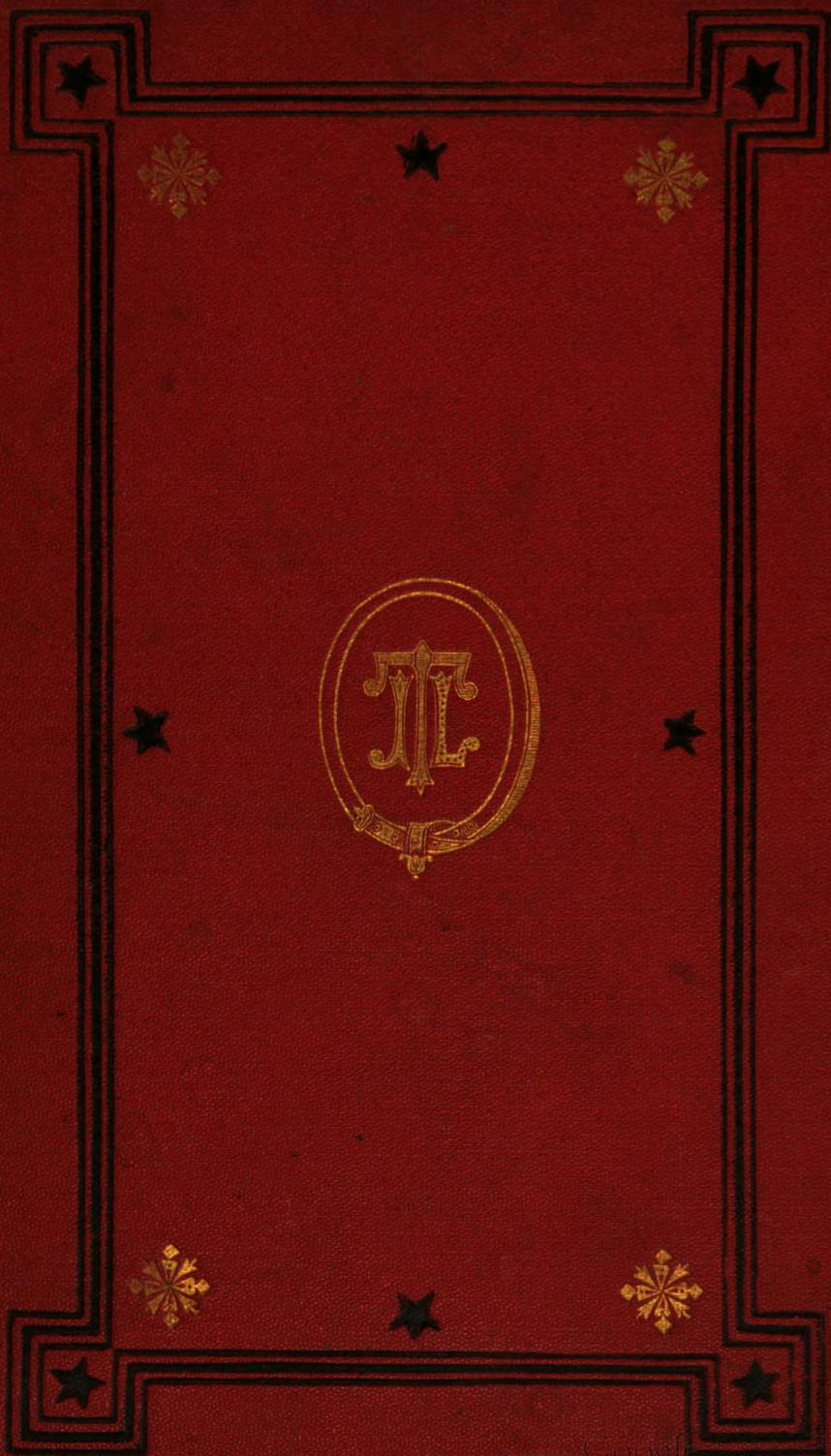

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Kathleen (Tawples) 1984

Kelly Tawples

(Tawples Aunt)







James Kempler

To dear Mother
In Memoriam.
11 June 1874

POEMS.

BY THE LATE

JAMES LETHBRIDGE TEMPLER,

COMMANDER OF THE "MINERVA" EAST INDIAMAN.

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER,

JOHN CHARLES TEMPLER,

A MASTER OF THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER.

"The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.]

1872.

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SALMON POOL, DEVON.

JAMES LETHBRIDGE TEMPLER, the eldest of thirteen children of James Templer and Catharine, his wife, was born at Bridport, in Dorsetshire, on the 9th of November, 1811. His father was the fourth son of Thomas Templer, who was possessed of a considerable landed estate in the neighbourhood of Exeter. The family was of some repute, the earliest notice I have met with being of a Rev. John Templer, who preached before Ireton, Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1659*—no doubt, the same John Templer, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who is mentioned as Dryden's tutor there; however,

* See "Anecdotes and Manners and Customs of London, from the Roman Invasion to the year 1870." Second Edition. 1811.

the direct ancestor was a Colonel Templer, who served under William of Orange, and settled in the south of Devon about the year 1687. As far as is known, there is but the single family in the kingdom; at all events, I never met with the name, or heard even of any one who bore it, out of the Devonshire family, and there are some peculiarities attached to it that mark it as distinct. There is a strong family likeness that runs in the blood. With grey eyes and clear complexions, the race is active and wiry, good horsemen, and generally with a passion for sports and exercises that with many members has been pushed beyond all moderation. My father himself was noted for his activity at Tiverton School, where he was educated under Dr. Richards; while the late George Templer, of Stover,* held a very high place amongst the masters of foxhounds. He hunted the South Devon country for more than a quarter of a century, and was inimitable in that department of sport. They also courted the Muses, and sang of their hounds and horses, and of their games and sports. They were generally very fond of society, and great enthusiasts in whatever they undertook. These were their leading

* See Appendix. George Templer's lines to his "Old Horn."

characteristics, and my brother strongly possessed them all. With an ardent love for poetry, a memory for verse that I never saw approached, a keen delight in his every pursuit, and with an absolute passion for the horse and hound, he was, from his boyhood, one who warmly attached to him all who came within his circle, and amongst his friends he had none more devoted than his brothers and sisters, who regarded him with a pride and affection that his generous nature richly deserved.

He was singularly blessed in both parents; from his father he inherited a buoyant temperament—that sunshine of the heart; a strong good sense, with a robust and manly temper, which women admire and men envy; while to his mother he was scarcely less indebted. She was the eldest of nine children of Christopher Lethbridge and Mary, his wife, of Madford, Launceston, in Cornwall. There is no doubt that my brother owed much to the early training he received from his mother,* for she possessed in a pre-eminent degree the gift of fostering and encouraging the faculties and talents of her children. With a refined

* See Appendix. Lines by his Mother to him, on his completing his sixteenth year.

and highly cultivated taste, extending to the French and Italian literature—then rare accomplishments—with an intimate knowledge of all our best poets, with a power of reciting from them at will, she blended an active piety, that, without constraint or severity, shed its influence over every action, making the cheerful discharge of her duties as wife and mother in a large and stirring family the simple rule of conduct that guided her through life. Her elder children, whose education, till they went to school, she entirely took on herself, can never forget the walks she led them in their childhood through all the varied scenery that surrounds the town of Bridport—scenery, though but little known to the tourist, that is amongst the most beautiful in England—now pointing out to them its charms, now reciting some piece of Burns or Cowper, her especial favourites, or calling their attention to some bird or plant or flower; while the privilege amongst us was as to who should hold her hand. Fifty years have passed since those pleasant hours, and twenty-six since the morning of her death; they return to me, however, at all times, in the crowded street as in the quiet of home, and ever with a grateful sense of how much we all owed

her for the precious influence she shed over our early years. In my eldest brother the seed fell on good soil, and he caught the flow of numbers from her lips, and his taste for painting from her instructions, quickened no doubt by his remarkable love for her, unconscious at the time that he himself possessed both gifts.

At six years old he was sent to a little grammar-school at Charmouth, kept by Mr. Jeanes, where he showed great proficiency. In his tenth year he was placed at the Charterhouse, then under the Head-mastership of Dr. Russell, and here he remained until he had completed his fifteenth year. Although the idol of his schoolfellows, and making and capping Latin verses with the greatest facility, he failed to attract the favourable notice of the Head Master, and found so little encouragement, that his father yielded to his wish for a sea life, and after a few months at home he entered the maritime service of the East India Company, as a midshipman, on board the *Castle Huntley*. It was during the interval at home that he projected the volume of the "Trifler," of which he was the editor and chief contributor, and from which some of the following pieces are taken. He sailed on

board the *Castle Huntley* in March, 1828,* for the Mauritius and China. On the morning of his leaving home his mother found the first five stanzas of the lines written on that occasion on his table, and I remember the great interest they excited in the family. From Plymouth he sent her the remainder, just as they now appear. They have always struck me as exceedingly beautiful, and as a remarkable production, both of head and heart, for a youth of sixteen. Both his parents treasured them, and they became in the family as household words. He returned from his first voyage in June, 1829, and spent the next nine months at home, devoting himself to the study of history, and making genealogies of the royal houses of Europe. His energy and perseverance in these pursuits were unflagging; while painting, poetry, and fox-hunting were his recreations. In March, 1830, he again sailed in the *Castle Huntley*, as fifth officer, and it was here he first met, and formed a friendship with, Mr. Brooke, afterwards Rajah Brooke, who became so distinguished for his enterprise in Borneo. The officers—amongst

* The dates of his voyages have been verified from Hardy's "Register of Ships of the East India Company," London, 1835.

whom James Dalrymple, now Sir J. Dalrymple Elphinstone, was second, and John Keith Jolly third—had considerable literary tastes, and a periodical called the “Nautilus” was got up on board, of which Algernon Burdett Jones, a passenger, was the editor, and my brother one of the principal contributors. Several of his most beautiful pieces were contributions to the “Nautilus.” On his return home, in March, 1831, he resumed his old pursuits, though they were interrupted for a time by a severely-contested election for the county of Dorset, when, after eighteen days’ poll, the Tory candidate, Lord Ashley (now Earl Shaftesbury), defeated Mr. Ponsonby (afterwards Lord de Mauley) by a very slender majority, and the energy of my brother’s character was intensely exhibited in the zeal he displayed on the side of the successful candidate. One of his squibs was most popular, and I regret that I have been unable to recover it, for I can recall from memory but two lines, referring to Mr. Farquharson, the Master of the Foxhounds, who voted for Lord Ashley, with almost all his tenants. The lines were—

“Shall we have our bold leader, thro’ brake, hedge, and covert,
Run to earth by a Radical? Ashley for ever!”

In March, 1832, he sailed as fourth officer on board the *Charles Grant*, for Madras, Bengal, and China, returning in April, 1833. In May, 1833, he sailed for China as third officer of the *Minerva*, his uncle, Captain Henry Templer, owner; and from this voyage he returned in May, 1834. In this year the East India Company's charter expired, and was not renewed, and in the same year he became commander of the *Minerva*, sailing for China in 1835. His friend Brooke went the round of this voyage with him, simply for companion-sake. It was at Anjier that Brooke, my brother, Grant the surgeon, one sailor, and an old boatswain's mate called Job, were upset in the dangerous surf in going ashore in the captain's gig. On rising, my brother called out, "Recollect, Job can't swim." Brooke immediately turned, the others not hearing him, and together the two succeeded in bringing Job in to about 100 yards from the shore, where the natives were assembled to rescue, but would not enter the sea further than their arm-pits, for fear of the sharks. My brother and Brooke were so exhausted that they were both washed ashore, but recovered after some little time. Grant, who was a splendid swimmer, seeing Job, who had on a heavy pilot's coat, still in the surf, dashed in and succeeded in bringing

him in alive, and thus no life was lost, the sailor having swum in at first.

He returned from this voyage in June, 1836, and had thus risen, before he was twenty-four years of age, to the top of his profession; he was no doubt an excellent and accomplished seaman; and in this, his only command, he made the quickest voyage of the season. His strong Tory and aristocratic feelings rendered him disinclined to continue a sea life simply as a master in the merchant service. So at Christmas, 1837, he took his passage in the *Inglis*, East Indiaman, another of his uncle's ships, with the intention of trading in India and China, should an opportunity occur. Throughout this time, however, he still courted the Muse, as the dates of several of the pieces will show.

Finding no inducement to trade; in November, 1838, he visited Manila, and returning to China, took his passage to Australia, and after spending some little time in Hobart Town, he reached Sydney in May, 1839—a country he was destined never to leave; in fact, this was the turning-point of his life, as he soon afterwards announced his intention of permanently settling there. His tastes led him to the breeding of horses and cattle, and in 1840 he took Erskine-park, near Paramatta, and

commenced as stock farmer; and here again he showed his strong Tory predilections by the vigorous part he took in opposing the policy of Governor Gipps, and in promoting the return of Mr. Cowper for the county of Cumberland, in the year 1843. Many of the subsequent pieces will be found to refer to his Australian life. He made a great number of friends in the colony, as Erskinepark was an open house while he lived there. He was, however, most intimate with the family of his uncle and aunt, Admiral and Mrs. King, a younger sister of his mother, residing at Tahlee, with whom he spent much of whatever holidays he allowed himself from his farm. What he was to them, however, is best shown by the following extract from a letter to me from his cousin, Elizabeth King, now Mrs. Herman Prior, as it shows in a few eloquent touches the gentle, loving part of his character. She says:—

“I can hardly express to you what great interest
 “and pleasure I felt yesterday on hearing that you were
 “going to print for the family dear Lethbridge’s poems,
 “with a short memoir of his life. My memory was so
 “busy all the evening recurring to old scenes; for,
 “although I was such a tiny child when he was with us
 “at Tahlee, I always have remembered him with the

" greatest affection. No one ever was so good and kind
 " to a little girl ! And it was not only that, being fond
 " of children, he might have amused himself with a
 " little cousin, who was only too enchanted by his notice
 " to do all his 'bidding,' but (what perhaps you do
 " not know) he actually taught me the first rudiments
 " of nearly every branch of instruction a child has to
 " learn ; and to this moment I can remember the extreme
 " patience and *merry gentleness* with which he dealt with
 " my very dull understanding in arithmetic, over the
 " heavy trials of which I shed many bitter tears ; and
 " when you might have thought I had wearied him out
 " by my stupidity, and that he would thankfully have got
 " rid of me, then it was that he would put me before him
 " on the pony and give me the most delightful ride, or else
 " petition for me to join the boating party, or any grown-
 " up treat that was in hand. The same with writing and
 " learning to recite. He was my first instructor, and the
 " pleasure of my riding lessons is remembered most
 " vividly ; while the tapplings my hand would receive
 " whenever, in my childish fear, I sought aid from the
 " pommel, I almost yet can feel. I don't think there
 " ever lived any man who made himself more beloved
 " than dear Lethbridge. I have heard my mother

“ speak of him so very often, referring to the time
 “ he was at Tahlee: ‘ Never was there so delightful a
 “ guest.’

“ She loved him quite as much as if he had been her
 “ son, and I may truly say she never ceased to mourn his
 “ loss.

“ I hope I have not tired you, but, as I said in the
 “ beginning of my letter, I have thought of very little
 “ else since I read your kind letter ; and although I was
 “ too young to remember any distinct occurrence which
 “ may have happened during his stay with us, I seem to
 “ feel always when I think of him, ‘ Dear Lethbridge,
 “ how good, and kind, and loving he was !’ I used to
 “ suffer from a most real, though childish, fear of being
 “ in the dark ; and many and many a night he would
 “ come in to soothe my tiresome crying, and tell me
 “ such delightful stories, or say such pretty pieces of
 “ poetry suitable to my age, and then leave me with
 “ such injunctions not to be a silly child again, that I
 “ would almost sooner have suffocated myself under the
 “ bed-clothes than ‘ disappoint’ him by crying again.
 “ It was a simple kindness in itself, perhaps, but I know
 “ that it, with a great many others of the same kind,
 “ made me his most devoted and adoring admirer for

“ those happy years, and that I never think of him now
 “ but as of one of the dearest friends of my childhood.”

The sad end now approaches. While returning from a picnic near Paramatta, on a young four-year-old horse he had bred and was breaking, he met with an accident by his horse carrying him against a tree in the scrub, which must instantly have deprived him of life, as he was found the next day with the temple broken inwards on the brain; and it is not a little singular that the animal he so loved to paint and sing should have been the cause of his death. He died unmarried. His remains are buried in the King Vault, at South Creek, where the following inscription is placed over his tomb:—

In the Vault beneath are placed the remains of
JAMES LETHBRIDGE TEMPLER,
 OF ERSKINE PARK, ESQ.,

Who, returning with some friends from Richmond, was dashed by his horse against a tree, and instantly killed, in the full vigour of manhood and strength.

He died on 14th, and was buried 17th August, 1845, in the 33rd* year of his age, much and deservedly lamented.

“ Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”—Prov. xxvii. 1.

Reader! Art thou prepared?

* This is a mistake. He was in his 34th year.

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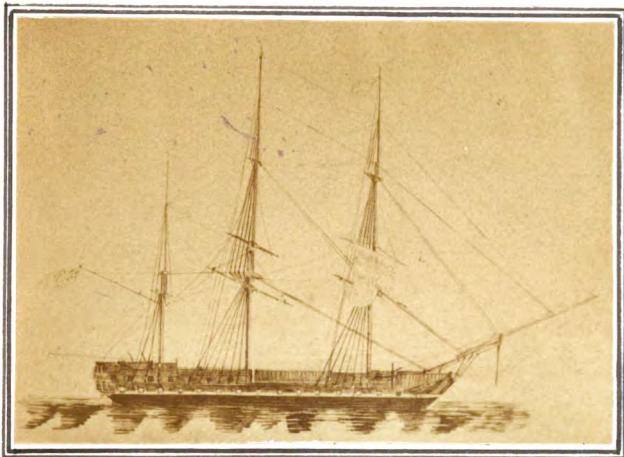
His mother dying on the 8th of June, 1845, was spared the sad tidings of his death.

With regard to his poems, they are mostly on family subjects, particularly those addressed to his father on his successive birthdays, and consequently may not excite much general interest. It is certain that he set but little value on them himself. They are, however, all faithful pictures of English life, such as it was in a middle-class home some forty years ago; and having lived in the memories of his brothers and sisters throughout that period, I cannot help thinking that, after this generation has passed away, and there can be no object in keeping them from the public, some amongst them may be found worthy of a place in the general literature of the country. However this may be, what I have long wished for is done—to preserve to his family and friends the memory of the rich and varied qualities that so gracefully combined in his character.

J. C. T.

DUDLEY LODGE, HARKOW.

May, 1872.



H.C.S. CASTLE HUNTLEY, THE SHIP IN WHICH HE FIRST
WENT TO SEA.

ON LEAVING ENGLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME.

[These lines were written in 1823, when he was in his sixteenth year. His brothers and sisters at this time were—Henry, John, O'Kelly, Hebe, Catharine, William, Charles, and Frederic, in the above order. Another William and Barbara had died in infancy, and Alice and Robert were born afterwards. Their names will be found to occur in some of the subsequent pieces.]

FAREWELL to the land which I loved in my boyhood,

Farewell to the friends of my juvenile day;

A child, had I seen the sad parting, my joy would

Have melted in tears, and have vanished away.

To her of my infantine sorrows the soother,
Of my pleasures the author—Thou Lord of the just,
Pour, pour of thy mercy each bliss on my mother,
Who has made thee her guardian, her guide, and her trust !

In storms, the rude winds with the billows contending,
Or in India's hot clime, far across the dark sea,
When memory her glass to my mind's eye is lending,
Its glance shall be turned, my loved father, to thee.

My brothers, by friendship endeared to me ever,
Alike my partakers in pleasure or pain,
A band too united for distance to sever,
May we all meet in joy to part never again !

Sweet pair, ye bright lilies that bloom in our mansion,
At whose cheering smile every grief quickly flies,
May never the tinsel allurements of fashion
Entice you to quit the straight path to the skies !

Ye cherubs, unconscious of evil or danger,
Ah, happy ! who soon will forget that I live ;
Will, when I return, perhaps, deem me a stranger,
And fly, trembling, fly from the kiss that I give.

Ye friends, on whose knees oft in childhood I've sported,
And in youth whose warm friendship gave counsel and aid,
Fear not, ye beloved ones, that now when we're parted,
From your pleasing attentions my memory hath strayed.

Farewell to ye all, but though wide o'er the ocean,
To climes far more genial than England's I roam,
Death only can quench the heart-rending emotion
Which beats in my breast at remembrance of home.

'Tis sweet on old Ocean's broad billow reclining,
When the moonbeam shines bright o'er the calm swelling sea ;
And think not—oh, think not 'tis idle repining,
Should memory revert, happy England, to thee.

Repining, ah ! no, 'tis the mariner's pleasure

The wrath of the tempest all fearless to brave ;
His skill 'gainst the wild winds and surges to measure,
And exulting, to ride o'er the high, swelling wave.

The wave flings its sparkling crest over the proud bows
Of the bark, on the ocean her course keeping well ;
The mid watch is come, and the rude wind aloud blows
Farewell to thee, England ; home, kindred, farewell !

March, 1823.]

TO THE INVENTOR OF GUNPOWDER.

[Monday, October 8, 1827.

" Vere ferreus ille fuit."—OVID.

DARK, inauspicious monk, what ghosts—
The remnants sad of haughty hosts,
Bewail their fatal doom !

With ghastly looks and howling cries,
What murdered multitudes arise,
And throng around thy tomb!

They curse thy learning, curse thy name,
Destroyer of chivalric fame,
The murderer of the brave.
A coward's arm can now prevail ;
Herculean nerve and strength may fail ;
E'en valour cannot save.

Thy fell invention, greedy War,
With thirst for carnage, smelt afar,
And claimed it as his own.
Where erst the sword, or manly bow,
Could win the hard-fought battle, now
The distant gun alone.

The murd'rous cannon's deadly roar,
The cloudy smoke which hovers o'er
The field of battle fell ;

The blood of victims dead, which lies
Before thy stern, unweeping eyes,
Shall feast thy soul in hell.

From the *Trifler*.]

MEXICO.*

[Wednesday, October 24, 1827.

Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green.

—GOLDSMITH.

THERE was a land,—alas ! how changed the scene !—
Her woods luxuriant, and her pastures green ;
Where fields, by lively Spring's fair hand renewed,
Their deity's benignant influence showed.
Where, unsuspecting, formed on Nature's plan,
Blest and unenvied, dwelt majestic Man.

