1st ed.

Refer as

"Sonnets and Vain Chase"

Or the Lyrical - in India, 1827, 1830.
SONNETS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

D. L. RICHARDSON.

"Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them."

Cowper.

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SONNETS.
SONNET I.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

(Written in India.)

The Moon was darkly shrouded,—chilling rain
Fell on the grove with melancholy sound,—
The Jackall's piercing cry,—the voice profound
Of Ganga's rolling wave, and shrieks of pain,
Came on the midnight blast!—Hill, vale, and plain,
Were in impenetrable gloom o'ercast;
Save when the fitful meteor glimmered past,
Or the blue lightning mocked the drear domain!—
Lo! what a glorious change! The rising Sun
Sheds his reviving beams! The fragrant Bower,
Ringing with morning hymns,—the stately Tower,—
The Shepherd's quiet home, alike have won
His smile of light and joy. Fair Nature's dower
Of beauty is restored, and Pleasure's reign begun!
SONNET II.

NOON.

(Written in India.)

The Lord of Day, with fierce resistless might,
Clad in his robes of glory, sojourned high,
Mocking the timid gaze of mortal eye
With the refulgence of his forehead bright.
I marked with fevered brow his form of light
Glare on the silver wave that slumbered nigh,
And sought the Dryad's haunt, where Zephyr's sigh
Came, like a hallowed tone of sad delight,
To soothe the Wanderer's soul.—Beneath a shade
Formed by the weeping Bamboo, fit to be
The young impassioned Lover's summer bower,
On bright-winged visions flew the Noon-tide hour.
While siren Hope a sweet-voiced music made,
Breathing of One I never more may see!
SONNET III.

TO * * * *.

Lady! If from my young, but clouded brow,
Joy's radiant beam depart so fitfully—
If the mild lustre of thy sweet blue eye
Cheer not the mourner's gloom,—Oh! do not Thou,
Like the gay throng, disdain a Child of Woe,
Or deem his bosom cold!—Should the low sigh
Bring to the voice of bliss unmeet reply—
Oh! bear with one whose darkened path below
The Tempest-fiend hath crossed! The blast of doom—
Scatters the ripening bud, the full-blown flower,
Of Hope and Joy, nor leaves one living bloom,
Save Love's wild evergreen, that dares its power,
And clings to this lone heart, young Pleasure's tomb,
Like the fond ivy on the ruined Tower!
SONNET IV.

ON TWO LOVERS.

Their was a hallowed flame! for they had met
In Childhood's sunny path, ere tempest-showers
Had passed their shadows o'er the bright-winged hours
Of Life's deceitful Morn;—ere fell Regret
With her malignant mildews coldly wet
The blooms of early joy,—when in the bowers
Of Innocence and Love, 'mid sweet spring-flowers,
They little dreamed the Sun of Hope would set!—
Oh! sweet and brief delusion! All too soon
The bleak storm howled, the gathering clouds were rife
With death and desolation; in the Noon
Of Life and Love, amid the gloom and strife,
Those fond impassioned Lovers wildly parted;
She in the cold grave sleeps—He lingers broken-hearted!
SONNET V.

TO MELANCHOLY.

Thou sweet Enchantress of the Soul refined!
Lorn, tearful Siren! Though the cypress braid
Around thy brow most mournfully is twined,—
Though thine the strain that would from bliss persuade,—
Thou art not loved the less, unhappy Maid!
There is resistless magic in thine eye;
And in the plaintive music of thy sigh
Far sweeter tones than Joy's light songs pervade!—
E'en in the morn of life, when Hope was kind,
And youthful Pleasure wore her brightest smile,
Thou wert my young heart's idol! They could bind
No lasting spell with their delusive guile;—
To me more dear thy sad benignant mien
Thy soul-fraught pensiveness, thy grace serene!
SONNET VI.

TO CALUMNY.

Dark-scowling Fiend! at whose malignant breath
Life's fairest blossoms wither and decay—
Dread Minister of Sorrow and Dismay!
The pale and livid countenance of Death
Is welcome as the presence of a friend
To those sad hearts thy tortures lacerate!—
Fierce Child of Envy and delirious Hate!
At their decree thy willing fingers rend
The chords of Love, or tear the wreath of Fame.—
The boldest breast that ever bared its front
In proud defiance to the battle's brunt
Would dread thy secret and unerring aim,
And bear but ill the keen envenomed dart
That wakes the soul's immedicable smart!
SONNET VII.

TO A CHILD.

Thou darling Child! When I behold the smile
Over thy rosy features brightly play,
(Its light unrivalled by the morning ray,)
Thy fair and open brow upraised the while
With an appealing glance so void of guile,
(Untaught the trusting bosom to betray,)
Thy sinless graces win my soul away
From dreams and thoughts that darken and defile!
Scion of Beauty! If a Stranger's eye
Thus dwell upon thee,—if his bosom's pain,
Charmed by thine holy smile, forget to smart,—
Oh! how unutterably sweet Her joy—
Oh! how indissolubly firm the chain
Whose links of love entwine a Mother's heart!
SONNET VIII.

CHILDHOOD.

Oh! there are green spots on the path of time
The reckless wanderer, passing gaily by,
Views with irreverent and careless eye,—
Till, with reverted gaze, when doomed to climb
Of harsh Adversity the steep sublime,
Illumined far by Memory's moonlight sky,
He marks them in the distant valley lie,
Clad in the milder glories of the clime!
Scenes of my Childhood! now beloved in vain!
The grave-bound Pilgrim never can return.
And all too soon the sad and weary learn,
Urged o'er the Future's desolate domain,
That in the dreariness of Life's sojourn
Fate will not hearken to the voice of Pain!
SONNET IX.

(Written in India.)

The Storm hath ceased,—but yet the dark clouds lower,
And shroud the rising Sun! The distant hill
Lies hid in mist,—the far-descending rill
Rolls darkly through the valley,—this lone Tower
Frowns drearily above the withered bower,
Where sits the drooping Minah, voiceless still.—
Yon blasted Tree the gazer’s breast doth fill
With awful sense of majesty and power!—
The mighty Spirit of the Midnight Storm
Passed where for ages rose the Green-wood’s Pride,
And what availed its glory? Its proud form,
Cast on the groaning earth, but serves to hide
The Serpent’s dwelling; and Decay’s dull worm
Soon in its mouldering bosom shall abide!
SONNET X.

How beautiful the scene! The Lord of Day
No longer wears the countenance of pride
That seared fair Nature's bloom! A veil doth hide
The lustre of his brow; his parting ray,
Dim as the Lover's smile that melts away
Through farewell tears, is fading tenderly!
And clouds of golden gleam, and rosy dye,
(His gorgeous robes,) are turning into gray.—
Now like a sad sweet Dream, whose shadow steals
O'er the rapt soul in visionary hours,
Meek Twilight comes! From zephyr-haunted bowers
Arise the feathered Minstrel's evening peals,
Blent with the far wave's murmur, and the songs
Of village maids, that Echo's voice prolongs!
SONNET XI.

The rugged Cliff sublime, the swelling Hill,
The quiet Valley, and the cheerful Plain,
The calm romantic Lake, the rolling Main,
Are now my haunts! Their varied graces fill
My soul with pleasant dreams, and soothe and still
The Passions' strife, and fever of the brain.—
Oh! how resistless thy mysterious reign,
Benignant Nature! O'er the sense of ill
Thy smiles have holy power! When Youth's proud glow
And aspirations fade, and Pleasure's brow
But mocks the Mourner's gloom, thy lone domain
Is Sorrow's sweetest home.—Nor all in vain
I seek thy shrine of living beauty now,
And with a Votary's love profoundly bow!
SONNET XII.

The summer Sun had set,—the blue mist sailed
Along the twilight lake,—no sounds arose,
Save such as hallow Nature's sweet repose,
And charm the ear of Peace. Young Zephyr hailed
In vain the slumbering Echo; in the grove
The song of Night's lone Bard, sweet Philomel,
Broke not the holy calm,—the soft notes fell
Like the low-whispered vows of timid Love!
I paused in adoration,—and such dreams
As haunt the pensive soul, intensely fraught
With silent incommunicable thought,
And sympathy profound, with fitful gleams,
Caught from the memory of departed years,
Flashed on my mind, and woke luxurious tears.
SONNET XIII.

