge was by the west winds sung.

Fair breezes blew—the bark arrived ;
 The other saw his native vale,
 In *pain* he saw, and but survived
 To breathe the melancholy tale.

THE FORESTS.

DREAD solitudes ! how desolate ye seem !
 There is such darkness spread throughout your boughs,
 As if had never shone that dazzling beam
 Which gilds with lustre all the mountain brows ;
 Fain would the traveller tell you to arouse
 From this your loneliness so deep and drear,
 In which alone should hermits breathe their vows,
 When they would fly from all beloved and dear,
 And bless the spot where life no more should vex the ear.

How deep ! how still ! is all the solemn wood !
 How free from aught that bears a worldly stain !
 It seems almost a sacrilege to intrude
 Where such solemnity and silence reign ;
 How wildly Echo calls and shouts again,
 As if she warned it of each breath that passed !
 My lightest step shakes all the green domain,
 My softest voice rings thro' it, like a blast ;
 How awful is the scene ! how wild, sublime, and vast !

Would'st thou survey the habitants of old,
 Would'st thou contemporize with ages fled ?
 In these the objects of your wish behold ;
 They have survived the long-forgotten dead.
 Hither, then, wand'rer ! may'st thou turn thy tread,
 These proud old pillars lived within the past,
 The moss of myriad years is round them spread,
 Yet are they stout and likely still to last ;
 And laugh at time itself, albeit so fierce and fast.

The land I tread on was the Indian's home,
 The dark Atlantic was unmeasured then ;
 My father's sires were covered with the tomb,
 And a sole hemisphere was known to men ;
 And earlier still, and ere the period when
 The young Crusader sought the holy grave,
 And fought and won, and braved and bled again
 With countless thousands of the deathless brave,
 E'en then methinks these woods did to the wild winds wave.

Full many a race hath doubtless gambled here,
 Where giant leaves diffuse a midnight shade.

Whose names unknown shall never meet our ear,
So deep the darkness in which they are laid ;
Here, oft'times, might some tawny youth have played,
With as fine mind and noble thoughts endowed
As ever yet the white man's lore arrayed,
With all his pomp supreme, and spirit proud,
And vein of gentle blood, and lofty boastings loud.

The mother, too, might gaze with as deep joy
As e'er was felt by European dame,
Upon the beauty of that swarthy boy,
As he was foremost in the savage game ;
And here—but lo ! 'tis all at length the same—
They only met the measure of that fate
Which still is found by every living name,
The good, the bad, the little and the great,
The freeman, and the slave, the clown, the potentate.

Ye wild groves of the west ! your branches sweep
O'er graves perchance, where many a mighty heart
Is now reposing in that dreamless sleep,
From which e'en thunders will not make it start ;
O'er men whose spirit played the hero's part,
And launched the spear, and twanged the deadly bow
With arm of power that sought not aid from art,
When vengeance viewed the phalanx of the foe,
And yelled with maniac-cry to lay his glory low.

Alas for man, and is his life thus frail ?
And is he weaker than the meanest thing ?
Where is his mightiness ? What doth avail
The fair philosophy that calls him King

Of the Creation ? Ev'n while forests spring
In beauty and in freshness thro' each dell,
He—he, the Lord, is fading, withering,
And hast'ning to the place where dead bones dwell,
And deep oblivion shrouds the crumbling ashes well.

O woods ! thro' which the winds of years have sung,
I envy you, when these my thoughts arise !
Ye are most aged, I am still but young,
Yet will ye there stand proudly to the skies,
When changeless darkness shall o'erspread my eyes,
And clay-cold heaps press heavy on my breast,
And all that's earthly in me *more* than dies,
And rank wild weeds shall gather o'er my rest,
And the long eyeless worm become my only guest.

I feel a sadness when I gaze on you,
As pains my heart, and wrings from me the tear,
Yet do I find a thrill of transport, too,
And gather truths I may not elsewhere hear ;
I love to stray among you, tho' with fear,
Because I then glide down reflection's stream,
Away—away from this cold world so drear,
Where woe is frowning in our every dream,
And all our highest joy is but a fitful gleam.

But now farewell—the dewey eve descends,
The mist is rising o'er the solemn ground,
And with the deepness of your shadows, blends,
Throwing a darkness, like the night, around ;—
Farewell—I leave you to your peace profound,
And once more mingle where my fellows dwell,

'Midst many a pleasing sight, and happy sound,
That cheer my heart, and make new raptures swell ;
Welcome again, my home ! Ye gloomy haunts ! farewell !

THE SAGE AND THE STREAM.

THERE'S something of pain in the clear water's flow,
Which all who have looked thereon doubtless must know.
Abandoned to many a fanciful dream,
A sage gazed alone on a fast-rolling stream,
That, with the last radiance of day o'er it playing,
Adown the deep valleys was joyously straying,
And He could not in truth but exclaim with a sigh—
'Like our youth, O glad stream ! goest thou dancingly by.'

The twilight came on ; and the dews of the night
Around and upon him fell pearly and bright ;
He heard but the night-warbler's carol so loving,
And the revelling breeze thro' the green branches roving.
The moon, like a mother, her vigil was keeping
Above the sweet stars that around her seemed sleeping.
The spirit of loveliness breathed o'er the scene,
And even tranquility looked more serene.
'Now, now, playful streamlet !' He whispered once more,
'Thus lone is our life when our boyhood is o'er.'
The shadows of night followed heavy and fast,
And from the fair water each bright feature passed ;
No longer the lights that illumined it shone,
But darkly that stream thro' the stillness flowed on.
'Tis thus, then he thought, with the children of men,
First gladness, next loneliness, dreariness, then.

THE WORLD OF MAY.

PEACE, silence ! Gentle, genial spring
 Demands a passing tribute now,
 With all her birds upon the wing,
 And bursting buds on every bough.

Hush—listen to that warbler's strain
 That sweetly comes from yonder bush ;
 How little does it tell of pain,
 What little care is in it !—hush !

Can mortal sing a song so glad ?
 Is there such rapture in our race ?
 Our happiest strain to *that* is sad,
 With us such transport has no trace.

And O that heavenly, balmy breeze,
 So sweet, so freshning, and so bland,
 Sweeping across the healthful seas,
 And bringing hope and life to land !

Can all the arts of vain mankind
 Revive the fever'd brow so well !
 Away—give me the vernal wind,
 Its treasures are unspeakable.

It breathes from out the golden west,
 With odours, and with freshness laden,
 Cooling creation's warm green breast,
 And glad'ning old man, youth and maiden.

Blow, blow, sweet breeze ! I welcome thee ;
I hail thee on those hills of ours :
No wind, methinks, more sweet and free.
E'er reveled over Eden's flowers.

The bright skies, too, the azure skies.
How holy, peaceful, pure they seem !
Illuming with their world of eyes,
Hill, mountain, valley, sea and stream.

They look as if they did rejoice
Above old hoary winter's flight,
And seem to bless glad nature's voice,
Now warbling, wide, of life and light.

As if they triumphed over this,
As o'er a glorious battle won,
With young buds, emblems of their bliss.
All bursting 'neath their fostering sun.

Then smile away, ye skies so blue !
I may not tell what transports rise,
When thoughtful thus I gaze on you.
Place of ten thousand mysteries !

Yet why name bird, breeze, sky—when all
Make nature now so fresh and fair ?
The wide world looks a festal hall,
With light and beauty every where.

Fair emblem of a fairer time !
Brief is your lingering in the vale,
May we yet meet in happier clime,
Where suns ne'er set, nor roses fail.

THE WORLD OF NOVEMBER.

THE year is flying fast, and Nature seems
A scene of sorrowing sights wide spread around ;
There's sadness in the skies, the woods, the streams,
The dull blue ocean, and the gloomy ground :
Deep stillness reigns, and hushed is every sound
Of life and mirth that gladdened the green bowers ;
The sun is cold, the earth is all uncrowned,
Decay has withered up the glorious flowers,
And every charm is gone from this dark world of ours.

Who can behold the prospect I survey,
And feel not sorrow for the bright and fair ?
Who ever loved the drear autumnal day
With its sere foliage, and its branches bare,
Who hears its blasts sweep thro' the dark'ning air,
Nor sighs for winds soft breathing from the west,
Those wizard winds that all but banish care,
And lull the tumults of the soul to rest,
And near persuade the heart that man is sometimes blest ?

The sweets of summer are around us dying,
And hollow breezes make a mournful moan ;
The leaves of autumn are around us flying,
And beauty falleth from her flowery throne :
The free fleet wings that swept the skies are flown,
Leaving the groves to silence strange and deep ;
And all are gone, and we are left alone,
Mid skies that darken, and mid blasts that sweep,
To gaze on scenes o'er which all gentle eyes must weep.

Chill cheerless hours ! for all ye take away,
Ye bring us nought to lighten up our gloom !
Ye have no charm, ye have no cheering ray,
And where ye light there is, alas ! no bloom.
Ye are, it seems, the ministers of doom,
That come to scatter and to vanquish all,
Then howl a song above the gen'ral tomb,
As if ye revelled through a banquet-hall,
And not along a waste where blight and shadows fall.

Oh dull and desolate earth ! thou art bereft
Of all that did array thee, and thou art
E'en now like to some lonely one when left
To the sad portion of a broken heart :
In looking on thee we grow lone and start
Fear-stricken from thy wretchedness, and cry
When summer dies, oh may we, too, depart,
And give earth's changes for a truer sky,
Where darkness may not fall, where beauty may not die.

Look out no more upon the landscape wide !
A blank is there—a melancholy void—
The flowers and fruits are gone—the summer's pride,
And ev'n the soft green grass is all destroyed.
Like pleasures, glories, honours once enjoyed,
A joyless thought is all that's left us now,
'Till Hope, the spirit, never unemployed,
Leaps forth anon and cools the burning brow.
With flowers from many a stalk, and leaves from many a
bough.

Thus when life's spring hath wholly passed away.
When autumn comes with all its dull decline,
When I shall gaze upon the sad decay,
O'er which no more my summer suns shall shine,
May such sweet hope in that lone hour be mine
To point to scenes where autumn is unknown.
Where truth, and light, and fadeless bloom combine
To form the glories round some blissful throne,
Where I shall change earth's lyres for harps of heav'nly
tone.

MEN AND THINGS.

EARTH, sea, and sky are full of glorious themes,
Regarding which I have a thousand dreams.
The earth this moment shows a face as gay,
As it presented in its palmiest day ;
The sea appears as full of light and mirth.
As it appeared when angels walked on earth ;
The sky is laughing in its loveliest hue,
The oldest eye ne'er saw a brighter blue,
And flow'ry earth, fair sky and flashing sea,
Form one sweet world of glory and of glee.
Of themes like these I would delight to sing,
But other notes attune my vocal string.
Prepare, then, Muse ! to weave a few rough rhymes,
On the corruption of these pagan times.

From man's bright world to man's dark self I turn,
To tell of things which make the lightest mourn.

Look where I may, I see at home, abroad,
Deceit, pride, vanity, oppression, fraud.
Few lights I find to brighten up the gloom,
Few leaves I meet to cheer me with their bloom.

Where is that Eden which a loving Lord
Planted and nourished by his power and word.

Which showed a beauty Adam's ne'er possessed,
 And was for ages man's delight and rest?
 Blasted, alas! by him whose hellish hate
 Triumphed of old above our First Estate.
 Once more is man, then, darkened and defiled,
 And walks, like Cain, the wanderer of a wild.
 The "pillar and the ground" of all that's true,
 Whose holy way the world should still pursue,
 Has been so torn by faction and by feud,
 Renewed full oft, and still to be renewed,
 That Christ's own cause with all its lofty claim,
 Is well-nigh deemed a hissing and a shame.
 Woe, bitter woe betide that band of Ghoals
 Who came like angels, yet destroyed mens' souls.
 Split the Lord's seamless garment thro' and thro',
 Performing thus what murderers dared not do,
 Warred with the Church for which his blood was shed,
 Enthroned a beast, a hydra in her stead,
 And made religion what it is confessed,
 The sceptic's target, and the heathen's jest.
 "Friend after friend," the poet says, "departs:" —
 The world, alas! has no such gentle hearts!
 In days of old such truths were doubtless known,
 But now, 'tis clear, the lovely things are flown.
 Those fiends the world deemed heralds from above,
 Knew not the spirit which can make men love.
 That holy union taught by God's sweet son,
 Which was to have all human hearts as one,
 Is, like the dream of yesternight, gone by,
 Too early numbered with the things that fly.
 The kind of brotherhood we meet with now.

Speaks kindly language, shows a smiling brow,
Gives a warm pressure with its snow-white hand,
And claims to be a lover of our land,
But mark the heart, and *that* you will behold,
Despite all this, still *clay*—cold, icy-cold !
My satire-song is no where overwrought,
To each and all hath thus experience taught.
Amid the walks of mortal guilt and guile
We have been met by many a wreathed smile,
Have been addressed in flatt'ry's sugared words
Sweet as the song of summer's honey birds,
But oh! Aurora Borealis' gleam
Was warmer far than such a world's esteem.
Were we not told that, when distress would frown,
Friends would be near to smooth our troubles down,
Bring back the sunshine that illumed our day,
And fling the flow'rs of gladness 'round our way !
Love like the serpent's—falsehood sweetly told
Formed all the while the friendship that consoled.
Self, Error's sire, has snapped that bond in twain.
Which once bound all as with a golden chain :
In human hearts self has upraised a throne,
On which it sits superior and alone,
It owns no God ; it has no love, no law,
Its callous soul is void of dread or awe ;
One aim it has, an aim at gold and power,
Which it pursues thro' sunshine and thro' shower ;
All that obstructs its passage must give way,
E'en hell's own horrors will not make it stay ;
Earth, sea, and sky for self are quite too small,
Pile worlds on worlds yet self seeks more, seeks all.

I know some pictures of this demon grey,
Some of the harpies crossed my path to day,
Such fiendish lustre reddened in their eye,
My blood grew chilly as I passed them by ;
They sport rich raiment, drive in chariots grand,
And move along like leaders in the land,
Yet what are they ? Why, take away their pelf,
And they're as stinking as the skunk itself,
To aught like learning they have little claim,
With a great effort they may scrawl their name,
The sum and substance of their lore is this, —
To add up inter'st, and to never miss,
For ever stretching out a grasping hand,
And heaping mortgages on house and land.
The only feature which the knaves possess,
As a redemption from their wickedness,
Is—what ? *gentility*—yes, that's the trait,
Shown in fine smiles, gold watches, costly plate,
And some pet phrases which they have by rote,
So pass they on for gentlemen of note !
What ? gentlemen !—forgive my slip of pen—
Coarse monsters, rather, in the shape of men,
Big, bloated vampires, rugged, raw and red,
Full fatted calves, as stupid as well fed.
Oh ! Avarice ! oh Selfishness ! foul pair,
Whose baneful breaths pestiferize the air,
A day will come when ye, in writhing pain,
Shall howl for mercy, but shall howl in vain,
When ev'ry sin in which you now career,
Shall rack you thro' with agonizing fear,
When death shall darken you with hideous gloom,

And paint the picture of your coming doom,
And ye shall find, but ah ! too late, too late,
That hell, not heaven, shall be your endless fate.
On human hearts if self takes such a hold,
How live the needy in a world so cold ?
Ah ! Poverty ! ah ! thou art sore distressed,
No peace is thine, no happiness, no rest ;
Thro' life thou go'st not only never prized,
But doomed, deserted, trodden down, despised ;
A mark is on thee deep as Cain's of yore,
Which makes men harass and distress thee more ;
With him, e'en him who speaks most long and loud,
On all with which man's spirit is endowed,
With e'en the great Philanthropist himself
(How ill such name accords with such an elf !)
Thou, squalid thing ! hast nothing like a thought,
Man, tho' thou be, thy notions are but nought,
Thy soul, mind, mem'ry—all are dross with *him*,
Thy reason weak—thy fancy dull and dim ;
Why should's't thou speak, why should's't thou stand erect ?
Know, thou must give, but canst not gain respect,
Thou art but vassal to thy richer peer,
Be flogged, yet fawn ; be trampled on, yet fear,
Toil is thy dower, and wretchedness thy lot,
Dig, drudge, then die unfriended and forgot.
Thus fare the poor, and thus go dogmas here,
Yet is our country called a christian sphere.
Ah ! ^{he} who spurns, and hunts the poor man down,
Need never hope to wear the fadeless crown,
From him the fire of charity is fled,
And all his works are worse than doubly dead.

No length of face with sanctimonious hue
Will profit aught, no length of prayer will do,
Half-fledged philanthropy, that roguish guise,
With which foul heresy plays off its lies ;
A love of temp'rance shown in noonday light,
But all forgotten in the hush of night,
All, all are in vain to him who spurns the poor,
Doomed he shall die with reprobation sure.

Boast, then no more your christian name, ye knaves !
Who grind the poor and make them worse than slaves,
Ye have no part, no portion in the name,
Ye know not Him from whom the title came.
'Twas from the poor whom ye so deeply scorn,
That he the Founder of that name was born ;
Among the poor he preached his word divine,
Poor were the members of his mortal line ;
He loved the poor ; among the poor he dwelt,
The poor man's woes his sacred bosom felt ;
It was the poor who mourned his cruel doom,
And poor were they who scooped his rocky tomb.
Under the law which Moses gave mankind,
The poorest mortal had the purest mind ;
The good Isaiah, Daniel, too, the good,
The saintly seers, and all their kindred blood,
Were poor, the poorest of the Jewish name,
Poor in all things except a virtuous fame.
Since Jesus, too, wrought man's eternal cure,
The most renowned for virtue were the poor :
Poor were the saints, John, Peter, Andrew, Paul,
And all the Apostles, and the Martyrs all ;

Poor were the rest who loved the crimson cross,
And for its sake bore every worldly loss,
And if at first they were not poor, we know,
They gave up all, and in the end were so.
With such examples full before your eyes,
Rise, O ye rich! from worse than slumber rise;
Behold the doom to which your being tends,
While yet 'tis daylight make your God amends;
Drive far this fiend that drags you to the earth,
Be not unmindful of your heav'nly birth;
Regard the poor man as your brother true,
In birth, in destiny, the same as you;
If mighty treasures be indeed your joy,
Hoard up that wealth which nothing can destroy;
In heap on heap pile virtue's virgin ore,
Then will ye shine when gold shall shine no more.

Give me thy hand, then, poverty outworn!
Thee will I prize tho' thou art tost and torn;
While I shall bear a christian name and heart,
The part thou play'st I'll deem the fairest part;
In thee I see more beauty, solid worth,
Than all this germinating world puts forth,
Thou art the likeness of that well-loved Son,
By whom the triumph of all tribes was won;
Hope, then thou hast, the brightest and the best,
The hope that lights to glory and the blest.
The passing pains that thou art doomed to know,
Are not misfortune, are not real woe,
No woe there is, and woe there cannot be
Save that which separates thy God and thee;

Thou need'st not grieve, thou can'st not know annoy,
 The faith that cheers thee is the highest joy,
 Without that faith a world to thee were vain,
 The pearls of earth—the treasures of the main.
 One only purpose wert thou sent for here,
 To seek for heav'n with trembling and with fear,
 No wealth thou want'st to bear thee on thy road,
 Thou can'st, a slave, obtain the blest abode.
 Rejoice, then, poverty ! rejoice and sing,
 Thou art a penniless yet priceless thing,
 While wealth, proud wealth deserves our scoff and scorn,
 From morn till night, from night again till morn.

A house of prayer is here on every hill,
 Yet sin abounds and we are hopeless still.
 What is effected by this host of spires?
 Nothing to light up virtue's slumb'ring fires.
 The world of *our* day is as void of good,
 As was the world anterior to the flood,
 When crime and wrong went forward hand in hand,
 And steeped in guilt the reeking, rotten land ;
 As void, I said ; I may and must say more,
 The world is worse than e'er it was before.
 Those high commands are all forgotten now,
 Which Moses brought from Sinai's thund'ring brow,
 Sneered at, rejected, and as much despised,
 As if in hell their plan had been devised.

But wherefore, then, do all our steeples rise ?
 More than a score of them salutes these skies,—
 Is it that man, ordained to preach and pray,

May have a place to point out virtue's way,
To check bold knaves as men of God should do,
Expose them full in open light and view,
And make them hasten from their deeds of shame,
Or cut them off, and stigmatize their name?
Our temples rise for no such end at all,
Where such the case, soon should the structures fall.
Want you a proof for this assertion? Well,
Ask Doctor Wellknown, truly he may tell.
Why, then, do churches occupy the ground?
Just to adorn the rising cities 'round,
Such things are ornaments to any place,
They are not wanting in *that* kind of grace.

But there's another end for which men build them,
And cushion them, and carpet them, and gild them;
They gave a chance to Pink, and Blue, and Green,
To fully see, and to be fully seen;
Silks, satins, rings, and all such rich array,
Gain a new lustre from the Sabbath-day;
So flutters, flaunts this creed of cane and comb,
At church, in sunshine; but, in rain, at home.
Churches, again, are cozy coverts, where
Fair fools meet fond, and fond in turn meet fair,
And then such smiling, ogling, as takes place,
Caps, without doubt, the climax of the case.
Could I describe those interesting scenes,
I'd crown my brow with wreaths of evergreens,
For one, I think, endowed with power like that,
Should not go sauntering in a Proser's hat.
But, woe is me! I don't possess such gift,

I'm not a Scott, a Shakspeare, or a Swift,
 All such pretensions, therefore, I resign,
 And hang my harp upon the neighb'ring pine.
 Of what does all this crime remind me, then?
 Of that once uttered by the King of men,
 Hear it, Impiety! and oh! beware—
 "My father's house is called the house of prayer,
 But ye have made of it a den of thieves"—
 Cut this, ye garblers! from the sacred leaves.

O Christianity! your race is run,
 Darkness drives on in spite of all you've done,
 Your sacred cause is sacred now no more,
 And blasphemy sits grinning at your door.
 Then hang your gowns upon the willows, ye
 Who strive in vain to make corruption flee,
 Down with your orders, heralds of the Lord!
 And close for ever Jesus' heav'nly word;
 Lo! vice, the monster, antichrist, the beast
 Comes thund'ring on, and treads down church and priest,
 The world receives him, and extatic cries
 "Long live our King—resound his praise, ye skies!"

When April showers last laved this happy sod,
 All here seemed glowing with the love of God.
 I saw, one morn, a most enchanting sight,
 A vast assemblage all arrayed in white,
 The emblem, thought I, of their souls' bright hue,
 Won by repentance, and the saving dew.
 They stood, O Shoodic! by thy silvery stream,
 Like forms that flit thro' some delicious dream,

And hymns were chanted, and avowal made
Of all they thought, of all they did and said—
The world, they told us, was a dangerous thing,
And man's high spirit had a soaring wing,
That ought to spurn this dark and stormy scene,
And fly away to regions more serene.
Such truths were things my bosom knew full well,
And I was fastened by their wizard spell,
At thoughts so sweet, at deeds so bright and blest
I felt a rapture thrilling all my breast,
Joyed in the virtue of that snow-white band.
And grew yet prouder of my own loved land.

Down to the stream the forms now wound their way,
Led by the man empowered to preach and pray,
Sorrow for sins they shouted o'er the tide,
Baptised they rose, and God was all their guide.
Hymns full of gladness filled the pure air; now,
And new-born joy played beaming on each brow,
Back from the waters moved that fair array,
Wound up the bank, and slowly passed away.
The winds, that ev'ning, breathed a milder balm,
The sylvan songsters sang a sweeter psalm,
The gentle river flowed more gently by,
And brighter tints suffused and filled the sky.
All nature joyed in that rejoicing hour,
And told her joy in every blooming bower.

Hush! hark! unwonted, and wild sounds are swelling,
Of dire mishap, and deep deception telling,
Fire, fire, Oh! fire!—fire in the holy camp,

Where gospel truth shines like a heav'nly lamp ;
 O save our Zion! hear, O hear our cry,
 Ring ye the bells, and ring them far and nigh.
 All hushed, all deaf, all slumb'ring low and deep—
 Where are the bells ? Rise, rouse them from their sleep ;
 Alas ! alas ! are pity's gates all shut ?
 " The bells are here, but every rope is cut ;
 " The bells are here," still cried a Demon, loud,
 " But ropeless bells will not collect a crowd,
 " The crowd would come, but bells have lost their sound,
 " Silent they hang in slumber most profound.
 " Roll on, then, flame ! rise high, thou scathing fire !
 " Securely feed upon yon stately spire,
 " Burn post, beam, rafter, pulpit, pews, bell, all,
 " To-morrow's sun shall gild their fun'ral pall."—
 Thus cried the Demon, and the flames flashed high,
 Levelling in dust that turret of the sky.

Is this the fruit of all I saw, that time,
 When bloom and virtue both were in our clime ?
 It is, alas ! and now I fully see
 Such fruit belongs not to a goodly tree.
 Toll, then, the bell for virtue fled and gone,
 And flow, O river, flow in sadness on,
 Well may deep sorrow dim thy tranquil flow,
 A stain is on thee thou must ever know,
 Not all the waters that supply thy urn,
 Can wash it out, and make lost light return.
 Last April's pageant which I deemed supreme;
 Is, now I know it nothing but a dream.

Would that I here could terminate my strain,
But more there is of which I must complain.
Oh! what a picture this old world presents!
It is a volume of most foul contents;
Deep, deep obscenity fills every page,
Worse than the filth of any heathen age.
In crime on crime imbedded and imbued
Man now goes forth and joys in all that's lewd,
From stage to stage he rushes on and on,
Till conscience dies and shame is wholly gone.
A blindness comes then o'er his heart and soul,
And holds them fast in limitless control,
The light of grace then flickers fast, then flies,
And vice, grown fair, assumes familiar guise.
In vain the Gospel hurls its thunder 'round,
To him, alas! it is an idle sound,
That word he mocks, that word he ev'n denies,
Against its march his prowess he applies,
Fain would he scatter every christian shrine,
And laugh at all things human and divine.
In gloom and riot flit his moments by,
A dull waste 'round—a duller desert nigh—
The lovely hope that cheered his boyhood's day,
With all its light has vanished quite away,
Then cometh death, but brings no cheering thought,
“Heav'n, hell are here, and all beyond is nought!”
Doctrine of devils! villianous and vain,
Faith's deadly foe, the wide world's ban and bane!
What thus has founded this thy hellish sway?
Freedom, the spirit, did I hear thee say?
Celestial freedon! primal gift of heav'n,

To me, to all, for high intentions giv'n,
 How oft abused has been thy sacred name !
 How oft belied by every godless claim !
 Man, in thy name, has raised his bloody brand,
 And ruin wrought in many a favored land ;
 'Twas in thy name he dashed high altars down,
 And in thy name he crumbled many a crown,
 In thy name, too, he poisoned guileless youth,
 And levied war against Eternal Truth.
 Yet, 'twas not thou that did'st espouse his cause
 That fearful fight against all forms and laws,—
 The rampant passion of his carnal soul,
 Unknown to good, impatient of control,
 Licentiousness, foul thing of hell and night,
 He madly honored with thy name of light,
 Then called on all to follow where it led,
 'Midst cries and groans, o'er blood and heaps of dead.
 How could it be that Wisdom was deceived,
 Or were they wise who blindly thus believed ?
 Should man not know that Liberty, the blessed,
 Had not such doctrines as deceit expressed,
 Should he not know that dogmas such as these,
 Cannot persuade, tho' they must ever please ?
 " Man has the power, and let him claim it still
 " To stand upright, and follow out his will,
 " His fearless freedom knows no moral bound,
 " High may it revel, or expatiate 'round."

Amid that life, which free from every woe,
 Man once enjoyed, but never more shall know,
 In the full blaze of Eden's highest bliss

Did he enjoy a privilege like this ?
 Was he not blasted in that rueful hour
 Wherein he exercised such lawless power ?
 He was, we know, at liberty to eat
 Of all the trees that graced his glad retreat,
 Save that alone which was a tasteless tree,
 To show that man was not in all things free.
 When, then, they find that e'en in Pleasure's seat
 Our freedom was not liberty complete,
 Will creedless villians of this crimeful hour
 Look for undue, unprecedented power,
 Demand a license to let passion rage,
 And bring Gomorrah back to grace the age ?
 That liberty which modern rebels love
 Is not enjoyed by God himself above.
 He has not power to do that which is ill,
 Yet is he free and independent still.

What, then, is liberty ? 'Tis this, but this,
 To do all well, to practice nought amiss,
 To hear the Gospel, God's high law obey,
 And meekly, humbly walk our heav'nward way.

I know a land where men are free as air,
 My own sweet land, the rich, the young, the fair ;
 Such boundless liberty elates her sons,
 The fiery thought to very phrenzy runs ;
 Yet deeds so godless spring from this excess,
 That better slav'ry would degrade us less.

Thou grey-necked Eagle of my own wild West !
 Too keen thy eye, too haughty is thy crest ;

Columbia's sons imbibing pride from thee
Forget their Maker to be falsely free.
Aspiring host, so mighty, yet so young !
Whose ranks are formed from every tribe and tongue,
Love not too much this idol of thy heart,
Else, like a morning dream, thy glories shall depart.
Thy starry banner now in pomp unfurled,
Has made thy bands the proudest of the world ;
In sinful pride they tread each favored state,
And, independent, spurn the shocks of fate.
Were they less haughty, proud they well might be,
They are the foremost of the brave and free ;
Theirs is a land of plenty and of peace,
Where wealth and splendor ever more increase ;
Theirs is a land of intellectual light
Becoming daily, brighter and more bright ;
Theirs is the land of mountain, lake and stream,
Where real life transcends the loveliest dream ;
Theirs is a land where matchless enterprize
Has built up works to charm all hearts and eyes,
The land of genius, glory and renown,
Justice her creed, prosperity her crown ;
Yet, Greece, Assyria, Rome, and Persia fell,
And free America may fall as well ;
May fall? Alas ! I should have said, she will.
One more result of all-destructive ill !
The deep'ning shadow of that demon's plume
Which yet shall brush her, and destroy her bloom
Which shall lay all her lofty turrets low,
And fill her ways with ruin and with woe,
Already is within her towns, her tow'rs,

Upon her lakes, amid her halls and bow'rs ;
Huge Infidelity looms o'er her land,
Proud of his prospects, proud of his command,
Proud, like herself, of all in which he boasts,
His countless engines, and his countless hosts.

Ask you, my country ! what it is that brings
This dread destroyer of all men and things,
To wave thus far his fearful battle-sign,
And pour destruction upon thee and thine ?
To this has Wisdom long ago replied,
'Tis brought along by passion, and by pride,
Or Independence rather, fruit of both,
That selfish monster of gigantic growth,
That independence which is not the true,
Audacity unparalelled and new.

Such independence is a damning thing ;
From its foul womb all sins and sorrows spring :
It breaks the bonds which tie the passions down,
Looks upon order with a scornful frown,
Regards religion as an idle dream,
Tramples in mockery on the great Supreme,
With brow unblushing stands up foul and fell,
And owns no God in heav'n, or earth, or hell.

O ye that revel in this Fury's train !
What fearful phrenzy has possessed your brain ?
Know ye not, Dupes ! that while ye dwell below,
Such independence you can never know ?
From him who sits upon the proudest throne,

Down to the slave unhonored and unknown,
All are dependent and all shall be so ;
'Till Time's swift torrent will no longer flow ;
No man indeed can lord it over you ;
His will, as man's, you are not bound to do ;
All men are equal in th' Almighty's sight,
With equal privilege, with equal right ;
Thus far is man an independent thing,
A chief, a lord, a president, a king :
But there's a Power which is above all clay
And o'er us rules with unrestricted sway ;
His sacred laws and counsels we must take
And man obey for God's, not mortal's sake.
This one deduction, then, must wisdom draw,
There must be order, and if order, law ;
Without such law such order cannot be ;
None saw it yet, and none shall ever see.
Abolish law and mark, what will succeed ?
A world of sorrow shall be ours indeed.
Honour, Peace, Pleasure, Happiness and Love,
Banished from earth shall seek their homes above.
We shall be wand'ers thro' a waste of gloom,
On all sides tost by Passion's red simoom.
The few fair flowers the serpent left, shall die,
And all be death below to heart, soul, ear and eye.

Be ours, then, still the good effect and cause,
Harmoneous order, peace preserving laws.
Pursue we thus the great Creator's plan,
And, free and independent, still be man.

Read, ultra Maniacs ! read your limits here,
 And be not haughty, but tho' free have fear ;
 Renouncing vice ! let virtue be your choice,
 Listen, obedient, to the gospel's voice ;
 Follow his steps who made you " truly free ;"
 Let unbelief be no obstructive plea ;
 In him you have what no one else can show
 Deeds far beyond all deeds achieved below ;
 Thro' all the past and to the present time
 The wisest and the best of every clime
 Arrayed themselves beneath his banner bright,
 And found his yoke and burden sweet and light ;
 Him henceforth love, if happy you would be,
 Take on yourselves his sweet task " learn of me"
 Not because he can call forth worlds at will,
 Make demons fly, and bid wild waves be still,
 Awake the dead, annihilate the spheres,
 Direct the stars, the systems and the years ;
 No, but because he plays a gentle part,
 E'en that of meekness and an humble heart.

Humble and meek, walk ye his path of light,
 Meek, in all glory ; humble, in all might ;
 Then shall the world be all it was of old,
 O'erspread with wealth surpassing all your gold :
 Licentiousness and selfishness shall fly,
 Good take the place which it should occupy,—
 Friendship and love irradiate the day,
 Gaunt poverty fling all its woes away—
 Religion rise in all her native grace
 To preach her counsels to a faithful race—

Empires be fixed on bases all so firm
No chance, no change shall ever bound their term—
True liberty sublime each ardent soul,
And sunshine, peace and joy reign out from pole to pole.

ST. JOHN:

A SACRED DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

ST. JOHN.

ANGELICA, THE DAMSEL.

HEROD, THE KING.

HERALDS.

HERODIAS, THE QUEEN.

MINSTRELS, COURTIERS.

PART FIRST.

SCENE.....An Apartment in Herod's palace.....King and Queen.

KING.

WHY art thou sad, my own Herodias!
Dost thou bewail thy first betrothed still?
Or longs thy soul for something here below
Which were thy pleasure? Say, what inward grief
Thus clouds the usual sunshine of thy brow,
And makes thy living lonely?

QUEEN.

Lov'st thou me?

KING.

Love thee, my Life! Oh! wherefore thus enquire?
Scarce is extinguished yet the bridal torch

That lit me to the radiance of thy smile.
 The sounds of joy have scarcely died away
 That sang our happy union, and dost thou,
 Oh ! can'st thou doubt my bosom all so soon ?

QUEEN.

He cannot love who slights an injured heart :
 Thou know'st my cause of grief, and yet thou ask'st
 In mock'ry of my pain, why am I sad !
 Hast thou not heard how, far throughout the land,
 I am reported thy unlawful bride ?
 Can he be fond who sees his dearer self
 Without a thought, thus treated by the world ?

KING.

O wicked falsehood raised by envious tongues
 To mar the pleasures of thy joyous life !
 My guiding star ! My sweet Herodias !
 O give no credit to this foul report ;
 Thou art my rightful queen by all confest,
 And every heart throughout my spacious realm
 Rejoices in the day that made thee mine.
 Canst thou once think, did I believe this true,
 The vile offender with impunity
 Should spread the poison of his baneful word
 Amid my happy reign and mar thy peace ?
 Again I say, loved heart ! believe it not,
 But chase the gloom that hides thy sunny smile,
 And once again be loving.

(Enter a Herald.)

Hail, my Liege !
 I bring thee pressing news—without the gates

There stands, in rugged garb, a hoary man
Demanding entrance to thy royal presence.

KING.

What word is this? a wondrous incident!
A hoary man, thou sayst, in russet garb,
Boldly claims audience of the kingly ear:
Bid him begone.

(Exit Herald.)

I should not thus have done:
No heart would show such boldness of itself;
It must be influenced by some higher power
Than this world gives. Perchance this rustic stranger
Tho' mean in carriage, holds some high commission.

(Re-enter Herald.)

Hail, King! again; he will not be dismissed,
But will, in spite of all, admittance gain.

KING.

It is as I have said. Admit him now.

(Enter a Stranger.)

KING.

What art thou? whence? On what designs thus far,
Com'st thou on embassy of import high,
That thus with such express thou seek'st the king?

STRANGER.

A man, from justice come, on virtue bound!
Brief is my message, King! and true as brief:

It is not meet to take thy brother's wife ;
 I told thee once before ; and now again
 That it is done, I tell thee thou hast sinned.

(*Exit.*)

KING (*agitated.*)

Firm was his speech, he is a prophet sure.

QUEEN.

It was not false—I knew thou lov'st me not.
 Thou know'st I am not deemed thy proper queen ;
 Yea, the report is blazoned far and wide ;
 I am the tender sufferer, th' unavenged,
 Alas ! so much so, that thou hear'st it cast
 Up to thy brow, and still look'st idly on.

KING, (*after a pause.*)

And wilt thou not believe I prize thee, then ?
 O would'st thou have me harm a man so just ?
 Hard is thy heart that would from me demand
 A sign so rigorous to prove my love.
 I know the stranger—'tis the Baptist John.

QUEEN.

He is a slanderer—I am thy consort—
 Thou pardon'st him—on me thou heap'st disgrace.

(*She weeps.*)

KING.

Love of my soul ! Oh ! dry those lovely eyes
 Whose tearful influence persuades me more
 Than all the eloquence of Solyma :
 Thou shalt not have to say a stranger's cause

Moved thy own Herod's bosom, more than thine.
 A herald shall pursue him as he flies,
 And bring him hither for the pains that wait him.

(Exit Herald.)

QUEEN.

Ah me, that I should suffer thus, alas !
 What now avails this regal pomp and power,
 When it is marked by vile dishonour's stain ?
 I walked in lowly life, and joy I found,
 Such joy, methinks, as I must know no more ;
 Now am I throned on royalty's proud height
 A queen in semblance, not a queen in truth,
 With mighty sorrow rankling in my soul.
 The lofty cedars most the tempests feel,
 While lowly shrubs are sheltered from the blast.

(Enter a Herald.)

My Lord ! the prisoner stands within the hall,
 Not taken in base flight, as one who feared,
 But standing bold amid the multitude,
 Where with resistless eloquence he spake
 Against thy union with our sovereign lady.

QUEEN.

Oh growing Scandal ! Oh my blasted honour !

KING, *(feigning displeasure.)*

Lead the delinquent forth to prison, and
 There let him suffer for his blinded zeal.
 Load him in every limb with heaviest chains,
 And in that dreary state let him remain

Till his proud spirit bends, and he will think
That death's most torturing pangs were easier.

(*Exit Herald.*)

QUEEN.

Oh !

Wily dissembled punishment ! in sound
Dreadful reality ; in sense a fiction,
Effective on its victim as the storm
Upon the stately willow, when it flings
Its broad boughs to the skies so furiously
That to the eye, 'twould seem the tossing tree
Were soon to meet its ruin, yet the while
As free from fall as if the balmiest breath
Of summer's day were whispering thro' its leaves !

