

JANE ELLIOT.

BORN 1727—DIED 1805.

MISS JANE or JEAN ELLIOT, the authoress of the finest of the various versions of "The Flowers of the Forest," was the second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second baronet of Minto, and was born at Minto House in Teviotdale in the year 1727. During the rebellion of 1745, when her father was forced to conceal himself among Minto Crags from an enraged party of Jacobites, she received and entertained the officers at Minto House, and, by her extreme composure and presence of mind, averted the danger to which he was exposed. Miss Elliot had many admirers, but she never married. From 1782 to 1804 she resided in Brown's Square, Edinburgh, and is said to have been the last lady in that city who, after the era of the fly, kept standing in her hall a private sedan-chair. Miss Elliot stole back, when nearly fourscore, to bonnie Teviotdale, and died either at Minto House, or Mount Teviot the residence of her younger brother Admiral Elliot, March 29th, 1805.

The pathetic dirge for the stalwart sons of Selkirkshire slain at Flodden Field, Miss Elliot's only composition, was written in 1756, and when first published it passed for an old ballad, and long remained anonymous. Burns was among the first to pronounce it a modern production, saying, "This fine ballad is even a more palpable imitation than Hardyknute. The manners are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday;" and Sir Walter Scott, who was among the first to bring it home to Jean Elliot's door, remarked: "The manner of the

ancient minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince me that the song was of modern date." Allan Cunningham preferred it to Mrs. Cockburn's version; but both are extremely beautiful, and in singing the latter is generally preferred. "The Forest" was the name given to a district which comprehends the county of Selkirk and a portion of Peeblesshire and Clydesdale, and which was noted for its archers. These were almost to a man slain at the disastrous battle of Flodden, and upon this event the song is founded. Cunningham writes: "The song of Miss Elliot was composed from the impulse of some ancient verses; and if there be such a thing as the transmigration of poetic soul, it has happened here. The most acute antiquary could not, I think, single out, except by chance, the ancient lines which are woven into the song, the simulation is so perfect. The line with which it commences—

"I've heard the liltin' at our yowe-milkin'," is old, and so is the often recurring line which presses on our hearts the desolation of the Forest. Now, admitting these lines to be old, can we say that the remainder of the song has not in every line, in language, and image, and sentiment, the same antique hue, and spirit, and sound? The whole comes with a cry in our ears as from the survivors of Flodden Field; and when it is sung we owe little to imagination when we associate it with the desolation of the Forest, and hear in it the ancient wail of its maids and matrons."

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the liltin' at our yowe-milkin',
Lasses a-liltin' before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning in ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are
scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;

Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are
jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runckled, and gray;
At fair or at preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the
 Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;

The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the
 foremost,
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milkin',
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JAMES MACLAGGAN.

BORN 1728—DIED 1805.

The Rev. JAMES MACLAGGAN was born in the year 1728 at Ballechin, in the parish of Logierait, Perthshire. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and after being licensed as a preacher he was appointed to the chapel-of-ease at Amulree (made a parish in 1871), Perthshire, and subsequently to the chaplaincy of the 42d Regiment, his commission bearing date June 15, 1764. He accompanied the regiment to the United States, and was present in several engagements during the war of 1776-82. After discharging the duties

of military chaplain for twenty-five years, he was presented to the parish of Blair-Athole, where he died in 1805. He published anonymously a collection of Gaelic songs; and during his service with the regiment he composed a number of war lyrics and poems, many of which still remain in manuscript. He was a thorough Gaelic scholar, and recovered, while settled in the Highlands, from the recitation of various persons, large portions of the poetry of Ossian prior to Macpherson's publications.

SONG OF THE ROYAL HIGHLAND REGIMENT.

For success a prayer, with a farewell, bear
 To the warriors dear of the muir and the valley—
 The lads that convene in their plaiding of green,
 With the curtal coat, and the sweeping *eil-e*.
 In their belts array'd, where the dark blue blade
 Is hung, with the dirk at the side;
 When the sword is at large, and uplifted the
 targe,
 Ha! not a foe the boys will abide.

The followers in peril of Ian the Earl,
 The race of the wight of hand;
 Sink the eyes of the foe, of the friend's mounts
 the glow,
 When the Murdoch's high blood takes com-
 mand.
 With Loudon to lead ye, the wise and the steady,
 The daring in fight and the glorious,
 Like the lightning ye'll rush, with the sword's
 bright flash,
 And return to your mountain victorious.

Oh, sons of the lion! your watch is the wild-
 lands,
 The garb of the Highlands is mingled with
 blue,
 Though the target and bosses are bright in the
 Highlands,
 The axe in your hands might be blunted well,
 too.
 Then forward—and see ye be huntsmen true,
 And, as erst the red-deer felling,
 So fell ye the Gaul, and so strike ye all
 The tribes in the backwoods dwelling.

Where ocean is roaring, let top-sails be towering,
 And sails to the motion of helm be flying;
 Though high as the mountain, or smooth as the
 fountain,
 Or fierce as the boiling floods angrily crying;
 Though the tide with a stroke be assailing the
 rock,
 Oh, once let the pibroch's wild signal be heard,

Then the waves will come bending in dimples
befriending,
And beckoning the friends of their country on
board.

The ocean-tide's swelling, its fury is quelling,
In salute of thunder proclaiming your due;
And, methinks, that the hum of a welcome is come,
And is warbling the Jorram to you.

When your levy is landed, oh, bright as the pearls
Shall the strangers who welcome you, gladly
and greeting

Speak beautiful thoughts; aye, the beautiful girls
From their eyes shall the tears o'er the ruby
be meeting,

And encounter ye, praying, from the storm and
the slaying,

“From the stranger, the enemy, save us, oh,
save!

From rapine and plunder, O, tear us asunder, —
Our noble defenders are ever the brave!”

“If the fondest ye of true lovers be,”
So cries each trembling beauty,
“Be bold in the fight, and give transport's
delight

To your friends and the fair, by your duty.”

“Oh, yes!” shall the beautiful hastily cry;

“Oh, yes!” in a word, shall the valiant reply;
By our womanly faith we pledge you for both,
For where'er we contract, and where'er we be-
troth,

We vow with the daring to die!”

Faithful to trust is the lion-like host
Whom the dawn of their youth doth inuro
To hunger's worst ire, and to action's bold
fire,

And to ranging the wastes of the moor.
Accustom'd so well to each enterprise snell,
Be the chase or the warfare their quarry;
Aye ever they fight the best for the right,
To the strike of the swords when they hurry.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

BORN 1732—DIED 1769.

WILLIAM FALCONER, an ingenious poet, the son of a poor barber who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb, was born at Edinburgh, February 11, 1732. He went early to sea as an apprentice on board a Leith merchant vessel; and before he was eighteen rose to the situation of second mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Levant trade, which was wrecked off Cape Colonna, in the Mediterranean, only Falconer and two others being saved. In 1751 he was again living in Edinburgh. The earliest production of his muse was a monody on the death of Frederick Prince of Wales, followed by several minor pieces, none of which attracted attention. He appears to have continued in the merchant service until 1757, but little is really known of the life of Falconer during this period. It is stated, on doubtful authority, that he had joined the royal navy, and was one of the few persons saved from the wreck of the ill-fated ship *Ramilies* in 1760. But the period must have been one of considerable leisure and meditation, for all at once he burst from obscurity in a manner which placed him in the

front rank of Scottish poets. This was the “Shipwreck, in three cantos, by a Sailor,” first published by Millar in 1762, and dedicated to Edward, duke of York, brother to George III. His epic was preceded by the following appropriate motto:—

“quae ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.”

The shipwreck which Falconer selected for his theme was that in which he had been a sufferer on board the *Britannia*, wrecked off the coast of Greece, and in this way he imparted a train of interesting recollections and images to his poem. The disaster occurred near Cape Colonna, one of the fairest portions of the beautiful shores of Greece. “In all Attica,” says Lord Byron, “if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over ‘isles that

crown the Ægean deep; but for an Englishman Colonna has yet an additional interest as the actual spot of Falconer's 'Shipwreck.' Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

'Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'

The reception which the "Shipwreck" received from the public was in the highest degree flattering to the author, and it was universally hailed as an accession to English poetry. The Duke of York, to whom it was dedicated, shared in the general admiration, and obtained for Falconer the position of midshipman on board the *Royal George*; but he was subsequently transferred to the *Glory*, a frigate of 32 guns, on board of which he held the position of purser. Soon after he married a Miss Hicks, daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness Yard. After the peace of 1763 the *Glory* was laid up, and the poet retired on half-pay. The commissioner of the dockyard generously ordered the captain's cabin to be fitted up for his residence, and in this characteristic retreat for a sailor poet he was enabled for a time to enjoy all the luxury of literary pursuits, undisturbed by the din of the world and free from many of its cares. In 1764 he presented the public with a new edition of his poem, considerably improved and enlarged, containing upwards of 1000 additional lines. In 1769, at which period he was residing in London, he published his "Universal Marine

Dictionary," a work of the greatest practical utility, which speedily came into general use in the navy; and soon after issued a third edition of the "Shipwreck," with considerable improvements.

