



POEMS,

Religious, Historical, and Political.

BY ELIZA R. SNOW.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

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MENTAL GAS.

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Charles to his teacher—Sir, you say  
That nature's laws admit decay—  
    That changes never cease ;  
And yet you say, no void or space ;  
'Tis only change of shape or place—  
    No loss, and no increase.

That space or vacuum, sir, explain—  
When solid sense forsakes the brain,  
    Pray what supplies its place ?  
O, sir, I think I see it now—  
When substance fails, you will allow  
    Air occupies the space.

Not so, my child, that rule must fail ;  
For, by my philosophic scale,  
    The substitute for sense  
Is lighter far than common air ;  
And with the most consummate care,  
    No chemic skill can dense.

But when misfortune turns the screw,  
'Tis oft compress'd from outward view—  
    By outward force confin'd :

POEMS.

But with expansive power 'twill rise,  
Destroy the man, increase his size,  
And swell his optics blind.

Of various hues, yet still the same ;  
Though *mental gas* its chemic name,  
Some Poets call it *pride* :  
Th' important aid this gas imparts  
Among the various *human arts*  
Can never be denied.

This gas, entire, may be obtain'd  
From skulls whence sense is mostly drain'd,  
Or never had supplies :  
But were the noblest heads disclos'd,  
From acts and motives decompos'd,  
This mental gas would rise.

The parson's lecture, lawyer's plea,  
Devoted sums of charity,  
The sage with book profound ;  
The Muse's pen, the churchman's creed,  
The mill-boy on his pacing steed,  
Are more or less compound.