(*Exit.*)

KING, (*alone.*)

What can be hid from thee, shrewd heart of woman !
In thy own cause resistless as the gale ?
Thou art persuasive, Love ! art most persuasive,
And o'er my best resolves would still advance,
But wisdom's voice soft whisp'ring in my ear,
Tho' not so sweet, is more persuasive still.
This heat of passion will grow shortly cool,
And all those passing taunts will be forgot ;
But oh ! the wrath that doubtless would arise
From perpetration of this good man's death
Would not so transient be ; while heavier woes
Would doubtless fall upon the inflictor's head.
He is a virtuous man, and much I fear him :
His name is deep revered among the people

And every tongue is busied in his praise.
 Fame speaks of wondrous things by him performed,
 And this heroic boldness just displayed,
 Of bringing power thus open to reproof,
 Confirms my mind and verifies report.
 'Tis meet that wives should share their husbands' love,—
 An earnest of my love, hath mine received ;
 On her account I have imprisoned now
 A man of spotless soul and fair renown ;
 'Tis also just to shield the child of virtue,—
 From death's fell grasp I've spared the godlike John ;
 Of king and husband I've observed the laws,
 And now my mind in peaceful mood shall rest.

(*Exit.*)

PART SECOND.

SCENE.....Another apartment of the Palace.

QUEEN, (*alone.*)

Now will I have revenge. The happy scheme
 My mind in last night's solitude conceived
 Will soon be carried into execution, and
 The hateful object whom it is to punish
 Will cause to woman's heart no farther pain.
 But wherefore stays the herald I commanded
 To meet me here, and execute this plan ?
 It is a work his fealty owes me not,
 One which authority may not exact,
 But gold, all conquering, all persuasive gold

Will win its way where all things else would fail.
But cease, my dream of hope ! behold he comes !

[*Enter a Herald.*]

Thy herald waits to hear his queen's command.

QUEEN.

Draw near me, Herald ! I have something with thee,
A thing of secret which none else must know.
Thou know'st the stranger whom my royal lord
Did late imprison.

HERALD.

Yes, my Lady ! Yes,

And ——

QUEEN, (*interruptively.*)

Know'st thou any further of him, Herald !

HERALD.

'Tis said that he is a most holy man,
And that the king whose will in other things,
Shows little mercy, has on this account
Preserved him from a death which otherwise
He surely would have found.

QUEEN.

Ah ! is it so ?

And dost thou think this, Herald, of him, too.

HERALD.

E'en so, my Lady !

QUEEN, (*after a pause.*)

And thy thought is right.

Now do I find thou also art his friend,
 And may be trusted with a message to him.
 Believe not thou the king admires his virtue.
 And now that thou dost love him and will, therefore,
 Inform not of thy queen who loves him, too,
 (For were the love I bear the prisoner known
 The kingly wrath would fall upon my head,)
 Unknown to all, then, hasten to the cell,
 And bear a basket of my choicest sweets
 To cheer his drooping spirits and apprise him
 That I with pity view his dreary fate,
 And ever will console him.

HERALD.

Gracious Lady !

Is this the secret for which I was called ?
 O blest am I to bear so sweet a message,
 And blest is he for whom the gift I bear.

QUEEN, (*alone.*)

My hopes in him are idle. I did think
 By his assistance to accomplish all.
 First 'twas my mind to tell him openly
 Of all my wishes, to consummate which
 Try what effect a bribe of gold would have ;
 But lo ! by sounding him, too well I saw,
 His love for John exceeded e'en the King's,
 And such experiment would dangerous prove.
 Haply, however, I bethought myself,

And from him kept the secret of my soul.
 'Twas well indeed to send him to the prison,
 For he will thence conclude that such was my
 Original intent, nor more suspect.
 'Tis well, and I am glad and sad together ;
 I am not yet betrayed. Now that 'tis vain
 To trust to others, and I'm still resolved
 To follow up my project—in disguise
 I'll seek the cell myself, and tho' not by
 The forceful means which I at first intended,
 The destined deed I will accomplish still,
 E'er o'er yon olives shines the evening sun.
 Yet, wherefore, did I not secure a proof
 That this would be successful ? Why not tell
 The herald, (since 'tis rumored that this man
 Indulges in no dainties, but chastises
 In every way his senses,) why not tell
 The herald to remain by him, until
 He might assure me of the truth of this ?
 If true it be, then fruitless is my scheme.
 But 'tis too late. Now hasten we to put
 The deed in doing—haste we to prepare
 With our own hands, a present of sweet cordials
 Mixed with some powerful potion, which, I ween,
 Will do the part I hoped the herald should,
 And crown me with success.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE 2.....A cell in the Prison.

JOHN, (*Praying.*)

Maker of Heav'n and earth ! from this low cave
 Which, tho' it hide from me thy sun's fair light,

Can ne'er exclude the favours of thy spirit,
 While day is at its set, to Thee I breathe
 My evening prayer, accept it from thy child.
 Lord! I did love thee in my boyhood's day;
 The age of man hath strengthened me therein,
 And thou wilt be my only thought forever.
 May thy blest name be glorified by all,
 While'er thy mighty essence shall endure!
 In vain they toil who strive to keep my voice,
 All feeble as it is, from hymning Thee
 And teaching man thy ways. In vain they place,
 Between my love and me, the prison's gloom,
 Or try with chains to curb my soaring soul
 From mounting to my God, my heav'n, my home.
 In vain is every means their malice frames
 By threats, by taunts, by crosses, and by stripes,
 The fiercest form which Death itself assumes,
 To win my heart from thee, my strength and hope.
 May thy blest name be glorified by all
 While'er thy mighty essence shall endure!

(He rises and gazes around him.)

This is the scene that's suited to my mind,
 Who loved before the desert's dreary waste;
 This is the throne of solitude and peace
 More sweet than those whereon high monarchs sit,
 For which the world's ambition ever sighs.
 Here are not found the troubles, toils and tears
 Of which the spirit of the world is made,
 Troubling and trying its distracted sons.
 Unseemly ribaldry and noisome revelry,

Whose syren sounds but wound the virtuous ear,
 Breathe not their pois'nous breath in this calm spot.
 All, all is tranquil! nothing dwells here, save
 The stilly calm of softest, holiest silence,
 Which fills the spirit with a heav'nly lesson,
 And shows the emblem true of all things vain;
 No pleasure has it but the charming one
 Of silence, for the heart to ruminate.
 O man! thou shadow-grasper! but for deep
 Solicitude for thine immortal part,
 Never, methinks, would I go mingle with thee.
 I would not seek for thy society
 Were it not that thy doings may destroy thee,
 Whom I would counsel to a better course.
 'Tis not for love of thee, but for thy soul,
 That I would mix me with thy company;
 For I would live alone in scenes like this,
 And thus shut out from all, would fain agree
 To make death my first visitor.

ENTER THE QUEEN, DISGUISED,

(Bearing a mixture of poison in a vial.)

O John!

Be of good cheer, and raise thy sorrowing head:
 Be not thus saddened by thy bitter lot;
 The queen admires thee, and is thy good friend,
 Be not afraid while thou hast her assistance.
 Here is a cordial by herself prepared
 Thy drooping spirits to revive, awake,
 From that despairing dream, and taste the sweets
 Which few save kings have tasted.

JOHN.

“ Have good cheer ;”

My soul is glad. “ And raise my sorrowing head :”

It is not sorrow that thus bows me down ;

My raptures are in thought, my thoughts are joy.

“ The queen admires me, and is my good friend ;”

My willing heart returns her all its thanks

For every kindness which she shows to me ;

Yet cheerless were my fate, if I were left

To trust for solace in an arm so frail.

O gentle maiden ! know I have a hand

In the dark day of trial to support me,

And ask no other that might hold me up.

My happy spirit is for ever cheered,

And dreary dreams are things I never know :

Since first the light of heaven fell on those eyes,

The heart of John was ne'er more truly glad.

I will not taste the luxuries of kings ;

Why should I follow in the steps of men,

The most of which lead but to ruin ? No —

Take with thy viands, these bright liquids, too,

And give them unto those who love them.

QUEEN, (*aside.*)

(Wretch !

And must my boldest deed be rendered vain ?)

Well, farewell, holy stranger ! is there aught

That thou would'st wish for which the queen commands ?

She loves thee and will send whate'er thou asks't.

JOHN.

No, kindly maiden ! I have all things here.
 The queen herself is not so rich as he
 To whom her favours are so warmly given.
 With her I would not change my peace of heart
 For all the guilty pleasures of her court,
 Or all the glory which the world bestows.
 Farewell, then, maiden ! bear thy gifts away,
 And leave the prisoner to his sweeter dreams.

QUEEN, (*aside.*)

(Thy stubborn soul but prompts new stratagems
 In my designing breast to work thy ruin.)

(*Exit.*)

SCENE 3.....A chamber in the Palace.

The Queen and a Herald. The Queen advising the murder of John.

QUEEN.

And wilt thou see thy queen insulted thus,
 By one with whom my love availeth nought ?
 I first took pity on his sad condition
 And, with the impulse of a feeling heart,
 Essayed to smoothen its asperities,
 But in return 'tis slander I receive.

HERALD.

Thou know'st, O Queen ! that in no way but this
 My heart would ever let thee suffer ought ;
 But so well strengthened is this man in virtue
 That, if I wished it, I could not inflict
 Upon his head, one blow that would avenge thee.
 The heaviest far that I could bring were death,

And this to him would be the sweetest joy,
 For he abhors the world and all its ways,
 And hopes to pass thro' death's dark gate to better.
 Nay—if indeed thou want'st to cause him pain,
 Give him the best enjoyment thou can'st find.

QUEEN.

Since, then, thou say'st this death were his delight,
 Why dost thou hesitate to crown his wishes?
 Thou can'st by this work him no injury,
 And thou wilt cease the cravings of thy queen.
 Thy actions indicate thou art his friend;
 A friend thou art not, if thou let him live;
 True friendship grants whate'er its subject seeks,
 While thou giv'st that from which 'twould seem to fly.
 Sum up thy fortitude, then, and if thou
 Wilt wreak my vengeance on this enemy,
 With riches I will place thee far above
 The wealthiest noble of the Jewish land.

HERALD.

Ah! cease, my Queen! nor prompt me to a deed
 At which my fiercest heart must ever shudder.

(He is going.)

QUEEN.

Then, as thou lov'st me, swear thou'lt not disclose
 The secret of thy coming hither, but will keep,
 Till death o'ertake thee, all concealed and hid.

HERALD.

Heav'n is my witness, I had no such thought.
 Tho' thou had'st never told me, in my soul,

And now that thou hast charged me, will I e'er
While life is in me, ought divulge of this.

(*Exit.*)

QUEEN, (*alone.*)

All now is lost. Farewell, my brightest hopes !
To move the king by soft persuasion, when
E'en with his menials gold proves no avail.
Am I a queen?—Away, it cannot be—
In being such I surely had some power,
But oh ! my influence has no weight with any ;
Queens can attain their ends, without the means,
The servile means which I have lately taken,
Of secretly endeavoring to ensnare
The object of my hate. Oh ! let me weep ;
The king draws near ; I'll try this last essay
To move him to compliance in my wish,
The last weak plan that I can now devise.

(*Enter*) HEROD.

Still sad, my own Herodias ! still sad ?
O shame, O shame on woman's tender heart !
If thou did'st weep to find a husband false,
A parent murdered, or a son disgraced—
If thou wert crossed in some delightful hope,
Or saw'st some sunny prospect blasted, then
Such tears should win from the most savage heart,
Deep pitying sympathy, but now, alas,
When they are shed in such a cause as thine,
To take the life of one whom heav'n admires,
And fills with strength and courage all its own,
Far will they be from meeting for return

Aught, aught save that of hatred and disgust.
Shame, then, again on woman's gentle heart
To waste its sighs for such a cruel end !

QUEEN.

Yes, pity those who will not pity thee,
But who reviles, detracts, and blasts thy name,
And makes thee odious in thy people's eyes,
Nay, what is more, who places thee, the king,
The vainly titled king, far, far below
Thy meanest slave, thy very vilest minion—
Pity the prophet who thus pities thee.

KING.

Rise, and forgive, then, if my ardent soul
Has prompted me to words of angry tone.
Come, clear the gloom that shades thy lovely brow,
And be my pleasure, and my pride again !
To-morrow know will be my natal day,
And must be spent in revelry and mirth.
Whate'er conspires to make the spirit glad,
And fill the heart with overflow of joy,
Shall on the morrow reign throughout my court.
Rise, and forgive, then, and no longer let
That cloud of grief that o'erhangs thee now
Darken the sunshine of our gala hours.

QUEEN.

How can'st thou think, all cruel as thou art,
To win from me what thou in turn deny'st ?
Ah ! if our feelings were reciprocal,
How calm should be the tenor of our days !
Enjoy the coming hour as thou think'st best,

I will not be the shade to dim its sheen,
 But still remember, ne'er till thou redress
 The wrongs I suffer shall I share thy cheer.

(*Exeunt.*)

PART THIRD.

SCENE.....A spacious hall—a superb banquet.

(*Courtiers, Minstrels, King, Queen.*)

FIRST MINSTREL, (*Plays upon his harp and sings.*)

The feast is spread, the royal feast,
 And hearts of joy are beating 'round ;
 The harp is strung, the poet's harp,
 And cheers it with a thrilling sound.

SECOND MINSTREL.

Awake, my slumb'ring lyre ! awake !
 Why sleep while rapture round thee sings ?
 This is a time for mirth, awake,
 And give to gladness all thy strings.

THIRD MINSTREL.

Away, all dreary thoughts ! away—
 Here let no shade of sorrow light,
 Disturb us in your rightful hour,
 But leave us to our joys to night.

CHORUS.

The feast is spread, the monarch's feast,
 And hearts of glee are beating round ;
 The harp~~y~~ is tuned, the poet's harp~~y~~,
 And cheers it with a dulcet sound.

KING.

O pow'r of melody ! what spells are thine !
 In the fair hour of mirth thy voice is sweet ;
 In sorrow and in sickness thou can'st charm.
 Thou dearest solace of the human heart !
 That in the thrill of bliss enhanc'st joy,
 And maks't the spirit more and more rejoice ;
 That sympathisest in the hour of grief,
 And lull'st us to oblivion of our pains,
 Thou art the purest, best of pleasures here,
 That leav'st upon the soul no sting, nor stain.
 Sweet voice of song ! without thee what were life
 But one dull round of days monotonous
 With not a change of sorrow or of shade ?
 Ye, then, that boast the skill in dulcet sounds,
 Awake again those strains that charm the soul.

CHORUS.

O harp of heavenly harmony !
 Awake thy voice again ;
 It is the king who calls on thee
 To swell the joyous strain.
 Amid his gay and courtly throng
 How happy is the bard,
 That sings aloud the laureate song,
 And wins his high regard !
 All sweet and fair shall be the flow'rs,
 That in his crown shall breathe ;
 And many, many be the hours
 Thro' which shall bloom the wreath.

QUEEN, (*aside.*)

Why linger here a simple looker on?
 I cannot taste the joy that reigns around.
 A mirthful scene suits not a mournful soul;
 My wretched spirit is oppressed with pain,
 And finds no sweetness in the harp's soft sound.

MINSTRELS.

Long live the king! whose generous soul
 Makes e'en the glad more gay;
 Whose smile adds brightness to the bowl,
 And sweetness to the lay.

KING, (*rising from his seat.*)

Come, sharers of the banquet! crown your cups,
 And drink in honor of the glowing hour.
 The soul was made a partner for the body,
 Which were a lifeless lump without the soul;
 So for the sweets of song was nectar made,
 Without whose glow song were insipid too.
 Then rise and fill in honour of the hour,
 Life is a transient rose, enjoy ere fades the flower.

(*all rise.*)

FIRST COURTIER.

Long love our mighty king, who knows so well
 The glories of existence! long may he
 Reign o'er his people, and enjoy the bliss
 With which such festal seasons glad his court.

SECOND.

Health to the king, our noble king whose reign
 Is loved and lauded in the hearts of all.

THIRD.

Bright is the sparkle of this flowing bowl ;
 Long days to him whose smile illumines it more.

FOURTH.

Our universal voice this goblet speaks,
 Health to the royal bounty which bestows it.
 May no unfriendlier sound disturb his ear
 Whilst with the pulse of life it warmly thrills,
 Than the glad music of the minstrel's lyre
 That warbles now and fills with rapture all.

KING.

Now youths and maidens ! form the mazy ring,
 Ye of the gay of heart and light of limb !
 Lead on the sprightly dance, and add new mirth
 To the high pleasure of the festive scene.
 Awake a lively measure, sons of song !
 And call the beauty of the banquet forth.

MINSTRELS.

The scene how blest ! The time how sweet !
 When love and joy and beauty meet,
 To trip the dance's mazy round,
 In season with the lyre's sweet sound !
 Light feet of youth ! O may ye long
 Beat answer to the minstrel's song,
 And may such graces still inspire
 The heavenly music of his lyre !

(A youthful band advance and dance together.)

KING, *(viewing the dancers)*

O bliss of boyhood ! every pleasing view
 Presented now reminds me of thy day.

So light they trip along they do not seem
 Like beings of this nether world, but rather
 Inhabitants of some ethereal clime
 That know no other thought save that of joy.
 Yes, I beheld (ere thro' those scanty locks
 The wreath of years was wove) full many a dance ;
 But in my happiest glee I never saw
 Such sylph-like forms as flit before me now.

(Dance ends.)

Blest hearts ! enjoy the pleasure youth bestows ;
 Bask in the sunshine ere the cloud comes on.

(Enter the Queen and Damsel.)

ANGELICA.

Again that strain, ye gray-haired bards ! I would,
 Since it so pleases, thrid a measure, too.

(She dances.)

KING.

What grace in every step, in every turn !
 My admiration of the rest ran high,
 But now it far surpasses ev'ry thought.
 Her heart, her eyes, her frame, her very breath
 With every quaver of the strain accords.

(She withdraws.)

Sweet child ! approach and let me kiss thy charms,
 For thou has pleased me to the highest pitch
 By the late movement of thy graceful form.
 Come ask of me whate'er thy soul desires,
 And I will give it thee, however dear ;
 Ask, and I swear by yon fair orb of night,
 I'll give it thee tho' it be half my kingdom.

DAMSEL.

O mighty King ! what can I crave of thee ?
 The hour bestows whate'er the heart could seek.
 E'en to the full is filled each fond desire.
 Wine, love, and music, pleasure, peace, and song
 Glow all around and bless this blissful night.
 Amid the scene where such delights are found,
 Where is the spirit that would sigh for more ?

KING.

Nay—there is something which thou hast not yet ;
 What thou hast named includes not every joy ;
 I must present thee with some fitting gift
 Worthy the pleasure which thou gav'st me now.

DAMSEL.

Then let me seek the mother of my life,
 Since thy benevolence must have its way ;
 She will direct me to the proper choice.

*(Exit.)*QUEEN, *(aside.)*

O opportune event ! the king tho' cold
 To all my cravings for the same request
 Must now comply ; his royal word is passed.
 Thrice blessed event ! by thee I am avenged !
 Prepare now, Pseudo-Seer ! to meet thy doom.

DAMSEL, *(standing before the King.)*

Behold, O King ! the tenor of my wish !

KING.

Speak, speak it bold, I'm ready to comply.

DAMSEL.

Then be not startled when thou hear'st my want.

KING.

What means my Daughter by such mystic words ?

DAMSEL.

Because I know that thou wilt find it hard
To grant me my request, when I require
The head of John the Baptist in a charger.

KING, (*unheeding.*)

Speak, speak, my child ! why dost thou hesitate ?

DAMSEL.

Behold, My Lord ! it is already spoken—
The head of John the Baptist in a charger !

KING, (*Seized as with a panic.*)

What hast thou said ?—What ?—My Angelica !
Is it thy semblance or thyself I see ?
Is this reality ?—Or is it dream ?—
'Tis sleep. I slumber, let me waken. Where—
Where am I ? No—It is no vision this ;
Alas ! it is too true—alas ! alas !
He whom I spared so long at length must die.
Oh ! that I could recall the fatal promise !
But now it is too late—it was a king's.
Go, headsman ! go and do the murderous deed.

(*Stillest silence prevails throughout the entire hall. The heralds go to perform the order, and after a long deep reverie the king goes on to exclaim.*)

Insufferable error ! fatal promise !
 Pernicious banquet, the sad cause of all !
 O woman ! woman ! thou deceitful spirit !
 Veiled in the mask of innocence and love,
 In thy true self, the compound of all ill !
 How am I conquered by thy wicked wiles ! !
 O John, thou holy Prophet ! O forgive me !
 Th' irrevocable word is given—'tis not
 The fault of him who perpetrates the deed,
 Who saved thee long from treachery in vain.
 O John, thou holy prophet ! O forgive me.

(By this time all except the Damsel and a few of the Courtiers have left the hall. The King remains in deep reflection until a messenger arrives with the tidings of John's death.)

MESSENGER.

The deed, O King ! thou order'st is performed.

KING, (*pointing to the Damsel.*)

Then give the bloody present unto her
 Who lately charmed, but now who has undone me.
 Too easy man ! that let'st this world's delights
 So quickly win away thy captured heart,
 Be not too hasty in thy resolutions,
 But weigh them well and ever think on *me*.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

THE YOUNG ACOLYTHE'S DEATH.

The sweet, the sinless child has passed from earth away,
As fades beneath the cloud some beam of early day;
The brightest morn, alas ! but seldom brings bright noon,
And so with thee, young flower ! that bow'd thy head so
soon.

Ah ! 'tis a gloomy thought to know that we must part
With all we feel is near and dear to home and heart,
And that the beam of life which brighten'd most our hearth
Must be the first to sink beneath the cold dark earth.

Fond sisters now wail loud the sad and sudden blight
Of him they loved as much as e'er they loved the light;
And wild a father weeps above the dear dead boy,
His blasted op'ning rose, his solace and his joy.

O they will hail again the presence of that Spring
Which o'er their sorrows soon shall wave her purple wing;
But ah ! they'll find no bud in all her world of flow'rs,
Like that whose dawning bloom has just now passed from
ours.

O 'tis not weak in one who leads a life like mine
To come from high things down to heed a child's decline ;
The purest and the best that ever graced our sphere,
Made such as gentle Hugh his fondest care while here.

Around the altar bright we'll see no more that face
 Whose brow so pure became so well that calm sweet place;
 And when around that rail the worshippers shall throng,
 They'll think of him their pride and love his memory long.

Our hearts had fondly thought to see him one day shine
 In sacred robes of light a Priest of that same shrine;
 Hope sang the golden song—Hope told the thrilling tale—
 Ah! strain and story now but wilder swell our wail.

The church-yard clay to night is scatter'd o'er his brow,
 And mournful is the shade that wraps his slumber now;
 His father's house is sad and lonely as his tomb,
 And nought is met with there but killing grief and gloom.

Away—what words are these? Why speak I here of woe?
 While heav'nly paeans ring should human sorrows flow?
 A captive soul is freed—a fadeless crown is won—
 Weep, Sisters! Sire! no more your brother, or your son.

THE CHARITY FAIR.

Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of runic rhyme,
 To the tintinabulation that so mnsically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,
 To the rhyming and the chiming,
 Of the Bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

I.

'Tis the morning of the Fair,
 Fancy's Fair !

What a world of loveliness
 Does it not now prepare !
 How it beams and burns and glows
 Thro' the chrystal of the sky !
 How it gathers, as it goes,
 Brethren, kindred, friends and foes
 To the bright hall gleaming by !
 Binding all, all, all,

In a happy, joyous thrall,
 With the grand agglomeration of the glitter and the glare
 Of the fair, fair, fair,
 Fair, fair, fair,
 With the witchery and the *stichery*
 Of the fair !

II.

'Tis the morning of the Fair,
 Christmas' Fair !

What a blessing is in store,
 For all who gather there !
 In the golden glare of day
 How it flaunts its rich array !—
 'Round the glory and the glow
 (Bright as noon)

Of that radiant rainbow-row
 Many a ditty flows and floats, lively, loud and low,
 All in tune :
 O from out the show sublime,

IV.

'Tis the morning of the Fair,
 Virtue's Fair!

What a world of holiest fruits
 Is it not born to bear!

Blooming offspring of the sky,
 When shall they be doomed to die,

Of a particle of glory e'er be shorn?

Faith, our faith shall pass away,
 Hope shall wither and decay,

—Stars of Morn—

But such fruits shall live and shine,
 Beauteous, deathless, and divine,

Heav'n's High Born

Which the virtues all adorn,

Poured by charity the Spirit

Full from out her flowing horn.

Peace shall bless the Orphan Boy,

Weary bosoms bound with joy,

Tears dry up,

And the widow's lips shall sup

From out the congo-cup,

A cup of that blest Fair;—

And her face again shall wear

From the fulness of the Fair,

All its long-lost light and air;—

And she'll bless that glad fare-day,

Holy, happy, gorgeous, gay,

With her heart-felt, whole-soul pray'rs

For the monuments it rears!

Binding all, all, all,

Hail, lovely Mother of our ransomed race !
 How high thy bearing ! how divine thy air !
 I bless thee with a son's most earnest pray'r,
 And praise the power that formed thy loveliness ;
 Deep are the raptures I was born to share,
 But it is thou that art my joy's excess,
 I clasp thee to my soul, and would no more possess.

III.

Thine are the mightiest of the mighty hearts,
 Thine are the brightest of the sons of lore ;
 Thine are the masters in the field of arts ;
 Thine are the wisest of the wise of yore ;
 Thine is an empire filling every shore ;
 Thine is a glory far outshining all ;
 Thine is a God unknown to men before,
 On whom alone the true believers call ;
 Can we contemplate such, nor down in worship fall ?

IV.

O thou, to whom the promises were given !
 O thou, the vision of the seers of old !
 O thou, the treas'ry of the gifts of heaven !
 O thou, the sanctuary of the one true fold !
 Thou in whose records are the saints enrolled,
 'Gainst whom the gates of hell can ne'er prevail,
 Shrine of our hopes, arrayed in gems and gold,
 Whose living lights are never doomed to fail,
 Hail, wonder of the world ! thou mightiest wonder ! hail.

V.

City of light that stand'st upon the mountain,
 Diffusing radiance on the world around !
 In thee is springing Grace's sacred fountain
 With which the soul with every good is crowned.
 Without thy gate is Error's gloom profound,
 And life is withered, hope is all unknown,
 And sin is seen, and woe and want abound,
 And naught remains that Truth might call her own ;
 The place where horror dwells, and Moloch has his throne.

VI.

We turn our thoughts to ages now no more,
 And trace the rise of many an empire vast,
 Renowned for arts, and chivalry, and lore,
 As make a marvel of the glorious Past ;
 We mark them grow and strengthen, ripen fast,
 Until their fame fills all the spacious earth,
 Then down we see them rushing, till at last
 It seems as tho' they never had their birth ;
 Ruins and ruins' ashes, death, decay and dearth.

VII.

We look again, and thou too meet'st our view,
 Struggling, like those, against the shocks of time,
 And daily growing into splendor, too,
 With brow of hope, and stately march sublime ;
 Foes rage—storms roar—ambition strives to climb—
 All man's worst agencies are all in arms ;
 The day is darkened with the things of crime,
 And the old world is filled with wild alarms ;
 The nations reel and fall ; thou stand'st secure of harms.

VIII.

And twice nine centuries have rolled away,
 With each its thousand hosts to lay thee low,
 But thou did'st scatter all the fell array,
 As the spring's sun dissolves the winter's snow.
 What are they now?—a blast blown long ago—
 Something to chronicle and name with scorn,
 A sign of shame for every frantic foe
 That may arise in ages yet unborn,
 But all to grace thy spoils, and thee alone adorn.

IX.

And they are gone, and thou art still the same,
 And brighter is the bloom of this thy year,
 And hope is weaving thee a lovelier name,
 The future bringeth not a shade of fear;
 Ev'n to thy foes art thou becoming dear,
 Thy loveliness is beaming on them now,—
 Surely the finger of our God is here,
Here, placed upon the glory of thy brow,
 Which reason well declares, would prejudice avow.

X.

In gazing on thee rapture fills my eye,
 And holy awe restrains my beating breast;
 My soul goes mounting to her native sky,
 By thee inspired to seek the land of rest.
 Beauteous emporium of the good and blest!
 Who would not kiss thee in his spirit's joy,
 In thus possessing all that's highest, best
 Of all that calls for eulogy's employ,
 Or lives beyond the things that ruin may destroy?

E L E G Y :

ON THE REV. JOHN NUGENT.

IN ev'ry field now every flow'r is faded,
 And summer's beams have wholly passed a way ;
 With winter-shadows all the world is shaded,
 And life looks weary of the sombre day.

The flow'rs be drooped, the summer-suns be clouded ;
 Those yet shall blossom, and these still shall rise ;
 A flower is withered, and a light is shrouded,
 That never more shall glad our weeping eyes.

A flower of friendship, and a light of learning,
 To *me* far more, a brother tried and true,
 Has gone away to get a martyr's earning—
 Gladd'ning indeed, but ah ! how sadd'ning, too !

Fain would I hie me to the laurel bowers,
 And wreathe a chaplet 'round his living brow ;
 The crown is braided with more fitting flowers,
 In those which grace him in his glory now.

O who is he whose heart has not admired him
 In whom was centered all that's truly fair !
 Bright virtue graced him, and bright genius fired him,
 And homes were happy when his smile was there.

O who is he whose spirit has not lov'd him,
 In whom had charity her firmest seat ?
 The sigh of mis'ry ever deeply mov'd him,
 And grief grew gladness at his accents sweet.

And who is he who ever shall forget him,
The uncomplaining, yet the ever tried ?
By whom such bright examples have been set him,
Th' Apostle's zeal, the hero's power and pride ?

I knew him well—I knew him o'er all others ;
The self-same object was our mutual aim ;
Our lot and living made us more than brothers ;
Who, then, will chide, if thus I laud his name ?

Few knew the power o'er which I now am mourning ;
Few knew the virtue which he made his care ;
His was the light beneath a bushel burning ;
His was the fragrance on a desert air.

He had the skill to chase the harp's deep slumbers,
And make it warble what but he could sing ;
The world that heard them hath pronounced his numbers
Tuneful as those which thrill the songful spring.

The brightest member of the sacred Order,
On wild Acadia's rock-surrounded shore,
As pure a priest as ever found Rewarder—
Ah! must I think that such is ours no more ?

Of the glad Three that poured, at Alma Mater,
In mingled music, those congenial strains
Vanished now quite, like letters traced on water,
One, only one, is all that now remains.

Above the first I've sung the song of sorrow,
Low o'er the second sounds my sadd'ning lay,
When o'er the last shall break the final morrow,
No brother's harp shall mourn the breathless clay.

So let it be;—yet may my hopeful spirit
 Cherish the vision that my friends, now fled,
 Gaining for me the glory they inherit,
 Will sing the better pæan o'er their dead.

Farewell, then, Father! loved of our affection!
 My tears fall fast above thy lonely shrine;
 I joy, withal, at this thy bright election,
 Of which I hope the like may yet be mine.

How lone a thing is this sad separation,
 No heart but one can ever truly tell;
 Ne'er may we know again such desolation—
 Farewell, associate, brother, friend! Farewell.

E A S T E R .

THE dawn of our Triumph hath shone,
 'Tis the First of all Festival days,
 The new robe of joy put we on,
 And shout out the pæan of praise.
 The angel has come from his throne,
 The guards are all scattered and fled,
 Removed is the sepulchre's stone,
 And Jesus awakes from the dead.

All life feels the pulse of delight,
 The forests are rapturous with song,
 The world is extatic and bright,
 Where sorrow and shadow lay long.

The bondman has burst from his chains,
 And dashed the deep gloom from his brow ;
 Young Freedom is warbling her strains,
 And all is high jubilee now.

With charms earth and air are replete,
 The stream rolls more happily by,
 The wind has a whisper more sweet,
 New splendor illumines the sky.
 Our altars are bright as the morn,
 And sweeter, and fairer than flow'rs,
 'Tis now that we truly are born,
 And more than was Eden's is ours.

And hark to the sweet silver bells
 That summon the christian to pray'r !
 While 'round us their euphony swells.
 Heav'n opes, and we seem to be there.
 With music of anthem and hymn,
 Awake, then, and welcome the day,
 Whose glory will never grow dim,
 Though heaven and earth pass away.

O S A L U T A R I S H O S T I A .

O sacred victim of sanctification !
 Man of all sorrows ! yet Lord of creation !
 Origin, fountain, and source of salvation !
 Spare the Departed.

'Twas not the glowing hour,
When love and beauty plight their mutual truth,
"To have, to hold" despite each adverse pow'r,
Amid old age the changeless flame of youth.

They hung no votive wreath,
Upon the altar for an odour sweet,
For summer-flow'rs had long since ceased to breathe,
And autumn winds now hurried fierce and fleet.

And why, then, stood they there?
To shun the path that broadly leads to hell,
To walk the road that lies thro' purer air,
They came to bid the stormy world farewell.

Could earth no pleasure give,
And did no charm adorn her smiling face?
Could their young hearts thus isolated live,
Wild recreant wand'ers from their slighted race?

Away—vile thought! away—
The world was fair, was glorious to their eye;
Blest was it too, with many a blissful day,
But O there was a brighter world on high.

And, holy, high exchange!
Before the shrine for this they prostrate fell;
And they were blest, nor deem their rapture strange,
Since in that fall was folly's fun'ral knell.

They vowed a solemn vow,
To spread that truth for which a Saviour died,

That thou should'st live, O man of strife ! and thou
Whose heart is filled with pleasure, passion, pride.

They left home, friends and all,
All things which mortal will most dearly prize,
To follow nobly in that hallowed call,
Which brought the JUST ONE from the starry skies.

They chose withal the path,
In which a John, a Paul, a Peter trod,
Who, all despite of swords and racks and wrath,
Defied the world, and gained the home of God.

And may they long rejoice,
And sure and bright the future glory be
Of all, O Lord ! who know the better choice,
Of leaving all things and of loving Thee.

I N D I F F E R E N T I S M .

“ I don't hold to any creed in particular.”—*Cant of the day.*

AND is it thus that reasoning man is found
At this late period of the nations' light,
When the Lord's Gospel hath been spread around
In every place where mortal meets the sight ?
Will the mind still be dark with pagan night,
Despite the deeds Evangelists have done,
To make man's deathless spirit pure and bright,
By the blest blood of God's atoning son,
And worthy of the palm which sainted ones have won ?

Was it for this, Oh! was it but for this,
 (Alas! the depth of our iniquity!)
 That thou, O Lord, did'st leave thy place of bliss,
 And bear the wrongs which malice heaped on Thee?
 For this, the torture of the cruel tree,
 The shame and scandal of a universe—
 For this, the triumph by which we are free—
 And thou, our God! wast made for us a curse?
 Ah! what is man at last tho' ransomed? better?—worse!

Why were Apostles told to teach mankind;
 And seal them with redemption's sacred sign,
 If men should not, with heart and soul and mind,
 Bow swift obedience to the voice divine?
 Is every one appointed to define,
 And take what course imagination may?
 Can each erect his own peculiar shrine,
 And spurn that Church which all should still obey?
 Not so,—if you believe "the Life, the Truth, the Way."

Is God's own empire with a king all wise,
 To have less order than a worldly state?
 Reflect and see what num'rous feuds would rise
 If every subject would himself dictate.
 What would, I ask you, be the nation's fate,
 With such a Babel of untrammelled guides?
 Soon would its reign be o'er, however great,
 And desolation come with rapid strides,
 And fill those lovely parts where glory now abides.

O Lord of justice! Lord of truth and love!
 Wilt thou not hurl the vengeance of the skies.

On all that here forget those joys above,
 To which still turn ten thousand hearts and eyes !
 Woe to the tribe who first made men despise
 That which alone is worthy thought below,
 Who made them spurn thy sorrows, suff'rings, cries,
 And all that world of bitter scoff and woe, [flow.
 Which bade e'en murd'ers weep, and Nature's eyes o'er-

Not thus men lived in happy days gone by ;
 Devotion then burned warm in every breast,
 And there were none that failed to look on high,
 With frequent longings for that realm of rest.
 One fold, one faith, the nations wide confessed,
 Nor was the Gospel preached as now, in vain ;
 With peace and harmony the world was blest,
 And happiness upheld her golden reign,
 But ah ! the spoiler rose, and joy and hope were slain :

And men grew cold, and virtue faded fast,
 And immorality spread far and wide ;
 The hearts of millions hardened, till at last,
 The world stood stubborn in its growing pride ;
 The life of olden fervour gasped and died,
 And worse than heathenism followed then ;
 Rise, Lord of might ! and turn this flood aside !
 O rise and save the hapless sons of men,
 And leave them not, O God ! the prey of hell again.

Is this the reformation they have made ?
 It is, alas ! but mocks it not the name ?
 Curse on their mem'ries—they have sadly strayed,
 As truth and justice cannot but exclaim.

Dimmed is the lustre of Faith's heav'nly flame—
 Broken the union of the one true Fold—
 Thwarted the end for which Emmanuel came—
 Hideous the world once beauteous to behold—
 And all the woes are here which have been long foretold.

O for the joys of vanished years once more,
 When "Holy Church" was recognized by all,
 When none but brothers met at every door,
 Castle, and manor, garden, bower, and hall!
 But ah! the mis'ry of this time of thrall,
 In which so many millions now are bound!
 Who does not wail it, and on Mercy call,
 That soon the galling chain may be unwound,
 And freedom dawn once more, and ancient sights surround?

Be mine, then, She of the unbroken chain
 That clasps the future, binds us to the past,
 Oft aimed at to be trampled, but in vain,
 By hell's dark hosts in desperation classed.
 She was the first, and she shall be the last,
 With hope, the charmer, throwing such a ray
 Around her brow, as bids us follow fast,
 And gain the life to which it lights away,
 Leading us on to climes where blooms eternal day.

THE PRIEST'S CHOICE.

I saw a tomb uprooted from the earth,
 And in that tomb I saw long locks of hair.

And eyeless holes where beauty once had birth,
 And teeth all darkened, and defiled, and bare.

The frame within, tho' once a queenly form,
 Was such a sight as I no more would see,
 My heart grew sick to mark the dismal worm,
 Feeding upon that clay so busily !

The sight drew men around it, and they shed
 Full many a bitter tear above that tomb,
 And loud they sorrowed that the youthful head
 So soon should moulder in the grave-yard's gloom.

Youth ! Love ! and Beauty ! what are ye at last ?
 Are ye not told in many a truthful strain ?
 A sound—a happy dream that soon is passed,—
 A sad remembrance, beautiful as vain !

I sighed and passed ; but soon I chose the way
 Which now I walk in, and which I shall hold,
 Till death's deep mists obscure my visual ray,
 And lay me, too, beneath the coffin's mould.

The world regards me as a wretched one
 Shut out from all the pleasures of my race,
 Condemned to wander in my course, alone,
 And feel but sadness in the gladdest place.

So let it dream ; but I possess a lot
 Which seems, and is immeasurably blest ;
 I have a rapture which it knoweth not,
 A holy calm—a more than mortal rest.

My God has shower'd his brightest gifts on me ;
He has vouchsafed to call me to his shrine,
That, in the place of love and mystery,
I may present to him the "gift divine."

And spirits are my partners, and they speak
To me a language which is all my bliss ;
And mine are visions which in vain we seek,
Within the sphere of such a world as this.

I soothe the wretched on his bed of death ;
When doubts distract, or clouds of terror roll,
I cheer the moment of his latest breath,
And paint heav'n's glories to the parting soul.

Nought intervenes between me and the skies,
To keep my soul from mounting to her home ;
I leave earth's thorns, its troubles, tears and sighs,
In light to live, with angel-guides to roam.

