



A. R. S. & S. T. G. & C.

JAMES GRAEFAME.

BORN 1765-DIED 1811.

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THE
POEMS
OF
JAMES GRAHAME,
JOHN LOGAN,
AND
WILLIAM FALCONER.

WITH
LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,
AND
A PORTRAIT OF GRAHAME.

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THE SABBATH,

AND

Other Poems.

BY JAMES GRAHAME.

A

MEMOIR
OF
JAMES GRAHAME.

THE contemplation of superior excellence is, perhaps, one of the most impressive, as well as the most interesting subjects of meditation in which the human mind can be engaged. For it is impossible to reflect on exalted virtue, without feeling our own nature improved, or upon extensive acquirements, without being inspired with some degree of emulation; but when genius is added to those perfections of which our common nature is susceptible, the character of the individual is raised to a higher standard of excellence, and while our admiration is increased, we consider the mind so gifted as belonging to a superior species of beings, in whom are qualities quite beyond our powers of attainment; and, dazzled by the lustre by which they are surrounded, we look up to them as from a humbler sphere, with a sort of mysterious veneration. In the mind of which I am now about to attempt a delineation, these powers were so happily blended as to produce a result of the most endearing nature. It is not so much the life as the character of the bard of "The Sabbath," with which I would make my readers acquainted. In the first there was nothing remarkable; in the latter, there was every thing to engage the attention, and to amend the heart.

JAMES GRAHAME was born in Glasgow, on the 22d of April 1765, and was there educated in the usual routine of public classes, in which he eminently distinguished himself. He wrote some elegant Latin verses when very young; and although averse to the appearance of being particularly studious, he was even then so ardently devoted to literary pursuits, that he always carried a volume of the ancient classics in his pocket, and kept a Greek Testament by his bed-side, with which he employed his wakeful hours. But it was in his domestic education that his mind was chiefly formed, and the seeds of that genuine piety and benevolence cultivated, which nature had so liberally planted in his breast. In his parents he was peculiarly happy. His father possessed an enlightened mind, and a heart glowing with unbounded love of his fellow-creatures. From his sentiments respecting American independence, James, at an early age, imbibed that ardent attachment to the cause of liberty, which afterwards formed one of the most striking features of his character. In him it was a liberal and humane sentiment, not an adherence to a particular political party. His mother was the counterpart of this excellent man, and the influence of their virtues spread through the whole family. It was like a well-tuned instrument, the chords of which vibrated in perfect unison, producing an effect the most harmonious: the exercise of every endearing domestic virtue was the delight of her life, and her lessons of piety were enforced by example more than by precept. Religious duties appeared in her a delightful enjoyment, and their effect upon her temper and conduct was an inducement for her children to participate in them. In such a family, it is needless to add, that James found companions in his brothers and

sisters. To his youngest sister, who was very early married, he felt the most tender attachment; but betwixt him and the eldest, who was nearer his own age, there subsisted a peculiar affection, from a perfect similarity of taste and pursuits. She excelled in music, to the charms of which he was exquisitely susceptible; and she was not only skilled in the science, but possessed a voice of such touching harmony, that one of the first of our living poets, in the warmth of youthful enthusiasm, used to call her the Angel of Music. Her voice had a power over her brother's feelings, inconceivable to common minds. She lost it some time before her death, from indisposition. His regret is pathetically expressed in these tender lines, written on revisiting Melrose Abbey.

" Alas! I heard that melting voice decay,
Heard seraph tones in whispers die away;
I mark'd the tear presageful fill her eye,
And quivering speak—" I am resign'd to die."
—Ye stars that through the fretted windows shed
A glimmering beam athwart the mighty dead,
Say to what sphere her sainted spirit flew,
That thither I may turn my longing view,
And wish, and hope,—some tedious sorrows o'er,
To join a long-lost friend—and part no more."

The early death of this admirable woman is also feelingly lamented, in a beautiful elegy, by the author of "Home," an esteemed friend of the family. And it is said that Mr Campbell's elegant Stanzas to Painting, were suggested by seeing her portrait after her death.

The early propensities of our poet's mind would have led him to the study of divinity, but he was dissuaded from this by his father, who was a writer* in Glasgow, and whose eminence and success entitled him to form sanguine expectations for his son in the same profession. James yielded this

* A profession which corresponds with that of attorney in England.

point with reluctance, for he was not ambitious of wealth, and loved the quiet of the country, the cultivation of literature, and the exercise of the pious and benevolent affections, more than the bustle of public life, and the "turmoils of the law." In pursuance, however, of his father's advice, whose slightest wish was always sacred to him, he came to Edinburgh,—was entered an apprentice to his cousin, Mr Laurence Hill, and, after the usual period, commenced writer to the signet.

He had the misfortune to lose this revered parent about the same time, an event with which his mind was deeply affected, and his desire for the clerical profession again revived; but he was persuaded by his friends once more to relinquish this favourite inclination, and he continued to practise as a writer for several years. Finding, however, the duties of this department of the law repugnant to his feelings, and the confinement it required hurtful to his health, he afterwards passed advocate, imagining that the studies which belonged to the bar would allow of a longer vacation, and be more congenial to his taste and favourite pursuits; for literature, particularly poetry, was still the object of his devoted attention.

Soon after this he published in the *Kelso Mail*, under the signature of Matilda, a succession of beautiful pictures of nature, through several months of the year, beginning with April, which were afterwards extended, and printed in an edition of his works, with the title of "The Rural Calendar." About the year 1800, he wrote *Mary Stuart*, a tragedy. This latter piece was rather a favourite with the author, and, though not adapted to the stage, it contains many fine poetical passages, and must ever be considered an elegant dramatic tale.

From a sense of duty, however, he paid all due attention to the labours of his profession, especially after his marriage, which took place in March 1802. He married Miss Grahame, eldest daughter of Richard Grahame, Esq. of Annan, a woman possessed of very superior powers of understanding, and much kindness of heart. On her judgment and affection he relied with unlimited confidence. In political and moral principles they were perfectly congenial; but his poetical propensity she was led to discourage, from an idea that it interfered with his professional duties. On discovering, however, that he was the author of the Sabbath, which his timidity induced him to keep a profound secret even from her, she became convinced, that to check his natural bias to poetry, would be like extinguishing the mental vision that was destined to explore the most interesting beauties of the natural, and the most refined modifications of the moral world; and from that period she was proud of his genius, and deeply interested in its success. The unfavourable review of the Sabbath she was much less willing to excuse than he was himself. He indeed never indulged any displeasure against its author; he loved the man so much, and felt such respect for his critical powers, that he bowed in acquiescence to the decision, and was rather offended with those friends who expressed themselves indignantly upon the occasion.

The extreme delicacy and diffidence of Grahame's character, are strikingly exemplified in some circumstances which attended the first publication of this beautiful poem. None of his friends had the slightest previous intimation or suspicion of its existence. To avoid observation while it was printing, he and his respectable publisher, Mr Pillans, always held their necessary interviews at some

tavern, and seldom more than once at the same place. On its publication he brought the book home with him, and left it on his parlour table. Returning soon after, he found Mrs. Grahame engaged in its perusal; but without venturing to ask her opinion, he continued walking up and down the room in breathless anxiety, till she burst out into the warmest eulogiums on the performance; adding, "Ah! James, if you could but produce a poem like this!"—The disclosure of the author will readily be anticipated; but the mutual happiness of such a moment, when the timid reserve of the poet yielded, in the fulness of delight, to the applause of a judge so respected and beloved, may be better imagined than described.

From this time he became still more attached to poetry; and at Kirkhill, a beautiful retirement on the banks of the Esk, where he resided during two successive summers, he composed the poem of "The Birds of Scotland." In this neighbourhood were the ruins of the once splendid abode of the sanguinary M'Kenzie, and the humble cottage of John Kilgour, which he has in that poem so interestingly contrasted.

About this period, his original desire of entering the church revived with irresistible power; and the writer of this Memoir will never forget the eager longing with which he surveyed the humble church of Borthwick, on a fine summer evening, when the sun's last rays had gilded the landscape, and rendered every object in nature more sweet and impressive. He cast a look of delighted complacency around the peaceful scene, and said, with an accent of regret, "I wish such a place as that had fallen to my lot." And when it was remarked, that continued retirement might become wearisome, "Oh, no!" he replied, "it would be de-

lightful to live a life of usefulness among a simple people, unmolested with petty cares and ceremonies."

In the following spring, having seriously formed the design of quitting the bar, he left Edinburgh, and, after spending a few months at Annan, proceeded to Chester, and from thence to London, where he was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich. He was soon after appointed curate of Shipton in Gloucestershire, at which place he resided with his family for above a year, and then returned to Annan on a visit. While there, St George's Chapel in Edinburgh becoming vacant, he was induced, by the persuasion of his friends, to offer himself a candidate. He came to Edinburgh for that purpose, and preached several times. The performance of his sacred duties was in unison with his character,—simple, elegant, and affecting. He evinced, both in his manner and his doctrine, the deepest impression of those important truths he was to explain; but laboured more to inspire his hearers with pious feelings, and to imbue their minds with love, and peace, and charity, than to bewilder their understandings, or dazzle their imaginations. He appeared like the Apostle of Peace, making mankind ashamed of every turbulent and unruly passion. He forgot not the awful justice of his Divine Master; but mercy was the attribute on which he loved to dwell. His appearance, in the robes of his sacred office, was solemn and devout, while the deep tones of a voice, rich in natural pathos, were rendered still more impressive by the pale hue which sickness had spread over his fine features; and he seemed like a messenger sent from Heaven, that was to lead the way to that happier state of being to which he was directing his fellow travellers. His excellence as a preacher was ac-

knowledgeed ; and at one time there appeared to be a majority of the electors in his favour ; but, upon the final trial, another candidate was successful.

This disappointment was most painful to his friends, who were eager to again enjoy the society of one in whom they so much delighted ; but he bore it without a murmur, and replied to the impatient and indignant lamentations of a much interested friend, in the language of meekness and consolation, saying, " It mattered not where we passed our time for a few short years." Before returning to Annan, he paid a last visit to his respected mother, who resided in Glasgow, and who died soon after.

When the affair of St George's Chapel was finally settled, he went to Durham, and became a candidate for a minor canonry, but failed there also, as it had been promised to another before he applied. He officiated three months as an interim curate, and was extremely popular ; after which he was appointed to the curacy of Sedgefield in that see. He there became acquainted with Miss Millbank, now Lady Byron, and derived from her friendship and society much intellectual enjoyment. In this place he preached before the bishop, who expressed high approbation of him, and warm interest in his favour ; but before there was time for any preferment from his lordship's patronage, the bad health to which he had always been subject increased to an alarming degree. Being afflicted with violent headach, and oppressive asthma, he was induced to come to Edinburgh for change of air. He arrived at the house of Mrs Archibald Grahame, his only surviving sister, very much indisposed. He was often agonized with excruciating pain in his head ; yet he had intervals of ease, and was able

occasionally to see and converse with many of his friends; at which times he evinced all that playful cheerfulness which in former days was so attractive in his manners. He found in this amiable sister a soothing and an attentive nurse; but his malady wearing an alarming aspect, Mrs Grahame joined him in Edinburgh; and on his expressing an ardent desire to go to Glasgow, she accompanied him in his last journey to that place. Though very ill before he set out, and aware of his danger, he did not imagine his dissolution so near; but was animated with the idea of visiting the scenes of his early days and happiest recollections. He even hoped to preach in his native town, and took two sermons for that purpose, the subjects of which bear a striking analogy to the situation of their author; the text of one of them being, "O death, where is thy sting?" The victory indeed was soon to be his. He became worse by the way, and two days after, having arrived at Whitehill, near Glasgow, the residence of his eldest brother, he expired on the 14th of September 1811, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

Immediately afterwards, there was published a beautiful monody on his death, peculiarly soothing to the feelings of his friends:—the elegant author seemed to have wandered in his favourite haunts, and to have caught, with affectionate ardour, his very tone of simple pathos and holy enthusiasm.

It appeared from the report of the medical attendants, that the complaint in his head had been of many years duration, and must have occasioned agonizing pain. What a deep sympathy in his sufferings does this information awaken, and what a profound respect for his fortitude and resignation! especially when it is remembered, that the languor and pensiveness so often apparent, which

his friends usually ascribed to nervous sensibility, was the effect of a mortal disease. He had long been sensible of a temporary pause in the beating of his pulse, and the throbbing of his heart, which is understood to have proceeded from the same cause, and which he pathetically alludes to in the following lines regarding partridge-shooting:—

“ Fear not, ye harmless race,
In me no longer ye shall find a foe :
Even when each pulse beat high with bounding health,
Ere yet the stream of life in sluggish flow
Began to flag, and prematurely stop
With ever boding pause,—even then my heart
Was never in the sport; even then I felt,
Pleasure from pain was pleasure much alloyed.”

He left two sons and a daughter—most promising children. There was no part of his character more impressive than the paternal; for, mingled with a sensitive anxiety for their safety, he paid minute attention to the earliest movements of their minds, and delighted in observing the impressions of which they were susceptible, and sharing like a play-mate in their innocent gambols; but his feelings are best expressed in his own affecting lines on his son's birth-day.

“ O! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than beauty's magic smile;
Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss, unmingled with alarm.
Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
And if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise,—would I might live,
Till added years his memory firmness give!
For, O! it would a joy in death impart,
To think I still survived within his heart;
To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look, bedimm'd with tears;
And tell, regretful, how I look'd and spoke;
What walks I loved; where grew my favourite oak;
How gently I would lead him by the hand;
How gently use the accent of command;

What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child ;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal horn ;
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him the way, the truth, the life."

These children have also had the misfortune to lose their mother, and have been hitherto under the care of her father, and an amiable sister, at Annan. They are now grown up to be elegant and accomplished young people, and are endeared to their father's friends no less by their own talents and virtues, than by their resemblance to him.

Grahame would have been ill able to bear the loss of his wife, for he was devoted to her with the tenderest affection. Home was the scene of his best enjoyments, and in domestic life he was most endearing. He hated all display; and though well acquainted with every branch of literature, and qualified for intercourse with the first of the learned and the wise, yet the mild affability of his manners encouraged the humblest effusions of the unaffected and unassuming. He possessed a native frankness that banished restraint. He had a keen relish of wit in others, and sometimes displayed no common degree of it himself: It did not dart upon his associates with the flash of the meteor, to dazzle and astonish, but was like the enlivening rays of the setting sun, reflected from the rippling waves of a pure and transparent lake. He looked upon conversation as a pastime in which all were entitled to engage, and joined in common topics with an easy gaiety; but when subjects of importance were discussed, or his indignation roused by acts of injustice or oppression, his feelings burst forth with all the unrestrained splendour of a generous and lofty mind, overwhelming his opponents with a torrent of unexpected eloquence.

Piety was interwoven with every emotion of his heart, and he constantly felt the power of the Deity in all his works. The study of nature was his supreme delight; but he loved her best in her most simple dress; and the wild flower that sprung on the banks of a lonely stream, pleased him more than the gayest of the cultivated garden.

He loved the poor, and knew the best parts of their nature; discovered their virtuous propensities through the rude garb that covered them; and while he adapted his conversation to their limited attainments, drew forth the latent sparks of intelligence with which they were endowed. He justly and emphatically styles himself "the poor man's bard." In the *Georgics* this is particularly obvious,—a poem which, with all its faults, can never be indifferent to those who possess a relish for beautiful description and genuine feeling.

His aspect to strangers appeared sedate even to seriousness; but this vanished on a nearer approach, and the smile that occasionally illumined his countenance, was like a beam of sunshine breaking through the light clouds that sometimes overshadow the brightness of a summer's day. In music he had the highest enjoyment, and sung himself, with fine taste and touching pathos. Scotch tunes were his favourites; indeed he loved every thing Scotch; and he left his native country with the utmost regret, when his connexion with the English church called him away from it. His partiality to old things is expressed with his usual simplicity in the following extract of a letter from Sedgfield:—

" October ———

" You will now be beginning to cour round the fire at night; and though looking back with regret on the long summer days, still you have before

you the joys of a bleezing ingle in Auld Reekie, wi' Scotch cracks and Scotch sangs. What would I give to be able to draw in my chair among you ! I believe I was too old to transplant ; and I doubt if I ever shall be able to take root here."

These feelings are still more affectingly exemplified in the following lines from the *Georgics* :—

" How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed,
Upon my ear, when, after roaming long
In Southern plains, I've reach'd thy lovely banks !
How bright, renowned Sark, thy little stream,
Like ray of column'd light, chasing a shower,
Would cross my homeward path ! how sweet the sound,
When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
Would ask thy well-known name !

And must I leave,
Dear land, thy bonny braes, thy dales,
Each haunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
With all the varied charms of bush and tree ;
Thy towering hills, the lineaments sublime,
Unchanged, of Nature's face, which wot to fill
The eye of Wallace, as he musing plann'd
The grand surprise of setting Scotland free ?
And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land ?
Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land ;
But to my parched mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland, thee and thine I e'er forget."

* * * * *

This little Memoir is offered with some hesitation, by one who was honoured with his friendship, and is ambitious of scattering a few wild flowers over the grave of departed virtue, but who leaves to a more skilful hand the task of rearing a monument worthy of his genius. Many images beam upon the writer's mind, to which no language can give expression : much is purposely omitted ; but what has been written, is from the fulness of a heart overflowing with grateful recollections.

REMARKS
ON THE
POEMS OF JAMES GRAHAME.

IN perusing the works of a favourite author, we naturally feel an anxiety to know if his character bears a uniform resemblance to the sentiments that have delighted, or the principles that have exalted us. If so, we dwell upon his pages with a deeper interest, and derive from every precept they contain a more beneficial impression. In no poet can this be more completely experienced than in James Grahame. In every individual production of this most amiable man, we perceive the transcript of a mind, not only of enlightened genius and refined taste, but extensive benevolence and exalted piety. Every line of the Sabbath breathes that feeling of devotion with which his own heart is inspired; and although some of his other pieces are not so particularly in this train of thought, yet, whatever the subject is of which they treat, they uniformly convey to the reader a portion of that elevated sentiment by which he was animated.

The SABBATH was his first and most popular poem; and the mode of its publication, as has

been mentioned in the life prefixed, evinced the delicacy of his character. It appeared in a very humble form; yet so perfect in its original construction, that although it had gone through several editions previous to his death, he made no essential alteration. After it has for so many years received the decided approbation of the public, it were folly and presumption to offer at this time any particular criticism; yet it is not easy to withhold encomium when the mind is full of admiration, and I cannot help noticing some of its most striking passages; of which I conceive the most impressive to be, the death-bed scene of a youthful female, and the beautiful and original simile of her countenance, after death, to a frozen lake,—the devotion of the heart in the solitude of the woods,—the Sabbath evening of the Scottish peasant, so much in unison with the author's love of humble virtue,—the Exile

“ In foreign lands, though happier be the clime.”

I should pity the man who could read these lines without the most lively emotion,—without the heart melting in tenderness, or swelling in patriotism. How much the whole poem is calculated to interest the exile on a distant shore, when far removed from all the dear associations of home, we have a pleasing instance in a young officer, who met with it for the first time on the banks of the Ganges: he made it his constant companion; imbibed its spirit; conceived himself, in the amiable fervour of youthful enthusiasm, the bosom-friend of the author; and was led by meditating on his character to more refined enjoyments, and to nobler pursuits; he held imaginary communion with him in his hours of retirement, and mourned his death with the grief of an only brother in a

simple and pathetic elegy.—Blessed is the man whose works have such effects.

In the Biblical Pictures we discover a still more sublime strain of piety; of these, perhaps the most striking are, *The First Sabbath*; *The Annunciation of the Birth of Jesus*; and, *The Resurrection*. As he advanced in his pilgrimage, the importance of these divine subjects seems to have arisen in his estimation, and his delight in them to have increased.

"*The Birds of Scotland*" evince his minute attention to that interesting portion of natural history; and I cannot resist pointing out to the reader's attention the affecting episode of *The Sailor Youth*; and the poet's love of Nature's quiet, depicted in the lines beginning,

"O! I could never tire to look
On such a scene of peacefulness as this."

And his value of domestic happiness in these,

"Home! word delightful to the heart of man."

But his devout feelings in contemplating the beauties of creation are best comprehended in this sublime passage:—

"O, Nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all."

In "*The Georgics*," the same taste for rural scenery is apparent, and the same power of expressing it; though this poem is brought to a severe test in the comparison with Virgil and Thomson, yet even from this ordeal it comes out pure, for similar as the subjects are, there is no imitation. A little imitation may be alleged in the description of *The Shepherd in the Snow*; but the termination is so different, the mind so happily relieved

by the delightful picture which the latter presents, and an impression left of so opposite a nature, that the resemblance ceases entirely. The gaiety of which he was susceptible is exemplified in the Description of the Skating Scene on Duddingston Loch, and the sweet painting of female beauty,

"The blooming cheek,
The eye beaming delight."

It is also apparent in *The Country Wedding—Harvest Home—Halloween—and The First Morning of the Year*,—festivals dear to the heart of every Scotsman that feels an interest in the

"Simple annals of the poor,"

and who sees with regret that they are waning away, and giving place to less harmless enjoyments. The rural economy of this poem I will not enter upon. As Mr Grahame knew farming only by observation, it is probable his lessons will be little attended to. In *Mary Stuart*, a tragedy, his muse took a more expansive range. This interesting passage of history has often been attempted by the dramatic writer, without attaining any high degree of excellence; hence it may be considered a difficult subject. In this, the real characters are well portrayed, and some fictitious ones happily introduced. The sentiment is pure, and the taste correct, as might be expected from such a pen.

It does not appear that it ever was offered to the stage, and perhaps it had not sufficient dramatic effect to ensure it success. Through the whole of his works there may be some marks of careless diction, or want of attention to the harmony of numbers, but the vital spark of an elevated imagination

shines forth in every line, with lustre that no shade could obscure.

There are poets that dazzle like the lightning of heaven—rouse the soul to agony—awaken every bold and impetuous passion—excite to ardent sympathy, or sink us in the horrid gloom of despair—that rush upon us like a torrent, or burst like a volcano—making the youthful heart feel a violence of emotion, of which in the routine of common life it was not aware of being susceptible. But this was not the aim of Grahame,—nor is it the effect of his poetry. His desire was to refine the taste—to purify the heart—to paint sources of enjoyment, that are in the power of every one who has an eye to look abroad on the expanse of the landscape, or magnificence of the heavens—to give an enlightened amusement to the pensive hours of the solitary—to calm the perturbed soul—to sooth the afflicted spirit, and lead it to that sphere where his own had found a resting-place.

20th Sept. 1823.

PREFACE.

IN the first of the following Poems I have endeavoured to describe some of the pleasures and duties peculiar to the seventh day. The appropriation of so considerable a portion of human life to religious services, to domestic enjoyment, and to meditative leisure, is a most important branch of the divine dispensation. The extent of the boon appears in its most striking light, when we consider the days of rest in any given period, as accumulated into one sum.—He who has seen threescore and ten years, has lived *ten years of Sabbaths*.

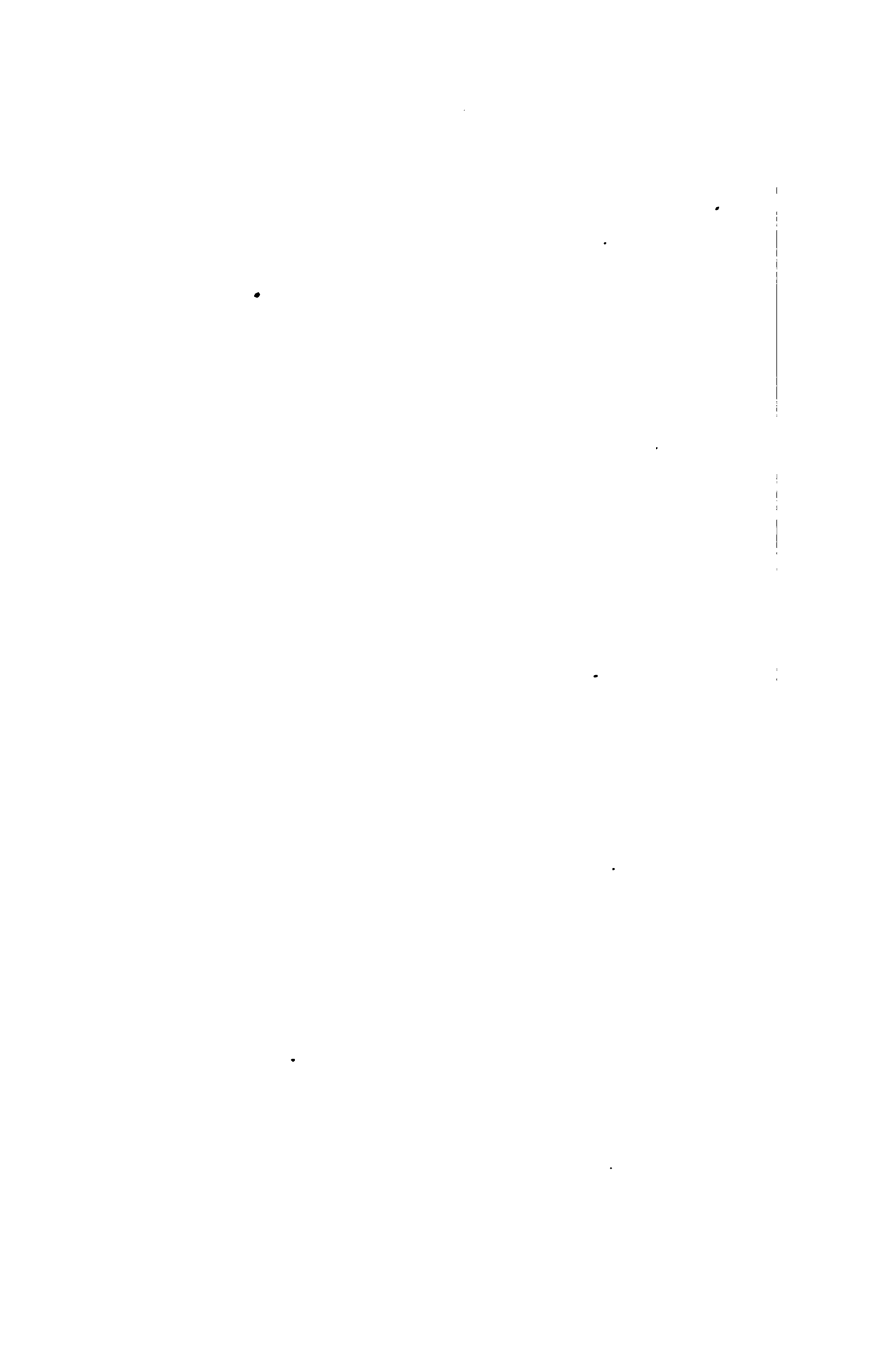
It is this beneficent institution that forms the grand bulwark of *poverty* against the encroachments of *capital*. The labouring classes *sell* their time. The rich are the buyers, at least they are the *chief* buyers; for it is obvious, that more than the half of the waking hours of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, is consumed in the manufacture of articles that cannot be deemed either necessities or comforts. Six days of the week are thus *disposed* of already: if the seventh were in the market, it would find purchasers too. The abolition of the Sabbath would, in truth, be equivalent to a sentence, adjudging to the rich the services of the poor *for life*.

In the *Biblical Pictures*, I have attempted to delineate some of those scenes which painters have so successfully presented to the eye. I need hardly say, however, that, by the adoption of this title, I meant not to subject myself to the principles of the art of painting.—I have not confined myself to the objects of sight, nor adhered to *one* point of time. I have often represented a series of incidents ; and, in portraying characters, I have made them speak, as well as act.

If some of the Miscellaneous Poems which conclude this volume should draw on me the imputation of *egotism*, I must even plead guilty to the charge ; trusting that the indulgent reader, and good-natured critic, will not be disposed to rank my transgressions in this respect among the more aggravated species of the crime.

THE SABBATH.

*Luce sacra requiescat humus, requiescat arator,
Et grave, suspensio vomere, cesset opus.*



ARGUMENT.

Description of a Sabbath morning in the country.—The labourer at home.—The town mechanic's morning walk;—his meditation.—The sound of bells.—Crowd proceeding to church.—Interval before the service begins.—Scottish service.—English service;—Scriptures read;—The organ, with the voices of the people.—The sound borne to the sick man's couch;—His wish.—The worship of God in the solitude of the woods.—The shepherd boy among the hills.—People seen on the heights returning from church.—Contrast of the present times with those immediately preceding the Revolution.—The persecution of the Covenanters;—A Sabbath conventicle;—Cameron;—Renwick;—Psalms;—Night conventicles during storms.—A funeral according to the rites of the Church of England.—A female character.—The suicide.—Expostulation.—The incurable of an hospital.—A prison scene;—Debtors;—Divine service in the prison-hall;—Persons under sentence of death.—The public guilt of inflicting capital punishments on persons who have been left destitute of religious and moral instruction.—Children proceeding to a Sunday school.—The father.—The impress.—Appeal on the indiscriminate severity of criminal law.—Comparative mildness of the Jewish law;—The year of jubilee;—Description of the commencement of the jubilee;—The sound of the trumpets through the land;—The bondman and his family returning from their servitude to take possession of their inheritance.—Emigrants to the wilds of America;—Their Sabbath worship.—The whole inhabitants of Highland districts who have emigrated together, still regret their country;—Even the blind man regrets the objects with which he had been conversant.—An emigrant's contrast between the tropical climates and Scotland.—The boy who had been born on the voyage.—Description of a person on a desert island;—His Sabbath;—His release;—Missionary ship.—The Pacific Ocean;—Defence of Missionaries;—Effects of

the conversion of the primitive Christians.—Transition to the slave-trade:—The Sabbath in a slave-ship:—Appeal to England on the subject of her encouragement to this horrible complication of crimes.—Transition to war.—Unfortunate issue of the late war—in France—in Switzerland.—Apostrophe to Tell:—The attempt to resist too late:—The treacherous foes already in possession of the passes:—Their devastating progress:—Desolation.—Address to Scotland.—Happiness of seclusion from the world.—Description of a Sabbath evening in Scotland:—Psalmody:—An aged man.—Description of an industrious female reduced to poverty by old age and disease.—Disinterested virtuous conduct to be found chiefly in the lower walks of life.—Test of charity in the opulent.—Recommendation to the rich to devote a portion of the Sabbath to the duty of visiting the sick.—Invocation to Health—to Music.—The Beguine nuns.—Lazarus.—The Resurrection.—Dawnings of faith—Its progress—Consummation.

THE SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the
dale ;

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village
broods :

The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
 Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
 Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;
 And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
 His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly Man the day of rest enjoys.
 Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
 On other days the man of toil is doom'd
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely ; the ground
 Both seat and board ; screen'd from the winter's
 cold

And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or
 tree ;

But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves :
 With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
 Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
 A word and a grimace, but reverently,
 With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day :
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning air, pure from the city's smoke ;
 While, wandering slowly up the river side,
 He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
 Around its roots ; and while he thus surveys,
 With elevated joy, each rural charm,
 He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
 That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls :
 Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
 Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe ;
 Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved
 ground :

The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
 Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes

With pain, and eyes the new-made grave well-pleased ;

These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God ; these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel : with silent praise
They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise and read the anointed shepherd's lays.

His locks of snow, his brow serene,—his look

Of love, it speaks, " Ye are my children all ;

The gray-hair'd man, stooping upon his staff,

As well as he, the giddy child, whose eye

Pursues the swallow flitting thwart the dome."

Loud swells the song : O how that simple song,

Though rudely chaunted, how it melts the heart,

Commingle soul with soul in one full tide

Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust !

Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,

Breathed from the inmost heart, in accents low,

But earnest.—Alter'd is the tone ; to man

Are now address'd the sacred speaker's words ;

Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,

Flow from his tongue : O chief let comfort flow !

It is most needed in this vale of tears :

Yes, make the widow's heart to sing for joy ;

The stranger to discern the Almighty's shield

Held o'er his friendless head ; the orphan child

Feel, 'mid his tears, I have a father still !

'Tis done. But hark that infant querulous voice !

Plaint not discordant to a parent's ear ;

And see the father raise the white-robed babe

In solemn dedication to the Lord :

The holy man sprinkles with forth-stretch'd hand

The face of innocence ; then earnest turns,

And prays a blessing in the name of Him

Who said, *Let little children come to me ;*

*Forbid them not : * The infant is replaced
Among the happy band : they, smilingly,
In gay attire, hie to the house of mirth,
The poor man's festival, a jubilee day,
Remember'd long.*

Nor would I leave unsung
The lofty ritual of our sister land :
In vestment white, the minister of God
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full :
The people rising, sing, *With harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms*; harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend ; the long drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a mellow'd stop controls,
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud-rolling, meets
The hallelujahs of the choir : Sublime,
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward : Afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch :
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,

* " And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them ; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." Mark x. 13-16.

Yet thinks he hears it still : his heart is cheer'd ;
He smiles on death ; but, ah ! a wish will rise,—
" Would I were now beneath that echoing roof !
No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow ;
My heart would sing ; and many a Sabbath-day
My steps should thither turn ; or, wandering far
In solitary paths, where wild flowers blow,
There would I bless his name, who led me forth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid those sweets ;
Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High ;
There is a temple, one not made with hands—
The vaulted firmament : Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air ;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray ;
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom ;—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon :
Silence his praise ; his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean.—

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lull'd
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son ;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps : the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conn'd
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof

Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.

Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. O blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandaïres knew,
A virtuous race to godliness devote.

What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame! What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name! yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death,—
These on Tradition's tongue still live; these shall
On History's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of Fashion's quire,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy; every hour
They stood prepared to die; a people doom'd
To death;—old men, and youths, and simple
maids.

With them each day was holy; but that morn
On which the angel said, *See where the Lord
Was laid*, joyous arose; to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they
sought

The upland muirs, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas: Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scoop'd, a plat
With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers
seem

Amid the heathery wild, that all around

Fatigues the eye : in solitudes like these,
 Thy persecuted children, SCOTIA, foil'd
 A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws :
 There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,
 Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the
 rose

On England's banner, and had powerless struck
 The infatuate monarch and his wavering host),
 The lyart veteran heard the word of God
 By Cameron thunder'd, or by Renwick pour'd
 In gentle stream : then rose the song, the loud
 Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased
 Her plaint ; the solitary place was glad,
 And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear*
 Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
 But years more gloomy follow'd ; and no more
 The assembled people dared, in face of day,
 To worship God, or even at the dead
 Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
 And thunder-peals compell'd the men of blood
 To couch within their dens ; then dauntlessly
 The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell
 By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
 Their faithful pastor's voice : He by the gleam
 Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
 And words of comfort spake : Over their souls
 His accents soothing came,—as to her young
 The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
 She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
 By myrderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
 Fondly her wings ; close nestling 'neath her breast,
 They, cherish'd, cower amid the purple blooms.

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
 The house of prayer itself,—no place inspires

* Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills, to give warning of the approach of the military.

Emotions more accordant with the day,
 Than does the field of graves, the land of rest :—
 Oft at the close of evening-prayer, the toll,
 The solemn funeral-toll, pausing, proclaims
 The service of the tomb : the homeward crowds
 Divide on either hand ; the pomp draws near ;
 The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,
I am the resurrection and the life.

Ah me ! these youthful bearers robed in white,
 They tell a mournful tale ; some blooming friend
 Is gone, dead in her prime of years :—'Twas she,
 The poor man's friend, who, when she could not
 give,

With angel tongue pleaded to those who could ;
 With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
 That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
 For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
 Rejoiced to die ; for happy visions bless'd
 Her voyage's last days,* and, hovering round,
 Alighted on her soul, giving presage
 That heaven was nigh :—O what a burst
 Of rapture from her lips ! what tears of joy
 Her heavenward eyes suffused ! Those eyes are
 closed ;

But all her loveliness is not yet flown :
 She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
 Retains that smile ; as when a waveless lake,
 In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
 Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
 Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
 Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.

* Towards the end of Columbus's voyage to the New World, when he was already near, but not in sight of land, the drooping hopes of his mariners (for his own confidence seems to have remained unmoved) were revived by the appearance of birds, at first hovering round the ship, and then alighting on the rigging.