Having been appointed purser to the *Aurora*, which was ordered to India, the frigate sailed September 30, 1769, and was never heard of after touching at the Cape of Good Hope in the succeeding December, having foundered, as is supposed, in the Mozambique Channel. No "tuneful Arion" was left to commemorate this calamity, the poet having perished under the circumstances he had formerly described in the case of his companions in the *Britannia*. The poetical reputation which Falconer enjoyed while living has not diminished after a lapse of more than a hundred years. The hope of immortality which he ventures to express in the introduction to his "Shipwreck" bids fair to be realized; his name, this

"... tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save."

Since the time of Falconer's death various editions of his poems have been issued in Great Britain and the United States, two of which were accompanied by memoirs, written by the Rev. J. S. Clarke (1804) and Rev. John Mitford (1836), the latter appearing in Pickering's series of the Aldine Poets. An elegant illustrated edition of the "Shipwreck," with a memoir by R. Carruthers, appeared in 1868.

THE SHIPWRECK.

INTRODUCTION.

While jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the paleful vale with dire alarms;
While Albion bids the avenging thunders roll
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where war with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:

But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps,
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies,
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,
Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress:
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallowed shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain;

Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the mild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams thro' yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where winter's tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus and the tuneful train!
Far from the Muses' academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone,
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,"¹
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador.
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus,² lav'd by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.

But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way!
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.
In regions where th' Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe!
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattl'd line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join;
Where the torn vessel wind and wave assail,
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail.
Such joyless toil in early youth endured,
The expanding dawn of mental day obscured,
Each genial passion of the soul oppress'd,
And quenched the ardour kindling in his breast.
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale!

And lo! the pow'r that wakes th' eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethæan banks along:
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,

Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light!
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began:
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow,
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and, swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid, intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethæ's shores.

To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval time!
By whom, transmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light!
Say! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befell,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores:
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasure'd stores!
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
And give its latent horrors to the day.

CANTO FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.—I. Retrospect of the Voyage—Arrival at Candia—State of that Island—Season of the Year described.—II. Character of the Master, and his Officers, Albert, Rodmond, and Arion—Palemon, Son to the Owner of the Ship—Attachment of Palemon to Anna, the daughter of Albert—Noon.—III. Arion's History.—IV. Sunset—Midnight—Arion's Dream—Unmoor by Moonlight—Morning—Sun's Azimuth taken—Beautiful Appearance of the Ship, as seen by the Natives from the Shore.

I. A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impelled
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held:
Of famed *Britannia* were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew;
The wayward steps of Fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursued;
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanced incautious of each fatal snare,
Though warned full oft the slippery tract to shun,
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betrayed them on.
Beguiled to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy resigned.
Long absent they from friends and native home
The cheerless ocean were inured to roam;
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crowned each painful voyage with success;
Still, to compensate toils and hazards past,
Restored them to maternal plains at last.

¹ Shakspeare's Henry IV. act iii.² Darien.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
 Across the equator rolled his flaming sphere,
 Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
 From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale;
 She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
 Unwearying wafted her commercial store;
 The richest ports of Afric she had viewed,
 Thence to fair Italy her course pursued;
 Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
 And visited the margin of the Nile:
 And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
 The circling voyage hastens to its goal:
 They, blind to fate's inevitable law,
 No dark event to blast their hope foresaw,
 But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
 For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near;
 Inflamed by hope, their throbbing hearts elate,
 Ideal pleasures vainly antedate:
 Already British coasts appear to rise,
 The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes;
 Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,
 Embracing strains the mistress of his soul;
 Nor less o'erjoyed, with sympathetic truth,
 Each faithful maid expects the approaching
 youth.

In distant souls congenial passions glow,
 And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow:
 Such shadowy happiness their thoughts employ;
 Illusion all, and visionary joy!

Thus time elapsed, while o'er the pathless tide
 Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
 Occasion called to touch at Candia's shore,
 Which, blest with favouring winds, they soon
 explore;

The haven enter, borne before the gale,
 Despatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
 Mark the fell track of desolating war:
 Here arts and commerce with auspicious reign
 Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain;
 While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
 Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.
 In gay luxuriance: Ceres too was seen
 To crown the valleys with eternal green:
 For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
 What Albion is, fair Candia then appeared.—
 Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
 The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;
 They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
 No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
 For stern oppression quenched its genial fires:
 Though still her fields, with golden harvests
 crowned,

Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
 Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles,
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
 The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
 And hears his famished babes lament in vain.
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
 A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil.
 No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,

Now views with triumph captive gods adore;
 No lovely Helens now with fatal charms
 Excite the avenging chiefs of Greece to arms;
 No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
 For whom contending kings were proud to die;
 Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
 While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay:
 Those charms, so long renowned in classic strains,
 Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

Now in the southern hemisphere the sun
 Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had
 run.

And on the Ecliptic wheeled his winding way,
 Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
 Four days becalmed the vessel here remains,
 And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains;
 For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
 And not a breeze awakes the silent deep:
 This, when the autumnal equinox is o'er,
 And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
 The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
 Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.—
 No dread of storms the master's soul restrain,
 A captive fettered to the oar of gain:
 His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
 Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,
 Determined, from whatever point they rise,
 To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
 Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire,
 Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail,
 Till roused attention feel our plaintive tale,
 Record whom chief among the gallant crew
 The unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew:
 Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
 In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?—

They can, for gold too oft with magic art
 Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart:
 This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
 To whom in vain sad merit pleads her cause;
 This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
 And leads the way to pleasure's soft abode;
 This spreads with slaughtered heaps the bloody
 plain,
 And pours adventurous thousands o'er the main.

II. The stately ship, with all her daring band,
 To skilful Albert owned the chief command.
 Though trained in boisterous elements, his mind
 Was yet by soft humanity refined;
 Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
 Abroad, confessed the father of his crew!
 Brave, liberal, just! the calm domestic scene
 Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene:
 Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
 The planets wheeling in eternal race;
 To mark the ship in floating balance held,
 By earth attracted, and by seas repelled;
 Or point her devious* track through climes un-
 known

That leads to every shore and every zone.

He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave
glide,

And into motion charm the expanding tide,
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles;
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminished force;
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
Inured to peril, with unconquered soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll:
O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades preside,
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide;
His genius, ever for the event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore,
A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort
A sooty tribe to fair Augusta's port:
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar¹ and shelf the watery path they sound
With dexterous arm, sagacious of the ground:
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclined.
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;
But drooping and relaxed in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefined
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boist'rous of manners; trained in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul:
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
shore,

With foul intent the stranded bark explore;
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword.
The indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
Too oft example, armed with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, trained by this unhallowed crew,
The sacred social passions never knew.
Unskilled to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud;
In art unschooled, each veteran rule he prized,

¹ A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand that has been collected by the surge of the sea at the entrance of a river or haven, so as to render the navigation difficult and often dangerous. A shelf, or shelve, so called from the Saxon "schylf," is a name given to any dangerous shallows, sand-banks, or rocks lying immediately under the surface of the water.

And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glowed his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next in order of command
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame;
Whose vital spring had just begun to bloom
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom!
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danced to nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawned in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower:
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom withered, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove,
Hither he wandered anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the untravelled zone.
In vain;—for rude Adversity's command
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train!
To call Arion this ill-fated swain;
For like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both in lamenting numbers o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

These, chief among the ship's conducting train,
Her path explored along the deep domain;
Trained to command, and range the swelling sail
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doomed to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed:
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourned the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease;
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale:
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew:

Though tremblingly alive to Nature's laws,
 Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause;
 O'erjoyed, he saw her lovely eyes relent,
 The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
 Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove
 Unheard they breathed alternate vows of love;
 By fond society their passion grew,
 Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew;
 While their chaste souls possessed the pleasing
 pains

That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains.
 In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame
 Betrayed the secret of their mutual flame.

With grief and anger struggling in his breast
 Palemon's father heard the tale confessed;
 Long had he listened with suspicion's ear,
 And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
 Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
 A heart to nature's warm impressions true:
 Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil
 With avarice to pollute that generous soil;
 That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
 Refused the culture of so rank a weed.

Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
 And basking in the smile of fortune's sun;
 (For many freighted ships from shore to shore,
 Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore;)
 With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade
 That veiled the beauties of this charming maid.

Indignant he rebuked the enamoured boy,
 The flattering promise of his future joy;
 He soothed and menaced, anxious to reclaim
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:

Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
 The ravished sense, or beauty charms the sight.
 With all her powers enchanting Music failed,
 And Pleasure's siren voice no more prevailed.
 Long with unequal art in vain he strove
 To quench the ethereal flame of ardent Love:
 The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
 In look and voice assumed a harsher strain.

In absence now his only hope remained;
 And such the stern decree his will ordained:
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom;
 High beat his heart, fast flowed the unbidden
 tear,

His bosom heaved with agony severe;
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
 No tender pity touched that sordid mind—
 To thee, brave Albert! was the charge consigned.
 The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.

