In Memoriam.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

JOHN ECKFORD.

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## THE SEAMAN'S GRAVE.

'Tis now the calm that nature wears,
Ere the frightful storm is driven;
Such upcalls the seaman's fears,
Ere his fragile bark is riven.

While his vessel peaceful rides,
Vain to him are thoughts of home;
While the halcyon playful glides,
Yet the tempest on will come.

The whispering wind that passes by,
The hollow, murmuring wave,
The lightning gleam that dashes high,
Proclaim the seaman's grave.

## LINES ON THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

A LILY in a warmer clime
Had sicken'd in the sun,
Seeks restoration in the breeze
Among our mountains dun.

Our flowers of Spring have passed away,
Our Summer roses fled;
Thou com'st alone to visit us
When other flowers are dead.

Ye Autumn winds, that strew the leaves,
Regard this precious gem!
Remembering that, in days of yore,
Here grew the parent stem.

Hadst thou but come when linnets sing,
The golden broom in shoot;
Hadst thou but heard their silver tones;
Now all their throats are mute.

Thou only seest the wingèd seed,
Hoar pilgrim of the dell,
That leaves its late enchanted haunt
To find some other cell.



Like the enamour'd flower, 'tis safe
O'er storms or seas to roam;
The wind, the storm, the sea itself,
But waft it to a home.

## PLAY NOT WITH FIRE.

PLAY not with fire, play not with fire,
The lover cries,
While sunny smiles are beaming;
Play not with fire when woman's eyes
Like meteor lights are gleaming.
The insect at the taper flies;
On burning wings he falls and dies.

Play not with fire, play not with fire,
The maiden sighs,
Though Cupid's eyes are blinded;
Play not with fire, his breath, she cries,
Is burning hearts unminded.
With incense warm he strikes the prize;
On perfumed wings he laughing flies.

## WORLD OF PLEASURE, CANST THOU GIVE?

WORLD of pleasure, canst thou give
  Solace to yon mother weeping,
Canst thou bid that infant live
  That on the eve of death lies sleeping?

Ah, fond mother! would 'twere sleep
  O'er the infant's eyelids stealing!
No, vain world, thou canst not keep;
  Fast the sufferer's fate is sealing.

## LOVE'S DEVOTION.

I WILL not swear I'll die for thee,
Or kneel to thy divinity,
For, as I love thee, thou shouldst hate
The daring of a profligate.

My life, my love, I give to thee,
But not with idle vanity,
For, as I love thee, thou art one
All such idolatry would shun.



Yet will mine eye entrancèd trace
Thy fairy form, thy angel face,
And, as I love thee, thou shalt find
My soul's devotion is thy mind.

A mind like thine such love might give.
That I a newer life might live,
With firm, unshaken constancy,
In life I love, in love would die.

## WAR.

I LOVE to greet the early morn,
And hear the lark's blythe note return;
To see the great and glorious sun,
And think the world and me are one.

When Nature smiles on flower and tree,
And sparkling sunbeams kiss the sea,
When all around is joy and gladness,
Should I alone be filled with sadness?

I've heard the noisy tempest sweep,
And wake the slumbering, boundless deep;

I've seen the fiery lightning dart,—
Yet wished not then with world to part.

But when I hear of war and terror,
Of ruin, waste, and wilful error,
'Tis then I think, and think again,
And wish the world and me were twain.

## MUTINY AT DELHI.

On sultry air of Indian night
Deep curtain'd lies the smoke,
The burning bungalow's lurid light
Shows Mutiny hath broke.

Why sits there on that soldier's cheek
The pallid hue of fear?
From whence was that despairing shriek
That startled so his ear?

When morning rose, with mantle grey,
A peaceful home he left;
Returning with departing day,
He stands of all bereft.



Along the path where flowerets grew
There runs a crimson flood;
The buds that blushed to drink the dew
Are bathed in infant blood.

Though birds will sing and flowers will grow
Where silent lies love's lute,
Yet can oblivion's waters flow
Where Mercy's voice was mute?

Oh! harder than the Parian stone
That soldier's eye hath turned!
'Tis marble now—from whence love shone
A fiercer fire hath burned!

He points his sword to Delhi's walls:
"This Christian blood," he cries,
"Must be avenged when Delhi falls—
God and my Country rise!"