Again that knell ! The slow procession stops :
 The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick-emboss'd
 With melancholy ornaments,—(the name,
 The record of her blossoming age),—appears
 Unveill'd, and on it dust to dust is thrown,
 The final rite. Oh ! hark that sullen sound !
 Upon the lower'd bier the shovel'd clay
 Falls fast, and fills the void.—

But who is he
 That stands aloof, with haggard wistful eye,
 As if he coveted the closing grave ?
 And he does covet it—his wish is death :
 The dread resolve is fix'd ; his own right-hand
 Is sworn to do the deed : The day of rest
 No peace, no comfort, brings his woe-worn spirit :
 Self-curs'd, the hallow'd dome he dreads to enter ;
 He dares not pray ; he dares not sigh a hope ;
 Annihilation is his only heaven !
 Loathsome the converse of his friends : he shuns
 The human face ; in every careless eye
 Suspicion of his purpose seems to lurk.
 Deep piny shades he loves, where no sweet note
 Is warbled, where the rook unceasing caws :
 Or far in moors, remote from house or hut,
 Where animated nature seems extinct,
 Where even the hum of wandering bee ne'er breaks
 The quiet slumber of the level waste ;
 Where vegetation's traces almost fail,
 Save where the leafless cannachs wave their tufts
 Of silky white, or massy oaken trunks
 Half-buried lie, and tell where greenwoods grew,—
 There, on the heathless moss outstretch'd he
 broods

O'er all his ever-changing plans of death :
 The time, place, means, sweep like a stormy rack,
 In fleet succession, o'er his clouded soul ;—
 The poniard,—and the opium draught, that brings

Death by degrees, but leaves an awful chasm :
 Between the act and consequence,—the flash
 Sulphureous, fraught with instantaneous death ;—
 The ruin'd tower perch'd on some jutting rock,
 So high that, 'tween the leap and dash below,
 The breath might take its flight in midway air,—
 This pleases for a while ; but on the brink,
 Back from the toppling edge his fancy shrinks
 In horror : Sleep at last his breast becalms,—
 He dreams 'tis done ; but starting wild awakes,
 Resigning to despair his dream of joy.
 Then hope, faint hope, revives—hope, that Despair
 May to his aid let loose the demon Frenzy,
 To lead scared Conscience blindfold o'er the brink
 Of self-destruction's cataract of blood.
 Most miserable, most incongruous wretch !
 Darest thou to spurn thy life, the boon of God,
 Yet darest to approach his holy place ?
 O dare to enter in ! maybe some word,
 Or sweetly-chaunted strain, will in thy heart
 Awake a chord in unison with life.
 What are thy fancied woes to him, whose fate
 Is (sentence dire !) incurable disease,—
 The outcast of a lazar-house, homeless,
 Or with a home where eyes do scowl on him !
 Yet he, even he, with feeble steps draws near,
 With trembling voice joins in the song of praise.
 Patient he waits the hour of his release ;
 He knows he has a home beyond the grave.
 Or turn thee to that house with studded doore,
 And iron-vizor'd windows ; even there
 The Sabbath sheds a beam of bliss, though faint ;
 The debtor's friends (for still he has some friends)
 Have time to visit him ; the blossoming pea,
 That climbs the rust-worn bars, seems fresher
 tinged ;
 And on the little turf, this day renew'd,

The lark, his prison-mate, quivers the wing
 With more than wonted joy. See, through the bars,
 That pallid face retreating from the view ;
 That glittering eye following, with hopeless look,
 The friends of former years, now passing by
 In peaceful fellowship to worship God :
 With them, in days of youthful years, he roam'd
 O'er hill and dale, o'er broomy knowe ; and wist
 As little as the blithest of the band
 Of this his lot ; condemn'd, condemn'd unheard,
 The party for his judge :—among the throng,
 The Pharisaical hard-hearted man
 He sees pass on, to join the heaven-taught prayer,
Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors :
 From unforgiving lips most impious prayer !
 O happier far the victim than the hand
 That deals the legal stab ! The *injured* man
 Enjoys internal, settled calm ; to him
 The Sabbath bell sounds peace ; he loves to meet
 His fellow-sufferers to pray and praise :
 And many a prayer, as pure as e'er was breathed
 In holy fane, is sigh'd in prison halls.
 Ah me ! that clank of chains, as kneel and rise
 The death-doom'd row. But see, a smile illumens
 The face of some ; perhaps they're guiltless : Oh !
 And must high-minded honesty endure
 The ignominy of a felon's fate !
 No, 'tis not ignominious to be wrong'd :
 No ; conscious exultation swells their hearts,
 To think the day draws nigh, when in the view
 Of angels, and of just men perfect made,
 The mark which rashness branded on their names
 Shall be effaced ;—when wafted on life's storm,
 Their souls shall reach the Sabbath of the skies :—
 As birds from bleak Norwegia's wintry coast
 Blown out to sea, strive to regain the shore,
 But, vainly striving, yield them to the blast,—

Swept o'er the deep to Albion's genial isle,
 Amazed they light amid the bloomy sprays
 Of some green vale, there to enjoy new loves,
 And join in harmony unheard before.

The land is groaning 'neath the guilt of blood
 Spilt wantonly: for every death-doom'd man,
 Who, in his boyhood, has been left untaught
 That *Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,*
And all her paths are peace, unjustly dies.
 But, ah! how many are thus left untaught,—
 How many would be left, but for the band
 United to keep holy to the Lord
 A portion of his day, by teaching those
 Whom Jesus loved with forth-stretch'd hand to
 bless!

Behold yon motley train, by two and two,
 Each with a Bible 'neath its little arm,
 Approach well-pleased, as if they went to play,
 The dome where simple lore is learnt unbought:
 And mark the father 'mid the sideway throng;
 Well do I know him by his glistening eye,
 That follows steadfastly one of the line.
 A dark seafaring man he looks to be;
 And much it glads his boding heart to think,
 That when once more he sails the valled deep,
 His child shall still receive Instruction's boon.
 But hark,—a noise,—a cry,—a gleam of swords!—
 Resistance is in vain—he's borne away,
 N'er is allow'd to clasp his weeping child.

My innocent, so helpless, yet so gay!
 How could I bear to be thus rudely torn
 From thee!—to see thee lift thy little arm,
 And impotently strike the ruffian man,—
 To hear thee bid him chidingly—begone!

O ye who live at home, and kiss each eve
 Your sleeping infants ere you go to rest,
 And, 'wakened by their call, lift up your eyes

Upon their morning smile,—think, think of those,
 Who, torn away without one farewell word
 To wife or children, sigh the day of life
 In banishment from all that's dear to man !—
 O raise your voices in one general peal
 Remonstrant, for the oppress. And ye, who sit
 Month after month devising impost-laws,
 Give some small portion of your midnight vigils
 To mitigate, if not remove, the wrong.

Relentless Justice ! with fate-furrow'd brow !
 Wherefore to various crimes of various guilt,
 One penalty, the most severe, allot ?
 Why, pall'd in state, and rictured with a wreath
 Of nightshade, dost thou sit portentously,
 Beneath a cloudy canopy of sighs,
 Of fears, of trembling hopes, of boding doubts !
 Death's dart thy mace !—Why are the laws of
 God,

Statutes promulg'd in characters of fire,*
 Despised in deep concerns, where heavenly guid-
 ance

Is most required ? The murderer—let him die,
 And him who lifts his arm against his parent,
 His country,—or his voice against his God.
 Let crimes less heinous doom less dreadful meet
 Than loss of life ! so said the law divine ;
 That law beneficent, which mildly stretch'd,
 To men forgotten and forlorn, the hand
 Of restitution : Yes, the trumpet's voice
 The Sabbath of the jubilee † announced :

* “ And it came to pass on the third day in the morning,
 that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud
 upon the Mount, and the voice of the trumpet excelling
 loud ; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled.”
 Exod. xix. 16.

† “ And thou shalt number seven Sabbaths of years unto
 thee, seven times seven years ; and the space of the seven
 Sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years.

The freedom-freighted blast, through all the land
 At once, in every city, echoing rings,
 From Lebanon to Carmel's woody cliffs,
 So loud, that far within the desert's verge
 The couching lion starts, and glares around.
 Free is the bondman now, each one returns
 To his inheritance: The man, grown old
 In servitude far from his native fields,
 Hastens joyous on his way: no hills are steep,
 Smooth is each rugged path; his little ones
 Sport as they go, while oft the mother chides
 The lingering step, lured by the way-side flowers:
 At length the hill, from which a farewell look,
 And still another parting look, he cast
 On his paternal vale, appears in view:
 The summit gain'd, throbs hard his heart with joy
 And sorrow blent, to see that vale once more:
 Instant his eager eye darts to the roof
 Where first he saw the light: his youngest born
 He lifts, and, pointing to the much-loved spot,
 Says,—“There thy fathers lived, and there they
 sleep.”

Onward he wends; near and more near he draws:
 How sweet the tinkle of the palm-bower'd brook!
 The sun-beam slanting through the cedar-grove
 How lovely, and how mild! But lovelier still
 The welcome in the eye of ancient friends,
 Scarce known at first! and dear the fig-tree shade
 'Neath which on Sabbath eve his father told *

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month; in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.” Lev. xxv. 8, 9, 10.

* “And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto

Of Israel from the house of bondage freed,
 Led through the desert to the promised land :—
 With eager arms the aged stem he clasps,
 And with his tears the furrow'd bark bedews :
 And still, at midnight hour, he thinks he hears
 The blissful sound that brake the bondman's
 chains,

The glorious peal of freedom and of joy !

Did ever law of man a power like this
 Display ? power marvellous as merciful,
 Which, though in *other* ordinances still
 Most plainly seen, is yet but little mark'd
 For what it truly is,—a miracle !
 Stupendous, ever new, perform'd at once
 In every region,—yea, on every sea
 Which Europe's navies plough ;—yes, in all lands
 From pole to pole, or civilized or rude,
 People there are, to whom the *Sabbath* morn
 Dawns, shedding dews into their drooping hearts :
 Yes, far beyond the high-heaved western wave,
 Amid Columbia's wildernesses vast,
 The words which God in thunder from the Mount
 Of Sinai spake, are heard, and are obey'd.
 Thy children, Scotia, in the desert land,
 Driven from their homes by fell Monopoly,
 Keep holy to the Lord the seventh day.
 Assembled under loftiest canopy
 Of trees primeval, soon to be laid low,
 They sing, *By Babel's streams we sat and wept.*

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
 To regions where the morn of life was spent !
 In foreign lands, though happier be the clime,

thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in
 thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when
 thou liest down, and when thou risest up. Thou shalt say
 unto thy son, We were Pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt ; and
 the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand."—
 Deut. vi. 6, 7. 21.

Though round our board smile all the friends we
love,

The face of nature wears a stranger's look :
Yes, though the valley which we loved be swept
Of its inhabitants, none left behind,
Not even the poor blind man who sought his bread
From door to door, still, still there is a want :
Yes, even he, round whom a night that knows
No dawn is ever spread, whose native vale
Presented to his closed eyes a blank,
Deplores its distance now. There well he knew
Each object, though unseen ; there could he wend
His way, guideless, through wilds and mazy woods ;
Each aged tree, spared when the forest fell,
Was his familiar friend, from the smooth birch,
With rind of silken touch, to the rough elm :
The three grey stones that mark'd where heroes

lay,

Mourn'd by the harp, mourn'd by the melting
voice

Of Cona, oft his resting-place had been ;
Oft had they told him that his home was near :
The tinkle of the rill, the murmuring
So gentle of the brook, the torrent's rush,
The cataract's din, the ocean's distant roar,
The echo's answer to his foot or voice,—
All spoke a language which he understood,
All warn'd him of his way. But most he feels,
Upon the hallow'd morn, the saddening change :
No more he hears the gladsome village bell
Ring the blest summons to the house of God :
And—for the voice of psalms, loud, solemn, grand,
That cheer'd his darkling path, as with slow step
And feeble, he toiled up the spire-topped hill,—
A few faint notes ascend among the trees.

What though the cluster'd vine there hardly
tempts

The traveller's hand ; though birds of dazzling
plume
Perch on the loaded boughs ;—Give me thy
woods,

(Exclaims the banish'd man), thy barren woods,
Poor Scotland ! Sweeter there the reddening haw,
The sloe, or rowan's * bitter brutch, than here
The purple grape ; dearer the red-breast's note,
That mounns the fiddling year in Scotia's vales,
Than Philomel's, where spring is ever new ;
More dear to me the red-breast's sober suit,
So like a wither'd leaflet, than the glare
Of gaudy wings, that make the Iris dim."

Nor is regret exclusive to the old :
The boy, whose birth was midway o'er the main,
A ship his cradle, by the billows rock'd,—
" The nursing of the storm,"—although he claims
No native land, yet does he wistful hear
Of some far distant country still call'd *home*,
Where lambs of whitest fleece sport on the hills ;
Where gold-speck'd fishes wanton in the streams ;
Where little birds, when snow-flakes dim the air,
Light on the floor, and peck the table crumbs,
And with their singing cheer the winter day.

But what the loss of country to the woes
Of banishment and solitude combined ?
Oh ! my heart bleeds to think there now may live
One hapless man, the remnant of a wreck,
Cast on some desert island of that main
Immense, which stretches from the Cochin shore
To Acapulco. Motionless he sits,
As is the rock his seat, gazing whole days,
With wandering eye, o'er all the watery waste ;
Now striving to believe the Albatross
A sail appearing on the horizon's verge ;

* Mountain-ash.

Now vowing ne'er to cherish other hope
 Than hope of death. Thus pass his weary hours,
 Till welcome evening warn him that 'tis time
 Upon the shell-notch'd calendar to mark
 Another day, another dreary day,—
 Changeless;—for, in these regions of the sun,
 The wholesome law that dooms mankind to toil,
 Bestowing grateful interchange of rest
 And labour, is annul'd; for there the trees,
 Adorn'd at once with bud, and flower, and fruit,
 Drop, as the breezes blow, a shower of bread
 And blossoms on the ground. But yet by him,
 The Hermit of the Deep, not unobserved
 The Sabbath passes: 'Tis his great delight.
 Each seventh eve he marks the farewell ray,
 And loves, and sighs to think,—that setting sun
 Is now empurpling Scotland's mountain-tops,
 Or, higher risen, slants athwart her vales,
 Tinting with yellow light the quivering throat
 Of day-spring lark, while woodland birds below
 Chaunt in the dewy shade. Thus all night long
 He watches, while the rising moon describes
 The progress of the day in happier lands.
 And now he almost fancies that he hears
 The chiming from his native village church;
 And now he sings, and fondly hopes the strain
 May be the same that sweet ascends at home
 In congregation full,—where, not without a tear,
 They are remember'd who in ships behold
 The wonders of the deep: * he sees the hand,
 The widow'd hand, that veils the eye suffused;
 He sees his orphan'd boy look up, and strive
 The widow'd heart to sooth. His spirit leans
 On God. Nor does he leave his weekly vigil,

* "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business
 in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his
 wonders in the deep." Psal. cvil.

Though tempests ride o'er welkin-lashing waves
On winds of cloudless wing;* though lightnings
burst

So vivid, that the stars are hid and seen
In awful alternation: Calm he views
The far-exploding firmament, and dares
To hope—one bolt in mercy is reserved
For his release: And yet he is resign'd
To live; because full well he is assured,
Thy hand does lead him, thy right hand upholds.†

And thy right hand does lead him. Lo! at last,
One sacred eve, he hears, faint from the deep,
Music remote, swelling at intervals,
As if the embodied spirit of sweet sounds
Came slowly floating on the shoreward wave:
The cadence well he knows,—a hymn of old,
Where sweetly is rehearsed the lowly state
Of Jesus, when his birth was first announced
In midnight music, by an angel choir,
To Bethlehem's shepherds,‡ as they watch'd their
flocks.

Breathless, the man forlorn listens, and thinks
It is a dream. Fuller the voices swell.
He looks, and starts to see, moving along,

* In the tropical regions, the sky during storms is often without a cloud.

† "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Psal. cxxxix.

‡ "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke ii. 8—14.

A fiery wave,* (so seems it), crescent form'd,
 Approaching to the land; straightway he sees
 A towering whiteness; 'tis the heaven-fill'd sails
 That waft the mission'd men, who have renounced
 Their homes, their country, nay, almost the world,
 Bearing glad tidings to the farthest isles
 Of ocean, that *the dead shall rise again*.
 Forward the gleam-girt castle coastwise glides;
 It seems as it would pass away. To cry
 The wretched man in vain attempts—in vain,
 Powerless his voice as in a fearful dream:
 Not so his hand: he strikes the flint,—a blaze
 Mounts from the ready heap of wither'd leaves:
 The music ceases, accents harsh succeed,
 Harsh, but most grateful: downward drop the
 sails;

Ingulf'd the anchor sinks; the boat is launch'd,
 But cautious lies aloof till morning dawn:
 O then the transport of the man, unused
 To other human voice beside his own,—
 His native tongue to hear! he breathes at home,
 Though earth's diameter is interposed.
 Of perils of the sea he has no dread,
 Full well assured the mission'd bark is safe,
 Held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand.
 (And signal thy deliverances have been
 Of these thy messengers of peace and joy.)
 From storms that loudly threaten to unfix
 Islands rock-rooted in the ocean's bed,
 Thou dost deliver them,—and from the calm,
 More dreadful than the storm, when motionless
 Upon the purple deep the vessel lies

* "In some seas, as particularly about the coast of Malabar, as a ship floats along, it seems during the night to be surrounded with fire, and to leave a long track of light behind it. Whenever the sea is gently agitated, it seems converted into little stars; every drop as it breaks emits light, like bodies electrified in the dark." *Darwin*.

For days, for nights, illumed by phosphor lamps;
 When sea-birds seem in nests of flame to float;
 When backward starts the boldest mariner
 To see, while o'er the side he leans, his face
 As if deep-tinged with blood.—

Let worldly men
 The cause and combatants contemptuous scorn,
 And call fanatics them who hazard health
 And life in testifying of the truth;
 Who joy and glory in the cross of Christ!
 What were the Galilean fishermen
 But messengers, commission'd to announce
 The resurrection, and the life to come!
 They, too, though clothed with power of mighty
 works

Miraculous, were oft received with scorn;
 Oft did their words fall powerless, though enforced
 By deeds that mark'd Omnipotence their friend:
 But, when their efforts fail'd, unweariedly
 They onward went, rejoicing in their course.
 Like helianthus,* borne on downy wings
 To distant realms, they frequent fell on soils
 Barren and thankless; yet oft-times they saw
 Their labours crown'd with fruit an hundred fold;
 Saw the new converts testify their faith
 By works of love,—the slave set free, the sick
 Attended, prisoners visited, the poor
 Received as brothers at the rich man's board.
 Alas! how different now the deeds of men
 Nursed in the faith of Christ!—The free, made
 slaves!

Torn from their country, borne across the deep,
 Enchain'd, endungeon'd, forced by stripes to live,

* Sun flower. "The seeds of many plants of this kind are furnished with a plume, by which admirable mechanism they are disseminated far from their parent stem." *Darwin*.

Doom'd to behold their wives, their little ones,
 Tremble beneath the white man's fiend-like frown !
 Yet even to scenes like these, the Sabbath brings
 Alleviation of the enormous woe :—
 The oft-reiterated stroke is still ;
 The clotted scourge hangs hardening in the shrouds,
 But see, the demon man, whose trade is blood,
 With dauntless front, convene his ruffian crew
 To hear the sacred service read. Accursed,
 The wretch's bile-tinged lips profane the word
 Of God : Accursed, he ventures to pronounce
 The decalogue, nor falters at that law
 Wherein 'tis written, *Thou shalt do no murder* :
 Perhaps, while yet the words are on his lips,
 He hears a dying mother's parting groan ;
 He hears her orphan'd child, with hisping plaint,
 Attempt to rouse her from the sleep of death.

O England ! England ! wash thy purpled hands
 Of this foul sin, and never dip them more
 In guilt so damnable ! *then* lift them up
 In supplication to that God, whose name
 Is Mercy ; then thou mayest, without the risk
 Of drawing vengeance from the surcharged clouds,
 Implore protection to thy menaced shores ;
 Then God will blast the tyrant's arm that grasps
 The thunderbolt of ruin o'er thy head ;
 Then will he turn the wolfish race to prey
 Upon each other ; then will he arrest
 The lava torrent, causing it regorge
 Back to its source with fiery desolation.

Of all the murderous trades by mortals plied,
 'Tis war alone that never violates
 The hallow'd day by simulate respect,—
 By hypocritic rest : No, no, the work proceeds.
 From sacred pinnacles are hung the flags,*

* Church steeples are frequently used as signal-posts.

That give the sign to slip the leash from slaughter.
 The bells, whose knoll a holy calmness pour'd
 Into the good man's breast,—whose sound solaced
 The sick, the poor, the old—perversion dire !
 Pealing with sulphurous tongue, speak death-
 fraught words :

From morn to eve Destruction revels frenzied,
 Till at the hour when peaceful vesper-chimes
 Were wont to sooth the ear, the trumpet sounds
 Pursuit and flight altern ; and for the song
 Of larks, descending to their grass-bower'd homes,
 The croak of flesh-gorged ravens, as they slake
 Their thirst in hoof-prints fill'd with gore, dis-
 turbs

The stupor of the dying man ; while Death
 Triumphantly sails down the ensanguined stream,
 On corseS throned, and crown'd with shiver'd
 boughs,

That erst hung imaged in the crystal tide.*

And what the harvest of these bloody fields ?
 A double weight of fetters to the slave,
 And chains on arms that wielded Freedom's
 sword.

Spirit of TELL ! and art thou doom'd to see
 Thy mountains, that confess'd no other chains
 Than what the wintry elements had forged,—
 Thy vales, where Freedom, and her stern com-
 peer,

Proud virtuous Poverty, their noble state
 Maintain'd, amid surrounding threats of wealth,
 Of superstition, and tyrannic sway——
 Spirit of TELL ! and art thou doom'd to see

* After a heavy cannonade, the shivered branches of
 trees, and the corpses of the killed, are seen floating together
 down the rivers.

That land subdued by Slavery's basest slaves ;
By men, whose lips pronounce the sacred name
Of Liberty, then kiss the despot's foot?
Helvetia! hadst thou to thyself been true,
Thy dying sons had triumph'd as they fell :
But 'twas a glorious effort, though in vain.
Aleft thy Genius, 'mid the sweeping clouds,
The flag of freedom spread ; bright in the storm.
The streaming meteor waved, and far it gleam'd :
But, ah ! 'twas transient as the Iris' arch,
Glanced from Leviathan's ascending shower,
When 'mid the mountain waves heaving his head.
Already had the friendly-seeming foe
Possess'd the snow-piled ramparts of the land :
Down like an avalanche they roll'd, they crush'd
The temple, palace, cottage, every work
Of art and nature, in one common ruin.
The dreadful crush is o'er, and peace ensues,—
The peace of desolation, gloomy, still :
Each day is hush'd as Sabbath ; but, alas !
No Sabbath-service glads the seventh-day !
No more the happy villagers are seen
Winding adown the rock-hewn paths, that wont
To lead their footsteps to the house of prayer ;
But, far apart, assembled in the depth
Of solitudes, perhaps a little group
Of aged men, and orphan boys, and maids,
Bereft, list to the breathings of the holy man,
Who spurns an oath of fealty to the power
Of rulers chosen by a tyrant's nod.
No more, as dies the rustling of the breeze,
Is heard the distant vesper-hymn ; no more
At gloamin hour, the plaintive strain, that links
His country to the Switzer's heart, delights
The loosening team ; or if some shepherd boy
Attempt the strain, his voice soon faltering stops ;
He feels his country now a foreign land.

O Scotland! canst thou for a moment brook
 The mere imagination, that a fate
 Like this should e'er be thine! that o'er these hills
 And dear-bought vales, whence Wallace, Douglas,

Bruce,

Repell'd proud Edward's multitudinous herds,
 A Gallic foe; that abject race, should rule!
 No, no! let never hostile standard touch
 Thy shore: rush, rush into the dashing brine,
 And crest each wave with steel; and should the
 stamp:

Of Slavery's footstep violate the strand,
 Let not the tawny tide efface the mark;
 Sweep off the stigma with a sea of blood!

Thrice happy he, who, far in Scottish glen
 Retired, (yet ready at his country's call),
 Has left the restless emmet-bill of man!
 He never longs to read the saddening tale
 Of endless wars; and seldom does he hear
 The tale of woe; and ere it reaches him,
 Rumour, so loud when new, has died away
 Into a whisper, on the memory borne
 Of casual traveller:—as on the deep,
 Far from the sight of land, when all around
 Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell,
 That gently heaves the ship, tells, as it rolls,
 Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrown.

O Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales:
 But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
 Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
 Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song
 Of kindred praises arise from humble roofs;
 Or, when the simple service ends, to hear
 The lifted latch, and mark the grey-hair'd man,
 The father and the priest, walk forth alone
 Into his garden-plot, or little field,
 To commune with his God in secret prayer,—

To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
 His children are about him : Sweet, meantime,
 The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
 Brings to his view the days of youthful years
 When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
 Nor is the contrast between youth and age
 To him a painful thought ; he joys to think
 His journey near a close,—heaven is his home.
 More happy far that man, though bowed down,
 Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
 Than they, the favourites of youth and health,
 Of riches, and of fame, who have renounced
 The glorious promise of the life to come,—
 Clinging to death.

Or mark that female face,
 The faded picture of its former self,—
 The garments coarse, but clean ;—frequent at
 church

I've noted such a one, feeble and pale,
 Yet standing, with a look of mild content,
 Till beckon'd by some kindly hand to sit.
 She has seen better days : there was a time
 Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give
 To those who were in want ; but now old age,
 And lingering disease, have made her helpless.
 Yet she is happy, ay, and she is wise,
 (Philosophers may sneer, and pedants frown),
 Although her Bible is her only book ;
 And she is rich, although her only wealth
 Is recollection of a well-spent life—
 Is expectation of the life to come.
 Examine here, explore the narrow path
 In which she walks ; look not for virtuous deeds
 In history's arena, where the prize
 Of fame, or power, prompts to heroic acts.
 Peruse the *lives* themselves of men obscure :—
 There charity, that robs itself to give ;

There fortitude in sickness, nursed by want ;
 There courage, that expects no tongue to praise ;
 There virtue lurks, like purest gold deep hid,
 With no alloy of selfish motive mix'd.
 The poor man's boon, that stints him of his bread,
 Is prized more highly in the sight of Him
 Who sees the heart, than golden gifts from hands
 That scarce can know their countless treasures
 less :*

Yea, the deep sigh that heaves the poor man's
 breast

To see distress, and feel his willing arm
 Palsied by penury, ascends to heaven ;
 While ponderous bequests of lands and goods
 Ne'er rise above their earthly origin.

And should all bounty, that is clothed with
 power,

Be deem'd unworthy?—Far be such a thought !
 Even when the rich bestow, there are sure tests
 Of genuine charity :—Yes, yes, let wealth
 Give other alms than silver or than gold,—
 Time, trouble, toil, attendance, watchfulness,
 Exposure to disease ;—yes, let the rich
 Be often seen beneath the sick man's roof ;
 Or cheering, with inquiries from the heart,
 And hopes of health, the melancholy range
 Of couches in the public wards of woe :
 There let them often bless the sick man's bed,
 With kind assurances that all is well

* " And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury ; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury : For all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." Mark xii. 41—44.

At home ; that plenty smiles upon the board,—
 The while the hand that earn'd the frugal meal
 Can hardly raise itself in sign of thanks.
 Above all duties, let the rich man search
 Into the cause he knoweth not, nor spurn
 The suppliant wretch as guilty of a crime.
 Ye, bless'd with *wealth* ! (another name for

power
 Of doing good), O would ye but devote
 A little portion of each seventh day
 To acts of *justice* to your fellow men !
 The house of mourning silently invites:
 Shun not the crowded alley ; prompt descend
 Into the half-sunk cell, darksome and damp ;
 Nor seem impatient to be gone : Inquire,
 Console, instruct, encourage, sooth, assist ;
 Read, pray, and sing a new song to the Lord ;
 Make tears of joy down grief-worn furrows flow.

O Health ! thou sun of life, without whose
 beam

The fairest scenes of nature seem involved
 In darkness, shine upon my dreary path
 Once more ; or, with thy faintest dawn, give hope,
 That I may yet enjoy thy vital ray !
 Though transient be the hope, 'twill be most sweet,
 Like midnight music, stealing on the ear,
 Then gliding past, and dying slow away.
 Music ! thou soothing power, thy charm is proved
 Most vividly when clouds o'ercast the soul ;—
 So light its loveliest effect displays
 In lowering skies, when through the murky rack
 A slanting sun-beam shoots, and instant limns
 The ethereal curve of seven harmonious dyes,
 Eliciting a splendour from the gloom :
 O Music ! still vouchsafe to tranquillise
 This breast perturb'd ; thy voice, though mourn-
 ful, soothes ;

And mournful eye are thy most beauteous lays,
 Like fall of blossoms from the orchard boughs,—
 The autumn of the spring. Enchanting power !
 Who, by thy airy spell, canst whirl the mind
 Far from the busy haunts of men, to vales
 Where Tweed or Yarrow flows ; or, spurning time,
 Recall red Flodden field ; or suddenly
 Transport, with alter'd strain, the deafen'd ear
 To Linden's plain !—But what the pastoral lay,
 The melting dirge, the battle's trumpet-peal,
 Compared to notes with sacred numbers link'd
 In union, *salena*, grand ! O then the spirit
 Upborne on pinions of celestial sound,
 Soars to the throne of God, and ravis'd hears
 Ten thousand times ten thousand voices rise
 In halleluias ;—voices, that erewhile
 Were feebly tuned perhaps to low-breathed hymns
 Of solace in the chambers of the poor,—
 The Sabbath worship of the friendless sick.

Blest be the female votaries, whose days
 No Sabbath of their pious labours prove,
 Whose lives are consecrated to the toil
 Of minist'ring around the uncurtain'd couch
 Of pain and poverty ! Blest be the hands,
 The lovely hands, (for beauty, youth, and grace,
 Are oft conceal'd by Pity's closest veil),
 That mix the cup medicinal, that bind
 The wounds which ruthless warfare and disease
 Have to the loathsome lazaret-house consign'd.

Fierce Superstition of the mitred king !
 Almost I could forget thy torch and stake,
 When I this blessed sisterhood survey,—
 Compassion's priestesses, disciples true
 Of him whose touch was health, whose single
 word
 Electrified with life the palsied arm,—

Of him who said, *Take up thy bed and walk,—*
Of him who cried to Lazarus, *Come forth.*

And he who cried to Lazarus, *Come forth,*

Will, when the Sabbath of the tomb is past,

Call forth the dead, and re-unite the dust

(Transform'd and purified) to angel souls.

Ecstatic hope! belief! conviction firm!

How grateful 'tis to recollect the time

When hope arose to faith! Faintly at first

The heavenly voice is heard; then, by degrees,

Its music sounds perpetual in the heart.

Thus he, who all the gloomy winter long

Has dwelt in city-crowds, wandering afield

Betimes on Sabbath morn, ere yet the spring

Unfold the daisy's bud, delighted hears

The first lark's note, faint yet, and short the song,

Check'd by the chill ungenial northern breeze;

But, as the sun ascends, another springs,

And still another soars on loftier wing,

Till all o'erhead, the joyous choir unseen,

Poised welkin high, harmonious fills the air,

As if it were a link 'tween earth and heaven.

SABBATH WALKS.

A SPRING SABBATH WALK.

Most earnest was his voice ! most mild his look,
As with raised hands he bless'd his parting flock.
He is a faithful pastor of the poor ;—
He thinks not of himself ; his Master's words,
Feed, feed my sheep, * are ever at his heart,
The cross of Christ is aye before his eye.
O, how I love, with melted soul, to leave
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
Alone ! What though the opening spring be chill !
Although the lark, check'd in his airy path
Eke out his song, perch'd on the fallow clod,
That still o'ertops the blade ! Although no branch

* " So when he had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these ? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ? Peter was grieved, because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me ? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep." John xxi. 15.—17.

Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream !
What though the clouds oft lower ! Their threats
but end

In sunny showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couch'd violet, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe,—melodious bird !
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray,
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf),
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.

Sweet is the sunny nook, to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roam'd,
Unheeding where,—so lovely all around
The works of God, array'd in vernal smile.

Oft at this season, musing, I prolong
My devious range, till, sunk from view, the sun
Emblaze, with upward-slanting ray, the breast,
And wing unquivering of the wheeling lark,
Descending, vocal, from her latest flight ;
While, disregardful of yon lonely star,—
The harbinger of chill night's glittering host,—
Sweet Red-breast, Scotia's Philomela, chaunts,
In desultory swains, his evening hymn.

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness ; it calms
My heart : pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks :
How peaceful every sound !—the ring-dove's plaint,
Moan'd from the twilight cantos of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,

Save when the wren lifts from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprig trills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft pausing chirp,—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That, soon as loosed, booms with full twang away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circle's gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or, from above,
Some feather'd dam, purveying midst the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize:—Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
(Where safe and happily he might have lurk'd),
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream;
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes th' inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

Now let me trace the stream up to its source
Among the hills; its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble shoots,
With brier, and hazel branch, and hawthorn-spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air: Grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain
Spread wide below: how sweet the placid view!
But, O! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing
thought,
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil, partake this day the common joy

Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale;
 Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
 And blessing Him who gave the Sabbath day.
 Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
 To think that now the townsman wanders forth
 Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
 The coolness of the day's decline; to see
 His children sport around, and simply pull
 The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon,
 Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
 The wizard stream, now scarce to be discern'd;
 Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
 And thinly strew'd with heath-bells up and down.

Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
 Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
 Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
 The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
 As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
 How deep the hush! the torrent's channel, dry,
 Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
 But, hark, a plaintive sound floating along!
 'Tis from yon heath-roof'd shielin; now it dies
 Away, now rises full; it is the song
 Which He,—who listens to the halleluiahs
 Of choiring Seraphim,—delights to hear;
 It is the music of the heart, the voice
 Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,
 In kindly circle seated on the ground
 Before their wicker door. Behold the man!
 The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
 Beam in the parting ray: before him lies,
 Upon the smooth cropt sward, the open book,
 His comfort, stay, and ever new delight!
 While, heedless, at his side, the lisping boy
 Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

WHEN homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest; to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind, that from those ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the wither'd grass:
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillock'd graves.
But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
A man indeed he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep: the lightning's flash
Had dimm'd, not closed, his mild, but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range;
(It was not wide:) no dog would bay at him;
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elves how to plait
The rusby cap and crown, or sedgy ship;
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit! that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
That copes the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears;

Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow: The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble
bends

Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
With autumn-branches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strown banks: Oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam;
Or rowan's cluster'd branch, or harvest sheaf,
 borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene † deep, deep,
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day,—
Not even a foot-fall heard.—Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain :
Hid are the bushes; save that, here and there,
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged, the whirled drift has almost reach'd
The powder'd key-stone of the church-yard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded bell ; the tombs lie buried ;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er ; the clouds disperse,
And shew the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire ;
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.

How beautiful the plain stretch'd far below !
 Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
 With azure windings, or the leafless wood.
 But what the beauty of the plain, compared
 To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
 Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
 Among yon rocky fells, that bid defiance
 To steps the most adventurously bold !
 There silence dwells profound ; or if the cry
 Of high-poised eagle break at times the calm,
 The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now ~~explore~~ the deep sunk dell.
 No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
 Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
 Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
 Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
 Nor linger there too long : the wintry day
 Soon closes ; and full oft a heavier fall,
 Heap'd by the blast, fill up the shelter'd glen,
 While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
 Mines for itself a snow-cov'ed way. O ! then,
 Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
 And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
 Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift
 away :—

So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
 From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
 Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
 Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
 Bedimm'd with showers : Then to the pastures
 green

He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
 The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

BIBLICAL PICTURES.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

Six days the heavenly host, in circle vast,
Like that untouching cincture which enzones
The globe of Saturn, compass'd wide this orb,
And with the forming mass floated along,
In rapid course, through yet untravell'd space,
Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
Bursting from Chaos at the omnific will,
And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star
On Paradise arose. Blessed that eve !
The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete,
In freshest beauty from *ЖЕHOVAH*'s hand,
Creation bloom'd ; when Eden's twilight face
Smiled like a sleeping babe. The voice divine
A holy calm breathed o'er the goodly work ;
Mildly the sun, upon the loftiest trees,
Shed mellowly a sloping beam. Peace reign'd,
And love, and gratitude ; the human pair
Their orisons pour'd forth ; love, concord, reign'd.
The falcon, perch'd upon the blooming bough
With Philomela, listen'd to her lay ;

Among the antler'd herd, the tiger couch'd
Harmless ; the lion's mane no terror spread
Among the careless ruminating flock.
Silence was o'er the deep ; the noiseless surge,
The last subsiding wave,—of that dread tumult
Which raged, when Ocean, at the mute command,
Rush'd furiously into his new-cleft bed,—
Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore ;
While, on the swell, the sea-bird with her head
Wing-veil'd, slept tranquilly. The host of heaven,
Entranced in new delight, speechless adored ;
Nor stopp'd their fleet career, nor changed their form
Encircular, till on that hemisphere,—
In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
Its incense, odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
Arose ; then wide the flying circle oped,
And soar'd, in semblance of a mighty rainbow.
Silent ascend the choirs of Seraphim ;
No harp resounds, mute is each voice ; the burst
Of joy and praise reluctant they repress,—
For love and concord all things so attuned
To harmony, that Earth must have received
The grand vibration, and to the centre shook :
But soon as to the starry altitudes
They reach'd, then what a storm of sound, tremendous,
Swell'd through the realms of space ! The morning stars
Together sang, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy ! Loud was the peal ; so loud
As would have quite o'erwhelm'd the human
sense ;
But to the earth it came a gentle strain,
Like softest fall breathed from Æolian lute,
When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
Day of the Lord ! creation's hallow'd close !
Day of the Lord ! (prophetical they sang),

Benignant mitigation of that doom
Which must, ere long, consign the fallen race,
Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and woe !

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

Slow glides the Nile: amid the margin flags,
Closed in a bulrush ark, the babe is left,—
Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits
Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear, beholds
The royal maid, surrounded by her train,
Approach the river bank,—approach the spot
Where sleeps the innocent: she sees them stoop
With meeting plumes; the rushy lid is oped,
And wakes the infant, smiling in his tears,
As when along a little mountain lake
The summer south-wind breathes, with gentle sigh,
And parts the reeds, unveiling, as they bend,
A water-lily floating on the wave.

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

PHARAOH upon a gorgeous throne of state
Was seated; while around him stood submissive
His servants, watchful of his lofty looks.
The Patriarch enters, leaning on the arm
Of Benjamin. Unmoved by all the glare
Of royalty, he scarcely throws a glance
Upon the pageant show; for from his youth

A shepherd's life he led, and view'd each night
The starry host ; and still, where'er he went,
He felt himself in presence of the Lord.
His eye is bent on Joseph, him pursues,
Sudden the king descends ; and, bending, kneels
Before the aged man, and supplicates
A blessing from his lips ! The aged man
Lays on the ground his staff, and stretching forth
His tremulous hand o'er Pharaoh's uncrown'd
head,
Prays that the Lord would bless him and his land.

JEPHTHA'S VOW.

From conquest Jephtha came, with faltering step
And troubled eye : His home appears in view ;
He trembles at the sight. Sad he forbodes,—
His vow will meet a victim in his child :
For well he knows, that, from her earliest years,
She still was first to meet his homeward steps :
Well he remembers, how, with tottering gait,
She ran, and clasp'd his knees, and lip'd, and
look'd
Her joy ; and how, when garlanding with flowers
His helm, fearful, her infant hand would shrink
Back from the lion couch'd beneath the crest.
What sound is that, which, from the palm-tree
grove,
Floats new with choral swell, now fainter falls
Upon the ear ? It is, it is the song
He loved to hear,—a song of thanks and praise,
Sung by the patriarch for his ransom'd son.
Hope from the oven springs : O, blessed hope !