Incapable of change, the unhappy youth
 Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth;
 Still Anna's image swims before his sight
 In fleeting vision through the restless night;
 From clime to clime an exile doomed to roam,
 His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
 To him since young Arion first was known;

Who wandering here through many a scene re-
 nowned,

In Alexandria's port the vessel found;
 Where, anxious to review his native shore,
 He on the roaring wave embarked once more.
 Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light
 With him Palemon kept the watch of night,
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppressed
 Some painful secret of the soul confessed:
 Perhaps Arion soon the cause divined,
 Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind;
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,
 Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
 He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
 The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
 Recalled to memory by the adjacent shore:
 The scene thus present and its story known,
 The lover sighed for sorrows not his own.
 Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
 Soon the ripe metal owned the quickening ore;
 For in one tide their passions seemed to roll,
 By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er the inferior naval train preside,
 The course determine, or the commerce guide:
 O'er all the rest, an undistinguished crew,
 Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppressed,
 And held the unwilling ship in strong arrest:
 High in his chariot glowed the lamp of day,
 O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.
 Relaxed from toil, the sailors range the shore,
 Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more;
 The hour to social pleasure they resign,
 And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
 On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
 Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
 Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coast;
 The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost:
 But with Arion, from the sultry heat
 Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat—
 And lo! the shore with mournful prospects
 crowned,

The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
 The ruined bulwark tottering o'er the strand,
 Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand:
 What scenes of woe this hapless Isle o'erspread!
 Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
 Full twice twelve summers were yon towers
 assailed,
 Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevailed;
 While thundering mines the lovely plains o'er-
 turned,
 While heroes fell, and domes and temples burned.¹

III. But now before them happier scenes arise,
 Elysian vales salute their ravished eyes;

¹ These lines allude to the memorable siege of Can-
 dia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks
 in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and
 esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

Olive and cedar formed a grateful shade,
 Where light with gay romantic error strayed.
 The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
 There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine:
 And lo! the stream renowned in classic song,
 Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
 On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
 The youthful wanderers found a wide alcove;
 Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
 And with sweet melancholy charmed the soul.
 Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
 For consolation on his friend reclined,
 In pity's bleeding bosom poured the stream
 Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
 "Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance
 taught,

My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
 In vain it courts the solitary shade,
 By every action, every look betrayed.
 The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
 To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
 Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
 The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
 Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
 And prove the kind companion of his woe.

"Albert thou know'st with skill and science
 graced;

In humble station though by fortune placed,
 Yet never seaman more serenely brave
 Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave:
 Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
 With flowery lawns and waving woods between,
 A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
 Where 'Thames, slow winding, rolls his ample tide.
 There live, the hope and pleasure of his life,
 A pious daughter and a faithful wife.
 For his return with fond officious care
 Still every grateful object these prepare;
 Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
 Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

"This blooming maid in Virtue's path to guide,
 The admiring parents all their care applied;
 Her spotless soul, to soft affection trained,
 No vice untuned, no sickening folly stained:
 Not fairer grows the lily of the vale
 Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
 Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
 Thrilled every heart with exquisite alarms;
 Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dressed,
 The smile of maiden innocence expressed;
 While health, that rises with the new-born day,
 Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:
 Still in her look complacence smiled serene;
 She moved the charmer of the rural scene!

"'Twas at that season when the fields resume
 Their loveliest hues, arrayed in vernal bloom;
 Yon ship, rich freighted from the Italian shore,
 To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
 While thus my father saw his ample hoard
 From this return, with recent treasures stored;
 Me, with affairs of commerce charged, he sent

To Albert's humble mansion: soon I went!
 Too soon, alas! unconscious of the event.
 There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
 The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw;
 There, wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
 My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms:
 My ever-charming Anna! who alone
 Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
 Oh! while all-conscious memory holds her power,
 Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour
 When from those eyes, with lovely lightning
 fraught,

My fluttering spirits first the infection caught?
 When, as I gazed, my faltering tongue betrayed
 The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid;
 While the dim light my ravished eyes forsook,
 And every limb unstrung with terror shook.
 With all her powers dissenting Reason strove
 To tame at first the kindling flame of Love:
 She strove in vain;—subdued by charms divine,
 My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
 Oft from the din of bustling life I strayed,
 In happier scenes to see my lovely maid;
 Full oft, where Thames his wandering current
 leads,

We roved at evening hour through flowery
 meads;
 There, while my heart's soft anguish I revealed,
 To her with tender sighs my hope appealed:
 While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,
 Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved;
 For, trained in rural scenes from earliest youth,
 Nature was hers, and innocence, and truth.
 She never knew the city damsel's art,
 Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart.—
 My suit prevailed! for Love informed my tongue,
 And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
 Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
 And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
 Thrice happy hours! where with no dark allay
 Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day:
 For here the sigh that soft affection heaves,
 From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
 Elysian scenes! too happy long to last,
 Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast;
 Too soon some demon to my father bore
 The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.
 My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice
 Awhile he laboured to degrade my choice;
 Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
 From its loved object to divert my thought.
 With equal hope he might attempt to bind
 In chains of adamant the lawless wind;
 For Love had aimed the fatal shaft too sure,
 Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
 With alienated look each art he saw
 Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
 His anxious mind on various schemes revolved,
 At last on cruel exile he resolved:
 The rigorous doom was fixed; alas! how vain,
 To him of tender anguish to complain.

His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert charge he gave
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

"The ship was laden and prepared to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale:
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The heart-felt torments of despairing love;
The impatient wish that never feels repose,
Desire that with perpetual current flows,
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,
Joys distant still, and sorrows ever near.
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide,
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied:
The night was silent, and advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast;
Impatient hope the midnight path explored,
And led me to the nymph my soul adored.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,
She came confessed! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
The impetuous joy that glowed in either heart?
O! ye whose melting hearts are formed to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love;
When with delicious agony the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.

"In transport lost, by trembling hope im-
pressed,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast,
While hers congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flashed from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt;
Formed to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire.
'Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, (she
cries,

While sorrow bursts with interrupting sighs,)
For ever destined to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart, through scenes of fair illusion, strayed
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine abandoned to severe distress
Still to complain, and never hope redress—
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone,
And let this tortured bosom beat alone.
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth, nor tempt the faithless seas.
Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms,
With fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy arms:
Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day:

Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
Go then, I charge thee by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove;
On me alone let dark affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate.'

"She ceased: while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties showered celestial grace:
Not Helen, in her bridal charms arrayed,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
'O soul of all my wishes! (I replied)
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consigned to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may the eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb;
Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight:
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
Which sweet possession only knows to heal;
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands;
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love;
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.

"O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away:
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The famed and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain:
For this, prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are
o'er,
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more.'

"Her struggling soul, o'erwhelmed with tender
grief,

Now found an interval of short relief:
So melts the surface of the frozen stream
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night with-
drew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck the afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung:
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave;
With soft persuasion I dispelled her fear,
And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear,
While dying fondness languished in her eyes,
She poured her soul to Heaven in suppliant
sighs:—

'Look down with pity, O ye powers above!
 Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love;
 Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
 Alone can tell if he returns no more:
 Or if the hour of future joy remain,
 Long-wished atonement of long-suffered pain,
 Bid every guardian-minister attend,
 And from all ill the much-loved youth defend!' ¹
 With grief o'erwhelmed we parted twice in vain,
 And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
 At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
 While tender passion beat in either heart,
 Our eyes transfixed with agonizing look,
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
 Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
 Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft:
 She to her silent couch retired to weep,
 Whilst I embark'd, in sadness, on the deep."

His tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief
 Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief:
 To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,
 No secret wish or fear their bosoms know;
 In mutual hazards oft severely tried,
 Nor hope nor danger could their love divide.¹

Ye tender maids! in whose pathetic souls
 Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
 Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
 The secret wound you tremble to reveal;
 Ah! may no wanderer of the stormy main
 Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane;
 May never fatal tenderness approve
 The fond effusions of their ardent love:
 Oh! warned by friendship's counsel, learn to shun
 The fatal path where thousands are undone!
 Now, as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
 Approached the lonely margin of the main,
 First, with attention roused, Arion eyed
 The graceful lover, formed in nature's pride:
 His frame the happiest symmetry displayed,
 And locks of waving gold his neck arrayed;
 In every look the Paphian graces shine,
 Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine:
 With lightened heart he smiled serenely gay,
 Like young Adonis, or the son of May.
 Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
 Received her apple on the Trojan plain.

IV. The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
 Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
 Creation smiles around; on every spray

¹ This and the three preceding lines were deleted in the third edition, and the following (which seem worthy of preservation) substituted:—

"The hapless bird, thus ravished from the skies,
 Where all forlorn his loved companion flies,
 In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate;
 Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
 Composed at length his sadly-warbling strain—
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain."

The warbling birds exalt their evening lay:
 Blithe skipping o'er you hill, the fleecy train
 Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
 The golden lime and orange there were seen
 On fragrant branches of perpetual green;
 The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
 To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
 The glassy ocean hushed, forgets to roar,
 But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
 And lo! his surface lovely to behold
 Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
 While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
 The skies with pomp ineffable array.
 Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;
 Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
 While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,
 And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main,
 Emerging clouds the azure east invade,
 And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade:
 While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
 With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
 With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
 The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
 Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
 By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,
 As love, or battle, hardships of the main,
 Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
 Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
 The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
 When eastern breezes from the shore arise:
 The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
 Pale glimmered o'er the long-protracted cloud;
 A mighty halo round her silver throne,
 With parting meteors crossed, portentous shone:
 This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
 Oft deemed a signal of tempestuous gales.