LADY! when Hope was kind, and this sad heart
By spirit-chilling Sorrow unrepert,
It loved thee well,—and fervent vows profest,
Thine wore a chain whose links should never part.
But thou wert false! And thy most cruel art
Hath ruined one who knew not maiden's breast,
Or never would have lost the peace and rest
That dwell with him unstruck by Beauty's dart!
Alas! the keen regret, the rankling smart,
Of faith deceived, and unrequited love!
Sweet Hope, and tender Sympathy depart,
And all in vain delirious Pride may crave
Oblivion of the past, whose meteors move
In mockery o'er the soul—aye, haunt it in the grave!
SONNET XIV.

TO HEALTH.

Oh! I have sought thee over hill and plain,
In Life's bright morn, with Temperance my guide,
And Youth and laughing Pleasure at my side,
Beloved Hygeia! And not all in vain
I wandered then o'er Nature's sweet domain,
For we have met where timid Dryads hide,
And where proud Rivers in their glory glide
Beneath the summer sun. But Care and Pain
Have bound me now with adamantine chain.
Dark thoughts, and images of death, deride
Hope's tender smile, and mock the Passions' pride;—
And, oh! no more (malignant fates ordain)
These languid limbs the cheerful haunts shall gain,
Where thou and rural happiness abide!
SONNET XV.

FRIENDSHIP.

Misfortune's withering hand hath plucked each flower
That whilom sparkled o'er the path of life,
And every shrub with balm and fragrance rife
Dies in her fevered grasp! Yet, though the power
Of Desolation rules, and dangers lower,—
Though Hope's dim-setting sun is darkly shrouded,—
There is one lonely Star, whose beam unclouded
Sheds light and beauty o'er Affliction's bower!
Hail, FRIENDSHIP's Orb benign! Thy smile unfading
Still cheers and guides the Pilgrim's weary way,
And most when Sorrow's gathering clouds are shading
Pours the mild lustre of its holy ray.—
Ah! though each hour a darker scene may show,
I'll scorn the threatening gloom if thou but deign to glow!
SONNET XVI.

TO DEVON.

Thy pleasant Valleys, Groves, and swelling Hills,
Clothed in their verdant beauty, all must own
Unrivalled in the land.—But not alone
Thy fair domain, romantic Devon, fills
The gazer with entrancement,—there are thrills
Of feeling more intense,—a finer tone
Pervades the raptured soul, as nobly prone
To share or kindle gladness, or the ills
Of darker bosoms soothe, with that sweet art
Which pure and gentle spirits only know,
Thy matchless Daughters hospitably smile
A welcome to the Stranger,—who shall throw
His farewell glance in pain, and find the while
A sweet home-feeling lingering in his heart!
SONNET XVII.

There is exulting pride, and holy mirth,
In Freedom's kindling eye! Her radiant smile
Illumines now this glory-haunted Isle,
The Queen of Nations! Halo of the Earth!
Impassioned orisons are breathing forth,
And lofty aspirations. Phantoms vile
That chill the feeble spirit, and defile
The springs of thought and feeling in their birth,
Fade in the morning beam, and lose the power
That made us willing slaves. For Reason's light
Is bursting through the clouds that darkly lower,
And hide the face of Heaven! O'er the night
Of slumbering millions—oh! transcendent hour!
The Sun of Liberty is rising bright!

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c 2
SONNET XVIII.

ON LEAVING INDIA.

Now for luxuriant hopes, and Fancy’s flowers,
That would not flourish o’er thy sterile soil,
Grave of the Wanderer, where disease and toil
Have swept their countless slaves! Though danger lowers
Above mine homeward path, no shade o’erpowers
The soul’s exulting day-dreams. Love’s sweet smile,
And Friendship’s fervent voice, so void of guile,
Delight and cheer the visionary hours!
Hail, twilight Memories of past Delight!
Hopes of the Future blending in my dreams!
Your mingled forms of loveliness and light,
Fair as the summer morning’s orient gleams,
Chase the dull gloom of Sorrow’s cheerless night,
And gild the soul with bliss-reviving beams!
SONNET XIX.

TO ITALY.

Full many a glorious meed thy children won
In paths that led to triumph or the grave,
In thy bright noon, ITALIA! Those to save
From dumb oblivion when thy day was done,
And sunk in twilight gloom thy setting sun,
The gracious Muse her noblest efforts gave,
And bore proud record of the Free and Brave
Whose course sublime in cloudless light was run!
Oh! thou, once Halo of a Matchless Age!
Where is thy brightness—where thy glory now—
Save in the Poet's dream? His living page
With all thy pride and chivalry shall glow;
For he hath thrown a spell around thy Name,
That shall preserve thee in coeval fame!
SONNET XX.

TO * * * *.

Oh! when the heart is sad, and life is drear,
How sweet the charms whose magic can beguile
Fell Passion’s strife, and wake the soothing tear!
And I have found them in thy mournful smile,
Whose sad benignity would aye prevail
O’er Sorrow’s madness! As its quiet beam
Cheered the dull gloom, sweet Peace, so wont to fail,
Stole o’er my troubled spirit like a dream!
Lady! thou art the sweetest Child of Woe
That ever claimed the throb of sympathy!
There is a grace upon thy pensive brow,
A soul of beauty in thy tearful eye,
Blent with a holy meekness in thine air,
That speak not of the earth, and hallow every tear!
SONNET XXI.

EVENING.

How calm and beautiful is Day's sweet close!
Its breeze is balm unto the wounded soul,—
That feels a kindred peace, a mild repose,
'Neath gentle Evening's reign.—The spells—that stole
The mind from loftier aspirations—now
Are powerless and past. The Weary, blest
With transient calm, own a reviving glow!
Meanwhile each finer impulse of the breast
Trembles with love and gratitude profound
To Him who gave, alternate morn and night,
The Sun to wheel his life-rekindling round,
And yon sweet Orb to pour her sacred light.
These are the transports of thy votaries—Even!
These are thy charms—that win the soul to Heaven!
SONNET XXII.

(Written on the Banks of the Ganges.)

How fraught with music, beauty, and repose,
This holy time, and solitude profound!
A lambent lustre o'er the mountain glows;
With Love's sweet minstrelsy the woods resound;
Through the soft gloom, yon sacred Fanes around,
The radiant Fly* its mimic lightning throws;
Fair Ganga's stream along the green vale flows,
And breathes a calm and thought-reviving sound!
Such hour and scene my spirit loves to hail
When Nature's smile is so divinely sweet—

* When every note that trembles on the gale
Seems caught from realms untrod by mortal feet—
Where everlasting harmonies prevail—
Where rise the purified, their God to greet!

* The Fire-fly.
SONNET XXIII.

MORNING.

When from the gloom of Sorrow's dreary night
Sweet Sleep hath fled, and feverish, and alone,
I've wandered o'er these fields, till broad and bright
The glorious Orb of Life and Day hath shone;
How have I joyed to mark yon hoary Tower
Unfolding slowly 'neath the morning beams
His misty mantle gray!—In such an hour,
To Contemplation's eye, fair Nature seems
Most holy,—and the troubled heart is still.—
The vocal grove, the sky-reflecting lake,
The cheerful plain, and softly-shadowed hill,
To loftier dreams are ministrant, and wake
Unutterable love for this fair Earth,
And joy profound, though unallied to mirth!
SONNET XXIV.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Fair Ruler of the Visionary Hour!
Sweet Idol of the Passionate and Wild!
Enchantress of the Soul! Lo! Sorrow's child
Still haunts thy shrine, and invokes thy power!
Alas! when Fortune and the false World lower,
Shall thy sad votary supplicate in vain?
Wilt thou too scorn Affliction's withered bower,
Nor lend thine ear to Misery, and Pain?
Spirit unkind! and yet thy charms control
Mine idle aspirations—worthless still,—
And fitful visions, all undreamt at will,
With ungrasped glory mock the cheated soul!
Like beauteous forms of Hope, that glimmer nigh,
But from Despair's approach recede and fly!
How sweetly sails the gray mist o'er the plain!
The busy "hum of men" is heard afar,
Blent with the murmurs of the restless main,
Whose tremulous bosom glimmers with the star
Meek Evening wears 'neath her translucid veil!—
Sad Philomela trills her plaintive lay;
Borne on the breeze of night o'er hill and vale,
The soft notes rise and fall, and melt away!—
Oh! sweet by kindred sounds and scenes to stray,
That shed a calm upon the sorrowing breast!
Though wild the strife of Life's storm-troubled day,
E'en this sad heart is cheated into rest;
And while its passion-tides serener flow,
Owns Nature's smile an antidote to woe!
SONNET XXVI.