It may not be her voice!—Fain would he think
 'Twas not his daughter's voice that still approach'd,
 Blent with the timbrel's note. Forth from the
 grove

She foremost glides of all the minstrel band :
 Moveless he stands ; then grasps his hilt, still red
 With hostile gore, but, shuddering, quits the hold ;
 And clasps in agony his hands, and cries,
 " Alas, my daughter ! thou hast brought me low."—
 The timbrel at her rooted feet resounds.

SAUL AND DAVID.

DEEP was the furrow in the royal brow,
 When David's hand, lightly as vernal gales
 Rippling the brook of Kedron, skimm'd the lyre :
 He sung of Jacob's youngest born,—the child
 Of his old age,—sold to the Ishmaelite ;
 His exaltation to the second power
 In Pharaoh's realm ; his brethren thither sent ;
 Suppliant they stood before his face, well known,
 Unknowing,—till Joseph fell upon the neck
 Of Benjamin, his mother's son, and wept.
 Unconsciously the warlike shepherd paused ;
 But when he saw, down the yet quivering string,
 The tear-drop trembling glide, abash'd, he check'd,
 Indignant at himself, the bursting flood,
 And, with a sweep impetuous, struck the chords :
 From side to side his hands transversely glance,
 Like lightning 'thwart a stormy sea ; his voice
 Arises 'mid the clang, and straightway calms
 Th' harmonious tempest to a solemn swell
 Majestical, triumphant ; for he sings

Of Arad's mighty host by Israel's arm
Subdued ; of Israel through the desert led,
He sings ; of him who was their leader, call'd
By God himself, from keeping Jethro's flock,
To be a ruler o'er the chosen race.
Kindles the eye of Saul ; his arm is poised ;—
Harmless the javelin quivers in the wall.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

SoRE was the famine throughout all the bounds
Of Israel, when Elijah, by command
Of God, journeyed to Cherith's failing brook.
No rain-drops fall, no dew-fraught cloud, at morn
Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the vale ;
The withering herbage dies ; among the palms
The shrivell'd leaves send to the summer gale
An autumn rustle ; no sweet songster's lay
Is warbled from the branches ; scarce is heard
The rill's faint brawl. The prophet looks around,
And trusts in God, and lays his silver'd head
Upon the flowerless bank ; serene he sleeps,
Nor wakes till dawning : then with hands enclasp'd,
And heavenward face, and eye-lids closed, he prays
To Him who manna on the desert shower'd,
To Him who from the rock made fountains gush :
Entranced the man of God remains ; till roused
By sound of wheeling wings, with grateful heart,
He sees the ravens fearless by his side
Alight, and leave the heaven-provided food.

 THE BIRTH OF JESUS ANNOUNCED.

DEEP was the midnight silence in the fields.
 Of Bethlehem; hush'd the folds; save that at
 times
 Was heard the lamb's-faint bleat : the shepherds,
 stretch'd
 On the green sward, survey'd the starry vault.
The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shews forth thy handy-work :
 Thus they, their hearts attuned to the Most High—
 When suddenly a splendid cloud appear'd,
 As if a portion of the milky way :
 Descended slowly in the spiral course.
 Near and more near it draws ; then, hovering, floats
 High as the soar of eagle, shedding bright,
 Upon the folded flocks, a heavenly radiance,
 From whence was utter'd loud, yet sweet, a voice,—
Fear not, I bring good tidings of great joy ;
For unto you is born this day a Saviour !
And this shall be a sign to you,—the babe :
Laid lowly in a manger ye shall find.—
 The angel spake ; when, lo ! upon the cloud,
 A multitude of Seraphim, enthroned,
 Sang praises, saying,—*Glory to the Lord*
On high ; on earth be peace, good-will to men.
 With sweet response harmoniously they choir'd,
 And while, with heavenly harmony, the song
 Arose to God, more bright the buoyant throne
 Illumed the land : the prowling lion steps,
 Awe-struck, with mane uprear'd, and flatten'd
 head ;
 And, without turning, backward on his steps

Recoils, aghast, into the desert gloom:
 A trembling joy the astonish'd shepherds prove,
 As heavenward reascends the vocal blaze
 Triumphantly; while by degrees the strain
 Dies on the ear, that, self-deluded, listens—
 As if a sound so sweet could never die.

BEHOLD MY MOTHER AND MY
 BRETHREN.

Who is my mother, or my brethren?
 He spake, and look'd on them who sat around,
 With a meek smile of pity blent with love,
 More melting than e'er gleam'd from human face,—
 As when a sun-beam, through a summer shower,
 Shines mildly on a little hill-side flock;
 And with that look of love he said, Behold
 My mother and my brethren; for I say,
 That whoso'er shall do the will of God,
 He is my brother, sister, mother, all.

BARTIMEUS RESTORED TO SIGHT.

BLIND, poor, and helpless Bartimeus sat,
 Listening the foot of the wayfaring man;
 Still hoping that the next, and still the next,
 Would put an alms into his trembling hand.
 He thinks he hears the coming breeze faint rustle
 Among the sycamores; it is the tread

Of thousand steps ; it is the hum of tongues
 Innumerable : But when the sightless man
 Heard that the Nazarene was passing by,
 He cried, and said,—“ Jesus, thou Son of David,
 Have mercy upon me !” and, when rebuked,
 He cried the more, “ Have mercy upon me !”—
Thy faith hath made thee whole, so JESUS spake,
 And straight the blind BEHELD THE FACE OF GOD.

LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

SUFFER *that little children come to me,*
Forbid them not. Imbolden'd by his words,
 The mothers onward press ; but finding vain
 Th' attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their
 babes
 To strangers' hands : The innocents alarm'd
 Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
 Shrink, trembling,—till their wandering eyes dis-
 cern
 The countenance of Jesus, beaming love
 And pity ; eager then they stretch their arms,
 And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

JESUS CALMS THE TEMPEST.

THE roaring tumult of the billow'd sea
 Awakes him not : high on the crested surge
 Now heaved, his locks flow streaming in the blast,

And now, descending 'tween the sheltering waves,
 The falling tresses veil the face divine :
 Meek through that veil, a momentary gleam
 Benignant shines ; he dreams that he beholds
 The opening eyes,—that long hopeless had roll'd
 In darkness,—look around bedimm'd with tears
 Of joy ; but suddenly the voice of fear
 Dispell'd the happy vision : Awful he rose,
 Rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea,
Peace, be thou still ! and straight there was a calm.
 With terror-mingled gladness in their looks,
 The mariners exclaim,—*What man is this,*
That even the wind and sea obey his voice !

JESUS WALKS ON THE SEA, AND CALMS THE STORM.

Loud blew the storm of night ; the thwarting surge
 Dash'd, boiling on the labouring bark : dismay,
 From face to face reflected, spread around :—
 When, lo ! upon a towering wave is seen
 The semblance of a foamy wreath, upright,
 Move onward to the ship : The helmsman starts,
 And quits his hold ; the voyagers, appall'd,
 Shrink from the fancied Spirit of the Flood :
 But when the voice of Jesus with the storm
 Soft mingled, *It is I, be not afraid,*
 Fear fled, and joy lighten'd from eye to eye.
 Up he ascends, and, from the rolling side,
 Surveys the tumult of the sea and sky
 With transient look severe : the tempest, awed,
 Sinks to a sudden calm ; the clouds disperse ;
 The moon-beam trembles on the face divine,
 Reflected mildly in the unruffled deep.

THE DUMB CURED.

His eyes uplifted, and his hands close clasp'd,
The dumb man, with a supplicating look,
Turn'd as the Lord pass'd by : Jesus beheld,
And on him bent a pitying look, and spake :
His moving lips are by the suppliant seen,
And the last accents of the healing sentence
Ring in that ear which never heard before.
Prostrate the man restored falls to the earth,
And uses first the gift, the gift sublime
Of speech, in giving thanks to him, whose voice
Was never utter'd but in doing good.

THE DEATH OF JESUS.

'Tis finished : he spake the words, and bow'd
His head, and died.—Beholding him far off,
They who had minister'd unto him hope
'Tis his last agony : The Temple's vail
Is rent ; revealing the most holy place,
Wherein the cherubim their wings extend,
O'ershadowing the mercy-seat of God.
Appall'd, the leaning soldier feels the spear
Shake in his grasp ; the planted standard falls
Upon the heaving ground ; the sun is dimm'd,
And darkness shrouds the body of the Lord.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE setting orb of night her level ray
Shed o'er the land, and on the dewy sward
The lengthen'd shadows of the triple cross
Were laid far stretch'd,—when in the east arose,
Last of the stars, day's harbinger: No sound
Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot:
Within the rock-barr'd sepulchre, the gloom
Of deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead,
The Holy One: but, lo! a radiance faint
Began to dawn around his sacred brow:
The linen vesture seem'd a snowy wreath,
Drifted by storms into a mountain cave:
Bright and more bright, the circling halo beam'd
Upon that face, clothed in a smile benign,
Though yet exanimate. Nor long the reign
Of death; the eyes that wept for human griefs
Unclose, and look around with conscious joy.
Yes; with returning life, the first emotion
That glow'd in Jesus' breast of love was joy
At man's redemption, now complete; at death
Disarm'd; the grave transform'd into the couch
Of faith; the resurrection and the life.
Majesticat he rose: trembled the earth;
The ponderous gate of stone was roll'd away;
The keepers fell; the angel, awe-struck, sunk
Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the world walk'd, and stood
Before the sepulchre, and view'd the clouds
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

JESUS APPEARS TO THE DISCIPLES.

THE evening of that day, which saw the Lord
Rise from the chambers of the dead, was come.
His faithful followers, assembled, sang
A hymn, low-breathed ; a hymn of sorrow, blent
With hope ; when, in the midst, sudden he stood.
The awe-struck circle backward shrink ; he looks
Around with a benignant smile of love,
And says, *Peace be unto you* : Faith and joy
Spread o'er each face, amazed ; as when the moon,
Pavilion'd in dark clouds, mildly comes forth,
Silvering a circlet in the fleecy ranks.

PAUL ACCUSED BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL
OF THE AREOPAGUS.

LISTEN that voice ! upon the hill of Mars,
Rolling in bolder thunders than e'er peal'd
From lips that shook the Macedonian throne ;
Behold his dauntless outstretch'd arm, his face
Illumed of Heaven :—he knoweth not the fear
Of man, of principalities, of powers.
The Stoic's moveless frown ; the vacant stare
Of Epicurus' herd ; the scowl and gnash malign
Of Superstition, stopping both her ears ;
The Areopagite tribunal dread,

From whence the doom of Socrates was utter'd ;—
This hostile throng dismays him not ; he seems
As if no worldly object could inspire
A terror in his soul ; as if the vision,
Which, when he journey'd to Damascus, shone
From heaven, still swam before his eyes,
Out-dazzling all things earthly ; as if the voice,
That spake from out the effulgence, ever rang
Within his ear, inspiring him with words,
Burning, majestic, lofty, as his theme,—
The resurrection, and the life to come.

PAUL ACCUSED BEFORE THE ROMAN
GOVERNOR OF JUDEA.

THE Judge ascended to the judgment-seat ;
Amid a gleam of spears the Apostle stood.
Dauntless he forward came, and look'd around,
And raised his voice, at first in accents low,
Yet clear ; a whisper spread among the throng :—
So when the thunder mutters, still the breeze
Is heard, at times, to sigh ; but when the peal
Tremendous, louder rolls, a silence dead
Succeeds each pause,—moveless the aspen leaf.
Thus fix'd and motionless, the listening band
Of soldiers forward lean'd, as from the man
Inspired of God, truth's awful thunders roll'd.
No more he feels, upon his high-raised arm,
The ponderous chain, than does the playful child
The bracelet form'd of many a flowery link.
Heedless of self, forgetful that his life

Is now to be defended by his words,
He only thinks of doing good to them
Who seek his life ; and while he reasons high
Of justice, temperance, and the life to come,
The Judge shrinks trembling at the prisoner's
voice.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

PARAPHRASE.

*Who healeth all thy diseases ; who redeemeth thy life
from destruction ; who crowneth thee with loving
kindness and tender mercies.—PSALM ciii. 3, 4.*

THESE eyes, that were half-closed in death,
Now dare the noontide blaze ;
My voice, that scarce could speak my wants,
Now hymns Jehovah's praise.

How pleasant to my feet, unused,
To tread the daisied ground !
How sweet to my unwonted ear
The streamlet's lulling sound !

How soft the first breath of the breeze
That on my temples play'd !
How sweet the woodland evening song,
Full floating down the glade !

But sweeter far the lark that soars
Through morning's blushing ray ;
For then unseen, unheard, I join
His lonely heavenward lay.

And sweeter still that infant voice,
With all its artless charms ;—
'Twas such as he that Jesus took,
And cherish'd in his arms.

O Lord my God ! all these delights
I to thy mercy owe ;
For thou hast raised me from the couch
Of sickness, pain, and woe.

'Twas thou that from the whelming wave
My sinking soul redeem'd ;
'Twas thou that o'er destruction's storm
A calming radiance beam'd.

ON VISITING MELROSE,

After an Absence of Sixteen Years.

Yon setting sun, that slowly disappears,
Gleams a memento of departed years :
Ay, many a year is gone, and many a friend,
Since here I saw the autumn sun descend.
Ah ! one is gone, whose hand was lock'd in mine,
In this, that traces now the sorrowing line :
And now alone I scan the mouldering tombs,
Alone I wander through the vaulted glooms,
And list, as if the echoes might retain
One lingering cadence of her varied strain.

Alas! I heard that melting voice decay,
Heard seraph tones in whispers die away;
I mark'd the tear presageful fill her eye,
And quivering speak,—I am resign'd to die.
Ye stars, that through the fretted windows shed
A glimmering beam athwart the mighty dead,
Say to what sphere her sainted spirit flew,
That thither I may turn my longing view,
And wish, and hope, some tedious seasons o'er,
To join a long lost friend, to part no more.

THE WILD DUCK AND HER BROOD.

How calm that little lake! no breath of wind
Sighs through the reeds; a clear abyss it seems,
Held in the concave of the inverted sky,—
In which is seen the rook's dull flagging wing
Move o'er the silvery clouds. How peaceful sails
Yon little fleet, the wild duck and her brood!
Fearless of harm, they row their easy way;
The water-lily, 'neath the plummy prows,
Dips, re-appearing in their dimpled track.
Yet, even amid that scene of peace, the noise
Of war, unequal, dastard war, intrudes.
Yon revel rout of men, and boys, and dogs,
Boisterous approach; the spaniel dashes in;
Quick he descries the prey; and faster swims,
And eager barks; the harmless flock, dismay'd,
Hasten to gain the thickest grove of reeds,
All but the parent pair; they, floating, wait
To lure the foe, and lead him from their young;
But soon themselves are forced to seek the shore.
Vain then the buoyant wing; the leaden storm.

Arrests their flight ; they, fluttering, bleeding fall,
And tinge the troubled bosom of the lake.

TO A REDBREAST, THAT FLEW IN AT
MY WINDOW.

From snowy plains, and icy sprays,
From moonless nights, and sunless days,
Welcome, poor bird ! I'll cherish thee ;
I love thee, for thou trustest me.
Thrice welcome, helpless, panting guest !
Fondly I'll warm thee in my breast :—
How quick thy little heart is beating !
As if its brother flutterer greeting.
Thou need'st not dread a captive's doom ;
No : freely flutter round my room ;
Perch on my lute's remaining string,
And sweetly of sweet summer sing.
That note, that summer note, I know ;
It wakes at once, and soothes my woe ;
I see those woods, I see that stream,
I see,—ah, still prolong the dream !
Still with thy song those scenes renew,
Though through my tears they reach my view.

No more now, at my lonely meal,
While thou art by, alone I'll feel ;
For soon, bereft of all distrust,
Thou'lt nibbling share my humble crust ;
Or on my finger, pert and spruce,
Thou'lt learn to sip the sparkling juices ;
And when (our short collation o'er)
Some favourite volume I explore,

Be't work of poet or of sage,
Safe thou shalt hop across the page ;
Uncheck'd, shalt flit o'er Virgil's groves,
Or flutter 'mid Tibullus' loves.
Thus, heedless of the raving blast,
Thou'lt dwell with me till winter's past ;
And when the primrose tells 'tis spring,
And when the thrush begins to sing,
Soon as I hear the woodland song,
Freed, thou shalt join the vocal throng.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKBIRD KILLED
BY A HAWK.

WINTER was o'er, and spring-flowers deck'd the
glade ;
The Blackbird's note among the wild woods
rung :
Ah, short-lived note ! the songster now is laid
Beneath the bush on which so sweet he sung.

Thy jetty plumes, by ruthless falcon rent,
Are now all soil'd among the mouldering clay ;
A primrosed turf is all thy monument,
And for thy dirge the Redbreast lends his lay.

THE POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

Yon motley, sable-suited throng, that wait
Around the poor man's door, announce a tale
Of woe ; the husband, parent, is no more.
Contending with disease, he labour'd long,

By penury compell'd; yielding at last,
 He laid him down to die; but, lingering on
 From day to day, he from his sick-bed saw,
 Heart-broken quite, his children's looks of want
 Veil'd in a clouded smile: alas! he heard
 The elder lispingly attempt to still
 The younger's plaint,—languid he raised his head,
 And thought he yet could toil, but sunk
 Into the arms of Death, the poor man's friend!

The coffin is borne out; the humble pomp
 Moves slowly on; the orphan mourner's hand
 (Poor helpless child!) just reaches to the pall.
 And now they pass into the field of graves,
 And now around the narrow house they stand,
 And view the plain black board sink from the sight.
 Hollow the mansion of the dead resounds,
 As falls each spadeful of the bone-mix'd mould.
 The turf is spread; uncover'd is each head,—
 A last farewell: all turn their several ways.

Woes me! those tear-dimm'd eyes, that sobbing
 breast!

Poor child! thou thinkest of the kindly hand
 That wont to lead thee home: No more that hand
 Shall aid thy feeble gait, or gently stroke
 Thy sun-bleach'd head and downy cheek.
 But go, a mother waits thy homeward steps;
 In vain her eyes dwell on the sacred page,—
 Her thoughts are in the grave; 'tis thou alone,
 Her first-born child, canst rouse that statue gaze
 Of woe profound. Haste to the widow'd arms;
 Look with thy father's look, speak with his voice,
 And melt a heart that else will break with grief.

THE THANKSGIVING OFF CAPE
TRAFALGAR.

Uron the high, yet gently rolling wave,
The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,
Soft sighs the gale, that late tremendous roar'd,
Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
And now the cannon's peaceful thunder calls
The victor bands to mount their wooden walls,
And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell :
Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
And crowd the engines, whence the lightnings
 sped :
The white-robed priest his upraised hands extends ;
Hush'd is each voice, attention leaning bends ;
Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
Heaven fills each heart ; yet Home will oft intrude,
And tears of love celestial joys exclude.
The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain ;
While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
On halleluiahs wing their heavenward way.

TO MY SON.

Twice has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps totter'd o'er the ground,
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
By faltering out the name to fathers dear.

O ! Nature's language, with her looks combined;
 More precious far than periods thrice refined !
 O ! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
 I prize you more than Beauty's magic smile:
 Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
 I gaze with bliss, unmingled with alarm.
 Ah, no ! full oft a boding horror flies
 Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
 Almighty Power ! his harmless life defend,
 And if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
 And yet a wish will rise,—would I might live,
 Till added years his memory firmness give !
 For, O ! it would a joy in death impart,
 To think I still survived within his heart ;
 To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
 A retrospective look, bedimm'd with tears ;
 And tell, regretful, how I look'd and spoke ;
 What walks I loved ; where grew my favourite oak ;
 How gently I would lead him by the hand ;
 How gently use the accent of command ;
 What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
 And how the man descended to the child ;
 How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
 To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn ;
 To teach religion, unalied to strife,
 And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.
 But, far and farther still my view I bend,—
 And now I see a child thy steps attend ;—
 To yonder churchyard-wall thou takest thy way,
 While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant
 play ;
 Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
 Pointing, thou tell'st him, *There thy grandsire lies !*

NOTES.

THAT the religious observance of one day in seven was a point of main importance under the Jewish and Christian dispensations, is evident, from the very strong terms in which the law commanding its observance is couched; from the anxious repetitions of that law, the judgments which the prophets denounced against its violation, the fulfilment of these denunciations, the strict observance of the Sabbath during the best times of the Jewish polity; and its observance by Christ, the apostles, and the primitive Christians. What is more material,—that the Sabbath was instituted, not as a mere *ritual observance*, but as an essential article of *moral duty*, is proved by this consideration, that one of the *objects* of the institution was—the amelioration of the lot of the laborious part of the creation, animals as well as men.—But the spirit of this admirable institution will be best illustrated, by bringing into *one view* some of these passages of scripture, whether preceptive, prophetic, or historical, in which the Sabbath is mentioned.

“Keep the Sabbath day, to sanctify it, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates; *that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou.* And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and by an outstretched arm; therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day.” Deut. v. 12–15.

“Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord.” Lev. xix. 30.

“Six days shall work be done; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation: ye shall do no work

therein ; it is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings." Lev. xxiii. 3.

" Six days shalt thou do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest, *that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid and the stranger may be refreshed.*" Exod. xxii. 12.

" Also the sons of the stranger that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant, even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer : their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar ; for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." Isa. lvi. 6, 7.

" And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias ; and when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor ; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised ; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.*" Luke iv. 16—19.

" And that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on. And the women also which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments, and rested the Sabbath day, according to the commandment." Luke xxiii. 54—56.

" But when they departed from Perga, they came to Antioch in Pisidia, and went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and sat down. And after the reading of the law and the prophets, the rulers of the synagogue sent unto them, saying, Ye men and brethren, if you have any word of exhortation for the people, say on. Then Paul stood up, and beckoning with his hand, said, Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, give audience."—" For they that dwell at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets, which are read every Sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning him."—" And when the Jews were gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought them that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath." Acts xiii. 14, 15, 16, 37, 42.

" Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn ? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit ? That we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes : yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat." Amos viii. 4—6.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasures, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.

"And on the Sabbath, he went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made." Acts xvi. 13.

"And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow, and continued his speech until midnight." Acts xx. 7.

The toil-worn horse set free. P. 28. l. 2.

"A Sabbath day's journey," says a late able and faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, "was, among the Jews, a proverbial expression for a very short one. Among us it can have no such meaning affixed to it. That day seems to be considered by too many, as set apart, by divine and human authority, for the purpose, not of *rest*, but of its direct opposite, the *labour of travelling*; thus adding one day more of torment to those generous, but wretched animals, whose services they hire; and who, being generally strained beyond their strength the other six days of the week, have, of all creatures under heaven, the best and most equitable claim to suspension of labour on the seventh. Considerations such as these may perhaps appear to some below the dignity of this place, and the solemnity of a Christian assembly. But benevolence, even to the brute creation, is, in its degree, a duty, no less than to our own species; and it is mentioned by Solomon as a striking feature in the character of a righteous man, that 'he is merciful even to his beast.' He, without whose permission 'not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him,' will not suffer even the meanest work of his hands to be treated cruelly with impunity. He is the common Father of the whole creation. He takes every part of it under his protection. He has, in various passages of scripture, expressed his concern even for irrational creatures, and has declared more especially, in the most explicit terms, that the rest of the Sabbath was meant for *our cattle and our servants*, as well as for ourselves." Bishop Porteus.

Their constancy in torture and in death. P. 32. l. 16.

The following passage from Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time, will give some notion of the *kind*, though not of

the extent, of that hideous persecution, from which the people of Scotland were delivered by the Revolution. "When any are to be struck in the boots, it is done in the presence of the council; and upon that occasion almost all offer to run away. The sight is so dreadful, that without an order restraining such a number to stay, the board would be forsaken. But the Duke, while he had been in Scotland, was so far from withdrawing, that he looked on all the while with an unmoved indifference, and with an attention, as if he had been to look on some curious experiment. This gave a terrible idea of him to all that observed it, as of a man that had no bowels nor humanity in him. Lord Perth observing this, resolved to let him see how well qualified he was to be an inquisitor-general. The rule about the boots in Scotland was, that upon one witness, and presumptions, both together, the question might be given: But it was never known to be twice given, or that any other species of torture, besides the boots, might be used at pleasure. In the courts of inquisition, they do, upon suspicion, or if a man refuses to answer upon oath as he is required, give him the torture; and repeat it, or vary it, as often as they think fit; and do not give over, till they have got out of their mangled prisoners all that they have a mind to know from them.

"This Lord Perth resolved now to make his pattern; and was a little too early in letting the world see what a government we were to expect under the influence of a prince of that religion. So, upon his going to Scotland, one Spence, who was a servant of Lord Argyll's, and was taken up at London, only upon suspicion, and sent down to Scotland, was required to take an oath to answer all the questions that should be put to him. This was done in a direct contradiction to an express law against obliging men to swear, that they will answer *super inquirendis*. Spence likewise said, that he himself might be concerned in what he might know; and it was against a very universal law, that excused all men from swearing against themselves, to force him to take such an oath. So he was struck in the boots, and continued firm in his refusal. Then a new species of torture was invented: he was kept from sleep eight or nine nights. They grew weary of managing this; so a third species was invented: Little screws of steel were made use of, that screwed the thumbs with so exquisite a torment, that he sunk under this; for Lord Perth told him, they would screw every joint of his whole body, one after another, till he took the oath. Yet such was the firmness and fidelity of this poor man, that, even in that extremity, he capitulated, that no new questions should be put to him, but those already agreed on; and that he should not be a witness against any person, and that he himself should be pardoned: so all he could tell them was, who were Lord Argyll's correspondents. The chief of them was Holmes, at London, to whom Lord Argyll writ in a cypher, that had a particular curiosity in it. A double key was necessary: the one was, to show the way of

placing the words, or cypher, in an order very different from that in which they lay on the paper; the other was, the key of the cyphers themselves, which was found among Holmes's papers when he absconded. Spence knew only the first of these; but he putting all in its true order, then by the other key they were decyphered. In these, it appeared what Argyll had demanded, and what he undertook to do upon the granting his demands; but none of his letters spoke any thing of any agreement then made.

"When the torture had this effect on Spence, they offered the same oath to Carstairs: and, upon his refusing to take it, they put his thumbs in the screws, and drew them so hard, that as they put him to extreme torture, so they could not uncrew them, till the smith that made them was brought with his tools to take them off." Burnet.

July 22. 1668. Anna Ker, relict of Mr James Duncan, was brought before the council. "The Lords caused bring in the boots before her, and gave her to five of the clock to think upon it, apprising her, if she would not give her oath in the premises, she was to be tortured. In the afternoon Mrs Duncan continued firm to her purpose, and had certainly been put to the torture, had not Mothers interposed, and told the council, *It was not proper for gentleness to wear heels.*" Wodrow, Vol. I. p. 964.

"Some time after Bothwell, George Forbes, a trooper in Captain Stewart's troop, then lying in Glasgow, came out one morning with a party of soldiers to the village of Langside, in the parish of Cathcart, not two miles from that city, and by force broke open the doors of John Mitchell, tenant there, his house, who, they alleged, had been at Bothwell. John was, that morning, happily out of the way, whereupon they seized Anna Park, his wife, a singularly religious and sensible country-woman, whose memory is yet savoury in that place, and pressed her to tell where her husband was. The good woman peremptorily refusing, they bound her, and put kindled matches between her fingers, to extort a discovery from her. Her torment was great; but her God strengthened her, and she endured, for some hours, all they could do, with admirable patience, and beth her hands were disabled for some time." Wodrow, Vol. II. p. 77.

A people doom'd, &c. P. 82. l. 23.

By the tyrannous and sanguinary laws that were passed between the year 1661, and the ever-memorable year of the Revolution, the whole inhabitants of extensive districts in the Lowlands of Scotland might be said to have lived under sentence of death.

Old men, and youths, and simple maids. P. 32. l. 24.

"One morning, between five and six hours, John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel and bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guide through the mists, if they had heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no, he never was a preacher.' He said, 'If he has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time.' He said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times: one time that he stopped him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach:' he turned about upon his knees, and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of praying nor preaching, that calls this preaching;' then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, 'Take goodnight of your wife and children.' His wife standing by with her child in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her, and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' Then he said, 'This is all I desire, I have no more to do but die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six men to shoot him: the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' She said, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were justice to lay thee beside him.' She said, 'If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length: but how will you make answer for this morning's work?' He said, 'To man I can be answerable; and for God, I will take him in mine own hand.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and marched, and left her, with the corpse of her dead husband lying there. She set the bairn on the ground, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down, and wept over him. It being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her: the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland,

afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steel, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this without either fainting or confusion; except when the shots were let off, her eyes dazzled. His corpse was buried at the end of his house, where he was slain." *Peden's Life*.

Claverhouse was rewarded by his master, James, with the title of Viscount Dundee, and with the confiscated lands and goods of the sufferers. A late memoir writer, the slanderer of *Sidney and Russell*, apostrophizes this dastardly murderer of the unarmed peasantry as a generous and heroic character.

James Stewart, a boy, "came in from the west country to see a relation of his in prison at Edinburgh. By what means I know not, the other got out, and he was found in the room whence the other escaped; whereupon he was brought before a committee of the council, and soon ensnared by their questions. When he was silent on some heads, and would not answer, some papers before me bear, that Sir George M'Kenzie threatened to take out his tongue with a pair of pincers. Precisely on his answers he was condemned, and in a few days after he was taken with the rest, (six others), and executed at the Gallow-lee." *Wodrow*, B. III. c. 5. § 4. year 1681.

"Marion Harvie, a young woman, not twenty years of age, on her way to the place of execution, was interrupted in her devotions: on which she turned to her fellow-prisoner, Isabel Alison, and said, 'Come, Isabel, let us sing the 23d Psalm;' which accordingly they did, Marion repeating the psalm line by line, without book. Being come to the scaffold, after singing the 84th Psalm, and reading the 3d of Malachi, she said, 'I am come here to-day for avowing Christ to be the head of his church, and King in Zion. They say I would murder; but I declare, I am free of all matters of fact; I could never take the life of a chicken but my heart shrunk. But it is only for my judgment of things that I am brought here. I leave my blood on the council and the Duke of York. At this, the soldiers interrupted her, and would not allow her to speak any.'" *Cloud of Witnesses*.

But that morn. P. 32. l. 25.

The resurrection happened on the morning of the first day of the week, which is now observed as the Christian Sabbath.

By Cameron thunder'd. P. 33. l. 9.

"The last night of his life, he was in the house of William Mitchell in Meadowhead, at the water of Ayr, where about

twenty-three horse and forty foot had continued with him that week. That morning a woman gave him water to wash his face and hands; and having washed, and dried them with a towel, he looked to his hands, and laid them on his face, saying, 'This is their last washing; I have need to make them clean, for there are many to see them.' At this the woman's mother wept. He said, 'Weep not for me, but for yourself and your's, and for the sins of a sinful land, for ye have me lancholy, sorrowful, and weary days before you.'

"The people who remained with him were in some hesitation whether they should abide together for their own defence, or disperse, and shift for themselves. But that day, being the 22d of July, they were surprised by Bruce of Kilmall; who, having got the command of Airlie's troop and Strahan's dragoons, upon notice given him by Sir John Cochran of Gohitree, came furiously upon them, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when lying on the east end of Airlie-moss. When they saw the enemy approaching, and no possibility of escaping, they all gathered round about him, while he prayed a short word; wherein he repeated this expression thrice over; 'Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe.' When ended, he said to his brother, with great intrepidity, 'Come, let us fight it out to the last; for this is the day that I have longed for, and the day that I have prayed for, to die fighting against our Lord's avowed enemies; this is the day that we will get the crown.' And to the rest he said, 'Be encouraged, all of you, to fight it out valiantly: for all of you that shall fall this day, I see heaven's gates open to receive you.'

"But the enemy approaching, they immediately drew up eight horse with him on the right, the rest, with valiant Hackston, on the left, and the foot in the middle; where they all behaved with much bravery, until overpowered by a superior number. At last Hackston was taken prisoner, and Mr Cameron was killed on the spot, and his head and hands cut off by one Murray, and taken to Edinburgh. His father being in prison for the same cause, they carried them to him, to add grief unto his former sorrow, and inquired at him, if he knew them. He took his son's hands and head, which were very fair, being a man of a fair complexion, with his own hair, and kissed them, and said, 'I know, I know them; they are my son's, my own dear son's: it is the Lord, good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days.' After which, by order of the council, his head was fixed on the Nether-bow Port, and his hands beside it, with the fingers upward."

Cloud of Witnesses.

The assembled people dared, in face of day. P. 33. l. 16.

"The father durst not receive his son, nor the wife her husband; the country was prohibited to harbour the fugitives, and the ports were shut against their escape by sea. When

expelled from their homes, they resided in caves, among morasses and mountains, or met by stealth, or by night, for worship; but whenever the mountain-men, as they were styled, were discovered, the hue-and-cry was ordered to be raised. They were pursued, and frequently shot by the military, or sought with more insidious diligence by the spies, informers, and officers of justice; and on some occasions, it appears, that the sagacity of dogs was employed to track their footsteps, and explore their lurking retreats." Laing's History, Vol. II.

The mark which rashness branded on their names. P. 37. l. 32.

I am convinced, that in England, and especially in London, (such is the *dispatch* used in criminal proceedings), unwarranted verdicts are sometimes pronounced. The mechanical notion of *weighting* evidence seems to have got an unfortunate hold of the minds of jurymen; and it thus happens, that if there be something like evidence on the one side, and no evidence on the other, the one *scale* (as it is called) of the judicial balance sinks, and the proof is estimated, not by what it is *in itself*, but by what it is *in comparison* of something else. The law of England recognises the evidence of *one* witness, as sufficient to warrant a *capital* conviction. The law of God was different: "Whoso killeth any person, the murderer shall be put to death by the mouth of witnesses; but *one* witness shall not testify against any person, *to cause him to die*." Numb. xxxv. 30.

"At the mouth of *two* or *three* witnesses shall he that is worthy of death be put to death; but at the mouth of *one* witness *he shall not be put to death*." Deut. xvii. 6.

Each one returns to his inheritance. P. 40. l. 6.

Lycurgus's contrivance of iron money, as a preventive of the corruption arising from the commercial system, was clumsy and inefficient, compared with that part of the Mosaic institution here alluded to.

Driven from their homes by felt Monopoly. P. 41. l. 24.

The utility of all such agricultural improvements as diminish the *quantum* of human labour employed in the cultivation of the soil, is very questionable. In the Highlands of Scotland, black cattle were the produce which in former times was cultivated. Afterwards it was discovered, that the rearing of sheep was a mode of farming which required a much smaller proportion of hands than the rearing of black cattle did: In other words, the Highland proprietors discovered, that by the substitution of sheep for black cattle, nine-tenths of that fund, which formerly was consumed in the mainte-

nance of a numerous tenantry, might be added to the amount of their rent-rolls. The consequence has been, that large districts of the Highlands have been nearly depopulated. Make the supposition, that an improvement, similar in its effects, should be made on the agricultural system of the low country; suppose, for instance, that a new kind of grain, or root, should be discovered, the cultivation of which should require no more than one-tenth part of the manual labour necessary for the cultivation of our present crops; or suppose, that there should be invented a machine for turning up the soil, as much superior to the plough as the plough is to the spade; and that the other implements of husbandry should be improved on a proportional scale; the consequence undoubtedly would be, that the peasantry of this country would be nearly extirpated. It is true, that the supposed improvements would not only increase the revenue of the landlord, but would add to the quantity of agricultural produce, and that an increase of produce would tend to an increase of population. I, however, doubt very much, whether the increase of agricultural produce is always attended with a *proportional* increase of population. At any rate, the population that is in this way acquired, must be added to the already overgrown mass of manufacturing towns. No doubt the apparent strength of the nation would be thus increased. But a healthy and a virtuous populace constitute the *real* power of a state; and it will not be said, that crowded towns are favourable either to health or morals. The country and the village inhabitants are, in truth, the *source* of the national population; and, if *it* be drained, the towns themselves must of course decay; since the demand for live supplies, consequent on the consumpt of human life in towns, could no longer be answered. But how are the evils arising from the abridgment of agricultural labour to be counteracted? They may be partially counteracted by a limitation of the extent of farms. If the arable districts were parcelled out into possessions not exceeding a hundred and fifty acres; and if every landlord and tenant were bound, either to keep up a certain number of inhabited cottages, in the proportion, let it be said, of one to each thirty acres,—or else to pay triple land-tax and poor rate, our crops would perhaps not be quite so abundant as in process of time they may come to be, under the present system of weeding out the small farmers and cottagers; but the nation would be richer in a more important kind of produce,—a numerous peasantry; and even the landlords themselves would find more real comfort and enjoyment in contemplating a populous and happy neighbourhood, than in surveying large deserted domains, teeming with all the means of virtuous and happy existence, but barren of inhabitants to reap the benefits so liberally spread out by the Father of mercies. Perhaps another expedient to check rural depopulation might be suggested,—an equalization of the right of succession. Commercial accumulation has, during the last half century, gone far in reuniting those enormous estates which at one

time commerce had disjoined. Every great merchant and money-dealer wishes to be the founder of what is called a *family*. Now, I would indulge this vanity, by allowing such persons to found, not one family, but a number of families, in proportion to the number of their children. To the peerage, and perhaps to families that have been long established in their possessions, the law ought to be left as it now stands. But if it be expedient to *keep things as they now are*,—to check the rapid progress of a hideous Oligarchy, the old law of inheritance, as it existed in England prior to the Norman conquest, and as it now exists in the county of Kent, ought to be made the general law of the land.

O England! England! wash thy purpled hands. P. 48. l. 18.