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
 Tumultuous swim the visions of the night:
 Now blooming Anna with her happy swain
 Approached the sacred hymeneal fane;
 Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
 And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen:
 Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,
 Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
 With painful step he climbed, while far above
 Sweet Anna charmed them with the voice of Love;
 Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
 While dreadful yawned beneath the jaws of hell—
 Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
 He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound;
 Up starting from his couch on deck he sprung,
 Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle
 rung:

"All hands unmoor!" proclaims a boisterous cry,
 "All hands unmoor!" the caverned rocks reply.
 Roused from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the windlass² arm:

² The *windlass* is a large roller used to wind in the cable or heave up the anchor. It is turned about by a

The order given, up-springing with a bound
 They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round,
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound:
 Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave
 The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
 High on the slippery masts the yards ascend,
 And far abroad the canvas wings extend.
 Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides;
 The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,
 With silver deluging the fluid stream.
 Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
 Then in the Egyptian quarter die away.
 A calm ensues: adjacent shores they dread,
 The boats, with rowers manned, are sent ahead;
 With cordage fastened to the lofty prow
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow;¹
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend:
 Success attends their skill! the danger's o'er!
 The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn with gradual pace advanced on high,
 Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky:
 She comes not in refulgent pomp arrayed,
 But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.
 Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's² height,
 Tremorous rock! emerges on the sight;
 North-east, a league, the isle of Standia bears,
 And westward, Freschin's woody cape³ appears.

In distant angles while the transient gales
 Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;
 The drowsy air attentive to retain,
 As from unnumbered points it sweeps the main.
 Now swelling stud-sails⁴ on each side extend,
 Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend;
 While all to court the veering winds are placed,
 With yards alternate square, and sharply braced.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
 And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud;
 Through the wide atmosphere condensed with haze,
 His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze,
 The pilots now their azimuth⁵ attend,
 On which all courses, duly formed, depend:
 The compass placed to catch the rising ray,

The quadrant's shadows studious they survey
 Along the arch the gradual index slides,
 While Phoebus down the vertic circle glides;
 Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
 Thus height and polar distance are obtained,
 Then latitude, and declination, gained;
 In chiliads next the analogy is sought,
 And on the sinical triangle wrought:
 By this magnetic variance is explored,
 Just angles known, and polar truth restored.

The natives, while the ship departs their land,
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
 *Majestically slow before the breeze
 She moved triumphant o'er the yielding seas:
 Her bottom through translucent waters shone,
 White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;
 The bending waves⁶ their contrast next displayed,
 All fore and aft in polished jet arrayed.

BRITANNIA, riding awful on the prow,
 Gazed o'er the vassal waves that rolled below:
 Where'er she moved the vassal waves were seen
 To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
 The imperial trident graced her dexter hand,
 Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand;
 The eternal empire of the main to keep,
 And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep:
 Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
 Around whose margin rolls the watery field;
 There her bold Genius, in his floating car,
 O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war:
 And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
 In bloody combat met, from age to age;
 Tamed into Union, yoked in friendship's chain,
 Draw his proud chariot round the vanquished
 main:

From the proud margin to the centre grew
 Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the
 view!

The immortal shield from Neptune she received,
 When first her head above the waters heaved.
 Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
 A figured scutcheon glittered on her breast:
 There, from one parent-soil, for ever young,
 The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.

number of long bars or levers, and is furnished with strong iron pauls to prevent it from recoiling.—*Paul*, a certain short bar of wood or iron fixed close to the capstern or windlass of a ship, to prevent those engines from rolling back or giving way when they are employed to heave in the cable, or otherwise charged with any great effort.—Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*.

¹ *Towing* is chiefly used, as here, when a ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore by the swell of the sea.

² A mountain in the midst of Candia, or ancient Crete.

³ Cape Freschin, or Frescia, is the easternmost part of two projecting points of land on the northern coast of Candia.

⁴ *Stud* or *studding sails* are light sails which are

extended in fine weather and fair winds beyond the skirts of the principal sails. *Stay-sails* are three-cornered sails which are hoisted up on a strong rope called a *stay* when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

⁵ The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetic needle.

⁶ Before the art of coppering ships' bottoms was discovered they were painted white. The *waves* are the strong planks which extend along a ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a vessel appears light and graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished into the main-wale and the channel-wale.

Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
 Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
 Such was the sculptured prow—from van to rear
 The artillery frowned, a black tremendous tier!
 Embalmed with orient gum, above the wave,
 The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
 On the broad stern a pencil warm and bold,
 That never servile rules of art controlled,
 An allegoric tale on high portrayed;
 There a young hero; here a royal maid.
 Fair England's Genius, in the youth expressed,
 Her ancient foe, but now her friend confessed,
 The warlike nymph with fond regard surveyed;
 No more his hostile frown her heart dismayed.
 His look, that once shot terror from afar,
 Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
 Serene as summer's evening skies she saw;
 Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe.
 Her nervous arm, inured to toils severe,
 Brandished the unconquered Caledonian spear.
 The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
 Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
 That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
 Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
 Flashed like the meteors of her native sky.
 Her crest, high-plumed, was rough with many a
 scar,

And o'er her helmet gleamed the northern star.
 The warrior youth appeared of noble frame;
 The hardy offspring of some Runic dame.
 Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slackened bow,
 Renowned in song, the terror of the foe!
 The sword, that oft the barbarous North defied,
 The scourge of tyrants! glittered by his side.
 Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
 The George emblazoned on his corselet shone;
 Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre
 Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire:
 Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
 Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell:
 Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
 The songs of Heaven, the music of the spheres!
 Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
 Where other suns to other systems rise.

These front the scene conspicuous; overhead
 Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread:
 While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood
 Beneath their feet, the father of the flood:
 Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
 Perched by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
 There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
 With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
 Yonder fair Commerce stretched her winged sail;
 Here frowned the god that wakes the living gale:
 High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurled
 The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
 Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest,
 And warlike trophies either quarter dressed:
 Then towered the masts; the canvas swelled on
 high;
 And waving streamers floated in the sky.

Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
 Like some fair virgin on her bridal day;
 Thus like a swan she cleaves the watery plain;
 The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

The scene of death is closed, the mournful strains
 Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;
 Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains,
 And dumb suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with
 fear.

But the sad Muses, with prophetic eye,
 At once the future and the past explore;
 Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
 And waft the spirit to the eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear
 The voice of friendship still lament thy doom,
 Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
 That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas! the gentle maid shall weep,
 While secret anguish nips her vital bloom;
 O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,
 And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless frenzy shall the father sting,
 Untaught in virtue's school distress to bear;
 Severe remorse his tortured soul shall wring—
 'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
 Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!
 The tempest now shall howl, unheard by you,
 While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
 In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
 Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
 And scorch the panting earth with baneful
 heat.

No more the joyful maid, with sprightly strain,
 Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
 Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
 When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide watery waste you stray,
 While hunger and disease your life consume;
 While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
 Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,
 That taints the realms with misery severe;
 No more behold pale Famine, scattering death
 With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling
 strain,
 Unheard, shall form the long embattled line:

Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
 Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
 The wandering vassals of the faithless deej;
 O! happier now, escaped to endless rest,
 Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
 Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
 Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
 Who sadly listen to the passing-bell;

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
 No real anguish to the soul impart;
 But oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
 Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What though no sculptured pile your name displays,
 Like those who perish in their country's cause;
 What though no epic muse in living lays
 Records your dreadful daring with applause:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
 With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;
 And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
 The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall remembrance from Oblivion's veil
 Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
 And soft Compassion at your tragic tale
 In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

ADDRESS TO MIRANDA.

The smiling plains, profusely gay,
 Are drest in all the pride of May;
 The birds on every spray above
 To rapture wake the vocal grove;

But ah! Miranda, without thee,
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me;
 All lonely in the secret shade
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!
 Serenely sweet as vernal air!
 Come to my arms; for you alone
 Can all my absence past atone.

O come! and to my bleeding heart
 Thy sovereign balm of love impart;
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
 And give the year eternal spring!

JOHN OGILVIE.

BORN 1733—DIED 1814.

JOHN OGILVIE, D.D., a poet of some renown in his day, was the son of one of the ministers of Aberdeen, where he was born in 1733. He was educated at Marischal College, from which afterwards he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Having qualified himself as a preacher he was in 1759 appointed minister of the parish of Midmar, in Aberdeenshire, where he continued in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties for more than half a century. His personal history was only varied by the publication of his numerous and now forgotten poems (the first of which, "The Day of Judgment," appeared in 1759), and an occasional visit to London, where he became acquainted, through his friend and admirer James Boswell, with Dr. Johnson, Churchill, and other literary magnates of the metropolis. Scarcely any of Ogilvie's poems are known

even by name to readers of the present day, and he is only remembered by several hymns which are to be found in collections in use in the United States and Great Britain. His biographer remarks that "Ogilvie, with powers far above the common order, did not know how to use them with effect. He was an able man lost. His intellectual wealth and industry were wasted in huge and unhappy speculations. Of all his books, there is not one which, as a whole, can be expected to please the general reader. Noble sentiments, brilliant conceptions, and poetic graces may be culled in profusion from the mass; but there is no one production in which they so predominate, if we except some of his minor pieces, as to induce it to be selected for a happier fate than the rest. Had the same talent which Ogilvie threw away on a number of ob-

jects been concentrated on one, and that one chosen with judgment and taste, he might have rivalled in popularity the most renowned of his contemporaries." The venerable divine

continued his useful parish labours till his death in 1814. In addition to his poems Dr. Ogilvie was the author of several works on philosophy and Christian ethics.