To God, meantime, I make the sacrifice,
And bless for ever his eternal name,
Singing, that while the suns of mortals rise,
May ev'ry tongue his boundless love proclaim.

THE GLORY OF PARADISE.

FAIN would my spirit burst her bonds of clay,
And wing to glory her triumphant way ;
Fain would she rise and from this exile soar,
To taste the raptures of her own loved shore,

The sweet sad mem'ries of whose golden time,
Like bright suns beaming o'er a cold dull clime,
Come back upon her with redoubled bloom,
Deep'ning the darkness of her mortal doom.

O who will paint the splendor of the skies,
Within whose city all that's lovely lies ?
Like purest glass the streets of chrystal seem,
With precious stones the fair foundations beam ;
The stately domes with brilliant pearls are bright,
That flash afar in streams of living light ;
With gems and gold the gates are richly crowned,
And radiant couches fling refulgence 'round.
The sullen winter, with his storms and gloom,
Dims not the beauty of that heav'nly bloom,
And the rich blossoms of those spirit bowers,
Fear not a blight from summer's sultry hours.
Far o'er the scene the rose and lily blow,
And balsam drops, and streams of honey flow ;
Eternal fruitage clothe the flowering trees,
Ambrosial odours scent the balmy breeze ;
The field, the vale, with fadeless flowers are crowned,
And joyous spring for ever warbles round.

Nor sun, nor moon, nor star there hails the sight,
The Lamb unspotted is that city's light ;
There, nightless, timeless is the Saints' array,
Each the bright sun of an eternal day ;
Their battles with the foe they fear no more
Perennial safety's retrospect counts o'er ;
Triumphant, crowned, exultant they employ
Their ceaseless voices blent in jubilation's joy ;

Impervious e'en to thought that bears a stain,
No fleshly combat can they dread again ;
Their entity is spiritual, there's naught
To mar eternal unity of thought ;
Despoiled of every brittle toy of earth,
They seek the changeless spirit's land of birth,
Where peace is boundless, scandals ne'er annoy
Th' unclouded Truth they endlessly enjoy.
By them the sweetness of life's fount is quaff'd,
Immutability in every draught ;
Beautious and vivid, joyous, ever free
From earthly peril, and contingency ;
Their health immortal, youth unwrinkled last,
Deathless they live, for transientness hath passed ;
Decay decayed, they strengthen, flourish, bloom
Immortally victorious o'er the tomb ;
They know th' Omniscient, nought can be unknown,
For to each mirror-soul each thought of heav'n is shown !

And, tho' to each a diff'rent meed assigned,
Bound by one tie of love, one link of mind,
In those bright mansions of the good and blest,
Each makes his own the portion of the rest,
And thus to each the joy of all extends,
And soul with soul in love seraphic blends.
Swifter than eagle darting on his prey,
The holy spirits wing their flight away,
To taste with angels that celestial bread,
On which alone the Saints of God are fed ;
For ever full, yet ever seeking more,
No fulness cloy, but prompts them to implore

That living bread, that eating they may live,
 And living feel such joy as only God can give.
 But O those dulcet sounds they hear above,
 When swells thro' heav'n the choral song of love,
 And from the harps of countless seraphim
 Bursts forth the matchless music of their hymn
 Of praise to God, the just, the good, the high,
 Triumphant Ruler of the earth and sky ! !
 Enthroned they see the face of God revealed,
 And thro' creation's bright and boundless field,
 Behold ten thousand orbs in various mazes wheeled.

O Christ, thou victor King ! 'tis thou alone
 Can'st grant the title to each starry throne !
 Grant that, my warfare ended here below,
 With love of thee my soul in bliss may glow ;
 Grant that the glory of the saints may be
 My sure reward, my palm of victory,
 That, when this life the hand of death shall sever,
 I may mount up and cling to thee for ever.

THEY ARE GONE—THEY ARE GONE.

AND this is all can be said at the last,
 Of the Future, the Present, the Past !
 Short truth—sad dirge—insignificant fate
 For the fair and the brave, for the good and the great !
 So the exiles of Eden as they turned them back
 To the gate of the garden, in their sorrowing track,

Said of the pleasures so late they saw fly
 While the shadows of Evil fell dark'ning their sky,
 They are gone—they are gone.

'Twas the death-lay of millions, when ocean's top wave
 Had made for the world's highest highland a grave;
 And o'er drowned Creation wild, wailing, and dark,
 Nought was found but the sail of the hoar Patriarch.
 The kingdoms of earth, with their warriors and sages,
 The pomp, pride and glory of years and of ages,
 Earth's lovers, misanthropes, earth's tyrants, and lords
 Are numbered, lamented in these passing words,
 They are gone, They are gone.

I saw glowing faces and happy ones, too,
 As guileless as virtue, as truthfulness true,
 And they were like Spring ere Spring's glories burst forth,
 Full of promise, and sunshine, and beauty, and worth;
 And they were so radiant with joy that no sadness
 Could live in the spot where they laughed in their gladness;
 Of such love-lighted eye, and such luminous brow,
 They looked like the Angels of Raphael—but now
 They are gone, They are gone!

O thou with the light step, and gay bearing, stay,
 And let those sad accents come over thy play;
 Yet hear them not, glad One! too dark is their theme!
 They will break all the spell of thy boyhood's bright dream:
 But thou of the grey locks! recall here awhile,
 The weird hopes that once wove around thee their wile,
 And say what remains of their promise—alas!
 That our anguish is stone, and our blissfulness, glass—
 They are gone, They are gone.

Present joys! present pains! 'neath Futurity's veil
 I see by the shore a bard, pensive and pale,
 And, as the swift blast bears his song o'er the surge,
 He sings—"they are gone"—for your funeral dirge.
 And thus, when old Time, with his changes is o'er,
 And the darkness of chaos is frowning once more,
 The spirits of Wrath and of Death will be winging
 Thro' the midnight of Doom's day, their flight, wildly
 singing

“All are gone—All are gone!”

THE ARAB TO HIS HORSE.

FOR MUSIC.

WHILE Hassel's heart
 Can dare a bandit's deed,
 We shall not part,
 My glorious Arab steed!
 Thou art, thou art
 My measure, and my meed,
 Thou soul of speed!

Man's gold is bright,
 But I can spurn its glare;
 Thou hast a light
 More radiant and more rare;
 Mid-day were night,
 Wert thou not still my share,
 My whole sole care!

Thou shalt not go,
 My beautiful ! my own !
 In weal, in woe
 Shalt thou be mine alone ;
 Well do I know
 Thou art my tow'r, my throne,
 My wild fleet roan !

O'er vale and hill
 By mountain, moor, and mead
 We'll follow still,
 My glorious arab steed !
 Our way, our will,
 From every trammel freed,
 Thou soul of speed !

C H A T H A M .

“ We love the play-place of our early days.”—COWPER.

I.

MINE eye at last beholds thee, my darling native spot !
 Both me and mine forgetting, but not by me forgot.
 O little cherish'd village ! I hail thee with that joy
 Which blessed me in thy borders when roved I there a boy.
 Who shall describe the feeling that o'er me cometh now,
 Filling with light, with rapture, my heart and brain and
 brow ?
 None, none but him who wanders, and wanders far away,
 And lives in other circles thro' many a fleeting day.

My own, my native Chatham! twice twelve long years
 have passed,
 The blossom of my being—since I beheld thee last;
 But oh! thou art so *chang'd* now, so all unlike the same,
 That I no more could love thee if 'twere not for thy *name*.
 And sure a name is something, there's magic in the sound,
 E'en now its very mention makes lost joys revel 'round.
 It beacons back the vanished, and brings about a dream
 Where buried boyhood rises bright as the morning's beam;
 And present cares and sorrows are driven from the heart,
 And all man's dark existence no longer holds a part;
 And childhood's guileless gambols, and youth's bright
 dreams sublime
 Again are taken, tasted, and bring back vanish'd time.

II.

But am I told, delighted, a sweeter thing is here
 To bind me to this hamlet, the dearest of the dear?
 Yes—hard by yonder alley, the old roof standeth still,
 Where first I started forward, life's fleet task to fulfil.
 Old roof! I gaze upon thee with fondness none may know,
 Old roof! old home! I hail thee with joys words cannot
 show.
 O give me, then, my cabin! some relic of thy wall,
 Which I may keep and cherish, till thou and I shall fall;
 I go from thee tomorrow, for thou'rt no more my rest,
 But for thy sake I'll love this, and wear it next my breast.
 And is there yet another—another link to bind
 Existence to existence, and kindred mind to mind?
 Yes—he is here who named me when o'er my brow was
 pour'd

The bright baptismal water that gave me to the Lord.
 But all the rest are beings, unknowing and unknown,
 And in my own lov'd birth-place I stand alone, alone.
 And so, the *name*, the *roof-tree*, the *sponsor*, and—no
 more
 Are all, O Chatham! left thee to greet me on thy shore.
 Yet, these are sweetest witch'ries, my joy—my bliss su-
 preme,
 Making ideal real, and life a lovely dream.
 Then hail to thee, my Chatham! my darling native spot!
 Tho' thou hast me forgotten, thou wilt not be forgot.

HEALTH.

WHERE lingers health, O tell me where?
 Fain would the weary go and seek;
 I long to see her form so fair,
 And radiant eye, and roseate cheek.

They bade me seek the physic-hall,
 Then thither did I swift repair,
 And walked it 'round and search'd it all,
 But health, alas! abode not there.

The sea, some whisper'd, was her throne,
 I hasten'd to the salt waves' side,
 And called on health in plaintive tone,
 But solace rose not from the tide.

I roved o'er many a spot of green,
With hope that health might there be found,
But tasteless proved each sunny scene,
And sadness dwelt in all things 'round.

I walked beneath a freezing sky,
While driving snows obscured the day,
And stormy winds piped harsh and high,—
Still laughing health kept far away.

'Neath sun-bright skies I wandered then,
And quaffed each fresh and fragrant breeze,
But hope, my hope was false again,
Tho' health, methought, was wed to these.

I hid me then to secret bowers,
And health in contemplation sought,
But sadder, sicker rolled the hours—
Health never was allied to thought.

And next I woke the Poet's shell,
For health to hear and haste along,
The strain was all too weak a spell,
Health flew the farther for my song.

Have I not seen, then, in our sphere,
The healthful and the happy, too?
Yes, e'en this moment they are here,
And many, many, not a few.

Beside the shore, and on the sea,
Within the wildwood, and without,

In autumn's grief, in summer's glee,
They live, and laugh, and sing, and shout.

Free, fetterless, unburdened minds,
They bloom now with the blooming flowers,
And play they with the playful winds,
And laugh they with the laughing hours.

Where, then, is health ! I'll tell thee where,
'Tis here—behold it and be glad,
In freedom from corroding *care*,
Sire of the sick and sore and sad !

Away, then, Adder care ! away—
Thou shalt not nestle in my breast ;
Young health shall light my little day,
And make life's blessings doubly blest.

THE WITHERED TREE.

AN ALLEGORY.

MINE own beech tree, that must no more be mine !
When last I rested under thy green bough,
That twilight shade, which evermore was thine,
Flung balmy freshness 'round my fevered brow,
A brow once clear and calm, but dark and troubled now.

Fresh was the grass which bloomed beneath thee then,
And soft the couch that velvet carpet made ;
Oh ! must I never, *never* know again,

That bright green seat, that sweet embowering shade?
The bower is blasted now—the bloom is all decayed.

When last, my Beechen tree! I gamboled here,
Full many a glory crowned thy honor'd head,
But now, like visions of the vanished year,
All—all thy beauties and thy charms are fled;
Thy last lone leaf, e'en *that*, lies faded, fall'n and dead.

My Beechen tree! when I beheld thee last,
Bright was the sky that fondly o'er thee hung,
Sweet was the breeze that by thee whisp'ring passed,
And blithe the paean by the red-breast sung
Throughout the live-long day thy verdant boughs among.

Now wild and gloomy is the wintry sky,
That o'er thee frowns, and sees thy sad decay;
Now sullen is the blast that hurries by,
And hushed the carol of the warbler gay
That sat amid thy leaves, and sang the sunny day.

O I must leave thee, O mine own heart's tree!
Mine eye in sorrow at thy presence swells;
To the changed soul that mourns this change in thee
How many a joyless tale thy ruin tells!
—And such is worldly Hope with all her wizard spells!

THE BATTLE OF THE HORATHI & CURIATHI.

WHEN now along the skies afar,
Brayed the shrill trump of bristling war,

The youths on either side that stood,
In warriors' dread array,
With hearts that thirst alike for blood,
Rush forward to the fray.
And now, nor fear nor danger knowing,
Each with the ardent feeling glowing,
That home and country's fortune lay
Upon the triumph of that day—
With all the strength which valour boasts,
And beating high with mutual rage,
As if there rushed a thousand hosts,
The vengeful combatants engage.
And when the blade of fury flashed,
And loud th' encount'ring armour clashed,
Deep horror forthwith seized upon
Each cold surrounding breast,
And as sweet hope yet smiled for none,
The voice, the breathing was suppress'd.
As thus in cruel fight they close,
And all is doubt and fear around,
While fast the stream of slaughter flows,
And ringing shields incessant sound—
Lo ! o'er each other to the plain
Headlong fell two Romans slain,
Whilst from the Albans to the skies
Wild, loud, and long applauses rise !
All hope forsook the Romans now,
And terror sat on every brow ;
When thus the lonely hero found
The frantic foe enclose him 'round,
Aware he never might withstand

The bravery of th' united band,
But conscious that, in single fight,
He could their boldest charge defy,
Wide o'er the field he holds his flight,
And fast behind the conquerors fly.
When now some distance he had passed,
From that ensanguined scene,
Anon, an eagle glance he cast
Athwart the measured green,
And lo! long intervals of space
Between the foes appear,
And now the foremost of the chase,
Already shouted near.

The dauntless youth, with deadly blow,
Fell furious on the frightened foe,
And, while the Albans to their chief
From every quarter shout "Relief,"
Deep in his breast the weapon lies,
And shades eternal cloud his eyes.
A shout of triumph loudly then
Along the Roman ranks resounds,
While the victorious youth again
To deeds of death impetuous bounds;
And ere the third, now pressing nigh,
The scene of bloody strife could gain,
The reeking blade is raised on high,
And hews another to the plain.
The parties equalized, at length,
But not in hope, nor yet in strength,—
The one from wounds entirely free,
And flushed with two-fold victory,

Again to bloody slaughter turns,
 And for the final conquest burns :
 The other, worn and weary quite,
 Appalled, too, by the with'ring sight
 Of two fond brothers who, before
 His eyes, now lay deformed with gore,
 Their sun of life for ever set—
 Is by the brave Horatian met ;
 Who of two glorious triumphs proud,
 Thus—thus exulting cries aloud :—
 “Two have I pierced, and lo ! a third
 The prowess of this arm shall know,”—
 He raised his falchion at the word,
 And laid the last lost Alban low.

THE LAST NIGHT OF DECEMBER.

HEARD ye that fitful blast go moaning by ?
 How mournfully it swept the midnight sky !
 Again, and sadder still it strikes the ear—
 Ha ! 'tis the death-song of the parting year !
 Farewell—farewell.

Old year ! thou'rt gasping on thy bed of snow,
 Cold couch for one whose sands have run so low !
 I'll watch beside thee here till thou hast pass'd,
 A little while, and I shall see thy last.
 Farewell—farewell.

Once thou wert happy with thy golden hours,
 Thy songs, thy skies, and all thy world of flow'rs,

Thy joy is passed—thy loveliness is flown,
And in thy loneliness thou'rt all alone.

Farewell—farewell.

To me, old year ! thou gav'st full many a day
That I again would gladly while away ;
Thou brought'st me back the distant and the dear,
And filled my heart with melody and cheer.

Farewell—farewell.

I tasted pleasure in thy transient reign,
Oft did I, too, participate of pain ;
O'er many a lov'd one of my soul hast thou
Flung the dark turf, and I am lonely now.

Farewell—farewell.

Tho' from our eyes thou'lt shortly disappear,
Still thou wilt never be forgotten here ;
I'll think of thee when thou art lost and gone ;
By millions, billions thou'lt be thought upon.

Farewell—farewell.

We part to night, but we will meet again,
A diff'rent aspect wilt thou wear us then ;
Dark things of blood and crime shall there be shown,
Now hid in gloom and to the world unknown.

Farewell—farewell.

Ah ! the hour strikes—then go and tell of me
Kind goodly tidings in Eternity ;
Thy last light sand is falling—thou art fled—
Another year is reigning in thy stead.

Farewell—farewell.



FAITH AND INNOCENCE.

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.

“Laudate Dominum, quoniam bonus est psalmus : Deo nostro sit
jucunda, decoraque laudatio.”

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

ARISE from slumber and be vigilant,
Tune all your voices into sweet accord,
The hymn to warble, and the psalm to chaunt,
And magnify the Lord.

That while in concert thus our anthems swell,
We may deserve the mansions of the sky,
Where with the blest we may forever dwell
In joys that cannot die.

To this our lowly orison give ear,
O mighty Father, Holy Ghost, and Son !
To whom, throughout this universal sphere,
Is endless honour done.

MORNING HYMN.

Now with the rosy orb of day
Arise, my soul !—in pray'r arise!—
Far from us drive all ills away,
O thou high Lord of earth and skies !

Still keep our tongues from words of wrath,
Bid all wild tumults die away,
And fix our eyes on virtue's path,
Lest after vanities they stray.

O cleanse from sin our every sense,
Of rage restrain the rising fires,
And teach our hearts true continence,
That we may fly all vain desires.

So when the day has fled by,
And night's deep shadows close around,
Amid the calm of earth and sky,
Thy endless praise we may resound.

To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit, be
All glory giv'n, and honour done,
Now and for all eternity.

THE THIRD HOUR.

COME, Holy Spirit ! thou who art
One with the Father and the Son,
Fill with thy light the sinner's heart,
And let it ever shine thereon.

Let tongue and soul, let all conspire,
And sing due praise to thee above ;
Warm us with Charity's blest fire,
And let our neighbour share our love.

To this our humble song attend,
O Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
Without beginning, without end,
Eternal, and for ever One !

THE SIXTH HOUR.

O true and glorious God of might,
That hold'st o'er all thy boundless sway,
That deck'st, in beauty and in light,
The blushing dawn and dazzling day !

Far from our souls all anger chase,
Bid every guilty passion cease ;
Inspire us with thy heav'nly grace,
That we may taste the sweets of peace.

To this our humble song attend,
O Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
Without beginning, without end,
Eternal, and for ever one !

THE NINTH HOUR.

ALMIGHTY and all-ruling Pow'r !
That stands't still changeless in thy might,
That didst create each flying hour,
And trace the bounds of day and night.

Give us a light,—this evening give,
 From which our footsteps will not stray,
 That we may all hereafter live
 In bliss that never fades away.

To this our humble song attend,
 O Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
 Without beginning, without end,
 Eternal, and for ever one.

COMMON OF APOSTLES.

REJOICE, thou spacious world ! rejoice !
 Ring, O ye skies ! with praises ring ;
 The earth and stars exalt their voice,
 And loud th' Apostles' glory sing.
 Ye sapient Judges of all days !
 O light and splendour of the land !
 The heart's devoted prayer we raise—
 O listen to your suppliant band.

O ye who shut the gates of heav'n,
 Which at your word are oped again !
 We beg our sins may be forgiv'n—
 With favour crown the fervid strain.
 Ye who bid foul disease depart,
 And make fair rosy health return !
 From sin recall the wand'ring heart,
 And let it with fresh ardour burn.

So when that awful hour shall come,
 And Christ our arbiter descends,
 We may enjoy his heav'nly home
 Whose reign of rapture never ends.
 To God the Father and the Son,
 And to the Holy Spirit, be
 All glory giv'n, and honour done.
 Now and for all eternity.

COMMON OF A MARTYR.

O thou who of thy soldiers art
 The lot, the glory and the crown !
 O wash the sin from every heart
 That sings thy martyr's high renown.

The pleasures of the world were vain.
 And vain was flatt'ry's fair disguise.
 All these he marked with deep disdain,
 And sought the glory of the skies.

He met the torture joyfully,
 And bore with fortitude the strife,
 His blood, O God ! he shed for thee.
 And now enjoys eternal life.

Do thou, then, Holy one ! attend.
 While thus we raise our pious strain.
 On this thy martyr's glorious end,
 O cleanse our souls from every stain.

To God the Father and the Son,
 And to the Holy Spirit, be
 All glory giv'n, and honour done,
 Now, and for all eternity.

COMMON OF MARTYRS.

COME, Brothers ! resound now the joys of the blest,
 Record the high warfare they dared to maintain,
 O worthiest of victors ! how gladdens my breast
 To strike to your praises the strain !

And these did the world in its sinfulness spurn,
 But O blessed Jesus ! heaven's bountiful King;
 For thee they despised that vile world in return,
 The fruitless and flowerless thing !

For thee did they baffle the menace, the pain—
 For thee did they suffer the scorn of mankind—
 The pangs of the torture were potent in vain—
 What weapon can conquer the mind ?

'Neath the sword of the slayer like lambkins they fall ;
 No murmur they utter, no sorrow they send ;
 But, fearlessly daring and vanquishing all,
 With patience endure to the end.

What language, Dear Lord ! can portray for us now,
 The bliss which thou hast for thy servants in store ?
 The laurel shall bloom o'er each bright, bleeding brow,
 And there blossom on evermore.

O Godhead, all mighty, all glorious, alone !
 Forgive us our sins, drive temptation away ;
 Let the joys of the saints to thy servants be known,
 And thine be all glory for aye.

COMMON OF A CONFESSOR.

THIS holy confessor whose virtues bright
 Are now the theme of every christian strain,
 Deserved this day to soar to endless light,
 With triumph in his train,

Pious, and prudent, humble, undefiled,
 Renowned for all that could adorn him here,
 Bold as a martyr—gentle as a child,
 He ran his bright career.

Whene'er he bent him o'er the sickly bed,
 Where lay the victim writhing in his pain,
 All anguish ceased, all tribulation fled,
 And all was health again.

And now for this, behold ! in dulcet airs,
 His praise we warble, and his triumphs sing,
 That he may recommend us in his prayers,
 To heav'ns eternal king.

Praise, honor, glory, to the Mighty be,
 Who sits in light on yon resplendent throne,
 And holds o'er all unbounded sovereignty,
 The glorious Three and One !

COMMON OF VIRGINS.

O thou, the crown of vestals !
Son of the Pure and Fair,
True virgin and true mother—
Hear, Jesus, hear our prayer.

Thou art the spouse of virgins,
With these alone thou'rt found,
O'er lilies go'st thou ever,
With fadeless glory crowned !

Glad virgins sing rejoicing
For ever in thy train,
And wheresoe'er thou tendest
Still swells their choral strain.

O hear our humble voices !
Reign, Lord ! o'er every sense,
And teach our hearts true sorrow,
For every past offence.

Praise, honour, power, and glory,
To God the Father be,
And Son, and Holy Spirit,
Through all eternity.

ODES OF HORACE.

—————“Horace—whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine.”—CHILDE HAROLD.

TO MAECENAS.

I.

MAECENAS! sprung from royal line,
Thou dearest, fondest friend of mine!
Some men there are whose bounding soul
Delights to join th' Olympic games,
To clear with glowing wheels the gaol,
And raise to heav'n their honored names.
This man is filled with joy to find
The Roman commonwealth inclined,
With public honours to invest him;
Another ever strives to store
With Lybian corn his gran'ry floor,
And cares no farther e'er molest him.

II.

But this one loves, and always will,
His patrimonial fields to till;
For he, for all the gold of earth,
Would never leave his native plain,

To take the weary sailor's berth,
 And try the dangers of the main.
 The merchant, fearing that the gale
 Would o'er th' Icarian waves prevail,
 Commends his peaceful rural dwelling;
 But danger o'er, with oars and men,
 He fits the shattered bark again,
 A busy thirst for gain impelling.

III.

Another loves to while away
 O'er flowing bowls, the genial day,
 And more, beneath the mantling vine
 In balmy slumbers joy to dream,
 Whilst others ever would recline
 Beside the source of some bright stream.
 For noise of clarion's brazen throat,
 And martial trumpet's pealing note
 Away in air confus'dly sounding,
 For camps and war's terrific clangs,
 To mother's heart so fraught with pangs,
 A thousand other hearts are bounding.

IV.

Unmindful of his partner fair,
 The hunter takes the chilly air,
 If by his faithful hounds a hare
 Along the plain is held in view,
 Or if, perchance, the circling snare
 A Marcian ^{boar} bore has broken thro'.
 But while around this wavy hair

The bard's unfading wreath I wear,
 I ask not earth's unhallowed treasures,
 But, light of heart, will ever love
 The green attractions of the grove,
 And tune my lyre to dulcet measures;
 While Polyminia fills her flute
 In cadence with Euterpe's lute.
 Then, if among the sons of song
 Thou rank thy poet's name,
 His deathless praise will gain, ere long,
 The noblest heights of fame!

T O S E X T U S .

Now genial skies and breezes soft,
 Proclaim rude winter o'er,
 And ships, on levers borne aloft,
 Are moving from the shore.
 The hearth no more delights the swain,
 Nor stall the well-fed steer,
 No more along the level plain
 Do silver frosts appear.

Now Venus leads her joyous band,
 'Neath Luna's cloudless sheen,
 And Nymphs and Graces, hand in hand,
 Alternate trip the green.
 Now Vulcan, too, with flaming light,
 Far darting from his eyes,
 Within the Cyclop's forges bright
 The pond'rous hammer plies.

Then let us with the myrtle bough,
 Or such wild blossoms fair,
 As blow amid the valleys now,
 Weave garlands for our hair.
 And thus with fitting wreaths arrayed,
 Go seek the peaceful groves,
 And slay to Faunus, in the shade,
 The victim that he loves.

The dread inevitable blow
 Grim death doth ever strike
 At stately dome and cottage low,
 Impartially alike.
 O happy Sextus ! lo ! the term
 Of life's contracted span
 Affords a basis too unfirm
 For any noble plan.

Death's everlasting shades ere long
 Will o'er our pathway come,
 And we must join the shadowy throng
 In Pluto's dreary home.
 Where, when thou rov'st 'twill ne'er be thine
 The doubtful die to throw,
 Nor care how may the rosy wine,
 Around the banquet flow.

TO HIS SLAVE.

I loathe, O Boy ! the pomp the kings of Persia love,
 And all gay wreaths that are with soft Phylera wove ;

Then still remember thou no precious hours bestow,
 In looking for the vale where early roses blow ;
 And 'tis the warmest wish that centres in my heart,
 Waste on the myrtle green, no useless touch of art,
 For ill doth myrtle suit a menial such as thou,
 Or one that quaffs like me beneath this olive bough.

T O L E U C O N I E .

Seek not to know, Leuconie ! how long
 Thy days may be, for that is very wrong,
 Nor try by charms thy future fates to see,
 But happy rest, whate'er the lot may be,
 Whether kind heav'n another winter send,
 Or whether thou shalt with the present end,
 Whose tempests now in howling phrenzy rave,
 O'er the dark waters of th' Etrurian wave.
 Be wise ; nor hope beyond life's little span ;
 Send 'round the bowl, be happy while you can ;
 Thus while we speak, fast speed the hours away,
 Enjoy the present, mind no future day.

T O T H E M U S E .

Hence, melancholy ! hence ; and bear thou, passing breeze !
 All fear and sadness far beyond the Cretan seas,
 For I would ever live contented, free and gay,
 And with the muse's charms beguile the tedious day ;
 Away—I would not know what nations are unblessed,
 Nor dread the fears that fright the thoughtful monarch's
 breast.

But come, sweet singer, thou, whom limpid springs delight,
 And weave together now the fragrance flowers, the bright!
 Come, for my Lamia fair a wreath of beauty twine,
 For oh! without thy aid in vain I offer mine.
 Now, gentle muse! behold, my lovely Lamia's praise
 Invites thy heav'nly voice the slumb'ring strain to raise;
 And to thy sisters all, the pleasing cares belong
 To sweep the Lesbian lyre, and join the joyous song.

T O T H A L I A R C H U S .

BEHOLD old Soracte, his brow is o'erspread
 With the chill veil of winter, the fleecy white snow;
 The woodland is bowing its wearisome head,
 And the ice-fettered rivers have long ceased to flow.

Crown thy hearth, Thaliarchus! with brilliant fires high,
 Till the chill airs of night shall have fled from thy dome,
 Then the sabine vase fill with a richer supply,
 And around the glad board let the racy wines foam.

Leave the rest to the Gods, at whose will the loud, blast
 As it howls in its wrath o'er the ocean's rough breast,
 Is hushed; while the ash and the cypress that cast
 Their boughs to the skies, find a season for rest.

O care not to know, my old Friend! what the morn
 Of tomorrow may bring, but still deem thyself blest,
 For each day fate bestows, nor look on, as in scorn,
 The gay festive dance, nor the ones we love best.

While thy youth, strength, and beauty, are all in their
 bloom,
 On the wide open field, or within the dark lane
 While the slow shades of Ev'ning are spreading their
 gloom,
 Breathe the lover's soft whisper again and again.

And still hear the laugh that betrays the wild fair,
 As away from her lover she wantonly flies,
 And the love-token seize, which, with lov'liest air,
 Her willing heart yields, tho' her sweet voice denies.

O D E .

FORETELLING HIS IMMORTALITY.

I'VE reared a monument more strong than brass,
 Than e'en the regal pyramid more high,
 Which no destructive show'r shall ever rase,
 Nor tempests bursting from the northern sky,
 Nor trains of countless years, nor ages rolling by.

I will not, cannot altogether fall ;
 My better part shall fly the gen'ral doom,
 And, whilst the priest ascends the capitol
 With vestal maid, I still in fadeless bloom,
 Will flourish in the song of eras yet to come.

I who have sprung from Rome's ignoblest sons,
 First of her bards who sang Eolian strains,

Will be renowned where rough Aufidus runs,
And celebrated where king Daunus reigns
O'er an unlettered race, and parched unfertile plains.

Melpomine ! assume thy honours now,
Which, for thy merits, thou so well hast found,
And, by thine own assent, adorn my brow
With the fair Delphic laurel-leaf around,
And with a poet's honours let thy son be crowned.

PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.

There was no sound that wander'd thro' the sky,
But told him secrets in its melody.

HEMANS.

MELIBAEUS AND TITYRUS.

MELIBAEUS.

THOU Tityrus! within thy beechen bow'r,
To silvan song dost give the genial hour;
We leave the charms our native fields display,
And wander exiles from our homes away;
In peace dost thou the lay of love prolong,
And hill and grove re-echo to thy song.

TITYRUS.

These gracious favours from a Godhead came,
For ever honoured be his holy name;
Oft shall my fold a tender lamb resign,
That, with its blood, shall stain his sacred shrine;
He gives my flocks to wander o'er the plain,
While thro' my pipe I pour my rural strain.

MELIBAEUS.

Thrice happy man! thy peace I envy not,
Yet must I wonder how is such thy lot,
Whilst, far and wide, along our wasted plains,
Wild tumult raves, and bloody ruin reigns.

Lo ! sick at heart, to distant scenes away
 I now, alas ! my snowy flocks convey,
 And this, too weak to mingle in the throng,
 Behold, with pain I scarce can drag along.
 She yeaned but now upon the flinty rock,
 And left her young, the promise of my flock.
 Ah ! had my vision not so clouded been,
 This dire mishap I might have well foreseen,
 When from the left I heard the raven's croak,
 And saw the lightning blast the hollow oak.
 But who is He who haply now bestows
 The sweet delights of this serene repose ?

* * * *

TITYRUS.

I once imagined Rome's majestic tow'rs
 Were like these lowly citadels of ours,
 To which we shepherds lead the tender lamb ;
 Thus did I class the offspring with the dam,
 And thus the great I measured by the less,
 So little knowledge did I then possess ;
 But as o'er brambles stately cedars bloom,
 Thus o'er all cities shines imperial Rome.

MELIBAEUS.

But Tityrus ! what was it wilt thou say,
 That urged to Rome's majestic walls thy way ?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which ne'er till that late day appeared,
 When down my bosom swept a length of beard,
 When Galatea wandered from these arms,
 And I admired my Amaryllis' charms.

Vain as it is, yet shall it be declared,
While Galatea's sunny smile I shared,
I did all care of human things resign,
And never dreamed that Freedom could be mine.
And tho' for Rome full many a cheese I made,
And to her markets countless lambs conveyed,
I never once brought home a greater gain,
Than that with which I left my native plain.

MELIBAEUS.

Alas ! we wonder'd why, with ceaseless cries,
Thy weeping mistress so invoked the skies,
Why hung so long thy apples on the tree ;
Ah ! thou wert absent, now the cause we see ;
The pines, the groves, the limpid fountains, all
On thy dear name for ever seemed to call !

TITYRUS.

What could I do ? whilst I would here remain,
I could not hope this liberty to gain,
Nor could I think in any place but there,
To find a God who would regard my pray'r.
There, Melibaeus ! to that youth I spoke,
In whose loved name our altars yearly smoke,
And—" Shepherd," thus his friendly voice rejoined,
" Thy cattle yoke, thy flocks as usual mind."

MELIBAEUS.

Thrice happy man ! thou never needs't complain ;
For thee thy fields, thy fruitful fields remain,
And tho' wild marsh and rugged stone be found
In every portion of the hamlet round,

Thy teeming ewes no baneful food shall find,
 Nor fear contagion from their neighb'ring kind,
 While, by the streams and sacred fountains laid,
 Thou wilt enjoy the cool embow'ring shade.
 Here, as they sport throughout the summer hours,
 In easy murmurs o'er the honied flowers,
 That crown the hedge which on thy border grows,
 The Hyblean bees shall lull thee to repose ;
 There, wilt thou hear the pruner's lightsome song,
 From the far steep on soft winds borne along,
 While from the elm thine own delightful dove,
 In ceaseless note shall lure her turtle's love.

TITYRUS.

The nimble stag will wander thro' the sky,
 Far from the fish the foaming billow fly,
 The Turk and German both forsake their home,
 And this to Asia, that to Europe roam,
 Ere Tityrus will act th' ungrateful part,
 And lose remembrance of that kindly heart.

MELIBAEUS.

But we are doomed to leave our own loved lands,
 And find a home in Lybia's sultry sands,
 Or Scythia seek, or to Brittania stray
 A nation sundered from the world away.
 Oh! shall I ever hail my country more,
 And find my cot with hoary moss grown o'er ?
 Shall hands, alas! but destined to destroy,
 Possess these fruits—these lovely fields enjoy ?
 To what dread woes does civil discord lead !

Ah! see for whom we dressed the smiling mead!
 Rise Melibaeus! let it now be thine
 To graft the pear, and trim the thick'ning vine;
 Away, ye goats!—ye hapless goats! away,
 That blessed my life upon a fairer day;
 No more reclining in the grot I love,
 Shall I behold you on the steep above;
 I sing no more, nor ah! must ye again,
 Beneath my guidance crop the flowery plain.

TITYRUS.

This night, at least, within my peaceful cot,
 Forget the sorrows of thy present lot:
 Curds, cream, and fruit before thee shall be spread,
 And verdant leaves shall form thine easy bed,
 For ev'ning shades now darken all the skies,
 And from the village clouds of smoke arise.

ALEXIS.

YOUNG Corydon, the simple shepherd swain,
 Loved fair Alexis, but he loved in vain.
 Yet would he oft with weary footsteps rove
 Beneath the freshness of the beechen grove,
 And there all day, despondent and alone,
 To hill and grove thus pour his fruitless moan:—
 Ah! cruel one! are tears of no avail,
 And wilt thou leave me ever thus to wail?
 In vain I sing, and all in vain I sigh,
 Thou'lt break my heart, and force me yet to die.
 Of cooling shade thê flocks around partake,

The lizard's length is laid beneath the brake,
The reaper, too, with pale and throbbing brow,
Forsakes his toil, and finds refreshment now ;
But I, alas ! while from the wilds around
The shrill cicada's hateful notes resound,
With weary chase pursue thy flying feet,
Beneath the ardour of the noontide heat.
Ah ! would it not be easier to sustain
Proud Amaryllis with her deep disdain,
And better, too, Menalca's frowns to bear,
Tho' he was dark and thou'rt divinely fair ?
But, O my Love ! all beauteous as thou art,
Trust not those charms whose glories must depart,
Oft in the vale we leave the brightest flower,
And bring the darkest to bedeck our bower !
I am thy scorn, nor dost thou know, the while,
How rich is he who courts thy rosy smile ;
Full many a cheese my dairy ever fills,
My lambs in thousands rove Sicilia's hills ;
In summer's soft, or winter's surly gales,
New milk is never wanting in my pails ;
I sing as sweet as Amphion sang of old,
When with his lay he charmed the list'ning fold ;
And, if these features were reflected true,
Which in the wave I lately chanced to view,
Hard as thou art, thou could'st not else declare,
But e'en with Daphnis I might well compare.
Deign, then, at last, to pass thy golden hours
Amid the joys that bless our rural bowers,
To drive the kids to graze the flowery ground,
And pierce the stags as o'er the rocks they bound.

Beneath the shade with thine enamoured swain,
Come sing with Pan and emulate his strain.
Pan taught us first to shape the silvan fife,
He guards the flocks, he loves a shepherd's life ;
Thou should's't not blush, the rural pipe to fill,
How sighed Amyntas to acquire that skill !
Of sev'n-fold row a dulcet pipe I have
The precious gift my dear Daemetas gave ;
" Take this, he said, my latest present take ;"
" Its future numbers thou alone shalt wake ;"
As thus he spoke, and then the gift resigned,
With fruitless envy how Amyntas pined !
Nor is this all :—as late I roved around,
Two milk-white kids within a vale I found ;
Each day they drain the udders of a sheep,
And all for thee the lovely pair I keep.
Full oft in words with every promise fraught
These little beauties Thestylis hath sought ;
And he at last his heart's request shall gain,
Since all my gifts are proffered thee in vain.
O come, my Joy ! O hither come and see
What golden gifts the Nymphs prepare for thee :
For thee, behold ! the white-armed Naiad crops
The modest vi'let, and the poppy-tops ;
For thee the Anise sheds its rich perfumes,
Bright as thyself the fair Narcissus blooms,
And Hyacinths, and flowers of saffron kind,
With the wild Dill, and other sweets entwined,
All fair to sight, in beauteous order breathe,
To crown the whole, and form thy rosy wreath,
Soft downy peaches I'll myself prepare,
With chestnuts brown, the fav'rites of my fair.

To these I'll add the prune of waxen hue,
The mellow apple shall be gathered too ;
And you, O Laurels ! I will also cull,
The fragrant myrtle shall adorn the whole ;
For thus arranged, and thus divinely spread,
Ye mingle sweets, and grateful odours shed.
Yet, Corydon ! thou art a simple hind,
Thy homely gifts Alexis will not mind,
Nor will thy rival, rich Iollas, yield,
Tho' thou should's't offer all that crowns the field.
Away, away, ye vain delusive dreams !
I let wild boars pollute my crystal streams,
On deeds of nought I spend my precious hours,
And let the South wind loose among my flowers.
Yet, my Beloved ! of whom art thou afraid ?
The Gods themselves have dwelt within the shade.
To Pallas still resign the stately dome,
But let the forest ever be our home.
The lioness pursues the wolf all day,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the spray,
And Corydon, whom visions still deceive,
Pursues Alexis, morning, noon and eve ;
To something still thus all are made a prey,
And each one's passion carries each away.
The steer, at length, his weary labor ends,
And darkness gathers as the sun descends ;
Still burns my soul with all its wild desire,
Ah ! what will temper love's resistless fire ?
What madness, Corydon ! consumes thy breast ?
Thy thickning vines stand all the while undressed,
Return to these, and make them still thy care,
Tho' this disdains, thou'lt find a love as fair.