The slave-trade has been attempted to be defended by appeals to the authority of the Old Testament. The existence of *slavery* appears, indeed, to have been tolerated among the Jews; but where is the authority for any thing like the *slave-trade*? Is it in the following express law? "And he that *stealeth a man, and selleth him*, or if he be found in his hand, *he shall surely be put to death.*" Exod. xxi. 16.

Down like an avalanche. P. 50. l. 15.

"After having descended about three hours, from the time of our quitting Meysingen, we refreshed ourselves and our horses in a delightful vale, strewed with hamlets; a sloping hill, adorned with variegated verdure and wood, on one side; on the other, the Rosenlavi and Scharzwald glaciers, stretching between impending rocks; and before us the highest point of the Wetterhorn lifting its pyramidal top, capped with eternal snow. As we were taking our repast, we were suddenly startled by a noise like the sound of thunder, occasioned by a large body of snow falling from the top of the mountain, which, in its precipitous descent, had the appearance of a torrent of water reduced almost into spray. These *avalanches* (as they are called) are sometimes attended with the most fatal consequences; for when they consist of enormous masses, they destroy every thing in their course, and not unfrequently overwhelm even a whole village." Coxé.

The plaintive strain that links, &c. P. 50. l. 33.

"After dinner, some musicians of the country performed the *Rens de Vaches*, that famous air which was forbid to be played among the Swiss troops in the French armies; as it created in the soldiers such a longing recollection of their native country, that it produced in them a settled melancholy, and occasioned frequent desertion. The French call this sort

of patriotic regret *maladie du pays*. There is nothing peculiarly striking in the tune; but, as it is composed of the most simple notes, the powerful effect of its melody upon the Swiss soldiers in a foreign land is the less remarkable. Nothing, indeed, renews so lively a remembrance of former scenes, as a piece of favourite music which we were accustomed to hear among our earliest and dearest associations." *Const.*

Till beckon'd by some kindly hand to sit. P. 52. l. 10.

It is most melancholy to see old respectable persons standing in the passage of a church. In former times, the area of churches was common to all. The appropriation was certainly an encroachment. To bring matters back to their primitive state, would now be impracticable. But surely a very large portion of the house of prayer ought to be allotted to the Lord's poor. Or why should not *free* churches be established in all considerable towns? There are several in England. To the hardship of exclusion from divine service, or of precarious and mendicant admission, may be traced the dissipated and idle habits of many originally well-disposed persons.

Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give. P. 52. l. 21.

The character here described is well portrayed in the following passage of *Newton's Letters*: "We have lost another of the people here; a person of much experience, eminent grace, wisdom, and usefulness. She walked with God forty years. She was one of the Lord's poor; but her poverty was decent, sanctified, and honourable. She lived respected, and her death is considered a public loss. It is a great loss to me: I shall miss her advice and example, by which I have been often edified and animated. Almost the last words she uttered were, 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.'"

I have known many instances of such persons. The character is, indeed, most highly respectable; but it does not obtain that respect and support which it so well merits. In truth, wealth is so devoutly worshipped, that virtuous poverty must, of necessity, be neglected, if not despised. Every man is aspiring to the *imaginary dignity* of the person who happens to be a little *richer* than himself. The distinction of wealth is gradually absorbing every other. I would prefer the aristocracy of pedigree to that of riches.

There courage, that expects no tongue to praise. P. 53. l. 2.

To private soldiers and sailors the voice of praise very seldom reaches; yet is their courage not less conspicuous than that which their superiors in rank display. Our military

establishment, both at sea and on shore, is indeed penurious in reward, while it is liberal in punishment. By extending the one, and restricting the other, the regular army would be more expeditiously recruited than by increase of bounties. Let the experiment of less severe punishments be tried. The immediate consequence would be, (to speak in mercantile phrase), a fall in the price of the *article*. But there is still another, and more effectual way of recruiting the army. Follow the advice of that man, who, through good report and through bad report, stood the steadfast friend of justice and of freedom,—to whose intuitive ken the most complicated subjects were simple, the most opaque transparent. His advice (but, alas! his prescient advice has been seldom regarded until the event verified the prediction) was, to restrict the term of service to a moderate period,—to five, six, or seven years. If a man, engaging himself for half a year as a common servant, were asked, for what higher rate of wages he would bind himself during life? his answer would probably be, that no reward would tempt him to bind himself for life. Or, if he were to be so allured, would he not ask an *enormous* hire? To indent one's person for life is a tremendous engagement. But a limitation of the term of service would be highly expedient in another view. Reckoning the regular troops of Britain at 200,000,—if each man were to be discharged at the end of seven years from the time of his enlistment, is it not obvious, that we should have a yearly addition of about 27,000 thorough-bred soldiers, ready to fall into the ranks of the strictly defensive department of our national armament? Say that the addition were to be only 20,000, what an accession of real strength, of discipline, of experience, of confidence, would be the result! In five years, there would be nearly 100,000 veterans (for a soldier who has served seven years I would call a veteran) added to our home force. No one can form a probable guess at the duration of the present war; nor is it likely that many of the present generation will see the day, when they may with safety turn their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. We must *continue* in the attitude of an armed nation. We must labour with the one hand, and wield our weapons with the other.*

* The above note was inserted in the first edition of the Sabbath. The just, the humane, the wise proposal of enlistment for a *limited time*, was afterwards enacted into a law; but its efficacy is likely to be completely counteracted by the recently introduced power of enlistment for life.

Or cheering with inquiries from the heart. P. 53. l. 22.

In some hospitals, the patients are supposed to be treated with all due justice, if the *botus* and the knife be liberally administered. Nothing is done to amuse or to console.

Blest be the female votaries. P. 55. l. 20.

The nuns called Beguines devote the whole of their time to attendance on the sick, whether in hospitals or in private houses. They are habited in black, and, when going abroad, they wear deep black veils.

*Call forth the dead, and re-unite the dust
(Transform'd and purified) to angel souls.*

P. 56. l. 5, 6.

Every one has experienced how much *contrast* enhances pleasure and aggravates pain. Perhaps in created beings, perfect happiness is impossible, without the contrast of recollected misery. This consideration affords an answer to those persons, who censure the resurrection of the body as a provision unnecessary and unwise,—who say, that the joys of a blessed spirit cannot be increased by a union with a material body, however excellent in form, structure, and powers. I would ask, what *other* provision could possibly furnish the pleasure derived from contrast, so vividly, so constantly? A celestial form, the habitation of that being who formerly dwelt in a body, frail, diseased, mortal!—To the man who had been blind in his earthly abode, what a change! His sightless orbs transformed into eyes of telescopic ken!—To the palsied! That body which could not move itself—endowed, perhaps, with electric velocity! that once feeble, faltering voice—attuned to the harmonies of the heavenly choirs, “who sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are all thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints: Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!”

To think that now the townsman wanders forth. P. 60. l. 5.

“There cannot be a more pleasing or more consolatory idea presented to the human mind, than that of *one universal pause of labour* throughout the whole Christian world at the same moment of time; diffusing rest, comfort, and peace, through a large part of the habitable globe, and affording ease and refreshment, not only to the lowest part of our own species, but to their fellow-labourers of the brute creation.

Even these are enabled to join in this silent act of adoration, this mute kind of homage to the great Lord of all; and although they are incapable of any *sentiments* of religion, yet, by this means, they become sharers in the *blessings* of it. Every man of the least sensibility must see, must feel, the beauty and utility of such an institution as this; and must see, at the same time, the cruelty of invading this most valuable privilege of the inferior class of mankind, and breaking in upon that sacred repose, which God himself has, in pity to their sufferings, given to those that stand most in need of it. It was a point in which it highly became the majesty and goodness of Heaven itself to interpose. And happy was it for the world that it did so. For had man, unfeeling man, been left to himself, with no other spur to compassion than natural instinct, or unassisted reason, there is but too much ground to apprehend, he would have been deaf to the cries of his labouring brethren, would have harassed and worn them out with incessant toil; and when they implored, by looks and signs of distress, some little intermission, would perhaps have answered them in the language of Pharaoh's task-masters, "Ye are idle, ye are idle. There shall not aught of your daily tasks be diminished; *let more work* be laid upon them, that they may labour therein." Exod. v. 9. 11. 17.

"That this is no uncandid representation of the natural hardness of the human heart, till it is subdued and softened by the influences of divine grace, we have but too many unanswerable proofs, in the savage treatment which the slaves of the ancients, even of the most civilized and polished ancients, met with from their unrelenting masters. To them, alas! there was no Sabbath, no seventh day of rest! The whole week, the whole year, was, in general, with but few exceptions, one uninterrupted round of labour, tyranny, and oppression." Bishop Porteus.

Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot. P. 63. l. 22.

During the winter season, there are many shepherds lost in the snow. I have heard of ten being lost in one parish. When life-boats, for the preservation of ship-wrecked mariners, and institutions for the recovery of drowned persons, obtain so much of the public attention and patronage, it is strange that no means are ever thought of for the preservation of the lives of shepherds during snow storms. I believe, that in nine instances out of ten, the death of the unhappy persons who perish in the snow is owing to their losing their way. A proof of this is, that very few are lost in the day-time. The remedy, then, is both easy and obvious. Let means be used for enabling the shepherd, in the darkest night, to know precisely the spot at which he is, and the bearings of the surrounding grounds. Snow-storms are almost always accompanied with wind. Suppose a pole, fifteen feet high, well fixed in the ground, with two cross spars placed near the

bottom, to denote the airs, or points of the compass;—a bell hung at the top of this pole, with a piece of flat wood attached to it, projecting upward, would ring with the slightest breeze. For a few hundred pounds, every square mile of the southern district of Scotland might be supplied with such bells. As they would be purposely made to have different tones, the shepherd would soon be able to distinguish one from another. He could never be more than a mile from one or other of them. On coming to the spot, he would at once know the points of the compass, and of course the direction in which his home lay.

And with the forming mass floated along. P. 64. l. 4.

May we not suppose, that the mass of the earth, while yet forming, received its progressive and rotatory motions?

The dumb cured. P. 74.

This miracle, the reality of which the Pharisees could not deny, (Matth. ix. 34.), is one of a higher order than those which consisted in healing diseases. Dumbness implies, in general, not only a defect in the organs of speech, or of hearing, or of both, but *ignorance of language*. Here, then, was a miracle performed on the mind.

The Judge ascended to the judgment-seat. P. 77.

This representation of Paul I have not founded on the circumstance of any *one* of his appearances before the Roman governors. I have alluded to facts which happened at his apprehension, as well as his arraignments before Felix, Festus, and Agrippa.

POEMS

BY THE

REV. JOHN LOGAN.

LIFE
OF THE
REV. JOHN LOGAN.

JOHN LOGAN was born at Soutra, in the county of Mid-Lothian, in the year 1748. His father, George Logan, occupied a small farm there in the parish of Fala, and John was the younger of two sons. His father removed from Soutra to Gosford Mains, in East-Lothian, about the year 1762, and John was then sent to Musselburgh school, at that time taught by Mr Jeffray. Logan's parents belonged to the class of dissenters called Burghers in Scotland, and whilst at Musselburgh he was boarded with a respectable old woman of the same persuasion, who made him regularly read his Bible; and he himself used afterwards to relate, that his reading of it aloud used generally to act on his landlady as a more powerful soporific than the doctor's drugs. In November 1762, Logan was removed to the University of Edinburgh, where he displayed great proficiency in Latin and Greek; and there he commenced his acquaintance with the interesting Michael Bruce: they were young men of congenial minds, and were naturally attracted to each other. It was this intimacy that afterwards led to Logan's

being the custodier of his friend Bruce's manuscripts, and subsequently the editor of his poems.

His spirits at this time received a severe check by the melancholy death of his father, who was drowned, being overtaken by the tide on his way home, in a stormy evening.

In 1765, Logan commenced the study of divinity at Edinburgh College; and in 1766 he attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr Blair, then Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, and in the exercises prescribed by him he highly distinguished himself. In 1768, he was appointed private tutor to the present Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, Bart. This situation was procured by the friendship of Dr Blair, who had soon perceived his talents.

In 1770, he published, as editor, "Poems on several occasions, by Michael Bruce;" in which were included a few of his own pieces, which has sometimes led to a confusion of the respective productions of the two bards.

Logan had been brought up a strict dissenter from the Scottish church; but he soon began to see that the grounds of separation were frivolous, and he now joined the Presbyterian church.

In 1770, he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Dalkeith, and in little more than a year afterwards, on account of his character as a preacher, he received a call to be second minister of the parish of South Leith. The validity of his election, however, was disputed, both in the civil and ecclesiastical courts, and he underwent a second course of trials before the Presbytery of Edinburgh, which he passed through with the highest credit; and he was finally ordained on 2d April 1773.

His attention was now devoted to the duties of the clerical office. His genius for poetry had been early displayed, and several of his pieces had appeared in different publications. His celebrity in this respect, therefore, led to his being chosen a member of the Committee of the General Assembly, which was appointed in 1775, for revising and enlarging the psalmody of the Church. Here his industry, and his complete familiarity with the figurative language and beauty of the Sacred Scriptures, gave him a considerable ascendancy in conducting the business, and he became the greatest contributor of original paraphrases: The 8th, 11th, and 58th, are exclusively his own, besides many others that he polished and re-modelled. The "Translations and Paraphrases" were published, in their corrected shape, with some additions, in 1781; and the "Poems" of Logan were first published in the same year. Of his poems, the "Ode to the Cuckoo," "The Braes of Yarrow," and his Sacred Hymns, are certainly the most beautiful, and entitle him to a high place among the poets of our country. This place has long been conceded to him, and his poetical fame may be considered as permanently established.

In 1779 he commenced a course of Lectures in St Mary's Chapel, Edinburgh, on the Philosophy of History. He obtained a considerable class, and his Lectures were much admired; so much so, that he had nearly obtained the Professorship of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh, which became vacant about that time. But an unforeseen difficulty occurred, it being found that it had been an invariable practice to present to this chair a member of the Faculty of Advocates; and Mr Tytler, afterwards Lord Wood-

houselee, an individual in every way well qualified, was appointed. "A View of Ancient History," in two volumes, was several years afterwards published by Dr Rutherford of Uxbridge, and the general impression to this day is, that these were part of the much admired Lectures of Logan on the Philosophy of History; but why they first appeared in this form is not yet properly explained. In consequence of the success of his poems with the public, Logan had been induced to compose the Tragedy of Runnamede, which he offered for representation to the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre; but it was interdicted by the Lord Chamberlain, on suspicion of its containing political allusions. It was published in 1783, and afterwards enacted at the Edinburgh theatre. But, like another Scottish poet, (Home, the author of Douglas), Logan suffered as a clergyman by writing for the stage. Many of his parishioners disapproved of his at all devoting his attention to dramatic productions; and this, along with some other painful occurrences, completely cast down his too susceptible spirit, fretted his temper, and injured his health. These circumstances rendered him unequal to the full discharge of his clerical duties, and induced him to accept of a proposal to retire on a moderate annuity. He accordingly left Leith, and proceeded to London in October 1785, where he devoted his time to literary pursuits. It is believed that he contributed largely to the "English Review," then the forerunner of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews of the present day. It is also known, that he was the author of the pamphlet, entitled, "A Review of the Principal Charges against Mr Hastings." It was published in 1788, had an extensive circulation, and produced a powerful impression in favour of Mr Hastings. The

publisher of it, Mr Stockdale, was prosecuted by the House of Commons, but was subsequently acquitted.

Logan had now become very weakly in his health; and when no longer able to hold a book, used to employ young persons to read the Scriptures to him. He died 28th December 1788. A volume of his sermons was published by his executors in 1790, and attracted general admiration: the style is rich, splendid, and full of poetic imagery, at the same time that they display a truly pious and devotional mind.

J.

Edinburgh, 10th October 1823.



POEMS.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear :
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

" Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !
 When first on them I met my lover ;
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
 When now thy waves his body cover !
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream !
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

" He promised me a milk-white steed,
 To bear me to his father's bowers ;
 He promised me a little page,
 To squire me to his father's towers ;
 He promised me a wedding-ring,—
 The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ;—
 Now he is wedded to his grave,
 " Alas ! his watery grave, in Yarrow !

" Sweet were his words when last we met,
My passion I as freely told him ;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

" His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother :
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the Forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

" No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid !
Alas ! thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the Forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

" The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow ;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG
LADY.

THE peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my fav'rite maid !
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah ! with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold !
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb !

Untimely gone ! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red ;
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smiled.

Alas ! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And " Dust to dust," the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne,
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu !

Fair with my first ideas twined,
Thine image oft will meet my mind ;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead !

Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye !
What deaths we suffer ere we die !
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more.

No after-friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days ;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower ;
And love, the blossom of an hour :
The spring of fancy cares control,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Versed in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart forgets to beat !
The blood runs cold at interest's call :
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely nature is expell'd,
And friendship is romantic held ;
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes :
The veil is rent—the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last ;
The era of enchantment's past ;
The wild romance of life is done ;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more ;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, by pride.

ODE TO WOMEN.

Ye gods ! whatever ye withhold,
 Let my affections ne'er grow old !
 Ne'er may the human glow depart,
 Nor nature yield to frigid art !

Still may the generous bosom burn,
 Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn ;
 And still the friendly face appear,
 Though moisten'd with a tender tear !

ODE TO WOMEN.

YE virgins ! fond to be admired,
 With mighty rage of conquest fired,
 And universal sway ;
 Who heave th' uncover'd bosom high,
 And roll a fond, inviting eye,
 On all the circle gay !

You miss the fine and secret art
 To win the castle of the heart,
 For which you all contend :
 The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
 But you will never, never gain
 A lover, or a friend.

If this your passion, this your praise,
 To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
 You may be call'd divine :
 But not a youth beneath the sky
 Will say in secret with a sigh,
 " O were that maiden mine !"

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
Your magazine of arms ;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whisp'ring hour, the tender talk,
That gives you genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art ;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
The accents of the heart ;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break,
To crimson o'er the breast ;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passion moving o'er the mien,
And all the soul express'd :

Your beauties these ; with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world :
Then to your court the nations flow ;
The muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From summer noon's meridian glow,
We turn our aching eye
To nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain all serene
Of an autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of beauty's queen,
Behold the myrtle's modest green,
The virgin of the grove !

Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye ;
See morning gradual paint the sky
With purple and with gold !
See spring approach with sweet delay !
See rose-buds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold !

We love the alluring line of grace
That leads the eye a wanton chase,
And lets the fancy rove ;
The walk of beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends
The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil is to reveal,
And to display is to conceal ;
Mysterious are your laws !
The vision finer than the view ;
Her landscape nature never drew
So fair as fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All woman's charms were given ;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens heaven.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland,
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam !
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own;
But artless innocence alone
 Secures the heavenly post;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The serpent's tortuous train is seen,
 Our paradise is lost.

O Nature, Nature, thine the charm!
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
 Thy accents win the heart!
Parisian paint of every kind
That stains the body or the mind,
 Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight minstrel of the grave,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
 And woos the wood to hear;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
 He charms the lover's ear.

The zone of Venus, heavenly fine,
Is nature's handiwork divine,
 And not the web of art;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
 The empire of the heart.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning, and for ever bright,
With Heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The queen of Heaven forsakes the ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face!
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race!
The mountain oaks like their own leaves decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light;—
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings
dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;

When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder
 rolls,
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles ;—
 If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
 Her wonted charm the face of nature wears ;
 Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
 Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

ODE WRITTEN IN SPRING.

No longer hoary winter reigns,
 No longer binds the streams in chains,
 Or heaps with snow the meads ;
 Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
 At last the spring appears on high,
 And, smiling over earth and sky,
 Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,
 The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray
 And echo down the dale ;
 The hills uplift their summits green,
 The vales more verdant spread between,
 The cuckoo in the wood unseen
 Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye,
 With all the colours of the sky,
 With all the pride of spring :
 Now heaven descends in sunny showers,
 The sudden fields put on the flowers,
 The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
 And birds begin to sing.

The cattle wander in the wood,
 And find the wanton verdant food
 Beside the well-known rills;
 Blithe in the sun the shepherd swain,
 Like Pan, attunes the pastoral strain,
 While many echoes send again:
 The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
 The milkmaid shortens with a song
 Her solitary way;
 She sees the fairies, with their queen,
 Trip hand in hand the circled green,
 And hears them raise at times, unseen,
 The ear-enchanting lay.

Maria, come! Now let us rove,
 Now gather garlands in the grove,
 Of every new-sprung flower;
 We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
 We'll trace the windings of the flood;
 O come, thou fairer than the bud
 Unfolding in a shower!

Fair as the lily of the vale,
 That gives its bosom to the gale
 And opens in the sun;
 And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
 The Venus of the vernal grove,
 Announcing to the choirs of love
 Their time of bliss begun.

Now, now thy spring of life appears,
 Fair in the morning of thy years,
 And May of beauty crown'd:
 Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
 Poetic dreams to fancy rise,

And brighter days in better skies;
Elysium blooms around.

Now, now 's the morning of thy day;
But, ah! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing;
'Tis Nature's voice, "O pull the rose,
Now while the bud in beauty blows,
Now while the opening leaves disclose
The incense of the spring!"

What youth, high favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That Nature has in store;
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine;
Whose arms thy yielding waist entwines;
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of Heaven no more!

Not happier the primeval pair,
When new-made earth, supremely fair,
Smiled on her virgin spring;
When all was said to God's own eyes,
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all heaven's chorus made the sky
With hallelujahs ring.

Devoted to the Muses' choir,
I tune the Galadonian lyre,
To themes of high renown:
No other theme than you I'll choose,
Than you invoke no other Muse;
Nor will that gentle hand refuse
Thy bard with bays to crown.

Where hills by storied streams ascend,
My dreams and waking wishes tend
Poetic ease to woo;

Where fairy fingers curl the grove,
 Where Grecian spirits round me rove,
 Alone enamour'd with the love
 Of Nature and of you.

SONG.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
 The moon in her beauty appears ;
 The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
 The music of love in our ears :
 Maria, appear ! now the season so sweet
 With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
 I sigh——Can a lover do more ?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
 Maria, my love ! do you long for the grove ?
 Do you sigh for an interview soon ?
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
 Alone by the light of the moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow ;
 Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
 Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond lover his boon ?
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the light of the moon ?

ODE TO SLEEP.

IN vain I court, till dawning light,
The coy divinity of Night ;
Restless from side to side I turn—
Arise, ye musings of the morn !

Oh, Sleep ! though banish'd from those eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise ;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Blest be her night as infant's rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who, sweetly playful, smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus ! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah ! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain ;

Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY.

MAZZA, bright with beauty's glow,
In conscious gaiety you go
The pride of all the Park :
Attracted groups in silence gaze,
And soft, behind, you hear the praise
And whisper of the spark.

In fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,
You make the circle of the world,
And dance a dizzy round :
The maids and kindling youths behold
You triumph o'er the envious old,
The queen of beauty crown'd.

Where'er the beams of fortune blaze,
Or fashion's whispering zephyr plays,
The insect tribe attends ;
Gay glittering through a summer's day,
The silken myriads melt away
Before a sun descends.

Divorced from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the skies ;
Her bosom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine desire
Illumes responsive eyes.

Gods ! shall a tordid son of earth
 Infold a form of heavenly birth,
 And ravish joys divine ?
 An angel bless unconscious arms ?
 The circle of surrender'd charms
 Unbellow'd hands entwine ?

The absent day ; the broken dream ;
 The vision wild ; the sudden scream ;
 Tears that unbidden flow !——
 Ah ! let no sense of griefs profound
 That beauteous bosom ever wound
 With unavailing woe !

The wild enchanter youth beguiles,
 And fancy's fairy landscape smiles
 With more than Nature's bloom ;
 The spring of Eden paints your bowers,
 Unsetting suns your promised hours
 With golden light illumine.

A hand advancing strikes the bell !
 That sound dissolves the magic spell,
 And all the charm is gone !
 The visionary landscape flies :
 At once the ærial music dies ;
 In wilds you walk alone.

Howe'er the wind of fortune blows,
 Or sadly-severing fate dispose
 Our everlasting doom ;
 Impressions never felt before,
 And transports to retard no more,
 Will haunt me to the tomb !

My God ! the paths of nature past,
 Will e'er a kind remembrance last
 Of pleasures sadly sweet ?

Can love assume a calmer name?
 My eyes with friendship's angel flame
 An angel's beauty meet?

Ah! should that first of finer forms
 Require, through life's impending storms,
 A sympathy of soul?
 The loved Maria of the mind
 Will send me, on the wings of wind,
 To Indus or the Pole.

ODE TO A MAN OF LETTERS.

Lo, winter's hoar dominion past!
 Arrested in his eastern blast
 The fiend of Nature flies;
 Breathing the spring, the zephyrs play,
 And, re-enthroned, the Lord of day
 Resumes the golden skies.

Attendant on the genial hours,
 The voluntary shades and flowers
 For rural lovers spring;
 Wild choirs unseen in concert join,
 And round Apollo's rustic shrine
 The sylvan muses sing.

The finest vernal bloom that blows,
 The sweetest voice the forest knows,
 Arise to vanish soon;
 The rose unfolds her robe of light,
 And Philomela gives her night
 To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and transient grace,
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
 Their place and hour assign'd ;
Loud let the venal trumpet sound,
Responsive never will rebound
 The echo of mankind.

Yon forms divine that deck the sphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
 Confess a nobler hand ;
Throned in the majesty of morn,
Behold the King of day adorn
 The skies, the sea, the land.

Nor did the Almighty raise the sky,
Nor hang the eternal lamps on high
 On one abode to shine ;
The circle of a thousand suns
Extends, while Nature's period runs,
 The theatre divine.

Thus some, whom smiling Nature hails
To sacred springs, and chosen vales,
 And streams of old renown,
By noble toils and worthy scars,
Shall win their mansion 'mid the stars,
 And wear th' immortal crown.

Bright in the firmament of fame,
The lights of ancient ages flame
 With never-setting ray ;
On worlds unfound from history torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
 To pour the human day.

Won from neglected wastes of time,
Apollo hails his fairest clime,
 The provinces of mind ;

An Egypt,* with eternal towers,
See Montesquieu redeem the hours,
: From Louis, to mankind.

No tame remission genius knows ;
No interval of dark repose,
To quench the ethereal flame ;
From Thebes to Troy the victor hies,
And Homer with his hero vies
In varied paths to fame.

The orb which ruled thy natal night,
And usher'd in a greater light
Than sets the pole on fire ;
With undiminish'd lustre crown'd,
Unwearied walks the eternal round,
Amid the heavenly quire.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the master of the world,
Ah ! let not Philip's son,
His soul in Syrian softness drown'd,
His brows with Persian garlands bound,
The race of pleasure run !

With crossing thoughts Alcides press'd,
The awful goddess thus address'd,
And pointing to the prize :
" Behold the wreath of glory shine !
And mark the onward path divine
That opens to the skies !

The heavenly fire must ever burn,
The hero's step must never turn
From yon sublime abodes :

* The finest provinces of Egypt, gained from a neglected waste.

THE LOVERS.

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Long must thy life of labours prove
At last to die the son of Jove,
And mingle with the gods."

THE LOVERS.

[The Lovers, in the following Poem, were descended of houses that had been long at variance. The Lady is first introduced as leaving her father's house, and venturing out in the darkness of the night to meet with her Lover. They meet at the appointed hour. The rest of the dialogue passes in the chariot.]

Harriet.

'Tis midnight dark ; 'tis silence deep ;
My father's house is hush'd in sleep ;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She sees her lover at her side ;
The mourner's voice is now suppress'd,
A while the weary are at rest :
'Tis midnight dark ; 'tis silence deep ;
I only wake, and wake to weep.—
The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates :
No tread-re-echoes through the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone. 'Tis dreary night—
O come, thou partner of my flight !
Shield me from darkness, from alarms ;
O take me trembling to thine arms !—
The dog howls dismal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death ;

THE LOVERS.

Ah me ! disaster's in the sound !
 The terrors of the night are round ;
 A sad mischance my fears forebode,
 The demon of the dark 's abroad,
 And lures, with apparition dire,
 The night-struck man through flood and fire.
 The howlet screams ill-boding sounds ;
 The spirit walks unholy rounds ;
 The wizard's hour eclipsing rolls ;
 The shades of hell usurp the poles ;
 The moon retires ; the heaven departs—
 From opening earth a spectre starts ;
 My spirit dies—Away my fears,
 My love, my life, my lord, appears !

Henry.

I come, I come, my love ! my life !
 And nature's dearest name, my wife !
 Long have I loved thee ; long have sought ;
 And dangers braved, and battles fought :
 In this embrace our evils end ;
 From this our better days ascend ;
 The year of suffering now is o'er,
 At last we meet to part no more !
 My lovely bride, my consort, come !
 The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

Harriet.

I fear to go—I dare not stay.
 Look back—I dare not look that way.

Henry.

No evil ever shall betide
 My love, while I am at her side.
 Lo ! thy protector and thy friend ;
 The arms that fold thee will defend.

Harriet.

Still beats my bosom with alarms ;
I tremble while I'm in thy arms !
What will impassion'd lovers do ;
What have I done—to follow you ?
I leave a father torn with fears ;
I leave a mother bathed in tears ;
A brother girding on his sword
Against my life, against my lord.
Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend ;
Wilt thou, for ever, true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove ?
O Henry !——to thy arms I fall,
My friend ! my husband ! and my all !
Alas ! what hazards may I run !
Shouldst thou forsake me—I'm undone.

Henry.

My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears ;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love !
Although our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger love arose ;
From adverse briers that threatening stood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,
Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky,
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

Harriet.

My heart believes my love ; but still
 My boding mind presages ill :
 For luckless ever was our love,
 Dark as the sky that hung above.
 While we embraced, we shook with fears,
 And with our kisses mingled tears :
 We met with murmurs and with sighs,
 And parted still with watery eyes.
 An unforeseen and fatal hand
 Cross'd all the measures love had plann'd ;
 Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
 A demon started in the bower :
 If, like the past, the future run,
 And my dark day is but begun,
 What clouds may hang above my head !
 What tears may I have yet to shed !

Henry.

O do not wound that gentle breast ;
 Nor sink, with fancied ills oppress'd ;
 For softness, sweetness, all, thou art,
 And love is virtue in thy heart.
 That bosom ne'er shall heave again
 But to the poet's tender strain ;
 And never more these eyes o'erflow,
 But for a hapless lover's woe.
 Long on the ocean tempest-toss'd,
 At last we gain the happy coast ;
 And safe recount upon the shore
 Our sufferings past, and dangers o'er :
 Past scenes ! the woes we wapt erewhile
 Will make our future minutes smile :
 When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
 How the heart thrills through all its strings !

Harriet.

My father's castle springs to sight :
 Ye towers that gave me to the light !
 O hills ! O vales ! where I have play'd ;
 Ye woods, that wrapt me in your shade !
 O scenes I've often wander'd o'er !
 O scenes I shall behold no more !
 I take a long, last, lingering view—
 Adieu ! my native land, adieu !
 O father, mother, brother dear !
 O names still utter'd with a tear !
 Upon whose knees I've sat and smiled,
 Whose griefs my blandishments beguiled ;
 Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
 Whom I shall never more behold !
 Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
 Till time shall toll the funeral knell.

Henry.

Thy friends, thy father's house resign ;
 My friends, my house, my all is thine.
 Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
 To higher thoughts and happier life !
 For thee the marriage feast is spread,
 For thee the virgins deck the bed ;
 The star of Venus shines above,
 And all thy future life is love.
 They rise, the dear domestic hours !
 The May of love unfolds her flowers ;
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, spread the feast,
 And friendship sits a constant guest :
 In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
 In wine and love the evening ends ;
 At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
 To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
 And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
 Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
 Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal :
 Pure, as the charities above,
 Rise the sweet sympathies of love ;
 And closer cords than those of life
 Unite the husband to the wife.
 Like cherubs new come from the skies,
 Henrys and Harriets round us rise ;
 And playing wanton in the hall,
 With accents sweet their parents call :
 To your fair images I run ;
 You clasp the husband in the son :
 O how the mother's heart will bound !
 O how the father's joy be crown'd !

A TALE.

WHERE pastoral Tweed, renown'd in song,
 With rapid murmur flows ;
 In Caledonia's classic ground
 The hall of Arthur rose.

A braver Briton never arm'd
 To guard his native isle ;
 A gentler friend did never make
 The social circle smile.

Twice he arose, from rebel rage
 To save the British crown ;
 And in the field where heroes strove
 He won him high renown :

But to the ploughshare turn'd the sword,
When bloody war did cease ;
And in the arbour which he rear'd
He raised the song of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solaced a father's care ;
And all the country bless'd the name
Of Emily the Fair.

The picture of her mother's youth,
(Now sainted in the sky) ;
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart ;
A secret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure ethereal blue,
Than that did fairer show,
Whene'er she watch'd a father's look,
Or wept a lover's woe :

For now the lover of her youth
To Indian climes had roved,
To conquer fortune's cruel rage,
And match the maid he loved.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive stole ;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling through the soul.

The graces that for Nature fair
Present us mimic art,

~~The false refinements that refine~~
Away the human heart,

She knew not ; in the simple robe
Of elegance and ease,
Complete she shone, and ever pleased
Without the thought to please.

Instruct the unplanted forest-crab
To leave its genius wild ;
Subdue the monster of the wood,
And make the savage mild :

But who would give the rose a hue
Which nature has not given ?
But who would tame the nightingale,
Or bring the lark from heaven ?

The father, watching o'er his child,
The joy of fathers found ;
And, bless'd himself, he stretch'd his hand
To bless the neighbours round.

A patriarch in the vale of peace,
To all he gave the law ;
The good he guarded in their rights,
And kept the bad in awe.

Lord of his own paternal field,
He liberal dealt his store ;
And call'd the stranger to his feast,
The beggar to his door.

But, ah ! what mortal knows the hour
Of fate ? a hand unseen
Upon the curtain ever rests,
And sudden shifts the scene.

Arthur was surety for his friend,
Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
The victim of his crimes.

The sun that, rising, saw him load
Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him at his setting hour,
Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall, no longer his,
He is a pilgrim gone ;
And walks a stranger o'er the fields
He lately call'd his own.

The blast of winter whistled loud
And shrill through the void hall ;
And heavy on his hoary locks
The shower of night did fall.

Clasp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
He journey'd sad and slow ;
At times he stopp'd to look behind,
And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
To shelter he did hie ;
" Beneath the covert of this rock,
My daughter, let us die ! "

At midnight, in the weary waste,
In sorrow sat the pair ;
She chafed his shivering hands, and wrung
The water from his hair.

The sigh spontaneous rose, the tear
Involuntary flow'd ;

No word of comfort could she speak,
Nor would she weep aloud.

" In yonder hall my fathers lived,
In yonder hall they died ;
Now in that church-yard's aisle they sleep,
Each by his spouse's side.

" Oft have I made yon hall resound
With social, sweet delight ;
And marked not the morning hour,
That stole upon the night.

" When there the wanderers of the dark,
Reposing, ceased to roam ;
And strangers, happy in the hall,
Did find themselves at home ;

" I little thought that thus, forlorn,
In deserts I should bide,
And have not where to lay the head,
Amid the world so wide !"

A stranger, wandering through the wood,
Beheld the hapless pair ;
Long did he look in silence sad,
Then shriek'd as in despair.

He ran, and lowly at the feet
Of his late lord he fell ;

" Alas ! my master, have I lived
To bid your house farewell !

" But I will never bid adieu
To him I prized so high :
As with my master I have lived
I'll with my master die.

" I saw the summer-friend, who shared
The banquet in your hall,
Depart, nor cast one look behind
On the forsaken wall :

" I saw the daily, nightly guest,
The changing scene forsake ;
Nor drop a tear, nor turn his steps
The long farewell to take :

" Then to the service of my lord
I vow'd a throbbing heart ;
And in the changes of your life
To bear an humble part.

" Forgive the fond officious zeal
Of one that loves his lord !
The new possessor of your field
A suppliant I implored.

" I told the treachery of your friend,
The story of your wo,
And sought his favour, when I saw
His tears begin to flow.

" I ask'd the hamlet of the hill,
The lone sequester'd seat,
Your chosen haunt and favourite bower,
To be your last retreat.

" I offer'd what was all your own
The gold I had in store ;
Low at his feet I fell, and wept
That I could give no more.

" Your gold is yours, the generous youth
With gentle accent said ;

Your master's be that little field;
And cheerful be his shed!

"Now Heaven has heard my prayer; I've wish'd
I could in part repay
The favours your extended hand
Bestow'd from day to day.

"I yet may see a garland green
Upon the hoary head;
Yet see my master bless'd before;
I dwell among the dead!"

In silence Arthur look'd to heaven,
And clasp'd his Edwin's hand:
The eyes of Emily in tears
Express'd affection bland.

From opening heaven she soon appear'd;
Fair was the face of night;
Bright in their beauty shone the stars;
The air was flowing light.

Arthur resumed the pilgrim's staff;
They held their lonely way
Dim through the forest's darksome bourn,
Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light
That quiver'd to and fro,
Reveal'd their lone retreat, and closed
The pilgrimage of woe.

He enter'd, solemn, slow, and sad,
The destined hermitage,
A little and a lonely hut
To cover hapless age.

He clasp'd his daughter in his arms,
 And kiss'd a falling tear ;
 " I have my all, ye gracious Powers !
 I have my daughter here !"

A sober banquet to prepare
 Emilia cheerful goes ;
 The faggot blazed, the window glanced,
 The heart of age arose.

" I would not be that guilty man,
 With all his golden store ;
 Nor change my lot with any wretch,
 That counts his thousands o'er."

" Now here at last we are at home ;
 We can no lower fall ;
 Low in the cottage peace can dwell,
 As in the lordly hall."

" The wants of nature are but few ;
 Her banquet soon is spread :
 The tenant of the vale of tears
 Requires but daily bread."

" The food that grows in every field
 Will life and health prolong ;
 And water from the spring suffice
 To quench the thirsty tongue."

" But all the Indies, with their wealth,
 And earth and air and seas,
 Will never quench the sickly thirst,
 And craving of disease."

" My humble garden to my hand
 Contentment's feast will yield ;

And in the season, harvest white
Will load my little field.