REVEALED RELIGION.¹

Yet let the muse extend her towering wing,
To roam the vast of Nature! Lo! what scenes,
By man yet unexplored, unfold to rouse
Her search! to tremble in her ardent eye!
To tempt her flight sublime, as o'er the world
She soars, and from her airy height surveys
The fate of empire; and the shifting scenes
Of human thought, successive as they swim,
Buoying, or lost in time's o'erwhelming wave.

Not idly curious her light glance pervades
The plans of wisdom; with no stranger's eye
She comes to *wonder* on the solemn scenes:
Or prying search for labyrinths, where the field
Is open, rich, accessible.—But free,
Impartial, just, she scans the mighty themes;
And paints them genuine as they rose to view.

'Twas where a plain far from the haunt of man,
Spread its green bosom to the evening ray,
All soft and sweetly silent; my slow step
Had led me wandering wide: the stream of thought

In that calm hour to meditation due,
Flow'd on the soul spontaneous; as the breeze
On the smooth current of some limpid rill
Steals o'er the ruffled wave. A dusky wood
O'erlook'd the field, and full in sight opposed
A range of hills frown'd o'er the chequer'd scene,

Crown'd with gay verdure; whence the list'ning ear
Thrill'd to the music of the tuneful choirs
That stream'd sweet-warbling o'er the vale; or heard

Remote the deep's low murmur, like the voice
Of torrents from afar. Here all retired,
Musing I sat, and in thy mirror view'd
Fair History, beheld the towering piles
Of grandeur fallen, or call'd the forms august
Of heroes from the tomb. The mighty chiefs,
I saw them bustling o'er the human scene,
'Til Fate had digg'd the sepulchres, and toll'd
The bell that summon'd them to rest. What boon,

The prize of virtue paid them! did thy worth,
Intrepid Decius, from the Samnite steel
Screen the devoted heart? Did Scipio quell
The tide of passion, and release the fair,
Blooming and spotless, to her lover's arms;
Or snatch from Hannibal's proud crest the wreath
Of victory; to find the sons of Rome
Just to his deeds? Ah no!—Amid the gloom
Of solitude he pined; scarce from the grasp
Of fury rescued, indignation swell'd
His manly heart, and grief slow-mining loosed
The props of life, and gave him to the tomb.

Such, Tully, was thy fate, and Brutus, thine!
The ghastly head low-rolling in the dust;
The tongue, to satiate female frenzy, torn;
The bleeding heart, yet reeking, spoke the end
Of eloquence and virtue. Scarce a tear
Embalmd their urns, triumphant vice beheld
With smiles their exit; and oppression raised
Her scourge to punish where the feeling heart
Swell'd in soft moisture to the pitying eye.

O! wreck'd, and dubious of a *life to come!*
What trophies graced the present! Heav'n withheld
From these *superior light*, left in the maze
Of doubt to wander, by the twilight ray
Of glimmering nature led: while toil and pain
Mark'd their long course with woe; and death's
pale eye

Terrific frown'd them into nought. Did these,
Than we more guilty, by superior crimes
Insult th' Omnipotent, that Truth's fair form,
Unveil'd to us, was from the dark research
Of cool philosophy in shades immured?
Whence, then, the palm by every voice conferr'd?
Whence the sweet lay that wantons in their
praise?

Why o'er soft pity's pallid cheek descends
The tear that weeps their doom, that says they
lived

A virtuous few! that mourns them as they fell,
The victims of ingratitude, or zeal
For public honour? yet the beam of heav'n
Illumed not Reason's path, nor led the mind
To see the Maker in his work portray'd
One, perfect, infinite, nor show'd the climes
Of pure ethereal pleasure, for the blest
Prepar'd, nor to th' enlighten'd view display'd

¹ This extract is taken from the beginning of the second book of Ogilvie's principal poetical work, entitled "Providence, an Allegorical Poem, in Three Books," first issued in a handsome illustrated quarto, London, 1764.—ED.

The form of moral beauty as it swells
 In full proportion to the mental gaze,
 Wrought by celestial aid. To these its charms
 Appear'd not. Heav'n on their degenerate sons
 Conferr'd its noblest boon when from the gulf
 Of surgy Chaos, where the goddess lay
 Wrapt in black clouds, He bade eternal Truth
 Rise to the day!—She heard, and to his call
 Obedient rose! Her beauty-beaming eye,
 Fair as thy ray, Aurora, when it scares
 The growling lion from his prey, dispell'd
 Th' involving shade, her magic touch dissolved
 The veil of error, lighten'd the dim search
 Of dark philosophy, and show'd the MIND
 That form'd, supports, and guides this mighty
 frame.

HYMN, FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name;
 Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise
 To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair!
 Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim—
 Tell how he formed your shining frame,
 And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels! catch the thrilling sound!
 While all the adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing:
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid;
 Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
 Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou Heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God!
 Who called yon worlds from night;
 "Ye shades, dispel!" the Eternal said,
 At once the involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow;
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice:
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To him who bids you roll;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul!

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
 Ye towering mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own!
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise;
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies!

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing—
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise!

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nursed in the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne;
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore—
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
 An image of his own!

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,
 O praise the Eternal Source of love
 With youth's enlivening fire:
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh his blest name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre!

WILLIAM J. MICKLE.

BORN 1734 — DIED 1788.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, the translator of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, and an original poet of some merit, was born at Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, September 29, 1734. He was the third son of the Rev. Alexander Meikle, the poet having changed the spelling of his name "without," as Dr. Johnson says of Mallet's change of name, "any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover." At the age of fifteen he was taken from the high-school of Edinburgh to assist his widowed aunt in carrying on a brewery, in which he finally became a partner; but proving unsuccessful in business, he in 1763 proceeded to London with the intention of entering upon the career of a man of letters. He became known to Lord Lyttelton, to whom he submitted some of his poems; and failing to please his fastidious patron, or to obtain through his lordship's interest some civil or commercial appointment, he accepted the humble position of corrector to the Clarendon Press at Oxford. In 1765 Mickle published several short poems, and two years after "The Concubine," a poem in two cantos, in the manner of Spenser. The former failed to attract attention, but nothing could be more flattering than the reception of the latter. It appeared anonymously, and was ascribed to some of the most eminent poets of the day. It soon passed through three editions, the title, to prevent misapprehension, being changed to "Sir Martyn." The first stanza of this poem has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott—divested of its antique spelling—in illustration of a remark made by him, that Mickle, "with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown:"

"Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows fluttering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropped with dew;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake

The withered rye-grass and the harebell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew."

In 1771 Mickle issued proposals for printing by subscription a translation of the "Lusiad," by Camoens, to qualify himself for which he studied the Portuguese language. He published the first book as a specimen in 1771, and from the liberal encouragement he received he was induced to resign his situation at the Clarendon Press, and to take up his residence at a farm-house about five miles from Oxford, where he devoted his whole time to his great translation. It was finished in 1775, and published in a quarto volume under the title of "The Lusiad, or the Discovery of India," to which he prefixed an Introduction, containing a "Defence of Commerce and Civilization, in reply to the misrepresentations of Rousseau and other visionary philosophers; a History of the Portuguese Conquests in India; a Life of Camoens; and a Dissertation on the Lusiad, and Observations on Epic Poetry." The work obtained for Mickle a high reputation at home and abroad, and so rapid was its sale that a second edition was soon called for. By the two editions he realized about one thousand guineas. In May, 1779, he accompanied Commodore Johnston as secretary on board the *Rodney* man-of-war, and sailed with a small squadron to Portugal. He was received on his arrival at Lisbon with great distinction by the countrymen of Camoens, and admitted as a member of the Royal Academy of Portugal. While in Lisbon he wrote his poem of "Almada Hill: an Epistle from Lisbon," published in 1781. On his return with the squadron to England Mickle remained for a time in London as joint agent for the disposal of some valuable prizes taken during the expedition. He had now acquired some means, and in 1783 he married Miss Mary Tomkins, the daughter of the farmer with whom he had resided at Forest Hill while engaged on the "Lusiad," and with the lady obtained considerable wealth. His latter days were spent in ease and affluence; in

writing occasional pieces, and in revising his published poems. He died at Forest Hill, October 28, 1788, leaving one son, for whose benefit a volume of his collected poems was published in 1795; and a second edition, with a memoir of Mickle written by Rev. John Sim, appeared in 1806.