MAENALCAS, DAMAETAS, PALAEMON.

MAENALCAS.

Whose flocks are these? belong they to my friend?

DAMAETAS.

Aegon, who owns them, gave them me to tend.

MAENALCAS.

Unhappy sheep, for ever more unblessed!
While love consumes the wretched master's breast,
Who vainly strives Naera's heart to gain,
And fears that I will make his longings vain.
Twice in the day this hireling milks these dams,
And robs the flock and starves the tender lambs.

DAMAETAS.

Such taunts as those more cautious you should throw,
We know who caught you, and the place we know,
When looked the goats to their amazement wild;
But you are safe because the kind Nymphs smiled!

MAENALCAS.

Yes then, I ween, when, filled with worst designs,
I cut young Nycon's tender groves and vines!

DAMAETAS.

Or, rather then, when near yon beach below,
You break the darts of Daphnis and his bow,
Which when you found the stripling had received,
Your envious heart with indignation heaved,
And could you harm him nor by fraud, nor might,
You would, you wretch! you would have died for spite.

MAENALCAS.

If such vile conduct marks the sordid slave,
 Gods ! in what manner would his lord behave ?
 Did I not see you, Thief ! when th'other day,
 You thought to start with Damon's goat away ?
 And when I called to Tityrus and said
 "Count, count your cattle, whither has he fled"—
 Robb'd of your prize, you scampered o'er the field,
 And in the brake your guilty head concealed.

DAMAETAS.

Was it not proper when our strife was done,
 To take the kid my pipe had fairly won ?
 If you know not, then let it now be known,
 The prize you speak of was in truth my own,
 And, tho' the kid he would not then resign,
 With his own lips himself confessed 'twas mine.

MAENALCAS.

What ? *you* to win ! a likely thing indeed !
 Why—were you ever master of a reed ?
 Dunce ! used you not among the rabble throng,
 Upon a straw drawl out your hateful song.

DAMAETAS.

Well, doubt away, but come now, if you will,
 Let each in turn display his tuneful skill ;
 Come on, and lest you should refuse me now,
 Here to the stake I bring my brindled cow ;
 Two calves she suckles, twice is milked each day,
 Then name the wager you're prepared to lay.

MAENALCAS.

I dare not offer any from the flock,
Because my parents always know their stock,
And o'er the whole so strict a watch they keep,
Twice in the day they count both lambs and sheep.
But since you will thus madly persevere,
I'll lay a wager which is far more dear :
Two beechen bowls I have of fairest frame,
From the divine Alcemedon they came :
With berries shaded by the mantling vine,
'Round either work pale ivy-branches twine ;
Upon the front two figures meet the view,
Conon, and he—what's that you call him ? who
Marked all the countries of the spacious sphere,
And taught the swain to know the varying year ?
No lip has ever tainted either cup,
With best of care I keep both treasured up.

DAMAETAS.

Of the same mould I also have a pair,
Adorned with grapes, and wreath'd with foliage fair ;
The famous Orpheus in the midst is found,
The forests dancing to his lyre around,
Nor has man's lip yet tainted either cup,
With equal care I keep them treasured up.

MAENALCAS.

I shall agree to whatsoe'er you say,
I am resolved you sha'nt escape to day ;
Let friend Palaemon, who now hastens nigh,
Adjudge between us while we sing and vie,

And rest assured I'll shortly let you see
That never more you'll dare to challenge me.

DAMAETAS.

I stand, come on, if you have ought to say ;
In me there shall not be the least delay ;
No man that breathes can give me cause to fear,
Nor do I care whatever judge shall hear ;
Hear, then, Palaemon ! hear our songs and mind
This is a matter of no trivial kind.

PALAEMON.

Since, then, we sit amidst this grassy scene,
Sing on, behold ! now every field is green ;
In verdure bright the waving woods are crowned,
And spring displays her glories all around.
The warm debate let your Damaetas lead,
Without delay Maenalcas shall succeed,
In strains alternate raise your warbling voice,
Alternate measure is the Muses' choice.

DAMAETAS.

With Jove, O Muses ! I begin my song,
To him all things on earth, in heav'n belong,
Far o'er the world his bounteous hand extends,
And to my lays a willing ear he lends.

MAENALCAS.

In praise of Phoebus I awake my strain,
He loves the music of his favoured swain,
He still inspires me with his aid divine,
And 'round my brow his graceful garlands twine.

DAMAETAS.

My Galatea lovely, light and gay,
 Pelts me with apples and then skips away,—
 She runs to hide among the willows green,
 But ere she gains them wishes to be seen.

MAENALCAS.

My fond Amyntas no such cunning tries,
 But willingly to my embraces flies,
 And now at length has so familiar grown,
 That Delia's self is not more fully known.

DAMAETAS.

As late I wander'd thro' the myrtle grove
 I found a present worthy of my love,
 A wood-dove's nest I marked with careful eyes,
 And to the fair I'll shortly bear the prize.

MAENALCAS.

I sent my love ten plums of waxen hue,
 The choice of all that in my garden grew ;
 'Twas all the present I could offer then,
 But on the morn I'll send another ten.

DAMAETAS.

What charming strains have met my raptured ear,
 Sung by my own, my Galatea dear !
 Haste, gentle spirit of the balmy air !
 And to the Gods the grateful accents bear.

MAENALCAS.

Altho', my Love! thou giv'st me all thy heart,
 What pleasure, think'st thou, can the gift impart,

If, while alone I watch the circling snare,
Thou hunt'st the boar, and I no danger share ?

DAMAETAS.

I hold a feast, for 'tis my natal hour,
Send back my Phyllis to my joyous bow'r.
When for the fruits an off'ring I prepare,
O then, Iollas ! let thyself be there.

MAENALCAS.

Of all the maids that grace our happy coast,
In my own Phyllis I delight the most ;
Fast fell her tears when from her I withdrew—
“ Adieu,” she cried, “ dear lovely youth, adieu.”

DAMAETAS.

The wolf is fatal to the fold ; and rain
Is most destructive to the rip'ning grain,
The winds are hurtful to the leafy grove,
To me the frown of my ungrateful love.

MAENALCAS.

Soft showers are grateful to the spiky blade,
Dear to the lambkin is the cooling shade,
To teeming cattle sweet the willow tree,
But nought is pleasing but my love, to me.

DAMAETAS.

The strains I write great Pollio doth peruse,
Tho' they are efforts of the humblest muse ;
A heifer, Muses ! for your lover feed,
For he is worthy of a heav'nly meed.

MAENALCAS.

Sweet verses, too, my Pollio's self can make,
Ye Muses! breed the bullock for his sake,
That with his horns now levels at the ground,
Roars, kicks, and flings the scatter'd sands around.

DAMAETAS.

May he who loves thee gain that noble height,
On which, O Pollio! thou dost now delight;
Thro' all his fields may streams of honey flow,
And on his hedge the sweet Amomum grow.

MAENALCAS.

Let him who hates not Bavius' sorry lays,
With all his heart the songs of Mavius praise;
Milk from the he-goat may he strive to gain,
And harness foxes in the rolling wain.

DAEMETAS.

Ye little boys, who waste the sunny hours,
In picking berries and in gath'ring flow'rs,
O cease your sport and from the meadow fly,
Beneath the grass a speckled snake doth lie.

MAENALCAS.

O stay your steps, my little lambkins! stay!
The banks are false, O thence pursue your play;
The ram himself has but escaped the stream,
And now he dries him in the noontide beam.

DAMAETAS.

Let not your flocks too near the river stray,
Drive them, O Tityrus! drive them away;

Myself will hasten when the time shall call,
And in the river wash their fleeces all.

MAENALCAS.

Arise, ye swains! and from this scorching heat,
O drive your cattle to some cool retreat;
If, as of late, it dry the milk again,
The empty udder will be prest in vain.

DAMAETAS.

How can my steers be thus so meagre found,
When nought but verdure clothes my fertile ground?
The love that ruins the shepherd swain,
Is, too, I find, th' unhappy cattle's bane.

MAENALCAS.

Free are my flocks from love's destructive flame,
And yet they barely can support their frame;
I cannot tell, from what malignant glance
My little lambs have met this sad mischance.

DAMAETAS.

Tell me now truly where that country lies
(And thou shalt then another Phaebus rise)
Upon whose breast a wondrous spot is found,
Which but three yards of clear blue air surround?

MAENALCAS.

Nay—tell me thou, and to thy happy arms
Will I resign my Phyllis' heav'nly charms,
Where lies a land in which a flowret springs
Marked on the petals with the names of kings?

PALAEMON.

In strifes where skill has been so ably tried
 It is not mine the diff'rence to decide ;
 In truth you both may boast an equal name,
 And to the prize assert a mutual claim,
 For having warbled, in such moving strains,
 Love's bitter sweets, and love's delightful pains.
 Now let no more the stream of music flow,
 Enough, enough, your tuneful powers we know.

POLLIO.

Sicilian Nymphs ! awake ye once again,
 And tune your voices to a nobler strain.
 All take not pleasure in the rural scene,
 The stately forest, and the flowery green ;
 If woods and shades inspire your poet's lays,
 Let such deserve a Roman Consul's praise.

The age draws nigh foretold by Cumean strain,
 And time begins his glorious march again ;
 The fair Astrea, too, has come once more,
 To glad the heart, and vanished joys restore ;
 O'er earth again blest Saturn's reign extends,
 And from the skies an offspring bright descends.
 Lend thy sweet succor, O Lucina mild !
 And shed thy blessings on the beauteous child,
 Before whose smile the time of sorrow flies,
 And o'er the world a golden age shall rise,
 Spreading delight, and gladd'ning all the plains,—

O Goddess ! hear—thine own Apollo reigns !
In thy blest consulship of peace and joy
Shall rise, great Pollio ! the celestial Boy !
The pride of earth—the glory of our day,
And the glad months resume their joyous way.
All vice shall cease in thy auspicious reign,
And fear shall never fright the world again ;
Like the great Gods the glorious youth shall be,
By Gods be seen, and Gods and heroes see ;
Far o'er the earth extend his wide command,
And with paternal virtues rule the peaceful land.

To thee, sweet Babe ! meantime th' uncultur'd earth
Shall spread her gifts, and pour in beauty forth
The creeping ivy, with the blossoming bean,
And every plant that decorates the green.
The goats shall homeward loaded dugs convey,
And, safe from lions, herds securely stray ;
E'en o'er thy cradle, beds of flowers shall rise,
Sweet to the smell, and pleasing to the eyes ;
From off the land the serpent's brood shall fly,
The baneful plant shall fade away and die ;
On every bush Assyrian roses blow,
And all be joy and fadeless bloom below.
As soon as thou, by wise instruction led,
Shalt trace the glories of the mighty dead,
Learn the proud valor of thy daring Sire,
Love sacred truth, and virtue's ways admire,
In verdure bright shall shine the blooming plain,
Far o'er the valleys wave the yellow grain,
With radiant grapes the wildest bramble glow,

And streams of honey from the oak-tree flow.
 Of ancient guile shall still some trace remain,
 And some will dare the rolling seas again,
 With walls of stone encircle cities 'round,
 And plough the field, and till the fruitful ground ;
 Again another Typhis shall appear,
 O'er the blue deep another Argos steer,
 Again shall war his thund'ring pow'rs employ,
 And brave Achilles haste again to Troy.

When o'er thee dawns the light of manhood's day,
 No more the seaman ploughs the watery way,
 The ship for goods will seek no foreign strand,
 Abundant fruits shall grow in every land ; -
 No more the vine shall fear the pruner's steel,
 The ground no more the harrow's tooth shall feel ;
 The swain shall cease to cut the fallow soil,
 And free his teams for evermore from toil ;
 The fleece no longer shall beguile the view,
 And shine conspicuous with a foreign hue,
 But clad in scarlet frisks the bounding lamb,
 And in a glitt'ring robe shall roam the lordly ram.

“Haste to the birth, bright ages ! haste along,”

(Thus to her spindles Fate attuned her song.)

“O shining offspring of immortal Jove !

March on thy way, to signal honors move ;

See the vast earth, the skies and mighty sea,

In sign of rapture bowing all to Thee !

Hear far and near glad Nature lift her voice,

Hail the bright age, and at thy birth rejoice !”

Would heav'n prolong the remnant of my days,
 And give me strength to celebrate thy praise,
 Nor tuneful Linus, nor the Thracian swain
 Should match my voice or emulate the strain,
 Tho' either breast would glow with heav'nly fire,
 And this the mother aid and that the Sire,
 Should Pan himself in song with me compare,
 Its God excelled Arcadia would declare.
 Begin, then, Babe! to own thy mother's smile,
 And with thy beauty all her heart beguile;
 To the deep anguish which she bore for you
 That little love, that passing joy is due;
 Then smile,—the child who wears a gloomy frown,
 No God shall bless, nor Goddess' love shall crown.

D A P H N I S ,

M A E N A L C A S A N D M O P S U S .

M A E N A L C A S .

SINCE we have met, O Mopsus! skillful swains,
 Thou on the reed, and I in vocal strains,
 Come let us here beneath the grove recline,
 Where boughs of elm and hazel branches twine.

M O P S U S .

Do thou, Maenalcas! but direct the way,
 My senior's voice commands me to obey,
 Whether thou wilt beneath the shade repair,
 Whose light leaves quiver to the gentle air,

Or to the covert of yon grotto go,
Around whose sides the mantling wild weeds grow.

MAENALCAS.

Of all the bards that to our fields belong,
None but Amyntas equals thee in song.

MOPSUS.

What deed would not that daring minstrel try,
With Phaebus' self who would attempt to vie ?

MAENALCAS.

Begin, then, Mopsus ! if thou wilt approve
Of Alcon's merits, or of Phyllis' love,
To Codrus' strife if thou art more inclined,
Begin—thy flocks young Tityrus will mind.

MOPSUS.

I would prefer to sing that blightsome lay
I marked the beach with on a recent day ;
I wrote and sang, and sang and wrote again,
Amyntas then may come and try the strain.

MENALCAS.

Near olive boughs as osier-twigs appear,
As looks the shrub with beds of roses near,
E'en thus, my friend ! if rightly I divine,
Are his best efforts when compared to thine.

MOPSUS.

Of this no more. Before us is the cave.
The nymphs wailed loud o'er Daphnis' early grave ;
The streams and laurels heard the mother's moan,

When to her breast she clasped her lifeless son,
And wailed aloud, and cursed the cruel skies,
With copious sorrows, and with ceaseless cries ;
Their wonted cares the shepherds all forsook,
No more their cattle wandered to the brook ;
The steed no longer grazed the grassy plain,
The silver stream allured his thirst in vain ;
With sorrow deep the Lybian lions mourned,
And wood and wild around the plaintive strain returned.
'Twas Daphnis first put tigers to the wain,
And made them turn obedient to his rein ;
He, too, with wreaths adorned the slender lance,
And introduced the Bacchanalian dance.
As the bull is the glory of the kine,
The vine the tree—the blushing grape the vine—
As the corn is the beauty of the plains—
Was he the pride of all his brother swains.
Since cruel Fortune snatched him from the light,
The Gods themselves have vanished from our sight ;
Where we are wont the goodly corn to sow,
Wild barren oats, and fruitless darnel grow ;
Nought but the thistle opens on our view,
Where once the vi'let and narcissus blew.
Strew the ground o'er with purple flowers, and bring
Green shady leaves to cover every spring ;
This simple task our Daphnis' self assigns,
Raise him a stone and o'er it write these lines :
“Renowned on earth and honored in the sky,
Here I, young Daphnis of the woodlands lie ;
Fair was the flock that ever claimed my care,
But I myself more beautiful, more fair.”

MENALCAS.

Like a cool draught from some refreshing stream,
 In the hot blaze of Summer's scorching beam,
 Like gentle slumber to the wearied swain,
 To me, sweet Bard ! is thy delightful strain.
 Not ev'n upon the slender pipe alone
 Is equal merit with thy master shown ;
 Thine also, Mopsus ! are his powers of voice,
 And next to him shalt thou be now our choice.
 In turn, I too, shall sing this song of mine,
 And rank our Daphnis with the powers divine ;
 I shared, like thee that gentle bosom's love,
 So will I raise him to the realms above.

MOPSUS.

Can ought more please me than the promised praise ?
 Well did the stripling merit all thy lays.
 Thy Stimachon before this period long
 Oft praised to me the sweetness of thy song.

MENALCAS.

Fair Daphnis now a stranger to the skies,
 Regards the scene with wonder-rolling eyes,
 And bright in air below his feet afar,
 Beholds the clouds and every glorious star.
 Beneath the shade now Pleasure lifts her voice,
 And Pan, the shepherds, and the nymphs rejoice.
 The wolf no longer, in his fury bold,
 Leaps o'er the hedge to dissipate the fold ;
 Destructive snares no more the deer destroy,
 For peace was ever gentle Daphnis' joy.

The savage hills, in carols of delight,
Send forth their voices to the starry height,
And rocks and forests fling their notes abroad,
And shout aloud—"He is a God, a God!"
Be, then, O Daphnis! mindful of thy line,
Four sacred altars lo! we here design,
And two to thine, and two to Phaebus' name,
With grateful off'rings frequently shall flame.
Each coming year to thee myself will pour
Of milk two bowls, of gen'rous oil two more;
The richest banquets also shall be made,
At home, if winter—harvest, in the shade;
Two cups, besides, of rosy chian wine,
Sweet as the nectar, shall bedew thy shrine;
While Aegon's hand shall strike the sounding strings,
And in sweet harmony Damaetas sings;
Alphaesebeus mid the dance shall bound,
And mimic Satyrs in their frolic round.
These rites and duties to thine honor due
Thy faithful follow'rs ever shall renew,
When to the nymphs our yearly vows we pay,
Or the wide circuit of the fields survey.
While'er the boar his mountain sport pursues,
The bee loves honey, locusts drink the dews,
While fish delight to roam the liquid plain,
Thy name, thy praise, and honor shall remain;
As unto Bacchus and to Ceres now
The pious shepherd breathes his humble vow,
So shall he also supplicate thine ear,
And thou like them, his ardent pray'r shalt hear.

MOPSUS.

So sweet a song, O ! how shall I repay,
 What present offer worthy such a lay ?
 The gentle whisper of the wak'ning gale—
 The stream soft purling down the pebbly vale—
 The rush of billows on the sounding shore
 With all their charms could not delight me more.

MENALCAS.

To thee, my friend ! the primal gift belongs,
 Take, then, the pipe that played my early songs,
 'Young Corydon the simple shepherd swain
 Loved fair Alexis but he loved in vain,—'
 'Whose flocks are these ? belong they to my friend ?
 Aegon who owns them gave them me to tend.'

MOPSUS.

Take thou this crook of equal pieces made,
 With rows besides of polished rings arrayed,
 Which oft Antigenes has tried to gain,
 But tho' so worthy always asked in vain.

S I L E N U S .

BEGIN, O Muse ! the sylvan strain to sound :
 Their God Silenus two gay shepherds found.
 Within his cave he snored away supine,
 Oppressed as usual with a weight of wine :
 From off his brow his fillets all were flung,
 And on its handle worn his ponderous tankard hung.
 They bound the slumb'rer with his wreaths, for long

Had he beguiled them with a promised song ;
To join the sport meanwhile a Naiad came,
Fair Eagle, fairest of the watery name,
And, as the sleeper opes his burning eyes,
She paints his visage with vermilion dyes.
Their frolic feat the drowsy father eyed,
And with a smile he thus complacent cried ;
“Come, little lads ! unbind those rosy bands,
Why should ye fether thus a Godhead’s hands ?
It is enough that I should so appear,
Attend at last, then, what ye long to hear ;
You I will solace with the coming lay,
To please the nymph I’ll find another way.
He then begins, and as he lifts the song,
The fauns and savages, a num’rous throng,
In airy measures ’round the greensward dance,
The oaks themselves wave thro’ the blue expanse.
If sweet Apollo tuned his heav’nly voice,
Parnassus’ rocks could not more loud rejoice,
Did tuneful Orpheus strike the mournful lyre,
The Thracian mountains would not so admire.
He sang aloud, how thro’ th’ etherial space,
The seeds of air, earth, sea, and light had place,
How from the whole our elements began,
Till earth resolved upon its present plan,
Shut up the waters in old ocean’s womb,
And by degrees the form of things assume,
How the young world beheld, with wild amaze,
The new-born sun diffuse his dazzling rays,
The clouds in ether were suspended high,
The showers began to leave the purple sky,

The woods arose, and then, o'er mountains strange,
The lonely animals began to range.

To other themes he soon adapts the strain,
And sings the joys of Saturn's blissful reign ;
The tale of Phyrra, bold Prometheus, fraud,
The birds by which his guilty heart was gnawed ;
The weeping swains who mourned their Hylas lost,
While "Hylas, Hylas" rung round all the coast.

In sadder notes the music now arose,
While thus he warbl'd Pasiphea's woes ;—
Unhappy maiden ! thrice ill fated queen !
Blest were thy lot if herds had never been,
O wretched one ! what phrenzy fires thy brain ?
The maids of Proteus roared around the plain ;
But ah ! not one of all that hapless race,
Ere sought, like thee, a filthy beast's embrace,
Wild as their fears were of the crooked plough,
Or horns arising from their even brow !
While thus, O maid ! thro' deserts thou wilt rove,
On beds of hyacinth reclines thy love,
Or in the shade his cud he calmly chews,
Or mid the herd a fitter mate pursues.

"Close, Nymphs ! the lawns ; perhaps upon these eyes
Still may the form of my loved bullock rise ;
But ah ! that sight I seek perchance in vain,
And he delights to roam the blooming plain,
Or, lured, alas ! where some fair heifer calls,
Seeks the calm covert of the Grossian stalls."

The God next sings the wily lover's part,
That with deceit, decoyed the maiden's heart ;
Then wraps in moss Phaeton's sisters 'round,

And rears the stately alders o'er the ground.
The singer then adopted for his theme,
How Gallus strayed along Permessus' stream,
And, by the guidance of a heav'nly maid,
Was to the high Aonian hills conveyed,
Where, as he wandered, every Phæban choir,
In rev'rence rose, and struck the sounding lyre,
How Linus then, the son of song divine,
Around whose brow ambrosial garlands twine,
Thus mild accosted him ; " This present take
Which now to thee, behold the Muses make,
The same sweet pipe which that celestial band,
In former days bestowed to Hesiod's hand,
And at whose heav'nly and harmonious sound
Forth from the hills, the woods came dancing 'round.
On this resound the praise of Gryneum's grove,
That for no spot may Phæbus show such love."

Why should I tell of Sylla's foaming caves,
Around whose entrance roar ten thousand waves,
That closed the fleets of Ithacus around,
And sank them shatter'd in the vast profound,
Then gave the remnants of his hapless train
To howling dogs, and monsters of the main ?
Why sing the fate unhappy Tereus shared,
What presents for him Philomel prepared,
What bloody banquets to his board she brought,
With what express the solitudes he sought,
Or on what pinions o'er those domes he soared
Of which, unhappy ! he was once the lord ?
Each pleasing strain the heav'nly master sings,

Which once had trembled from Apollo's strings,
 While rolled Eurotas o'er his raptured way,
 And bade his laurels learn the charming lay.
 The valleys echo to the starry dome,
 And Hesper warns the sheep and shepherds home,
 And loth, full loth to lose the grateful song,
 Wide o'er the skies reluctant rolls along.

MELIBAEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBAEUS.

As Daphnis once beneath an oak reclined,
 Whose light leaves quivered in the wanton wind,
 And Corydon and Thyrsis near him lay
 Who gave their flocks promiscuously to stray,
 (Both fair Arcadians in youth's flow'ry prime,
 Both skilled to form the Amabaean rhyme,)
 My ram had someway wandered from the fold,
 Whilst I secured my myrtles from the cold. }
 I sought him there, and Daphnis I descried,
 Who when he saw me thus at distance cried :—
 " Thy ram is safe and all thy fleecy care ;
 Remain with us if thou hast time to spare ;
 Here Mincius' banks are crowned with whisp'ring reeds.
 Thy herds to drink will quickly cross the meads ;
 Behold yon tree that's sacred to the skies,
 What swarms of bees around it murmuring rise."
 What could I do ? my cot required my care,
 Nor was my Phyllis, nor Alcippe there ;

Here underneath the freshness of the shade,
 Between the swains a vocal match was made.
 Awhile, at length, I brought myself to stay,
 And to my bus'ness thus prefer'd their play.
 Alternate singing was the kind they chose,
 And thus in order either voice arose.

CORYDON.

O ye that love to haunt the fountains bright,
 Ye nymphs of Helicon, my dear delight !
 This breast with all my Codrus' power inspire,
 Who next to Phæbus best attunes the lyre,
 Else now all care of numbers I resign,
 And hang my harp upon the hallowed pine.

THYRSIS.

Sink the low soul of Codrus in despair,
 And weave, ye Swains ! a chaplet for my hair ;
 But lest he strive, with an insidious aim,
 To raise on high your rising poet's name,
 Around my brow the Lady-glove entwine,
 And blast the prospect of his bad design.

CORYDON.

To thee, O Delia ! Mycon offers here,
 A wild boar's head, and antlers of a deer ;
 But if thou wilt continue still to bless
 His future fortunes with his past success,
 In polished marble thou shalt stand on high,
 Arrayed in buskins of the Tyrian dye.

THYRSIS.

To thee, do we this yearly off'ring make,
 A bowl of milk, a little barley cake;
 Thou can'st, O Priapus! expect no more,
 Small is the garden which thou rulest o'er;
 But if the Spring augment our scanty fold,
 Thy marble statue shall arise in gold.

CORYDON.

Sweet Galatea, Nereus' blooming heir,
 More dear than Hybla, more than ivy, fair,
 More light, more graceful than the snowy swan!
 O if thy heart still dreams of Corydon,
 When all is still, and herds are wand'ring home,
 Come then, sweet maiden! if thou lov'st me come.

THYRSIS.

Vile as the sea-weed rotting on the shore—
 Sour as the crow-foot—wild as ocean's roar—
 May I, my fair one! in thine eyes appear
 If this day seem not longer than a year;
 Ah! wherefore thus prolong the tedious day?
 Away, ye herds! ye tardy herds! away.

CORYDON.

Ye mossy fountains! and ye flowery greens!
 Ye silvan shades that crown those beauteous scenes!
 Defend my flocks, the suns of summer shine,
 And laughing buds appear on every vine.

THYRSIS.

Here is a hearth for ever crowned with fire,
 Here clouds of smoke and unctious pines aspire,

Here we as much regard the wintry wind,
As streams their banks, or flow'rs the fleecy kind.

CORYDON.

Here junipers and chestnut trees abound,
And fruits unnumbered lie dispersed around,
Here nature smiles, but were my love not nigh,
The very streams would leave their channels dry.

THYRSIS.

The field is parched—the herbage thirsts and dies,
And Bacchus to our hills the shady vine denies ;
When Phyllis comes, the groves will bloom again,
And Jove descend in show'rs of kindly rain.

CORYDON.

With poplar-twigs Alcides crowns his brow—
The great Apollo wears his laurel bough—
The slender vine the merry Bacchus loves,
Venus delights in fragrant myrtle groves ;
But while the hazel is my fav'rite's tree,
O none, sweet hazel ! shall compare with thee.

THYRSIS.

The pine in gardens—poplar near the rills—
The ash in woods—the fir among the hills—
Of all the trees that wildly flourish there,
O there is none that is so sweetly fair ;
But if my love would oft'ner visit me,
No bough on earth would be so bright as she.

MELIBAEUS.

I marked your songs, but Thyrsis strove in vain,
Now Corydon shall be our fav'rite swain.

DAMON AND ALPHESEBEUS.

THE mournful lays of two despairing swains,
To hear whose sighs the flocks forsook the plains,
In wild amaze the lynxes listening stood
No longer mindful of their grassy food,
The rivers stopp'd along their winding ways—
Of ^{two} ~~despairing~~ sad swains I sing the mournful lays.
O Thou! where'er thou lead'st thy conquering bands,
Or by Timavus or th' Illyrian strands,
Shall I, great Pollio! e'er behold the day,
When to thy praise I'll wake the lofty lay,
The happy day when 'round the world my muse
In worthy strains thy glory may diffuse?
With thee I rose, with thee I shall be done,
Accept the songs at thy command begun;
And O be pleased this ivy-wreath should now
Mix with the laurels that adorn thy brow.

Scarce in the East awoke the light of dawn,
What time the kid best loves the dewy lawn,
When drown'd in tears beneath an olive-shade,
His hopeless plaint thus hapless Damon made:—
"Star of the Morn! ah! show thy golden ray,
Rise, Lucifer! and usher in the day,
While I the wretched victim of despair,

Deceived and slighted by my faithless fair,
 Here pour alone my unavailing sigh,
 And to the last attest the conscious sky,
 Tho' oft, 'too oft I've called on heav'n in vain—
 Begin, my Pipe ! begin the sad Mænalean strain.
 In vocal pines mount Mænalus abounds,
 Where music floats—where heav'nly song resounds—
 Their love-sick lays he hears the shepherds sing,
 Thro' all his groves Pan's rural measures ring,
 Who first ordained the idle reed to play—
 Resound, my Pipe ! resound the sweet Mænalean lay.
 Oh ! Mopsus now enjoys my Nisa's charms,
 Away—away with all your vain alarms ;
 When such a spouse has blessed that rugged swain,
 What may, ye Lovers ! not expect to gain ?
 The steed and griffin soon shall form a team,
 And hinds and hounds partake the same bright stream !
 O happy youth ! the bridal torch provide ;
 Strew nuts around, and hail thy new made bride ;
 For thee the night, the glad night hastes along—
 Awake, my pipe ! awake the soft Mænalean song.
 Thrice happy maiden ! well may'st thou rejoice,
 True was thy taste and worthy is thy choice ;
 Thou hast despised my lute's discordant notes,
 My bushy locks, my beard, and browsing goats ;
 Thou think'st the Gods forget a lover's pain—
 Begin, my pipe ! begin the sad Mænalian strain.
 When first mine eyes thy beauteous form espied,
 'Twas in fair childhood by thy mother's side ;
 Then to the hedge I bade thy feet pursue,
 And showed the place where mellow apples grew.

Twelve years I told, and from the grassy plain,
The tender branches I could barely gain;
Ah! how I looked—loved—sighed my heart away!—
Resound, my Pipe! resound the sweet Mænalian lay.
I know you, Love! and well I also know
To what rude race your rugged birth you owe;
In evil hour some savage brought you forth
Amid the mountains of the stormy North,
Nor to our line, nor lineage you belong—
Awake, my Pipe, awake the soft Mænalian song.
From savage love that bloody madness sprung,
Which made a mother slay her helpless young;
Thou, too, my Love! a cruel matron art!
Which was the crueller, the baser heart?
Vile was the one which bade its offspring bleed,
But viler that which urged the bloody deed;
Thou art the mother of another slain—
Begin, my Pipe! begin the sad Mænalian strain.
Now from the flock the wolf may fly at will,
Sweet amber-gums the Tamarisks distill;
On rigid oaks may golden apples grow,
And on the Alder bright Narcissus blow;
The owl in beauty with the swan may vie,
And Orphean numbers Tityrus may try;
From silvan scenes let tuneful Orpheus flee,
To wake soft music on the sounding sea,
And charm the dolphins in their watery play—
Resound, my Pipe! resound the sweet Mænalian lay.
Farewell, ye woods! the world may now for *me*,
Become one shoreless and tempestuous sea;
Down from the brow of yonder airy steep

Headlong I'll plunge amid the boiling deep ;
 Take this last present from thy dying swain,
 And cease for ever, Pipe ! the sad Mænalian strain."

Thus Damon mourned. Now sing, ye heav'nly choir !
 Alphæsebeus, and his happier fire.

" Bring forth the water, make this altar bloom,
 There Vervain burn, there Frankincense consume ;
 I will essay by magic arts to move
 The icy breast of my perfidious love ;
 The power of spells is all I now implore—
 Restore my love, ye charms ! my ling'ring love restore.
 By spells the moon is drawn from where she dwells ;
 Ulysses' friends were all transformed by spells ;
 By spells the adder may be burst in twain—
 Lead Daphnis home, my charms ! lead Daphnis home again.
 Around his bust three varied threads I twine,
 And bear it thrice around the sacred shrine ;
 Unequal numbers are the Gods' delight—
 Bring back my love, ye charms ! and bless my longing
 sight.

Now haste thee, Amaryllis ! haste and tie
 The various knots in threads of diff'rent dye,
 And cry aloud, " I weave fair Venus' chain"—
 Lead Daphnis home my charms ! lead Daphnis home again.
 As by the blaze this wax dissolves away,
 While near that fire hard grows this stubborn clay,
 Thus may my Daphnis' faithless heart incline,
 Hard to all flames, or soft to only mine ;—
 Around the altar spread the salted corn,

In brimstone now these crackling olives burn,
 Make cruel Daphnis love me as before—
 Restore my love, ye charms! my lingering love restore.
 As burns a heifer for the steer she loves,
 Thro' lawns, thro' forests, and thro' shady groves,
 At length outworn, and lost amid her woes,
 Beside a brook her wearied side she throws
 Heedless of cold, and night's approaching gloom—
 May such desires my Daphnis' soul consume;
 I'll rest, the while, regardless of his pain—
 Lead Daphnis home, my charms! lead Daphnis home again.
 These are the garments of the perjured youth,
 The sacred pledges of his plighted truth;
 Of late he left me the memorials dear,
 And now, O Earth! I give them to thee here.
 These should relieve me and restore my right— [sight.
 Bring back my love, ye charms! and bless my longing
 'Twas Mæris gave me these weird plants and weeds,
 Vast stores of which the fertile Pontus breeds;
 By those alone his form I've seen him change
 Into a wolf's, and thro' the forest range;
 Their farther power I've seen him oft display,
 With them re-animate the lifeless clay,
 Transplant in other fields the growing grain—
 Lead Daphnis home, my charms! lead Daphnis home again.
 Now from the altar living ashes bring,
 And throw them backward in the babbling spring;
 Look not around, but turn away thine eye,
 This last essay tho' hopeless will I try;
 The Gods he scorns, and spells avail no more—
 Restore my love, ye Charms! my ling'ring love restore.

Now of themselves behold! the ashes rise,
 They light the altar—they illumine the skies:
 Still to remove them I would yet decline,
 Would to the gods it were a happy sign!
 Yes, something now, I know not what—appears,
 And—from the entrance Hylas strikes my ears;
 Can I believe? or does the mind in love
 On fancy's wing o'er scenes of vision rove?
 O no! he comes! Desist, my powerful charms!
 He leaves the noisy town, and now—is in my arms.

LYCIDAS.

WHAT! Maeris! thou?—and whither dost thou stray?
 Seek'st thou the town which lies along this way?

MAERIS.

That day, O Lycidas! at length has beamed,
 Of which our young hearts never could have dreamed,
 When to our teeth the stranger's tongue can say,
 "These fields are ours! come, rascals! march away."
 Now sunk and sorrowful, since cruel Fate
 Thus mars our joys, and changes all our state,
 To robbers now I lead my little flock,—
 Ill luck meantime attend them and their stock.

LYCIDAS.

Did I not hear that by his tuneful strain
 Our friend Menalcas won his lands again,
 Which from the mountain to the river reach,
 Down to the root of yonder ancient beach?

MAERIS.

True—thou didst hear it, and 'twas spread afar,
 But song, alas ! as much avails in war,
 As does the innocent Dodonian dove,
 When the fierce eagle pounces from above.
 Had not the raven from yon hollow oak,
 Forewarned me early by his boding croak,
 To rest content, and give all quarrel o'er,
 Thy Maeris, thy Menalcas were no more.

LYCIDAS.

O breathed there one in any age or clime,
 That would be guilty of so black a crime ?
 Hushed then, Menalcas ! were thy charming lay,
 E'en with thyself its sweets had passed away !
 Ah ! who would now the Naiad's woes resound,
 Or shade the springs, or strew with flow'rs the ground,
 Or tune those numbers which of late I played,
 As to my lov'd ones we together strayed ?
 " Dear Tityrus ! while I remain away,"
 " Attend my flocks, I will not long delay,"
 " And when at eve thou lead'st them to the bourne,"
 Avoid the danger of the ridgel's horn."

MAERIS.

Whose muse but his could end th' unfinished lays,
 In by-gone hours he sang to Varus' praise ?
 " Thy name, O Varus ! (if our Mantua dear"
 " Too near Cremona, ah ! too sadly near,"
 " From war's alarms still undisturbed remain,)
 " Shall rise to heav'n on earth's sublimest strain"—

LYCIDAS.

Still may thy ewes distend their rising teats,
 Thy bees preserve from baneful plants their sweets ;
 If thou wilt sing, then pour the lay along,
 I too am numbered with the sons of song.
 The shepherd-lads proclaim me hallowed bard,
 But to their praises I pay light regard,
 For not as yet such measures have I sung,
 As speak a Varus or a Cinna's tongue,
 But goose-like still I tuneless gabble on,
 While near me warbles the melodious swan.

MAERIS.

It is on that I have been pond'ring long ;
 Mine, Lycidas ! is no ignoble song ;—
 " Sweet Galatea ! hither turn thy feet,"
 " What pleasure is there where the billows beat ?"
 " Here blossoms Spring in all her purple pride,"
 " Here flowers enamel all the river's side,"
 " Here o'er the grot the snow-white poplars spread,"
 " And vines of verdure form a grateful shade,"
 " No longer heed the stormy ocean's roar,"
 " But let the waves still idly wash the shore."

LYCIDAS.

Those pleasing lines, my Maeris ! now recite,
 I heard thee sing one calm unclouded night,
 As lone thou gazed upon the silver moon,
 The words I have not, but I know the tune.

MAERIS.

“ Why dost thou, Daphnis ! trace the planets’ rise ?
 “ Lo ! Cæsar’s star illuminates the skies,
 “ That radiant light beneath whose genial glow
 “ A living beauty brightens all below,
 “ Its purple hue the rip’ning grape assumes,
 “ The hills rejoice and every valley blooms,
 “ Then graft the vine, the fav’ring hour employ
 “ The golden fruit thy children shall enjoy” —
 But I must cease, I have forgot the lay,
 Oft in my youth I sang the live-long day ;
 Time changes all ; the mem’ry too impairs ;
 I know not one now of those various airs ;
 The voice itself, lo ! Maeris ! thou hast lost,
 Thy path the wolf’s first darted glance hath crossed !
 But now no matter : by his own sweet tongue,
 And oft enough thou’lt hear those numbers sung.

LYCIDAS.

Those pleas of thine my painfulness prolong,
 All things around invite the ling’ring song,
 A sunny calmness on the water lies,
 And o’er the meadow not a zephyr flies ;
 One half our way already we have come,
 Behold ! beyond appears Bianor’s tomb.
 Here where the pruners trim the thick’ning vine,
 Come let us sit, and in a chorus join ;
 Rest here thy kids, the town we soon shall gain,
 And tho’ the night-shades close around in rain,
 A song will cheer the wildness of the road,
 Then sing away, and I will bear thy load.

MAERIS.