* This was written before Mr. Prescott's " History of the Conquest of Mexico " had somewhat altered the facts as stated by the earlier historians ; and it must be remembered that the poem is written by a youth of sixteen.

Unlike our savage ancestors, untaught,
Demons in war, in peace regarding nought ;
Unlike us now, luxurious or elate,
Or fawning at the levees of the great,
But simply skilled in Agriculture's lore,
Having enough, they wished for nothing more ;
Brave, gen'rous, noble, able well to guard
Their property from neighbouring tyrant's sword ;
Their god the Sun, their laws Affection's chain,
Their knowledge what from Nature they could gain ;
Their kings not tyrants, nor their people slaves,—
They lived in peace, free as their ocean's waves.

Such land I sing ; but seek no classic muse,
A native deity my theme will choose.
Far o'er Atlantic waves my thoughts I cast,
Where, sighing sadly to the Western blast,
A weeping genius turns my searching gaze,
Where cities, temples, altars, statues blaze ;
Yon bleeding heap my eager fancy seeks,
Where, unrespected, lie her dead Caziques ;

Where widows' wail and orphans' plaintive cries
O'er murdered corpses to their gods arise ;
Where dying patriots curse the lust for gain
Which first allured Iberia o'er the main ;
Where shrieking mothers with their infants fly,
And tortured chiefs, invoking vengeance, die.
Why do yon lofty temples blaze, and why
Do yonder priests with headlong terror fly ?
What sounds destruction breathing do I hear ?
What clang of trumpets burst upon my ear ?
And who is he, his armour stained with gore,
Who, rushing through the falling temple's door,
Commands his murd'rous band to kill, nor spare,—
Woman and child alike destruction share ?
'Tis Cortes ! With a demon's savage smile
He marked his victims, formed his cruel wile.
Fearless they thronged the sacred fane, to see
Their priests give offerings to their deity.
Their holy rites began, when murmurs low
Were heard,—the first sad presages of woe.
Why did they murmur ? Sudden through the walls
Bursts the bright flame, totters the roof, and falls.

Then rose the cry of death, then flashed the gun,
Then was the work of slavery first begun !
Begirt by flames within, without by foes,
Driven to despair, their native war-cry rose ;
But against men with weapons yet unknown,
What could unarmèd bravery do alone ?
All that it could they did, and nobly brave,
Fearless of death, they found an early grave
Within those sacred walls, which had not power to
save.

But, ah ! not yet was stayed the thirst for blood
Which had those holy walls with gore imbued.
But little yet was tamed Columbia's pride ;
Lived many brave, though many brave had died.
Whilst new oppressors came from hostile Spain,
Who never yet had drawn the sword in vain ;
With guns death-dealing quick as flashing levin,
Felling whole ranks, and cities' thick walls riving.
Some, thirst of lucre easy to be won
Had led against the Children of the Sun ;
Some, fiery youths, whom thirst of fame had led,—
Secure of conquest, Cortes at their head ;

And some, despised at home, of evil fame,
Driven by their vices from their country, came,
To force by war the owners of the soil
For their fierce conquerors' benefit to toil.
Alas, that man, with God's own stamp impress'd,
Should bear such evil passions in his breast—
Should ravage countries, mock Remorse's pain,
Or sell his soul for glory or for gain !
Like the proud marble monument of death,
Remembrancer of our quickly passing breath,—
Without, how fair it courts the dawning day,
Within is rottenness and foul decay !

'Twas eve ; the setting Sun behind the hill,
With tardy course, appeared to linger still.
Stay, beauteous orb ! Oh, do not hasten ! Stay —
This smiling scene will change with early day !
What do I hear ? Is it the courser's stamp ?
Is it of armed hosts the measured tramp ?
Whose lofty banners o'er yon ridge arise ?
What crested leader meets my wond'ring eyes ?

Flushed with success, impatient for his prey,
His soul anticipating battle fray,—
Rides Cortes forth, to view the hostile lines,
Whilst yet the Sun with light sufficient shines.
Far o'er the opposing hill, the vale between,
Fierce Montezuma's savage front is seen ;
Their weapons rude,—the sword, or twanging bow,
Or true-directed spear well skilled to throw ;
Useless 'gainst guns, their cause alone was best,
They fought for vengeance and their land oppress'd ;
They fought for life, for liberty, for all,—
Wives, children, parents, friends, with them must fall.

Soon as the ruddy blush of early morn
Shines on the opening blossoms of the thorn,
Dances along the murmuring rivulet,
Or lightly gilds the gossamer's frail net,
Spring from their nests the warblers of the grove,
And carol forth their native lay of love ;
Glad nature rises with refreshed mirth,
Bespeaking love unbounded to the earth.

The trumpets sound. "To arms!" the Spaniards cry.
"There are our foes; we win their spoils, or die."
Down in fierce charge the hostile army came.
When from the cannon flashed the living flame,
Disorder-seized, the native squadrons reel;
Then charged the cavalry with naked steel.
Whilst lurking foes,—not harmless, though unseen,—
Ply 'gainst their yielding ranks the carabine.
'Twas then that Montezuma's soul arose;—
He saw his chiefs destroyed by hidden foes;—
Reckless of death, he spurred his noble steed
With desperate valour where there most was need.
They rally and again attack their foes,
With force superior round them quickly close;
Nor was there hope for gentle mercy there,
Each army fought determined not to spare.
Then gleamed the sabre in the Sun's bright ray,
Which calm beheld the bloody battle fray;
Then roared the cannon, twanged the deadly bow,—
Alas! how many brave were thus laid low.
Still the fight wavered, when a chosen band,
In ambush placed by Cortes's command,

With furious charge renew the flickering fight,
And break the native ranks with fatal might.
Wearied before, by this fresh band dismayed,
The Mexicans but weak resistance made ;
With shameful terror seized, they quickly fly,
And leave a patriot few to yield or die.
Brave Montezuma, with his stern Caziques,
A chieftain's death in battle nobly seeks ;
By foes surrounded, still untamed, he fights
For his loved country and her injured rights.
But all his little band save one are slain,—
He and his brother now alone remain ;
His sword 'gainst foeman's helm to shatters flies,
Begirt by multitudes, he's ta'en, a kingly prize.

Hast it in boyhood's enterprising time,
O'er dizzy crags e'er been thy lot to climb ?
Didst thou e'er see, o'er chasms wide, with fear,
The desp'rate boundings of the mountain deer ?
Markedst thou the kingly eagle's towering flight,
Till, lost in clouds, he left thy aching sight ?
Look on that captive deer, but late so free !
Refusing food, he pines for liberty.

Look on that chainèd eagle ; late heaven's height
Seemed but too little for his daring flight.
His ruffled pinions and his quenchèd eye
Tell that he deeply feels his misery.
Like that tamed deer and that chained eagle,
sate

Brave Montezuma—captive, desolate.
Surrounded by victorious, cruel foes,
No friend was near to whom to unfold his woes ;
His country's wrongs, his own captivity,
His soldiers slain, no hope of liberty,
Rush in confusion through his mind, and leave
The sad remembrance that 'tis his to grieve.
But late he rode exulting in his might,
Eager for vengeance and the approaching fight ;
Proudly encircled by his armèd band,
Obedient, faithful to his least command.
What is he now ? A captive, doomed to die ;
O'er his fallen fate no friend to heave a sigh.
How soon, alas ! to him had Fortune's guile
Changed to a fatal frown her fickle smile !
So short the time between, that all might seem
The light remembrance of a passing dream,

But for these chains,—the sad reality
That he is not as he was wont to be.
He slumbers ; can his slumbers now be blest ?
A wretched captive, can his spirit rest ?
It cannot be ; else why that broken sigh ?—
Why on his brow that sweat of agony ?
He dreams ! His clenched hand and bosom-swell
His fearful visions but too plainly tell.
The dying shriek, the loud resounding gun,
The battle lost, his native land undone ;
And the long vista of her miseries
In troubled dream, his broken mind's eye sees.
Starting, he shakes his chains. Their dull clank breaks
His fitful slumbers ; pallid, he awakes.
He hears the wind through vaulted arches moan,
Deep as of flitting ghosts the hollow groan.
He listens to the still lake's sullen dash,
Sees on its rippling waves the moonbeams flash ;
He views fair Hecate, in the cloudless sky,
Bend her calm course through haloes rolling high.
Unhappy man ! again when gloomy night
Shall see of yon pale Moon the silver light,

D

What wilt thou be ? a spirit, soon to see
The weakness of thy splendid deity ?—
Soon to appear before the awful throne
Of the true God, till then to thee unknown !
Rejoices not fierce Cortes at the cry
That, rising loud, proclaims his victory ?
Can he now slumber ? Thinks he not of fame
And titles heaped on his plebeian name ?
Whilst yet of fame his ardour in pursuit
Was by success undamped, Remorse was mute ;
But now his cup of guilt being full, his mind
Can from his troubled thoughts no quiet find.
As when in Indian copse the giant snake
Begins, his gluttoned torpor past, to awake,
By hunger seized he leaves the shady wood,
And rolls his eager eyes in search for food,
Terrific coils perchance his sinuous length
Around the elephant's entangled strength.
So Conscience, who, while yet his spirit ranged
Through fields of blood, sat silent, though unchanged,
Now rose with strength renewed ; her torpor past,
He felt her long unheeded sting at last.

But still his evil spirit urged his soul
To break triumphant from her dread control.
'Tis done ; in Cortes' breast the conflict sore
Twixt Conscience and Ambition now is o'er.
Yes ! the brave King is doomed, alas, to die ;
For having fought for home and liberty,
For not low crouching to a tyrant's sword,
For not confessing Ferdinand his lord.

In the red East the orient Sun looks down
On Mexico's fair streets and peopled town,
But not in peace. What means yon scaffold high
And heated steel ? What criminal must die ?
Pallid, but not with fear, and firm his tread,
As when in war he trampled on the dead,
His eagle eye untamed, sedate his look,
(Cortes caught one quick glance, and cow'ring
shook,)

Came Montezuma ; with him, bound their hands,
His fated brother Guatimozin stands.
All, all is ready ; they ascend the pile ;
In tortured agony they breathe awhile.

D 2

Stern Guatimozin gave one deep-drawn sigh ;
Mark his rebuking brother's harsh reply,—
“Thinks't thou that I on bed of roses lie ?”
Those days of fatal war have long been past,—
But what is Spanish Mexico at last ?
Now cruel overseers their scourges wield
O'er ravished Afric's tillers of the field.
Christians, unworthy of their Saviour meek,
Riches or death with unchecked ardour seek ;
And Misery and Avarice, hand in hand,
Two sisters fell oppress thy fated land.
O home of wretchedness, thy woes began
In thy rich mines,—those tempting baits to man !
But hold ! In vision bright thy sons I see
Again strike boldly for their liberty ;
Throw off Iberia's yoke, and fearless brave
Ten thousand dangers, liberty to save.
Thy matchless general, fearless Bolivar,
Leads on thy squadrons to victorious war.
Again thou art free, again a people great,
Thy Genius rises from his shackled state ;
Plenty again to thee rich harvests sends,
And smiling Peace once more her genial influence lends.

THE FIRST VOYAGER'S LAMENT.

BECALMED upon the wave the vessel lay,
With flapping canvas, 'neath the lunar ray.
Stretched on the deck reposed each hardy tar,
And dreamt, perchance, of friends and scenes afar.
'Neath the poop awning, whilst their watch they kept,
One reefer and one quartermaster slept ;
The other youth on the companion rail
Leaned, and thus told to heaven his piteous tale :
" What sailor, be the truth no longer hid,
But knows that heaven in anger made a mid ?
No usher, doomed to instruct each brainless lad,
Works half so hardly, or fares half so bad.
What curate, serving churches two per day,
Does so much service for so little pay?
Must I, in sweaty holds or orlops sick,
Be called a lazy ' Company's candlestick ' ?
Must I, and all because I am a middy,
Furl the mizen royal till my brain turns giddy?
And my white hands, my watchful mother's hope,
Be tarred and blistered by a filthy rope ?

Must I, whilst going on this Indian ramble,
Starve on salt horse, whilst other's feast or gamble?
My jawing messmates, striving hard to tease one,
Will listen neither to one's rhyme or reason,
And a vile boy, who manages to break
More dishes than all Staffordshire could make.
Add to all these that my unhappy fate
Draws peals of laughter from each jeering mate;
And every sailor swears that he will pay
Old scores off, should I live till Neptune's day.
Oh, grant, ye gods, who to the wretched send
Relief, to these my woes a speedy end!
Oh, grant that safely I may see once more,
With heart transported, my paternal shore;
No more across the unfeeling seas to roam,
But live and fatten on the joys of home."
He rolled his monkey-jacket up, and laid,
As on his pillow soft, thereon his head;
His proud heart swelled, for he disdained to weep
And, with a deep-drawn sigh, he sunk to sleep.

February, 1829.]

STANZAS,

ON PASSING THE ISLAND OF EUROPA IN THE MOZAMBIQUE
CHANNEL.

FRESH blew the morning breeze, and o'er the wave
His first deep crimson tint the Day God threw ;
Dim shone each star in heav'n's vast architrave,
And Venus' self her bright superior knew.
And onward, o'er the bounding sea, the bark
Sailed, all triumphant, like victorious Queen ;
Whilst dim emerging from the distance dark,
Europa's low and reefy isle was seen,
Tinging with deeper shade the rolling billows green.

Lone islet, on thy shores no busy men
Build the light bark, or trim the frail canoe ;
Yet oft thou meet'st the wayworn swallow's ken,
And giv'st the little wand'rer rest ; thy low
And sandy beach the flapping turtle loves,

The boatswain builds perchance in thy lone caves,
The white-winged tropic bird frequents thy groves,
And dips his pinions in thy sparkling waves,
Whilst nature's self supplies the food each loved one craves.

From the *Nautilus*.—H.C.S. Castle Huntly, 1830.]

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

JANUARY 7, 1830.

[These and the following pieces, entitled "Birthday Verses," originated from a custom in the family for each child to present his father with a copy of verses on the anniversary of his birthday, which was also that of his wedding-day.]

In years long syne, it was our pleasing toil,
With unpretending verse the time to wile,
And, amongst other themes, to hail the day,
When first our Father saw the solar ray.
But themes long sung will, spite of what poor brains
Each has, become so stale, that all the pains
That I can give the subject, can't fork out
One solitary line that theme about.

I've thought it o'er for many winters past,
And this hard winter's froze my brains at last.
Suppose we change, and 'stead of billets-doux,
Lucina, Hymen, christenings, satin bows,
And the old tale of birth and matrimony,
Let's have some more inspiring theme, since sunny
Days and warm nights, and autumn's sports are past,
And merry Christmas time is come at last,
With various pleasures. See where, hand in hand,
The Athletæ's games, with sports domestic stand,
These brace by day the vigorous sportman's might;
Those, gentler far, beguile the weary night.
Be these my theme; fair Clio's self shall sing
Her fav'rite sports; whilst sweet Thalia's grin
Shall o'er her comic toils preside, and sit
To inspire dear Hunt the Slipper with her wit;
This sings, to frozen streams the skater hieing,
And quickly o'er the unyielding fluid flying;
Or how, with generous steed and eager hound,
The hunter's cry makes hill and dale resound.
That, all the joys of Blindman's Buff shall sing;
Or how Cross-questions circle round the ring.

Oh, how the blaze of one bright Christmas hearth
Lights up each chuckling infant's face with mirth;
And more than this, how fly the cheerful hours,
Dispelled by Bas-bleu's fascinating powers.

But hold! some envious sprite approaching near,
Has just this moment whispered in my ear
That I alone shall wear the laurel boughs;
In short, that all the others write in Prose.
What! shall no youthful would-be Poet spring,
Your natal day, respected Sire, to sing?
Shall Hal's pert Muse be silent as the night?
Is Jack's sweet Ariel turned to moping sprite?
Who shall restrain O'Kelly's lyric fire?
Shall no Calliope our Girls inspire?
No! Mute, inglorious upon Harry's Muse
Sits laggard Law, Parnassus to refuse;
The smoke of Westminster has clogged the brains
Of him, the pastoral Poet of our plains.
And poor O'Kelly's wits, alas, the time,
Confused, can muster scarce one tiny rhyme.

E'en I much fear, that spite of all I've said,
You'll blame the emanations of my head;
But my two Muses urge me on, and this
Which follows, blame me not if 'tis amiss,
The Author says, are really theirs, not his.

For three long weeks the schoolboy's only joy
Has been to count the lessening hours which lay
'Twixt him and home; and now each happy boy
Awakes at last upon the wished-for day.
Bliss in each heart, untainted by alloy,
Springs high. The thoughts of five weeks' holiday
Would, had Job been at school, almost to madness
Have driven him; not from grief, but actual gladness!

But where were happier two than Jack and Kell,
The first a Westminster, the last at Charterhouse;—
(Near Smithfield 'tis, I know the place right well,
Where, in Queen Mary's time, they used to martyr us;)
Now going home, to do the trick quite swell,
He went up to Lad-lane, to Mr. Waterhouse,

And took two outside places, by the Ex'ter
Mail, to Bridport, from the Swan with two necks t'her.

Mem., Jack took care to tip the cad a bob
To keep the box, a place most eligible
For those who like to be bang up; no snob
Would prod his shiners for a seat so frigible.
But Westminster all like to see the job,
Whether the cattle are bang up, and legible
The way-bill; then, whilst coachy tips a song,
To tool the team so dragsman-like along.

Then up to Green-street* went the happy pair,
To get their dinner ere they start from home;
Though Jack, who was a Pigeon-fancier rare,
Bought Jacobins and Tumblers to breed from.
Thorough-bred bantams likewise, t'was his care
To choose with legs unfeathered; likewise some
All-curing pills, for poultry—mem., all killing—
And the Complete Bird-fancier, for a shilling.

* 32, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, the residence of their uncle,
Henry Templer.

With these, and other rattle-traps so silly,
Behold them at the Gloucester about eight ;
And ho ! exciting sight, through Piccadilly,
Rolls on the Mail, not one half-minute late.
“ Kell, hold my rough box-coat a moment, will
ye ? ”

Cries Jack, with hope and fear alike elate ;
“ He’s there,” he cries at last, exulting, glad ;
“ See, on the box, my cloak and trusty cad.”

Suppose the letters up, the porter tipped,
The Mail-cart off, and all the luggage stowed ;
Jack on the box, with Robinson* just shipped,
Kell, just behind, reclined upon the load
Of mail-bags on the roof ; the horses whipped,
Havannahs lighted. Smoothly o’er the road
They bowl along ; no fear of breaking bones.
Thanks to McAdam, they are off the stones !

* The coachman of the old Exeter mail for the first stages out of London.

Suppose the tedious journey nearly o'er,
The five-mile stone from home at last in sight ;
And see, quick cantering o'er the dusty moor,
Their pony, rough and ready, like a sprite ;
See Bill behind, and Harry up before,
Scampering fast onward. Now, with what delight,
Hall stops the Mail, takes Jack's place with his crony
Fiddler, the coachman ; Jacky mounts the pony.

Suppose them safe alighted at the Bull—
Their luggage off, themselves almost at home ;
Suppose them scampering thro' the streets at full
Speed, with greatcoats and comforters ; they're come.
Charley, Fred, Alice, Hebe, Kit—out roll
The tribe of younger ones, some crawling, some
Running ; all halloing, " How d'ye' do," to greet 'em,
Anxious should any else be *first* to meet 'em.

Suppose the greetings o'er, the welcomes done ;
Suppose their loving Parents rapturous kisses ;
Suppose each question asked, and answered none
Save one, they've realized their Father's wishes.

Jack's in the Sixth, and Kell, who'd been but one
Term at his school, in Form the Fifth. Their blisses
So numerous, 'twould take too much time to say
Half the soft things of their first holiday.

But bliss itself will soon, alas, grow stale,
And tires by cloying quicker than molasses.
The sweetest flower of Flora soon turns pale,
And their first hour of joy too quickly passes.
Jack turns to ferreting, and Master Kell
Rides hunting, whilst his gallant steed he lashes—
The aforesaid pony—tops both hedge and rail,
As if Old Nick was scampering at his tail.

Had I the Muse which erst o'er Somerville
Expanded bright her sportive pinions fair,
Then might I tell by what disastrous wile
The timid coney's lured from her lair;
Or how, when first Aurora's dappled smile
Comes purpling o'er the East, the long-eared hare
Flies o'er each hill and dale: alas, in vain!
For stiff at length she dies upon the plain.

Or does the frosty hand of Winter bind
The streams and ponds in one unyielding mass,
Each gallant skater hies, nor lags behind,
But o'er its surface, slippery as the glass,
Flies fast as hurries on the winter wind—
Or, faster still, a steam-coach. On they pass,
And in their various evolutions show him
Such grace, that scarce Apollo can outdo him.

The morning o'er, in comes each hardy brother
To dinner, with his never-failing glee,
And never-failing twist, whilst each to other
Recounts his morning sports. Kell vows that he
Picked puss up fifty minutes run from cover—
The sharpest thing he ever saw! Jack's she
(Alias, bitch) ferret, from their holes had dragged
Two rabbits (so he says), and both were bagged.

Their dinner done, Jack takes his gun, and tries
To kill a dish of blackbirds, stares, or thrushes.
He knows full well where every tom-cat lies,
To snap *his* birds up, hopping on *his* bushes.

(N.B.—Their cookmaid makes them into pies.)

Should poachers heave in sight, away he brushes,
Calls them all rascals, knaves, and vagabonds,
And chases them clear out of Down Hall grounds.

But now the hour of six announces tea.

Oh, bev'rage pure of China's favoured clime,
Whether Souchong thou art, or black Bohea,
Or Hyson green, or Twankey packed with lime;
Thanks to your ships, East India Company,
We have that tippie, which to drink's no crime.
And now, as punctual as the clock comes round,
With Mocha's drug thy bubbling friend is found.

At tea they chat, though now and then a jaw
Will interrupt their peace, and cause a riot.
Kell, blubbering, says, "'Tis so;" whilst Jack cries,
"Pshaw,
You nothing know, you Sky;* what do you cry
at?"

* Westminster slang for Snob.

Till Papa's mandate, and Hal's wretched law,
Which is not Equity, restore that quiet
Which flew, expelled by Strife, from our domain,
And now, with power increasing, reigns again.

And now the urn's gone out, and on the table
Papa's last cup, quite cold, was standing still.
To eat bread and butter Kit no longer able,
Was seeking how she might the evening kill.
Kelly, reclined at length, like dog in stable,
Lay sleeping on the hearth; and little Bill
Was begging, bawling, scolding, for some paper,
As if he thought his Mother was its maker.