The most popular of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of "Cumnor Hall," which has attained additional celebrity by its having suggested to Scott the groundwork of his charming romance of "Kenilworth," which Sir Walter intended to have named "Cumnor Hall," but was wisely persuaded by his publisher to adopt the title of "Kenilworth." He is also believed to be the writer of that very fascinating lyric "There's nae luck about the house," which has touched more hearts than

his translation of the "Lusiad," and some eighteen or twenty of the sweetest ballads in Evans' collection. Mickle would have excelled in the Scottish dialect, and in portraying Scottish life, had he known his own strength, and trusted to the impulses of his heart, instead of his ambition. We are well aware that the authorship of "There's nae luck about the house" has long been a subject of controversy, several writers attributing it to Jean Adams, one of the minor songstresses of Scotland, whose poems were published at Glasgow in 1734. No copy of the song is found either in Mickle's or Jean Adams' works printed while they lived, and it will not now probably ever be known with absolute certainty who wrote it, but authorities entitled to respect attribute the authorship to Mickle.

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
(The sounds of busy life were still),
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this the love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privacy?"

"No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But, be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful earl, it well was prized?"

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay;
What floweret can endure the storm?"

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare;
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, earl, why didst thou leave the beds.
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?"

"'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

“Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
 (The injured surely may repine),
 Why didst thou wed a country maid,
 When some fair princess might be thine?”

“Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
 And, oh! then leave them to decay?
 Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
 Then leave me to mourn the livelong day?”

“The village maidens of the plain
 Salute me lowly as they go:
 Envious, they mark my silken train,
 Nor think a countess can have woe.”

“The simple nymphs! they little know
 How far more happy’s their estate;
 To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
 To be content, than to be great.”

“How far less blest am I than them,
 Daily to pine and waste with care!
 Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
 Divided, feels the chilling air.”

“Nor, cruel earl! can I enjoy
 The humble charms of solitude;
 Your minions proud my peace destroy,
 By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.”

“Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
 The village death-bell smote my ear;
 They winked aside, and seemed to say:
 ‘Countess, prepare—thy end is near.’”

“And now, while happy peasants sleep,
 Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
 No one to soothe me as I weep,
 Save Philomel on yonder thorn.”

“My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
 Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
 And many a boding seems to say:
 ‘Countess, prepare—thy end is near.’”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
 And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
 And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
 Full many a piercing scream was heard,
 And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
 An aerial voice was heard to call,
 And thrice the raven flapped its wings
 Around the tow’rs of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
 The oaks were shattered on the green;
 Woe was the hour, for never more
 That hapless countess e’er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
 Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
 For ever since that dreary hour
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
 Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
 Nor ever lead the merry dance
 Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
 And pensive wept the countess’ fall,
 As wandering onwards they’ve espied
 The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

THE PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

O’er the hills of Cheviot beaming,
 Rose the silver dawn of May;
 Hostile spears, and helmets gleaming,
 Swell’d along the mountains gray.

Edwin’s warlike horn resounded
 Through the winding dales below,
 And the echoing hills rebounded
 The defiance of the foe.

O’er the downs, like torrents pouring,
 Edwin’s horsemen rush’d along;
 From the hills, like tempests lowering,
 Slowly march’d stern Edgar’s throng.

Spear to spear was now portended,
 And the yew-boughs half were drawn,
 When the female scream ascended,
 Shrilling o’er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins, round her weeping,
 Wav’d aloft their snowy hands,
 From the wood Queen Emma, shrieking,
 Ran between the dreadful bands.

“Oh, my sons, what rage infernal
 Bids you grasp the unhallow’d spear?
 Heaven detests the war fraternal;
 Oh, the impious strife forbear!”

“Ah! how mild and sweetly tender
 Flow’d your peaceful early days!
 Each was then of each defender,
 Each of each the pride and praise.”

- “ O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O, my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dared for thee the fight.
- “ Edgar, shall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field?
O, my sons, let peace allure ye;
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.
- “ Hah! what sight of horror waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!
Bring'st thou Denmark's banners, braving
Thy insulted brother's spear?
- “ Ah! bethink how through thy regions
Midnight horror fearful howl'd;
When, like wolves, the Danish legions
Through thy trembling forests prowld.
- “ When, unable of resistance,
Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd—
And shall Edwin's brave assistance
Be repaid with Denmark's sword!
- “ With that sword shalt thou assail him,
From whose point he set thee free,
While his warlike sinews fail him,
Weak with loss of blood for thee!
- “ O, my Edwin, timely hearken,
And thy stern resolves forbear!
Shall revenge thy counsels darken,
Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear!
- “ Wisdom tells, and justice offers,
How each wound may yet be balm'd,
O, revere these holy proffers,
Let the storms of hell be calm'd.
- “ Oh, my sons”— but all her sorrows
Fir'd their impious rage the more:
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows;
Soon the valleys reek'd with gore.
- Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,
Fled the queen, all stain'd with blood;
In her purpled bosom quivering,
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.
- Up the mountain she ascended,
Fierce as mounts the flame in air;
And her hands, to heaven extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair.
- “ Ah! my sons, how impious, cover'd
With each other's blood,” she cried:
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild scream for scream replied—
- “ From that blood around you streaming,
Turn, my sons, your vengeful eyes;
See what horrors o'er you streaming,
Muster round th' offended skies.
- “ See what burning spears portended,
Couch'd by fire-ey'd spectres glare,
Circling round you both, suspended
On the trembling threads of air!
- “ O'er you both Heaven's lightning volleys,
Wither'd is your strength ev'n now;
Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.
- “ Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Every hold and city storming,
Every herd and field devour.
- “ Ha! what signal new arising
Through the dreadful group prevails!
'Tis the hand of justice poisoning
High aloft the eternal scales.
- “ Loaded with thy base alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam!
- “ Opening mild and blue, reversing
O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
See the murky clouds dispersing,
And the fertile show'r distils.
- “ But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker spreads the angry sky;
Through the gloom pale lightning sallies.
Distant thunders groan and die.
- “ O'er thy proudest castles waving,
Fed by hill and magic power,
Denmark tow'rs on high her raven,
Hatch'd in freedom's mortal hour.
- “ Cursed be the day detested,
Cursed be the fraud profound,
When on Denmark's spear we rested!
Through thy streets shall loud resound.
- “ To thy brother, sad imploring,
Now I see thee turn thine eyes—
Ha! in settled darkness low'ring,
Now no more the visions rise!
- “ But thy ranc'rous soul descending
To thy sons from age to age,
Province then from province rending,
War on war shall bleed and rage.

"This thy freedom proudly boasted,
Hapless Edgar," loud she cried—
With her wounds and woes exhausted,
Down on earth she sunk and died.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.¹

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my biggonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat:
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudemar,
For he's been lang awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thrav their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'.

¹ Burns says that "this is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language." The sixth stanza, beginning

"The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,"

was written by Dr. James Beattie. Jean Adams, who affirmed it to be her composition, was a schoolmistress of Greenock, whose chequered life terminated, in 1765, in the town's hospital, Glasgow.—Ed.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by: I ha'e him safe;
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' my blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

(FROM THE LUSIAD.)

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
Transfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempest and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.

I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,
Appalled we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered;
Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks were spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined his gnashing teeth's blue
rows;

His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightning scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

"O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless
prows,

Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore

Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusius, who, with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature
drew

To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.

"With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my dear do-
main,

With daring search, shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tost,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then he who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse, wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusius! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou de-
plore,

Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my
shore."

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view;
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud, dispersing, leaves the sky.

JAMES BEATTIE.

BORN 1735 — DIED 1803.

JAMES BEATTIE, a distinguished poet, moral-ist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, October 25, 1735. His father was a shopkeeper in the village, and also rented a small farm on which his ancestors had lived for many generations. James received at the school of his native vil-lage an education to fit him for the university, and even at this early period gave such indi-cations of the future "Minstrel" that he was known among his school-fellows as "the poet." Not only was his taste for poetry thus early evinced, but even the purity of that taste: his master preferred Ovid as a school book for youth, young Beattie was enthusiastic for Virgil. In 1749 he went to Marischal College, Aberdeen, where his superior scholarship en-titled him to receive a bursary or exhibition.

Beattie made great progress in his studies, and acquired that accurate and classical know-ledge for which he was afterwards so famous. Being originally destined for the church, he attended the divinity class for three sessions, but afterwards abandoned that intention, and soon after taking his degree of M.A. in 1753, was appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Fordoun, a lovely sequestered spot, sur-rounded by interesting and romantic scenery. It is related of him that he used to wander in the fields at night and watch the appearance of the coming dawn, feeding his young dreams of poesy "in lone sequestered spots." The scenes which he afterwards delineated in his "Minstrel" were, as Southey has justly re-marked, those in which he had grown up, and the feelings and aspirations therein expressed

were those of his own boyhood and youth. His productions of this period appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, gaining for him considerable local reputation, and the friendship of some of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, with whom he ever after maintained a friendly intercourse. A vacancy occurring in the grammar school of Aberdeen in 1757, Beattie presented himself as a candidate for the situation, but did not succeed. He acquitted himself so well, however, that on a second vacancy in the following year he was elected one of the masters of the school.