Dear youthful friend ! thy soft persuasions spare,
 And let our journey be our present care ;
 When loved Menalcaas bless our eyes again,
 With lighter heart I'll wake that lively strain.

G A L L U S .

COME, Arethusa ! all thy succour lend,
 And let at last my weary labours end.
 My Gallus claims some tribute of the Muse,
 Such as the cold Lycoris may peruse,
 Until her heart lament the cruel wrong :
 What bard to Gallus would deny a song ?
 So when thou glid'st beneath Sicilia's sea,
 May no salt billow e'er embitter thee.

While now my herds enjoy the flow'ry plain,
 To Gallus' love I wake the tender strain,
 'Tis not, however, to the deaf I sing,
 The wilds around with loud responses ring !

What lawn, ye Nymphs ! what forest caused your stay,
 When crossed in love lone Gallus pined away ?
 It was not Pindus, nor the Phocian hill,
 Nor yet the waters of your own sweet rill.
 For him a gloom o'er every shrub was spread,
 For him the laurel hung its lofty head,
 The pines of Menalus were heard to moan,
 And streams of sorrow rushed from every rugged stone,

While lone and lost, beneath a crag reclined,
The love-lorn mourner in his anguish pined.
As thus he sigh'd his flocks around him came,
Blush not, sweet Minstrel ! at a shepherd's name,
A rural life the fair Adonis led,
And by the streams his fleecy numbers fed.
With grief oppressed the shepherds next drew near,
Around him then the tardy swains appear ;
Dripping with dews Menalcas hastes along,
And sighs arose from all th' assembled throng.
Appollo follows, and astonished cries :
" Thy love no more shall bless thy longing eyes ;
" Why then, my Gallus ! should thy sorrows flow ?
" O'er lofty mountains of eternal snow,
" And thro' the horror of wild war's alarms,
" She flies from thee, and seeks another's arms ?"
Adorned with wreaths approached Silvanus now,
Shaking the blooming honours of his brow.
Next came the God that o'er Arcadia reigns,
His cheeks all glowing with vermilion stains ;
" And when," he cried, " wilt thou this grief remove ?
" Thy sighs, thy tears will never satiate love,
" No more than honey will the murmuring bee,
" Or streams their banks, or goats the shadowy tree."
The bard, o'ercome by sorrow's powerful stroke,
In tears of pain these mournful accents spoke :
" Arcadian swains ! in song alone renowned,
Ye on your hills my sorrows will resound ;
Oh ! with what softness would my bones repose,
If ye would sing in future hours my woes !
O would to heav'n that I were of your stock,

To trim the vine, and tend the fleecy flock !
How happy then would be my days ! how blest,
When I would clasp my Phyllis to my breast,
Or when Amyntas or one full as fair,
Would on me smile, and banish every care.
And tho' in truth a swarthy boy is he,
Ah ! would his presence less delightful be ?
Sweet is the Hyacinth, the vi'let, too,
Yet each is shaded with a sable hue.
Beneath the willow, or the shady vine,
My loves and I enraptur'd would recline,
And while Amyntas sang some pleasing air,
With fitting flow'rs would Phyllis wreath my hair.
Here, lovely Nymph ! are fountains cool and clear,
Here, too, are groves, and flowery fields are here,
And here would I, my beautiful ! my own !
Live on with thee till life itself were flown.
I am oppressed by Love's resistless power,
Where whistling darts in iron tempests show'r,
While thou far distant from thy native vale
(Ah ! that my heart could disbelieve the tale,)
Forlorn and friendless fliest from me away,
O'er stormy hills and dreary wastes to stray.
From scenes so wild may'st thou no perils meet,
Ah ! spare, ye bitter Frosts ! those tender feet !
Now with the lute of the Sicilian swain,
To charm my woes I'll wake a mournful strain—
Now I would rather to the wilds repair,
And with the beasts all toils and dangers share,
And write my griefs upon the tender grove ;
As they would grow so also should my love—

Now I would range the rugged mountains o'er,
And with the nymphs pursue the foaming boar,—
Now thro' the lawns, despite the freezing sky,
With horns and hounds and joyous shout I fly—
In fancy now thro' sounding woods I go,
And wing the arrow from my Parthian bow,
As if this gave my weary soul relief,
Or love would learn to mitigate my grief—
Now, nymphs! and groves! and music's joyous swell!
With all your charms for evermore, farewell.
Ah! cruel Love! how vain is every art,
By which we strive to bend thy stubborn heart!
Altho' the rapid Hebrus we would drain
When o'er the world wild winter holds his reign—
Altho' exposed to every storm that blows,
We would go live amid Sithonian snows—
Altho' we left our own beloved domains,
To tend our flocks on Æthiopia's plains,
When the hot beams of Cancer burn the skies,
And on the elm the wither'd foliage dies,
That breast of stone we could not hope to move—
Love conquers all, and we must yield to love."

Here stay, O muse! thy poet's tuneful tongue,
The song suffices which he now has sung,
As underneath the willows he reclined,
And the green branches into baskets twined.
This ye will aid with your diviner power,
And soothe the heart for which my love grows every hour
As the young alder lifts its blooming head,
When spring begins her balmy sweets to shed.

Arise we now : a hoarseness evening brings
Upon the voice that in its shadow sings ;
Yea, e'en the freshness of the forest bough,
Else so delightful, grows obnoxious now ;
The shade is also hurtful to the grain,
And every plant that beautifies the plain.

Away, my goats ! my well-fed goats ! away—
The star of eve proclaims the close of day.

THE CATHEMERINON.

“REMEMBER, then, O Christian ! that thou wert cleansed and crown’d,
With water, and with unction poured on and sign’d around;
When weariness comes o’er thee, and thou would’st sink to rest,
O mark the cross of Jesus upon thy brow, thy breast;
Beneath it sin lies conquer’d—before it demons quail,
And whosoever bears it shall neither faint, nor fail.”

CATH. PRUD. HYMN, 6.



A BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF THE
POET, PRUDENTIUS.

BY THE REV. ALBAN BUTTLER.

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS, the glory of the ancient Christian poets, was born in Spain in 348, at Calahorra, in Old Castile. After his childhood he studied eloquence under a celebrated rhetorician, and according to the customs of the schools in that age, learned to declaim upon all sorts of subjects, and by pleading, to make a bad cause appear good : which kind of exercises he afterwards severely condemned and repented of, as an art of disguising the truth and of lying. Prudentius deploras still more bitterly other irregularities into which he had been betrayed in his youth. He was made twice governor of provinces and cities in Spain ; after which he tells us that the clemency of the prince raised him to the highest honours, and calling him to court, placed him in rank and dignity next his own person ; by which is generally understood that he was created prefect of the prætorium. In this distracted station he suffered violent conflicts in his soul, being sometimes full of fervor, and earnestly desiring to serve God ; at other times cooled by the dissipation of the world and the corruption of his own heart. But when he had devoted himself with his whole soul to the divine service, God became all his joy, he found no sweetness but in his Saviour. When he quitted his employments in order to renounce the world, in the vigor of his age, he took a journey to Rome about the year 405, and passing through Imola, embraced and

watered with his tears the tomb of St. Cassian, in bitter compunction for his sins. At Rome, he saw an infinite number of tombs of martyrs, at which he prayed for the healing of the spiritual wounds of his soul. He passed there the feast of S. S. Peter and Paul, and returning into Spain, there led a retired life, and consecrated his leisure hours to the composition of sacred poems; for he wrote only on religious subjects, on which all his thoughts were employed. He has always been esteemed the most learned of the Christian poets. Sidonius Appollinaris, compares his lyrics to the Odes of Horace, who is the sweetest, smoothest, most polished and elegant writer, not only of the poets, but of all the classics. No verses in Horace, or any other poet, seem superior to the stanzas which compose the hymns on the Holy Innocents in the office of the Church, which are taken from Prudentius on the Epiphany (Cathemerinon hymn 12;) nothing can be finer than the similes and other figures, "Salvete Flores," &c.; nothing softer or more beautiful than the expressions, "Palma et coronis luditis," &c. The hymns "Nox et tenebrae et nubila," and "Lux ecce surgit aurea," &c. in the Church office are almost copied from our poet's morning hymn (Cath. hym. 2.) His erudition is displayed in his books against Symmachus; and his genius shines in the majesty, fire and elegance of his verses, especially his lyrics.

Prudentius in his *Psycmachia*, or combat of the soul against vice, celebrates the victory of faith over infidelity, of purity over lust, of patience over anger, of humility over pride, of temperance over gluttony, of alms-deeds over covetousness, and of concord over enmity. His *Cathemerinon* (or book of hymns for every day) consists of hymns of prayer and praise for different times of the day, viz. for morning, night, before and after meals, fast days, after fast days, for Christmas, Epiphany, the lighting of the Pascal candle, funerals, &c. *Apotheoses* is the title which Prudentius gives to his poem in defence of the Deity and the divine attributes. It is a confutation of the Idolators and of the principal heresies which erred chiefly concerning the Godhead, Christ and the Resurrection. Against the Marcionites who established an evil first principle he composed his *Amartigenis*, or book on the birth or origin of sin, which he shows to spring from the perversity of the will of a free creature. In the close of this book he makes an humble confession that he deserved all manner of chastisements from a just God, and earnestly prays for mercy, and that while others are called on high to crowns of glory, he may be purified by the mildest punishment.

Another work of Prudentius is his book "Peristephanon," or "Crowns of Martyrs" consisting of fourteen hymns. Le Clerc, the learned French Protestant critic, makes the following observations on this work: "It clearly appears from several places in these hymns, that Christians prayed to martyrs at that time, and believed that they were appointed patrons of some places by God. Certain Protestant writers, who fancy that the traditions of the four or five first centuries ought to be joined with the scripture, have denied that the saints were prayed to in the fourth century. But they should not have framed a notional system before they were well instructed in facts, since they may be convinced of this by several pieces out of Prudentius; thus, in the first hymn of the Peristaplianon which is in praise of two martyrs of Calahorra, he says:

With many a voice and prayer and gift shall Pilgrims hither throng,
 The people of the farthest lands shall crowding haste along;
 For fame shall fly thro' all the sphere and shouting loud shall say,
 Here dwell the patrons of the world to whom all hearts should pray.
 And none shall supplicate in vain at either hallowed urn,
 But all shall wipe their tears away and home rejoiced return.
 Each gift that shall be rightly sought the suppliant band shall share,
 For mankind's wants have ever been the saints' peculiar care.
 They suffer not the slightest word to pass unheeded by,
 But forthwith waft it unto him who rules the earth and sky,
 Then come to man heaven's goodly gifts in many a plenteous flow,
 A rich redress for every want, a balm for every woe.

"Those who desire more proofs," says Le Clerc, need only read others of those hymns. The works of St. Paulenus, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Austin, St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, &c. demonstrate this to have been the doctrine and practice of the church in the fourth and fifth centuries. Le Clerc also takes notice that Prudentius complains that time and the malice of the idolaters had destroyed abundance of acts of martyrs, and that he testifies Rome was full of martyrs' tombs. The same critic observes that the custom of filling churches with images was practised in Italy, in Prudentius' time, as is clear from his hymn on St. Cassian. On this latter Le Clerc makes the following remark: "It ought to be observed that upon that grave there was a table or an altar on which they celebrated the Euchairist, so that the image was placed precisely upon the altar where they are wont to place images now in the Church of Rome."

Prudentius mentions with great respect the sign of the Cross, the frequent use of which he strongly recommends as chasing away infernal spirits. In describing the Labarum, or military ensign instituted by Constantine, he mentions that a cross was wrought in the banner, or painted upon the flag or streamer, and also that a figure of the cross in solid gold was set upon the shaft.

In the poems of Prudentius, the most perfect sentiments of Christian virtue are expressed. Erasmus declares that for the sanctity and sacred erudition which are displayed in his writings, he deserves to be ranked among the gravest doctors of the Church. Prudentius wrote his *Cathemerinon* in his fifty-seventh year, as he declares in his preface. Some ecclesiastical writers give him the title of saint, but his name occurs not in the *Martyrologies*.

THE CATHEMERINON.

CHANTICLEER.

THE winged messenger of day
Proclaims the radiant morning near,
And lo! the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Thus warns aloud each slumb'rer's ear :
“ Haste from the downy pillow, haste,
Ye drowsy, ye inactive band !
And be ye sober, righteous, chaste,
Behold, your Saviour is at hand.”
It is too late to rise when light
Is gladd'ning all the earth and air ;
The Lord is also Lord of night,
Which claims an equal part in prayer.
That clarion echoing thro' the sky,
Ere morning's glories burst abroad,
Bidding the birds from slumber fly,
Is a true emblem of our God.
While sleep thus binds each anxious breast,
And nightly shadows cloud the eye,
He bids us spurn inglorious rest,
For now his day of bliss is nigh.

When morning lights with ruddy glare
The beauteous blue ethereal space,

Thus found in works of praise and prayer,
 We will receive his heav'nly grace.
 The sleep thus giv'n us for a time
 Is pallid Death's dull image deep ;
 The night pourtrays the reign of crime
 In which frail mortals often sleep.
 The voice of Christ doth now forewarn
 From his eternal place on high,
 That now 'tis Grace's hallowed morn,
 When every shadowy fear must fly.
 So when our final sleep is near,
 And fleeting life flies fast away,
 The faithful soul shall know no fear,
 But humbly hope Salvation's day.
 Roused by this bird's loud clarion shrill,
 The wand'ring phantoms of the night,
 From mountain, valley, wood and hill,
 Prepare to take their sudden flight.

Of light, of beauty and of power
 The near approach the dawning ray,
 Bursting thro' night's mysterious hour,
 Drives far each airy form away.
 It is a sign, they doubtless know,
 Of holy hope to mortals giv'n,
 That banishes each thought of woe,
 And figures forth the bliss of heav'n.
 Once did our loving Lord proclaim
 The wondrous pow'r which filled this bird,
 When Peter thrice denied his name,
 Ere twice the startling sound was heard.

But frail was Simon and his kind
 Before the light of life arose
To chase the gloom from man's dark mind,
 And bid the reign of evil close.
Yet quickly did he mourn in pain
 That deed of error and of ill,
For he would love his Lord again
 And be the fond and faithful still :

And never, never was he found
 To speak again so weak a word ;
Rememb'ring still that warning sound,
 He ever more confessed his Lord.
Thence is it deemed by good and wise,
 That in the hour of peace and gloom,
When Chanticleer salutes the skies
 Rose Christ triumphant from the tomb.
Then was subdued death's iron sway,
 The ruthless reign of hell was o'er ;
Then dawned for man a brighter day,
 And ancient rites were found no more.
Vanish now every idle thought,
 Be lulled to sleep each deed of guile,
And let all crime, now overwrought,
 Be hushed to gentlest rest the while.
Whatever time is yet to roll
 Ere darts on high the morning ray,
O let in turn the watchful soul,
 Go gather flow'rs in virtue's way.

Let us invoke the Lord of all
 With pray'rs, with fasts, with many a tear ;

Th' impassioned spirit's powerful call,
 Will let no peril e'er come near.
 Enough for weary mortals' wants,
 Hath sleep's oblivion steeped the brain
 Rising no more o'er wonted haunts
 But grasping, wild, at visions vain,
 Of which full many a fruitless one
 Floats 'round us in our midnight dreams ;
 Awake, then,—watch the morning sun,
 For truth returneth with his beams.
 Riches and happiness, and rest,
 And titles, honours, and delight,
 Whatever then beguiles the breast,
 When daylight dawns, all vanish quite.
 Break thou, O Christ ! our sinful chains,
 And bid our slumbers all depart,
 Wash us still more from former stains,
 And pour thy grace thro' every heart.

M O R N I N G .

O FLY, ye gloomy shades of night !
 Ye mists that darken all things, fly !
 The day breaks forth—the sky grows bright,
 And lo ! the Saviour, Christ is nigh.
 The darkness leaves this earthly scene,
 Before the bright approach of day,
 And nature once again looks green,
 Beneath the sun's enlivening ray.

From every vice—from every crime—
From wretched mortal's every stain
Thus shall depart the mists of time,
When Christ, the judge, shall come again.
No power shall then remove from sight
The secret workings of the mind,
For judgment shall in noonday light
Expose them clear to all mankind ;
His way of ill the thief begins
When shades of evening 'round him fall,
But morn that hates his secret sins,
Betrays his wicked course to all.
Injustice, wily and untrue,
Exerts thro' night her fraudful pow'r ;
The lustful heart rejoices, too,
In the deep gloom of midnight's hour.
But when bursts forth the golden day,
The sinner blushes, weeps, and pines ;
None may pursue their evil way,
When daylight's glory 'round them shines.

When reason hath resumed her pow'r,
And holy thoughts come o'er the soul,
Who does not weep, in morning's hour,
His late wild love of wassail-bowl ?
Then let us live as we would die,
And let no evil thought have sway,
And if the past went idly by,
Be better spent each coming day.
This is the hour for every sphere—
For every work of hand and brain—

The artizan, the merchant, peer,
 The noble chief—the rural swain.
 One glories in forensic strife—
 Another loves the martial strain—
 The merchant, peasant—lavish life,
 In the pursuit of greedy gain.
 But we in eloquence unskilled,
 To gold and guile alike unknown,
 Untutored to the warlike field,
 Seek thee, O Lord! and thee alone.
 In purity we come to Thee,
 With tuneful voice and holy lay,
 We suppliant bend an humble knee,
 And singing weep, and weeping pray.
 In works like these is all our joy—
 Such is the wealth our spirits prize,
 And we begin our blest employ,
 When the bright sun first gilds the skies.

Then listen to our humble pray'r !
 O make each heart of darkness, bright ;
 Full many a gloomy shade is there
 To be illumined by thy light.
 Wash thou each trace of sin away,
 And make us all as pure again,
 As we were on that happy day,
 When we were cleansed from every stain.
 Whate'er this cloudy vale of tears,
 May henceforth shadow with its gloom,
 Do thou, King of the starry spheres !
 With thy bright countenance illumine.

And now may all those shades depart,
 Which kept us from the light so long,
 And drew aside the wayward heart,
 To many a path of shame and wrong.
 Sweet may the morn upon us smile,
 May every soul be bright and pure,
 Far from our bosoms be all guile,
 And may no cloud our lives obscure.
 There is a Power enthroned on high,
 Who, from the dawn till close of day,
 Scans every heart with searching eye,
 And follows man thro' every way :
 All things are under his controul,
 He knows whatever men pursue,
 The very secrets of the soul,
 And nothing can escape his view.

BEFORE MEAT.

O LORD of light ! O Crucified !
 Maker of all ! God's only Son !
 Born of a sacred Virgin Bride,
 Yet reigning with th' Eternal One,
 Ere sprang the earth, the stars, or sea !
 Look down, we pray, with love divine,
 And turn to us a pitying eye ;
 Light us with that sweet face of thine,
 While we invoke thy name so high,
 And take our food, adoring Thee.

There is no charm without thee, Lord !

And nothing we receive is sweet
Unless thy vivifying word

Impart a blessing to our meat,
And faith bestow its succor too :

Thou should'st behold our humble fare,
And pour thy favor o'er the board ;

Thou should'st attend, with guardian care,
Our toil, our rest, each thought, each word,
And all we are, and all we do.

Here be no spoils of rosy flow'rs,

No aromatic odor's breath,
But let that heav'nly grace be ours,

Which sheds around the sweets of faith,
Sent from our gracious Father down ;

The muse, then, spurns that wreath profane
Which decks the poet's worldly lays,

And raising now a holy strain
Devoted to her Maker's praise,
Weaves for herself a fadeless crown.

And O, what could the soul set forth,
That radiant child of hope and heav'n !

More worthy of her power and worth
Than the bright gifts which God hath giv'n ?

Then pour, my soul ! thy song abroad :

On man the Lord hath lavished all ;
Man's is a bright and boundless reign ;

Whatever fills the world's vast ball,
The sky, the river, and the main,
All are for man, as man for God.

The feather'd tribes he captures now,
By secret gin or circling snare,
And now does he with baited bough,
Impede those messengers of air,
And brings them down to serve his state ;
With nets he takes the finny breed,
Wide wand'ring thro' their wat'ry way,
And now again his dancing reed
Gives them to hidden hooks a prey,
Deluded by the tempting bait.

Rich in her stores of varied worth
Earth pours him out unbounded wealth ;
For him her countless vines burst forth
In all the vernal bloom of health,
With olives, too, the boughs of peace.
What other gifts should we require ?
Will these not amply grace our feasts ?
Away, then, with that fell desire,
Which seeks the flesh of slaughtered beasts
To make their luxuries increase.

Such banquets for those nations be
Who glory in their deeds of blood ;
The fitter fruits of field and tree
Shall always constitute our food,
And spread for us a harmless board ;
The milk-pale foaming white as snow,
Shall still bestow its creamy boon,
Which thro' the runnet still shall flow,
To curdle into cheese-cakes soon,
While in the vat the whey is poured.

The honey-comb shall feed us, too,
Breathing its fragrance fresh and free,
Made of sweet thyme and morning dew,
The labour of the murmuring bee,
Unconscious of conjugal tie ;
And ripened fruits are ever found
Upon their still unfailing trees,
Which shaken strew in showers the ground,
And gladden every eye that sees
The laughing piles that 'round them lie !

What trump or harp of ancient days
With all the glory which they claim,
Could celebrate, with fitting praise,
The wonders of Jehovah's name,
Or all the gifts he gave to clay ?
At early dawn—in noontide's glare—
When day is sinking in the west,
And calls us to our homely fare,
O heav'nly Father, highest, best !
To thee shall rise our grateful lay.

Whatever feels the secret breast—
Whatever knows the hidden vein—
Whatever tongue hath yet expressed—
Let all conspire—awake the strain,
And sing high praise to Thee above.
Man didst thou form from out the earth,
And stamp'd him with thine image bright ;
Thou gav'st to him a Godlike birth,
By pouring in him life and light,
A soul and sense to own thy love.

Thou placed'st him in a blissful ground
Of mossy founts and green retreats,
Where spring for ever warbled 'round
O'er meadows of a myriad sweets,
And a bright stream flowed murmuring by.

“All these,” thou said'st, “shall now be thine;”
“I give them freely to thy hands,”
“Save one alone which yet is mine,”
“There in the midst, behold ! it stands;”
“Touch it not or thou'lt surely die.”

Then did the wily tempter first
Beguile the wayward woman's heart;
She took from him that fruit accursed,
Gave to her hapless spouse a part,
And ruined both in one dread fall :
Full soon did they behold their crime,
And soon, too soon they knew their shame ;
Loud wailed they then their vanished prime,
And sought to clothe each naked frame
With leaves plucked by the neighb'ring wall.

Now punished for a sin so great,
Must both depart from Eden's bow'r ;
The woman, free from bonds of late,
Must live beneath her husband's power,
And bear thro' life that grief of soul ;
The author of that dreadful deed,
The lying serpent, suffers sore,
Bruised, hated by the woman's seed,
And placed beneath her evermore,
As she herself 'neath man's control.

Our hapless race, thus led astray,
 Rushed headlong since that fatal time ;
 We still pursue our parents' way,
 Keep ever adding crime to crime,
 Till death unites us to his train ;
 From out the gloom meanwhile there burst
 Another man from out the skies,
 Not filled with errors, like the first,
 But God himself in mortal guise,
 Yet free from every mortal stain.

Unknown to man's profane embrace,
 But overshadowed by the Lord,
 A lovely virgin full of grace
 Brings forth in flesh th' Eternal Word,
 And fills the world with joy and light.
 From this mysterious birth began
 That lasting hate and warfare dread
 Between man's enemy and man,
 For bruised was now the Serpent's head
 Beneath the woman's conquering might.

That Virgin Mother of our God,
 Frustrated all that demon's wile,
 Who now pours forth upon the clod,
 The harmless venom of his guile,
 And vainly rolls in many a spire.
 Where is the phrenzy now so mad
 As dares to touch the Saviour's fold ?
 The rabid wolf roams 'round it, sad,
 But seeks not, as he did of old,
 The victims of his vanquished ire.

The Lamb has crushed the Lion's might ;
And, thro' the gloomy clouds and skies,
The eagle fierce, in rapid flight,
Before the dove affrighted flies,
For former things have passed away ;
Be thou, then, Christ ! our powerful Dove,
Before whom shall the vulture flee,
And be thou, too, our Lamb of Love,
From hungry wolves thy fold to free,
And make them all confess thy sway.

O lend thine ear, thou bounteous Lord,
To this thy servants' humble pray'r ;
Bid us go forward from our board,
Contented with its slender fare,
Forgetting all excesses vain ;
Far from us drive the pois'nous bowl,
With all things hateful in thy sight ;
Our appetite itself controul,
And keep man's system still aright,
That health and vigour may remain.

It is enough that once our foe
Deceived us with that dread repast,
Which doomed us all to chains and woe,
And hurried to the grave at last
The labour of the hand divine ;
The soul, that offspring of the light,
Shall never fade away and die ;
Immortal, and for ever bright,
It draws its lustre from on high,
And thro' eternity shall shine.

There is a season yet to come,
When the cold bones shall also warm,
And, rising from the dreary tomb,
Again possess their ancient form,
Spurning the sepulchre's deep night ;
Yes, we believe, nor vain our faith,
The body, like the soul, shall rise ;
So God incarnate rose from death,
And soared beyond the starry skies,
With myriads heralding his flight.
May such bright lot be waiting me,
When in the tomb embalmed I rest,
Till I, like Him, be, too, set free,
And, crowned in glory with the blest,
Shall live for evermore in light.

AFTER MEAT.

Now rising with thanks from the bountiful board,
In strength reinstated, in spirits restored,
Come, let us sing praise to our Master on high,
Who sitteth supremely and ruleth alone,
High over the Cherub's and Seraph's bright throne,
And holdeth his sway o'er the earth and the sky.

'Tis He whom the God of Sabbaoth we call,
The Maker of earth, the Creator of all,
With whom no beginning, no end hath a place ;
The giver of Faith and of Hope and of Love,

The source of that Light which descends from above,
The Conquerer of Death, and the Author of Grace.

All cometh from Thee—all is thine that we boast,
O great Three in One, Father ! Son ! Holy Ghost,
Who proceed'st at the same time from Father and Son !
Thy spirit, O God ! dwells in Chastity's breast
Which quickly is known as the place of thy rest,
By the rapture it shows in the guest it has won.

But if ought should arise or impure or profane,
To dim the soul's lustre with criminal stain,
That spirit will fly from the desolate shrine ;
For the shadow of death which is frowning within,
Has darkened the dwelling—resigned it to sin,
And drives far away all that radiance divine.

Yet, never hath Purity wholly sufficed,
To build up a sanctuary pleasing to Christ,
Within the still temple prepared in the heart ;
The appetite's rage we must also repress,
Which ever evermore when indulged to excess,
Will lessen man's fervor, and make it depart.

With slender refection the well-ordered breast
Much better receiveth the Lord for its guest ;
That Meat, and that Drink, and that Life of the soul !
Do thou, then, O God ! in thy goodness renew
Not only the body's, but spirit's strength, too,
And with thy kind providence comfort the whole.

With many a solace and plentiful store
'Twas thus that thou gladdest the prophet of yore,

Whose body was thrown to the wild beasts a prey ;
Commanded to worship man's idol so vain,
With scorn did he spurn it again and again,
And would not the law of the heathen obey.

'Twas Babylon's tyrant, the blind and the proud,
And Babylon's wicked and merciless crowd,
That cast him thus forth to the lion's red rage ;
But Faith of the just ! what a buckler art thou !
The wild beasts, all conquered, are fondling him now,
And tremble to injure the heav'n-guarded sage.

With manes gently flowing, around him they stand,
With wrath all forgotten—with visage all bland—
And fawn all upon him, and fondle him all ;
And when to the skies he now lifts up his hands,
In search of that succor his weakness demands,
The God who still guards him attends to his call.

To solace the heart which adversity tries,
Lo ! suddenly darting adown the glad skies
A messenger swiftly descends to the plain ;
For the angel beheld from afar the light fare,
Which Habaccuc, the good prophet's kindliest care,
Bore forth to give joy to the husbandman's pain.

That messenger seizing him fast by the hair,
Swift bore him away thro' the midst of the air,
E'en thus as he was with his hanapurs fraught ;
The prophet, thus wondrously wafted away,
Soon stood o'er the place where the lions still lay,
And offered to Daniel the burden he brought.

“ O take,” he exclaimed, “ take thou joyful and free,
The gifts which miraculously come now to thee,
That God by his ministering angel hath giv’n :”
Then Daniel ate, grateful, and when he had ceased,
Refreshed and restored by the wonderful feast,
Uplifted his eyes, and gave thanks to high heav’n.

O Thou, whose munificence fills earth and air !
We, too, give thee thanks for the blessings we share,
And shout out thy praise in a rapturous lay ;
Enclosed as we are in this prison below,
And ever beset by the treacherous foe,
Still guide us, and drive the Destroyer away ;

Who goeth about in his pitiless power,
Still seeking some prey for his fangs to devour,
Since only to thee all our wishes ascend ;
We are harassed, pursued, we are driv’n to distress,
They hate us, consume us, oppose and oppress ;
Thus virtue must ever with trials contend.

Yet comes there a balm for our sorrows at length,
Heav’n showers down a food to restore us to strength,
And the lion no longer appears in his ire ;
Whoever prepares to partake of that meat,
Will never know want, but may sumptuously eat,
And satisfy fully each craving desire.

Refreshed by his Maker’s beneficent hand,
He shall take of the food of that dutiful band,
Who reap the full harvest of bliss with their Head :
O nought is so gladd’ning, so savoury and sweet,

So full of true solace, with joy so replete,
As the comfort that comes from that life-giving Bread.

Thus fed, though oppression exert all its sway,
And strive to condemn us, and put us away,
We fear not the threats of our enemy's roar ;
Confessing the Father throughout all our days,
To thee, Christ our God, we will also give praise,
And carry thy cross evermore, evermore.

H Y M N .

(At the lighting of the Paschal Candle.)

O THOU Creator of the radiant light !
With grateful change dividing day and night,
The sun is set, and darkness clouds the poles,
Pour forth thy radiance o'er thy servants' souls.
With many a star tho' thou hast deck'd the sky,
And bade the moon's pale lustre shine on high,
Yet hast thou also to thy children shown
How light may sparkle from the flinty stone.
And this, O God ! thou gav'st us as a sign,
That all mankind should seek that light divine,
Which breaks from Jesus and hath ever broke,
That solid rock of which th' Apostle spoke.
That we might also strive for that reward,
Which is the promise of our loving Lord,
That mountain stone from which each kindly ray
Descends to light those gloomy hearts of clay.

From out the oil our lights we fashion now,—
Now form we flambeaus from the withered bough,—
And other torches we again contrive,
From soft wax gather'd from the honied hive.
Whether the lamp thus nourishes its thread,
Or o'er the wick the shining wax is spread,
Or the pitch pine its aliment bestows
Refulgent still the varied lustre glows.
The heated substance from its blazing top,
In gentle current streams down drop by drop ;
Th' unfailing fervour with its fiery glow,
Beats on it warm and bids the liquid flow.
Thus by thy bounty, mighty Lord of all !
In streams of light shines out the festal hall :
The matchless radiance emulates the day,
And darkness flies before the blaze away.
But who perceives not that the true light's course
Is from the Lord who is alone its source ?
That glorious Source 'twas Moses' lot to see,
When all its splendour lit the burning tree.
Blest was the man, who with those shoes unbound,
Which otherwise should stain the hallowed ground,
Was thus ordained to see, in that bright flame,
The pow'r whose glory fills th' etherial frame !
Long doomed to wail beneath a tyrant's sway,
But wand'ring now along their desert way,
Safe in the merits of their faithful Sire,
God's chosen people followed that pure fire.
While thro' the waste the weary exiles strayed,
Bearing their camps beneath the midnight shade,
Bright as the day that mystic pillar shone,

And led the children of the Promise on.
The blinded Sov'reign of th' Egyptian land,
Summons together all his warrior band,
In flying cohorts forms the dread array,
And bids the brazen trumpet loudly bray.
The sword is seized—the soldiers quickly arm,
The blast of war pours forth its wild alarm ;
There, one is brandishing the deathful spear,
Another fits the Gnosian arrow here.
In compact close now march the warlike force,
And some ascend the car, some mount the horse ;
The waving banners to the breezes stream,
And Gorgons, dreadful, from the foldings gleam.
A day of rest, meanwhile, glads Israel's train,
Released at length from Egypt's hostile chain,
Wearied and worn they gain'd the red sea's side,
And sate them down along the waters wide.
But when anon the foe approached the bank,
Bringing down war in many a serried rank,
Forthwith did Moses bid his people flee,
And with firm foot move onward thro' the sea.
Full in the vision of that foe accursed,
From either side the rolling billows burst,
And here and there a wall of water stands,
While thro' the chasm move o'er the Jewish bands.
With boundless rage inflamed, that murd'rous throng,
Hurrying impetuous with their chief along,
Thirsting to pour abroad the Hebrews' blood,
Now dare to follow thro' the hanging flood.
The tyrant's host with blinder fury raves,
And headlong plunges thro' the purple waves,

But the wild waves descend with thund'ring fall,
And in one roaring vortex swallow all.
Then might be seen wide floating, far and near,
Chariots and steeds and many a broken spear,
All that was left of all that host abhor'd—
A judgment just on Egypt's ruthless lord!

Thy praise, O God! what mortal tongue can sing,
Thou that of old didst crush that cruel king,
Making him bow beneath thy servant's hand
With every plague o'erspreading all his land?
Thou didst prevent the waters in their wrath
From spreading o'er thy people's sacred path,
When thou didst lead them thro' the depths below,
While the swift billow overwhelmed their foe.
At thy command burst forth the gushing tide
From the dry rock and plenteous streams supplied,
Slaking the thirst of all who suffer'd there
Beneath the fervour of the sultry air.
And thou didst sweeten by the wondrous tree,
The bitter waters of the desert sea,
Which by that wood grew grateful to the taste:
Thus in the Cross the hope of man was placed.
Thou fill'dst the camp with many a sweet supply
Which ceaselessly descended from on high,
O'erspread'st the tables with that manna-meat,
Which thou didst send them from thy blissful seat.
Thou drov'st, O Lord! along the gentle gale,
In thick'ning clouds full many a flying quail,
Around, about, they strew the desert o'er,
To earth they cling, nor strive again to soar.

Such mighty blessings hath Jehovah's hand
Poured forth of old upon his chosen band,
By whose indulgence are we also fed
Upon the banquet of the mystic bread.
With word of pow'r He makes the tempest flee,
And calls us homeward thro' life's troubled sea,
Then bids the soul with cares and toils oppressed,
Mount up at last, and gain its home of rest.
There heav'nly odours scent the blissful ground,
Where flow'rs and fruits for ever bloom around ;
There sparkling fountains fling their silvery spray
O'er the rich rose, soft dill and saffron gay.
There from its graceful bough the Balsam flows,
There too the cinnamon unfading grows,
And there the Tree of Life shoots up on high,
While Heav'n's pure stream goes ever murmuring by.
Th' immortal choirs that always there rejoice,
To dulcet notes attune their heav'nly voice,
Pour o'er that land of light their pæans sweet,
And tread on lilies with their snowy feet.
What joy was known amid those depths of hell
In which the Just of old were doomed to dwell,
When Christ the Lord upon that happy night,
Thence to the Father winged his glorious flight !
Nor rose the Saviour like the morning star,
That drives the gloom before its face afar,
But brighter than the morn he flung the day,
While earth laughed out beneath the joyous ray.
That gloomy prison saw its power descend,
And all its dreary bondage at an end ;
From sorrow free its captive train arose

And mighty joy succeeds their former woes.
Then rear the shrine, the sacrifice prepare,
Pour forth our anxious souls to God in prayer,
Make holy vigils all the heart's employ,
And keep the night a Festival of joy.
Hung from their trembling chains, our lamps so bright,
Pour 'round the fretted dome their lucid light;
The lustre, quickened by that unctuous stream,
Flings thro' the shining glass a gorgeous gleam.
Then such a scene comes flashing on the eye,
It seems in truth as 'twere another sky,
O'er which bright Phosphor scatters all his rays,
And Taurus, Liber, mingle in the blaze!
Behold, then, gracious Power! the sacred light
We burn to thee amid the dewy night,
Than which no gift thou giv'st us is more dear,
In which, at once, thy favors all appear.
O thou the eye's true light, the reason's ray!
Guide of the spirit's walk, the body's way!
Accept the light thy children offer now
Made from the fatness of the olive bough.
And grant our prayer, thou great Eternal One!
Thro' Christ our Lord, thy sole-begotten Son,
In whom shines forth the glory of thy deeds,
From whom and thee the Paradete proceeds;
By whom doth reign in wisdom, beauty, light,
And holiness and majesty and might,
The living God in one mysterious Three
Throughout all time and thro' eternity!

HYMN AT EVENING.

O thou Almighty Father, of mortal eye unseen !
 And thou indulgent Savior ! and Spirit all serene !
 Mysterious triune Godhead, one essence, and one light !
 Thou God of God eternal ! and Thou of equal might !
 The day is ended, hear us—while comes the hour of rest,
 When sleep once more shall lighten each overladen breast.
 The mind with sorrow clouded, and wildly crazed with care,
 Shall drink a deep oblivion of all 'tis doomed to bear ;
 The holy panacea shall creep thro' every vein,
 Nor let a sense of sadness within the heart remain.
 The grateful change was order'd by yon supernal pow'r,
 To sweeten mortal labor, to cheer the toilsome hour.
 But while this blest nepenthe thro' every member flows,
 And lulls the quiet bosom to halcyon repose,
 The free untrammelled spirit soars high on tireless plume,
 And visits worlds of vision before enwrapped in gloom.
 That glorious emanation, whose home is in the sky,
 When freed from worldly fetter will ever mount on high,
 Where many a sight of splendour floats round her in her
 flight,
 On which she feeds with wonder, and gazes with delight.
 Yet mighty is the diff'rence between those midnight
 dreams ;
 They sometimes show the future in truth's unclouded
 beams ;
 But often and full often the real world they shroud,
 And overshadow mortals with many a darksome cloud.
 To him whose heart is never to vicious actions prone
 Things deep and strange will often in visions be made known ;

On him whose heart rejoices in thoughts and things unclean,
Will ever rise at midnight full many a frightful scene.
Who can forget that Ancient in dungeons deep enchained,
Who proved this to the vassals whose visions he explained,
Of whom one still was destined the monarch's cup to bear,
And one was left a victim for vulture-beaks to tear?
That Sage admonished Pharaoh, whom dark dreams troubled sore,
To meet the coming famine with many a fruitful store;
And forthwith did that ruler thro' all his realm make known,
That Joseph shared the sceptre and sat beside the throne.
How mighty are the secrets! how awful and how deep!
Which Christ reveals to virtue amid the dreams of sleep!
That fond and faithful herald of God's eternal Son
In vision saw those marvels which shortly must be done;
He saw the Lamb of Sion red from his mortal strife,
Him who alone can open the book of Death and life,
Whose arm of justice wieldeth the flaming two-edged sword
With which a double vengeance is taken by the Lord.
He is alone the Judge of the living and the dead,
With death the First and Second upon his sword of dread;
Yet is He all benignant, and oft restrains his ire,
Upon the callous solely pours he the pool of fire;
He hath received all empire from Him who has his love,
He hath received a name, too, all other names above,
The victor of the victor, the slayer he shall slay,
And from that raging monster bear every spoil away.
The beast which the disciple denounced with all his soul,
That made the nations perish and streams of carnage roll,
That dared with demon boldness to bear a sacred name,

Subdued by Christ the True One, is doomed to quenchless flame.