Harry, his glue-pot set upon the fire,
For he was gimcracking, or making coaches;
Jack, with his netting-needle, did admire
The holes his rabbits made in their approaches
Through his frail toils, and, not inclined to tire,
Mended his nets; whilst Charley lowly crouches

To say his prayers. Papa and Lep* the while,
In solemn silence, sought Caissa's toil.

Hebe sat cobbling up a holy stocking;
A task most lady-like, so says the Muse,
Though modern blue-belles think it very shocking,
And prefer fancy work, or perhaps peruse
The last new novel; or sit primly knocking
A humdrum forté. Kitty did amuse
Herself and everybody, by not trying
To find her work, and, when 'twas given her, crying.

So on till nine o'clock, blest hour of peace!
The children all in bed, the supper ready;
Perhaps Welsh rabbit, alias toasted cheese,
With cider good, or bottled porter heady;
Perhaps Jack's blackbirds, perhaps a mess of peas,
Or double Dorset—food reserved for steady
And reasoning folks, not liking slops, mistaken
For good things; perhaps, oh rare! fried eggs and bacon.

* Short for Lethbridge.

The supper o'er, chat, argument, and fun
 Predominate (in English, rule the roast)
Till ten ; when, pair by pair, and one by one,
 They all drop off to bed ; therein to roost
Till eight next morning. Then again to run
 The same course ; save when varied by the frost.
Then, as I said before, skates supersede
The hunting-whip, and far more blackbirds bleed.

And now, since I have wound my story up,
 And have conducted you from morning's prime
Through dinner, tea, until the time to sup,
 And tucked you 'neath your sheets (being Christmas
 time,
With blankets warm), I cast away my prop,
 My Muse, my Peg ; until the rage of rhyme
Again shall seize my cranium, alias head.
And now, farewell is all that need be said.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

January 7, 1831.

PEACEFUL 'mid opening clouds, the silver moon
Peered her pale crescent o'er the horizon ;
Around my head the startled booby sweeps,
Or in the rigging too securely sleeps ;
Whilst the light wind just curls the passing sea,
As each succeeding wave rolls slow a-lee.

Fancy and Memory, spirits sweet and dear—
Dear to each wand'rer—whisper in my ear
That happy friends this very eve are met
A Father's natal day to celebrate.
Fond Memory dwells on former joyous days—
Hebe's sweet smiles and Harry's witty lays ;
Whilst Fancy draws her Charley's puzzled brain,
And Bill's sharp sayings animate the train ;
And wond'ring Fred and Alie's funny eye
Bespeak each happy, though they scarce know why.

And can a few short intervals of brine
Sever my heart from hearts so dear to mine ?
No, no, dear Father, Fancy's wings are free—
She bears me safe o'er each dividing sea ;
And should one anxious thought your bosom fill
For me, oh ! banish it ; I'm with you still.
I see the morning pocket-book await
Your smiling coming, on your breakfast plate ;
I hear Mamma's congratulations paid,
Whilst in set form young counsellor's are made ;
Jack's blushing, lame excuse of want of time
To put his letter into decent rhyme ;
And poor O'Kelly's modest hopes exprest
That, *bonâ-fide*, he has done his best ;
Hebe in fidgets lest your tea should cool,
And Kitty munching on her corner stool ;
Whilst Charley, pouting Fred, and little Miss,
Make up their mouths to get a birthday kiss ;
And glorious Bill proclaims to all that he
Got Papa up, and claims his halfpenny.

Such are my thoughts, and whilst each child in rhyme
Thus celebrates your birth and wedding time,

Shall I, your first-born, uninspired remain,
Nor add my mite to the poetic train?
All pow'rful Veshnoo, quell the inglorious thought!
Shade of Confucius, aid me, though untaught
In philosophic Chinois, or the lore
In eastern vale, which Brahmins sage explore!
Still, if ye deign to stimulate my Peg,
On the old road perchance she'll lift a leg;
And, hobbling on through thick and thin, at last,
In unmacadamized long lane stuck fast,
Will just entreat your favour till next year,
Promise a better line, then sink, and disappear.

TO MY PIPE.

H.C.S. Charles Grant, June, 1832.

FRIEND of my meditative hours,
Inspirer of my fancy's powers ;
Sweet soother of my every care,
Foe to ennui and dull despair ;
Of gentle peace the Indian's type,
How shall I sing thy charms—my pipe ?

When first I knew thee, Chloe's lip
Was not more corall'd than thy tip ;
Nor Chloe's neck more dazzling white ;
Nor Chloe's hazel eye more bright ;
Nor sweeter Chloe's fragrant breath,
Than thy tube, bowl, and cloudy wreath.

But, ah! those charms how altered!—broke
Thy tip, thy white tube bronzed by smoke.
Like Chloe still; for Beauty's bloom
Old Time will shade with veil of gloom.
And ah! may Chloe's heart be still
Faithful as thou through every ill!

But though those charms external gone,
And all thy lighter beauties flown,
Still, still to me thy constant smile
Can many a weary hour beguile;
And still relief o'er sorrow's sting
The magic of thy breath can fling.

Then fare thee well, my gentle pipe;
Not perfumed hookah e'er shall wipe
Away from memory's tabled cell
The thoughts of one beloved so well;
Nor my brunette Manila's rays
Remembrance of my pipe erase.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

January 7, 1832.

ON what a bore to a poetic mind,
To versify on subject oft defined ;
And sedulous, invoke the self-same Muse !
Year after year the self-same theme to choose !
See Hal, stiff-seated, playing with his pen ;
His paper scribbled, scrawled, and scrayed again :
“ ‘ Dear Father, let me join my humble lay,
To celebrate your birth and wedding day ;
Let me unite with brothers dear to sing
The many comforts of our social ring ;
And offer at the shrine of filial love
A strain’—Lep, what’s a rhyme for love ? Above,
Remove, improve ? Improve, yes ! that will do.
Confound it, does this rhyming annoy you ?—
‘ And offer at the shrine of filial love
A strain which time, I hope, will soon improve ;
And’— Hem ! ha ! ha ! ” Then Jack, his hands o’er ears
Close prest, and working hard (for much he fears

His rhymes, though hardly strung, will much resemble
His birthday verses of the last year's sample)—

"Billy, be quiet! Who the deuce can write
Whilst you young rogues in such a row unite?
Charley, tell Ames to mend my pen; Old Nick
Could ne'er write verse with such a wretched stick!
'Care pater rursus celebremus septima'— Hang it!
'Dies' is masculine, and that won't scan it.

Harry, will 'hora' do? No! I detest
To see reluctant words in verses prest.
Well, I'll try Sapphics, and invoke the Muse
Into my lines Horatian fire t'infuse.

'Alma Clio, me puerum benigna
Funde flamma quam tribuisti Horatio
Et mihi, cari patris atque matris

' Carmina honore

Dum cano, versus tribue fluenti
Ore.' Deuce take it, is not that a plenty?
One stanza daily would make a long racket.
Bill, bring me gunny and my shooting-jacket,
And tell the gardener's boy to untie Mustard."
——"Oh, my poor brains, with cursed verses pestered!"

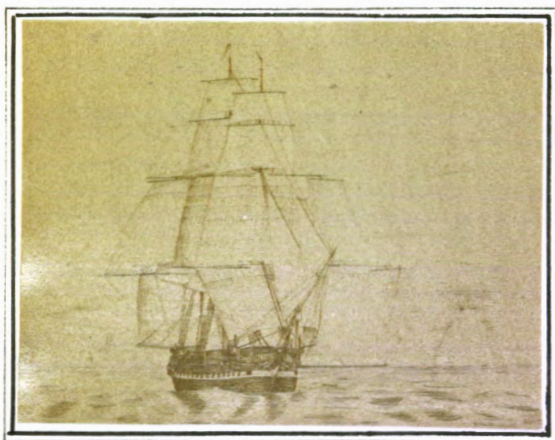
Says Kelly, stumbling, sprawling on a rhyme,
Which, bless the mark, might be, perhaps, the first time—
“ Oh, Father dear, my heart responds with joy,
To hail your birthday once again with joy ;
And wedding too ; for this day years ago
You wed mamma. Alas ! how Time does go !—
Well ! I’m a fool ! I’ve made a brace of rhymes,
And put the same confounded word both times.
I put my honour I didn’t know I’d done it,
And ’twas the greatest wonder I’d not shown it
Up, for my birthday verses. Ain’t it plaguery ?
Lep, though I jogged your arm, you shouldn’t be ragy.”
—Then Hebe, “ ‘ Mon cher Papa, comme mes frères
Leurs lettres classiques pour vos yeux preparent,
Votre aimante Hebe—wishes, toi montrer ’—
Mamma, what’s French for wishes ? Volupté ?
La, I’ve left out the ‘ la ! ’ Que j’experience
En toi congratulant de naissance.’
Dear me, Mamma, you must look all this o’er ;
Indeed, it can’t be all quite right, I’m sure.”
“ Please for some paper, and a pen and ink,”
Says Bill. “ No, I asked first,” says Charles ! “ Don’t think

To bully me!" "Och, ou tock so,"* says Fred.†
Up goes Bill's fist, down comes a lick o' the head;
And thus, mid jaw and squabble, row and fight,
Your birthday verses I've contrived to write.

P.S.—Long may ye live, enjoying and enjoyed,
More than your share of life—scarce unalloyed
On earth, alas! and when from this world driven
By Time's strong tide, oh, may your barks in heaven
Take refuge! Life's rough seas and perils past,
May we, your children, one by one, at last,
Casting our anchors round you, happy meet,
And one united band form round Jehovah's seat.

* "Why do you talk so?"

† Frederic Octavius Templer. He was then three years old;
and he died in 1841 at the age of fourteen, having shown great
original talent as a painter of animals.



WRITTEN IN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA,

IN VIEW OF PULO PENANG.

H.C.S. Charles Grant, 1832.

DIM through the misty evening air
The moon's pale beam is breaking fair ;
And slowly o'er the slumb'ring wave
Drifts calm along the vessel brave.

Lifting their palm-clad summits high,
Penang's proud headlands court the sky ;
Whilst in blue distance scarce is lost
Malaya's wild uncultur'd coast.

Moon ! who o'er every land doth shine,
Say, see'st thou happier home than mine ?
Thou fairest, brightest isle on earth !
Say ! dost thou hold a dearer hearth ?

What though no coral seas surround
Yon little spot of British ground ;
Triumphant o'er each crested sea
Beams the bright star of Liberty !



[The above photograph of my father, from a miniature painting taken in the 24th year of his age, was always esteemed an excellent likeness; that of my brother, in the frontispiece, from a painting taken in *his* 24th year, was also an excellent likeness.]

TO MY FATHER,

H.C.S. Charles Grant, 1833.

SORR as the zephyr, o'er the royals playing,
Steal Memory's treasures to the severed heart;
E'en now on eagle's wings my fancy straying
Reverts to thee, my Father; tho' we part,

And parted feel affection's bitt'rest smart,
Still, still in unison our souls may blend.
Though round thee Ruin hurl her deadliest dart,*
My spirit still toward home her steps shall wend,
And hover round thy path, my Father and my Friend.

And, oh ! though Britain's daystar, sinking fast,
Scarce glimmers through the clouds that mock its rays ;
Though all her glorious recollections past
Scarce wake one heart responsive to her praise ;—
Still blessed hope points on to happier days,
The wished-for era of the patriot's prayer ;
And oh, may He whose power alone can raise
A realm so lost, my honoured Father spare,
The joys of days like those, in green old age to share.

* This refers to the Reform Bill. My brother took a very gloomy view of England's future in consequence of that Bill, as will be seen by the two following pieces bearing the same date.

LEO.

A FABLE.

1834.

In Britain's Isle a Lion dwelt ;
Though seldom seen, his power was felt.
He kept her straight in worldly matters,
Maintained her empire o'er the waters ;
Securely bound the apostate Nappy,
And taught her subjects to be happy ;
Subdued her enemies, and made her
A mart for every foreign trader ;
Supported each old institution,
Her Church, her King, and Constitution.

At length, her prospects clear before her,
And Peace and Plenty smiling o'er her,
No kingdoms waiting her direction,
Or princes suing for protection,
The British Lion left his home,
Resolved in foreign parts to roam,

To be like other folks, and see
Paris, the Alps, and Italy ;
So fell, a dupe to folly's passion,
Merely because it was the fashion.

How vain the best intentions prove !
At Paris, Leo fell in love !
Shade of old Æsop, guide my pen,
To paint the Lion's love to men.
List, mortals, and I'll set before ye
The heroine of my tragic story.

At Paris dwelt an ancient dame,
And Revolution was her name ;
Of upstart race, as some folks told,
Though others still affirmed 'twas old.
The dame gave out, in every season,
She traced her line to Father Reason.
But few believed the mad old sinner,
As few saw Reason's likeness in her.
Her foes would scruple not to tell
She sprung from him, the Prince of Hell,

When, braving Heaven's administration,
He sought the godhead, or damnation.
And those who *knew* her, bitter smiled,
And said, "Like father, and like child."

In youth she'd been a reigning toast ;
Of Robespierre and Marát the boast.
The proudest princes durst not flout her,
And all the French went mad about her.
Now old, though much the same in feature,
I thought her a most loathsome creature.
Lavater's pupil in each line
Her cruelty could well define,
And in her subtle, piercing eye
Could read her mind's malignity.
The curl upon her lip I saw
Bespoke contempt for every law ;
And on her cheek the sneer so fell
Showed her the atheist infidel.
Now patched and painted up for show,
Bowed in her train full many a beau,

Who loved her tricolour more than
His country's spotless "drapeau blanc"—
Cared not who sat on Gallia's throne,
So that he was not a Bourbon ;
Or how he reigned, or par quels moyens,
S'il fut, son tres bon frère citoyen.

The dame had got an only child,
More subtle, but not quite so wild.
Those folks who were the secret let in,
Said 'twas occasioned by her getting ;
For that her mother in her prime
Kept husbands only for a time.
And in this case 'twas most apparent
That impious Voltaire was part parent.
And, though some cavillers deny,
Because so much his enemy,
And one whom she had wronged so often,
'Twas thought her heart could never soften ;
Still, as aid from him she might hope,
She'd taken to her bed the Pope,

By her deceitful arts beguiled ;
And tenderly he watched the child.

The old lady, ere the babe was christened,
Intent to every rumour listened,
And found that her name, Revolution,
Was understood to imply confusion
Of property, perhaps loss of life,
Downfall of Church, and civil strife ;
And wisely, instantly bethought her
To choose a better for her daughter.
She tried a list of mod'rate names
To veil the infant's specious claims ;
At length Reform the want supplied
(Sure ne'er was word so misapplied).
It took her fancy instantly,
For none in it could treason spy.
'Twas peaceful in its every letter ;
'Twas change, 'tis true, but for the better.
Socinian, Methodist, Dissenter,
On it alike their wishes centre.

The Pope his righteous fiat gave,
Baptized the child in Romish wave,
And whilst the bright idea was warm,
They called the bastard brat, "Reform."

Now from a child to woman grown,
Behold her enter on the town,
But quiet, without ostentation,
Slyly avoiding observation.
Fair to the eye—yes, passing fair,
But hollow as a rotten pear ;
To ruin man, her sum of cares,
But cautious not to awake their fears,
Mod'ration was her only theme.
A very angel you might deem
The girl. You'd soon wake from your dream.

Leo and she, it so fell out,
Met as mere strangers at a rout,
Were introduced, and danced together ;
And as 'twas equinoctial weather,

Why, Leo saw her home, felt pleased,
And tenderly her white hand squeezed,
Politely called on her next day,
In Paris style, respects to pay ;
Liked her a little, called again.
'Tis just the same with moths as men,—
They flutter round and round their candle,
And long the dang'rous flame to handle,
Till when their wings are burnt away,
Willing or not, they needs must stay.
'Twas thus with Leo, as you'll see
When you conclude this history.

The dame, whom age had not unmettled,
Wished much to see her daughter settled ;
She feared her own declining health,
And looked about for land and wealth.
The richest suitors made her proffers,
But still she trifled with their offers,
And shilly-shalley'd with them. Why ?
Because her avaricious eye

On England fell, the brightest gem
In brightest Europe's diadem.
Oh, how she longed to clapper-claw it !
An ancestor had tried to paw it ;
But Leo shook his bristly mane,
And monarchy returned again.

Now this she thought a happy time
To catch that highly favoured clime ;
She bid her daughter wary be,
And play her cards right skilfully ;
Not startling his old prejudices
By showing new-fangled devices,
But all his little whims to flatter,
And take him betwixt wind and water.

From active business disengaged,
Poor Leo quickly got engaged.
Blind to her faults, or did he spy them,
Thinking his prudence might defy them,
He with the ardour of a heart
Unskilled in simulation's art,

Forgot the mother's ancient hate
Toward his and Britain's happy state ;
Thought Fame had very much traduced her,
Wondered that he should have ill-used her ;
Thanked Heaven, which thus all strife to end,
Had made his ancient foe his friend ;
And growing by degrees more warm,
Fairly made love to Miss Reform.

'Mongst Leo's noblest friends was one,
His sister Erin's darling son,*
Alike for courts and battles born,
His name the gallant Unicorn.
Clear-headed, politic, decided,
Staunch to the friends with whom he sided ;
Leo's right hand, who'd led his men
To victory o'er and o'er again ;
Who'd curbed the mother's wildest rage,
And fixed her minion in his cage ;
Who saw the daughter's wily stake,
And feared her power, for Leo's sake.

* The Duke of Wellington.

These feelings swelling in his breast,
He thus his Lion friend address :
“ Dear Leo, guardian of my youth,
Thou soul of honour, faith, and truth,
Break through the toils this damsel sets,
Nor be the Lion in the nets.
Oh, never let thy noble name
In History’s page be writ with shame ;
Stain not the glory of thy race,
Caught by a woman’s painted face ;
Nor let a foreign damsel share
Thy plighted troth with Britain fair.”

Bristled in Leo’s mane each hair
With rage, this good advice to hear,
Flashed passion from his swarthy eye,
As thus he made his fierce reply :

“ Peace, soldier ! wiser heads than thine
In diplomatic parts must shine.
I will be trammelled by no fetters,
Imposed by equals or by betters ;

No laws from sire to son sent down,
Shall hamper lordly Leo's crown ;
Nor warlike blockheads rouse my wrath,
By dictating my proper path.
Cease, cease your idle prating, minion,
Nor bother *me* with your opinion."

His nephew heard this speech with pain,
But feared to interfere again ;
Still, bound to him by every tie,
He could not see him lose the die ;
So kept aloof, sincerely wishing
Mother and daughter in Perdition,
In hopes that Heaven his views would further,
To save his friend from such self-murder.

Well, time flew on, and every hour
Leo felt more the damsel's power.
She filled his breast with anxious fears,
And dinned improvements in his ears.
How charming she could make his home,
The boast of ages yet to come.

By lopping here, and twining there,
She'd raze *this* fence, plant *that* parterre.
His tenants' rents how much she'd lower,
How comfortable make the poor ;
And still would fill her Leo's purse
Better than ever, 'stead of worse.
Poor Leo open-mouthed stood by,
Struck with her liberality,
And thought, with such a wife how blest
His future life must sure be past.

No place so briskly set about,
Could have a chance of holding out ;
And so, one fine December morning,
His nephew's firm remonstrance scorning,
His powers of speech did Leo summon,
To break his mind to the old woman.
Much did he praise his country's wealth,
Its power, its beauty, and its health—
Much did he speak of neighbour feelings,
Of rates and taxes, barns and shealings,

The influence of his near relations,
And all their princely situations,—
His commerce spreading far abroad.
Old Revolution hemmed and ha'd—
Lastly, his heart's unceasing pain,
Old Revolution hemmed again ;
And then he offered, with due form,
His heart and hand to Miss Reform.

The old lady curtsey'd and replied—
She heard the offer made with pride ;
Was sure there was no person living—
That is, whilst she had got the giving—
Should have her daughter's hand save he ;
“ But still, I can't be rash,” said she ;
“ An only child's a precious jewel.
Indeed, dear Sir, don't think me cruel ;
But I must first my lawyer ask,—
My health's not equal to the task
Of settling the preliminaries.
There's much to do, Sir, when one marries.”

Leo, delighted at the prize,
Hoped no impediment would rise ;
His all he'd lay before her door,
Only regretting 'twas not more ;
Begged that she'd hurry on her agents,
Who were but very every-day gents,
And took his leave with heart o'erflowing,
But ah ! knew not where he was going.

Old Gander* was her agent's name,
Who'd cackled slowly on to fame ;
Honest at least, the world believed him,
Because he never had deceived 'em ;
Though some mistrusted his capacity
(Mind, I don't vouch for their veracity),
And even went so far to say,
His honesty would doubtless stray,
If e'er he got a chance of cheating
(For aye the bone will show the meat in).
They asked this question : How could he
Be thought so very good to be,

* Earl Grey.

And still attend the bloody schools
Of Revolution's rogues and fools ?
Old Gander (though he heard this rumour,
It never put him out of humour)
Remained the agent of the dame,—
Though unrequited, still the same,
Forwarding all her slightest wishes,
But watching for the loaves and fishes.

His partner, Birch,* a man discerning,
Much talent, and a fund of learning,
But spread o'er all too large a field,
A plentiful return to yield.
Now Fame spread wide abroad that Birch
Would leave old Gander in the lurch ;
But that his *word* so well was known,
No country spooney fresh in town
Would trust a shilling in his power,
Unless old Gander made it sure.
Thus they who would not trust apart,
Or Gander's head, or Birch's heart,

* Lord Brougham.

To Gander's crédit brought their cause,
That Birch's wit might warp the laws ;
And thus, unmoved by wind or weather,
The knave and fool jogged on together.

One Johnny was their fav'rite clerk,
A knowing, dapper little spark,
A vain, conceited, empty prater,
Though Gander loved to hear him chatter ;
And now the old fellow took the whim
To leave the settlements to him.
He knew his hate to Leo's friends,
His zeal to serve his master's ends ;
Towards Rome and Popery his bent,
And hatred to the Establishment.
His little cunning, too, he knew
Would for a job so dirty do.
And well the knave fulfilled his task.
" What were the articles ? " you'll ask.
And as an author should be civil—
Although I'd rather kiss the Devil—
I'll lay them instantly before ye,
And then continue with my story.

First, that as twenty years before
Her mother had felt Leo's power,
And feared his anger for his wife
Should any cause provoke to strife;
In which case, that no fatal blow
Might lay her dearest daughter low,
Should he forget to keep his paws off,
He must consent to cut his claws off.
The same rule equally applied—
Viz., for the safety of the bride,
In anger's passion, or in grief,
He must consent to lose his teeth.