In 1760 Beattie published at London a volume of poems and translations, which, though it met with a favourable reception, he endeavoured at a subsequent period to suppress; and the same year he was appointed professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College. In 1762 he wrote his "Essay on Poetry;" in 1765 he published an unsuccessful poem on "The Judgment of Paris;" and the year following issued a new edition of his poetical works. In June, 1767, he married Mary, daughter of Dr. James Dun, rector of the grammar school of Aberdeen, but the union was not a happy one, a hereditary disposition to madness on the part of Mrs. Beattie making its appearance soon after their marriage, and subsequently rendering it necessary to confine her in an asylum. On this subject his biographer says, "When I reflect on the many sleepless nights and anxious days which he experienced from Mrs. Beattie's malady, and think of the unwearied and unremitting attention he paid to her during so great a number of years in that sad situation, his character is exalted in my mind to a degree which may be equalled, but I am sure can never be excelled, and makes the fame of the poet and philosopher fade from my remembrance." In 1770 the poet appeared as a metaphysician, by his "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism," written with a view to confute the pernicious doctrines advanced by David Hume and others, which at that time were very prevalent. This work was so successful that in four years five large editions were sold, and it was translated into several foreign languages. The same year he published anonymously the first book of "The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius," a poem in the

Spenserian stanza, which he had commenced writing in 1760. It was received with universal approbation. In a criticism which Gray the poet communicated to the author, he says of the following passage, "This is true poetry, this is inspiration:—

"O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven;
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

Beattie visited London, and was received in all its brilliant and distinguished circles. Goldsmith, Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and Lord Lyttelton were numbered among his friends. On a second visit three years later he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in his receiving a pension of £200. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and Reynolds painted and presented him with his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which Beattie is seen by the side of an angel pushing down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly! Is it surprising that poor Goldsmith was envious of his brother poet? In 1774 the second book of "The Minstrel," now considered one of the classic poems of the language, was published. His biographer, Sir William Forbes, says:—"Of all his poetical works 'The Minstrel' is beyond all question the best, whether we consider the plan or the execution. The language is extremely elegant, the versification harmonious; it exhibits the richest poetic imagery, with a delightful flow of the most sublime, delicate, and pathetic sentiment. It breathes the spirit of the purest virtue, the soundest philosophy, and the most exquisite taste. In a word, it is at once highly conceived and admirably finished."

Dr. Beattie had two sons—the eldest, an amiable and promising young man, died in 1790, aged only twenty-two, and in 1796 the youngest died in his nineteenth year. Looking at the corpse of the latter, he said, "I am now done with this world;" and although he performed the duties of his professorship till a short time previous to his death, he never again sought society; even music, of which he had

been passionately fond, lost its charms for him. Yet he would sometimes express resignation to his childless condition. "How could I have borne," he would feelingly say, "to have seen their elegant minds mangled with madness." He died April 18, 1803, and was buried, in accordance with his own desire, by the side of his sons, in the churchyard of St. Nicholas at

Aberdeen. His *Life and Writings*, with many of his letters, was published in 1806 by Sir William Forbes. Of this pleasing and popular poet M. Taine remarks that he was "a metaphysical moralist, with a young girl's nerves and an old maid's hobbies;" and Bishop Warburton pronounces him to be "superior to the whole crew of Scotch metaphysicians."

THE MINSTREL:

OR THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.¹

BOOK I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
afar;

Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump
of fame;

Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher
aim

Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines
proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray:
While from his bending shoulder decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;

With thee let pageantry and power abide,
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely
swain

Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes
adorn,

Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float;
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where
they will!

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the
eyes.

Then grieve not, thou to whom th' indulgent
Muse

Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?

¹ Of "The Minstrel," which Beattie admitted was a picture of himself as he was in his younger days, Lord Lyttelton said: "I read 'The Minstrel' with as much rapture as poetry, in her sweetest, noblest charms ever raised in my mind. It seemed to me that my once

most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him sing again the beauties of nature and finest feelings of virtue, not with human but with angelic strains!"—Ed.

No, let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven
aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony resign'd;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
Stung with disease and stupified with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom
shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for-
given!

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal
health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:
For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish
scheme,
The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return, my roving muse, resume thy purposed
theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in fairyland might
dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;¹
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock:

¹ There is hardly an ancient ballad or romance wherein a minstrel or a harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "of the north countrie." It is probable that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent.—See *Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels*.

His drink the living water from the rock;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat be-
sprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er
they went.

From labour health, from health contentment
springs:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a
child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and
worth;
And one long summer day of indolence and
mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd
the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some be-
lieved him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,

There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary
team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would
bleed

To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might
yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms
to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain
gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth,
ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sub-
lime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls along the hear pro-
found!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight:
Nor less than when on ocean wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.¹
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,

And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

"O, ye wild groves! O, where is now your bloom?
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy
gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture
brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the
brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless
flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads with life, and mirth, and beauty
crown'd?
Ah! see th' unsightly slime and sluggish pool
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting
sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks
away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth;
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Born on the swift, though silent, wings of time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they
mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate relenting lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to
live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No, Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright thro' th' eternal year of love's triumphant
reign."

¹ Brightness, splendour. The word is used by some late writers, as well as by Milton.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
 In sooth 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
 No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
 "Let man's own sphere (said he) confine his view,
 Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
 And much and oft he warn'd him to eschew
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the
 right,
 By pleasure unsex'd, unawed by lawless might.

"And from the prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
 O never, never turn away thine ear!
 Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below:
 Ah! what were man should Heaven refuse to
 hear!
 To others do (the law is not severe)
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine
 own."

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
 The visionary boy from shelter fly!
 For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
 And cool and fresh and fragrant is the sky.
 And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
 The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
 Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory
 nigh,
 How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
 'Tis fled afar ere half thy purposed race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn that thus it fares with
 age,
 When pleasure, wealth, or power the bosom
 warm,
 This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's
 rage,
 And disappointment of her sting disarm.
 But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
 Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
 Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
 Indulge gay hope and fancy's pleasing fire:
 Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves
 expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
 Lingered and listening wander'd down the vale.
 There would he dream of graves and corpses
 pale;
 And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
 And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles
 along.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,

To haunted stream, remote from man, he hid,
 Where fays of yore their revels went to keep;
 And there let fancy rove at large, till sleep
 A vision brought to his entranced sight.
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
 Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of
 night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
 Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
 And forth an host of little warriors march,
 Grasping the diamond lance and targe of gold.
 Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
 And green their helms, and green their silk
 attire;
 And here and there, right venerably old,
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling
 wire,
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe
 inspire.

With merriment and song and timbrels clear,
 A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
 The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
 And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
 To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze;
 Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then
 glance
 Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests
 blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
 Who scaredst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
 Fell chanticler! who oft hast reft away
 My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
 O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
 Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
 Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
 Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
 And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let love attune thy line.
 Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
 For how should he at wicked chance repine,
 Who feels from every change amusement flow?
 Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
 As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
 Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
 Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
 A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain
 side,
 The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide,
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark:
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid
sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and,
hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd
springs;
Slow toils the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirling wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew
From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! hence! lest the Muse
should deign
(Though loath on theme so mean to waste a
rhyme)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams and my wild wanderings
guide!
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony and peace and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain
And driving snow the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the Beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful
art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms dis-
play'd;

Or merry swains who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,¹
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in
blood,
Yell in the midnight storm or ride the infuriate
flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts
undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles
torn,²

◀ The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st
defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When death lays waste thy house, and flames
consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to misery given;
From guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has
driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego:

¹ Allusion to Shakspeare:—

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?

Witches. A deed without a name.

Macbeth, act iv. scene 1.

² See the fine old ballad called "The Children in the
Wood."

Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he whose birth, maturity, and age
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend?
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gain-
say,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages
without end?

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish
dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies!
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics creeping pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain
blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth;
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social
hearth;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts
rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,

Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal
day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling
thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind,
Ah! then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
To the pure soul by fancy's fire refined!
Ah! what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly
melancholy!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse—he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or
mourn
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with
glutton swine.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintiff flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit,
And Edwin gained at last this fruit so rare,
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controll'd,
And solitude his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern caves the storms are
bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling
sound,
Torrents are hurl'd, green hills emerge; and lo,

The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are
crown'd,
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go,
And wonder, love, and joy the peasant's heart
o'erflow.¹

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montague should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame.
And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords her taste refined.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of
human kind.

BOOK II.

Of chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd,
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble
vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass en-
tomb'd,
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents
have bloom'd.²

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine;
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray or friendship's flame is
mine.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

“Perish the lore that deadens young desire”
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.

¹ Spring and autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers.—*Scheffer's History of Lapland*, p. 16.

² See Plato's *Timæus*.

Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes de-
stroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength
supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild and mountains more
sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode:
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy
green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made.
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye remote
survey'd
Blue hills and glittering waves, and skies in gold
array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And here and there a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and
stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,

Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents
stole.

“Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here innocence may wander safe from foes,
And contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

“Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest
wade?

Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

“True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not though Fortune aim her deadliest
blow.”

This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to
flow

In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening
star;

And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew:
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)

“Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of levity and lust, who all their days,
Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd

And hugged the chain, that, glittering on their
gaze,

Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
blaze.

“Like them, abandon'd to ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawn'd and smiled to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.

But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly detested thoughts, for ever from my view!

“The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,

Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall
share

This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of
fame.

“The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power pos-
sess'd,

Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay Heaven-prompted, and harmonious
string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring!

“Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of re-
nown,

In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my
grave.

“And thither let the village swain repair;
And light of heart the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the livelong day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild evening comes in mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall
know.