Such was the glorious vision which blest that mortal's eye,
Whose free and favored spirit soared joyous thro' the sky.

But oh ! we are not worthy of secrets thus sublime ;
Our hearts are erring ever, and filled with every crime ;
If gentle slumber bless us, and no vain dreams annoy,
Our merits are rewarded with more than equal joy.

Remember, then, thou Christian ! that thou wert cleansed
and crown'd

With water and with unction poured on and signed around;
When weariness comes o'er thee, and thou would'st sink
to rest,

O mark the cross of Jesus upon thy brow, thy breast ;
Beneath it sin lies conquer'd—before it demons quail—
And whosoever bears it shall neither faint nor fail.

Now far be every phantom, and far each shape of ill !
Let him, the master Tempter, be further from us still ;
O thou insidious serpent that circumvent'st the heart
With all thy wiles, thy cunning, with all thy hellish art !
Depart—the Lord is with us—our God is here—away !
This sign which well thou knowest routs all thy fell array.
We go awhile to rest us, our souls meantime shall rise
Unsloughful and unslumb'ring to seek their native skies.

F A S T I N G .

O King of Nazareth ! O Beth'lem's pride !
Thou beauteous offspring of a Virgin-bride !

Word of God ! Saviour ! be thou ever nigh !
Regard our fastings with a gracious eye,
While thus to Thee we make our sacrifice.

What is more pure than this mysterious art,
By which all vice is banished from the heart,
By which the passions of the flesh are quell'd,
And every wild intemperance expell'd,
That the free soul may still unfetter'd rise ?

By this is conquer'd every vain excess,
Wine that degrades, and sloth that harms no less,
All thoughts impure, all ribaldrous offence,
The various evils of rebellious sense ;
Each overruled possesses feebler sway :
Should we so revel in the banquet's sweets,
As evermore to seek its tempting meats,
The frequent feast will sate us to the full,
Make the bright radiance of the soul grow dull,
And leave the mind as dormant as the clay.

Then be our cravings subject to control,
That virtue's light may still illumine the soul ;
The mind shall thus be beauteous as before,
On pinion free pursue her flight once more,
To seek the Lord, and heav'nly raptures taste.
By such observance was Elias blessed,
That ancient priest, the dreary desert's guest,
Who flying far from every care and strife,
Renounced the pleasures of this sinful life,
And lived with holy silence in the waste.

Soon was he borne upon his heav'nly flight,
By steeds of flame, and in a car of light,
Lest the contagion of the wicked age
Should stain the virtue of the sainted sage,
For deeds of fasting far and wide renowned.
Moses, the faithful Witness of the Laws,
Could not approach the great Eternal Cause,
Till he had fasted while the star of day
O'er all the skies diffusing his glad ray
For forty times performed his wonted round.

The holy suppliant's only food was tears—
Thro' all the night his deep distress appears;
Prostrate he lay upon the dewy sod,
Till roused he started at the voice of God,
And quaked to see insufferable light.

No less unconscious of this art was John,
The blest precursor of that "well loved Son,"
Who made again the crooked places straight,
And gave new form to man's disorder'd state,
Leaving a way where we might walk aright.

That herald, faithful to his sacred call,
Prepared the nations for the Lord of all,
To humble vales made mountain-pride descend,
In gentle faith rough scepticism end,
That nought might stay Truth's progress thro' the earth.
That wond'rous child, from rare conception sprung,
Not yet upon his mother's breast had hung,
To gain that milk unfound in her late stage,
Nay—nor yet issued from the womb of age,
When he proclaimed the coming Saviour's birth.

And afterwards, in vest of camel's hair,
And waist surrounded by a girdle bare,
The holy hermit hasten'd to the wild,
To live alone, unblemished, undefil'd,
Far from the converse of corrupted men.

The rigid mortal in that dwelling drear
Contented, vow'd to abstinence severe,
His little hunger only would relieve
When nightly shades had banished latest eve,
Yet nought but "locusts and wild honey" then.

He was the first to preach Salvation's word—
In Jordan's river he baptized our Lord
Who cleans'd the waters, and ordained that they
Should thenceforth wash all sinful stains away,
While from the skies the Holy Spirit came.
Cleansed in that laver we go forth new men,
Regenerated, and all born again,
Pure as the silver casting lustrous light,
Or gold refined that glitters trebly bright,
Beaming and glowing from the cleansing flame.

But sing we now the glorious fasts of old,
Whose truthful tale in holy books is told,
When heav'n, relenting, stay'd the threat'ning fire,
Bade the red light'nings of its wrath expire,
And saved the people from their destined fall.

There was an ancient city far renowned,
Begirt with strength, with every beauty crowned,
Where foulest crime prevailing far and wide
With worst perversity, and headstrong pride,
From God's sweet worship drew the hearts of all.

The mighty Judge, indignant at her lust,
 At length arises in his anger just,
 With sword of flame arrays his red right hand,
 Seized the loud thunder, grasp'd the light'ning's brand,
 And vow'd swift doom on that polluted pile.

But while his mercy still decrees a time,
 In which she haply may bewail each crime,
 And free herself from sin's degrading yoke,
 Indulgent Providence suspends the stroke,
 And the dread judgment is delayed a while.

Forthwith He bids the prophet Jonas go,
 And warn the city of th' impending blow ;
 But Jonas knowing 'tis his Maker's joy
 To save frail mortal rather than destroy,
 Silent pursued his flight to Tarsus' walls ;
 And now he mounts a lofty vessel's side,
 Whose binding hawsers quickly are untied ;
 They plough the deep, but soon wild winds prevail—
 The cause is asked that wakes the rising gale,
 The lots are cast, the lot on Jonas falls.

Of all the others death is his alone,
 Whose hidden fault the fatal cast has shown ;
 Headlong he falls, the billows o'er him sweep,
 But lo ! a whale has snatched him from the deep,
 Burying the prophet in its monstrous womb.

Thus sudden captured, swift he downward sped
 O'er the fierce tongue, and by those jaws so dread,
 Nor harmed, nor hurt, nor hinder'd on his way
 For monster-teeth to make an easy prey,
 But safe descending to his living tomb.

While pass three days, and while three nights go by,
 Within that prison is he doomed to lie,
 Where he surveys each dreary dark retreat,
 That makes his heart with wild commotions beat,
 Raised by the terrors of that dismal spot.

Where break the billows with a hollow sound,
 And wreath the rocks with snowy foam around,
 Lo! he is belched the third glad night, at last,
 From out the bowels of that monster vast,
 Astounded, wond'ring at his happy lot.

Filled with affright, and urged by heav'nly force,
 Straight to the Ninevites he bends his course,
 And thus denounc'd them for their deeds of shame:—
 "Soon Ninevah shall sink beneath the flame,"
 "The wrath of God hangs burning o'er her now"—
 He spoke—and hurried to a neighb'ring height,
 To mark the work of horror and affright—
 To see a waste where glory once had been,
 And all the terrors of that fearful scene :
 He sate o'erhung by many a verdant bough.

But lo! the city feels a bitter woe!
 What sighs burst forth! what streams of sorrow flow!
 Princes and peers, youth, men of every class,
 Hither and thither fly—a woful mass!—
 While shrieks of woman rend the sounding air.
 Forgot is now each revel of the past,
 And heav'n is called on with a solemn fast;
 Her silk and gems the matron casts aside,
 Dark weeds of woe succeed the pomp of pride,
 And show'rs of ashes fill the streaming hair.

The wretched fathers move in squalid vest,
 In shaggy hair the weeping crowds are dress'd ;
 With locks all loose, young maids in sackcloth wail,
 Their faces shrouded with a mourning veil,
 And screaming children grasp the ground in dread.

The king himself resigns his robe of state,
 Of golden texture, and of massive weight,
 Tears off his Orders, flings his sceptre down,
 From his gall'd brow removes the glitt'ring crown,
 And scatters ashes on his royal head.

The bowl, and banquet are no longer sought,
 Strict abstinence demands the gen'ral thought ;
 The very cradles float with ceaseless tears,
 Pour'd forth in vain by those of infant years,
 For milk which now the mother's breast denies.

The watchful spirit of the shepherd-swain
 Within close covert keeps his num'rous train,
 Lest e'en the brute should crop its grassy food,
 Or quench its thirst amid the swelling flood ;
 Meanwhile loud bellowings from the stables rise.

Appeased by this, Jehovah's wrath is done,
 And gracious pardon is immediate won ;
 For heav'nly favor is still ready shown,
 When sinful mortals for their crimes atone,
 By tears of penance pour'd to Mercy thus.

Yet wherefore sing we fasts of ancient date,
 When Christ himself confirmed their use of late,
 Appearing here in limbs of mortal mould,
 Yet long before by prophet-tongues foretold,
 The great Emmanuel, or God with us ?

Who freed this flesh (by nature all so vain
 And ever bound in Pleasure's flow'ry chain;)
 Leading it forth in virtue's narrow way,
 The liberator of our fragile clay,
 And ancient victor of careering crime.

Retiring lone where stillest silence reigned,
 For forty days and nights the Lord remained
 Without receiving aught of earthly fare,
 By holy fasting only nourished there,
 And heav'nly joys that cheer'd the dreary time.

The foe amazed to find frail man so strong
 As thus to struggle with distress so long,
 With wily art endeavored hard to find
 If God could come in form of humankind ;
 But quick repulsed, back rushes he again.

This blest observance, then, we'll ever make,
 Which thou, O Lord ! hast practised for our sake ;
 That when we stand against temptation's might,
 Thou great Ordainer of each sacred rite !
 The conquering soul triumphant still may reign.

'Tis this that Satan marks with jealous eye ;
 This glads the Ruler of the earth and sky,
 Sweetens the victim on the hallow'd shrine,
 Wakes the cold, slumb'ring soul to things divine,
 And drives each storm of passion from the heart.

Swifter than water stops the fire's red flow,
 Swifter than sunshine melts away the snow,
 Doth the deep force of fasting's sacred sway
 Drive from the soul each sinful gust away,
 If heav'nly Charity but play her part.

It is true virtue's great and crowning deed,
 To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,
 On those who want, our ready alms bestow,
 And last—observe, between the high, the low,
 One rule of conduct evermore the same.

He who for praise is lavish of his gains,
 Already has the crown of all his pains,
 But he who giveth, letting none behold,
 Shall see his fruit increase a thousand fold,
 While fadeless glories shall enwreath his name.

A F T E R F A S T I N G .

JESUS! thy servants' unchangeable stay!
 That holdest o'er mortals that merciful sway
 Which clasps them with gentlest caress!
 Whon fetter'd thyself with this wearisome coil,
 Thou did'st struggle with many a terrible toil,
 But man thou dost fondle and bless.

The third part of day has now vanished and gone,
 The ninth hour of morning has brightly come on,
 The fourth part beginneth its flight;
 Our fasting is ended, our orisons said,
 The board is prepared, and abundantly spread,
 And we go to the feast with delight.

So great is the love of our bountiful Lord,
 He soothes us with many a life-giving word,
 And chases our sorrows away;

He bids us display not a countenance sad,
But light up our features and make them look glad,
And deck us in festal array.

“When ye fast,” says the Saviour, “anoint yourselves
o’er,”

“Bring the glow to your cheek that illum’d it before,”

“That nought of your suff’ring remain;”

“With joyful humility hide from man’s eye,”

“The duties you do for your Master on high,”

“And God will reward all your pain.”

To the gloom of the desert He hastens away,
And seeks for the sheep that is sick and astray,
To heal all its bruises and wounds;
Far off from the place where the savage wolves roam,
He bears on his shoulders the worn wand’rer home,
And leads it to flowery sweet grounds.

He feeds it there, fond, on some warm sunny green,
Where the thorn or the thistle was never yet seen,
And night-shadows cast not their gloom;
Where many a sweet herb and palm tree are found,
And many a glassy fount sparkles around,
And laurels eternally bloom.

Thou bountiful Shepherd that dwellest above!
O what shall repay all those marks of thy love?
Weak, worthless our efforts must be;
Though frequent we fast, and tho’ fervent we pray,
Our bodies chastising, by night and by day,
How poor the return unto Thee!

To equal that goodness we cannot avail,
 Every act we perform is but feeble and frail,
 And our efforts but wear out our strength;
 Lest vigor desert, then, our perishing clay,
 And weakness come o'er us to waste us away,
 And our pow'rs become prostrate at length,

Each order we pass now that bade us refrain,
 And a season we take to refresh us again,
 When each may eat freely with joy;
 But first, let the blessing of heav'n be implor'd,
 Ere we sit to partake of the plentiful board,
 And so in our every employ.

We deemed that our feast would be healthful and sweet,
 If the favor on high would descend on our meat,
 So the Saviour has crown'd our request;
 May it give us, we pray, all our freshness and force,
 And aid us in running in virtue's bright course,
 And gaining a home with the blest.

THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

BRING forth, O Boy! my harp, that I
 May wake to truth the slumb'ring chord,
 And chaunt, in dulcet melody,
 The mighty wonders of the Lord.
 Be this, O Muse! thy sweetest dream,
 Be this, O Lyre! alone thy theme.
 With garlands, like a Pontiff, crown'd,

The Prophet-king proclaimed His birth,
 With voice and harp and timbrel's sound
 To all the tribes and tongues of earth :
 Aloud he sang the solemn strain,
 While heav'nly fire filled every vein.

We too would sound, in fitting tones,
 Those mighty and mysterious things,
 Which all the world proclaims and owns,
 And Nature's self confirms and sings :
 " A God of love," Creation cries,
 " For sinful mortal leaves the skies."
 Forth from the Father's breast he came,
 Before arose this earthly ball,
 Alpha, Omega, is his name,
 The fountain and the flow of all—
 The substance full, the glorious sum
 Of things past, present and to come.

He gave the word, and all obeyed—
 He spoke, and being sprang to birth—
 The triple element he made
 Of Sky, of Ocean, and of Earth ;
 With whatsoever else appears
 Beneath the sun's and moon's broad spheres.
 He put on him this form of clay
 The destined tenant of the tomb—
 And thus drew men from hell's dark way,
 Which was their fixed and final doom,
 Entailed by man's first parent's woe,
 And sealed on every soul below.

O ever-glorious was the hour
 In which that Virgin, full of grace,
 O'ershadow'd by Jehovah's pow'r,
 Brought forth Salvation to our race ;
 And earth's Redeemer, her sweet child
 Show'd to the world his brow so mild.
 All souls on earth—all souls on high—
 Ye Cherubim ! Ye Seraphim !
 With ev'ry voice that fills the sky,
 Pour to the Lord a praiseful hymn,
 And silent let no tongue remain,
 But join ye all the joyous strain.

Behold him whom the bards of old,
 Proclaimed aloud thro' every age,
 Him whom the Prophets all foretold
 In many a veritable page !
 The Promised comes of ancient days !
 Strike, Jews and Gentiles ! to his praise.
 The vessels filled with water, high,
 O'erflow with nectar all divine ;
 The waiting menial standeth by,
 And loud proclaims the rosy wine ;
 The banquet-master tastes the bowl,
 And sudden wonder fills his soul.

With leprosy's distemper dread
 A wretch stood near afflicted sore ;
 " Be thou made clean," the Saviour said,
 And lo ! the mis'ry was no more ;
 The sacrifice was offer'd then,
 And all the man is pure again.

Thou did'st, O Lord! anoint with clay
And spittle from thy sacred tongue
The sight obscured for many a day,
With densest shadows overhung.
 Before thy touch the blindness flies,
 And light once more illumes the eyes.

Thou did'st rebuke the tempest dark
That howled in phrenzy o'er those waves
Which threatened, wild, the little bark,
Loud roaring from their lowest caves.
 The storm obeys thy high behest,
 And silence reigns o'er ocean's breast.

A woman touches but by stealth
Thy sacred garment's hem, when now
Forthwith returns her long-lost health,
And flies the paleness from her brow;
 The stream that flow'd surcharged with gore,
 Beholds it bloody flux no more.

In death's deep slumber lying low,
A youth is borne upon his bier,
The widow'd mother following slow
With many a bursting bitter tear:
 "Arise!" said Christ—the boy arose—
 The mother's heart with joy o'erflows.
Inspiring him again with breath,
He orders Lazarus to rise,
Fast bound within the house of death
While roll'd four suns across the skies;
 Again comes home life's genial flame,
 And warms once more the fetid frame.

He moves along the wat'ry ways,
 And walks upon the billow's head ;
 Now here, now there the ocean sways,
 And smooths a path where he may tread ;
 Nor does the liquid yield, tho' pressed
 Beneath the Savior's footstep blessed.

Abiding in the dens and caves,
 And howling fiercely in his chains,
 A wretched being wildly raves,
 All torn and tortur'd with his pains ;
 He leaps, and runs, and calls on high,
 When he beholds the Saviour nigh.

A myriad spirits of deep hell
 Fly swift before that pow'r divine,
 And rush forth suddenly to dwell
 Amidst a herd of feeding swine ;
 The frantic beasts impatient flee,
 And headlong perish in the sea.
 When thousands sat and ate their fill
 Upon the dreary desert ground,
 Twelve baskets full were counted still
 Of what in fragments lay around ;
 Two fishes and five loaves of bread,
 Were all, meantime, on which they fed.

O Thou, our Bread ! our real meat !
 The spirit's inexhausted store !
 Whoever of thy board shall eat,
 Shall ne'er complain of hunger more ;
 Nor frame alone dost thou renew,
 Thou fill'st the soul with plenty, too.

The latent cavern of the ear
No more susceptible of sound,
At thy command again is clear
From every band with which 'twas bound,
Now thrilling to each vocal cry,
And hearing ev'n the softest sigh.

And every sickness flies away,
And every foul disease is heal'd ;
And O the tongue may loudly say
With what deep silence it was sealed !
The lame leaps up with joyful tread,
And through the city bears his bed :
To cheer those souls immured below,
And bring them to their blest estate,
To Limbo too, He deign'd to go,
Swift bursting thro' the brazen gate,
Whose solid bar is thrown aside,
Wrench'd from its rest and opened wide.

That depth which swiftly men descend,
But never could as swiftly fly,
Beholding now its thralldom end,
Gives all its inmates to the sky :
The law of grace prevails, at last,
And that deep prison's bound is pass'd.
While Christ did thus, with dazzling ray,
That place of shadows all illum'd,
Diffusing everlasting day
Wide o'er its palaces of gloom,
O'er heav'ns broad brow black vapours sweep,
And shroud the spheres in darkness deep.

The sun is shut from out the skies,
 With shadows deep as night o'erspread ;
 Far from his course the planet flies,
 And hides in midnight-gloom his head ;
 The world awaits, in pallid fright,
 The chaos of eternal night !
 O let my voice be heard on high,
 And let my tongue be all unbound ;
 Resound the Passion's Victory,
 The triumph of the cross resound ;
 Sing we that sacred sign which now
 Glows bright on every faithful brow !

Wonder of wonders ! Woe of woes !
 O miracle of that sad wood !
 Adown it what a river flows
 Of sacred water mixed with blood !
 Our sins are in that water drown'd,
 And with that blood are mortals crown'd.
 The serpent sees the Sacrifice
 Of that blessed body offer'd there ;
 He sees—and lo ! his enmities
 Are vain, for he no more can dare ;
 With head all bruis'd, and rack'd with pain
 He hisses, but his wrath is vain.

Of what avail, thou fiend accurst !
 Is now to thee that wicked wile,
 Which doomed the world to death at first,
 And gave a triumph to thy guile ?
 A God, cloth'd in this form of clay,
 Has washed each sinful stain away.

His body He vouchsafed to give
A little while to death's embrace,
To bid the dead of ages live,
Live to the glorious life of grace,
Bursting the fetters of those crimes
Which fill'd the heart from ancient times.

With him did all the Saints arise,
As he, triumphant, led the way,
Returning joyful to the skies,
Upon the third auspicious day.
The self-same flesh they all assume,
And soar exulting from the tomb.
Then might you see the dead limbs form,
From out their heap of ashes grey,
And the green veins returning, warm
The cold and lifeless lumps of clay,
The nerves and bones, and all within
Swift covering with the tender skin.

When death by Life was swallow'd down,*
And lost humanity restored,
The Lord, arrayed in victory's crown,
Triumphant to his Father soared,
Bearing forth to Eternal Life
The glory of his passion's strife.
Then reign, thou Judge of earth's dead band!
King of the living ! reign in might,
There seated at thy sire's right hand,
And circled by the pow'rs of light,

* "Swallowing down Death."—*St. Paul.*

From which thou shalt descend again
Th' avenging Judge of sinful men.

Old Age, and Youth, and Infancy !
Sing ye aloud a grateful song !
And Virgins ! Mothers ! Maids ! do ye
Join, too, with the rejoicing throng !
Let all resound their sweetest lays,
And chaunt the Saviour's boundless praise.
The billow's and the river's flow—
The sea-beat coast—the sounding bay—
The heat, the cold, the rain, the snow,
And calm, and storm, and night and day!
All, all your songs of gladness pour,
And laud his name for evermore !

H Y M N .

(At the Burial of the Dead.)

O THOU, who art our being and our breath,
Whose power consorted, with mysterious plan,
The two-fold element of Life and Death,
And gave by this, existence unto man.

And they are thine—each wondrous work is thine—
For thee alone is formed the glorious whole,
And while in union each with each shall twine,
For thee shall live the body and the soul.

When, by and bye, Time breaks the tender ties,
Each part will hasten to its place of birth,

The glowing spirit seeks her native skies,
The flesh goes mingling with its kindred earth.

When at the last the bonds are thus unbound,
The man is doomed to wither and decay,
The breathless dust is laid beneath the ground,
The soul is wafted on the breeze away.

It is ordained that all created things,
Weakened and worn, must fade at length outright,
And thus are snapped association's strings,
And so does this frail texture disunite.

Yet, gracious Lord ! thou who still lov'st thy own,
For mortal's sake hast made death's bondage vain,
A glorious manner in thy mercy shown
By which the mould'ring limbs may rise again.

If e'er the will, despising reason's ray,
Spurn virtue's path to follow that of lust,
The conquer'd soul is also borne away,
And with the carnal grovels in the dust.

But if the spirit scorn the path of ill,
Still ever mindful of her guiding light,
An easy captive does she take the will,
And waft it with her to the heav'nly height.

Tho' the crush'd body lies a lifeless mass
When the free spirit bursts from its control,
Yet brief the period that is doomed to pass
When it regains its union with the soul.

The time is near when mortal shall behold
The radiant spirit warm the bones once more,
And bear along her domicile of old,
All life and animation as before—

That lately putrified and loathsome frame
Which lay so sadly in the dreary tomb,
Again resplendent in the soul's bright flame
Is wafted to the skies on rapid plume.

Hence the great care bestowed upon the grave—
Hence the last honors lavished on the dead—
We bid the willow o'er the greensward wave,
We strew bright flow'rs above the buried head.

We bring at first the flowing winding sheet,
Pure as the snow, and wrap the lifeless clay,
We then embalm it with an odour sweet,
And thus preserve it from too swift decay.

Why should we rear the sculptured marble here,
Or tow'ring monument, however fair?
Our friends are not as they would now appear,
They are not dead but only slumb'ring there.

Believing firmly that death's solemn rest
Will soon be o'er, and all again be life,
The christian hero has within his breast
A pow'r superior to all mortal strife.

Where'er the dead demand his work of love,
He hastes to bear them to their last repose,

A faithful servant of his Lord above,
This gentle charity he still bestows.

There is within each member of our race
A law that bids us weep above the tomb ;
When one hath haply left his earthly place,
We mourn o'er his, our own peculiar doom.

The young Tobias' saintly sire of yore,
That rev'rend sage whom ev'ry virtue led,
Forsook the pleasures of the banquet's store,
And hied away attendant on the dead.

He left the goblet and the ready fare,
While stood his ministers obsequious 'round,
Bound up his garments, and with pious care
Prepared the body for the silent ground.

A favor soon descended from the skies,
The man of God received his just reward ;
The bitter gall was spread upon his eyes,
And sight returned obedient to the Lord.

By such a cure, the God of earth and heav'n
Has clearly shown us by how hard a way
Is the blest gift to weary mortal giv'n,
Whose eyes would open to a new-born day.

Thus are we taught that none shall see that light,
Which glads the saints in heav'n's celestial reign,
Till each has struggled thro' this earthly night,
Its hour of sorrow, and its path of pain.

Our close will then have more of heav'nly trust,
For, thro' the trials that surround our end,
The "narrow way" is open'd to the just,
By which alone to glory we ascend.

Thus shall those bodies, now deprived of breath,
Arise again, and hail a happier day ;
Nor shall that life, thus warming out of death,
From its new vigor ever fall away.

That chilling brow which dissolution's power,
Hath all defiled, and spread with fearful gloom,
Shall live again as fragrant as the flower,
And wear the blush of beauty's own sweet bloom.

Age ne'er shall then disturb our happy course,
By dimming fast the loveliness of youth ;
Nor shall disease e'er waste away our force,
By preying on us with its cankering tooth.

Each dreadful plague that smites us now below,
In that glad season shall be all unknown,
Condemn'd to writhe beneath our present woe,
And, for these pangs, in manacles atone.

The flesh, victorious and immortal then,
Shall mark these scourges from its throne in heav'n,
As loud they wail, and ever shall again,
The trials, tortures which themselves had giv'n !

But why should now the ling'ring crowd in vain,
Thus pour abroad the mingled plaint and tear ?

Why should we mortals madly thus complain,
Do we addeem God's holy will severe ?

Then let the sigh of sadness now be o'er,—
Ye weeping mothers ! wipe your tears away !
Their loving pledges let none now deplore—
This death is nothing but Life's dawning day.

The seed, we know, will spring to light again,
Tho' rotted now, and buried in the earth ;
The tender shoot soon peers above the plain,
And the ripe ear in season has its birth.

Then take, thou Earth ! this burden to thy trust,
And, like a mother, clasp it to thy breast ;
To thee awhile we give the mortal dust,
The ashes, once of gen'rous worth possessed !

Once was this wreck the palace of the soul,
That bright creation of Jehovah's breath—
In this shone wisdom as a burning coal—
In Christ it liv'd—in Christ it sleeps in death.

Hide thou the body which we here depose,
Th' Eternal One shall seek it of thee yet,
Still ever mindful of the lot of those
Upon whose brow his image has been set.

The day of justice will come quickly on,
When God himself shall crown each mortal vow,
And thou, wide-rent, restore the buried one,
Ev'n as our hands consign it to thee now.

Tho' the vile worm should on those relics prey
Till nothing more than ashes would remain—
Tho' the light dust, thus ground and worn away,
Become no greater than the smallest grain—

Tho' warring winds, and tho' the fiercest storm
That ever raged along the skyey void
Would dash to atoms that unseemly form—
Still glorious man shall never be destroyed.

Say, then, O Father! in what place or sphere
Dost thou command the virtuous soul to rest,
When thou hast called the body off from here,
And dost with flesh the bones again invest?

O 'tis embosomed in that sainted Sire
With whom the lowly Lazarus repos'd,
Whom Dives, looking from his bed of fire,
Beheld with all the bloom of heav'n enclos'd.

That voice, sweet Saviour! we shall still obey,
By which, triumphant o'er the pow'rs of hell,
Thou called'st the robber on thy dying day,
In thine own home of Paradise to dwell.

Now to the faithful, lo! the golden gate
Of immortality doth wide unfold;
We may approach, and seek the blest estate
Which the Destroyer wrested from our hold.

Then bid the soul, thou Guide of wand'ring feet!
Attain the rest for which we humbly pray;

Make it sit down upon that native seat,
 From which it wander'd exiled and astray.

Ours be it now to bid o'er each lov'd bone
 The green boughs wave, the purple flow'rs abound,
 Imprint the name upon the chilly stone,
 And pour blest water o'er the hallowed mound.

C H R I S T M A S D A Y .

WHY through the zone of Capricorn
 Takes now the failing sun his flight?
 It is because the Lord is born,
 Who comes to flood the world with-light.
 How quickly hath the fleeting hour
 Borne from our eyes the light of day!
 How hath the sunshine lost its pow'r,
 Falling and fading, ray by ray!
 Full soon the skies shall brighter glare,
 And all creation sweeter smile,
 The day of days fill earth and air,
 And every thing exult the while.
 Arise—O beauteous Babe! arise,
 To whom Virginity gives birth!
 Thou parent free from bridal ties!
 Redeemer! Born of heav'n and earth!

Tho' from thy Father com'st thou now,
 And tho' thou art his son divine,

Yet from eternity art thou,
And wisdom hath been ever thine.
'Twas thou that did'st create the skies.
And all that blooms or shines abroad ;
At thy command did they arise,
Because the Word of God was God.
And while the countless years roll on,
And all in harmony transpire,
The founding and the guiding One
Dwelt in the bosom of that Sire.
There dwelt he till the weary years
Had measur'd out their destin'd time ;
He then approach'd this vale of tears
Long darken'd with the clouds of crime.

O many a path which heav'n abhor'd,
The blinded nations then pursued ;
They gave the homage due the Lord
To forms of stone, and brass and wood.
While follow'd those their evil way,
Into the demon's pow'r they fell,
And plunged their souls, an easy prey,
Down to the dreadful depths of hell.
Christ could no more behold the sight,
And he would burst that fiend's control,
Lest man, his Father's image bright,
Should forfeit his immortal soul.
A human form did he assume,
To make that human form arise,
Burst thro' the portals of the tomb,
And bear it with him to the skies.

Now beams again that royal day,
When heav'n at last rain'd down the Just,
Who joined himself to mortal clay,
Deity mingling with the dust.
Did'st thou not feel, thou maid renown'd !
When thou didst give him to the earth,
Thy spotless virtue more than crowned
By the high honor of his birth ?
O what unnumber'd joys for man
That sacred womb of thine contain'd,
From which another world began,
Another golden epoch reigned !
His infant cry did usher in
A rising orb's resplendent morn ;
Then died the ancient world of sin,
And that of joy and grace was born.

Earth then, methinks, rejoicing smiled,
And flow'rs enamelled all the ground ;
Beauty adorned the desert wild,
And breath'd celestial odours 'round.
Creation all appeared to own
The rising Saviour as he sprang ;
Bright verdure cloth'd the rugged stone,
And nature wide glad welcome sang.
From the hard rock did honey flow,
From tamarisks the balsam broke,
And th'e bright rose was known to blow
From the dry branches of the oak.
How blest, O Lord ! is now the place,
Where thou did'st first to man appear !

For ever sacred to our race,
And even to the brute still dear !

The animal untaught in all,
Did there to Christ true homage yield,
There did the ass in worship fall
Whose instinct only seeks the field.
But God's own race their Lord denied,
And followed him with vengeance dire,
Filled to the last with hell-born pride,
And raging with the Demon's ire.
O wayward stock ! what deed insane
Art thou not doing ? hold and see
(If aught of reason yet remain,)
The guard and guide of thine and thee !
Him whom in infancy low laid
Within a narrow crib confin'd,
The ever blest and spotless maid
Bestow'd as King on all mankind.

O sinner ! thou shalt see him yet
Above the clouds exalted high,
When every hope for thee hath set,
And tears shall vainly dim thine eye.
When the terrific trump shall send
Its warning thro' the frightened world,
When earth shall shake from end to end,
And into ruin all be hurled ;
Enthroned upon his seat of light,
Man's good and evil he shall weigh,
This shall descend to endless night,
And that enjoy eternal day.

Beholding that bright cross of pow'r,
Ah! Israel! thou shalt know him then,
Whom, murder'd in thy passion's hour,
Death conquer'd, but resign'd again.

THE EPIPHANY.

O YE, who now would seek your God!
Uplift your eyes and look on high;
His sign of glory beams abroad,
And fills with lustre all the sky.

Of rarer grace, and richer glow
Than yonder golden lamp of morn,
This star proclaims to all below
That man's Redeemer hath been born.

It is no lonely star of night,
Twinkling beside the changeful moon;
All heav'n it fills with floods of light,
And burns amid the blaze of noon.

Tho' the clear orbs that shine aloft,
Are such as never wholly fade,
Yet is their varying light full oft
Obscured by many a gloomy shade.

This planet glitters ever more,
And never pales beneath the cloud;

Not e'en a vapor spreads it o'er,
 To dim its glow with misty shroud.

Before that lovely Saviour's star
 Each planet now of baneful glare,
 With fiery comets driv'n afar,
 Is banish'd from the burning air.

And lo! approaching from that part
 Where morning's beam begins to shine,
 Men, skill'd in many a mystic art,
 With joy behold the royal sign.

When flings that star its blaze about,
 All others hide their fitful gleams ;
 Not ev'n the star of morn shines out,
 With all the splendor of his beams.

"Who is this mighty king," they said,
 "That o'er the stars extends his sway,"
 "Whom things divine behold with dread,"
 "And all the powers of heav'n obey?"

"A wondrous sight do we descry"
 "Which lives beyond the bounds of time,"
 "Older than chaos and the sky,"
 "Mighty, unspeakable, sublime!"

It is the king of Juda's trust,
 Whom all the Gentiles shall adore,
 Promised to Abraham the just,
 And to his seed for evermore.

That primal child of faith and grace
By whom was Isaac freely giv'n,
Well knew that his predestin'd race
Would number e'en the stars of heav'n.

Now blossoms forth that royal Flow'r,
Which from the root of Jesse springs,
Whose sceptre puts beneath its pow'r,
All earthly, and all heav'nly things.

Amazed the Magi follow'd on
With eager eyes to heav'n upturned;
While 'round them full that starlight shone,
And o'er their radiant pathway burn'd.

At length that wonder of their way
Above the holy Infant stay'd,
And show'd the place with slanting ray,
In which his sacred form was laid.

And when their eyes beheld him now,
Their stores of riches they unroll'd,
And offer'd him, with many a vow,
Myrrh, frankincense, and sparkling gold.

Receive, sweet Child! those marks of love,
Which figure forth thy pow'r, thy fame,
Thou whom that Sire, enthroned above,
Hath honor'd with a three-fold name:

The glitter of that golden hoard
That sabine incense' sweet perfume,

Proclaim thee mighty king and Lord,
 While shows the myrrh the dreary tomb.

It shows the tomb where God should lay
 His mortal form deprived of breath,
 Whence rising soon he spurned the clay,
 And burst thro' all the bonds of death.

O Bethlehem, thou favor'd spot !
 Thou noblest city of the earth !
 Above all others 'tis thy lot
 To claim the great Redeemer's birth.

It is from thy maternal sod
 The Father hath received his Son,
 A man who cometh down from God,
 A God who puts man's nature on :—

Whom long ago th' attesting Sire
 Had order'd to possess a throne,
 Foretold by all the prophet-choir,
 By other voices, too, made known :

A throne which should extend its sway
 Above the sea, the shore, the sky,
 The rising and the setting day,
 And all below, and all on high.

Herod the while beholds, with pain,
 The glorious king of kings at hand,
 Who comes on David's throne to reign,
 And over Israel hold command.

Raging, he gives his slaves the word—

“ The foe is nigh, we are no more,
“ Ye Satellites ! unsheath the sword,
“ And make the cradles float in gore.

“ Seek ye those nursing bosoms all,
“ To which an infant-man is press'd,
“ Let every child beneath you fall
“ Slain on the suckling mother's breast.”

“ For Bethlehem I do suspect
There wily women dwell, I know,
That would by fraudulent means protect
The hateful person of my foe.”

With blades of death, and breasts of ire
Then flew those slaves to deeds of blood ;
The new-born babes transpierc'd expire,
And widely rolls the crimson flood.

O scene of horror unsurpass'd !
The little head all cloven lies,
The brain is o'er the pavement cast,
And from the sockets start the eyes ;—

And while those hearts still quiv'ring beat,
Into the dreadful deep they're thrown,
Where soon as breath and water meet,
In death they sink with feeble moan.

Hail, First fruits of that fair array !
Which, in religion's early hours,

The foes of Jesus snatched away,
As blasts the gale the op'ning flow'rs.

O victims of your Lord divine !
The tend'rest of the martyr-band,
Ye stand arrayed before his shrine,
And sing his praise with psalms in hand ?

But what avails that bloody deed ?
Ah ! Herod ! where is now thy joy ?
A thousand victims 'round thee bleed,
But thou hast lost the heav'nly boy.

The offspring of the spotless maid
Is all among his slaughter'd kind,
Who flies the fury of that blade
Which leaves such broken hearts behind.

Thus Moses, chief of Israel's train,
The figure of th' Incarnate God,
Frustrated all that edict vain,
Which wicked Pharaoh spread abroad.

The cruel monster strove amain
To seal unhappy Juda's doom ;
For every man-child must be slain,
Soon as it issues from the womb.

One matron, with a mother's love,
Dared disobey the tyrant's will,
And trusting in that Arm above,
By stealth preserved her offspring still.

And soon the Sov'reign king of heav'n,
Made that illustrious child his own ;
Thro' him the law of God was giv'n,
Engraved on monuments of stone.

In such a one who may not see
Our gracious Lord prefigur'd plain ?
He made the brave of Egypt flee,
And freed his race from slav'ry's chain.

Our leader triumphed over hell,
And brought us from death's gloomy shade,
To fearful bondage doomed as well
Beneath the chains which sin had made.

Moses led on, with guidance sure,
His people hallow'd by the stream,
And cleansed them in the waters pure,
While o'er them shone the pillar's beam.

Before the battle's dread array
He raised his sacred hands on high,
And lo ! proud Amelec gave way—
Type of the Cross's Victory !

But the true Joshua now is here,
Who leads his own devoted band
After full many a weary year,
Triumphant to the Promis'd Land.

Who deep beneath the Jordan's bed,
Doth lay the twelve stones firmly down,

In which th' Apostles' names are read,
Whose glory is the Christian's crown.

With justice, then, those ancient Wise
Believed they looked on Juda's Lord,
When they beheld the prophecies
With Jesus' deeds so well accord.

He is the King of all those who
In ancient times ruled Jacob's fold ;
He is the glorious monarch, too,
Of the new temple and the old.

Before him Ephraim's children fall—
Him doth Manasses' house adore—
The twelve tribes honor him—and all
Proclaim his praise from shore to shore.

Yea, ev'n the heathen's godless line
Once blinded by their orgies dire,
No more shall light the demon's shrine
With sacrifice of impious fire.

The fabled Gods of former day,
Of wood, of metal, and of stone,
Shall vanish, like a dream, away,
While Jesus' faith shall stand alone.

Then sing, ye Nations ! joy and sing,
Judea ! Egypt ! Persia ! Thrace !
Rome ! Scythia ! Greece ! lo ! one great King
Now rules earth's universal race.

Ye Saints ! and Sinners ! lift your voice,
And sound your prince's praise on high,
Living, and dead, and all rejoice,
For mortal never more shall die.

EMANUEL, THE VIRGIN-BORN :

A POEM IN THREE BOOKS.

INTRODUCTION.