Poor Leo, of bright eyes the slave,
Without a thought, approval gave.
Stay thy rash hand, thy hasty pen,
Nor be the ridicule of men.
Alas ! the fatal contract's signed !
Wisely do poets paint Love blind ;
For had one glimmering ray of light
But broken through the clouds of night
Which hovered over Leo's sight,

That contract ne'er disgrace had thrown
On Leo's house, on Leo's crown.

And now the fatal day drew nigh,
For fastening on the nuptial tie;
And Leo, like an easy creature,
In the full swing of his good nature,
Lest envious enemies might say,
By temporising and delay,
He meant to set the Bill aside,
With every article complied;
And toothless, talonless, was led
(Like bullock to the butcher's shed)
By Messrs. Gander, John, and Birch,
With her Mamma and Bride, to church.
There to his democratic wife
Resigned his liberty for life,
And vowed she was (th' avowal is fresh)
Bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh.

The marriage registered in hell,
Its fatal issue shall I tell?

Shall I relate the ruined state
Of Britain widowed, desolate?
No; o'er the melancholy tale
The pitying Muse shall drop the veil;
Nor to the curious stranger's eye
Expose her mother's misery.
Be *this* enough. His spirit tamed,
Without defence, and self-ashamed,
Poor Leo fell an easy prey
Beneath old Revolution's sway;
His faithful tenants turned adrift,
In penury and want to shift;
Whilst Revolution's bastard brood
Dwelt in their halls and eat their food.
At last, when every new day shed
New insult on his aching head,
And even Hope had ta'en her flight,
And left him to perpetual night,
By Memory's galling heart-probe stung,
He seized his sister's lyre, and thus he, swanlike,
sung:—

LEO'S RETROSPECT.

1833.

Fair Harp of Erin, though I wake thy string,
 'Tis not the prelude I was wont to play.
Ah, no! light notes like those my soul would wring,
 Recalling happier hours pass'd away.
I am not what I was, when 'neath my sway
 The Western kingdom tributary bowed,
When bright Columbia did my power obey.
 Alas! that power awaits but now its shroud—
There first did fell Revolt her bloody foot intrude.

There Revolution first my sons beheld,
 There first they bowed before her painted shrine.
Oh! had my might that first bold rebel quell'd,
 A happier day than this might now be mine.
Fool, not to know that daughter of such line
 Must be her mother's counterpart in guilt!
Was it for this my heroes cross'd the brine?
 Was it for this their gallant blood was spilt,
And History's storied page with their achievements gilt?

I am not what I was ; the mental hand
Of Memory's dial points to Pitt : the young,
The eloquent, the wise—I see him stand,
Admiring senates dwelling on his tongue ;
Unbinding nations from the chains which wrung
Their vitals, whilst those feeble phantoms fly,
Unmask'd, who on their free-born limbs had hung
Their fetters, in the guise of liberty,
Community of wealth, and false equality.

I am not what I was ; when o'er the wave
My gallant Nelson bore my pennant high,
Nation with nation leagued, my power to brave,
Still saw their ensigns droop, their navies fly !
When my brave seamen, 'neath Osiris' sky,
Check'd in mid-way the conqueror's full career :
Though rushing on in flush of victory,
The Gallic eagle's swoop disdained to fear,
And Sydney's courage dimmed Napoleon's Eastern year.

I am not what I was ; when high, alone,
Amid the nations' wreck my head I rear'd ;

When e'en Imperial Austria, forced to own
Her vanquished state—her Roman laurels seared—
Must give her royal daughter, most endeared,
To mate the scion of plebeian stock ;
When the fierce Russian and the free Swiss feared,
And gallant Prussia yielded to the shock,
I was their only guard, the nation's anchor-rock.

I am not what I was ; when Lusitania's plain
Resounded with my loud artillery ;
When for my aid the hidalgo proud, of Spain,
Sued humbly, that his country might be free—
Free from the biting chain of tyranny ;
When Gallia's ablest generals learnt to yield,
And Wellington, the child of victory,
Wrested their laurels on each well-won field,
And was Iberia's guard, and Lusitania's shield.

I am not what I was ; I see the day
When the blanch'd lily bent beneath the rose ;
When sunk for ever the usurper's sway,
And victory's cry from thousand tongues arose ;

When sunset saw the three days' battle close
On glorious Waterloo's triumphant plain !
Have Gallia's chastisement, and Belgium's woes,
And Brunswick's death—have they been all in vain,
And must I now at last hug the averted chain ?

Are now my children happier than before ?
I see the meagre, pallid artisan
Refuse his daily toil—his joy no more—
Hurrying to hear the words which yonder man
From his foul throat pours forth. His features scan :
Would you not know him Treason's vilest son ?
Mark how his words the list'ning crowd trepan,
As democratic doctrine he lays down,
With a Republic's joys—nor Commons, Lords, nor Crown.

What was his state before ? His pleasure, toil ;
His master his best friend ; the happy ring
Of children clust'ring to receive his smile,
His day's work done, and free from conscience-sting.
Who than that man more readily did bring
His scanty gains in aid of Britain's weal ?

True to his country, loyal to his king,
A happy parent round the social meal,
He lived, a man impress'd with open Honour's seal.

Look on my hardy rustics as they were
When Merry England was without reform :
He knew no heavier grief, no greater care,
Than a dry summer or a winter storm.
Contentment kept his ivied cottage warm,
And exercise brought health beneath his door.
Who, when Invasion raised her dread alarm,
More nobly roused to drive her from my shore,
Or, Britain's conquests told, exulted proudly more ?

Look at them now—a discontented band,
Razing each barn, and stack, and granary ;
Mad dogs of ruin, loosed o'er the land,
At what they loved the most they foremost fly.
Their oft-used implements of husbandry
Now first they throw to the devouring flame,
Unheeding of their wives', their children's cry ;
Whilst feeble Law, in vain, their rage would tame.
Alas ! my powerless laws exist alone in name.

Dear Harp of Erin ! let me cease my lay ;

My spirit cannot brook my wrongs to tell.

This feeble frame, fast hastening to decay,

Shall ne'er again awake thy stirring shell.

Fitter for me the organ's mournful swell,

To drown my dying voice—my latest breath.

Farewell, blest island ! Albion, fare thee well !

Shorn of thy glories, still her brightest wreath,

To deck thy widowed brow, shall candid History weave !

Rome was ; and Rome is now what thou wilt be—

A high example and a warning bright.

With all her heroes, patriots, statesmen—she,

The mistress of the world, sunk into night ;

Or worse—felt Superstition's bigot blight

Sucking the genial marrow of her frame :

But still her memory sparkles with the light

Which Cæsar, Cato, Brutus, Numa's name,

Have circled round her head : she lives enrolled in fame.

And so wilt thou, my Albion, when no more

Thy sons are valiant and thy daughters fair ;

When Slavery's iron rod shall lash thy shore,
And alien hands thy plenteous bosom share.
Still will Time's sweeping hand, respecting, spare
Such names as Chatham, Nelson, Wellington ;
Still will the mind, reflecting, drop the tear
When these are shown on the sepulchral stone,
And venerate thy soil. Farewell ! my lay is done.

TO * * * * *

1834.

I SWEAR to be thine, love,
By earth, sky, and sea,
If thou wilt be mine, love,
And faithful to me.
The world and its pleasure
I'll gladly resign,
To call thee my treasure,
Mine only, love, mine!

By the cities and towers
Earth's bosom that stud,
By her jessamine bowers,
By each waving wood,
Each corn-laden valley,
Each slope with its vine,
Each green woodland alley,
Thine only, love, thine!

By the sun in his grandeur
 Careering the sky,
By the moon's silver splendour
 Unclouded on high,
By the bright planets o'er us
 That brilliantly shine,
By the stars' twinkling chorus,
 Thine only, love, thine !

By the vast flood of ocean,
 By lake and by sea,
By the cataract's motion,
 Impetuous and free,
By the billowy mountains,
 The depths of the brine,
By rivers, by fountains,
 Thine only, love, thine !

By earth and her wonders,
 By forest and rock,
Her volcano's loud thunders,
 Her quake's pealing shock ;

By the ice poles that bound her,
By that shadowy line
Like a girdle around her,
Thine only, love, thine!

I swear by time, stealing
Upon us so fast,
Every pulse, every feeling,
Is thine to the last.
Death only can sever
A passion like mine,—
I'm thine, love, for ever,
Thine only, love, thine!

[These lines have been set to music by his nephew, Frederic
Gordon Templer.]



TEMPLER.

Arms.—Azure ; the temple of Zion argent, on a chief d'or, an anchor erect between two bulls' heads, erased at the neck sable.

Crest.—On a wreath of the colours, a lamb passant proper, under an oak-tree proper, with St. George's pennant proper."

"TEMPLA QUAM DILECTA."*

1836.

"How beauteous are Thy temples, Lord!" such was the
Templar's song,
When marching to the battle-field of bloody Ascalon ;

* The Knights Templars are said to have sung the 84th Psalm,
"Quam Dilecta," in going into battle.

When before Europe's lances bowed proud Syria's haughty
lord,
And the dark Moslem's crescent waned before the cross-
hilt sword.

"How beauteous are Thy temples, Lord!" such was the
song that rose
When Gaza's castled towers looked down upon her cir-
cling foes ;
And still the self-same song arose when the proud city
fell,
And the stern Templar triumphed o'er the turbaned
infidel.

"How beauteous are Thy temples, Lord!" But mournful now
the tone,
As the scattered remnant left those holy towers, no more
their own ;
And the few a tyrant's hate had spared sought the
battle-field again,
And fell 'neath Moorish scimitars, in the cause of con-
quered Spain.



LETHBRIDGE.

Arms.—Argent: over water proper a bridge of five arches, embattled gules, over the centre arch a raven displayed sable, charged on the breast with a bezant.

Crest.—A raven displayed sable, wings erminois.

HUNGA AND HUBBA INVOKING THEIR
STANDARD PREVIOUS TO BATTLE.

1836.

DANISH Raven! Danish Raven!

On our crimson banner, say,
Saxon carnage art thou craving,
Saxon blood in battle fray?

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Tell us, tell us, bird of Odin,
Ere thy wings the night-dews droop,
Is thy keen scent victory boding,
Dost thou plume thee for the swoop?

Danish Raven! Danish Raven!
Dost thy seer-like eye foresee
Saxon blood our horse-hoofs laving?—
Ella's corse on yonder lea?
Shall thy banner in its glory
O'er York's walls wave high again?
Or, with pinion rent and gory,
Croaking, shalt thou cross the main?

Danish Raven! Danish Raven!
Think of Regner Lodbroc's wrongs!
Venomed snakes the hero braving,—
Lodbroc of a thousand songs!
Sung his last, thou bird of omen,
Thou who mournest Regner's fate;
Leave not victory to the foemen,
Regner's daughters desolate!

Vengeance, Raven ! Vengeance, Raven !

Vengeance for a murdered sire !

Ha ! we hail thy black wings waving ;

Eyeballs flash and throat swell higher.

Morning's dawn the grey East tinges

With the first warm glow of light ;

Raven, spread thy silken fringes,

Thou shalt feast on blood to-night !

"King of Denmark raised an army and sent it over into England, under those two famous captains, *Hunga* and *Hubba*, the two sons of *Lethbroke*, whom, the rather to encourage to revenge, their sisters wrought with their needles, in an ensign, the proportion of a *raven*, or rather an *eagle*, which they did bear as no small sign of their good luck."—The above is from *Vestigan*, Restitut of decayed intelligen in Antiquit, p. 173. Copied from "The Worthies of Devon."

"He, *Lothbroc*, leaving behind him a numerous issue, three of the younger sons, *Ivor*, *Hunga*, and *Hubba*, came into England with purpose to revenge the ghost of their murdered father, but rather to provide for their own livelihood, being banished according to the custom of their country, which always forced the younger children to prey for themselves abroad. Wherein, being like young rooks drove from their nests, they took that bird for their cognizance, which being embroidered by their vestal sisters in a banner, consecrated after the horrible rites of their Paganish superstition (which rendered it as the vulgar believed impossible to be taken), they sate it up as the royal standard, calling it by the name of the *Reafan*—

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i.e., the *Raven*. What the ground of this portraiture was is not certain."—This also from "The Worthies of Devon;" and in the description of the arms from same book, "Argent, a bridge of five arches turreted, gules"—"In chief an eagle displayed, sable."

"Hubba the Dane having spread devastation, fire, and slaughter over Wales, had landed in Devonshire from twenty-three vessels, and laid siege to the Castle of Kenwith, a place situated near the mouth of the small river Tau. Oddune, Earl of Devon, with his followers, had taken refuge there, and being ill supplied with provisions and even water, he determined by a vigorous blow to prevent the necessity of submitting to his barbarous enemy. He made a sudden sally on the Danes before sunrise, and taking them unprepared, he put them to rout, pursued them with great slaughter, killed Hubba himself, and got possession of the famous "*Reafen*," or enchanted standard, in which the Danes put great confidence. It contained the figure of a raven which had been interwoven by the three sisters of "*Hinguar*" and Hubba, with many magical incantations, and which by its different movements prognosticated, as the Danes believed, the good or bad success of any enterprise."—Hume's "History of England"—King Alfred.

SONG.

May, 1837.

[The Bride or Brid is the river on which the town of Bridport is built, and from which it takes its name.]

THE banks of the Bride, of the bonny, bonny Bride,

The banks of the Bride for me ;

By them in the spring, when the merry birds sing,

'Tis my joy and my pleasure to be.

With my lute and my song, as I wander along,

And thou, dearest maid, by my side,

'Tis merry to stray through the livelong day

By the banks of the bonny, bonny Bride.

When winter winds blow, and thy banks shine with snow,

They will find me still wandering there,

Though my ramble's uncheered by the song of the bird,

Unblessed by thy presence, my fair.

But my dog and my gun still entice me along,

Till at eve, by my own fireside,

My trophies, my sweet, shall be laid at thy feet,

And I'll sing thee, my bonny, bonny Bride.

[These lines have been set to music by his nephew, Frederic Gordon Templer.]

(7nd ed. 1837)



EPITAPH ON PUG.

1834.

[The photograph is taken from a water-colour drawing by the author, and is an excellent likeness. Pug is standing on a slope of Eggardon Hill, the scene of many of his exploits with Captain Syme's little pack of beagles. Pug was an excellent black pony that was in the family for upwards of twenty-five years. The children all learnt to ride on him. He survived his epitaph by many years, dying of old age in the year 1848.]

WHOE'ER thou art who read'st these lines,
Approach with mournful mug,
For here beneath the turf reclines
All that is left of Pug.

Death, finding that his old white horse
No more could stand the tug
Of his hard work, without remorse,
Has trotted off with Pug.

On Eggardon's fine breezy steep,
With Jack, who understood 'un,*
He'd clear hedge, ditch, or timber leap,
And gallop like a good 'un.

To crane, or blunder at a fence,
A foul disgrace he thought;
And many a scutt† triumphant thence
His speed and courage brought.

His use and temper to portray,
Which many a well-bred sticks on,
He'd step out in a pony-shay,
Or draw dung from the mixen.

* Dorset dialect for "him."—See Barne's "Poems of Rural Life," in the Dorset Dialect, p. 36, 2nd Edition.

† The tail of a hare.

And when reclining on the green,
If Fred or Charley spied him,
Quick on his back the elves were seen,
And round the field they'd ride him.

Now lest you think that flattery
My praises may expand in,
One fault, one only fault had he,—
He'd too much understanding.

And thus pursued religion's ways,
As his whole life declares,
For few and seldom were the days
He did not say his prayers.

To claim for Pug the herald's aid
Ancestral pride alarms ;
For he where'er he went displayed
His Devon coat of arms.

Thus graced by every quality
That ever steed adorned,
'Tis not so very strange that he
Should heartily be mourned.

Farewell, old Pug! From memory's niche
No time can e'er thee tug;
Since every Dorset hedge and ditch
Reminds me of my Pug.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Rouen, June, 1837.

THE Warrior King of England, who, when the nations poured
Their myriads into Palestine to battle for the Lord,
First amongst Europe's sovereigns, most brave where all
were brave,
The Melec Ric, the Lion King,—I stood beside his grave.

The Minstrel King of England, who, when the fight was o'er,
To song of love could tune his lyre, a royal troubadour ;
Or list with bright-haired Berengere to Blondel's roundelay
Of knightly deed or lady fair,—his bones beneath me lay.

The Captive King of England, whose all-undaunted mind
Not Ducal Austria's power could quell, nor Austria's prison
bind,
Has found a stronger prison-hold, a warrior foe more brave.
That victor warrior foe is Death ; that prison-hold the grave.

PROLOGUE TO "THE CRITIC."

[Acted on board the *East Indiaman Inglis*, 1838.]

LOVERS may talk of their sonnets and madrigals,
 Rave about moonbeams and ladies' bright eyes;
 In praise of their wine-cups be bacchanals, prodigals,
 Huntsmen, Diana, and southerly skies.



Seamen in melodies sing of the stormy seas—
 Who in them pleasure sees? passengers say;—
 I'm for dramaticals, private theatricals;—
 Managers, actresses, who's for a play?

Will you have Juliet, sighing it, puling it,
 All for her Romeo, a dapper young spark?
 Or Desdemona dear, making her moaning here,
 'Cause her black man smothered her in the dark?
 Beatrice, Cockatrice, Benedic, merry rip;
 Jacques moping with the hip; Scotland's King Duncan
 Or sweet Mistress Page shall your plaudits engage,
 With her tricks on the stage; or Jack Falstaff the drunken.

Tragedy, comedy, which would you rather see—
Lear in a rage with unnatural daughters ;
Or bloody King Dick, who at nothing would stick,
Till he saw in a dream all the ghosts of his slaughters ?
Priam and Hecuba loud laments making o'er
Hector, their darling, who never was funky ;
Or Hamlet half witted, who ought to be pitied,
'Cause Polonius he spitted instead of his nunky ?

Then you've old Aguecheek ; Llewellyn with his leek,
Make you laugh for a week, and Mrs. Quickly ;
Prospero, awful man ; ugly dog Caliban,
Ariel and Miss Miran—don't they come thickly ?
Pyramus half afraid, mourning for Thisbe dead,
Bottom with ass's head, Puck and the Lion ;
And Katharine, a true shrew, and honest Petruchio,
With an old boot and new shoe, Kate's temper to try on.

If you're pathetic, we'll play you "The Critic"—
And you shall be Dangle and I will be Puff ;
And he be Sir Fretful, and Sneer with his head full
Of ill-natured sayings and repartees rough.

Fair Tilburina, too, she's to be seen here too,
Don Whiskerandos fierce language to mangle.
Hark! the first bell for certain, and I must be starting,
So up with the curtain—behold Mr. Dangle.

THE LITTLE BLOOD HACK.

[Straits of Malacca, August 16, 1836, on board the East Indiaman Inglis. In a letter to his brother Henry of this date he says, "Drifting lazily through the straits; very hot, little wind. How about the Emily mare? She was so good a bit of stuff that I'll warrant the foal will be a good one. I send you a copy of verses thereupon, which I like myself as well as any I ever wrote. Pedigree, sire by Herod out of an Arab mare. Dam by Marske out of New Forest Pony—not a bad one."]

OLD Herod's rich blood in the veins of his sire
To the desert's Kochlani gave vigour and fire;
His dam a New Forester, active and wild,
From glorious Marske drew her line undefiled.
With free action, high mettled, and starting each vein
On his glossy bay coat, with black legs, tail, and mane,
High withered, long reached, and a broad span his back,
He was foaled for a pet, was the little blood hack.

With his taper brown muzzle, hawk eye, and swan neck,
And a star on his forehead, the only white speck ;
Round foot, clean flat legs, swelling arm, and deep chest ;
Low fillets, square hocks, and his temper the best.
When fleet across country the merry pack go,
And the welkin resounds to the loud tally-ho,
With the Squire's eldest son (a mere boy) on his back,
Close glued to their sterns went the little blood hack.

But a few years have passed, and the boy a young man,
To prepare for the world has at Oxford began.
Still his favourite is with him, unblemished no more—
There's a splint swelling high on his near leg before,
And the iron has left its deep seams on his hocks.
A picture to look at he stands in his box ;
Or with terrets all covered, and harness jet black,
He leads in a tandem, the little blood hack.

Grown aged and crippl'd, a favourite still,
Fat and lazy, and left to do just as he will,
The little blood hack in a paddock now thrives,
Or draws the old lady about the green drives ;

Or the children upon him will clamber astride,
Teazing Robert, the old groom, to teach them to ride,
Till his life he resigns to old age's attack,
And sleeps 'neath the chestnut, the little blood hack.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

January 7, 1838.

[The wedding mentioned below took place in Launceston Church, on the 7th January, 1811. Of the wedding party, "Father Charles" was the Rev. Charles Lethbridge, afterwards Rector of Stoke Climsland, the uncle of the bride. The "Knight of Arscott" was John Arscott Lethbridge, afterwards Secretary of Greenwich Hospital, cousin of the bride; and "the bride's brother" was John King Lethbridge, of Tregear, Cornwall. The "General" was Major-General Lethbridge, who had seen much service in the Army in America; and "Beccy," a younger sister of the bride, was Rebecca Lethbridge, whose natural gaiety of disposition long rendered her an especial favourite with her nephews and nieces. She afterwards married her cousin, Lieutenant John Cook, R.N.]

SEVENTH of January! Happy day!

When first my Father's sight saluted morn.

Seventh of January! who shall say

Or sing the joy when you, my sire, was born?

—Methinks I hear the oft-repeated lay,
And see scrawled sheets and scraps of paper torn,
Which almost ever since I can remember
Have marked the close of frost-bitten December.

And I, forsooth, my scribbling boots must brush,
Furbish my spurs, and don my rhyming breeches,
Saddle my Pegasus, and make a rush
O'er Stanza's bars and Hexametrian ditches ;
Well pleased if when at last I make my push,
My jaded steed the goal much wished-for reaches ;
And all because on one bleak winter's morn
Mamma was married and Papa was born.

How stale are annual congratulations,
Whether in ode or epode, verse or prose ;
They invade us all like troops of poor relations,
Which one endures, but wishes gone, Heaven knows !
Of mind, the most heart-rending situations
Which man endures for gold or fame, are those
Where laureates pray kind Heaven on kings to pour
All blessings, as they did the year before.