“For though I fly to scape from fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost and ruin'd man I mourn.
O man! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears
defiled?

“Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But in the mental world what chaos drear!

What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious
mien!

O when shall that eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to
clear!

“O thou at whose creative smile yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th’ abyss; when dark confusion,
driven

Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy’s sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on
the way!”

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.

“And is it thus in courtly life (he cries);
That man to man acts a betrayer’s part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct and sublime desire?
Hail poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn’d admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul’s ethereal fire!”

He said, and turn’d away; nor did the sage
O’erhear, in silent orisons employ’d.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hid, the evening scene enjoy’d:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;¹
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy’d;
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
The voice still seem’d to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durst he hope the hermit’s tale untrue;
For man he seem’d to love, and Heaven to fear;
And none speaks false where there is none to
hear.

“Yet can man’s gentle heart become so fell?
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the hermit’s cell;
’Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care
dispel.”

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass’d, and valley wide,
Then reach’d the wild; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man; his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And kneeling lick’d the wither’d hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret
small.

¹ How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.—
Shakspeare.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress’d his eye, that fear’d to give offence.
“Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from
whence?

Why roam thy steps to this sequester’d dale?”
“A shepherd boy (the youth replied), far hence
My habitation; hear my artless tale;
Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

“Late as I roam’d, intent on Nature’s charms,
I reach’d at eve this wilderness profound;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice
rebound,

(For in thy speech I recognize the sound.)
You mourn’d for ruin’d man, and virtue lost,
And seem’d to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days by guilt engross’d,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss’d.

“But say, in courtly life can craft be learn’d,
Where knowledge opens and exalts the soul?
Where fortune lavishes her gifts unearn’d,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
Is glory there achiev’d by arts as foul
As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

“Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind;
Which, late exulting, view’d in Nature’s frame
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleased with all, but most with human-
kind;
When fancy roam’d through Nature’s works at
will,
Uncheck’d by cold distrust, and uninform’d by ill.”

“Wouldst thou (the sage replied) in peace return
To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o’erflow,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
Shouldst thou th’ extent of human folly know.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads
to woe.

“But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
The voice of the Eternal said, Be free:
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey;
For virtue is the child of liberty,

And happiness of virtue; nor can they
Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray.

“Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower;
And in thy converse I shall find relief.
When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and
pain:

Come often then; for haply in my bower
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st
gain:

If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain.”

And now at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The muse of history unrolls her page.

But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy or his heart engage.

Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood
assuage,

And straight their flames with tenfold fierce-
ness burn:

Here smiling virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo! ere long, is left alone to mourn,

And languish in the dust, and clasp the aban-
don'd urn.

Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where ruin's gulf unfathom'd yawns beneath?
Shall life, shall liberty be lost (he said)
For the vain toys that pomp and power be-
queath!

The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave;

No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,

Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'er-
whelming wave.

“Ah! what avails it to have traced the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel?
Ah! what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt
with steel?

To those whom nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;

Could history man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,

Her transcripts to explore what bosom would
not yearn!

“This praise, O Cheronean sage,¹ is thine.
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)
All else from nature's moral path decline,
Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

¹ Plutarch.

“O who of man the story will unfold
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that Elysian age (misnamed of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
When all were great and free! man's sole
employ

To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream
decoy,

To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
And lull the bed of peace and crown the board
of mirth.

“Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves!
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling and his heart content.

Then hand in hand health, sport, and labour
went.

Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
None prowld for prey, none watch'd to cir-
cumvent.

To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave;
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his
slave.

“But ah! the historic Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis fancy's
beam

Pour'd on the vision of the enraptur'd bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long where love and fancy lead to go,

And meditate on heaven,—enough of earth I
know.”

“I cannot blame thy choice (the sage replied),
For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery ways.
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.

Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.

And who, my child, would trust the meteor
blaze,

That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer
blind,

More dark and helpless far than if it ne'er had
shined?

“Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight;
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.

And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,

And through the throbbing heart and dizzy
brain,

And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than
mortal pain.

“And yet, alas! the real ills of life
 Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
 Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
 Its guide experience and truth its guard.
 We fare on earth as other men have fared.
 Were they successful? Let not us despair.
 Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
 Yet shall their tale instruct if it declare
 How they have borne the load ourselves are
 doom'd to bear.

“What charms the historic Muse adorn, from
 spoils,
 And blood, and tyrants when she wings her
 flight,
 To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils,
 Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
 And peace, through every age divinely bright
 Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
 Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
 A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus enshrined
 In power, and man with man for mutual aid
 combined?

“Hail sacred Polity, by freedom reared!
 Hail sacred Freedom when by law restrain'd!
 Without you what were man? A grovelling
 herd,
 In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
 Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
 In arts unrivall'd. O! to latest days,
 In Albion may your influence unprofaned
 To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
 And prompt the sage's lore and fire the poet's lays!

“But now let other themes our care engage,
 For lo! with modest yet majestic grace,
 To curb imagination's lawless rage,
 And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
 Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
 By indolence and moping fancy bred,
 Fear, discontent, solicitude give place,
 And hope and courage brighten in their stead,
 While on the kindling soul her vital beams are
 shed.

“Then waken from long lethargy to life¹
 The seeds of happiness and powers of thought;
 Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
 A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
 Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests
 howl;
 As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

¹ The influence of the philosophic spirit in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure; in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe; in banishing superstition; in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science.

“And reason now through number, time, and
 space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns from facts compared the laws to-
 trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high?
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
 Such glory bear?—for lo! the shadows fly
 From nature's face; confusion disappears,
 And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears.

“In the deep windings of the grove, no more
 The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell;
 Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
 Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
 To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
 Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of
 noon.

“Many a long-lingering year in lonely isle,
 Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves;
 Lo! with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
 And trembling hands, the famish'd native
 craves
 Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
 Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
 But science gives the word; and lo! he braves
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

“And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane:
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to
 shore
 Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
 Even fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood;
 For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nests each murderous and each monstrous
 brood,
 Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from
 every flood.

“'Twas from philosophy man learn'd to tame
 The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo! from the echoing axe and thundering flame,
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale:
 And from the breezy main and mountain's head,
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering-
 gale.

“What dire necessities on every hand
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
 Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire!

Yet science can elude their fatal ire
 Awhile, and turn aside death's level'd dart,
 Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
 heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

"Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,
 Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of truth breathed from the
 lips of love.

"What cannot art and industry perform,
 When science plans the progress of their toil!
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
 And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
 When tyrants scourge or demagogues embroil
 A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
 Deep-versed in man the philosophic sage
 Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to
 assuage.

"'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 Explored, a nation's various powers can bind,
 And various orders, in one form sublime
 Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
 Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
 While public faith and public love sincere,
 And industry and law maintain their sway severe."

Enraptured by the hermit's strain, the youth
 Proceeds the path of science to explore.
 And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
 New energies, and charms unknown before,
 His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
 But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
 Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
 Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
 And of the services man owes to man,
 He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
 The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
 The flame of industry and genius fan,
 And emulation's noble rage alarm,
 And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams and all his wanderings
 shared,

And bless'd the Muse and her celestial art,
 Still claim th' enthusiast's fond and first regard.
 From Nature's beauties, variously compared
 And variously combined, he learns to frame
 Those forms of bright perfection¹ which the
 bard,
 While boundless hopes and boundless views
 inflame,
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous
 show,
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
 Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now
 To his experienced eye a modest grace
 Presents, where ornament the second place
 Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace
 Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
 And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops the
 unwieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
 When the great shepherd of the Mantuan
 plains²
 His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
 Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his
 soul,
 How the red current throb'd his veins along,
 When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
 Without art graceful, without effort strong,
 Homer raised high to Heaven the loud, th' im-
 petuous song.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
 Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,
 Warbling at will through each harmonious
 maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
 I fain would sing: but ah! I strive in vain.
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.
 With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of
 death resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that fancy's flowers adorn,
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
 He whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
 He sleeps in dust.³ Ah, how shall I pursue

¹ General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and in poetry. See Aristotle's *Poetics*, and the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

² Virgil.

³ This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

My theme! To heart-consuming grief resign'd
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!

Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing woe!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely
snow,

Ah! now for comfort whither shall I go?
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers:
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.

'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh
my tears.

RETIREMENT.

When in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

“Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

“To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

“How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

“Oft let remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;

When fancy roved at large, nor care
Nor cold distrust alarm'd,
Nor envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harm'd.

“'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah! why did fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home!

“Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

“O! while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

“But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore!
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

“For me, no more the path invites,
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.”

THE HERMIT.¹

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,

¹ Boswell mentions that when Dr. Johnson was reading this poem in his presence he was so much affected that it brought tears in his (Johnson's) eyes.—ED.

When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

“ Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
mourn;
O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass
away;
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“ Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

“ 'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science be-
tray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward
to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

‘ O, pity, great Father of Light, then I cried,
‘ Thy creature who fain would not wander from
thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
free!’

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descend-
ing,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAIN.

Could aught of song declare my pain,
Could artful numbers move thee;
The muse should tell in mournful strain,
O, Delia, how I love thee.
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art
When pines the soul in anguish?

Then, Delia, let the sudden sigh
The heartfelt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;—
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
The voice of nature prizing.