TO A SCOTTISH LADY WEEPING.

Fairest of Scotia's Maids! oh! tell me why
Grief's mournful shadow clouds thy beauteous brow,
And dims the lustre of thy bright blue eye,
Where Love and laughing Pleasure wont to glow?
Thine but the morn of life—its dawning day,—
Canst thou so soon its withering storms have known?
Are all thine early dreams, and fancies gay—
Are all thy dear delightful visions flown?
It may not be—that eye's cerulean hue
Was meant to sparkle bright in guiltless gladness.
A lot so blest, where Hope is ever true,
Can justify but ill the reign of sadness.
That tear then falls, I ween, for others' woe—
Oh! may such sacred grief be all thine heart shall know!
SONNET XXVII.

TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

Ow! whose that Voice that o'er my spirit broke,
And cheered the Mourners's solitary gloom?
Of days long past the melting music spoke,
Hope's vanished dream, and Pleasure's withered bloom!
Friend of my Youth! the thrilling voice was thine!
Thou source and partner of each early joy!
For whom e'en now impassioned love is mine,
That care, nor time, nor distance, can destroy
Oh! it is soothing still, when Friendship's tone
On ardent Fancy's listening ear is shed,—
Nor hath one record of affection gone
Since the last, lingering, sad farewell was said.
Though lone and weary now, some charm remains
To cheer my heart, while fond Remembrance reigns!
S O N N E T  X X V I I I .

T O  H O P E .

S W E E T  H O P E !  a l t h o u g h  a stranger to my breast
Thou long hast been,—v i s i t  a Child of Woe ;
Come, in thy siren-radiance gaily drest,
And bid once more thy Smile of Promise glow.
Tell of the Maid whose beauty-mantled form,
And mental glory, love and awe inspire.—
Say that for me shall glow her soul's bright charm,
For me alone her blue eye's sacred fire !
Say that my breast a Lover's bliss shall know ;
Cheer me with dear delusive dreams of joy ;—
Not mine the heart that could such balm forego,
Though time and sad reality destroy ;—
And oft I'll seek it when forebodings lower—
A transient charm may soothe a transient hour !
SONNET XXIX.

(Written at Kalpee, in the East Indies.)

Ye mouldering Fanes, and melancholy Tombs!
Sun-blighted Wilds, where parched Famine reigns!
An exiled Wanderer marks your mournful glooms,
And heaves the fond sigh for his native plains!
But vain the wish—and seldom cherished here,—
Hope flies the drear and soul-degrading clime,
While listless Apathy and dull Despair
Chill fervid Patriotism's glow sublime.
Alas! though Nature wither in the scene,
Must every finer impulse too decay?
Forbid it, Heaven! Though drear my path hath been,
Still let my bosom bow to Feeling's sway,
And ne'er forget the resting spot of green,
Where Love and Friendship cheered Life's dawning day!
SONNET XXX.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE CADET;"

A Poem in which the initiation into the earlier duties of the Military Service is pathetically described.

Lorn, tearful Bard! I love thy plaintive Muse!—
Not that her brow the living laurels bind,—
Not that on gold-winged dreams of varied hues
Thy fancy wantons free and unconfined,—
Not that thy fires are emanations bright
Of full-orbed genius,—not that thou canst claim
An honoured name among the "men of might;"
These glories are not thine—thou art no Son of Fame!
And yet no vulgar thrill thy strains inspire;
While every pulse within my saddened heart
Accords its tone,—I love, but not admire.—
The melancholy truths thy lays impart
I've known too well—as oft, with aching bones,
I marched the goose-step, cursing Sergeant Jones!
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

"Those who have trod the field of war, and stained
Their hands in blood, and steeled their hearts to woe,
And stanched compassion, yet may haply know
That there are moments when the pallid corse
Death has just triumph'd o'er will wake remorse
E'en in an innocent breast; innocent at least
Of that which wakes its feelings."

HORACE GWYNE.

"The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became a boast;—One murder made a Villain,
Millions a Hero!""  

PORTEUS.

The Foe had fled—the fearful strife had ceased—
And shouts arose of mockery and joy,
As the loud Trumpet's wild exulting voice
Proclaimed the Victory! With weary tread,
But spirit undepr...
Nor recked they, in that moment's pride, of aught
But glory won. Or if a transient thought
Recalled the fallen Brave, 'twas like the cloud
That flits o'er Summer's brow—a passing shade!

Yet on the battle-plain how many lay
In their last dreamless sleep! And there were those
Who vainly struggled in the mighty grasp
Of that stern Conqueror—Death; while the last throes
Of parting life, at intervals, would wring,
E'en from the proudest heart, the piercing cry
Of mortal agony! In pain I sunk,
Worn and disabled, 'mid the dead and dying.
Night's shadows were around—the sad, dull Moon,
Dim and discolored, rose, as though she mourned
To gaze upon a scene so fraught with woe!
And there was *One* who passed me at this hour,
A form familiar to my memory.
In youth we met, with feelings undefined,
And passions unreprest. There was a taunt
On his proud haughty lip distracted me—
There was a language in his scowling eye
My spirit ne'er could brook. His presence bore
The bane of early joy, and he would shrink
At Boyhood's happy laugh, and guileless smile,
As though they mocked him!

E'en like a vision of the fevered brain,
His image haunted me—and urged to madness.—
And when exhausted nature sunk to rest,
The blood-red sod my couch, the tempest-cloud
My canopy, my bed-fellows the dead,
My lullaby the moaning midnight wind,—
I had a Dream,—a strange bewildered dream,
And he was with me!

Methought I heard the Messenger of Death
Tell of another world, and awful shrieks
Of wild despair, and agony, and dread,
Shook the dark vault of heaven!—Suddenly
Deep silence came,—and all the scene was changed!
A bright insufferable radiance blazed,
And mocked the dazzled eye. In robes of light,
High on a gorgeous throne, appeared a Form
Of pure Celestial Glory! In deep awe
A silent and innumerable throng
Of earth-born Warriors bowed. That glorious Form,
In these benign and memorable words,
The Pure in Spirit hailed:—“Ye who have owned
Religion for your Leader, and have loved
The Family of Man, and toiled and bled
For Liberty and Justice! Ye have fought
The good fight—yours is the glorious meed,
The immortal Crown—the never-fading wreath,
A bright inheritance of endless joy—
A Home of endless rest!”

Now straight appeared,

With lineaments divinely beautiful,
Fair shapes of bright-winged Seraphs, holy guides
To realms of everlasting light and love!
Alas! how few of that surrounding host
Were led to happier worlds! That hallowed band
In radiant light departed; and the Form
That sat upon the Throne, now sternly rose
With clouded brow, and majesty severe,
And this dread judgment gave—(while darkness wrapt
The strange and unimaginable scene)—
"He that can love not Man loves not his God!
And, lo! his image ye have dared to mar
In hate and exultation, and for this
Shall ceaseless strife, and agonies of death,
Be your eternal doom!"

Now with triumphant howls of mockery,
More horrible than shuddering Fancy hears
Raising dread echoes in the charnel vault,
Uprose the Fiends of Hell! and urged us on,
Through paths of fearful gloom, till one broad plain
Of endless space burst on the startled eye!
In the dim distance glittered shafts of war;—
Despair's wild cry, and Hate's delirious shout,
The din of strife, and shrieks of agony,
Came on the roaring blast! A mighty voice,
Piercing the dissonance infernal, cried,
"On to the Hell of Battle, and the war
Coeval with Eternity!" That voice,
Whose sound was thunder, breathed resistless spells;
For straight a sudden impulse fired the soul,
And, wrought to maddening frenzy, on we rushed
To join the strife of millions.

One alone
Amid that countless throng mine eye controlled.
His was the form I loved not in my youth,
And cursed in after years. We madly met—
A wild thrust reached him.—Then he loudly shrieked,
And imprecated Death—alas, in vain!
The Spirit dwelt not there! With unquenched rage
He turned again on his eternal foe
In hate’s extreme!—But he was victor now—
And in unutterable pain—I woke!

'Twas morning—and the sun's far-levelled rays
Gleamed on the ghastly brows and stiffened limbs
Of those that slumbered—ne'er to wake again!
A MOONLIGHT ASSIGNATION.

A FRAGMENT.

"Where is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear?
The sun is sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here."  Moore.