And I for one will scorn the annual Nine,
Nor wear my steed out on such oft-trod road ;
But, as it comes so pat into my line,
Excuse, Papa, my annual birthday ode.
Still, not the less each wish for you is mine,
If not as long, as heartily bestowed ;
Exempli gratiâ, may you live to praise
Bob's full-fledged verses in your later days !

So off, into the boundless waste of Thesis,
Scamper, my Peg, and find a subject there.
Billy may write on birthdays if he pleases,
And praise od Double-face for bracing air ;
And Jack sing love and courtship sweet to Misses,
And prate of Cupid's darts and Psyche's hair ;
But if you'd please your suppliant, oh, my Muse,
Let Mamma's wedding be the theme you choose.

Day breaks o'er Cornwall's Celtic ground,
Beams o'er old Lanson's castled mound,
And tints the landscape wide around
With many a varied dye.

Broad Tamar sparkles 'neath his ray,
Where through his pools, in lively play,
The finny beings careless stray;
And chirruping on every spray,
The feathered tribes pour forth their lay
Of woodland minstrelsy.

But not more gaily does the thrush
Pour forth his song from hawthorn bush,—
More sparkling bright broad Tamar rush,—
Than in years long gone by.
When merriest peal'd old Lanson's bells,
St. Thomas Tower, the story tells,
And lofty Newport's blithest peals
Rung over Tamar's Cornish hills
In wedding jubilee.

And well on that auspicious day
Might gaily peal the bridal lay;
For fairer maid than Madford's Kate
Ne'er entered wedlock's happy state;

And amongst Devon's sons none claims
Mention more fair than Abbey's James.*
'Twas he, in the impetuous course,
Knew best to urge or check the horse ;
And first on Dartmoor's granites grey
Cheer the fleet staghound on his prey.
——List, children, to the lineage high
Of your sire's and mother's ancestry.

Ere England first felt the Dane's broadsword and flame,
A suppliant and exile, King Lodbroc, he came ;
For achievement no less than for poetry famed,
And from his buckskin inexpressibles named.
(For in those heathen days a good stout pair of breeches
Were a mark of almost inexhaustible riches.)

* Thomas Templer, the father of James, and grandfather of the author, was of Salmon-Pool, in the parish of Alphinton, in the county of Devon, where many of the family are buried ; and of St. James Abbey, Exeter. He married Alice, daughter of General Vinicombe, of Heniton Clist, in the same county. The photograph of Salmon-Pool (page 5) is from a pen-and-ink sketch by my brother Henry.

Returning to Denmark, he coveted still
The fair cornlands of England, her vale and her hill.
Ere long the Black Raven triumphantly soared
Over town, hill, and valley, all won by the sword;
Nor waned the Dane's power till, on Hastings' fell field,
Dane, Angle, and Saxon to Norman must yield.
But still in the far West a remnant held fast
To their ancient traditions and tongue to the last;
And each Lethbridge is now of his pedigree vain,
Remembering the breeches of Lodbroc the Dane.

The Bridegroom bore the Templar's name,*
Who, when the red-cross warriors came,
With cross-hilt sword, and spear, and flame,
The Crescent's baneful power to tame
In Syrian Palestine,—

* In "Ivanhoe" the Knight Templar's name is spelt with the *a*; but there is little doubt for a long time the name was spelt either way, with the *a* or the *e*. See Puffendorf's "Introduction to the History of the Principal Kingdoms and States of Europe," translated from the original in High Dutch, 1711, where the name is always spelt with an *e*.

Foremost of all the knightly crowd,
Before whose might the Soldan bowed,
The Templar's clarion rung most loud

Before the embattled line.

Nor shrunk they when, in Paynim Spain,
They met the infidel again,
And pour'd upon the battle-plain

The last Knight Templar's might.

For tyrant's rage and Popish spleen
Had razed their temples' walls, I ween ;
And Xenil saw the closing scene

In Mingonzalez' fight.

But still a lingering few were left,
Who now of home and fame bereft,
When Burgundy's fair Netherlands
Fell to the Emp'ror Charles's hands,—

His Grandam's heritage,—

In those fat Flemish cities pawned
The helm and sword for peaceful wand ;
The Burgomaster's mantle donned,—
Gold now their shrine, and trade their land,
And 'prentice boy for page.

And thus their line was handed down
In many a rich old Flemish town
 For many a lengthened year ;
Till brave Nassau threw off the yoke,
His country's Spanish fetters broke,
And the fair provinces awoke
 Free from their bonds of fear.
Then one who'd learnt to value fame
With Orange William's army came,
 A colonel in his guards ;
And when dethroned the Second James,
And England owned the Dutchman's claims,
 Right rich were his rewards.
Broad lands in Devon did he hold ;
In Somerset his name's enrolled,
 As a landowner there.
And in green Dorset's downlands broad,
To one so true his King bestowed
 Of sheepwalk ample share.
And when the veteran warrior died,
He left a family, his pride,
To bear his name, his lands divide ;

Whose children's children now
Bear the cross'd lamb without a stain,
And love to hear the minstrel strain
Of deeds of arms, in days long gane,
Of the Knights of Templestowe.

And thus, upon the seventh of January,
Lanson's and Newport's belles and beaux were merry ;
For on that day, though early spring-flowers scarce
Began the wintry ice-bound earth to pierce,
The solemn matrimonial link was tied,
And James kissed Catherine as his blooming bride.

'Twere long to tell the marriage feast,
Which scarce ere matins rung had ceased ;
'Twere long to tell what tales went round,—
Of ghosts in Pennygillum's ground,
Of hangèd prisoner nightly seen
Grim stalking round the Castle's green ;
How maid was well-nigh killed by fright,
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How maid was well-nigh killed by fright,
Who walked in Werrington by night;—
Till Father Charles, who thought such talk too grave,
Called on the Knight of Arscott for a stave.

Air—"When daylight was yet."

Come, twine me a chaplet, a chaplet of roses,
The freshest that Flora e'er culled from her bower;
Let their odours, too balmy for nightingale's noses,
Pour their incense around in an Atar Gul shower.
And oh, in its virgin luxuriance twine it,
A dew-dropping coronal meet for a bride;
On the brows of fair Kitty we'll quickly enshrine it,
Though the rose-tints excelled on those cheeks by its side.
Oh, mourn not, ye gallants of loyal Launceston,
That your fairest of fair ones is taken away;
The hen with one chicken may grieve for the lost one,
But scrapes new her nest, and to-morrow will lay.
And though with salt tears for her loveliest daughter,
The cheeks of the genius of Lanson be stained,
There ne'er was a fish taken out of the water
But one just as good in the river remained.

Shouts of applause and encores gay
Followed the good Knight's roundelay;
And deeply was the wine-cup quaffed,
And loud and long each gallant laughed,

And merry simpered every dame,
And brightly burned the Christmas flame ;
And in the kitchen, not less bright,
Blazed broad and high the yule log's light,
In honour of the bridal night.

——But hark! the merry vocal strain
From the high parlour sounds again ;
The kitchen's inmates, silent, strain
Their aural nerves those notes to gain
Which through the passage poured ;
Trill merrily those walls along,
On which, as to impede the song,
Of clogs and pattens goodly throng,
Umbrellas, cloaks, and great-coats strong,
Bonnets and hats on wooden prong,
With walking-sticks, were stored ;
And deaf old Diggory dropped his cup,
When Father Charles the song took up.

Air—"Ye mariners of England."

Ye bachelors of England, who live like merry boys,
Who hate the sound of bridal song, of married life the
joys,
Give ear to me, a married man, who'll quickly show to you
All the cares and the fears which we married men go
through.

A bach'lor has no discord, no lecturings at home,
No one to fret or weep for him if back he does not come ;
He fears nor wordy argument, nor tears, nor frowning
brows,
And the reason why is simply because he has no spouse.

The bach'lor flag of liberty may yet its silk unfurl,
Unhurt amid the ball-room's din, or masquerading whirl ;
But to female flag, howe'er you brag, your standard down
must come,
When you see woman free in her paradise of home.

Blushed every maiden at the strain
Of compliment the song had ta'en,
And every gallant's eyes were cast
Upon the maid he loved the best ;
As in that blush he fain would spell
If his love-suit were taken well.
——But hark! again the song begins;
'Tis Becky or an angel sings.

Air—"The stately homes of England."

The naval homes of England,
How queenly do they ride,
With canvas furled and anchors down,
Upon the salt green tide !
Or, bounding free before the breeze,
How lifelike do they sail ;
Or on the tempest-troubled seas
How triumph o'er the gale !

The buoyant homes of England,
Whose sons know well to wield
The sceptre of her wat'ry reign,
Britannia's sword and shield ;
Or as full-freighted argosies
Bear to their island home
The spoils of climes in distant seas
Across the billows' foam !

The conquering homes of England,
Who roll her thunders far,
And teach her farthest foes to feel
The terrors of her war !—
In homes like these to live's the pride
Of every British tar,
And thus at home brave Nelson died
At glorious Trafalgar.

Warmed by the spirit-stirring song,
From every mouth loud praises rung ;
For oh ! what strain to British ear
As praises of her Navy dear ?

And doubly dear those praises swell
When woman's lips their claims forth tell.
Short time for praise, again for song they bawl,
And the blithe Bridegroom answers to the call.

Bright from the sea again
Sol brings the ruddy morn ;
Clear over hill and glen
Sounds the shrill hunter's horn ;
Bays each high-mettled hound,
Whinnies each steed ;
As to the covert's bound,
Over the dewy ground,
Morn's grey mists breaking round,
Slow we proceed.

Hush! let no word be spoke!
Hounds are in covert now ;
Hoick to old Collier's note ;
There he broke over now.
Tallyho! gone away,
Onwards they rush,

Following them o'er the plains,
O'er the brook swelled by rains,
Reckless of holes and drains,
Bold horsemen push.

Now we sweep o'er the hill,
Now through the valley deep,
Cross the stream by the mill,
Up through the wooded steep ;
Now through the park we fly,
Now o'er the paling go ;
Though it be stiff and high,
Our steeds could scale the sky.
Hark ! the view-halloo cry,—
Reynard's fast failing now.

See how each stanch old hound
Strives to be leading now ;
With their sterns to the ground,
Packed they are heading now !
Scarce the hedge can he creep,
Clear of the spotted group.

On him see Collier leap,
Tomboy and Bluecap deep ;
Whilst the Squire, first on Sweep,
Halloas " Whoohoop ! "

Loud in the chorus joined the group,
And through the halls the shrill " Whoohoop ! "
In notes discordant rung ;
For Cornwall's sons* are little skilled
In mysteries of the hunting-field,
And few e'er saw bold Reynard killed
By foxhound stanch and strong.
And e'en these few, for love of sport,
Must ev'ry season make resort
To climes more civilised,
Where hunter's horn, and horse, and hound,
Fast flying o'er the scented ground,
By every wight the country round
Are as life's chief boons prized.

* The Trelawneys. Sir Salusbury Trelawney and his brother Charles used, at the time referred to here, to come every season to Caltistock, in Dorsetshire, to hunt with Mr. Farquharson's hounds.

Round went the wine-cup, round the cake,
And every maid one bit must take
 To pass the wedding-ring;
Which, 'neath her pillow snugly set,
By virtue of the annulet,
 In midnight's visioning,
Will to the credulous dreamer show
Of married life the joy or woe,
The features of her future beau,
And if his stature high or low,
 And time of marrying.

"Gallants, a toast!" the Bride's Father cried;
"Here's 'Health to the Bridegroom, and health to the Bride!"
Pledge ye the toast, gallants!" Each gallant quaffed;
The fair Bride blushed and the Bridegroom laughed,
And, returning thanks for the honour done,
Begged the General to sing them a battle-song;
Who struck up a lay of the days gone by,
In praise of his country's loyalty.

THE BATTLE OF STRATTON.

Where Stratton's tall hill o'er the valley looks down,
Two armies were met, and their prize was a crown ;
The crop-eared Republicans, formed on its height,
Thought quickly to put our bold Kingsmen to flight ;
But Heaven bless'd the cause, disappointed the churls,
And struck with Sir Bevil for England's King Charles.

"They term us malignant!" Sir Bevil he cried ;
"Loyal hearts of the West, be the foul term your pride !
Reserving your fire, let us first gain the hill,
Then give them your volleys as fast as you will.
Gallants, think on your ladies' bright eyes and long curls,
And strike home for their plaudits and England's King
Charles."

Low was levelled each pike, shouted each cavalier,
As he rushed up the height and his foemen drew near ;
Stout Chidley charged down, but his charge was in vain,
His corps cut to pieces, himself prisoner ta'en ;

K

And Sir Bevil unbroken his musketry hurls
'Gainst the foe on the hill-top, for England's King Charles.

Right short was the conflict when hand to hand stood
The fanatic rebel 'gainst England's best blood ;
Brave Hopton, Godolphin, Trevannion, and Mohun
Pressed hard on each wing and defeated it soon ;
Whilst their wavering front bold Sir Bevil appals,
And shouts victory aloud for the troops of King Charles.

Started from every eye the tear,
The General's loyal song to hear,
For to each Cornish heart how dear
Sir Bevil Grenville's name !
And each remembered with a sigh,
How scarce one fleeting month passed by
Ere Lansdowne saw the hero die

In his meridian fame.
And now in Lanson's holy fane,
(And sure such record to maintain
Of worth departed is not vain,)
The curious stranger sees,

Carvèd in stone, a figure high,
His good sword girded on his thigh,
Helmèd and armed all cap-a-pie,
As when he cried his battle-cry,
The knight's effigies.

Hark! the Bride's Brother wakes the lay,
And trolls a comic roundelay,
Such is the idle peasant's say
Of Lanson's castled mound.
And although rude to polished ears
Such legendary lore appears,
'Tis proof of how in former years
Old Cornwall's sons were found
Best skilled the wrestler's sport to wage,
And Devon's hardy sons t'engage,
In kicky-shinny war;
And o'en in these degenerate days
Her sons with Devon's equal praise
In wrestling circus share.

Tune—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

In Lanson Castle, long ago,
A giant there dwelt, a mighty Mo,
Who in his seven-league boots could go
From this to the Scilly Islands.
This mighty giant's name was Hubba,
And Hunga of Ockington was his brother,
Their dad was Lodbroc, a Danish lubber,
Who didn't come here upon dry land.
Sing hoky poky winky wong,
Flibberty flobberty busky bong,
If you'll listen to me I'll sing you a song
Of the giant of Lanson Castle.

Hubba to Odin made a vow,
The like is never heard of now,
That he'd kill Hunga, anyhow,
And get hold of Ockington Castle.
So off he set on his seven-leagued boots,
Nor cared for hedges, or walls, or ruts,
Knocking down with his toe all the poor people's huts,
Till he knocked at the door of the vast hall.
Sing hoky, &c.

“ Hunga, my brother, come out to me,”
With a mighty voice then cried he ;
“ There’s not enough room for me and for thee,
 And I’ll have Ockington Castle.”
When Hunga heard this he was just in a stew,
And at first he didn’t know what to do,
“ For,” says he, “ though I can mill a few,
 Still Hubba beats me at a wrestle.”
 Sing hoky, &c.

Then out went Hunga, all prepared,
And Hubba at Hunga straightway squared,
And the fight was long and keen and hard,
 For which should have Ockington Castle.
But Odin came in a clap of thunder,
And a deuce of a kick in the breech gave Hunga,
Cross-buttocked poor Hubba and knocked him under,
 And then he demolished both castles.
 Sing hoky poky winky wong,
 Flibbedy flobbedy busky bong,
 To the regions below Odin kicked ’em along,
 For fighting for Ockington Castle.

Much was the rhyme-burlesque approved,
And laughter great the combat moved
 'Twixt Hunga and 'twixt Hubba ;
And all agreed the exposition
Of the two castles' demolition,
By Odin's, king of men, volition,
 As good as any other.
But hark! they call the Bride to sing,
Who, low excuses murmuring,
 Says, if her friends it please,
She will repeat, in lieu of song,
On Vandyck's Charles, a lay not long,
 And thus began with ease :—

LINES ON VANDYCK'S PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.

A king upon the canvas stood, whose lineaments were shown
So lifelike that the mind might think the man it rested on ;
On his high brow were throned resolve and thought, twin
 sisters fair ;
'Twas England's martyred monarch Charles Vandyck had
 painted there.

I thought upon his noble youth, when first he felt Love's chain,
And sought the princess of his heart in courts of bigot Spain;
Tempted by courtier's guile, still firm to England's Church
he stood,—
“Though ye have broken faith with me, not so will I with
God!”

I thought upon his manhood's prime, when rebel subjects
drew
Their swords against their Sovereign, still to his people
true;
At Edgehill, when the fight was lost, I thought upon his
vow,—
“They have forsaken all for me; I will not leave them
now.”

I thought upon his death-scene, but no long-tried friends were
nigh,
To soothe his life's last moments, and to close his dying eye;
His crown the incorruptible, to noble martyrs given,
The scaffold his death-bed, the axe his path from earth to
heaven.

But every song that night to sing,
To length too great my lay would bring,
And he must needs be very dull
In cerebral region of the skull
 Whose fancy cannot show
The stocking thrown, the blessing said
By Father Charles on bridal bed ;
The merry joke of every lad,
And blush of every fair bridesmaid,
 Till on the small hours drew ;
And having upseed out the bridal cup,
With some rebellious legs, the bridal rout broke up.

SONG.

1839.

CHEERILY, as we glide along,
Let us wake the soul of song.
Months and days have pass'd away
Since our bark at anchor lay;
Weeks will pass ere yet again
We hail the busy haunts of men.
Still, upon the heaving sea,
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

We have seen the red fire-light
Of Heav'n's artill'ry flashing bright;
We have heard the thunder's roar
Off the Dutchman's haunted shore;
We have weathered many a gale
With wary helm and shortened sail;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

We have watched the whale at play,
We have made the shark our prey,
We the fairy fish have seen
Skim the wave with winged fin,—
Marked the pole-star's faithful light,
Bless'd the southern crosslet bright ;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

High above us we have heard
The shrill note of the tropic bird ;
Pecking at our masthead vane,
Seen the frigate pelican ;
Marked the swallow tempest-toss'd,—
But for us it had been lost ;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

We have seen the whale-bird grey
On the rotting monster prey,
We have seen the petrel wild,
Ocean's smallest winged child—

Seen the albatross, her wing
Spread o'er the deep unwearying ;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

Tell us not of landsmen's joys,
Of the crowded city's noise,
Of the country's peaceful life,
Cottage home and smiling wife ;
Lovely eyes for us are straining,
We to them the bowl are draining.
Thus, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

Tell us not of Liberty,
For her home is on the sea ;
Where does blest contentment reign ?
On the bosom of the main.
Summer winds are o'er us straying,
Summer waves are round us playing.
Thus upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

THE HUMBLE JACK-ASS.

1839.

THOUGH he sprung from the desert, the life of a slave,
Of a drudge, to his face its anxiety gave ;
And the long flapping ears that o'ershadowed his skull
Gave additional dulness to that which was dull.
His coat long and shaggy, his hide tough and thick,
Tho' it stood him in stead, as it kept out the stick ;
His best fare a thistle, or rank roadside grass,
A slave from his birth was the humble Jack-ass.

But a change came upon him. Ill-treated no more,
With a soft pad he stands at a mansion's hall-door,
As a nurse brings the children their airing to take,
And misses in petticoats stuff him with cake.
And "Neddy, dear Neddy!" the little boy cries ;
And they pat and caress him, and keep off the flies.
Thinks Ned, "Miracles haven't ceased coming to pass ;
I'm a gentleman's donkey—a high-lifed Jack-ass."

But soon little master a pony must ride,
And vie with papa at the fox-covert side ;
And missy on Sheltie, her sweet little bay,
Can manage so well that poor Jack's put away.
With a side-saddle, padded, behold Jacky now,
White reins and flowered roses adorning his brow ;
On the sands, on the downs, 'mongst a vagabond class,
Let out by the hour—a mere hackney Jack-ass.

But winter comes on, and the chilly north breeze
Of the downs by the sea makes the invalid freeze.
No nervous old lady to creep under now ;
For a fish-cart he changes his high life below.
Fuller's earth, lime, sand, sea-weed on panniers he bears,
Kicked, licked, pricked and goaded, well cursed his long ears,
Till one morn in the parish pound—famish'd, alas!
Lay the bones (he'd been skinned) of the humble Jack-ass.

ON A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL, MANILA.

[This and the following piece are taken from a letter to his mother of the 11th February, 1839, on his voyage from China to New South Wales after his visit to Manila.]

FULL many a weary mile I'd strayed,
 Beneath the silver moon,
Ere first I saw Luconia's maid
 Beyond the blue lagoon.
'Twas on Mahihi's height I stood,
 Its palm-clad bowers among,
And there my eyes delighted viewed
 Juana de Luzon.

Maid of the far Philippine Isles,
 Though brighter eyes may shine,
Though cheeks more fair may glow with smiles,
 In mine own land than thine;
I seek thy faultless form in vain,
 Unwarped by stay or zone,
Till memory paints thee o'er again,
 Juana de Luzon.

As in some desert's dreary space
Some green oasis shows,
So 'mongst thy kindred's rugged race
Thy form of beauty rose.
Beautiful vision, fare thee well,—
I wander forth alone;
But fancy oft with thee shall dwell,
Juana de Luzon.

[In his Diary of this visit to Manila, under date of Nov. 5th, 1838, he describes his trip to the mountain of Mahihi, and says, "We found ourselves at last at the Indian casa, where we were to pass the night. Our host, the Indian Juan Ramirez, with his pretty daughter, Juana, certainly the finest woman, native or Spanish, whom I saw on the island, received us most hospitably."]

TO NEPTUNE.

1838.

HAIL, son of Saturn, ruler of the sea,
God of all fishes, Neptune, hail to thee !
Hail, Ocean Emperor and Monarch mighty,
The happy husband of Queen Amphitrite.
Patron of ships that on your kingdom sail,
Lover of seamen, land crab-hater, hail !
I hail thee as a genuine son of thine,
For in my boyhood's days I loved thy brine.
I lov'd my limbs in thy salt tide to lave,
Buoyant to float upon thy crested wave ;
Diving, thy shelly bosom to explore,
Or, stretch'd upon thy beach, to hear thee roar.
For thy blue waters almost kiss my home,
And on thy realms, a youth, I lov'd to roam.
And years have pass'd, and still upon thy breast,
A distant wanderer, secure I rest ;—
Still love to see the breeze upon thy sea
Ruffle the dark blue of thy drapery ;

Or, off thy dreaded Cape of storms, to mark
The proud careering of the gallant bark,
When fair the gale, and thy white horses show
Their lofty heads, and toss their manes of snow,
That dance and sparkle in the setting sun,
Proud of the gallant ship they're bearing on.
But most I love thee when the moonbeams play,
And Phosphor marks the vessel's eddying way,
And every motion of the helm is seen ;
Flashed from the rudder, in bright blue and green,
A laughing light, when every ripple shows,
Full every sail and fair the trade wind blows,
And easily the vessel rides the swell,—
Then most, but every way, I love thee well.