“ Like Nature's simple children, here,
With Nature's self we'll live,
And of the little that is left,
Have something still to give.

“ The sad vicissitudes of life
Long have I learn'd to bear ;
But oh ! my daughter, thou art new
To sorrow and to care !

“ How shall that fine and flowery form,
In silken folds confined,
That scarcely faced the summer's gale,
Endure the wintry wind !

“ Ah ! how wilt thou sustain a sky
With angry tempest red !
How wilt thou bear the bitter storm
That's hanging o'er thy head !

“ Whate'er thy justice dooms, O God !
I take with temper mild ;
But oh ! repay it thousand-fold
In blessings on my child !”

“ Weep not for me, thou father fond !”
The virgin soft did say ;

“ Could I contribute to thy peace,
O, I would bless the day !

“ The Parent who provides for all
For us will now provide ;
These hands have learn'd the gayer arts
Of elegance and pride :

"What once amused a vacant hour,
Shall now the day engage;
And vanity shall spread the board
Of poverty and age.

"At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
And while the faggots blaze,
Recount the trifles of the time,
And dream of better days!

"I'll read the tragic tales of old,
To sooth a father's woes;
I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
And sing thee to repose."

The father wept.—"Thy wondrous hand,
Almighty, I adore!
I had not known how bless'd I was,
Had I not been so poor!

"Now bless'd be God for what is reft!
And bless'd for what is given!—
Thou art an angel, O my child!
With thee I dwell in heaven!"

Then, in the garb of ancient times,
They trod the pastoral plain:
But who describes a summer's day,
Or paints the halcyon main?

One day, a wanderer in the wood
The lonely threshold press'd;
'Twas then that Arthur's humble roof
Had first received a guest.

The stranger told his tender tale:
"I come from foreign climes;

From countries red with Indian blood,
And stain'd with Christian crimes.

" O may Britannia never hear
What these sad eyes have seen !
May an eternal veil be drawn
That world and this between !

" No frantic avarice fired my soul,
And Heaven my wishes crown'd ;
For soon a fortune to my mind
With innocence I found.

" From exile sad, returning home,
I kiss'd the sacred earth ;
And flew to find my native woods,
And walls that gave me birth.

" To church on Sunday fond I went,
In hopes to mark, unseen,
All my old friends, assembled round
The circle of the green.

" Alas ! the change that time had made !
My ancient friends were gone ;
Another race possess'd the walks,
And I was left alone !

" A stranger among strangers, long
I look'd from pew to pew ;
But not the face of one old friend
Rose inaged to my view.

" The horrid plough had rased the green
Where we have often play'd ;
The axe had fell'd the hawthorn trees,
The school-boy's summer shade

" One maid, the beauty of the vale,
To whom I vow'd my care,
And gave my heart, had fled away,
And none could tell me where.

" My cares and toils in foreign climes
Were for that peerless maid ;
She rose in beauty by my side :
My toils were all repaid.

" By Indian streams I sat alone,
While on my native isle
And on my ancient friends I thought,
And wept the weary while.

" 'Twas she that cheer'd my captive hours,
She came in every dream,
As, smiling, on the rear of night,
Appears the morning beam.

" In quest of her, I wander wild,
O'er mountain, stream, and plain ;
And, if I find her not, I fly
To Indian climes again."

The father thus began : " My son,
Mourn not thy wretched fate ;
For he that rules in heaven decrees
This life a mixed state.

" The stream that carries us along,
Flows through the vale of tears ;
Yet, on the darkness of our day,
The bow of Heaven appears.

" The rose of Sharon, king of flowers,
Is fenced with prickles round :

Queen of the vale, the lily fair,
Among the thorns is found.

“ E’en while we raise the song, we sigh
The melancholy while ;
And, down the face of mortal man,
The tear succeeds the smile.

“ Nought pure or perfect here is found ;
But, when this night is o’er,
The eternal morn will spring on high,
And we shall weep no more.

“ Beyond the dim horizon far,
That bounds the mortal eye,
A better country blooms to view,
Beneath a brighter sky.”—

Unseen the trembling virgin heard
The stranger’s tale of woe ;
Then enter’d, as an angel bright,
In beauty’s highest glow.

The stranger rose—he look’d, he gazed—
He stood a statue pale ;
His heart did throb, his cheek did change,
His faltering voice did fail.

At last, “ My Emily herself
Alive in all her charms !”
The father kneel’d ; the lovers rush’d
To one another’s arms.

In speechless ecstasy entranced
Long while they did remain ;
They glow’d, they trembled, and they sobb’d,
They wept, and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands
To bless the happy pair ;
Heaven smiled on Edward the beloved,
And Emily the fair.

MONIMIA :

AN ODE.

In weeds of sorrow wildly 'dight,
Alone beneath the gloom of night,
Monimia went to mourn ;
She left a mother's fond alarms,
She left a father's folding arms ;
Ah ! never to return !

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disastrous planets now had power,
And evil spirits reign'd ;
The lone owl, from the cloister'd isle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile,
Ill-boding prophet, plain'd.

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows by the way,
And gazed upon the wave ;
Then raising wild to heaven her eyes,
With sobs and broken accents, cries,
" I'll meet thee in the grave."

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
Illumined by a transient beam,
She knew the wonted grove :

Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roses mix'd with myrtles twine
To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
And, sweetly mournful, sung her woes,
Enamour'd of the tree;
Touch'd with the melody of woe,
More tender tears began to flow :
" She mourns her mate like me.

" I loved my lover from a child,
And sweet the youthful cherub smiled,
And wanton'd o'er the green ;
He train'd my nightingale to sing,
He spoil'd the gardens of the spring
To crown me rural queen.

" My brother died before his day ;
Sad, through the church-yard's dreary way,
We went to walk at eve ;
And bending o'er the untimely urn,
Long at the monument to mourn,
And look upon his grave.

" Like forms funeral while we stand,
In tender mood he held my hand,
And laid his cheek to mine :
My bosom beat unknown alarms,
We wept in one another's arms,
And mingled tears divine.

" From sweet compassion love arose,
Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
And pair'd upon the tomb ;
Attesting all the powers above,
A fond romance of fancied love
We vow'd our days to come.

" A weakly lord from Indian skies,
 Illustrious in my parents' eyes,
 Implored a mutual mind ;
 Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
 But Harry's footsteps never flew
 The wanted scene to find.

" Three nights in dire suspense I sat
 Alone ; the fourth convey'd my fate,
 Sent from a foreign shore ;—
 Go, where thy wandering wishes tend,
 Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
 You never see me more !

" Despair ! distraction ! I obey'd,
 And one disorder'd moment made
 An ever-wretched wife.
 Ah ! in the circuit of one sun,
 Heaven ! I was wedded and undone,
 And desolate for life !

" Apart my wedding robes I tore,
 And guarded tears now gushing o'er
 Distain'd the bridal bed :
 Wild I invoked the funeral yell,
 And sought devoted now to dwell
 For ever with the dead.

" My lord to Indian climates went,
 A letter from my lover sent
 Renew'd eternal woes :—
 Before my love my last words greet,
 Wrapt in the weary winding sheet,
 I in the dust repose !

" Perhaps your parents have deceived,
 Perhaps too rashly I believed
 A tale of treacherous art ;

Monimia! could you now behold
The youth you loved in sorrows old,
Oh! it would break thy heart!

"Now in the grave for ever laid,
A constant solitary shade
Thy Harry hangs o'er thee!
For you I fled my native sky;
Loaded with life for you I die:
My love, remember me!

"Of all the promises of youth,
The tears of tenderness and truth,
The throbs that lovers send;
The vows in one another's arms,
The secret sympathy of charms;
My God! is this the end!"

"She said, and rushing from the bower,
Devoted sought in evil hour
The promontory steep;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earnest eyeballs strain
The dashing of the deep.

"Waves that resound from shore to shore!
Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
Of ocean, storm, and wind!
Your elemental war is tame
To that which rages in my frame,
The battle of the mind!"

With downcast eye and musing mood,
A lurid interval she stood,
The victim of despair;
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in Nature's ear her cries,
"My God! my Father! where!"—

Wild on the summit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freezing blood ;
Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
She plunged into the flood.

Her form emerging from the wave
Both parents saw, but could not save ;
The shriek of death arose !
At once she sunk to rise no more ;
And, sadly sounding to the shore,
The parted billows close !

ODE, WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE
COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

'Tis past ! no more the summer blooms !
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year !
What time thy holy whispers breathe
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods ;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods.

Ah ! well-known streams ! Ah ! wonted groves,
Still pictured in my mind !
Oh ! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind !

While sad I ponder on the past,
 The joys that must no longer last ;
 The wild flower strown on summer's bier,
 The dying music of the grove,
 And the last elegies of love,
 Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear !

Alas ! the hospitable hall
 Where youth and friendship play'd,
 Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
 Projects a death-like shade !
 The charm is vanish'd from the vales ;
 No voice with virgin whispers hails
 A stranger to his native bowers :
 No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
 Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
 The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers.

Companions of the youthful scene,
 Endear'd from earliest days !
 With whom I sported on the green,
 Or roved the woodland maze !
 Long exiled from your native clime,
 Or by the thunder stroke of time
 Snatch'd to the shadows of despair ;
 I hear your voices in the wind,
 Your forms in every walk I find,
 I stretch my arms ; ye vanish into air !

My steps, when innocent and young,
 These fairy paths pursued ;
 And, wandering o'er the wild, I sung
 My fancies to the wood.
 I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
 Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
 Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail :

Or, while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imaged woes,
Nor real life believed a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind

May summer soon o'ercast;
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!

The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
And promised fruits, and cherish'd flowers,

The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his 'prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke

O'er wretched man prevails;
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendship's covenant fails!

Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease—

O memory! how shall I appease
The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye?
What voice console the incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood

That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.

Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,

They sadly sigh, that winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethæan streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep ;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallow'd hill
Aërial music seems to mourn,
I'll listen autumn's closing strain ;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely urn !

HYMNS.

I.—THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led !

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer
 Thy mercy we implore ;
 Then with the grateful voice of praise
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

II.—THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man of woman born !
 Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
 And shalt to dust return."

Determined are the days that fly
 Successive o'er thy head ;
 The number'd hour is on the wing,
 That lays thee with the dead.

Alas ! the little day of life
 Is shorter than a span ;
 Yet black with thousand hidden ills
 To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning ; flattering hope
 Thy sprightly step attends ;
 But soon the tempest howls behind,
 And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour, the cloud
 Comes o'er the beam of light :
 A pilgrim in a weary land,
 Man taries but a night.

Behold ! sad emblem of thy state,
 The flowers that paint the field ;

Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year, the forest fades ;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again :

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah ! never to return !
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

The inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold ?
Who from the cements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould ?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom ;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers ? whither gone
The mighty men of old ?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd ?

Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry ;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard ; then from his throne
In majesty he rose ;
And from the heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

“ When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
To never-setting day.

“ Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies ;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.”

III.—TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb ;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Even from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend :
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar ;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to heat ;
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet ;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
 And evil days descend ;
 Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
 To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
 In death I will adore ;
 And after death will sing thy praise,
 When time shall be no more.

IV.—HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold,
 And her reward is more secure
 Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
 A length of happy years ;
 And in her left, the prize of fame
 And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
 In pleasure's path to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase ;

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN V.

BEHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

HYMN VI.

BEHOLD the Ambassador Divine
Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
Of everlasting love !

On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
The heavenly dew descends ;
And truth divine he shall reveal
To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
Shall strike the wondering ears ;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
In which the God appears.

By his kind hand the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame ;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
And form'd the human soul,—

Thus saith the Lord, " Thee have I sent,
A Prophet from the sky,

Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
The message from on high.

" Before thy face the shades of death
Shall take to sudden flight ;
The people who in darkness dwell
Shall hail a glorious fight ;

" The gates of brass shall 'sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall ;
The promised jubilee of heaven
Appointed rise o'er all .

" And lo ! presaging thy approach,
The heathen temples shake,
And trembling in forsaken fanes,
The fabled idols quake.

" I am Jehovah ; I am Oné :
My name shall now be known ;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne."

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view ;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord !
Let earth his praise resound ;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around .

O city of the Lord ! begin
The universal song ;
And let the scatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong .

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
 Lift up the lonely voice ;
 And let the tenants of the rock
 With accents rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands
 Unto Jehovah sing !
 And joyful from the mountain tops
 Shout to the Lord the King !

Let all combined with one accord
 Jehovah's glories raise,
 Till in remotest bounds of earth
 The nations sound his praise.

HYMN VII.

MESSIAH ! at thy glad approach
 The howling wilds are still !
 Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
 And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
 Their sacred stores unlock ;
 Loud in the desert, sudden streams
 Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
 Upon the morning gale :
 Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
 The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
 A robe of beauty, wears ;

HYMNS

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And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
Appointed times disclose ;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Princes of Peace
The loud hosannah sing !
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King !

HYMN VIII.

WHEN Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
(So runs the law of Heaven),
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at the altar given ;

Simeon the Just and the Devout,
Who, frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain ;

Came, Heaven directed, at the hour
When Mary held her Son ;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run :

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smiled,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promised Child.

And then he lifted up to Heaven
An earnest asking eye ;
My joy is full, my hour is come—
Lord, let thy servant die !

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease ;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace !

The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine ;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine !

HYMN IX.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in Heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;

And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The man of sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.



RUNNAMEDE,

A

TRAGEDY.

**Utcunque ferent ea facta nepotes,
Vincit amor patriæ.**

PERSONS IN THE DRAMA.

KING JOHN.

AMBASSADOR.

LANGTON, Archbishop of Canterbury.

ALBEMARLE, with Norman Lords.

ARDEN, with the Saxon Lords.

ELVINE.

EDGAR.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

ELVINA.

EMMA.

PROLOGUE.

BEFORE the records of renown were kept,
Or theatres for dying heroes wept,
The race of fame by rival chiefs was run,
The world by former Alexanders won ;
Ages of glory in long order roll'd,
New empires rising on the wreck of old ;
Wonders were wrought by Nature in her prime,
Nor was the ancient world a wilderness of time.

Yet lost to fame is virtue's orient reign ;
The patriot lived, the hero died in vain,
Dark night descended o'er the human day,
And wiped the glory of the world away ;
Whirl'd round the gulf, the acts of time were
tost,

Then in the vast abyss for ever lost.

Virtue, from fame disjoin'd, began to plain
Her votaries few, and unfrequented fane.
Her voice ascended to almighty Jove ;
He sent the Muses from the throne above.

The Bard arose ; and, full of heavenly fire,
With hand immortal touch'd the immortal lyre ;
Heroic deeds in strains heroic sung,
All Earth resounded, all Heaven's arches rung ;
The world applaud what they approved before ;
Virtue and fame took separate paths no more.

Hence to the Bard, interpreter of Heaven,
The chronicle of fame by Jove is given ;
His eye the volume of the past explores,
His hand unfolds the everlasting doors ;

In Minos' majesty he lifts the head,
 Judge of the world, and sovereign of the dead ;
 On nations and on kings in sentence sits,
 Dooms to perdition, or to Heaven admits ;
 Dethrones the tyrant, though in triumph hurl'd,
 Calls up the hero from the eternal world,
 Surrounds his head with wreaths that ever bloom,
 And vows the verse that triumphs o'er the tomb.

While here the Muses warbled from their shrine,
 Oft have you listen'd to the voice divine.
 A nameless youth beheld, with noble rage,
 One subject still a stranger to the stage ;
 A name that's music to the British ear !
 A name that's worshipp'd in the British sphere !
 Fair Liberty ! the Goddess of the Isle,
 Who blesses England with a guardian smile.

Britons ! a scene of glory draws to-night !
 The fathers of the land arise to sight :
 The legislators and the chiefs of old,
 The roll of patriots and the barons bold,
 Who greatly girded with the sword and shield,
 At storied Runnamede's immortal field,
 Did the grand Charter of your freedom draw,
 And found the base of liberty on law.

Our Author, trembling for his virgin muse,
 Hopes in the favourite theme a fond excuse.
 If, while the tale the theatre commands,
 Your hearts applaud him, he'll requit your hands ;
 Proud on his country's cause to build his name,
 And add the patriot's to the poet's fame.

RUNNAMEDE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

*The Hall of a Baron's Castle. Martial music.
Enter at opposite doors, AUBREY with Norman Lords, and ANDREW with the Baron; Archbishop; Barons, Knights, and Squires, in complete armour, and with the train of chivalry.*

Archb. Barons of England's realm, high Lords
of Parliament,
Hereditary guardians of the kingdom!
Your country calls you to her last defence:
Our ancient laws, our liberties, our lives,
May in a moment fall. Red o'er our heads
The ruthless tyrant holds oppression's rod,
Which, if not warded by heroic hand,
Will crush the British liberties for ever.
Ourselves, our children, our posterity,
Are slaves or free from this decisive hour;
For now the crisis of our fate is come,
And England's in the scale.

Albem. I boast no more
The fire and spirit of my youthful days;

Days when, with Richard in the grand croisade,
 We raised the siege of Ascalon ; display'd
 The British banners in the Holy Land,
 Drove from the field the millions of the East,
 Compell'd the mighty Saladine to fly,
 And o'er the crescent raised the glorious cross.
 My arm refuses now to draw the sword ;
 But let my counsel weigh : Our quarrels dropt,
 Let factions now unite ; with one accord
 Let us deliberate for public good ;
 We stand united, or divided fall.

Arden. Deliberation does not suit the time ;
 This is the hour of action and of war.
 While we consult, the tyrant, on his march,
 Comes like a conflagration through the land,
 Marking his way with ruin. Every step
 Treads on the mangled bodies of the dying.
 The wail of England weeping o'er her sons,
 The voice of justice, and the cry of blood,
 Call loud, " To arms, to arms !"

Baron. The voice we hear ;
 It sounds not to the deaf. You gallant host
 Return this answer which we now return.

[Drawing their swords, and coming forward.]

Archb. I love your zeal : It is a flame from
 Heaven ;

'Tis the high temper of the Briton bold ;
 And while this ardour in your bosom burns,
 You never will be slaves. At such a time,
 When order's fled, when government dissolves,
 When the great course of justice thwarted stops,
 And in the roar and riot of misrule
 The voice of law is silent, Nature then
 Resumes her ancient rights ; ascends anew
 A sovereign on her throne ; recalls the sword
 Which with the sceptre to the king she gave,
 And whirls it flaming in her own right hand,

To dash the tyrant from his blood-stain'd car,
And guard her free-born sons.

Arden. The glorious sons
Of Gothic sires, who broke the Roman arm
Stretch'd out to wield the sceptre of the world ;
Who on the ruins of imperial Rome,
And in the blood of nations and of kings
The firm foundation of their freedom laid,
Will never bend beneath a tyrant's yoke.
Rather than wear dishonourable chains,
Or follow captives at the trophied car,
Give us again the wildness of our woods,
And the fierce freedom of our great forefathers !

Archb. Forbid it, Heaven, that Britain see anew
What these sad eyes have seen ! When o'er the
land,

The dire-devoted land, the curse of Rome
Flew like the thunder of avenging Heaven,
And smote the people. Then religion fled.
No bell did summon to the house of prayer ;
No vested priest atoned the wrath of Heaven ;
But sitting solitary, wept and wail'd
His fane forsaken, and his altar low.
Unnamed, unsprinkled in the fount of life,
The infant raised the lamentable shriek.
The bridegroom and the bride bewail'd apart
Their rites unfinish'd, and their luckless love.
Against the dying saint Heaven's gate was shut.
They sung no requiem to the parting soul,
Nor laid the ashes in the hallow'd ground !
Earth seem'd a charnel-house, and men like
ghosts

Who cross in silence at the midnight hour,
And beckon with the hand.

Arden. Yes, Barons, Britons,
The history of the tyrant's reign has run
A period, marked with the tears, the groans,

The blood of Britons. He began in blood
His direful reign, and with unnatural hand
Stabb'd his own nephew kneeling at his feet,
And pleading for his life. Have you not seen
him

The mighty hunter of the human prey
In a waste forest? Has not England seen
The cradle of her infants stain'd with blood;
The bower of chastity, the bed of love
Assaulted, violated? Lo! you stand
Upon the recent tomb of parents slain!—
Had such dire bloodshed cursed the former age,
Our valiant fathers would have shook the throne.

Albem. We are as valiant as our fathers were;
Nor does the Norman to the Saxon yield.
To curb the tyrant, not to shake the throne,
We draw the sword.—Arden, remember—

Archb. Barons,
This is no time for quarrel. Have you heard
That the perfidious Dauphin—

Albem. What! perfidious!
Archb. The Dauphin, whom you courted to
your aid,

He whom your great deliverer you hail'd,
Means to make you his ministers, to gain
A kingdom to himself, and then to take
Your heads, as traitors, to your native Prince.
Melun, intrusted with the bloody secret,
In his last hour reveal'd it.

Arden. God of Heaven!
Archb. I mark your wonder: Hear what I
advise,—

Too long the land hath suffer'd, and hath bled,
With deadly strife, with battles fiercely fought
Between the Saxon and the Norman race.
By feud and faction all the land is torn;
The nation's genius acts against itself.
Shook from its central poise, reels all the isle.

The noble Romans, when the foe approach'd,
 Forgot their strife; and, holding out the hand,
 With girt patrician girt plebeian march'd,
 The common sons of Rome: But, fierce and fell,
 While the conspiring nations hem you round,
 You wage with one another horrid war.
 The vaunting foe rejoices in your strife,
 And lists your agents to your own destruction.
 Proof against foreign power, the nation stands:
 By Britons only Britain e'er can fall;
 Sound in itself, this island is the world.

Albem. With dire intestine ills the nation
 groans,

And would to Heaven the remedy were found!

Arden. So every lover of his country prays.

Archb. Then hear the oracle of heavenly truth:
 You both are brave; both through the world re-
 nownd:

And now the time demands an union firm,
 Never to be dissolved. The past forgot,
 And ever blotted from the book of fame,
 In cordial concord let the future run.
 Your wisdom will suggest some solemn rite,
 Or public deed, to ratify th' event,
 A bond of union, and a pledge of peace,
 For ages to remain.—You, Albemarle,
 Are happy in a daughter fair, the boast
 And beauty of the isle: On whom can you
 So well bestow her hand, as on the man
 To whom the bravest of our warriors bow?
 Your rival houses will be reconciled,
 And one the Norman and the Saxon prove.

Albem. There is a bar which cannot be re-
 moved:—

Elvina, the gallant lover of her youth,
 Returning, laurel'd, from the holy war,
 Reigns in her heart.

Baron. He 's in the Dauphin's camp,
And fights the battles of perfidious France
Against his native land.

Another Baron. The brave Lorraine,
His chosen friend in distant Palestine,
Whose beauteous sister is the flower of France,
Has won that hero to the Dauphin's side.

Albem. Though William's royal blood flow in
his veins,
And he ranks nearest to the Norman line,
Yet to my country I devote myself,
Devote my all. Give me thy hand, my son,
I know that thou art brave.

[*Saxons and Normans meet with one
another, and embrace.*]

Archb. Illustrious chiefs,
I praise your wisdom, equal to your zeal.
Propitious Providence! I hail the day
That makes one nation of the British race.
Now quarrels cease, and faction is no more.
For freedom, and the laws, we draw the sword,
And lose the private in the public cause.
One effort more remains: So great an host
Requires a general to lead them forth:
This day determines that important choice.

[*To Arden.*]
To you two nations, now in union join'd,
Look up, and hail their leader and their chief.

[*Barons express their consent.*]
Arden. Barons, the soldier of your choice will
strive

To prove him equal to supreme command,
And worthy of your trust. When I behold
The warlike spirit spread from man to man,
And wide the flame of liberty extend,
I hear, with joy, the trumpet's sound, which calls
The host to freedom, and the chiefs to fame.

Archb. Then to the holy altar let us march,
And in the fane, which future times will reverence,
Renew our league, and seal our secret bond.

[*Gates of the chapel open.—Procession to the altar.—Barons kneel around.—Archbishop administering the oath.*]

Now, at the altar, in the name of Heaven,
And in the presence of the Eternal Power,
You ratify your bond of peace : You swear
To march the champions of your native land,
Never to sheathe the sword, till you restore
The ancient rights and liberties of England ;
And while you bind a tyrant by the laws,
To guard the glory of the British crown !

Barons. This in the presence of High Heaven,
we swear !

SCENE II.

Trumpets—FRENCH AMBASSADOR, BARONS.

Amb. The Dauphin, anxious for his noble
friends,

And eager for the hour that shall restore
To rescued England liberty and law,
Entreats you, Lords, to name the fittest time,
To join our forces for the future fight.

Arden. Our forces never shall with his be join'd ;
Nor English freedom e'er depend on France.

Amb. What means my gracious Lord ?

Arden. My meaning's plain.
We have detected his designs. We know him.
Go tell your master—instant to depart,
And waft his army to the coast of France.
Tell him that Britain never will become
The province of a foreign kingdom. Tell him,
That when he wields the thunder, and gives law

To the wild ocean, and the wind of heaven ;
Then let him think on Britain.

Amb. (To Albem.) Noble Lord,
The illustrious Dauphin, and the heir of France,
Intrusts a message to your private ear.

Albem. I have no secret with him. Speak it
out.

Amb. I best may speak it to yourself alone.

Albem. Speak it to all the world.

Amb. Illustrious Lord,
On you the Dauphin's happiness depends.

Albem. On me !——

Amb. You have a daughter—Fair Elvina—
The crown of France may sit upon her head.

Albem. My daughter's to that noble Lord betroth'd.

Arden. (To the Amb.) You may withdraw.

SCENE III.

BARONS, ARCHBISHOP.

Arden. Barons, we now are one ;
We are invincible. An host like ours,
A league of patriots and a band of friends,
Will front the world. We need no foreign aid.
Britain's almighty in the cause of Britain.

SCENE IV.

ALFEMEABLE, ARDEN.

Albem. By my command my daughter hither
comes.
Arden, the affection of a friend I've shewn ;

Now let the counsel of a parent weigh.
 Valiant thou art; invincible in war;
 But that avails not now. The accent stern,
 The fierce demeanour, and the lofty look,
 Will not invite the affection of the fair.
 Now let the warrior to the lover yield;
 Put on the gay caparison of courtship;
 Caress and conquer. Women, to be won,
 Must first be wooed. Engage the tender sex
 By tender cares, and merit love by loving.
 When soften'd to a smile, the brave and bold
 Assume the accents, and the looks of love,
 They win at once the heart of womankind.

Arđ. I do not know these arts. The pliant
 face,

The honey'd accent, and the silken smile,
 The sport of boys and girls, are not for me.
 The manners of my fathers I retain,
 The Saxon spirit, and the Saxon garb.
 They did not bow the knee to womankind,
 Nor at the gate of beauty beg a boon.
 In ancient days, the days of mighty men,
 Love was the meed of valour and renown;
 The bravest warrior clasp'd the fairest maid.
 But what the honour of a Baron owes,
 And what the daughter of a Baron claims,
 Shall be perform'd. Behold the virgin comes.

SCENE V.

ALBEMARLE, ARDEN, ELVINA.

Elvina. You sent for me, my father.

Albem. Yes, my child.

In these heroic but disastrous times
 All have their part to act: For who would wish

To let such great occasion pass away,
 Nor mark it with renown? Who does not hear
 The voice of glory when his country calls?
 A change of times arranges human minds,
 And noblest spirits find the highest place.
 Yours, as becomes you, is a brilliant sphere.
 This hero, chosen to the chief command
 Of England's patriot host, entreats your hand
 In noble love: the Barons have agreed,
 The time requires, and I have pledged my word
 That he shall be your husband.

Elvina. Heavens! My husband!——

Arden. Let not my honest speech offend thee,
 Lady.

Bred in a camp, my business has been war.
 The tent has been my home; and oft this hand
 Has reap'd the harvest of the bloody field.
 If high respect for your illustrious line,
 And true affection to a form so fair,
 Win your approving smile, you send me forth
 Your champion to the field, at once to gain
 The palm of beauty and the prize of arms.

Elvina. My lord, my heart yet trembles from
 the shock

Of such a serious unforeseen event,
 On which my future destiny may turn.
 Forgive me, if, alarm'd, I seek to pour
 My secret accents in a father's ear.

SCENE VI.

ALBEMARLE, ELVINA.

Elvina. Alas! I have no more a father's ear
 To hear my voice; no more a parent's breast,
 That yearns with pity for his daughter's woes!

And will you give me to the deadly foe
Of all your house, and wed me to despair?

Albem. Be calm, my child. He is no more a
foe.

Think of the noble and the patriot ends
Of such an union: Ancient feuds will cease;
Our rival houses will be reconciled;
And from the Normans and the Saxons join'd,
One mighty nation will go conquering forth;
And the whole land will raise a grateful eye
To thee, the cause of all.

Elvina. To quell the feuds,
And reconcile the families of foes,
Am I the sacrifice? Alas, my father,
And will you offer up, with your own hands,
Your child a victim?—What have I to do
With states or nations?—I've a single heart,
And it is Elvine's—Dost thou then forsake
Thine ancient friend?—

Albem. He hath forsaken us.
Now in the Dauphin's camp he draws the sword
Against his native country: if thou hast
The sense of honour glowing in thy frame,
Thy country's spirit, or thy father's blood,
Thou too wilt cast him off.—

Elvina. I cast him off—
I cast off Elvine!—O thou know'st him not.

Albem. I know him false. A traitor to his
country

Will ne'er to friendship or to love be true.

Elvina. He is no traitor. He hath been belied.
Soaring above the sphere of common men,
They aim the secret and the venom'd shafts
To bring that eagle from his sky of fame.
Ah! once he was beloved!—

Albem. My child, no more.
Think of that passion as a toy of youth,

And with the gewgaws of thy early days
Be it dismiss'd. Think of thy duty now.
Respect thy father, and regard thyself.

Elvina. I need not try to alter your resolves,
Which now seem firm, inflexible, and arm'd
Against your daughter : Let me just recall,
That, in your eye, and with your kind consent,
I loved my hero with the love of youth.
'Twas you that kindled first the tender sparks
Of an eternal flame. Blooming you brought,
In infant beauty, to Aldarno's vale,
The noble orphan of the Norman race,
The lovely sun-beam of a setting line.
When hand in hand we sported in your hall,
You fondly marked with paternal smiles
The young Elvina for young Elvine's bride.

Albem. My child, you trespass on a parent's
love

To name the trifles of your early days.

Elvina. Let me, at least, repeat your gracious
words ;

Would, too, I could recall the tender looks
With which you spoke them. Sometimes you
have deign'd

To bless Elvina with a fonder glance.

My mother too : And her you will not blame,

For I have seen you weep upon her grave :

And now she shines above, a saint in heaven !

My mother, sitting on the ghastly bed

From which she never rose, call'd us around :

Held us embraced with cold and dying hands ;

Then lifted up her closing eyes to heaven—

“ O God ! to thee, to thee I leave my children.”

She spoke no more.—One parting kiss she gave ;

Then join'd our hands, and died.—I see you weep.

I see the father melting in your eye.

[Falling at his feet.

I am yet your child—O ! if you ever loved me !
 Oh ! if my life be precious in thy sight !
 If e'er my woes did wet a father's cheek !
 If e'er my shrieks did pierce a parent's ear !——
 Oh ! if the future fortune of my life,
 My peace on earth, or happiness in heaven,
 Can aught avail to win me to thy heart,—
 O ! save me, save me from the worst of woes,
 Save me, my father !——

Albem. Rise, my lovely child !
 Come to thy mansion in a parent's heart !
 But, ha !—alas !—what can thy father do ?
 I've sworn that you shall be the wife of Arden.

Elvina. Sworn ?——

Albem. At the altar.

Elvina. Sworn that I be Arden's ?—

Albem. Hear me, Elvina : Hear a parent speak.
 Till now you've ever been a dutious daughter,
 And often made this aged heart o'erflow
 With secret gladness : In the lonely hour
 I've lifted up my hands, and blest the day
 When thou wert born. Not often have I blamed
 thee,

Or used the harsh tone of authority :
 It is not so that we have lived, Elvina.
 But here the Baron issues his commands.
 If, when this storm of war is pass'd away,
 You do not wed the leader of our host,
 You are no child of mine : I cast you off.
 You hear my fix'd irrevocable word.

Elvina. If I am doom'd to wretchedness and
 woe,
 And doom'd by you !—your will shall be obey'd.

SCENE VII.

ELVINA, EMMA.

Elvina. Oh, Emma! I am wretched. Arden
—Heavens!

Shall Arden be my husband? Gracious powers!
Forbid that hour. Now, in my deep distress,
Ah! where is he who used to bring relief!—
'Tis well, by Heaven! He's in the Dauphin's
camp.

Invite the Ambassador.—

*[Writes a letter in great agitation,
tears it, and writes again.]*

[EMMA returns with the AMBASSADOR.]

Elvina. Say, is not Elvina in the Dauphin's
camp?

Amb. Lady, the camp is honour'd with his
presence.

Elvina. May an unfortunate and friendless
maid

Entreat the favour of a gallant knight
To give these letters to his secret hand?

Amb. Lady, by beauty and by birth renown'd,
His hand shall hold them ere the day decline.

Elvina. *(giving him the letter.)* Forlorn, for-
saken, to your care I trust

My future fate, the secret of my soul.
Howe'er by faction or by feuds disjoin'd,
No deadly hate in man to woman dwells;
The knight is courteous to the hapless maid.

SCENE VIII.

AMBASSADOR, alone, looking at the letter.

No superscription here. Her troubled mind
Forgot to add the name. Ha! Yes, by Heaven!—

It dawns, the work of fortune and of fate—
This to the Dauphin I will straight address,
And warn the wishing bridegroom of the secret.
A passion alighted, and a rival loved !
This is the insult, the fell injury
Which man nor woman never can forgive.
With Albemarle then Arden is at war ;
The Normans hence and Saxons will divide,
And, thus divided, may be conquer'd still.
Ardent in arms, impetuous Britain fights ;
Refined in arts, France plots and overcomes.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Trumpets. Enter ARCHBISHOP and ALBEMARLE
at one door, ARDEN and BARONS at the other.*

Albem. What from the camp, my Lord ?

Arden. The hosts are join'd.
All friends and fellow-soldiers, they compose
One mighty army. Rivals now are friends,
And brothers of the war. Yon field displays
A scene of glory to a soldier's eye.
I never saw the face of war so gay,
So beautiful. Glancing in the sun, behold
The camp in motion, and the field on fire.
The soul of freedom animates them all.
Impatient for the trumpet's sound, they act
The future fights ; and, brandishing their arms,
With flaming circles sweep the empty air.

Arch. Bold is the heart for liberty that beats,
And strong his arm who draws his country's sword.
When for a nation's rights the banner flies,

The victor's laurel with the olive twined :
The host of freedom is the host of God.

Enter a Messenger with a letter to ARDEN.

Arden. The news I have received concern us
Barons, we tremble on the verge of fate. [deeply.
In this confederate host a traitor lurks,
Who has betray'd our measures to the foe,
And holds a correspondence with the Dauphin.

Albem. A traitor among us?

Arden. A secret foe,

Who plots our ruin. Guards, arrest the Ambassador :

Bring him before us. Now, before we know
This great offender, Barons, it is meet
That we pronounce his doom, lest he should stand
Too near our heart, by friendship or by blood,
And so elude the sentence of the laws.

Albem. Although my nature leads me to be mild,
Yet here the highest punishment is due,
And timely rigour is humanity.
By this our high authority we guard,
And strike astonishment and terror round
To all offenders in the time to come.
No favour or affection will seduce
The steady patriot from the public good.
He to his country his own life devotes ;
Nor will he spare a traitor's.

Arch. Instant death

He merits. Rousing at the call of Heaven,
Now when the noblest spirits of the world
Plan for the public ; when the bravest hands
Are raised to strike for freedom and mankind ;
When, just pronounced in the fane of Heaven,
The recent vow yet trembles on the tongue ;
If meanly lurking, 'mid a chosen band
Of patriots and of heroes, one be found,

False to his trust, his honour, and his oath,
 Who, scorning sanctions, human and divine,
 Betrays his country to her foes, divides
 The inheritance of future times, and sells
 Eternal honour for eternal shame;
 'Tis then that justice, reddening into wrath,
 Demands a victim for the public good:
 A great example will restore the host:
 A traitor's blood will reinstate the laws.

Arden. Does then the general voice pronounce
 his doom?

Barons. One is our voice; and death is the
 award.

Arden. The bonds of friendship, and the ties of
 blood

Cancelld, then, awful justice holds its course.

His country is the parent of the brave,

Who march devoted where she points the way—

[*Noise behind the scenes. Ambassador
 brought in.*]

Amb. This is the insolence of anarchy!
 Though you have risen against your rightful King,
 I hope you still regard the law of nations.
 Why, even in barbarous and savage states,
 Ambassadors are sacred—

Arden. When they're honest.
 But, if they plot against the kingdom's weal,
 They answer with their life. There is a letter
 Sent by some traitor to your prince the Dauphin.
 Produce that letter, and in peace depart.

[*Ambassador gives it to Arden, who peruses
 it with marks of agitation.*]

Albem. You start! From whom, my Lord?

Arden. (*giving it to him.*) Inform yourself.

Albem. (*reads the letter.*) "To the Dauphin.

"A dark design is going on against us;
 Why art thou absent in the day of war?"

Come on the wings of love to save the fond,
Ah! If you come not, the undone—

ELVINA."

My daughter? Heavens! It is impossible!

ELVINA, *entering unseen by ALBEMARLE.*

Elvina. What means this tumult? Oh! Eternal Powers!

I am betray'd! The fatal secret 's known—

[*Apart.*

Albem. (recovering from his astonishment, reads again.)

"A dark design is going on against us;
Why art thou absent in the day of war?
Come on the wings of love to save the fond,
Ah! If you come not, the undone—

ELVINA."

Undone Elvina! Ah! undone indeed!

[*Seeing her.*

Ha! Take her from my sight. Alas! my daughter,
Thou wast an angel once!—Ye shades of death
Fall round, and wrap me in your gloom for ever!