Hail to the lovely Queen of Night,
In all her chastened glory bright!
How sweet her mild yet regal mien,
And diadem of starry sheen!
No threatening glooms her brows enshroud,—
Her veil is of the fleecy cloud,—
She views her realms of love and light
So calmly blest, so purely bright,
And the beam is soft of her pensive eye,
As she looks from her silver throne on high!
Now Solitude, meek, timid Maid!
Is stealing from the birchen glade;
And as she leaves her lonely cell,
Beneath the ray she loveth well,
She startles at the rustling trees,
And the plaintive voice of the sad night-breeze,
And the music wild of the restless stream
Glimmering in the lunar beam!

Oh Night! the wretched love thee well!
When Hope hath bid the breast farewell,
'Tis sweet to steal thy shades along,
Listening to languid Nature's song;
Thy solemn scene, and thrilling hour,
Have mystic spell of holy power
To still wild passion's feverish throe,
And bid the soothing tear to flow!
There was a time I did not love
The lonely haunt, the midnight grove.
But now, alas! I ill can brook
Upon those glittering scenes to look
That speak of joys my bosom banished.
And visions in their beauty vanished!

Ye glimmering Stars! and thou, sweet Moon,
That oft have heard at Night's pale noon
Her vows of love! oh, say, if e'er
Your sprites could doubt that maiden fair.
Or Echo's tremulous voice reply
To sweeter strains of melody!
But, oh! your paler graces fade,
Yet absent is the faithless maid,
Than ye, proud Host of Stars! more bright,
Or even yon fair Queen of Night!

* * * *

The Spirit of Morn is wandering near,
Through the thick grove her smiles appear
Before her radiant form of light
Vanish the startled shades of Night!

Maid of my heart! oh, why so long!
The Nightingale hath ceased her song,
That all so sweetly charmed the grove,
Blent with the Cushat's lay of love;
The speckled Lark ascends on high
To hail the morn's bright majesty,
And the Mavis and Merle are gaily singing,
And the woods with their joyous matins are ringing!

*   *   *   *   *

Is it Fancy's vision wild?
Is my fevered soul exiled?
Is it Hope's delusive beam?
Is it Love's delirious dream?

Oh! bliss profound! 'Twas Her I love,
Whose charms beguiled the vocal grove,
Whose form a halo of beauty adorning,
I deemed in my madness the Spirit of Morning!
A FATHER'S ADDRESS

TO HIS FIRST-BORN.

"I think of thee, with many fears
For what may be thy fate in future years."
Wordsworth.

I.

Sad welcome to thee—sinless Child!
Sad welcome to this land of grief!
Alas! the thorns that strew the wild
May make thy path as sad as brief,
While Pleasure's meteors cross thy way,
And lead thy weary feet astray!
II.

With sighs I hail thy presence here!
Nor hope, nor joy, my bosom warms;
Who gave thee to this world so drear,
May see thee in its darkest storms,—
May hear thee curse thine hour of birth,
And mourn thy pilgrimage on earth!

III.

Short course thy Father's years have sped,
But not untainted in their flow;
The shades that Time's dark wake o'erspread
Are marked with hues of varied woe!
I dare not, sweet One! hope for thee
A fate from kindred sorrow free!
iv.

True that on Life's bright dawning day
Is shed a spotless beam from heaven,
And purity and rapture play
Around the home by fond love given,—
But oh! how soon such scene is clouded,
Such bright, but short-lived, beam enshrouded!

v.

Ah, yes! e'en Childhood's holy smile
Fades like the glow by rainbow worn,
And grief's big gems have hung the while
Like dew-drops on the Rose of morn;—
Those bend, yet nurse, the tender flower,—
But Sorrow's dews have sterner power!
VI.

Darling! by many a pang endear'd!
Sweet Bud of Life! so passing fair!
Though 'neath Love's fostering smiles thou'rt reared,
My sad heart throbs with bodings drear!
That cold Misfortune's blast of doom
May blight thee in maturer bloom!

VII.

Joy's halo circles o'er thine head,—
No thrill is thine of grief refined,—
No thoughts of doubt and anguish bred,
Raise the dark phantoms of the mind;—
'Tis well, on entrance here below,
We little dream the future's woe!
Awhile, beneath the morning ray,
Content and Innocence shall glow,—
But oh! when these, as soon they may,
Shall leave thee to a world of woe,
How changed will be thy bosom's feeling—
How dim thine eye now bliss revealing!

A grief-proof shield hadst thou, my Boy!
Did aught avail the fondest prayer,
But vain the wish!—for when hath Joy
Withstood the venomed shafts of Care?
And all a parent's love may gain
Is but to soothe the throbs of pain!
But yet, if brighter star be thine
Than on thy Father's morn did glow,
My heart shall own that hope is mine,
A sweet and holy peace shall know;
Like the storm-troubled billow's rest,
When sinks the light breeze on its breast!
LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MY CHILD.

Oh! sweet, mine Infant! art thou laid
So soon where Death thy couch hath made,
Where Love and Pity wail and weep,
And requiems raise, and vigils keep!

Alas! shall that so worshipped form,
Though all untouched by Sorrow's storm,
Be snatched in ruthless haste away
By the cold grasp of rude Decay?
No more, my Babe, thy winning smiles,
Thy prattling voice, and mimic wiles,
Shall fond maternal transport bring,
Or soothe a Father's sorrowing!

Oh! when my late foreboding strain
Spoke of thy bosom's lengthened pain,
I little deemed a Father's tear
Would fall upon thine infant bier!

But thou wert granted lighter fate,
Nor meant, like me, this world to hate,—
And shall I mourn the gracious doom
That gave thee to an early tomb?
His holy and benign command
Recalled thee from a dreary land
Ere life's dark-brooding tempest rose
To blast thee with unnumbered woes.

Oh! though bereaved and torn, my heart
Hath found its dearest hopes depart,
'Tis sweet to think thy sojourn brief
Was all unmarked by kindred grief.

And, though Misfortune and Dismay
Still haunt and gloom mine onward way,
'Twill soothe my troubled soul to know
Thou canst not share a Father's woe.
Thy rest no mortal pang may break,—
And, but for thy lone Mother's sake,
Oh! how this weary breast would pine,
My Darling! for a Home like thine!
Lo! Morning wakes upon the gray hill's brow,
Raising the veil of mist meek Twilight wore;—
And hark! resounding from the tamarind bough
The Minah's matins ring! On Ganga's shore
The fervent Hindoos welcome and adore
The rising Lord of Day. Above the vale
Behold the tall Palmyra proudly soar,
And wave his verdant wreath,—a lustre pale
Gleams on the broad-fringed leaves, that rustle in the gale!
NOON.

How still the noon-tide hour! no sounds arise
To cheer the sultry calm,—deep silence reigns
Among the drooping groves; the fervid skies
Glare on the slumbering wave; on those far plains
The zephyr dies,—no hope of rest detains
The pilgrim there! Yon Orb’s meridian might
No fragrant bower, no humid cloud restrains,—
The solar rays, insufferably bright,
Play on the fevered brow, and mock the dazzled sight!

NIGHT.

Oh! how the spirit joys, when the fresh breeze,
The milder radiance, and the longer shade,
Steal o’er the sultry scene! Through waving trees
The pale Moon smiles, the minstrels of the glade
Hail Night's fair Queen; and, as the day-beams fade
Along the crimson west, through twilight gloom
The Fire-fly darts; and where, all lowly laid,
The Dead repose, the Mourner's hands illume
The consecrated lamp o'er Beauty's hallowed tomb!
STANZAS.

TO ONE WHO HATH PASSED "THAT BOURNE FROM
WHENCE NO TRAVELLER RETURNS."

Fair Spirit! though Time's unflagging wing
Hath passed in gloom o'er youth's gay morn,
And pain and ceaseless sorrowing
My sad and weary breast have torn,
No pang Life's withered pulse hath known
Like thy last, lingering, Farewell gave;—
Though many an early friend hath gone,
And bitter tears bedewed each grave,
Yet none from life and love departed,
E'er wrung, like thee, the broken-hearted!
Oh! I have thought of thee, fair Saint!
Till I have felt too mad to weep,—
Till wild Despair's delirious plaint
Hath told of thine eternal sleep!
Oh God! my rebel spirit cried,
Is this thy mercy—this thy love,—
That Man, in pain and anguish tried,
And doomed each varied woe to prove,
Is hurled to-day through storms and sorrow,
To be the dull worm's prey to-morrow?