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XI.

Freely Translated.

September 1, 1838.*

Oh, seek not to know, my dear girl, I entreat ye,
How long we've to live on this beautiful earth :
For palmistry's arts will be certain to cheat ye,
And the time of our end was ordained at our birth.

And whate'er we were born to endure, let us bear it,
Unmurm'ring at fate if doomed early to die ;
And grateful for life, if it please God to spare it,
Whilst to live by this maxim, dear Fanny, we'll try.

Whilst yet we can pluck them, let's gather life's flowers,
And cherishing hope, casting care far away,—
E'en now, whilst we're chatting, we're wasting life's hours,—
Nor trust to to-morrow the joys of to-day.

* This is taken from a letter to the Editor written from Canton, of this date.

HORACE, LIB. I., ODE V.

Freely Translated.

October 1, 1838.

[In a letter to the Editor of the 1st October, 1838, enclosing this and the following ode, he says, "I send you another Horace, freely translated. I have done a few more, which you shall have in turn." They never came; but scattered amongst the letters of this and a year or two following, are translations of many of the Heroids of Ovid—"The Enone Paridi," "The Ariande Theseo," "The Deianira Herculi," and others.]

WHAT slender boy, with roses crowned,
 And sprinkling liquid perfumes round,
 Tells thee his love-tale, Fanny, now?
 For whom so neatly o'er thy brow
 Thy golden tresses dost thou braid,
 Reclining in thy arbour's shade?

Ah me! how oft shall he deplore
 Thy fickle heart, his own no more,
 And curse thy fancy, ever ranging,—
 Than winds more harsh, than waves more changing!
 Who now, thy levity unknown,
 Simple believes thee all his own?

L 2

Who vainly trusts thee, ever kind,
And loving only him, to find
Unconscious of the coming gale,
To rend his little love-boat's sail?
Ah! pitied must those wretches be
Who trust their happiness to thee!

For me, on Neptune's shrine I've laid
My votive offerings, faithless maid;
The heart your cruel falsehood tore
Shall strive to think on thee no more.
I'll trust me to the winds and sea,
But never more to maid like thee.

HORACE, LIB. I., ODE XXIII.

October 1, 1888.

WHY from me, Chloe, dost thou fly,
Like kid who seeks on mountain high
Her dam, and trembles if she sees
Light zephyr wave the leafy trees.

If Spring puts forth her opening buds,
And the green lizards in the woods
She sees, she stops with sudden start,
And trembling knees and flutt'ring heart.

Sweet! no Numidian lion I,
Or tiger fierce, that thou should'st fly!
Quit, then, oh, quit thy mother's arms,
And bless thy lover with thy charms!

THE LITTLE GRAY COB.

October 22, 1841.*

THOUGH he boasts of no red-running pedigree blood,
My little gray cob's not the worst in my stud ;
He's just fourteen hands, and a dark iron gray,
And can carry me eight miles an hour the whole day.
Though the hills may be long, and the roads may be rough,
He's still jogging on, like a good bit of stuff ;
With ears prick'd and tail up, he sticks to his job
Till he's done his day's work, does my little gray cob.

With cattle before him, how steady he goes !
How quickly, if making the wrong way he knows,
He turns 'em, he leads 'em, he keeps 'em all straight,
Till he brings 'em at last to my own paddock gate.

* In a letter to the Editor of this date, enclosing the above, he says,
"The second and third stanzas apply only to the colony. I rather
like them myself. They were done on the road between Bathurst
and the Nepean, and were two or three days old before they got to
paper."

No pulling my arms off, no temper or fret,
Like thoroughbred weeds in a lather of sweat;
Without turning a hair, without stumble or sob,
He does his day's work, does my little gray cob.

Camped out in the bush, after horses all day,
Turn him out all unhoppled, he never will stray;
First caught in the morning, and freshest of all,
As full as a tick, and as round as a ball.
When we fly down the gully, o'er hill and o'er dale,
Is there one of the tits that can show him his tail?
Till at eve in the stockyard we turn the wild mob,
And the first at the rails is the little gray cob.

On the lead in a tandem, he'll canter away,
He'll trot you to church in a light pony-shay;
He'll carry a lady, so free from all vice;
To market he'll walk in your cart in a trice,
You may shoot off his back at duck, pigeon, or quail;
He'll stand for a fortnight tied up to a rail;
For all kinds of work, saddle, harness, or job,
There's nothing can equal the little gray cob.

He'll walk you his five miles an hour with ease ;
He'll trot you his ten, there's such bend in his knees ;
He'll canter as easy as say so ; and fly
At the top of his speed, like a bird through the sky.
Unblemished all over by iron or knife,
He'd never a cough or sore back in his life.
You may search the whole world with the patience of Job,
But you'll ne'er find a tit like the little gray cob.

He'll take whip and spur, and he'll go well without ;
He'll work well in stable, and better turned out ;
You can't overfeed him, he'll thrive on a herb ;
He'll go in a snaffle, or pelham, or curb ;
With shoes or without shoes, it's all one to him,
With a good constitution, and sound wind and limb.
When Death comes to take him, my life he will rob
Of half of its joy, when he takes my gray cob.



WILHELMINE.

[The above photograph is taken from a water-colour portrait of "Wilhelmine," found in one of his books of drawings that came home after his death.]

1843.

WHEN morning awakes, and the rosy East's brightened
With tinges of crimson to welcome her sun,
And stars twinkle paler, and Luna, affrightened
At Phœbus' red rays, does his chariot-wheels shun,

And the pearly dew's bowing the sweet meadow grasses,
And dim through the mists the blue mountains are seen,—
I think on my Jessy, the sweetest of lasses,
And saddle my pony, my bay Wilhelmine.

Through the wild lonely bush, as I ride round my cattle,
Or look at my mares with a master's proud eye,
Now pulling the bright yellow flowers of the wattle,
Now forcing the cowering plover to fly,—
My memory, to thee, dearest Jessy, returning,
Recalls thee in every love-breathing scene,
Till noon, having scorched up the dews of the morning,
Stills finds me on pony, my bay Wilhelmine.

Returning at eve, when the sun's setting glories
Beam o'er the blue mountains,—an ocean of gold,
With a red-purple cloud-isle, fit dwelling for Houris,
As Mohammed taught to his followers of old !—
Vain, Jessy, for me were such glorious Eden,
Unillumed by those eyes, by those love-looks of thine ;
And thinking of thee and thy beauties, sweet maiden,
I alight from my pony, my bay Wilhelmine.

SONG, "INDEMNITY GIPPS."

Erskine Park, June, 1844.

INDEMNITY GIPPS was a very great man ;
To be safe was his grand constitutional plan ;
So to Council his A.D.C. sessionly trips,
For a Bill to indemnify Governor Gipps.
 Lawyers lawing, Council jawing,
 People jeering, twitting, sneering,
 With orations, and vexations,
 And petitions, and divisions,
Till the Crown nominees, of the old block true chips,
Frame a Bill to indemnify Governor Gipps.

Indemnity Gipps had a line of his own,
The crookedest ever by mortal laid down,
That the Bills that from his legal noddle should fall
Should be read with his meaning, or not read at all.

A B C meaneth D,
Therry said so, and I read so ;
Pay, ye villains, all your shillings,
Aye, and pence. Ages hence
Will say when New Holland all countries outstrips,*
“ What a very great man was Indemnity Gipps ! ”

First Indemnity Gipps put his magistrates out
For a twelvemonth, but found he could not do without,
For the drought, or the comet, or perhaps the eclipse,
Had bothered the brains of Indemnity Gipps.
Letters writing and inditing,
Road-stuff breaking, speeches making,
Growing melons, hanging felons,
So had vex'd him and perplexed him,
He hoped, as the wisest of men sometimes trips,
They'd bring in a Bill to indemnify Gipps.

* He vehemently opposed the whole course of the policy of Governor Gipps in the colony.

Then Indemnity Gipps made a precious discovery,
That Barney was Chief Engineer, and no other. He
From his seat in the Council up Plunkett's heels trips,
But asks for a Bill to indemnify Gipps.

Barney's Barney, and no blarney,
He's not Plunkett, and I funk it
Ex-officio, that can I show.
Of my fellows, can't one tell us
How to fill up this blank, to avoid this ellipse?
But I must have a Bill to indemnify Gipps.

But the wise man from Camden the riddle has read,—
How lucky the Council to have such a head!—
Give Plunkett, Sir George, the Chief Engineership's
Berth, and that will indemnify Governor Gipps.

Skilled in Coke, how he spoke!
Convinced 'em all, great and small,
That a lawyer, a top-sawyer,
Might be here Chief Engineer.
Law was made for every trade;
And the Council, afraid of the Barrister's quips,
Brought in a new Bill to indemnify Gipps.

SONG, THE QUEEN OF MY MAY.

Erskine Park, July, 1844.

How lovely the rose-bud, as, crimson and blushing,
From her green mossy pillow she springs into light !
How lovely the stream from its parent spring gushing,
As it bounds o'er its rocky bed, sparkling and bright !
And lovely the gay foliage breathed on by zephyr,
Each leaf flashing forth its warm tints to the day !
But lovelier than all, to mine heart dearest ever,
Art thou, charming Lucy, the Queen of my May !

The antelope's bound, as he springs to the covert,
The dark melting eye of the graceful gazelle,
Thy light springy footstep recalls to thy lover
Thy full sunny glance, charming Lucy, my belle.
The loveliest scenes ever painted by Nature,
The landscape's bright tints 'neath the sun's setting ray,
Whatever is lovely is stamped with one feature,
Thy form, charming Lucy, the Queen of my May !



RAJAH.

[The following excellent description of the points of a bull is contained in a Rhyming Letter of December, 1844, addressed to his cousin, Merson Templer, who was then residing in New South Wales. The photograph is from a water-colour painting by the author, of his bull Rajah, found in one of his books of drawings that came home after his death. The scenery is Erskine Park.]

Now about Kater's bulls! to select 'em I know
You're about the best bull-judge to whom I could go.
I want 'em short-horned, yellow-tipped, and not black;
Light-headed, light-necked, long and straight in the back;

Deep and full in the brisket, well-hooped in the barrel,
Well ribbed up—'twixt the pin-bone and last rib no quarrel ;
Pins high, square, and level, and long in the quarter,
Tail fine, greyhound-like and set high, like a Tartar,
Or pure Arab stallion's, with thighs let down well,
Like a Mullingar heifer's, all beef to the heel ;
With flanks full and yellow, and soft to the feel,
A good droop in the breast-bone, but formed so, not leather ;
Short and small-boned forelegs, not at all near together,
To give plenty of room to the heart and its vassals,
The arteries, veins, and the minor blood-vessels,
And give room to the lungs, for if *they* clog, no matter
What your feed is, your beast never'll grow any fatter,
And a bull narrow-chested, I'm telling no stretcher,
Can never become a good beast for the butcher ;
Legs upright, large arms, shoulders light like a cow's,
And no flap 'neath the neck the pure breeder allows,
Muzzle yellow, eye bright, full, clear, sparkling, and
sheeny,—

In fact, just the eye of *Βοωνίς Αθήνη*,—
And the circle around it a clear creamy yellow,
Indication of skin cleanly feeling and mellow.

For colour I care not—a rich Devon red,
Red and white, pretty marked, roaned, they all are well bred;
But the white and the strawberry roan, I opine,
More delicate are, perhaps from breeding too fine.
Avoid brindles and blacks, they were bred by the Vandals,
And in this pure age and pure country are scandals.
The ears should be small, and not hairy within,
And *there* should be seen yellow tints of the skin;
As also behind the two elbows,—wherever,
In fact, on the beast there's a fold of the leather,
The mellow soft hide your attention should gain,
Like a primrose in spring in a Devonshire lane.
For horn, by the bye, I should like 'em well turned,
The least in life raised, for I hate 'em down-horned;
And curling a little together, but this
I leave to your judgment; you'll not pick amiss,
If the lot of young bulls, as your glasses you carry o'er,
You pick such a brace as young Marquis or Warrior.

ON BEAUTY.

Lamerton, 1827.

RICH chestnut locks, in wild profusion flowing ;
Cheeks where the rose is with the lily glowing ;
The melting, sparkling eye of heavenly blue,
And lips that far surpass red coral's hue ;
A well-proportioned nose, and small round ear,
And firm-set teeth, than ivory's self more clear ;
A dimpled chin, and neck, than cygnet's fairer ;
And rounded arm, than alabaster clearer ;
A tiny hand, transversed with mantling veins,
And taper fingers, white with purple stains ;
A lily bosom, whose high heaving pride
The modest 'kerchief's folds can scarcely hide ;
A slender waist, but not by stay or band
Compressed, but beautiful from Nature's hand ;
A well-turned ancle, and a straight-made foot,
Scarce larger than of dame of Lilliput ;—

Accomplishments, good sense, and temper fill
The lovely portrait, and 'tis lovelier still.
Come, ye sour stoics, who at beauty storm,
Come, look at woman in her heavenly form.

The above little piece was, it is believed, his earliest production, and it has been purposely placed to follow the preceding lines to his cousin, as being amongst the last he ever wrote—the interval between his first and last being seventeen years.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Saturday, December 8, 1827.

"I was the Queen of Bonnie France."

—BURNS.

HAIL, Muse! who sitt'st on lofty crags sublime,
In thy stern Highlands, Muse of prowess high,
Whose song is of fierce war and victory,—
Who lovest where none but eagles dwell to climb,
And mark the falcon, wheeling round thee, fly,—
Who watchest, as the wild cat her fierce brood,
Thy gallant sons, old Scotia's native boast,
Defend with their life's blood their native coast,—
Tell me, all list'ning, in thy pensive mood,

Of Mary ! how her love dark Bothwell woo'd,
And the dire scene of regal Holyrood.
Then tell how, trusting to a faithless friend,
Her crimes were all atoned by her untimely end.

This commencement of an unfinished poem was found in the MS. volume that came home from New South Wales. By its date, it was amongst his earliest pieces ; no copy of it, however, had remained in England.



HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

The accompanying photograph of his mother is from a crayon portrait of her, taken in her fiftieth year ; a miniature of her, taken at the same time as that of his father, in p. 64, at the period of their marriage, had unfortunately been destroyed. The following lines by her were addressed to him on his sixteenth birthday* :—

Friday, November 9, 1827.

Their eldest hope, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush.

—BURNS.

AND thou art now sixteen ; maternal fears
Mark the dim vista of thy coming years ;
In pensive mood I hail advancing hours,
And sigh in fondness o'er life's opening flowers.

How brief the period traced in memory's page
Since thy young smiles could first our love engage !
How sweet a retrospective glance to cast,
And trace thy present promise from thy past !

Yes, she portrays thee, ardent, simple, mild,—
In thought a man, in playfulness a child ;
Still docile to the fond maternal call,
Thy young heart glowing to thy kindred all.

* See p. 7.

Through childhood's smiling years and gifted youth,
Still led by fair simplicity and truth ;
Round thy loved home a blooming band arise,
By friendship bound and fond fraternal ties.

Oh, greet them each with all a brother's love,
Hail their young efforts, eager to improve ;
Be thine their bright example, aid their powers,
And strew life's varied path with love's sweet flowers.

For thee, as erst, my warmest prayers are given,
Oh, seek thy guide from yonder bounteous Heaven ;
Claim the bright seraph of celestial birth,
Let pure religion guide thy steps on earth !

So, when of life thy chequered day shall close,
And thy loved form on earth again repose,
Thy purer essence to thy God shall rise,
And kindred seraphs greet thee from the skies.

From the *Trifler*.]

The following lines, "To her Needle," were also by his mother, who, together with her love for literature, took great delight in her needle. At the age of fourteen she gained a silver medal as the prize for the best English composition. It was given by the Duchess of Northumberland, to be competed for by the young ladies of the West of England, belonging to the counties of Cornwall, Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Dorsetshire—the subject, "Gray's Elegy," to be turned into English prose.

Tuesday, December 3, 1827.

"But here the needle plies its busy power."

—COWPER.

IMPLEMENT of wondrous skill,
Alike obedient to my will,
Whether o'er Cambray's lawn thou stray'st,
Or o'er Italia's satin play'st,
Describing with thy mimic powers,
Fair Flora's train of beauteous flowers,—
How vain to count thy marvels rare,
Or all thy skilful deeds declare!
See Linwood's exhibition rise,
With painting to dispute the prize,
And the pale canvas wrought by thee
Vies with the pencil's mimicry.

Immured within her cloister's walls,
The pensive nun thy genius calls,
Beguiles her sad, unvaried hours
With trophies of thy patient powers,
And spreads o'er Europe's peopled land
The works of her industrious hand.
Hence in old time, on castled wall
Rich tapestries in order fall,
And Gobelins lures the curious eye
To all its bright variety !
Ye antique dames, in ruffles rare,
The needle's toils your daily care,—
I see your honoured shades arise,
In grogram suits, to Fancy's eyes.
From dewy morn to fragrant eve,
Your taper fingers graceful weave,
Along the snowy coverlet,
Fair pansy, rose, or violet.
Unknown to ye of learning more
Than sampler's rhymes and kitchen lore ;
And modern Blues with scorn deride
Their reverend Grandam's household pride.

Still o'er their deeds my memory roves,
And all thy tiny prowess loves,
Sees Dorcas rescued from the grave,
Again her polished weapon wave,
And tutelary Saint o'er all
The holy deeds that wait her call.
Inventress of thy useful arts,
Pallas arranged thy polish'd darts,
And fair Arachne, by her pow'r
Transformed, now weaves her insect bow'r.
O'er her fair web, in patient toil,
Penelope consumes her oil,
And hopeful of her lord's return,
Her slender threads the secret learn.
In Westminster's stupendous fane,
Dejected stands the dame profane,
Who dared in consecrated hours
Employ thine ever active powers,
Insulted Heaven its laws maintained,
And from thy prick her life-blood drained.
To me, thy friendship long endeared
Hath many a musing moment cheered.

Unchecked by thee, the active mind
Ranges unfettered, unconfined ;
And memory culls from early days
Each vision bright her pen portrays ;
And when no more this busy hand
Thy useful labours can command,
No pang remorseful shall attend
Remembrance of my life-long friend.

[After the preceding portion of this book had been printed and worked off, with the exception of the last sheet, a MS. volume, long conceived to have been lost, was sent home from New South Wales, containing, to the surprise of the family, poems that had never been mentioned by the author in his letters home. The following are selections from that volume, and hence the break in the chronological order of the pieces.]

“THE CRITIC,” AS ACTED BY THE GODS AND
GODDESSES.

’Twas eve, the sun had set, and shining bright,
Each brilliant planet shed her flood of light ;
Nor yet the young moon showed her crescent pale,
The air all balm, the sky without a veil,—
When Neptune bade his Triton conch resound,
And called his watery court in council round,
Then the assembled Deities address’d,
And thus with princely air his will express’d.

“ My lovely Queen ! and you, her bright-eyed suite !
My grave old Tritons ! Syrens ! all I greet.
It has been told us that our merry friends
(On whose stout ship my best fair wind attends)
Have for the first fine eve prepared a play,
‘ The Critic,’ in their usual clever way.

This fires my tragic soul. By Styx ! I swear,
We'll get it up, and have it acted here.
I'll ask my Olympic friends to take a part ;
And Jove, I know, will act with all his heart.

“ Nereus and Doris, to avoid all scandal,
We'll cast for Mr. and sweet Mistress Dangle ;
Æolus, fond of puffing, shall play Puff ;
As for that part he's long-winded enough.
To Mercury, god of thefts of every kind,
Filching Sir Fretful's character's assigned ;
And Hercules, a terrible hard hitter,
Shall take Sneer's part, and tip us all the bitter.
Graceful Apollo Leicester play, and Castor
Shall strut in jack-boots as the horse's master ;
Jupiter, as the Governor, command us,
And I'll be Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.
Chaste Vesta be First Niece, and you, my Queen, are
To love me still, as weeping Tilburina.
Bacchus take Raleigh, and be Prince of Beaux ;
And Momus, Hatton turning out his toes.

Harpocrates, because he don't like talking,
As sage Lord Burleigh solemnly shall stalk in,
And shall say more, by keeping perfect silence,
Than if he halloed to be heard a mile hence.
Fair Proserpine as Second Niece shall rant,
And wise Minerva play the Confidante.
Pollux and Perseus take the Sentries' parts,
Well skilled in all the military arts,
And Mars be Beef-Eater, and fight and rant it,
And Ganymede as servant will be wanted.
Cupid the under Prompter's part may take,
Hebe shall hand round lemonade and cake.
And as our scenes show better far at night,
We'll beg Diana to hang out her light.
The Deities superior shall sit
In the dress circle, Demis in the pit ;
And being all Gods, nor much inclin'd for raillery,
We'll give no orders for the shilling gallery.
—Bring Seppia and Sea pens, the note I'll write,
And send it up to Jupiter to-night."

Jove read the note, and laugh'd till mortals under
Thought that they'd never heard such curious thunder.
The Gods all smiled to see great Jove so merry,
Though Juno said 'twas very indecorous ! very !!
But the same laughing fit seized all the crowd,
When Jove the invitation read aloud.
Each took the part assigned to him or her,
And kept Olympus in a mighty stir.
Jove his approval by fair Ino sent,
And busily to work Minerva went,
With young Arachne, to prepare the dresses.
Each goddess into paper put her tresses,
And pretty Doris might be hourly seen
Consulting the last "Lady's Magazine,"
Sent by the Captain of a British ship
Boarded by Neptune on her Indian trip.
Castor begged Vulcan let his Cyclops burnish
His rusty spurs, his riding suit to furnish.
Harpocrates was told to grow his hair,
As 'mongst the Gods, none had a wig to spare.
Into a rapier Phœbus turned his bow,
And Amphitrite, her maniac grief to show,

Borrowed from many-colour'd Iris' stock—
Who kindly lent it—a white satin frock.
Their parts were quickly learned ; for Gods, although
To recollect a promise somewhat slow,
Have better memories than we folks below.
To please the Sea King, who'd proposed the play,
'Twas fix'd to act it upon Neptune's day.