Arch. Unhappy father! we lament thy woes.
The sacred season of the hoary hair
Such shocks of destiny can ill sustain.
In this dark hour of trouble and despair
We look to thee alone.

Albem. Support me, Heaven,
In this tremendous hour, and give me strength
For such a trial!—Ah, what have I done,
All-righteous God! what evil have I done,
That, in the fall of life, thy heavy hand
In wrath should crush me to the ground, and bring
My hoary head with sorrow to the grave?
You wonder at me: Tell me how to act;
Ye that are fathers, tell me what to do?—
Shall my Elvina—must my daughter die?

O! must the parent doom his child to death?—
 You answer not. Your silence and your tears
 Point out my path.—I was a father fond,
 Fond to distraction of an only child—
 But I am just; and I have not forgot
 What to my country and my oath I owe.
 Nature may cry, but justice must be heard:
 Dear, dear as she is to me—she shall die!

Archb. Hard is thy duty now, heroic father;
 But high the part appointed thee of Heaven.
 Resume thy spirit: Call thy virtue forth.
 Now in the conscious eye of Heaven and Earth,
 Thou actest for the glory, for the good
 Of ages yet to come: Thou standest forth
 A great example to the wondering world.
 —I see it plain; behold the hand of Heaven
 Stretch'd from the sky, and beckoning thee to tread
 A high heroic path!—The latter days,
 The fate of England in succeeding times,
 The fame and glory of the British Isle,
 Hang on the passing hour.

Albem. (*in astonishment.*) What means my
 Lord?—

Archb. Lo! now 'tis thine, by one immortal
 deed,

To form the character of future times,
 And raise a spirit that shall never die.
 See! what a family you will embrace;
 You rise the founder of a mighty state,
 The father of the free! The nation takes
 From you its temper; and the ages rise
 To call you patriot. Ah! who would not wish
 A destiny so high?

Albem. I wish it not.

Archb. 'Twas thus, when Rome her liberty re-
 gain'd,
 A father doom'd his darling son to death;

He won immortal glory, and inspired
 Rome with his spirit. From his patriot-deed
 Went sudden virtue living o'er the land.
 The Roman kindled when he heard the tale,
 And stept a hero forth; and eager burn'd
 For Rome to combat, and for Rome to die.
 Hence heroes, patriots, crowd the historic page;
 Hence consuls, senators, a godlike train;
 Hence a great people rose, the Lords of earth;
 Hence many centuries of glory roll'd
 In long procession; and eternal Rome,
 The Queen of nations, did ascend the throne,
 And sway the sceptre of the sea-girt world.

Albem. Thou hast no daughter.

Arden. In the dreadful shock
 Of this disaster, Barons, it is meet
 That to a parent's feelings we appeal,
 And bid the father of his country judge.

*[The Barons retire to the bottom
 of the Theatre.]*

Albem. (on the front.) Am I the judge? My
 country, at thy voice,
 This old grey head shall wear the helm again:
 Bare in the field these scars shall bleed anew.—
 O powerful Nature! I'm a father still—
 Thou bleeding innocence! Ah! should the sword
 Just aim to touch that tender trembling bosom,
 'Tis mine to ward the blow.—Shall I direct
 The dagger to the bosom of my child,
 And stop the dearest current of my blood?
 But justice, truth, imperious honour, call—
 Forgive me, O my country, if I stain
 A Roman's virtue with unmanly drops!—
 'Tis done. The irrevocable doom is seal'd.—
 Where am I? Ha! the shades of death surround
 me,
 And graves, and monuments, and ghastly forms—

That path leads down to blood.—Thou sainted shade,

Who gavest a blooming cherub to my arms,
O turn thy tender eyes from this sad scene,
Nor look upon the deed!—Ah! piteous sight!
Stretch'd on the block the trembling victim's laid;
The pale hand waves that should have closed my eyes.

That was the sign of death!—What do I see?
A headless trunk; a mangled corpse—Oh! oh!

—Barons, the dreadful sacrifice is made:

But spare me, spare a father the sad sight!—

—Yet, ah! before I go let me behold her,

To take a long last look of my Elvina

Before she dies; before we part for ever.

—I hear her step. The trembler comes. She looks
As she were innocent. Her face is woeful,

Yet it is lovely; I could look for ever.—

My daughter—Thou art doom'd—These tears will
tell thee—

My child! my child!

[*Looking earnestly upon her as he goes out.*]

Baron. Alas! unhappy man!

Thy age is desolate. Ill-fated maid,

In prime of youth and beauty doom'd to death!

Arden. Now, as the law of chivalry ordains,

And honour's cause demands, Barons, prepare

A place of combat in the listed field;

If any knight or baron of the land

Will stand a champion to defend the fair.

SCENE II.

ARDEN, ELVINA.

Arden. This happy morning, Lady, you appear'd
The wife of Arden in the eye of England,

And though our hands were not in wedlock join'd,
 Our interest is one. I have a right
 To interpose in your concerns ; and more,
 I feel your sorrows as they were my own,
 For I lament you more than I can blame.

Elvina. I hope, my Lord, you come not to disturb
 The dying moments of a wretched maid,
 And wring a heart that soon shall cease to beat.

Arden. I come not to renew, but end your woes.
 I've a proposal for thy serious ear,
 On which the fortune of thy life depends.

Elvina. My Lord, I listen to it.

Arden. You are young,
 Elvina, you are beautiful : allured
 And dazzled with false glory, you have err'd
 One step from duty ; if reflection soon
 Recalls you to the path from which you've
 stray'd,

You add one beauty to a virtuous life,
 Which spotless innocence can never boast.
 If you renounce, if from your heart renounce,
 Renounce for ever that opprobrious love,
 Then I this instant to the plain descend,
 The champion of your cause : A husband's arm
 Will wipe the stain that rests upon thy name,
 And upon mine : My honour is at stake :
 A Baron of the realm, an English chieftain,
 Arm'd, and invested with supreme command,
 Will never brook dishonour, never bear
 The shadow of affront ; nor suffer man
 To point the finger, or to lift the look
 Of scorn against him.

Elvina. In this hour of woe,
 Your noble generosity, my Lord,
 Hath given another pang to this sad bosom,
 Which yet, alas ! no just return can make.
 Inviolable vows oppose your claim ;

Stronger than vows, unalterable love
Reigns in a heart that owns no second lord.

Arden. That is the language of aversion fix'd.

Elvina. It is the language of Elvina's soul.

Arden. And have I merited thy steadfast scorn?—

Elvina. I scorn thee not. I can distinguish well
A lover's passion from a Baron's pride.

The candid bosom opens to the day ;

Nor clothes ambition in the garb of love.

Your virtues I revere ; your rank respect ;

But who can teach a tender heart to throb ?

I look upon thee as my father's friend,

My country's champion : Never as my knight,

Or as my husband.

Arden. Then behold your judge.

Guards, watch the prisoner.

SCENE III.

ELVINA alone.

Now the die is cast ;

And I have seal'd the sentence of my death.

O Thou that helper of the helpless art,

O be not absent in the hour of woe !

Forsake me not when by the world forsaken !

No hope have I on earth : To thee I fly,

As to my father's arms : I have no father,

No friend, but thee alone. God of my youth !

Thou didst receive me with paternal arms

When cast an infant on a wretched world ;

And when a stranger thou didst guide my feet

Through the wild maze of life : O leave me not,

My God, in my last hour !—

[*Going off with the Guards, ALBEMARLE enters,
takes her by the hands, and leads her in
silence to the front of the stage.*]

Albem. Alas ! my daughter,
The day of trouble now hath come upon us :
I am an old man—I am miserable !
And thou art fallen, friendless, and forlorn !
Alas ! Elvina ! thou hast brought us low.

Elvina. I'm every way unhappy and undone.

Albem. After what pass'd this morning, what
you've done

So wild, so monstrous seems—it is incredible.
Alas ! it was the effort of despair.
I would not shock thee now—'twould be an insult.
O Heaven ! what agony the bosom rends
When the curse comes upon the hoary head !

Elvina. Oh ! I am doubly wretched, to involve
My father in despair.—

Albem. O fond old man,
O foolish father ! I, delighted, thought,
This tempest o'er, my evening would be bright,
And my departure like the setting sun.
I fondly thought, when better days return'd
Safe under shadow of the vine to sing,
And bless my children's children ; fondly thought
To see a race of thine around me rise,
The young Elvinas of the age to come ;
Trace my own features in their opening looks,
Hear the first accents of their lisping tongues,
Woo their embraces, fold them in my arms,
And like an old man prattle in their praise ;
Then, looking heaven-ward, to depart in peace
In his good hour ! Within their arms and thine,
The embrace of Nature ! look my last adieu,
And smile, and fall asleep—O God of heaven,
Now I am childless !—

Elvina. 'Tis too much, my father !
I was prepared to meet thy stern rebuke ;
I could have borne the looks and words of wrath.
But shield me, Heaven ! for I can ne'er support

A father's tenderness, a father's tears,
That look forlorn that marks the bursting heart.

Albem. To what is age reserved? I never thought
That thou wouldst prove a parricide, my daughter;
That thou wouldst pluck these white hairs by the
root,

And dig thy father's grave. I thought not so.

[*Starting back.*
What hast thou done?—Yet thou art still my child:
Thou art my only child! [*Taking her in his arms.*

By Arden awed,
None of our Barons will defend thy cause:
I will defend thee; I will be thy champion.
Old is my arm, but, in a cause like this,
A daughter's cause, it still can draw the sword.
I'm young again— [*Drawing his sword.*

Elvina. A combat so unjust,
A spectacle so dire, I must forbid,
In this alone I from your voice appeal,
Never to yield. O you have ever been
The noblest friend, the best, the fondest father!
And can you think that I would poorly prove
Such an ungrateful and unnatural child
As e'er endanger, in the strife of death,
Your life for mine one instant? All I ask
In my last moments, O forget my fault,
The fault of too much love; at last forgive
A child—who never can offend you more!
When I am silent, as I shall be soon,
Let not reproach assail my virgin fame,
And heap dishonour on the head laid low.
Defend your daughter when she's in the dust;
Let not the voice of slander pierce my tomb,
To break the peaceful Sabbath of the grave,
And call my spirit from the land of rest.
I would confer in secret with my maid.

Adieu, my father ! If we meet no more,
Adieu for ever !

Albem. (embracing her.) O my lovely child,
Adieu !—The eternal Eye alone beholds
When we shall meet again——

SCENE IV.

ELVINA, EMMA.

Elvina. My faithful Emma,
My dear companion in the days of youth,
Before distinction of our birth was known,
I would depart in peace with all the world.
If ever I have treated you with rigour,
Or chid you without cause——

Emma. O never, never !
My noble Lady, you have ever been
The best, the kindest, and the sweetest mistress,
And less your servant than your friend I've lived.
O would to God that I could die for you.

Elvina. I have a last request to make, my Emma,
A dying charge to give ! Find out that youth
For whom in early years I'm doom'd to die ;
O tell him, charge him, if he ever loved me,
To guard, to pity, and solace the age
Of my poor father ! as another child
My place to fill, my duty to perform.
Tell that for him I would have wish'd to live ;
Tell that for him I died ; and all I ask
Is, for my sake, for his Elvina's sake,
To love my father, and remember me.
I know his tender heart ; I would not wish him
To mourn my fate in bitterness of soul,
And waste his days in solitude and sorrow ;
Yet I would have him—sometimes to be sad—
To think of her who died for him ; to come

A midnight mourner to my silent tomb,
And wet my ashes with a lover's tears.
Then in the appointed house I'll rest in peace,
And wait the morning that awakes the dead.

ACT III.

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter ELVINE, his Squire
bearing his armour. Attendants.*

Elvine. HAIL, native land! O scenes of early
days!

Ye haunts of friendship, and retreats of love,
Receive a stranger to your shades again!
You I revisit with a throbbing heart.
In youthful days, in your inspiring bowers,
Rapt to the world of fancy, I have wish'd
For such occasion high; my country's cause,
The cause of liberty, the cause of love,
And of Elvina!—Providence divine,
Be thine the praise! who hast before me set
The deeds that never die; unsheath'd my sword
For ages yet to come, and sent the voice
Which calls the brave to freedom and to fame.

Enter EDGAR.

Come, Edgar! hast thou found my ancient friends?
Hast thou beheld—

Edgar. Alas! unhappy youth!
These hostile towers contain no friend of thine.

Elvine. What! has three seasons changed them?
Am I then
So soon forgotten?

Edgar. Thou art not forgotten !

Elvine. My God ! What dost thou mean ? Thy faltering tongue

Forgets its office : My old friend, thou weep'st.

Edgar. And I have cause to weep. These three-score years,

The humble native of your father's house,
Or follower of your fortune, have I lived.
Full many changes in the tract of time
Sad have I seen : but ah ! I little thought
That I should live to see my noble master
Denied the honours which his birth demands,
Excluded from the assembly of the Barons—
Another lead the army.

Elvine. Heavens ! Another ?

Who is appointed to that high command ?

Edgar. Think of the man whom least you could expect,

Think of the enemy of all your race ;
The Saxon Arden—

Elvine. Arden ! Gracious powers !

Ah ! where was Albemarle, my ancient friend ?

Edgar. His favour raised him to that high command.

Elvine. My father's friend, the father of Elvina,
My mortal foe ! The stroke of fate is come,
And now the measure of my woes is full.

Edgar. O thou hast heard as yet but half thy sorrows !

I have a tale to tell, which I could wish
To hide for ever from thine ear—Elvina—

Elvine. What of Elvina ?

Edgar. Arden's named her husband.

Elvine. Elvina false ! Elvina Arden's wife !

Then there is nothing in the world for me :
I've no connexion with the human kind ;
No friend upon the earth. Let us depart.

I spread my banners for the Holy Land.
Let us be gone.

Edgar. Elvina is not false.

Ah! she alone was faithful to her friend:
This day declares her honour and her love.
Her father doom'd her to the arms of Arden,
Whom she abhorr'd, and she refused to wed—

Elvina. Then she's not wedded?

Edgar. No.

Elvina. All-gracious powers!
She's constant, and she's mine! O God of heaven,
What thanks are equal to a gift so great:
The fair, the faithful, and the fond Elvina!

Edgar. In her distress she wrote to thee to save her;
The messenger was stopt; the letter found.
She is condemn'd to chains! Yon prison holds her!
I saw her looking from the iron grate,
Her hands in fetters, and her eyes in tears:
I could not bear the sight; I went apart,
And wept alone.

Elvina. My love, my love, for me
Thy hands in fetters, and thine eyes in tears!
No chains, no prison, shall confine thee long—

[*Sounds of lamentation heard behind the Stage.*
What venerable father stands aghast
In yonder porch? beneath the weight of years,
And crush of sorrow, to the earth he bends
He wrings his hands; casts a wild look to heaven,
And rends his hoary locks. He comes this way.
Heavens, it is Albemarle!—

Enter ALBEMARLE.

Albem. 'Tis over now,
Cursed be the hour that ever I was born!
Eternal Justice! hath thou spared my youth,
Yet doom'd thy servant in the dreags of life
To drain the bitter cup? Hast thou reserved

The vials of thy wrath to pour them down
Upon this blasted head?—

Elvine. My heart bleeds for him;
He was my ancient friend.

Albem. Almighty Power!
Who on the feelings of a parent's heart
Hast founded human life; and strongly bound
By love's embrace the families of men;
If thou art worshipp'd by a Father's name!
Regard my anguish, and support my soul,
For I am in despair!

Elvine. Unhappy father!
Whose woes bring tears to a stranger's eyes,
May I inquire the cause? can this right arm
Redress the wrongs of age?

Albem. Alas! alas!
No human hand can save me from the gulf,
Which deep and dark discloses to my view.
—Before you stands the father most forlorn
That ever bore the name. I had a daughter,
The joy, the blessing, and the pride of age:
I gave her hand to an illustrious Lord;
But she betray'd us—she is doom'd to death—

Elvine. Elvina doom'd to death?—

Albem. A shameful death.
But oh! what deeply wounds a Baron's honour!
Heavens! am I fallen so low? No English youth,
Or noble of the land, asserts her cause,
And comes a champion in the lists of war.
I rose in arms, and claim'd the cause myself:
I am forbid the field.—

Elvine. Elvina's cause
Will bring a champion from the gate of Heaven.

Albem. Thou art the only comforter I've found;
Thy voice alone relieves a father's heart.
Let me embrace thee in my aged arms:
I'll call thee son!—But, oh! a dreadful scene!

Begins to draw ; the scaffold is prepared
 Soon to be dyed with blood ; the axe is laid ;
 The prison opens : The grim soldiers seize her ;
 They drag my daughter forth—to execution.
 And I—must I behold it?—Let me die !
 O Death ! thou angel of the wretched, come
 To my relief, and lay me with my fathers !—
 Thou'rt thunderstruck, my son !

Elvina. No power on earth—
 A scaffold ! By the Almighty ! ere that day
 England shall stream, the scaffold of her sons.

Albem. Yonder they come, the harbingers of
 death,
 In sad procession, and with engines drear,
 The red-robed judges, and the mitred priests,
 The grim, the ghastly ministers of fate.
 Support me, O my son !—

Enter Barons, Judges, &c. with Attendants.

Arden. (To *Albem.*) Depart, my friend ;
 O, if your daughter, or yourself you love,
 Let me entreat your absence in this hour !

Elvina. Do not depart.

Albem. I will not leave this youth ;
 He is my friend—alas ! my only friend
 In this dire day.

Arden. My duty binds me here.
 A sad spectator I must now remain,
 To give due rites and dignity to law.
 But how wilt thou support a scene so dire ?
 'Twould make thy mortal enemy relent.
 Alas ! it is not for a father's eye.

Albem. After what I have seen and felt this day,
 The flash that melts the globe, the voice that sounds
 The knell of nature, and the close of time,
 Would not amaze me—Heavens ! is that the sound ?

[*Dead march is heard. Back scene opening slowly discovers a scaffold, engines of torture, executioners, &c. Enter at the side scene ELVINA dressed in white, surrounded with guards.*

Elvina. Barons of England, hear my dying words.

A virgin, bold in conscious innocence,
Will never stand a suppliant in your sight,
To move your pity by her prayers or tears;
Nor will she tremble at a human bar,
Who, greatly confident in him who made
Her spotless heart, will on the moment's wing
Ascend a spirit at the throne of Heaven.
Barons, you gave a husband to my hand;
My heart was wedded to another lord.
From all unnatural rule the soul revolts:
The law of nature is the law of love.
—The noble mind determines its own deeds;
Appeals to no tribunal upon earth,
But answers to itself: There sits the judge,
And the high counsellor who cannot err.
—Vile fetters you may throw on noble hands,
And as a prison'd criminal confine
The daughter of illustrious Albemarle.
But the high mind, free and invincible,
Spurns at the chain, the prison, and the axe.
—Here I avow it, dying, I avow
My love unalter'd to that noble youth,
And glory in the flame which makes me fall
A virgin martyr to the man I loved.
And, Barons, be assured, when you behold
On yonder block the bloody axe descend,
The deathful blow will be the awful pang
Which rends a father's and a lover's heart.

Albem. Tremendous destiny! Alas! my son,
Thy spirit grieves. Big drops rush from thine eye.
I am a parent, yet no tear I shed.

Elvina. [kneeling.] Eternal Father! now I come to thee!

Receive me to thyself; into thy hands
I give my parting spirit; I resign
Myself a victim to my native land:
Accept the sacrifice! Avert my doom
Far from the heads of those who shed my blood;
Support my father's age when I am gone,
And he is desolate: Whatever years,
Whatever joys thou takest from my life,
Repay to him with manifold increase.
O may he never, never, never feel,
In lonely sadness, that he wants a daughter,
And is a father now, alas! no more!

[Rising, she looks towards the scaffold.]

The signal for execution is heard.

Elvina. (Drawing his sword.) This is my time:
Unband me!

Albem. Do not leave

The helpless. I am dying. Oh! support me!

[Falling into the arms of Elvina, is carried off.]

Elvina. (the executioners approaching.) I come.

Indulge me with a parting moment.

My father, I have one request to make—

Has he, too, left me? Now I am alone.

Almighty Father! thou art with me still.

My eye, that closes in the sleep of death,

Looks up to thee to guide me through the gloom

That frowns before my face; the dreary vale

That darkly opens is the path to thee;

Yet it is awful.—O sustain my soul!

Stretch from the sky thine everlasting arms,

Receive a martyr to the land of peace!

[The executioners throwing a veil over her, Elvina advances suddenly and removes them.]

Elvina. Awaunt! ye ministers of death! awaunt!
She shall not die.

Elvina. O Heavens! Whom do I see?
'Tis he! Almighty God! 'tis he.—

[*Falls down in a swoon. Elvina bears her off.*]

Arden. What youth is this? a Noble of the land
His garb denotes. The Lady seem'd to know him.
Methinks he's too familiar for a stranger.

Barons. We know him not.

Elvina. (*returning with his sword drawn.*) No-
bles, where is the man

Who can accuse this Lady?

Arden. I accuse her,
And who dare say my accusation 's false?

Elvina. 'Tis one who dares whatever valour dared,
'Tis one who does whatever honour did—

'Tis I. I throw my gauntlet on the ground
To prove thine accusation false as hell;
False as thyself.

Arden. Young man, I know thee not.

Elvina. My friends have known me, and my
foes have known me.

Thou, too, shalt know me soon.

Arden. Hast thou a name?
It ill becomes the chieftain of an host
With a raw wandering knight to break a spear.

Elvina. Hear then, and tremble. You behold
in me

The man whom you have wrong'd, have deeply
wrong'd.

Arden. Young man, I never saw thee till this
hour.—

No human form can say that I have wrong'd him.

Elvina. So bold? Ha! didst thou not traduce
this Lady?

Defame her basely? wantonly? maliciously?
And, with a villain's dagger, stab her fame?

—Eternal God! because a lovely maid
Shrunk all-aborrent from thy loathed arms,

Thou, like a traitor, like a coward too,
 A cool, a cruel, cowardly assassin,
 Wouldst murder beauty, and by form of law
 Shed the pure blood of virgin innocence,
 Even like a criminal's, upon the scaffold!—

Arden. I did what justice, did what honour bade;
 I did my duty. What is that to thee?

Elvine. To me?—I meant not to declare my
 birth

Till I had proved it. I have ever been
 Discover'd by my deeds: Like him in heaven,
 Who in the majesty of darkness dwells,
 But sends the thunder to reveal the God.
 —Behold the man whom all of you have wrong'd,
 The sole remains of an illustrious house,
 The last descendant of a noble line,
 Who merits by his birth, and by his sword,
 To lead the banners of the British host—
Elvine.

Arden. (*taking up the gauge.*) 'Tis well. Thou'rt
 worthy of my sword.

Elvine. There is a time, and this is sure the time,
 When noble virtue may assert itself,
 And conscious honour glow with its own fires.
 —Barons of England, you have wrong'd me
 deeply;

Who, crediting the lie of rumour false,
 Deprived a Briton of a Briton's right,
 Expell'd a Baron from a Baron's rank.
 He is a traitor to his native land,
 A traitor to mankind, who in a cause
 That down the course of time will fire the world,
 Rides not upon the lightning of the sky
 To save his country. What, what had I done
 To merit such a name?

Archb. Misled by fame,
 Indeed we injured you.

Elvina. Why then, redress
The injury you've done. If, in the strife,
Which must be mortal, Arden falls by me,
I claim the honour which my birth demands,
To lead the army.

Baron. 'Tis indeed your due.
Arden. Thou speak'st it vauntingly. The
 strife of tongues,
The war of women, I did ever scorn.
Now let the sword decide.

Elvina. 'Tis drawn.
Arden. Lead on.
Elvina. I follow thee. *Elvina comes this way.*
I would not meet her now. *Edgar, remain.*

EDGAR, ELVINA, EMMA.

Edgar. Unhappy maid! She comes from death.
 She looks
As she indeed were risen from the grave
A saint in glory! Let me kneel before her.
Most noble Lady, graciously permit
As old domestic of your father's house
To kiss your garment, at your feet to fall
With flowing tears. I hope your goodness still
Remembers me.

Elvina. I've not forgot you, Edgar,
Nor will I e'er forget you. Rise, my friend.

Edgar. Lovely and gentle! You was ever thus;
Your face still shone upon your father's house,
The face of a good angel. O what men,
What murderers, could doom that beauteous form
To such a death?

Elvina. I have forgiven them, Edgar.

Edgar. But Heaven will not forgive them—

Elvina. Where is Elvina?
Where has my father with the Barons gone?
Thy colour changes. Ah! my heart forebodes

The fear'd event. Is this the appointed hour
For mortal combat?—

Edgar. 'Tis indeed the time.

Elvina. (*trumpets heard.*) The trumpets sound;
the dreadful signal's given.

Now, life or death. Help, help me, Powers of
heaven!

Support me, Emma!—

Emma. Angels hover o'er him,
And guard the hero with the shield of Heaven!

Elvina. Run, Edgar, to the lists, and bring us
tidings.

Fain would I look—I dare not look that way.
Hush! hark! O Emma! dost thou hear a groan?

Emma. 'Tis midnight silence!

Elvina. Let me look again.

Yonder they meet.. Behold the flash of arms!
And lo the sword that shall be dyed in blood!
Whose blood, O Heavens! Turn, Emma, to the
field:

I'll look no more.

Emma. Heavens! how I tremble! Ha!
A mortal stroke! These rose the shriek of death!

Elvina. Now all is over, and my fate is fix'd.
I'm destined now to rapture or despair,
For ever and for ever! [*A loud shout heard.*

O my heart!

The army triumphs in their general's joy.

My hero's fallen. I am gone again.

My God! twice in one day!—

Emma. I hear the sound
Of feet approaching fast.

Elvina. Let us be gone.

As they go out—Enter ELVINE.

Elvina. Where is my love? my life? Where
dost thou fly,

Thou first of women? Fairer to my sight
Than e'er thou wast, and dearer to my soul!
Return, and bless my arms that stretch to strain
thee.

Elvina. Alive! O God—

Elvine. Thou hast no foe. Thy cause,
The cause of beauty, innocence, and love,
Has made thy knight victorious in the field.

Elvina. How shall I thank the saviour of my
life?

'Tis thus! 'tis thus! my Elvine!

[*Running from the side-scene into his arms.*]

Elvine. My Elvina!

At last we meet in joy.

Elvina. To part no more.

Oh! Elvine, but for thee, my love, for thee,

Alas! this day—O how shall I repay

Thy matchless truth, thy tenderness, thy love?

Elvine. In this embrace 'tis more than all repaid.

Enter ARCHBISHOP and BARONS.

Archb. Much injured youth, the victory is thine!
We judged before we knew. Let loose from hell
A lying spirit had deceived the land.

We know thee now, the hero of the host:

Exulting England owns her darling son.

This day confirms what we have often heard,

Thy deeds of prowess in the Holy Land;

For thy renown flew grateful from the East,

Like incense wafted on the wings of morn.

—We meant to serve our country, when, misled

By rumours false, we blotted out thy name

From the confederate Barons. Now in truth

We serve our country, when, with one accord,

We hail thee leader of the British host.

Elaine. Your bounty, Barons, with a beating heart,

I now accept: It was my early wish
To lead an army in my country's cause;
But hardly hoped for such a glorious day,
To lift the banners of the free, and mark
The patriot spirit spread from man to man.
—Alike the danger and the honour's dear;
I march the foremost in the ranks of war,
To live with freedom, or to die with fame.

Archb. King John's ambassador has reach'd
the camp.

Now let us claim the hour of conference,
To have the charter of our freedom seal'd.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Runnamede.*

KING JOHN, Nobles, and Courtiers.

John. Shall I resign the sceptre of my sires,
And give the haughty Barons leave to reign?
No! Perish all before that fatal hour.
The majesty of Kings I will sustain,
And be a monarch, while I am a man.

[*His Ambassador returns.*]

What from the Barons?

Amb. I have search'd their soul,
And to their passions spoke; but spoke in vain.
Haughty and high, like victors from the field,
They speak in thunder, raise the eye to heaven,
And tread with giant steps.

John. So bold and fierce?

Are not my veteran and victorious troops
Superior to a military snob
That never saw a camp?

Amb. Superior far.

But yet their spirit 's high: No terms of truce,
No composition will they now accept.

John. Is not the leader of their army slain?

Amb. Yes: But a braver general succeeds,
The noblest name that Britain now can boast,
The gallant Elvins.

John. Thou hast named a hero.

Amb. Loudly they talk'd of grievances and
wrongs,

And pray'd to pour them in your royal ear.
I named this hour for friendly conference.
Forgive me, gracious King, the time requires
An union with your Barons. Loud and bold
The Dauphin sends defiance to your host,
And gives you battle at the evening hour.
While France prefers a title to your crown,
And comes to claim it with the pointed sword,
My liege, your subjects must not be your foes.

[*Trumpets.*

John. The time will teach us: Hark! the
Barons come.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My liege, the trumpets of the host of
England.

John. (*to his Minister.*) Receive the Barons.

[*He retires into the Royal Tent.*

*Enter ELVINS, ALBEMARLE, ARCHBISHOP, and
BARONS.*

Baron. Darker than the storm
The monarch frown'd, as he could shake the earth,

And move the kingdoms with his sceptred hand.
He does not deign to hear us;

Elaine. He shall hear us.
Loud as the trumpet that awakes the dead,
His people's voice shall thunder in his ears.

King John's Minister. Barons, the sacred Majesty of England,

Still watching for the people's weal, demands
Why you have brought your forces to the field;
Why you've unsheath'd the sword of civil rage;
Against the brother raised the brother's hand,
And arm'd the son against the father's life?

Elaine. Compell'd by dire necessity, at last:
We draw the sword—we draw it for ourselves;
We draw it for our country, for our children,
For every Briton down through every age.

Amb. And do you rise with rash rebellious zeal
To wrest the sceptre from your rightful prince,
The delegate of Heaven?

Elaine. Long live the King,
Our rightful prince! But let the monarch know,
That for his subjects, not himself, he reigns.
Let monarchs ne'er forget, that first the throne
Rose in the camp—the Captain was the King;
He wore the laurel as his only crown,
And away'd the sceptre when he drew his sword.

Amb. And has a monarch not his rights?

Baron. He has—
Even for the rights of majesty we rise.

Amb. Do subjects thus address their sovereign
Lord?

Baron. 'Tis not to thee, but to the King, we
come.

Nor come we supplicants at the throne, to kneel:
We beg not favours; we demand our rights;
Rights ancient, indefensible, divine:

We come to treat, the Barons with the Prince,
The host of England with the royal host.

Ans. Averse to draw the sword, averse to shed
His people's blood, our gracious Sovereign deigns
An hour of audience to his Barons bold.
Whatever suits the dignity of Kings,
The King will grant; your real grievances
The royal ear is open to receive,
The royal hand is stretched to redress.

[*The Royal Tent opens.*]

KING JOHN. (*descending from his Throne.*)

What do my people from their King require?

Elvina. My sovereign liege, the nobles of the
land,

And all your faithful subjects, humbly greet
Your gracious Majesty, who has vouchsafed
To hear their grievances: If we at last
Find grace and favour in our Sovereign's sight,
Our joy will be complete; the civil sword
Will then be sheathed; Britannia rest in peace;
The King be glorious, and the people free.

John. What are the grievances that need redress?

Have I e'er wrong'd you? What are your petitions?

Archb. The ancient peers and barons of the
realm,

The reverend fathers of the Holy Church,
The hoary-headed counsellors of state,
And ministers of law, in council met,
With one consent adopt the plan of rights
Which our forefathers have deliver'd down
A sacred charge, and ratified with blood;
A plan which guards the freedom of the isle,
Which shields the subject, and enthrones the
King.

John. My Lord, it suits not with your holy function

To rise in arms against your lawful prince,
Who might remove the mitre from your head.

Archb. Then he should mark the helmet in its place.

John. Is not the priest the minister of peace?

Archb. The priest of Jesus is the friend of man.

John. And does the friend of man in horrid arms

Let loose the wrath of war, and shake the land
With dire commotion?

Archb. If I judge aright,
From such commotions revolutions rise,
And still will rise, congenial to the isle.
Though Britain's Genius slumber in the calm,
He rears his front to the congenial storm.
The voice of freedom's not a still small voice;
'Tis in the fire, the thunder, and the storm,
The goddess Liberty delights to dwell.
If rightly I foresee Britannia's fate,
The hour of peril is the halcyon hour;
The shock of parties brings her best repose;
Like her wild waves, when working in a storm,
That foam and roar, and mingle earth and heaven,
Yet guard the island which they seem to shake.

Elvire. Most gracious Sovereign, let me interpose.

Look to the host in yonder camp array'd!
In such a cause the sword was never drawn;
And never did the chivalry of England
Arm in such majesty; or pitch their tents
In such a field: No faction for themselves,
But England arming in the cause of freedom.
No vassal train attending on their Lord,

But yeomen, knights, and all the noble youth.
Lo! thousands press on thousands to the field!
From every cloud of dust an army comes;
The nation 's on its march—

John. Unfold your claims.
What does this charter to my subjects grant?

Elvire. (*presenting it to him.*) Our ancient
rights and liberties, derived
Down from Great Alfred through the Saxon line,
Confirm'd and seal'd by Edward the Confessor.

John. (*perusing it in silence.*) Your rights!
your liberties! This is rebellion.
Presumptuous men! Why do you not demand
My kingdom too?

Elvire. We are not foes to kings,
O king of England! have not stretched forth
A rebel hand to overset the throne,
Or of one jewel rob the British crown.
Thine is the kingdom; may it long be thine!
'Tis liberty we ask; 'tis liberty,
The kingdom of the people. Lo! the rights
Our fathers have bequeath'd us. Lo! the rights
Which we bequeath to ages yet unborn.

John. What rights do you, or did your fathers
claim,

But what a king can give and take away?

Elvire. The rights of Britons, and the rights of
men,
Which never king did give, and never king
Can take away. What! if a tyrant prince
May rule at will, and lord it o'er the land,
Where 's the grand charter of the human kind?
Where the high birthright of the brave? and
where
The majesty of man?

John. My ancestor,
William the Norman, won the British crown.
By dint of conquest. How did you obtain
These rights of yours?

Barons. (*drawing their swords.*) By these we
gain'd our rights—
With these we will defend them.

John. Come you thus
To dash rebellion in the sacred face
Of sovereignty, and, kneeling at the throne,
Conspire against the King?

Elvire. May not the King
Conspire against the people?

John. Kings may err ;
But where 's the power superior to the prince ?

Elvire. The King of England is the first of
men :

Yet there 's a power above the King—the laws,
Which, to the monarch, as their subject, say,
“ Thus far, no farther, does thy power extend.”

John. At whose tribunal can a king appear ?

Elvire. At the tribunal of the kingdom.

John. Ha !
Before whose majesty can he be brought ?

Elvire. Before the majesty of all the people.

John. The voice of kings alone should speak of
kings.

Elvire. It is not mine with monarchs to contend.
Our cause is brief. The nation 's up in arms.
The sword is drawn. This day decides our fate !
'Tis liberty, or death !

John. Have you resolved
To shed the blood of England, or to save ?

Elvire. Prepared for peace, prepared for war,
we stand.

Yon camp obeys the signal of their chief,

And, at the motion of my lifted hand,
 Ten thousand swords will lighten in the field.
 My arm is stretched forth, and, if I draw
 The sword, I draw it to be sheathed no more.

John. (after a pause.) Reluctant still to risk my
 people's life,
 Or shed their blood, I stand. Read your peti-
 tions.

Whate'er the laws require, the King will give.

Archb. (holding Magna Charta.) O King! O
 chiefs! O barons bold! O Britons!

This code of freedom is that glorious prize
 For which the nations, from the first of time,
 Have toil'd, have fought, have conquer'd, and
 have bled.—

The sages, lawgivers, and kings of old,
 Minos, Lycurgus, Solon, Numa, Alfred,
 Dion, Epaminondas, Cato, Brutus,
 Founders of nations, fathers of the laws,
 Patriots devoted to the public good,
 Heroes, who for their country fought or bled,
 Martyrs of liberty who died for man,
 The glorious guardians of the human race,
 Look down divine, and, bending from the sky,
 Their hoary figures consecrate the scætic,
 And bless the passing hour.

John. 'Tis well, 'tis well.

What does your purpose aim at?

Archb. To revive

Our ancient liberties; to found anew
 An empire of the laws; restore the rights
 Our ancestors from age to age enjoy'd;
 To settle England on a solid base,
 The land of freedom; firm upon his throne
 To make the sovereign of the British isle
 The greatest monarch of the greatest people.

John. Deliver the particulars of your charter.

Archb. Let every Briton, as his mind, be free,
His person safe, his property secure ;
His house as sacred as the fane of Heaven ;
Watching, unseen, his ever open door,
Watching the realm, the spirit of the laws ;
His fate determined by the rules of right,
His voice enacted in the common voice
And general suffrage of the assembled realm ;
No hand invisible to write his doom ;
No demon starting at the midnight hour,
To draw his curtain, or to drag him down
To mansions of despair. Wide to the world
Disclose the secrets of the prison-walls,
And bid the groanings of the dungeon strike
The public ear. Inviolable preserve
The sacred shield that covers all the land,
The heaven-conferr'd palladium of the isle,
To Briton's sons—the judgment of their peers.
On these great pillars, freedom of the mind,
Freedom of speech, and freedom of the pen,
For ever changing, yet for ever sure,
The base of Britain rests.

John. These are the laws.
Of the Confessor, and to these I give
A free, a full, and sovereign consent.
But, while the foe approaches nigh,
Such a consent would seem the effect of fear,
Or trick of policy. Let us unite,
And join our forces for the hour of war ;
The common foe dispersed, your charter shall be
seal'd.

Elvina. Prompted by duty, we have drawn the
sword
To save our country ; the same sword we draw
To guard our King : In every common cause

Britons will join against their native foes,
And still the people in the King confide.

John. United now, both armies bend their
march

To meet the Dauphin. None so fit I know
[*To Elvine.*]

To lead the war as you, illustrious youth.
The hour of evening bids the trumpets sound.