FROM the early part of the fifteenth Century down to the glorious era of classical literature in the age of Leo X, many favorable circumstances happily concurred in producing the restoration of ancient learning. Amongst these may be enumerated the great influx of celebrated Greek scholars into Italy and the encouragement which they generally received ; the newly-created desire of recovering ancient manuscripts, in the pursuit of which no labor, no expense was spared; the enthusiasm with which those long-lost treasures were hailed by the people of Italy ; the eagerness with which they were read, transcribed, commented and published; the establishment of public libraries, followed by the opening of public seminaries, where the languages of Greece and Rome were taught in all their native purity; and finally the invention of printing, by which, perhaps, more than all other causes, the progress of classical learning was accelerated in an extraordinary degree. Two of the most learned Greeks to whom Italy and Europe were so much indebted at this period, were DEMETRIUS CYDONIUS and EMMANUEL CHRYSOLORAS. To the credit of the Italians be it told, that no mean jealousies nor petty national vanities prevented them from acknowledging their obligations to the learned strangers. They were every where received with distinction and ardor, their lectures were crowded, and their important services in the cause of literature were transmitted to posterity, through the numerous works of their grateful

disciples. To Chrysoloras, in particular, the national gratitude seems to have been extended. He was treated with the greatest possible respect during life; an entire volume of eulogies upon him was written after his death, and in his Epitaph composed by Aeneas Sylvius, afterwards Pius II, he is termed the Revivor of Greek and Latin literature. When learning was thus honored in the person of its promoters, we can easily account for its rapid diffusion.

During the middle ages, the treasures of classic lore were for the most part unknown to Europe, and the Manuscripts which were preserved, were so costly and so rare, that none but persons of immense-wealth could enjoy their advantages. Time was, when an estate would be exchanged for the possession of a Manuscript, or its loan procured by the deposit of immense sums. Manuscripts even became important articles of traffic, and such was the value which was justly attached to them, that their transfer, whether by sale or loan, was, with all its conditions, duly inscribed in the public registries. A thirst for their possession was most naturally created at the restoration of letters, to gratify which, long journeys were performed, tedious voyages undertaken, and princely fortunes expended. The pioneers of literature speedily commenced their arduous and persevering labors in every corner of Europe and Asia. They ransacked every city, and library, and church and convent. The rottenness of ages was dug up and examined. The mine of antiquity was carefully explored, and amidst the dross and rubbish several jewels of priceless value rewarded the commendable diligence of their anxious captors, for every new classic given to the world was hailed with as much delight as the acquisition of a province. Such was the assistance afforded to these enquiries by men of wealth and influence, that we are assured by Niccolo Leonicensi in his letter to Politiano that Lorenzo de Medici, the grand Maecenas of his age, had messengers dispersed throughout every part of the earth for the purpose of collecting books on every science, and that he spared no expense in procuring all possible materials for the use of men of genius. Nay, such was the glorious enthusiasm of this extraordinary man, that he wished the diligence of his learned collectors might exhaust all his fortune in the purchase of Manuscripts, so that he might be afforded the opportunity of pledging even his furniture to obtain them. Cosmo de Medeci, Poggio, Aurispa, Guarino, Fileso, Niccolo Niccoli, Pope Nicholas V, Corvino, King of Hungary, Federigo, Duke of Urbi-

no, and Politiano, and Pico, the able and learned assistants of the munificent Lorenzo, have all been rivals in this search after ancient knowledge, and have rendered the latest posterity their debtors by the invaluable relics of antiquity which they have bequeathed us. Nicholas V, when an humble clergyman, the son of a poor physician at Sarzana, burned with the desire of collecting those venerable remains. His industry and learning frequently contributed to the gratification of his wishes. He was often tempted, in the ardor of his pursuit, to exceed his very moderate income, but the esteem and affection of his friends preserved him from pecuniary difficulties. Being raised to the chair of St. Peter, he had ample opportunities of indulging his useful predilections, and in the short space of eight years, during which he governed the Holy See, he collected more than five thousand volumes of Greek and Roman authors, and secured for himself an enduring fame by founding the noble library of the Vatican.

The establishment of those public libraries in various parts of Italy was also instrumental in diffusing a general taste for the ancient authors. Their works were thus rendered easy of access, and distinguished men in every rank of life were enabled to unlock the valuable stores of antiquity and feast their minds on the productions of kindred genius. The memorable invention of printing added an overwhelming impulse to the onward progress of literary and classic taste. Editions of the ancient authors appeared in rapid succession, and were devoured by innumerable readers, whose mental appetite was sharpened by the long literary famine through which they had passed. One of the earliest attempts of the Italian scholars was to translate into Latin the most celebrated Greek authors. As the classic rage proceeded, the beauties of both Latin and Greek writers were sought to be transfused into the vernacular tongue. They admired, they commented, they translated, and at length they dared to imitate the models of their veneration. Several eminent Latin writers speedily appeared. Florence was distinguished peculiarly in the field of Latin poetry, and the reputation acquired by her renowned children, was emulated by other places of Italy. A long array of writers justly celebrated in this department of literature, might be easily paraded. But passing over so many hallowed names which grace the revival of ancient learning, and mellowed, retouched and revived the paintings of classic song, we come to the author of the following exquisite Poem, whose brilliant genius, both in Italian and Latin

Poetry, has renewed and perpetuated the ancient glories of the delightful vicinity of Naples, and immortalized that already classic ground.

He was born at Naples, in 1458, and gave early indications of that "Mens divinior" of poesy which he indubitably possessed. Frederick, King of Naples, was his munificent patron, and on account of his distinguished talents and graceful manners, conferred upon him many marks of his esteem. When his kind benefactor in despair of re-ascending the throne, resolved to leave Italy, he was accompanied into France by our poet, who remained with him until his death, in 1504. He then returned to his native country, where, it is said, he divided his time between amusement and poetry. He is represented to have been of the most cheerful disposition, and to have preserved even in his old age, all the vivacity, and some of the levity of youth. The retreat of his charming Villa Mergyllina, the judicious gift of his royal patron, was eminently suited for the successful cultivation of the Muses. Here he revelled in all the loveliness of the most enchanting scenery, and seemed to rekindle the fire of youth and genius in that sunny clime, which teems with so many natural beauties of the highest order. To this beloved retirement he makes frequent allusion in his poems. His affections were so deeply rivetted to this classic spot, that when Philibert, of Nassau, who commanded the Emperor's army at the celebrated seige of Naples, by the French, destroyed his beloved villa either thro' necessity or wanton caprice, the irritated Poet conceived an inexorable hatred towards the Prince of Orange. His mortification at the loss was so great that it brought on a severe illness, which terminated in death in 1530, at the advanced age of 72. He was interred in a handsome chapel, which is built on the ruins of Mergyllina, and the following complimentary epitaph was composed by that accomplished scholar, Cardinal Bembo :—

"Da sacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni,
Sincerus musa proximus ut tumulo."
Go scatter flow'rs above his sacred brow,
He sang like Maro once, he sleeps by Maro now.

This comparison, so honorable to his fame, is enhanced by the consideration that it was made by one who from his own classic taste was fully competent to pronounce upon his merits. It will be recollected that the far-famed tomb of Virgil is in the vicinity of Mergyllina—a circumstance which will serve to explain the allusion of the epitaph.

He left several works both in Latin and Italian. Among the most remarkable of his compositions, is his "Arcadia," in verse and prose, which is greatly admired for the beauty of its images, and the graceful delicacy of its language. We have also from his pen a Lamentation on the death of Christ, Eclogues, Three Books of Elogies, and the splendid Poem on the Offspring of the Virgin, which is the principal monument of his fame and genius. The elegance and purity of its style, the harmony of its verses, the rich profusion of its brilliant images and lofty sentiments, have always commanded the admiration of the most accurate critics, as well as of all true lovers of poetry.

Sannazar is, however, censured by strict christian moralists for having profaned the sanctity of his subject by the strange admixture of Pagan extravagancies with the august mysteries of religion. The poem, they allege, is filled with heathen divinities, and its machinery constructed of Pagan materials.* It is observed that he places the Sibylline books in the hands of the Virgin, instead of the Psalms, and that neither David, nor Isaias, but the fabulous Proteus is made to foretel the sublime mystery of the Incarnation. These, and similar animadversions, justifiable though they seem, will, on dispassionate consideration, prove to be too severe. Great allowance must be made for the prevailing taste of the age, for the new-born and fervent admiration of ancient models, for the pure classic atmosphere which every author of the time almost unconsciously breathed. Moreover, words being the signs of ideas, it mattered little what peculiar terms were employed by the poet, provided his meaning was fully understood. There was not in his day the remotest possibility of the contrary, and hence to judge of him with impartial candor we must transport ourselves in imagination to the age in which he flourished. We would thus share in the admiration of his contemporaries, be identified with the spirit of the times, and learn to decide on the merits of our poet, not according to the fastidious standard of modern days, when the collected wisdom of three centuries, through the medium of the press, has pruned down the luxuriance of genius and fancy with almost mathematical precision, but by the just criterion of the remarkable period when he

*The Translator, in his version of the passages alluded to here, has cautiously abstained from introducing any thing that would savor of heathen mythology. Thinking it to be more in accordance with the subject, he has, in those particular places, translated with a good deal of freedom, and employed nothing but purely christian terms.

lived, and when, after the comparative gloom of centuries, the glorious light of science burst forth in dazzling and meridian splendor. Surely, if ever a departure from the rigid canons of taste could hope for an apology, it would be at an era like this, when so remarkable a transition was taking place throughout the literary world. Viewing him in this light, we can easily discern an apology for his alledged defects. The Sibylline books in the Virgin's hand will be at once understood of the sacred pages of the ancient law; the description of Acheron will be the representation of hell; the inferior Gods of heathen creation will be transformed into the beautiful spirits and ministering angels of heaven; Olympus and the New Jerusalem will be convertible terms;—in a word the skilful poet will be seen throughout to raise trophies in honor of the Christian Religion from the spoils of Paganism, just, as in another sense, the temples of ancient Greece and Rome were changed into Christian churches and purified from the abominations of idolatry, by being consecrated to the worship of the true and living God. These reflections, if they do not justify the poet, may at least mitigate the severity of his accusers. But even admitting the existence of a few defects, who can overlook the matchless beauties that pervade this truly Virgilian Poem? Sannazar obtained the approbation of all the learned men of his day, and was honored by the most complimentary Briefs from Clement VII, and Leo X. His composition is styled a "Divine Poem" by Cardinal Giles of Viterbo, and this excellent judge declares that he yields to none of the ancients in strength of genius. "For what," said he, in writing to the Poet, "can be more elegant than the exordium? What more sublime than the conception of the Virgin? What more wonderful than the astonishment of heaven, earth, and hell, at this extraordinary event? What more joyful than the exultation of Simeon? What more cruel than the massacre of the Innocents? What more terrible than the picture of an expiring God? What more delightful than his resurrection from the tomb? What more happy than his triumphant return to heaven laden with his glorious spoils?" He goes on to recount the many other happy descriptions with which the poem abounds, and concludes by calling it a "learned, holy, and pious work," for which its author might expect an eternal reward in the life to come. There may be some partiality in these favorable testimonies, but certainly that which has obtained the sanction of such illustrious names should not be too hastily censured.

The writer has often lamented that this, and similar productions of our eminent Christian poets are so little known in these countries, and he has frequently thought a judicious selection of them might be used with great advantage in those seminaries and schools where it is considered desirable to blend religious instruction with the study of profane learning. He also believes it to be an act of justice to the Church of which he glories in being a member, to exhibit to her opponents the splendid achievements of her children in this as well as every other department of the arts and sciences. The sublime conceptions which spring from the genius of Catholicity will be seen to animate the verses of her poets, exalt and purify the strains of her musicians, and to transfuse into the glowing canvass of her painters the divine beauty and unfading glories of immortal life.

Should the present attempt be favorably received, the Translator will publish a series of Christian Latin Classics, including Santolius Victorinus, Sarbievius, Vida, Sedulius, &c., as he considers the publication of such ornaments of the Christian church would be equally beneficial to the cause of literature and religion.



My son, give me thy heart: and
let thy eyes keep my ways.

EMANUEL, THE VIRGIN-BORN.

BOOK FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Invocation. The decree respecting the coming of the Saviour. The mission of the Archangel Gabriel. The Annunciation. The Virgin's astonishment at the unexpected tidings. Her obedience to the divine will. The Conception. The Redeemer's coming made known to the just spirits "who were in prison." Their eager anticipations of their long expected happiness. David supposed to prophecy there the visit of the Magi. Simeon's embracing the Lord. The murder of the Holy Innocents. The flight into Egypt. Various events in the Life of Christ. His passion and death. The Ascension.

AWAKE, awake, and sing, my tuneful lyre !
The Virgin-born, coeval with his Sire ;
Who, having left his beatific reign,
From sinful mortal wash'd the primal stain,
And open'd wide the long-obstructed way
That stood between us and eternal day.
And here, O Muses ! all the bard's delight,
Your shades I summon and your fountains bright ;

Ye, too, inherit an immortal name,
Boast virgin-lives, and love unsullied fame ;
O lend your fire, assist my vent'rous flight,
And ope to me the gates of life and light ;—
Ye saw the grotto where the Babe hath lain,
Ye heard the music of the Spirits' strain,
Beheld the glory of the gentile star,
And the wise kings who wandered from afar.
And Mother thou ! sweet object of our love !
Man's hope below, delight of saints above,
On whom the glitt'ring hosts of heav'n attend—
Unnumber'd banners—chariots without end—
The trump's shrill breath—the clarion's ringing cry—
And all the shining army of the sky :—
If e'er with flow'rs I dress'd thy hallow'd fane,
Or rear'd thee altars by the foaming main,
O'er which my Mergyllina tow'rs on high
A sea-mark to the passing sailor's eye—
Or if I e'er to thee and to thy praise
Pay solemn rites, and pealing anthems raise,
Whene'er is celebrated through the earth
The wondrous mystery of the Saviour's birth,
Weak as I am, and wand'ring on my way,
O guide my efforts, and inspire my lay.

The king of kings had, from his blissful world,
Seen mankind long to hell's destruction hurl'd,
Beheld the foe his utmost pow'rs employ
To snare all hearts, and ev'ry soul destroy ;
In vain man's spirit boasted deathless power,
Its glorious birth was now a bootless dower ;

In vain it tow'r'd, and shone in deeds sublime—
Such were the dire effects of our primeval crime !
Inflamed at length with love of Adam's race,
Thus spoke the Godhead from the throne of grace :
“ For ever thus shall men be left to groan !
Why for the father should the sons atone ?
Shall those I made to shine in endless day
The partners, peers of this divine array—
Be still condemn'd to seek the shades below,
And live the victims of eternal woe ?
It may not be. No longer shall they mourn !
The weary exiles shall in joy return ;
Again shall they with happy spirits dwell,
To fill the vacant thrones of those who fell ;
And as through woman all those causes rose
That flood the world with perils, fears and woes,
So now in woman aid in turn be found,
And peace, and love, and gladness reign around.”
He said—and called a messenger of light,
With brow of flame, and pinions heav'nly bright,
And thus commands the spirit who should bear
The joyful tidings to the Pure and Fair :
“ Thou who art called the harbinger of love,
And guide and guardian of the hosts above,
With fallen man, Archangel ! it is thine
To make our peace, and form a league divine ;
Give thy attention to our high behest,
And be it treasur'd in thine inmost breast :
Between the Phœnicia and the Jordan, lies
A land where many of our altars rise,
A sacred spot—Judea is its name,

Renowned for sapient laws and martial fame ;
 Within that land a maiden lives, who springs
 From a long line of prophets and of kings,
 Who, though united to a worthy spouse,
 Still for our sake preserves her virgin vows,
 And lives retir'd, and rests her lonely head
 On lonely couch beneath the humblest shed,
 Yet fit to grace the councils of the Blest,
 And share the joys of heav'n's eternal rest.
 Before all time we chose, with special grace,
 From out all members of the vestal race
 This sacred maiden as alone the one
 Who free from ev'ry stain, should bear our only Son.
 Decending swiftly through the liquid air
 Haste on thy way and to the maid repair ;
 Breathe the blest accents to her virgin ear,
 Dispel her doubts, and banish all her fear ;
 It is our mercy to redeem man's soul,
 And free the world from sorrow's dark control."

Thus He. The Spirit at the order flies
 On zephyrs wafted thro' the trackless skies,
 Sails by the clouds, and shoots along in light,
 His plume scarce moving in his downward flight.
 As when a swan has from on high descried
 Meandra's stream, or Chrysta's ample tide,
 On her fleet course precipitate she springs,
 Tho' seeming motionless, and void of wings,
 Until she gains the wished-for wave, at last,—
 Thro' air, thro' cloud, thus swift the herald passed :

And when, sublime, he touch'd the sacred ground,
Where stands Idumea, with palm trees crowned,
Deep fixed in thoughts that all her soul engage
He finds the maid bent o'er the heav'nly page,
Attentive seeking if her eye may find
Aught that the Prophets for her race divin'd ;
For she had heard a period would arise
In which, descending from the starry skies,
The holy spirit of her God would come,
And make abode within a virgin's womb :
How doth she shine in sainted beauty, now !
What heav'nly awe is on her radiant brow !—
She sits and breathes in modesty profound,
With her sweet eyes fixed steadfast on the ground,
And while in thought she lauds that maid on high,
And deems her some fair daughter of the sky,
She looks all love, and hails, on bended knee,
The mother of the coming Deity,
Still, still unconscious while she worships there,
That she herself shall all that honor share.

Meantime, arriving from the upper spheres,
Full in her view the Messenger appears ;
By his bright entrance, and his radiant vest,
In all his pomp the Seraph stands confessed ;
Above the maid his golden wing he spreads,
And o'er the scene celestial odor sheds.
“ Hail, lovely light ! thrice welcome to those eyes !
(Thus to the Queen the bright Archangel cries ;)
“ O Star of heav'n ! O Virgin ever blest !
Upon whose head all benedictions rest !

Thou o'er whose soul the virtues brightly shine,
 That flow abundant from the source divine ;
 In whom the wisdom of the skies is found,
 And grace and truth in living streams abound !
 Behold ! the Lord of majesty and sway,
 Who ever guides the planets in their way,
 Hath sanctified thee with his powerful grace,
 And in thy bosom fixed his dwelling place ;
 Thou shalt be honor'd among women, now,
 And throughout everlasting ages—Thou,
 With whose acclaim, by myriad angels sung,
 The courts of heav'n eternally have rung :
 What joy thou'lt bring to many a sorrowing heart !
 What peace thou'lt sow, what pow'rful aid impart !”

Th' astonished maiden sudden stood aghast ;
 Her heart, astounded, flutter'd wild and fast ;
 Her eyes fell heavy—faintness o'er her came,
 And a cold fear ran freezing thro' her frame.
 Like some young Fair, who, gath'ring shells on shore,
 Sees suddenly some swift sail gliding o'er,
 A fearful tremor strikes thro' all her breast,
 She dares not gather up her floating vest,
 To haste away, and join her sister-bands,
 But pale, and still, and motionless she stands.
 The sail bears onward, fraught with spicy stores,
 From Araby's or Canopy's blest shores ;
 To none indeed it carries grief or pain,
 But harmless skims along the sparkling main.
 “ O chase thy fears,” resumed the Spirit, whence
 Flow forth such streams of heav'n-born eloquence,

Whose charming spell could bid the tempest sleep,
 And softest silence settle on the deep ;
 "Thou shalt conceive, and shalt bring forth a Son
 Adored by all around Jehovah's throne ;
 Celestial joys shall follow in his train,
 And peace for ever thro' the world shall reign.
 I am the harbinger of the Most High,
 Sent with prophetic message from the sky ;
 No fraud I know, no falsehood I declare,
 For these are arts which have no dwelling there.
 And thou, O Virgin ! shall hereafter see
 The many glories of thy Progeny :
 O'er all his race victorious he shall shine,
 And sway the sceptre of his Father's line.
 His royal rule shall o'er all climes extend,
 And of his kingdom there shall be no end.
 The pagan altar shall be made no more
 All red and reeking with unholy gore,
 But true Religion shall triumphant rise,
 And pierce with countless spires the yielding skies."

He spoke. The maiden calm'd her troubled breast,
 And mildly thus these accents brief address'd :—
 "What words are these, bright Angel ! can it be
 That human passion ne'er shall sully me—
 Me bound by bands which nought can ee'r untie,
 Till death itself shall shroud my closing eye,
 In whose sweet bondage I would still remain,
 Nor ever wish to loose the pleasing chain ?"

The radiant Messenger thus made reply :—
 "Doubt not the truths I bring thee from on high ;

The holy spirit of eternal light
 Descending down from yon empyreal height,
 Shall come upon thee with divine increase,
 And make thee mother of the Prince of Peace.
 With deep amaze shalt thou behold the sight,
 Thro' all thy soul experience strange affright ;
 At length, rejoicing, thou shalt chase thy fear,
 And still preserve intact that dower to thee so dear.
 Nor deem it strange, nor hold these words untrue,
 Sterility itself shall blossom, too ;
 Thy sister near, altho' beyond the stage
 Of bearing now, and far advanc'd in age,
 Within her womb contains a pledge of love,
 For nought surpasses him who reigns in might above."

The Queen (this spoken) raising her sweet eyes,
 Gives thanks to Heav'n, and thus enraptur'd cries :—
 "O Faith ! O Will ! O ye shall conquer now ;
 Before thee, Father ! tremblingly I bow ;
 Thy law I hear, thy high command believe,
 Nor is it thine, fair vision ! to deceive ;
 The brow, form, features, words and all accord,
 Proclaiming each the herald of the Lord."
 She said, and lo ! a lustre heav'nly bright
 Bursts in, and fills the dome with dazzling light ;
 Unable to behold the blazing ray,
 Her heart beats high with terrible dismay,
 When, (greatest of all prodigies) behold !
 (No strange false doctrines in my strain are told,)
 Untouch'd, unstain'd, she feels her sacred womb
 The shrine of him who rules the world to come ;

The radiant Essence streaming from above—
 The mighty Lord, the universal Love—
 The God of God upon the maid descends,
 Flows thro' her frame, and with her being blends !
 Her heart, her limbs with wild commotion thrill,
 'Tis silence all—e'en Nature's self is still ;
 And thus aghast, amazed, she strives to know
 Whence all those marvels and those mysteries flow.
 Far other prodigies now rise around ;
 A mighty tumult shakes the solid ground ;
 Th' eternal Father of the earth and sky
 Loud from the left bid deaf'ning thunders fly,
 That ev'ry country 'round which ocean roars—
 Thety's and Amphitrite's concave shores—
 All the vast surface of the peopled earth
 Might hear, and hail the promis'd Saviour's birth.

While these dread sounds on every side are heard,
 Swift from the earth there springs a beauteous bird,
 And as up heav'n's ethereal height he sails,
 And sweeps the pathway of the winged gales,
 Soars o'er the clouds, and mixes with the skies,
 The virgin sees, and thus imploring cries :—
 " O Bird, thou glory of th' aerial way !
 That soar'st aloft amid the blaze of day,
 That rising joyous leav'st the clouds behind,
 Outstripping far the pinions of the wind ;
 O whether now thou wing'st thy glad career,
 To some unknown, and some far distant sphere,
 Where bright stars beam, and blazing planets burn,
 Awaiting there to welcome thy return ;

Or where there flashes some elysian home
 In chrystal bow'r, or glass-resplendent dome,
 Where love attends thee, with its gentle care,
 And liquid light illumines all the air ;
 O far away amid thy world of sky,
 Fly, mighty Warbler ! I conjure thee, fly,
 And be my witness, and defend from shame
 The spotless virtue of my virgin-name.''

Meanwhile the tidings of redemption spread
 Throughout the regions of the righteous dead,
 Console the exiles with th' approaching day,
 When their captivity shall pass away,
 And lo ! already make the faithful bands
 Grasp at the dawning bliss, and heav'nward stretch their
 hands.

Now comes the hero of the harp and sling,
 The royal minstrel, the prophetic king,
 And as he wanders o'er those shady bounds,
 And with the diadem his head surrounds,
 And gathers flowers from Lethe's sullen side,
 Whose dreary waves in calmest stillness glide,
 Where, deep among the sterile boughs unstirr'd,
 In endless silence sits each gloomy bird ;
 Laboring beneath that wonderful control
 That, with prophetic rage, fills all the soul,
 He strikes the harp, and heav'nward turning sings
 The truthful order of forthcoming things.

“ O Thou who shalt, as God himself ordains,
 Bear many woes, and free us from our chains,

Whose glorious spoils this ruined realm shall grace
—So long the prison of a hapless race,—
Sweet Boy ! arise !—if e'er in days of old,
To mortal ear thy coming we foretold,
When, filled with thee, we rais'd our solemn strain,
And to the nations prophecied thy reign.
He comes,—he comes in light and beauty, now,
And peace is smiling on his placid brow ;
Illustrious monarchs, influenc'd from above,
From far come forth to hail the Lord of love.
Hail, happy Aethiopians ! hail again,
Association of thrice holy men !
Who saw the star, and left your homes to bring
Your choicest blessings to your Infant-King.
Accept the precious store, O beauteous Boy !
And thou, blest mother ! lift thy soul in joy !
Tribes, tongues and leaders shall, from ev'ry shore,
Do honor to thy name for evermore."

" And what seeks he, the venerable sage
In shining garb, and far advanced in age,
Who holds the child within his fond embrace,
Amid the precincts of the Holy Place,
And loud exclaims, while to the glowing sky
He lifts in thanks his joy-illumined eye,
That he at last exults in his release,
And from the noisy world departs in peace,
Blest with the bliss of living to behold
The life, the light, the Saviour long foretold ?

" And now what means this direful scene of blood,

That dyes the hearthstones with its purple flood,
And makes the rivers crimson as they flow?
Whence these wild shrieks of terror and of woe?
Inhuman king! what havoc dost thou, say?
Why cleav'st thou thus, thro' Innocence, thy way?
They have not merited this outrage dire,
And he thou seek'st shall fly thy hellish ire.
Then, O ye weeping mothers! hence away,
And leave this hapless land while yet ye may;
Within your bosoms hide your offspring dear;
Oh! fly—Oh! fly—the frantic foe is near!
And—royal Virgin! to the Egyptian lands
Bear thou thy child—the Lord of all commands;
Haste on thy journey—thitherward repair;
A safe retreat and peace await thee there.
When twice six seasons have at last flown o'er,
And flight and slaughter will be fear'd no more,
Deep sighs shall issue from thy soul; and thou
Shalt weary heaven with many an ardent vow.
In vain wilt thou, each devious path explor'd,
Expect thy offspring at the frugal board;
In vain the gentle boy thou'lt hope to see,
To share thy kisses, climb thy parent knee;
The shades of midnight darkly close around,
And yet the beauteous wand'rer is not found.
Three dreary days of wretchedness and fears,
Three sleepless nights of agony and tears,
In vain complaint, and tribulation deep,
Thou and thy consort shall be left to weep;
But when the fourth fair morn, with rosy ray,
Beams o'er the waters, and gives back the day,

Again, behold! he chases thy alarms,
 And once more hastens to his mother's arms.
 What love shall then receive the heav'nly boy!
 What fond caresses! What a flood of joy!
 O how thy breast will glow with rapture's fire,
 When, near the altars of his mighty Sire,
 Thou hear'st the counsels of the glorious child,
 Filling the Senate with amazement wild,
 And charming every heart that listening hears
 The wondrous wisdom of his infant years."

"But whither rush ye? O ye frantic bands!
 What army this, that blackens all the lands?
 I see, beneath the darkness of the night,
 Spears, shields, and swords, and cohorts gleaming bright.
 Alas! alas! and does such vast array
 Stand forth in arms a single foe to slay?
 Oh blindness! madness! malice of the age!
 For ever burning with infuriate rage!!
 Th' approaching host comes pressing onward, now,
 And with wide ranks fills all the mountain's brow:
 Oh! whither am I borne? That guileless One,
 Whom tribes and tongues with wonder gazed upon,
 Who thro' the world such countless marvels wrought,
 And far and wide his Father's doctrines taught,
 Whom still amid th' applauding shouts of all,
 So oft the multitudes were heard to call
 The King, the Lord, the Fount of life and light,
 The glorious God of majesty and might,
 He, *he* is now all rudely seized and bound,
 And dragged in triumph o'er that frantic ground!

And oh ! the cruelties they now prepare !
 Woes worse than death the spotless Lamb must bear ;
 Away—away—to torture he is borne—
 With twisted rods his sacred flesh is torn ;
 Of spiky thorns they form a cruel crown,
 Which on his brow is pressed in mock'ry down ;
 Now with a reed they smite his face ; while cries
 Of scorn on scorn run echoing thro' the skies.
 Lo ! widely stretching now its giant hands,
 All high in air the tree of torture stands ;
 Alas !—and there, ah ! cruellest of deeds !
 The life, the lamb, the God of glory bleeds !
 Oh ! scene of woe, of horror and of dread !
 Wide in the air his straining arms are spread ;
 His brow and locks are beautiful no more,
 But all defaced, and filled with clotted gore,
 Upon the ground his eyes in darkness roll,
 And hark—the shriek that rends his tortured soul !”

“ But she, the mother—mother now no more—
 The statue—shadow of what lived before,
 With looks of death, and long dishevell'd hair,
 And shiv'ring knee, and bosom of despair,
 Below that wood of anguish now appears,
 Faint in her grief and floating in her tears !
 Might I but sing that hapless mother's woes,
 As o'er her son she sees death's shadows close,
 Oft doth she charge, in many a frantic cry,
 The earth—the stars—herself, with cruelty,
 O'er all, *herself*, whose listless soul can bear
 The scene of murder which she looks on there ;
 Then wailing loud, and fixing her dim eyes

On that dark cross, all mournful thus she cries :—
“My Son! My Son! whence comes this sudden storm,
That howls in phrenzy 'round my wither'd form!
My life, my love, my beautiful delight!
What wave is this that sweeps thee from my sight?
What bloody hand hath torn that once sweet face
All gory now, and robb'd of every grace?
To whom, alas! to whom hath it been given
To wage this impious war with earth and heaven?
—Such toils—such troubles—and such perils past—
Do I behold thee pale in death at last?
O thou, the rapture of thy mother's breast!
My hope, my light, my spirit's peace and rest!
For ever art thou from my bosom torn,
And leav'st thou me thus wretched and forlorn?
When wails a sister o'er a brother's clay,
Her weeping spirit well to thee may pray,
But whom have I that I may call upon,
To give me back my Lord, my God, my son?
Where shall I find a respite from my pain,
To whom, alas! shall my sad soul complain?
Come ye and slay me with your red right hands,
Or (heav'n forbid me!) bring your bloody brands;
On my worn frame of wretchedness let all
Your wrath descend, your direst tortures fall.
Or thou, my Son! who still lov'st mortals so,
Bear hence thy mother to the world below;
Fain would she follow thro' those dismal straits,
And see her conqu'ror burst the brazen gates,
And ease thy labors with a mother's care,
And wipe the chill drops from thy forehead fair.”

“ With many sorrows added unto those,
Thus that sad mother vents her bosom’s woes.”
“ As now the sun, from out the Eastern flood,
Beholds the horrors of that scene of blood,
Appall’d, he strives to seek the waves again,
And, having striv’n with all his powers in vain,
Back in the clouds he shrouds his locks of light,
And darkly rolling, leaves the heav’ns in night;
Like one who manifestly now deplor’d
The death-hour of his master and his Lord.
The moon, too, sick’ning at the fearful sight,
Struck at her brother’s wonderful affright,
Averts her eyes—in darkness disappears,
And weeps a flood of unavailing tears.
With tumult shaken to its farthest bound,
The rent earth bellows with a thund’ring sound,
And roars, and rocks throughout her inmost caves,
And flings the frightened dead from out their graves.
Ye glorious forms! for what would ye prepare?
All now may not this resurrection share;
From your dark cells but few can flee away,
And seek above the light of living day.
A time will come, in which the trumpet’s roar
Shall echo wildly over every shore,
And bid, throughout all lands beneath the skies,
The long-laid sleepers from their tombs arise.
Then shall we crown with laurel wreaths our hair,
And march thro’ heav’n with banners floating fair;
With joyous shout pursue our godlike king,
And thus aloud our song of triumph sing:—
“ Joy! Joy!—O warrior! thou hast rent our chains,

Hast freed our spirits from these dread domains,
Hast conquer'd hell, hast chas'd the pow'rs of gloom,
And triumph'd o'er the terrors of the tomb."

The conquerer, sitting in his chariot, high,
Shall loose the reins, and bid his coursers fly,
Not such as those which spring from earthly seed,
Or graze the ground, or at the manger feed,—
An ox, the first, beneath the car shall shine,
The pride, the glory of a herd divine ;
His skin is glowing with celestial red,
Long, stately horns adorn his haughty head,
With glitt'ring bristles his proud dew-lap gleams,
And from his gem-like hoofs ethereal radiance streams !
All nobly next, a lordly lion moves,
—The king of beasts—the terror of the groves—
Wide o'er his shoulders floats his flowing mane,
And pride and grandeur in his bosom reign.
No longer filled with fury unsubdued,
He shows no thirst for battle or for blood ;
(His teeth are bright in innocent array,
And o'er his visage beams of mildness play ;)
But wild he pants to scale yon airy height,
And o'er the planets wing his rapid flight.
In this fair order, lo ! there next is seen
A mighty bird, the birds' imperial queen ;
Wide o'er her neck is heav'nly plumage spread,
And a bright diadem adorns her head :
Broad-wing'd, and beaming like the lightning's glare,
Away she speeds across the wayless air,
O'er domes, and hills, and ev'ry plume that flies,

Seeking the clouds, and mingling with the skies.
To these is joined a winged youth, the last;
Around his form a yellow robe is cast,
Bespangled o'er with many a priceless gem,
And all the glories of Jerusalem :
There, bright eyes shine—there, lofty mountains stand,
There, silver streams roll o'er their golden sand ;
And mighty Babylon, in all her pride,
Spreads her bright streets around its border wide.

“Thus fair equipp'd thro' air the chariot rolls,
Rich with the spoils of countless happy souls,
And sweeps in triumph o'er the path sublime,
That leads to life and heav'n's immortal clime.
When there we rest, our eyes shall all behold
Those lovely walls that glittering rise in gold,
Those starry streets—those roofs with rubies crown'd,
And those bright streams of glass, with lofty hills around.
And whether we shall sit beside His throne,
Who ever reigns superior and alone,
Or take our dwellings in abodes less high,
We'll count the planets flaming o'er the sky,
And, far below our happy feet, survey
Both the arising and the setting day,
Blest with those heav'nly joys that never fade away.”

Thus sang the Prophet-bard. The list'ning throng,
With loud applauses, hail the rapturous song;
Then in glad triumph bear the minstrel o'er
The spacious circuit of that shadowy shore.

The warbled tidings Satan heard with woe,
And dreadful thunders shook the realms below.

BOOK SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

THE visit of the holy Virgin to Elizabeth. The supposed rejoicings of nature at the happy event. The three months' abode with Elizabeth and Zachariah. The enrolling of the Roman world at the command of the Emperor Augustus. The different nations subject to Rome. The arrival of Mary and Joseph at Bethlehem. The Birth of Christ. Joseph's transport and admiration.

WHEN now, inspired by heav'nly grace, the Queen
Beholds the wonders of the Power unseen,
She rises from the place without delay,
And o'er the hills resolves to speed away
To see that sister o'er whose form and brow
The weight of age hath left its traces now ;
And mark in her the wondrous gifts of Heav'n,
Which to that barren matron late were giv'n.
And as she first prepares her for the way,
She robes her person with no vain array ;
No gaudy vesture decks her bosom fair ;
A plain white veil is all that shades her hair.
Then moving forth, like some bright star she seems,
That o'er the wintry sky shoots far its beams,
Or like the morning peering o'er the plain,
Or the glad sun just issuing from the main.
Where'er she moves unnumber'd flowers arise,
Of various odors, and of various dyes ;
Here Cassia blooms, and there the red rose springs,
And here the Hyacinth its perfume flings ;

Its lovely head the fair Narcissus shows,
 Far o'er the ground the flaming Crocus glows ;
 The field's best sweets on every side are seen,
 And spring in all her pomp adorns the smiling green.
 The rapid rivers cease to roll along,
 The vales rejoice—the hills resound with song ;
 The pines around incline their lofty brow,
 And buds unnumber'd burst from every bough,—
 A thrilling rapture gladdens all below,
 Each wild and stormy blast forgets to blow ;—
 O'er the wide surface of the fair campaign
 Naught but the zephyr holds its gentle reign,
 And fills with balm the fair pacific sky,
 And hails the virgin as she hurries by !

And now the partner of the hoary priest,
 Divinely filled, mysteriously increas'd,
 Received the maid, and clasp'd her to her breast,
 And spoke aloud, and thus her joy express'd :—
 “ Hail, happy Virgin ! glory of our name,
 Already conscious of thy sister's fame ;
 Thou who alone wast worthy deemed of all
 To bear the Righter of man's hapless fall !
 Upon our hearts draw down celestial grace,
 And to the height of heav'n exalt thy race !
 O whence to me hath such an honor come,
 That thou, my queen, should'st seek my humble home ?
 Scarce on my ear thy salutation sounded,
 When in my womb my babe with rapture bounded,
 And blessed art thou that hast believ'd the Lord,
 All shall be done predicted by his word.”

(*The Magnificat.*)

“Who,” cries the Virgin, “shall resound his praise?
 What tongue display his wondrous works and ways?
 In joyful strains I raise my feeble voice,
 And in my Saviour’s heav’nly name rejoice.
 He hath observed me from his place on high,
 And crown’d with honors my humility;
 For which shall I be bless’d on ev’ry shore,
 Till mankind fails, and seasons roll no more:
 The Power whose glory fills the starry frame,
 Hath honor’d me, and Holy is his name;
 To them that fear him he extends his grace,
 From line to line, from rising race to race;
 He hath stood up, and shown his arm of might,
 And in their boasting put the proud to flight;
 He hath cast down the mighty from the throne,
 And raised on high the lowly and unknown;
 He hath with plenty filled the hungry heart,
 And bade the great in emptiness depart;
 And now, to crown his many gifts divine,
 He sends a son from Israel’s lofty line,
 As he had promised to our Sires of yore,
 And to their progeny for evermore.”

The aged priest who stood all mutely there,
 Surveys the maid and marks her graceful air,
 Observes the motion of her virgin-feet,
 And prints the ground she treads with kisses sweet;
 Then lifts his hands, exulting, to the skies,
 And does with signs whate’er his voice denies;
 Points to the prophecies of other days,

And dark futurity revealed displays—

“Him who shall come like rain upon the fleece—

The flower that blooms from Jesse’s bright increase—

The tree that stood unblasted by the fires—

The star that rises from the Jewish Sires.”

While thus intent, he runs his piercing look

Along the pages of the Sacred Book ;

Deep in her breast the virgin dwells upon

The coming birth of God’s Eternal One,

Descending like the shower upon the fleece,

In nature’s calm, and midnight’s solemn peace ;

And though full well herself was seen to be

That “burning bush”—that “starlight of the sea,”

The maiden still dares offer no reply,

Nor deems her worthy dignities so high,

But looking up, her heart to heav’n she lifts,

And renders thanks for all its priceless gifts.

The moon, at length, had thrice beheld her wane,

When she resolves to hasten home again.

And now prepar’d to measure back the hills,

With sweet emotions all the virgin thrills :

The placid smile—the more than fond caress—

Her aged mother’s looks of lovingness—

The sweet remembrance of that homestead dear

(Where Gabriel’s voice first echoed on her ear,)

Around whose roof still honor’d by the skies,

A thousand songs of Seraphim arise—

All these come o’er her with redoubled sway,

And prompt her spirit to pursue her way.