Yes—I have cherished doubts and fears
That Hope have crushed, and Faith o'erthrown;
But a repentant Sinner's tears
A Saviour's heart will not disown—
And I, who in my wanderings knew
The maddened throb—the fevered sigh,
Can now in calmer sorrow view
The spot where thy dear relics lie,
And wait in this lone world the hour
That joins us in Celestial Bower!
LINES

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT ON A PILLAR OF THE
RUINS OF RAHIMAHAL, IN THE EAST INDIES.

Hail, Stranger, hail! whose eye shall here survey
The paths of Time, where Ruin marks his way,
When sullen moans the solemn Midnight Bird,
And the gaunt Jackal's harsher cry is heard;
If thine the soul with sacred ardour fraught,
Rapt in the Poet's dream, or Sage's thought,
To thee these mouldering walls a voice shall raise.
And sadly tell how earthly pride decays,
How human hopes, like human works, depart,
And leave behind—the ruins of the heart!
A DULL CALM.

The Moon is high,
But she doth seem
In Sorrow's robe enshrouded;—
No echo thrills the cold dull sky,—
The slumbering wave is clouded,
But yet so still 'twere hard to deem
The Tempest e'er had ploughed it!
The winds are hushed—
And not a breath
Disturbs the peace serene;
The dews, that by my feet are brushed,
Are heard as well as seen;—
'Tis like the silent calm of Death—
The last sad closing scene!

It is an hour
That mocks at joy,
And fills the heart with sadness;—
The gloominess around hath power
To banish aught of gladness—
The Good with holier dreams employ—
The Guilty—drive to madness!
STANZAS.

Oh! sweet departed Saint!
If aught of Earth could reach thine ear,
Love's fevered sigh, and Sorrow's ceaseless plaint,
Might wake an Angel's tear!

Not that my wretched heart
Would stain thee now with kindred woe,
Or bid thy spirit's holier dreams impart
A less ethereal glow!
But, oh! the thought of pain,
That we on earth shall meet no more,
Hath wrung a broken heart, whose griefs disdain
All that would peace restore!

Oh! desolate and cold!
Hope's lingering beam is quenched at last—
The trusting mind Futurity controlled
Now dwells but on the Past!

O'er this deserted scene,
Where'er my wandering eye may turn,
Rise long-remembered spots, where thou hast been,
But never shalt return!
The fragrant noon-tide grove,
And the moon-light hallowed bowers,
The sweet haunts once of ecstasy and love
But breathe of happier hours!

I seek thine early tomb
With sad and unavailing tears,
While Echo wakes, amid the cheerless gloom,
The voice of other years!
AN ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

Oh! gentle Sleep!
Leave not thy Lover now,
But thy fair tresses steep
Where Lethe's streamlets flow,
And lave my burning brow!

O faithless Maid!
To fly when Grief appears
And the languid frame is laid
On a couch bedew'd with tears!
Alas! in happier hours,
When Peace, thy bridal-maid,
Wooed thee to the secret shade,
Where a gorgeous screen was twined
O'er a couch of summer flowers—
Thou wert not so unkind!

Farewell! thou faithless Maid!
Yet not a long farewell,—
For swiftly speeds the coming night,
When Death, with unresisted might,
Shall bring thee to the silent cell
Where a broken heart is laid!
MELANCHOLY.

When o'er this glimmering land of dreams
   Visions of Bliss exulting play,
And Fancy's wild unearthly beams
   Are blent with Hope's delusive ray,
How bright the glittering prospect seems!
   How throbs the youthful bosom gay!
Alas! too soon those meteors fade,
Like orient gleams on April morn,
As clouds on clouds, in gathering shade,
O’er all their gorgeous tints are borne,—
And leave the Wanderer, spell-betrayed,
To mourn their fitful glory gone!

Ah yes! though bright are Fancy’s glows,
And bright the smiles by false Hope shed,—
More sweet, more true,—the heart’s repose,
When o’er the past, by Memory led,
Fond Melancholy weeps her woes
Amid the mansions of the dead!
Oh! visit not
My couch of dreamless sleep,
When even thou shalt be forgot
By this so faithful breast;
But let the Stranger watch my silent rest,
With eyes that will not weep!
Oh! come not, maid!
I crave no sigh from thee,
E'en when the mouldering frame is laid
Beneath the cold dull grave:
For the Yew shall moan, and the Night-wind rave,
A fitting dirge for me!

Weep not, dear Love!
While grief were agony,—
Wait, 'till the balm of time remove
The fever of the brain,
And sweet, though mournful, dreams alone remain
Of me and misery!
Oh! then, sweet Maid!
By twilight, linger near
The rustling trees whose green boughs shade
My lonely place of rest;
And hallow thou the turf that wraps my breast
With Pity’s sacred tear!
A SONG OF GRIEF.

Sorrow hath twined a wreath for me,
Made of the weeping Cypress Tree,
And o'er my young, but troubled, brow
Hath thrown a mournful shadow now!

And, as the meteor, gleaming bright,
Misleads the Wanderer of the night,
Young Hope, a fair, but faithless, maid,
Hath this too trusting heart betrayed!
Mine early joys have fled, like dreams,—
And Life a cheerless desert seems,
Where nought invades the silence dread,
Save Disappointment's hollow tread!

Lonely and sad, I sojourn here,—
A dark and withered heart I bear,—
While Hope's gay beam, and Sorrow's shade,
But mock the ruin they have made!
THE DAY OF LIFE.

"How many a day of turbulence and gloom
Is ushered by the sweet and peaceful rays
Of fair Aurora's planet!"

A. A. Watts

Oh! blue were the mountains—
And gorgeous the trees,—
And stainless the fountains—
And pleasant the breeze;
A glory adorning
The Wanderer's way,
In Life's sunny morning,
When young Hope was gay!
The blue hills are shrouded—
The groves are o'ercast,—
The bright streams are clouded—
The breeze is a blast—
The light hath departed
The dull noon of Life,
And Hope, timid-hearted,
Hath fled from the strife!

In fear and in sadness,
Poor sports of the storm,
Whose shadow and madness
Enshroud and deform;
Ere Life's day is closing
How fondly we crave
The dreamless reposing—
The Peace of the Grave!
STANZAS.

Yes—I have loved and honored thee,—
Nor guile, nor fear of guile were mine;—
But, oh! since thou canst faithless be,
I'll grieve not for a heart like thine!

Lady, when first thine azure eye
Met and controlled my raptured gaze,
Mine was the fond and pleading sigh
That fervent adoration pays!
Could I have known, what now I know,
Its beam but brightened to betray,
In vain had shone the spurious glow
That led a trusting heart astray.

'Tis not an eye of brightest hue
Can Woman's nobler spell impart,—
Fidelity and Feeling true
Forge the strong fetters of the heart.

And the brief charm hath lost its power—
Indignant Pride shall now rebel;
For, cold and false One! from this hour,
My soul is free.—Farewell—Farewell!
STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF A GENERAL OFFICER IN THE EAST INDIES.

The years of vanished Life
The gun's loud voice hath told—
The breast that dared the battle-strife
Is motionless and cold!

The muffled drum's dull moan,
The requiem of the Brave,
Hath woke the deep responsive groan
Above a Warrior's grave.

G 2
He lies on his dark bed,
With cold unconscious brow;
For Sleep's eternal spell is spread
Around his pillow now.

Behold the crimson Sky,
And mark yon setting Sun;
For, like that Orb, once bright on high,
Was he whose race is run!

A few short moments' flight
Hath wildly changed his doom:
The Worm shall be his Bride to-night,—
His Home, the cheerless Tomb!
The midnight blast shall howl—
The dews his cold limbs steep—
The wolf and wild dog loudly growl—
Nor wake his dreamless sleep!

And vain the dirge of woe,
That haunts his place of rest;
The Spirit smiles in glory now,
In regions of the Blest!
O! breathe those thrilling notes again!
They wake the tears of kindred pain,—
Yet, like a mournful dream, control
The withered heart—the darkened soul!

The lays that Hope and Mirth inspire,
That once my raptured breast would fire,—
Now, rising o'er my loved One's tomb,
But mock my spirit's troubled gloom!
Oh! mark this now grief-hallowed bower!

Here Beauty proved her magic power,—

Here the fair Minstrel, sweetly coy,

Would sweep the strings of love and joy!

Beneath its dark deserted shade

The Maiden's silent breast is laid;

And sweetest here the notes that rise

Like echoes to the Mourner's sighs!
THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL

TO THE

FAMILY BARD.