## DREAMY THOUGHTS.

I THOUGHT my dream of life was o'er,
This desert heart could love no more;
When lovely Bessie looked and smiled,
I found that Love was not exiled,
For then her breath such fragrance spread,
More fragrant far than roses shed.

Oh, 'tis the breath of morning hour
That warms to life the faded flower;
Her voice, like music finely set,
Still lingers in my memory yet,
Reminding me of purest joy,
When Love was young, and I a boy.

Her lips and cheeks more sweets disclose
Than bud or blossom on the rose;
Her open brow of lily's light,
Her eyes the sparkling dewdrops bright.
Oh, would I were a child, that I
Might gaze upon that clear blue eye!

That when mine own did weary grow,
They'd rest upon that neck of snow;



When sheltered by a form divine,
Blest dreams of life again were mine;
Composed on thy confiding breast,
Content to be an angel's guest.

No other look, no other smile
Could be more frankly free from guile;
Then if a sigh should reach thy ear—
Nay, chide not now, thou needst not fear—
'Tis not the breath of wild desire;
It will not breathe of passion-fire.

## TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

THERE is a voice upon the wind,
  We hear it near and far;
There is a voice upon the wind
  That dares to breathe of war.

When first it blew upon our Isle,
  Across the Channel shore,
Our youth they made no more ado,
  But formed a Rifle Corps.

Then Beauty's eye, with sunny light,
On them approving shone,
When in Hyde Park they muster'd there,
To guard their home and throne.

When Scotland heard the bugle sound
Round rock-bound Holyrood,
A thousand echoes woke the vale,
Where loved Victoria stood.

Thus we provoke no enemy,
Nor utter idle boast;
We arm but simply to defend
From foe our native coast.

'Tis thus we show our enemies
They never can prevail,
While hand in hand together stand
The Saxon and the Gael.



## THE ENCHANTRESS' CELL.

I'LL seek no more the Enchantress' Cell;
'Tis all unbound her witching spell.
The sorceress' rites I now disdain,
Her mystic charms to me are vain.
No more through myrtle shades I'll rove
To win the sibyl in the grove.

Elysian fields no more I'll tread,
The fount is dry, the flowers are dead;
There is no music by the rill,
No graces haunt the fabled hill
The vagrant muse may render still—
Her lyre as silent as the rill.

The wayward maid has lost her sway,
Her votary will no longer stay;
I will not drink of Lethe's stream;
I would not drown my living dream;
A holier cup by far shall be
That gentle Mary fills for me.

Could aught restore the vanished hour,
With Love enthrall'd in Beauty's bower,

Such careless cup, so young and free,
Might rosy Ellen fill for me.
Call me not back, ambitious theme,
The dazzling thought, the fever'd dream.

A prouder pledge that cup will be
That graceful Emma brings to me;
A sweeter scene, a softer sound—
'Tis friendship's voice, 'tis sacred ground.
That warm affections long may live,
That generous cup must Lizzie give.

## MEMORY.

Oh, Memory! thou must wake no more;
Remembrance may not taste
When Fancy's finger falters o'er
The music of the past.

Some silver chord hath ceased to sound,
Some silken tie unloosed,
Some golden link hath been unbound
That the fond heart hath used.



The secret in the heart must sleep,
Its sorrow show no trace,
And seem as if no cloud should keep
Its sorrow on the face.

The maiden pride upon the brow
Hath placed its image there,
Nor in the heart must enter now
The marble of despair.

Although that time can never bring
Lost love-life back again,
It still may bear upon its wing
The painlessness of pain.

## MAY.

When May's soft eve had closed the bowers,
She laid to rest the zephyr's wing,
To sleep beside the drowsy flowers
Laden with the sweets of spring.

Then Vesper's purest light was shining
On the garlands maidens laid,

That the shepherds had been twining
While they sang her serenade.

Votive wreaths and chaplets lying
On the margin of the stream,
While Esk's shaded waters sighing
Music soft as poet's dream.

Pale Cynthia's beams began to lave
With pearly light the woodland maze,
And trembling sought Endymion's cave
With fond Love's own impassioned gaze.

Enamour'd in the enchanted scene,
With Love in lonely Latmos deep,
Caressing now by all unseen
Her loved one in his haunted sleep.

But soon she feels the enraptured hours
Must cease before the morning ray;
The shepherd's voice among the bowers
Must hail the opening sweet of May.