At length departed from her kindred friends,

Fast o'er the hills her joyous way she wends ;
 No rest—no respite—as she homeward hies,
 Not turning once on either side her eyes,
 Tho' 'round her head attendant angels soar,
 Till she at length regains the wish'd for door.
 Revolving there the glory of her dow'r,
 She waits expectant, for the blissful hour
 When, free from pain or labour, she brings forth,
 The long expected One—the Lord of heav'n and earth !

Wide o'er the globe Peace now maintained her sway,
 And smooth'd the land, and calmed the wat'ry way.
 Augustus bade war's brazen portals close,
 And bound in firmest bonds his vanquish'd foes.
 To reckon then the number of his forces,
 His armies, navies, all his realm's resources,
 The various tribes who bow'd to his command—
 He sends his Edict o'er the subject land,
 That each dependency be straight made known,
 And loud declar'd before the sov'reign throne.
 One law impels the nations far and near :
 Aurora's throngs of mountaineers appear :
 Then wild Armenia's populace ; and then
 Naphata's band of famous archer-men—
 A race well skill'd to roam their borders 'round,
 And guard from foes Amomus' flow'ry ground,
 About whose circuit the Euphrates strays,
 And the Araxes winding makes his ways.
 Mount Taurus' people are with these enroll'd ;
 The numbers of Amanus next are told ;
 Isauria, too, and Cilex, famed in fight,

With all that tread Pamphalia's woody height.
 Then come the men of Lycatonia's plains,
 And Lycia's colony of frugal swains ;
 The mighty Leleges, in war renown'd,
 And all the neighb'ring provinces around.
 And Gnidus, too, and Ceramus, and all
 That make abode within the Carian wall,
 Where, high surrounded by huge piles of stone,
 In many a ruin 'round its basis strown,
 Stands that proud fabric the Barbarian queen,
 Raised to her spouse who press'd the battle-green ;
 And those where Pactolus adorns the lands ;
 And where the Hermes shows his golden sands ;
 Those, too, who dwell around the Rhetian tow'rs ;
 And Ide, Cerene and the Mysian pow'rs ;
 And Sige ; and Troy, the theme of poet's strain,
 O'er which king Priam held of old his reign,
 The land of war—the nursery of the brave,
 Renown'd to day for many a hero's grave,
 To which the roving sailor still is wont,
 As swift he sweeps across the Hellespont,
 To point his comrades, saying—"Lo ! 'twas there
 The sea-maids stood when, with dishevell'd hair,
 Their mother, Thetis, wailed along the shore,
 And wept her lov'd Achilles then no more."
 These are succeeded by Bythinia's bands,
 And all the people of the Pontic lands ;
 And wild Carambis, and Sinope high,
 With every tribe that Halys wanders by.
 Enroll'd with these are Cappadocia's sons,
 Amid whose soil the fresh'ning Iris runs ;

And all the countries which Thermodon sees,
 And the Caucasians, and the Hylabes.
 From every spot where warlike Thrace extends,
 And Rhodope with chilly Aemus blends,
 Where, thro' the roughness of Maceti's soil,
 The thund'ring Ascius' foamy torrents boil,
 Where the fresh woods 'round Halyachmon rise,
 And where Pharsalia's field of glory lies,
 Where Philippi extends its bloody plain
 Renown'd for many a valiant Roman slain,
 The nations throng together to the throne,
 Obey the mandate, and their names make known.
 In order, next, those neighb'ring cities came,
 Whose walls, now crumbl'd, are no more the same ;
 Immortal Greece, renown'd on every shore,
 For arts and arms, for chivalry and lore !
 And all the people of Epirus' coast,
 Whose rugged cliffs among the clouds are lost,
 While 'round their bases dash the billows high,
 —A scene of terror to the seaman's eye.
 With these arrang'd, Alcinous' palace stands,
 And the Liburnian and Illyrian bands,
 And all the countries that o'erspread the shores
 On which the water of Ionia roars.
 Thou, too, enroll'st thy multitudes, bright land !
 That spread'st o'er sea and shore thy wide command !
 Clime of the mighty, chivalrous and free !
 Place of high daring ! Land of victory !
 About whose bounds the Alps high tow'ring rise,
 In broken order piercing through the skies,
 While the old Apennine divides the whole,

And two vast waters still contiguous roll.
Next issue forth the people of the Rhine,
And those who dwell where Danube's billows shine,
In beauty clothing, as they onward rove
Thro' many a dark, and many a lonely grove,
Valley, and garden, meadow, field, and plain,
Until at length they mingle with the main.
Gaul, too, pours forth her mighty multitude—
That land which Cæsar's gallant hosts subdued,
Thro' which flow forth the Aror and the Rhone,
The bright Sequana, and the swift Garone;
And they who dwell around the Pyranees,
And near the pyramid of Hercules,
On Ana's bank—on Duria's flow'ry bound—
By Bactis deep, with many an olive crown'd—
And Tagus rolling o'er his yellow sand,
With all the natives of Iberia's land.
And Lybia rouses all her spacious shores,
The red Getulians, and the swarthy Moors,
With every horde that dwells on Atlas' head,
As well as those among the forests spread,
The fearless rover of the desert drear—
The simple swain—the rugged mountaineer—
And the grim hunter, who, in arms array'd,
Pursues the lion through the dusky glade.
Myssyla's people are the next that move,
With those that wander thro' Hesperia's grove;
Those too that settle on the mountain brows,
Where golden apples crown the bending boughs;
And those that fertilize that rocky ground,
Where once in pride rose Carthage, the renown'd,

Though now, alas ! a solitary shore,
With fallen fanes and pillars scatter'd o'er.
What years of toil and woe that city cost
The hapless Troy and all her glorious host !
Her name itself she scarcely now retains,
But lies unknown amid her thin remains !
Yet we, vain beings, at the thought will sigh,
That these frail bodies must wax weak and die,
While we behold whole dynasties decay,
And gorgeous cities crumble thus away.
An equal ardour fires the Maccian tribe,
Who, with the Barceans their names inscribe.
To these succeed the Nasamonian hordes,
Men who abide by Syrtes' sandy fords,
Who rob and strip the bodies of the drown'd,
With which these shallows spread the coast around,
And who for spoils go plunging in the main,
Thus boldly turning danger into gain.
The Psilli next obey the king's commands,
With those that hold the Garamantian lands ;
And those who plough the Cyrenæan ground,
Where richest fruits, and rarest plants abound ;
Those, too, whose dwelling is in Syria's shades ;
And those that travel Hasbyta's deep glades ;
And those that cover the Marmarian strands ;
And those that live in Egypt's fertile lands ;
And, last, th' inhabitants of Mero's isle,
Whose fields are water'd by the sacred Nile.
Attended also by his consort chaste,
The saintly Joseph moves along in haste,
To have his lineage and his name enroll'd,

Observe the law, and pay the stated gold.
Inspecting, therefore, his ancestral train,
And all the kingdoms subject to their reign,
In silent thought he marks the regal line,
Their splendid deeds—their origin divine—
And, now tho' poor, and mark'd indeed no more,
With aught that signalized his sires of yore,
He comes from far, and hastens to proclaim
Before the world, the glory of their name.
So, having pass'd, O Galilee! thy bounds,
And Carmel's vale, and Thabor's rural grounds,
And fair Samaria, land of palm and flow'rs,
He leaves behind him Solyma's high tow'rs ;
Then, as he catches, from a neighb'ring height,
The well-known prospect that arose in sight,
Where, high in air, appear'd those walls and spires,
That show'd at last the city of his sires,
With hands uprais'd, enraptur'd thus he cries,
While sudden tears came trickling from his eyes :—
“ Hail, tow'rs of Bethlehem ! hail, lov'd domains !
O'er which my fathers held their golden reigns ;
Hail, my sweet home ! all hail, thou land of kings !
From out whose bosom now a monarch springs,
Whom stars and skies shall honor at his birth,
And Angels celebrate o'er heav'n and earth !
Jove's fabled Crete before thee low shall bow—
Fam'd Dirce's walls shall lose their lustre now—
The name of Delos shall be heard no more,
By thee eclipsed, its days of pride are o'er !
Vain words—ev'n Rome shall come with humbled crown,
That brilliant spot of glory and renown,

And bid her hills, her sev'n proud hills, resign
Their vaunted splendor to give place to thine !”
Thus spoke the sage, then moving quickly down,
Resum'd his journey to the distant town.

The sun, meanwhile, descending brilliantly,
In beauty shone above th' Iberian sea,
Wherein, reflected, smil'd the ev'ning skies,
With purple clouds, and brightly tinctur'd dyes ;
When there was seen a numerous spreading throng
Pour to the town and crowding rush along,
So thick'ning—vast—that he who view'd the train
Would deem them merchants wafted o'er the main,
Or, men, who, harass'd by the foeman's brand,
In search of peace forsook their native land.
Thro' every street, and lane, and narrow pass,
Then might be view'd full many a varied mass
Of men and matrons, and of shepherd-boys
Swift rolling onward with tumultuous noise ;
Of whom some hurried in their chariots by ;
More gave their sails before the breeze to fly ;
In open porticoes stood others 'round,
All, filling all with one eternal sound ;
While, far and wide, as far as eye might gaze,
Great fires of Jubilee flung high their blaze.
Around the scene the old man casts his eyes,
And marks the multitudes with wild surprise ;
He searches then, through every inn around,
A place of rest, but not a place is found,
When, he exclaims, “ Come, be it ours to stray,
“ Where'er heav'n shall point to us the way.”

Without the town a little grotto stands,
 Th' uncertain work of man's or nature's hands ;
 High o'er its top huge rocks jut darkly out,
 And time-worn peaks encompass it about ;
 A fitting spot, where, when his labours close,
 The weary shepherd may enjoy repose.
 Led by the Lord, and counsell'd from the skies,
 Thither the Senior with his consort hies,
 Till, having many a dreary winding pass'd,
 Far in the night he gains the cave at last.
 He kindles there a little fire of boughs,
 A bed of straw he then prepares his spouse ;
 He lays the virgin on that pallet cold,
 And 'round her body wrapp'd a garment's fold.
 Within the grot there stood a manger, made
 Of willow boughs, with twigs of palm inlaid ;
 To this he tied the cattle shelt'ring there,
 And with light pattings smoothen'd down their hair.
 While this is done the beasts are calm and still,
 Displaying nought of nature's stubborn will.

To themes of glory, never tried before,
 Now would, ye Blest ! my daring spirit soar,
 Such as ne'er issued from the Muses' throne,
 Ev'n to the skill of Phæbus' self unknown.
 Aid ye my efforts in so great a task,
 If not unworthy I the boon may ask ;
 And guide my footsteps to the cave of joy,
 The bliss of Cherubim—the heav'nly Boy !

'Twas at that hour when night had scarcely driv'n
 Her sable car 'round half the vault of heav'n,

When stars, exultant, shone with golden glow,
And tranquil lay the midnight world below,
When man, o'erpower'd, had sunk away to rest,
And happy slumbers charm'd the weary breast,
When bird and beast were heard no more around,
And serpents ceas'd to hurry o'er the ground,
When the last spark had dwindled all away,
And in the grot the Sage reposing lay—
Lo! from on high, there burst a beaming light,
That, shining far around, illumin'd all the night;
And dulcet voices through the radiance sang,
And, with glad strains, a thousand harp strings rang,
Filling with heav'nly music all the air,
Sent forth from myriad choirs of Spirits floating there.
The Virgin, listening, drinks the song with joy,
That hails the birth-hour of the coming Boy,
Then rising swiftly, lifts to heav'n her eyes,
And thus to God with soul extatic cries:
“Almighty Pow'r! who hold'st thy high command,
O'er all the sky, the ocean, and the land!
At last, O Lord! appears that period bright,
In which shall spring thy spotless son to light;
In which the earth upon my bliss shall smile,
And strew her vales with rosy wreaths the while!
To thee, behold! I render up once more
The ripen'd fruit—the long entrusted store!
Do thou protect me with thy pow'rful arm,
Nor see my honour suffer aught of harm.
I soon, sweet Babe! with many a fond caress,
Close to my heart thy lovely form shall press;
My well-known breast I oft shall see thee seek,

And print in smiles sweet kisses on my cheek ;
 Cling 'round my neck, and hang upon my breast,
 And there at length sink tranquilly to rest.''
 Thus spoke the maid, dissolv'd in love away,
 Then hung, enraptured, on the Spirits' lay.

The moon, now beaming o'er the mid-way sky,
 Told to her soul, the happy hour was nigh.
 What pleasing phrenzy hurries me along ?
 Assist, blest maid ! inspire thy poet's song ;
 High o'er the clouds I soar, all heav'en I see
 Descending down to view the thrilling mystery !
 O give the deed on words of flame to fly,
 The Mighty, Grand, Ineffable, Most High !
 Away, all base degen'rate cares ! away,
 While themes of heav'n thus animate my lay.
 Now filled with ecstasy, and free from fears,
 In thoughts divine is wrapp'd the Queen of future years.
 The Father, Son and Holy One who stood
 Above the gloom that hung o'er ocean's flood,
 Ere in the skies the sun's effulgence beam'd,
 Or the mild moon with fainter lustre gleam'd,
 With rays of glory fill the favour'd scene,
 And calm the bosom of the vestal Queen.
 Her painless bearing—her unsullied name,
 With all she heard God's messenger proclaim,
 Meantime come freshly o'er her spirit—when
 (O night of bliss to angels and to men !)
 Suddenly bursting on her golden dreams,
 The glorious moment of delivery beams,
 And there, as rests she on her couch forlorn,

And stars, and skies stand aw'd—behold the Christ is born!
As when at eve the dews o'erspread the ground,
While all is redolent of Spring around,
The thirsty grass receives the silent stream,
And starry gems o'er all the meadows gleam;
Some trav'ler, seeing that the pearly rain
Moistens his garb, and waters all the plain,
In vain attempts to trace the drops unseen,
And wond'ring, hastens o'er the glitt'ring green;
O power of God! thus wondrously to sight,
The tender babe is usher'd into light!
Low on the straw the Saviour helpless lies,
Filling the grotto with his feeble cries.
The virgin, meantime, feels no sense of pain;
Strong as at first, her energies remain.
Thus are received the sunbeams thro' the glass,
Full through the solid instantly they pass,
Driving away the shadows of the night,
And all around diffusing golden light:
Tho' wintry tempests wildly roar around,
Unharm'd the same the chrystal still is found;
Expos'd to all, 'tis open still to none,
And pervious solely to the piercing sun.
Around the child the mother wraps a vest,
With fondness clasps him to her loving breast,
Then in the manger lays his beauteous form;
The cattles' breathing keeps the Infant warm!
With fitting thoughts mysteriously endowed,
Before the Saviour, lo! the ox is bowed;
And now the ass his trembling ears lets fall,
And kneeling down adores the God of all.

O happy pair! to you indeed 'twas giv'n
To gaze upon the highest gifts of heav'n.
Ye were the first to meet those lovely eyes,
Ye saw and hail'd the Lord of earth and skies.
While 'round the world the waves of ocean roll,
While starry light illumines the glowing pole,
While the robed priest before the altar stands,
And lifts in prayer to heav'n his holy hands,
Wide o'er the world this fame of yours shall shine,
As truth shall speak from out each glowing shrine.
When thus, O Queen! thou saw'st thy partners 'round,
In low submission bow them to the ground,
In adoration of the God of might,
While heav'n, amazed, look'd wond'ring at the sight,
With what high thoughts wert thou not all impress'd!
What boundless transport fill'd thy sacred breast!
What pow'r, O Father! soften'd their wild mood?
How came such feelings over things so rude,
To make them thus adore with one accord,
As sov'reign master, and as mighty Lord,
Him whom all tribes, and peoples cast aside,
Whom ev'n his Own deserted and denied,
His own—who should be champions of his cause,
And build his altars, and proclaim his laws?
Attracted, sudden, by the Infant's cries,
The old man casts the slumber from his eyes,
And rising up, beholds the heav'nly Boy,
And lovely mother, lovelier in her joy,
Serene and mild reclining on the ground,
With a bright band of angels circled 'round.
Thus doth the Phenix from her flight descend,

Bright beauteous birds upon her train attend ;
With golden plumage she appears to blaze,
Aglist'ring glory like the sun's red rays ;
Before the rest all royally she flies,
Mid song and joy that fill the sounding skies.
Wond'ring, the sage beholds the beamy fires,
And hears, astonished, the celestial choirs,
Then lost—subdued—and stricken with affright,
Too faint to suffer that stupendous sight,
Trembling he falls, with quiv'ring arms outspread,
And rests on earth as moveless as the dead.
While thus before that band of light he lies,
The virgin sees, and bids her guardian rise.
Swift from his sight she makes the shadows flee,
Pours fresh'ning vigour thro' each shiv'ring knee,
Then lifts him up, and bids him firmly stand,
To gaze again upon that warbling band,
And mark the glory that around him streams
In that wide galaxy of myriad beams !
Now as the hoary man regains, at length,
His rising spirits and his wonted strength,
Bow'd down he hails, reclining on his rod,
The choirs—the mother—and the Infant-God ;
Then to the manger drawing nigh, and there
Beholding Him, the Lord of earth and air,
Silent in reverential awe he stands,
Nor dares to lay, on those fair limbs, his hands ;
But leaning fondly o'er the child, he sips
The savoury breath that issues from his lips,
When, all transported with th' ethereal draught,
In which heav'n's own immortal sweets were quaff'd,

In tones of love he thus at length began,
While down his cheeks the tear-drops bursting ran :
“ O holy Babe ! O thou dost not recline,
Where Perian columns in bright order shine ;
No costly tapestry enwraps thee round,
With gold array'd, and Phrygian border bound.
While 'round earth's lords the hall of splendor glows,
And royal hangings deck their proud repose,
A narrow stable forms thy fairest shed,
And reeds and straw compose thy softest bed.
Yet gifts surround thee greater far than these,
The changeless Father's glorious dignities—
Filled with thy praise is Heav'n's immortal train,
And joyous nature echoes back the strain.
Nobles and Monarchs hither shall resort,
To view the place where rose thy homely court,
From where blue Calpe hears the water's roar,
From sultry India's ultramontane shore,
From ev'ry country which the South wind warms,
Or over which the surly Boreas storms.
O Gentle Pastor ! destin'd to recall
The scatter'd sheep, and safely keep them all !
Too prodigal, alas ! of love and life,
Bursting thro' dangers, darts, and storms, and strife,
Thou wilt restrain the rabid wolf's wild rage,
And lead thy flocks to plenteous pasturage.
O Saviour of my soul ! O Splendour bright !
Son of God, God, Light of eternal light !
Heav'n, earth, and all, thy praises shall proclaim,
And ever more do honour to thy name.”

BOOK THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

THE Almighty Father calls the various orders of blessed spirits, reminds them of their ancient struggle with Lucifer, and commands them to announce to the world the nativity of Christ. The entrance of the Shepherds into the stable. Their Thanksgiving and transport. Songs of joy. Spirits in the skies singing the mercy and the power of God. Phenomena at the river Jordan. The miracles of Christ. The conclusion.

REJOICING now in His designs unknown,
 Th' Eternal Father mounts his dazzling throne,
 And 'round him summons that immortal band,
 Who dwell within, who near the portals stand,
 Who fill the East, who fill the Western sky,
 Th' etherial Tabernacles, far and nigh.
 For when, at first, that great Eternal Cause
 Created all and wisely made his laws,
 'Tis said, that He, amid those realms of rest,
 Gave diff'rent dwellings to the diff'rent Blest,
 On each bestowing what his merit won,
 In all things willing as it should be done.
 From every side the congregate array,
 Swift to the throne obedient wing their way,
 A part with stars encircling them around,
 And part with diadems of glory crowned.
 The King of kings now clothes him in a robe,
 That waves o'er every sky, and mantles every globe.
 Wide Nature's fulness, fashioned and made fair
 With all the wonders of the earth and air,

In galaxies that burned with gems and gold,
Flash'd from its centre to its farthest fold.
There had it pleas'd Omnipotence to trace
The earth, the ocean, and the depths of space,
Those primal elements, the shapeless clay,
Birds swiftly winging thro' th' ærial way,
Things of the forest, creatures of the seas,
The world of waters fresh'ning with the breeze,
Each form of life, the deathless part of man,
And all things else Jehovah deign'd to plan.
As on their thrones now sat the conclave bright,
Thus spoke the Godhead from his loftier height :
“ Ye heav'nly Natures ! ye who marked, in woe,
The daring outrage of th' infernal Foe,
If still it glads you to recall that day,
And view the labour of your bright array,
With boundless triumph honour'd in the end,—
Turn hither now, and to our will attend.
When vengeful pride, arising in its might,
Fill'd with rebellion all the courts of light,
When Lucifer would seize the heav'nly throne,
And make the kingdoms of the skies his own,
A faithful army ye beside us stood,
And nobly fought, and every force subdu'd,
March'd at the close victorious thro' the sky,
And hung your trophies on those turrets high.
With signal palm we crown'd your sacred train,
Made you copartners of our works and reign,
Chose you the heralds of our mighty sway,
And fixed your hosts in bliss that will not fade away.
Ye knew our sorrow—and our wrath ye saw,

When man's first parents, trampling on our law,
Ate of the fruit of that forbidden tree,
Which doom'd to death their whole posterity.
Far from their rest you drove the hapless pair,
Unworthy now to breathe its blissful air ;
Distress and toil ye then entail'd on man,
And all his life contracted to a span.
We speak not here of that eternal woe,
Which follow'd him amid the shades below ;
We look'd thereon from this our home of light,
And deeply sorrow'd at the mournful sight :
Nor shall we say, that now, when years are pass'd,
In sweet compassion we are pleas'd, at last,
To send our Son for mortal's better doom,
To take his dwelling in a Virgin's womb.
Such things, ye blest ! are haply now the cause,
That bring us forth to make unchanging laws,
Which will unite all hearts below, above,
In golden links of everlasting love.
Exulting now in man's superior lot,
Haste from the skies, and seek the little grot,
Where slender rushes have the scene o'erspread,
And low on earth appears the straw-made bed :
In awe submissive, to the couch move on,
Where the blest maiden, clasping our lov'd Son,
Feeds him now fondly from her fragrant breast,
And gently lulls him to his midnight rest.
Fast by the spot, and prostrate on the ground,
An ox and ass, that humbly watch around,
While ceaseless strains pour out their music sweet,
With fitting rev'rence, lick their Maker's feet.

Swift thro' the firmament go wing your flight,
Far 'round the land proclaim this happy night ;
With songs of gladness hail the Saviour's birth,
And peace eternal warble to the earth :
Thus heav'n shall mingle with the world in love,
And man be lifted to the seats above."'
Speaking, he makes, by charity's blest fire,
The glowing hosts to emulate their Sire,
Forget their anger at that ancient crime,
Which fill'd with sorrow and with pain all time,
With pity melt, to earthly sorrows turn,
And mortal love, and for his welfare burn.
Immediate now he summons, from her flight,
One absent Form, the spirit of delight,
Who in his bosom makes all anger cease,
And o'er his troubl'd brow brings holy peace,
Who plays for ever 'round the starry bow'rs,
And rarely visits this dark world of ours,
Who, free from care, is always bright and gay,
Sending all sorrows from the skies away.
Before the Lord the lovely Spirit stands,
And hears the purport of his high commands ;
Swift at the word she spreads her wings of light,
And 'round her calls the partners of her flight.
Attendant soon, appear'd a shining throng,
Joy, Grace, and Jubilee, and Dance, and Song,
And happy Hope, from every trouble free,
And naked Faith, and ardent Charity,
(Immortal sisters of that better land,
Who walk the skies forever, hand in hand,)
And guileless Pleasure such as dwells above,

And holy Cencord breathing peace and love.
As stood they now before those gates of gold,
From out whose centre floods of radiance roll'd,
Attendant on them wait the Winged Hours,
The sleepless Warders of th' etherial tow'rs,
Whose ready aid the portals wide unbar,
Which ope in thunders echoing wide and far !
Bright thro' the void th' attended Spirit flies !
The planets hail her as she cleaves the skies—
The moon and stars become more fairly bright,
And all the air around is radiant with delight.
As now she hover'd o'er the midnight plains,
And fully shone above the shepherd swains,
Around, about, she view'd the prospect there,
Shook with delight her pinions in the air,
And smil'd in joy, and gladden'd all the night,
And fill'd the darkness with a flood of light.
The watch-dogs, first, the shining band behold,
Which next is witness'd by the wide-spread fold—
The distant valleys and the neighb'ring rocks,
Echo the bleatings of the frighted flocks—
The slumb'ring shepherds waken at the sound,
And gaze in wonder on the scene around.
To these then spoke the messenger of good :
“ Belov'd of angels ! Children of the wood !
Haste, ye blest Shepherds ! haste ye now away,
And with fresh flow'rs make all the grotto gay ;
By his decree who rules the earth and skies,
There lies your King, and there your Queen now lies !
With joyous spirits thither, then, repair,
Let milk and honey be the gifts you bear,

And sing together some harmonious strain,
Such as before has never bless'd the plain.''
She added not, but trimmed her starry plume,
And, soaring brightly, vanish'd thro' the gloom.
In doubt and fear the shepherds wav'ring stand,
And wonder, wildly, at the strange command :
What king was pointed to—or queen, or grot
They looked to see, but they beheld them not.
Immediately they pluck from various boughs
Green, shady leaves with which they bind their brows.
With Mastic, Box, and Arbuté they entwine
The rose of Mary, and the Eglantine.
Fast to the forest speed they then away,
And with bright torches each recess survey.
The fields around are brilliant with the lights,
And widely glitter all the mountain-heights.
Among the thickets of that leafy place
At length they rest, exhausted from the chase,
When, 'neath a rock they spy a grotto near,
In which a noise of cattle now they hear,
Anon, behold ! they see the ass, and ox,
And the old sage's venerable locks ;
Beside the blaze they find the Virgin blest,
With her sweet babe clasp'd fondly to her breast.
Rejoicing, therefore, at their wondrous lot,
In haply thus alighting on the grot,
Forth from the ground they pluck some laurel shoots,
And tear some palm-trees from their lowest roots ;
With these array'd they trip the vales along,
In dances, shouts, and many a joyous song :
Returning thence they hang with wreaths the door,

And with green branches strew the passage o'er ;
Around the grotto boughs of olive fixed,
With various twigs of cedar intermixed,
With chaplets fair array the threshold 'round,
And roses, myrtles scatter o'er the ground.
The hoary sage observ'd their little pains,
• And in kind accents thus address'd the swains :
“ Declare, O Shepherds ! for I well may say,
That uninspir'd ye wander not this way,
These rural gifts for whom do ye prepare,
For whom adorn with verdant boughs your hair ;
Has some fair spirit, hastening from on high,
Pointed the path, and bade you hither fly ? ”
Thus having said, he stretched them out his hand,
And gave kind welcome to the rustic band.
“ Within the grove, amid the shades of night,
We saw, O Sire ! a form array'd in light,
That shed a glory o'er the scene around,
And made our hearts with thrills of transport bound.
We heard the voice—the vesture we survey'd,
The wings above us rustled thro' the shade,
Nor know we whether God himself was there,
Or some bright being of the upper air. ”
To this the midnight watchers added not,
But hand in hand they enter'd now the grot,
From flowing urns their silvan stores display'd,
And with due rev'rence hailed the Virgin maid.
There Lycidas before the Saviour stands :
With him was Aegon fam'd for flocks and lands.
With fields a hundred—flocks as many more,
That graced Getulia, roam'd Myssila's shore ;

He was the richest swain that made abode
Where Cynips, Triton, or Bragada flow'd.
Within the town scarce Lycidas was known,
Or on that hill which rose beside his own ;
He dwelt in poverty beside the sea,
And tuned his reed in sweet tranquility.
Yet all unequal both in voice and store,
Midst choirs that sing, and angels that adore,
In sweet accord their simple lyres they strung,
And thus aloud their song of gladness sung.

“ O beauteous Babe ! and was it thou indeed,
For whom our Tityrus attuned his reed,
And with such music bless'd his native plain,
That ev'n a Consul listened to the strain ?
Now comes that age foretold by Cumean lore,
Time now begins his glorious march once more ;
The Virgin smiles—the dawn of joy extends,
And from on high an offspring bright descends,
Before whose smile the time of sorrow flies,
And o'er the world a golden age shall rise
To glad the heart, and all the fields adorn,
And bid the palm-tree blossom mid the thorn.
All crime shall fail beneath his gentle reign,
And ne'er shall terror fright the world again,
The serpent die that caus'd our parents' woe,
And heav'n's immortal light illumine all below.
Like to the saints the godlike youth shall be,
By saints be seen, and saints and heroes see ;
Around the world extend his wide command,
And with paternal virtue rule the peaceful land.

See, glorious Babe! the skies, the shore, the sea,
 In sign of homage how they bow to Thee;
 Hear far and wide all Nature lift her voice,
 Hail the blest age, and in thy birth rejoice!
 The goats shall come with loaded udders home,
 And safe from lions, herds securely roam;
 The little lamb shall tread the vale in peace,
 And, free from stain, preserve his snowy fleece.
 Meantime, sweet Boy! for thee the willing earth
 Shall spread her gifts, and pour in fragrance forth
 The creeping ivy and the blossoming bean,
 With every plant that decorates the green.
 Ev'n o'er thy cradle beds of flow'rs shall rise,
 Sweet to the smell, and pleasing to the eyes;
 Rich streams of honey from the oak shall flow,
 And every climate every plant bestow.
 As soon as thou to manhood shalt have grown,
 And thy high deeds to all the world be known,
 Again another Typhis shall appear,
 O'er the blue waves another Argos steer,
 Again shall war's terrific tumults swell,
 And thou, victorious, seek the shades of hell.
 Then, lovely Baby! O begin the while,
 With those sweet eyes, to own thy mother's smile,
 Immortal offspring of the Powers on high,
 Eternal glory of the spangled sky!!"

While thus around the swains exultant sing,
 The neighb'ring groves with loud responses ring,
 The rugged mountains, to the starry height
 Their voices raise in carols of delight,

While rocks and forests fling their notes abroad,
And shout aloud—"Behold a God, a God!"

A sudden light now flashed along the air,
And a bright host was seen to hover there ;
Now here, now there, the radiant circles fly,
And many a golden track illumines the sky :
And voices sweet came sounding from afar,
With the swift rush of many a ringing car ;
The heav'nly throngs, in glitt'ring arms array'd,
Rejoicing gambol thro' the midnight shade,
And triple cohorts, drawn in triple lines,
Above, below, display war's fearful signs.
Now might be seen the brightly soaring crowds
Thrice urge their phalanx thro' the yielding clouds,
Adown the void thrice whirl their spears of flame,
And call aloud, and shout their leader's name.
Again they form their widely-spread array,
March forth anew, and one fair front display,
Rear high their standards, clap their beamy shields,
And shoot once more athwart th' ærial fields.
In rapid flight a thousand more were seen
Soar o'er the clouds, and pierce the blue serene,
Hand joined in hand, compose a circling throng,
Shake their wide wings repeatedly and long,
Display on high those instruments of grace,
Which brought redemption to the human race,
The pillar—nails—the spear—the bitter cup—
The crown of thorns—the cross high lifted up—
Joyous they soar, and soaring sweetly sing,
While all the skies with pleasing echoes ring.

In gladsome strain another numerous band
Thus sang the wonders of th' Almighty's hand :
" 'Twas thou, O Lord ! that mad'st this earthly sphere,
Amid the waters bad'st dry land appear,
Hung'st in the air the comet's fiery blaze,
The moon's pale beam, the starlight's twinkling rays,
From out the East mad'st darkness flee away,
And with the sun brought'st forth the shining day.
'Twas thou that forc'd the rebel ones to fly,
And hurl'd them headlong from thy place on high,
For ever doom'd them with their chief to dwell
In woe and darkness 'midst the depths of hell.
The earth, the skies, the mighty-sounding sea,
Lift up their voices, and sing praise to Thee :
The guile of man averted not thy mind,
Nor all th' ingratitude of all his kind ;
For still thou view'st them with an eye of love,
And deem'st them worthy of the joys above :
Hail, King of Saints ! hail, Founder of the poles !
Light of the Nations ! glorious Hope of Souls !
Before whom sun and stars grow dim and pale,
And Satan trembles, and his kingdoms quail—
At whose high throne all people prostrate fall,
Alone, Eternal ! Loving, ruling all !
A thousand names—a thousand deeds are thine—
Thine are a thousand Potentates divine—
Unceasing praises unto Thee be given !
Hail, Lord of Hosts ! hail, mighty King of heav'n !"
Far floats the sound, the clouds its notes prolong,
And all the skies are dulcet with the song.

Upon the Jordan, and its margin green,
Another sight of wonderment was seen :
The harts and goats exulting seemed to bound
In many a joyous, many a frolic round ;
The rapid stream in sunshine made its way,
And o'er fair meadows flung its sparkling spray ;
A youth, array'd in vest of camel's hair,
Standing upon a rock projecting there,
Pour'd forth the waters on the Son of God,
From out the rapids of the chrystal flood ;
A chosen band stands on the verdant sward,
In snow-white garments to receive their Lord ;
The Holy Spirit hastens from above,
And hovers o'er him like a gentle dove,
Sent from his glory, by th' Eternal Sire,
With beams adorn'd, and circumfus'd with fire.
The earth the ocean view the scene with dread,
And Jordan hastens to its fountain-head.
The stream, meanwhile, a sweeter taste assumes,
And all the bank with sudden beauty blooms ;
Unnumber'd lights amidst the forests glow ;
The swains rejoicing, mark the dazzling show ;
Full on the ear celestial songs arise,
And a loud voice thus sings along the skies :
“ Flow on, O Jordan ! flow in gladness on,
Soon to thy banks will come the Mighty One,
Who shall command thy waters to outshine
The Ganges, and the Nile, the Danube, and the Rhine.
O'er Po and Tiber, he will lift thy name,
And make the skies the boundary of thy fame.
All pain and plague before his face depart,

And peace and joy renew the weary heart ;
The leprosy, that dread distemper fails
With all its humors and with all its scales ;
The deadly fevers leave the burning frame,
And rosy health succeed their hectic flame ;
Far, far away the lunacy is driven,
Swift, strong and blasting as the fires of heaven,
No more to strike its wretched victim down,
In flame to perish, or in flood to drown ;
No more shall dropsies on the body prey,
To sap the nerves, and wear the strength away ;
Tongues ever silent shall their silence break,
And from their darkness eyes triumphant wake
O'er which the beauty of the stars ne'er shone,
Or the rich radiance of the mid-day sun !
The aching cripple shall forget his pain,
Feel vigour rushing thro' his frame again,
And in his gladness leap once more along,
Swift, gay, and buoyant, all restor'd and strong.
Another, order'd from his couch to rise,
Without delay, swift from his thralldom flies,
And on his shoulders bearing forth his bed,
Hastes to the city with elastic tread,
'Mid frequent cries, and tumults long and loud,
Rais'd at the marvel by the pressing crowd.
The wither'd hand, that is itself no more,
Regains its power and feeling as before.
With trembling step, and visage worn and wan,
A lonely woman thro' the crowd moves on,
And touches but his garment's hem, when lo !
At once the rushing blood forgets to flow.

The buried dead, by many a tear deplor'd,
To life and animation are restored :
The pipe of grief pours out the fun'ral strain
Before the sorrows of the weeping train,
But soon the mother clasps her risen boy,
And the glad father weeps in tears of joy ;
Th' astonish'd people 'round the parents throng,
And all is happiness and bursts of song.
Oft-times before him, sacred stream ! shalt thou
See mountains rise, and lofty forests bow ;
Oft shall thy waters, with their murmur deep,
Lull his young bosom into tranquil sleep,
Soft on thy margin as his limbs are laid
Seeking sweet slumber, or refreshing shade.
O happy river ! famed o'er every sea !
Shorn of their beams the Blest shall visit thee ;
Upon thy border bare their sacred limbs,
And sweetly warble forth celestial hymns,
While thou shalt sprinkle, in thy holy tide,
The mighty Lord, the Counsellor, and Guide,
And struck, astonished at so high a guest,
Shalt lull thy billows into stillest rest.
Then bid thy banks with sweetest fragrance breathe,
And all thy borders form one rosy wreath,
There far and wide, let wild red roses blow,
And hyacinths, and lilies like the snow,
And wash the members of thy heav'nly King,
With waters flowing from thy clearest spring.
The mountains then shall lift their voices high,
And raise the name of Jordan to the sky ;
The warbling waters shall repeat the sound,

And streams and forests send their echoes round.
When dawns the morning that shall end man's woes,
Bid anguish flee, and every trouble close,
Bright o'er the cities as it may appear,
Sweet as 'twill prove to all the spacious sphere,
Yet trebly glorious shall its splendors beam
Above the waters of thy favour'd stream.
That arm of might, that glory of his Sire
Shall neither affluence nor power require,
Free he resigns the rapture of the skies,
And all for man appears in man's frail guise,
He walks not forth to seize on Cyprus' throne,
The Caspian realms he will not mark his own ;
With chosen guards, and chivalrous array
He will not hold proud Babylon his prey ;
Nor moves he on in high triumphal car
To make the Capitol the scene of war.
On the broad deep, or by the shelly strand
He seeks mid toil to find a loving band,
The needy rovers of the billowy way,
Just heaving forth their nets amidst the bay—
These are the conquests he essays to gain,
There are the subjects of his Father's reign :
All power—authority—he gives to these—
To crush the viper—to dispel disease—
O'er evil spirits to maintain their sway—
And back to darkness order them away—
To hold the keys of heav'n's celestial reign,
And shut the gates, and bid them ope again—
To combat hell, and all its pow'rs disarm,
And from the demon's vengeance fear no harm.

With golden diadems shall they be crown'd,
Encircled, each, with heav'nly choirs around,
To do their will, and learn their sacred laws,
And to their triumphs raise deserv'd applause :
Thrice happy men ! who leave your boats and oars,
Exchanges small for heav'n's immortal shores !
And He shall change the waters into wine,
First wondrous instance of his pow'r divine—
The waters wond'ring at the mighty change,
O'erflow their vases with increases strange ;
Around the hall mellifluous draughts are pour'd,
And bless the bridal, and rejoice the board.
He will not leave th' Apostles' labour vain,
When he shall visit them upon the main,
But quickly crown them with a boundless store
Of fishes overspreading all the shore.
When winds are high—when waves roll wild and dark,
And in the gulph would whelm the little bark,
His word shall breathe across the raging deep,
And still the storm, and bid the billows sleep,
Till o'er the wave no breath shall wander by
Save the soft zephyr's gently soothing sigh.
And He shall see five thousand mortals fed
With two small fishes, and five loaves of bread,
Of which twelve baskets scarcely can contain
The num'rous fragments that shall still remain.
At dead of night o'er ocean He will stray
And fear no peril from his watery way ;
The stormy waves shall, far and wide around,
Before their Lord, be lulled to peace profound,
And, fill'd with rev'ence at the sight, shall greet,
With trembling kisses, his immortal feet."

Thus sang the voice—then died in air away—
As the fair dawn announced the op'ning day.

So far, Ye Blest! have I pursued my strain :
And now my spirit longs to taste again
The pure free air of Pausilypo's height—
Its bay so beautiful—its shore so bright—
And that fair villa where I whil'd away,
In peace, and joy, full many a blissful day,
My own lov'd Myrgillina's charming seat,
With its fresh fountains and its green retreat,
Where hang sweet blossoms from the orange-bough,
—A fitting chaplet for the Poet's brow.







Pres. De. P. ...
Apr 17 1874