ALBEMARLE and ELVINE.

Albem. My noble kinsman, hail! I knew thee
not.

Beneath my roof, and with my daughter bred,
Thou wast a son! Alas! at thought of thee
Reproach knocks at my heart. Canst thou for-
give?

I need not ask, for thou art brave, my son.
When we had wrong'd you deeply, sent of Hea-
ven

You came, the better genius of the land,
To save your country.

Elvine. Clad in arms, I came
To do my duty.

Albem. You have saved the land.
Your country, grateful to the sons of fame,
Will charge herself with your illustrious meed.
But, Elvine, how shall ever I repay
The love and friendship you have shewn to me?

Elvine. There's one reward—but 'tis too much
for man;
My highest hope, the treasure of my life—
All that my heart beats for beneath the sun
'Tis yours to give, my Lord.

Albem. Name it, my son.

Elvine. The race of honour I have early run:
I've lived to glory, I would live to love.

Your daughter, fair Elvina—in the days
Of youth I loved her—Were that matchless maid—

Albem. Think of another choice.—Alas! my
son!

This is the pang that parents only feel!— [*Aside.*

Elvine. To me there is no other choice. Ah!
where,

Where shall I find the rose of innocence,
Youth in the flower, or beauty in the bloom,
As in that peerless maid? Is she not fair?

Is she not perfect in the prime of years,
The spring of beauty, and the morn of youth?

Albem. My son! the secret cannot be conceal'd.
I have no daughter—worthy of thy arms.

Elvine. What! God of Heaven! Elvina is
she not

The grace and glory of the female kind,
As angels radiant, and as angels pure?

Albem. I thought so once.

Elvine. Defend me, powers of Heaven!
What has she done?

Albem. Done? she has done a deed
That never can be named—has rent my heart—

Elvine. O! she has been belied. I know her
well.

She is not to be judged by common rules:
She left the crowd of womankind below;
She walk'd aloft in a peculiar path,
And sprung to excellence—

Albem. Alas! my son,
It cannot be conceal'd. The burst of fate
Will come upon thee like the bolt of Heaven.
I cannot utter— [*Delivering a letter.*

These—these will convey
A horrid tale—but words cannot express
A father's anguish for a child that's lost.—

[*He goes out.*

Elvine. (alone, reads the letter.) Tremendous
 this! incredible! impossible!
 These to the Dauphin—after these pretend
 To love me!—God of Nature! what is woman?
 At once to sink the vilest of her sex!
 To plunge precipitant down to the deep
 Of hideous hell, the dungeon of the damn'd!—
 [*Tearing the letter.*]

Thus do I tear her from my soul for ever.
 Where am I now? There's not one beam of hope
 To light me through the infinite abyss!—
 One path there is, which all the brave must tread.
 It smiles upon my sight—down, down, my heart,
 A little while, thou shalt repose in peace,
 Nor feel the blow that false Elvina gave.

ACT V.

SCENE—*A solitary Heath, marked with the ruins of
 an old Castle, here and there a blasted tree.*

ELVINE, EDGAR.

Edgar. Forgive me, noble youth! if I presume
 To rush unbidden on your secret hour.
 Alas! my Lord, you come not near the camp.
 From lovers and from friends you stand afar.
 Even from their tents you turn away your eye.
 Alone you stalk, with a disorder'd step
 And a wild eye, as if indeed you stood
 A friendless man, and outcast from the world.

Elvine. 'Tis past. What have I more to do
 with man?
 I am no member of the living world;
 No friend have I among the human kind.

Edgar. My gracious master! Heaven prevent
my fears!

Alas! my aged heart will burst in twain
To see this day!— [*Bursting into tears.*]

Elvina. Come near me, O my friend!
Say, dost thou know me?

Edgar. Know you? good my Lord!
Descend, ye blessed angels, to his aid.

Elvina. Edgar, the time has been when I was
blest!

That time can come no more. In yonder camp
They think me happy, and they call me great—
—There is not such a wretch in the wide world!—

Edgar. O might I know what wounds your
peace?

Elvina. 'Tis here,
The unseen dart that gives the mortal wound—
The malady of mind—You've known Elvina—
She is a fiend of hell—

Edgar. My gracious master,
If right you study your repose or peace,
O judge not rashly of the maid you love!

Elvina. I judged not rashly. Gods! what would
I give

To think her innocent! But, I've such proof;
Such shining, flaming, damning proof; her hand,
Her own handwriting.—Ah! departed hours
That saw us happy, ye can ne'er return!
The circle of my friends was all my world;
That world has vanish'd—Oh! the dreadful fall
Of those we love from honour and from fame,
Comes like the general wreck—No future time,
Not all the vast variety of thought
Can bring one smiling image to my mind;
Can raise one ray of hope to break the gloom
That closes o'er my head.—From thought to
thought

Restless I plunge ; 'tis darkness ; 'tis despair,
Would I could think no more !—

Edgar. Forget the false one ;
A worthless woman merits not a thought.
Your country calls you. Rise to higher thoughts.
The Dauphin comes.

Elvina. Perdition on his name !—
By Heaven ! he shall not find me unprepared !
O for the trumpet's sound ! that I might rush
To victory, to vengeance, and the grave !
—False as she is, yet I would wish to meet her ;
To see Elvina ere we part for ever !
To pierce her with her perfidy, her baseness ;
To utter all the fulness of my heart,
To vent the secret fondness of my soul !
To let her know how blest she might have been !—
Heaven bless her still !—

Behold she comes ! Depart—

Enter ELVINA.

Elvina. And have I lived to hear the public voice
Proclaim thy praise, and join a people's joy
To hail thee hero of this happy day !
While with the shouts of freedom and of fame
The camp re-echoes, and the nation rings,
Say, Elvina, will the gentle voice of love
Be grateful to thine ear ? From tent to tent,
Round all the camp, I ran to meet my love,
And spring into his arms !

[*He turns aside from her.*
Defend me, Heaven !

What secret stroke has blasted all thy joy
Amid thy fame ? Why dost thou turn thine eyes
From thy Elvina ? Dost thou hide a grief
Which I cannot partake, cannot console ?
O my heart beats for thee ! Look on my face,
O Elvina ! O my love !—

Elvina. I've known the time
When Elvine's name, from his Elvina's voice,
Which knows its tender way yet to my heart,
Would have seduced me from my post in war.
Now thou art changed!—

Elvina. Changed! I can never change.
O Elvine, let me know—

Elvine. Yea. Thou shalt know;
And thou shalt hear me—for the last time hear me;
For to the field of battle straight I go,
From which, if steel can pierce an open breast,
I never shall return. For oh, Elvina!
I cannot wish thee, nor without thee, live!

Elvina. My Lord, thy words I cannot comprehend;

But, oh! I tremble at thy look so wild.

Elvine. Oh! once I loved thee! Gods! Gods!
how I loved thee!

Each night, retiring from the ranks of war,
You came an angel to my constant dream:
The dear idea met me in the morning;
I ne'er put on my armour but I thought
On her whose knight I was, whose scarf I wore.
Even in the wildness of my youthful mind
I never wander'd from Elvina's charms.
While she—O Heavens!

Elvina. Guard me, ye gracious powers!
Dark are your words, but they are daggers, Elvine!
Have I deserved reproach from him I loved?
O it was all my pleasure, all my pride,
My joy in secret, and my public vaunt;
It soothed me in the hour of my despair,
That when your friends forsook you, I alone
Was just and grateful to an injured youth;
More just, more grateful, than he proves to me!

Elvine. The child of fancy, and the fool of love,
What golden scenes I figured to myself!

the day-dreams of my romantic mind,
 thou rose in beauty, smiling by my side,
 thy sweet companion in the path of life,
 the wife of youth, the mistress of my mind,
 the friend that never fail'd. O God! O God!
 the thought was Heaven, when wearied of the
 world,

upon that bosom to recline my head,
 to hear the music of that tender tongue,
 to drink enchantment from those radiant eyes,
 to feel the pressure of those circling arms!
 -My God! from what a dream do I awake!
 the spell is broken, and the vision's fled.
 Witness these tears wrung from a tortured heart,
 the first that Elvina for himself has shed!
 What hast thou done, Elvina?

Elvina. Done, my Lord!
 am afraid you are disturb'd in mind.

Elvina. Disturb'd in mind! Yes, I am disturb'd
 in mind.

the state within which none of all the damn'd
 can bear in burning hell—for I have lost—
 I have lost the treasure of my soul!
 My heart is torn from all that it held dear.

Elvina. I fear some traitor has abused thine ear.
 Name to particulars, I charge thee.—
 Speak.

Elvina. O woman! woman! woman! ask thy
 heart.

Elvina. O Elvina, 'tis a kind one! how it beats!

Elvina. Yes it can beat—can beat for all man-
 kind.

am your fool no more.—

Elvina. Suspicion, Heavens!
 dost thou not know me? What is there on earth
 hereon to rest, but that eternal rock,
 the heart of those we love? And can that fail!—

Alas ! why didst thou save me from the sword,
To kill me thus ? Would I had died this day ;
For then I suffer'd, then I would have died
For thee !——

Elvine. For me ! This is the extreme of guilt ;
The unpardonable crime—serene to give
The front of virtue to the soul of vice.
For me !

Elvina. Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again !
In this last moment, Elvine ! I conjure thee,
By the bless'd memory of what we were ;
By all the tender hours that we have pass'd ;
The days of dearness, and the loves of youth ;
Our fond romantic hopes of future bliss ;
The sighs we breathed in sympathy of soul ;
The tears we mingled in that tender hour
You laid your cheek to mine, and fervent seal'd
The sacred vow of everlasting love,—
By all that's past, I charge thee, tell me, tell
What is that crime, so flagrant and so foul,
To cast me from thy bosom.

Elvine. (*in tender emotion.*) Oh, Elvina !

Elvina. Oh ! by the present sorrows of my soul,
Plaints which have sometimes touch'd a lover's
heart,

Tears, which a tender hand has wiped away—
And am I now an alien to thy love ?
Unfelt, unpitied, canst thou hear my voice
Of lamentation, and unmoved behold
The tears of her thou lovedst ?—

Elvine. Oh, Elvina !
Though lost, I cannot see thee thus.

Elvina. Then thus,
Elvine, I claim my empire in thy arms.

[*Rushing to his arms.*]

Elvine. (*repulsing her.*) Off, off, false woman.

Ah ! there was a time——

Elvina. (*with a broken voice.*) Heavens !

Elvina. Hell! that is thy element.

Elvina. What crime?

Elvina. Oh! infidelity.

Elvina. What villain hath belied me?

Elvina. No villain.

Elvina. Who then?

Elvina. Thy father.

Elvina. What evidence?

Elvina. Thy letter.

Elvina. Where?

Elvina. I tore it in my wrath,
As I will rend that ruffian of a lover,
And give his spirit to the shades of hell.

[*The trumpet sounds for battle.*]

Lady, we part for ever and for ever!

I go without a tear; for thou art fallen

Below the most abandon'd of thy kind.

God! has that sex thy sanction to deceive?

To shew a demon in the shape of heaven,

And look like angels, while they 're devils damn'd?

[*ELVINA standing fixed in astonishment and despair, ALSEMABLE and EMMA come up to her; she faints in their arms.*]

Emma. She's gone! my noble lady, gone!—

Albem. Help, Heaven!

Ye saints and angels, help!

[*Bending over her in silence.*]

Ha! she revives!

Elvina. Where am I now? Ah! it avails me
not,

For I can never be what once I was.

Elvina is parted, never to return.

Albem. The battle is begun. The sword is
drawn.

Convicted of thy falsehood, Elvina goes,

Wild in the field to throw his life away,

And bare his bosom to the certain sword

Held out——

Elvina. He might have known, he should have known,
That his Elvina never would prove false.

Albem. How could he doubt it when I told him so?

Elvina. My father my accuser!

Albem. O, my child!

Thy letter to the Dauphin——

Elvina. To the Dauphin!

No letter to the Dauphin I e'er sent.

Albem. This morn the French ambassador produced it

Before the Barons: We had read it all.

Elvina. O Heaven! that letter was address'd to him,

To Elvine.——

Albem. Elvine? Have a care, my child!——

Elvina. To Elvine it was written.—Emma knows it.

Ha! when I ponder——my disorder'd mind
Forgot the address.—The cursed Ambassador
Supplied the blank, and mark'd it for the Dauphin.

Albem. O, this unfolds the fatal mystery!

My child is innocent. [Taking her in his arms.

Elvina. But I am undone.

Eternal destiny! this is thy work.

Ready to rush upon the certain sword,

He goes devoted—Oh! he never knew

How much I loved him—to distraction loved him!

Knew not the throbs, the palpitations wild,

The unutterable heavings of a heart

Where reign'd his image.—Now to death he goes,

And thinks me false.—O Heaven, amid my woes,

My flowing miseries, for him I weep;

For Elvine is as wretched—as Elvina!

[Sounds heard.

Albem. 'Tis o'er. The signal of pursuit is given.

Emma. Crowds chasing crowds, and flashing arms I see,
And garments stain'd with blood. 'Tis like the storm,
When heaven, and earth, and ocean mingle war.

Enter suddenly EDGAR.

Edgar. The battle's over, and the foe is fled.
Her sudden effort made, vain-glorious France
Forsook the field.

Elvina. Ha! Elvine? Where?

Edgar. Aghast,
Long did he look this way, with aspect wild;
His hands in agony extreme he wrung;
With faltering voice, in broken sounds, he cried,
"I've conquer'd—now I perish—Oh, Elvina!"
Then, with determined hand, his sword he drew,
And instant plunged amid the hostile ranks,
Which closed behind him.

Albem. Ah! illustrious youth,
Cut off untimely in thy bright career,
And all thy honours wither'd in the dust!
Cold in the silent tomb, thou shalt not hear
The song of triumph which thy country sings
In honour of thy deeds; shalt not behold
The tears of England which embalm thy name.
Almighty! where was thine outstretched arm,
When virtue struggled in the toils of fate,
When honour perish'd in the villain's snare?
—Elvina, mute and motionless you stand,
No tender drops bedew thy fixed eye;
A sullen sorrow darkens all thy features.
Ah! save me, Heaven, from that foreboding
look—

My daughter, shun the hour of desperation.
Let us withdraw our steps.

Elvina. Ay—to the grave.

Albem. O look not on me with that eye forlorn!

Elvina. Never, ah! never shall I see him more.

Albem. No friend, no comforter have I on earth
But thee, my child! My daughter, live for me.—

Elvina. It glooms! shall I not find thee in the
tomb?

Oh! Elvine, Elvine!

Enter suddenly ELVINE.

Elvine. Here I am, Elvina—

Forgive me, O my love! I knew thee not.
I sought the Dauphin through the ranks of war;
We fought; he fell the victim of my sword—
It was the Ambassador, like him array'd,
Who told his guilt; thy innocence; and died.
Angelic goodness! What can e'er atone
For foul suspicion of thy spotless fame;
Thou fairest, and thou best of womankind?

Elvina. Words cannot speak the language of
my heart.

'Twas fatal destiny. Yet, Elvine, know,
The pang which pierced me most, was what thou
felt.

Elvine. Look on the past as but a dreary dream;
Oh! let me find forgiveness in thy arms!

[*Embracing.*

Albem. Heaven bless you both, my children!
Now, in peace

My hoary head shall to the grave descend.

*Enter in procession, ARCHBISHOP, BARONS,
KNIGHTS.*

*Archb. (with Magna Charta in his hand. To
Elvine.)*

By thee, great chief, the victory is won.

And lo! the charter of our freedom seal'd!
 To Heaven, to Heaven ascend eternal praise!—
 Barons, the tears which trickle from those eyes
 Are patriot drops; for Britain now is free!

Albem. Let unborn ages echo to the sound!
 Now England, rising from the dust, resumes
 Her name among the nations, and unfolds
 The page of glory to remotest time.

The memory of this day will raise a race
 Of daring spirits in the dregs of time;
 A nation of the brave, a kingly people,
 Bold in the cause of freedom and their fathers,
 And for their country prodigal of blood.

Archb. (*in emotion.*) From future time the veil
 is drawn aside.

The hidden volume opens to mine eye,
 And lo! they rise!

Albem. He trembles, and he glows,
 Like ancient prophets when they felt the God.

Archb. Barons, this glorious day, this hallow'd
 ground

Shall never be forgot:—To Runnamede,
 The field of freedom, Britain's sons shall come,
 Shall tread where heroes and where patriots trod,
 To worship as they walk!

Albem. Rapt into heaven,
 High visions pass before the holy man;
 His tranced accent is the voice divine.

Archb. The day of Britain now begins to dawn,
 Red in its rise. Heaven opens: And behold
 The hours of glory and the morn of men
 Ascending o'er the globe. An era new,
 The last of ages, now begins to roll,
 The reign of liberty. The Goddess comes
 Down from high heaven; her garment dyed in
 blood;

The sword refulgent in her lifted hand:

She looks ; and fixes, never to remove,
Her throne and sceptre in Britannia's isle.

Elvire. O blest of Heaven, who shall behold
the day
Of Britain shine ?

Archb. The Queen of Isles behold,
Sitting sublime upon her rocky throne,
The region of the storms ! She stretches forth
In her right hand the sceptre of the sea,
And in her left the balance of the earth.
The guardian of the globe, she gives the law :
She calls the winds, the winds obey her call,
And bear the thunder of her power, to burst
O'er the devoted lands, and carry fate
To kings, to nations, and the subject world.
Above the Grecian or the Roman name,
Unlike the great destroyers of the globe,
She fights and conquers in fair Freedom's cause.
Her song of victory the nations sing :
Her triumphs are the triumphs of mankind.

THE SHIPWRECK,

BY

WILLIAM FALCONER.



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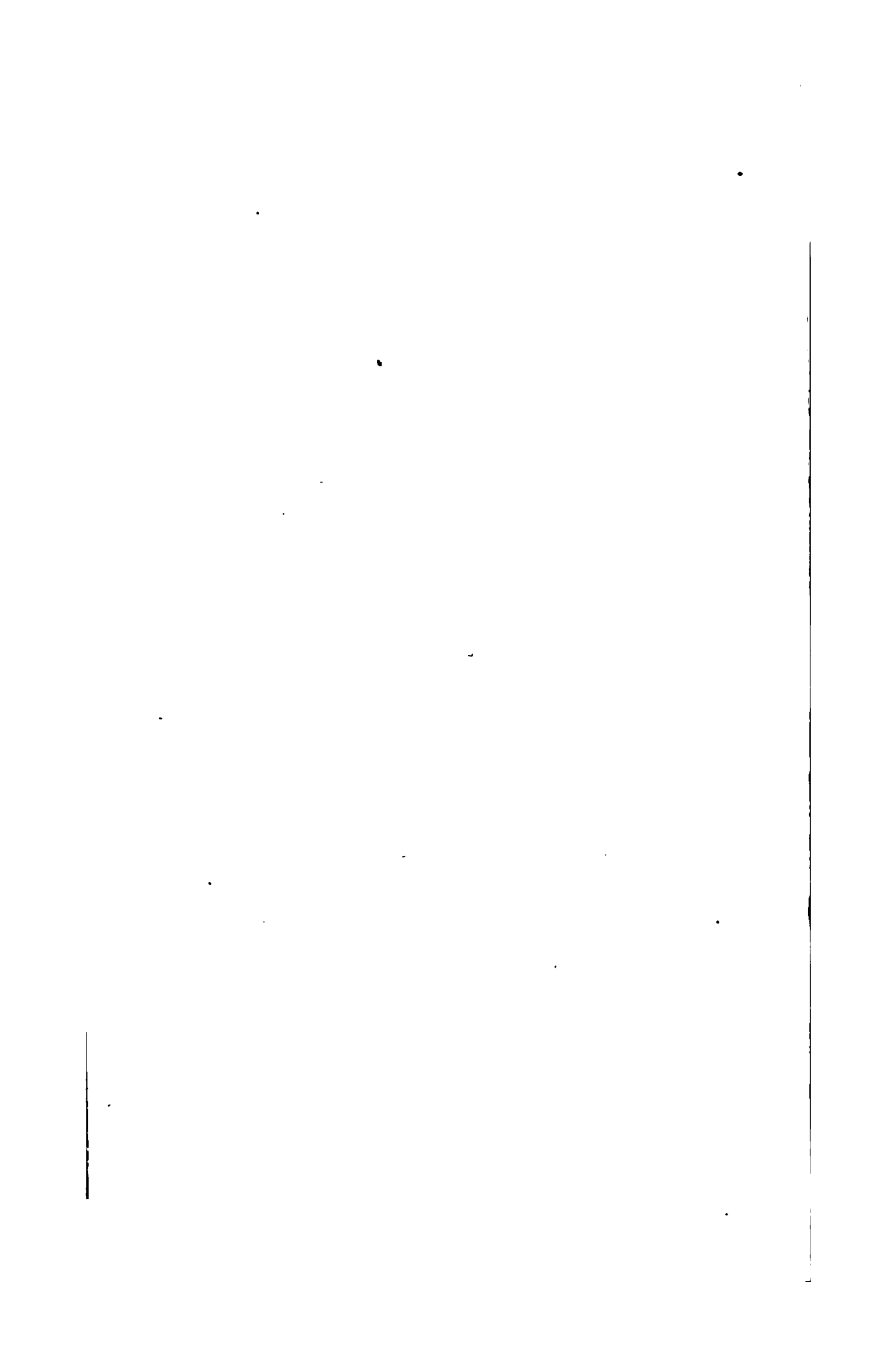




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BY

WILLIAM FALCONER.



LIFE
OF
WILLIAM FALCONER.

WILLIAM FALCONER, the author of the *Shipwreck*, was born at Edinburgh in 1730. His father, who was very poor, and followed the profession of a barber, had a large family, who were all either deaf or dumb, with the exception of William. William's education consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic: to these he himself afterwards added a slight knowledge of the French, Spanish, Italian, and German languages.

When still young he entered on board a merchant vessel at Leith, in which he served an apprenticeship. After this he became servant to Campbell, the author of *Lexiphaea*, who was purser of a ship. Falconer continued in the merchant service till 1762, in which year he published "*The Shipwreck*," a work which has immortalised his name. It is evident that this poem was founded on circumstances which had actually occurred to the author; but the real narrative of his shipwreck has always remained unknown. The poem became exceedingly popular; it was dedicated to his Royal Highness Edward Duke of York, who was an admiral in the navy, and at whose recommendation Falconer soon after left the merchant

service, and became a midshipman on board the *Royal George*. This vessel was paid off at the peace in 1763; and Falconer, in the course of the same year, was appointed purser of the *Glory* frigate. He soon afterwards married a young lady, Miss Hicks, who survived him. In 1767 he was appointed from the *Glory* to the *Swiftsure*.

Falconer published in 1769 a *Universal Dictionary of the Marine*. At this period he resided in London, supporting himself chiefly by his literary labours; and it is said that he wrote occasionally in the *Critical Review*, then edited by Mallet the poet. Mr Murray, the father of the present celebrated publisher, on succeeding to Mr Sandby's business in Fleet-street, offered Falconer a share, which he declined.

While engaged in preparing a third edition of the *Shipwreck*, our marine poet was appointed purser to the *Aurora* frigate, Captain Lee. She was under orders to carry out Mr Vansittart and the other commissioners to India. Falconer sailed with her on the 30th September 1769: They arrived safe at the Cape of Good Hope, which they left on the 27th December following, and were heard of no more. It was supposed that the vessel had foundered in the Mosambique channel. Thus was Falconer cut off in the prime of life, and with considerable prospects of promotion. But this was only one among the many instances of the instability of all merely human expectations!

Falconer, however, has left a name behind him that will last with the English language; for the *Shipwreck* is throughout a pure, and elegant, and truly beautiful poem.

J.

Edinburgh, 21st October 1823.

THE SHIPWRECK:

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Proposal of the subject. Invocation. Apology. Allegorical description of Memory. Appeal to her assistance. The story begun. Retrospect of the former part of the voyage. The ship arrives at Candia. Ancient state of that island. Present state of the adjacent isles of Greece. The season of the year. Character of the master and his officers. Story of Palemon and Anna. Evening described. Mid-night. The ship weighs anchor, and departs from the haven. State of the weather. Morning. Situation of the neighbouring shores. Operation of taking the sun's azimuth. Description of the vessel as seen from the land.

*The Scene is near the City of Candia ; and the Time about
Four Days and a Half.*

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms ;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll,
Along his trembling wave, 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, retired 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 the exalted strain,
 Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain ;
 But, o'er the scene while pale Remembrance

weeps,

Fate with fell tripph rides upon the deeps.
 Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
 And lawless floods rebel 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 !
 If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
 In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
 To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
 And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain ;
 Or listen, while the enchant'ing voice of Love,
 While all Elysium warbled through the grove :
 O ! by the hollow blast that moans around,
 That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound ;
 By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
 Whose vaults re-murmur 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 wintry 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 the eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns far ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,"*
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coast of savage Labrador.
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus,† laved by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measured 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 the Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale Famine blasts the hopeful year,
Pursued of Want and Misery severe;
Or where, all dreadful in the embattled 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—
Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive Fate
Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate!
Roused by her mandate, storms of black array
Winter'd the morn' of life's advancing day;
Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling spark of vital fire.—
Thus while forgotten or unknown he woo'd,
What hope to win the coy, reluctant Muse?

* Shakspeare.

† Darien.

Then let not Censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble bope destroy!
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptured 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 power that wakes the 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 Lethe'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 elapsed are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er the obscured idea pours the light!
Whose wing unerring glides through time and place,
And trackless scours the immensity of space!

Say, on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befel,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores!
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasured stores!

A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
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 warn'd full oft the slippery tract to shun,
Yet hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
Beguiled to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy resign'd.
Long absent they, from friends and native home,
The cheerless ocean were inured to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success;
Still to atone for toils and hazards past,
Restored them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across the equator roll'd 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 view'd,
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.
 A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
 That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

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

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

Eternal Powers ! what ruins from afar
 Mark the fell tract of desolating War !
 Here Art 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 appear'd.—
 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 rude Oppression quench'd its genial fires ;
 But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
 Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
 What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles !
 There Hope ne'er dawns, and Pleasure never
 smiles ;

The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
 And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
 A seventh year scorn 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,
Call forth the avenging chiefs of Greece to arms :
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While Sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.
Those charms, so long renown'd 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 wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand ;
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand :
For sickening vapours hush 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,
Ofte deems the prelude of approaching storms.
True to his trust, when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the master's soul appals ;
The advancing season warns him to the main—
A captive, fetter'd 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 best abode ;
 With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
 And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
 Experienced Albert held the chief command ;
 Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
 Was yet by soft humanity refined.
 Each joy of wedded love at home he knew ;
 Abroad, confest 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 repell'd ;
 Or point her devious track through climes unknown,
 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 diminish'd force ;
 While on the margin of declining day
 Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
 Inured to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
 The chief beheld tempestuous ocean roll ;
 His genius, ever for the event prepared,
 Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore ;
 A hardy son of England's furthest 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 bar * 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 relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was ; by learning unrefined,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind :
Boisterous of manners ; train'd 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, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell.
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unballow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew :

* A bar is known in Hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand 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.

Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud ;
Bold without caution, without honours proud :
In art unschool'd ; each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd 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 retord a name
That courts no rank among the sons of Fame?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danced to Nature's boundless charms :
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower ;
But frowning Fortune, with untimely blast,
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more ;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the untravell'd 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 remembrances bleed at every vein.

Such were the pilots—tutor'd to divine
The untravell'd course by geometric line;
Train'd to command and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of Polity scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd 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:
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent;
The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the umbrage 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.
In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame:
With grief and anger struggling in his breast
Palemon's father heard the tale confest;
Long had he listen'd with Suspicion's ear,
And learnt, agonious, 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,
 With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade
 That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid:
 Indignant he rebuked the enamour'd boy,
 The flattering promisee 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 ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
 With all her powers, enchanting Music fail'd,
 And Pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
 The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,

In look and voice assumed an harsher strain;
 In absence now his only hope remain'd,
 And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom:
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
 No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind:
 To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.
 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:
 From clime to clime an exile doom'd 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 renowned,

In Alexandria's port the vessel found ;
Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft, by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him Palemon kept the watch of night !
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.
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,
Recall'd to memory by the adjacent shore.
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quickening ore ;
For in one tide their passions seem'd 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 undistinguish'd crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppress,
And held the unwilling ship in strong arrest.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray :
Relax'd 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 canvass 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 crown'd;
 The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
 The ruin'd 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 as-
 sail'd,
 Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd;
 While thundering mines the lovely plains o'er-
 turn'd,
 While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.
 But now before them happier scenes arise!
 Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes:
 Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
 Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
 The myrtles here with fond caresses twine;
 There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
 And lo! the stream renown'd in classic song,
 Sad Lethæ, glides the silent vale along.
 On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
 The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:
 Soft o'er the fairy region Languor stole,
 And with sweet Melancholy charm'd the soul.
 Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
 For consolation on his friend reclined,
 In Pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
 Of Love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme:

* The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever-memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks, in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable in the universe.

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 betray'd !
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, with 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,
Her anxious parents all their cares applied :
Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,
No vice untuned, no sickening folly stain'd.
Not fairer grows the hly of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale :
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms ;
Her face, in Beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
The smile of maiden-innocence express'd ;
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, array'd 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 throb'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 betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid ;
While the dim light my ravish'd 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 stray'd,
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 reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd.

While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved ;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart !
My suit prevail'd ; for Love inform'd 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 labour'd 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 aim'd 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 fix'd ; 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's 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;
Joy distant still, and sorrow 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 confest! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
The impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
O ye! whose melting hearts are form'd 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 impress,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flash'd 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;

Form'd 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 stray'd
 To joys decreed for some superior maid :
 'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of Grief,
 Where never gentle hopes afford relief.
 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 daughter of the town,
 With Fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown ;
 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 shower'd celestial grace.
 Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
 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
 Consign'd 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,
That 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'erwhelm'd 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 cruel haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu !
As on my neck the afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand wracking doubts her spirit wrung.
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas ! the wandering lover's grave !

With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear.
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her soul to Heaven in suppliant sighs :
Look down with pity, O ye Powers above !
Who hear the sad complaints 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-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain !
Bid every guardian minister attend,
And from all ill the much-loved youth defend !
With grief o'erwhelm'd, we parted twice in vain,
And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel Fortune torn apart,
While tender passion stream'd in either heart ;
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
One sad farewell, one sad 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,
While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.

His tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief
Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.

The hapless bird, thus ravish'd 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.

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 faithless main
Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane !

May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love.
Oh! warn'd by Friendship's counsel, learn to
shun

The fatal path where thousands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention roused, Ariën eyed
The graceful lover, form'd in Nature's pride.
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd;
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd;
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
With lighten'd 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!

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay:
Blithe skipping o'er yon 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, hush'd, 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 yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;

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 :
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main.
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 the homely strain :
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud ;
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne ;
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevail'd ;
Oft deem'd 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,
Approach'd the sacred hymeneal fane :
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp and weeping loves are seen !
Now with Palemen up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd ; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love ;
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd 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 cavern'd rocks reply !
 Roused from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the windlass arm.*
 The order given, up-springing with a bound,
 They lodge their bars, and wheel the engine round ;
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
 Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave,
 The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
 Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
 And high in air the canvass wings extend :
 Redoubling cords the lofty canvass guide,
 And through inextricable mazes glide.
 The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
 To light the vessel o'er the silver stream :
 Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
 From east to north the transient breezes play,
 And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
 A calm ensues ; they dread the adjacent shore,
 The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before :
 With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.†
 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, her lamp pale glimmering on the
 sight,
 Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night.

* The windlass is a sort of large roller, used to wind-in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically by a number of long bars or levers ; in which operation, it is prevented from recolling, by the pauls.

† Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward, by means of ropes, extending from her forepart to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
 But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
 Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
 Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight :
 North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
 And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.

With whining postures, now the wanton sails
 Spread all their snares to charm the inconstant
 gales.

The swelling stud-sails * now their wings extend,
 Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend ;
 While all to court the wandering breeze are
 placed ;

With yards now thwarting, now obliquely 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 rules of art apply,

The mystic needle's devious aim to try.

The compass placed to catch the rising ray,†

The quadrant's shadows studious they survey !

Along the arch the gradual index slides,

While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides :

Now, seen on Ocean's utmost verge to swim,

He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.

Their sage experience thus explores the height

And polar distance of the source of light :

* Studding-sails are long, narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square sails. Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

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

Then through the chilled's wiple mass they trace
 The analogy that proves the magnet's place.
 The wayward steel, to truth thus reconciled,
 No more the attentive pilot's eye beguiled.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
 Majestically slow, before the breeze,
 In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
 Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
 While trembling through the green translucent
 stretch.

The wales,* that close above in contrast show,
 Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
 Britannia riding awful on the prow,
 Gazed o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd 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 vanquish'd
 main.

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

* The wales, here alluded to, are an assemblage of strong planks which envelop the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of heaps, which separates the bottom from the upper works.

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 glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
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 frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Emblem'd 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 controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high pourtray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius in the youth express
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd:
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
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,
Brandish'd the unconquer'd 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
Flush'd like the meteors of her native sky;
Her crest, high plumed, was rough with many a
scar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame:

Loosè o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
Renown'd in song—the terror of the foe!
The sword, that oft the barbarous north defied,
The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corslet 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 gulf 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—over head
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,
Perch'd 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 stretch'd ber winged sail;
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale:
High o'er the poop the flattering winds unfurl'd
The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
Then tower'd the masts; the canvass swell'd 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.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land. The gale continues. A water-spout. Beauty of a dying dolphin. The ship's progress along the shore. Wind strengthens. The sails reduced. A shoal of porpoises. Last appearance of Cape Spado. Sea rises. A squall. The sails further diminished. Mainsail split. Ship bears away before the wind. Again hauls upon the wind. Another mainsail fitted to the yard. The gale still increases. Top-sails furled. Top-gallant yards sent down. Sea enlarges. Sun-set. Courses reefed. Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard-arm. Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation. Resolute behaviour of the sailors. The ship labours in great distress. The artillery thrown overboard. Dismal appearance of the weather. Very high and dangerous sea. Severe fatigue of the crew. Consultation and resolution of the officers. Speech and advice of Albert to the crew. Necessary disposition to veer before the wind. Disappointment in the proposed effect. New dispositions equally unsuccessful. The mizen-mast cut away.

The Scene lies in the Sea, between Cape Freschin, in Candia, and the island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado. The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

ANIZU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell serene !
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
With summer crown'd the Elysian valleys smile !
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.

For these, alas ! reluctant I forego,
To visit storms and elements of woe !
Ye tempests ! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul !
In black progression, lo ! they hover near—
Hail, social Horrors ! like my fate severe !
Old Ocean, hail ! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplored, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me !
Ye native guardians of your country's laws !
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause !
The muse invites you, judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,
Her steps intrepid, meet the trying hour.—

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
Rodmond, exulting, felt the suspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confined.
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul :
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes !
Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
Even they the impressive dart of Love can feel,
Whose stubborn souls are sheathed in triple steel.
Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects the approaching youth.
In distant bosoms equal ardours glow ;
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising on the view ;

When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column, towering, shoot on high.
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror through the skies.
The swift rotation and the enormous train
Let sages versed in Nature's lore explain !
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surges fly :
The guns were primed—the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears.
The nitre fired ; and while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around,
The watery volume, trembling to the sky,
Bursts down a dreadful deluge from on high ;
The affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclosed the abyss of hell.
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now the increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear,
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvass, all around supplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide ;
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam'd refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling masses wheels along,
And glides, unhappy ! near the triple prong.
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends.

Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
The up-turning points his ponderous bulk sustain ;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike the astonish'd sight !
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light !
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impearl the enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem'd to glow ;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue ;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray—
What terms of Art can Nature's powers display ?
Now, while on high the freshening gale she feels,
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
The auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations sink by slow degrees.
The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fix'd attention eyes the adjacent shore ;
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The wind, that still the impressive canvass swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
Till, far behind, the hill of Jove is lost :
And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove
That once enclosed the hallow'd fane of Jove.

Here, too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.
This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
The trembling states around to slavery broke,
Through Greece, for murder, rape, and incest
known,

The Muses raised to high Olympus' throne.
For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
The prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn.
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercastr;
The blackening ocean curls; the winds arise;
And the dark scud * in swift succession flies;
While the swollen canvass bends the masts on high,
Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie: †
The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
Reduce the top-sails by a single reef. ‡
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels;
Down the tall masts the top-sails sink amain,
And, soon reduced, assume their post again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore;
And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

* Scud is a name given by seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in squally or tempestuous weather.

† When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which it acts is called the weather-side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is called the lee-side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated; as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

‡ The top-sails are large square sails, of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone :
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
A squall deep lowering blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the top-sails can no more sustain :
" Reef top-sails, reef !" the boatswain calls again.
The haliards * and top-bow-lines † soon are gone,
To clue-lines ‡ and reef-tackles next they run :
The shivering sails descend, and now they square
The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.
The weather-earings § and the lee they past ;
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant the approaching squall attend.
It comes resistless, and, with foaming sweep,
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward Sisters scour the blasted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.

* Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady, and to prevent it from shaking in unfavourable wind.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues, or lower corners of the principal sails to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed, or furled. Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef close up to the yard, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up and fastened to the yard by the points employed for this purpose.

§ Earings are small cords, by which the upper corners of principal sails, and also the extremities of the reefs, are fastened to the yard-arms.

Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies—
 "Brail up the mizen,* quick!" the master cries,
 "Man the clue-garnets!† let the main-sheet‡ fly!"—
 The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
 And swift, and fatal, as the lightning's course,
 Through the torn mainsail bursts with thundering
 force.