The eventful eve arrived, and shining bright,
Diana's chastened oil lit up the night—
By vulgar hinds the Parish Lanthorn styled—
Light without glare in silvery radiance mild.
For theatre they'd got a twinkling planet,
So far from earth no mortal eye could scan it ;
For Gods don't like that Sages' quizzing glasses
Should tell a wondering world in heav'n what passes.
And about seven, the noise of Comet coach,
And Meteor cab, and Shooting Star barouche,
Rattling along the Lactea via roads,
Foretold the expected coming of the Gods.
The Muses had prepared the scenes with taste,
And with the Syrens the orchestra graced ;

N

In the dress circle Nymphs and Graces sit,
The critic Tritons fill the noisy pit.
One royal box fair Juno occupies,
With Argus, brilliant with his hundred eyes ;
The other is to lovely Venus given,
This Queen of Love, *her* rival, Queen of Heaven.
Pluto attends his Sister and his Niece,
And runs from box to box throughout the piece.
Thus Beaux in Drury-lane, with curly locks,
From Peeress's to Prettiness's box,
Popping alternately, we nightly find,
As Rank or Beauty sways the fluttering mind.
Thus Butterflies, Tulipa's royal charms
Quit unreluctantly for Rosa's arms,
Till Rosa's thorn-wit wounds the tinsell'd swain,
And at Tulipa's cup he sips again.
Cybele, tiara'd with her pomp of towers,
Flora, her sunny head bedecked with flowers,
And Ceres with her Cornucopia grace,
A lovely three, the circle's central place.
Pomona hands them luscious fruits around,
Grown in the Hesperides' enchanted ground ;

Whilst Hebe costly scents and myrtle showers,
And with a liberal hand the sparkling nectar pours.
In the next row the Nereids are seen,
Their bright hair flowing o'er their robes of green ;
The Dryads and the Fauns with oak leaves crown'd,
And Dian's Nymphs with virgin girdles bound ;
Whilst in one corner box, close veiled from sight,
The old Maiden Furies vent their critic spite.
Right opposite, the Fates their seats possess,
And tell by scale the time to clap or hiss.
(For the success of every play depends
As much on Fate as on one's list of friends ;
And many a luckless wight and many a play
Ere now's been damned. Why, nobody could say.
Hence 'tis, we hear an author oft complain
More of the cruel Fates than want of brain—
Hence sometimes see the veriest stupid elf
Beclapped so oft,—the fool's misled himself ;
And thinking public taste must sure be right,
Flatters himself that he can really write,
And scribbles on, till public sufferance, crammed
To surfeit with his trash, pronounce him damned.)

Near these grim Minos and his colleagues wait,
Robed in their garments of judicial state ;
The Cyclops in the gallery sit above,
And round the house their single eye-balls move ;
Save Polyphème, who stayed at Etna Hall,
Because he'd never had his sight at all
Since wise Ulysses caught the giant sleeper,
And pushed a red-hot spit into his peeper.
Here too the demi-gods their places find,
And chat or tittle as they feel inclined.
Old Charon took the checks and kept all right,
With Cerberus muzzled, lest the dog should bite ;
Whilst Plutus took the money at his side,
And with a miser's grin the silver eyed.
And thus the house sat, waiting the beginning,
And listening to the lovely Syrens singing,
Who sung a prologue* to the evening's play,
Tune—"Bach'lors' Revelries," and this the lay:—

* This prologue was written in 1838, when "The Critic" was acted on board the *Inglis*. (See p. 107.) He had evidently worked it into the poem, which was written in New South Wales—probably about 1841 or 1842.

Lovers may talk of their sonnets and madrigals,
Rave about moonbeams and ladies' bright eyes ;
In praise of their wine-cups be Bacchanals, prodigals,
Huntsmen, Diana, and southerly skies ;
Seamen, in melodies, sing of the stormy seas,—
Who in 'em pleasure sees ? Deities, say !
We're for dramaticals, private theatricals,—
Managers ! Actresses ! Who's for a play ?

Will you have Juliet, sighing it, puling it,
All for her Romeo, a dapper young spark ?
Or Desdemona dear, making her moaning here,
'Cause her black man smother'd her in the dark ?
Beatrice, Cockatrice, Benedict, merry rip,
Jacques moping with the hyp, Scotland's King Duncan ?
Or sweet Mistress Page shall your plaudits engage
With her tricks on the stage on Jack Falstaff, the
drunken.

Tragedy, Comedy, which would you rather see ?
Lear in a rage, with unnatural daughters ;

Or bloody King Dick, who at nothing did stick,
Till he saw in a dream all the ghosts of his slaughters ?
Priam and Hecuba loud laments making o'er
Hector, their darling, who never was funky ;
Or Hamlet, half-witted, who ought to be pitied
As Polonius he spitted instead of his nunky ?

Then you've old Aguecheek—Fluellyn, with his leek,
Make you laugh for a week ; and Mrs. Quickly ;
Prospero, awful man ; ugly dog, Caliban ;
Ariel and Miss Miran,—don't they come thickly ?
Pyramus, half afraid, mourning o'er Thisbe dead ;*
Bottom with ass's head, Puck and the Lion ;
And Kath'rine, a true shrew, and honest Petruchio,
With an old boot and new shoe, Kate's temper to
try on.

If you are pathetic, we'll play you "The Critic,"
And Nereus be Dangle, and Æolus Puff,
And Hermes Sir Fretful, and Sneer with his headful
Of ill-natured sayings and repartees rough.

Fair Tilburina, too,—she's to be seen here, too ;
Don Whiskerandos, fine language who mangles.
Hark ! the first bell for certain, so we must be starting.
Now up flies the curtain, and there are the Dangles.

Hark ! the bell rings, and up the curtain draws,
Whilst from the audience bursts forth loud applause.
Nereus, at breakfast in an easy chair,
Reads o'er the newspapers with critic air ;
Whilst Doris at the tea-table presides,
And most good-humouredly her husband chides,
For being so fond of play-houses and acting ;
The pretty creature vows it's quite distracting.
And thus, as Mr. and as Mistress Dangle,
This marine married pair together wrangle.
—Knock at the door ! “ I wonder who comes here ?
Ah, Sneer ! I'm glad to see you, my dear Sneer !
What's going on ? Whose play was damned last night ?
You may trust me, I know you bear no spite.”
Hercules, who this character was in,
Had for an ass's changed his lion's skin ;

As watch-guard o'er his neck the tail inclined,
And the long ears as coat-tails flapped behind.
The ill-natured man abuses all his friends ;
Dangle agrees, of course—the Dame defends.
Fuming his “short half-hour upon the stage,”
They put Sir Fretful in a precious rage,
And added to the scandal of the town,
Pass off a hundred libels of their own.
But oh ! what acclamations were enough,
When entered Æolus as Mr. Puff !
Three times the skies were rent with plaudits loud,
And thrice three times the flattered actor bowed.
Mark with what grandiloquent air he speaks,
His right hand raised, full-blown his ample cheeks,
(Inferior far the tempest from his lips,
When he dispersed the wandering Trojans' ships)
As he recounts, with voluble expression,
The many mysteries of the Puff Profession.
The Puff direct, the Puff by insinuation,
The Puff oblique, the Puff by implication,
The Puff narrative, and the Puff *on dit*,—
In every kind of Puff at home is he.

And then such letters, "To the well-disposed,"
The bounteous rich, "True indigence exposed ;"
"For a discriminating public's eye,"
Or, "No imposture, worth and beggary."
Next, Sickness comes, with all her train of ills,
And not a sou to pay the doctor's bills.
One cough supports him all the winter long,
And then a summer fever helps him on.
And paragraphs the melancholy tale
Of husbands rotting in a wretched gaol,
Of starving wife and seven unlucky brats ;
In short, the art of catching wealthy flats ;—
So well he practises, it brings him, clear,
An income of three hundred pounds a-year.

The first act o'er, again the curtain falls,
When loud the audience for music calls ;
The Syrens take the hint and strike their lyres,—
"Rory O'More" their silvery strings inspires,
Or "Drops of Brandy" charm the list'ning throng,
For the gods love a Bacchanalian song.

Here, by-the-bye, occurred a quiet row :
Lame Vulcan trod upon Bellona's toe,
Who with a spirit worthy battle's Goddess,
Struck at his face, and straight unlaced her
 bodice,
Bared her brown brawny arms, for battle squared,
And her antagonist to combat dared.
The Furies urge each party to the fight ;
Alecto says, she's " sure 'twas done for spite ; "
And grim Tisiphone tells Vulcan, truly,
For all her talk, Bellona's a mere bully :
Whilst ugly old Megæra tells her doubt
That neither has the pluck to fight it out :
And now the chance of war the Fates essay,
And in the scales the dubious balance weigh.
Short space in air, the dubious balance hung—
The anvil kicks the beam from which it swung.
Weighed 'gainst the mad virago's endless tongue,
The Blacksmith looked the picture of dismay,
And lost no time in hobbling away ;
Whilst Pluto begged Bellona to keep quiet,
Or he'd call Cerberus to quell the riot.

"D—— Cerberus and you!" the Goddess cried,
From Hebe took a quart, drank, and was pacified.
—And now again the cloudy curtain rises,
And Tilbury Fort the audience' eyes surprises.

ACT II.

"This is my view," quoth Puff, with air bombast,
"Authors should come to history at last;
Some spirit-stirring crisis should portray,
Engraft a love-tale, and you have your play.
Now of all incidents to be portrayed, are
None worthier than Queen Bess and the Armada.
My hero is the Spanish Admiral's son,
Who as a captive has th' affections won
Of the stern Governor's enchanting child,
From her dad's fortress Tilburina styled.
—But hist! here come two nobs, in converse deep,
Who think the sentinels are fast asleep."
—Now, Bacchus on the stage with Momus stalks,
And of the State's affairs most gravely talks,

Expatriates on his country's coming ruin,
And tells what has been done, and what is doing.
"You know, my friend, scarce thrice the arching Sun
And three revolving Moons its course has run."
Cries Sneer, "*You know?* Why, how now, Mr. Puff?
Why tell him what the knight knows well enough?"
"There, Sir," says Puff, "that's all the thanks *I* get
For telling what none of you know yet.
'Tis a new plan, but 'tis my *generous* mode
To let my audience know an episode,
Which must be told by someone on the stage,
Why Tilbury's garrison'd, *why* Spaniards rage,
And thus impress on each spectator's senses
The historic date at which my play commences;
And how the deuce the audience could have guess'd
What pass'd, ere Raleigh told them, you know best."

Then Castor, Master of the Horse, and Jove,
The Governor, across the ramparts move;
These, joined by graceful Leicester, put their prayer up
For England's welfare in the coming flare-up.

See the quintette in supplication kneel
Whilst Phœbus makes his eloquent appeal
To mighty Mars, to bless their patriot arms
And save their virgin Queen from war's alarms.
And Puff for *Emphasis* is heard to call,
And joins them in the loud resounding, *All* ;
Then exeunt ! Now the sentries first appear
Awake. " All this shall to Lord Burleigh's ear."
" 'Tis meet it should," replies his comrade starch,
Shoulder their muskets, and away they march.

And now the Syrens softest music chant,
As enters Tilburina and confidante.
The beauteous heroine tells us her tale of love
And weeps at all the finches of the grove.
The confidante assumes her mistress' woe ;
—" Here your stern father comes, with frowning brow.
It is not meet that he should find you thus !"
Enter the Governor with angry fuss.
Of Tilbury Fort he holds the high command,
His lightnings flashing in his red right hand—

Type of the thundering guns his fortress bore,
To blow the Spaniards from the Essex shore.
The daughter tries the parent's heart to move
In pity for the hero of her love.
He parries her requests with sapient saws—
"The Spanish Fleet you cannot see, because
It is not yet in sight." He loves most dearly
Honour, but pounds one thousand touch him nearly.

And now the God of Silence enters slowly,
And as Lord Burleigh seats himself most drolly,
With finger on his mouth, he treads the boards,
Liberal in nods, but chary of his words ;
He nods to Boxes, Gallery, and to Pit,
And bravo Burleigh cheers his nodding wit.

"There, Sirs," says Puff, "that is my play's strong part,
That proves the author's and the actor's art.
Burleigh in that short scene has more to say
Than any other actor in the play."
—"Say, Sir?" says Sneer. "He never said a word
On any subject, that my poor ears heard ;

But shook his head as hard as he was able,
Just like a mandarin on three-legg'd table.
Said ? What the devil did he say ? Let's hear ! ”
—“ In those grave nods, he tells us, Mr. Sneer,
That plots are hatching 'gainst the Queen and State,
That Spain is hostile, her Armada great ;
That good Queen Bess is but a woman still,
And has a rather worse than woman's will :
But, spite of wilful Queen and angry Don,
Plots to prevent, and wars to carry on,
He'll bear Old England safely through the hurly,
And save his Queen, or else his name's not Burleigh.

Next Neptune, as the Don appears in view,
Cursing his stars because his love's untrue,
Soon as her faith and truth confessed he finds,
His cares and fears he pitches to the winds ;
And if they spurn the precious boon, he craves
His pack of miseries to try the waves.
The amorous pair prolong the parting “ Ah ! ”
And lingering, leave the stage with loud *écclât*,

Leaving the confidante, whose exit's rough,
Being kicked off the boards by Mr. Puff.

Next enters, like to burst with rage and grief,
The Knight *incognito*, chivalrous Beef,
Who his soliloquy gives over humming,
Because he thinks he hears intruders coming.
Hatton and Raleigh for like reasons cease,
When each beholds advance his jealous niece;
Who in their turn lie perdue, when the Don,
Grieved at his liberty, comes spouting on.
The nieces seize each arm and try to stab him,
The uncles dash their weapons up and grab 'em;
And Beef before them all indignant staggers,—
“ In the Queen's name, let fall your swords and daggers!”
—“ There, gentlemen,” says Puff, “ that is a scene—
A situation worthy Tragic Queen!
The nieces cannot stab Don Whiskerandos,
For, as they say, ‘ Our uncles won't unhand us.’
Don Whiskerandos dare not stab the nieces,
Lest their two uncles cut him all to pieces ;

And *they* don't dare to injure the Castilian,
Lest he their nieces strike his dagger steely in."
Then exeunt omnes, save the whiskered chief
And his mysterious rival, valiant Beef,
Who fight upon the spot a savage duel,
Wherein the Spaniard gets his fill of gruel.
Hark to his dying speech ! " Ah, cursed parry !
That thrust in tierce has sent me to Old Harry.
Captain, thou'st fenced ably, by St. Peter !
And Whiskerandos quits this life for Eter—" "
"—Nity, he would have added, had he breath,"
Says Beef, who nobly mourns his foe in death.
But Puff, who thinks him incorrectly slain,
Entreats the murdered man to die again ;
Which Neptune sulkily refuses, crying,
" I won't stop here to please you, all night dying."

Next Tilburina, in white satin clad,
At Whiskerandos' death runs raving mad—
In broken accents tells her maniac tale—
Calls him a bird, a grasshopper, a whale,—

o

When the sad curtain falls upon her folly,
And claps a stopper on her melancholy.

Cupid, who all this time had o'er them hovered,
And put the actors in when they were bothered,
Tells Puff, the scene-painter has just completed
The grand spectacle of the Dons defeated,
And with his compliments desires to know
If Puff would like this brilliant scene to show.
Puff's assent given, whilst each spectator leans
Well o'er his seat to view such splendid scenes,
The curtain rises, and a general start
Of admiration testifies his art.

First in the brilliant pageant, see Queen Bess,
Whose memory each Englishman should bless,
Mounted upon her milk-white Yorkshire steed,
Pistols at saddle-bow in case of need,
On Tilbury's plain address her loyal forces,
'Midst gleaming cuirasses and prancing horses,
And cannons, muskets, halberts, tumbrils' rattle,
And all the other implements of battle.

This scene shifts on, and now the picture glows,
Recording Britain's triumph o'er her foes.
There, the long Lizard points his reefy tail—
There, brew the elements their yeasty gale—
There, Spain's invincible Armada rides
As proud to lord it o'er Britannia's tides.
Vain pride ! See Britain's ships of oak, but few,
With Britain's hearts of oak, a gallant crew,
Bear down full sail, their countless foes engage,
Nor long the Dons successful warfare wage ;
They fly, the invincible Armada flies,
Whilst thunder Briton's cannon and Jove's
 skies,—

Fast, as from every gun the scorching levin,
So fast, Jove's lightnings rend the veil of Heaven.
Nor yet in flight the Spaniards safety gain,
Dash'd on each reef, or founder'd in the main.
From far Land's End to Orkney's rugged coast,
Their noble fleet lies shattered, wreck'd, and
 lost,

And scarcely ten who sailed so proud from Spain,
E'er cast their anchors in her ports again.

The Gods with rapture eyed the imagined fight,
But Neptune was half crazy with delight ;
He clapped, he kicked, he roared “Huzza ! huzza !
Give it 'em well, my hearties ! Blaze away !
I'll help ye with a bubble of a sea ;
Pipe up, good gale ! Strike, Britons, and be free !
Thus may Britannia's sons in days to come
Drive foreign foes from off her island home.
Let scarlet Mars prefer a fight on shore,—
They love my billows' cannon-answering roar.
Hence and for ever Britain's weal be mine—
The victory hers when fought upon the brine.”
—So shouted Neptune ; all the gods applaud
The impartial motives of the watery god,
Who got more custom in the shaving line
From Britain's realm than any other nine.
The curtain falls, 'mid cheers of gay delight,
And the rehearsal's over for the night.

Now, whilst the Gods the Goddesses are cloaking,
And pretty nymphs with grinning satyrs joking,

Some imp, who thought they'd scarce had fun
 enough,
Calls for "A song! A song from Mr. Puff!"
And "Puff! Puff! Puff!" sounds through the play-
 house wide;
And "Puff! Puff! Puff!" the echoing walls
 replied.
Up draws the curtain, and with smirk and bow,
Dropping his beaver as the foot-lamps low,
With a mock-modest air (of course, all stuff),
Hand on his heart, steps forward Mr. Puff.
His page, young Zephyrus, behind him brings
His own peculiar harp, with well-tuned strings;
Whilst Auster, Boreas, Africus, and Eurus,
His horn band, wait to swell the echoing chorus.
Once more he bows, the audience silent sit
Save here and there a whisper in the pit.
Fiercely across the harp his hand he flings
To pitch the key, and then stentorian sings:—

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

The Spaniard went out
To make a great rout,
And poke Johnny Bull with a long pole about ;
But poor Johnny Bull
Was not such a fool,
And the shears were too glad to get home without wool.
Heigh ho ! such a game was not play'd o'er
As Nep, Bull, and I, played the Spanish Armada.

The Don's wrath rose at this,—
Queen Bess was a Miss,
And the King's favourite wanted a wifie to kiss ;
So he made her an offer,
His fortune to proffer
And himself, for he wanted a crown in his coffer.
Heigh ho ! He'd have been a good trader,
If he'd gained crown and wife by the Spanish Armada.

Queen Bess was a woman
Who would *obey* no man ;
And a Protestant *Queen* wed a *Duke* and a *Roman* !

No, Mr. Duke ; so
To Old Nick you may go
And be off with you, whether you like it or no.
Heigh ho ! was so plucky a maid e'er
Compelled to be wed by a Spanish Armada ?

To his master he went,
On revenge fully bent,
And made to King Philip his heavy complaint,—
“ The Protestant Queen,
Such a jade was ne'er seen,
Sends your minister farther than Fiddler's Green.
Heigh ho ! I would soon make afraid her,
If your Highness would lend me the Spanish Armada.”

Then Phil. swore an oath,—
“ She's insulted us both,
And the Pope t' excommunicate her is not loath ;”
So his army and fleet,
The poor Queen to maltreat,
He lent to this favourite, the Duke, in his heat.
“ Heigh ho ! don't sleep till you've flay'd her—
The Heretic Bess, with my Spanish Armada.”

With soldiers well stored,
Twenty thousand on board,
One May morning th' Armada from Lisbon unmoored,
And the Duke sailed away,
Triumphant and gay,
And Spain's Royal Standard his war-ships display.
Heigh ho ! they'd better have stayed ere
They sailed for our channel, the Spanish Armada.

Queen Bess sent her fleet
The invaders to meet,
And she swore that she'd sooner be killed than be beat ;
And as warlike an Amazon
As ever strapp'd on a zone,
She mustered her army near Tilbury Garrison.
Heigh ho ! when her troops all arrayed are,
She harangues 'em to wallop the Spanish Armada.

But her fleet, under Howard,
(Name unborne by coward)
When they saw the Dons coming, made all sail them
toward ;

And the elements blew,
And the sea furious grew,
Which made the black Dons look exceedingly blue.
Heigh ho ! our anchors all weighed are,
And we bear down in style on the Spanish Armada.

Then poured the broadside,
Then crimsoned the tide,
Then the cannon-balls whistled on every side ;
And the waves lift their heads,
(The Spaniards' death-beds)
And the rushing winds blow all their canvas to shreds.
Heigh ho ! ere the Queen's bull-dogs stayed are,
Sunk, captured, or wrecked, is the Spanish Armada.

" And thus shall it be,"
Quoth the God of the Sea,
" To all who'd invade my fair isle of the free ;
And the God of the Wind,
To *her* mariners kind,
Shall destroy all her enemies' forces combined."
Heigh ho ! poor Spain has decayed e'er
Since she sent 'gainst Queen Bess her invincible Armada.

Loud were the plaudits; more than one encore
Was heard shrill sounding 'mid the mighty roar;
For every God lov'd Britain's praise to hear—
The Island Queen, to Heaven and virtue dear.
Jove loved her aristocracy and court;
And Bacchus, for her genuine love of port.
Neptune, for all her glorious naval deeds,
And for her still unrivall'd breed of steeds.
Minerva lov'd her literary fame,—
Her Bacon's, Newton's, Johnson's, Davy's name.
Apollo o'er her poesy would pore—
Her Spenser, Shakspeare, Byron, Scott, and Moore.
E'en Venus towards her bards a fancy took,
For Little's lyrics were her favourite book.
—But Puff, who knew the "*varium et mutabile*,"
Back'd himself out of the encore most ably;
He would comply, but begged them not forget
That Dian's lamp was just about to set.
—Then what a mighty din and uproar shook
The Planet Theatre's most secret nook!
—"Room for King Jove! Ye minor Gods, obey!
—Ho! Juno's peacock carriage stops the way."