Bard of my Fathers' halls! farewell!
The clarions sound—the war-notes swell!
  Ere yon King of Day is low
  He shall mock the fallen foe;
Or, if proud Triumph cease to wave
The glorious banners of the Brave,
  Ere the Night's dull pall is spread,
  They shall rest in Glory's bed!
Oh! Minstrel! oft, in sorrow's hour,
Thy trembling harp and voice hath power
The shapes of earthly dreams to raise,
And vanished joy of other days;
To wake the tear 'tis sweet to shed,
And soothe the pang unmerited;
But not alone thy strains impart
The sweet balm of the wounded heart,
The spirits of the Brave and Free
Have kindled at thy minstrelsy;
For oft, upon thine aged brow,
Hath flushed the Patriot's hallowed glow,—
And, as each gathering impulse strong
Urged the full tide of Battle-Song,
Valor's might, and emprize high,
Nerved thine arm, and fired thine eye!
Then, oh! subdue those notes of pain!
And strike the rousing string again!
For strains of woe, like Beauty's sigh,
Or magic of her tearful eye,
Can steal the Warrior's proudest aim,
And hold him from his path of Fame!

Hush! oh! hush those notes of pain!
Wake the Patriot Song again!
Wilder bid the wild lay flow,
Kindling with the kindling glow,
Raise the glorious Battle-cry—
"Freedom—Death—or Victory!"
Oh! sweet is the hour
When, low in the west,
The Sun gilds the bower
Where fond Lovers rest,—
Then, gorgeously bright,
Beneath the blue stream,
In garments of light,
Departs like a dream!
Oh! sweet and serene
The spell that beguiles,
When Night's gentle Queen
More tenderly smiles!
The boldest are coy—
The wildest are grave—
The sad feel a joy
Loud Mirth never gave!

The Spirits of Love,
To hallow the time,
From regions above
Pour music sublime;—
Their harmonies cheer
The dull gloom of night,
And wake the sweet tear
Of voiceless delight!
YE guardian Spirits! throned on high,
Who rule this nether world of ours,—
Who urge the seasons down the sky,
And give and guide Life's fleeting hours,—
Oh! if Beauty grace your sphere—
If Virtue or if Love be dear—
Cheer a lorn Son of Grief, opprest,—
And grant a Lover's fond request!
For her whose grace of form and soul
This fond impassioned breast control
Oh! scatter Fortune's fairest flowers,
And aye select your sweetest hours
From such as soothe a heart opprest,
And prove its trembling wishes blest,—
From such as bid the bosom glow,
And teach luxurious tears to flow,—
From such as shed a brightening beam
O'er Life's dark transitory dream!

Ah yes!—If Rosa's day of life be blest,
Enough for me—whom woes unnumbered swell—
With doubts distracted, and with cares opprest,
The flatterer Hope hath bid my breast farewell!
The coldness that my heart hath riven,
That still prolongs my pain—
Rosa!—though cruel—'tis forgiven—
Though unforgot in plaintive strain.
And still the Muses' harp of sorrow
Shall pour its saddest notes to thee,
Though not a sigh its tones may borrow,—
Though vain its mournful minstrelsy!

Loved Maid, Farewell!—but not with thee farewell
The fond remembrance, and the dream divine;
Thy worshipped image, cherished long and well,
Shall make my heart its melancholy shrine!
What though my lonely path is shaded,
And dark my grief-worn brow,—
Though woes oppress, and hopes are faded,
And sighs shall breathe, and tears shall flow,—
When Fancy paints thy bright blue eye
The dews of sympathy revealing,
'Twill soothe my bosom's agony,
And calm each ruder feeling.
TO MRS. G****** R*******

ON PERUSING HER BEAUTIFUL M.S. POEMS.

Frown not, sweet Minstrel! though a lowlier Muse
Would lift her voice of praise,—nor yet refuse
This simple offering of an ardent heart
That owns the magic of thy "tuneful art,"—
That melts or kindles at thy lay's sweet flow
Of sorrow-breathing music, or the glow
Of loftier song, but feels still more divine
Thy spotless worth, and tenderness benign!

H
Yet, could I sweep, like thee, the trembling lyre,
Or my rapt spirit glow with kindred fire,
No cold distrust my plaudits should restrain,
When Genius claimed the tributary strain!
But, all unskilled to raise a worthy song,
I leave the themes that not to me belong;
Content, if shown, by numbers void of art,
The thought of thee is shrined within my heart!

And though too weak to grasp poetic power,
Or snatch one laurel from the Muses' bower,
I still may hope thou wilt not all despise
The heart that glows with Friendship's energies—
That gratitude can warm, and kindness move,—
That swells with admiration, and with love!
Farewell!
Farewell, thy cruel part
Hath sadly wrung a faithful heart;
No fear of guile, or change, in thee
Alarmed its fond sincerity!
How oft, when in the twilight bower
You sunk upon my heaving breast,
Its quick throb told thy beauty’s power,
And thou eternal truth profest!
But now, alas! no tears can move
One sweet return of kindred love!
And yet no thought shall cherished be
False and irreverent to thee;
Though cold Indifference mocks at woe,
With lip of scorn, and reckless eye,
For thee each fervent wish shall glow,
And lacerated Love shall sigh!

For, Lady—thine the secret tear—
The sad repinings none may hear;
Thy gentle heart could never know
A triumph o'er another's woe.
And oh! when tolls the mournful knell
That sounds my spirit's flight on high,
Thou 'lt not forget it loved thee well,
And soothe it with a tender sigh.
SPANISH PATRIOT'S SONG.

(Written in India, on hearing of the invasion of Spain by the French.)

On to the Battle! Sons of Spain!
Strike as ye struck, once more again;
The haughty Foe is on your plain!

Strike—Freemen—strike, or die!

Rise, Spaniards, rise! the battle-song
Echoes thy glorious hills along,—

Rush—rush upon the gathering throng

Of reckless Tyranny!
O'er fair Hispania's cloudless sky
The Star of Glory flames on high,—
Beneath its beam or nobly die,
   Or shout—"The Victory!"

Warriors of England! once again,
On—on to Freedom's battle-plain!
Up with the war-cry, "Injured Spain,
   Or Death or Liberty!"

Warriors of England! Friends of yore!
Forget not famed Corunna's shore,
The last proud field of gallant Moore,
   Who died as Heroes die!
ODE.

ON L——'S WEDDING DAY.

Swell the loud trumpet's note of gladness!
And strike the wild harp's string of joy!
Away—away, ye Fiends of Sadness!
Whose breath would wither and destroy
The wreaths that Pleasure's brow adorn,
And hush the songs of Bridal Morn!
A Father on his child is gazing—
A Lover on his youthful Bride,—
And Hope her pleasant voice is raising,
And Joy and Revelry preside!
And gentle dreams, and visions gay,
Are smiling on this Bridal Day!

Young Hymen's flowery chain is wreathing—
Faith, Truth, and Love the tendrils twine—
Many a fervent wish is breathing,
Many a prayer for thee and thine;
Then oh! receive this tribute lay,
Sweet Lady! on thy Bridal Day!
Oh! may the forms of Fancy's dreaming
Ne'er from the Future's Landscape fly!
But Life, with love and gladness beaming,
Still kindle rapture in thine eye;
And prove as bright, and fair, and gay,
As this auspicious Bridal Day!
FAREWELL.

LADY—I've loved thee long and well,
And felt what few can feel or tell,
Oh! how then can I say "Farewell
For ever?"

The youthful heart, of faithful mould,
It's love, I ween, hath ne'er controlled;
A look of scorn, or farewell cold,
    Would break it!
"Tis sweet to scatter mirth and gladness,
And sweet to cheer the Mourner's sadness,—
But, oh! to soothe the Lover's madness,

Sweeter far!

Then wring not, wring not, this sad heart,—
Wake not Despair's delirious smart,—
Nor urge again that we must part

For Ever.

'Twill soothe to gaze on that sweet face,
Where Fancy oft may dare to trace
A transient flush of tenderer grace

And feeling.
No, Lady—he who loves so well
Could never bid his heart rebel,—
'Twould break as rose the last "Farewell"
For Ever!
ON RECEIVING A ROSE FROM S * * * * *

Oh! sad drooping Rose! Thou hast magical power
Emotions of sorrow and love to impart;
Thy fate and thy blushes, thou sweet fairy flower!
Give a picture to Fancy, a throb to the heart.