While the rent canvass flutter'd in the wind,
 Still on her flank the stooping bark inclined.
 "Bear up the helm || a-weather!" Rodmond cries;
 Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
 The prow, with secret instinct, veers apace;
 And now the foresail right athwart they brace;
 With equal sheets restrain'd, the belling sail
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
 While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
 The attentive timoneer § the helm applies.
 As in pursuit along the aerial way,
 With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
 Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
 Obliquely wheeling through the liquid space;

* The mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure, extended upon the mizen-mast.

† Clue-garnets are employed for the same purposes on the mainsail and foresail as the clue-lines are upon all other square sails. See note †, page 274.

‡ It is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by the English poets and their readers for the sails themselves, are no other than the ropes used to extend the clues or lower corners of the sails to which they are attached. To the mainsail and foresail there is a sheet and a tack on each side; the latter of which is a thick rope, serving to confine the weather-clue of the sail down to the ship's side, whilst the former draws out the lea-clue or lower corner on the opposite side. Tacks are only used in a side wind.

|| The helm is said to be *a-weather*, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the side of the ship next the wind.

§ Timoneer (from *timonier*, Fr.) the helmsman or steersman.

So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast.

The helm to starboard * turns—with wings inclined,
The sidelong canvass claps the faithless wind :
The mizen draws, she springs aloof once more,
While the fore-staysail † balances before.

The foresail braced obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow the extended tack confined ;
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit end.
To top-sails next they haste—the bunt-lines gone,
The clue-lines through their wheel'd machinery
run ;

On either side below the sheets are mann'd :
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand.
Once more the top-sails, though with humbler
plume,

Mounting aloft, their ancient post resume.
Again the bow-lines and the yards are braced, ‡
And all the entangled cords in order placed.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering, is unbent.

With brails ¶ refix'd another soon prepared,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.

* The helm being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and *vice versa*. Hence the helm being put a-starboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

† This sail, which is with more propriety called the fore-topmast-staysail, is a triangular sail, that runs upon the fore-topmast stay, over the bowsprit. It is used to command the fore part of the ship, and counterbalance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

‡ A yard is said to be braced when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left ; the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called *braces*.

¶ The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached, are, in general sense, called *brails*.

To each yard-arm the head-rope * they extend,
 And soon their earings and their roebins † bend.
 That task perform'd, they first the braces ‡ slack,
 Then to its station drag the unwilling tack ;
 And while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
 Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay. ||

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
 A troop of porpoises their course explore ;
 In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
 Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide. .
 Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
 That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
 These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
 When threatening clouds the ethereal vault de-
 face,

Their rout to leeward still sagacious form,
 To shun the fury of the approaching storm.

Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
 Protects the vessel from the insulting sea :
 Round her broad arms, impatient of control,
 Roused from their secret deeps, the billows roll.
 Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
 And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
 The flattering wind that late, with promised aid,
 From Candia's bay the unwilling ship betray'd,
 No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
 But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.
 Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
 And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.

* The head-rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

† Rope-hands, pronounced roebins, are small cords, used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

‡ Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

|| *Taught* implies stiff, tense, or extended straight ; and *tally* is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling *aft* the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. *To belay*, is to fasten.

As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
 Exulting, prances to the bloody fray,
 Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
 But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight:
 Even so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
 The bounding vessel dances on the tide.
 Fierce and more fierce the southern demon blew,
 And more incensed the roaring waters grew.
 The ship no longer can her top-sails spread,
 And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
 Bow-lines and haliards are relax'd again;
 Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain;
 Clued up each top-sail, and by braces squared;
 The seamen climb aloft on either yard.
 They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind
 The yard by rolling tackles * then confined.
 While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
 Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries:
 Prompt to direct the unskilful still appears;
 The expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
 Now some, to strike top-gallant-yards † attend,
 Some, travellers ‡ up the weather-backstays § send;
 At each mast-head the top-ropes § others bend.

* The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pulleys, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

† It is usual to send down the top-gallant-yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

‡ Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the backstays, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant-yards, by confining them to the backstays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

§ Backstays are long ropes extending from the right and left side of the ship to the top-mast heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effect of the wind upon the sails.

¶ Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant-yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

The youngest sailors from the yards above
 Their parrels,* lifts,† and braces soon remove :
 Then topt an-end, and to the travellers tied,
 Charged with their sails, they down the backstay
 slide,

The yards secure along the booms‡ reclined,
 While some the flying cords aloft confined.
 Their sails reduced, and all the rigging clear,
 Awhile the crew relax from toils severe.
 Awhile the spirits, with fatigue oppress,
 In vain expect the alternate hour of rest :
 But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
 And watery hills in fell succession flow ;
 A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies ;
 New troubles grow, new difficulties rise.
 No season this from duty to descend !
 All hands on deck, the eventful hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
 Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray ;
 His sickening fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
 Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze ;
 Till deep immersed the languid orb declines,
 And now to cheerless night the sky resigns !
 Sad evening's hour, how different from the past !
 No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast ;
 No ray of friendly light is seen around ;
 The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can her courses § bear ;
 To reef the courses is the master's care :

* The parrel, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

† Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter ; to retain it in balance ; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called *topping*.

‡ The booms, in this place, imply any masts or yards lying on deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by stress of weather, &c.

§ The courses are generally understood to be the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails of

The sailors, summon'd aft, a daring band !
 Attend the enfolding brails at his command.
 But here the doubtful officers dispute,
 Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.
 Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
 The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
 Still to the hostile fury of the wind
 Released the sheet, and kept the tack confined ;
 To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
 He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
 But the sage master this advice declines ;
 With whom Arion in opinion joins.
 " The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
 On sure experience may with truth rely,
 Who from the reigning cause foretels the effect,
 This barbarous practice ever will reject.
 For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
 Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale ;
 And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
 Will never first embrail the lee-yard-arm."
 The master said ;—obedient to command,
 To raise the tack, the ready sailors stand.*
 Gradual it loosens, while the involving clue,
 Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
 The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by ;†
 The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply.
 Thus all prepared,—*Let go the sheet !* he cries ;
 Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies :

their several masts ; the term is, however, sometimes taken in a larger sense.

* It has been remarked before, in note †, p. 275, that the tack is always fastened to windward ; accordingly, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard ; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.

† It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast off, to preserve the sail from shaking violently.

Shivering at first, till, by the blast impell'd,
 High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass swell'd;
 By spilling lines † embraced, with brails con-
 fined,

It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
 The foresail then secured with equal care,
 Again to reef the mainsail they repair.
 While some, high-mounted, overhaul the tie,
 Below the down-haul tackle ‡ others ply.
 Jears, § lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
 Along the mast the willing yard descends.
 When lower'd sufficient, they securely brace,
 And fix the rolling-tackle in its place;
 The reef-lines § and their earings now prepared,
 Mounting on pliant shrouds, ¶ they man the yard.
 Far on the extremes two able hands appear,
 Arion there, the hardy boatswain here;
 That in the van to front the tempest hung;
 This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omened ! clung.

† The spilling lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

‡ The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot easily be lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle. See note *, p. 278.

§ Jears are the same to the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, as the haliards (note *, p. 274.) are to all inferior sails. The tie is the upper part of the jears.

¶ Reef-lines are only used to reef the mainsail and foresail. They are passed in spiral turns through the eyelet-holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the ropebands till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

¶ Shrouds are thick ropes, stretching from the mast-heads downwards to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as a range of rope-ladders, by which the seamen ascend or descend, to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

Each earing to its station first they bend ;
 The reef-band † then along the yard extend :
 The circling earings, round the extremes entwined,
 By outer and by inner turns ‖ they bind.
 From hand to hand, the reef-lines next received,
 Through eyelet-holes and roebin-legs were reeved ;
 The reef in double folds involved they lay,
 Strain the firm cord, and either end delay.

Hadst thou, Arion ! held the leeward post,
 While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
 Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
 Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil.
 But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
 Sesever ill to suffer and relate !
 For, while their orders those aloft attend,
 To furl the mainsail, or on deck descend,
 A sea § up-surg'ing with tremendous roll,
 To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.
 " O friends ! secure your hold !" Arion cries ;
 It comes all-dreadful, stooping from the skies !
 Uplifted on its horrid edge she feels
 The shock, and on her side half-buried reels :
 The sail, half-buried in the whelming wave,
 A fearful warning to the seamen gave :
 While from its margin, terrible to tell !
 Three sailors, with their gallant boatswain, fell.
 Torn with restless fury from their hold,
 In vain their struggling arms the yard infold :
 In vain to grapple flying cords they try,
 The cords, alas ! a solid gripe deny !

† The reef-band is a long piece of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvass in the place where the eyelet-holes of the reef are formed.

‖ The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along the yard ; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head.

§ A Sea is the general name given by sailors to a single wave, and hence, when a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have *shipped a sea*.

Prone on the midnight surge, with panting
breath,

They cry for aid, and long contend with Death :
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep !
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee ;
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan ;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own !

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clasping tide ;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found ;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er—
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore !
Should they, though reef'd, again their sails ex-
tend,

Again in fluttering fragments they may rend ;
Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain
The down-press'd ship may never rise again ;
Too late to weather now Mores's * land,
Yet verging fast to Athens' rocky strand.
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.
Long in their minds revolving each event,
At last to furl the courses they consent :
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try,† beneath it, sidelong in the sea.

* To weather a shore, is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

† To try, is to lay the ship, with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward ; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position. See a farther illustration of this in the last note of this Canto.

Now down the mast the sloping yard declined,
Till by the jears and topping-lift* confined;
The head with doubling canvass fenced around,
In balance near the lofty peak, they bound.
The reef enwrapt, the inserted knittles tied,
To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hied.
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd;
The brails relax'd, the extended sheet belay'd;
The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee,†
Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine implored his consort lost;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And Fates and Furies stood to bar his way;
Not more adventurous was the attempt, to move
The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine, to bid the unwilling Muse explore
The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.
Such toil the unwearied Dædalus endured,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immured;
Till Art her salutary help bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode.
Thus long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the sweet Pærian lay,
'The Muse, that tuned to barbarous sounds her
string,
Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

* The topping-lift, which tops the upper end of the misen-yard (see note †, p. 279). This line and the six following describe the operation of reefing and balancing the misen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines used in the room of points for this purpose (see note †, p. 273, and note †, p. 274); they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the sail.

† Lashed a-lee, is fastened to the lee-side. See note †, p. 273.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
That scatters desolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear.
Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post ;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appal ;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all !
But even the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave :
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their harass'd powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the master's mind employ ;
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful task ! for no asylum traced
A passage open'd from the watery waste.
Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.
While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
" Secure your lives ! grasp every man a shroud !"
Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes
aghast ;

When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dis sever'd ruins lie.
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,

Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone :
Thus the torn vessel felt the enormous stroke ;
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
The extended cordage all asunder springs.
The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
The balanced mizen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled ;
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams.
They sound the well,* and, terrible to hear !
Five feet immersed along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,†
And turn by turn the ungrateful office take.
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon here,
At this sad task, all diligent appear.
As some fair castle shook by rude alarms,
Opposes long the approach of hostile arms ;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way ;
Till, in some destined hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall :
The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend,
And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend.
Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
Resolved till death their sacred charge to guard.
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help, incessant, by rotation lend :

* The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to enclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

† The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

But all in vain,—for now the sounding cord,
Updrawn, as undiminish'd depth explored.
Nor this severe distress is found alone;
The ribs oppress'd by ponderous cannon groan.
Deep rolling from the watery volcano's height,
The tortured aides seem bursting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse through his sails sears the infernal
flame,

And central thunders rend his groaning frame.
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate vindictive all their skill defies.
One only remedy the season gave,
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms, thus the artillery
thrown,

Eased of their load, the timbers less shall groan:
But arduous is the task their lot requires;
A task that hovering Fate alone inspires:
For, while intent the yawning decks to save,
That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon the eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give!—
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side:

Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
Like some strong watch-tower, nodding o'er the
deep,

Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untamed he stood ; the stern aerial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,*
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbraced,
And pointed crows beneath the metal placed.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel'd the artillery round ;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile :
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship, thus eased, some little respite finds
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.
Such ease Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
The envenom'd mantle from his side he tore ;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel Fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procured,
Sad harbinger of seven-fold pangs endured !
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found :
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the sight,
Flash through the gloom a pale disastrous light.
Above, all ether, fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below ;

* The waist of a ship of this kind is a hollow space about five feet in depth, between the elevations of the quarter deck and fore-castle, and having the upper deck for its base, or platform.

Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies :
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half-swallow'd in the black profound !
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress'd,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess'd !
For while, with boundless inundation, o'er
The sea-beat ship the involving waters roar,
Displaced beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume ;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove,
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking strokes resound,
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd.
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems ;
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems.

Again the chief the instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figured plain attentive bends :
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne :
But here, alas ! his science nought avails ;
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid ;
Then the broad angle of lee-way * explored,
As swept across the graduated chord.

* The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which the ship is driven side-ways at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.

Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart,
When Falconera's rugged isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound ;
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost :
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal,
When some proud city verges to her fall ;
While Ruin glares around, and pale Affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night.—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars raised aloft their head ;
But here the Queen of Shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view !
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and
shower ;

Black Melancholy ruled the fearful hour !
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Enclosed with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood :
Skill'd to command, deliberate to advise ;
Expert in action, and in counsel wise ;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd.

“ Ye faithful mates, who all my troubles share,
Approved companions of your master's care !
To you, alas ! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well :
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft ;
No skill nor long experience could forecast
The unseen approach of this destructive blast.

These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, the occasion, all your skill demands ;
A leaky ship, embay'd by dangerous lands :
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds ;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find ;
To shun the fury of the seas and wind :
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more :
Yet this or other ills she must endure ;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure !
Thus two expedients, offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice :
These only in our power are left to try ;
To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
To me consign'd, my orders only wait ;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign :
Forbid it, Heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power !
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay ;
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale :
For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
Our drows'd ship may founder by the lee ;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
The o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame de-
vour."

He said : the listening mates, with fix'd regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending Fate.

Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried,
Yet now, the hour, the scene, the occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart :
Alike to him each climate and each blast ;
The first in danger, in retreat the last :
Sagacious balancing the opposed events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents.

" Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'er-
power !

Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before still opening on the view ?
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind ;
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chased by this tempest and outrageous sea ?
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps :
At random driven, to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the Gulf of Corinth, on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a passage free ;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her tack unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares ;
There distant Greece her rugged shelves pre-
pares :

Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more ;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, were doom'd to perish too.
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.

“ Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with a doubtful hope.
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee ;
The crew, though harass'd long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious then, the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell ?
Prudence forbids !—This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon :
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash the unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease ; the sails once
more

Direct our course to some relieving shore.”

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man,
At either pump, a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, the invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth, they eyed the wetted scale,
And lo ! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail ;
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.

And now the senior pilots seem to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling
taught,

Not twice nine summers yet matured his thought.
So oft he bled by Fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart :
His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
In patient indolence resign'd to Fate ;
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus roused to action his rekindling soul.

“ With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combined ;

While here we linger in the pass of Fate,
I see no moment left for sad debate.
For, some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shatter'd state, and yon desponding crew,
At once suggest what measures to pursue.
The labouring hull already seems half fill'd
With waters through an hundred leaks distill'd :
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight !
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck ;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These fell invasions of the bursting main.
At every pitch the o'erwhelming billows bend,
Beneath their load, the quivering bowsprit-end ;
A fearful warning ! since the masts on high,
On that support with trembling hope rely.
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dark dismay anticipating death.
Still all our powers the increasing leaks defy :
We sink at sea—no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from the watery tomb ;
That bids us shun the death impending here,
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
“ Tis urged, indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail ;
And, driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste.
But haply Falconera we may shun ;
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run :
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
The assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear :
Even then the wearied storm as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.

Should we at last be driven, by dire decree,
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there awhile may ride,
With lengthen'd cables on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour ;
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey."

He said ; Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilots' art :
In silent terror and distress involved,
He heard their last alternative resolved.
High beat his bosom : with such fear subdued,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explored
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd ;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish moved,
The deep affliction of the friend he loved ;
And, all awake to Friendship's genial beat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas ! no season this for tender love ;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove.
With Comfort's soothing voice, from Hope de-
rived,

Palemon's drooping spirit he revived,
For Consolation oft, with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.

Now had the pilots all the events revolved,
And on their final refuge thus resolved ;
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs.

" Unhappy partners in our wayward fate !
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late ;

Ye, who unmoved behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform ;
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greater ills are near !
The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purposed to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all help of arts we vainly try
To weather leeward shores, alas ! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side ;
And while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find—
At once to wear and scud before the wind.*
Perhaps even then to ruin we may steer,
For broken shores beneath our lee appear ;
But that's remote, and instant death is here :
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main ;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside.

“ But if, determined by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels follow'd, from the watery grave
Our floating sailors on the surf may save.

“ And first, let all our axes be secured,
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard ;
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather rails belay'd :
So they who haply reach alive the land,
The extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof, we hear the breakers roar.

* For an explanation of these manœuvres, the reader is referred to the last note of this Canto.

Thus for the terrible event prepared,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard ;
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground :
And when you hear aloft the alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend ;
Then each, secured by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the
board ;

Let the broad axes next assail each mast,
And booms, and oars, and rafts, to leeward cast ;
Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may
guide

Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them, o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
But as your firmest succour, till the last,
O cling securely on each faithful mast !
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear !
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope ! to life itself farewell !

“ I know, among you some full oft have view'd,
With murdering weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
The foul reproach and scandal of our land !
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
Who, 'scaped from every horror of the main,
Implored their mercy, but implored in vain.

But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown!
 Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown:
 Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,
 Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:
 Their hearts, by cruel fate insured to grief,
 Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief."

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
 Detested for awhile their native land:
 They cursed the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
 That thus forgot her guardian sailors' cause.
 Meanwhile the master's voice again they heard,
 Whom, as with filial duty, all revered.

"No more remains—but now a trusty band
 Must ever at the pump industrious stand:
 And while with us the rest attend to wear,
 Two skilful waiters to the helm repair.

"O Source of Life! our refuge and our stay!
 Whose voice the warring elements obey,
 On thy supreme assistance we rely;
 Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
 Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
 From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and
 death!

'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
 With thee, great Lord! 'whatever is, is just.'"

He said; and with consenting reverence fraught,
 The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought.
 His intellectual eye, serenely bright!
 Saw distant objects with prophetic light.
 Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
 That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
 Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
 Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay;
 Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
 Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm:
 He darts around his penetrating eyes,
 Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise;

With deep attention marks the invading foe,
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow ;
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills :
On either side they rise ; tremendous scene !
A long dark melancholy vale between.*

* That the reader who is unacquainted with the manoeuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the " Dictionary of the Marine."

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm ; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled ; or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time, is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently by pressing her side down in the water ; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind is called her coming-to ; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her falling-off.

Veering, or wearing, (see line 25, p. 291, and line 14, p. 296) as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, that " every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed ; and that the change of motion is proportional to

The balanced ship, now forward, now behind,
 Still felt the impression of the waves and wind,
 And to the right and left by turns inclined ;
 But Albert from behind the balance drew,
 And on the prow its double efforts threw.

the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts."

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction, by the force of the wind acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus, in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seamen is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hinder part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces ; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. See line 4, p. 301. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion ; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the headway, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destruction (see line 15, p. 301), the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest. See line 14, p. 296.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

The order now was given to bear away ;
The order given, the timoneers obey. .
High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd, the tortured sail,
As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew !
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
" Away there ! lower the mizen-yard on deck,"
He calls, " and brace the foremost yards aback."
His great example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires ;
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries.
" Haste, with your weapons cut the shrouds and
 stay ;
And hew at once the mizen-mast away !"
He said ; the attentive sailors on each side,
At his command, the trembling cords divide.
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands ;
The impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands ;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound ;
The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep gash'd with sores, the tottering structure
 rings ;
And crashing, thundering, o'er the quarter swings.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her foremast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea-phrase is called *scudding under bare poles*.

The principal hazards incident to *scudding* are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern ; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of *broaching-to* ; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By *broaching-to* suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned ; and for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

Thus when some limb, convulsed with pangs of
death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,
The experienced artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays :
But if the infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Resolved at last, he quits the unequal strife,
Severs the member, and preserves the life.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influence of poetry. Applied to the subject. Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away. Ship veers before the wind. Her violent agitation. Different stations of the officers. Appearance of the island of Falconera. Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece renowned in antiquity. Athena. Socrates. Plato. Aristides. Solon. Corinth. Sparta. Leonidas. Invasion of Xerxes. Lycurgus. Epaminondas. Modern appearance. Areadia; its former happiness and fertility: Present distress, the effect of slavery. Ithaca. Ulysses and Penelope. Argos and Mycenae. Agamemnon. Macronia. Lemnos. Vulcan and Venus. Delos. Apollo and Diana. Troy. Sestos. Leander and Hero. Delphos. Temple of Apollo. Parnassus. The Muses. The subject resumed. Sparkling of the sea. Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors. Darkness, lightning, and thunder. Approach of day. Discovery of land. The ship, in great danger, passes the island of St George. Turns her broadside to the shore. Her bowsprit, foremast, and main-topmast carried away. She strikes a rock. Splits asunder. Fate of the crew.

The Scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.—The Time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the Morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defiled,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When sullen ignorance her flag display'd,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came,
The dark and solitary race to tame;

'Twas theirs the lawless passions to control,
And melt in tender sympathy the soul ;
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
The kindling spirit caught the empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.
Roused from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along.
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
From earth upborne, on Pegasean wings,
Far through the boundless realms of thought he
springs ;

While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue.
But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
The strains, meandering through the maze of woe,
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the Muses' heavenly breath
With vital force dissolved the chains of death ;
Each bard in Epic lays began to sing,
Taught by the master of the vocal string.
'Tis mine, alas ! through dangerous scenes to stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray !
While, all unused the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire !
Full oft, indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore ;
But o'er that scene the impatient numbers ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine the unravell'd prospect to display,
And chain the events in regular array.

Though hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
While all unchanged the tragic theme remains !
Thrice happy ! might the secret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart ;
Might the sad numbers draw compassion's tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near ;
For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast ;
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know !
So pity, gushing o'er each British breast,
Might sympathize with Britain's sons distrest :
For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonides nor Maro knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanced the impression of the helm and wind :
The wounded serpent, agonized with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain.
But now the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer ;
And while around before the wind it falls,
" Square all the yards ! " * the attentive master
calls—

" You timoneers, her motion still attend !
For on your steerage all our lives depend ;
So, steady † meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind ! "
" Starboard again ! " the watchful pilot cries ;
" Starboard ! " the obedient timoneer replies,
Then to the left the ruling helm returns ;
The wheel ‡ revolves ; the ringing axle burns.

* To square the yards, in this place, is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.

† Steady is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances at that instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ships, the helm is managed by a wheel.

The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side the invasions of the sea ;
All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourged on by surges, storm, and bursting skies.
As when the masters of the lance assail,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale ;
Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward
tide ;

In vain he flies ! no friendly respite found ;
His life-blood gushes through the inflaming wound.
The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pain,
Scuds from pursuing waves along the main ;
While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone ;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Upheaved behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright !
Now, shivering, o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath the enormous gulf divides.
Now, launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale ;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
As that rebellious angel who, from heaven,
To regions of eternal pain was driven ;
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore,
The distant realms of Eden to explore ;
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheaved,
With daring wing the infernal air he cleaved ;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the rayless void of night was thrown.
Even so she scales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight.
The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing.

To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume.
Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer.
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
To shun the cruisers wandering o'er the deeps :
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends :
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighb'ring shore,
Cries, ever and anon, " Look out afore !"
Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
When Falconera's rocky height they view :
High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower casts a mournful
light.

In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand :
But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.
So, from the fangs of her insatiate foe,
O'er the broad campaign scuds the trembling roe.
That danger past, reflects a feeble joy ;
But soon returning fears their hope destroy.
Thus, in the Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of softer skies,
Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone :
Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply ;
In cooling stream the aerial billows fly ;
Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
In gentler tides the feverish pulses beat.

So, when their trembling vessel pass'd this isle,
Such visionary joys the crew beguile ;
The illusive meteors of a lifeless fire !
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire !

Say, Memory ! thou from whose unerring tongue
Instructive flows the animated song !

What regions now the flying ship surround ?
Regions of old through all the world renown'd ;
That, once the Poet's theme, the Muses' boast,
Now lie in ruins ; in oblivion lost !

Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconscious pass each famous circling shore ?

They did ; for blasted in the barren shade,
Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade :
Sad Ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every springing flower :
Here Fancy droops, while sullen cloud and storm
The generous climate of the soul deform.
Then if, among the wandering naval train
One stripling, exiled from the Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranced in Fancy's soothing dream,
Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream,
(Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
To purer sense the attemper'd soul refine,)
His heart with liberal commerce here unblest,
Alien to joy ! sincerer grief possess'd.
Yet on the youthful mind, the impression cast
Of ancient glory shall for ever last :
There, all unquench'd by cruel Fortune's ire,
It glows with inextinguishable fire.

Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at Port Liono's head.
Great source of science ! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of Fame !
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.
The first in Virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By Heaven pronounced the wisest of mankind ;
The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
The soul's fine essence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage.

Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws.
Of all her towering structures, now alone
Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'er-
grown.

The wandering stranger near the port describes
A milk-white lion of stupendous size ;
Unknown the sculptor ; marble is the frame ;
And hence the adjacent haven drew its name.

Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies.
Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd.
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd,*
Spread, like the foliage which her pillars crown'd ;
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair Mistra ! thy modern turrets stand.
Ah ! who, unmoved with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell ?
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around.
Here brave Leonidas, from shore to shore,
Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar :
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanced with Persia's sumless troops to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near :
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Cæta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.
Thus vanquish'd Asia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame !

* Architecture.

Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.
Even great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.
But ah ! how low her free-born spirit now !
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow :
A false, degenerate, superstitious race,
Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace !

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.
Thrice happy soil ! where still, serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May !
Where buxom Ceres taught the obsequious field,
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield ;
Then with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.
Now, sad reverse ! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight ravage scour the uncultured plain.

Westward of these, beyond the isthmus, lies
The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise ;
Where fair Penelope her absent lord
Full twice ten years with faithful love deplored.
Though many a princely heart her beauty won,
She, guarded only by a stripling son,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefiled the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd :
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan ;

Arges, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Far o'er the Ægean main to Dardan coasts.
Unhappy prince! who on a hostile shore,
Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore;
And when to native realms restored at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
A perjured friend, alas! and faithless wife,
There sacrificed to impious lust thy life!
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair isle of Helena* is seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom, in arms combined, the Grecian host,
With vengeance fired, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
The sacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.
The port an image bears of Parian stone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears the immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore;
Delos, through all the Ægean seas renown'd,
(Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround)
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece revered!
Her hallow'd groves even distant Persia fear'd.
But now, a silent unfrequented land!
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.

Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from the ethereal world.
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd;
Then, forged by Cyclopean art, appear'd

* Now known by the name of Macronisi.

Thunders, that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by skill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of the empyreal race,
The beauteous queen of love in wedlock dwelt ;—
In fires profane, can heavenly bosoms melt ?

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once the imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illustrious Troy ! renown'd in every clime,
Through the long annals of unfolding time !
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou saw'st thy tutelard gods in vain descend !
Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
Though nations perish'd on her bloody plain ;
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
Was doom'd at length to sink in Grecian flame.
And now, by Time's deep plough-share harrow'd
o'er,

The seat of sacred Troy is found no more :
No trace of all her glories now remains !
But corn and vines enrich her cultured plains ;
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore ;
Scamander, oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore !

Not far removed from Ilion's famous land,
In counter-view appears the Thracian strand ;
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Display'd her cresset each revolving night ;
Whose gleam directed loved Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont to Asia's shore,
Till in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost :
Then felt her bosom agony severe ;
Her eyes, sad-gazing, pour'd the incessant tear :
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her beauteous breast and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain she cried,
Then headlong plunged into the parting tide !

The parting tide received the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight.

Far west of Thrace, beyond the Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there,
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
August the fabric! elegant its style!
On brassen hinges turn'd the silver doors;
And chequer'd marble paved the polish'd floors:
The roofs, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of shining porphyry the shafts were framed,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flamed.
Apollë's suppliant priests, a blameless train!
Framed their oblations on the holy fane:
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas placed;
With golden harps and living laurels graced.
The sciences and arts around the shrine
Conspicuous shone, engraved by hands divine!
Where Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast;
While from his eyes' insufferable light
Disease and Death recoil'd, in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous there, with hallow'd woods o'er-
spread,

Parnassus lifts to heaven its honour'd head;
Where from the deluge saved, by Heaven's com-
mand,

Deucalion leading Pyrrha, hand in hand,
Repeopled all the desolated land.

Around the scene unfading laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.

The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol sweet numbers through the vocal grove;

While o'er the eternal spring that smiles beneath,
 Young zephyrs, borne on rosy pinions, breathe.
 Fair daughters of the sun ! the sacred Nine
 Here wake to ecstasy their songs divine ;
 Or crown'd with myrtle, in some sweet alcove,
 Attune the tender strings to bleeding Love :
 All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,
 Soothing to softest peace the tortured soul.
 While hill and vale with choral voice around
 The music of immortal harps resound,
 Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy Hours,
 Still scattering where she moves Elysian flowers !

Even now, the strains with sweet contagion
 fraught,

Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought—
 Adieu, ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,
 Where Eden's blossoms ever vernal blow !
 Adieu, ye streams, that o'er enchanted ground
 In lucid maze the Aonian hill surround !
 Ye fairy scenes where Fancy loves to dwell,
 And young Delight, for ever, oh, farewell !
 The soul with tender luxury you fill,
 And o'er the sense Lethæan dews distil.
 Awake, O Memory, from the inglorious dream ;
 With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme ;
 Collect thy powers, arouse thy vital fire ;
 Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire !
 Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
 In torrent pour along the swelling strain !
 Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
 Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps :
 The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
 Still with the wheeling stern their force repel ;
 For, this assault should either quarter * feel,
 Again to flank the tempest she might reel.

* The quarter is the hinder part of a ship's side ; or that part which is near the stern.

The steersmen every bidden turn apply ;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear :
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close ;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one embodied line.

So they direct the flying bark before
The impelling floods, that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd ;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop the audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress ;
So, while the watery wilderness he roams,
Incensed to sevenfold rage the tempest foams ;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders wafted from the burning zone
Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan !
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide :
Her joints unbinged, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour ;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower ;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
The ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head.

It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combined ;
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,
At once the dreadful magazine disclosed.
And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
The inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings !
Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks ;
Mad Chaos from the chains of death awakes !
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge ;
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge ;
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood ;
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their
blood.

Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends the ethereal frame.
Sick Earth, convulsive, groans from shore to shore,
And Nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light ;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on the electric wire.
But ah ! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo ! at last, from tenfold darkness borne,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred Vision ! who on orient wings
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings !
All Nature, smiling, hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day ;
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried :
For now, in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The nymph adored resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.

So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her arms away ;
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet, in clouds, thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight !
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure
reign ;

But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme !

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St George's cliffs arise :
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose ;
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow :
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to.*
Alarming thought ! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear the invading sea ;
And if the following surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore :
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
Far less dismay'd, Anchises' wandering son
Was seen the Straits of Sicily to shun :
When Palinurus from the helm descried
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side ;

* Broaching-to is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst scudding or sailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the Second Canto.

While in the west, with hideous yawn disclosed,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf opposed :
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursued.
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between the extremes the daring vessel flies :
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud dashing surges roar ;
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest
raves,

And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves ;
Destruction round the insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares.
But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land ;
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow ;
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing the isle she past.
With longing eyes and agony of mind
The sailors view this refuge left behind ;
Happy to bribe with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore !

When in the dark Peruvian mine confined,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exiled from the realms of day ;
Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
When far above the sacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high :
Beside the cape's projecting verge are placed
A range of columns long by time defaced,
First planted by Devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.

Foams the wild beach below, with maddening
rage,

Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage :
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight ;
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night :
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion gazed upon the blind ;
And while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud.
" Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend ! " he cries ;
" Thy only succour on the mast relies ! "

The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course :
Quick to the abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
So gazed young Phaëton, with pale dismay,
When, mounted in the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling tried
The immortal coursers of the sun to guide.
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly :
Fate spurs her on :—Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star ;
And, as it feels the attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
Where Death's inexorable jaws expand :
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now, on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.

The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
 The black eventful moment seemed to bring ;
 The fatal Sisters on the surge before
 Yoked their infernal horses to the prize.
 The steersmen now received their last command,
 To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
 Twelve sailors on the foremast who depend,
 High on the platform of the top ascend—
 Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging prow
 Immerges headlong in the wave below,
 Down-press'd by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep-crashing rends.
 Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
 The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high :
 And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er the lee ;
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
 Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
 Flung from the mast the seamen strive in vain
 Through hostile floods the vessel to regain ;
 The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
 O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
 The hostile waters close around their head,
 They sink for ever, number'd with the dead !

Those who remain their fearful doom await,
 Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate :
 The heart, that bleeds with sorrow all its own,
 Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.
 Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
 With young Arion, on the mast appear ;
 Even they, amid the unspeakable distress,
 In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
 In every vein the reflux blood congeals ;
 And every bosom fatal terror feels.
 Enclosed with all the demons of the main,
 They view'd the adjacent shore, but view'd in
 .vain.

Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While Fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries im-
plore ;

But Heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more !
And now lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew
near !

The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !
In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess.
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above !
This last tremendous shock of Fate to prove ;
The tottering frame of Reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain !

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans ! air trembles ! and the deeps re-
sound !

Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound in torment reels.

So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock :
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress!
Then, too severely taught by cruel Fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung ;
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast—
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan :
Three, with Palemon, on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving
tide :

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive :

The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And press'd the stony beach a lifeless crew !
Next, O unhappy chief ! the eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb !
What scenes of misery torment thy view !
What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses ! red with human blood !
So, pierced with anguish, hoary Priam gazed
When Troy's imperial dome in ruin blazed ;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge ! Albert hugs the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas ! beneath superior woe ;
For now soft Nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain :
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas ! who never shall return ;
To black Adversity's approach exposed,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclosed :
His lovely daughter left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend ;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray.
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd ;
And as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs infold—
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear ;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All faint to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, " O protect my wife and child ! " he cries :
The gushing streams roll back the unfinish'd sound !
He gasps ! he dies ! and tumbles to the ground !

Five only left of all the perish'd throng
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all the assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
" Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die;
And now sore wounded thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost!"
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round,
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly:
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp! they
bleed!

And groaning cling upon the illusive weed:
Another billow bursts in boundless roar;
Arion sinks! and memory views no more!
Ah, total night and horror here preside!
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell; and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd.
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on the adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again!
Two, with Arion, yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore:

Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow!
Awhile they wait the exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.

O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow:
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour of unequal praise.
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives,
Her magic powers their exiled health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep descry,
Roused by the blustering tempest of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring
height;
When gazing downward on the adjacent flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood;
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground!
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet Nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
Strait down the vale with hastening steps they
hied,

The unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Meanwhile those three escaped beneath explore
The first adventurous youth who reach'd the shore;
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon;—O what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul!

" If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew !
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown !"
Arion thus : but ah ! sad doom of Fate !
That bleeding memory sorrows to relate ;
While yet afloat, on some resisting rock
His ribs were dash'd, and fractured with the
shock :

Heart-piercing sight ! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade !
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head :
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna, hung pourtray'd ;
The unconscious figure, smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
Hadst thou, soft maiden ! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony ? thine exquisite distress ?
But thou, alas ! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again !
With dumb amazement pale Arion gazed,
And cautiously the wounded youth upraised ;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd.

" O rescued from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie ;
Are we then exiled to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet ?
Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes for ever now destroy'd !
For, wounded far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour :

By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!
Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That, deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
But, O thou sacred Power! whose law connects
The eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!
And you, Arion! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—
Ah! cease to mourn! those friendly tears restrain,
Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps re-
store,

When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
Should'st thou, the unwilling messenger of Fate,
To him the tragic story first relate,
O! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
Ah! then remember well my last request,
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend.
Say, I this suit implored with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!--
But O! to lovely Anna should'st thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befell,

Draw o'er the dismal scene soft Pity's veil,
 And lightly touch the lamentable tale :
 Say that my love, inviolably true,
 No change, no diminution ever knew ;
 Lo ! her bright image, pendant on my neck,
 Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck :
 Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
 I struggled life and this alone to save !

“ My soul that, fluttering, hastens to be free,
 Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee ;
 But strives in vain ;—the chilling ice of Death
 Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of
 breath :

Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode,
 To course that long, unknown, eternal road.
 O sacred Source of ever-living light !
 Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight !
 Direct her onward to the peaceful shore,
 Where peril, pain, and death, are felt no more !

“ When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
 That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear,
 Of two chaste hearts by mutual passion join'd,
 To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd ;
 O ! then, to swell the tides of social woe
 That heal the afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
 While memory dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,
 And what distress thy wretched friend befell !
 Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd
 The swains lament, and maidens weep around ;
 While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
 With wonder gaze, and drop the unconscious tear ;
 O ! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain.” *

* ——— sed scilicet ultima semper
 Expectanda dies homini ; *dictique beatus*
Anle ubitum nemo supremæque funera debet.
 Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung ;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies !
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes !

As thus defaced in death Palemon lay,
Arion gazed upon the lifeless clay ;
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.

“ O ill-starr'd votary of unspotted truth,
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth !
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful, thy demand :
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day !
Disastrous day ! what ruin hast thou bred !
What anguish to the living and the dead !
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn ;
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain !
Can sacred Justice these events ordain ?
But, O my soul ! avoid that wondrous maze . . .
Where Reason, lost in endless error, strays !
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, *Thy will be done !* ”

Now had the Grecians on the beach arrived,
To aid the helpless ~~few~~ who yet survived ;
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corpses of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint, they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclined.
The generous natives, moved with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain ;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

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, the 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 deep,
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;
And 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.

THE END.