“ Link boy for Pluto,” growls out Cerberus.
“ Call Neptune’s cutter,” “ Where’s the Muse’s ’bus ? ”
“ Where are you going with your pole, you Phæton ?
Don’t smash my panels, or your back I’ll lay it on !
You yokel ! four in-hand, you needn’t brag on ;
You know you overturned your father’s waggon.”
“ Who’ll take me home ? ” cries Vesta ; “ for the night
Is grown so dark, I’m really in a fright.”
“ Madam,” says Bacchus’ Tiger, “ if you please,
There’s room for you on Ariadne’s knees ;
There’s only master and herself inside.”
“ Room here,” says Mars ; “ what lady wants a ride ? ”
Old Vulcan kept a bright look-out on Venus ;
He had a hatred to the scarlet genus ;
But little Cupid, in Mars’ cabriolet,
Wounded the War God, as he found next day.
Bellona gave King Æolus a cast ;
But *he*, of all the gods, got home the last ;
For, talking politics to while the way,
Their logic ended in a fisty fray,
Wherein poor Æolus got soundly licked,
And from the chariot by the vixen kicked,—

Which caused through earth and heaven a grand com-
motion,

And a terrific hurricane on ocean.

Howe'er, all safe arrived, at length to bed take,

And woke next morning with a splitting headache,

Which made them Hebe's honesty arraign

For selling gooseberry for real champagne.

For this poor Hebe lost her situation,

And Ganymede assumed the pot-boy's station ;

Though the sweet barmaid said, in her defence,

They all turned in more full of wine than sense,

And that, as clever judges as you think 'em,

She'd managed so completely to hoodwink 'em,

Her gooseberry wine had cleared a very pretty income.

But hold ! good scribbler, it may chance be said,

Remember that you've put your muse to bed.

Without a muse I strive to write in vain,

So farewell, Jove, until we meet again.

The following are extracts from his Birthday Verses for the 7th of January, 1839 :—

THOUGH every year the task more pleasing still,
I can't command a birthday ode at will ;
For mine in truth is but a wayward muse,
And apt at times her own highway to choose ;
Deserting as she likes the turnpike wide,
To ramble through each alley at its side.
Still, for all that, she will not shirk the toll,
But pay her mite with all her heart and soul.
She loves to pick a dainty bit of grass
From any verdant meadow which we pass,
Or sip a drop from any gurgling stream,
Or on a sunny bank to doze and dream ;
Or pluck a coronal of budding flowers,
And ne'er says, " Master, is that garden ours ? "
And so she's strung a few queer rhymes together,
Showing our Inglis' doings in fine weather ;
For, you must know, " The Critic " was the play
We acted on our outward voyage's way.

And now, adieu, my Father ! Far at sea,
Your son's best thoughts all concentrate in thee.
May honoured years shower blessings on thy head,
And may we all, by thy example led,
Act worthy of our much lov'd Father here,
To meet at home again in some bright future sphere.

And in another of the Birthday Verses he says :—



To make Mamma blest I can only petition
She would make her own Hebe her second Edition,
That, Narcissus like, standing above the clear water,
She may see all her beauties beam back in her daughter.

SEA SONG.

CHEERILY, as we glide along,
Let us wake the tide of song.
Months and weeks have pass'd away
Since our bark at anchor lay ;
Days must pass ere yet again
We hail the busy haunts of men ;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

We have seen the red fire-light
Of Heaven's artill'ry flashing bright ;
We have heard the thunders roar
Off the Dutchman's haunted shore ;
We have weather'd many a gale,
With wary helm and shortened sail ;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

We have seen the silver moon*
Queen it o'er the horizon ;
We have seen the blazing sun
His tropic fiery journey run,—
Marked the pole star's faithful light,
Bless'd the southern crosslet bright ;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

We have watched the whale at play,
We have made the shark our prey ;
We the flying fish have seen
Skim the sea with wing'd fin,—
We have seen the midnight sea
Fired with animaleulæ ;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

* See page 137. The first half of stanza 3 and the last of stanza 4 he had apparently added in 1842 ; the whole is therefore reprinted.

High above us we have heard
The shrill note of the tropic bird,
Pecking at our masthead vane—
Seen the frigate Pelican,
Mark'd the swallow tempest-toss'd,
—But for us it had been lost ;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

We have seen the whale-bird grey
On the rotting monster prey ;
We have seen the petrel wild,
Ocean's smallest winged child—
Seen the albatross, her wing
Spread o'er the deep unwearying ;
Still, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

Tell us not of landsmen's joys
Of the crowded city's noise,
Of the country's peaceful life—
Cottage home and smiling wife ;—

P

Lovely eyes for us are straining,
We to them the bowl are draining ;
Thus, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

Tell us not of Liberty,
For her home is Ocean free ;
Where does blest contentment reign ?
On the bosom of the main.
Summer waves are round us playing,
Summer winds are o'er us straying ;
Thus, upon the heaving sea
Merry and happy and hearty are we.

BYRON.

“His spirit has pass’d from among us.”

—MOORE’S “BYRON.”

YES ! now that his spirit has pass’d from among us,
And England is lit by the blaze of his fame,
Say, will not Posterity ask, “Did he wrong us,
That we scoffed at his woes and heaped scorn on his name ?”

The lie of his heartless, calumnious traducers,
Detected shows forth at his glorious doom;
Posterity’s curse shall confound his accusers,
And the genius of Albion shall weep o’er his tomb.

His tomb ! Why, unhonoured by Byron’s cold ashes
To this very day is our Westminster’s fane ?
Is the shrine of that isle which he lit by his flashes
The sole spot on earth which his corse could profane ?

P 2

Yes ! Bigotry watched over Rufus's cloister,
 Whilst Charity, weeping, unheeded stood by ;
And mitred Hypocrisy gloried to foster
 The scandalous brood whom she nursed with a lie.

But though mocked by his country, reviled by her sages,
 His sorrows a jest, bitter taunt his reward,
His name shall descend to the world's latest ages,
 And England shall live in the fame of her bard.

Erakine Park, July, 1842.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Erskine Park, 1842.

YEARS pass, my Father, and your Son once more
His annual tribute on your birthday lays,—
Not on your breakfast plate as heretofore,
But in the letter box, the postage pays,
The envelope large the cautious postman weighs,
Stamps double, and I leave my lettered scrawl,
Counting the tedious months, and weeks, and days
'Twill take to cross the half terrestrial ball,
And by your parlour fire be welcomed by you all.

And oh! altho' the last revolving year
Did somewhat lop thy patriarchal pride;
Though of thine offspring one most justly dear
Was rudely torn from thy parental side,—
Not without use the pang, if well applied,
As teaching us, and oh! that we may learn,
How in the stream of Life with Death we glide,

And how the Christian all his threats may spurn,
Who in the valley drear to Christ our Lord can turn.

Farewell, dear Boy ! with talents, temper, art,
Who could have doubtful been of thy career ?
Already did your Father's prideful heart
Foretell your laurels in some future year.
How did it glad your Mother's partial ear
To hear the praises which your pencil drew !
But Death was standing by with brandished spear,—
Alone his presence fell his victim knew ;
Then paled his clear red cheeks, then sunk his eye of blue.

If thou hast lost, my Father, one dear child,
And we his Brethren mourn our Brother dead,
Let us not mourn, as men unreconciled,
Over the grave of our belovèd Fred.
Your first-born Grandson lifts his little head,
To solace your affections with his smile ;
Whilst thoughtful Katey pouts her lips of red,
Tempting her Grandsire for a kiss the while,
And lures you from your woes with infant mirth and guile.

Dear Hebe!* would that space annihilate,
I could one moment gaze upon thine home,
To all the pure affections consecrate!
Unknown to thee the vain desire to roam,
Which sends me wandering, wheresoe'er I come,
I still must wander farther, like the dove
Who found no resting-place where all was foam.
The excitement of new scenes is still my love,
Unskilled the peaceful joys of quiet life to prove.

And absent Memory brings to me this day
The scenes of childhood and of youth again,
The morning's bracing skate, the evening play,
Mamma's *bas bleu*, or Jack's enlivening strain,
Hal's witticisms, for a witty vein
Has Hal, and Kelly's sonorous Ha! ha!
Billy's pert questions, Alice's disdain
Of Charley's somewhat new invented law,
Hebe's heart-cheering smile, and glorious Bob's huzza.

* Hebe, married to John Venn Prior, of the Chancery Bar. Their two eldest children, Catherine and John Templer, were the grandchildren alluded to here.

Dear Father, seventeen years have passed away

Since first we paid our tribute at your shrine,
And hailed in verse your birth and wedding-day.

Since then how altered is the Templer line !
'Neath the green turf how many now recline

Who then were strong as eagles in their flight !
But like the oak, when ash, and elm, and pine
Shivering, and laid full low by levin-blight,
Alone you stand, my Sire, green-boughed and all heart-
right.

Long may you stand, and with you that best wife,
Her Children's childhood's honoured guide and stay,

Enjoy, as pass the ebbing tides of life,
With keener zest each younger offspring's lay ;

And may your Children's Children joy to pay,

Like us, their annual tribute to this morn,
When, as some time ago my muse did say,

Mamma was married, and Papa was born—
Nor leave their Patriarch's birth neglected and forlorn !

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

January 7, 1838.

These lines and the following "Epithalamium" on his sister's marriage, were written by his brother, Henry Augustus Templer.

THE waves of the Exe in tumult are dashing ;
The thunder howls, and the lightning is flashing ;
Night her blackest mantle has thrown,
And the villagers all to repose are gone.
Naught is seen in that Salmon-pool street
Save the pelting rain and the drifting sleet ;
And the wintry wind, as it drives along,
Is rattling the creaking chimneys among.
The ale-house landlord has bolted his door
Because the parson would drink no more
(Already he'd tippled no little score).

The clock, as it struck the midnight hour,
Was echoed back from the abbey's tower,
And hushed and still was that abbey old,
And little it reck'd the wintry cold ;
For its sturdy walls and ponderous roof
'Gainst siege and battle and storm were proof,
And little you'd hear of the pitiless din
Of that wintry night, those walls within ;
Save a single light in the upper stair,
You might deem that all was darkness there.

But in that abbey was sleeping a knight,
Who loudly could revel, and fiercely could fight.
Who but he, with the tough ash wood,
The clodpoles' heads could so cunningly blood ;
And who e'er dared in the wrestling ring
Against that knight their gage to fling ?*

* Alluding to the west country sports, cudgel-playing and wrestling, which were very popular amongst the Devonshire squires of the eighteenth century, and in which the father of the subject of these lines was greatly distinguished.

Hear ye the noise from the abbey that's breaking ?
Hark ! the retainers from slumber are waking.
So great the bustle, so various the lungs,
You might deem it was Babel's confusion of tongues.
Who are the twain that rush, so late,
From out the ancient abbey gate ?
The flickering moonbeam's misty light
Show their hurried steps and their looks of fright.
She of the loose and dishevelled dress,
Is a female form, you may shrewdly guess ;
And he of the rags, without a hat,
Seems a sleepy, houseless, beggar's brat.
But why do they ceaseless jabber together,
And scolding, nigh tumble down one over t'other,
As they scamper away down the village lane ;
Whilst peals the thunder and pelts the rain ?
By that lightning's flash, which the old oak shook,
'Tis Bobby the cowboy, and Betty the cook.
No heed gave she to the fact so shocking,
That her modest ancles had never a stocking ;
And he, poor laddie, little rues
That as well as stockings he had no shoes ;

And down to the village continues their yelling,
Till they hammer and howl at a humble dwelling.
From the window a night-capped head appeared,—
On high a taper's gleam is reared ;
And the lanky arm and aspect wary
Bespeak him the village apothecary.
They do not perceive the old man nigh,
But still at the door they shout and they cry,
“Get up, get up, Mr. Draught and Pill,
For somebody's taken suddenly ill.”
“Why, what's the matter?” he feebly said,
And then the Jezebel turned her head.
“Matter enough, I should think ! Oh, law !
For our good mistress is in the straw.
Haste to the abbey, you useless old fool ;
If you're not there in time, it's bad luck to your
skull.
If the stout old knight in a rage is put,
Thy skull is as easily cracked as a nut.”
“There's truth,” quoth the Doctor, “in what she has
said,”
As against the window he bumped his head ;

And a cruel gust of the midnight air
Blew out the light, and 'twas darkness there.
Oh, what a hurry the poor man was put in !
As he fastened his shirt he tore out a button,—
He upset his gallipots, trod on his leeches,
First put on his coat, and the last thing his breeches.
For a wash he dipped his nose in a dripper ;
One leg had a boot, and the other a slipper ;
Then off to the abbey he hastily toddled,
And after him Bet and the cowkeeper waddled.

Alack for my tale ! what next befell,
In troth it is not my province to tell.
But the knight of his brandy took sundry sups,
As he heard the rattle of the Caudle cups ;
And loud was his revel when rose the morn,
And they told him a black-pated boy was born.
Fancy the mother's look of pride,
When first the babe opened his mouth so wide ;
And the knight in the air would fling him high,
To see the light shoot from that sparkling eye.

Full many a storm has burst in its might
O'er the abbey's walls, since that winter's night ;
And more than fifty long years have sped
Their unvaried course o'er that infant's head ;
And the good old knight and his stately dame
Now rest, alas ! in their lang, lang hame.
No more can they list to the song and the shout
Of their son's at a Christmas wassail rout ;
And the abbey's hearth-stone is dreary and bare,
And the Templer's name is forgotten there ;
For many a link of that family band
In the pride of their youth have been cut from the land.

But that wild young infant's stormy birth
Will cause it again to flourish on earth ;
Of a numerous progeny he is the stock,
Who will keep it as firm as the granite rock ;
And long may posterity revel with joy
In the birth of that turbulent black-headed boy.

EPITHALAMIUM.

The following lines were recited at the breakfast-table on the marriage of his sister Hebe.

September 5, 1838.

IN a cool, sequester'd glade,
Where lovers' vows were often paid,
Where shady path and banks of green,
'Neath hanging boughs, gave ample screen,—
Where mingled lips and clasping hands
Had oftentimes led to marriage bands,—
In this self-same, secure retreat,
For secret love-tale very sweet,
Two gentle forms, with footstep slow,
Were holding converse, soft and low.
The one, a youth with yellow hair,
Of visage pale and features fair ;
The other—haply 'twas a girl,
With auburn tress, in richest curl,

Q

With ivory teeth and azure eye,
With chisell'd brow and forehead high,
And rosy lip and dimpled chin ;—
Haply, I say, 'twas no such thing.
The other, then, as I have said,
Was neither fairy, sylph, nor maid ;
A man, whose prime had 'gan to fade,
For fifty years had o'er him sped.
From his grave brow, you might declare
A father's care had settled there ;
But that those cares had trivial been,
You'd augur from his sparkling e'en ;
And, but his cheek had little red,
And slightly silver'd was his head,
So light the green sward did he press,
You'd give him twenty summers less.
And much he marvell'd at the graver talking
Of that fair youth who by his side was walking.
Ofttimes he listed, but he oft did not—
Sometimes he answered, and sometimes forgot ;
Until, with trembling voice, the youth began,
“ You know, Sir, now I have become a man.”

“ Indeed, how long has that been so ?
But, bless me ! how your whiskers grow !
What may your age be now, I pray, Sir ?
You’ll really soon require a razor.”
“ Perhaps I shall, Sir, but that’s not
The cause which brought me to this spot.
You have a daughter.” “ Well, I know it.”
“ I love her, Sir, and want to show it.”
“ If so, you’d better go and try her,
Ask bold if she’ll be Mrs. Prior.”
Near that same spot, at early dawn,
When sparkling dew-drops dress’d the lawn,
That self-same youth was tripping o’er
With lighter step than e’er before,
And by his side as fair a lass
As e’er was toasted in a glass.
I would that I had skill to trace
Each ripening beauty of her face,
For then my goose-quill’s magic power
Might pen her charms for many an hour.
But as it is, I merely tell
The interview which then befell :

That, as they reach'd the cool retreat,
Par accident, they found a seat,
And fancy pictures, side by side,
The pretty speeches which they plied,
Till, by degrees, the youth, grown bolder,
Just tapp'd his hand upon her shoulder,
And, drawing up a little higher,
Said, "Hebe, will't be Mrs. Prior?"
"Oh, my dear John, how very foolish!
I fear you'll think me boarding-schoolish;
But that is a mistake, you know,
For to a school I did not go."
"Talking of schools, do *you* approve
Of boarding-schools for girls, my love?
My little girls shall ne'er go near 'em;
I wonder how mammas can bear 'em."
"Talking of ma's, what were you saying,
That set my senses thus a-straying?
My poor weak brains are on the turn.
Oh, bless me! how your fingers burn!
Don't touch me, I shall be on fire!
Oh, yes; I will be Mrs. Prior."

'Tis just two years and a little over
Since that fair-haired youth appear'd as a lover,
And all that time, I marvel to tell,
He has woo'd with a constancy passing well ;
And lips have been press'd with a lover's caresses,
And mails have broke down with a lover's expresses,
And the post-office salaries nearly are double,
All because of love-letters' additional trouble ;
And the revenue, every emergency met,
Has begun to extinguish the national debt.
But, sad to be saying, the good times are ended,
And the last foolscap sheet of the last ream expended ;
For yesterday morn there was blithe joviality,
When the Prior arrived in undoubted reality,
And all the day long have the merry bells pealed,
And the cause of the noise to the world is revealed.
About two hours since, "*by particular desire*,"
She rattled to church, and came home "Mrs. Prior."



Sir JAMES ALEXANDER GORDON, Admiral of the Fleet, G.C.B., Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Born, Oct. 6, 1782; died Jan. 8, 1869; aged eighty-six years. His brilliant services during the long war with France are recorded in history. He was nine times gazetted for conspicuous gallantry in the face of an enemy; he was in the great actions of Lord Bridport, St. Vincent, and the Nile; and was the last survivor of that band of Nelson's captains who were the Paladins of the great war. In person he was singularly handsome, standing six feet three inches, and of great muscular power. He died of old age and natural decay; without disease and without pain, he simply ceased to be; and so gently, that they who stood round him scarcely knew the moment that he passed from them. The above, from a photograph, is an admirable likeness of him in his 75th year.

IN MEMORIAM.

LIGHTLY he laid life's burthen down,
So lightly, that the few—
The sorrowing few—who round him stood,
The moment scarcely knew.

His noble form ! how beautiful
It lay in Death's embrace ;
We thought how oft those closing eyes
Had looked him in the face.

How fearless had he fronted him
In every shape and form ;
In fever and in pestilence,
In battle and in storm.

Through life's long journey perilous
His forward course he ran ;
In guilelessness and trust a child,
In heart and hand a man.

We thought upon his comrades—

On Napier, Maxwell, Hoste,

The sailor band awaiting him

Upon that distant coast.

The band of gallant seamen,

The brave, the frank, the young—

Whose duty done, so consecrates

The word in their land's tongue.

The old Sea-Lion in his lair !

The type of that grand past ;

Of all the long heroic line,

The darling, and the last.

The above lines are by the Editor, who married Sir James Gordon's eldest daughter, Hannah Frances Gordon, on the 15th March, 1842.

THE CIGAR.*

How little of joy in this world can we know,—
Short moments of pleasure and ages of woe;
But the comfort of comforts, our life's polar star,
Is the vapoury smoke of the fragrant cigar.

Mighty spirit of smoke deriv'd from a cloud,
Thine image is seen when the battle roars loud ;
The soldier defies the dread chances of war ;
He thinks not, he cares not, but for his cigar.

Thou friend to the trav'ller, for ofttimes he blows
The soft curling smoke around his red nose ;
He dreams or he muses on friends who are far,
And sinks to repose from his pleasing cigar.

* This piece was by his friend, the Rajah, Sir James Brooke, with the exception of the fourth stanza, which was by him.

When the East is just purpled by Phoebus' bright ray,
And the icicled dew-drop has melted away,
The hunt meet around the lew covert afar,
And awaiting the burst, smoke their silent cigar.

Who ridest the ocean with heart light as air,
Both lighter and gayer if thou art but there,
And stuck in the lips of the brave British tar,—
What service so proud for the fragrant cigar?

In the camp, in the ship, amid danger and toil,
An Irishman's light amid Donnybrook's broil,—
If his head may be broken, his teeth cut ajar,
What cares he if puffing his blazing cigar!

I love thee, I love thee, for thou art the light,
A guide to my path, ever shining and bright ;
Sour claret and garlic in vain try to mar,—
I smoke and enjoy my delicious cigar.

MY OLD HORN.

BY GEORGE TEMPLER, OF STOVER.*

THOUGH toil hath somewhat worn thy frame,
And time hath marred thy beauty,
Come forth, lone relic of my fame ;
Thou well hast done thy duty.

Time was when other tongues would praise
Thy wavering notes of pleasure ;
Now, miser-like, alone, I gaze
On thee—a useless treasure.

Some hearts may prize thy music still,
But, ah! how changed the story
Since first Devonian felt the thrill
That roused her sporting glory !

Grace still in every vale abounds,
But one dear charm is wanting ;
No more I hear my gallant hounds
In chorus blithely chanting.

* See p. 6.

And there my steed has found a rest
Beneath the mountain heather,
That oft, like comrades sworn, we've press'd
In pleasure's train together.

And some who at thy call would wake,
Hath friendship long been weeping ;
A shriller note than thine must break
Their deep and dreamless sleeping.

I, too, the fading wreath resign,
For friends and fame are fleeting ;
Around his bolder brow to twine*
Where younger blood is beating.

Henceforth be mute, my treasured horn,
Since time hath marred thy beauty ;
And I, like thee, by toil am worn ;
We both have done our duty.

* In allusion to his successor, Sir Walter Carew.

ON READING THE PRECEDING.

BY PAUL TREBY, ESQ.

'Twas when I heard thy parting song,

And sad, yet sweet, adieu,

A rush of feeling drove along

And brought past scenes to view.

Methought I heard that horn's shrill sound,

And that melodious voice,

Which blithely cheer'd the leading hound

And bade us all rejoice.

Methought I saw that brilliant smile

Flit o'er thy sunny face,

Which oft thy comrades did beguile,—

Thy comrades of the chase.

Alas! 'twas but a pleasant thought—

A vision of the day,

By nights of melancholy wrought;

Those joys have passed away.

Enough! No Muse's aid I seek

To greet thee ere we part;

For me the trickling tear must speak,

For me the throbbing heart.

ERRATA.

Page 5, for "1870" in note read "1780."

Page 7, for "appendix" read "post, p. 167."

Page 36, at the end of poem read "From the *Trifler*."

Page 44, in line 13 for "from" read "for."

Page 35, read page 53.

Page 66, for "1834" read "1833."

Page 109, for "August 16, 1836," read "August 16, 1838."

Page 113, for "od" read "old."

Page 147, for "CEnonæ" read "CEnone;" and for "Ariande" read "Ariadne."

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