Yes—She was the rival, sweet Queen of the Bower!
Who vanquished thy glory, and hastened thy doom;
But oh! though my Love is a far fairer flower,
Her day is as short, and as fading her bloom!
SONG.

**Fair Queen** of my bosom! through Life's varied day,
Be thine azure eye ever cloudless and gay,—
Nor let a suspicion of change, or of guile,
Repress the endearment, or sadden the smile!

In weal, or in woe—in the calm, or the storm,—
Though pleasure illumine or sorrow deform
The Landscape of Life—my fond bosom shall prove
The firm and unchangeable nature of Love!
Oh! sooner yon rock, in the high rolling main,
That tempest and billow have battled in vain,
Shall bend to the zephyr, or shrink from the spray,
Than fond hearts, like mine, Love, shall faithlessly stray!
On! if there is a magic charm, in this low valley drear,
To cheat the Pilgrim’s weary way—the darkened soul to cheer,
It is the soothing Voice of Love, that echoes o’er the mind
Like music on a twilight lake, or bells upon the wind!

Oh! dull would be the rugged road, and sad the Wanderer’s heart,
Should that celestial harmony from Life’s dark sphere depart!
Oh! how, for that far-distant Land, would sigh the lonely breast,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"
S* * * * *! I will not ask thee now
A pardon for my simple lays;
It will not cloud thine open brow
To hear my voice of love and praise.
Though all on earth to thee I owe,
And higher meed thy Virtues claim,
Thou'lt deem the numbers sweetly flow
That breathe and bless thy Name.
And think not he, whose faithful heart
Dictates the rude, but honest strain,
Could ever feel one moment's smart
From the world's coldness or disdain;
Enough if thou approve the lay,
And own that grateful love is mine,
Though haply it may ill repay
A tenderness like thine!

Dear object of each hope and care!
For thee my fervent heart shall glow,—
Still prompt and proud thy fate to share,
Through every change of weal or woe;—
Oh! heed not then the false World's smile,—
Thine is one fond and steadfast Friend.
Who from its insult, and its guile,
Will guide thee, and defend!
ON PERUSING HIS PATHETIC POEMS.

Sweet Bard of Woe!
Oh! sweep again the plaintive lyre!
And, while the gems of feeling flow
Adown the trembling wire,
I'll bless the Minstrel's sacred art
That calms the fever of the heart!
The spell-fraught gleam,
That made thine early pathway bright,
Hath vanished, like the passing dream,
In Sorrow's troubled night;
And Mirth's broad glare but mocks the gloom,
Like summer sunlight o'er a tomb!

Gay Hope was young—
And she of Love and Joy would speak,
But silent are the notes she sung—
And oh! thine heart might break,
But for the mournful harp of Woe,
That bids the soothing tear to flow!
Lorn Bard of Tears!
Oh! sweep again the plaintive string!
And, while the strain that grief endears
A sound of peace shall bring,
I'll bless the Minstrel's sacred art
That calms the fever of the heart!
STANZAS.

The brighter hours of life are past—
The Sun of Hope is set,—
Though its lingering beam, as it glowed its last,
Woke the tear of vain regret;
It hath left a twilight gloom of sadness
I would not lose for the glare of gladness!
I sojourn on a Foreign strand,—
I share the Stranger’s bowl—
Yet dear is the dream of my Native Land,—
Star of the Wanderer’s soul!
And of Memory’s chain (Love’s farewell token!)
Each sacred link hath remained unbroken!
LINES TO MRS. R

ON THE BIRTH OF HER SON.

1.

There are whom Feeling’s tender sway
    Hath never taught to glow
Beneath Affection’s hallowed ray,
    That cheers the path of woe,—
Who through Life’s dark and stormy day
Speed drearily their lonely way.
While every nobler impulse sold
To pride, or wealth, or power,
No solace have their bosoms cold
In Fortune's adverse hour,—
The Storms of Passion uncontrolled,
By Love's or Friendship's charms untold!

Ah yes! amid the World's dark scene,
The many own no care
If others' stars are dim or sheen
So theirs are bright and fair,—
But sternly gaze, with brow serene,
Where Misery and Despair are seen!
Yet have I known, full well and long,
    Some few still prompt to feel
The grief that mourns another’s wrongs—
    The bliss that shares his weal,—
To whom those finer thrills belong
Uncherished by the heartless throng!

Oh! Lady! who of such could know
    Thy charms—thy worth, the while
Nor feel his raptured spirit glow
    And kindle with thy smile,—
Nor bid, when Sorrow shades thy brow,
The sympathetic tear to flow?
Oh! let me share the gladdening ray—
The beam of holy joy!
While thy maternal heart is gay
I'll bless thy beauteous Boy,
And breathe a tributary Lay
To hail him on his Natal Day!

For thine and for thine Infant's sake
I raise this simple strain;
Though artlessly the numbers break,
_Thou_ wilt not all disdain,—
And _he_, when love and reason speak,
May thank the Muse, though rude and weak!
Darling! a matchless Mother's love!
   An honored Father's pride!
I know not what the heart could prove
   Of earthly bliss beside,—
But if one wish thy breast shall move,
May Heaven and Man that wish approve!

And I will raise this fervent prayer
   To realms of love and light,
That He thy Bud of Life may spare
   From Fate's untimely blight,
And bless, with stainless blossom fair,
The yearnings of Parental Care!
'Twas Eve—the Lover's sacred hour,  
And murmured every silver fountain,—  
The setting Sun had kissed the bower,  
And smiled farewell unto the mountain,—  
When he who loves such scene full well  
Received thy little fragrant spell;  
Its bloom had fled:—I poured a shower  
Of tears upon the faded flower!
Oh! Lady! 'tis a painful feeling,
And wrings the boding heart with sadness,
To think how Time's cold grasp is stealing
The glowing Rose of Youth and Gladness!
That perchance another morrow
May bring the blighting gale of Sorrow,
That breathes upon the Fair One's dower,
And leaves her but—a withered Flower!
WAR SONG.

Hail to the Brave! and hail the Land!
Where the firm ranks of Freedom stand,
An honored race, a glorious band,—
Or prompt to strike, or proud to die,—
Prepared for Death or Liberty!

How hallowed is the Patriot's grave,
Who 'neath the banners Freemen wave,
With ready hand, and bosom brave,
Hath fought, and died as Heroes die,
In Battle, and for Liberty!
How dear his proud immortal name
To Virtue, Liberty, and Fame;
Its magic sound the Land shall claim
For watch-word, and for battle-cry,
To lead the Brave to Victory!

Oh! who that Patriot honor warms,
When sound the trumpet's wild alarms,
That does not burn for deeds of arms,
To bid his country's foemen fly,
And strike for Death or Liberty!

The Victor's brow may proudly shine,
While Beauty's hands the wreath entwine.
But every noble heart's a shrine
For him who greatly dares to die
For Glory and for Liberty!
STANZAS.

The visions that cheered me are fled!
My path is now darkened and lone,—
My so long worshipped Rosa is dead,—
And the charm of existence is gone!

O God! in thy wisdom and might,
Thou hast crushed my worn spirit at last!
O'er the lone star of Life's dreary night
The dark cloud of Destruction hath past!
In sickness, and sorrow, and gloom,
The hope oft a solace hath proved
That dear Rosa would weep o'er my tomb,
And remember how fondly I loved!

But farewell to the visions that gave
A magic to soften my woes!
Not a mourner shall visit my grave,
Where I fervently long to repose!
LINES

COMPOSED AT THE TOMB OF A LOVELY AND UNFORTUNATE FEMALE.

Oh! mark this lonely spot,
Bestrewn with faded flowers,
Nor let its quiet grace be all forgot
In happier hours!

Stranger! if thine the heart refined
That owns a sympathetic throe
For others' woe,
The image of this simple tomb,
In after years,
Shall haunt thy dreams with no unpleasing gloom—
And send a moral to the pensive mind.
And wake luxurious tears!—

k 2
This marble tablet bears
The simple record of a Child of Woe,
Whose memory is hallowed by the tears
Her fate hath caused to flow!
Oh! she was once as stainless as the snow
Along the untrodden mountain's brow,
And now—she sleeps as motionless and cold!
Alas! the tale is all too quickly told,—
She loved—and fell!—
The dower of beauty is a prize too fair,
And unpreserved by talisman or spell!
Wild Love betrayed her to the ruthless Foe,
Who plunged her in the dungeons of Despair:
For he was one whose unrelenting heart
Ne'er moved at Sorrow's prayer,—
Who loved to boast the triumph of his art,
And mock the burning tear
His own unkindness taught to flow!
STANZAS.

On! sweet the sad heart's pensive night!—

Though Memory's star is clouded,
It's beam is like the pale moon-light,
Or rainbow half enshrouded!

Oh! sweet and sad, when dark and lone,
In bleak Misfortune's hour,
To think of early Pleasures flown,
And young Hope's withered flower!

There is a charm 'tis sweet to borrow
From dreams of days departed,—
There is a thrill of tender sorrow,
Dear to the mournful hearted!
IN YON LONE COT THAT SKIRTS THE GROVE.

"Her face was a sweet ruin. She had loved,
Trusted, and been betrayed!"

L E. L.

In yon lone Cot that skirts the Grove,
Where summer blooms prevail,
Once smiled, in cloudless peace and love,
The Pride of all the Vale.

Fair as the Rose of early dawn,
That scents the radiant dew,
And graceful as the bounding Fawn,—
As gay and guiltless too!
And proudly the Parental Pair
On their sweet child have gazed,—
But ah! what storms of grief and care
Have since their hearts dismayed!

For woe to that so lovely Maid!
A gilt-robed villain came,
With heartless guile her hopes betrayed,
And triumphed o'er her shame!

And now, where once young Beauty smiled,
And aged hearts would glow,
Glares the poor Maniac's glance so wild,
And sounds the voice of Woe!
CONTEMPLATION.

The dazzling glares of Day begin to fade,—
And meek-eyed Evening, clad in sober gray,
Roves in mild glory through the peaceful shade,
Where Solitude and Silence hold their sway.

Hail, Contemplation! 'tis thy favorite hour,
To swell with thought sublime the pensive breast;—
Oh! shed thine influence on me, holy Power!
And still each troubled impulse into rest.
'Tis thine the tide of passion to control,
Exalt, and soothe, and harmonize the mind,—
To teach the weary and despairing soul
To glow with hope, or bear its lot resigned.

The gorgeous pomps—the splendors of the great,
The varied cares that gloom the fleeting year—
These nor with grief depress, nor joy elate,
Him who thy moral lesson loves to hear!

Cease! ye that boast of Wealth or Beauty's charm,—
Talk not of bliss in this sad vale below!
Can Wealth or Beauty yield a soothing balm
To minds depraved, or dry the cup of woe?
Ah, no! through this dark transitory scene
Though all must pass, not one from sorrow free;
O'er foaming wave what bark may glide serene?
Who smoothly steer through Life's tempestuous sea?

Yet may Religion prove a Pilot here,
To guide the bark o'er many a flinty shore,—
With hopes of rest the weary Sailor cheer,
And point to scenes where billows roll no more!
STANZAS.

ON THE DEATH OF AN OFFICER IN THE EAST INDIES.

Oh! sweet were the beautiful dreams of his youth,
When young Hope was deemed the fair Daughter of Truth!
The bright Star of Glory had led him astray,
And shed its first glimmer of light on his way!

But Life's Sun is sunk—from the scene it has past,—
And the bright tints of morn are but shadows at last.
The victim of Sickness, dread scourge of the Land,
He sleeps the Last Sleep on a far foreign strand!
TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS EMBARKING FOR A LONG VOYAGE.

Friend of my Youth! a long farewell!
Yet every charm that won my heart
Shall in my waking visions dwell—
'Till Love and Life depart!

Though borne upon the mountain wave
What time the Storm Fiends darkly lower,
Thy frame is firm, thine heart is brave,
Nor heed their threatening power!

Yet, as my early friend shall share,
While on the tempest-haunted sea,
My blessing and my fervent prayer—
May he remember me!
AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT.

(Written in India.)

Oh! I bethink me of the fatal day
(Alas! remembered now too long and well!)
When, in that tearless grief no balms allay,
I bade my Native Land the last farewell!
Then Fancy's fairy visions passed away,
Long cherished hopes and aspirations fell,—
And, as I marked the tempest-troubled wave,
I blest its gloom, and wished it were my grave!
Yes—I bethink me of that morn of sorrow;
And, though no joy my lonely heart may know,—
No present bliss—no sweet hope of the morrow,—
Yet 'mid the Wanderer's bitterness of woe
There is a soothing charm he still can borrow,
When thoughts of early love his soul o'erflow;—
For though the clouds of time and grief may steal
O'er youth's bright dreams—they cannot all conceal!

Oh! who that list this plaintive strain of sadness
Would deem that I could meditate the lay
To swell the heart, with free luxurious gladness,
And bid the gleams of mirth and rapture play—
Or goad with Satire's dart the fool to madness,
And paint the lighter features of the day,—
That I should vainly woo the laughing powers
To banish care, and speed the flagging hours?
In sooth 'tis strange, that I, whom Melancholy
Once loved full well, and still accounts her own,
Should, like a woman in her prattling folly,
Attempt a language to the heart unknown.
But, though the strain is uncongenial wholly,
Since Feeling's lay is out of fashion grown,
I'll strive for once to hush each tone pathetic,
Be wise and witty, jovial and splenetic!

I did intend to yield a portrait flattering
Of British manners 'neath an Indian sky,
And breathe unmeasured praises. By bespattering
The young and old, the humble and the high,—
I deemed Fame's bells, now loud and louder clattering,
Would charm the world my honest work to buy;
But the dull Muse, whate'er my first intention,
Loves truth too well to labour at invention!
Thus far the Proem!—and, though somewhat weary,
I still prepared me for a lengthened dream;
But, Heavens! the prospect seemed so wide and dreary,
That the Muse left it for a lighter theme;—
Yet kind Apollo, in a frolic airy,
To save these stanzas from Oblivion's stream,
Told her he would most seriously advise her
To send them to the "Cawnpore Advertiser."*

* An Indian-Newspaper.
NOTES.

SONNET I.
NIGHT AND MORNING.

This Sonnet was written at Bhaugulpore, in the East Indies, on a most resplendent morning, which succeeded a night of tempest and gloom. These sudden changes of weather are very frequent in India; particularly towards the commencement or close of the rainy season.

SONNET IX.
(Written in India.)

"Where sits the drooping Minah, voiceless still."

The Minah is a bird somewhat smaller than the Ringdove, with a dark brown plumage. Its most frequent haunt is a
cluster of Bamboos. Being easily tamed, and taught to speak, it is a great favorite with the Ladies of the East. The most esteemed birds of this species are those procured from the Rajmahal Hills, and denominated Hill Minahs. At early dawn, or towards the close of the day, these birds are seen in prodigious numbers on almost every tree in the neighbourhood of a Bengal Village.

SONNET XXII.

(Written on the banks of the Ganges.)

"The radiant Fly its mimic lightning throws."

The Fire-fly is now so well known, that a particular description of it in this place would be useless. It is more frequently seen in the lower parts of Bengal than in the northern provinces of India.
SONNET XXIX.

(Written at Kalpee, in the East Indies.)

Kalpee is a large and populous town, in the province of Agra, situated on the S. W. bank of the Jumna. The neighbourhood of this place is remarkably barren and desolate, and is rendered still more melancholy in appearance by the innumerable Tombs and Ruins that are visible in every direction. The travelling distance from Calcutta to Kalpee is 700 miles.

SONNET XXX.

"I marched the goose-step,* cursing Sergeant Jones."

* Properly so called; the first step taught by the drill sergeant, the art of which consists in standing as long as possible on one foot, the other held out with the toes pointing downwards.
"And where, all lowly laid,

The Dead repose, the Mourner's hands illumine
The consecrated Lamp o'er Beauty's hallowed tomb."

These lines allude to a custom, prevalent among the Mahometans, of illuminating the tombs of those lately deceased; the nearest surviving Relatives sitting up every night, for a week or fortnight, to trim the Lamps and protect the Graves.

The City of Rajmahal, which is now a mere heap of miserable ruins, is situated on the south-western bank of the Ganges. Lat. 25° 2' N. long. 87° 43' E.
NOTES.

In 1639 it was a place of very considerable importance and magnificence, and the Capital of the Bengal and Bahar provinces. Sultan Shujah erected a splendid palace in this City, immediately on the banks of the Ganges, the marble hall of which still remains, though in a very ruinous condition, and apparently wholly unprotected from the hands of robbers. Several large and beautiful slabs of marble have been lately stolen from the portals facing the river, and the whole of the interior has been most wantonly injured and defaced.

THE END.

B. BENSLEY, Printer,
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